

BAPTIST.

A denomination possessing special water privileges which can never be cut off by a soulless Corporation.

UNITARIAN.

One in everything. The next thing to a cypher. But, yet, thoroughly respectable.

[NOTE.—As our readers probably belong to one or other of the above denominations, it is hoped that they will exercise a proper spirit of Charity to the poor young man, whose ignorance of the true facts in relation to the above is really deplorable, and almost beyond belief. And, mark! We do not hold ourselves in *anyway* responsible for the opinions herein expressed.—ED.]

Ladies, Attention.

A tailor's wife is always boasting that her husband is a man of "vested" interests.

Proud misses toss their heads. Slatterns toss their tails. We wouldn't bet on either.

Susan B. Anthony says she won't be a clothes-horse for any man. No, we don't think she will.

The Princess Louise is a charming skater.—*Ex.* Of course she is, all Princesses are charming.

Evening dresses are made "short."—*Ex.* This arrangement will suit the married brokers to a T.

Women's pedestrian clubs have become common.—*Ex.* Then it will need fast men to keep up with them.

When a woman holds the mirror up to Nature, no other woman on earth can persuade her that she is not good looking.

London thieves cut off the hair of young ladies who look in show windows.—*English paper.* Not even *pu*i locks are safe.

Clara Louise Kellogg is passionately fond of pig's feet and ham sandwiches.—*Ex.* In fact, her greatest successes have been made at Cincinnati.

Light velvet sacques with steel buttons are all the rage. Now every lady will want her husband to give her the sacque. And yet people talk of the decline of divorces.

Mr. Casino, who lives on Tenth Street, has a wife who weighs 250 pounds. He says he holds "big Cas.no" about as often as any man he knows.—*St. Louis Spirit.* A regular "sweep," eh?

A woman was fined \$5 in Indiana for eaves-dropping.—*Ex.* There are no end of cases of eaves-dropping in Montreal every day, and those lazy husbands are never fined a cent. No. Justice is not even-handed.

The girls are rapidly coming to the front in Maine. Six thousand are teaching in the public schools of that State.—*Ex.* Now old maids take comfort in the thought that the Maine idea does not always point to matrimony.

Here and There.

Talmage's Church is now called the Brooklyn Jahbernacle.

"Hard lines"—When your pet joke is credited to somebody else.

"Calves head and brain sauce" is the Monday attraction at one of our fashionable seminaries.

Mr. T. C. Patteson, formerly of the *Mail*, was always supposed to be a man of letters. Now we are sure of it.

The reason why asses have great ears for music is that each animal has a whole Pan-dis-harmonicon in his lungs.

The conscientious Editor never could see any merit in the use of scissors, and it is a sheer impossibility to convince him.

Cayenne pepper is more popular at our boarding-house than it used to be. The boarders, however, do not regard it as a seasonable joke.

A lady upon being asked how she was dressed at the opening of Parliament, replied, "Low—and behold!" And she was not a prude either.

A young wit told Diogenes that it was a woman's mission to make fools of men. "How vexed they must be," replied the philosopher, "to find how often Nature has forestalled them."

It is just about this time that the Government clerks in Ottawa are chattel-mortgaging their razors and hair-brushes in favour of the haberdasher from whom they procure their white ties and kids.

The Rome *Sentinel* can always be found at his post. He is never off duty, and is continually going the rounds. His counter-sign is \$2 a year in advance. That's why he's made so much headway.

The effect of music upon the brute world is a topic of frequent illustration. Orpheus could make the beasts of the field eager listeners, but it seems rats and mice cannot endure the scraping of a fiddle. Why? Because the instrument is strung with catgut.

NEWS FOR THE CORNWALL "REPORTER."

The Cornwall *Reporter* will be glad to know that we have occasionally sermons in Gaelic preached in Montreal. We do not know whether the students of McGill or of the Presbyterian Colleges are invited or not, but if they are not they ought to be. The Cornwall *Reporter* has certainly missed a great treat.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

The St. George's Society is still doing good service, through the unremitting aid of the comparative few, who are always to be relied upon in good works. If those who compose the list of membership, however, were brought into closer contact with each other, there would be a larger field open, on the joint stock principle. But as it is, most of the good that is being accomplished, seems to be done on the limited liability basis—a system which is always fraught with risk and uncertainty. There is nothing like efficient and hearty co-operation to make benevolent institutions self-sustaining.

OBITUARY POETRY.

"Dearest Freddie thou hast left us,
Left us here thy loss to mourn;
But we know that thou art happy,
In that home, sweet home, above."

—*Witness, Feb. 15th*

We had always supposed that Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia fame, was the champion obituary Poet of the present century; but we were mistaken, and we now accord the palm to the gifted author of the above touching lines. Ah, "Freddie," you didn't know, poor child, the great obligation you conferred upon Canada when by thy untimely end thou had'st unconsciously given to thy country a poetic peer, compared with whom Mr. Childs' fame dwindles down to the flickering rays of a tallow candle.

OWED TO THE INVETERATE PROFESSORS.

The man who murders language
To make a wretched pun,
And interrupts discussion
With questionable fun;
Who mercilessly slaughters
By colloquial attack,
And runs his donkey engine
From A to Z and back:—
That man should be transported
To lands where he could rob
Vocabularies endless;—
The wilds of the *Pun-jaub*.

Around Town.

Mooney is a first rate name for an Alderman.

Wanted to know—When a man asks you "if there is anything new?"—does it ever strike you that there is?

"Bolts and Bars do not a prison make"—certainly not in the police cell of the Court House. In fact, it has become quite a popular means of escape of late.

The Board of Health is getting very sick. Would it not be well to give the members a change of air and elect another Board, and insist that every member should be vaccinated?

QUERY.—If it be true, according to classic lore, that the ass of Silenus, by his own proper sounds, routed a whole army of giants, what may not a volunteer band composed of the same kind of animal do on the next twelfth of July?

The *Gazette* published a notice of a marriage at Guyon, P. Q., where the parson, the bride and the bridegroom's names are Smith. Quite a Smithsonian study so to speak. Let us hope the newly married pair will turn out good white Smiths.

There should be at least *one* qualification which the Chairman of the Harbour Commission should possess, and the Federal Government should see that he possesses it: He must be rich enough to pay for those occasional trips down the river, out of his own pocket.

Of the two evils, we decidedly prefer Alderman Donovan to James McShane, jr. You always know where to find Mr. Donovan, but as for James, junior, we have never yet been able to say whether he is an Orange-man or Catholic. Come back, Peter, by all means.

The *Graphic* Company's stock is looking up. Glad to hear it. And now they want those reporters to give up their shares. If Mr. E. A. Prentice has any measure of generosity, and, we think he has, he will strenuously oppose any attempt of this kind. There is no knowing, as times go, when he may want those reporters again.

Mr. Grant, who was formerly connected with the Board of Health, and who has now gone into business as a "Theoretical and Practical Sanitarian," is of opinion that the man who knows how to construct a drain as a means of preventing a drain on the pocket is a type of shrewdness not often found in this much afflicted city. Any way "he hasn't a tile o' it," and his head may be said to be perfectly level, judged from any elevation you may choose to view it from.