

The *Hamilton Spectator* skipped forth last Monday in an entirely new rig out, and though we must congratulate the old boss on the festivity and recheerfulness of its *tout ensemble*, we cannot but feel sad when we reflect how the comments anent its 'new dress,' which will appear in the pages of its cotems, will remind the feminine members of many a journalist's household that they are in need of similar apparel, especially at this season of the year. We are not a Wiggins nor a Vennor (thank 'eving) still we can forecast that the *Spec's* 'new dress' will bring about such a boom in the dry goods business, that the homes of married newspaper men will be filled with weeping and wailing and quashing of wallet clasps.

The *Hamilton Tribune*, a short time ago, published a very interesting account of an interview between an old colored lady who tells fortunes in that city and one of its reporters. There is nothing at all improbable in any of the statements made in the account except two things, and those are that the reporter gave the old dame 75 cents for a cigar, and afterwards threw the cigar away. A newspaper reporter who is so flush of cash as this statement would seem to imply is a veritable *rara avis* and ought to be put under a glass case and made to divulge the secret of where he got so much money as seventy-five cents, all at once, and explain his unnatural and unprofessional conduct in throwing a cigar away.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the mind reader has been trying some experiments at Rideau Hall for the delectation of the vice-regal household. Amongst other wonderful exploits, Mr. C., while blindfolded, led his subject a terrible chase through the Hall, and finally found the object the latter had in his mind—a pet moose belonging to Her Royal Highness. "With one wild rush," says the *Free Press*, "he patted the beast on the head and said 'this is the thing; why, it's alive; is it a donkey?'" The Marquis declared this feat to be "most remarkable"—but he made no comment on the still more remarkable fact that Mr. Cumberland didn't mistake the moose for a senator.

SELF-EXAMINATION

OF AN ALLEGED NEWSPAPER HUMORIST.



1. Now, conscientiously speaking and asking myself in all seriousness, what did a plumber ever do to me that I make the public writhe in agony over my villainous jokes about him? Has not the plumber a much better right to turn me into ridicule? Me, a

miserable scribbler who never felt the responsibility of being a householder, who never had to pay a month's rent, much less a plumber's bill? Of course he has, and I actually know nothing whatever about a plumber's charges further than what I have read what other birds of my feather have said about them, and who, probably, knew as little as I do about the matter. There's No. 1 settled, dead against me.

2. Mules: Honestly speaking have I ever seen a mule kick? Candor compels me to state that I only have twice, and neither time did the act impress me as being any great effort of genius on the part of that animal. Then why have I worked off my wretched witticisms on a guileless and long suffering public on this subject, and why did not that public rise up as a J. L. Sullivan (who by the way Mitchell is going to lick) in his wrath and brain me? Is the answer too obvious? Why have I ridiculed the mule thus long, instead of taking him to my bosom and hugging him as a brother, in which light I now begin to regard him?

3. Light weight in coal: The same remarks apply to this subject as to No. 1.

4. Mother-in-law: Here again, what earthly right have I, a being whom possibly, nay probably, no sensible girl would allow to own such a relation, to make my feeble attempts at facetiousness having this woman as its mark? Would it not serve me doosid well right if every mother-in-law in Canada was to, actually as well as metaphorically, sit on me? It would, I own it. I know nothing whatever against a single mother-in-law.

5. Big feet: Here again, why should I poke fun at girls with big feet? I cast my eyes down to my own and I behold that to call them exaggerated flounders would be to flatter them—nothing could make them flatter—as they flop in all their natural hideousness at the end of a pair of legs that were never intended for ornament, and yet big feet and calveless lower extremities have been a favorite theme for my imbecility to exercise itself upon.

6. Fiery hair: What color is my own? Red, red; blazing: that settles the hash of that lot.

7. Dudes, mashers, etc. In what way have these beings ever injured me that I hold them up as objects of scorn and contempt? I never spoke to one, that I know of, and if I have occasionally met one of them, I only looked at him with envious eyes, for I invariably beheld a far better-looking fellow than I am myself, and if I made a great clamor about the emptiness of the noddles of these gentry, did I ever pause to reflect that it is the emptiest vessel that makes the most noise, and that I was making a far greater racket than any of them ever made? I never did, and I deserve to be kicked, but if any fellow came to do it I am sure I should kick him back. Thus strangely inconsistent am I.

And many more old, threadbare, worn-out, decrepid subjects there be which I have delighted to write about and show what an idiot I am, such as house-cleaning, stove pipes, strong butter, pie, and tailor's bills, of which I know nothing, except the last-mentioned, of which I have some in my possession—unreceipted.

And finally, after seeing how vain and hollow have been my pretences to consider myself original, have I any right to further torture the reading public with excruciating jokes and poetry worse than diabolical, either under the sobriquet of the Khan, Swiz, Professional Funnyman, or any other title by which I seek to hide my real name in order that the world may not know what a jassack I am. I have none, none whatever, and yet I

shall go right along doing it as if I feel proud, nevertheless, conscious all the time that if I had my deserts, I should be quietly knocked on the head with a boiled parsnip.

CHARADE.

My first are minute articles,
Or comminuted particles,
Which stick when mixed
To stones or bricks,
And aid what builders' art I call.

My next bells do in spire in air,
And what a belle aspires to wear,
A place to race,
A circle base.
And helps to bring the sire an heir.

My third is what the Turks abuse,
And what some clerks with quirks refuse,
The Christian chews,
The Jew eschews,
Whose views the men of kirks amuse.

My whole is where, unless he's thence,
Lives one who, without hesitance,
Takes precedence
Of presidents—
A semi-royal residence

The answer will be given in the way chickens die—necks tweak.

"Then, I suppose, pa, you didn't study much when you were a little boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you, pa?"—*Texas Siblings.*

In Burmah editors receive elephants in payment of subscriptions. It must make an editor in the country mad to go sloshing along in the wet all day without being able to collect a single elephant.—*Rochester Post-Express.*



THE END OF THE FIGHT.

"Union is strength," but so is J. R. R.,
In fact the latter proves a bit the stronger,
The Telegram has triumphed in the war,
And Jack will reign as boss a little longer!