

## FEEBLE FLICKERINGS.

Under the above heading we intend to devote a column each issue to the first fruits of amateurs in the flower paths of literature, with the hope that by so doing we may aid in developing the dormant genius of some of those literary aspirants whose virgin off-rings are generally consigned to the editorial "waste basket." Contributors will please write legibly, and only on one side of the paper, keeping brevity and point well in view, as well as carefully abstaining from private personalities of an objectionable nature. Contributions not accepted will be noticed in the "Chat with Correspondents" column.

"Dash" sketches, from life, a few good points, as follows:

## Sketches from Life.

BY DASH.

When a man gets up in the morning and finds a cat frozen in the back yard, a grim smile illuminates his features as he recollects that, with the turn of the seasons, his hour of revenge has arrived.

Good advice is a pearl—a diamond. Yet it always makes us feel sad to hear a man advising a couple of urchins to "stop their d—n swearing."

There is nothing that will cause man to reflect more over the wickedness of mankind than to find—after he has hauled off his boots, put on his slippers and fixed up the fire—that the paper he has purchased from the newsboy is about three weeks old.

During the holidays it is a common sight to see a man staggering along the street with a turkey under his arm. New Brunswick turkeys must be very heavy.

"Lightning Bug" sends us a few flickers from the Celestial City, which he wishes to appear under the heading of

## Fire Flies.

The general opinion is that the letter in the *Penny Dip* is (s)crandulous and wicked.

Will. Lemont says he don't think it will amount to much.

Mace thinks it very spicy.

The most appropriate place for Mr. Brewer to find a text—*He brews*.

Dol. says a man who takes another man's sermon is not in earnest—it's only *play-garism*.

Charlie, when he read that a silver service had been presented to the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, said, wouldn't steel be more appropriate than silver? This wasn't bad for Chawles.

## TORCHISMS.

\*\*\*The editor of the *Turners Falls Reporter* Cecil lot of fun in a paragraph.

\*\*\*The Confectioner's favorite tune. "The Sweet Buy and Buy."

\*\*\*Riflemen should always be aim-able.

\*\*\*Husband.—"Emma dear, can you tell me why you look so much better since I became your master?"

Wife.—"No, love, why is it?"

Husband.—"Because you are now Em-bossed." *Exit Hubby, followed by a slipper.*

\*\*\*It is reported that Mahmoud Damad Pasha's resignation will be refused. He attended a council of Ministers on Sunday.—*Telegraph*.

If he's a Pasha-nate person, he'll be Damad if they refuse it.

\*\*\*The Bank of Toronto advanced \$220,000 on butter shipped recently by George A. Cochrane, to Anderson & Sons, London. As the bank holds a lien upon the butter it is not likely to lose much by Cochrane's failure.

That butter must be awful strong, if a heavy bank like that can lean upon it without injury.

\*\*\*It is predicted that teaspoons will be a legal tender before Feb. 1.—*Boston Herald*.

Perhaps it's hardly right to tense "spoons," but we'd like to ask Brother Butler's opinion about it.

\*\*\*The cigar-makers in New York are on a strike, but it is thought it will all "end in smoke."

\*\*\*It is proposed to change the name of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company to the Slippery Elm. Tree-mendous good.—*Ec*. We o-spike that the Weeping Will owe, wood be a more Poplar one.

\*\*\*The best way to "stuff" a tax assessor when he asks you the value of your real estate—send him to Mr. Carnall. "Why," do you say? Because he's a Tax-idermist, and will stuff him full.

\*\*\*A love-sick butcher in the Market wrote a "pome" to his adored one, last Tuesday, and offered as an apology that he thought she might like something in the "tender-line."

\*\*\*Firing "shells" ought to produce a great conch-cussion.

\*\*\*Mrs. "Sitting Bull's" dresses are cut garcol.

\*\*\*The curfew has been tolled every evening for 700 years at Sandwich, England.—*Ec*. If Susan B. Anthony tolled that story, we'd swallow the curfew whole, as there is no other person alive at the present day who can remember so far back.

\*\*\*Cleopatra's needle is almost ready to start on its second voyage.—*Ec*. We hope it won't be so unfortunate this time, but be able to thread its devious way safely to its destination.

\*\*\*Sneezing is not so congenial an occupation as editing a newspaper, but it's just as ticklish.—*Ec*. If any one thinks it's sneezy thing to edit a paper let them try it.

## THE PROFESSOR AS AN INSECTIVORIST.

ERUDITE MERCHANT.—"Prof. Henderson, what do you mean by calling yourself a 'dermatologist'? Does it mean insect collector?"

PROF. HENDERSON.—"Not exactly; but we do collect them when they let us."

This conversation took place between one of our King street merchants and the polite ton-sorialist who presides over one of the chairs in Hamilton & Gray's barber shop. Since then the merchant has been studying Greek roots, and observes a golden silence while his hair is being cut.

## A SPILL.

On last Monday morning he called with his fast trotter to take her to her music lesson. On Union street he thought he'd speed his "dyer" to show his fair companion how "tooty" his mare was. So he "let her out," going past Peters's Tannery, and the way she dusted was a caution. George looked smiling. The young lady hung on to his arm tremblingly. Everything was lovely, when lo! presto going at a 43 rate Jehu turned suddenly the corner at Jones's Brewery, and on the principle that "one good turn deserves another"—over went the pug—ditto young lady. George hung to the horse and managed to stop her at the corner of Elliott Row. The fair damsel, who was fortunately uninjured, jumped up and walked up to where the young man was standing with the fiery untamed steed. George invited her to jump in, but an appatent want of confidence in his ability to handle the "ribbons," passed over her rosy countenance, and she replied, "I guess I'll walk the balance of the distance."

MORAL.—Young ladies before going out driving should get insured in the Accident Insurance Company.

## PITHY PERSONALS.

Spurgeon is suffering with the gout. He is very much to be pitied.

Col. J. R. Macshane was in town yesterday. The gallant Col. is looking remarkably well.

—Moody and Sankey began a series of revival meetings in Hartford, Conn., last Sunday.

—Stanley, the African explorer, left Alexandria on Monday last, for France.

—Uncle Sam is uniforming his Customs officers. The officials will, of course, feel it their duty to comply with Samivel's request.

—A NEW Q. C.—T. W. Chesley, Esq., Barrister of Granville, Annapolis Co., has been appointed Queen's Counsel. We are pleased to hear of Mr. Chesley's appointment and feel confident that he will bring no reproach upon the title or honor conferred upon him.—*Berwick Star*.

Grant and Vesuvius had a friendly smoke together.—*Boston Post*. And they'll have a good time when they meet over their "drop of the crater every morn'g."—*Worcester Press*. That is carrying the joke tufa, geologically speaking.—*Boston Advertiser*.

These terra-bile puns took away our appetite and we haven't. Etina thing since we read them. Please don't, gentlemen, or you'll make the earth quake with lava-ter.

—SETTLING IT.—Tax collector—"Now, look here! how many more times do you want me to call?" Defaulter—"Not ever again, sir, if it's the same to you."—*Judy*.

Du Chaillu says that on the equator he saw the thermometer 15° in the shade. That's the *Ne Plus Sultry* of warm weather.—*New York Commercial*.

—Jonah was perhaps the worst taken in man that ever lived, remarks the Worst. Press.—*Ec*.

There must have been highwaymen in these days, for we read of Jonah having been whale-laid.

Among modern writers of England, Dickens, Tom Taylor and Sala are all who were ever able to make after dinner speeches. Thackeray couldn't do it, nor Douglas Jerrold, nor Mark Lemon, nor Dallas, nor Barnard.

—Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the celebrated artist, gave a dinner at the Erevoort House, New York, to the Earl of Dunraven, which brought together quite a number of celebrities, among others we notice the name of Du Chaillu.

—Gaylord & St. Marie, glove manufacturers of Montreal, have absconded, leaving debts to the amount of \$3,000. The reason they failed was probably because they didn't receive enough re-mitten-ces. Perhaps they had too many gloves on hand.

—Crockford, who kept the celebrated Saint James's hall in London, which bore his name, died about 1840, worth \$3,500,000. Apprehensions as to the result of his fate in the coming Derby were supposed to have hastened his end. He began life as a fishmonger near Temple Bar, about 1802 began to bet at Newmarket, and in 1827 built his gambling-house, which was called a club. Wellington, Tallyrand, Esterhazy, and Count D'Orsay were among its members, and the mode of procedure was for the members to play against the proprietor, who kept a small "bank." Some members merely joined for the company and the cookery, presided over first by Cde, who was succeeded by Francatelli. Crockford's has undergone a great number of changes since its original owner gave it up. Ill luck has attended every subsequent proprietor. It is now tenanted by what is known as the Devonshire Club.