

for we like to see you, and we have planted these because we love to behold you. Sit." If people plant trees because they desire to see Toronto's Apollo sitting beneath their shade, do others cut off branches of other trees because they dish—? no, no. It cannot be.

William Shakespeare, a man of more than average ability and intelligence, once asked,

"What's in a name?"

and supplemented his enquiry by the assertion that

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

That may be, but we cannot agree with William that there is nothing in a name; there is a great deal in it, and still more in that hyphen, now becoming so common in certain circles. For instance, Jones Smith is vulgar, but Jones-Smith savors of the aristocracy, while Johnes-Smith lands a man fairly into the *creme de la creme* of something or other. The custom of parting the name, as well as the hair, in the middle is also a fashionable caper, and such names as J. Howard Junks, T. Pelham Buggs, W. Gueff Fuggins, and so forth, undoubtedly prove their owners to have had relatives who read novels. There must be something very fascinating about us and our class that causes the *hoi polloi* to attempt to be aristocratic, too, but, whatever it is, we can't help it. Our aristocratic name, features, habit of borrowing money, getting credit at the corner grocery, and so forth, were born with us, and are hereditary, and we are not ashamed of them, because we can't help it. All this is written to prove that Shakespeare erred sometimes, and that there is more in a name than some people think.

FUTURE SCENE IN ENGLAND.

THE CANADIAN WRITER AND THE DUKE.

THE DUKE—Welcome back to England, sir. How you remain in Canada, or how you escape, considering the sharp things you say about your fellow-colonists, is to me equally insoluble.

THE WRITER—You read, your grace, the mild caustic of my little journal; you are not aware of the hardening applications my patients have previously endured. If you observed the operation of the burning vitriol of the *Globe* and *Mail*, and the swarm of small and stinging misfires which buzz in their wake, you would not be astonished to find the Canadian, by this time, politically pachydermatous.

DUKE—And has the pachyderm an inner fold? Impervious to abuse, is his conscience similarly indurated?

WRITER—Undoubtedly the nature of the application is penetrative, and—But I must not attack the absent. Oh, they are not bad fellows—when one is—is—

DUKE—Pachyderm?

WRITER (a little aback)—Really, your grace, your powers of sarcasm, never diminutive, have not decreased when one gets socially intimate. We had a pleasant social gathering, for instance, at a certain humble Canadian domicile, a few weeks ago. The son of the premier of the Dominion was married there.

DUKE—I trust his august father attended.

WRITER—Oh, certainly—but 'august.' Not at all that sort of person. In fact, on that very occasion, he—but never mind. By the bye, when does your grace visit Canada?

DUKE—Very cleverly turned, my dear sir, but it will not do. Come, now, what happened on this interesting occasion, which is beginning to have some interest for myself?

WRITER—Really, your grace, I would rather—

DUKE—Really, now, it is a breach of all the laws of philosophy, rhetoric, good nature, and old friendship, and more, *quid nunc describere*

longum est, to excite curiosity so irritatingly, and—to use one of your now no doubt native Americanisms—dodge gratifying it.

WRITER—Well, if I must—it is nothing, after all—I would have said no word about it "hadst thou not conjured me so;" but the fact is that, during the wedding festivities in question, that august gentleman was arrested by the chief constable of Toronto on five charges of perjury.

DUKE—Good heavens! Well! The Premier of the Dominion! Five sworn charges of perjury! At his son's wedding! The bride must have felt an ominous shade thrown over the marriage vows! The august father! Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! (*sits down exhausted.*) Well, my dear friend, your lines have fallen in muddy places!

WRITER—Oh, but your imagination enlarges the evil; distance adds terrors to the view—these people are not so vile as you—

DUKE—However, of course your Premier courted investigation?

WRITER—Why no, he pleaded privilege, and stopped its being investigated at all.

DUKE—And what do your excellent people think of the matter?

WRITER—Oh, that John A., without committing anything worthy of such a terrible name as perjury, has been perhaps, as the fellow in the play says, "a little careless, and devious, and inconsistent, and many-sided, and perhaps promiscuous and mixed," in his sworn allegations. With no evil intentions, you know.

DUKE—But perhaps with very evil results. And did you not say there are many election trials to come off between your two factions, eh?

WRITER—Yes, many.

DUKE—What if your politicians copy, in their evidence, their chieftain's harmless promises?

WRITER—Well, I must admit that, concealed below the apparently harmless surface, there may lie the materials of deadly explosion indeed.

DUKE—Pray, now, are the leaders on the other side equally 'promiscuous'?

WRITER—I am happy to say that no one would doubt in any particular the exactitude of any sworn statement of Blake, Mackenzie, or Mowat.

DUKE—And are your people given to hero-worship? Do they believe in—emulate, and so on—their leaders?

WRITER—To a certain extent, yes.

DUKE—Then in your coming election trials there is one side I had rather believe than the other.

'T WAS EVER THUS.

A BLOOR STREET NOCTURNAL EPISODE.

A FACT.

A gentleman residing in the northern part of the city tarried long at the wassail bowl a few nights ago, and gazed so long on the wine when it moved itself aright that he totally incapacitated himself from doing so, and his movements, when he rose from the festal board at about 2 a.m., were devious and serpentine, and he claimed both sides of the road at once as he proceeded on what he imagined was the broad road which led to his peaceful domicile. This domicile was situated on Bloor-street west: the erratic footsteps and beclouded intellect of the reveller led him along Bloor-street east, and there he wandered till he came to a large and stately edifice, at the portals of which he thundered loud and long for admittance; but none came to let him in.

As he was performing a neat and well executed tattoo upon the door, along comes another bibulous one. "Why, Jones," (we will say Jones, though the name is fictitious) "what on earth are you doing there?" he

asked. "They won't (hic) let me in; I (hic) live here," was the reply. "The mischief you do!" exclaimed the other, "I never knew you lived in the Bloor-street East church before."



"Ch-church!" ejaculated the other, "this isn't church."

"Indeed it is," said his friend.

"Well, it hush shtepsh up it jush (hic) like my house," replied Mr. Jones.

"That may be," responded the other, "but it's a church all the same; come along, I'll take you home," and he led the bemuddled one in the way he should go.

Presently the Jones mansion was reached, and the bell vigorously pulled by the friend, whilst Mr. Jones remained at the foot of the steps. Scarcely had the last tinkle died away on the solemn stillness of the night, when the door was violently flung open, the friend was seized by his hair and whiskers, and a female voice shrieked out with extreme volubility,

"Oh! it's you is it at last you brute a pretty time of night to come home and oh! what a state to be in come inside," and the hair pulling was resumed with redoubled vigor.

"Madam, madam, I—I'm not Jones," gasped the bell-ringer.

"Not Jones!" exclaimed the lady. "Then where is Jones?"

"Here (hic) here I am, M'riar," gurgled Mr. Jones as he clambered up the steps and was lugged into the house, whilst the gentleman who had played the part of the Good Samaritan, pondering upon the base injustice of this world and the shameless ingratitude of man, was propelled with involuntary haste from the steps, and went his way.

MORAL.

When you take an inebriated friend home, prop him up against the door, pull the bell-handle and run.

Smithers says there is just "no" difference between right and wrong. See?

A beautiful young lady tripped into Dr. Hatchett's drug store a few days ago and told young Mr. Speight, who presides there, that she wished some castor oil, and asked him if he could mix it up so as to disguise the taste of it. "Oh, yes," says Speight. Presently Speight said; "Will you have a glass of soda water, Miss—?" "Oh, yes," says she. After drinking the soda water the lady waited a while, and then asked Speight if the castor oil was ready. "Oh!" says Speight, "you have already taken the castor oil in the soda water." "Great heavings!" said the young lady, "I wanted the oil for my mother."—*Fort Gaines Tribune.*