

is, aw—depowwable—and, as the *Week* very cowctly wemahked concehning the *Pall Mall* business, moah likely to do ham than good. Now, there's Thackaway—see how exquisitely he depicts the life of a gentleman of family—nothing offensive about the sowing of his wild oats, aw—nothing whatevah—women depicted as they ah, quite willing to—ovehlook all sawts of peccadilloes, so long as the settlements ah satisfactory. On the othew hand, Scott, I considch a boah—why, I could condense into three lines descriptions which he would spweed ovah ten pages. He should have wemebethed that cwewybody is not so fond of Scottish scenery as himself aud—aw—Queen Victowia. Shakespeah, too, though I like some of his plays—aw—pwetty well—pwetty well, on the whole—yet he falls into the same mistake—too long, and too—aw—pwosy. Faw instance—ewewybody who isn't an idiot undehtands what Mohcy is with-out Pawshia's long and tedious explanation of the tehm—and there is that famous soliloquy of Hamlet's: "To be, or not to be"—pawdied *ad nauseam*—put the whole thing into a nutshell and what does it amount to? Just this: "Suicide aw no suicide"—and now why the doose couldn't he have said so and pwocceeded with tle—aw—play?

MY CHUM JACK.

We're chums are Jack and I, a jolly pair
Without a scolding wife or other care.
We haunt each other—where the one is, there
You'll find the other.
Each loves the other as a male twin ne'er
Loved his twin brother.

It's nearly seven years since Jack and I
Became acquainted. I was on a high
Cliff, by a stream, and Jack was standing by.
I tumbled in.
My boyish fifteen years flashed by my eye,
My hope was thin.

But Jack, without removing e'en his coat,
Made one great leap, as leaps a butting goat,
And caught me just in time, death in my throat—
I couldn't swim.
My lifelong friend is Jack. My life, I owe't,
My life to him.

And ever since that day beside the stream,
Each holds the other high in his esteem;
We live together and I think we dream
Each of the other.
Ours is affection stronger, it doth seem,
Than child for mother.

Such a Platonic friendship, some may say,
Is sure to burst and vanish some fine day—
It's so un-nineteenth centuryish, such a gay
Love between males.
But Jack loves me and I'll love Jack always—
'Tis shau love pales.

Jack's a kind-hearted, faithful sort of friend,
Good-looking, but so fat he scarce can bond,
Black hair—no baldness—a good "recommend!"
(True sketch this of him)
And then those eyes, where love and kindness blend!
Can't help but love him.

Jack doesn't drink, he thinks the habit bad;
He doesn't smoke, in that he is a cad;
He doesn't dance—a sign he isn't mad
But how he eats!
His appetite's descended from his dad,
Likes juicy meats.

For company he's fond of only me,
Shuns all flirtations and society.
He has his dislikes too; they number three,
And they are that
He can't bear the sound of, or to see,
Boy, cow or cat.

He's not a very literary chap.
He yawns at verse and drops off in a nap
When I read to him—cutting sort of snip
For one he knows.
Not very cultured, doesn't care a rap
For rhyme or prose.

A parting would be sad—hope I'll die first.
I couldn't bear to see poor Jack all bearsed
And ready for the grave. 'Twould be the worst
Thing that could be.
If ill he may rely on being nursed
By faithful me.

And so we're chums and neither cares a fig
What happens the world while turns time's whirligig;
While each still loves, who cares for "infra dig"?
Along we'll jog,
Two jolly chums, myself and my great big
Newfoundland dog.

—C. M. R.

CRITICAL CHIT-CHAT.

BY OUR GRUMPY CONTRIBUTOR.

The London *Advertiser* has an alleged informant whom it terms "our esteemed crank friend." I am a reader of the *Advertiser*, I have to confess, and it strikes me very forcibly that this "crank friend" had is a clear instance of the applicability of the injunction, "Man, know thyself!" But perhaps there really is a pair of them.

**

All the defence is going to cost in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—Gen Booth—Methodist Church—Mrs. Jarrett and so forth case is something over a quarter of a million dollars. What England wants is a system of law that will give the legal fraternity some sort of a chance to earn a livelihood. Mr. Stead did the decent thing when he resigned the conduct of his case in order to supply a poor but deserving lawyer with a little job.

**

We were informed in a glaring heading in the Montreal smallpox department of the *Mail* the other day that there was "an increase in the immortality of the city and suburbs." This is not a subject about which to joke, even were I at all addicted to such a practice. But it seems to me that head-lines of this sort could be slightly improved without impairing the *Mail's* usefulness.

**

There are some powerful-brained newsgatherers on the *Mail* staff, to judge by its local items. Fancy a reporter devoting twenty-five lines to the account of how an able-bodied policeman captured a vagrant cow in the city the other day. Or rather, fancy a reporter taking stock of such an incident at all! Is it vagrant cows or news-items that are scarce in Toronto? Or is it policemen's exploits? Or is it reporters? I want to read *news* in my paper, even if it is only in the shape of free advertisements! Vagrant-cow items I can imagine to suit myself.

**

A well-meaning but thoughtless friend sent me a copy of the Barrio *Examiner* yesterday. I find this paragraph in it:

"A copy of the Coldwater *Investigator* has reached us. The journal claims to be over seven years old, but strange to say this is the first knowledge we had of its existence. We cordially greet the *Investigator*."

Cold water—investigate—seven years—humph! Well, considering Barrie's reputation during the last decade, there is nothing strikingly singular in this editor's admission. But see what an awakening there has been since the Scott Act went into operation up there!

**

"Blue Ribbon Beer," eh? B-e-l-e-w R-r-i-b-b-o-n-n B-e-o-ah! Do you want to know my candid opinion of this delectable decoction? this innocent bottled bosh, with half as much intoxicant in it, twice as much Bay water and Heaven only knows how much more or less druggist stuff to distinguish it from the alleged real beer? this plausible preparation the budgers want to rank with ginger-pop, soda-water and lemonade? Well, the doctors give us an idea of its constituents so far as chemical or medical science can determine what modern brewers' beverages really are. But the opinion of a man who has sampled it ought to be worth something, and that opinion is that it will fuddle you if you take enough of it and sicken you if you take any of it. I'll leave it to the crowd if this isn't so! "Blue Ribbon" beer!

Blue Ribbon grandmother's ducks! Stand up like men, you fellows, and say you are ashamed of yourselves for trying to smuggle this swash into the Temperance tent. I would sooner make and sell beer openly and in defiance of the law; I would sooner run a swamp still; I would sooner be a druggist and fill every blessed bottle handed over the counter with a wink—than I would make the mean pretence of falling in with sobriety sentiment by trafficking in a mixture with a pirated term for a trade-mark to give it a place among harmless drinks where it no more belongs than—than—than does a rattlesnake among a baby's playthings. "Blue Ribbon" beer! I could laugh at the audacious label if the meanness of the trick didn't make me so mad.

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion, The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

M. le Marquis de Rien de Tout.—"I have ze honor to ask of you ze hand of your daughter. Oh, sir, she is zo charming. I find her all zat zere is of ze best in face, in form, in caractaire; she has won my heart. She—" *Old Boodles.*—"Which of my daughters do you mean, sir?" *M. le Marquis.*—"Oh, monsieur, *c'la m'est egal.*"—*Life.*

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

(They had been to a masquerade, where she recognized him at once.)

"Was it the loud beating of your heart, my darling, that told you I was near?" murmured he.

"Oh, no!" she replied, "I recognized your crooked legs."

In the coming election Tammany will be recognized by its crookedness.—*Texas Siftings.*

A VICTORY SCORED.—Every time when Hagyard's Yellow Oil is used for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Aches and Pains, Sore Throat or Deafness, Frost Bites or Burns, a certain victory is the natural result.

It is not permitted a Mexican to ride in the same carriage with the woman to whom he is betrothed. This is probably because there is always more or less danger of people in a carriage falling out. When a senorita has lassoed a bean she takes no risks.—*Boston Transcript.*

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.

Young Lady (to army officer at Washington).—"Captain Drypowder, of the many famous remarks made by General Grant, which do you think reflects the most credit on him?" *Army officer* (unhesitatingly).—"Let us have peace."—*N. Y. Sun.*