

It is foolish to borrow trouble, but we cannot help observing that Tug Wilson's voice is approaching that degree of excellence to fit him for the stage, with the precision and the intrepidity of a mule advancing toward a peck of oats.

Sir John has a little card with that grand old biblical line printed on it, "Zaccheus, come down," the editor of the *Standard* will know what it means when he receives it after the coming elections.

From Guelph comes the rumor that the Hon. A. A. Fitzgerald has received a handsome present from Prof. Sleeman. This gift consists of a clay pipe and a package of T. & B. smoking tobacco. Hon. A. A. Fitzgerald is the man who wore out two cushions and five pairs of trousers watching the poorest club in America play base ball last season, and this handsome present is intended as a substantiated recognition of the value of Fitzgerald's support.

Ned Sullivan, has a lemon that weighs ten pounds twelve and five-eighths ounces, Ned is supplying Sunday schools photographs of it, to stir in water for next summer's picnics.

Will Snyder, the expressman's friend, is again moving his camp, the fourth time this year. He moves so often that half the time he doesn't know where he lives.

Mr. Harry Monroe Grier has gained twelve pounds since his wife went away. Is it making White carry up the coal or rooming over the butcher shop that does it Harry?

He who is married is of few joys and full of anguish. He arises in the morning to light the fire and in the evening returneth in great sobriety bodering on delirium tremens.

The small boy with the sleigh doesn't mind being damaged any more thnn a Connecticut river.

The gamblers are still a gambling, notwithstanding the blue-eyed Goddess of Reform.

Who is J. C. Celes?

Who is the old maid who prowls around on King St. and is noted principally for her bad temper and her daily endeavors to catch a man?

Who is that lady with the charm of pure and perfect womanhood, which amid the busy turbulent scenes of society, shines like a clear orb of night above the waves.

Gus Kerr has been out of town for the past few days. He is one of our most versatile citizens leading in prayer or playing draw poker with equal unction.

Just as sure as this globe swings around the sun, Gam Geddes will yet star the country as Romeo. Miss Fortescue said just before leaving that he was a very nice young man.

John Sutherland who is perhaps better known as a singer than the Freight Agent of the C. P. R., has taken to banging his hair lately. Part it in the centre John it is more becoming.

Pete Daley went up to East Perth to look after his boom for the Dominion. Tom Ford who was coming East on the limited saw him on the platform at Stratford with a linen duster on and a carpet bag in his hand on which was worked "Peter Daley Erie R. R. from Mary." No one spoke to him except a policeman and he only told him to look out for pick pockets.

It is whispered that Mr. Henwood has forgotten choir practice night. It is at the same time and the old place Henry.

It was a case of friend go up higher and give this man place, at St. Philips church last Sunday. Bob Lovell being the only man with a reserved seat.

Mr. W. H. Cooper Freight Agent of the Leigh Valley, is to be married shortly, the boys talk of giving him "fish plate."

Tommy Chisholm is in such active demand for At Homes and other entertainments, that he has borrowed a reserved seat card "Taken" from O. B. Sheppard and desires all men to know him by this ticket.

Personal.

IOLANTHE CLUB.

Freddie Collver, the Iolanthe dude, says he will be a book-keeper or go to Chicago.

B. Bourdon is improving in dancing. He thinks he will be competent to attend a Hamilton ball shortly.

It is said that the pretty Miss Writts' are the most elegant dancers in the club, and already their programmes are full for next Wednesday evening.

The annual supper of the Owl Gun Club was held at their rooms, 171 King east, on Saturday last. The president, J. R. Humphries, in the chair. Toasts, songs and jollity were the order of the evening. Among other guests we noticed H. I. P. Good, of the *Mail*, and Ald. Maughan.

The members of the Parkdale Cricket Club called upon President Mumford on Wednesday evening last and presented him with a very handsome French marble clock and a pair of bronze Hebe vases. The presentation was occasioned by Mr. Mumford's marriage with Miss Rose Featherstonbaugh, and many were the expressions of good wishes for the future happiness of both. A very pleasant evening was spent, and Mrs. Mumford was pronounced a most charming hostess by all who were so fortunate as to be present. The members of the club sang some of their old choruses, in the singing of which they are almost as famous as they are in the playing of their beloved game. Jack Feather sang a rollicking song in his well-known robust manner, but was not asked to repeat it, as fears were entertained for the safety of the house, the vibrations caused by his deep notes reaching below the foundations. The coming season was one of the principal topics of conversation, and many suggestions were made by Pickwick and others about oiling bats, etc.

A La Militaire.

Capt. Geddes toils not, neither does he spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was never a Highlander in the rear rank.

Bank Notes.

I intend being very much disgusted if Rolly Moffat accepts the position of general master-workman of Bulgaria, as I am coaching him for leader of Dunstan's Mastadon Minstrel Company, to be formed from the ranks of discharged bank clerks, when the lady clerks begin to settle in large numbers.

A boy on John Street has swallowed sixteen coppers and some five cent pieces. His parents are going to deposit him in Molson's Bank. This story is a very clever one. It is to be found in the following works: Broderick's "Life of Moses," page 216; "Reminiscences of George Crawford," page 486; Raymond's "Life of Johnson," book VI., chapter IX.; Denison's Cyclopaedia of "Funny sayings," page 620; Charley Widder's "Jest Book," 304th jest; Dean Brigg's "Letters to Stella," page 161.