

THE LAST BLAST.

From the Bogusburg Bugler.

The city of Bogusburg having resolved to give up the ghost, there is no further need of a newspaper to point out the advantages of the town as a place of residence; therefore this will be the last issue of the Bogusburg Bugler. The men who were clearing off the townsite have abandoned their laborious work, and there is no probability that the snuff factory will ever be erected. However, the suspension of the Bugler will only be temporary, as the publisher has his eye on a new townsite, and in the course of a week or so this paper may appear as the Fraudville Fiend.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

It is generally admitted in Government circles that Hon. Theo. Davie will be called upon to reconstruct the Provincial Cabinet.

An American exchange boils down the Republican platform adopted at Minneapolis thus: "Resolved, that this is a great nation and we are the people."

A gold coin passes from one to another 2,000,000,000 times before the stamp or impression upon it becomes obliterated by friction, while a silver coin changes 3,250,000,000 times before it becomes entirely effaced.

A first night: Usher—I can give you a good seat after the first act; the newspaper critics go then.

Standee—Don't they come back?

Usher—Bless you, no! They only drop in to verify their suspicions.

By the death of Hon. John Robson, Canada loses a true patriot and British Columbia her leading statesman. His death at this particular time is to be deplored, and Time only can reveal the debt of gratitude we owe the dead Premier.

Dr. Blanchard has received a letter from a young man of Pictou, Nova Scotia, in which the following inquiry is made: "Do you know anything of my brother? When last heard of he was living at New Westminster Abbey, British Columbia."

The World's Fair will be closed

on Sundays. This has been brought about by the saloon men, who hope to reap a rich harvest by the absence of visitors at the Fair grounds on the Sabbath Day. Curious to relate, the church people assisted them in accomplishing their object.

There seems to be no immediate likelihood of the two great trans-continental lines—the C. P. R. and the N. P.—cutting each other's throats; at least we infer as much from having observed the genial agents of these roads together purchasing outfits for a piscatorial expedition.

Canada's national holiday was universally observed throughout the Dominion. The most popular daughter of the Empire is now 25 years of age, and while Uncle Sam looks upon her as being a good match, we believe that the proud, high-bred Miss Canada would treat any proposal from that direction with contempt.

Even an artistic judgment depends upon the point of view. A lady who saw that her servant girl seemed to take a certain interest in the objects of art in her parlor, said to her:

"Which one of these figures do you like best, Mary?"

"This one, mum," said Mary, pointing to the armless Venus of Milo.

"And why do you like the Venus best?"

"Sure, it is the aisiest to doost, mum," answered the girl.—New York Sunday Mercury.

One whose business it has been to find persons suited for vocalists says he never loses time looking for a fine voice in a country where fish or meat diet prevails. Vocal capacity disappears in families as they grow rich, because they eat more meat. Those Italians who eat the most fish (those of Naples and Genoa) have few fine singers among them. The sweet voices are found in Irish women of the country and not of the towns. Norway is not a country of singers, because they eat too much fish, but Sweden is a country of grain and song. The carnivorous birds croak; grain-eating birds sing.

There are strange chambermaids at Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo. A

lady declares that the one who waited on her room and attended to all the duties of the calling, even to making the beds, was a Frenchman, dressed as if for a dinner party, with white waistcoat and dress coat, and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity. One lady, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chambermaid, and this gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor, at the very least, she said:

"I wish to see the chambermaid."

"Madam," said he, politely, in his very best English—"madam, she am I."

The action of the Dominion Department in reducing the salaries of the Victoria Postoffice employees will not increase the popularity of the Dominion Government in this Province. The men work hard at least nine hours a day, and the reduction of their salaries to \$32 per month evidences a decidedly beggarly spirit on the part of Dominion Postal Department. No doubt the citizens of Victoria will avail themselves of the earliest opportunity of resenting this latest attempt at starving men who should get at least twice the salaries they are now receiving. Perhaps the Dominion authorities will press Chinese labor into the postal service. It would be in keeping with the attitude of the Government of late years towards this Province.

Franklin wrote the following letter to a man to whom he was lending some money: "I send you herewith a bill for ten Louis-d'ors; I do not pretend to GIVE such a sum, I only LEND it to you. When you shall return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some kind of business, that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet with another honest man in similar distress, you must PAY ME by lending this sum to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with another opportunity. I hope it may then go through many hands, before it meets with a KNAVE to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine for doing a deal of good with little money."—The Humanitarian.