

derbill has handed him back the securities he gave for a loan of a trifle of \$135,000. And there are other polling divisions to hear from. Little incidents like this revive the belief that the sham article has not entirely superseded the genuine in the sympathy market.

It makes all the difference in the world whose family is disgraced. A late despatch which chronicled the fate of a dishonest bank clerk ran:—

"A teller and accountant of a bank here was to-day sentenced to five years' imprisonment for embezzlement."

Name suppressed out of regard, etc., etc. Thank the law there is no distinction of persons down in Kingston penitentiary. It makes no difference in the matter of board and working time whether a new arrival is a common thief or only an erring cashier.

You will sometimes hear the opinion expressed that foreign decorations are too common—too lavishly and inconsiderately bestowed. That may be true in a general way, and will account for the number of princes and dukes and counts and so on you have the pleasure of meeting with at the free lunch counters. But there is one order that is certainly not liberally distributed, and it ought to be—among the class of whom St. Leonards and Hesse-Darmstadt are triple-plated samples. I refer to the Noble and Ancient Order of the Bath—in a noble and ancient horse-pond.

The man who decided that he ought to go into exile, a pauper and self-constituted deaf mute, because one time he got mad at his girl and gave her a setting out that made her sick, didn't live out his self-imposed term—twenty-years. This is a fortunate circumstance for young lovers, who may still go on breaking trusting maidens' hearts and healing them with an ice-cream treat or a social ticket. Before concluding this essay I am impelled in justice to my sex to say this—either the girl for whom this poor man suffered so much was an extraordinary fine young thing, or else this poor man was the worst kind of an idiot.

The cuts which the grossly ignorant *Globe* editor gets from the truly literate *Mail* editor, on the score of outraged orthography, ought to be sufficient to hurry him into an untimely grave—always assuming, of course, that one could imagine such a thing as an "untimely" grave for the editor of the *Globe*. But when the reader of the *Mail* comes across such samples of orthodox spelling as "wrapt attention," "copy wright act," and "honorary secretaries," all of which stood out in bold relief in an issue of that scholarly publication a day or two ago, instructively he recalls the old reliable fable of the Ethiopian Pot calling the African Kettle "Nigger."

A *Globe* reporter has written a beautiful biography in miniature of an oldest inhabitant—by name Mr. Jordan Post. The conclusion of the sweet sketch ends thus touchingly:—

"Mr. Post has eight sons and two daughters, all living, all respected, and Reformers in their politics."

This is of a truth getting on the other side of Jordan—the soft side of him, as it were. But I fancy the reporter put his foot in it when he allowed his political embrace to take in the ladies, who are, unquestionably, "reformers" only in a social sense. Every well-informed person ought to know that Sir John possesses the heart of every lady who has ever caught a glimpse of his winsome visage—and killing love-lock.

Carrying the war into Africa is most graphically illustrated in the conduct of the Hamilton thieves who had laid out plans to rob the houses of several members of the police force.

The boys had of course come to the natural conclusion that, with police now-a-days, the more glaring the crime the greater the chance of the criminal's security. If it goes on in this way I guess it will soon come to pass that desperadoes will be assaulting and robbing our constables on their beats. This will never do. We must protect not only our glorious liberties but also our inoffensive cops! Citizens, let us rise in our might and shake off the shackles of the robber and the rough! Or else let us keep our policemen in nights.

They are raking up the old story of how Tupper proposed to D. A. Smith, at the time of Sir John's Pacific Scandal little unpleasantness, to play Jonah on the Tory chieftain, and see if the Conservative craft couldn't ride the storm. If there should be any doubt in the mind of a single person in Canada that what Mr. Smith stated about the matter in the House on the last day of the session of 1878 was not an actual occurrence, there is one proof that ought to satisfy him. *Hansard* is said by the Grits to correctly report that closing debate! The question as to the truth of the story is, of course, another thing altogether and must be settled between the parties. On debates and things *Hansard* is an infallible guide—read contrariwise.

Of course you cannot expect to go on in this world enjoying anything without having someone or something break in upon your pleasure. Take a meal of young onions followed by a totally unexpected, but positively imperative summons to a concert practice, as somewhat of a case in point. But what really suggests my opening truism is a statement in one of the papers that strawberries have been discovered to contain worms, which are concealed in the very heart of the fruit. Now, this miserable attempt to spoil my appetite for the luscious berries just coming into season is going a trifle too far. I shall rise superior to the base plot. I am going to eat the strawberries with the worms inside them, and be mighty thankful it isn't the strawberries that are inside the worms.

Mr. Michael Davitt hopes his lecture tour will yield him "a thousand per annum," so that he will be enabled to continue to fight the Battle of Ireland. There was once a man named Robin Ruff who blowed to another man named Gaffer Green about what he would do "if he had but a thousand a year." Finally, Gaffer Green turned around and passed remarks that were rather rough on Robin Ruff. If Mr. Green were alive to-day, and had to talk to Mr. Davitt, he might be compelled to be as rough on Michael as he was on Robin. This naturally suggests the idea that condemning Michael would imply the condemning of robbin'—the poor Irish of more of their hard earnings. And now, gentle borrower, if the pun is a tough one, remember that the object is beneficent.

The children of Ireal could not make bricks without straw. But I venture to say that that was because they had no men among them whose fertility of resource was at all equal to that of the man who writes up the "Round Town" items in the *Saturday News*. Not only would this young man have made the bricks without straw, but he would cheerfully have paid a bonus for permission to make the straw, and in addition would have agreed to supply all stables within a reasonable radius with unlimited bedding. I am also persuaded that his enterprise would have known no respite until he had established a well-regulated brickyard for the sale of his bricks in every organized township in the land. Yes, this energetic person would have made the bricks and the straw all right enough. But I

am obliged in the interests of truth and justice to admit that it would likely have been pretty poor straw, and mighty mean brick.

It has remained for the governors of the Ambitious City to take the lead in pronouncing against the so-called sparring matches which are being held in almost every city and large towns in the province. In nearly every case these exhibitions are either shameless hoaxes with neither honesty nor art to recommend the tame affairs, or else they are downright slugging contests, unlawful and brutal. It seems to me that it is about time unprofitable public discussion of the injury of sparrows gave place to profitable discussion of the injury of sparrers. By the way, it occurs to me that one way in which these tenth-rate broken down knockers could be nicely utilized would be as body-guards for Cabinet Ministers, and influential members of Parliament. How many a partisan editor, political tuft-hunter, and office beggar could be turned over to a professional pounder, armed with instructions to pound till tired and charge accordingly!



THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

When man was made—so runs the legend mystic—
The gift of speech he lacked, and lacking, had
Discussion none, gave of the order fiat,
With woman when her tantrums made him mad.

He'd growl, and mayhap also fume and splutter
At absent buttons, missing boot-jacks, socks
Undarned—and she, her dumb lips all a flutter,
Would answer him with stove-lids, poker, crocks.

Thus lived the twain, no word between them passing;
No high profanity would grieve her sore—
And he—blest man!—knew naught of angry sassing
For squirting black-strap juices on the floor.

At last a guardian spirit—profoundest pity taking
On him as on a tack one morn he stopped,
And oke on her when once she spilt a baking—
Declared,—“These mortals shan't from talk be kept.”

And thus it came to pass—so goes the story—
The spirit fitted where the talk was stored,
And, grabbing up ten baskets *sua more*,
Delivered them while man and woman snored.

The first to rise—of course—the hour was seven,
Was woman; to the baskets quick came she,
Tasting, she learned to talk, then cried, “From Heaven
They've come—and nine of 'em's for me!”

Thus is it writ on Pagan page of history,
How woman gobbled up nine-tenths the stock
Of gab-grub given mankind—hence the mystery
Of feminine tongue-tendency, of woman's talk.

But, ah! this is but half the wondrous story.
I had a dream last night, and learned the sequel well;
Methought there came a pilgrim bent and hoary,
And read from musty record what I'll tell:

Long years the woman kept her precious treasure,
While earth grew peopled like a busy hive;
She ate the talk-food by a stated measure,
At last remained of the nine baskets five.

One she had op'd—to inspire fresh invective—
When some thief boldly stole the other four;
She tracked him in ten years with a detective,
Without, she'd found him next day and next door.

This man kept all the “grub” from his relations,
And ate it a'en while heartily calling “next!”
His gifts descended through the generations—
Now, never more at barbor-buzz be vexed.