

PIETY AND DYNAMITE.

Just glance over the following precious little bits, which are clipped from the *Irish World* of December 27th, and sent to us by a subscriber, who rightly considers them rich :

But on Christmas Day all the fight goes out of me. The peace of CHRIST seems to permeate the very atmosphere, and I don't like to think I have any enemies. The warlike feeling is silenced. And I suppose a like feeling takes possession of every believing Christian. How can it be otherwise? Is not the Real Presence in our midst, and is it not good for us to be here?

A broken arch of London Bridge is the standpoint from which MACAULAY'S New Zealander is to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. Our friends at the front went within an ace the other night of having matters in readiness for the distinguished artist, so far, at all events, as the bridge is concerned. Doubtless their programme was to make a beginning with the arch and deal with the other prominent objects of the proposed sketch during the voyage of the New Zealander to England.

Hypocrisy and cant are always odious, but there is something funny about them too, when you find a dynamitaré coward slobbering in this fashion. Truly, the devils also believe!

ESSAY ON WAR.

(Concluded.)

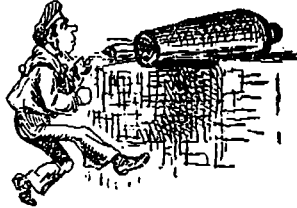
It was no uncommon thing in mediæval warfare to see a holy bishop take the field against the enemies of his country. The church, in addition to being militant, was exceedingly military, and many a bishop's see was a sea of gore before the valiant prelate got through with his foes. The venerable Bede of Durham was a terror in this way, and so accurate a marksman that, whenever he raised his little shooting-iron, the enemy would bawl out, "Dodge, ye beggars, he's drawing a Bede on us." This sentence gave rise to the modern phrase "drawing a bead." Fact. Luckily for some of these undaunted church dignitaries, the firearms of those days were somewhat unreliable and, in the hands of an unskilful director, inflicted wounds that it was not difficult to cure all. In fact, some of the most efficient great guns of those times were very insignificant, and of no more account than a minor canon of the present day. Had the enemies of England, in the ages of which I write, been possessed of our modern mitrailleuse and Krupp guns, there is no doubt that many a bishop would have found his mitre loose and have come a terrible Krupper. (Refreshments will be handed round by the courteous attachés of the show. Keep your seats.)

In modern times cavalry is our strong "holt," though even the most brilliant charges of our heaviest troops of this branch of the service paled before those of the plumber, the doctor, and designer of the æsthetic plaque. These we may look upon as our household troops, and they are exceedingly heavy chargers. But the great cavalry exploit of the gallant Light Brigade at Balaclava will long live in the recollection of every patriotic Englishman; as, indeed, it should; but though it was a memorable and glorious affair we have, every month, a repetition of it in the bills that come in to us from the gas company, and I do not hesitate to affirm that the members of this latter Light Brigade show themselves to be as able chargers as their noble namesakes in the Crimea. Would that it were considered a crime were for these fellows to send in such gasty accounts.

Perhaps, however, our gallant seamen deserve as much credit as any body of combatants in the world. Certainly the officers of our glorious Navy obtain all the credit they demand, as the books of tailors and other tradesmen in every part of the globe amply testify. The tailors and others alluded to are usually very sad.

Our gallant sailors are equally efficient on land as on the sea, and, as may be supposed where so many "tars" have been present,

have behaved gloriously in many a "pitched" battle. The British sailor is a fine fellow. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., says so. I also say so. But, though a "fine" fellow, would it be just, would it be generous—when a gallant sea-man has boldly attacked a fort, slain every man of the enemy and spiked all the guns—to "fine" him for



A SALT AND BATTERY?

That there is an immense amount of latent military talent in this country cannot be denied. This is fully demonstrated by the able advice proffered, editorially, to Wolseley and other commanders, by such papers as the *Parkhill Whooper*, the *West Toronto Junction Real Estate Chronicle*, the *Carlton Bulletin*, the *Hamilton Tribune*, and many more. Had Wolseley only followed the advice so generously given in these journals, he would have been dead long ago. He can but die once and he must know it. But he asserts proudly that he is a military man and will have nothing to do with trade; he will let others take care of the dyeing department. Strange paradox is this same Lord Wolseley. As a Scotchman said the other day, "He is Napier; he is a peer and he is a pier." (Bring a fan this way, please.)

And now having, with infinite tact, led you piece by piece through successive ages, from the time of Lucifer up to our own, and shown you wherein ancient and modern warfare differ, as did the men of both periods,—men whom we may call "Hims, ancient and modern,"—I may as well tell you that the God of War is Mars; this your "pas" will, doubtless, verify. You, children, will have war brought home to your very thresholds (getting your opponent's head in chancery is a good "thresh-ho'd") when that long promised seal-skin cloak fails to appear, or when your esteemed masculine parent is detected by your no less esteemed but excessively angry feminine parent measuring the waist of the good-looking hired girl with his arms. This is real war, and, though it should be, it never is civil.

And now the time has come for me to say farewell, and draw my cash prize and don my glittering leather decoration.

I have fought the good fight and have won, and may now repose on my hard-earned chromo.

I shall lie like a warrior taking no rest, as I have even endeavored to lie throughout this ably-written and tersely-expressed Essay on War.

Adieu, my dears.

GEN. VON SWIZ TEUFFEL,

Leather Metallist and Com'r-in-Chief Noble Ward Brigade.

DIDN'T WANT IT.

"Yes, the house seems well enough, eh, my dear?" remarked Mr. Jubidy to his wife, as the pair, accompanied by the landlord, were inspecting a house into which Mr. Jubidy proposed moving.

"Yes, I think it will do," replied Mrs. J. "By the way, Mr. Screwgee"—to the landlord—"what did you say the rent was?"

"Twenty-five dollars a month, madam," replied the oily Mr. Screwgee, "and the tenant pays all the taxes, rates, &c."

"Taxes! rates!" exclaimed Mr. Jubidy. "What rates?"

"The water rates, my dear sir," answered the landlord.

"Water rates! What water rates?" interrogated the other, excitedly.

"The City water rates, of course," answered Mr. S.

"What!!!" screamed both Mr. and Mrs. Jubidy, simultaneously. "Is there city water in this house?"

"Certainly, sir: certainly, madam."

"And you expect us to pay extra for that, do you? You haven't got a nice big pile of decaying cabbages down in the cellar, have you? You don't happen to have used the space between the floors and ceilings as family vaults for all the defunct cats and dogs you found lying around, did you? You don't chance to have a nice sewer grating in the dining-room floor, do you? You have, I hope, instructed former tenants to have all their slops and refuse piled up in the corners of the bed-rooms, haven't you! Oh! you haven't any of these, eh?" went on Mr. Jubidy, as the startled landlord kept throwing in a negative wherever he got a chance. "You haven't provided for the production of typhoid, g-stric and other fevers; for pyæmia, cholera, rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia, further than to introduce the city water into your house, eh? Well, I guess that's enough. If the city water don't bring those diseases, decaying vegetables, mouldering cats and dogs and putrifying refuse haven't any show. No, I shan't take your old pest-house. Come, Mrs. Jubidy, my dear, let us flee."

And they fled.



TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

SCENE—A YONGE ST. STORE. A FACT.

Mr. Wood B. Dood—(Who has asked to see samples of collars)—Aw—but which is this—a collar or a cuff?

Shopman—It doesn't matter. You can use it for either.

CATS defy the most venomous snakes, just as hogs do. The only way to get rid of a cat is to destroy it when it is a kitten, or else move into another house.

An agricultural editor's advice to farmers is, "Let the head help the hands in every possible way." So most of them do. Just recall that recent load of wood you bought which looked like a lot of interstices piled together, and you'll understand how.

It is rather amusing to read of the bitter animosity that exists in New York between the "noblesse" and the "parvenus" of that city. The class "noblesse" comprises those whose grandfathers made a lot of money, whilst the "parvenus" are those who cannot date the family acquisition of wealth further back than their fathers. Canadian "noblesse" can trace a long, unbroken line of wealthy ancestors from as far back as, as far back as, far back as, back as, as—Muskoka.