

## Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

Approves of the slippery sidewalks, the following musical verses will not be out of place, though the *casus cadendi* as therein described is none of John Frost's work.

But why, let me ask, should orange and banana peels be so often selected by poets and funny men as the objects whereon to hurl their maledictions? I have watched an innocent bit of orange peel on the sidewalk, by the hour, and have never yet seen any one come to grief, either on it or on a plantain skin; but I have seen pedestrians go down, like wheat before the sickle, on some of the atrocious, hole-riddled sidewalks of this city, but respecting those neglected *paves* the aforesaid poets and funny men keep mutely and ingloriously mum. Let them tackle the subject, for there is a splendid chance for them to put in a word where it will do most good.



THE LITTLE BANANA PEEL.

Like a bar of the beaten gold  
I gleam in the summer's sun;  
I am little, I know, but I think I can throw  
A man that will weigh a ton.  
I send out no challenge bold,  
I blow me no vaunting horn,  
But foolish is he who treads on me;  
He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field, vain man  
Goeth forth at the break of day,  
But when he shall feel my grip on his heel  
Like the stubble he fadeth away;  
For I lift him high up in the air  
With his heels where his head should be;  
With a down coming crash he maketh his mash,  
And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am scorned by the man who buys me;  
I am modest and quiet and meek;  
Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do  
Has oft made the cellar doors creak.  
I'm a blood-red republican born,  
And a Nihilist fearless I be;  
Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its  
pride down,  
If it sets its proud heel upon me.

—Burdette, in Harper's Magazine.

The dry goods clerk, as a rule, is a very harmless being, and is often the cause of a goodly amount of quiet and unostentatious laughter on my part. I have smiled to hear a strapping great fellow whom nature apparently made to exist on fat pork, beans and slumgullion, and lay low with his brawny arm, the giants of the forest in the grand Canadian backwoods, —I have gently snickered, I say, to see these creatures groan as they wrestled with a box of ribbons on a top shelf, or to hear them exhaust their heaven-hatched eloquence on the quality of the "shirtings," "towelings," and all the other "ings" and "lines" for which their establishment is without a peer. And it does make me feel better and more mildly ecstatic when I see one of these beings quietly snubbed, more especially if the snubber be of the opposite sex, as was

the case the other day with a "dry goods clerk" who had a most affected and ridiculous gait. He had to go to a distant part of the store for some article asked for by a party of feminine customers and he called out, as he swung himself off, "Walk this way, ladies." "But," cried a piquant little blonde,



"We can't walk that way; we never learnt that style, you know, and it would be too absurdly ridiculous for anything." Whereupon the counter-skipper retired to the wash-room and was seen no more that day; but it is understood that he is cultivating a mode of pedestrian locomotion which shall cause him to appear more like a man, and less like a human orang-outang with a crick in its spinal column.

I am not of patrician lineage, though I revere and respect those who really are, if they are sensible and not puppyish withal, but I have a most awfully awful horror and contempt for those shams who endeavor to impress upon us Canadians, by their thinly veneered manners and snobbish pretences, that they positively were some bodies at 'ome. A true gentleman recognizes another instinctively, and it is only on shoddy that shoddy can be imposed as the genuine article; which moralizing dissertation puts me in mind of a little



story (as old Abe would have said), of a blustering individual who had insulted a quiet and unostentatious person who was getting the best of him in an argument respecting ancient family and so forth. "Sir," said the would-be aristocrat, "I should wish you to understand that my ancestors came over in the 'Mayflower.'" "That was natural enough," quietly replied the other, "there were no extradition laws in those days." Whereupon the stickler for pedigree walked away, remarking that "he was tired of talking to such vulgar cattle."

"There is no evil without its compensation," remarked the young man, "the shorter the summer, the less interest there will be to pay on the ulster." But as this is not summer, and the thermometer is 1° below, and the ulster is still there, what I should like to know is, what is he going to do about it, any way?

TOUCHSTONE.

## "MADE NEW AGAIN."

Mrs. Wm. D. RYCKMAN, St Catharines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' for the last three months, and find myself—(what shall I say?)—'made new again' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody), and able to do my own work."

"What is the use of chicory?" asks an exchange, "except to spoil coffee?" Well, now, did you ever? Where, in thunder, would a fellow get a whole, solid word to rhyme with "hickory" if it wasn't for that vegetable?

## VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully,

JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

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