

We are hopeful in thinking that he neither belongs to the Press nor has ever done the Fourth Estate such valuable service as to regard him—even in the capacity of a volunteer—as an accession to its ranks. And, until he has done so, we fear "Touchstone's" indignant protests upon matters which do not concern him will fall as flat as ditch-water upon a Public, who, if they are dissatisfied with the Editor's or reporter's respective style, are not obliged to read the papers which cause "Touchstone" so much labored effort to criticise. But it is one thing to scribble for "glory"—and another thing to write for pay. Even if "Touchstone" is content to do the former, we question his ability to satisfactorily perform the latter. Were his remarks entitled to any weight among newspaper men we should have felt justified into going into the merits of a discussion in which "Iago" might have levelled his caustic wit at higher game.

#### THE LAW—AND THE PROFITS.

It gives us much pleasure to refer to the success achieved by Messrs. D. A. Nicholls and R. D. McGibbon in their efforts to win the gold medal prize granted by the Law Faculty of McGill. So remarkably close was the competition between these gentlemen that it has resulted in a distinction without a difference, whereby they have been enabled to produce two gold medals where only one had been seen before. Both gentlemen have done credit to the law firms under whom they have studied. Phrenologically speaking, Mr. Nicholls is the proud possessor of a *Tete a la Tait*, but he is not bumptious by any means. A Kerr-sory examination would at once reveal Mr. McGibbon's qualifications to wear with honour the *toga virilis*. We trust, however, that neither gentleman will undertake a case without counting the costs, and that the judge will invariably rule that they shall be paid by "the other side." In that event their clients will have no cause for complaint.

#### LOGIC AT A DISCOUNT.

"Truly I am no poet,  
And as truly I know it."  
Here then is a proof that I'm truly a poet,  
For a wise man's a man that's wise but don't know it;  
Every poet's a wise man—every wise man a poet.  
Now I'm a wise man, e'en though you don't know it,  
And being a wise man, forsooth I'm a poet.

#### A GRIT'S WAIL.

(After Coleridge.)  
He thought with a smile upon Canada the while,  
And the trick that her statesmen had taught her,  
Of hiding herself from the storm above,  
By putting her head under water.

#### ASTRONOMICAL.

Does the tail precede or follow a comet? That depends on which way the comet is going.—*Ex.*

#### "SHOPPY"—VERY.

There have been many profitable evenings spent at the entertainments given by the Temperance and Literary Association of Emmanuel Church, and it seems that not the least among their attractions, is the happy way in which pleasure and business is combined. For instance: Dr. Andres, who, doubtless, is a very excellent dentist, undertook on Tuesday evening last, (according to the programme now before us—we are very sorry a prior engagement prevented our attendance) to lecture upon the "Growth and Preservation of Children's Teeth, with Magic Lantern illustrations." Doubtless the gentleman's mode of dealing with the subject, convinced people of the necessity of cutting their wisdom teeth at an early age. A treatise on gum-boils would have been very *appropos*: but it is not so much of the lecture as the principle to which we would draw attention. The Association having initiated this "new departure" in advertising, we hope they will rigidly adhere to a proper scale of prices for subsequent entertainments. We would suggest the following:—

For taking one hour to tell people where to get their corns cut, \$25. For a lecture on making a pair of boots, \$25; if illustrated, \$35. For a discourse on the latest method of killing sheep, \$10; if illustrated, \$25 extra. For an exposition on the animal heat contained in an ulster, with diagrams on the various styles and where to buy them, \$40. For a lecture on the ingredients contained in Nestle's Food, with chemical tests, \$75. In this way a very substantial addition might be made to the Association's exchequer. But, by all means, stick to the tariff gentlemen of the Committee, if you want to make the thing a success.

#### THOUGHTS ABOUT THE TARIFF, HUMBL Y SUBMITTED.

The balmy South wind may come over the line and blow where it listeth on the free list, not a zephyr will be forced through the Custom House. The Northern blasts may leave the country at zero, on the tariff, not a blessed blizzard will be subject to an export duty. Canada might make a fiendish monopoly of these two articles (blasts and blizzards), but Tilley says no, not a fiend. The juice of the hurricane is on the free list. The multitudinous sea is still "the blue, the fresh, the ever free." Tilley is not accountable for the tides rising, although he is for the rise in the paper collar of the howling swell. The glorious light of the sun Tilley has not "touched lightly," as he has the lumbermen. The twinkling stars are unenumerated. *Urza Major* and *Urza Minor* yield nothing for the heads of departments. The Northern Lights will still be a free exhibition to an admiring world (no matinees). The hail in Columbia (British) may descend from the clouds without let or hindrance.

#### A "MIXED" ASSEMBLY.

Through the enterprise of our reporter, we are enabled to give a report of the secret meeting of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. He was obliged, in order to secure an entrance, to go disguised: yes, disguised in liquor. He was so well disguised that his best friends would not have known him on Great St. James street; in fact, he hardly knew himself. The meeting was held at eight o'clock, in a corner grocery, behind a rampart of empty soap-boxes; the secretary called for drinks; no, this is a mistake, called the meeting to order, when it was moved by John Collins that Old Rye take the chair. So he was taken to the chair, and quiet having ensued, he addressed the meeting as follows:—Fellow-members we have met, yes, we have met here to consider (voice, bully for you.) The License Commissioners are determined to give us our licenses, and shall we not support them? Where will you find a more ambitious body of men? We are always thirsty for fame; yes, I repeat, we are always thirsty. Who is it that pays for justice and keeps lawyers? Who, I ask, supports the Recorder's Court? The Police Court? We, the saloon-keepers; we are the men who support these. Why, they would have nothing to do if it were not for us, and shall we be trampled upon? No, a thousand times, no! (Here a glass of water was asked for, and one of a golden colour was brought, and remarkable to state, all the members were thirsty, and took this unfiltered beverage without the least hesitation. Soon our reporter was more disguised than ever.) The chairman was continuing, when our reporter in the desire to say something suddenly interrupted him by adding that he protested. Immediately there was an uproar, and cries of "put him out," "put him out." Our reporter showed a ten dollar bill, saying you will not put me out now, to which the chairman replied, "we never put anybody out while he has money." Our reporter was questioned as to where his place of business was; he replied that he had not as yet started, but had no doubt of getting his license, as his application was genuine. He had written it himself. The chairman left the chair and took the floor. Everybody was speaking at once, so that the notes our reporter took, read as follows:—"Witness—drinks—what will you have—Judah—cigars—bitters—*you're* another—whisk—sleigh—live—don't know—home—morning—wife—mountain—station—Rye an—collapse."

#### Here and There.

In the programme of an entertainment given, lately, at London, Ont., we find the following: "Duet—Adam and Eve ('in character')."—

There has been an remarkable case of constancy in England. A man who separated from his wife 35 years ago has just returned and offered to "kiss and make up." A few days prior to the offer the wife had inherited a large estate.—*Ex.*

"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Prof. Wortman asked the new boy in the class in Philosophy. "Hum," said the new boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.—*Ex.*

The baby was doubled up by the cramps, and yelling at the rate of a mile a minute, as the father and mother stood over the crib with the laudanum between them. "No Miria," he said gently but firmly, "you pour it out; that child's growing so much like your mother that I can't trust myself."—*Ex.*

A hardshell Baptist preached in Washington lately, and took for his text, "God made man in His own image." He then commenced: "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Then he made a long pause, and looking around the audience, "But I opine God Almighty hadn't a job in this city for high onto 15 years."—*Ex.*

The late Mr. George Robinson, the famous auctioneer, after exhausting the language of praise in extolling a certain gentleman's park which had fallen under his hammer, said he was bound, as an honest man, not to conceal the only drawbacks to the property, which were—the litter made by the roseleaves and the perpetual din kept up by the nightingales.—*Ex.*

What is the fare to Putman? Clerk: "Putman, Massachusetts, or Putman, Connecticut?" Pat: "What is the fare?" Clerk: "Five dol. to Putman, Massachusetts, and eight dol. to Putman, Connecticut." Pat: "Well bedad I'll take the cheapest."—*Ex.*

At one time Daniel Webster had a difficult case to plead, and a verdict was rendered against his client. One of the witnesses came to him and said, "Mr. Webster, if I had thought we should have lost the case, I might have testified a great deal more than I did." "It's of no consequence," replied the lawyer, "the jury did not believe a word you said."—*Ex.*

#### Around Town.

April 1st made a regular fool of Spring, last Tuesday.

It only needs a pair of green spectacles, now, to make the weather look Spring-like.

There are signs of improvement on every hand.—*Ex.* Has this any reference to Carsley's "six-buttoned kids"?

"Gaily the Troubadour," but you know the rest, but we venture to assert that the Troubadours at the Academy discount anything in that line we have seen, or read of in ancient or modern history. Go and see them, and you will enjoy yourself.

A Sunday school teacher in a Beaver Hall Sunday-school lately used the word "abridgment" to his class, pulling himself up with the remark that, as some of the younger scholars might not know its meaning, he would say that it was a synonym of epitome. The younger scholars were affected to tears.