

searches. But still more curious results have been attained, which prove that "there is nothing new under the sun." The practice of presenting a man with a prize for guessing the right number of beans in a jar was current amongst the Latin races, hence their phrase *Quam diu se bene gesserit*: "So long as he guesses the beans." The term *alter ego* was first applied to the chicken who altered the egg that was really its other self.

Audi alteram partem was doubtless an instruction to early telephonists who had to "hear the other party." When a man was hungry, it was said to be a *casus belli*.

The old motto for a flirt was *cui malo*, "To which male," and that for a mute was *Dum spiro spero* "Though dumb I breathe and hope." *Magnum bonum* was the humorous Latin for the *humerus*. A subtle anticipation of the character of Hamlet can be found in the phrase *Nunc aut nunquam* and a prophetic remark of our great living-*prima donna* is to be read in these lines:—*Quid fuit durum pati meminisse dulce est*, "That which was hard to Patti is sweet to remember."

Another saying common with the young ladies of the Roman Empire is still applicable to those who parade the streets of Toronto: *Non equidem invideo miror magis*, "Indeed I do not envy, I am rather inclined to the mirror."

These few random examples are taken from a huge work on which the great Jubilee Historian is engaged, which will be published every half century until complete (probably 40 parts) and entitled "The Calisthenics of Languages." Subscriptions (not less than \$10) may be sent to the author,

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(Texas Siftings.)

BENEVOLENCE.

Kind-hearted Lady—What are you doing there, sir?

Tramp—Eatin' grass, missus; I'm starvin'.

Kind-hearted Lady—Poor man! Come right out in the back yard where the grass is nice and high!

AN EXPLANATION.

THE real but hitherto hidden meaning of the reception accorded to O'Brien by the loyalists of Toronto has just leaked out. The whole affair has been ridiculously misrepresented. The supposed riot was in reality a dramatic performance for O'Brien's amusement entitled, "A Scene from Irish Life;" and it must be admitted that the actors performed their parts admirably. Somebody should have been killed, however, to make the representation strictly accurate. No doubt O'Brien will appreciate the delicacy of the compliment, when he gets well. The only puzzling circumstance is their making O'Brien himself one of the actors, and giving him a difficult part to perform, as he seems to have been required to make his way through a narrow lane and a blacksmith shop in the midst of a shower of stones, and scale a twelve-foot fence in about one second and a half.

MY ALARM CLOCK.

I SHALL never forget the first time that clock went off. I shall simply call it "that clock," for no number of adjectives could remotely describe it. I had to get up early—what for I forget; I think to get tickets for some "last appearance" of some *prima donna*; at all events it was for something very important—perhaps something more important than "last appearances" of *prime donne*.

I set the thing for 4.45 a.m. precisely. I went to bed early—with the intention of getting a good sleep. I need not say I did not sleep. I lay awake wondering whether I could trust that thing ticking away so quietly (and yet I thought cunningly) on the mantel-piece. I wondered whether it would go off at the time I set it. I wondered whether I should hear it if it did go off. And so I kept on wondering till towards the early hours of the morning, utterly wearied out with wondering, I fell into a quiet sleep.

I dreamt of the *prima donna* I was going to hear. There I was in a good seat. She was on the stage. Everything was ready. The audience was hushed to a dead silence. The accompanist had just finished the introduction and was waiting for her to commence. She smiled, opened her mouth, and—

Whir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—

Oh! the start it gave me. The universe seemed to be one mass of noise. The music of the spheres seemed to have got out of tune and time and to be howling this fact close into my ears. I was drowned in noise. I floundered in horrible atmospheric waves, rushing, screaming, tearing over one another. I was blinded with sound. The room was full of it. It was all round me. I could not escape it. It was intolerable. I should go blind, dumb, deaf, mad, if that thing continued for another second of time. What was to be done? Stop it, stop it at once. Of course. No sooner thought of than I leaped out of bed. The leap sent the blood into my head, and half blind I staggered across the floor, sprawled over two chairs and a sofa, trod on my watch, upset the water-jug, and dashed at that cursed clock. I seized it, squeezed it, shook it, flung it on to the bed, buried it in pillows, threw myself on the pillows, and breathlessly waited while it angrily rung itself out, enraged at my interference.

After that I went back to bed and slept soundly till 10 a.m., missed my breakfast and, of course, my appointment. I have had heart disease ever since, and have given that clock away.