

with there, it could not be worse than that I had already encountered.

I arrived at my destination in ten minutes or so, and was happy to find Mr. O'Toole sunning himself on the sidewalk in company with a short, black pipe, and a one-eyed dog of mangy and flea-bitten exterior.

I briefly stated my business, and was greeted with, 'Stip in, sorr, stip in. It's the best of accommodations I have, an' barrin' ye don't mind sleepin' three in a bed, ye'll find yerself in a palish, sorr, in a palish. Come right in and sit down.'

Ah! I thought. The generous Celtic heart is the one that can feel for another; and I accepted Mr. O'Toole's invitation and entered the 'palish.'

TOPICAL TALK.

I learn with surprise that the babies of America swallow 1,500 thimbles annually. It is needless to remark that thread dreadful nuisance, and I hope every one has cotton to these puns.

From what I can hear from members of some of those fashionable congregations of churches visited by the *Globe* reporter in his suit of shabby clothes, they are beginning to think that they have entertained an angel unawares. There are two kinds of angels.



I see that Prince Bismarck has a passion for flowers, especially roses, which he cultivates in great variety and tends with his own hands. Would it be appropriate, on this account, to call the doughty chancellor the "Otto of Roses?"

I see that the Pirates of Penzance is to be produced in Hamilton by local talent, the orchestra to be under the leadership of Mr. D. MacDuff. Shakespeare knew a thing or two, and looked a long way ahead when he wrote the words—"Lead on, MacDuff." He evidently meant the Hamilton man.

I see by the *Buffalo Times* that it is proposed to punish German soldiers who attempt suicide with instant death. This is very kind of the German military authorities, and the poor devil who is anxious to shuffle off this mortal coil is sure of being enabled to do so, if not by his own hands then by government decree.

The Tichborne claimant was released from jail last week. The poor fellow has wasted away to a mere shadow and only weighs 252 pounds now, instead of the 364 he tipped the beam at prior to his incarceration. If a man weighing 364 pounds loses 112 of them during ten years' imprisonment, would a one hundred and twelve pounder waste away to nothing in the same period? This is a nice point.

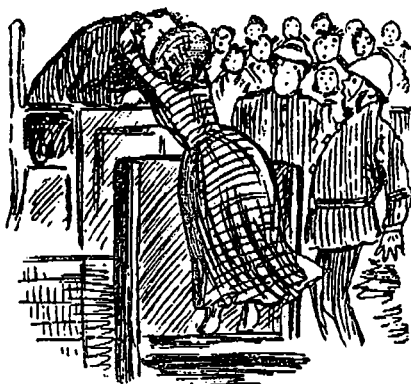
The *Bloomington Through Mail* gravely remarks:—"Nearly everybody who is now a man was once a boy." There is a profundity in the wisdom of this statement that is absolutely tremendous, but if the *Through Mail* would kindly enlighten me a little further and give me a few cases of persons who are now men and who were once girls I should feel obliged.

The resemblance between great and good men, in some characteristics, is very great. I saw the sentence in Mr. Froude's "Carlyle Memories," and it came home to me at once:—"He (Carlyle) never wrote an idle word nor a sentence that he did not believe was true." It hits my character off to a T.

The able journalists of this country have assigned all sorts of reasons for Sir John's visit to England; business, health, pleasure and goodness knows what, but it's as plain as a pikestaff to me that he went to England for the same good reason that Mahomet went to the mountain—because it wouldn't come to him.



An Oregon court has decided that a dead Chinaman is worth exactly \$321. A live Chinaman is worth mighty little as a rule, but Mr. Han Qua, a banker, of Canton, is worth \$1400,000,000 just as he stands. Well, an ordinary Chinaman, worth nothing at all when alive is valued at \$321 when defunct; therefore Mr. H. Qua will be worth just \$419,400,000,000 when he pegs out, about \$2,996,000,000 per lb., as near by as I can calculate. Whew! dead Chinese banker comes high.



Well, well. They seem to carry on in a most extraordinary fashion in the police court at London, Ont. I nearly took my breath away when I read this in the *Tisler*: "Jane Reading, the complainant, didn't want him sent to jail, but simply made to keep out of bad company, and when the magistrate remanded him to jail she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him." Isn't that appalling? And what a queer thing to kiss the magistrate for! I can't understand the thing at all. Jane must have been good-looking, that's evident, or Mr. Parke, P.M., wouldn't have submitted to be kissed so quietly in open court.

I am glad to observe that Is Ryal Ighness, Prince Halbert Hedward is reported to have saved up about £600,000, so it looks as if he was putting something by for a reigny day, and there is a remote chance that his younger sons will be provided by their papa with a

pound or two on attaining their majorities without increasing the already appallingly large number of royal paupers who live on the charity of the long-suffering English people.

The Quebec farmers must be strange-looking creatures, I notice that one was recently mistaken by a neighbor for a duck and was instantly shot and killed. There is something wrong in the lower province, it is evident. A man who can't tell a duck from a farmer and vice versa, deserves shooting himself; but the Scott Act is gradually making its way down there, and these strange hallucinations will probably pass away.

A recent issue of the *Orillia Times* came out printed wholly in blue ink in honor of the semi-centennial of the town where it is published. A description of the place ended up with the statement that there was accommodation for 200 inmates in the Idiot Asylum there. If the hotel-keepers of Simcoe continue to act as they have been doing since the passage of the Scott Act in that county, it looks as if there won't be much room to spare in the institution mentioned before long. Here is an *Orillia* hotel man's tariff:—Board \$2 per day; stabling a horse, \$1; driving a horse into the shed for a few minutes, 25 cents—What fools these mortals be!



This is the way the *Hamilton Times* attempts to be witty at Toronto's expense. I clip this from that esteemed journal.—"Mrs. B.—"Mercy, John! you are eating pie with your knife." Mr. B.—"Yes, I am practising." Mrs. B.—"Practising! What for?" Mr. B.—"I'm going to Toronto and don't want to appear eccentric." Well, I should like to know how Hamilton people tackle a beef-steak or a game pie. It is very true we do use a knife for the purpose here in the Queen City and, I believe the practice is common in other civilized towns, but the good folk of the ambitious city are probably not able to shake off their savage instincts, and attack pie and every other eatable with their fingers.

Why isn't there a coin smaller than a cent in use in Canada? Such a piece of money is badly needed—not by tradesmen, oh! dear no—they don't want it—but by people who don't care to make a store-keeper a present of half a cent every time they purchase an article whose price is a York shilling. Say a fellow buys a pound of sausages; price 12½ cents; he planks down a quarter and invariably only receives 12 cents change. Why should the confounded shop-keeper get this ½ cent every time? That's what I want to know. He never, by any chance, gives you back thirteen cents and contents himself with twelve; not he; you've got to suffer every time. This matter needs looking into.

Irish Republicanism—Irish Landlord—"How dare you speak in that manner. Do you know who I am?" Pat—"And who may your honor be?" Landlord—"I am Knight, Baron Knight, and Knight of the Garter." Pat—"Then I'll have you to know that I am Pat Murphy, to-night, to-morrow night and the night after."