



"So the world wags."

No two persons look exactly alike or walk alike or speak alike. A shoemaker can tell in a moment whether he made a given boot, even though it be badly worn; and in some way individuality impresses itself upon almost all kinds of workmanship. Here are some interesting statements as to telegraphy, bearing on the same point:

INDIVIDUALITY.

There is no more interesting feature of the telegraphic service than the ability acquired through practice to distinguish between the different operators on a line by the manner of their sending. A corps of operators, each familiar with his fellow's method of sending, would scarcely need to waste time to affix their office signature to their calls, the office wanted being able to judge what operator was working the key. No operators in the city become more thoroughly acquainted and conversant with the men on the wire than those at the head of the great railway divisions, which extend in almost every direction from the city. The manners of sending of their different men become as familiar to them as does the handwriting of his book-keeper to the owner of a bank.

Operators never tire of telling the wonderful legends of their craft and the stories of their skill and achievements. One told is good and worth relating. It was during the late war when everything was considered suspicious. A Confederate general, accompanied by an expert in telegraphy, dashed open the door of a little office on the Mississippi River, and placing a revolver at the operator's head, told him to ask "M—," twenty miles above, if there were any gunboats there belonging to the Government. The operator was a Union man. He knew if he received a negative response the Confederates would move upon the helpless Union town of "M—." But there was no alternative. So he called "M—" and asked him if there were any gunboats in sight. There were none within fifty miles, but something in the operator's manner of sending led the receiving operator to suspect the truth. So he answered, "Yes, there are two in the bay, and from my window I can see the smoke from two others coming around the head."

"M—" was not molested. The operator's sagacity had saved the town.—*Exchange.*

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There are times in the lives of all men when they have to confess that they have been too hasty and have jumped too quickly to a conclusion. The exercise of a little patience would have prevented them from "putting their foot in it," and they wish, when it is too late, that they had not been in quite so great a hurry. This is merely an introduction to an anecdote illustrative of my remarks, a true story, doubtless, as it is culled from the *San Francisco Post*, a paper published in a country where lying is unknown among journalists. "Conscience makes cowards of us all" is true enough in most cases, though it seems to have merely had the effect of making the hero of this story

uncommonly cool and collected. Let us introduce

A BANK CASHIER AGREABLY SURPRISED.

The other morning, as the cashier of the Frog Hollow Savings Bank was writing a private letter to an Eastern firm of Co-operative burglars, the door opened, and the entire board of directors, headed by the president, entered in a very solemn manner.

"Mr. Steele," said the President, referring to a paper he held in his hand, "I desire—"

"I know just what you would say, gentlemen," interrupted the cashier, hastily, "and you will find me willing to agree to anything reasonable. Now, the question is, what sort of a compromise can we make?"

"A what, sir?" asked the president.

"Why, a compromise, of course," repeated the cashier. "Suppose I turn over thirty per cent. and we liquidate for ten on the dollar, and—"

"Ten on the dollar?" said the entire board, looking much surprised.

"Well, then, say five cents," continued the executive officer. "That will leave more for you fellows. Then if you think it looks better, I'll stay in jail for a month or two while the depositors are moving out to the poor house and—"

"I don't know what you are talking about, sir," said the president. "Our business here, sir, is to compliment you on the present admirable condition of the bank under your management, and to present you with this gold-headed cane as a token of our esteem and confidence."

"Great Scott!" muttered the cashier, after the directors had congratulated him and walked out, "I thought the old duffers had been investigating the books and counting the cash."

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Sweet, indeed, is it for brethren to dwell together in unity, and blessed do I consider myself that my lot has been cast in a country where members of the journalistic profession discuss questions in their columns with so admirable a display of true courtesy, and an utter absence of personality, as I rejoice to say, they do in this Canada of ours. How different is the naughty language employed by western editors towards one another as evidenced by this clipping from a western newspaper. The editors of Stockton, Cal., are having it on the gambling question. The *Mail* says of the editor of its contemporary: "A man who would whipsaw an ace, and attempt to call the turn by putting (and we have often seen him) \$4, his week's salary, on a card that was as dead as Thompson's colt, is hardly the person to discuss this great question intelligently." To this unkind cut the *Herald* says: "A man who would let his money (borrowed from us) lay on the jack until said jack has passed to the silent majority, and a drunken clock-guerilla appropriating the swag, while the player, with his eye on another man's bet, fondly supposes he was coppering the queen, enters this important argument considerably handicapped."

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It is generally allowed that to be able to say the right thing at the right time is a great gift, and the man who is, as a general thing, happy enough to tell the truth about a new baby and to please its mother at the same time is a rare being. Mr. Blanket, spoken of below, appears to have been an inspired omad-haun and was doubtless sorry he had spoken after he had given vent to the speech he is here credited with when he asserted that

THE BABY HAD ITS FATHER'S COMPLEXION.

Mr. Blanket sat looking at the baby trying to think of the usual idiotic, unmeaning and unmeant things that people say about new

babies, and at last, in a spasm of originality, remarked that "the baby had its father's complexion."

Then they all sat and looked at the rich cardinal hues that made the wrinkled countenance of the unconscious infant glow like a mountain sunset, and nobody said anything until a feeble voice from an adjoining room said:

"It was a good thing that the baby had it naturally, then, as it required about fifteen years' steady practice and the co-operation of three scientific clubs and five political campaigns to acquire it."

Then a sad quiet stole over the room again, only broken by the hard breathing of the baby's father, looking at the thermometer to see what time it was; while Mr. Blanket, feeling that he could add nothing to what had already been said, stole down stairs, softly whispering to himself about some fool, but the company couldn't catch the name and didn't know who he meant.



A FEW STATISTICS.

1.—STREET CAR-OLGY.

The man appeared sane enough as he entered our room, but when he got into conversation it was evident that something was out of place somewhere. He announced himself as a statistician and proposed to read a few of his statistics; of course we strenuously objected, but when he stated that his were a new kind of the article and had reference only to this city we told him to drive ahead.

"I am a keen observer, sir," he began.

"That's good," we answered, "when you observe a twitching in our right knee, indicative of an uneasy sensation in the flexores and extensores muscles of our leg, it means kick. When you observe a cloud rest upon our Jovian brow, it means look out for squalls. Now proceed with those blessed statistics," and we borrowed a pipeful of the weed from him.

"Well, sir, my first section I call my

"STREET CAR STATISTICS.

"DIVISION I—GIRLS—I have made a practice of riding for some hours daily in all the street cars of Toronto, taking notes of the personal appearance of the young ladies who patronize that Smithian monopoly. I find that the best looking and best dressed girls frequent the Yonge-street vehicles; the plainest and least tastefully attired ones seem to be in favor of the Queen-street cars, though their manners are very fair, whilst those who ride on the King-street west chariots run, in a great mea-