



THE MONTREAL DIOGENES.

BRANDY.—I DON'T SEE ANY BETTER MAN (TO APPRECIATE THE SALARY).

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

TWO REPORTS THAT GOT ENTANGLED.

It was a happy thought of the editor of the *Swizville Snorter* to publish a report of a sermon every week. It was the earnest wish of that individual to please all classes of subscribers, and have peace and harmony in the community, and he determined to do it at any cost. He had always made the Police Court report, humorously dished up to the public, one of the chief features of his paper, but as some of the unco' guid were somewhat inclined to frown at it and to assert that such a matter was not one for levity, he determined to introduce the sermon business to counteract the effect of this Police report. The worthy editor of the *Snorter*, however, could never have reckoned upon such a terrible accident as occurred to these two reports, the Sermon and Police Court, as actually took place; how it happened was never discovered: but that the type got fearfully mixed up there was no doubt. Of course it was an accident, but it was one of a horribly exasperating nature to the worthy editor, and the few hairs that a life of journalism and a termagant wife had left to him fairly danced with horror when he glanced over his paper on the following morning and read these extraordinary statements: "The reverend gentleman took his text from the city by-laws, and remarked that the case before him was one of the worst that the Apostle Paul ever referred to in any of his epistles: when we read those words, breathing nothing but the purest and most holy sentiments we feel like saying to any unbeliever who doubts their inspiration, two dollars or twenty days. The prisoner, who appeared to be recovering from the effects of a prolonged debauch, was led down from the dock by Constables Ananias and Sapphira, of whom we read, and whose terrible punishment should be a warning to all who say to themselves, sez I, shure as my name's Mike Moriarty, ye'd darn't say black's the white av yer eye, d'ye mind; wid that yer wurship, he up wid his fist and knocked me into the sea of Galilee: lot us then picture to ourselves the calm waters of this sea, gently murmuring on the shore on which stands Peggy O'Dohohue's groshery: 'By the powers,' sez I, 'av ye don't lave the flure to me it's the walls av Derry I'll be afther thumpin' out av ye, ye blagyard. Wid that, yer wurship, he said my brother Barabbas

was a robber, yet the infuriated multitude insisted on the release of this man, who had lain in prison awaiting Tim Doolan to come and bail him out. His worship remarked that he would not accept bail, but if the eloquent preacher was of opinion that the use of fermented wine was sanctioned by scripture, though there is nothing positive to show that it was of the same nature as that manufactured by the man that keeps the grocery, who deposed that both prisoners entered his store in an advanced state of intoxication, and insisted on dancing a hornpipe on the trap door above the ladder leading to the cellar. This door gave way, and Jim, the biggest of the prisoners, fell through into the wine-producing countries of the present day. We have no means, he continued, of satisfying ourselves on this point, if the wines spoken of produced a 'Simple drunk, your Worship,' said the Sergeant-major. The prisoner, not having the necessary shekels, was sent down for ten days remarking as he was led away that he could do that on his ear, which, to judge from appearances, would hold a quart, or at most three pints, though the firkins of Scripture would probably contain a great deal more; they were made of a very dark red clay, porous and very strong, like the butter we get at our boarding-house; it was a terror, sir, and that was one reason why I refused to pay the bill, and for which refusal I am now before you." When the editor had read this far he uttered a terrible yell and swooned away, and it is feared that his reason is threatened. Forty prominent church-goers stopped their papers, asserting at the same time that the insult offered to the clergyman in the report quoted was quite sufficient reason to excuse them from paying up their back subscriptions, many of whom were two years in arrears. It is to be hoped that matters will be satisfactorily explained, but at present appearances are against such a thing.

STILL ANOTHER ECHO,

THIS TIME OF A VERY USEFUL DESCRIPTION.

DEAR GRIP,—I have read with interest your accounts of two very strange echoes. Now let me tell you of one in this city. This echo is to be conversed with in a room in a house, the landlady of which lets furnished and unfurnished apartments. The chamber in which the echo resides is a large, unfurnished one, and struck me as being particularly damp and cheerless

in appearance; however, I was anxious to obtain a room of some kind, and [accordingly, preparatory to taking this one, I put a few questions to the landlady, our conversation taking place in the room of which I speak. I am particularly liable to catch cold, and of damp I have a righteous horror, so I need not say that I look upon this echo as one placed in that apartment specially to warn intending lessors of what might be in store for them if they happened to take the room. "It's large enough," I said to the landlady, "but what a singularly cheerless room it is, 'm." Hardly had I spoken, when from one of the corners came a mystic voice, "Rheumatism." I was startled, but the landlady apparently heard nothing, or if she did she wilfully stopped her ears, like the deaf adder, and heard not the voice of the echo, speak he ever so much to the point. "Oh," she answered, "all empty rooms look cheerless, but when you get your furniture in its present aspect will not plague you." Again the voice, "Ague, ague," fainter at each repetition, as though it would intimate the condition of a sufferer after each attack of that malady. "What is that?" I asked sharply of the woman, "do you hear nothing?" She asserted that she did not, and then, womanlike, fell back upon that unfortunate feline who is so often, and often wrongfully, blamed for what it was never guilty of. "It must be the wind, or the cat, ah! that's what it is." She could not fool that echo, though, whose voice I immediately heard, "Catarrh, that's what it is." These warnings, as I took them to be, were having a decided effect on me, and I was anxious to go, so I enquired what the rent of the room would be. I was informed, and demurred to the amount, giving as my reason that I thought it was too high, though I was really glad that I could find a reasonable pretext for backing out. "I wouldn't let any one have it for less," replied the landlady, "if he was to beg for it on his knees," raising her voice to its highest pitch in her indignation as she concluded her sentence. Echo again came to my rescue and fairly shrieked out, "Sneeze, sneeze." This was sufficient for me, and I turned to go. The lady said in somewhat more mollified accents, as I was about to leave the room, "I am really anxious to let this apartment, sir, and if you won't take it, I hope you will speak to your friends who may want a room, and get them to rent it. I trust you will use your influence, sir." I was about to promise that I would do so, but Echo's suggestion, "Influenza," induced me merely to say that I would see what I could do.

I am ready at any time to declare as to the truth of this story.

Yours in the bonds of A. and S.
VERAX.

FOUND WANTING.

I know a maiden, she's divinely fair,
With dreamy eyes of limpid, heavenly blue,
With fleecy, floating clouds of sun-kissed hair;
Nose slightly *retrouse*; mouth quite too-too
Bewitching, and too sweet not to be kissed
(If kissing even less of life entails),
And yet I've often seen her play at whist
With unkempt finger nails!

She is *petite* in form, and when she speaks,
Her voice, like music sweet, salutes the ear
Like Heavenly chimes from soft-toned silver bells,
And yet, despite her voice, she's fond of beer;
And oft, at table when, with gentle air,
She stops her little brothers in their strife,
I've seen her calmly, coolly, take her chair
And eat fish with her knife.

—W. C. NICKOL.

PLEA FOR CARROTS.

Why scorn red hair? The Greeks we know,
(I state it here in charity),
Had taste in *Beauty*, and with them
The Graces all were Karitai.
(College papers please copy.)