

*mutatus ab illo, Hectore,*" will be very appropriate. Then, when lamenting the degeneracy of the times, (for instance, should the Grips get into power), "*Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!*" is the very thing.

The young journalist must avoid, as he would a plague, such phrases as "the table actually groaned," "strong men were unable to restrain their tears," "neat and appropriate terms," "swan of Avon," "vital spark extinct," "become a Bonedick," "applauded to the echo," and "smiting the action to the word." The veriest penny-a-liner makes use of such terms.

Now, having mentioned merely a few of many choice phrases, we solemnly adjure every aspiring young journalist to make use of them. If he will but persist in thrusting them before the reading public it will, it is to be hoped, "rise in its might," and, "with one fell swoop," "smite him hip and thigh" so that, when "the rosy-fingered goddess" awakes from her repose, the "insensate clay" of the able young journalist will be found with "the vital spark extinct." —S.

JUST THE RIGHT LENGTH.

THE BRITISH JOURNALIST.

What I am going to tell you is a fact as you must know, And is no piece of fiction. Well, not very long ago, I found myself in London, Eng., my holidays to spend, And called on, as I'd lots of time, a literary friend, Yes; as I'd lots of time on hand, I called upon this friend.

He was a literary man, well versed in classic lore; Of knowledge about politics, he had a monstrous store; His style of writing was superb; his English simply pure, And with his facile pen he made a goodly income sure; And by his talents and his pen he made his income sure.

I called on him at one o'clock, p.m., he sat and wrote, And by his side were books he used whenever he wished to quote:

He looked up as I entered; he smiled; said "How d'you do?" I'm busy now, please take a walk, look in again at two, You see I'm busy, don't go far; look in again at two."

I strolled about, I saw Pall Mall; I breathed the foggy air That brooded over Landseer's lions, in broad Trafalgar square; And when an hour in walking round I had contrived to kill,

I visited my friend once more—but he was writing still. My literary friend I sought—but he was writing still.

"I'm sorry I'm so busy now, but I shall writing be For full another hour or so, drop in again at three," My literary friend remarked; around him on the floor, Were sheets of paper he had writ, a hundred, aye, and more. Wore sheets of "copy" he had writ, a hundred, yes, and more.

Once more I strolled the West End round, thro' parks and boulevards, I viewed the sentries motionless before th' august Horse Guards, Then just as three o'clock rang out from tall Westminster fane, I found myself at my friend's door, and walked in once again.

I threw the folding doors apart and walked in once again. He still was writing, and his pen flew swift the paper o'er, As there he sat knee-deep in piles of "copy" on the floor; "I really fear I shan't get done to-night," with deepest sorrow He said: "I must request you, please, to call around to-morrow. I know I shan't have done my work much earlier than to-morrow."

I went away. Next day at noon I called on him again, My literary friend still wrote and wrote with might and main; "I shan't be done, I much regret," he raised his head to speak, "Before next Thursday; drop around—yes, call, say this day week. I really can't get done before the Thursday of next week."

He turned to write, he wrote and wrote; I left him bounding o'er His paper and the fearful pile of "copy" on the floor; 'Twas "copy" here, 'twas "copy" there, 'twas "copy" everywhere; On every piece of furniture; on sofa, floor and chair, And he, my literary friend, sat waist-deep in it there.

"'Tis all one subject," then I said myself unto: "I saw The numbers on the sheets from '1' to '9999'.

He must be writing some huge book; some fifty volume tome." 'Twas thus I pondered as I went my way towards my home,

'Twas thus I thought as I pursued my course towards my home. The days slipped by, I went one day; peeped o'er his window sill,

The pile of "copy" filled his room—and he was writing still; On Thursday week I called again, "My task is at an end!"

Then cried, as he laid down his pen, my literary friend, "'Tis finished" said, and dropt his pen, my literary friend.

"What was the theme on which you wrote?" I asked and looked around, As I stood neck-deep in the piles of paper on the ground; "'Tis surely some ten volume work; a dictionary 't'rays, You have a lot of work to do, you literary chaps; You earn the money that you make, you literary chaps."

"'Twas not a book on which I toiled, throughout the live-long week, 'Tis not a dictionary, no" "What is it, friend? do speak; What mean these stacks of 'copy'?" no book, you say, not rhymes?"

No, 'tis an editorial I've written for *The Times*; That heap of stuff's a 'leader' that I've written for *The Times*. —F. S.



SIR JOHN'S CRUELLEST JOKE.

J. B. P. — For the love of goodness Sir John, give me something to do!

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

Published by special arrangement with the *Protestant Free-Thought Society*, as a set-off to *Sprague's* sermons in the *Globe* and *Tatnag's* in the *News*.

SERMON V.

[NOTICE.—The indulgence of the congregation is craved for the omission this week of the usual discourse. Prof. SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN having broken down under his onerous labors, has by the advice of his medical attendant gone to New Orleans for recuperation. He is expected to occupy his pulpit as usual next Saturday, when Sermon V. will be delivered.]

DR. JOHNSON IN CANADA.

"Sir," said Boswell, as he and Dr. Johnson were taking a jaunt down King-street, "I wonder that you do not offer yourself for municipal honors in Toronto."

"Sir, your remarks are ill-timed," replied the doctor with some asperity. "The man who would offer himself as an aldermanic candidate here would pick a pocket if he had the chance—and—" he added after a pause, "he would find every opportunity for doing so in this city."

"How so, sir?" enquired Boswell, meekly. "Because, sir, the constabulary department is grossly mismanaged, and the detectives are somnolent and lethargic. In Hamilton, sir, the case would be different."

"In what respect, doctor?" enquired Boswell. "Is the efficiency of the police force of that city so much greater than that of Toronto?"

"No, sir," replied the doctor, rolling his head from side to side, and turning back to touch a lamp-post he had missed. "No, sir, but it would be impossible to pick a Hamilton man's pocket of any pecuniary property."

"Why is that, sir?" asked Boswell.

"Sir, the Hamiltonians are mostly Scotchmen, and where did you ever see a Scotchman who would part with money without some return? No Scotchman, sir, would leave his native barren and desolate wilds so long as he had sufficient money to keep body and soul together at home on sheep-heads, oatmeal and such other atrocious messes as he feeds on; therefore sir, no Scotchman in Canada would be likely to have money on his person of which a pick-pocket could deprive him."

"Sir, I am a Scotchman myself," replied Boswell, "but I cannot help it."

"Sir," roared the great lexicographer, "neither can you help being an ass."

Boswell in recording this incident in his biography remarks, "I felt that he was right and therefore said no more, so we adjourned to the St. Lawrence Coffee House and called for a dish of tea."

"What paper is that you are perusing, sir?" enquired the doctor of Boswell, as he helped himself to a second plateful of veal pie with plumbs in it.

"It is an old copy of the *Mail*, sir, and describes the reception accorded to Mr. Mowat," replied Boswell.

"Sir, you may read me a few selections."

"At every lamp-post," read Mr. Boswell, "were to be seen foul-mouthed and obscene young Liberals, ankle-deep in a flood of tobacco-juice; at every street corner, in various stages of inebriety, were loafers, sluggers and bull-pups of the lowest description who blasphemed and cheered alternately as the procession went by. All were sadly in need of a bath. A more disgusting scene —"

"Stop, sir," said the doctor. "I and the writer do not agree there."

"But, sir," ventured Boswell, "he was present on the occasion, and you were not."

"Sir," roared the doctor, "respect for your seniors is not one of your virtues."

"What, sir, is your opinion of Toronto water and the Bay from whence it is produced?" enquired Boswell, as he and Dr. Johnson were partaking of a bowl of punch in a private room above a King-street saloon.

"Sir, I am surprised at your question," replied the author of *Rasselas*. "Would you ask me my opinion of a putrescent and mal-odorous cesspool, reeking with the garbage and decomposing refuse of an uncleanly city? Would you seek for my opinion of a people who would tamely submit to be taxed for being permitted to drink a fluid which compares most unfavorably with the contents of a Neapolitan sewer? Sir, a hog would have more sense than to drink such contaminated pollution."

"Surely, sir, you do not mean to compare the inhabitants of this city with hogs?"

"No, sir; the hog is an animal for which I entertain a profound respect and I should be loth to insult him. Sir let us drop the subject."

"I had the pleasure, sir," said Boswell, as he and the doctor prepared to sally forth for a morning cock-tail, "of an introduction to a