



THE TOPIC OF THE TIME.

REV. MR. MILDMA—“My dear, it has come to a fight, after all.”

MRS. M.—“What? with those horrid Jesuits?”

REV. MR. M.—“Jesuits? No! Sullivan and Kilrain.”

THE POET'S STRATAGEM.

I.

It was a long-haired, pale-faced Bard, who, though for years inditing burning words in finest frenzy, could not get in print the writing.

“Chill penury” and Editors repressed his noble choler, But raised his ordinary wrath until he could not toler-

Ate it longer, so, at last, his rage to fury lashing, He sought an Editor, intent to give the same a thrashing.

But calmer thoughts succeeded when he saw that able person, He thought he would try reason first, so asked why was his verse un-

Accepted by the magnate for the pages of his journal.

“My dear sir,” said the potent ‘We,’ “just look at that infernal

Litter in that basket, sent by scribblers such as you are. If I tried to read the half of them I never should get through or Have any time for other work. Just let me tell you something, We never print from unknown pens; it's sure to be a rum thing.”

Then spake the angry Poet, and he fetched a bitter groan, too, “Yet I've read in your proud pages things my muse would scorn to own to.”

What you say,” replied the other, blandly, “may be very true, sir, But those scribes are somehow known to fame—that's what you should be, too, sir.”

II.

The Poet in his study sat, his noble brow was wrinkled With furrows of eroding thought, his frenzied eyeballs twinkled

With passion's wild and awful light—it was no tale nor sonnet, But the dictum of the Editor, he meditated on it.

III.

That night when from his office this same Editor was walking, From a dim, deserted alley came a muffled figure stalking,

And clapped a pistol to his head, and cried in tones of thunder, “Come, hurry up and say your prayers, for you must soon go under.”

“Have mercy, man! here, take my purse, take everything about me, But spare my life—my wife and kids, what can they do without me?”

“And dost thou think, thou base-born wretch, that I would steal a dollar? Not for thy money, but thy life, I have thee by the collar.

“For know in me the nameless Bard whom thou wert lately scorning; I'll earn a name and widespread fame before to-morrow morning.”

“They'll give me but a lifer, and from Kingston's haunts romantic I'll pipe, they'll print all jail-birds' songs, I'll soon be in the Atlantic.”

He ceased to speak, the Editor to live—and for his booty He gained the freedom of the press, the law performed its duty!

His verses date from Kingston, whose environments are healthy, And all the papers print them—they have made him very wealthy. WILLIAM MCGILL.

OUR AMBASSADORS ABROAD.

[SCENE I.—*Capel Court. Tenders for the Toronto Loan have just been opened.*]

THE MAYOR—“Well, I call it a howling success. Three and a half per cents. placed at 98! This ought to settle the question of my financial acumen, and make my third term sure.”

COADY—“But where do I come in?”

THE MAYOR—“True, you deserve some credit, Richard. I wouldn't go for to deny that you have assisted slightly in the result.”

COADY—“Slightly, hey? Why, man, I did the whole thing.”

THE MAYOR—“Coady, see here, you're too grasping altogether. Let us look at the facts calmly. Do you mean to say that these investors know anything about you, personally?”

COADY—“Perhaps not, but——”

THE MAYOR—“Exactly; but they know of Toronto; its high standing, its exemplary morality, its wealth, its progress, and its——”

COADY—“So they do—but they don't know any more of you than of me.”

THE MAYOR—“Don't interrupt your chief magistrate, please. I was about to add,—its mayor. Everything depends on how a city is governed, and the British investor knows mighty well that Toronto has never been governed so ably as since I——”

COADY—“Oh, come off; you're getting too large for your clothes. Look at the strides Toronto is making under McMillan's management. Why, several new streets have been opened since you left.”

THE MAYOR—“There, there, Richard, my boy, don't let us quarrel about it, anyhow. We're away from home, and ought to preserve harmony in the presence of strangers. So long as I have the sweet consciousness that I did it, I can afford to let the matter drop. Come and have a cigar.” [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II.—*Hotel Metropole, after dinner. THE MAYOR is seated in profound thought in the parlor. Enter COADY.*]

COADY—“Why thus abstracted, Edward? A great financier ought to feel cheerful after such a remarkable achievement.”

THE MAYOR—“Coady, I was thinking of those pesky Jesuits. Do you know, I dreamed of the miserable cusses last night.”

COADY—“Yes, I am aware of it; heard you tossing about and mumbling, ‘Gentlemen, I have no sympathy with this agitation. I'm a member of a great political party,’ and so on. Come, cheer up, man! It'll be all right.”

THE MAYOR (*with a great effort*)—“Let us trust so. ‘Hence, horrible shadow!’ That's from Shakespeare,