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HIFALUTIN HAPPENINGS

BY PETER McARTHUR,

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Ekfrid, Feb. 22.—The practice of giving knighthoods as birthday honors has more to justify it than most people suppose. In the old evil days before the passage of the Ontario temperance act even citizens in the humblest walks of life, when they had a birthday, were known to go out and make a knight of it. (Business of dodging bricks.) Now I have a birthday coming in a few days, and I decided to celebrate it according to the best precedents. Having called up Sir Jingo McBore, Sir Philabeg McSporran, Senator Redneck, Mr. Gosh Whatawad, Baldy McSporran, and several other aspirants for honors, I proceeded to distribute my favors according to what I understand is the method at present in vogue. I counted them out as the children count one another out in their games:

"Eenie, meenie, minie, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers let him go;
Eenie, meenie, minie, mo.
You are IT."

As might be expected, Sir Jingo McBore won on the first count, and I have decided to create him a baron. It is only just to say that this distinction was due to him, as he was a knight of an earlier creation, and his title was beginning to lose its lustre owing to the deluge of knighthoods that has come upon us during the past few years. Since his elevation to the Peerage he has decided to be known as Lord Prettiepants, Baron of Bunkbank. His title strikes me as a very happy selection, for he will look well in the satin knee-breeches to which he is entitled. His limbs are not of the Chippendale variety, and it is not necessary for him to hang a gate between his knees when he goes to head off a pig. On the contrary, they are excellently preserved examples of the highly carved, early Etruscan leg, with which a court tailor can work wonders. After all, it is qualities of hoof and calf rather than of head or heart that

lend distinction in the circles in which Lord Prettiepants will now move, and his Lordship will certainly be an imposing figure among those present at all future Imperial functions. His heraldic emblem will be a burglar's jenny, rampant on a field, or, with a pair of handcuffs, argent and suggestively open, on a field gules, in the lower right-hand quarter.

Baldy McSporran also ranks among the fortunate, but, as this is his first step on the ladder of titular preferment, I shall try to find him in a yielding moment and confer upon him the order of I. O. U. As he is a farmer, this will be a delicate recognition of the treatment his class has always received—but I am not spending any money on the strength of getting away with this scheme, for Baldy is very canny.

Mr. Gosh Whatawad is also happy over the receipt of a title. In future he will be known in this column as Sir Gosh. For the present he must content himself with a plain Knight Bachelorship, but as he has a bunch of munition contracts he is not without hope of an early preferment. As everybody knows, Sir Gosh is a member of the N. P. Whatawad family, and has a record for getting what he wants—if he manages to get next to the custodian of the party campaign fund just before an election. At the present time there are many who think that he is over-working himself counting up his profits, and think that he should take a long vacation at the celebrated rest cure at Kingston, which is conducted by the Department of Justice.

Out here in the country people seem to lack that veneration for titles which makes them desirable in the cities, and the reason is not far to seek. We have titled personages galore, and our stock registers and herd books make fully as impressive reading as Debrett's Peerage. This leads to a curious letter that I received after publishing the article which you may remember on "Where Knighthood is in Flower." My correspondent says:

"When I was a lad I thought the House of Lords a great spring show of