



A GENEROUS FOE.

FANNY.—“Why, Emma, how cordially you shook hands with Miss Frizhair at the party last night! I thought you were deadly enemies.”

EMMA.—“Oh, that is all past. I have forgiven her everything, she has grown so plain-looking.”

ENCOURAGING.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—“There! You see how Tennyson can get such rubbish as that printed in the same magazine that returned my poems. It's all in the name. That's how these fellows get paid so well. The name is worth more than the article.”

MRS. Y. A. (*sympathetically*).—“I'm sure no one will ever be able to say that of yours.” W. McG.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

PARTLY owing to the mutability of Time, partly exercising the royal prerogative of Natural Selection—scientists demand the capitals—it has been our lot to visit various portions of the terraqueous globe—small letters because not the newspaper—which places in their turn necessitate to a restless wanderer an attendant number of boarding-houses. Some minds recall faint aromas of the past by collecting advertisements, but with us this was a complete failure, as patent medicines balked us at every step with their brazen sameness—but of this anon. With us the mania took the form of collecting such odds and ends as were to be found in our rooms, left there by pristine inhabitants, most often to be discovered in the drawer of the wash-stand. These little pieces of property—dead men's shoes, as it were—we naturally stepped into as guardians of the piece; these same, however, we can't hesitate to affirm, brought with them inseparable correlatives of diseases bodily and mental, such as would make even medicine vendors blush to guarantee a cure. In an *ex pede Herculeum* style, it is our wont to conjure up dim vistas of the former possessors of such articles of vertu as a piece of suspender, half a bone stud and an inner wheel of an American alarum timepiece. In Gottingen we found a fragment of Schiller's Robbers, a well-preserved slice of bologna sausage and an unreceipted bill for a horse-pistol—which eminently portrayed that the restless student had resolved after vowing eternal freundschaft over a pint of lager, to devote the rest of his life to crime, and himself to the life of a bearded bandit.

In a “dig” in the capital of Scotland was a treatise on Progress and Poverty, a book entitled Past and Present—the landlady with tears regretted the former occupant had

been unable to bring his socialistic dreams down to a monetary transaction and had absconded, leaving a portmanteau full of unused brick bats. In Brighton we occupied the rooms of a youthful aesthete, as was evident from sundry drawings of knickerbockers, boots and silk stockings—the man of ideals having evidently well considered the adaptability of his form to perfection of art costume. There was also a much worn tennis shoe, and it is still a matter of conjecture how he reconciled a decidedly great sole with an unusually needle-like shank.

In an hotel in New York a bloodthirsty young cavalier had deposited a .48-calibre cartridge. What a picture that summons up! He was evidently an Englishman on his way to the Far, Far, Wild, Wild West, with the usual break-neck-romantic ideas of those climes. In the smoking room of a trans-Atlantic liner we found various nuclei for a work of fiction and a few copies from some illustrated papers, evidently destined to serve as illustrations in the forthcoming work. The book showed signs of being adapted especially to them, in the style of a theatre manager who telegraphs his playwright the scenes on hand and the result of the latest old clothes transaction with a view to determining the plot. In our present modest retirement we are not without handsome legacies. A comb having evidently for some time been in the habit of cutting its wisdom teeth, summons up the picture of a dark gentleman, with head somewhat on the model of an ace of clubs peering into the small looking-glass, the parting in his hair pointing vigorously from the summit of his cerebrum. Fancy how the new comer would quail before the direct imputation that parting would convey as it would single him out across the table cloth—“Thou art the man.” A much worn piece of chalk testifies to the remarkably straight shots the owner could make on the cloth of green. They must invariably have been parting shots.

S. G.

THAT NOTE OF INTRODUCTION.

WHEN in Ottawa lately, Mayor Clarke called upon Sir John Macdonald and requested a note of introduction to the financial agents of the Government, in view of his anticipated mission to London. It was of course granted. The following is alleged to be a correct copy of the note:

OTTAWA, CANADA, NORTH AMERICA.

DEAR BARING,—This will introduce Mr. Ned Clarke, M.P.P., Mayor of Toronto. By consulting a map, you will find that Toronto is a place near the State of Michigan. Mr. Clarke wants your assistance in placing a 3 per cent. loan on the market. Whatever you do, don't let him make such a mess of it as was made with that 3 per cent. business of ours lately.

Yours, etc., JOHN A.

DISCOVERED HIS MISTAKE.

MRS. EPSON.—“John, you haven't called me ‘a little dear’ since we we got married.”

MR. EPSON (*gloomily*).—“No.”

“Before we were married you used to do it all the time.”

“Yes.”

“Is that the way to keep up conjugal affection?”

“No.”

“Then why don't you do it now?”

“Because I've got to settle the bills. You might have been a little dear before we were married, Clariada, but there's mighty little ‘little’ about it now.”