



Mr. Hughes, Public School Inspector, has, I notice, been lecturing on "Failures." What a fruitful source of subjects that little conspiracy affair is proving, to be sure!

Mr. Howard Vincent's model detective, who is on the track of the dynamiters, never carries anything about him but a whiskey flask and a pipe. He differs from Toronto detectives in that, in addition to the flask and pipe, a *News* reporter is not thrown in.

Baron Nordonskjold is getting ready to go seek the South Pole. I sincerely trust the Baron will recollect that Americans may want to take an interest in the South Pole when he has discovered it—of which eventually there is not the shadow of a doubt; and that recollecting this, he will considerably forbear bestowing his patronymic on the post office he establishes down there.

There is well raised bread and bread well raised. Londoners have been enjoying the former sort for a period, and now they are obliged to put up with the latter. This makes them sad, although it is not stated that it has a similar effect on the bread. The fact of the matter is that the bread is too well raised—unless you regard two cents on the four pound loaf a reasonable raise.

They are going on with the new Orange Hall on the corner of Queen and Clare streets in this city.

Unwary by influence,
Unbribed by gain,
'Tis building a big Lodge they mane.

The corner stone will, of course, be laid by Bro. Sir John, who, with tears in his eyes, will at the subsequent proceedings brokenly assure the Brethren that this is the sort of work he would like, if he could only get enough of it.

Bret Harte dictates his powerful ideas to his admiring wife, who esteems it a high honor to be employed as his amanuensis occasionally—for it is only occasionally the gifted consular-romancer deigns to engage in literary labor. His weakness seems to be that which Mark Twain regretfully confessed at a certain period in his journalistic career—he suffers from an indisposition to work between meals. It is a good thing for current literature that Consul Harte is not constantly kept in a state of exhaustion, but enjoys temporary recreation and revivication, drawing his salary. Or is it that this state of affairs is *not* a good thing for current literature?

The Armenian women, I read in an exchange, are at the wash tub all the time, and when they have washed a batch of clothes they hang them on the telegraph wires to dry. The consequence is that the Telegraph Companies are driven nearly frantic by the constant necessity for repairs to their wires. If the recent agitation in this country against overhead telegraph wires has not died out, I

respectfully call the attention of the leading agitators to this item. Here, it seems to me, lies, if not a remedy, at least a lofty scheme of revenge. It is also a very far-reaching scheme, if you will but consider it. It reaches from pole to pole.

The startling heading to a piece going the rounds of the papers is this:—

"BLUE-NOSED NAKED, AND ASHAMED.

"THE UNHEALTHY AND INDECENT FASHIONS OF THE COURT DRAWING-ROOM."

The piece goes on to explain how the low-necked robed ladies have to wait in their carriages among crowds of the riff-raff, exposed to inclement weather and more inclement remarks, on Drawing-room Day, just to go in and Kotow to Her Majesty and be stared at and bothered and all that sort of thing. The author of this item is not quite sure whether it is the ladies, or the Queen, or the Drawing-room, or the riff-raff, or the décolleté dresses, or the weather, that ought to be abolished. But he seems pretty certain that something is wrong. And I am beginning to believe he is about right.

A Collingwood paper, termed the *Messenger*, after due deliberation concludes:—"The decision (McLaren v. Caldwell) is a surprise party to us, and we are forced to the sad conclusion that the Privy Council is a corrupt and effete institution, whose decisions should be disallowed." This, of course, settles it; but, all the same, I think I may be permitted to express my pained surprise that a Collingwood editor, of all others, should be the one to call for the discharge—and at this season of the year too—of the Privy Council. No doubt it all comes of living so near Barrie. There have been moderately respectable people who hailed from Barrie. But I am persuaded that if a full enquiry had been instituted it would have been discovered that they lived out in the suburbs of the town and did not associate with the Civil Service employes or members of Parliament or policeman.

"Cough mixture" is the synonym which the able dynamiter playfully employs when writing about his little explosive. Perhaps the "cough" is a designedly adopted corruption of "g'off," a specimen of the Gaelic tongue which almost any finished linguist or employer of Irish labor will readily recognize. This is, however, not of so much importance as another suggestive feature of the facetious word substitution: "Cough mixture" for "dynamite" cannot but recall to the student of Canadian political history the "raspberry syrup" for "old rye" of a certain Parliamentary contest. I am credibly informed that in that memorable campaign the label was the only deceptive thing about the raspberry bottle, there being positively no effort on the part of the bar-tender to make the drinker uncertain whether the syrup had been poured into the whiskey or the whiskey into the syrup. A test of the dynamiter's "cough mixture" would no doubt further verify the fact that there is nothing in a name.

The Great American Showman wanted a white elephant for his Great American Show. The White Elephant, we have all been taught from earliest infancy, is so sacred in the East that no dog of a christian, so to speak, could ever secure a specimen and transport it to the other Hemisphere. But the Great Showman was also an Enterprising Showman. He, therefore, set all heathen rules and regulations at defiance, bought a white elephant and got it safely away. The intelligence of this remarkable stroke of business was no sooner nicely spread over the globe than there was clapped right on top of it the following well authenticated facts:—(1) That the White Elephant is not worshipped as a deity in the

East; (2) that, while they are not actually for sale at the grocery stores, yet you can buy one without unreasonable trouble if you have the money; (3) that the Great Showman's white elephant turns out to be a very common beast, washed with a mixture of Paris white and a flesh-coloured composition; (4) that there is no such animal in existence as a white elephant, in the literal sense of the term and the adjective. I am thankful that in this instance I am spared a cruel disappointment. I never pined to behold a white elephant. Harry Piper's, at the Zoo, was good enough for me.



A THOUSAND ROSE NOBLES,
OR HOW THEY WOULD HAVE DONE IT IN YE
OLDEN TIME.

"What ho! within."

The stalwart warden at the gate hearing the imperious demand from without, peeped through the loop hole and beheld a gallant knight mounted on a palfrey which champed its bit and caracoled impatiently as its master awaited the response of the varlet behind the gate.

"What ho! within," again roared the knight—Sir Gervaise Fitz-Palmgrise, M.P.—"What ho! within; marry, but methinks the sorry knave should be taught manners," and he dismounted, and picking up a cedar-block, flung it across the moat against the castle gate with all his force.

Up went the portcullis, down came the drawbridge and with many a curse, learnt in Holy Land, the Crusader clattered into the court yard and, springing from his saddle, strode into the apartments of the haughty earl—the puissant Lord Marmaduke M. Checkley.

'Twas plain the earl was at home, or at least not working on this eventful day for his pick and shovel stood in one corner and his mud stained overalls hung before the spacious fireplace to dry.

A henchman entered the oaken panelled hall and to him Sir Gervaise addressed himself. "Where is thy mistress, varlet? where is the Lady Lillian? Speak, sirrah, or thy life pays forfeit for thy silence."

"The Earl will be with thee anon, fair Sir," was the reply; "my lady Lillian is confined to her chamber as her dress has not returned from the wash."

"A murrain on the laundry mon," muttered the knight under his breath, as he cast his steel gauntlet with a crash at the other's head; "Perdition seize the moon-eyed lepers. Hie thee away, vermin, and bring me a stoup from the buttery hatch to pass the time while I await his nibs."

"The buttery is empty, Sir Knight," faltered the servant dodging the cavalier's other steel glove, "since the licenses have been taken