



"So the world wags."

I can imagine the feelings of the 'snob' of the following anecdote as he beheld His grace's final act as described. These animals, these "snobs" or "gents," are more rare in this country than across the Atlantic, though they are occasionally to be seen, and far oftener than is pleasant. This is the *Family Herald's* story of

THE DUKE AND THE SNOB.

The following amusing story of an English nobleman, recently deceased, is told by a correspondent of a contemporary. "The duke," he says, "was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go around and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign by the side of the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly towards his rival, as if he would say, 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket."

Here are two good stories of W. S. Gilbert's ready wit. I don't think they are generally known here; at any rate, they are authentic. He was at an evening party, and, coming out, was with a crowd of other gentlemen at the door. One of them mistook the dramatist for a waiter, a confusing blunder not unfrequently made. "Oh, please," said the guest, "call me a four-wheeler." He then waited till the storm of indignation, on the part of the mistaken guest, and of amusement on the part of all the others, had subsided, before he said, "You know I cannot call you a handsome man." The other is a mere trifle, and may be given as a pendant to the first one, but it shows his wonderful quickness, and the hair-trigger quality of his wit. He had taken a cab for a distance of exactly three miles, and he handed the cabman three sixpences. "What's this?" demanded the man. "Your fare," said Gilbert. "I call my fare half-a-crown," said the cabman. "Well," said Gilbert, "call that half-a-crown and be satisfied." But he wasn't.

The following verses from *Bric-a-Brac* in the

Century for September will bring forcibly to mind the reception of letters from the adored one by those who have "been there," as the cant saying is. Who that has attained the age of, well, say forty, has not or had not some such bundle of letters as that treated of in the poem, carefully hoarded away? Young men now-a-days, however, are wise in their generation, and are growing very chary in the matter of writing love letters, and well they may: a breach of promise case is not a very pleasant affair to figure in, and if fewer letters were written by "spoony" individuals, fewer of these suits would occur.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

Strange how much sentiment
Clings like a fragrant scent
To these love-letters pent
In their pink covers:

Day after day they came—
Feeding love's fickle flame—
Now, she has changed her name—
Then, we were lovers.

Loosen the silken band
Round the square bundle, and
See what a dainty hand
Scribbled to fill it

Full of facetious chat;
Fancy how long she sat
Molding the bullets that
Came with each billet!

Ah, I remember still
Time that I used to kill
Waiting the postman's shrill,
Heart-stirring whistles,

Calling vague don'ts to mind,
Whether or no I'd find
That he had left behind
One of her missives.

Seconds become an age
At this exciting stage:
Two eager eyes the page
Scan for a minute.

Then with true lover's art,
Study it part by part,
Until they know by heart,
Everything in it.

What is it all about?
Dashes for words left out—
Pronouns beyond a doubt!
Very devoted.

Howell's she's just begun:
Dobson her heart has won:
Locker and Tennyson
Frequently quoted.

Cross-Cross the reading goes,
Rapturous rhyme and prose—
Words which I don't suppose
Look very large in

Books on the "ologies";
Then there's a tiny frieze,
Full of sweets in a squeeze,
Worked on the margin.

Lastly—don't pause to laugh!—
That is her autograph!
Singing this truce for half
Her heart's surrender:

Post-scriptum, one and two—
Desserts—the dinner's through:—
Linking the "I" and "You"
In longings tender.

Such is the type of all
Save one, and let me call
Brief notice to this small
Notice nearly written:

'Tis but a card, you see,
Gently informing me
That it can never be!—
This is the mitten!

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

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ENQUIRERS' COLUMN.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

[Swiss, grand Panjandrum of the oracle].

"Where is the following line to be found?" asks SILHOUETTE, "and what is its import?" "Coming events cast their shadows before,"—"In 'Lochiel's Warning.' It may be that the wizard had an idea of election times. Coming events are plentiful at present, but will shortly be more so: one of the former is Courtney's next race: it is to be hoped that this coming event will cast nothing before it, at least not in front of Courtney's boat, as so substantial a thing as a shadow would be a good excuse for that redoubtable oarsman to lose a race. Anticipated coming events don't always pan out well: The hopes of the Grits at the last general election was a case in point: the rehabilitation of the *Globe* as a potential moter is another, and it is to be feared that the hope that certain well known citizens will overcome their dislike to pay their debts, is yet another.

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DUGALD MCCOMB is anxious to know what caused the fashion, so prevalent about a century or so ago in France, of wearing the hair long to be changed to wearing it short.

—The guillotine in a great many cases: the wearers' tastes in others.

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"What is the missing link?" asks GENT.—"The light of other days," oh! gent. If you had asked what a gent. is the answer would have been more elaborate.

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McMURTKIN writes: "In what poem do these lines occur:

"Tam lo'd him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks together."

—In "Tam O'Shanter." The reason Tam loved the souter was because they had been fou, and there is no more soul-enlarging, pathos-originating and good natured sound and sight than the musically intoned and fervid declaration—

"We are na' fou,
We're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in oor ee."

from the lips of a few friends of Caledonian origin just at that stage when the exact truth of the statement might reasonably be doubted. "There's no denying the fact," said the learned Doctor Mucklewhinnie, "that whiskey's a bad thing, but no one can deny that there's little fun without it," and perhaps he was right.

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"I have long wanted to know what bologna sausages and head cheese are made of, and also what is the difference between a 'purveyor' and an ordinary butcher: I see some city butchers give themselves the former name. Can you explain? Yours, &c., BEWILDERED.

—Till this moment I did not think there was a question that could stump me, but the first half of this one has done it: my goose is cooked: I am bust; I cave. I don't know what bologna sausage and head cheese are composed of, and what's more, as I'm rather partial to these mysterious edibles, I don't want to know. As to the difference between a purveyor and a butcher, why, there is none: the only difference anywhere is that a "purveyor" is permitted to charge about half as much again for his goods as t'other fellow.

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