

## OUR "MILINGTARY" COLUMN.

ARTILLERY by halves is the latest novelty in Guelph military tactics. According to General Monk "target practice" costs fifty dollars a shot in Montreal.

NEWS FOR THE MARINES.—The Minister of that branch of the Service has been knighted.

We beg to enter our protest at Mr. Worthington's staff being allowed to wear the "Windsor" uniform.

The Montreal "Black Horse Gang" is to be brigaded with Capt. PENTON's new Cavalry Troop for Home service.

A LIVING PARADOX.—Colonel DYDE still lives for his country. Long way he spared to inspect the ashes of other people.

LIEUT.-COL. FRANK BOND is to be the new Emigration General to Russia. For tickets and knapsacks apply at the Brigade Office.

It is current in military circles that the newly enrolled Blue and Rouge batteries are under orders for immediate service against the Polls.

TRUE, the Cadets beat the "Vics" at football the other day, but we hope the latter will yet prove as Victorious with their arms as their late opponents were with their legs.

GAZETTED OUT.—It was an affecting sight, writes a drummer boy, to see the Chaplain General Sir Selby Smythe reading the funeral service over the graves of the late Ottawa Garrison Artillery Brigade.

Quarter master Bissonnette will shortly have an auction of Court House revolvers and pistols suitable for street practice. Thus, they manage to keep the ball a going and those who have been dispossessed of their arms will have an opportunity of getting them back again.

## AROUND TOWN.

We hope Fudge is no connexion of either BUDGE or MUDGE.

A VISION.—Brown's 90 cent dollar dream in the *Spectator*.

It will soon be time to lay down the club and take up the cross.

The motto for the Conservatives in the West—"Come along, John."

The Inspector of Buildings has been called in to repair the bursts of eloquence at the Junior Reform Club.

PROMETIC.—Who is he that by taking away the first letter of his name disappears? GOFF—for then he is off.

ALD. HOLLAND, who recently could not believe that an Alderman could lie, never served on a Contract Committee.

PERSONAL.—Mr. GOFF has been a frequent worshipper of Bail lately, through his ill timed devotion to the golden calf.

The Liberals are "awfully Jolly" just now but the Conservative candidate in Montreal East is the best we have heard tell of. (Taillon.)

A "PLANT."—The JESTER is an indigeneous plant and grows on the Premises. The *Spectator* is invited to view but not to remove this plant.

NOT SO.—The "Graphic" Coon says he will not "come down." In that case he will have to remain "up a tree" exactly where we placed him last week.

The *Witness* does not take much stock in Mr. GOFF's "ring" investments, the reason we believe being because it sets its face against displays of bogus jewellery.

PERSONAL.—We hear the Very Rev. Dean BOND is to become the probable successor of the METROPOLITAN. If it be true, it will only strengthen the Bond of attachment between him and his flock.

JOURNALISTIC.—There are now two Evening Conservative papers; the *Star* and the *Daily News*. We are glad to see our Craig Street contemporary independent enough to assert its true sympathies.

The *Gazette* of the 18th inst. states that "a three masted steamship passed Fox River inwards yesterday morning." That steamship must have had a pretty good swallow, compared to which Jonah's experience of the whale was not worth mentioning.

EMBLEMATIC.—The City Hall architect in planning the new Council Chamber in accordance with the character of past civic deliberators, shut out the day light; but the new councillors who are yet green in Aldermanic business demand that the chairs be reversed in order that Diogenes' lamp may have a show.

PICTURESQUE ECONOMY.—His Worship the Mayor threatens, if the City Hall clerks do not stop gaping after every prisoner who goes in and out of the Recorder's Court basement that he will put up a five hundred dollar window fence rather than have the valuable time of the city wasted by Penton's free exhibition.

FOR SALE.—We have a cord and a half of spring poetry for sale cheap. It will make admirable kindling during summer. Applications should be made early as we have a contract pending to supply no less than six barber shops with shaving paper, beside making other arrangements for keeping a couple of paper mills going.

## THE ANTI-PUNSTER.

The anti-punster is the incarnation of the spirit of intolerance. His aversion knows no cold medium. He has no mercy on the man who differs from him—on the point of a pun. He is a man of one idea, and that, though an old one, is certainly no joke. His singleness of apprehension cannot stand the shock of a double meaning. One is as much as he can manage to comprehend; and he can no more stand up against the force and confusion of two, than he could brave the discharge of a double barreled gun at his head. Besides, he regards a pun as a most reckless and extravagant waste of meaning. He would rather that that you used a word that meant nothing. "The no meaning" does not puzzle him more than wit, and a passage that leads to nothing, affords him more profit and recreation than an insane attempt to walk in two paths at a time.

"Like to a man on double business bound  
Who both neglects,"

he would infinitely prefer a stroll in the dark to joining in conversation with a punster. He resents an unprovoked quibble as a personal insult. He never challenged any one on this score because in his opinion, a man once convicted of a premeditated pun has forfeited all claims to be treated as a gentleman; but he never fails to kick the offender down stairs:—"with his mind's foot." He sneers at Shakespere as an inspired idiot; and condemns as vicious, not only in taste but in morals the final exit of Mercutio, who is sent into purgatory with a pun in his mouth. You increase his disgust if you tell him that the same thing has happened on the real stage of life—that Elliston's ending was even as that of Mercutio, whom he had so often represented—that when an hour or two before the parting of soul and body, the patient's head was raised on his pillow, and to induce him to take a hopeless spoonful of medicine he was told, "he should wash it down with a half glass of his brown sherry"—that, even then, the actor's glazed eye brightened under the influence of the ruling passion, as he articulated with almost moveless lips, "Bri-be-ry and Cor-ruption."

Nothing incenses the anti-punster so much as detecting in a distaste to puns an incapacity for making them. Charge him with that, and he will immediately prove himself incapable by offering proof of capacity. He can neither make a genuine good pun, which is a good thing, nor a shocking bad one which is a better. Whatever he hazards is bad to be sure—but not bad enough; it is a wretched dull piece of impotence, wholly innocent of drollery. He has no soul for a villainous quibble—he cannot for his life make it vile enough to succeed. His jocular effort ends in a *choke-ular* failure. He has not grasp of mind required to gather up two remote meanings and compress them into a single word, which the eye, rather than the tongue, italicizes to the apprehension. In short he is unconscious that the excellent and the execrable meet together upon a point which genius alone can reach; and that in the act of punning, to be good enough and bad enough are the same thing—the difficulty being as great and the glory as unequivocal. In his attempt, therefore, he tries hard at working out a good one, and consequently fails to arrive at the proper pitch of badness. The anti-punster is an incapable; all he can do is take his hat because he can't take a joke. He breaks up a party because somebody breaks a jest. He thinks he shows his sense by not relishing nonsense; and seeks credit for profound thought, by frowning at a play upon words. He carries a sneer on his lip for want of a smile, and when he opens his mouth he says—nothing.

## CELESTIAL CONFUSION.

Of Juno the shrew, Jove was husband and brother—  
Minerva's papa, too, without any mother,  
Thus playing the part of himself and another.

How strange!

Venus was Vulcan's half wife and half sister,  
And proved to his peace a perpetual blister  
Had he sold, he ne'er, by the bye would have missed her.

How strange!

Such things are recorded in heathenish song;  
Such things, we on earth, say to scandal belong,  
But the saints—oh! they're always above doing wrong.

How strange!

## ALARMING CONTINGENCY.

It is with fear and trembling that we view the alarming contingency that is presented to the public mind by the Party Press; for both sides are unanimous in the opinion that the candidates now before the people are to be defeated by an "overwhelming majority." Should this news unhappily prove true the next question that arises is "Who will be left to govern us?"