

Mr. Rasper hailed a cab, jumped into it, and drove to the Earl's. He rushed past the six flunkies in crimson and yellow, and bolted into the library and the presence of the great Earl of Flapdoodles. At his appearance the Earl grew pale. Who was this intruder—robber, Fenian, or what?

"See here, old man," said Mr. Rasper, with his usual pleasing freedom, "I'm Josh Rasper from New York. Here's my keerd. You've made my Sally Ann git up and git from a place called Hoggawash Wolde. I want that place back, and I am prepared to pay for it. How much do you want for it? What's your figure?"

"My figure, as you call it," said the Earl, with great stateliness, "is £200,000 cash. If you are prepared to pay that the place is yours. Here are the title deeds," and with a sardonic smile the Earl sat down and gazed triumphantly at the ill-dressed stranger.

"All right; £200,000 is \$1,000,000. I'll give you a cheque for the amount. Gimme them deeds. No, hold on, I reckon I've got that amount of change about me, here ye are," and, to the Earl's surprise, Mr. Rasper pulled out a large wallet and counted out two hundred one thousand pound notes of the Bank of England, and in doing so he dropped another of the same denomination on the carpet.

The Earl stared. He was dumfounded. "You have dropped a bank note, sir," he said. "All right, old hoss, give it to the sweeper. Good-bye. I'm off for New York."

"I beg your pardon," said the Earl, "what did you say your name was?"

"JOSH RASPER, THE BILLIONAIRE."

Now for Sally Ann.
The cab was again called. Josh drove to Whitechapel, and arrived at the Cat and Turbush just as Sally was in the middle of that pathetic ballad entitled "The Mariner's Grave." Without any explanation he jumped on the stage, tossed a hundred pound note to the manager, tossed a handful of sovereigns among the audience, hurried Sally down into the cab, and in ten days after the velvet curtains of the brown stone mansion were thrown aside and Sally Ann was sitting there in state as its mistress!

Who was Sally Ann?
She was the, until now unknown, daughter of Josh Rasper the Billionaire.

POEM OF NATURE AND HAMILTON.

On Dundurn's lights I takes a stand,
And looks abroad on this fair land;
I sees the lake beyond the bar,
And the fish and perch a-sporting thar.
I sees the 'ill, I sees the plain;
The sight it cheers a person's brain.
I sees the tugs, I sees the boats,
And a many things as sinks or floats,
The bay within, the lake beyond,
Which of the water I'm so fond;
The sun doth shine with 'appy ray,
It makes it such a 'andsome day;
It fills my British 'art to see
Such things, with which you'll all agree.
And on the mountain's woody brow
I sees the sheep, I 'ears a cow;
The dancing calf, with frisky foot,
Stands on his 'ead and skips about;
His feed the colt with passion feels,
And beats the hair with lively 'eels;
The stately crow with graceful wings,
Flouts o'er the scene and sweetly sings;
The Ambitious City spreads below,
'Eavings! 'ow 'andsome she do grow!
No wonder that with boastful hies,
They claims as she do take the prize.
Just see her parks! there's two or more—
The Palace grounds, likewise the Gore;
The little clerk upon the grass,
Can chaff and tease his smiling lass;
There the working-man may find
Refreshment for his bones and mind—
Or if salvation be his lay,
He'll find the Army there to pray,
And teach him while the devil rages,
Redemption is not got through wages.

Oh 'Amilton! thou jewel rare,
So bright, so pure, so wondrous fair;
So set about with faith and grace,
Thou minde me of my native place.

Thy chapels, schools, and reading rooms,
Thy magazines and factory flames,
Thy polished life, thy social sights,
Thy markets and electric lights;
Thy lengthening streets and rising domes;
Thy prosperous state and 'appy 'omes,
Seem but a step from London town,
So great and famous art thou grown.
So may you live in song and story,
The western gem of England's glory;
I accept these lines upon my part,
The tribute of a Briton's art.

JACK DOUGHERTY, Poet.

Hamilton, May 6, 1885.

Shopman (who is standing at door, and whose linen is of a rather dirty hue).—Will you buy a coat?

Pat.—No.

Shopman.—Will you buy a waistcoat?

Pat.—No.

Shopman.—Will you buy a pair of trousers?

Pat.—No. Have you any clean shirts?

Shopman.—I have, sor, plenty.

Pat.—Away inside thin, an' put one on.

[Exit Shopman.]

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

You may sncer as you like at forms, but I respect the white tie and the glossy gown of the court. Even the buttony coat of the policeman, not to speak of the helmet of the Body Guards, impresses me, and the other day I was fairly overcome and subdued by the voice and presence of that well-known Officer at the Union Station who announces the departure of trains, and whose dress and manners are fit for a prorogation. Some ordinary people like myself were in the thinly filled first-class coach, and right in front of me was a well-dressed, lady-like person, a couple of commercial travellers who condescended to omit the Pullman for a short ride, and in particular a country-looking boy who took the corner into his own keeping. These and a few other travellers made up the number. The officer referred to went up and down the platform several times as if something was on his mind—though I believed then it was only the exact second when he would pull the bell-rope—the clock pointed to almost the moment of our departure, and perhaps the whole situation was as thrilling as could have taken place under similar circumstances. I was composed, fearing no man, as there were plenty of seats, and for the moment I made up an inventory of what goes to make up a lady's bonnet, using the one in front of me as a guide. I am a good traveller and have only two annoyances whether in a ride on the street-cars or in one to New York—I am first afraid that I won't catch the car, and secondly I am afraid I won't get off at the right place. This is not to the point however. I am tedious to-day with this narrative, but it is desirable to know that I was composed, having caught the train, and had no reason to be other than serene. All at once the door was flung open and the officer, in the pride of gilt buttons and importance of his position, strode into the car, and in his own proper and far-reaching voice said:

"Is there a passenger here for Dundas?"

Now, thinks I, we are in for it—robbery or forgery or counterfeit money. The officer held something in his hand, and we—commercial men and all—covered before him. Slowly and nervously the lady in front of me arose and said timidly that she was going to Dundas.

Then did the officer turn upon her a searching, a soul-piercing glance, in which, to me at least, there was deep incrimination, and said with a well-disguised sneer:

"Perhaps, madam, you have your ticket and could show it to me?"

The poor lady, more nervously than before, searched her pockets, looked into her satchel and purse, turned round and looked up and down the seat, and at last confessed that she couldn't find it.

"Ah, you can't find it," said the other; "I thought so, madam, I thought so." And then he put his hand in his pocket, and we all thought it was a warrant or handcuffs and that the poor lady would be taken off to jail. But no, he produced a small bit of paper. "Madam," said he with official severity, "you lost your ticket on the platform, and here it is." And then he strode towards the door, but if he had on twice as many buttons, and came back and arrested all the commercial men for having two girls in each town, I wouldn't have cared one pin. He was no more to me than the boy in the corner, whom in tones of thunder he ordered out as being in the wrong car. Then we moved on.

—H. J.

CURRENT POETICAL LITERATURE.

CHIEFLY UPON THE FRANCHISE.

(Edward B. murmurs in a dismal undertone.)

From Brown and Smith, and poor O'Hagan
He takes the vote for Lo! the pagan;
From snub-nosed Snooks and snarlest St. John,
He robs the vote for Lo! the Indian.

(Tim Doolin thus shpakes to Sir John.)

Begorra, sur, but all the French is
Goin' to oppose the Franchise.

(Sir John speaks many rhyming snatches, at diverse intervals.)

Upon the question of the Franchise
Every true-blue Tory staunch is;
Ever feeble Grit's cheek blanches
At the mention of my Franchise.

(These lines he murmurs as the result of a visit to the North-West.)

Poor Lo! I pitied in his wigwag;
It was not fit to keep a pig w'm.
The comforts of the whites in tranches
Induced me Lo to give the Franchise.

(Laments the injustice of his enemies.)

One Bill they call a Gerrymander—
A "scandal" style, what is a slander.

(With a curse on Sir Richard, forms a resolution.)

From this day hence, good-bye John Collins—
I'll only drink De Ruyster's Hollands.

—"ANOTHER COLLINS."

OLLA PODRIDA.

WAR PHRASES.

"Behaved magnificently," "coolness and intrepidity," "game to the last," "our boys," "the rebel horde," "the dusky red man," "coolness and tepees," etc., etc., etc.

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HOW KIND!

That chivalry is not altogether extinct in the nineteenth century is shown by the following:—"The girl, Jennie O'Neil, who is accused of firing a hotel at Henderson, Minnesota, was discharged, as she has promised to return to Henderson for trial."—*Police Report: city paper.*

Noble Baxter! he took the lady's word that she would go right back to Henderson to be tried for arson. Of course she would; who ever knew a descendant of the proud O'Neils—quondam kings of Ireland—to go back on his or her word? Miss O'Neil promised, and the gallant Baxter immediately wrote the magic word "discharged" against her name. After this we shall probably hear of something like the following occurring: "Prisoner, you are charged with murdering your grandmother in Windsor. Did you do it?" "Yes, your worship." "It's a very serious charge, and you will be hanged if you are tried and found guilty as you surely will be." "I'm aware of that, your worship." "Will you go to Windsor and be tried?" "Yes, your worship." "Discharged."