

### Around Town.

THE JESTER will issue his first Court Circular next week. Don't forget it.

BAKER & Co's "Lorne" ties are knotty subjects to beat for the money.

CAMILLA Urso is a star of the first magnitude, but her name is a mis-nomer. It ought to be Urso Major.

WHILE you are dancing at the St. Andrew's Society's Ball take care that burglars are not drinking your health in the pantry. "When the cat's away," etc.

GREAT guns will be fired off at Halifax next week in honor of greaterguns. There will be lots of small bores present who will fire up and get mad at being slighted.

THE *Witness* says the Citizens' Address will be presented to the Vice-Regal pair privately, and only a favored few will be admitted. Why is this? Well, it isn't pleasant to meet your tailor on such occasions.

THE St. Andrew's Society have made it a rule that those who desire tickets for the Grand Ball shall furnish references. This new specimen of shoddyism is unique and could only be made complete by referring the Committee to your last assignee.

DOZENS of cases of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer have been sold during the past week. Our bald-headed friend Jenkins says he's going to have a new head of hair to go to that Ball in, if he has to stay in the hot house a week. He's going to force it out somehow.

THE Sisterhood of the Grey Nunnery intend to hold a grand lottery in January for the benefit of the Hospital for the Aged and Infirm Poor, which needs completion. The principal prizes will be parcels of real estate, so that literally the winners will get lots for their money.

SIXES of THE TIMES.—Confectionery stores will be glutted next week with "Scotch mixture."—Dry goods stores are having a checkered career just now in tartans.—An Irishman says our Scottish citizens ought to be "kilt intirely."—Vennor has ordered a supply of Queen's weather for next week.

A MOTHER.—If your son's teacher is in the habit of getting "tight," and when in that condition thrashing him without cause, a letter to the Secretary of the Protestant School Commissioners, accompanied by the necessary proofs, will doubtless soon have the effect of getting him "off his beer" in far quicker time than Rine could.

THE Rev. A. J. Bray's lecture on "Handel" was a really good lecture. The ladies sang very nicely and the choir effects were generally good. Dr. MacLagan's enunciation and style merited marked approval. Mr. Delahunt's enunciation merited denunciation. In future, will that gentleman kindly inform his audience whether he is going to sing in Italian, German or English? When we can hear what he says we will say something about his voice. At present he can't touch the telephone for distinctness.

### A "REVEREND" FRAUD.

Mr. T. DeWitt Talmage is a curious mixture of the "professional" Christian and the loquacious charlatan. In the garb of a black coat and white tie he makes a first-class Devil's waiter. Being ready of wit and glib of tongue his congregation pay him a large salary to keep up the excitement. Without some new sensation fashionable preachers of his stamp would have to succumb. High-toned American congregations want change—and change they will have, regardless of the sterling value of the currency. The latest "sensation" Mr. Talmage has indulged in, is his periodical description of the night hells of New York. But like the story writers in the *New York Weekly* when he has arrived at the brimstone period of his discourse they are "continued in our next" to be re-hashed in another form. Under pretence of teaching his flock to avoid places (to the existence of which the most of them, in all probability, would have been strangers) he depicts scenes of eloquent damnation, the like of which has never for forensic audacity been equalled by any so-called Christian Minister. In other words, Mr. Talmage has become a first-class advertising agent for the filthy purlieus of New York. His descriptive power is ingeniously mingled with a little good, to relieve the hideousness of the greater part of the badness so that the picture may not be too revolting for the average imagination. Then he tells the pure, the good and the true not to go to these naughty places, otherwise they might get contaminated and vile. It is the ordinary experience of ordinary people to be curious. Tell them that a place is especially bad and they will go and see for themselves. It is only such men as Talmage who can go and come out pure, fresh, sweet and clean. A salary of \$12,000 is a great disinfecting agent. As an auxiliary to this latest exhibition of pulpit oratory the *Montreal Gazette* has lent its powerful influence. The proprietor of that journal informed its readers on Monday last that arrangements had been made for the simultaneous publication of Talmage's sermons:—"The Night Side of City Life." The good and the true, the bad and the gross of Montreal will now have an opportunity of comparing notes and seeing how far



### A RECONNAISSANCE.

(Scene—University Street.)

1st Burglar.—"D'ye think that crib's worth crackin', Bill?"

2nd Burglar.—"Guess we'd better let that place alone—they've got a district alarm box there."

1st Burglar.—"Wot d'ye say if we go over and try Dawson's?"

(They "try Dawson's." For result see daily papers.)

New York is ahead of this "one-horse" city in its hideous excrecences. Bad people will say: "We want enterprise here. Let us copy New York and have a Sodom of our own. Then we will get Talmage to come over and advertise our iniquities, and the thing will pay." The *Gazette* has always been considered the echo of the sentiments of the Church of England, but since it has undertaken to "dish up" the nauseous pabulum prepared by the theological acrobat of Brooklyn, respectable people who have any thought for the pure-mindedness of their wives, sisters, daughters or sons will hesitate, and having made up their minds, will carefully consign the *Gazette's* edition of Mr. Talmage's advertisements to the flames. Stir the fire well up, gentlemen, for Montreal takes to infection very readily. If this announcement to which we have referred is one of the results of the change of ownership of the *Gazette*, the Devil in Montreal will have great cause for thankfulness in the possession of so powerful an ambassador as T. DeWitt Talmage.

### "NATIVE GENIUS."

A recent issue of the *Witness*, gives a sample of the quality of the muse who inspires "Professor J. W. Couter, socialist, orator and poet." As a sample of the latter, our contemporary publishes some rhymes composed in honor of the Earl of Dufferin's departure from Canada, the last of which reads thus:—

You have made myriads of friends kind hearted and true,  
They all feel like saying "Earl Dufferin, far-well,  
And they regret your leaving much more than they can tell.  
May God speed the ship in safety, the great ocean o'er,  
Which carries your Excellency to your native shore."

No wonder Lord Dufferin wished to get away. My Lord of Lorne, you little know what fate is in store for you. Wont some kind Alderman introduce a by-law making it a penal offence to publish such stuff? But we were nearly forgetting that Alderman, are not good judges of poetry. The first thing they would be doing, would be to prohibit the publication of Shakespeare's works.