



OBSERVE this engaging young couple,  
So youthful, charming, and souple;  
Their vows they have plighted,  
And just been unighted—  
Long life to the handsome young couple.

FROM OUR MONTREAL MAN.

OUR Montreal policemen are out in their summer suits. It is said they can not stoop over to pick up anything, the quality of the material in their new trowsers is so poor. They can not even stoop to take a bribe.

The introduction of the electric light in our streets has been most satisfactory, and it is now proposed by a civic alderman to force barbers to have it in their tonsorial parlors in order to stop the flow of gas.

Spring is here now with a vengeance. The sure and infallible test is the nature of the goods that are now finding their way to the pawnshops, such as faded overcoats, lung protectors, liver pads and capsine plasters. The demand is for tooth picks and white ties.

Our mayor weighs 205 pounds; when he sits on a by-law or abattoir contract they are lost unutterably.

It may be late to say anything about the disastrous flood we have had, but it has been a costly affair for the city and has caused much suffering and loss. The engineers who have had the matter in hand, the flood commission and our inscrutable city council have certainly been successful in their efforts to give us a good flood and their efforts are fully appreciated.

There was a very largely attended dinner here yesterday evening of which it has been said all were in full evening dress and a great many were full in evening dress. A distinction with a difference.

A *Star* reporter met a *Witness* ditto who was wrapped up in a heavy overcoat, mufflers, fur cap and woollen mitts, and asked him the reason. "Don't talk just now," was the reply, "I want a hot drink of any kind at all; I have just had an interview with John Redpath Dougall and it is a chilling affair."

Arbor Day will soon be here and very few of our citizens would object if several of the aldermen, one or two of the Mount Royal Park commissioners, and even one of the school commissioners were planted by mistake.

The only trouble would be they would not grow, and would remain useless sticks.

The brokers here all have their offices on St. Francois Xavier Street. There is also a barber shop on the same street, run by a young man. He is as good a shaver as any of the brokers.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

I.—PLATO'S FACETIOUSNESS.

EUTHYDEMUS, who had long been absent from Athens on a protracted visit to his brother Thrasymachus in Megara, made it his first care on returning to the city to visit the editorial rooms of his friend Plato. It was long after midnight when he made his blundering way up five flights of stairs to the den of the illustrious Athenian, whom he found engaged upon the proof sheets of his immortal *Phaedo*.

Plato swung round in his chair, and greeted his friend warmly. He then went to the speaking-tube and shouted down some instructions relative to the last galley proofs; and giving over his work for a time, he entered into a long conversation with Euthydemus about the trial and death of Socrates, and his discourses in the last days. It was a theme upon which he was at all times ready to descant.

"I have been told," Euthydemus interposed in a chance pause of the narrative, "that his wife was with him shortly before his death?"

"Yes," said Plato, "Xantippe was there. But that did not hasten materially his departure from amongst us. I have little doubt," he added with a grin, "that our friend's demise was due altogether to the natural action of the hemlock."

II.—STEELE AND DEAN SWIFT.

One afternoon Mr. Addison and Sir Richard Steele entered Button's arm-in-arm, and found assembled most of the wits who frequented that well-known coffee-house. Mr. Ambrose Phillips, with somewhat violent gestures and not a little excitement of manner, was delivering his opinion of Mr. Pope's paper on Pastoral Poetry in the *Guardian* of that day. Mr. Addison said but little, and seemed lost in meditation while he smoked his long pipe. Sir Richard, who had been fuddling himself earlier in the day, absorbed quantities of spirits and water, throwing out flashes of wit into the discussion going on, and then relapsing into moody silence.

Dean Swift entered, with a huge tye-wig and a pretentious grandeur of manner, which were lost on those present by reason of the ardour of their conversation. After a few words with Mr. Addison, the Dean, annoyed at Sir Richard's persistent inattention to his presence, bawled out with the ill-breeding and vulgarity which was so disagreeably characteristic of him:

"So, Mr. Dick, you don't know your friends any longer now, when you see them,—eh?"

"They do tell me that I am growing short-sighted," answered Steele, turning to his fellow-countryman with tipsy gravity, "but if you will kindly close your mouth so that I may see more of your reverence than your ears, perhaps I shall then be able to make out who you are."

(To be continued.)