

OUR OWN FLANEUR.

(With acknowledgments to the *Saturday Mail*).

THERE is no doubt in the mind of any close observer of public affairs that Lord Salisbury will carry all before him in the British general elections. Gladstone is a senile old nincompoop who has no hold whatever on the British people, notwithstanding the subtlety of his Jesuitical tactics. It is a well-known fact that the bye-elections always go just the contrary way to the general elections. Speaking of the matter, I can let my readers into a secret confided to me by some of my aristocratic Conservative friends high in the confidence of the party leaders. The Conservatives have purposely lost the bye-elections just to inspire the Radical enemy with over-confidence, so that they won't exert themselves very much at the general election. Just wait and see. Mr. Balfour's fine Roman hand is visible in this brilliant piece of strategy. I consider him one of the greatest statesmen of the age, and I've been on familiar terms with so many eminent statesmen at 'ome, you know, that I rather think I'm a judge!

There is perhaps no business which pays so well as that of inciting workingmen to strike. John Burns, the labor agitator, who never did a stroke of work in his life, lives in one of the finest mansions of Belgravia, and may be seen every day riding in a dashing equipage on Rotten Row. He has a villa at Nice, a yacht, a deer forest in the Highlands, and a hundred thousand pounds or so in consols, all derived from the contributions of deluded workingmen. I have told them all along what fools they are, but they don't seem to see it.

What a source of amusement mingled with instruction is the Toronto Directory! I have got several articles out of it lately, but I guess it's good for another. Perhaps it never struck you before that quite a number of people have very remarkable names. I select a few, viz.:

Hooter and Snorter	Bivins and Buster
Muley and Piggie	Bloke and Galoot
Snoozer and Boozer	Peanuts and Peppercorn
Samjones and Borax	Goffin and Bighhead
Nosey and Boffle	Oldrye and Pollywog

Remarkable, isn't it? By the way, I have often thought that the names ending in "son," such as Williamson, Johnson, etc., must have originated by the son taking the Christian name of his father and adding "son" as an affix. Thus, Williamson means the son of William, and so on. I don't think this has ever been noticed before.

"Fairplay Radical" writes: At the recent fair of Ballykildogan, in the County Cork, out of twenty-three cattle offered for sale only four had tails—the others had all been deprived of that most useful section of their anatomy by Moonlighters. Does not this show the essential barbarity of the Irish people? On the same occasion a peasant from the townland of Tubbernaboozey was heard to remark, "The devil fly away wid a landlord, anyhow." Can the human mind conceive of a more atrocious and diabolical sentiment? Mr. Gladstone is clearly responsible for this sickening outburst of savagery. The miscreant was of course arrested and sent to jail for six months.

"Fun Lover" sends me the following choice humorous *morceaux* which he culled with rare discernment from the pages of a patent medicine almanac for the year 1851:



HARD LINES.

DAY POLICEMAN (relieving night-man)—"How's the missus?"

NIGHT POLICEMAN—"I don't know. 'Aven't seen her for ten years."

DAY POLICEMAN—"But ye're living together, aren't yer?"

NIGHT POLICEMAN—"Yes; but she's a charwoman, an' is out all day, an' I'm out all night. So we've never met since we came back from our 'oneymoon.'"—*Pick-me-up*.

"Why does a sailor know there is a man in the 'oon? Because he's been to sea."

"Why is a hen immortal? Because her son never sets."

"Why is the sea serpent like Hamlet's father? Because he could a tale unfold."

These have a fine antique flavor about them. Send us some more. Anything goes that will help to fill up.

A READY RECKONER.

A NEW calculating boy has made his appearance in France, and is puzzling the *savants* by the extraordinary rapidity with which he solves complicated arithmetical problems. His name is Inaudi, which is appropriate as his silently-worked calculations are—don't all speak at once, please!

NOT POSTED ON SPORT.

THEOSOPHIST—"As those of you who have read the *Secret Doctrine* are aware, we are now in the fifth race and the fourth round."

SPORT—"Oh, come off! What d'yer know about sport? They ain't no rounds to a race. Fourth *heat*, I guess you mean."