

Prussian cavalry corps—the Hoggelbunngullup-whoopjamborechoo Heavy Dragoons. Had Mr. Meyerfoy not been a Prussian, he would doubtless have been a Milesian, and his name would be Murphy. But he is far too modest and unaffected to be a native of the Emerald Isle, and no one can say that they ever heard this gallant Prussian blow—they cannot say that the Prussian blue.

Toronto has long been celebrated for her fine Police Force. Every man Jack is six feet high or over, and is warranted to be able to sleep fourteen hours on a stretch, and then turn over and reel off another ten hours. They don't always do this, but they can. The Tug-of-War team selected from the Force has won a world-wide celebrity, and no amount of faith can remove P. C. Anson (weight 498 lbs.) from his position of anchor. An opposing team might just as well try to drag St. James' Cathedral away by the roots as to endeavor to budge Mr. Anson a single inch. He is there to stay, and is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

In spite of the complaints made against the Queen City's Detective Force, it is very doubtful whether those who are most prominent in complaining could do half as well themselves. Take them as a body and they are quite as efficient as any similar organization in Europe or America, and they are certainly a stalwart, good-natured set, and could, individually, crush their cavillers flat as a pancake by the simple process of sitting on them.

To see Mr. Reburn, surmounted by an elegant white "Christy stiff," driving his family in an open carriage drawn by a pair of slashing iron greys, on a fine afternoon, is a sight that the gods delight in. To behold Mr. Hodgins (who from the extreme suavity of his manners and his unerring politeness, has earned the sobriquet of "Gentle John") lugging an immense package of captured stolen goods on his back through the streets at two o'clock in the morning, is a spectacle to make those same gods weep, whilst Mr. Brown's long, tawny, drooping moustache has been, from time immemorial, the envy an despair of Toronto's Dudes and would-be lah-de-dahs. Mr. Burrows, though not so "hefty" as his brethren, is renowned as being a man who never was known to fail in anything he undertook. He is a perfect human ferret, and was to be the Burrows of crime that Mr. Burrows takes it into his head to enter. The drawers of his memory are more compactly filled than those of any Bureaus known; in fact, he is one of the most complete Detective Bureaus in his own person in existence. Mr. Cuddy, in spite of the significance borne by his name in the North of England, is certainly not one of those animals said to prefer thistles to grass, though he is possessed of all the uncomplaining patience and invincible obstinacy and determination of that much-abused race. So much for Toronto's Police Court, peelers and detectives.

It is said that the Shah of Persia is about to send an immense consignment of Attar of Roses to Toronto for use in the Police Court Buildings. Certainly, if something of the kind is not introduced there, the cholera microbe will introduce itself. And where, indeed, could one find a more fitting place than a Police Station in which to discover a collarer? Where indeed?

—S.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SHAKESPEARE.

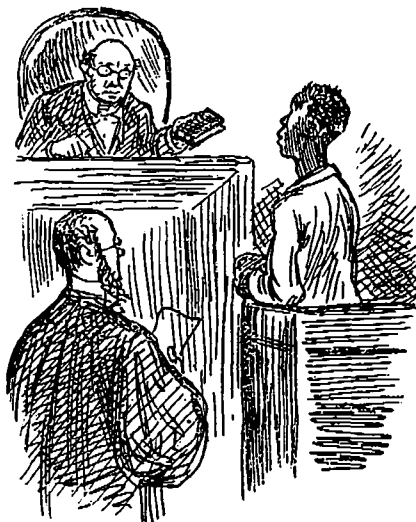
"Me Lord! am I as sweet a maid as Sylvia Garcia?"
 "Pah! She's wormwood unto thee!"
 "As worthy I as she of rhapsody?"
 "As much thou'rt worthier as gold than gum."
 "And were not compliment to Providence more fit because of me than such as her?"
 "'Twere profanation an' it were not, girl."

"Then wherefore does this Senor Adula find more in her praise than thou in me? Last night, when lit with dalliance of the moon the canalazzo mirrored million stars whose points carved ripples on the sheeny deep, they two were floating 't the dreamy tide, and if there's registered on scroll above the cream-paste epithets his lips did mould them seraphim will cluster 'round the same as flies do mass them 'round a syrup-cup."

"Turned he the faucet of his treacle on Sylvia, saidst thou? Did'st thou note the brand?"

"Aye, marry, an' I did! 'Twere such as made thy tribute speech to me seem quite unsavory. He did venerate her with exotic words that reeked of guava, and the sweet jujube, and ere his sentiments were half o'erflow'n his lips were caked with verbal caramels. I did but sniff the flavor of his speech and prayed 'twere thine to drip such dulcitude."

"Beshrew thee! but this Senor Adula is a type of many wooing prodigals. To win a wife he bankrupts tender speech. He drips of lollypop and lusc-dipped lies, anoints her with four-ply panegyrics, thrones her on cream laid angel altitudes, and weds her to affection's penury. Show me the man whose courting doth erupt love's glucose as 'twere more than limitless, and I will show you one whose wife will starve for one sweet morsel of eulogium. So note it, maid, and comfort thee with this: when thy Henrico loves thee not with praise he's saving some to crown thy wifely needs."



THE NATURE OF AN OATH.

Magistrate.—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Sam.—Yes, sah! I swar dat I will tell de truff.

Magistrate.—And what will happen if you do not tell the truth?

Sam.—I 'spects, sah, de odder side 'll lose de case, sah!

SEPTEMBER.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

It is safe to say that a large proportion of the English race look forward to the first of this month as the day of all days in the year, for does not partridge shooting commence on the first? Grand, sublime institution! business is forsaken; Parliament is sometimes prorogued; the country squire postpones the petty sessions; all in order that the great English people, or those who call themselves

the better class thereof, may sally forth into the stubble and the turnip field to slay or attempt to slay those precious birds, to kill which, before this red-letter day, is a felony.

The average British country gentleman knows only two great gala days, and these are the 12th of August and the 1st of September; all the remainder are as naught. The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo sinks into utter insignificance before these two great occasions, and, between you and me, it would puzzle a large number of those noble Britishers to give the day, month, or even year, when that ever memorable victory was won.

Another fact in connection with September is, that between the first and thirtieth days of that month, several years ago, the British sparrow was imported to our shores; a true type of that class of Englishmen whom Americans, sad to relate, look upon as one representative of the whole nation—arrogant, bullying, overbearing, and bound to pick a quarrel with anyone who ventures to hold an opinion not in accordance with their own. Doubtless those sparrows, when they assemble together and make the whole neighborhood clamorous with their twittering, are comparing this blasted country with 'ome, and, we may be sure, in a manner very unfavorable to the former. It is to be presumed that the British cad has some use, but what it may be is past finding out. It has been for American restaurant keepers to discover the use of the English sparrow. They kill him and serve him up to their epicurean customers as a reed-bird. Two sparrows used to be sold for a farthing, but fifty cents a piece is his now value on toast, and a dainty morsel he is. It is to be regretted that the British cad cannot be slain wherever he shows himself, for he is an objectionable animal, and my soul loveth him not, but the law makes it just as great a crime to put him to death as it would be, gentle reader, to kill you or me. So we must even put up with these two nuisances, the sparrow and the English snob, and bear with them as we may.

The cad does not, necessarily, belong to the lower walks of life, and perhaps the most objectionable specimen of the article is the cad who belongs to the titled order of human beings. He is simply insufferable. But he is common enough, heaven knows, and a very nasty creature he is.

This brings me to the end of my tether so far as September is concerned. It is so called from the Latin *septem*, seven; as it is the ninth month, the name will be allowed to be highly appropriate.

A SURE THING.

Procure from your druggist one 37½-cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and use according to directions. It is infallible for diarrhœa, cholera morbus, canker of the stomach and bowels, and cholera infantum.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

Frank (who has been told never to ask for anything at table, and who, consequently, has been overlooked altogether).—Mamma, when little boys are starved to death, do they go to heaven just the same!

Mamma.—Of course, dear, if they have been good.

Frank.—And do the people who let them starve go to heaven, too?

Mamma.—Oh! dear, bless his little heart! the poor fellow's been forgotten. Why didn't you speak, Frankie?

Frank (with tears of triumph).—'Cos you said I oughtn't'er, and I want to be good and go to heaven: boo-hoo-boo!

(Frank has a terrible attack of indigestion when he goes to bed that night.)