



"AULD HAWKIE."

(Copied for the special delectation of our Scottish readers from the original photograph in the possession of James L. Morrison, Toronto.)

William Cameron, *alias* "Auld Hawkie," was a celebrated street orator in the city of Glasgow. His queer dreams and witticisms have become household words in every town and village in Scotland. He figures largely in the "Laird of Logan" and in all the other familiar illustrations of Scottish life and character. Hawkie was a great favorite with the citizens in general, but more particularly with the wags of the city, who were very liberal with their donations, and often tested his power at retort. "Hae, Hawkie, there's a penny tae ye," said a gentleman to him one day, "an' go an' get your beard shaved, for ye hae a grouse-look this morning." "Thank you kindly," said Hawkie, "but dinna ye ken that it disna do for beggars tae be owre bare-faced."

## ODE TO MY OLD HAT.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

O! faithful headgear!—although not quite my size—  
Oh! battered tile! how my regretful eyes  
Run bitter tears, in torrents gushing out  
Like water running down a waterspout  
Whene'er I see thy form, no longer smart,  
And think of what thou wert and what thou art!  
Ah, now, the cobwebs swept from my poor brain,  
I live the days of two years back, again;  
I feel me taken back by Old Time's hand,  
And live again the day I bought thee, and  
With much precision placed thee on my head,  
And walked along the way, and truly read  
Upon the faces of the throngs, the great  
Respect for those who crowned my humble pate.  
And ah, my superannuated hat!  
I must confess in honest sorrow, that  
For thy poor sake, I fell into temptation,  
And did a wrong by base prevarication:  
For when my bosom friends insinuated  
Their deep desire to know the estimated  
Or real cost of thee, I gave a laugh,  
And said, "It cost four dollars and a half,"  
Although my conscience told me 'twas a lie  
Because it knew the price I named too high  
By dollars three, but then I hope to be  
Absolved for telling such a lie of thee.  
Ah, ill-used hat! if thou could'st only speak,  
Thou'd tell a tale would make me rather weak;  
For thou, besides being conscious of the good  
That I diffused and e'er did—when I could,  
Wert also witness to the very few  
Small faults and failings that I'm subject to,  
Thou'd tell of nights when kept on rather late,  
I reached my room in a tremendous state  
Of joy, and cast thee underneath the bed  
As though I loathed thy presence on my head.  
Although I love thee as a well-tried friend,  
And, if I could, thy fractures all would mend,  
And though I would delight if thou wert flesh,  
Could know the difference 'twixt salt meat and fresh,  
Could walk about, and think and understand,  
Still would I wish thee dumb, because my hand  
Might then be known to the entire world,  
My inmost secrets—all might be unfurled.

And thou hast been insulted—hooted at  
By heartless urchins crying "shoot the hat";  
But did I as these urchins said? ah, no,  
A careful look at thy bruised form will show  
That I did not inflict thy feeling soul  
With pain inserted through a bullet hole.  
And now, oh, mute companion of my walks!  
Thy form must lie within the rubbish box  
Until some Jew shall hang thee at the door  
Of his "Exchange" or "Cast-off garment store";  
Such is thy fate, and yet 'tis not so sad  
As that of the most gullible, poor cad  
Who may yet buy thee for a sum just twice  
What was, two years ago, thy real price.  
E'en if thou wert in thy primeval beauty,  
I could nor wear thee, although it is man's duty  
To wear o' t' one hat ere he buys another;  
Thy well-known shape I'd surely have to smother,  
Because—ah, knew you not?—the ruling style  
Is a flat-bottomed, wide-brimmed tile.  
And thou must have an end!—Well, as we all  
Must come to that—as even nations fall  
And are annihilated, it is right  
That I should view thy ending in a light  
That's logical. Old Time's deep-seating rust  
Has caused full many a pile to fall to dust,  
Demosthenes and Cicero, the men  
Who'd talk a dead man into life again,  
And Julius Caesar, Adam and King John  
Out of this sorry mundane sphere have gone;  
To speak more plain, I mean they had an end,  
And thou must have that, too, my banged-up friend!  
'Tis well. I am content. Perhaps, I may  
Get just as good a hat some future day.

A lamp lighter.—When you remove the chimney.

From the fact of our Funny Contributor acquiring in a store in Lindsay for a wife, it is presumed he sets store on such an article.

Our Funny Contributor returns thanks to many newspapers for copying his joke on "pink eye," but will feel under greater obligations to them if they will give his advertisement for a wife as great a publicity as possible.



The present attraction at the Royal is Miss Julia A Hunt, a distinguished society star in Rosenfeldt's play, "Florinel." The entertainment is charming and will well repay a visit. Miss Hunt will be followed on Sept. 4th by Miss Ada Gray, who will appear in her great dramatization of East Lynne. Miss Gray's talents are too well known in Toronto to require comment. She is considered the best *Isabel* and *Madame Vine* on the stage.

## "DE SECRET PLACE OB DE THUNDER."

(A comprehensive synopsis of the lecture lately delivered by the Rev. Astronomical Johnston, by our special colored reporter—JAY KAVELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.)

Yo' correspondent, sah, was berry much impressed wid de dignity and *ebon* point ob de revern' gent'man as he rose to address de vast audience ob over seventeen an' mo'. Yo' correspondent, sah, an' furder ob de opinion dat de solibated and lately deceased poet, Milton, must hab seen de revern' lecturer in pophetic vision when he wrote de following lines:—

— "Black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart."

Dat ar "dart" I take to be de fo'-finger ob de revern' gent, kase he uses dat to p'int out de "secret place ob de thunder," also to show how de sun he do move, and finally de British Lion, how he do roar—at Alexandria de oder day. On rising, de rev. gent'man remarked dat he'd have liked to see some passon occupy-

ing de chair; however, as it was allays de chair, and not de passon in it, dat was addressed, he would continue de time-honored custom ob addressin' de chair. To de chair, derefore, as representing dis audience, he would address de following remarks on de subject ob de eboning, "De secret place ob de thunder." He guessed, from de fack ob so many floential citizens being present, dat de public were mighty anxious to find out what were dat secret place, and as he was an unchallenged authority on all cloudy subjects, he had come all de way from Hamilton to show dem just whar to put dar finger on de right spot every time. An oroneous belief purvails dat it am de lightning dat am dangerous. It aint. It am de thunder. Fur instance, two niggalls am flying lickety-slip one down, de oder up, street. Course dey collide, and de two heads run smack-a-bunt together wid a werry loud report, and dere am consid'ble damage done under de wood. Dore eyes flash as dey spring apart. Now which did de damage, de bunt wid de loud report, or de squirt out de eye at each other?—de bunt, ob course, at de time ob de collusion, was de secret place ob de thunder dar, and de lightning from de eyes was only a consequential succumbance. It is de thunder, den, dat am dangerous. De small boy am de secret place ob a great deal ob unexplained thunder in dis yer world; dere am thunder, mo' or less, in de heels ob a small boy, 'cording to de actual amount ob electricity he hab bottled up in his skin, and de aggregate damage he can accomplish in de course of de knicker-bocker stage ob his brobation, am something mo' astonishin'. (Hear, hear.) Dere am various locations fur de secret place ob de thunder. Observe de calm and tranquil air, de rapture ob repose dat's dar in dat big maltese sleeping in de noontide sun. Mark wid what artless innocence he tucks dat ar long tail in round his feet, sech a lovely soft purr, butter couldn't melt in his mouth, no how. All de same, dat ar slumbering animile am de secret place ob de thunder, dat will cause de organization ob a first-class row on de shingles ob de roof to-night, an' break in upon yo' dreams like de groans ob de dead an' dying on de battle fields ob an antiddiluvian age. (Great applause.) When you am gettin' up an article on de "Filosophy ob sound," and dere am two boys oberhead in de garret, grindin' down stovepipes on yo' grandfather's ole grindstone, de secret place ob dat thunder am de garret, and dere will be mo' thunder when you get up dar, in de peculiar state ob mind you am in at dat moment. (Hear, hear.) When you owe de *Times* fur a fortnight's superscription, Kit, de collector, he cum along but you aint in, kase de do's locked on de inside. Den, though there aint a cloud in de sky, de neighbors hear no end ob thunder, and day tell you dat de mos' wonderful thing has happened, peals ob thunder in a clear sky. But when you see yo' newly-painted street do' all dinted wid de kicks ob a gigantic hoof, den you find dat de secret place ob dat thunder am de toe ob dat ar collector's boot. Den dere am de Boanerges or clerical thunder. Yo' own steady-going pastor am off fur de holidays, and you am afraid dat he hab hurt his influence by bringing such a clever yung preacher in his place. Sech sparklin' sermons, sech sinaitic thunder-ins' and lightning's, rebervoratin' through de roof ob de church, you want to bust out into clappin' yo' hands an' shoutin' *encore*, only you am in de church an' hab got to behave yo'self. Befo' de year am out, however, you get an ole copy ob Spurgeon's or Talmage's sermons, and find out dat yo' talented fellow was a sneak thief, dat 'propriated de work ob another man's brain, and passed it off as his own, and dat de secret place ob his thunder lay in dis ole volume ob sermons. Den dere am olfactory thunder. It am a warn night, an' all through yo' sleep you hear de mutterin's ob distant thunder, dat pulls up ebery now and