

plate stakes, which he won this afternoon by four lengths, and last night, owing to (we decline to print the real word used) your *blessed* information, I rushed down to town in time to stop the investment of a fiver at ten to one on him—on him, the winner! Oh what an idiot I've been! But that is not all. It and my patent lever and the dollar you gave me to hand over to the association for supplying shoddy blankets to the South Sea Islanders, all went on a wretched donkey that didn't even start. Oh, father, father! Never meddle with sporting matters again. Keep to joking. You are best at that!"

Spoldoodle, senior, was anything but sure of the truth of this latter remark. Indeed, he has been of a very serious turn of mind since this astounding outburst shattered his domestic felicity in so terribly Nihilistic a manner.

W. R.

### MR. SNIGGERTHWAITE'S EXPERIENCE.

SNIGGERTHWAITE was a well-meaning, but somewhat unsophisticated young man, who had recently come to town from the back townships, in order to finish his education at a commercial college. He was especially desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the habits of good society in which he had already made such progress that he no longer committed the solecism of helping himself to butter with his knife, or utilizing the napkin as a pocket-handkerchief. He used to read the papers carefully for hints as to behavior in society, and unfortunately believed everything he read. One day he picked up the *Globe*, and under the heading of "Really good manners," read the following:

A young woman went to reside in a city where she was a total stranger, and in taking a morning walk always met a man who bowed and said, "Good morning." The first morning she concluded that he had mistaken her for some acquaintance, but as he continued to greet her each morning in the same respectful manner, she knew that it must be his practice to so salute the people whom he met. Upon attending one of the churches there she discovered that it was the minister of the church, a highly educated man, who had traveled much abroad and was eminent in his profession.

This was altogether a new wrinkle for Sniggerthwaite. He had always supposed that an introduction was necessary before it was allowable for a gentleman to accost a lady on the street. But the newspaper editors, he reasoned, ought to know. "Them fellows," he said to himself, "know most everythin', an' it's quite likely that the fashion has changed. If it's the tony thing, I'll try it."

Accordingly, the next afternoon, when he started to walk down Yonge-street, he began saluting every one he met. The men took it apparently as a matter of course, most of them observing "good evening" in return, evidently supposing that they had met him somewhere. So did some of the ladies, but others looked indignantly at him or walked on hastily without appearing to notice him. After he had bowed to three or four in quick succession without eliciting any response, his proceedings attracted the attention of a group of street arabs.

"Oh, Jackey! Git onto de masher!" exclaimed one of the grimest of the throng.

"Shoot de dude! My, don't he think he kin travel on his shape!" cried another, and the whole gang began to follow.

Presently, Sniggerthwaite encountered two rather flashy looking females, and with a most polite bow, remarked, "Good evening, ladies."

"Oh! cheese it, cully, you're too fresh," replied one.

"Come off, Sal," said the other, "bet you he's good for a treat. Say young feller, I like your style. Won't you come and stand the oysters, now?"

Sniggerthwaite was puzzled. Such a case hadn't been provided for by any of his authorities on good manners, and he was utterly at a loss to know whether the code of good society made it imperative upon a gentleman to stand oysters at the request of an unknown lady or not. But while he stood deliberating he was rescued from the dilemma by the first female saying:

"Pshaw, Liz, let him go! Here's Jimmie and Frank that's going to take us to the dance to-night. That galoot's N.G."

Much relieved, Sniggerthwaite continued his course, and a few steps farther on saw a lady standing at the door of a store.

"Good evening, madam," he observed.

"Good evening; glad to see you; when did you return to town? I hope you will call and see us before long."

"With the greatest pleasure, madam," replied Sniggerthwaite, "if you'll tell me where you live?"

"Why, why, you know well enough," said the lady, astonished. "Why, I declare, it isn't Mr. Pillinger after all! Who are you, sir? How dare you insult me!"

Just then the lady's husband, for whom she had been waiting, came up.

"Oh, John!" she cried, "I've had such a fright. That person has insulted me!"

"I—I really—" began Sniggerthwaite, but before he could explain, the irate husband had fetched him a blow on the ear, and in half a second the two men had clenched and were rolling over one another on the sidewalk to the intense delight of the gutter-snipes.

"I'll bet on de dude! Chaw his ear, ye chump! Give him one on de snoot! Yah! he can't fight worth a cent!" and similar ejaculations went up from the crowd until the combat was summarily stopped by the police, and both participants lodged in the cells.

Mr. Sniggerthwaite got off with a reprimand from the magistrate next morning, and he has come to the conclusion that newspaper items are not invariably reliable guides on points of etiquette.



CHRISTMAS AT THE FIRE HALL.

THE FIREMAN HANGING UP HIS HOSE.