

MURIMATIC.



stone wall is a solid thing,
The brick wall is not lame;
The caterwaul has no build at all,
But it gets there all the same.

JOHN ROSS R.'S OX.

HISTORICAL recollections of old Toronto, which have been and are to be published in the *Telegram*, will be issued in book form early next year. * * * The articles are now registered as a serial publication prior to use in book form, under the Copyright Act of 1875.

Ah, ha! Ho, ho!! He, he!!!
It makes all the difference in the world who's books are pirated.

THE WILD WEST.

SOME of the leading citizens of H——, a live town in the far West, invited Prof. Doosenhammer to come out from the effete East and deliver a lecture upon the resources of the country. The pay offered was liberal, and the Prof. wired acceptance.

The evening set for the lecture arrived and so did the audience and the lecturer. Sharp on time he mounted the platform and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am indeed proud to be greeted upon this, my first visit to your wide-awake, energetic city—to this future metropolis of the great West (applause), with so large and intellectual an audience as is gathered within the frescoed confines of this transcendantly beautiful hall (prolonged applause.) But words fail me when I attempt to paint the beauties of this earthly paradise or the hospitality of its people. So I will turn at once to my theme, which, as you well know, is the resources of the west.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, for a few moments lend me your ears while I ——"

"I objec' right thar," shouted a man in the back part of the hall, as he jumped upon his feet. "I don't war no patent detachable years, an' ef I did I'd want em to hyar what yer got ter say."

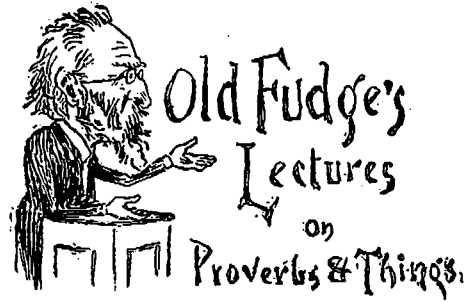
"The gentleman," blandly replied the lecturer, "is pleased to be facetious."

"What?" yelled the man as he hopped upon a chair. "Call this untamed coyote of the prairies a 'facetious'! Hyar me howl," and he began firing right and left while a startling chorus *a la* Gilmore was fired outside.

How that intellectual audience or Prof. Doosenhammer escaped the frescoed confines, etc., is not related, but next day a party of travellers met the Prof. about dawn heading towards civilization. He was bare-headed and had but one shoe on. His clothing was torn and covered with dust.

An expression of mighty resolve was mirrored in his set features, and though 'twas easy to guess what that resolve was, no one in the party got it from him in so many words, for he would not stop long enough to take a drink.

CHARLES WISELY, a N. Y. policeman, was taken in charge at Staten Island for being drunk and breaking windows. Though done by wisely, it was not wisely done.



"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING."

BUT suppose the lane straightened itself out for ever? What then? Ah, my learned hearers, this is a metaphysical theory—millions of miles and no turning and no end. This theory suits the politicians in office—the other theory the politicians that are out; in fact the great contention is between a long lane and side issue. (Cries of divide!) Why does not my honorable friend, S. H., make the turning in the lane by turning the *status-quo* fellows out and turning the key in the rusty lock like the Protector? My old friend, the physician of Chios, supposed the world was eternal and infinite, but he never applied his theory to a chaotic government. The old philosopher lost himself in speculative theories; also his works are lost. In a few cases physicians lose their patients; the old M. D. lost himself between his premises and deductions—the everlasting lane without a turning; another evidence of a lost mind was his denying motion. Let us say he was not ironed and mangled in a railway smash-up, nor drowned at sea, but he lost his reckoning. See? Enough of aberrated theories.

To return to the metaphorical proverb, ninety-seven per cent. of the millions of all the races—or say racers—never come to the turning; with pants turned up and banner waving we pant along; but, my impecunious friend, feel for your old worn out verge as being nearest your throbbing heart. And will you be any happier if you get to the turning? Why, you sleep better now than our rich friend, Jay; and you don't quote Shakespeare's tragedies after eating pork. The propounder of the atomatic doctrine was greater in that he laughed at the follies of mankind in distracting themselves with care, and greater still in that he told the Persian king who was inconsolable for the loss of his wife, that he would raise her from the dead if he could find three persons who had gone through life without adversity? "So be jolly," and never mind the turning; you will live nearly as long as you want to, if not quite; but our ancestors are all dead and gone.



"WORKING THE GROWLER."