Our Sphinx.

By Nemo, Esq.

Goderich, April 18, 1878.

A school, to the Pope, where he learns Emperor. — POETICAL.

A plaid, driving horses in single file, to hesitate, part of a Jewish High Priest's breast plate, to be commanded, a priest, a divine being, fog, to waste time, a mechanical power, followed by the mouth.

My first is to be [illegible] French for day, my second is a musical instrument and my third is [illegible]

GOOD WORD, REPORT.

My first is in some but not in [illegible]
My second is in bird but not in [illegible]
My third is in fetch but not in bring.
My fourth is in rap but not in [illegible]
My fifth is in bit but not in slap.
My sixth is in hat-box not in cap.
My seventh is in command but not in charge.
My eighth is book but not in [illegible]
And my whole is an animal large.

Sr. Nicu.

ANSWERS TO SPHINX, April 4.

Novel Puzzle—Eve, Axe, hatred, vomit, item, emir, iron, cosey, setter, terrace.

Double Acrostics—1 Cilo, Bind, Thor, CalipH, LiterariE, InformationIV, [illegible]tunD. 2 Cashmere, Emphasis, thunderbolt, ArcanA, SharP, SpiralL, LemmA, NitroG, IteratE.

Hidden Towns—1 Windsor, 2 Leicester.

Word Square—

NOLE
OBAL
LAMB
ELBS

A Mystery.

The following is from a Toronto correspondent: "A year and a half ago a stranger came to this city and boarded his quarters at an hotel. A few days afterwards he was identified by two of the school boys as Joseph Leonard, well known in times past as one of the most cultivated actors on the American stage. Throwing up the theatre, he took to Wall street and became one of the confidential brokers who did the stakes work for Jim Fisk and Jay Gould when these worthies with the aid of a purchased judiciary, ran the Erie railway. After Fisk's death, Leonard began to go down the hill, and when he landed here he was poor if not ragged. He was not long in striking up an acquaintance with the blackleg fraternity, and soon established the reputation of being one of the most skillful gamblers in the city. He has followed gambling more or less ever since, and whenever a "green" came to town Joe Leonard was entailed by his confederates to give him what they call the "grand scoop." Some months ago he made an effort to reform, and appeared in the Royal Opera House as *Hamlet*. The great actor was there in spirit, but whisky had destroyed his voice, impaired his memory and rendered his stage presence odious. The man was a wreck, and as wrecks don't pay, Leonard was compelled to return once more to the gambling profession. Bad luck followed him, however, and he lost where he used to win." A week ago to-night he was playing in a gambling den on King street west with the usual run of evil fortune. About daybreak his associates, tired out with villainy, began to yawn and prepare for going home to bed. As they rose to go, Leonard requested them to hear what he had to say. They gathered around him and he told them quietly that he had made up his mind to put an end to himself and that in all probability they would soon hear of his body being fished out of the lake. The other gamblers took this as a joke and went off to their beds, leaving the ex-actor, ex-broker, ex-gentleman, ex-drinker and ex-man be the company of a bottle of whiskey. He has not been seen since. Nobody but the the gamblers knew him as anybody but the gamblers and a kindly disposed or two take the trouble to make search for him. He has not left the city, at least not by train or livery rig. Furthermore, he was penniless, and too old (he was sixty) and decrepid to take to the road on foot. The general impression is that he has thrown himself into the bay, and the general verdict is "only a gambler."

"By their Work ye shall Know Them."

The Irishman who thought the drug-gist stingy because the emetic was so small, is only surpassed in his parsimonious drollery by those who persistently adhere to the use of those nauseating, disgustingly large and drastic pills, while *Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets*, which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, will, by their steady and gentle action on the liver, correct all hepatic, thus permanently overcoming constipation. In South America [illegible] superseded all other pills, and are fast being supplied in this country. Being entirely vegetable, they are adapted to all ages and conditions of health, and are the most perfect aperient and cathartic known to the medical profession. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Odd Items.

A certain New York dry goods merchant, in want of a boy, gave notice that he would employ no more "smart" boys. He said he had had enough of them. He wanted a boy that could do his work and was not smart enough to think he could do it better than his employer. He said he could hire such a boy for $1 a week, but he wouldn't go on that account.

Mrs. Hemmingway, of Toronto, [illegible] quarter for chewing the gum during the morning, [illegible] that she was so dainty as to wear it on the street. [illegible] forty-third peep into the mirror, she started to go down stairs and between stepping on the bottom step on her head in the fall her mouth was crushed into [illegible] dirt. [illegible] Mrs. Hemmingway concluded not to go to church. She said her head ached, and the trimmings were not the fashionable shade. Times were very hard to please.

When a prisoner was recently discharged from a house full of lockups to a jail in Cincinnati, he was delighted to find that the jailer had placed a bath tub in his room. He had not been long in the tub when he heard a voice from the adjoining room: "Say, you in the tub, what's your name?" "Well, what's your name?" "Jones." "Jones, what are you in for?" "Well, I guess I'm in for being too good a man." "Good man, you mean that other orange you squeezed out of your apartment. Is she [illegible]?" "Well, I guess they consider it wrong." "Why, what did you do?" "Well, I'll tell you how it was. I was coming home one night, and I met a young man—you see that other orange in your apartment—and he was [illegible] a little too much for me, and I knocked him down, and I'll tell you how it was. Down here, about two blocks, I saw an old chap sitting in his station with his hat on a box, and he was asleep. I never saw anything so pretty in my life. I just took that hat and put it on the corner of his head, and I never saw a man so surprised in my life as that old man when he woke up. I never saw a man so surprised." "Well, what did you do?" "Why, I just did what any man would do, I lit the corner of his head with a match." "Well, what then?" "Why, I just did what any man would do, I put my foot against his hat, and you know you could hit it and get away all right, couldn't you? But you put orange skins on your boots, and I was very wicked." "Why, what did you do?" "Well, I dunno that I ever did that, but I just took a good run and jump, and I just kicked that hat with my boot and one." "I didn't see any corner." "No matter, after a little scuffling, I did kick it." "Well, I'll tell you how it was. Down here, about two blocks, I saw an old chap sitting in his station with his hat on a box, and he was asleep. I never saw anything so pretty in my life. I just took that hat and put it on the corner of his head, and I never saw a man so surprised in my life as that old man when he woke up. I never saw a man so surprised." "Well, what then