



## A JOURNALISTIC MURDERER.

The other day a compositor in this office got hold of a part of a page of the chirography of a certain esteemed and valued correspondent. It isn't writing at all, but the E. & V.C. seems to kick the ink bottle at a sheet of paper, and then send the paper in as "copy." This part of a paper had evidently been used as the foundation of a plot to deliberately destroy a human life. The copy was handed to a new "comp." who claimed to be "lightning on the set" and on reading manuscript, and he set up the introductory line, which some one else—not the E. & V.C.—had, written, like a whirlwind. When he came down to the caligraphy of the correspondent (whose name is withheld for the sake of his parents who are honest and consequently poor) he grabbed for a cap. "A," held it a second, and then dived into the "Y" box. Then he threw that back and picked out a dollar mark; then he paused, spit on his hands and rested one foot on the cross-bar of his rack. After a moment he grabbed a "fi" but slowly replaced it and toyed with an italic "Z." Then he spit on his hands again, corrugated his brow and hauled the manuscript under his eyes. It was no go. He held the page further off, close to his nose, slanting to the right, upside down, and square before the window, but he couldn't start it, and he knew in his soul that no other human compositor outside the *Goblin* office could do it. As afternoon faded into twilight he laid the page aside, set up two or three lines out of his head, and then slipped into his coat and, saying he had to meet a friend at the Union, he was gone. In his stick he had set up these words: "Tell my mother I shall meet her on the other shore." He probably will. He was seen at the foot of Yonge-street; heard to ask if death by drowning wasn't easier than hanging, and it is probable that his cold, clammy, marble form now lies at the bottom of Toronto Bay, and the esteemed and valued correspondent is a murderer.

## PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

Young man, stick ter pu'pose. Forked lightning ain't no sign of rain.

De fool neber tries to hide de nakedness ob his mine by de fig leaves o' larnin'.

A smart man has more ter worry him den a fool has. De brightes' plough w'ars de fastes'.

No man ain't so great arter we once knows him. De bull-fraug bellers de loudes' when yer kain't see him.

I allus feels sorry fur de young feller whut is smart befo' his time. De flowers whut blooms de soones' is de soones' ter die.

De laugh what doan' come nachul grates mighty harsh on de human year. De dry, hoarse laugh o' de owl makes a chicken feel mighty uneasy.—*Arkansaw Traveller*.

## THE SCALPEL.

## MORE LIKELY.

"There is a dumb agony of political apathy and despair in the minds of Liberals and Conservatives alike in the country at the present moment, and a scarce hoping for the advent of a new policy that will make the pulse of the nation throb with the feeling of new life and energy."—*Another Vox Populi*.

Or, say, wouldn't a new patent medicine do?

## A LITTLE OFF.

## "A REMINISCENCE OF TORIISM.

"She,—for writing the following quotation to W. Lyon Mackenzie during the rebellion of 1837, Mr. Home, of Hillsburgh, Ont., was imprisoned by the Government for over three months, and narrowly escaped being tried for treason.—

If bugs molest me when in bed I ho,  
Should I quit my bed? No! not I,  
I'd rout the vermin! Every bug destroy,  
Now make my bed, and all its sweets enjoy.  
It may serve as a semi-centennial reminiscence.  
ARCHIBALD YOUNG."  
—*Cor. of Globe*.

You are a little astray, dear man, in attributing this act to political prejudice. In the first place, any man who would write poetry of that kind ought to be punished for fear he might eventually develop into a writer of verses on "Beautiful Snow." In the second place, it is quite clear the Government decided to take charge of this man on the ground of lunacy. You see they argued that any man who struck an entomological bed in a hotel, and calmly went to work to clean out the occupants, instead of leaving the job for the next commercial traveller to tackle, was a dangerous person to be at large.

## GO! GET THEM TO A NIGHT SCHOOL.

"We are inclined to differ with the Council as to the advisability of establishing a Rotten Row in the Queen's Park."—*Globe*.

Now it will be quite in order for the Council to differ from the *Globe* in the matter of its orthography—which, one is almost tempted to remark, would make a rather "rotten" row, if the tough specimens were duly paraded.

## WHAT'S YOUR OPINION?

"A very interesting paper was read by Mr. D. Boyle on "Moot Points," which was listened to with great interest by a crowded meeting."—*Rep. Nat. Hist. Soc. meeting*.

No mention of it was made in the paper, of course; but ten to one Mr. Boyle was just dying to give as another illustration of "moot points," the question: Was that midnight poetry made for the fire or was the fire made for that midnight poetry?

## WHAT COMES OF IT.

"The crops in Rabun county, Georgia, have been ruined by a hailstorm, some of the hailstones being as large as hen's eggs."—*Veracious Press Correspondent*.

It is such items as that which give rise to such items as this one taken from a *Barrie* paper:—

"Two large eggs were left at our office last Saturday by Mangus Baikit, of Innisfil, which were laid by common hens, the combined weight of which was half a pound. Both measured eight inches round the ends and six and three-quarter inches in circumference."

Hens have risen in their might and mean to have the world know that they can manufacture eggs which no hail storm is going to down for size.

## HENCE THIS TEMERITY.

"Tory writers are much too elegant and refined to use any such uncharitable language."—*Mail*.

The editor of the *Mail* knows right well he is safe in flinging out such a challenge as this to opposition contemporaries. You see, if an opposition contemporary once entered on the job of showing how "elegant and refined" Tory editors are, the first thing he knew he would have whole columns and columns of villainous writing in his paper that would crowd out respectable stuff, and may be pro-

duce such indignation in the community as would ruin his whole business. M. J. G. has a great head for scheming.

## "ABANDON HOPE," ETC.

"The chairman pointed out that there was no poor-house here, and the longer they put that off the better."—*City Executive Committee re House of Industry*.

This no-poor-house announcement may suit the ideas of the callous-hearted Executive Committee; but what gall and bitterness it will be to many an assisted emigrant who has come to Toronto full of joy and hope after leaving the old land, utterly disgusted—with its work-houses!

## SULKS AND SATISFACTION.

Says the editor of the *Globe*, with a quiet indifference which positively amounts to pronounced recklessness:—

"The Toronto City Council has chosen the Queen street site for the proposed new Court House."

Only that and nothing more. May be owing to a press of editorial matter.

Says the editor of the *Mail*, in an impressive whisper which makes you certain that the country is quite safe so long as he lives and writes:

"The selection by the City Council of the site for the new Court House, which THE MAIL has strenuously advocated cannot be satisfactory to the citizens at large. The advantages which it possesses—"

And so forth and so on for a quarter of a column of editorial matter. May be owing to lack of better subjects.

It makes all the difference in the world whose plans are gored.

## HE WAS A FIXTURE.

## BUT WHY, HE WAS LOATH TO SAY.

"No, it cannot be."

That was firm determination in the eyes of the youth as he made use of the above words, and backed closer up against the high board fence behind him.

He was attired in the full regulation costume of a member of the Wanderer's Bicycle Club, and he shoved against the old illustrated posters of Toronto by the Light of Tallow Candles with which the fence was decorated, as if he intended to shove them through the boards.

The words were addressed to a fair young girl of seventeen (more or less—she said less, but more is probably nearer the mark) who stood before him "with a pleading, pitying look in her lustrous orbs," (for this expression see *Mail* of the 30th of February). The twain had met but a few moments before, and passers-by had noticed that as they had been advancing towards one another he had stopped advancing and had backed up against the fence, and that, "when she came close athwart, his bows she had hove to and hailed him." (Sailor phrase, much in vogue amongst members of the Dunmer-street Yacht Club.)

They conversed for some time on various subjects, when she suggested that they should move on, and stated how proud she always felt to be seen in the company of a member of the Bicycle Club referred to, as the uniform was "so just awfully sweet and becoming for anything."

The youth blushed at these words. There was evidently a skeleton in his closet, or his uniform, or somewhere. There doubtless was in the uniform. However, let it pass.

"An ye will not escort me?" the maiden said, when the fatal words—

"No it cannot be," fell on her tympana—(good word: sounds medical)—

"An' ye will not escort me then thou art false to me and you love another."

(This is the way maidens in love talk in G. P. R. Jim-Jams' novels; must be true.)

"I ain't false," returned the youth, "but it cannot be."