

The Blowhards have never mentioned that fact since I mentioned it about two years ago—strange, isn't it? Young Idiott of the 300th was very much in love with the eldest Miss Blowhard; they were to have been married, but old Blowhard heard that Idiott's father, who is a pork butcher in Liverpool, had failed, and he made his daughter break the engagement. The family were wild when they found that the report was wrong, and they tried to win young Idiott back. He had been nabbed though, by Miss Flippant, and the Blowhards had to mourn in consequence.

Then there are those people, the Longheads. Old Longhead started in life as an orange boy, and made a mint of money when he grew older, by various little practices which don't bear inspection nowadays. Since he has got wealthy the family has grown very aristocratic, and have a most marvellous crest. Young Longhead is too stupid to go into the army, so is to be sent into the church. Mary Longhead used to set her cap at Capt. Brainless, of the 300th, under the impression that the gallant captain was the son of an Earl. She broke the engagement when she found that his father was only a Dentist.

Ah! my friends, it elevates my opinion of human nature, to watch the good people of Halifax fawning and licking the dust at the feet of these magnificent beings, who wear red or blue coats, and have less brains sometimes than the Toads themselves.

Now there is little Tommy Licks-pittle would give ten years of his life to be asked to dinner once a week at the admiralty house. He has been known to spend days working himself into an invitation to the general's, and when he gets a nod from a military or naval swell, goes nearly wild with ill-concealed delight. I have not much respect for Tommy Licks-pittle, he is too great a flatterer, and is asked out to dinner more than I am.

It is strange and sad, but still true, that, notwithstanding all their toudyism, the Halifax girls are often unfortunate from a matrimonial point of view. The chief end of woman in Halifax is, by fair means or foul, to get married to an officer. That they are not always successful in this end, is clearly shown by the large and increasing crop of old maids in that frivolous town.

I have an intense pity for some of these old maids. To see the poor old creatures, with their worn faces, hanging round the skirts of a dance is a pitiable sight. They'll have a great deal to answer for some day. A. C. M.

#### WHERE IS IT?

'Twas a wonderful, wonderful city,  
Where the people were ever at peace;  
All the rich for the poor felt pity,  
And of joy there was no surcease—  
And of bliss there was no surcease.

The streets were of golden paving,  
Yet never an ounce was missed;  
The aldermen went in for saving,  
And unfortunate women were kissed  
By their sisters of honor and virtue—  
Unfortunate women were kissed.

All milk was milk, and no water  
Was mixed with the lactical draught;  
You could always borrow a quarter,  
Whilst the lender but smiled and laughed—  
He was honored and smiled and laughed.

No duds could be seen, bartenders  
Would press you to drink, and say  
"Oh! no, for your innocent bender  
We really won't take any pay—  
You may drink but we can't take pay."

If a woman beheld a beauty,  
With a really miraculous bonnet,  
She would say, "Dear I feel it my duty  
To ask for that hat, for upon it—  
My heart is quite set on your bonnet—  
Yes, I really have set my heart on it!"

And the other would answer, as taking  
The hat from her beautiful head,  
"Tis yours," and the present as making  
Not a tear-drop would ever be shed.  
She would make it with lung ter instead.  
"Tis yours," she would say, and as making  
The gift not a tear would be shed.

As ladies in church would be kneeling,  
They would pray for their friends and their foes;  
They would scorn any feminine feeling  
Of envy of bonnets or clothes—  
Of others the bonnets and clothes.

All lawyers were honest. Physicians  
Would never accept the least fee;  
And men in the highest positions  
Would offer them gladly to me.  
They would say "I'll accept our positions,  
You're as welcome as honey to bee  
To accept our nice easy positions;  
"Do take them," they'd say unto me.

And where is this wonderful city,  
Where all is so bright and so glad?  
Where? Nowhere, and more is the pity,  
That all should be darkling and sad.  
Yes, Nowhere's the name of this city;  
It is Nowhere. It's really too bad—  
'Tis really too terribly bad.

#### TOPICAL TALK.

TALK about the eternal fitness of things! I noticed several street signs yesterday, and amongst them were those of Ivory, a dentist, and Chin, a barber! Possibly there are many more equally pat and it would be almost worth while to hunt 'em up.

I OBSERVE in the foreign despatches that the garrison of Chu, in China, repulsed a large force of the enemy. From this I gather that the latter wanted a Chu, but the defenders thereof forced them to back, oh! surely these Chus must be "old soldiers."

I NOTICE that it is considered the very "best form" amongst the swells of New York to dispense with overcoats during the winter. I wish it was the "correct thing" to do here. I should come up to time smiling after each breathing spell. Woe is me Alhuma.

I SEE that the salary of the president of New York Electoral College is \$60. Hear that, oh, gloomy grocery junior! Brace up, smile again, and get down to the shop half an hour before time every morning, knowing that you have the hearty sympathy of no less a man than the president of a College in your dreary lot!

I AM always amused when I go to church by the evident distrust a large number of the congregation have for the word of the parson: for instance, when that gentleman gives out the chapter and verse of his text, two thirds of his flock will take their books and look it up. People should have more confidence in their spiritual directors.

THE New York Graphic rises to remark that a Leghorn chicken is not large enough to cook for five months. Well, it does seem rather a long time to cook a small chicken, but, I vow, twice five months would not have been too long to boil some of the antique fowl that did duty for spring chickens in my halcyon days of bachelorhood when I "boarded around."

I SEE that Madame Scatchi, the celebrated contralto, asserts that no singer can do justice to him or herself, on a full stomach, and that the emptier that important organ is, the better the singer is enabled to perform. Opera companies visiting Toronto, hereafter, will, doubtless, give our luxurious hotels the go-by and put up at some of the boarding-houses in the city.

I SEE that, when one addresses, by letter or otherwise, a mixed assembly of titled swells and simple commoners, it is the correct thing to commence "My Lords and Gentlemen." Now, this looks rather as if the noble lords were not entitled to be called gentlemen. Would it not be a far better plan to begin "My Lords and other Gentlemen?" When I am created a peer I shall certainly kick if this alteration is not made. Joking apart, a large majority of the British aristocracy are quite gentlemanly, some of them as much so as those who don't carry titles about with them.

It seems that there is about \$1,000 over from the cost of the statue of George Brown, and nobody seems to know what to do with it, the suggestion that it be used to found a scholarship in University College having been made. When people are in a quandary, I always like to come to their assistance

and in this instance I would humbly suggest that that thousand be handed over to me. I am sorely in need of a new pair of pantaloons and that is near enough to the figure I usually pay for such garments to satisfy me. What's the good of scholarships? The police say we've got too many students already. There need be no difficulty as to the disposal of that thou.

It is certainly gratifying to be assured by a well-known poet that "there are poems unwritten and songs unsung," and this fact goes far to make my existence more cheerful than it might otherwise be: still one lives in a constant dread that these poems may be written at any time, and those songs sprung on a poor unfortunate in an unguarded moment. It is not such a great while till spring.

I HAVE been lately reading some peculiar marriage customs, "necrodes," &c., amongst which appears the following sentence:—"In Scotland the last day of the year is thought to be lucky, and if the moon should happen to be full at any time when a wedding takes place, the bride's cup of happiness is expected to be always full." The question is, what is the the bride's cup of happiness? Surely, in such a case as that referred to above, it can't be the bride-groom.

"It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one." This is a slice from the printed testimonial of a grateful man who was snatched from the jaws of death notwithstanding his consumption of patent medicine. I once knew a well-man who was not a new man. He was digging one day, and his mate at the windlass let the bucket drop down on him. When he got better he became a knew man again, but he was never afterwards a well-man. I hope there is nothing about this touching narrative too deep to fathom.

I WAS amused on reading the description, in the Hamilton Times, of the Christmas decorations at the Asylum in that place. "Over the dining-room door," says the account, "was displayed 'Three square meals a day.' It was the star that led to peace and happiness." Well, three square meals a day go a great way towards procuring peace and happiness, but perhaps this isn't what those mottoes meant. Who would be an editor? Who wouldn't be a lunatic? Who wouldn't be both? Don't all speak together.

THE suggestion made in the daily papers to have the street cars heated is a good one, and should be "taken into the serious consideration" of that gigantic monopoly, the Street Railway Company. Though well-warmed cars would be a great boon to the public, let me tell you that one female who is compelled to stand in a crowded car can make it so warm for those "nasty men" who are sitting that no stove or anything else is required—that is if she chooses to exercise that truly feminine weapon and unmanly member, the tongue. These are the words of one who has been there.

I DON'T think some culinary recipes are very trustworthy, or perhaps I should say they are. I read one which undertook to teach the aspiring cook to make apricot jam out of carrots. After giving minute instructions concerning the mixing of the ingredients, it wound up by saying: "then sit on a stove and stir constantly." This seems rather barbarous, and snacks of the tortures of the Inquisition. My wife, however, was not to be daunted, and after faithfully carrying out the first part of the programme, she took up a sedentary position on the stove, which was exceedingly hot. It is needless to say that she "stirred constantly" whilst she remained on the stove. She didn't stay there long, however, as she remembered she had to go and make the beds, and her position on the stove didn't appear to help the production of the carrot-apricot jam. Perhaps I read the recipe wrong and it meant something else. Recipe mongers can't be too careful.