



PRIVILEGED CHARACTERS.

DOLLY VARDEN—"I'm allowed to sit up till nine o'clock now, 'cause I'm six years old."

FREDDIE SPARKLE—"Hah, but I was allowed to sit up all night last night, 'cause I had the cramps."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

ON THE "FOORCE."

I T was at night—it was late—it was a cold night—it was also a very cold night. I had seen the last form go to press, and I was on my way home. The wind blew keenly down Yonge Street, and as I forged my way north by north, I bent my head low enough to let Boreas expend his force on the crown of my fur cap which I may say is plucked otter, and cost me seven dollars and a half leaning against the blast at an angle of forty-five degrees, and moving more by instinct than under the guidance of eyesight. I found myself come to a stop—a very sudden stop. I also found myself grabbed by the collar. This happened just as I was meditating a leader on the letter of the Honorable Unmentionable One to his former constituents in West Durham. In a gruff, Belfast tone of voice, came the interrogation "Wheo are yeou sorr?"

Removing my cap from my eyes, over which it had become jabbed when the collision took place, I looked up, and discovered myself in the hands,—yes, literally in the hands,—of a colossal policeman. I was too much agitated to observe his number. "Excuse me," said I, "by George, I thought I had run up against a telegraph post."

"Where are ye goin' at this toime o' noight, sorr?"

For a moment or two I hesitated as I seemed to doubt my own identity, but at length I replied that I was on my way home to Wilton Avenue.

"Wilton Avenue," he croaked incredulously, "an' 'ave n' you been wiltin' deown teown in some groggery until this heour in the mornin', me boy?"

I assured him that I was not a boy,—that, in fact, I was a husband and a father, and that if he would accompany me a few blocks I would prove it to him.

"That's all very foine," he answered, "you want to bate me off, but I can't go off me bate."

Becoming indignant I told him he would hear of this in our paper inside of twenty-four hours—that it was intolerable, abominable, vexatious, insufferably annoying,

terribly aggravating, and most outrageously officious thus to be impeded in —

"Hould aisy, sorr," he interrupted, "hould aisy, now I can swear that ye are an a paper, and what's more, I know the very wan that it is, and if ye had used thim words whin ye run agin me in the furst place, and nearly knocked all the breath out of me livin' body, that would have been the ind of it. Excuse me small jokes about the *Avenue* and the *bate*—they're very ould wans as ye know, but I wasn't aware I had a hould of a man on the newspaper foorce. Good noight sorr."

Though glad to get away; when I left the fellow at the corner, my indignation was at a high pitch as there continued to ring in my ears, these loathsome words "newspaper foorce." Inquiry, however, has somewhat diminished my ire, for I find that it is customary for the city policemen to speak of persons being members of the "Medical foorce," the "legal foorce," and even the "pulpit foorce."

When the chief of police organizes his Civility Classes for the benefit of his "foorce," perhaps he will find an opportunity to edge in a few suggestions regarding the use of English.

HOW IT WORKS.

[*Kind Husband going to see Aunt Susan, who lives just across the river on the American side.*]

WIFE—"Dear, bring me a few cuttings from Auntie's garden, her berry bushes are always so nice and cunning."

KIND HUB—"Why, cert. [*Kind husband returning.*] There's your slips, demmem. And Aunt Susan. And you too."

WIFE—"Good sakes alive! What are you so grumpy for?"

KIND HUB—"Enough to make a man grumpy. They charged me two cents apiece duty on 'em, and there's thirty-eight on 'em, and made me sign papers that I was not trying to cheat the revenue. Worse than that, they stuck me into the Emigration Returns. If you had been with me they would have branded us as two more fool immigrants rushing into Canada on the National Policy dodge." (*Happy Canada!*)



AU FAIT.

MOTHER—"You must not forget to say 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'"

LULU—"Cert'nly, mamma! I shall say 'Yes, please' for the cake, and 'No, thank you,' for the bread and butter."—*Pick-me-up.*