



"So the world wags,"

I came across the skit below in a paper that is now defunct, but it seems to me that there is a great deal of the "Special Correspondence" business done nowadays that is equally as ridiculous as that spoken of in this paragraph. I notice instances of it frequently in the Hamilton correspondence of the *Globe*, and in many other papers, and I do think it is rather absurd. Read this:

#### NONSENSICAL DESPATCHES.

There is a certain Scotch newspaper which gives its correspondents permission to telegraph any important news they can get hold of for their evening edition. We lately noticed two paragraphs in the said paper, the first of which was to the following effect:—"Insulting a Musselburgh Town Councillor. (Special Telegram from Our Own Correspondent.) Musselburgh, Friday, 1 p.m.—At a court held this morning, a young gentleman named Scott was convicted of insulting Councillor Meikle by inquiring 'who the deuce made him a town councillor?' The magistrate imposed a fine of 7s. 6d. or four days' imprisonment." The other important telegram from 'Our Own' intimated that the barbers of the town of Leith had raised their prices! Of doubtful interest, we fancy, to the inhabitants of a city fifty miles away.

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Parents will doubtless be duly and deeply struck with the force and depth of the following few remarks. Any one who is blessed with the possession of any of those little darlings that are a nuisance at the same time that they are blessings will agree with me in the above statement.

#### BABIES FROM A GRAMMATICAL POINT OF VIEW.

Sottherly has been considering babies from a grammatical standpoint, and thinks he has discovered how they should be parsed, declined and conjugated. Although in the first person, singular number, the babe is equal to any number of persons plural. He is in the nominative case until you can find a place for him; he is in a possessive case when he gets hold of the sugar-bowl; he is in the objective case when you want to give him a bath or put him to bed. His tenses vary, but the imperfect predominates. He is in the active voice at all times of the day and night, the indicative mood when he wants anything, in the potential when he gets it, in the imperative always, and in the subjunctive never. He is a common noun, but a highly irregular verb. He is subject of the sentence invariably, and governs absolutely without being limited by anybody or anything. He doesn't confine himself to nine parts of speech, but has a fragmentary discourse of his own, impossible to number or catalogue. He follows implicitly only one rule, which is to be an exception whenever he chooses, and that is pretty often. If you want to know how often, stay at home and try and study his requirements some day while his mother is out shopping.

Perhaps Mr. Geo. Peck, of the *Milwaukee Sun* gets off some of the most original things in the humoristic line of any other in the 'biz.' The present popularity of "the noble art of self-defence" will cause the following to be appreciated.

#### THE POPULARITY OF BOXING.

We do not expect to live to see boxing popular with the better classes, but the time is coming when every play that is given on the stage will have the plot centre on a boxing match. If some latter-day Shakespeare should re-write 'Hamlet' so that swords would be done away with, and the fighting be done with boxing gloves, the interest in that play, which is gradually wearing off, would be intensified. The spectacle of Mr. Booth coming on the stage with a pair of boxing gloves, and having a set-to with his step-father, while the ghost acted as referee, would be well worth the price of admission, and if he should have a quarrel with the grave-digger, and put on the gloves with him and knock him into the grave, and 'Laertes' should throw up the sponge, it would bring the house down. The lines could be changed so Hamlet would pick up the skull of 'Yorick' and say: "Alas, poor 'Yorick'! I knocked him out in three rounds. There is where I fractured his skull and knocked him silly." In the play of 'Richard the Third' a few sets of boxing gloves would brighten up the gloom. 'Richard' could pretend not to know anything about boxing, and put on the gloves reluctantly, and go out on Bosworth field apparently expecting to be knocked out, and the audience would express pity for the poor cripple, and then 'Richard' would turn in and clean out the whole army, one at a time, and come upon the stage as a conquering hero, out of breath, and he covered with bouquets. Even the society plays will be enlivened by set-tos between the dudes and the girls of the play. Nothing would bring an audience to its feet and cause it to cheer itself hoarse so well as to see the girl, whom the villain is pursuing, and who seems to be dying of blood poisoning from the paint on her face, put on a pair of six button boxing gloves, and knock the dude villain through a window where he will fall through a skylight down four storeys, and come back with his clothes torn and his eye blacked after his eye glass. The heroes and heroines of the future are going to be those who can strike out from the shoulder and land a mauler on the opponent's nose.—*Peck's Sun*.

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That most promising bantling, *The City*, of Winnipeg, is in no respect behind its co-tems. In its own peculiar field. Beneath these words of wisdom will be found a clipping from its much-appreciated columns.

#### A GLASS OF LEMONADE—MERELY.

When he—a young man in one of the city banks—escorted her—a Ross street belle—from church last Sunday evening, they both arrived at her father's two-storey unmortgaged mansion with parched lips and dry throats. Consequently he—we'll call him Jack—readily accepted the invitation to step into the house and refresh himself with a glass of cold lemonade. She led him straight to the dining room, and there, to her great disgust, found her precious brother Jim about to squeeze the very last lemon in the house for his own particular use and benefit. Calling him aside, she induced Jimmy, by giving him a dime, to dissect the lemon, and make Jack and herself each a glass. Jimmy was self-sacrificing when well paid for being so, and his sister became possessed of a self-sacrificing thought, so she whispered: "No, Jim, put the whole juice of the lemon in Jack's glass, and bring me a glass of water. There is no light in the sitting-room, and he won't notice it."

The obedient brother was making one good strong no-circus-kind of lemonade, as directed, when Jack quietly slipped out, and instructed him, unknown of course to his sister, to "put the juice of the whole lemon into dear Katie's glass, and bring me a glass of water," adding, "Don't bring in a light and she won't notice it at all."

Jim is a giant in carrying out instructions—especially as he pocketed another dime from Jack for doing so. With a merry twinkle in his eye, and a Sol Smith Russell smile all over his countenance, he poured the lemonade down his own throat, then carried them each a glass of Red River water, which they sipped with apparently much relish—at any rate, they asked between sips, "if it was sweet enough," or "is there enough lemon in it?" And poor little obedient Jimmy stood out in the hall, with the taste of that lemonade in his mouth, and he laughed and laughed and laughed till he ached all over, to hear the loving and self-sacrificing couple assure each other, as they sipped the muddy water, that "it was just the thing. So nice, and so refreshing!"

That's all of the story.—*The City*.

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#### GLASS SHINGLES FOR DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

Referring to the glass shingle as an implement of family discipline, we are reminded of what the inquisitive little boy said to his mother: "Mother, what does trans-atlantic mean?" "It means across the Atlantic." "Yes, I thought that was what it meant. Now, ma, if trans-atlantic means across the Atlantic, I suppose that transparent means across the parent's knee, in which case I suppose that I might call myself a transparent boy." The mother heaved a sigh. She saw through the transparent joke. Now when the glass shingle comes into family use, the unities will be admirably preserved by the application of the transparent shingle to the transparent boy. The opaque shingle is a thing of the past.

#### HE WANTED GRIP.

A gentleman walked into a small stationery store on Yonge street north a few days ago and stating that he wanted that week's *GRIP*, added that he had called at every place in the city where that paper is sold, but had been told in every store that the stock of *GRIPS* was invariably sold out a few minutes after being received. The proprietor of the place was a German and his stock of the English language was as limited as that of the other one, who chanced to be a lawyer, was profuse. He stared stolidly at his would-be customer for several minutes and appeared to be wondering what the latter was asking for. "Vot vosh it dot you vos vont?" he at length said, after the legal limb had repeated the magic word (*GRIP* over and over again. "*GRIP, GRIP, you understand, GRIP the paper.*" "Ach! ach! dot vosh raicht: yah, yah," and he toddled away as swiftly as his corpulence would permit to a far corner of his emporium and returned with—a *paper fastener*. This was his idea of "*Grip the paper*," and he was right in one sense, but not as the gentleman of the long robo would have had it.

A joke might be worked in here about "*GRIP's* clips," or something of that kind, but the weather is warm and some of the readers of this paper might be sad. Better refrain.

#### WOMAN AND HER DISEASES

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

The time it takes to climb a fence depends upon the size of the dog.—*Ec.*