

Let them lift up their voices, lift them up and cry,
Lo! we sit not at the same desk with such boys,
As was Carlyle, or Burns, or Will Shakespeare himself,
Who was often hard up; nor with any such poverty struck cads
As Abe Lincoln, or Garfield, or any horny-handed stone mason,
Like the Edinburgh geologist, Hugh Millar, or even Sandy
McKenzie.

Let them be glad and rejoice that they are spared the insult
Of sitting at the same desk with such boys as their fathers were;
With such boys as Professor Wilson referred to the other day
As taking front rank in other and higher seats of learning,
"The rabble of the earth," offspring of "the great unwashed,"
Bringing honor and fame to Toronto University!
Oh, be joyful! that from contact with such
We are protected; from contact with those whose earnings
Contribute to the support of this select institution;
From contact with the rabble who read the *Globe*,
"The great unwashed," who earn an honest living by reporting!

* * *

There, John Smith! that's what I think of it in a
(cocoa) nut shell, as I said before; with this addendum,
that no one would be more amused at this mischievous
idea of the function of Upper Canada, than the worthy
and able Principal himself, than whom a more thorough
friend to universal higher education does not exist.—
ED. MAN'S WORLD.

HOW I GOT RID OF FILKINS.



FILKINS is a very decent fellow
in his way; but he's an awful
nuisance when he gets in any
one else's way. He has several
peculiar habits, of which he cannot
be broken; for instance, he knows
perfectly well that I attend the
Wednesday evening lecture at the
Y.M.C.A., yet every Wednesday
evening about half-past seven Fil-
kins invariably turns up at my
lodgings and says he has come to
have a smoke with me. Filkins
knows I never smoke. It is always
difficult to make him go after he
has once settled himself comfortably
in my easy chair. Another irritating
habit Filkins has is to drop in at
my business office about half an-
hour before mail time on Mondays.
I have always a heavy mail for

Europe, but it doesn't bother Filkins in the least. He
sprawls himself over the table and puffs cigarette smoke
in my face as he asks the most absurd questions and
makes the most flippant remarks. The other day he
honored me with a visit. It was mail day, of course.
When he entered I felt mad; because only on the
previous Monday I had asked him as a personal favor
not to call on that day. Before he reached my table
I spoke to him; because I knew if he once spread
himself out on that necessary article of office furniture,
he was bound to stay. "Filkins," said I, "do you
know it is Monday?"

"Why! of course I do. I'm not so bad as that, you
know. I can always remember up to Tuesday or Wednes-
day, but I always get mixed up on Thursdays, Fridays,
and Saturdays. It's all very well for you business fellows,
you know; you have a calendar; but we poor devils,
who don't do anything, can't remember everything."

Filkins' manner was cool, and I grew warmer as he
deliberately threw his umbrella on the table and upset

the inkstand over the letter I was writing. Before I could
say a word Filkins mildly remarked:—

"Awfully sorry, dear boy; but I give you my word of
honor I didn't notice it. Offices are beastly places any-
how. I never go into any other office than this, and I
wouldn't visit this if it weren't to see you, you know."

I muttered something about his never coming at all,
and called the boy to clean up the table. Filkins pulled
out a cigar, cut off the end, and asked the boy to procure
him a match. This was too much, so I said at once:—
"Filkins, you know I don't like your smoking here."

Filkins smiled, and placed the cigar between his teeth.

"Yes, I think you have said something of that kind
before; but it's awful rubbish, you know. You'll get
used to it in time. You haven't much stuff here that
smoke can spoil, anyhow."

I was afraid my temper would get the better of me, so
turned away to get a few papers. On my return Filkins
was lighting his cigar with half of a letter which he had
picked up from my table. This was indeed too much.

"Filkins," I said hotly, "I have had enough of your
nonsense. This sort of thing must come to an end. I
won't endure it any longer. You have no idea of the
importance of my business, and how easily it may be
hindered."

Filkins blew a cloud of smoke into the office boy's
face, causing him to cough violently for several seconds,
and then remarked:—

"No, my dear fellow, I confess I have not. I frankly
admit I don't know the slightest thing about your business
or anyone else's, and what is more, I don't wish to. All
business is abominable, and I'm deuced glad I've nothing
to do with it—yes, and I'm sorry you have, dear boy."

Filkins is a very dull fellow, so I plainly said:—

"Mr. Filkins, you are wasting my time, when it is of
the utmost value to me. Either be quiet or get out."

Filkins fired a volley of smoke into my face this time
as he raised himself languidly from the table.

"Don't call me *Mr.* Filkins, Bob," he said; "it sounds
comical. My old landlady calls me *Mr.* Filkins; nobody
else does. Call me *Filky*. However, if I'm in your way
for a few minutes, why, I'll just use your telephone and
talk to White."

With that he put his hat down on my cash-book, which
was not yet dried, obliterating a score or so of figures,
and walked over to the instrument. I was grateful to get
rid of him even for a few minutes, and set myself to work.
I had scarcely started when Filkins said:—

"Here, old fellow, you understand these machines
better than I do—ring up Central—"

I jumped up hurriedly, snatched the holder from Fil-
kins, and rang up Central, saying:—

"Now listen, he'll be there in a minute, and then talk
to him."

Filkins applied the instrument to his ear, and was
silent two seconds, when he remarked:—

"Say, old boy, what makes all that clicking?"

(Further particulars next week.)

STOX.—If you are a coal dealer, or if, for any other
reason, you don't know what to do with your wealth, we
would advise an investment in stocks. But before
doing anything in the matter at all, invest in a copy of
the *Handy Pocket-Book of Rates* published by Hart & Co.
This is a capital little work, and will save you all mental
worry in calculating your dividends.