

didn't get, I should arrest the Detective and—reduce him to the rank of Sanitary Constable on the Board of Health—as a moral example to the rest of the Force.”

A furtive smile passed over the Chairman's face.

“Now, one more question, please. Supposing a policeman brought in a prominent citizen, drunk, at midnight, what would you do with the prisoner?”

“I'd put his money and watch in the safe, and send him home in a sleigh, because I should consider it my first duty to uphold the respectability of those of our leading citizens who get drunk at midnight—by accident.”

“Good,” said the Chairman—“very good.”

“Now let me suppose another instance of a policeman bringing in a prisoner who is charged with insulting the police. What would you do in that case?”

“First, I should find out where a policeman's feelings are located—and then, having discovered them, exercise my own discretion as to whether it is possible to hurt them.”

“What is your opinion as to Special Constables, as a means of increasing the efficiency of the Force?”

“Special Constables, in my opinion, are luxuries which the Corporation cannot afford—and the interest of the City would be just as well served if the gaol prisoners were let out for a holiday. You see it would save the expense to the citizens, and answer the purpose just as well.”

“What would you do now on ‘the Twelfth,’ in case of any expected trouble?”

“I should be sick—decidedly sick—and if I wasn't sick I'd be as sick as circumstances would permit. But if I couldn't get up a real sickness I should charge the Active Police with the custody of those Special Constables.”

“And when a policeman isn't to be found on his beat—at night, what would you do?”

“If he was unmarried I should endeavour to communicate with his girl, and if he was married I should want to see his marriage certificate.”

“Yes, continued the Chairman, I think you'll do. Consider yourself as good as appointed, but mind me, you musn't go round blowing that you are going to run this Committee—or there'll be trouble.”

Round Town.

The practical meaning of J. P.—Justice provoked.

What makes a boy like to slide down hill? Any information on the subject will be thankfully received.

The *Gazette* reporter has gone into the cat and dog business as a specialty. What a mongrel species of journalism!

We have received a copy of a song called “Parting.” Most partings give pain, but this one gave us real pleasure.

A woman generally carries her concealed weapon in her mouth, so that she may really be said to be “armed to the teeth.”

The height of cruelty is to give your mother-in-law the outside of the sidewalk when the man above is shovelling snow off the roof.

A butcher may truly be said to be a help-meat to the human family. This remark does not include those who traffic in “stalls.” But such people hate to talk “shop.”

The volunteers have won the day in Court, and will be paid as they ought to have been long ago. They only ask a fair field and no favor—even on the Twelfth of July.

We regret that Mr. C. J. Brydges will shortly cease to act as fender for the Intercolonial Railway. We hope, however, that some day he'll be able to make tracks for himself.

Since the Mayor is so attached to his salary would it not be a graceful thing for him to resign, in order to give the Council the opportunity of appointing him Chief of Police?—for which office he is specially fitted.

Mrs. McNulty has been awarded £3 by the Princess Louise for her admirable production in “triplets.” Now then, Mr. Couture, here is an original composition you could never produce for the same money.

Judge Johnson is of the opinion “there was no law which stated that magistrates must be wise.” That's so; because, if there had been a law to that effect, Sir John would have been puzzled in his selection of J. P's.

In its commercial columns the *Post* a few days ago said: “The day's transactions consisted simply of a few bagans, and lots of broken bakers.” That's another argument in favor of Protection. We know lots of broken people besides bakers.

The *Star* of the 29th credits the Recorder with having expressed the opinion that “Catherine Spears' face is as well known in Court as the town clock.” This is rather complimentary to Catherine, seeing that the town clock is *not* to be seen.

It is an astonishing fact, which we never could account for, how those “fearful examples” recollect so well at temperance meetings what happened to them when they were drunk. Now in ordinary experience such moments are always blanks. But let that pass.

We have seen a very neat and portable water-filter patented by Mr. W. R. Campbell, which, at least, enables us to arrive at a very clear understanding of what water looks like after the slugs and lizards we have read of so much lately, are stopped in their progress *en route* to our dining table.

We notice that one of the fair sex has issued a challenge to walk a hundred miles against any “lady” for the championship. Now had this sure-footed damsel sent forth a challenge to “talk” against any other of her sex for the same honor, we make no doubt there would have been dozens of competitors for the much-coveted prize.

THE LOST THAW.

O January,
Have you gone?
And had you nary
To bring on?
The snow has no
More thought of thaw—to
Put it mildly (as I ought to)—
Than I of flying
Or of denying
That ten below—
Or so—
(With lots of snow,
You know,)
I much prefer—
Yes, sir!—

To horrid slush
(Or mush),
Hail, chilly rains,
Chilblains,
Rheumatic pains,
Swell'd veins,
Or kindred ills
Of chills,
And doctors' pills
And bills,
Sore throat and wheezing,
Red nose and sneezing.
Good thaw—farewell!
For once we'll do without you,
Almighty sell!
'Nuff said—tha's all about you.

A THOUGHTFUL SENTIMENT.

Lulled in the countless chamber of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a countless chain
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise
Each stamps its image as the other dies.

ADD-FRANCE.

Hon. Alex Mackenzie delivered an address at the Burns' Anniversary Celebration to-night.—*Herald's Toronto despatch, 29th ult.*
Add France.

We don't see the connection between France and the Burns' Anniversary at Toronto. But you can “add France” if you want to and see what it amounts to.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

EXCITED INDIVIDUAL.—“Pray, sir, were your remarks in jest?”
COOL AGGRESSOR.—“No sir, they were not. I was in earnest.”
EXCITED INDIVIDUAL (*who has calmed down.*)—“Very glad to hear it sir. I never could put up with a joke.”

OUR FEBRUARY PREDICTIONS.

On second thought we suspend our predictions on the weather for this month. We shall be better able to tell more correctly next year, and, moreover, our readers will then be able to discover for themselves if we were at fault.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE COMBINED.

MUSIC SELLER: “Is there any other music we can put up for you?”
LADY PURCHASER: “No, thanks,” (*and retires towards the door, but suddenly returns*) “Yes, I forgot; ‘One kind kiss before we part.’”
MUSIC SELLER: “Certainly, ma'am. Always ready to oblige our customers.”

Here and There.

The Toronto Corporation is out of its Gearing.

Can any one tell us what an eye-sickle looks like?

A cross man may be said to be of a temper-rising tendency.

A-sassy-nation is what most despots dread.—*Boston Traveller.*

Fried eggs are among the few things that pan out well these hard times.

The Kingston *Whig* describes an encounter between Lyons and bears. Lyons' is still ahead.

The London *Truth* asks: “When will somebody discover the real antidote to fire?” Has he tried fire-water?

The reason why Hamilton is called the “Ambitious City” is because there are so many unmarried girls there who want to, and can't.

The Boston *Traveller* refused 700 poems last year. No wonder the paper mills in Massachusetts are doing a rushing business.

M. Grevy is the new President of the French Republic. This will be gravy for those volatile Parisians, whose fondness for made dishes is so well known.

Stephens the Fenian is in New York. He had to leave Paris in disguise.—*Cable despatch.* 'Twas ever thus with the Stephens family. They ask for bread—and get a stone. This is no flouxy flight of fancy.

An American paper startles the world from its propriety with the verbal novelties of “program” and “catalog.” Will the Editor kindly write himself down “ass” as the most fitting abbreviation of the word “fool.”

On the door-plate of a St. Louis residence may be read, “Mrs. Gibbs, Elocutionist, Poetess, Washer and Ironer.”—*Ex.* This is what you may term a practical woman. She invokes the Muses over the wash-tub, and then flattens out her ideas afterwards. “Mr. Gibbs” doubtless would certify to her powers as an elocutionist.

A RELIABLE REMEDY.—The Peristaltic Lozenges are all they are recommended to be, and should be kept in every family. See advertisement on first page.