



CANADA'S STANDING ARMY.

AND THE HERO OF THE TUBBERBUGOLEY CAVALRY.

"The top av the mornin' till yez," said old Sergeant-Major O'Shaughnessy, as he dropped into our sanctum the other day—he often does—to get our ideas on the subject of a standing army for Canada. The old warrior does not appear to like the notion, and fancies that a standing army is not required in Canada, in which we heartily agreed with him. His opinion is that when Canadians are required for fighting purposes they will be on hand on time, but that, if they are formed into regular standing regiments, they will turn up missing in several cases when wanted for he thinks when there is no war on hand, they will be very apt to betake themselves to other pursuits without waiting for the leave of their commanding officers, the Canadian being, constitutionally, an energetic, active animal to whom anything like the sameness and monotony of regular army life would soon become unbearable. We agreed with the old gentleman in some things, though not in all, at which his very easily ruffled temper was somewhat disturbed, and he broke in with, "Bathershins! It would soon be like the doin's at the Curragh onct, and some of the rig'mints wud turn up like little Sandy Moore's of Tubberbugooley."

"Who was he, major?" we enquired, "his name is not familiar to us. Tell us about him."

"Wid pleasure," responded the gay old fellow, "an' it's that I will. It's feelin' like splittin' my sides wid laffin' whiniver I'm afther thinkin' about it I am. Ye must know that the gover'mint onc time sent a grate duke wid a big staff to make a tour of inspection in Ireland. At the Curragh there was a lot of reg'lars and all the milishy assimbled, at last most of 'em, but the duke was one of them fellows that never makes allowances. The Connemara Light Infantry wasn't there whin they was called, because the b'ys had fired off all their powder and shot killin' curlews an' hares an' spiled the locks of their muskets experimintin' wid pebbles instid of flints, and then went over to England to help wid the harvest."

"The North Cork had got intil a ruction wid the Kildare Fincibles, an' somehow or another the Wexford Lancers got mixed up wid it. I think they was debating about Protestant ascidnancy, an' thruce as I'm tellin' ye, there wasn't a man of the whole of 'em to be seen—but the surgeons and doctors was as busy as could be. A good many other corps was defisht in numbers. But wasn't the duke mad! He swore more nor a throoper' At last, says he, readin' from a

paper, 'Where's the — the — the — Colonel O'Brien, for mercy's sake tell me what this haythenish name is,' an' he was purple as an ould turkey gobbler about the gills wid rage. The Colonel told him, an' says he, roarin' like, 'Where's the Tubberbugooley Cavalry?' sez he, an' wid that, out stips little Sandy Moore, the brogue maker, an' touchin' his hat, sez he.

"Here I am, yer honner, but the baste's dead."

"Av ye could only have seen the duke thin, an' the shaft an' the sojers it wud a' done ye good. The duke got black in the face of him, an' the rest of 'em roared wid lafter till ye couldn't howld 'em. 'Sandy, my boy,' sez Colonel O'Brien,—he was a gentleman ivery inch of him—'ye've saved the reputation of the Irish Milishy, an' there's a guinea for yez,' an' the other offishers wasn't behindhand, an' the goold an' silver Sandy got that day was the makins' of him ever since."

"An' that's the way it will be wid Canady if there's a shandlin' army, at laste to my way of thinkin'," and the gallant old veteran filled his short pipe and limped out of our office, for the old fellow's a trifle lame from a wound he got in some of his numerous campaigns.



THISTLETOP TAKES A JAUNT.

HIS DIARY OF EVENTS.

Thursday.—Left Bullock's Corners by the excursion due at Toronto 3.30 p.m. Promised the wife to divide my time equally between the Zoo., Queen's Park, Normal School, Y.M.C.A., and Dr. Wild on Sunday. Thoroughly mean to keep my promise. [Memo.—To send home by first post a cheap advertised marvel in American clocks, warranted correct time, 75 cents.] Arrived too late to go to the Zoo. Address of clock importer at bottom of port-manteau. I wonder what's on at the Grand Opera House. Got the clock address, went and bought it. By jove! it's nearly seven. I'll have fifty cent's worth at the Grand. Wish I hadn't got this confounded clock with me. Hooray, worked it into my great coat pocket. Capital dancing. I wonder what my old woman would say if she kn—goodness, gracious, what's that dreadful whirring noise? Am arrested for being in possession of an explosive machine. Quite useless my assuring them it is only an alarm clock. It appears I was watched outside the theatre cramming the suspicious parcel into my pocket, and to my surprise, find I am seated between two detectives. Taken to Police station and locked up ponding enquiries. I beg of them to open the parcel, but they are all afraid. Twenty explosive experts have been sent for, and it will be in all the papers. I shall, of course, be cleared from suspicion, but what will my wife say about the Grand?

Friday.—Was let out at three this morning. Made straight for my hotel, carrying the clock under my arm. As I passed Mail office, took out handkerchief to tie round neck. Night air terribly cold. In doing so, clock fell on pavement with hard metallic sound. Am pounced upon by three policemen concealed in doorway. Protest in broad Yorkshire. Intelligent police distinctly recognize Irish brogue. Am charged at police station, while six detectives and a file of the 10th Royals take the "infernal machine" (and I heartily endorse the description) to the County Crown Attorney's Office. Morning dawns a sober grey through the grated window of my cell, and I fall asleep. [Later.] I am let out at five in the afternoon, and my clock is returned, with a warning to be more careful another time.

Saturday.—Good night's rest, but rheumatism caught in cell worries me somewhat. Where is the clock? Oh, I remember. Gave it to the hall porter with instructions to be careful with it. Get up. Pleasant view from window. Hallo, what's that policeman doing over there? Seems as though he were watching me. Very strange. I'll look out at the side one, perhaps there's a better view there. Another policeman posted. This is evidently a suspected neighborhood. I wonder if they've put my boots outside the door. Bless my soul! if there isn't a constable there, and the proprietor asks me to give myself up quietly. That cursed clock again.

Sunday.—Only liberated this morning. Too late to go to Bond street Church. I'm sick of this. Toronto's in a state of siege. The people down at Bullock's Corners wouldn't believe it if I were to tell them. The only way to avoid arrest appears to me to be the adoption of a military swagger. I shall be taken for an ex-officer of the British army and left alone. I think I will stroll as far as the Horticultural Gardens and hear the band. Am accosted by plain clothes police officer, who arrests me for No. 1. Has watched me since my arrival in town, and hitherto I have concealed my military air, but now!

Monday.—Shall I go over to the Island? No, thank you—Bullocks Corners. I'll come up next year when things have toned down a bit.



The Damrosch concerts at the Pavilion proved a great treat, as was anticipated. Madame Scuderi fairly captivated the audience, and Madame Carreno quite sustained her high reputation as a pianist. Mr. Thompson announces as his next attraction a concert by Mlle. Minnie Hauk, assisted by several operatic stars, amongst whom are Montegriffo, tenor, and Gottschalk, baritone. Following this company we are to have an opportunity of hearing the Spanish Students.

Baker and Farron, established favorites with Toronto theatre-goers, are soon to appear at the Grand in a new play, to be produced here for the first time on any stage. It is entitled the "Government House." Of course Mr. John Beverly and suite will be present as patrons.

The Grand is a fine theatre, and all it needs to complete it is a manager with some idea of courtesy. It has never had such a manager since Mr. Pitou left.