



### THE NEW YORK ENGLISHMAN.

WHY does he carry his stiff high hat to the theatre when he has a crush hat at home?

*Because it is the fashion in England.*

### MR. FLANIGAN WAS POSTED.

THEY had just laid aside their dinner pails, and were waiting for the bricklayers to return.

"Say," enquired Rooney, "did yez hear that ould Schneider, the contractor, was busht—gone up higher than McGill's kite?"

"McGill's kite!" repeated Dwyer. "Ye mane Gilfoy's kite."

"Ye're both wrong!" exclaimed Rafferty. "The right name is McGillicuddy, begor! Am I right, Barney?"

"That ye're not," promptly answered the gentleman appealed to. "Nayther av yez has it. McGinty, yez omadhauns! McGinty's the appellation. Why the divil don't yez rade the newspapers?"

Mr. Barney Flanigan was an indisputable authority, and so the fight was averted.

### BENEFICIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

IN the good old days of which we hear so often and so much, superstition was rife and rank, but many of the absurd beliefs had their good side. The bad luck that was supposed to attach itself to a dirty fire-side kept many a hearthstone tidy. The careless servant for a similar reason was very particular not to lay down her master's slippers the wrong way opposite his feet, and she was equally desirous not to break a looking-glass, not to upset the salt, not to leave the poker lying across the tongs on the floor, and not to do or permit to be done a number of other things, the tendency of which was in the direction of disorder and confusion.

I would like to encourage now-a-days a few superstitious notions that it seems to me would make for the comfort and well-being of society. For instance, I would cultivate a belief that misfortune will haunt the man who hawks and spits in public places. I would teach that noisy belching, if not performed

in privacy, will surely be followed by portentous results; that it is extremely unlucky to examine writing not meant for our eye; to interrupt a conversation in which we are not asked to take any part; to rat-tat with the fingers on a table, or to beat the floor with the feet in a room where there is company, or where others are reading or writing; to yawn cavernously or audibly, or to make any kind of unmeaning mechanical noises, and generally to do anything rude.

No doubt the people who now do this sort of thing might be cured otherwise; for instance, the hawk-spitter could be imprisoned for not less than twenty years with hard labor, while the belcher could be turned over in perpetuity to some medical college as a subject for experiments in the use of new aperients, laxatives, sudorifics, tonics and other nauseous drugs. We, in the west here, can supply the institutions in Toronto with a large number of subjects on short notice, just as soon as the law will permit us to rid ourselves of our nuisances in this way.

### PARTICULARS WANTED.

The majority of farmers in this country are carrying on farm operations in this country with too little capital.—*Exchange.*

MAY be true. But what does it matter to them, anyway? So long as they have lots of capital to carry on operations in another country, they will go on and flourish like a green bay horse.

And, yet, are you quite sure the majority of farmers in this country are carrying on farm operations anywhere else than in this country?

If so, telegraph particulars at your own expense. Never mind the cost.

We are in a state of colicky suspense meantime. T.



"CHESTNUTS!!"