

HOW HE WROTE UP THE FIRE.

"I had barely connected myself with the editorial corps," he observed, with graceful abandon, as he helped himself at the free-lunch counter, "when the conflagration occurred. Although naturally expecting to be assigned to a more important position than the reportorial staff offered, I could not but consent when the city editor begged me as a special favor to write an account of the fire, which task, he declared, he felt he could entrust to no other journalist about the building except Mr. Griffin himself. I—yes, thanks! I shall try another, but really you—aw! Kindness—aw!—and—aw!—courtesy—aw! to an utter stranger is most—most—aw!—remarkable. Well, as I was saying, I set to work with a right good will and in an astonishingly brief space of time I had prepared a careful, exhaustive, and elaborate introduction, leaving the formal particulars and minor chronicles to be gathered by a mere reporter. I shall read you passages here and there from the MS., which I still retain. For instance, I open with these beautiful passages—

"We have been threatened with a dire, a dreadful calamity! We have been standing on the very verge of an awful, an appalling chasm! The fork-tongued Demon has reared his horrid head on our very premises! The ruthless fire-fiend has boldly invaded our very precincts, and if it were not for instance and the fact that the elevator man is safe, we would now be plunged in the very profoundest depths of melancholy and our gentle readers would this morning be without the *Mail's* special despatches, which are obtained at enormous expense and presented as an earnest of the vow we have registered to give the public news, if we have to strain the Atlantic cable in the effort."

"I like the free flow of the language in those sentences, and I make bold to say that the association of ideas is as happy as it is—Well, perhaps you had better replenish my goblet just this once!

"Now, after this I go on to describe how the fire looked when nicely under way:—

"As the Devouring Element licked with its lurid breath the seemingly Doomed Structure, every face in the vast and surging crowd of on-lookers wore a regular May-Day pale, and the chief of the Fire Brigade swore in a double-barrelled style that under other circumstances would have challenged wide admiration. Higher and higher leaped the hungry flames till it seemed as if Ald. Piper's efforts were going to prove futile and the whole magnificent structure, which contained Mr. Meek's office as well as Mr. Runtling's sumptuous suite of rooms, was to furnish a veritable holocaust before the gaze of a gang of glaucous grits, and the proprietor of the *Telegraph*, which latter personage stood by with a cigar in his mouth and a sardonic smile on his classic features."

"There is a gorgeous description of an impromptu character and so strikingly true to the facts—Another? Well, pour it out, please, and I'll try to oblige you by getting it down."

"I finally, after quoting some verses which appear to me as particularly befitting the occasion, see an opportunity to make a little political capital out of the fire and thus take advantage of it:—

"In concluding these introductory remarks we beg to intimate that we have a good clue to the perpetrators of this villainous act to destroy our unparalleled building and deprive the public of a journal which has the largest circulation of any paper in Canada and does job work really cheap. We do not say that either Mr. Mowat, or Mr. Hardy, or the man Fraser actually put the incendiary's torch to the structure. But we see the unmistakable traces of an Ontario Cabinet job in the dastardly deed, and mean to hunt the scoundrels to their very holes, having which object in view we have decided not to employ any Toronto detectives."

"With this in my hand, I walked to the chief editor, left it, and took a stroll for appetite's sake. When I returned a note awaited me to the effect that the decision to secure my services had been re-considered, and that I might consider myself at liberty to look up another engagement in which I could be more adequately remunerated than by the *Mail Printing Company*. I am now applying for a position in one of the leading banks, having, after mature reflection, concluded that banking offers more facilities and leisure than jour-

nalism. I have an appointment with a well-known banker in exactly eighteen minutes from now, and so with many thanks for your hospitality, I shall go. Next time, my friend, remember that I shall insist on extending the courtesies of the bar to you, and I hope that I shall not fail to be suited with your brands of Champagne. *Au revoir!*"

Half-an-hour later this sore-eyed and seedy person could have been seen in a second-hand store offering his vest for sale, and eloquently protesting that it was worth more than eight cents.

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

THE MODERN SHAKSPEARE.

"Andromeda! But yestere'en I were a very Nimrod, and did the mountain trout engage in artful angle."

"O fickle one! why giv't thyself to that which doth thy tongue so tang with fable that e'en thy tales erotic can nevermore wear guise of truth?"

"Nay, and thou wrong'st me gentle one! Here is a being so with truth entwined that e'en with rod and reel he can commingle and thereafter find his nature vacuous of guile."

"Tush thee, thou boy! This angler's faculty doth like a vapor win its victims—by absorption, sweet my lord; and witless of its poison thou would'st outdo Munchausen in thy tales and swear to it that scripture and St. Paul thy sponsors were."

"But had'st thou seen, sweet maid?"

"With lens of fishermen, Henrico, of course I would thy captures magnify."

"Nay, an' I would not on this sacred morn with fiction hoyden. I will concede thee, dame, that there be those who hie them to the salty deep and with plebian cod and mackerel so engage them that they be forced to antidote the same with liquid potions that do distort their speech and give inventive semblance to their tales. But whose loftier nature woos him to the bounding brook, where coy and crafty comes the cunning trout, and every pulse of sylvan breath doth whisper holy promptings, and dip the very soul in truth's own fountain, he cannot, an' he would, prevaricate."

"So, good my lord? Then give me this, thy finny narrative."

"Andromeda! I cannot yet the tale entire give, because as yet the tail ungarnered is. But, I do swear me that when first me bait I dipped, a monster trout did batten on the same, and straightway did I seek to harvest him. Yard after yard thereof did I in patience reap, and still in Ledger-like continuance me captive came. An hour thus did I o'erhand the game, and still another hour test his longitude, and, when I left the task to other hands, the monster had o'ertaxed the afternoon to tell his length, and yet were dorsal parts invisible."

"And thou, Henrico, dost endorse all this?"

"Aye, captious one, I do indeed!"

"Then have I ne'er met truth before, Henrico?"—*Yonkers Gazette*.

SALLIE ON CATS.

Cats is cats, but little cats is kittens. Mats is mats, too, but little mats ain't mittens, and that wot allers struck me as mity funny in lang-widge. A cat has four legs, but Mister Brown, that's my sister's bo, sez a cat has got six legs,—fore leg in front and too behind, an' fore an' too makes six. That may be a rithmetic cat, but it tain't no naenal cat like mine is. A cat is a wind insterment, an' it kin blow herself

up biggern a sack of meal with hair onto it. When a cat gits itself blew up, it looks fur all the world like my big sister's hair when she gits up in the morning. I never cood tell wat makes hair ack so when you sleep in it. My big sister don't sleep in all of hern. You know she hangs the longest part, that wot Mr. Brown, that's her bo, calls "golden tresses," or something like that, on the back uv a cheer. It beats all how much some men dosen't nō. When a cat sits down it winds its tail around its legs. Some folks don't know why cats does this but I do. It is to keep their legs together so they won't spraddl out and split the cat wide open. A cat split wide open wouldn't be of no use unless you cood make a door mat uv her with the inside of it nailed onto the flore. Cats sings most at nights. I don't think cats is much on the voice fur musick. When cats is ded they berry 'em in the alley on top of the ground. That's all I know about cats.—*Merchant Traveller*.

NOT AN EDITOR.

"Who is that man going up the street?"

"Don't know; but I've seen him every day for a year."

"Somebody told me he was an editor."

"I don't think he is; leastways, I never saw him meddling with other people's business, and that's a pretty fair sign in dry weather."—*Merchant Traveller*.



We would remind our readers of Mr. Warner's organ recital at Bond-st. church on July 4th.

Gabriel Max's famous \$15,000 painting—"The Raising of Jairus's Daughter"—is now being exhibited at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists. A special fee of 25 cents is being charged for admission. No lover of art should miss this opportunity of seeing one of the recognized masterpieces of the age.

Liberati, the Italian cornet virtuoso, commands as high a figure for his services as the great Levy, and is considered by competent critics to be fully equal as an artist to the latter. He will appear on Monday and Tuesday evenings of celebration week in connection with the concerts at the Granite Rink. Miss Fanny Kellogg, the eminent singer, will also take part. On Friday of the same week, the Mendelssohn Quartette Club, with Miss Kellogg, perform at the Pavilion.

Next Saturday afternoon the Annual Highland Games of the 5th Battalion Royal Scots (of Montreal) will take place on the Jarvis St. Lacrosse grounds, when the gallant corps will be present in all the glory of kilts, pipers and a' and a'. In the evening the drama "Jessie Brown; or, the Relief of Lucknow" will be given by a caste of the officers and men at the Grand Opera House, the title role being played by Mrs. Neil Warner. On Sunday the regiment will parade to Old St. Andrews, (Jarvis St.) to attend the morning service.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.