



"So the world wags."

It must be rather mortifying to a clever extemporaneous speaker to find a sudden blot, as it were, come over his memory, and his flow of eloquence to be instantly checked from an inability to think of the exact words he wishes to use. This sudden clouding of the memory is by no means uncommon, even amongst the ablest speakers of the day, and I have myself seen a learned minister stopped in the full torrent of his impassioned discourse by a temporary total loss of mnemonic power. Following is an instance of what I refer to:—

MISERIES OF A DEFECTIVE MEMORY.

The miseries of a poor verbal memory are great. Rev. Arthur Munsell, of England, says that his own father was one of the most impassioned and powerful extempore orators he ever heard, but he had a bad verbal memory, and "after working us up with a splendid passage of unprepared and impromptu eloquence, he tried to close the sentence with the text: 'Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' But the words escaped his recollection, and he said: 'Mercy and truth are met together; and—and—two similar sentiments have kissed each other.'"

* *

I clip the following from the editorial columns of the Toledo, O., *Saturday American*, not so much because I am in love with the 'dude' but because I am still less enamored of those newspaper idiots who sneer at and abuse people who are infinitely superior to themselves in every way. The day of the long haired, unkempt, out-at-elbows 'member of the press' is rapidly passing away. Affected eccentricity and unwashed hands are no longer looked upon as unmistakable signs of genius, and a pretended indifference to nicety in dress is now regarded, not as a mark of that absent-mindedness which often accompanies talent and which is frequently met with in men who think deeply, but rather as a symptom of purse depletion, and a token of inability to pay for a better costume. I have yet to hear of a 'dude' who really did harm to anybody. If he is foolish, heaven knows he is not the only foolish member of the human race. Better be a clean, tasty, harmless dude, than a frowsy, unclean, tobacco-spitting, cheeky, one-horse newspaper man.

Here is the extract:—

"The disgusting howls and vicious snorts of envy from cranky newspaper men about the 'dude' are getting nearly enough rope to hang the writers. The dude may possibly be a blockhead; he may even spend all his money on clothing and ape the customs of a foreign nation, but in most cases the dude is a gentleman, and, for my own part, I think he is far preferable to the individual clad in rusty black, ancient hat and cheek of brass who scribbles alleged funny stuff for newspapers about men who at least know enough to keep clean and respectable and be courteous to others.

The dude is an abomination, but his reverse in the office of a newspaper is a nuisance and a reproach, who ought to be taken out in the coal shed and killed with a spiked club.

* *

Children often make remarks that are exceedingly quaint, delivered, as they are, without any pretence of humor, but seeming to be the natural outcome of the thoughts of the observant toddler. As an illustration of what I mean read this: It is only one of the hundreds that might be cited:—

"Charley, the three-year-old of the household, stood an attentive and interested looker on while grandma was paring potatoes for dinner. Presently she made a sign of discontinuing the work with a single potato left unpeeled and unwashed. The little fellow reached into the pan, took it up in his chubby hand, and turning his bright eyes in an appealing glance to grandma's face, exclaimed:—"Take 'im c'oes off and give 'im baff, too."

* *

Here is another very brief and, I fear, rather old one:—

"When I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school, and learn how to behave yourself." Why, mamma, do lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

* *

There is a great deal of art in saying very much in a few words. The *Hamilton Spectator* has got the art down fine, and I append, perhaps the briefest story I ever told, clipped from that staunch old Tory paper. All who know the little Forest city, which flourishes on the outskirts of Carling's brewery, will see the point of the four line story following:

"The heavy dew of last night swelled the Thames at London, Ont., to such an extent that it was feared that damage to the shipping would result."

* *

This requires no commentary:

EPISCOPAL LOGIC.

A neat bit of logic was found in some notes scrawled by the Bishop of Peterborough on his blotter after a discussion on the "Eastward position" in Convocation. The question was: What is the meaning of the word *before* in the phrase, "the priest standing before the table?" The table has but three sides, one being fixed against the wall. All present contended that before meant *at the north end*. Dr. Magee had written, "The piper played before Moses." There are three ways in which he may have done this. He might have played *antecedent* to Moses, *before he was born*; or he might have taken *precedence* of Moses, and so played before Moses played; or he might have played *in front* of Moses. But he did none of these; he played *at the north end of Moses.*"

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

(Suggested by a letter in "*Canadian Gazette*" May 10.)

If you're eager for to shine in the philanthropic line as a Good Samaritan, You must get up well by heart the details of your part, and act it like a man; Then you ought to take your station as a friend of emigration, but teach this maxim true, That a party would be frantic to cross the wide Atlantic, without consulting you; And every one will say, As you take your Pecksniff way, "If this old man does not love the emigrant, it really seems to me, That there's something not quite right, and a gushing hypocrite this same old man must be."

As an agent you must pose, who the only safe way knows to ship the emigrant folk, And to land them safe and sound on Cis-Atlantic ground with money in their poke;

You must say that you can do something altogether new in the philanthropic way, And you'll always find it best to laugh at, as a jest, what other agents say;

And as you walk the street The people that you meet Will say, "There goes a philanthrop, whom all the world admires," in rapt ecstatic tones, "And the name he glorifies is a genuine surprise for its Mister John James Jones."



Then you really must be sure your commission to secure for shipping folks across The waters of the Ocean; raise a direful commotion if you suffer any loss; And fire up like a rocket if you find you're out of pocket in your philanthropic fun, For it isn't right that you should others try to do and then yourself be done; And people all will say, As you beam along your way (And all the other agents you despise so much, of course, will with these people join), "How remarkably disinterested philan-throp-ists are, —except when they're losing coin."

When there seems to be a lull and things are rather dull in the Emigration groove, You had better say, "I see there's no money here for me, so I'll wait till things improve; I'm really very fond of assisting o'er the 'pond' those folks who want to go, But my philanthropy is such that I do not care to touch the 'biz' when 'commish' is low. And everyone will say, As you air your J. J. J., "What a truly good philanthropist this gentleman must be who hears the poor man's groans. And helps him—when it pays,—as we're told does triple J's, or Mister John James Jones."



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