

Coddleby's left; Yubbits and Bramley having been forced to submit to a similar proceeding at Mr. Spoggles' hands.

"Now, Muddy, come, look sharp," shouted the other officer, for such he was, "bring them along," and Coddleby and Crinkle were accordingly told to "come on," and the whole six proceeded at a rapid pace in the direction of the police station, Bramley protesting loudly at the indignity imposed upon him and his friends, and demanding to know immediately what crime they were arrested for.

"You shall smart for this, sir," he said to the officer who had hand-cuffed him and Yubbits together. "Mark my words, you shall smart for this infamous outrage."

"Oh! we shall, eh? hear that, Muddy," sneeringly said the constable addressed, to his comrade. "Pretty 'smart' fellow this," and he laughed at his own facetiousness.

"Come, come, Spoggles," remonstrated Muddy, "don't hit a man when he's down; let us perform our duty as men and take the the reward as men deserving of that reward."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Coddleby, "what reward do you mean, gentlemen? What do you think we've been doing and who do you think we are?"

"Never you mind," replied Spoggles. "Don't you say nothing to criminate yourselves. The case is clear enough against you without that."

"My good fellow—" began Yubbits.

"Now you needn't be a -good fellerin' of us," replied Spoggles, "we know you and nothing wouldn't induce me to take them there hand-cuffs off till we get to the station."

A considerable crowd had collected round the unfortunate quartette and their captors, and accompanied them in their humiliating march—humiliating at least to the former, for Mr. Spoggles walked with the air of a Roman conqueror entering the eternal city with his captives at the tail of his triumphal car, though Mr. Muddy seemed very much more modest and unassuming, and, on the whole, doubtful about the arrest he had assisted in making.

(To be continued.)

KALSOMINE HALL LECTURES.

PROF. RANTER JACKSON UTTERS A PROPHECY.

BRUDDERS AN' FRIEN'S.—It affo'ds me consider'bul pleasure to address yo' dis evenin', fer I hev some information to gib yo' in a scientifick sense, w'ich will be ob eberlastin' benefit to yo' poo' people. I is an observin' gem'len from de Souf; I waz dar when de yearthquaked, an darfo' I come to yo' wid experience. Oh, brudders, let me wa'n yo'. Dar er men who lib by predickshun, an' dar er men who do it to skeer yo', but I prognossicate fer lub (an' a c'llection). Yo' kin believe de man who does it fer lub. I don' want to skeer yo' my frens, er plump it too quick, but de merlenium am comin'; it am almos' here! We hab orcular demonstration ob de fack right here in dis city an' kentry. De ebil-doers hab got ter move on ter some mo' congenial hemosphear; de deeds of darkness er becomin' too risky ter practice. Look at yo' p'lice—de fines' in de worl',—an ebery cracksman gits collared, ebery time! Let me see. Dar waz dat street-car office job, dat St. Lawrence market job, de Jamieson haul, an' some mo, what dey hezent got yit, but dey will git dem, dey *will* git dem I say. Ob co'se it may be some weeks, er some years, er maybe

w'en dey gits a new p'lice force, but dem fellows am boun' ter be collared, fer de merlenium am comin'.

Gaze at de way moralities am gwine. People an't all boun' up in deyselves in dis kentry, nohow; dey takes a mos' wonderful interest in der neighbors' spiritooal an' temperl welfare. Ob co'se dey may negleck der own ter do so, but anyhow dey eberyone takes interest. It may be, 2, 5, 10, or mebbe 20 p'cent. cawdin' ter de elasticity ob der consciences.

Anoder sign ob merleniumistic proximity am de great splurge some perlitical citzens am makin'—purifyin' de perlitical atmosphere—housecleanin' an' buildin' new mansions ter enjoy it in—castin' out de sellers an' buyers—castin' off der supercilious airs an' weepin' on each oders shoulders wid de new-foun' joy ob fellow-feeling fer all men. An't dat a glor'us sign? An' dey er signs w'ich can't be mistook. A editor gits ho's-whipped—de whipper gits eleben days. Justice—de great swo'd of Justice shall cut de wicked off in his wickedness. An' now let me tell yo' how ter shun do swo'd an' lib ter enjoy de fruits an' blessings ob de merlenium. De main point am generosity. "Be gen'rous to all men." Lub all men as yo' would yo'self, an' gib ebery man a dime, ef it be yo' las', an' yo' heart will eber rejoice. Steal from no man, but gib unto de poo' dat which thou hast stoled!

I will now pass aroun' my hat.

T.



A HERO.

Employer.—And you're not afraid of work?

Applicant.—No, sir; I'm not scared a bit. I can get the better of it every time.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—I was just canterin' awa' hame on Shank's naigie the ither nicht when turnin' a corner sharp, I got a crack on the skull that for a meenit gart me think a comet had stricken the earth, an' was whurlin' its tail roon an' roon like a pin-wheel afore ma astonished een. But after a wee I cam to masel', an' realizin' that I was still on terry firmy, an' in Toronto, I cam tae the conclusion that policeman Verney maun hae been roon the corner, an' gein me a cloor wi' his baton—just tae keep his hand in like. But picter ma confusion o' coontenance on beholdin' nae less than oor worthy Mayor stannin' rubbin' his curly pow an' laughin', an' shakin' his fist at me just as if I had been Alderman Turner or Paddy Burns—or somebody that was gaun tae scuttle the city exchequer.