

I observe, as I suppose scores of others have observed before me, that those people who are constantly preaching about the sinfulness of running into debt, and the low moral state into which a person who is in debt must have fallen, are the very individuals themselves who are unable to obtain credit anywhere, and who the man at the corner grocery won't trust for a penn'orth of blacking for a single day. Such people, when they find it is impossible for them to get into debt,—though they have tried with all their might to do so, hold themselves up as patterns of goodness because they don't owe anything. Oh! I know, and everybody else knows just such folks. They are nearly related to those women who pride themselves on their immaculate virtue, but who are so fearfully homely that a man would go into fits if he looked at them for half a minute.

I think that the police are making a move in the right direction by instituting annual athletic sports, and it would not be a bad idea if our two hundred and thirty pounders were to go in for a systematic course of physical training, not only for a few weeks immediately before the annual gathering, but all the year round, and practice at sprint and long distance running should be indulged in. What is more depressing than to see a huge mass of constabulary flesh and bone in pursuit of an active runaway evil-doer, losing ground with every step and finally, at the end of a chase for a few hundred yards, being compelled to abandon the pursuit on account of the giving out of his breath and physical collapse generally? It is all very well for a policeman to be a big man, but unless he is muscular in proportion to his size, it were better for him that a boarding house pie were hanged about his neck and that he were compelled to eat it, than that he should be called upon to give chase to a fleet, bad man. I am a good runner myself, so I care not how fast the cops become; but I am sure they would derive great benefit from a regular course of athletic training.

Vanity Fair, an English weekly publication, goes for the Americans who visit England, in a lively, but altogether unfair manner, condemning the whole American nation as vulgar, impertinent, low-bred, and so on, because a few individuals, visiting England with some of the cheap excursions, conduct themselves in a manner distasteful to the writer in *Vanity Fair*, who evidently has not met any of the better class of Americans in England who are very highly spoken of by people who move in a much higher social atmosphere than *Vanity Fair's* correspondent appears to do, and of whom Mr. Labouchere, a man who is likely to know whereof he writes, speaks in most flattering terms in *Truth*, his opinion being that of the majority of the class of English people whose opinion is worth noticing. It would be just as fair for the Americans to take, as specimens of the English nation, those irrepressibly vulgar cockneys or those mushroom 'gents' who so constantly talk about the superiority of things at home, who visit America and make themselves objectionable wherever they go, and on their account, condemn the entire English race. The Englishmen who come out here and talk loudest about their aristocratic relations at home are generally dead-beats and frauds of the first water and the truth is not in them, and as a rule, they have left their country for their country's good, and anyone who knows anything at all can see through them and their pretensions at a glance. An American gentleman is a fine fellow, and it is hard lines to class all Americans as vulgar and so on, because a few cheap trippers don't know how to behave themselves abroad.

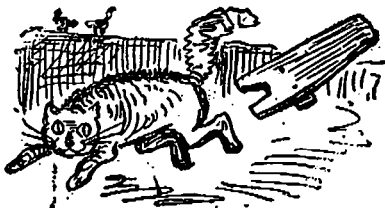
MARIA McCABE.

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED FOR THE MURDER OF HER ILLEGITIMATE CHILD.

Yes! hang her up, O Justice, stern and cold,
End her unhappy life—put her away—
The law decrees that life be given 'or life!
So let her strangle, O most righteous law!
Come, haste the killing—here's the gallows tree,
And here's the ghostly priest with open book,
And here's the cord to pinion hands and feet,
Why this delay? Come on! What, can it be
That Justice halts to weigh Compassion's plea,
And spare this mother's life?—this frenzied maid,
With blood upon her hands?
Is Justice, then, so weak as lend her ear
To Mercy's wild narration of the tale
Of guilt and shame, of frenzy and despair,
That blurred this woman's sense of right and wrong.
And stung her on to murder! no!
Canadian Justice has a heart of steel,
And 'tis no intercession stays her now,
But stern necessity; no hangman is at hand,
And none, they whisper, can be got for gold!
The city's slums have spewed out none so vile
As he must be who would perform this job!
But stay! who's this breaks from the shrinking group,
And bows to Justice with the air of one
Who knows himself in favour with Her Grace,
Lays by his dainty coat, removes his jewels,
And waves aside the hangman's modest mask.
Here's one will do the work! here's one at last
Whose heart knows nought of pity or remorse,
Sweet Law, thou shalt not then be wronged and robbed.
So Justice smiles and leads the victim forth
And yields her to the hangman's novice hands,
The hands most meet to do such horrid work—
The father of the culprit's murdered child!

HOW IS IT?

I wonder how it is that so many things are constantly happening, according to humorous writers, that I have never seen, though I have done my best to try and believe that these things do take place, and to be on the spot when they were happening. A few of them are as follows:

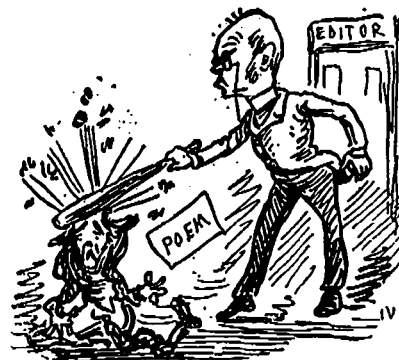


1. I have never thrown a bootjack, or seen a bootjack thrown, at a cat. Take up a humorous paper, and see if a bootjack is not the missile most frequently mentioned when cats are the writer's theme. How many of my readers, I wonder, ever aimed a bootjack at a cat. Very few, I dare be sworn.



2. I watched a goat in a yard one day for three solid hours; around him were strewn tomato cans, rags, old crinoline hoops and such luxuries as the goats of humorists always feed upon, but veracity compels me to state that the goat in question regarded these delicacies with an air of indifference and went on quietly nibbling the grass, and behaving as though he didn't care a snap whether he was showing that humorists know not the truth and that veracity is not in them, or not.

3. Though I have spent many years in newspaper offices, the sight of an editor brain-



ing a poet has never yet been granted me. Yet posticide by editorial murderers is as common in the pages of funny papers as the grammatical errors therein.



4. I never beheld an editor writing an article with the foreman and printers' devil both yelling "Copy" at the top of their voices, and nearly driving him to distraction. Why, a humorous paper would be unworthy of its name were not some such incident as this introduced occasionally.



5. I am acquainted with no less than seventeen poets, and with one exception their hair is as short as that of other mortals; the exception is in gaol and his hair is considerably shorter. I cast my eye over the first funny paper I find and I read an article beginning thus: "The door was softly opened and a wild eyed, long-haired individual crept timidly in and enquired for the editor." Of course this was the conventional poet of the humorist, the adjective "long-haired" was enough to settle the hash of that question: but how is it, how is it, I say, that the hair of the poets I know is all short?

6. I do not know whether I am exceptionally favored by luck or not, but I must confess that I have attended numerous church socials, and the oyster stew invariably abounded in