

Telegraphic Flashes.

Not long ago there was a slight fire in one of our large offices. It started under the floor where the wires are bunched together, and must have been caused by wires with defective covering becoming crossed. The next day as the writer was going off duty, he met an old police sergeant who inquired the cause of the fire. Upon being told, he replied: "Oh, yes; from the friction, I suppose." Asking him to explain what he meant by "friction," he answered by inquiring: "Don't the wires move when you send dispatches?"

An irate cattleman once rushed into an office on the line of the Texas and Pacific railway, and shouted at the operator in tones that could be heard a block away: "Say, young feller, how much does it cost to send a dispatch to Jay Gould? This dog-goned railroad of his is playin' thunder with my train of cattle and I want satisfaction." Upon being told that it cost no more to telegraph Jay Gould than any other human being; that the charges were by distance, &c., and that Mr. Gould would probably refer him to the local superintendent, he departed to wreak his vengeance on that already unhappy individual.

On one occasion a telegraph repairer was waiting for his train at a wayside station and smoking his pipe to keep the flies away, when along came one of the "natives"—a regular hayseed—and picking up the coil of wire the telegraph man had, he stood up against the side of the building and began to examine the end of the wire very closely. "Think that's about the right size?" said the pole climber, with visions of a request for "jest 'nuff to make a clo' line fur de ole woman" fitting through his mind. But to his surprise the investigator replied as follows: "I was jest lookin' fur the hole the dispatch goes through, but don't see it; suppose this is the kind of wire you use fur tyin' on the glass bottles?" It is said that when the train arrived the repairer had barely recovered from the shock so as to be able to board the train.

H. H. A.

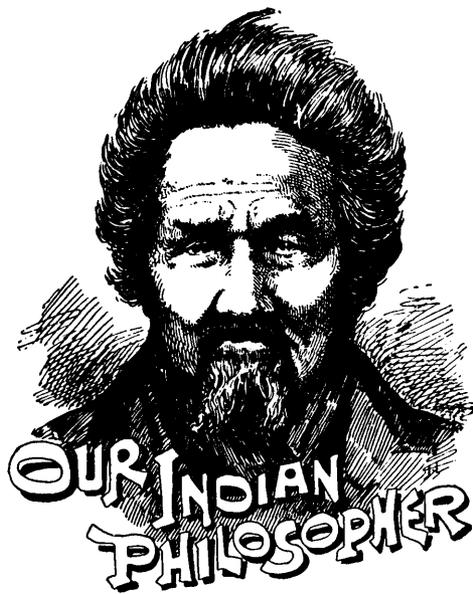
Canadian Shipbuilding.

The barque "Kathleen Hilda," recently launched from W. P. Cameron's shipyard at South Maitland, N.S., is 520 tons, fitted with all modern improvements, and classed twelve years in Bureau Veritas. She was launched with sails bent, and ballast and crew all aboard, and immediately proceeded to New York to load for Australia. The "Kathleen Hilda" was specially built for Donald Ross, of Auckland, New Zealand, brother of the Hon. William Ross, of Halifax, and is the tenth Nova Scotia vessel specially built for or sold to that enterprising gentleman—extending over a number of years—for the Australian intercolonial trade, the fleet being:

Barque "Caterfeigh," built by Carmichael.
Brigantine "Osceola," built by Bigelow.
Barque "Wenona," built by Bigelow.
Brig "Stanley," built at Parrsboro.
Barque "Eilean Donan," built by Coffins.
Barque "Stag," bought from Robert Boak.
Brigantine "Ransom," built by Bigelow.
Brigantine "Jas. Stewart," bought from Boak.
A brigantine bought from William Muir.
Barque "Kathleen Hilda," built by Cameron.

These vessels were all built under the supervision of, or purchased by Hon. William Ross. The price paid for "Kathleen Hilda" was \$25,000. Captain George Davis, who has had nineteen years' experience in the business, came on from New Zealand to take the vessel out there.—*Canadian Manufacturer.*

VERY COOL.—While Richard Brinsley Sheridan was lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, a disastrous fire was consuming its contents, but the wit was quietly enjoying his glass in a neighbouring saloon to the amazement of his friends; he humourously replied: Can't a man take a glass of wine by his own fireside?



The Sagamore

THE wigwam of the sagamore was more like a bazaar than a place of abode. It was hung all round with the most wonderful things. There were cunningly-beaded moccasins, brilliant little shawls, gorgeous little caps, and mittens, and stockings, and scarfs; and there were odd mechanical toys, and small hand-sleds and snowshoes. There were, too, candies, and nuts, and raisins, and sweet cakes, and other such toothsome things as would bring joy to the heart of pappoosehood.

Mr. Paul himself was in high good humour, and beamed on his surroundings with the most cheerful satisfaction. He enjoyed the reporter's looks and exclamations of surprise, and actually poked his visitor in the ribs—a proceeding so out of harmony with the gravity becoming a sage that the reporter at once suspected the agency of a stimulant.

"Wine is a mocker," he said, solemnly. "Why does my brother indulge?"

"What you say?"

"You've been drinking!"

"I been drinkin'? What makes you think I been drinkin'?"

"You're so funny this morning. And you've got so much stuff of all sorts laid in. No sober man would fill his camp with a collection like that. What did you do it for?"

"Why!" promptly responded the sagamore, "it's Christmas pooty soon!"

"Oh! is that it? Oh, ho! Santa Claus, eh? Is that the secret?"

"Ah hah."

"My brother," cried the penitent reporter, "forgive me. We newspaper men are just 'laying' for humbugs lately, as you must have noticed. We're going to purify the political and all the other worlds around here, if it takes till spring. But if anybody so much as drops a spatter of ink on old Santa Claus' whiskers, the moral law may go all to smash, but we'll have the villain's life."

"You gonto kill Santa Claus?" queried the sagamore.

"No, no; you misunderstand me. Kill Santa Claus! Why, sir, he is one of the immortals. A humbug, if you will—and as some very learned and moral moralists do certainly affirm—but an immortal. I remember when the old fashioned fire-place and chimney vanished from these parts, a lot of us boys thought we had seen the last of him. But, bless his old heart, he doesn't change with the fashions of men. He comes just the same. And what did the dear old fellow leave for me?"

"Leave—for—you?" said the sagamore, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes. What did my old friend Santa leave for me?"

"I ain't seen anything round here—for you," said the sagamore, with emphasis on the last word.

"What?"

"Nothing here for you, I say."

"But there must be!"

The sagamore gravely shook his head.

"You don't mean to say," cried the reporter in a loud voice, "that he didn't leave anything at all for me!"

"Ah hah."

"Not so much as a bead?"

"Nothing."

The reporter stared at Mr. Paul, and then at his surroundings, with swift gathering anger on his brow.

"The old humbug," he exclaimed. "The old fraud! It's just as I have always maintained. This Santa Claus business is being run into the ground. We take great care to teach our children to beware of humbug, and at the same time encourage them to nourish the biggest humbug of all. The Santa Claus sham is one that must be downed. I'll have a scathing article on it to-morrow."

"Seems to me," observed the sagamore, "you don't stick to one story pooty well. You say Santa Claus he's heap bully old man—then you say he's heap humbug right away. How you kin do that?"

"Simply," rejoined the reporter, with majestic mien, "because he has ignored the press. No man, I care not how great, may do that with impunity. I'll teach the old rascal a lesson. I'll let him see that if he won't either advertise with us or leave us a consideration of some sort, his little game will be spoiled pretty quick. The free and unbiased, and untrammelled, and independent press of this country, my brother, is not to be tampered with."



"You think it's good thing to hit humbug when you see him, eh?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Just so, sir; just that exactly," answered the reporter firmly and decisively.

"Then," quoth Mr. Paul, gathering himself together, "I'll do that tight away."

And suiting the action to the word he gave the reporter a thwack on the left ear and another on the right, wheeled him about, ran him out of the wigwam, and called his dogs to finish the job—which they did with neatness and despatch.

Stonewall Jackson's Wit.

After the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's statue, this story about the Confederate general has come to light: On one rainy day, while advancing on Bull Run, he started out to reconnoitre in person, and got caught on the wrong side of a bridge guarded by a field-piece and some federal artillerymen. When he discovered this, Jackson did not hesitate a moment. Galloping up behind the men, he shouted out to the officer in command: "Who directed you to put that gun on the road? take it away and mount it in the woods on the hill yonder. I never saw such a piece of folly. Here in the open ground your men will be shot down from the brush on the other side." On he went as though in a terrible passion, berating the officer, who coloured, saluted, apologized, and hastily gave the order for removing the gun. Jackson, with his staff at his heels, galloped off to the left as though to pass down the stream, made a sudden turn, thundered across the bridge, and escaped. The befuddled officer in command of the gun had not gone far when he suspected something wrong, but he did not discover who the stranger was until the next day.—*Exchange.*