

"My man—Twain."

"The mischief he did!—Can he do that often?"

"Well—yes. He can do it about—well—about fourtimes out of five."

I knew the little rascal was lying, but I never said anything—I never told him so. He was not of a disposition to invite confidences of that kind, so I let the matter rest. But it was a comfort to see those people look sick, and see their under jaws drop, when Steve made these statements. They went off and got Lord, and took him home; and when we got home half an hour later, there was a note saying that Mr. Lord peremptorily declined to fight!

It was a narrow escape. We found out afterwards that Lord hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen shots. If he had put those thirteen bullets through me, it would have narrowed my sphere of usefulness a good deal—would have wellnigh closed it, in fact. True, they could have put pegs in the holes, and used me for a rat-rack; but what is a rat-rack to a man who feels that he has intellectual powers? I would scorn such a position.

I have written this true incident of my personal history for one purpose, and one purpose only—to warn the youth of the day against the pernicious practice of duelling, and to plead with them to war against it. If the remarks and suggestions I am making can be of any service to Sunday-school teachers, and newspapers interested in the moral progress of society, they are at liberty to use them, and I shall even be grateful to have them widely disseminated, so that they may do as much good as possible. I was young and foolish when I challenged that gentleman, and I thought it was very fine and very grand to be a duellist, and stand upon the 'field of honour.' But I am older and more experienced now, and am inflexibly opposed to the dreadful custom. I am glad, indeed, to be enabled to lift up my voice against it. I think it is a bad, immoral thing. I think it is every man's duty to do every thing he can to discourage duelling. I always do now; I discourage it upon every occasion.

If a man were to challenge me now that I can fully appreciate the iniquity of that practice—I would go to that man, and take him by the hand, and lead him to a quiet, retired room—and kill him.

WHO IS THIS MAN McEWAN?

The representative of the Union Bank. The man who wants to marry Miss Levy, and look after her. Conservatory wont advance a cent to an honest tradesman, but will give any amount to Club house frequenters or their lik. Sho him up, he can keep a modern residence on the Esplanade.

CONCERT AT THE NATIONAL SCHOOL HALL IN AID OF THE ORGAN FUND. NEW CARLISLE.

A duet by Mrs. O'Regan and Miss O'Brien. Invitation galop was beautifully rendered, after which Ion Jones gave a recitation "Paddy's visit to London," but the most successful and crowning piece of the evening, was Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, rendition of Bethoven's "Hallelujah" from Mount of Olives, on Morgan's 2 pedal organ, with nasal accompaniments by Mr. Chambers, for which accomplishment we think Eddy is entitled to the first prize at the coming Centenal in Philadelphia.—Communicated.

The *Globe* thinks the electors couldn't have a better man to represent them in West Toronto than Alderman Turner if they had one made to order; while the *Mail* is positive that a more unfit person couldn't be found if you hunted the city with a search warrant and a piece of smoked glass. "Which, Mr. Showman, is the bear and which the Orang-outang?" Which ever you please, my little dear, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

The *Ottawa Times* rises to explain that the statement to the effect that Parliament is to be called together for the despatch of business about the middle of January is incorrect, and that the Premier, in reply to a question from Sir John Macdonald last session, said the House would meet about the beginning of February every year, or as soon thereafter as possible. There is no hurry, however, as the House will have the whole year before it.

The *Belleville Intelligencer* points out that the law provides that if any person inclose anything in a newspaper in the shape of patterns, samples, posts-card, handbills, letters, or any kind of writing, they can be fined not more than forty dollars and not less than ten dollars for each offence. If any of our readers desire to have four thousand shandbills distributed through The Sun, for instance, they can do so by dropping us about \$5 for the handbills and \$160,000 for the fine.

Collingwood had three burglaries on Wednesday night. It is only the other night that Woodstock had six robberies. Now, what is a fellow to do? If he puts his welth in a bank the Bank is liable to burst; if he carries it about with him he is liable to have his pockets picked, and if he takes it home thieves may break in and steal. So, we ask, what should a man do with his surplus welth? N. B.—We deem it proper to say that we do not seek information on this point for our own satisfaction.

A DRUNKEN MELEE.

One night I was passing a gay saloon door
And took a short peep at a scene on the floor,
A rough set of loafers were smoking and drinking
Some shouting and swearing, some laughing
and winking,
And I knew at a glance that we'd soon have a fight
And that some of the toper would catch it that night,
I shorten'd my trace being curious to see
The nuisance and curse of a drunken melee,
Nor was I kept waiting too long for the sight
Of seeing a maniac, whiskeyfield fight,
For their shouting and swearing soon ended in blows
And the boonpot companions were turn'd into foes,
And they gave one another a terrible thrashing,
While the rumsellers jugs got a wonderful smashing,
And they married each other and roll'd on the floor
While a crowd of sight seers took'd in at the door,
Thought I to myself if the men who make laws
Could witness this scene how they'd open their jaws
And frankly acknowledge their doubledy'd sin
In giving permission for men to sell gin,
And they'd run with all haste and in deepest contrition
Repeal the old law and enact PROHIBITION.

BY TELEGRAPH.

PER SPECIAL SAW-LOG.

Cairo, Egypt, Oct. 31.—My dear Star; I have had a jolly spree with the Shah of Persia, and only for the recent bereavement in his family, he told me he would get gloriously drunk in my company, though, to tell the truth, he was princely drunk at the time. He offered me one of his wives, and when I refused her, he told me to take the whole of them, because it is the Eastern custom for a man to offer you all his worldly goods I told him that I already had one wife, and I even considered that one too much; and really he would not believe me. I was never so indignant in all my life. But of course I excuse him because he wasn't sober.

Yours truly,

WALES.

DIED.

After a lingering illness, the North Shore R. Road, under the care of the Hon. T. McGreevy. John Tiernay, N.P., took the deposition and made the will with Nicholas McCarron as witness. So mote it be. No cash. God help us.