

Our Biographical Column.

The Hon. Turpin Tollgate.

To estimate the influence of the Hon. Turpin Tollgate upon Canadian political affairs would severely tax the calculating powers of a trained mathematician. For it must run well up into the millions by this time. It was into the hundreds of thousands in Quebec province alone some time ago, and the Hon. Mr. Tollgate does not confine his operations to any one province. He is truly cosmopolitan; and, though just now he may appear to be concentrating his energies in the region of the St. Lawrence, those well acquainted with his marvellous ability and versatility are fully aware that he is at the same time a power behind the throne in other provinces and in other countries. So highly have his talents come to be regarded that scarcely any great enterprise can be successfully launched without his active aid. It is said that every man has his price. This is true of the Hon. Mr. Tollgate, but not in the vulgar sense generally implied in this remark. If he accept a hundred thousand dollars in consideration of some great service, it is not to gratify a mean or grasping nature, but that he may in turn give his aid to the deserving poor. And his judgment in such cases is so distinctly infallible that he always places the money where it will do the most good. That is why he is so fearlessly entrusted by all governments with the distribution of large sums. Many a deserving but unfortunate gentleman has been saved from the disgrace of having his paper protested, by the kindness of the Hon. Turpin Tollgate in taking up the note; for he, like his progenitor, the immortal Dick Turpin, is always ready to divide with the poor the proceeds of his daily or nightly labours. So that whenever it becomes known that the Hon. Turpin is on the track of another gold mine, not only does the government suspend the mining laws in his favour, but hosts of persons flock around him with a lively sense of gratitude for anticipated favours. Some philosophers have been endeavouring to estimate the probable results of a sudden withdrawal of the Hon. Mr. Tollgate from active participation in public affairs. Such a calamity, it is sincerely to be hoped, is not at hand. To the average mind it is difficult to see how we should get along at all. Our governmental machinery would be so utterly unshingled that a general stagnation would inevitably follow. Lawyers would drop out of politics, a lot of newspapers would have to suspend publication, hosts of contractors would be forced to emigrate, and shrewdness would cease to be a necessary qualification for the members of a government. We would descend to a state of utter simplicity such as might befit a patriarchal age, but that would be sadly out of harmony with present conditions of life. Let us hope that the Hon. Turpin will long be spared to befriend the impecunious, and by the effulgence of his glory to frame in a golden aureole the high places of Quebec province and the world at large, attracting alike the noble and the commoner, the titled Count of Tourouvre and plain Mr. Whelan. We regret exceedingly that we are unable this week to reproduce the portrait of the Hon. Turpin Tollgate. Such was our intention, but the correspondent of the *Police Gazette* was ahead of us and secured the only photograph available.

The Night Newspaper Man.

When the feline operatta

On the backyard fence has ceased,

And the barcarolle fal-etto

Of the canine is increased;

While the milkman on his rounds

Fills the morn with merry clatter,

And the neighbourhood resounds

With his musical can-tata;

While the factory whistles shriek,

And the opening shutters creak,

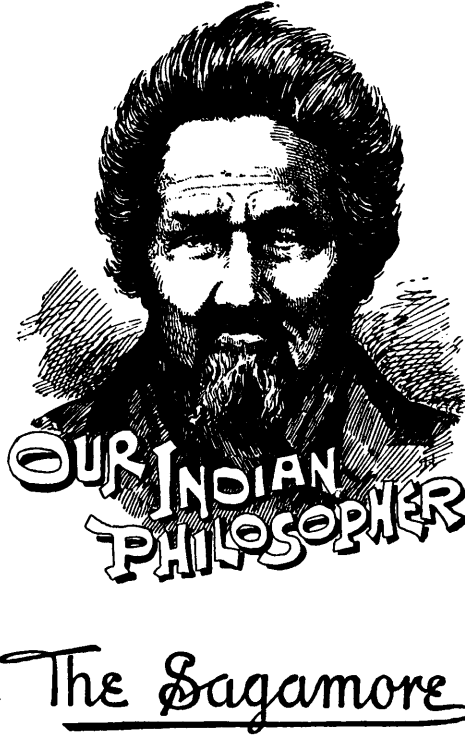
And the cook within the kitchen amidst the dishes makes
a splatter,

Then I lie me to my bed,

Draw the covers o'er my head,

And in nasalized nocturn I perform my own sonata.

—*New York Herald.*



The venerable Milicete was mending a snowshoe when the reporter pulled aside the blanket and entered the wigwam.

"Of course," quoth the visitor, "you saw the eclipse of the moon the other night?"

"Ah-hah."

"Most extraordinary, wasn't it? Now, I suppose the savage mind would regard that darkening of the moon as an evidence of displeasure on the part of the Great Spirit, eh?"

"Mebbe," rejoined the Sagamore. "Ain't any savages round here far's I know. You seen any?"

"Oh, no. But I thought you'd know how a savage would feel about it."

"I don't," tersely replied the old man.

"I suppose you know all about the eclipse, yourself?" queried the reporter.

"Ah-hah."

"And I suppose you don't mind explaining it to me," continued the reporter.

"What makes me do that?"

"First and chiefly," replied the reporter, "because I want to know."

"Won't take me long to tell," said the old man.

"The quicker the better. Let's hear it."

"Well," said Mr. Paul, "I s'pose you know 'bout that man in the moon."

"What about him?"

"I didn't say anything 'bout him yit. You know he's there?"

"Oh, yes," cheerfully assented the reporter. "Of course I know that. Any fool knows that."

"Well," pursued the Sagamore, "you know he's long ways from here."

"Not so very far. I heard a man say the other day they had telescopes now that would bring the moon within eighty miles of the earth. That isn't far."

"If you think he's so close," observed the old man, "s'pose you go over and ask him what makes that eclipse. What's use you come here to bother me?"

"You've got me there, old man. Even if he moved down forty or fifty miles closer I still couldn't get within ear-shot."

"That's what I said," rejoined the Sagamore. "He's long ways way from here—that man in the moon. It takes news good while to go from here to him."

"Well?" said the reporter.

"Well," echoed the Sagamore, "he jist heard 'bout it that night."

"Heard about what?"

"Them revelations in Quebec and Ottaway."

"What if he did hear about them?" scoffed the reporter.

"What has that to do with the eclipse?"

"Ain't he honest man?" demanded the sagamore. "I'm not so sure of that. He's under a cloud very often."

The sagamore paused long enough in his remarks to break the snowshoe he had been mending all to pieces over his facetious visitor's head. Then he resumed.

"That man in the moon—he's honest Injun. He can't bear to hear 'bout people bein' thieves. He's jist like them editors in this country. When he heard 'bout them revelations at Quebec and Ottaway it made him heap sick."

"And his countenance," supplemented the reporter, "was suffused with gloom thereby—is that it?"

"That's it," replied the old man. "That's what made him look so bad."

"My brother," said the reporter, "you may not be a great astronomer, but your theory of the eclipse certainly entitles you to some consideration. I won't say that it's the correct one until I have read some of my favourite Grit and Tory papers on the subject, but I rather think some of them will agree with you—and some of the preachers too. We may be on the verge of a most remarkable discovery in lunar science."

"What I said," affirmed the Sagamore, gravely—"that's the truth."

What Was in His Coffee.

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the barrister, in a very loud, commanding voice.

"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness at the top of his lungs.

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" cried the lawyer.

"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the hostler.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"

"Coffee," hoarsely vociferated the knight of the stable.

"Something stronger than coffee, sir, you've been drinking. Don't look at me like that, sir!" furiously, "Look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Sugar."

"This man is no fool, my lord—he is worse!" stormed the counsel.

"Now, sir," turning to the witness, "look at me. What besides sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?"

The hostler collected his forces, drew a deep breath, and, in a voice that could have been heard half a mile away, bellowed out;

"A spune! A spune, an' nothing else!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

A Sad Mistake.

"Buck'e my shoe, Egbert," said a Chicago belle to her near-sighted fiancé.

Egbert went down on his knee like a true knight, but as he had lost his eyeglass his vision was a little uncertain.

"Is this your foot, darling?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Aw, pawdon—I—thought it was the lounge."

Egbert is now disengaged.—*Texas Siftings.*

French Politeness.

A FRENCHMAN'S gallantry to ladies is said to be always equal to an emergency. At a party, a gentleman of the Gallic race stepped heavily upon the toe of a lady, who looked up with an angry frown.

"Pardon, madame," he said, bowing low, "but I have forgot to bring my microscope."

"Your microscope?"

"But yes; for to see ze leetle feet of madame!"