



"IT'S A POOR RULE," ETC.

(Mrs. Sparks of the Civil Service Boarding House, Ottawa, has been looking over the Public Accounts. Enter Dudeskin, "extra" clerk, a boarder.)

Mrs. S.—You're a mean swindler, sir! You've drawn pay for more than 400 days in the year, and you've only paid me for 365. I want the balance at once, or out you go!



GRIP'S PROMISCUOUS PROWLER.

II.

HE VISITS THE DON IN THE MERRIE SPRING-TIME.

"Prowler," said Mr. GRIP, addressing that official, "Spring ought to be here by this time: what do you think?"

"It is here, Great Raven," replied the Promiscuous Prowler.

"How knowest thou that?" queried the sable bird.

"The *Globe* has announced the annual robin some days—"

"Pooh, pooh: that robin the *Globe* spoke about two weeks since, was last spring's robin: being a year late with a local item isn't anything for the diaconal organ: however, go forth, and see if thou canst find any signs of spring and come back and let us know. Hence!" and the Promiscuous Prowler, bowing so low that the patch in the torso of his pantaloon was visible beneath his coat-tails, went forth.

The vernal sun was shining brightly, and, not feeling well, the Prowler, thinking that the pure air and odorous breezes wafted west-

ward from beyond the Don would brace him up, he sauntered off in the direction of the beautiful river, and was ere long seated on a stump inhaling the spicy breezes that played around him, the odor causing him to close his eyes and imagine he was in fair Ceylon's isle, where every prospect (except that of hard work) pleases and only man is vile, the women being worse than that.

The ice had vanished from the shimmering stream and there the waters lay in all their vernal fragrance, the gentle wavelets toying with the tails of the dogs whose eyes had long since closed in death, and which were now steering their barks (to speak classically, *ex puppe*) to that shore whence no traveller, etc.

The Prowler had not been long seated when he was joined by a Lugubrious Personage who addressed him with the words:

"Good day to you," to which the ever ready Prowler replied with "Sing hey to you," and the Lugubrious Personage having ejaculated "Pooh, pooh to you," both pirouetted round the stump and sat down.

"Tell me, Stranger of the Rueful Countenance," said the Promiscuous Prowler, "what causes this atrocious stench that salutes my nostrils round here? There is an odor of putrescence and a perfume of fetidity that reminds me of what I have read of the corpse-strewn haunts of the foul *Antropophagi*, or the vile dwelling places of the Ghouls, who excel the vultures and the buzzards in their greed for putrid food."

"This," replied the Lugubrious Personage, holding his nose, "is the spot where are concentrated all the most abominable nuisances of Toronto."

"But why," asked the Prowler, "are such abominations suffered to exist?"

"Because they can't be done away with," replied the Lugubrious Personage.

"Wherefore the whyness thereof?" asked the Prowler.

"Because, in addition to making most atrocious stench the owners of the malodorous factories make lots of money: it is hard to abolish a nuisance when the man who causes it has much gold; twig?"

Yes, but these terrible odors must be highly

deleterious to the health of the residents of the neighborhood."

"Then they must go."

"Who? the odors?"

"No: the residents."

"But that's not fair."

"No," acquiesced the Lugubrious Personage, "but it's the Way of the World: health and peace of mind must give way to money: have you got any money?"

"No," replied the Prowler, thinking that the other was athirst and wished to moisten the aridity of his gullet with the flowing flagon at his expense: "No: I am a literary man. However, I say it's a crying shame that these pestiferous, fever-breeding, malaria-engendering, diphtheria-tempting, typhoid-inviting places are suffered to exist. As far as I can see all the most offensive matter from the cow-byres, all the most disgusting vileness from the pig-pens and G. T. R. cars, and all the corruption from the tanneries run into this Styx-like river Don."

"They do," assented the Personage.

"And all those abominations are conveyed into the Bay?"

"Once more you hit it: *rem acu teligisti*," replied the Lugubrious Personage.

"Don't know him; however, they are then borne from the Bay into the Lake?"

"Correct."

"And from the Lake into the reservoir?"

"You hit it every time."

"And from the reservoir into the water-pipes supplying the citizens with drinking water. So that the citizens, in addition to being annoyed by most terrible stenches, actually drink a concoction of the pestiferous refuse of the tanneries: a dilution of the most offensive matter from the cow-byres, a tincture of the most disgusting vileness from the pig-pens and G. T. R. cars: and they pay for it, hey?"

"Paying for it's their game; but it is filtered, good sir," said the Lugubrious Personage.

"Filtered he blowed!" As Tom Moore says:

"You may filter this water as much as you will, but the taint of the pig-pens will cling to it still: You may ooze it through charcoal, but when it is gone in the vase you will recognize drops of the Don."

"Moore never said that," exclaimed the Lugubrious Personage, who seemed nettled at hearing his beloved city water so roundly abused. "I know Moore and he never said that."

"Moore's dead: died some weeks ago," returned the Prowler.

"What! Alderman Moore?" said the other:

"No, sir, he isn't; I'm an alderman myself and know him well."

"Oh! go away," exclaimed the Prowler, "you quoted Latin and speak decently, grammatically; you're no alderman: however, granting that the water is pure (which it isn't) you cannot filter the air, and before long the air along the whole water-front of Toronto will be one vast miasmatic, malarial disease-breeding encyclopædia."

"Oh! come, I say; 'tisn't as bad as that; come now!" cried the Lugubrious Personage in dismay.

"It's worse, sir," replied the Prowler: "far worse. These stench-breeding places must go."

"And so must I," and the other rose and went away.

And the Promiscuous Prowler was very sad when he pondered over these things, and he lifted up his voice and wept, even as he who kissed Rebekah at the well.

A HEARTY RECOMMENDATION. — Jacob A. Empey, of Cannanore, states that he has taken Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and adds that he would gladly recommend it to all.