



THE TRADE.

A SOLILOQUY.

I. Is it not an outrage on a civilized community That a man can't buy his liquor a minute after seven? Let us try and bust the Crooks' Act up, that grinds us with impunity, And keep our bars on Saturday wide open till eleven.

II. Don't we pay our lawful taxes like other men of business, And likewise buy our licenses at a terrible expense? What though our constant customers sometimes complain of dizziness, We have to pay our licenses, our taxes, and our rents!

III. When I see the working man go by from workshop and from factory, With money in his pocket that he might have left with me, I acknowledge I get savage, and inclined to get refractory, To see the greasy fellow going straight home to his tea.

IV. See how my place is fitted up, my beautiful decanters, My beer pumps, "Tom and Jerry" bowl, my silver-ware so bright. And to think I get so much abuse from intermeddling rangers, Because a man should happen in and get a little tight!

V. They say we foster drunkards, but they're very much mistaken, For if a man gets boozey, and in a chair gets fast asleep, We pull the chair from under him, when he'll thoroughly awaken, And gently catch him by the neck, and fire him in the street!

VI. Perhaps he then gets noisy, when along will come the "collars," And the chances are he finds himself confined in No. 1; In the morning he is mulcted in the sum of sundry dollars, Or in default soon afterwards across the Don is run.

VII. Of course we make distinctions, if the gentleman has money We put up with a great deal as long as it does last; We let him sing his merry songs, and tell his stories funny, And when too drunk we call a hack, and home he gets quite fast.

VIII. Now, why can't we keep open late on Saturday as Monday, Shall we, as British subjects, be defrauded of our rights? Perhaps we do! and if your "fly," you can get dozed up on Sunday, It's not all illicit "shebeens" that produce all Sunday nights.

IX. This course is confidential, and it is extremely risky, For sometimes you may get dropped on, and fined a heavy fine: When a thirsty traveller comes around and wants a horn of whiskey, It's as hard to tell a "spotter" as logwood wash from wine!

X. What care we for the drunkard, what his wretched wife is suffering, So long as we wear diamonds, and make a grand parade, And drive around a fancy "rig," as stylish as Lord Dufferin, Let bummers look out for themselves, we'll look out for the Trade!

"He is a man among ten thousand," said Mr. Smith to his wife, in enthusiastic description of his friend Jones. Whereupon his little son inquired, "Does Mr. Jones live in a town that has just lately been made a city?"

MRS. McDERMOTT'S COMET.

ERINGBOROUGH TERRACE, Oct., '82.

MY DEAR SIR,—The following is the epistle I received immediately on my arrival home from Aigipt:—

"Hamilton, Oct., '82.

"Dear Cousin Barney,—I do be glad to think that you are home again. There's a grate comet coming to Hamilton to-morrow night, and if you'll make it conveyant to visit me then, and stay a couple of days, I'll be much obliged to ye, as I do not like to go to the top of the house, in the dead hour of night, without a man-body being in the house. Francis sends his love to you, and his Auntie Nora, and Tim.

Nomore at present from your loving cousin,
AUNTIE McDERMOTT.

P.S.—I got Francis to write this letter for me. Yours, old buck,

FRANCIS."

Seein' that Mrs. McDermott was a widdy woman, an' me first cousin, an' one av the family, as it were, it immaydiately behoved me to request Nora to lay out me Sunday suit, me white shirt wid the studs, me green tie, an' me goold pin wid the sphinx head, so I could be a kind av dacent to visit me cousin and see the comet. Mrs. McDermott had a bye, be name Francis, an' me nephew to wit, an' bedad that's the bye has more in his head than ye'd be afther thinkin'. Me cousin made me very welcome whin I cum, an' afther sittin' talkin' over me adventures in Aigipt we retired for the evening. I went to bed airly, an' afther shlapin quietly for three or four hours, I tuk to dhramin', and was enjoyin' meself beautifully, when all at wost whirr-rr-rr-rr-rackethy-bang! rang! clang! pell-mell! thunder! murder! whirr-rr-rr-oo! cum thumpin' agin me unfortunate timpanum, wakenin' me out of me shlap, and shtrikin' terror to me sowl. Slick as lightning I out o' bed, an' down the stairs wint tarin' like mad, niver shtoppin' until I run agin what I tuk to be Mrs. McDermott's bedroom dure. "Mrs. McDermott," sez I, knockin'. "What?" sez she. "Are you there?" sez I. "Yes," sez she. "What for?" sez she. "Sure the comet's tumbled into the sun," sez I. "Didn't yez hear the shindy? sure the pieces have been rowlin' down the chimbley for the lasht half hour an' more." "Glory be to Peter," sez she, gettin' out av' bed wid a thump, an' fumblin' around the room. "Have ye'er a match ye'd be afther lendin' me?" sez she. Wid that a dure opens away down at the other ind av the hall. "Where are yez?" sez she. "Here," sez I. "Where?" sez she. "At the bedroom dure," sez I. "Faith an' yer nothin'," sez she, "for I'm at the dure myself. Have yez'er a match at all?" "Nary a match," sez I, "sure I left thim upstairs in me vesht pocket." "Here's wan," sez Francis, slidin' down the bannisters an' rippin' a match up agin the wall, revealin' me a-shiverin' at the pantry dure, wid the ruffles av Mrs. McDermott's nightcap just visible out av a dure away at the other ind av the hall. "You young divil!" sez she, "what tricks have yez been to up now? tell me," sez she, makin' a grab at him, "what diviltry did yez play on yer Uncle Barney?" "Nothin' mother, only the alarm wint off in the night." At this moment the match wint out an' I sayzed the chance to flounder upstairs again to me own room, mighty thankful that it wasn't the crack av doom afther all. Whin I lighted the gas, behold ye, there was the little alarum clock that bye had stuck on a chair close up to the head av me bed; and away it wint rattlin' in the night like the rattle av a hundred an' fifty kettle-drums. "Well," sez I, "byes will be byes," sez I, "and many's the thrick meself played a quarter av a century ago."

Afore I turned in I lukt out at the night.

It was fine an' clear, plenty of stars, but nary a comet. So I concluded I'd best be afther havin' a slape until it was time for the comet to come out. Whin I woke up again the sun was shthramin' in through the window, and the comet had been an' gone two hours before.

The next night meself was awakened up wid a modest little bit of a rat-tat-tat at me bedroom dure. "Arrah! be aff out of that will yez," sez I, thinkin' it was the bye again. "Cousin Barney," sez the voice av Mrs. McDermott, softly, "would yez like to see the comet?" "Howly Moses! Mrs. McDermott, is that you? sure it's beggin' yer pardon I am. I was afther thinkin' it was the bye Francis." "Hurry up," sez she, "an' come up to the top av the house to have a squint at it; you can see it beautifully to-night." "All right," sez I, "I'll be there in a jiffy," and wid that gets up an' inside av me suit in less than no time; the night bein' a kind av chilly I hauled on me overcoat, tied a sock up me jaws for fear av the toothake, and wint up to Mrs. McDermott's obsarvatory in the attic. Whin I got there, behold ye, Mrs. McDermott was standin' upon a wash-stand wid her head outside av the little bit av a shky-light, an' she a howldin' on to the roof wid her two hands. "Glory be to Peter," she was sayin'. "Sure an' it's as big as two moons, an' lukt at all them little black marks round an' round it," sez she. "Now I declare," sez she, "the works av nature is wonderful, raley. I wonder, now, is it raley a-fire, or just shinin' like that stinkin' fish meself was afther throwin' out. Sure I can't see how that could fall into the sun, whin the sun isn't here at night to get fallen into, and the comet don't be here in the daytime. Glory be—" "Missus McDermott," sez I, fur the teeth were chatterin' in me head wid' the cowlid, "is that the comet yer afther shpakin to?" "Oh, cousin Barney," sez she, bringin' her head from above the roof, "it beats all I ever see, but the tail aint out to-night. Get right up and see it," sez she, jumpin' down wid a clump that shuk the whole house. Well, meself mounted on top av the wash-stand, an' afther squeezin' me head up through the shky-light I lukt cast across the shingles, but saw nothin' but clouds an' darkness. "Mrs. McDermott," sez I, "What?" sez she. "Where's the comet?" sez I. "Over be the chimbley," sez she. "The chimbley!" sez I, "sure the chimbley's in the west." "Who's to blame for that?" sez she, "sure the comet's there all the same—lukt out be the chimbley." Well, to please her I lukt out over the ind where the chimbley was, and sure enough there was a large dull ball av fire a-blazin' away as quiet an' cool as ye plaze. "Be me sowl," sez I, "that's a mighty quare comet, it's round an' round, wid nary a tail that meself kin discover at all. Missus McDermott," sez I, "will yez be good enough to slip yer hand in me coat pocket an' hand me out that shmal field glass the general gave me in Aigipt?" "I will," sez she, divin' her hand in me pocket an' handin' it up. I tuk the glass, an' fixin' me eye properly, tuk one look, and then the glass rowled out av me hand, down off the roof, an' I laid me face down on the shingles an' laughed till the tears cum drappin' down like rain into Mrs. McDermott's wash hand-basin. My dear Mr. GRIP, whin I lukt through the glass it was exactly half-past two on the face av the comet, fur Mrs. McDermott's comet was nothin' more or less than the splendid new illuminated clock on the corner of James and King streets.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,
BARNEY O'HEA.

"What is the best remedy for melancholia, spasms, weak-knees, alcoholism, sick headache and ring-bone?" asks HYPOCHONDRIAC. A weekly dose of GRIP, my boy. It never failed yet. St. Jacobs Oil is a fool to it.