

but gie me the siller for the whuskey," and he extended his hand.

"I think not," I replied, "my church would run me out if it knew I was guilty of a momentary transaction on a Sunday. Moreover I don't feel like "bucking" wood now; I can turn into bed and this whiskey will keep me warm and as to the payment, why, Inspector Dexter shall decide about that. The fine for selling liquor to-day, I believe, is \$20 or fifteen days—twenty dollars, my friend; two thousand bawbees; think of that! I'll saw no wood this morning—some other morning—good morning," and as I retired the good man swooned away into a barrel of salt mackerel that smelt to heaven.

Thus did Yorkshireman prove a match for crafty Scot. Ha! ha!

—S.

A POINTER FOR THE DOCTOR.

DEAR GRIP:—

The facility with which Dr. Wild finds examples of fulfilment of prophecy, and the suitable application of scriptural language to the every day events of our modern life, must command the admiration and wonder of all lovers of the remarkable. I am more than astonished however, to find that *one* passage in the New Testament has escaped the notice of his eagle eye. I refer to that plain allusion to Mr. Mowat and Sir John in the parable of "The hypocrite." To an unprejudiced mind there can be no doubt whatever that the beam there spoken of as standing in the way of the removal of a certain mote, has direct reference to that "stick of timber" which Sir John has had in his eye for many a day, and which he more than once has spoken of as "Not for Joe, oh no, no! not for you Ontario!" The best proof of this theory lies in the fact that it is this very beam, or "stick of timber," which prevents the Premier from successfully getting that Mowat out of the eye of the public of Ontario. A short time ago the crank that turns the *Mail* organ kept grinding incessantly that "Mowat must go, Mowat must go, Mowat must git from Ontario." Accordingly, probably to escape the din, he went to England, and returned—victorious; and now though all Torydom may pretend to rejoice that the bone of contention has been borne off by the right dog, still we know that it is, like the beam, all in their eye—and quite as open to doubt as the existence of a mythical personage known to sailors as Betty Martin. That "stick of timber" or beam will for ever preclude Sir John from removing that Mowat. I do wish Dr. Wild would tackle this and handle it in his own able way.

Yours very truly,
A SON OF THE PROFITS.

THE BIRTH OF THE LATEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Haroun el Hamfat, minstrel to the king,
One sultry day lay prone within his tent;
The lazy brooze scarce breathed on anything.
In through the doorway stole the insidious scent
Of tropic flowers and of spices rare,
Whose perfume loaded all the idle air.

Haroun el Hamfat, minstrel to the king,
Felt sleepy, for the hour was afternoon,
And he had dined; he had ceased to sing.
In vain had striven his well-loved lute to tano,
But fruitless all the drowsy god doth creep
Towards El Hamfat, and he falls asleep.

And as he slept he dreamt that in his tent
Stood myriad mules, all countless in array,
Which, till their breath with much fatigue was spent,
Would all incessant long and loudly bray.
And jackals, voices then came joining in,
And added to the pandemoniac din.

Such sounds Haroun El Hamfat ne'er before
Had heard: a pup whose tail is tightly hold
Within the fast closed hinges of a door
With such discordant tones had never yelled.
They were as though all Hades' traps were loose
And yelling, shrieking, howling like the deuce.

El Hamfat woke and found that he had dreamed,
But still those sounds were ringing in his ears;
Though but a violin, all so real it seemed
That Hamfat broke down and gave way to tears.
For his musician's soul with anguished pain
Was tortured by this most discordant strain.

(Some days before, the minstrel by the king
Had been commanded to, at once, invent
On pain of death, by aid of wind or string
Some brand new kind of music instrument;
And with this regal order on his mind
Haroun had fall'n asleep, the thing to find.)

Straightway he hid him then to Hassan Jones,
A cunning worker in the sounding brass,
"Make me," he cried, "an instrument whose tones
Shall be like those of braying mule or ass,
But make them worse if possible." "I will,"
Replied H. Jones, "I guess I've got the skill."

Then Hamfat told good Jones about his dream,
And of the awful sounds that he had heard:
"The instrument," he said, "must have the scream
Of girls who see a mouse; the jackass-bird
Must sing no less discordant; it must sound
Far worse." Said Jones, "In two months call around."

Two moons elapsed. Haroun El Hamfat came
And bowed him lowly down before the king.
"Hasn't got the instrument?" the latter cried, "The same
I have, and here, my lord, behold the thing.
My lord's commands in all I have obeyed."
And here he showed the thing that Jones had made.

"Tis well," replied the king "now let me hear
Upon this instrument of thine a tune;
Now do thy best, for thou shalt be a peer
Of this our realm." "I will," replied Haroun.
He placed the mouthpiece to his nimble tongue
And drew much air into each mighty lung.

And then he blew a blast: the mighty king
Thurst his forefingers in each real ear.
The courtiers fled in terror scampering;
The queen fell dead o'ercome with awful fear.
And, when the sound had died away, Haroun
Enquired, "shall I discours another tune?"

The king had had enough, yet, curlous all,
He asked Haroun El Hamfat what might be
The name whereby he did intend to call
The new invention: "What's its name?" said he,
"My liege," replied the minstrel, "my invention new
Is known—" "As what?" "Is known as the kazoo."

THE SCALPEL.

ETERNAL FITNESS.

A trunk line war of rates seems inevitable.
Well! anything queer about a trunk line
having things clothes?

MORE TO THE POINT.

An effort is to be made to create a trade between
Montreal and the minor West India ports.
But what about a trade between Montreal
and the Miner North-West regions?

TWO GREAT MEN.

Victor Hugo works only in the afternoon, doing most
of his writing standing up at a high desk.
How different from a celebrated Canadian
litterateur who works sometimes at poetry up
till midnight and does most of his writing up
in a tall tower!

SETTLES IT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—Commander Schley said yesterday that he was positively of the opinion that the flesh was removed from the bodies of Greely's men simply for the purpose of catching shrimps.

Now, this ought to be perfectly satisfactory. All we wanted to know, was where the flesh had gone to? Of course those who would use human flesh for bait never would think of making any other use of it!

"THAT WAS THE CAUSE OF IT."

Benjamin F. Butler was in 1843-4 an agent for an actress, Miss Hildrith.

This is what makes the General so popular with the press gang.

CARNEGIE'S BOTHER.

Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania, owner of a number of newspapers in England, says the *St. James Gazette* is right in asserting that he would destroy the Crown and House of Lords if he could.

Well, there *does* seem to be some little difficulty in the way, come to look into it!

BAD BEGINNING.

Bjorn Bjornson, a very gifted son of the great poet and leader, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, has been—

But, pshaw! No printer will ever get through with a paragraph starting out in this shape.

BY THE POWERS.

U. S. merchants are said to be expecting a material increase in trade with China consequent on the war.

Just so! It takes the American nation to look after its real interests. While the fool powers are fighting, this cute power keeps on working. Uncle Sam knows when he has a good thing.

OWES FOR HIS PAPER.

King Ludwig, of Bavaria, rises in the night, has a black steed saddled, and dashes off at a whirlwind speed up and down the hill roads—which are well kept for that reason—like a phantom horsman pursued by some relentless decree of the supernatural powers.

What Lud. had better do, then, is pay his subscription to the local newspaper and be done with it.

MOVED BY US SECONDED BY —.

A Baltimore physician says that the superfluous hairs which make their appearance on the lips of ladies, greatly to their annoyance, can be removed by passing an electric needle into the hair cell of each individual hair, and then passing a spark of electricity through the needle.

That's such an easy way out of the difficulty that the Baltimore physician is open to grave censure for keeping quiet about it all this time.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

Professional beggars are on the increase in Toronto. But the professional burglar scares us most. What is wanted are professional policemen as an antidote for both pests.

TIME'S UP, OLD MAN.

Ashantee wants to be annexed to Britain. And does it not seem about England's time for annexing something or some one? Mus'nt have too long between nexings, Gladstone!

IMPORTANT OMISSION.

A girl in New York State is said to have existed 163 days without food. It isn't said, however, how long the reporter was without an item before he struck this grand one. The girl is prostrate, of course? The reporter is lying, too.

A PLUMBERS' BOOM WANTED.

An attempt is to be made to organize the plumbers of the Dominion. Let, therefore, all the newspapers start to work and pipe the little lay; for does not the plumber lay the little pipe?

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

The large number of persons who daily visit the establishment of PETLEY & PETLEY can testify to the very low prices at which they are selling hosiery, gloves, laces, ribbons, corsets, frillings, etc., and will have no hesitation in saying that it is without doubt the cheapest house in the city. FINE CLOTHING—Gentlemen requiring fine clothing should not fail to inspect the splendid assortment of new fall suiting now on exhibition at the stores of Petley & Petley, King St. East. There is no disputing the fact that gentlemen as a rule pay higher prices for their clothing and underwear than there is any necessity for, and is no doubt accounted for by their making their purchases at small furnishing houses or tailor shops. This might be avoided by buying from such houses as Petley & Petley, who do not confine themselves to this class of trade and are therefore in a much better position to sell at close prices than houses who have to pay all their working expenses out of the one department.