



### MOWAT PURSUED BY SATAN.

THE *Waterford Star*, understanding that the late decision of the Privy Council has placed the Indians on Crown lands under the control of the Provincial Governments, instead of the Federal, strongly urges the Premier of Ontario to take advantage of that fact to turn the tables on the enemy. "Wouldn't Sir John work a decision of this kind for all it is worth?" says the Tempter; "you just bet he would! If, therefore, Mr. Mowat neglects to pull the string in this instance from any motives of delicacy, he is not worth his seat as a practical politician." The "fact" thus discovered by the *Star* does not happen to exist, but even if it did, can we doubt that the truly good Attorney-General would fly in horror from such a corrupt suggestion?

### THE WORLD DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY GRIP'S OWN CLAIRVOYANT.  
PREVALENCE OF DARING CRIME.

[From the *News*, Jan. 2, 1894.]

FIVE short years ago and the whole country had stood aghast at the simple snatch work of bold bank thieves. We can all recall instances of the fish-pole fake, the deposit-book dive, the climb-on-the-box-and-grab game.

Examining the daily record of thievery in these times, we may well ask, whither are we drifting?

Take, for instance, the case reported in yesterday's edition, in which a whole bank vault was bodily lifted through the roof, in view of the surprised and terrified staff of clerks, and spirited away, leaving not a trace behind, except you count the vacancy in the building and the hole in the iron roof. If such a thing had occurred a few years ago, banks would have closed up business by the dozen. Now they seem to be getting used to it, if not actually to like the novelty and excitement of the proceedings.

It seems almost incredible that the daring bank theft, fully recorded in the news columns of this edition, could have been perpetrated. How a scheme involving the abduction of a paying teller in broad day-light, the personation of the clerk by one of the gang of robbers, the performance of his duties by the substitute for an hour, until a favorable chance presented to pass all of the currency funds on hand over to confederates—how a scheme such as this could have been successfully carried out in this city in its business centre, with crowds passing constantly, and detectives and policemen detailed especially to guard the bank premises, fairly beats one's comprehension.

But what is either of these two startling episodes in comparison with that of which our neighbor city Hamilton was the scene one day last week? A gentlemanly-appearing stranger, seemingly an elderly clergyman, gains

audience with a bank manager, mesmerizes him, and by this occult influence gets the banker to hand over the contents of the vault, value \$500,000, to his keeping, and actually goes with him outside and helps to stow away the big money in the carriage in waiting for the thief.

But why go on enumerating instances? Our purpose is not to pander to the morbid taste for relash of such arch-villainous occurrences, but to seek some remedy for the appalling condition of affairs into which the whole country, by reason of inefficient police protection and the scientific operations of crooks, has been plunged.

This incompetency of our so-called detectives to deal with the thieving fraternity of this order has long ago been amply proven. We are positively powerless to check the flow of daring robberies on all sides of us. It would seem to *The News* that the best thing to do under the circumstances would be for us who have any money to be robbed of to hand it to the banks, let it go for good, pack up a few eatables in a bag, take to the swamp, and be thankful we were lucky to escape with even the clothes on our backs.

### SCHLEIFENHEIMER'S SAYINGS.

It's a wise man vot knows his own mudder-in-law.

A KIDDEN-CAT has nine lives. But a shlander lie beats der kidden-cat py aboudit two dousand auf a majority.

A MAN'S a man for all ov dot. Yaw, meppe; but auf it vash't for so much "all ov dot," wouldn't dot man peen somevat more of a man, I kess?

To say "let us haf peaces!" is an easy way to got outen ov a leedle vightin' now und again, ven you dink you vas goin' to got licked.

VEN I find me a voman-shpoker on Dembrance mid a husband who shrivels up aboudit efery day ov his life, I vould liken to seen dot voman-shpoker do most of her shpoken at home und back it up mid a club vonce in a while. Dot's so, py gracious!

VERE do all der pins und needles go, eh? Vell, look here, mine friund, you chust told me vot pegomes ov der change py a two tollar pill ven a man puy a five-cent cigar, und I vill explain dot oder leedle matter before I got drough mid you already!

You ox me seriously, "Is life vort lifing?" I say, "No, misther! Dake dis und puy a dose ov Rough on Rats at der gorner grocery round der plock!"

ALWAYS ven I meet an honest man I valk me back wards. Dot is, so I can see him der most und longest dime.

I SAY, misther breacher, don't der lofe ov money vas der root ov all efil? Yaw! Oxuse me den ven I sub-bose dot auf you oxcept a call mit a pigger salary, you chust make a crab at der money und leaf der lofe to shlide. Ish dot so, or ish it?

You vant to leaf der farm und shtart peezeess in town, eh? Vell, dot's all ride enough. I ain't goin' to dhry und shof you in der Ticulune Asylum, anyway! But auf you vant my blain-shpoken advise, my leedle poy, you chust try virst to shtart der varm und leaf peezeess in town, vere it pelongs, und you don't.

DON'T vote agen der Schot Act peacause it was no good. Vote for der Act peacause der viskey peezeess ish pad!