

What Editors have to Suffer!(TELEGRAM. *Richard de Dicke, to Grip: 2 p.m. Tuesday.*)

"GRIP, old man, I was to 'do' you something this week, but, hang me, if I recollect what! 'Stonemason's strike;' or building; or mortar; almost sure there was mortar in it. Answer."

(Grip, to Richard de Dicke; 2.15 p.m.)

NICE fellow you are!—Thoughts on man as a stupid animal demonstrated by six hodmen at 15 cts. per hour carrying bricks up tall ladders when a "rope and pulley worked by two men etc." You'll recollect now. We want copy badly. Send up soon."

(Richard de Dicke to Grip; 7p.m. abbreviated.)

"EXACTLY. I remember. Hodmen! So it was. I don't know what you think, but it seems to me there's something in the weather adverse to literary application. Had some ideas on hodmen, I know, a day or two back, but don't know where they are now. If you look at Appleton's Cyclopaedia . . . polar waves, . . . barometric oscillations . . . intense thought injurious . . . man evidently formed for physical exercise . . . contributors to comic publications seldom live long . . . morning best time for composition . . . Hippocrates lays it down . . . Jones says I owe him his revenge at billiards . . . "give me five up". . . too much "thinking corrodes our clay." (Milton) . . . Send you something in the morning."

(Grip to Richard de Dicke: Wednesday, 9 a.m.)

"DON'T forget us. Several other contributions affected by same barometrical and sanitary influences . . . At wit's end for copy. Urgent."

(Richard de Dicke to Grip; 11 a.m.)

"POOR fellows! I sympathise with them! Know how it is myself. Feel a sort of all-overhissness this morning. Believe the brewers do, as that *Mail* man hints, put horrifying things in the beer. However I beat Jones. Enclosed is a letter, (no matter how I got it,) which a leading London, (Ont.) Grit has just received from a Toronto political *confreere*. It is as entertaining as anything I could do for you in this depressing weather."

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

"TO SUCH base uses may we come. etc!" Pious quotation.

I congratulate myself on being able to give exclusively some particulars respecting the above used up political Charlatan, who, has just sold his house and "fixings" at Kingston, preparatory to a final bolt to this most virtuous city. The great arch-corruptionist, after twenty years of nearly absolute power, is still as of old, a poor man, and (unlike MACKENZIE AND Co. when they surrender office) will be under the necessity of doing something for his living. I interviewed him last night. To my query what he intended to turn his hand to? he readily and courteously replied that on consideration it struck him there was an opening in Toronto for a writer of advertisements (in poetry and prose) for tradesmen and others who are over busy, or whose education has been neglected. "MOSES & SON, you know" he said, with a wink, "keeps a poet," and though the idea is new in these quarters I think it would take. Hereupon SIR JOHN went to a bureau, and brought out a card, and some printed specimens. The card was as follows:—

JOHN A. MACDONALD.
SCOLLARD ST. YONGE ST.

Advertisers' poet; paragraphist; letter-writer for labourers and servant-maids; copyist: etc. etc.

For specimens see below,—A reduction on taking a quantity.

REFERENCES KINDLY PERMITTED TO HON. GEO. BROWN, Toronto. C.J. WHELLAMS, Shepherds Bush, London, England; and others.

SPECIMENS.

MISS RYE. It is said that MISS RYE has brought an action against MR. POOR LAW INSPECTOR DOYLE for libel in saying she cleared £5 per immigrant child. We cordially subscribe to the sentiment of our talented *cotem* the *Millhaven Gazette* that if she recovers damages she would do well to spend a portion in the purchase of one of Poodle and Boodle's single and double cross stitch treadle-worked wringing and mangling Machines. *Lobo Advocate*.

(Note. This form of "local" is very effective, and admits of many pleasing variations.

Price 50 cents each, or Twelve for \$5.

STRANGE.—It is said that Hamilton has a lady who doesn't want any jewellery, hasn't a looking-glass in the house, and wouldn't take a silk dress as a gift. She is evidently in a low state of vitality, and from what we have heard from disinterested quarters of the virtues of PROF. MACCONKEY'S Nervo-galvanic-renovating and Invigorating Syrup we have no doubt that a few bottles of it would act with magical effect on her husband's Xmas bills in the above named three branches of business. *Avondale Courier*.

(In this Style 50 cents per Stanza).

On this I ponder,
Where'er I wonder,

And thus grow fonder
Of Slayem's pills:
So vitalizing!
Before them flies in
A pace surprising
My stomach's ills.

Well, well, 'tis better to work for one's living than to go loafing round saloons for free drinks, and if the old rogue can pick up bread and cheese in this way, I see no objections. Yours truly. STIGGINS.

Author of Toronto by Gaslight.

To an Excommunicating Bishop.

Unwise ecclesiastic, know you not
The weapon you have grasped has ever maimed;
The hand which held it? Has your Church forgot
They still have prospered best, 'gainst whom such
stroke was aimed?

Who rule in Rome to-day? Are they not those
'Gainst whom the Infallible his thunders sent?
What says he now? "A prisoner, my foes
In mine own palace have me closed and pent."

Would you again the harsh religious laws
Of former ages bring into the land?
Bethink you of each British penal clause,
How long you pined beneath their iron band.

They are repealed. Why seek to introduce
The angry hate which passed such laws once more,
Why let once more the fiend of discord loose
That wrought yourselves such injury before?

What though the journal railed? If false it said
That falsehood would recoil. If it be true
Thy excommunication has but spread
Broadcast, what else had been but read by few.

A Favorite.

All women love me, from the giddy girl,
About whose brow full many an errant curl
Comes leaping downward, to the ancient maid
Whose hair, classically severe, a braid
Confines. Sweet eighteen, bursting into smiles,
The staid matron, laughing at love's guiles;
The sombre widow, who has plucked the tree
Of sad experience, all alike love me!
And I am privileged. Where woman goes
There go I. When she is racked with woes
I'm by her side. When merry glances dart
And her blood leaps with joy, I feel her heart
Thrilling beneath my touch; I press her waist
More ardently than by lover e'er embraced.
Fickle, but not the ficklest coquette
Has ever dared to do without me yet.
When in the drawing-room, I'm with her there;
I go out with her when she takes the air;
At night when in her couch sleep seals her eye,
On chair or sofa in her room I lie,
For I am privileged in many ways—
Seeing, my friends, that I'm a pair of stays!

Doings of Prominent Men.

MR. GEORGE BROWN denies that he became a Tory, but confesses that late events have given him *il-liberal* tendencies.

THE *Globe* tells what MR. PATTESON said of MR. CROOKS, MR. PATTESON is going to tell us what the MESSRS. BROWN said of each other. If they agree not better, we shall soon hear what the twins of Toronto and London say of each other. How this world is given to—saying things of each other.

ON coming in sight of Toronto, MR. BLAKE remarked that it was sad to think that we seldom brought back a spotless "record" "Behold," he said, the place of my "brief" existence. But its "term" approaches. I am, however, "retained" here by many "refreshing" recollections.

MR. MACKENZIE, while in Sarnia, was observed contemplating the ruins of his former efforts at masonry. "Ah," he said, "the builders reject me; but I am noo the corner stane o' a mair important Hoose." And he went away, placidly.

MR. CROOKS lately met MR. WILLIAM MCDUGALL. The coincidence was remarkable, but it really happened that MR. WILLIAM MCDUGALL at the same moment met MR. CROOKS. Their remarks also remarkably coincided. MR. MCDUGALL said that when his character was comparatively unknown, he used to be able to find constituencies much more readily than at present. MR. CROOKS agreed that it was strange, but not uncommon, as his experience was precisely the same.