

## THE BEAT ROUTE QUESTION.

Should policemen be changed from beat to beat every few days? This is the question now agitating the—the—well, minds is as good a word as any, of those whose—whose—well, minds are supposed to be agitated by such momentous affairs. There is much to be said on both sides; those in favor of the system of change, are uncertain as to the results: those who are opposed to it, are very decidedly and steadfastly so. The two classes may be thus set down:

Pro-motion, or uncertain.  
Con-stable.

Being anxious to ascertain the feeling amongst those who we thought would be interested in the matter, Mr. GRIP personally interviewed several ladies and gentlemen, and now publishes extracts from what he was told.

SATREY JANE, cook, 231 Belgrave-street, said, "Loos a mussy, it wouldn't never do Here's me and Loweeza, housemaid's just got everything arranged beyoutiful, and number 23 and 62 drops in reglar at arf parst nine, pea hem, and it took us ever so long to get suffish-ently hintimate, and what's more I told marster that 23 was my cousin and 62 Loweeza's brother, so as if he *did* see 'em hany time he wouldn't say nothink, an' I'm sure missus needn't begreeth the bit of cold 'am and mut-ting, for she wouldn't never miss it, cos I used to sell the leavin's to some of the cheap lunch rooms for soup, before me and 23 kep' company, No, Mr. GRIP, don't make no changes what-somever; things is puflickly comferable as they is, thank you, kindly, sir."

JEAMES, footman, same address, said, "Do I think as the beats had ought to be changed frequent? Most decidedly and haffirmatively, yes. 'Evings alive, who, hi'd like to know, cares to 'ave two great hignorant, 'ulkin', hunderbred peelers a droppin' in to a swarry as reglar as you may please. That Louisa do seem unkimmon took up with that No. 62, and if Hi vaan't so puttickler about the curl of my viskers, blow me if I wouldn't punch is 'idgeous 'ead. Vy, the great lanky brewt, he 'aven't got no carves wotever, and it's puflick hagny to me to see 'im a guavin' is vittles, and a shovellin' the mashed puttaters into his great beasly mouth with his knife. Bah! Remewve them by hall means, hif it's honly to hincrase hour chances of getting some fellers with *some* manners and breedin' occasional.

MONTAGUE ROSELEAF remarked, "For Gwa-cions sake, my deah fellah, by all means do ewything in your powah to have that dis-gusting bwute who pwomenades before my—aw—apawments wemoved; he twocads like a pile dwivah, and wakes me up ewevy mawn-ing at eleven o'clock, pounding pahst my win-dow. Yahs, Mr. GRIP, at least let me have a policeman on my beat who wears something undah numbah 27's."

PATERFAMILIAS observed, "Well, I don't know but that changes would be advisable. Deuced good looking young fellow, that constable whose beat is on our street at present, and Bella is a susceptible girl. I fancy, too, that he looks very suspiciously tender as he passes my house. Yes, better move 'em around."

MATERFAMILIAS: "Why, I scarcely know what to say. It is a fact that the *cold meat* does go uncommonly quick when once it leaves the dining room, but the question is, would a change in the constables' beats make any change as regards the *cold meat*. Our Toronto men are really all such *fine, healthy-looking* men, that I fear they all have *immense appe-tites*. I really cannot give a decided opinion."

WILLIAM SYKES growled, "Look 'ere, GRIP, change 'em round, I says, cos vy: That bloke on the beat near where me and my pals 'angs out, 'e've got us a-spotted, 'e 'ave, and ve can't vork at hour trade novays reglar. Vy, knock me still, if we've cracked a crib for the

last four nights, hall along o' that cove in blue a-vatchin' of us, Chango 'em? In course, change 'em! Vot's the good of 'em, anyway!"

Several other eminent citizens were inter-viewed, but space will not allow publication of their remarks this week. Of course the hobbles themselves have something to say in the matter, and they shall be heard without fear or favor.

## TOO MANY COOKS, ETC.

SOMEWHERE, June, 1883.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Not long ago a new paper was started here. I obtained a berth as re-porter on its staff. I determined to make the thing a success as far as lay in my power, and with this idea resolved to be spiey, and to give our readers nice little dishes of scandal with every issue. The paper is bossed by a com-pany, with twelve directors and, I believe, 10,199 shareholders. By giving you a sketch of the manner in which my first gleanings were received, I think you will own that I felt justified in being slightly discouraged.

SCENE.—City Editor's Room. *Dramatis Per-sonae*.—City Editor, Reporters, etc., etc.

CITY EDITOR.—Anything particular at the Police Court to-day, Chips?

CHIPS.—Yes, sir. Splendid scandal. You know old Featherbug? Well, blest if his wife hasn't gone off with the Reverend—

C. E.—Tut, tut, man, are you mad? Don't you know Featherbug is vice-president of this concern? D'ye want to be bounced right off? By gemini! keep that out or there'll be the very mischief to pay. What c'd he did you get?

C.—Well, Spoffins over there at the Tem-perature Hash-house got blazing last night and lambasted his wife till he nearly killed her, and she had him run in. (Guess I'll dish that item up in verse, eh?)

C. E. (sarcastically).—You're a sweet one! (Guess you'll try and get some sense, won't you? Why, Spoffins is one of the largest shareholders in this company, and Double Ex-tract of the Distilled Drybobs of Temperance. You'd better put his name in and see where you'll be. Seems to me you want to bust up this thing right from the first. What c'd he did you capture?

C.—Well, there was a cock-fight out at Pilkins' on the Dunbar Road; ended in a general kick up and free fight. Samball and Jobbins, you know 'em, I guess, waded into one another with beer bottles and are both in hospital, the latter with the D.T.'s. There'll be a lot of arrests to-day, and I'll write the whole affair up up to the handle when I get particulars. We'll scoop the old *Beholder*, you bet.

C. E. (scanning list of names).—That would not be bad, but, hang it! man, Samball and Jobbins are both largely interested in this concern: why, Jobbins is a director. Whew! not another word about that affair. You don't seem to have much tact, somehow, Chips. Didn't you attend that old rooster's revival meeting up at the hall, by the way? You might give a synopsis of his remarks, you know.

C.—Well, I expect that I'll be on to some one's corns then. He said that religion was a mere cloak for iniquity—

C. E.—You're right. That hit about two-thirds of our shareholders.

C.—And that the thirst for filthy lucre was so strong in this city that men would barter their very reputations to get a grab of the spondulicks, or words to that effect.

C. E.—That captures pretty near the whole of the other third. What else did he say?

C.—Said that politicians were no more to be re'lied on than a billy-goat with the measles and—

C. E.—That's enough. If that goes in we'll have the President and all his angels whoop-ing round here like singed cats. Keep it out. Seems to me you've been unfortunate in the items you struck. However, take your seis-sors and a Euclid, and clip out a few problems or one of the Psalms, guess you'll find 'em somewhere in Euclid, or Trigonometry, or Deuteronomy; we must give the public some-thing new. If that won't do, I'll resign.

C.—Ditto.

Well, Mr. GRIP, it was the same thing with the rest of the reporters. Not an item could go in without hitting some of the 10,199 share-holders or one of the twelve directors, so I guess the kibosh'll soon be put on this enter-prise. Tra-la. Yours, etc.,

CHIPS.

## MUM'S THE WORD.

The Hamilton Chief of Police has again ordered his merry men all to treat the news-paper fiend with hauteur and silence, and not to tell him "anything about anything." It would seem as if GRIP's advice to detec-tives and policemen, and "rote skarkastical," published some weeks ago, had been inspired by some prophetic instinct, as in that beauti-ful poem the following lines occur:

If a member of the press in his professional capacity, Steps up and asks you questions with his natural avidity, Tell him anything that suits you, sacrificing your veracity, But keep dark.

When a crime's been perpetrated a reporter with rapidity, Is sure to want particulars with his usual avidity, Say 'you've got a clue to the criminal who did it, he Is keeping dark."

But you know exactly where he is, but if you give parti-culars

To those confounded papers, why, the scoundrel's own au-dacious, Will surely hear the news, and then the thing would be ridiculous.

So—keep dark."

All of which goes to show that GRIP is a very wise bird, and is possessed of some of the weird, Satanic attributes claimed for him by his immortal ancestor spoken of in *Barnaby Rudge*, and from whom he takes his name, and whose favorite expressions used to be, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil. Polly put the kettle on,"—and we might add that the culinary utensil alluded to will probably soon be employed for the heating of the water into which Mr. Hamilton Chief will inevitably flounder if he pursues his present unwise tactics.

We are often instructed as to the proper way to run a paper, so we think, as turnabout's fair play, wemight as well take a hand in in showing off what we know about managing a police force. Caw, caw.

## A COASTING REQUIEM.

A little boy and a little sled,

These two.

The little sled was painted red

And blue.

The little boy wore knickerbockers,

And he was sliding "belly cockers,"

Poor lad!

This boy, he scaled the hill, he did,

Way up.

Then down the hill, this boy, he slid,

Kerslap!

That painted sled, it struck a rock,

That boy is just now out of stock;

Too bad!

They searched the ground for miles around,

Alas,

Before his busted bones they found,

A mass,

That twelve or fifteen counties cluttered,

Where once the boy had "belly guttered,"

Oh my!

Now, little boys who go to slide,

Take care!

Remember how this poor boy died!

Beware!

If you must go and slide kerslap,

Walk down the hill and then slide up;

Good by.