

# TOADS WREAK HAVOC THOUSANDS HOMELESS



De juror.

By ALLAH UNDERSIGNED  
Staff Writer

(London) - The murder trial of Peter Demurder, after 51 weeks, is finally over. After a record deliberation of three minutes, the jury found Demurder guilty of first degree non-capital bludgeoning.

After everyone in the courtroom finished cheering the decision, Mr. Justice Camphorball Grunt asked Demurder exactly how he had committed the crime.

Demurder refused to reveal the modus operandi on the grounds that it may incriminate him and that furthermore he may want to use it again. The entire courtroom applauded Demurder on a crime well done.

Justice Grunt then bore the task of offering Demurder a life sentence with possible parole after 10 years or \$15,000 in cash and a car of his choice. Choked with tears, Demurder accepted the latter prize.

And then, in front of the entire courtroom, Demurder gave an emotion-filled monologue. He concluded by saying, "I accept these gifts with heart-filled thanks. I can only say that these last several months have been the most wonderful months of my life and I know that I will truly miss all those wonderful people on the jury that have made this case so rewarding.

"I would also like to thank the various media for the untold notoriety that they have given me. To them, I am truly indebted."

• More inside



Demurder.

Weather  
Bad

THE **SCUM**

You get  
what  
you  
pay for

Vol. uh... who keeps track?

TORONTO, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1974

Still in circulation

## Panic in Metro parks



A recent wave of playground abductions has scandalized Metro. Here, a seemingly innocent toddler lures this bereted passerby into the playground with

a chocolate bar, while pre-pubescent punks lurk scant yards away, waiting to pounce.

Abnorm Batts, photo

## Subway rider given the gears, pork chop dinner left uneaten

By DEAPE SOBB  
Staff Writer

Stanley Bottom claims that it's true. And his bruised and battered body, his two broken arms, three fractured ribs, cracked skull, 322 facial stitches (the wails of agony he makes when trying to shave) — these are pretty persuasive evidence that Stanley's tale of horror is, indeed, true.

On November 23 at 8:32 p.m., Stanley was standing (slouching, really; he still feels the effects of an old motorcycle accident) on the northbound platform of the Dundas subway station. He was feeling contented and at peace with the world (and looking very dapper, too, having just purchased a new pair of wide-wale burgundy corduroy pants which he was wearing at the time. Snug fit, handsome flair).

At 8:35, Stanley was riding the northbound train. He was carrying two bottles of Canadian rye in a paper bag. Occasionally, he snuck a sip from one of them. (What's the harm?)

As the train pulled into Eglinton station, Stanley ran his hand across his three-day beard and thought happily of the dinner which his common-law wife had waiting for him in their tolerable Downsview apartment. Pork chops garnished with apple sauce. Two for him. One for her.

The doors slid open and three TTC officials lumbered into Stanley's car.

"Heh, heh. We got a drunken punk in heah," said one, pointing his whistle at Stan.

"All you folks: git off of the train," said another, as he brandished his train schedule, a gleam in his eye.

Stanley cowered into his seat as the train pulled out of Eglinton, heading into that long, dark tunnel. Good old Stan.

The train ground to a halt several minutes later, deep in the tunnel. The only sound was the plaintive croaking of subterranean toads.

Swinging their whistles and spitting subway tokens from their mouths, the three men approached Stanley. Poor, poor Stan. Well built, not unattractive Stan, who never hurt anyone in his life except for one assault and battery (acquitted).

By the time the train reached York Mills, Stan was very near the end of his line. Beaten to a pulp, he was the only person on the car. The three TTC officials had vanished without a trace.

Questioned later in hospital, a heavily sedated Stan said, "Guddle muddy, dey buht muhp. Uhh. Uhh, muh uhken hud."

TTC brutality? Ask Stanley Bottom.