

than garrotting, and then forget all about it, while the Protectionist will regard it as greatly to the Customs Department's credit thus to make Protection effective, where the glorious N.P. may perchance be found to have weak spots.

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THE Young Liberals have decided by a good majority in favor of the proposal to exempt houses from taxation to the extent of \$600. Let it be done forthwith. What are the authorities waiting for now?

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"WHOSO tooteth not his own horn, verily the same shall not be tooted," says the great philosopher, Briggs. Here we find the *Montreal Witness* declaring that it has been obliged to enlarge to twelve pages to accommodate advertisers who find it to their advantage to patronize a paper of sterling principle; and every week the *Regina Leader* has more or less to say about the superior virtues and abilities of Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. The editor of the *Globe* has been for many days singing the praises of his own cleverness in getting out a Christmas number which eclipses anything ever done before. This self-praise is nauseating. What would be thought of MR. GRIP if he declared that his Almanac for 1889 is the very best and funniest that has ever been issued in Canada? MR. GRIP is too genuinely modest to say anything of the kind. He prefers that others should say so—as they do. And why do they say so? Simply because the Almanac for '89 deserves it. Buy one (only 10c.) and judge for yourself.

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THE London *Free Press* expresses regret at Prof. Goldwin Smith's announcement that he will shortly retire from the field of controversy upon political or semi-political questions of the hour. In this the *Free Press* does honor to Canadian journalism. Prof. Smith's keen pen is literally mightier than a sword against the Government's policy on some topics, and it would not have been surprising to find the prospect of his retirement greeted with manifestations of delight by Government organs like the *Free Press*. We hope there are many more journals in the same position noble enough to join the *F.P.* in declaring that Mr. Smith's retirement will be "felt to be a severe loss by a large class of thoughtful readers."

#### THE FIEND IS HERE!

217 PONS ASINORUM AVENUE,  
Nov., '88.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—

OH dear! when I think of it yet! I saw—oh, I'm sure it was him. I was coming home in a Spadina Avenue car; it was quite late, and I think he must have seen I was in the car alone and got in. Oh—oh! the moment I glanced at his horrid face I thought of the awful murders, and a wild suspicion that that might be him escaped to Canada struck cold to my spine; but, MR. GRIP, when he turned to sit down and I saw that bag, that horrid bag, hung over his shoulders, I was certain of it. And then the way he looked at me! I just grew cold; and to make matters worse, I remembered having seen that same man with that same bag coming out of Osgoode

Hall. Dear, oh dear! it's little wonder the London police can't catch him, when here he is, walking out of Osgoode Hall, he and his bag, every day, and watching the opportunity to ride home on Spadina cars with unprotected ladies who may have been detained. When we came round the back of Knox College, where it is so dark at the curve there, oh dear! didn't he take the awful bag off his shoulder and lay it down on the cushion and begin fumbling in his pocket! I am neither nervous nor fanciful, MR. GRIP, but what my feelings were when I saw that horrid, horrid monster fumbling for his knife, I leave you to judge. I cannot but admire my own presence of mind yet, when I look back and think how I behaved in moments which would have made any other lady scream right out. I just kept my eye upon him till he fished out a long shaped pocket-book, the very thing to hold a knife or a razor in, but I do confess to closing my eyes when he began to open the fearful wallet. No, I was pretty plucky, but I couldn't stand the sight of the knife. When I opened my eyes again he was standing up talking to the driver through that little door over the fare box, and I just seized my opportunity to ring the stop bell. Oh! the eternity of anguish I endured till that car got over the crossing, and I just said to myself, I shall drop when I get inside the door—I know I shall. Luckily, the monster's purpose was frustrated this time, for the car stopped right at a street lamp and our house is directly opposite. But, oh dear, MR. GRIP, do warn the public that this fiend of the bag is in our midst, actually prowling around Osgoode Hall, and riding—with his bag—on the people's cars. Frightful, isn't it? As soon as I got inside the house I made a bee line for the mirror, and wasn't my hair quite grey! Bob, my youngest brother, tried to soothe my nerves by telling me that he had played a trick on me by filling my hair restorer bottle with colored water, and I had been using that instead of the restorer. Of course he says that to comfort me, but really it was my sufferings in the car with that wretch and his bag that did it; anyway, if it wasn't the Whitechapel fiend, then pray WHO was it? Is not the bag the great feature by which the fiend can be recognized—has he ever been known to appear without it? How else do you expect the police to capture him, if not by means of the bag?

Yours in mortal terror,

JANE ANNA SMYKES.



THINGS WE SEE WHEN WE COME OUT  
WITHOUT OUR GUN.