

found us at the Witch-hop. There must have been about 100 witches, the prettiest girls we ever saw. They bewitched the men so that when the band struck up a waltz they put their arms round their waists and went whirling round the room. In a little while the President said, "Now, Scraggy dear, jist you kill the prettiest looking critter you can find, as a sacrifice to the old silent nigger who keeps the door of the mint where Brother Jonathan's Dimes are." Scraggy picked out the very girl, Maud, that Bully-boy was dancing with. I saw Bully-boy tremble and feel for his revolver. "I won't allow this rudeness," he exclaimed. "Mind what you are saying, man from the stars," said the President, "jist you keep kool, or Scraggy 'll fix you too." Bully-boy came over to the corner where I was. "What is to be done," he said? "Have you got your Almanac?" "Yes, Ayer's Almanac, never fails." "Look up the weather for to-morrow, 5th August." "Snow storm, by my glass eye!" "That's the card for us, then. We'll threaten them with our magic, and foretell the snow-storm." Advancing to the President I said, "If Scraggy kills Maud, we'll blast the country by our magic." He quailed, and said "How, O man from the stars?" "See, this is mid-summer! We'll bring winter to-morrow." "Let's see you do it," said he. "Let's see you do it," said the old witch, Mother Barnes, hobbling up. "Whether she's killed or not you can't. Blood, blood, blood! I smell blood, b-l-ood, b-l-o-o-d!!!"

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT LABOR PROCESSION.

THE labor demonstration in this city on Saturday, Oct. 1st, was a fine success as a street spectacle, and we trust also a pleasant affair for all concerned. While Mr. GRIP watched the hardy sons of toil file past, he saw a great deal more than the ordinary spectator. To him the procession was a type, in miniature, of the grand march of labor now in progress throughout America. And, for the information of those who are blind to the signs of the times, the route of the labor multitude may be here stated: From Ignorance, along Agitation Avenue to Organization, thence by way of Strike Lane and Boycott Alley to Ballot Street, along Ballot to Intelligence Park, where the hosts of labor are joined by their natural allies, the forces of capital, thence the united bodies move by way of Political Power Avenue to Single-Tax on-Land-Values Street, thence, past Landlord Cemetery, to Justice Place, where a grand jubilee will be held in honor of the abolition of poverty.

THE CARDINAL'S VISIT.

OUR Roman Catholic friends in Toronto have had a grand time over the visit of the Quebec Cardinal, and their Protestant neighbors have, for the most part, been interested and sympathetic spectators. As Mgr. Taschereau was made a Prince of the Church presumably on account of superior spirituality, it is not unreasonable to hope that the people of his Church here have got some blessing by coming in contact with him. If his visit has in any measure helped any of our fellow-citizens on the way to the better land, it has more than justified all the elaborate preparations. We trust the visitor has no grounds of complaint so far as Protestant courtesy is concerned. He has been treated as kindly, we presume, as the Roman Catholics of Toronto have treated Rev. Dr. Munhall—which is the exact measure of his rights as a

visitor. His title means nothing at all to Canadians in their civil capacity, and still less to Protestants, and herein is our ground of complaint, stated elsewhere, against its recognition by the Lieutenant-Governor, who forgot in the flurry of the moment that he represents a Government which knows no Church.

THE BOY THAT STEALS THE PAPER.

THE meanest cuss round this 'ere town,
The meachinest sneak that's out,
I don't care who or what he is,
That hooks and fakes about;
I call him the meanest kind of a thief,
Don't care if he never swore,
Who comes on the route-boy's track and steals
The paper from the door.

Here we are, up at the break o' day,
When them fellers are sound in bed,
An' down at the office in rain or shine,
For whether we're living or dead
We got to be there on time—you bet!
Or be kicked right out of the store;
An' when we get round—this skunk, he steals
The paper from the door.

Next mornin' there's a complaint as how
The *World*, the *Globe*, or *Mail*,
Was missed, though I put it there myself
Right straight inside the rail.
Then 'coorse the man's respectable,
An' us coons—well, we're pore;
Oh, I could choke the sneak that steals
The paper from the door.

I know a boy that once got sacked:
He didn't cut no caper,
But he just laid low, with both eyes skinned,
For the boy that stole the paper.
The feller came sneakin' along the fence,
When Jack sprang up with a roar—
"I caught you at last! I know your tricks,
Stealing papers from the door!"

"You sleek-faced sneak! you dirty thief!
Take that—an' that—an' that!"
An' he bunged his eyes, an' bled his nose,
An' shook him, sir, like a rat.
He dug his fists in right an' left,
'Till you bet his hide was sore;
Says he, "maybe *next* time you'll steal
The paper from the door."

"Will ye do it again? Will ye do it again?"
An' the feller a-yellin' "Oh!"
An' tryin' to wriggle away—but Jack
Says he, "No yer don't, oh no!"
An' he hauls the skunk by the scruff of the neck,
Right up to the office door;
"There, — you've got to go in an' tell who stole
The paper from the door."

That Jack's a rich gentleman now, you bet.
An' now I'm just goin' to blow,
The first complaint that's laid on me,
Just see if I don't lay low!
For the sneakin' cuss that tracks my route,
An' you bet I'll make him roar;
He won't be in no hurry again to steal
The paper from the door. JAY KAYELLE.

A COUPLE OF SUGGESTIONS.

WE would respectfully suggest to the "authorities" at Montreal that they get the Sheppard warrant copper-bot-tomed and bound in brass—say from the cheek of Major Dugas—or the precious document will be so worn away by time and adjournments that the Police Magistrate won't be able to sign it when he is finally ordered to.