



"UNION IS STRENGTH."

MR. J. ROSS ROBERTSON SAYS THE FELLOW WHO GOT UP THAT MOTTO WASN'T SO VERY FAR OUT AFTER ALL!

A FUGITIVE FROM FENTON.

ERINGOBBAGE TERRACE,
Wiggins 11th, 1883.

ME DEAR SUR,— "Farewell! a long farewell to all me grateness," as General Wolsley ud say whin he was afther dyin'. Adieu! dear native land av Toranty, thy hills and valleys green! And lasht but not laste, wid tears in me oyes, farewell dear burd av litherature an' freedom, me own Canadian Aigle, darlin' GRIP. "Ju-va-le-ra!" A wanderer an' a vagabone on the face av the airth, a fugitive from injustice, and an exile from home, has your venerable correspondent become, all through the onfortunate purchase av a lottery ticket.

I'm just afther feelin' like an owld ostrich that's hunted from post to pillar, an' fain to sbtick its head in a hedge to be out av sight an' hearin' av the ruthless pursuer. I tell ye sur, that owld haythen king, who shuk so his joints loosened, an' his knees shmoted together, was nothing but a flea-bite compared wid meself, whin I was afther findin' out that I was a law breaker an' amenable to the laws av me country, through me aisy goin' timper.

It's the quarest sinsation in life to be feelin' that you are a criminal, an' liable to be placed in the dock wid dhrunkards an' loafers, an' blagyards, an' people that don't shovel off their shnow; to feel that you are wan av thim, an' that you are brought there by a move in a game that is bein' played by a lawyer in the intherests of the Suppression of Personal Impecuniosity. Agin the law! if the "vice suppressur" was anxious that the law shouldn't be broken, why didn't he go round the walls an' prophesy "yet forty days an' this interprise shall be destroyed?" Why didn't his virtuous indignation blaze out whin he got the first inklin' av the affair? Why didn't he raise a warnin' voice to warn poor innocent sowl's like meself from the awful vice? Why didn't he begin to "suppress" it till the bloom was on the rye and there was money in it? Couldn't he find any

vice to suppress in a city of saloons, of she-beens, of low haunts; of perishing childer, of dhrinkin' boys, and neglected girls? Musha! Mither Phintin, its yerself that takes the cake at swallowin' a camel humps an' all widout winkin', an' chokin' yerself wid a bit av a gnat av a lottery ticket. Faith thin me knight, it's mighty afraid that I am that yez'll be afther gettin' hoisted on the sails on this windmill av fortune you're a tiltin' at.

Yez'll aixcuse me hasty spache, Mither GRIP, but me timper gets the betther av me whin I see people usin' the suppression av vice as a manes av makin' a big haulav money. It was very innocently meself was roped in. Ye see, Paddy O'Laff an' Biddy Quirk that got married about the same time as meself, they lived outside the city limits, an' kept a cattle ranch for raisin' pigs an' poultry. Paddy was asmathematic, an' died one day fur want av breath. Biddy, however, she kep on the ranch, an' bein' hard up this winter, cum to the conclusion that she'd raffie off wan av the two pigs to raise the wind to pay the rint wid. So she writes me a letther, axin me to use me vote an' influence to get the raffie advertised in GRIP, an' she'd pay the money whin she got ready. Now, me bein' a lithery man I couldn't think av bein' mixed up wid anything as low as a raffie, besides if Biddy didn't raise more than the rint, she'd be apt to forget to pay for the advertisement; and then agin, that cartoon av the Pursuit av Pleasure made me oncertain av the reception you, sur, might give me, if I proposed to advertise the raffie av a pig in yur pages. So I scours meself up a bit, hangs on me best bib an' tucker, (I like to luk well whin I go to visit a widdy-woman, as a token av respect fur the departed) tacked on me new green tie, an' in the karacter av GRIP's reporter, went to interview the widdy anint the raffie.

Says I "Misthress O'Laff" says I, "sure its behind the age you'd be intoirely to have anything so low as a raffie. It isn't fashionable," says I, "nayther is it a bit gintale," says I. Says I, "you're a young an' good

lukin' ooman yet, an' in ivery thing you do," says I, "you shud be guided wid an oye to future possibilities in the way av marriage. No gintale young fellow now a days, wud marry a widdy-woman who raffled her pig. No ma'am," says I "we'll get up a lothtery," says I. "We'll dhrav the pig," says I. "Howly mother o' Moses!" says she, wid a grate screech, "sure you'd niver be ablo." "Why not?" says I. "Sure his neck is as thick as me waist," says she, "you couldn't dhrav it an inch." Says she, "I'd dhrav the toughest rooster in the yard, but I'm thinkin' its histhroat ye'll be afther cuttin' Barney," says she. "I didn't mane to dhrav his neck, Misthress O'Laff," says I, "what I mane is this, we'll get some tickets out, wid a lucky number for the pig, an' afther we've sowl'd the tickets among our frinds an' acquaintances, I'll come down an' we'll dhrav fur it, an niver mind about havin' a fiddler," says I. She loked a little dissappointed about the dance, but niver mind, says I "dance when your debt's paid." An' says I "I'll take a ticket, an' there's the quarther; an' I'll sell a dozen or so fur yez, its not every day people get the chance av dhravin' a handsome pig fur a quarther." So bedad we dhrav, an' Larry Kelly he won the pig, an' wid grate difficulty dhrav her home; the widdy's rint was paid, an' those that didn't win wern't sorry, their quarthers wat fur a good object. Two weeks sur, from that day, meself was served wid a summons from Mither Phintin, the vice suppressur, to answer a charge of encouragin' vice by helpin' the widdy to sell her pig.

No sur! niver! fur the honor av this paper, an' av the city, I will niver sthand in that dock as an example fur the suppression av



vice. Anyhow I daresn't risk it, fur I'm tould this vice suppressor is in the habit av eatin' sulphur fur his complexion in the spring, an' me lungs are wake, an' the shmell av brimstone 'ud make me cough so I'd be committed fur contempt av court, an' be landed in the Toranty Bastille. Manetime in momentary expectation av the police to haul me off, I shpind me hours in an owld flour-barrel, hidin' from them, an' have just come to the surface to pen you me lasht farewell. Tomorrow I'm off to the Shtates, where I will remain till the devil comes to Toranty to claim his own, afther which I can return to me native adopted country.

So long,
BARNEY O'HEA.

A man out West died in a bath tub. The verdict was, death from inexperience,

Five out of every twelve marriages are said to be unhappy. The other seven are often worse.