

Keewatin

The

# Keewatin Hustler.

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### WIT AND HUMOR.

Density of population minimises cost of Government. — Hon. John Norquay.

Density of circulation minimises the cost of production. — Editor Hustler.

It's the little things that tell especially the little brothers and sisters.

The ordinary schoolboy would find no difficulty in describing his taps as a striking reality.

It would no doubt shock many an actress who considers herself a "star" did she ever by accident happen to read that word backwards.

The editor who saw a lady making for the only seat in the street car found himself "crowded out" to make room for more interesting matter.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just walked up on the back seat.

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine'?" asked Mrs. McKelvie of Mrs. Fangle. "No," was the reply; "one is a cinnamon of the other."

A little girl drew the picture of a dog and cat on her slate, and, calling her mother's attention to it, said: "A cat oughtn't to have but four legs; but I drew it with six, so she could run away from the dog."

There is no period in the career of the bustle that appeals so strongly to the sympathetic side of man's nature as when it just reaches far enough about the weather band of the umbrella to catch the soggy rain drops as they sag.

"Sam, did you see Mr. Jenkins, the new over-seer?" "Yes, massa; I meet him down by de cotton gin." "He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man. He made a low; dat's all he said."

"All where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of very short trousers on. "I got them where they grow," was the indignant reply. "Then, be me conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon."

An alleged scene in a criminal court in Washington Territory, where women are eligible as jurors: Forewoman of the jury—"The jury is quite convinced, without hearing the case, that the nice-looking gentleman in the dock, the taller of the two, could not commit a crime; but we find the little ugly one guilty, and he should be severely punished."

### HE NEEDED IT.

A druggist, not a great distance from Winnipeg, has in his employ, a clerk, who will never be hung for his good looks.

A young lady entered the store the other day as he was unpacking a case, and, as he placed some bottles on the counter, she impulsively asked what they contained. "Oh!" said he, "it's Hazel Cream, and makes your hands nice, and put on your face, it will make it beautiful; won't you have a bottle—it's only fifty cents?"

"Will it really make faces beautiful?" asked she.

"Of course it will," he replied.

"Well," said she, "you use a bottle of it on your own face, and if it does what you say it will, I think I'll have a bottle for Charlie's bull pup. It's got an ugly face, but not quite so ugly as yours."

### An Open Letter to Bill Nye.

Dear William, We were going to address you as "Dear Bill," but on second thoughts, we decline to be too familiar on such short acquaintance, and, as "familiarity breeds contempt," we don't wish to hatch out any such feelings in our manly breast with regard to yourself, neither do we wish to give you an opportunity to indulge your propensities for such conduct, and cause you to elevate your nasal organ to the customary angle of forty-five degrees.

We say your propensities for such conduct advisedly.

In the *Chicago Tribune*, of a recent date, you give some pointers on, "How to be a journalist," and endeavor to explain a few mysteries of the Art; and you show your unqualified contempt by ventilating through the *Tribune*, to be scattered up and down through the length and breadth of the Union and the territories, as well as the Dominion and isles of the sea, the envionmental gall of a successful humorist, and hold up to ridicule the herculean efforts of some country slob, doing the local correspondence of his country paper, and say, "There is a specimen of a reporter for you."

So it is William—so it is; but would it not be as well, instead of sitting down on him so hard, you endeavored to pound some of your own horse sense into his youthful and ambitious life.

Of course he is proud of being in the great army of reporters, and, of course, he takes pains to let the public know pretty well what time he is in, but for all that, it wears off after contact with men of such profound literary genius as ourselves, and he is pleased to emulate the dignified example of those at the top of the hierarchy.

Remember how it was with yourself, William.

When you mailed your first production, how carefully you sealed it, and with what care and neatness you licked the green stamp. You would not send it open as a manuscript. Not much, the contents were too sacred to be gazed on by the inquisitive optics of the country postmaster. When, with what fear, and hope, and anxiety, you waited and longed for the paper containing it to reach you.

You were sure it would be published.

And you remember the mail was late, and what trouble you had to induce the postmaster to open it that night and give you your paper, and oh! with what feelings you pored over its columns, and failed to find your "piece."

And, the next morning you got it back from the publisher, and one page was turned down, and scrawled across one corner was something that burned into your brain, formed a film over your rolling eyes, and made the whole world look black.

Oh! William, they were the words, "declined with thanks."

*Sanctum Sanctorum, sanctus ilium.*

Things are different now William with both of us; but it does us good to look back on our struggling past; and it gives us a kinder feeling towards those at the foot of the ladder, if we sometimes reflect on the slips we made, and the spaces in the ladder where the rungs in the ladder were all broken out, and when we managed, unaided by human agency, to bridge the difficulties, and mount upward and onward.

Pardon this digression; but William, you know too much now, and are continually talking advantage of the ignorance of your fellow men to dish up gratuitously for their benefit, more practical advice than the rest of us put together.

We said gratuitously, but we'll take that back.

Neither of us do much in that line just now.

You foreshall us with your remarks, and when you have had your say, you don't leave room for the next speaker. You put so much out, and spread yourself to such an extent, that really William, they will soon begin to look on the small fry in our profession as plagiarists. Of course, *entre nous*, we are all

plagiarists. The ancient Greeks and Romans, and farther back, before the flood even, what we shove on the public as the original productions of our vivid imaginations, were in these early days regarded as mealy chestnuts; and, in the catacombs of Rome, or the colosseum of the buried city of Pompeii, I forget whether you may possibly not be aware, has been found your name on a scroll of papyrus.

Translated, it runs, "To Theraditus Greeting. See to it that the wall is built high to the hanging garden, etc., etc."

With the corruption of modern civilization in languages, you can readily conceive how built high has in course of time been shortened to the common appellation of *Bill Nye*.

Again, pardon this digression, and in all kindness and friendly brotherly affection, don't crowd William, don't joggle; but let us all have elbow room; and if some of the youngsters do vex your soul, be patient, if some of them do make themselves ridiculous, have pity; and, if some of them do make you feel like thumping them, take them over your knee William, and give them a good square thump—such as their mother used to give them, and don't let up until they chuckle out for quarter.

Yours for fun,  
S. K. TOLOCV.

### THEY'VE ALL GOT THEIR WORK IN.

It came.

For years I had been dreading it, and forewarned many a time, but I still persisted working them up into every sort of rhyme—the goat, the oyster, the mother-in-law, the mule and the ice-cream fake, the tramp and the city policeman, and the bakery that took the cake. The drop that fell so sudden with a dull and sickening thud, and the pillar's van, and the street-car horse that were found in the Winnipeg mud; the beautiful snow, and the burning deck, the letter that never came, the milkman's friend and Gallagher—and they got there just the same. The hired girl and the kerosene can, and the eye that never sleeps, and drop a nickel in the slots, and the boy named Tom who peeps, the organ-grinder, the monkey and the bad commercial drummer, the man whose name was Dennis, the political kiss and the plumber. The hotel clerk's mammoth diamonds, the big tenor in the choir, the Waterbury watch, book agents, and the circulation list. The egg that was laid on our table, and the genuine Irish spud, the size of the Jersey mosquito, and the thirst that he has for blood.

The opera hat and the telephone girl, and the flavor of Linsagher cheese, the railway baggage snatcher, and Mary's lamb with fleas. The lightning rod dispenser, the electric light and the gas, and the man from home and stranded, who applied for a railway pass. The whiskey bumper, the news-boy, the loot-black and dead beat sport, the landlady, the hen-pecked husband, and the boarder a trifle short. The swindled washer woman, and the bungler bold and flip, and the newly-married couple when off on their bridal trip. The rink and the dude, and the social, the picnic, the midnight parade of the blooming hysterical ton-out; and the fountain and lemonade. The civic political handshake, the hat they were off told to shoot, and rats, and get there, Eli, and the shyster and other galeosits. The chin that they wanted wiped off, and the vest they would like pulled down, striped hose, the bustle, the message boy, and the man who painted the town. The coal and the wood, and the ice man, the leather, the newspaper scribble, and the check of the insurance agent, and the sons of Levi's tribe. The auctioneer's bell and the clothes line, and the dog that had had his day, the natty and lah-de-lah bank clerk, and the bootlers from over the way.

I had rung the changes so often, and the chestnuts were old and rank, and to heaven or hades, and my heart within me sank, as starting out of my dreams one day, there appeared before my gaze a something—I cannot give it a name—'twas enough one's mind to craze. 'Twas tall and narrow, and broad and short

and its eyes were green and red, and while I was wondering at its form, this is what it said:

"Write on, but not for ever,  
For the world shall yet have peace,  
When the crowd of you paper scribbles  
Shall pass away and cease.  
To palm on a suffering public,  
Your chestnuts mealy and mellow,  
That were picked in the garden of Eden,  
By Eve and that other fellow.  
I know what I say, and my soul is tried,  
And I grieve beneath your yokes;  
For, alas! I'm the restless spirit of bygone ancient jokes."  
S. K. TOLOCV.

### Up and Down the Line.

Mr. Grey, of E. P. Ellis & Co., Milwaukee, was here this week inspecting the flour mill.

The new side track at the C. P. R. depot will be completed in a few days.

John Mather, Esq., left for Montreal Saturday night.

The Lake of the Woods Milling company expect to have wheat in their new elevator inside of a week.

A. McQueen, day operator C. P. R., Keewatin, has gone east on his vacation. Mr. Houston is relieving him.

Sultana Island where the gold mines are, is only eight miles by steamer from Rat Portage.

The Port Arthur Herald says that specimens of ore from the Sultana Island, assay at least at the rate of \$100,000 to the ton.

Mr. Alex. Mitchell, president of the Lake of the Woods Milling company, arrived from Montreal on Monday night and left for the east Wednesday night.

We are happy to state that we have secured a full staff of competent writers for the HUSTLER, and hope that our efforts to cater to the wants of a discriminating public may be appreciated and that the original matter we submit to them week by week may prove acceptable.

### KISSING ON THE ICE.

Written for the Hustler.

BY G. F.  
One Sunday eve while strolling out  
Near where the old ark icebound lies,  
I spied a youth, a lusty lot,  
Love leaming in his dark brown eyes,  
He clasped a maid to his breast  
One moment of celestial bliss,  
And on her cherry lips impressed  
A regular whip-crack of a kiss.

Smack, smack, it went that awful kiss  
Like musketry a steady fire  
Smack, smack, I thought it never would cease  
Or she of it would ever tire.  
The maiden like some petted dove,  
Coed and billed beneath it all  
While he with kisses hot with love,  
Offered his heart. What gall.

Of course in kissing there's no harm,  
But lovers all take my advice.  
Remain at home where it is warm,  
And don't go kissing on the ice  
For though the stars will never tell,  
The secrets made beneath their gaze,  
Still noisy kisses oftimes will  
Reveal the truth in many ways.

If you are satisfied with the appearance of this paper kindly put in a good word for us.