

**DR. JOHNSON.**  
HOMEWARD BOUND  
AFTER HIS CANADIAN TOUR.

"Sir," said Boswell, as he and the doctor sat on the deck of the s.s. Humpty-hoodlum, "we are now leaving this miserable colony behind us, and shall soon be in the only country worthy of the name. Tell me, sir, what struck you as being most remarkable in the several cities which we visited."

"Now, sir," replied the lexicographer, wagging his head from side to side; "now, sir, you propound an interrogation which I own my inability to satisfactorily elucidate."

"Here, sir," said Boswell, drawing forth the *Globe* from his pocket as he spoke, "is a copy of a Toronto paper. What do you think of the public journalists of that city?"

"Toronto journalists, sir," replied the doctor, "are a peculiar class; the conduct of some of them towards Mr. Sheppard, after the gross ill-treatment to which he had been subjected in Lower Canada, was, in the highest degree, reprehensible. Instead of coming forward and welcoming him on his return from Montreal as a man who had fearlessly upheld his opinions and showed that courage is not an unknown quality amongst journalists, they slunk off like so many whipped curs. Sir, I consider them but poor fellows."

"But, sir," ventured Boswell, "they speak very boldly in the columns of their papers."

"Yes, sir, they do. Did you never observe how uncommonly valorous a cowardly dog can be when he has a high, unbroken fence between himself and his opponent? The veriest cur, sir," went on the doctor, becoming very indignant, "the veriest cur, sir, can be brave under such circumstances. But, sir, when a man gets up in open court and asserts and adheres to the opinions expressed in his paper, as this man Sheppard did, sir—and when I say this 'man Sheppard,' I mean to pay him the very highest compliment of which I am capable—I honor him, sir. Sheppard is a fine fellow, sir."

"I think, sir," said Boswell, "that if I expressed an opinion or stated my ideas in my paper—if I had one—I should stick to them wherever I was."

"Sir," howled the doctor, foaming at the mouth and rolling so violently in his chair that his wig was jostled out of place and perched just above his nose; "sir, when you have an opinion of your own, for the love of Heaven do not publish it anywhere; and if you ever have an idea—if, indeed," and the



THE RUMMIE'S AUTO DA FE.

*First Publican.*—These Maine statis-sticks don't seem to ignite worth a cent.  
*Second do.*—But look at the smoke they raise—and that's all that we want. If we can only blind the public eyes, our cause may be saved.

doctor gave a contemptuous whistle and regarded poor Bozzy with supreme pity.

"Well, sir," said Boswell, after a somewhat lengthy silence, "what do you think of Canadian politics and the government of Sir John A. Macdonald?"

"Sir," replied the doctor, rising hastily, "let us go below; a man cannot hug a sooty stovepipe without detaching some of its filth; a man cannot thrust his hands into a tar-barrel and withdraw them exclaiming: 'These hands are clean.' Therefore, I would rather not converse upon a topic whose purity is, to say the least of it, not above suspicion. Come, sir; I smell the dinner, and I have requested the steward to prepare me a veal-pie with plums in it."

And with these words the portly lexicographer waddled down the companion-ladder, followed by his devoted admirer and biographer.

**THE HEATHEN CHINEE AGAIN.**

PARKDALE, OCT. 14th, 1885.

MUSTER GRIP:—

SIR,—I see in a harticle of last week's *Week* wot I considers a werry weak hargument in regard of 'avin' them 'eathen Chinese a comin' heast and hovercrowding hus poor aborin' men hout of hemployment. This 'ere

harticle I alludes to says: "The only possible objection to the Chinese workman is that he labors for a small wage. The same fault has been found with the Irishman, the Frenchman, and the German. The difference is merely one of degree." And then this 'ere writer winds hup by saying:—"Better to have him working with us than our commercial rivals." Now, I leave it to you, Muster GRIP, hif this hain't a cold-blooded way of lookin' at the matter. What has "our commercial rivals" got to do with hus poor navvies and sich? Hev'ryone knows that a Chinese can live on wages that a white man would starve on, even hif he was a single man. And 'ow about fellows like me as has got a wife and family to support? Hi can't go and buy a bag of damaged rice and trap rats and hother warmint and find 'em on that. They wouldn't heat such grub, and I wouldn't hask 'em to do it. Hf I scrapes together a few dollars by hard work, I naterally try to get a little place that hi can call my hown, and settle

down and heddicate my children. Now, what does this 'ere Chinaman do? 'E never settles down hanyveres—hexcept to start a laundry and take the bread hout of the mouths of poor widders and sich like. 'E generally brings enough clothes with him from China to last him while he stays 'ere, hand when he has made his browns, he cuts his lucky for his native Hasia; and hif he dies, his bloomint' remains are hactually shipped 'ome. Now 'ere, Muster GRIP, wots the use of talkin' to hus about "commercial rivals"? and I'm blowed if we'll stand it! for it hain't fair, Muster GRIP. It hain't fair!

Yours truly,

NOAH BAKENCHAW,

Laborer.

**NEW NAME FOR IT.**

*Michael McNamee.*—Luk at the big round building, Pat—what's that name? Cy-clor—Hivins! what is it?

*Pat McGinnis (spelling it out with great diffculty).*—Surs, it's a Cy-clo-ram-a.

*McNamee.*—Is it so? Ah! but 'you're a scholar, Pat. But tell me, what is a Cy-clo-ram-a?

*McGinnis.*—Faith, that's the dude name for a gas-house.—*Philadelphia News.*

An unpatented combination elevator and leveller—whiskey.