

Our Grip Sack.

Isn't a man's wind-pipe a gas-p pipe?

THE man who struck a light found his match.
SHYLOCK was a Jew—but his daughter was a jewel.

HANLAN'S is the only mussel whose shell contains a pearl.

THE best kind of hats for "doubleheaders"—"Chips."

Good summer resort for Hotel-clerks—N-arrogant set Bay.

Fashionable young ladies in Toronto will wear the "Grip" sacque this winter.

Whose house is this? ADAM'S house, until you get up to the roof, and then its E(a)ve's.

When a debater loses the thread of his argument he had better wind up his yarn or he may get worsted.

Young men who "ante" frequently, need not be surprised if they are forced to "call on their "uncle" occasionally.

THE Empress of Austria introduced the fashion of wearing the tiny gold pig for a charm. She probably thought it looked stylish.

DICKENS always wrote with a quill pen.—*Ex.* We know one of the characters in "Old Curiosity Shop" was drawn with a "Quill" pen.

A LONDON editor recently jumped off a swiftly moving train and received serious injury.—It is supposed the conductor wanted to read an original poem to him.

THE Democrats of Boston have re-nominated Prince for Mayor. The "Citizens" have nominated LUCIUS SLADE. If Mr. PRINCE is beaten, it will be clear that LUCIUS Slade him.

MR. HENRY HARTMAN, of St Louis, lately married MISS LIZZIE DOLLAR, of Sacramento; and now says that as she has no intrinsic worth, but is merely a representation of value he has concluded to "change" her.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I'll pay before I go to bed,
That bill I owe the printer?—*Ex.*

Yes, there are some we know full well,
Who never such a tale could tell,
But these we fear will go to—well,
The place where there's no printer.

PROF. DAVID SWING, of Chicago, has sued the *Times* of that city for publishing a sermon of his before it was delivered. Now let DAVID have full SWING and he will surely slay this Goliath of Manuscript purloiners.

The New York *Herald* says, "This paper has the largest circulation in the United States." Of course it might be expected that its circulation would be larger in the United States than in Canada or any other country.

The St. Thomas *Journal* speaks of "a number of pigs hovering around the C. S. Railway yard." And is it possible that we have lived to see the fabled time foretold by the poet—that apochrophal period "when the pigs begin to fly?"

BOARDING HOUSE SCENE.

Mrs. B.—Mr. "TOMPRINS, do you think the weather will be fair to-day?" Mr. T. (who has been surfeited with mutton for several days) "Wether's been fare long enough, Mrs. B. and I'd like a little fowl for a change."

AN EASTERN paper announces in its obituary column, the death of a Mr. PARIS GREENE aged 24. It is consoling to know that although Paris Green has departed from this mundane sphere, in the spring time of his youth, R. Senic and Lord Annum are still alive and ready for work.

Dick Dead-Eye the Boy-Fiend or the Crimson Car of Crime.

A DIME NOVEL OF THE PERIOD.

His Highness, the Lieutenant-Governor of Toronto, Ont., in the banquet-room of his gorgeous palace on Front Street, Lackeys in the royal livery stood ranged before him, a hundred eggs in golden eggcups, a myriad of muffins, and unnumbered cups of Li-quer tea and Kaoka stood untasted before him. It was no mere temporary indisposition, no headache born of his labors for the good of the Province, although, sooth to say, there had been a plentiful consumption of the midnight oil, not to speak of liquors of a very different description, in these vice-regal halls the preceding night. The eyes of his Highness were fixed on a letter that lay before him. It was written in a clear feminine hand, was superscribed with a death's-head and cross-bones, and contained a warning, in intelligible but badly-spelt language, to prepare for some terrible impending fate. There had been plenty of burglaries that week, which the police were totally unable to trace; it was rumored that they were effected by a gang of boy-thieves organized by a leader whose marvellous beauty had but one defect, the lack-lustre expression of the one eye with which Nature had gifted him. The burglaries were always of large amounts, and in every case the police were unable to trace any injury to the doors or ground-floor windows! They had several times got sight of suspicious groups of boys in the neighborhood of the scene of crime, and had, in one instance, traced them to the court-yard of a deserted street near the lake; after as little delay as possible the policemen had broken open the gate, to find no trace of the mysterious opponents save a honey jar labelled D.D., whose strong odor of rye forbade the thought that it belonged to a Doctor of Divinity, and whose empty condition made the worthy officers exclaim, "this is truth the poet sings that a policeman's life is not a happy one."

As the Governor read the letter he was keenly watched by a young lady in the dress of a page, who had recently been engaged in answer to an advertisement in the *Telegram*, for "a lady of high birth and great expectations, to do chores in the Governor's palace." Owing to a temporary lowness of the exchequer, his Highness could not provide her with a dress fitting her position, she therefore wore the garb of her predecessor, the boy in buttons, which became her exceedingly well. "Tyrant!" she murmured, "didn't thou refuse my pa a post office? To-night the CAR of CRIME sweepeth down to bear her to the lowest dungeon beneath the island caves." "Nay," said his Highness, "this threat is of the thinnest. The spoons belong to the Government, and I haven't a red for them to steal." That night, when midnight chimed from the clock which the Dean of Toronto gave himself away by making a five-cent show of last summer, a dark sphere moving at a height of fifty feet above the sidewalk, might have been seen, had not the night been as black as "Doc." Sheppard, or had there been any other light but the darkness visible of petroleum gas. It was a balloon—the "CRIMSON CAR OF CRIME," it carried five boys disguised as demons, it was guided by a cord held by a handsome lad attired in the height of fashion and armed to the teeth. The CAR of CRIME floated on till it reached the best bed-room window of the Governor's palace. The door was opened for Dick, for it was our hero, by the beauty disguised in buttons. "Hast thou robbed the carriage?" she eagerly asked. "No, only a bus, like this," and he bent over her blushing face. They hastened up stairs, where the boy-demons had entered by the window and stood beside the Governor, whose heavy sleep was the result of a bottle of Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which the deft hands of Miss Buttons had mingled with his curacao. He slept, but partly wakened to hear a dismal chant sung

close to his ear in a sepulchral tone:

"Oh what shall a man full of sin do,
Whose death doom swoops on him unknown,
When the black faces frown at the window
On him in his guilt left alone!

As he wakes, will he wonder to watch it,
In the horror of listening there,
To the groping of hands at the latchet,
To the fumble of feet on the stair!

Let him wait then for what shall come after!
The claws and the wings that shall bear
Their captive, with terrible laughter,
Away to the Prince of the Air!"

While this was being slowly chanted, four of the boy-fiends lifted the Governor out of bed and placed him bound in the CRIMSON CAR of CRIME. When first wakened by the chant, the Governor thought he was at a concert in the Horticultural Gardens, and exclaimed, "Confound that fellow Pictou, I though I swore off going there any more." But when fully roused by the cold, as he looked on the terrible faces of those who carried him, consciousness returned and he said, "Well I'm d---." He was not allowed to finish what he intended, he did not mean to swear, not by any means, but merely to record what he felt to be the natural result of his past career. The balloon, guided by Dick with the cord, moved unseen in the darkness to the wharf, where a boat conveyed Dick and his Buttons to a sequestered spot on the northern part of the island. Then a trap door in an old boat house led to a subterranean chamber with three strong cells, in one of which the Governor was incarcerated. He found to his surprise, that it was exceedingly cold. The next night the mansion known as The Range, was visited by five boys habited as *Globe* news-boys, its distinguished occupant was seized, gagged and conveyed upwards, a direction in which he never expected to travel. He, too, was imprisoned at the Island Haunt. The following night the editor of the *Globe* was interviewed by five lads who said they came "frae Scotland." The interview ended in the distinguished journalist taking a higher flight by the agency of gas than even he had ever taken before. The Governor was treated royally. He feasted on stolen venison from the stores on Yonge Street, on bulk oysters from Queen Street, and on turtle soup from Ogden's. They ever pressed him to partake of rye, which, as his feet had got wet, and he was affectionately warned he might catch cold, and as an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure, he consented in his most gracious manner to accept. But the visitant from The Range and the editor from the *Globe* were treated otherwise. An immense ransom was demanded of each, till it was paid, one of the boy-fiends sat day and night at the door of each cell and read incessantly to him of The Range, the trenchant leaders of the *Globe*, and the treasures of a certain traitor, and reviews of books, written by request, for which the *Globe* was indebted to foreign talent. To the *Globe* magnate the boy-fiend in charge read from the "Shylander," all about that malevolent mud-thrower, that mass of malignity, who stabs with point/less stiletto the backs of better men from his foul lair in King Street. Both gentlemen gave in after a week, they signed the cheques and went home wiser men. The Lieut.-Governor signed free pardons for all concerned. Dick married Buttons, to whom he disclosed the fact that the supposed boy-burglar was a baronet in his own right, and that the "bloody hand" belonged only to his coat of arms. C.P.M.

CAN a coat of mail be classed as hard-wear?

An advertiser in the *Mail* calls for "Agents and peddlars to introduce a new household article which sells like wild-fire." Credulous people should be on their guard against this seductive advertiser. Since the inauguration of the N. P. the sale of wild-fire has been far from brisk in this country.

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