



"CASTE."

"HAVE yez heard of Dinnis Murphy goin' to marry that dirty peanut man's daughter, an' Dinnis himself the foineest mortar-mixer on the shreet ! Faith an they'll be marryin' Chinese, nixt !!"

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN TORONTO.

AND in those days many citizens returning to their own homes under the light of ye moon and ye stars, were laid hold of and maltreated and cast into prison because they refused to give up ye right to walk their own streets at any hour they chose, and yea even those who stood and talked at their own doors were ordered to move on, or move into ye house. And they, being afraid, did go into ye porch of ye house because ye streets belonged to ye people no more, but to ye hoodlum cops, even ye great and mighty bobbys; men having bodies without souls, and heads without brains.

And a yarn was told of a poor man who was sick with ye sickness of ye brain, and he wist not what he did. And ye cop said "Thou art drunk, thou fool;" but ye poor man said, "I am not drunk, but sick; go call this citizen, and upon that for they know me and my wife, and call ye doctor also, so shall they testify of me, and so shall I live and not die." But ye cop having neither soul nor brains, being only a large hoodlum, paid no heed to ye man, but fell upon him and clubbed him upon ye head, until the blood covered his face; and he cast him into prison, and threw him violently on ye floor, and pelted him with coals, and threw water on him, and maltreated him; so that he died two months thereafter, and his wife lifted up her voice and wept and said, they have killed my husband.

Then a great fear and trembling came upon ye people of Toronto, and ye citizens who came home under cover of night from ye lodges looked into each other's faces, and their knees smote against each other; and they said as they are wont to say after one dieth suddenly, who will be next? And they were greatly afraid, for their protectors, even their servants and slaves, had suddenly

become their masters and oppressors. And ye Cadi, who sat in the seat of justice, he also was with ye hoodlums in ye work of destruction and degradation of ye citizens; and over all there was a great and terrible reign of terror, such as had never before been seen in ye blessed and happy Dominion.

Now while they yet spake one to another, and their teeth still chattered in their heads, lo, a raven—black of wing and of beak alike, alighted in their midst and did fix his eye upon them, and did wink hard. And ye bird, even GRIP, opened his beak and said: "Men of Toronto, what mean ye, and what manner of men are ye anyway, that ye thus have these your servants to whom ye pay hire, to have rule over you? Shall ye, indeed, drunk or sober, submit to be clubbed to death—like unto this poor man; or, shall ye even while talking pleasantly to a friend, or, while waiting for ye citizens' chariot, suffer yourselves to be insulted, and hustled off to prison in ye

malefactors' chariot, when indeed ye have broken no law, nor have made yourselves offensive with strong drink. Nay then; but show that ye do value liberty and justice above all things, and seize these men and cut off their heads and appoint in their places men who have souls as well as bodies to do your work, yea, men who have brains enough in their skulls, to discern between a prophet and a loafer, and between a man who is sick, and a man who is drunk; and who can manage a man who is drunk, without putting him to death." And the people hearkened unto ye bird, and he continued: "Moreover, let it be known that ye citizens will tolerate insolence from no one whom they hire, not even from ye Cadi, and that oppression of every kind shall be put down with a decisive hand; and let them not forget to teach this doctrine to their children and their children's children, so there shall never more a reign of terror like unto this present visit us again." And the bird bent low his head and spread his wings and flew over unto his perch on ye street called Front.

QUEER SCOTCH.

OFFICER of Royal Scots, (Montreal) is on a visit to Glengarry. As he passes down the village street in his kilts, he is accosted by an admiring native with, "Hey, mon, hoo are ye; aw'm real gled to hae a look o' ye!" To which the Montreal Scotchman replies: "Merci, m'sieu; comment-vous portez-vous?"

"WHEN he realized his position he began to shed copious tears. He was bailed out."—*Mail local item.*