



HE CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT.

ALD. BAXTER.—Yes, that's the City safe, and this is the Yonge-street Paving Contract, and there's no forfeit specified, and there's an 'ole burnt just where the figures ought to be, but blowed if I can see through it!

**That Contract.**

MY DEAR GRIP: There is certainly something rotten in the State of Denmark. I refer to the Yonge-street pavement business. The contemplation of that scheme and the accessories thereto is confirmation of the unregeneracy of the race. The present Board of Works and the contractors certainly move in a mysterious way, but the trouble is they fail to perform wonders. The whole business, from its inception, the way in which the whole affair has been conducted, is like the mysteries of creation, totally incomprehensible. The Board of Works lay down a certain contract which in due time is signed by contractor and the great seal of the corporation affixed thereto. Work goes on for a certain time, but ultimately the contractor gets tired; he has plenty of other work to keep him busy, and he comes to the conclusion that this job might as well lay over until next year. He says that there was an understanding between himself and the Chairman of the Board of Works that he could let the work lay over until spring. The said chairman denies this, but the contractor boards the lion in his den, and before the whole Board denies them to do their worst in the matter. The Board graciously submits, and states that the contractor is only liable to a penalty of \$10 per day anyway. But somehow it leaks out that the penalty was \$100 per day. The contractor says it was \$10, the Chairman of the Board thinks it was, the solicitor who drew up the document don't know whether it was \$10 or \$1000, and no other member of the Board ever saw it. Finally it is concluded to take a look at the document, when, behold, it is gone. Search is made everywhere but without success. Suddenly it turns up when least expected; and then it is found that the really important part of it, that relating to the penalty, is *burned out*. Everybody stands aghast, but very little is done in the matter. The funny part of the affair is the coolness with which the papers pass over the matter. Apparently the theft and mutilation of an important public document is a very trivial matter, not

worth wasting time upon. And then the spectacle of Ald. Irwin and Steiner, covered with mud and humility before their constituents of Yonge-street, is exceedingly hilarious. However the whole affair may not prove such a laughing matter before it is finished.

Next in importance to the Yonge-street pavement *fasco* comes the despatch of the *Globe's* special commissioner to Ireland. This is, in my opinion, the best specimen of Canadian journalistic enterprise that we have yet seen. And a more capable man for the enterprise could not have been selected. We poor Canadians will now probably get the true inwardness of Irish affairs, and not have to take our ideas from bogus New York *Herald* despatches. And I can also inform you, my dear Grip, that I am on the point of starting for that same country, which, by the way, should have its name changed from Ire-land to wrangle-land, and I hereby appoint myself Grip's special commissioner, and will give to the bird all the latest news therefrom. Expect my first communication by special cablegram next week. Till then, adieu. TIMOTHY.

**Our Special in the Nor'-West.**  
BIG BONANZA HOTEL.  
Winnipeg, Oct. 20.

PROFOUNDLY RESPECTED SIR: I arrived in this lively city and formally began my career as your special yesterday. It is my purpose in this first communication to give you a slight idea of the great country and its people, and in order to do this in the most effective manner I simply jot down a plain, unvarnished account of the past day's experiences. The last stage of railway travel I found more interesting than any of the former stages. Up to a certain point it was decidedly hum-drum, but after passing that point it was more hum than anything else. My fellow passengers, especially those between the aforesaid point and Winnipeg, were exceedingly animated and excitable. I approached an old gentleman who was sitting alone, and sought to engage him in a friendly conversation, thinking by this means to get rid

of the deafening repetition of the words "speculation," "millions," "lots," "auction," "bonanza," etc., etc., which formed the staple of the eager talkers around me. Being a person, as you know, sir, of literary tastes and quiet habits, and having a special aversion for commercial and financial affairs, I found this sort of talk an intolerable bore, and I was in hopes the old gentleman, who looked like a superannuated Congregational minister, would afford me more congenial company. He greeted my approach with a pleasant smile, and politely moved over to let me sit down beside him. Without any of the conventional preliminaries, I at once inquired if he had heard Dr. Lord's lecture on Hildebrand. He nodded gracefully. He nodded gracefully. "Don't you think it was a brilliant effort?" quoth I. "No," he replied; "I'm going up to Winnipeg to try my luck in the town lot biz. What'll you give me for a couple of splendid sites just north of the railway station; I'll give them to you for \$200, and I won't take a—" I departed for the platform of the car instanter, and there I remained for the rest of the journey. I wasn't what you'd call real comfortable, as the thermometer was a little below zero, but I didn't hear any more of the town-lot talk, and that was worth all the discomfort.

I duly arrived in Winnipeg, which I found to be a neat, flourishing city, though it looked like a place that was only touting there for the night. I gave my checks to the agent of the Bonanza, and asked him to attend to my baggage.

"Could I speak to you a moment, sir," said he, very respectfully.

"Certainly," I replied, condescendingly, and we went aside together.

"I've got a couple of lots to sell," he began "and being as you're a decent looking fellow I thought I'd give you the first chance. I'll let you have 'em for—"

With a horrible oath I tore myself away, and rushed into the bus. There was one other passenger, an old lady of seventy-five summers. As we joggled along she broke the silence by saying, "Fears to me there's plenty of mud hereabouts."

"Lots," said I.  
"O, shet up about lots," she screeched. "I'm 'most talked to death about 'em. If I'd thought you was one of them specklaters I'd have kept my mouth shet!"

(Continued next week.)

**The Trick Exposed!**

The members of the Board of Works are determined that the culprit who mutilated the Yonge-street Paving Contract shall escape punishment, and with characteristic cunning they have adopted a device which only adepts in "ways that are dark" would ever have thought of. In order to secure the safety of the individual in question from arrest they have put the case in the hands of our detectives!



THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION AS TO WHO BURN'T THAT CONTRACT!