

## Dooley at Halifax.

MR. GRIP, MY DEAR SIR:—

I am a regular reader of your paper, also a subscriber. I consider that your paper has few peers equals. It is just in politics, just in impartiality, and just in cheek. Politically speaking, these are the valuablest of all virtues, especially as they are so rare in Canada papers. If you will permit me I will write a few words to this paper which I admire so much.

I've just arrived at Halifax. Once more I visit the gay and aristocratic city. On my way hither from the metropolis of N. B. (New Brunswick) I passed thro' the Cornwallis Valley. As to wherefore it is called so I don't exactly comprehend. If it is after Corney the Great, of Ameriky Revolute fame, I must say I don't admire the taste of these Acadians. I fancy this valley beats all Canada for raisin' apples, potatoes, and pretty girls. There is an awful lot of each, and such fine ones! I never saw the beat. They are hunky. Next time you visit old Acadia come this way. There's millions in it. As I before observed, I'm in Halifax. I got here at one o'clock Sunday morning. The trains run here on a Kurious principle. You take your seat. *You wait.* They don't say when you will arrive. Not they. Probably it will be in good time. Possibly at the right time. But it is not certain at what time. My train was due at 8 o'clock. I was five hours late. This is not a customary thing down hereabouts. O no! I asked the Conductor. "Conductor," sez I, "do you generally make good time?" "O yes, sir," he replied, "when we ain't delayed at stations, or the train don't break down, or our engine driver ain't drunk, or our brakeman ain't injured. O yes, sir, we sometimes get in in very good time." "So I thought," I said, and smoked.

Halifax reminds me of a one-horse hearse, tacked onto the end of a first-class funeral. It air the end of the Intercolonial, the end of the Dominion, the end of all things. Yet one might like it. I see a scarce people at Halifax. Now and then you see a man or woman along street. Some shops are open. One ounce of tea is sold here. One ton of coal there. There is truly an immense business going on. Yes, there is so. The N. P. pursues its beneficial work down here. From one end of the country to the other, its effects are seen. They worship a certain knight, of fame in railway circles. That is, the people worship him, not the beneficial effects. They like surplus. They are fond of taxes. And all goes merry as a marriage bell, but hush! wait! a second monopoly, a second syndicate approaches. This also will pass, and once more the N. P. will pursue its way, unchained and unknelted.

Halifax, as you know, has imperial soldiers. About 1,500 all told. In fact, Mr. Gurr, askin' pardon, you might put a wall around Halifax, set up a few more charitable institutions, constitute a governing body, and pass it off as a superfine naval and military Hospital. Deduct from the city all the churches, and property owned by the Imperial Government, and there would not be enough land upon which a last year's cricket could sing his dying carol.

I have said I'm a regular reader of your valuable paper. I am. Do as you will with my effusions, I'll still read the jolly pages of Gurr. I hope to be in Canada soon, once more. At present I'm in the Ultima Thule, as W. Pitt observed of C. J. Fox, Esq.

Yours truly,

HOSEA DOOLEY.

There is a young man travelling around in Eastern Texas, vaccinating the negroes with beeswax. He charges a dollar a vac., and represents himself as being appointed by the United States government, and threatens that dire penalties await those who refuse to be operated on. That young man will be a credit to some penitentiary yet.—*Texas Siftings.*

## Jocular Jumbles.

There is too much chieann-ry in passing off an old hen for a spring chicken.

When a horse beats another horse can it be called a nag-ravated assault?

Can you call a friend who "buzzes you to death," a "buzz-um friend?"

Can the man who fractures his cranium on the stairs be said to be ex-stair-pated?

Ice cream as the vendor of a frozen mixture of milk, flour and sugar, said last summer.

Is "Sea-foam" a lotion? You require a bay-rum-meter to measure the depth of this joke.

The Scott Act will require something more cunning than Scot tact to carry it out successfully.

"Yes, sir! I stick up for Mor'mon'y," as Jones said when asked for his views on polygamy.

Can the bank clerk who skips out with a few odd thousands be said to be of askiptical turn of mind?

Do sportsmen ever by any process of induction come to the conclusion that ducks are duetill birds?

What is the difference between a new policeman and an old hat? One is sworn in and the other's worn out.

Is it out of place for a strapped student to tell the registrar that it is not feasible for him to pay his fees?

"Cal'endar" and gitone of Gurr's Almanacs" as the darkey said to the man who was inquiring for some amusing literature.

Our little Johnnie does not consider himself extra smart, but he says, "that killing a nanny-goat's little baby is a very wec-kid thing to do."

"Heat your fill," was the sympathetic remark of Mrs. Grubbins as she beheld her new boarder hesitate over the second mouthful of boiling hot tea.

"Eddy's Parlour Matches" are very popular, but there are other matches, made in the parlour, which are quite as popular and don't require any light on the subject either.

An argument in favour of marrying your deceased wife's sister is that you don't have to get a new mother-in-law. It is better, you know, to "endure the ills we have than fly to others we know not of."

A Catholic and Baptist see their duty in the same light. One uses candles and the other dips.—*Ex.* We can 'tallow such wick-ed jokes. It's candleous to make light of such cereous subjects.

Is a punster necessarily a puny man, or ought his motives always to be impugned. When he perpetrates something too utterly awful, ought he merely to be punished, or, as some suggest, should he be expunged from the face of the earth? Upon our word we think he ought.—*Ed.*

PULLMAN-ARY COMPLAINTS.—Orders have been issued to Pullman Conductors, making it compulsory for them to be vaccinated in order to prevent them "taking" anything. A Montreal drummer, en route to St. John, the other evening, not aware of the edict, suggested the propriety of taking a "suifter." The conductor looked at him with a "ryc" face and said, "Should like to oblige you, old fellow, but can't 'take anything' since I've been vaccinated. 'Kind of scrubby' treatment to shut down on you that way," said a Boston drummer. "That's what's the matter," clipped in a serious-looking youth from Toronto. "Don't see *vi-rus*-pectable young men like the Pullman conductors should be subjected to such incongruous contumaciousness," blurted out a tony-looking bummer from London, Ont. "Moucton!" shouts the conductor, and the drummers go out "to see a man."

## Ode to Louis Honore Frechette.

BY AN ONTARIO BARD, UNCROWNED BY ANY ACADEMY.

*"Poete! on te couronne!"*

Among the crowned ones crowned!

New France can boast a son

By Old France laurel-bound!

*Poete! on te couronne!*

Thy Peers, to whom belong

To bind or loose, alone

The gifts of Fame and Song.

Sons and assessors they

Of all the great of old—

Who in men's souls held sway—

Who spake the words of gold!

Racine, Moliere, Corneille!

The mighty shades are there—

Rousseau, with passion pale,

And flashing-eyed Voltaire!

L'ACADEMIE FRANCAISE!

In all its splendours, lit

From dead historic days

Of Old-World worth and wit;

*These praise your songs, that tell*

Of each Canadian scene:

Niagara's thunderous swell;

The Thousand Islands green;

And of each pleasant sight

Among the forest trees,

When through the summer-night

You wandered with Louise.

For such your lyrics were,

And well they won the praise

And honours of *cette chere**Academie Francaise!*

A poor Ontario bard

Has no such chance as that!

Nor hopes he to discard

For laurel wreath his hat!

However, friend Frechette,

We're glad they crown your rhyme,

And to the praise you get

We tumble every time.

And very proud are we

That Canada has met

Such honour for LOUIS

HONORE FRECHETTE.

C. P. N., Toronto.



## COPY OF A VALENTINE

sent to a well-known Professor by a young lady who was refused admission to the lectures at University College, accompanied by the following lines:—

Dear Doctor, be careful and don't let 'em mix,  
Keep 'em widely apart for they're full of queer tricks.  
"One order and discipline"—stick to the rules—  
Co-education will not do for fools.

Boston Com. Bulletin: Pearly teeth and diamond eyes are delightful but a topaz nose is dreadful.