

society one-half since we came here by giving the sheriff pointers." Look here, youngster, I want no better certificate of character than that. You are the individual the Torontonians have been looking for with a lantern this long time. Our field is as wide as your style of laborer is far between. Come right on and we'll call it six dollars. You remark that you "*can run the other half of society out of town in a week.*" Not another word, but just consider yourself called to work in this here vineyard. You are wanted here now, and all the time. Don't hesitate, and we'll make it seven dollars and the balance of a season ticket to Lorne Park. I don't feel plural enough to use the editorial We, because I'm only the printer's devil, and he ain't married yet. Tra-la-la. Telegraph what train you'll come by.

Fraternally yours,
P. D., INTERIM ED.

SIR GEORGE STEPHEN has resigned the presidency of the C.P.R. By this action our Horne is exalted.

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THE Ottawains are declaring that the milk combine must be broken. Right they are. The combination of *lac* and *aqua* must be discontinued. We prefer our milk to *lack* water.

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DOES the Padrone system include monkeys as well as children in the production of scudi? GRIP thinks it bad enough to have the juvenile decendants of monkeys thus utilized, but when it comes to our venerable and agile ancestors themselves suffering from a like tyranny, positively the line ought to be drawn tight round the larynx of the hurdy-gurdy man.

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AT the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 8th, Lord Salisbury said, "The great curse of Ireland was poverty." Apparently chestnut bells are not *au fait* at Lord Mayors' banquets, otherwise they would have rung long and loud at this original remark. "The Government," he continued, "was not able to diminish poverty or to enrich men, but they could enable men, without interference, to enrich themselves." Ah, yes! here is the whole trouble in a chestnut shell. For centuries, "without interference," landlords have been enabled to enrich themselves. Human poplars, they have held their heads high in the landscape, idly fluttering their leaves in the upper air, while their greedy roots have spread and drawn all the sap and nutrition out of the soil to the detriment of more important life. Root out the suckers, and Ireland's fertile soil will soon recuperate.

* * *

WE have had a real *bona fide* eviction right here in Toronto. A woman and four children have been thrown into the street; illegally, wrongfully, it is asserted. All the particulars of the case, with names and dates, are given, all but the name of the evictor. One paper darkly hinted at one of our Toronto lawyers, but that's no clue; their name is Legion, and now we want to know what is the name of this cruel evictor who has not, it is said, even the excuse of being a landlord. And we also want to know how it is his name has been withheld. What is he sneaking and hiding under the bailiff's coat-tails for—eh?

P. D., INTERIM ED.

NOTHING less than a Royal Commission will be required to settle the rumpus between the commander-in-chief of the Ottawa Footguards and his officers.



THE MENDICANT OF THE DAY.

(SCENE—a front door in Toronto—A FACT.)

ABLE BODIED YOUNG MAN—"Missus, could you give me a pair of boots, a pair of pant's, a hat, and a necktie, 'cause the shoes I'm wearin' is wore out."

JOHN SMITH ON THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM PROPOSITION.

ABOUT this here consarn they're talking of now—
I don't see—I don't quite understand;
Seems to me this inebriate business o' theirs
Is begun kinder at the wrong end.

There's hospitals here, an' there's refuges there
Fer sick folks—that's all right I say;
Fer sickness *will* come let you do as you will,
So fer all sich I'm willin' to pay.

But I find when there's typhoid fever about,
Or diphtery comes with a big scare,
Straightway there's an order-in-council comes out
For a great cleanin' out then an' there.

Ef typhoid's in the water, the water's condemned;
Ef it's rubbish or rottin' refuse
That's causin' the trouble—away with it straight;
It's a nuisance, a shame, an abuse.

Or ef smallpox comes round; hurry up, here's the lymph,
Bare yer arm to the lance, says the law;
For the law holds prevention is better than cure.
Object?—well, we don't care a straw.

Vaccinated you *must* be. The good of the whole
Is the aim of good government here
As elsewhere—so the rule is to stamp out the *cause*,
And the evil will soon disappear.

So I don't see the sense of a-gettin' up this,—
What-d'ye-call it? Dipzomaniac cure;
While all them pizen-holes you keep open the same
So's the trouble is bound to endure.

What a set of blame fools we must be, to be sure,
To let folks keep pizenin' all round,
While we keep on beggin' fer money to build
Extry wards to bring patients around.

No—what I says is—do away with the "dips,"
An' the "mania" we'll hear of no more;
But don't talk to me of asylums or sich,
While one blessed saloon's to the fore.

JOHN SMITH.

Rural Town, Ont.