

PICA'S ARTICLE.

HIS ELABORATE DISCUSSION OF CURRENT POLITICAL EVENTS.

AND THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS THAT BESET HIM WHILE ON HIS TRAVELS.

Dearly beloved; forasmuch as it hath pleased the undersigned to come into your midst and take charge of your affairs, domestic and otherwise, therefore rejoice ye for now shall the winter of your discontent be made glorious summer and the drizzle of your misfortune be charged to the sunshine of prosperity.

To all the citizens of Ottawa, and of the valley thereof, and the hills adjacent thereunto, yea even to the fastnesses of Laurentia, and to the caves of Wakefield, and to the plains of Glengarry, and to the wilderness of Sudbury and the rolling waters of North Bay; and all others to whom these presents may come:—GREETING. Know ye that I, HENRY PICA, Esq., Canadian by birth, journalist by profession, bailiff dodger principally by occupation and of the Christian religion, Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria being then on the Throne of Great Britain and Ireland and old man Jubb on deck in the Russell House at nights, with Sir John Macdonald Premier of the Dominion of Canada and McLeod Stewart a candidate for the Mayoralty of Ottawa; have been requested to address through this column upon the political questions of the day and the duty of the hour. And being so requested have consented, for a consideration—the same being of the lawful...

collateral. And so considering will, with that help of Providence, and if the gin and dandelion root holds out, fulfil my duty with that conscientiousness of purpose, and indefatigability of industry that have for half a century been my chief characteristics. Know then, that:—

(1) The great political question of the day is not so much whether Riel was properly hanged, as an increase of the duty on hand-me-down pants that bag at the knees at the second

town. My neighbor Joblots came gallantly to the rescue, and getting my municipal creditors, three in number, together in a room, we compounded with them—with clubs—until they were glad to sign a receipt in full and beg my acceptance, with tears in their eyes, of a small testimonial in the shape of a certificate of good character. I 'aint so young as I was nor yet so spry, but by the great horn spoon, when a Caucasian does get on his hind legs the Hebrew had better set his face towards Jerusalem and scoot if he wants to save his cuticle.

So behold me, an' Mrs. Pica, that most extraordinary of women, an' the young Pica's, and the dog which his name is Dixie an' his likes 'aint to be found in Canada nor yet Ottawa, and 4 birdcages, 2 valises, 3 shawl straps, 2 baskets, 3 hand-boxes, 1 hat box, 2 hampers of provisions, 6 bundles, besides great coats and umbrellas and things, take the night train from Toronto for the East. Joblots he came down early and helped carry our trunk into the car and when we got it about half in the porter came along and said the freight train wouldn't start for an hour yet. I asked him who in psalmody wanted a freight train, and he said he thought perhaps I had made a mistake and imagined I was in a cattle car. I had just got him in under, with his head in chancery and was giving of it to him good with a pair of old boots I had tied up in a paper, when the conductor and two brakemen rushed in, grabbed me by the middle, threw me over a seat with my head in a spittoon and my feet out of the window, and then fell on Joblots. But Mrs. Pica she fetched the conductor a walking stick across the jaw with a

men and by that time I was up again, and we were just commencing to enjoy ourselves, and it was an even clip on the winners when a squad of police marched in, locked me up in the wash-room, threw Joblots out into the platform, kicked the dog, sassed Mrs. Pica, but she gave them as good as she got and in general conducted themselves in a disagreeable and peremptory manner.

So I produced my tickets and he sez, "Get your berths!" I sez "what?" "Get your berths!" I felt in my pockets and sez as I must have forgotten them and left them at home and they were nearly as good as new too. He laughed and chipped around awhile and handed me two tickets and sez: "Four dollars."

I sez:—"Young man, I'm old an' I'm poor. The winters of adversity have humped my back and stiffened my joints, and the summers of tribulation has cooled my marner and knotted my muscles, but by the shadder of Mount Jehosaphat there's no grinding, soulless monopoly, going to git four dollars nor four cents outen me, if I've got to shed blood and wade in gore knee deep henceforth and forever amen! an may the Lord have mercy on ye."

By that time I had my coat off and my galluses tied around my equator, an' the other passengers were yelling "go in old brindle," an' he slunk off saying as how it was all right an' he was only joking. Joking or no joking he didn't get any four dollars.

Well, bimeby they said our beds was ready, an' such beds! That car was a double-decker an' my bed was on the second flat, because Mrs Pica she must stay downstairs. I called for a step-ladder an' the porter he asked what I wanted with a step ladder. I told him to get upstairs to bed, and he said "you blame ole fool we ain't got no step-ladder, you climb up the side." Now imagine a bald-headed old fat man climbing up the side of a house to reach his bed. But I got there, only the fellow in blue was passing at the time.

the out of the car and they to say he is not likely to recover.

But the worst was to come. Let me hurry over that sad time. Along in the night I wanted a drink and started out to get it. As I was climbing down my foot slipped and plumped into the bunk below. It lit on Mrs. Pica's slumbering countenance. There was a muffled scream and a claw an' I struck the floor with the small of my back so hard that it

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by profession, bailiff dodger principally by occupation and of the Christian religion, Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria being then on the Throne of Great Britain and Ireland and old man Jubb on deck in the Russell House at nights, with Sir John Macdonald Premier of the Dominion of Canada and McLeod Stewart a candidate for the Mayoralty of Ottawa; have been requested to address through this column upon the political questions of the day and the duty of the hour. And being so requested have consented, for a consideration—the same being of the lawful...

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(1) The great political question of the day is not so much whether Riel was properly hanged, as an increase of the duty on hand-me-down pants that bag at the knees at the second

(2) The all-absorbing duty of the hour is the construction of an oyster knife that don't necessitate the puncturing of your diaphragm every time the bivalve proves obstinate.

There, thank goodness that duty is off my mind and now we can have a reasonable talk together. The discussion of these great political questions always does make my head ache and creates a desire to do my duty by the young Pica's with a trunk strap, and I am always glad to get them satisfactorily settled as above and off my mind. Well we did have an elegant time getting to this city of Ottawa, a soul-chastening time so to speak. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth is the most glorious text in the good book I think; it gives us fellows such promise of a chance sometime in the henceforth. As I was saying we did have a time.

I had got into trouble again and was in retirement of a temporary character, being besieged by those scourges of modern law for the collection of deficits, to wit, Sheriffs officers, when a summons came to me from EVERY SATURDAY to hasten to Ottawa to take sole charge of the moral and domestic welfare of this

hour yet. I asked him who in psalmody wanted a freight train, and he said he thought perhaps I had made a mistake and imagined I was in a cattle car. I had just got him in under, with his head in chancery and was giving of it to him good with a pair of old boots I had tied up in a paper, when the conductor and two brakemen rushed in, grabbed me by the middle, threw me over a seat with my head in a spittoon and my feet out of the window, and then fell on Joblots. But Mrs. Pica she fetched the conductor a walking stick across the jaw with a

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I never did think much of policemen anyhow, but Joblots he followed the train away down the Explanade pelting it with rocks and gravel and bad language, and the last I saw of him he was fighting five policemen in front of Billy McCann's and the boys were rallying to his support.

I don't mind telling you confidentially that I never had travelled in a sleeping car before, and the same Mrs. Pica had'n't, and it was kinder new to us, as it were in fact, I might say as I whispered to Mrs. Pica that I felt green, which she replied that she didn't wonder at, being natural, but I didn't notice her because of strangers being in the cars. The only one of us that seemed real comfortable was Dixie, and he shouldn't have been there for I heard the porter say to another fellow he'd blanketed to blank but that dog might stay there till he shed his coat before he'd interfere with that blanketed family again. Whereat I exulted.

I was just engaged with the gin and dandelion root to keep out the night air, being good for my lumbago too, when a chap in blue clothes and brass all over him including his cheek, came along and he sez, sez "Tickets!"

dollars.

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I came out of that looking like the waney edge of a mis-spent life. I felt like a mush-melon in the sere, and yellow leaf after the heavy fall frosts, or a barrel of apple-sass struck by lightning. At Ottawa I had them telephone for an ambulance. They did. I am slowly recovering and have entered upon my duties. My friends, study well the great political truths inculcated above, and when you are old you'll be able to hang your harp on a crab apple tree and sit in clover with not a Canada thistle in sight. Remember the old adage:—"He that looketh not out for himself when the boodle is going will find himself sitting in the back alley with his suspender busted."

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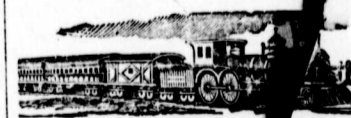
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