



BARNUM'S HINT TO TILLEY.

P. T. Barnum has just effected an insurance of \$300,000 upon the baby-elephant recently born in his Menagerie. If our Finance Minister fears anything from the dire threats of the Opposition, wouldn't it be a good idea for him to insure his baby-elephant—the N. P.?

'Croaks' from Ottawa.

A lady at the Vice-regal drawing room at Ottawa last week, is described by a local print as wearing "pears." Would not grapes have been more seasonable?

Official notification is made that there will be no recommendations this year in favour of Knighthood. Senator Woodstock and Dr. Bolus please take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

Mr. Bunster says:—"Of all the impolitical men De Winton is the worst! Ah! Cater was my boy; why did they send him away to the Staffordshire Highlanders?" Ah! why indeed? echoes Mr. Grip.

"Think and Smoke Tobacco."

ERINGOBURGH TERRACE,
January 30th, 1882.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Don't be afther laffin' at me, an' makin' me blush all over me face like a new-born baby, whin I tell yez that its in love I am, an' yez needn't be raisin' the feathers on top av yer ould black poll wid delight at the news ayther, for it isn't what yez think it is, it isn't wan av these aydiotic ivry-day performances that folks call fallin' in love. No sur, I'm just afther calmly and deliberately shmokin' meself into it, in strict obaydiance to the commandment, "Think and smoke tobacco." It was in my aisy chair I was, afther sittin' pullin' away in a drowsy luxoorious kind av a way, an' thinkin' av the many changes Timo brings around, an' what a wonderful ould chap he was anyway; an' afther meditatatin' on his many ayxcellencies an' fine points, it's clane over head an' heels I fell, in love wid him intirely. He is an ould frind av mine, is Time, an' his history is a remarkable wan. He made his appearance on this wurld very airly. He had a lonely boyhood, spent chiefly in the society of Neg and Dival Therium, the only company of any consequence in these days. On account av the grate moisture av the climate, the grass grew very rank, so much so that beaded he had to get a scythe to cut himself out av extra thick places whin he would be stuck. He still keeps it for mowin' purposes, though the kind an' quality av what he mows now is

very different from the stuff he cut whin Aunt Dilloovian was alive. Yes, on he goes, mowin' all the time; here, there, an' ivry where, always clearin' paths for our feet through life's tangled thickets, an' all he asks av us is to *have faith an' go forward*. What a mower down av doubts an' fears he is! what a smother av difficulties! what a wonderful fellow to solve problems! what a gravedigger!—burying life-long animosities, smoothing the green turf av charity over all wid Sadducee in solemnity. Oh, but he's a daisy! an' blissid is the man who, whin he is hopelessly misunderstood, mistrusted, an' maligned, can catch howld av his hand an' say, "See here, ould bye, it's no use for me to spake any more, I'm contint to lave it to *you* to set me right." It's a thyrin' thing to wait the verdict av judge or jury, but none but the man av clear conscience *dare* wait for the verdict av Time. Therefore, oh ye broken-down, misrepresented, an' ill-used sows, take courage! Showder arms, an' march manfully into the future, an' never fear but Time will yet justify you gloriously: *Sich*, Misther Gur, were the kind av reflexions which I was afther ornatin' saftly to meself as I sat watchin' the shmoke earlin' round an' round me head, whin who should I see but the ould fellow himself standin' there, an' he a'shakin' the snow aff av off his wings down on me hair. "Arrah, ye blissid rascal, thin," sez I, "don't yez be afther phowderin' me wig like that," an' I puts up me hand to whisk it off, but musha! the snow he laves niver melts, so I let it alone. "I declare it's very welcome yez are intirely. Sit down an' have a dhraw," sez I, offerin' him me pipe. "Nary a dhraw," sez he, "it's off I must be agin, Barney, 'Time an' tide wait for no man,' you know." "Arrah man what's yer hurry? Sit down, 'will yez?" "Barney," says he, shmilin', "yez know nothin' would gimme grater pleasure, but I must raley be off." "Divil an off thin," sez I, sayzin' howld av his forelock wid the wan hand, while I shut the dure wid the other. "Gimme that ould scythe av yours," sez I, whippin' it off av his shoulder, an' hangin' it on a nail, an' wid that I takes his two wings, an' clappin' them close to his sides, I sets him down, willy nilly, in me own aisy chair, an' he all the time laffin' like to rive his ould sides. "You're the very man I wanted

to see," sez I, "an' now I want to ax yoz—Do yez recombin' av a man av the name av Jesso, that was a sort av farmer an' cattle dealer some couple av thousand years ago?" "Jesse—Jesse," sez he, kind av musin' loike—"was it his bye that kilt the big giant wid a shmall stone? why, yes, I knew him very well; a foine ould man he was too, had a foine family av byes, mosht av them listed for sojers, an' wan, the youngest I think,—" Howld on there," sez I, "whisper," sez I, drawin' up me chair close, an' shpakin' so no one could hear us, "Do you know anything about his family? were they all right in the upper story?—think now." "Let me see," sez he, shtrokin' his beautiful grey beard considerin' like, "why yes, they were all right. There was ould Obed, his father, a decent respectable man, an' Boaz his grandfather, very comfortable an' woll off, married the purtiest an' the nicest girl in the counthry—Ruth, you know. No, the only insanity ivir I heard of was whin the young fellow, David, played off mad to fool ould Achish an' save his life." "It's about that same David I want to be afther shpakin'; do yez think now that poor man could comit the crimes he did an' yet be sane? He was the very sowl of honour, good business man, a respectable citizen, an' a hater av injustice av all kinds; why, he wouldn't even hurt a hair av his enemy's head when he had the chance. I can't account for the folly an' selfishness av the latter an' what ought to have been the wiser part of his life, any other way than that he must have been insane for some time previous, an' that there must have been insanity in his family. Why, he went about it all in broad daylight; for more'n a year he never understood what he had raley done, in fact never did, until Nathan towld him plump an' plain that he had acted the part av a scoundrel." "He didn't advance the insanity plea?" "No sur, wid all his faults he was honest; an' immaridietly he ups an' says, *GUILTY*, my lord." "He was wise," sez Time, wid a quare shmoile, "that would not have passed muster in the court he was tryin'." "All the same he had a beautiful case, a perfect fortune to a clever lawyer; blameless life, chosen vessel, man of undoubted talent and integrity, poet of the highest type, a deeply religious man—everything in life he could desire. *Could* such a man commit such a crime and yet be sane? An' yet, how relentlessly he was held responsible—how unsparingly he was punished—how manfully he acknowledged the justice av his sentence. But as you say, he was tried at the ould-fashioned tribunal of conscience, an' things are different now-a-days. The d— I take it," sez I, "but a man's clarity is apt to get the botther of his judgment in such cases. Now, what's a fellow to do when there's an internecine war goin' on atunc his heart an' his brain, over a doubtful case now?" "Lave it to me, Barney," sez he, "lave it to me; it's a tangled skein this scythe won't cut. I'll be afther solvin' yer doubts afore long," an' wid that he raches down his blade an' opens the dure, whin who should walk in but Nora. "I suppose," sez she, "ye'd set there, dhaniuu' till mornin', if I'd let yez; sure it's cured like a red herrin' yez 'll be, sittin' in such a shmoke." Misther Grip, there's but one step from the—

Yours truly, as before,

BARNEY O'HEA.

A model newspaper. "Yes" says the Denver editor, "I think I must have got out a very readable paper this morning I've been licked by three prominent citizens to-day, another one chased me with dogs and a gun, and the police had hard work to keep a mob from wrecking my office." We don't have anything this way like that. Eastern editors never publish anything that calls for a harsh word or a cross look. They please everybody and everybody. Nobody is criticised and nobody gets mad. There is occasionally a very readable paper, though, now and then.