



THE RELIC SELLER.

He was such a tough that the elevator man wouldn't give him a ride, so he climbed up the stairs, flight after flight, and when he reached the precincts of the sanctum all the strength left in him centred in his breath.

"Do I address the editor of the *Mail*, or has GRIP's cartoonist's pencil lost its point?" he softly enquired, closing the door behind him and meandering for the table.

The startled occupant of the Tory Throne, who was just writing "midnight" to the bottom of a little piece of farewell poetry which had been several months on hand waiting the proper time to appear, reached for his bell pull. But the visitor gently but effectually checked him by interposing his face and an odor of gin and onions.

"One word will explain my mission and I shall then be ready to depart, without the employment of extraneous influences. My business is that of relic seller and I am here on speculation. But, to come quickly to the point: I notice you are going largely into the publication of stuff raked out from the far nor-west corner of Old Time's attic, just where most of the muck and must of by-gone politics lies covered. Thinking that perhaps you might like to extend your research into other fields, I venture to call your attention to some historic MSS. which might, through your hands, be presented in acceptable shape to the people. You know, I presume, that it is a moot point whether our first parents did not use for illuminating purposes candles exclusively. Now, I hold in my hand documents to prove that all contentions in this direction are vain. Adam's gas-bill receipts, of which I possess a number of original samples, ought to, I fancy—"

The caretaker said to the elevator man on the trip up: "The old chap didn't seem to mind it a bit when I flung him clean across the sidewalk. He jest scrambled to his feet an he sez to me, he sez, with a grin, 'Go up and tell yer boss it was an enemy who done this, which his name it is Higgins, and I makes a dollar outen the job!'"

## THE COURT HOUSE SITE.

Nobody (excepting the fourteen Aldermen and one Mayor who voted for it) seems to approve of the site selected for the new Court House. The fact of St. John's Ward having triumphed is in itself suggestive of *foul* play; and the general opinion certainly is that there is "a nigger on the fence" somewhere.



"Peck's Bad Boy," makes a very Bad Drama. This is worse on Peck than on the Bad Boy—as it ought to be.

I am never at a loss to know the whereabouts of my friend, John Shields—that is, so long as I have access to the daily *Globe*.

*Mail* sub-editorial is becoming pronouncedly funny. *Mail* chief editorial, on the other hand, is becoming, if anything, more and more— But we all know what *Mail* chief editorial is like!

Dr. Castle told the audience at the Baptist College Convocation that a reporter had given a new word to them—"collection," which was perhaps more suitable than "collation." This isn't the first time a reporter has given a better word to the ministers—not to say a whole sermon.

I have an idea that the *Globe* will slightly amend its motto, and I wouldn't be afraid to wager, for charitable purposes—if I had any money—that it will read in its reorganized shape:—"The subject who is truly funny will never lose a chance to lampoon his Sovereign"—or words to that effect.

Barrie people, since reading in the *Advance* that a certain local meeting was "no whole and corner affair," have unanimously decided that either the orthographic editor of the *Globe* is a contributor to the *Advance*, or that the proof reader of that valuable and widely circulated journal needs a new dictionary.

Some able statistician has increased the store of human knowledge by contributing the fact that "the number of money-making women has doubled in ten years in England." I have no reason to doubt the entire accuracy of his computation; but I beg to apprise him that there is a shrewd suspicion haunting the mind of every husband who reads his statement—that the race of money spending women has nobly held on the even tenor of its way. Figures can be pointed to in substantiation of this theory—that is to say, the figures of the women themselves.

Mr. Chas. Drury, M.P.P., may not be an Orangeman after all. But yet I beg to call the attention of his party in general and his good Scotch Grit supporters in particular, to the fact that he, a member of the Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association, agreed, without a word of protest, to the proposition of that body to invite Sir John Macdonald up to open their fall show! He denies being an Orangeman, eh? Very good! But what has he to say to this? Mr. Drury, the ostensible representative of East Simcoe Reformers, will of course deny also that he is in league with the Arch Usurper. But how is he going to rebut this damning evidence of his guilt! Men of East Simcoe, do your duty!!

Exit Sir Charles Tupper, and enter on the scene the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent, to be crowned with the brand new white plug hat of the successful political prophet! Crown him, and let him forever take rank with Moses Oates, the other trusty prognosticator of the *Globe* staff. For a long time the correspondent has been predicting the retirement of the Minister of Railways. With not a solitary certain fact to guide him along his tortuous way, he struggled on, manfully doing the predicting, letting the public do the expecting, and having Sir Charles doing the laughing. Perseverance has at last been rewarded—true merit is revealed—real journalism is vindicated—and a noble newspaper correspondent takes his place high in the respect of an intelligent and appreciative people, with every prospect that he will get a raise of salary, and with every encouragement for him to publish an almanac. I hope I do not betray my confidence in whispering to my readers that one of the principal reasons why Sir Charles Tupper resigned was his desire to reward a poor but enterprising newspaper correspondent's persistence, and secure him—and the country—a rest.

The readiness with which a corporation or community will part with a small-pox patient has no parallel in anything I can recall. Why, to read the papers in reference to a case of this nature, you are actually impressed with the idea that his neighbors are somewhat glad to get rid of him, and that in trading him off a consideration is a secondary affair altogether. When a man takes small-pox he seems to enjoy an unchallenged passport to proceed anywhere else than he may happen to be at the time. It is a good thing for the man who travels with small-pox about his person that here and there he finds a stopping-place, specially designed for the accommodation of wayfarers like him; otherwise he might get tired, and be obliged to share with some undeserving individual what he needs all to himself. Some duly authorized philosopher has said the best way for a man to find his friends out is to become poor. I beg respectfully to submit an improvement on this adage, in the opinion that the best way is for him to become possessed of the small-pox. He will then find his friends out—in the suburbs, in the shape of a doctor and the keeper of the small-pox hospital.

Give a *Globe* reporter writing materials, general instructions, three average meals and a day to himself, and he will, in nine cases out of ten, prepare a special article that will electrify the community and fill a column or so of space—at all events, I am certain about the filling up of the column or so of space. The other day one of these reporters was favored with the above enumerated requisites, and the next morning's *Globe* contained the fruits of the experiment in a long piece about "Pleasant Places." Among the spots which the reporter visited in and about the city was the Central Prison; and prominent among the sights he saw was a gang of convicts, an old hen with chickens, and some "tastefully arranged feather beds." I admire this young man's keen discrimination and exquisite sense of the beautiful. But he can improve. If I had set out on a tour of Toronto's "Pleasant Places," the very first stopping place would have been the Central Prison. Arrived here, I no doubt would have been struck some time during my stay with the edifying spectacle of prisoners working in the grounds—modestly representing, as they did, the Uniformed Knights of Labor—or rather days, I guess. Doubtless the old hen and her brood would have caught my eye presently, as exemplifying one of the most beautiful and touching phases of animate nature—in somebody