Grip's Weekly Budget.

VOL. II. NO. 75. TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1873. PRICE THREE CENTS.

An Unnecessary Reappearance.

(From the N. Y. Tribune.)

It is not too much to say that the reappearance of Mr. Jefferson Davis as an orator before the Southern Historical Society is quite uncalled for. Mr Jefferson Davis is a person whom the people of this country would willingly forget. Nor could he ask any greater favor than to be forgotten. His connection with public affairs has been at the earliest possible price to his country and his people. It cost too much to retire him for fear to set by and see him return without a protest. A *pool mortem* by Mr. Jefferson Davis on his own defunct Confederacy is not desired by the American people. He makes another of his great and woeful mistakes if he supposes the slightest consequence attaches to himself or his utterances except as they revive unpleasant memories. Mr. Davis is only conspicuous as a failure. Why he failed, or how, or what he thinks about it, no man cares. His game is played, his great stake lost; and lost at a tremendous sacrifice. No need for him to come forward and shuffle over the dead cards now, protesting that with a new deal he might win. Mr. Davis's game was finished and his chair set back some years ago. Way does he come forward now with straws in his hair and his idle talk of what might have been? The world has done with him and set him aside. There is but one thing left to Mr. Jefferson Davis in life, and that is heroic self-repression. It is hard, to be sure; hard for a man who figured so largely as he in the great war of the world for so long a period to go out utterly. But that was the chance he took, the stake he put up; and the loss is his. Better men than he have paid more dearly for their mistakes.

It was his to walk through martyrdom to place in history; only death or silence could have bought him, and something that bored on immortality, if it was only the immortality of a grand stake unsuited to the weaknesses of release and garrulousness have destroyed him. There is nothing whatever in the life or character of Mr. Jefferson Davis to make him heroic. Everywhere he stumbles. Everywhere his smack-cake keeps the sky above him. It gets him glory or it gets a living, and for all that we can see it is not material which. There were men in the great struggle which Mr. Davis and his fellow-conspirators inaugurated, who, however we may estimate their judgment or their notions of patriotism, command our respect and even our reverence for the great-hearted, silent way in which they took the course which seemed to them to be right, and in which they accepted the results of their experiment, and bowed their heads to God's providence and the results of the war. The rebellion had its Stonewall Jackson who fought with fiery fanaticism, and laid on the altar of their profound convictions the largest possible sacrifice; its Robert E. Lee who, by his silent acceptance of the result, showed the true historic spirit that went further than anything else to soften the resentments of the war, and—if we may be permitted to mention his name—its French gallantry, who, in a spirit that cannot but challenge our admiration, recognized fully the greatness of his stake and the entirety of his loss, and wrapping himself up from contact with affairs, sank himself utterly as a public man. These are men whom the nation against which they fought can with reasonable self-respect remember with pride. But Mr. Jefferson Davis conspired, and never fought. Having failed, he did not have the pluck to take his cards, straighten gracefully, or hold his peace.

And now he comes from his enforced retirement to say in effect that it was no fair fight; that if it had been known at the time of the surrender what the South was coming to, there would have been no surrender and "we would to-day have been free," and much nonsense of that sort. And with wonderful fatuity he adds that he still has hopes of the South because, whatever the men might be, he has "never yet seen a reverse followed by a remark which even Mr. Davis should have known cannot but suggest the scandal which attaches to him, and the public mention of his name since his trial bound his sagged. Mr. Jefferson Davis's force for the South are of no account. In all his connection with the affairs of the South he has been a mistake and a failure. A decent regard for public opinion, if not for his own reputation, would have prevented his from stifled and dignified silence. Such a man, with such a failure on his back, and such magnanimous treatment accorded him by the Government against which he had conspired, should above all things cultivate the grace of silence. He does not know or has not time or his place.

And, we may add, he misapprehends entirely the temper of the American people. Ready they may be to forgive the man who bore arms against them; willing to pay tribute to the bravery of the men who held the field in their front and made the war so long and warmth; eager to bind up the wound and even let the arch traitors who began the Rebellion go unpunished into obscurity; they are not willing and will not consent to the reappearance of Mr. Jefferson Davis in any capacity. His position there is the very lightest penalty that can be visited on the highest crime when the American people allow him to go home in obscurity and the only answer to his unseemly reappearance and his ungrateful growling is silence. We hope he will have it. Gold Mobilier and Salary Grabs, and Custom-house scandals, and Boutwells, and Belknaps and Patterson, and other like infamies; but we have passed Mr. Jefferson Davis, thank God; nobody calls for him, or wants to hear from him; if he will only consider himself dead and write *de mortuis* of himself, he is persists in reappearing, he writes himself a nuisance.

Indian Festivals.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times writing on the 1st ult., says:—

"To the Gugunnath (or Car Festival which is now at its height, an unusual interest has been lent this year by the great difference between the Governments of India and Bengal of preventing those cruel deaths, by accident, which have been common for so several years. The Lieutenant-Governor reported to the Government of India, asking for its advice and instructions, that, in his opinion, the time has come for stopping the dragging of such of the idols as are dangerous to life. 'If we were still in a bigoted Hindoo country such things might be permitted; but in Bengal the people are Christians, half of the remainder are enlightened Hindoos, Brahmins, and nothing in particular. There is but a limited Hindoo population, and there is no great enthusiasm for this kind of thing, and the heavy cars are very difficult to drag, and by people, many of whom are, it appears, ryots on the temple estates, and others driven unwillingly to the work, or people who take it up for reasons not religious, some for fun, some for profit. But he would tolerate all cars not dangerous to life. In a subsequent letter he amplified this by a no means exaggerated picture of the state of Hindoolam in the centres of intelligence, by giving the subject of a recent lecture delivered by a native gentleman, like the Maharajah Burdwan, who would stop dangerous idols. Although, Sir George Campbell wrote, the Car Festival had its origin in religious idea, and though it can still raise feelings of enthusiasm in the breasts of elderly women or other such persons, it has undoubtedly degenerated into a fair, or mere gathering for amusement. The amusement has extended in the Government of India agreeing with that of Bengal that the nuisance section of the Criminal Procedure Code provides for the evil, and that a discretionary power may be left to the magistrate or collectorate of stopping any car which he deems to be unsafe, in which act he will be supported by the Government.

"The festival at Serampore was this year a striking commentary on the above description. Pilgrims came above Calcutta, to the right bank of the Hooghly, a pious Hindoo has erected, by his last will, a Juggernaut for the pilgrims to the Serampore Juggernauth. On Wednesday last, the day before the festival, a few boats only were seen at the spot where, in former years, thousands used to throng. The Hooghly, the temples were sounding the hour of evening prayer on discordant gongs; nude ascetics from from the hill of Assam were wailing about among timid women in charge of some elderly priest. Beggars dressed up with extra hands and heads, intended to represent the deities of Hindoolam, were silently presenting their plates for offerings. Soon the coarse crowd cooked their evening meal or ate their parched rice and lay down on the ground to sleep away time until Juggernauth appeared in his car. Next day, for the thousands of former years, there were literally tens. Even Sir George Campbell's 'elderly females' found it more interesting—in the case of a group of Hindoo women from a distance, at least—to study the dress of a party of English ladies who had come to see the sight, and to listen to the words of one of them at the very time that the shapeless block of wood was being hoisted up to its place on the car. More than one native Christian preacher, too, had a good audience. All the booths, stalls, and shows of the 'Jattra' were there as usual, but almost neglected. The pice, or farthings, which such devotee offers to the priest on the car for a consecrated garland of white flowers were few. After the orders of Government, the English magistrate was on his mettle, believing that he could as expertise the dragging of the car into place so as to prevent fatal accidents. Policemen, native and English, were everywhere. Not, up till 2 p. m., the hour which he had fixed as the latest, the priests failed to get men enough to draw the unwieldy erection on its twenty-four vast disks of wood, although their own tenants were there. The second and rival car further on had then its turn, but the ropes broke at the first pull, and there it stands to this hour a melancholy spectacle. Toward sunset the first car was dragged the usual distance, the temple having succeeded in inducing a sufficient number of hands to draw. But there was little of that unbearable roar when the idol is lifted up to its place—a cry, half sonorous, half bleating—which in former years I have heard two miles away. Never has the festival been such a failure, though it has usually been falling off. The priests surprise it to the interference of the police, who prevent accidents that give cold to the occasion. Some, evidently orthodox Hindoos, stood, asked, declared that the heat was too intense to allow people to come from a distance, and that the epidemic fever had weakened many. But all, priests and orthodox, sorrowfully allow that the 'Car Festival is not what it once was.'"

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$5 TO $20 PER DAY.—AGENTS wanted. All classes of working people, either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at any thing else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE—50 ACRES, north half lot 15, concession 12, Zone, on the Sixth Gravel Road, ten miles from the Bowery Station of the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway; twenty or twenty-five acres cleared, good frame house, painted and stained; young orchard of 150 trees, and a good well. A quantity of good cedar, black ash, and other timber on the lots and adjoining fifty acres. Possession given this spring. Apply to W. D. MITCHELL, Grove, Listowel.

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SCREW STUMP MACHINES for Farmers—the cheapest and best in use. Send for circular and price. R. C. PETERSON, Berlin Foundry, Berlin.

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The Grand Trunk Railway Company will be prepared to receive offers for the purchase of the

"STEAMER INTERNATIONAL,"

now plying between Port Erie and Buffalo. She is a screw paddle steamer, and carries freight only in her hold. Will be ready for delivery upon the completion of the International Bridge, during the MONTH OF OCTOBER NEXT.

Offers for this steamer (to be delivered in Port Erie) will be received by the undersigned.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, Aug. 12th, 1873.

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Persons intending to exhibit will please take notice that entries must be made with the Secretary at Toronto, on or before the undermentioned dates, viz.:—

Horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, agricultural implements, on or before Saturday, August 23rd.

Grain, field roots, and other farm products, manufactures, and miscellaneous articles, on or before Saturday, August 30th.

Fruit and vegetables, ladies' work, the fine arts, &c., on or before Saturday, September 13th.

Prizes are offered for the best horse in the entire open class, in addition to the Secretaries of all Agricultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes in the Province.

HUGH C. THOMSON, Sec'y Agricultural and Arts Assoc. Toronto, August 1st, 1873.

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Beam Warps for Woollen Mills.

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"YOUNG NORVAL."

This splendid Clyde Stallion will stand the season at

OLD VANSITTART FARM,

Close to Eastwood Station, County of Oxford, on the Great Western Railway, and four miles from Woodstock.

He is a horse of immense power and unusual symmetry and beauty. He stands 17 hands and weighs 1,300 lbs. His sire, imported Bruton, was the best Clyde ever exhibited in Canada. Young Norval was bought at the sale of the late John Shedden's horses, whose stock generally realized from $300 to $500.

FIRST OPPORTUNITY FOR THE FARMERS OF OXFORD.

Good grazing for mares. Terms, $12. For pedigree, apply on the premises, or address Eastwood, Ontario.

June 13th, 1873.

THE CANADA Land & Emigration Company

Offer for sale on conditions of settlement,

GOOD FARM LOTS IN DYSART AND ADJOINING TOWNSHIPS, AT FROM $1 TO $2 PER ACRE.

In addition to many good roads already constructed, there are now in course of construction a road through the township of Dudley and Dysart, opening up a large tract of unsurpassed land, and affording facilities for settlement in Harcourt with the village of Haliburton, whose roads will lead to the best markets, viz., the town of Peterborough, is to be the seat of a large and prosperous manufacturing village, and the Grand Trunk Leads. Other roads already give access to Dysart, Bruton, Lake Kashagawigamog, Lutterworth, Cardiff, and other points in and through a great portion of the Company's territory.

Plans and descriptive pamphlets can be had at the Company's offices in the country in new schools, roads, &c.

TO LOTS FOR SALE in the village of Haliburton, where there are churches and schools, telegraph office, post office, Agricultural Society, Grist, Saw, and saw mills, hotels, stores, &c.

Access from Toronto by the Toronto & Nipissing Railway by morning train to Cobourck; thence by stage to Haliburton. Fare from Toronto to Haliburton or afternoon of every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Company agents in Toronto are prepared to receive for the steamer, by which passengers from Toronto by 7 p. m. will be able to reach Haliburton the one day.

For further information apply to

CHAS. JAS. BLOMFIELD, Manager C. L. & E. Company, Peterborough

W. H. BEATTIE, Agent C. L. & E. Company, Toronto.

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EXTRA MACHINE OIL.

Our Extra Oil only, bears the Trade Mark.

THIS Oil is superior to any other for all machinery in varying conditions, including machines, and all other machinery for agricultural uses, as it never congeals nor gums under any circumstances.

Read these Testimonials, as we can gain 2 per cent. in power and save 50 per cent in oil over any other kind.

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The following firms are also prepared to furnish our Oils:—

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THE WEEKLY MAIL

Is published every Thursday morning in time for the English mail, second edition on Friday morning, and contains all the best articles and extracts of all parts of the Dominion.

Advertisements for insertion in this paper are charged at the rate of three cents per line for each insertion, or by the year, three dollars a year.

THE WEEKLY MAIL will form an excellent medium through which to reach the farming community, from every Post Office and prominent point in Ontario and Quebec, by the Great Grand Trunk Railway, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, and Manitoba.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.D.

Gives Picnic and Speeches—Blake Goes to Montreal—Mackenzie Replies to Cartwright—Cotton Yarn Factory.

THE SEASON FOR GIFT PICNICS, demonstrations and missionary tours has fairly set in.

Mackenzie is in Nova Scotia, Blake at London, and E. B. Wood held forth the other day at Drummondville.

Tall talker and speeches, rye and resolutions, climate and showers, pie and patriotism, foaming ale and frothy declamation, are the prevailing features of the situation.

Silence is the voice of the stump orator heard in the land, and the hills, and value re-echo with the oft told tale of the Pacific Scandal.

I would have liked nothing better than a tour to the Maritime Provinces with Mackenzie, but I received orders to accompany Blake instead.

I received my instructions, of course, from Gordon Brown in the Island of Montreal of the Party.

He sent for me shortly after I returned from Ottawa.

"Now, Mr. Briggs," said he, when I arrived at the Globe office, obedience to his summons, "you are probably aware that Mr. Blake is going to speak in London on Thursday next?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well, I wish you to accompany him there ostensibly for the purpose of reporting his speech, but in reality to perform a more important duty. I wish you to keep an eye on his movements. Don't let him go out of your sight for a minute.

"Notice to whom he speaks, and the tone of his conversation. We cannot keep him under too close surveillance, and I desire that the slightest symptoms of restiveness or independence on his part should be reported."

I readily promised to attend to it, and next day left for London on the same train as Blake.

He took a Pullman car. Very suspicious. Why should he indulge in a Pullman? Mackenzie never does. I doubt if Brown himself is ever guilty of such extravagance.

Accordingly I make memorandum, "Blake travels in a Pullman car. Extravagance and luxury indulged in at his own expense, contrary to true principles of Reform."

The train had usually got safely to the city before the conductor collected the daily papers, primarily Globes.

"Globe, sir?" says he to Blake.

"No!" replies Blake curtly.

"Why, I don't want one. You've a season. Go away!" growled out Blake.

Memorandum—"Blake won't buy *Globe*. Tells newsboy to go away." Worse and worse!

The journey is not marked by any incidents worthy of note. Blake appeared to be studying his speech, and finally fell asleep.

At length London was reached and we disembarked.

There was a delegation of Grits on the platform including Hugh McMahon, Skimmilk Bodwell, Cameron of the *Advertiser*, and others.

They rushed at us as soon as we arrived. "Ah Blake, glad to see you, glad to see you old man. Shake!" said McMahon with ready familiarity.

"Guess you won't sock it to 'em lively to-night, eh," said Cameron. "Oh no perhaps not?"

"Here's the fellow that'll knock blazes out of the Tories" cried a third, emphasizing his remarks by giving the object of his admiration a resonant slap on the back.

Meanwhile Blake stood on his dignity and gazed about him with his usual hauteur.

I thought he was going to get out without taking the slightest notice of the enthusiastic assemblage; but presently he turned to himself and gave triumphant proof of his pride.

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen," said he, stiffly extending two fingers to each of the deputation in turn, soft trying to seem happy. The attorney was a wonder of fallen and reminded me of a tender and callow Crinkle attempting to make himself at home among a company of case-hardened old seeds by awallowing brandy straight.

The succeeding evening the party moved off in the direction of the Tecumseth.

On the way we met Carling, who courteously saluted Blake.

The latter turning to McMahon and the members of the crowd said "Who is that minute" and actually went up and shook hands in the most friendly manner with this enemy of his party, who had injured in their inquiries with him.

Mesmerism! or Gordon Brown—"Blake cold and distant to Reform *Guardian* and friendly terms with Carling. No doubt of his honesty, eh? Hum!"

This event threw a damper on our enthusiasm and not a word Blake spoke until we reached the hotel where a crowd of Grit farmers and others awaited the coming of the hero.

Now any man of ordinary tact would have gone round among these honest agricultural brutes, and have inquired after their all their lives, and asked how the crops were doing, and if the old woman was well, and whether they were still in the same old place, and promise to drive out and see 'em if he had time, and all that sort of thing.

But Blake didn't, not he. He just passed them all by, put his autograph on the register, and asked to be shown to his room. He didn't even make a speech to their collected rivalry.

The sturdy yeomanry who had driven in ten and twenty miles to shake hands with the great Party leader stared at each other in thick amazement. They didn't like that style of thing.

I rose to the occasion, however, and, conceiving it to be the best thing I could do under the circumstances, summoned them to the bar of the house, telling the bar-keeper to chalk it to Blake.

I didn't notice any hisses or groans or shouts of "Privilege." They didn't hang back and whisper to each other in indignation meeting, or exclaim that their liberties were in danger.

On the contrary, they obeyed the summons with unanimity, and concluded that Blake wasn't half bad with the odor of rum.

It's a great thing to have presence of mind in an emergency. My presence of mind made up for Blake's absence of body.

An unpleasant *contre temps* slightly marred the harmony of the evening.

The bar-tender asked Bodwell what he would have. "Something soft," replied the latter.

"Try skim-milk" shouted an ungodly Tory on the outskirts of the crowd. Well! Mr. Bodwell seemed disconcerted.

"*Cheese it!* said the bar-tender, a chemvention which Mac's cronies took much.

Blake's credits being good at the hotel, I kept a tolerable tab on my bill I had completely rehabilitated his reputation.

The great speech was delivered in the City Hall. It was a masterpiece of oratory.

It did intend to bring in a pointed and original humourism just here, something about "Grit or-a-tory," but can't elaborate it just right. It sounds too much like a misnomer.)

It was an awful experience. When he said, "I intend to review the circumstances connected with the Pacific scandal from its inception to the present time," men began to squirm uneasily in their seats, and fix themselves for a long siege.

By the time he had reached the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee, the most strenuous Grits were gasping for breath and the back benches commenced to the door.

When he got to the publication of Sir Hugh Allan's telegrams, he completely had demoralized the ranks of the opposition by fastening yawns and groans of applause.

Five minutes after he concluded, there was not a Reformer in the whole country who was a fearful time. Three hours of Pacific Scandal without intermission.

I never heard such a speech before and hope I never may again. It was too overpowering, and as the close I felt like exclaiming, "Take me home to die, mother."

After the customary resolutions had been passed, we proceeded to sing the following hymn—beautifully expressive of the doctrines of Grittism:

"Teach me to scorn another's wealth,
And hide the good I see,
And call my neighbor's brother, lack
The same that's due to me."

We live up to our creed pretty well, which is more than most church members do.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.
Graduate of Coboconk University.

London, Aug. 28.

ANOTHER SHOOTING DIFFICULTY.—One of those dangerous and shameful difficulties more common in the South took place in Swainsboro', Ga., on Friday of last week, resulting in the death of both participants. A lawyer named King and one Bruce McLeod had some dispute, and the result is given by the Augusta *Constitutionalist*: "Last week Mr. King visited Warren county on professional business, returning home on Friday. After dinner he started to his law office, between which and his residence, it is stated, Mr. McLeod intercepted him and renewed the difficulty thought to have been adjusted. The latter, seemingly determined to push the matter to its last analysis, drew his pistol and fired at Mr. King, without effect, before he had reached his office. Mr. King, being unarmed, called upon his assailant, demanding that if that was the manner in which he proposed to settle the difficulty he should at least afford him a fair chance. Mr. McLeod, as we learn, continued firing. Mr. King, reaching his office, obtained a pistol, and immediately returned the fire of his antagonist, the first shot taking effect in McLeod's side, producing a slight wound. At the same time Mr. King received a mortal wound from Mr. McLeod's pistol, the ball taking effect just above the right nipple, ranging through the right lung, and lodging in the back. Notwithstanding the shock of this terrible wound, Mr. King continued another pistol and fired a single shot at McLeod while within the very shadow of death. The ball took effect just above the left hip of the latter, passing through the lower intestines, producing a necessarily mortal wound. After firing this last shot Mr. King survived but a few minutes, when death relieved his sufferings. Mr. McLeod lived about twenty-four hours, when he, too, died."

A discussion is going on between *Le Monde* and *l'Opinion Nationale* as to the rights of Don Carlos to the throne of Spain. The former supports them; the latter denies them and maintains the curious doctrine that a monarch cannot be a king unless he is absolute, adding, with reference to France, that the principle of legitimacy is not recoverable with the aspirations and manners of modern France. *L'Opinion Nationale* is Altonist.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

WITH THE SOUTHERN DIVISION.

(From the Daily News.)

We may now be said to have fairly declared war against the force with which we have so long laid side by side in peaceful encampments. Though the fight of this morning did not, in reality, form part of the series of hostilities in which the two divisions are to be pitted against each other, it may be taken as a fitting prelude to them, for the general idea already given is sufficiently intelligible, without further detail, and I shall therefore confine myself to a simple description of the position occupied by the Southern division, and the manner in which Colonel Greathed made good his hold of the disputed point, and foiled his opponent in their attempt to march to the relief of besieged Plymouth. Our foe was evidently under the impression that we should attempt to check his onward march by meeting and giving battle to him on the ridges of Ringmoor, but, from some reason, he had not declined to do, and while the Northern force was manœuvring for the Ringmoor ridge, we considered the chief strategical point from which to launch his attack on this place, our leader was quietly marching past his left of Cadover Bridge, and interposing an unmistakable army between the British Army and its line of march southward. For this purpose he had massed his artillery and infantry on the hill to the left of the road, on the bridge and the line stretching round the hill, and behind some hedges, which we left touched the village of Meavy. It would 500,000,000 people, who are governed annually.

Victoria county, Texas, is the scene of open warfare between two factions known as the Helm party and the Taylor part, forty and eighty strong. A battle was expected last week.

A western theatrical manager, who has a nice little place in the country, has put on his garden fence since the cherries ripened, a sign-board, reading, "Free-list absolutely suspended."

The Erie Railroad Company has established a medical bureau, embracing surgeons at several points along the line, who attend to any persons who may be injured in their respective districts.

A young man from the country slapped a big copper cent under the nose of the stump clerk at the Troy Post Office, the other day, saying: "I guess I'll take one of them air pastoral cards, mister?"

A Rochester lady wanted needles the other day. It seemed, she could not get out to purchase, so she began an investigation of her pin-cushion. Two pair of cushions yielded 447 needles!

A photographer in Gloucester, Mass., has been astonished by a young woman, who came to ask, meekly and innocently, "How much will you take a dozen photograph after you leave your measure?"

The following are the head lines to an article in the Cincinnati Times: "Jim Mack chopped his 4,775 More Business House Than St. Louis' But Shen 1,197 of Them Are Drug-Shops, Leaving Us Also to Pawn-Shops and Undertakers."

A railway engineer has invented a hot-water apparatus for thawing out his corpse on to deal persons who walk on the line. Unfortunately, he has not perfected items is ruthlessly cut off by inventive genius.

The actress known as Little Nell recently spoke of the crowd which "assembled to minute" and actually went up and shook hands in the most friendly manner with this enemy of his party, who had injured in their inquiries with him.

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I rose to the occasion, however, and, conceiving it to be the best thing I could do under the circumstances, summoned them to the bar of the house, telling the bar-keeper to chalk it to Blake.

I didn't notice any hisses or groans or shouts of "Privilege." They didn't hang back and whisper to each other in indignation meeting, or exclaim that their liberties were in danger.

On the contrary, they obeyed the summons with unanimity, and concluded that Blake wasn't half bad with the odor of rum.

It's a great thing to have presence of mind in an emergency. My presence of mind made up for Blake's absence of body.

An unpleasant *contre temps* slightly marred the harmony of the evening.

The bar-tender asked Bodwell what he would have. "Something soft," replied the latter.

"Try skim-milk" shouted an ungodly Tory on the outskirts of the crowd. Well! Mac. Bodwell seemed disconcerted.

"*Cheese it!* said the bar-tender, a chemvention which Mac's cronies took much.

Blake's credits being good at the hotel, I kept a tolerable tab on my bill I had completely rehabilitated his reputation.

The great speech was delivered in the City Hall. It was a masterpiece of oratory.

It did intend to bring in a pointed and original humourism just here, something about "Grit or-a-tory," but can't elaborate it just right. It sounds too much like a misnomer.)

It was an awful experience. When he said, "I intend to review the circumstances connected with the Pacific scandal from its inception to the present time," men began to squirm uneasily in their seats, and fix themselves for a long siege.

By the time he had reached the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee, the most strenuous Grits were gasping for breath and the back benches commenced to the door.

When he got to the publication of Sir Hugh Allan's telegrams, he completely had demoralized the ranks of the opposition by fastening yawns and groans of applause.

Five minutes after he concluded, there was not a Reformer in the whole country who was a fearful time. Three hours of Pacific Scandal without intermission.

I never heard such a speech before and hope I never may again. It was too overpowering, and as the close I felt like exclaiming, "Take me home to die, mother."

After the customary resolutions had been passed, we proceeded to sing the following hymn—beautifully expressive of the doctrines of Grittism:

"Teach me to scorn another's wealth,
And hide the good I see,
And call my neighbor's brother's lack
The same that's due to me."

We live up to our creed pretty well, which is more than most church members do.

JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.
Graduate of Coboconk University.

London, Aug. 28.

ANOTHER SHOOTING DIFFICULTY.—One of those dangerous and shameful difficulties more common in the South took place in Swainsboro', Ga., on Friday of last week, resulting in the death of both participants. A lawyer named King and one Bruce McLeod had some dispute, and the result is given by the Augusta *Constitutionalist*: "Last week Mr. King visited Warren county on professional business, returning home on Friday. After dinner he started to his law office, between which and his residence, it is stated, Mr. McLeod intercepted him and renewed the difficulty thought to have been adjusted. The latter, seemingly determined to push the matter to its last analysis, drew his pistol and fired at Mr. King, without effect, before he had reached his office. Mr. King, being unarmed, called upon his assailant, demanding that if that was the manner in which he proposed to settle the difficulty he should at least afford him a fair chance. Mr. McLeod, as we learn, continued firing. Mr. King, reaching his office, obtained a pistol, and immediately returned the fire of his antagonist, the first shot taking effect in McLeod's side, producing a slight wound. At the same time Mr. King received a mortal wound from Mr. McLeod's pistol, the ball taking effect just above the right nipple, ranging through the right lung, and lodging in the back. Notwithstanding the shock of this terrible wound, Mr. King continued another pistol and fired a single shot at McLeod while within the very shadow of death. The ball took effect just above the left hip of the latter, passing through the lower intestines, producing a necessarily mortal wound. After firing this last shot Mr. King survived but a few minutes, when death relieved his sufferings. Mr. McLeod lived about twenty-four hours, when he, too, died."

A discussion is going on between *Le Monde* and *l'Opinion Nationale* as to the rights of Don Carlos to the throne of Spain. The former supports them; the latter denies them and maintains the curious doctrine that a monarch cannot be a king unless he is absolute, adding, with reference to France, that the principle of legitimacy is not recoverable with the aspirations and manners of modern France. *L'Opinion Nationale* is Altonist.

Comic Clippings.

EXCLUSIVENESS—Host: "Nice party, sah? it, Major Le Spunge? Sigh and low, rich and poor—Most people invited to decide this one! This is 'Liberty Hall,' *this* is! Nfalse pride or hanging back here. 'I'm a self made man, I am!' Major: "Yes, Major." Major, party, indeed, Mr. Shoddy! How you or your friends and mother must feel! Are *they* here?"—Host: "Well, no! 'Ang it all, you know, one must draw the line somewhere!"

THE HOLIDAY TASK.—Dr. Punch: "My dear young friends, you have done next to nothing this half. Therefore a little task during the vacation will be good for you. You, Master Benjamin, must get up a 'definite policy.' You, Lowe, will write a paper on the 'application of the screw.' Jemmy, you will have to get by heart 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Tommy, you will write a paper on the 'application of the screw.' Ayrton