

NOW that the Birchall trial is over, what is Justice going to do about the artists who drew and the publishers who printed those "illustrations" from which readers of our daily papers were made to suffer during its progress? The unoffending individuals whose "portraits" were given have ample grounds for actions for libel, but the gentle reader ought to lay a charge of aggravated assault, at the very least.

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CAN'T something be done to protect citizens from those brutes who disgrace the uniform of our justly-admired police force? The exhibition made by the official bully who arrested Paul Patillo on Yonge Street last Friday evening was typical of the class of peelers we have reference to. The prisoner was perfectly sober and seemed disposed to go along quietly. This, however, did not suit the blue-coated ruffian, who repeatedly threw him down, and at least once struck him a cowardly blow in the face. All this was done in the presence of a large crowd of disgusted spectators, and under the immediate patronage of a posse of brother policemen, who were there, no doubt, to see that the ill-used prisoner should not strike back, as he had a right to. These bumptious clowns on the Force are much too fresh, and the Police Commissioners would do well to impress upon them that the citizen, even when under arrest, has some rights which they are bound to respect.

MR. BAKER'S MOSQUITO.

GENTLEMEN, I used to hev' a muskitty here, which was a cur'sosity in his way.

He was a large one of the bull variety, an' he cum fr'm New Jersey, but for intelligence an' savvy I never see his ekal. I first kem across him a-sittin on a log, with one of his legs broke. There was a dead rattlesnake lying near him, an', by the looks er things, I reckon this yere muskitty had on'y jest laid him out. I kinder cottoned on to him jest fer his pluck, an' I left him with my on'y hankercher tied roun' his leg. Well, maybe you won't believe it, but from that day you never see anything so attached es that muskitty was to me. He turned up at the diggins next day an' marched inter my shanty as serene as a British juke.

But he never bit me!

Gents, I have seen that muskitty when he had got shet in by mistake, an' was that thin he wouldn't weigh more'n a pound, an' when I'd come home, sometimes, fr'm a week's prospectin', he'd give me a look es much es to say, "Pard! I like a square shake, I do; this ain't the first time you've shet me in; how do you expect a feller's going to live if you do that? Jest open the door an' let's have a bite er summ'at." And of course I'd let him out, an' he'd hang around till 'long about sundown, an' then he'd go foragin'. But, you bet, he never tuk his hull meal off one man. He know'd well enough what a row the men 'd kick up ef he killed one of 'em. No, siree! He used to lay himself over about forty of 'em, so as they'd all be able to work next day. Well, after a while the men began to get onto his shape, an' they used to lay fer him. First thing I knowed about it, he came a-buzzin' in at the window one night with a double-handful of red hair, which I guess some one in camp hed kinder let go on. 'Nother time some galoot put a bullet thro' his left wing, an' made him fly all lopsided. I fixed him up next night, afore I let him out, with some glue an' a piece of paper, but I could see by the way he gritted his teeth that he meant mischief.

Well, gents, you'll know what I mean when I tell you that the man what fired the gun "myster'ously disappeared." But the boys began to suspicion me. How they first got on to it I don't know, but about fifty of 'em used to git around my door when I'd let him out an' go fer him. Well, he played low 'thout kickin' fer about three nights, an' then he turned rusty an' killed two of 'em.

They must hev provoked him powerful, for he was not a bird to rile easy.

Well, the ornery cusses, seein' that he was too spry for 'em, 'lowed to stack the deck on him. One night the weather kinder froze up, an', forgettin' that he was outside, an' might want to come in kinder hurried like, I went an' shut the winder.

'Long about midnight I was woke up by a rappin' on the glass. Well, I went an' open'd it, an' there was that



'CUTTING OFF HIS NOSE TO SPITE HIS FACE!'

muskitty a-hanging on to the sill as drunk as a lord, an' a-grinnin' an' a-rolling, an' a-hiccupin', like all possessed. Well, I got him in an' soused him well with water, an' shoved him under the bed. Where he got the stuff from I never found out, but after that you never see a muskitty go to the dogs faster'n what he did—wouldn't tech nothin' only pure forty-rod, an' I reckon you might a' soused him with water ez often ez you liked, or offered him the ch'icest baby you ever see, but you'd never have cured him of his blamed bad habits.

Well, after about three weeks of it, the end cum.