

THE REASON WHY.

Doctors go round feeling the pulse of the people, taking their money and sometimes, if it is a particular friend, following him to the grave. They give medicine by the Imperial gallon but they never think of the cuticle, they never think of telling a fellow to go and buy one of J. G. Kennedy's famous overcoats, that saved a man from drowning a few days ago, and from freezing to death on the road to Longueuil last year.

Go and get your sons fitted out in his store for \$5.00 a suit.

J. G. KENNEDY,
31 & 33 St. Lawrence Main Street.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.

Handy Andy.....	paper	75c.	cloth	\$1 00
Rory O'More.....	"	75c.	"	1 00
Irish Wit and Wisdom.....	"	"	"	1 50
Irish Wit and Humor.....	"	"	"	90
Willy Reilly and his dear Coleen Bawn...	paper			50
Shandy M'Guire, or Tricks upon Travellers	cloth			1 50
Glories of Ireland.....	"	"	"	1 50
Ireland and The Irish.....	"	"	"	1 00
English Misrule in Ireland.....	"	"	"	1 00

Sent free by mail on receipt of price by
D. & J. SADDLER & Co.,
275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

JOE BEEF, of Montreal, lives on Common street, close by the Insurance block, near the St. Ann's Market, opposite the Allan dock. He is easily to be seen, for over his door is a barber's pole, a razor, and the sign "Joe Beef's canteen." He keeps animals to amuse you, and, on Sunday, animals to abuse you. He keeps from a sun-fish to a bear, and a woolly-headed nigger to shave and cut your hair. If pains or aches you have got, his Pain-Killer is a sure Relief. Get one bottle down your throttle, you can say your prayers, see the bears, mount the stairs, and you will dream of old Joe Beef.

A. PILON & CO.

DRY GOODS,

615 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Call and make your selections from the largest and best assorted stock in the City.

OUR MOTTO :

"QUICK SALES AND SLIGHT PROFITS."

DUPUIS BROS.,

DRY GOODS,

615 ST. CATHERINE STREET,

This firm challenges competition, both in prices and quality of goods.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CRITIC."—You are wrong. All the members of the City Council have not made their mark. We know, personally, that a few of them can sign their names in full, and in fact we believe the majority can do so.

"CANIS."—Your poem, "Where shall I wander," is rejected, for many reasons. We don't care a cent where you wander, but advise you not to approach us with any more such rubbish; besides, our space will not admit of 327 verses at once.

"FRAUD."—We believe it is in contemplation to alter the City By-Laws, in order to have twenty-seven Mayors and one Alderman for the management of our Civic affairs. The question is: What post would G. W. S. accept under the new regime?

"MICKEY."—We don't know if your photograph, taken in company with a milch goat, would sell sufficiently to make it a source of revenue. We would advise you to give the amount to some charitable institution, say the General Hospital, and never mind the photographs.

PROSPECTUS.

Our business is not to make people laugh, quite the contrary; we shall try and move them to weep. We shall be grandly serious and solemnly lugubrious. There is at present too much mirth going on for our taste. We leave the comic line to the *Daily Witness*, the *Belleville Intelligencer* and the *Irish Canadian*. Isn't this world "a fleeting show to man's illusion given?" We shall weep three times daily, and go and imbibe a pot of beer, come back to our office, and weep again still more bitterly.

Still we have a mission to fulfil, in fact several missions, and here are a few of them:—

To find a constituency which will elect Tom White.

Procure a place on the Bench for Mr. B. Devlin, M.P.

Amalgamate the *True Witness* and *Daily Witness*.

Keep harping on the bad times, to please the Tories.

Reconcile Messrs. Chiniquy and Court.

Prevent earthquakes and other disagreeable accidents which may overturn the Government.

Find out the real chief editor of the *Star*, so that the head of the wrong man may not be punched by the indignant censured.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

We are disgusted with the earthquake reporter of the *Gazette*. Perhaps he may not have such another opportunity of immortalizing himself during his life time, and he has gone and lost it. Listen to the man:

Montreal quaked for some time, commencing shortly before two o'clock, and continuing to shake for some seconds—the most sensible computation placing the duration of the vibration at a minute and a half. As near as can be learned the earthquake was heralded by

a sound as of distant rumbling of thunder or the rattle of a street car on a frosty night; this was followed by a short, sharp shock or crash, and then the tremor commenced, and there shook and wobbled material that had never moved before.

You could imagine he was describing the removal of a manure heap or the appearance of John Smith before the Recorder. If another earthquake comes this way, let him learn wisdom from *The Wasp* and describe it thus:—

"All nature was hushed, everything was as quiet as a mouse, when a rumbling was heard proceeding from the centre of the earth, as if a Titan were turning in his bed; then the tea-cups clattered, the house moved, the earth trembled, the heavens grew red in the face, the Universe, &c., &c." Quashee ma boo!!

The telegrams from our special correspondents say:

[SPECIAL TO "THE WASP."]

TORONTO, Nov. 5.—The rumbling this morning was caused by Senator Brown stamping his foot in the *Globe* office, on hearing of Laurier's defeat. Such reverberations travel slowly.

[SPECIAL TO "THE WASP."]

OTTAWA, Nov. 5.—The peculiar noise heard last night was caused by the groans of the Cabinet. A saucer fell from the shelves of the Russell Hotel and was smashed in smithereens.

[SPECIAL TO "THE WASP."]

WINNIPEG, Nov. 5.—There happened something like an earthquake here this morning. On investigation it was found the noise was caused by the snoring of the Hon. Mr. Cauchon.

[SPECIAL TO "THE WASP."]

QUEBEC, Nov. 5.—A great noise was heard here this morning, followed by a shaking. It was at first supposed to be an earthquake, but careful enquiry revealed the fact that it was the noise made by Mr. Thibadeau stepping out of the constituency to make way for Mr. Laurier.

REVIEWS.—We have a large number of books for review, which we hold over till next week, when we shall dissect the history of Canada.

CURIOUS, WERY.—An Ottawa telegram says:—A deputation of Oka Indians were to have left for Ottawa last Tuesday, in connection with the late troubles, but were unable to do so for some reason. We tremble to explain the reason, but truth must be told—it was because Mr. Rine did not meet them on the way. Lo! the poor Indian, and lo! the poor Honorable Mr. Mills.