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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Notice.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

"Grip on 'Change."

Money is easy—much too easy—and so that useful class of men called brokers have been picking up little fortunes of \$30,000 and \$40,000 out of margins on stocks. You bet, none of them will say a word about the little fortunes they will lose in the "fall" in the "Spring." My son, don't you follow after them now. It is just when other people want to buy that you ought to sell. Soon, when they feel sold and want to sell, that is your time to buy. Let those who "carry" the stocks carry them still. After they have unloaded and you want a load to "carry," then is the time to pick it up and "carry" it till you feel it getting heavier. Solomon was never on the Stock Exchange; but if he had been that's probably how he would talk. He wouldn't have charged anything for the advice either; but then he was rich. Gutz sells his wisdom at two dollars a year, payable in advance, because his wisdom is always advancing. What? you say it's a little flighty? Well, of course; that's only bird-like. We must soar occasionally. So're all ravens.

The Merchant-Tramway War.

(By Special Despatch from our own Archibald Forbes.)

YONGEST., 21 Jan.

Last night I managed to send you word that a great battle was in progress at this point. I was only too thankful to get that despatch off, brief as it was, for in order to do so I had to make a hard ride over snowbanks to the nearest telegraph station, and the effort completely prostrated me—not to mention my horse. It greatly added to the difficulty and danger of my position to be obliged to stop and wait for the moon to rise. Your readers may not be aware that it is the custom in this part of the world to depend upon the moon when gas is high. However I got through (as I invariably do), and I congratulate myself that the episode will make a rattling good point in my next lecture. By the way, I do that sort of thing from a purely commercial motive; it pays to endanger your life once in a while for the sake of the financial benefits you may afterwards reap; and I don't know that it is any more risky than the stock exchange business. But I must come to the point and give you a description of the battle I have just witnessed. It began at early dawn, the first onset being made by a detachment of Tramway Foot, under command of Count Shoveloff. At the word of command the force gallantly charged along the line and began to throw up breastworks of snow on either side. This work had not progressed very far before

the enemy's pickets were decimated, and shortly the main body came on at the double quick. The attack was led by Counterhopper Pasha, the right and left wings being respectively under command of Baker Pasha and Butcher Pasha. The opposing forces were alike armed with snow shovels. Without any preliminary skirmishing the engagement began with a vigorous assault on the breastworks, which were quickly thrown down. By a dexterous flank movement the Tramway force—which, by the way, was largely outnumbered—was completely surrounded, and their fate seemed sealed. But they fought desperately. Meantime reinforcements arrived for Counterhopper's men, and at once brought their arms to bear, sending in a continuous volley of balls upon the Tramways. Thus the battle raged for nearly half an hour, neither side appearing to gain any advantage. Then the attacked party received reinforcement in the shape of a detachment of horse—two horses and a car, which, on their arrival, were furiously assailed by Baker Pasha's men. During the engagement I occupied a position of eminence (and safety), and beside me I found a very fat aldermanic looking man, who appeared to take great interest in the military manoeuvres, which he viewed through a field glass. I think he said his name was Baxter, an *attache* of the City Embassy. He freely expressed himself as in sympathy with the Tramway forces, and upon my expressing astonishment that he should thus admit himself a traitor to those whose servant he was supposed to be, he gave me a knowing wink, and whispered something about "free passes"—if I caught his words clearly. I asked him how long the engagement would probably last, and he replied with another wink,—"Just as long as the Tramway people outstage the terms of their charter, and the members of the City Council find it to their interests to wink at such outrage." This being so, I saw it was useless to wait for the end of the battle, and so I started off at once. The fight is still going on.

A Book of Belak.

A CHRONICLE OF YE ANCIENT TIMES.

CHAPTER I.

It came to pass in these days that there lived a certain woman named Canadaisa. And she had great possessions, lands and sheep and oxen, and—asses, and for as much as the land was very rich, her children rose up before her, and said, Come, give us of the land that belongeth to us, that we may possess it, and make roads up and down in it. Then Canadaisa answered and said, Go to, the land is before you, make ye the highway with wood and with iron. And take ye the iron horse, even Leviathan, the mighty, that he may carry the heavy burdens, the iron, the timber, and all manner of fruits of the earth, that the people within my borders may be fed. But some of the sons of Canadaisa said, Where-with shall we build this road, and whence cometh the wherewithal to hire laborers. Then said some, Let us hire the heathen, even the heathen from the far country, whose walls are round about it. But others of the children of Canadaisa waxed wroth and said, We will not have the heathen to labor in our land, for it shall come to pass, that the heathen shall multiply in the land, and shall cry, Give place, we will work for copper, neither will we take of your silver and gold, seeing we consume the rat and live in lowly places. So that it shall be that we and our children shall come to eat rats and live in lowly places.

CHAPTER II.

Now after these things there came a mighty man from beyond the seas, where there is gold in abundance, whose name was Syndicate, which being interpreted signifies, monopoly all

for one and one for all. And he spake privily unto the elders and rulers of the people, saying, Behold! the land is very wide, and the children of Canadaisa cannot possess it, seeing there is no highway through it. But if you will give me of your gold, thousands of thousands of shekels of pure gold, and a mighty portion of the land, even the heritage of her sons and daughters, and the roads they have already made therein, and shall give them to me to be mine by a covenant forever, lo! I will build a highway therein. But when the children of Canadaisa shall seek to go up throughout the land, I shall say unto them, Pay me tribute, and ye may go up and down on the highway, that I have built through the land which ye have given me, to be mine forever. Thus shall they go up and down in the land, but it shall be theirs no longer. And the Ankees shall buy and sell in your borders, and the heathen shall not eat rats in the land, but the rat and the mouse shall live all their days. Thus spake Syndicate, and the elders hearkened unto his words.

CHAPTER III.

Now there was a certain man, of the tribe of Thernites, whose name was Belak, the son of Belak, an elder and law-giver among the people. Now Belak, when he heard the words of Syndicate, rent his clothes, and ran and stood in the assemblies of the people, and lifted up his voice saying, Hearken not unto the voice of Syndicate, Oh! brethren and sisters, for he seeketh to make a highway in the wilderness that lieth by the north shore of the lake called Superior. But make ye a road from the lake which is called Nipissing, down to the highway of waters, that reacheth to the borders of the Ankees, towards the going down of the sun. And it shall come to pass that the Minnesotites and the Dakotites and all the other tribes of the Ankees from the far west, shall say unto you, Give us leave, we pray you, to journey over your highway with our merchandise, and we will pay you with silver and gold, for the way is short to the great sea. And when ye have multiplied and waxed rich, then shall ye build other highways from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, and your children shall possess the land, and shall say each to his neighbor, Blessed be our fathers who betrayed us not into the hands of strangers, nor sold our birthright for a highway through a barren and rocky wilderness.

CHAPTER IV.

Now it came to pass when Belak had made an end of speaking, certain mighty men of the land took counsel together and said to the rulers of the people, Behold! we ourselves will make an highway for so much less gold and so much less land, and we will give you twice as much of our substance for security thereof, and the lands shall be taxed even as the other lands of the people. Now when Syndicate heard these words, his countenance changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees smote together. But the people pondered the words of Belak, and the saying of the men of substance, moreover, pleased them. And they took a scroll, and gave it to a scribe and commanded him to write thereon, and they gave it to Syndicate. And it came to pass that when he opened the scroll he read these words: *Similia similibus curantur, di goui.* And behold! suddenly his jaw fell, and he gave up the ghost and departed.

THE END OF THE BOOK OF BELAK.

A Fact.

Scene.—Church Tea-meeting at village not 100 miles north of Toronto.

Celebrated lady singer and ambitious country lady discussing the singing for the evening.

Lady singer.—Are they going to have anything secular to-night?

Country lady.—Well, I can hardly say, I have not been down to supper yet.—Tableau.

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