

OWED TO WIGGINS.

Come forth, oh Wiggins! come forth like a man,
And tell us where that storm is, if you can:
Where are those earthquakes: where the howling gale,
That were to snuff us with no chance of fail?
March the eighteenth was chosen as the date
For thy great storm to o'er-tum Church and State.
The world was all to quake, shake, break, and bust;
Cities and towns, thou saidst, would turn to dust.
A howling blizzard was to sweep the land,
And gales before which not one stone should stand
Upon another; vessels on the face
Of ocean were to vanish into space.
The power of thy great storm was to be such
That Grits would turn to Tories at its touch.
Toronto's parliament buildings were to fall
Till not a vestige should be seen of wall,
Or post, or pillar: had thy storm done that
We sure had said thou knewest what thou wert at.
And had it swept St. John's Ward out of sight,
None could have dared to say it did not right.
But, after all th' prophesies so dire,
Of storm and tempest, earthquake, gale and fire,
What came to pass, oh, Wiggins! what, I say,
Upon, in March, thy chosen eighteenth day?
Why simply nothing. Wiggins you are blamed
For this, and don't you really feel ashamed?
No one believed you, for two years ago
On your trumpet this same tune did blow.
Folks say you are a crank; now Wiggy, you
Can scarce deny that their assertion's true.
What do you do it for? is it notoriety?
Or aren't there cranks enough now in society?
The eighteenth day of March, the nineteenth, too,
Were simply beautiful; the sky was blue;
The sun shone brightly, in the budding trees
The birds sang sweetly in the vernal breeze.
For days before the cold had been intense;
The air was cutting, and the wind immense;
But when the eighteenth dawned—how passing strange—
All nature seemed to undergo a change.
The wind was gentle, balmy, even warm.
This, oh great Wiggins! was thy threatened storm!
Don't try it on again, my prophet friend,
To 'e'en the sweetest tempers there's an end;
And if you talk again of storm and quake
You'll be convinced by force, of your mistake.
Give up your trade of weather-prophet, do;
Buck wood, that's just the very thing for you;
Or set a job at digging post-holes, crank!
And thee the world will feel disposed to thank;
(And not, as it does now, at least I do, to spunk.)
This once we will forgive you, but be sure and don't
Try on your games again, for then we won't.

BARNEY O'HEA TO THE FORE.

TORANTY, March 4, '85.

DEAR MISTER GRIP,—Is it where have I been yer ax-in? Troth, thin, an' where else would I be but at the capital city av Ottawa in attendance on poor Sir John—the poor old crayture? Sure, an' what wid wan thing and another, his poor heart is broke intirely. "Barney," sez he to me in a letter about a couple av months ago, "Barney, for the love o' marey come down



for a couple o' weeks an' kape me from fallin' a victim to the blues (no riffinice to Quaybec); for what wid the little tyrant Mowat an' the big tyrant Blake; what atune the Nor'west syndykate, an' the liquor syndykate, an' the prohibition syndykate, an' all other sins that ever wor indicated, sure me heart is breakin' and me intellects departin', an' it's crazy they'll drive me intoirly." Av course meself set out immaydately, an' when I arrav in Ottawa, who should meet me at the dure av the Parliament house but the old man himself. "It's welcome ye are, Barney; maybe, perhaps now, who knows, it's meself will be after shlapin' to-night, now whin ye've come to comfort me poor heart," sez he.

"Arrah! Sir John," sez I, "it's thrue for yez. Oneasy lies the head that wears a pair av red breeches."

"To the divil wid the breeches," sez he, "the way thim Grits charge down on thim red breeches ud make any man think they were all born bulls. For all that," sez he, "come on home wid me, and I'll show ye the hull soot av me shtar into the bargain."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," sez I to him, whin he was showin' me his soot, "sure, it's a fortune GRIP has made be the sale av yerself in that same soot. More betoken, whin the Grits are talkin' about that, sure they're kapin' silent about so nothing else. An' that's wan consolation."

"Musha, Barney!" says he, "don't intion the Grits to me, for it's under the sod they'll be having me soon, wid their motions, and amindmints, an' wantin' to know all the outs and ins av ivry mortal transaction, from the C. P. R. down to the few coppers for extras in the way av advertizin' in the public papers. If they'd only let me alone, Barney, if they'd just let me alone, an' let me run the country meself, an' ax no questions, sure I'd be the happiest man alive. Take a cigar," sez he, "Barney! here's one av the new Prohibition brand. I mane the prohibition of the Scott Act—warranted to end in shmoke," sez he, sittin' down an' shmokin' and whistlin' at the same time. He's the only man in the country can do that same, is Sir John. By-and-bye, sez he to me, a couple av weeks or so after—sez he to me, sez he, "Figuratively speakin'," sez he, "it's meself ud just like to see that blank Sindykate take one walk acrasht the bridge av sighs—only it might break down wid the weight av them." "No danger av that," sez I, "they didn't have the contract for the buildin' av that." "Thru for ye," sez he, "Barney, thru for ye; all the same it's in Heaven I wish they were this precious minute, an' the C. P. R. along wid them." "An' Blake an' Mowat in glory?" sez I, humorin' him like. "That for Blake an' Mowat," sez he, snapping his fingers, "I can outwit them any day, but this infernal horse-leech, this vampire, this ghoul of a syndykate, Barney, its killin' me by inches; it hangs on like grim death; it is the intensified, 'million-magnified' ghost of Oliver Twist, forever crying, 'MORE!' " "Why didn't ye recave the anti-Scott deputation in the Parliament buildin's?" sez I. "Recave them in the Parliament buildings? Is it mad yez are, Barney? In the face av all thim majorities all over the country in favor of the Scott Act, you raily ax me will I recave them like the other deputations? Not much! We let thim down softly, Barney; nobody axed thim to come; howivir, there's nothing loike being fair spoken. Ivory dog has its day, at least so I can see from the majorities returned."

"But about compinsation, Sir John!"
"Don't you wish they may get it, Barney?" says he, wid a wink.

He's a mosht raymarkable man, is Sir John. Wan day he sat whistlin' an' winkin' away to himself, an' after a while he begins countin' on his fingers all the trades loikely to be injured by prohibition. "Wan, two, three, four, banker, lawyer, saloon-keeper, thief,—wan—two—hold on," sez he, "Barney, here's a whole light av compinsation claimants, but where the divil is me uncle? Sure, he'll suffer more than all put together if prohibition is carried; the demon-stration ought to have had a banner wid three balls on it right in the front rank of compinsationists," sez he, shuttin' one eye an' going off into a dose. "Yes, sirez, that's what I want to know; if prohibition carries what's to become av me uncle?" Wisha, now, but he's the kind-heartedest soul alive, is the old man, always thinkin' about some misfortunat craythur.

Yours loyally,
BARNEY O'HEA.

STRANGE, BUT NOT UNCOMMON.

DEAR GRIP,—You know everything, or you think you do, which is just the same, only different, and I should like to hear your solution of a mystery which is perplexing me at present. It may possibly be that there is some fault or carelessness to be laid at the door of the post office officials, but I can't see how that can be: there is too much method in the way my letters get lost and don't get lost: no, sir; it is a physiological, metaphysical, unsolvable mystery, and that's why I want you to solve it. Now, my troubles are as follows: One Slim Jammles owes, and has owed, me a sum of money for several months: I have written and asked him to pay me several times: he never received my letters, for he says so. Now, it is very evident that there is no rule compelling letters demanding payment of debts to go astray, for those of this nature, when addressed to me, never fail to reach their destination promptly on time.

The next thing is this: Jam Simmles owed me several dollars for a like number of calendar months. After failing to receive my numerous requests for settlement, he finally sent me, per mail a letter with the money enclosed, but unregistered. I never received that letter, but Jam Simmles must have sent it, for he says so; and now he says, that having sent me that money, he is out of my debt, whether I received it or not, and the Postal Department owes me the money. I spoke to the people at the post office about it and three porters hustled me out into the street and wanted to send me to the lunatic asylum, and I have not felt well since.

In the next place, I paid, per mail, a certain Sam Jimmles several dollars I owed him: when I asked him for a receipt, he said he had sent one in a letter. I never got that letter, and Sam Jimmles has had me up to court and I had to pay him the money again.

How is it, dear GRIP, that those particular letters should go astray?

Can you explain how it is that my dunning letters never reach the person they are intended for, and those addressed to me always come to hand, and how it is that when I pay a bill by mail the creditor don't get the money and I have to pay twice, and how it is that when a debtor pays me by mail I never receive the letter? I am perplexed.

Yours wonderingly,
SIMON SIMPLE.

[You are well named. There is no fault with the P. O. Department, but Slim Jammles, Jam Simmles and Sam Jimmles are all dead beats and are trading on your simplicity. —Ed.]

I HAVE heard of a person who once resigned everything except his situation. It was on ship-board, the first day out. Mr. Alfred Boulbee out-resigns this resigner. He throws up his situation also. Mr. A. W. Wright will, therefore, have to take somebody else with him to Antwerp. The other person will doubtless be glad of this. So, very likely, will Mr. Wright. Whatever induced the retired M. P. (I employ the term "ret red" in its active sense, is it necessary to say?) to surrender a fat job of this sort? Let me see! Now—By Jupiter, I have it! It was that *Globe* slur. You remember the *Globe* remarked that Mr. Boulbee was going to Antwerp as a representative of the Dominion Government, not as a representative Canadian. That cut fatally wounded his *amour propre*. We all know that Mr. Boulbee boasts *amour propre*. At all events, he used to boast of an *amour*; you can please yourself as to whether you term it *proper* or not.