

Love Me, Love my Dog.

We clip the following from Friday's Mail:—
IF THE UNDERBRED CAD WHO STRUCK
 my dog "Toby" with a cane on King Street last night (and who was only protected by having a lady with him) don't come to 67 Yonge street to-morrow and apologize, I will cut his ear off the first time we meet. JNO. M. McFARLANE.

Phew! just as we had clipped it and pasted it, in rushed a man with terror-stricken face. "Whither, oh, whither shall I flee?" said he. We calmed him, double-locked the sanctum-door, telephoned for all the police, got out a revolving carrousel, which was put at the head of the stairs to command the entrance, and arming the visitor with two revolvers and a blunderbuss, proceeded to take down his horrible tale. It seems he was walking along the street when an ugly cur, after first delicately nibbling, took a fairly-sized bite out of his left calf. Now, he says he is not a vain man, but still, in honesty, he has to confess that up to that time he had a goodly leg; and one that commanded him partners by the score, Gov't-House at-homes when less favored youths stood deserted by the fickle fair. Feeling as it were his stronghold departing from him, in the grief and anger of his breast, he lifted up his voice and consigned that dog to a place that shall be nameless, and also lifted up his foot and hoisted him into the gutter, "and now," said the unhappy man, "the——is going to cut off my ears. How could I tell the little beast belonged to such a warrior. What in the name of Cerberus shall I do?" We advised him to leave at once, to seek out a desert island in the Pacific, get it thoroughly fortified and retire inside its walls, until the offended proprietor of that dog should be appeased or dead. He left by the next train, being escorted by the Police to the Railway Station, and having given us his blessing, and paid for Grip to beset to him for five years, of course we can't tell his address or John Mc would be after him. But really a hero like this man of dogs should not go unrecognized. Isn't he terrible? so fierce and yet so calm. This is the sort of material out of which Bonapartes are made, and yet there is said to be a difficulty about getting a commander for the Tenth Royals! Here is a man cut out by nature for a General. Wouldn't it be a glorious privilege to be commanded by such a fire-eater? Just imagine the hero appearing on parade some day slightly bilious perhaps, and ordering the left cars of the Regiment to be amputated at once. What a glorious man this must be, we have no doubt he could clear out the whole of Afghanistan by himself in a day or so. It is refreshing to meet valour in this pusillanimous age. Wouldn't honest Jack Falstaff or the Ancient Pistol have revelled in this doughty warrior? But perhaps he is like the hero of Mark Twain's sketch, who declined to fight till he had his hair cut, till he had put some red paint on his left ear, till there was no fighting to be done in fact.

Perhaps that man in the desert Isle is unnecessarily frightened, and the cropper of ears is only a second Pistol, glorious in words, pitiful in deeds.

Ravens have no cars that are cut-offable or GRIP would not dare to print this.

A Letter From Our Pa.

[The following letter has been sent under cover to GRIP, to be delivered.—ED.]

Cincinnati, O., Nov., 1880.

MY DEAR CHILD CANUCK,—I am on a visit to your cousins here, very clever creatures I find, but set in their ways, of some of which I by no means approve. I am afraid, my dear, that you are inclined to be quite as stubborn as your cousins. It is a very unfortunate frame of mind to indulge, and how you happen to be so, I am sure I am unable to tell. You certainly never got it of me, for mine is a most yielding nature. Being your father, and necessarily your senior, putting all questions of authority,

usually resulting from that relation, aside; it will not be unbecoming in me to offer nor for, you to take, advice. Moreover it will be to your advantage. Your unwillingness to have free trade relations with me, since you have, in a manner, set up business for yourself, I tearfully regret, and a father's heart freely forgives. But, ture and ouns! you deceitful young scapegrace, you're wrong; I say you're wrong. Then forgive me, my boy, but you do not know "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." Keep out my commodities, will you, by a tariff? O, you thankless brat! That's tit for tat with these foolish cousins of yours, but it's pretty hard on your old father, and then it's doin' of you a vast deal of harm, you young fool. Let your father reason with you, my dear. You're gone to manufacturing at a ruinous gait of articles which you can't sell to anyone else but yourselves. You've glutted your market, and brought everything to a stand still, and you keep it so. You've enticed over my employees on the promise of high wages, and now there are thousands of them out of employ, and thousands more working for less than I give them. If you weren't quite so big I'd spank you, you brat! Don't you see that it's the woodenware of all kinds which you can make cheap and not articles to be exported. There's nobody but yourselves to buy, and you've more than you want—it's a dead-lock. You have filled your markets with your woollen goods, that are not cheap because you have it all to yourselves, and keep up the prices, sell or no sell, and you don't make them fine enough for any one but yourselves to wear. You have nothing but hemlock and process-tanned leather, while all the rest of the world has oak-tanned and does not want yours. You make all kinds of boots and shoes out of it, poor style out of poor material, for nobody but yourself to wear, and you tax yourself to get a better article from these cousins of yours. Your iron-ware is good enough, some of it but very expensive, and nobody wants your paper except yourselves. Then your manufacturers have combined, or will combine when necessary, to keep up the prices. Bless my eyes, what a fool you be, Canuck. Come, come now; be a little friendly, and trust your old father. You see all you've done is to make a smoke, and furnace smoke is very disagreeable if you have to pay for it. Give your old father a chance and he'll change that; he'll make all your goods cheap, and make all of you richer except a few of your manufacturers. Don't you see that what you call your balance in favor of exports is only what you take out of the pockets of the farmers and others, and put in the treasury? They pay all your import duties, my son. Your goods are on your shelves unsold; your money everywhere unemployed—because you are producing very little that anybody else wants to buy. There, there, now, be convinced, be a good child, and your old father will take you once more to his heart. I am, with much solicitude and affection,

Your Father.

JOHN BULL.

Notes from our Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP—Oh! I say, dear bird, here's fun! Such a lark! I got up the other morning, very early—oh! awfully early—it must have been about seven o'clock, and went out for a stroll, to work up an appetite for my toast and bloater. Going along the frosted sidewalk,—ha! ha! it was a lark. Yes, I was walking along the sidewalk, when suddenly a great Tom cat swooped by like a young simoon, with his tail cocked up. He must have been fooling with the spur of the moment, and did not think it was sharp. Anyway, whatever his idea was, it was contagious like, for, slapping my hat down upon my head, I started after him. Just then,—ha! ha! it was funny though! Just then a little curly dog, who was standing in a gateway, pricked up his ears, gave two or three determined flourishes of his conclusive extremity, and with

a sharp yelp, took the lead from me by a length, the old cat cutting out the pace in front. Just then, ha! ha! ha! It's the funniest thing out! Just then we passed by a sedate old cow, who was melancholically browsing by the roadside. Ha! ha! Memories of her infancy, calfancy, or something, probably the latter, instantly flashed across her mind, or along her spinal column, or somewhere-or-other, and with a snort and a kick she joined the gang. Just then, ha! ha! I can't help laughing, but it was immense. Just then, we were sailing along a down grade, and all getting in our very best lies, when ha! ha! an elderly lady with a basket of eggs and dressed poultry hove in sight, and, and ha! ha! would you believe it? but ha! ha! ha! it was the blindest spree, why ha! ha! ha! at that very moment he! he! he!—but, pshaw! I can't tell you for laughing.

N. B. Set in your patent medicine about here.

GADFLY.



ANDREW MERCER
ONTARIO

Reformatory for Females

Tenders For Labor of Inmates.

Offers addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon of

WEDNESDAY 10TH NOVEMBER,

for the leasing for a term of FIVE YEARS the labor of FIFTY or more of the adult female prisoners committed to the

REFORMATORY FOR FEMALES, TORONTO,

together with the requisite amount of shop space, properly heated and lighted, which is all the Government will furnish.

Tenders will be required to state the number of prisoners required, the exact nature of the industry it is proposed to carry on, and the amount of shop-room required.

Bonds for the due fulfilment of the contract will be required.

The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

The shop and premises may be seen any day between the hours of two and five p. m., and any further information may be obtained from the undersigned.

J. W. LANGMUIR.

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.
 Parliament Buildings,
 Toronto, 25th October, 1880.



Central Prison of Ontario.

TO FOUNDERS AND IRON-WORKERS.

OFFERS WILL BE RECEIVED UP TO

Noon of Saturday, the Sixth of November Next,

for the purchase of the following disused

MACHINERY,

viz., 1 Upright 25-Horse-power Engine, 1 Tubular Boiler, 4 Large Smelting Cupolas, 2 Melting Pots and Frames, 6 Wrought Iron Annealing Tanks, 1 Drilling Machine; 1 Lathe 12 feet bed, 28-inch swing; 1 Iron Planer, 2 No. 8 Sturtevant Fans, 68 Feet Square Sheet-Iron Flue; 1 Ton Iron Shafting, various sizes and partly damaged; 33 Shafting Hangers, 33 Pillow Blocks, 34 Cast Pulleys, about 20 Tons Iron Rails, and 13 Tons wrought and Cast Scrap.

Offers may be made for the whole or a portion of the above material and plant. The articles may be seen at the Central Prison by applying at the Warden's Office between the hours of 1 and 5 p. m.

TERMS—CASH ON DELIVERY OF GOODS.

J. W. LANGMUIR.
 Inspector of Prisons, &c.
 Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 29th Oct., 1880.

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.
 See T & B, on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST
 First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed