

the taste of ordinary criminals. Literature of the kind they delight in is surely *cheap* enough to enable us to place it within their reach.

I might suggest many others; but these will doubtless be sufficient to direct the minds of the commissioners in the right direction; and, I doubt not, if only carried out, such reforms, in the internal administration of prison discipline, would tend to give a more cheerful and home-like aspect to the life of the inmates of our jails, prisons and reformatories, while, at the same time, it would offer to the "large and deserving" class of criminals, who frequent the country, every inducement to come—*oftener*, and stay—*longer*. Yours truly,
CAP-O'-NINE-TAUS.

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Concluded.)

XIV.—EN ROUTE FOR CANADA ONCE MORE, DISGUSTED WITH HOLLY HENGLAND.

S.S. OCEAN QUEEN, BLACKLEG LINE,

August 29, 1885.

SIR,—I suppose you consider yourself entitled to my gratitude for the letter you sent to the York authorities, informing them that kleptomaniacs was inherent in my family, and that you had no doubt the spoons, forks, etc., got into my luggage by mistake, but I don't thank you for your efforts in my behalf—though they procured my release—and I must decline to represent you abroad any longer. I consider that I have been treated most shabbily, and I write this from my berth in the S.S. Ocean Queen, on board which vessel I have taken passage—that is, I am going to work my way back to Canada on board her as third deputy assistant fireman—and I shall soon be home once more, thank the stars! This letter leaves by a mail packet to-day; we sail to-morrow.

You will never catch me in England again. The country is only fit for a people who bow the neck before a contemptible and useless aristocracy, and who only recognized me as belonging to their class as long as my money lasted and the weather seemed fair. See how they drew in their horns as soon as difficulties gathered round me, and here I am in debt to the Dook of Edinbro' and am set down as a disreputable, boozy inebriate by Wales and his set. If you'd only done the square thing and forwarded my salary regularly, none of these unpleasantnesses would have occurred. You don't expect a fellow to keep up such style as I was living in on \$3.50 paid occasionally, do you? Well, let me tell you I think mighty little of you.

I shall be blessed glad to see England sinking far astern as we steam away from Liverpool. No man with the proud spirit of independence born with all true Canadians could exist in such a country. Such cringing to fellows because they bear titles I never saw, and the English system of "tips" would ruin a man with far larger means than you allowed me. The only place where no "tips" seemed to be expected by the attendants was York jail. Then the climate is simply beastly, and the fog and the 'alf and 'alf seem to permeate the entire British constitution or system, for I never saw such a muggy, thick-headed lot as the upper classes in my life, and it's hard to believe that such men as Sydney Smith were ever born and lived there. One would think that a moderately bright man would use his wits to get out of the country as soon as possible, but they don't; but then there ain't any really bright men there now-a-days; the beggars couldn't see my jokes at all.

I had an idea that the English were the most hospitable people on the face of the earth, especially to a stranger and one representing you; but, by Jove! directly Wales let out that I was strapped and that you sent \$3.50—seventeen bob he called it—to pay my expenses

for a month, I tell you I soon learnt what the cold shoulder was. You may just bet that Edinboro' has drawn on you for the eleven and tuppence I owe him before this, and you'd better pay it too, for he's not to be trifled with.

I had to leave my trunks—luggage they called it—behind, and I'm a pretty looking seed I can assure you, and were it not that I am begrimed an inch thick with coal-dust and grease, my lily-white skin would gleam through my garments in several places, and I beseech you to have a suit of something ready for me when I reach Quebec. If you don't I'll expose you and your treatment of me, and how you, through your agents, had those spoons and things secreted in my trunk so that you could get out of paying me my salary. No one would recognize in the grimy, oily, tattered being who writes this the bright, high-born, well-dressed gentleman who came over to England as your ambassador a couple of months ago.

I am in far too low spirits to write any more, and unless you do the square thing on my return there'll be a ruction round Front Street. Send draft and clothes to meet me in Quebec, or look out for squalls.

Yours (ambassador no longer) truly,
—S.

[NOTE.—Should this meet the eye of our late ambassador he may take notice that if he is seen within a block of GRIP Office on his return he will be arrested. He has proved himself a disgrace, and we wash our hands of him. Let him be warned in time.—GRIP.]



NOBLE INDIGNATION

Of the Senate on hearing that it is the intention of the Canadian people to make the Upper Chamber responsible for its conduct.

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in all classes of clothing were awarded to R. WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and Winter materials is now complete. Place a trial order for a suit or overcoat.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

A NORTH-WEST EXPERIENCE.

Close wrapped in blankets, I am fast asleep;
In lazy dreams I wander far and near,
Till ghostly twelve arrives with darkness deep,
And from their dens predacious brutes appear.

Once more I tread the path I trod of yore,
And list the bird songs that I loved to hear;
Once more I stand upon the schoolroom floor,
And trembling see the rawhide grim draw near.

Yet once again, with stealthy steps and slow,
I creep along McGuffin's orchard fence;
The luscious "early harvest" well I know,
And know I too the dog; a few yards hence!—

Great Moses! what was that? An earthquake sure
Has struck the house and knocked my dishes down,
Smashing one half of them upon the floor,
And here I am just fifty miles from town!

Well, well, it can't be helped, I'm sure of that,
But, blank those crime and their ferret eyes!
As sure as daylight comes I'll get a cat,
And give the little rascals a surprise.

To sleep once more, how long I cannot tell,
When up I shoot in bed with bated breath,
Awakened by a most incarnate yell,
So close 'twould almost scare a man to death.

It trembles yet beneath the shanty floor,
Its dying echoes skirmish overhead,—
Ha! there it goes again outside the door,
Not ten feet from me where I lie in bed!

"Ki-yi! ki-yi! ki-yi! hoo-oo! hoo-oo!"
Ho! friend coyote, how are you to-night?
This serenade of yours is quite too-too,
Too muchly-much in fact, so, to the right—

About! pick up your wretched legs and fly.
Or I'll be forced to send a leaden pill
Into your carcass; yet, believe me, I
Have no desire to work you any ill.

"Ki-yi! ki-yi! ki-yi!"—Confound your cheek!
Is that your answer, I would like to know?
With muttered threats I spring my gun to seek,
When—whisk—the rascal flies across the snow!

A wild-cat next, with agonizing yell,
Sends icy thrills along my wretched spine;
'Twould almost seem that all the dogs of hell
Were out cavorting round this hut of mine.

A half-hour later comes an awful howl
That makes the very walls with terror creep—
Ho! grizzly wolf, how are you? By my soul,
Just move along and let a fellow sleep.

Next comes a wolverine with wailing screech,
The cry of some lost soul it seems to be—
Great Caesar's ghost! is sleep beyond my reach?
Will morning never come and set me free?

Thus it goes on till daylight brings relief,
Coyote, wild-cat, wolf and wolverine
Yelp in procession, while my naps so brief
Form interludes the serenades between.

—PERKINS MIDDLEWICK.

The Volunteer who, having escaped the bullets and bulletins of our late 'Nor' Wester,' will get married first, is to receive from the Toronto Stove Co., the free gift of a Diamond "A" Range or Square Splendid stove. Marry, sir, you will find more glory in a Diamond Range with pie-a-pot and little cubs at home, than in a no-pay, hard-tack and Big Bear range abroad. No more Fallen-tear for you!

TOO BAD!

Professor Goldwin Smith has been giving the New York Historical Society a notion about the Political History of Canada, and a report of his address has been duly published in all the Canadian dailies. Probably the Historical Society were already aware of the substance of his discourse, our marvellous development from the crude serfdom of a Crown colony to the glorious position we now occupy as the "New Dominion." P. G. S. might have added, but he wouldn't, that we are as dissatisfied as ever—that is to say, if the newspapers are to be believed. Having just crushed a revolution of *niches* and "breeds," we are now threatened with nothing less than a "war of races." But why, Goldwin, why in the name of the Continental Congress, did you inflict the Yankees with such a subject? And to be sent back again to us as news! Give them something new the next time, Goldwin, "Braddock's Defeat," or the story of your namesake, Captain John Smith.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.