

## Our Serial Story.

Parents, guardians and all thoughtful teachers of youth must be aware that the literature furnished to the rising generation is shamefully tame and goody-goody. Mr. GRIP, determined to do his share in rectifying this crying evil, has engaged the celebrated author, Mr. JIMUEL BRIGGS, to write a thoroughly blood and thunder serial for the young, and here goes for the first instalment.

## The Pirates of Toronto Bay:

A MORAL STORY FOR BOYS.

BY JIMUEL BRIGGS.

## CHAP. I.

Whatever booms the hour brings,  
Remember still that time has wings,  
And if perchance—some careless phrase  
Should speak to thee of bygone days,  
I really don't see that it makes any particular difference.

—Enripides.

"Telegram, sir?" said the newsboy. He was poorly clad and shivered in the keen March air. "Only one cent."

"In which respect it resembles a missionary," said the interrogated citizen. "No, you need not laugh unless you want to—the jest is somewhat ancient. Give me a paper, —and these" as half a dozen others rushed up, "are the children of poverty and indigence. Didn't ever reflect, my boy, upon the wrongs of the poor and the grinding despotism of capital?"

"Never!"

"What u—ot at all?" said the citizen, suddenly checking his too indiscreet utterance. "Ah, 'tis sad. Mark you proud and haughty aristocrat, rolling luxuriously in his gorgeous chariot! Dost not know that his wealth is wrung from the toil-worn hands of labor. How long is this injustice to continue? Think of these things."

"Gimme my cent for the paper," responded the newsboy.

"Ah, true, I had forgotten; here—do not lavish it in reckless extravagance and dissipation."

He has gone. But his words have sunk deeply into the plastic mind of his youthful auditor.

"No more," he mutters, between his clinched teeth, in the intervals of his engrossing vocation, "no more will I—Telegram, sir!—submit to the scorn and contumely of the proud—Telegram, sir!—and unfeeling, who care no more for the sufferings of the poor than for the veriest worm that they tread beneath—Telegram, sir!—their feet.—Telegram, sir! No, I can't change no five-dollar bill, so git a paper from some wealthy cuss, and go to thunder, for I've quit the business and I'm going to be a pirate! Ha, ha!"

## CHAP. II.

The stars that gem the vault profound,  
In emblematic nucleate throng,  
Whisper a semblance rarely found,  
The utterance of a stater's song:  
A thought which brightens to the last  
In memory of the bioplast.

—J. D. Edgar.

Come with us, gentle reader, to the pirate's cave. The casual stroller upon the sandy shore of the Island in Toronto Bay might have observed a lowly fisherman's cot upon a narrow point of land seemingly devoid of the appurtenances of luxury. Had he entered, however, and pressed the secret spring concealed 'neath the humble door-mat, a trap door would have flown open, leading by a flight of steps and secret passage way to the haunt of the gang of free-booters, which have long been the scourge of Toronto Bay.

The scene was one never to be forgotten.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on THURSDAY, the TWENTY SECOND day of JANUARY next, for the following supplies, viz:—

Grey Military Flannel, 30 inches wide, 50z. to the yard.....	3,000 yds.
Brown Duck, 12 oz.....	2,500 "
Woolen Undershirts, full fashioned, (double breasted).....	750 "
Woolen Drawers, full fashioned, (double seated by extra thread of yarn).....	7.0 pairs.
Woolen Socks, long legs.....	1,500 "
" " Stockings, long legs.....	750 "
" " Mitts, long wrists.....	500 "
Blue Artillery Cloth, (shrunk) 54 inches wide.....	1,200 yards.
Scarlet Serge, (shrunk) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
Scarlet Cloth (shrunk) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
White Serge lining, 35 inches wide.....	500 "
Yellow Overall Lace, 2 inches wide.....	2,000 "
Yellow Russian Braid.....	2,000 "
Helmets with spikes & chinstraps complete.....	300 "
Forage Caps.....	400 "
Buffalo Coats made from No. 1 Summer robes.....	150 "
Waterproof Sheets, 4 ft. by 6 ft.....	200 "
Moccasins, all loose, large sizes, 6 inches high in leg.....	500 pairs
Kit Bags.....	400 "
Mosquito bars.....	400 "
Gauntlets, Buckskin, unlined.....	250 pairs.
" " Teamsters, Deerskin, unlined.....	100 "
Blankets, 10 lbs.....	300 "
Towels, large, linen.....	300 "
" " small.....	500 "
Nose Bags.....	300 "
Curry Combs, Web handles.....	400 "

## MATERIAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS.

Crained Leather, 18 to 22 feet each side.....	280 sides.
No. 1 Canadian Kip Skins, 10 to 12 lbs. each.....	1,400 lbs.
No. 1 Spanish Sole Leather, 18 to 24 lbs. per side.....	3,350 "
No. 1 Slaughter Sole, for heel stiffeners, 15 to 18 lbs. per side.....	150 "
No. 1 Russet Sheep Skins, for linings.....	17 doz.

The skins must be neatly trimmed, have a good spread and be free from holes.

Patterns of All Articles, except Leather, may be seen at the Department.

The Flannel, Brown Duck, Leather, Red and Blue Cloth, Red and White Serge, and Yellow Lace and Braid, to be delivered at the Penitentiary, Kingston, within six weeks of acceptance of contract.

The other Articles to be delivered at Ottawa, not later than 1st April.

Every article will be subject to examination and rejection if not fully equal to sample.

Freight charges from places of shipment to Kingston or Ottawa, as the case may be, to be paid by the Contractor.

Any Customs duties payable on the above supplies to be paid by the Contractor.

Printed forms of tender may be had on application to the undersigned.

Samples to accompany tenders.

Tenders may be for the whole or any of the above Articles.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Payment for these supplies will be made on the 3rd July next.

No payment will be made to Newspapers inserting the above advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

J. S. DENNIS,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

FRED WHITE,  
Chief Clerk,  
OTTAWA, Dec. 22nd, 1879.

xiv-7-jt.

## BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corn, 144, King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

## Financial.

**\$10 to \$1000!** Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

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xiii-22-1y

**A GOOD PLAN.** Combining and operating many orders in one vast plan has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided proportionately. Investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & CO., 56 Exchange Place, New York.

xiii-22-1y

The spacious apartment lighted up by costly chandeliers and adorned with the choicest *chef d'œuvre* of the old masters; heaps of glittering spoil littered in careless profusion upon the mahogany table and tessellated pavement, and the swarthy, dark-haired men, who occupied their time in alternately brandishing on high their trusty blades, and quaffing the choicest vintages of France from richly chased goblets, could not but impress the most careless beholder. All pirates are swarthy and black-haired. No red-headed, blonde-complected fellow could earn his salt at the business.

There was a respectful hush as a tall youth, whose form displayed the asymmetry of an Apollo entered the apartment with a panther-like stride.

"What ho! brave comrades all."

"No hoe, most noble captain—Our hands have long been strangers to the weapons of servile toil," said a heedless youth.

The captain's brow darkened. Other men would have broken into a storm of passion, but he maintained his imperturbable calm and drawing a revolver shot the rash speaker through the heart.

"Discipline must be preserved," he said sternly. "Without it there is an end to all authority.—How many times have I told you that the regular thing when your captain enters is the 'Pirates' Chorus?'"

The following appropriate air was then rendered in a manner which reflected great credit on the performers:

## THE PIRATE'S CHORUS.

Who would not be  
A pirate bold,  
With a thirst for Blood  
And a lust for Gold,  
For we sail the sea  
Ha Ha!!  
So wild and free,  
Ha Ha!!  
A merry, merry pirate band!

"Excellent," said the chief. "If, however, I may be allowed to criticize a performance which is first-class in the main, you RINALDO are a trifle shaky in your upper register. You GOUZILLO might have inverted somewhat more feeling and *abandon*—it were, to the latter section of the chorus, and as for you, BERTRAND de SANTIAGO, your pianissimo notes are well nigh inaudible. Practise it for an hour daily. Still you're improving and 'tis well. A month since, when we captured our last prize in Ash-bridge's Bay, the chorus was shamefully rendered, as the *Mail* remarked at the time it was an insult to a Toronto audience."

## CHAP. III.

And if mid distant scenes we pine  
For some familiar spot,  
'Tis surely  
If otherwise, why not?

—P. E. W. Moyer.

The decks of the good ship *Arimintha Jane* reeked with gore and tobacco juice. The pirates, after a determined resistance, were masters of the situation, and the captain, JASPER COURTLEY, falling on his knees before the successful freebooters begged for his life.

"Wretch, you shall die," thundered a voice of command. "Ay, if you had 1,000 lives, all insured. Dost not know me? Ay, gaze on these features and recognize in Red Handed RUDOLPH the dreaded pirate of Toronto Bay, the humble newsboy whom once you spurned from your door with the paltry excuse that you didn't want any *Telegram*! Now! Ha! ha! You shall die!"

He died. I-o-dide of potassium, but that was not what ailed Capt. J. COURTLEY to any extent. The detectives are working up the case.

(To be continued).

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Best Brands of OYSTERS Always on hand.

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Raw, 25c., Stewed, 25c., Fried, 25c.

xiv-8-10-1y.