



THAT BA-AD MAN AGAIN.

Some weeks ago we warned the public of the Maritime Provinces of the approach of a very Ba-ad Man who carried a Razor. Our warning was in vain! The people did not rise *en masse* and drive the desperate fellow into the sea ere he had set foot upon their peaceful soil, as they would have done had they been guided by the *Mail* and *Us*. No! they allowed him to cross their boundary line! they permitted him, in fact, to partake of all the rights and liberties accorded to ordinary visitors. The result has been just what might have been expected. The Ba-ad Man has conducted himself in a Ba-ad Man-ner. At the city of St. John he commenced his career of lawlessness by gathering a crowd of reckless men like himself in one of the hotels. There for several hours he was the leading spirit in a series of terrible orgies. They had *rum*! gallons and gallons of *rum*; and the Ba-ad Man beat upon utterly demoralizing the youth of the land, occasionally rushed out on the street and dragged in helpless young persons whom he treated to *rum*. This account we condense from the columns of the *St. John Sun*, a paper which is the organ of good, rum-bating Sir Leonard Tilley, and which never overstates the facts of a case—any more than may be necessary. From the same paper we learn that the Ba-ad Man has been keeping up his wickedness ever since leaving St. John. The editor tells us (and the editor in question is John Livingstone—no relation to the Livingstone who was once nearly killed by a-lyin') a good and truthful man, the editor tells us that at Charlottetown the Ba-ad Man kicked up a great row under the window of Hon. Mr. Pope who was stretched upon a bed of sickness. It is not stated particularly whether the Ba-ad Man threw bricks at the side of the house or merely pounded on the fence with a club and called Mr. Pope names. Besides these overt acts of badness, Blake has gone from town to town pouring forth a stream of abuse upon the policy of the Government, upon the Syndicate bargain and upon the N. P., and he has uttered his charges so rapidly that nobody has been able to answer them. Grip is sorry for the unhappy Maritime Provinces, but they should have taken warning in time, and ordered this Ba-ad Man off their premises.

## From Gay to Grave.

No apology need be made for transferring the following sentences from an excellent article in the *Detroit Free Press* to the pages of *Grip*, a paper which is destinctively a family journal, read week after week by thousands of young persons. The wise words of the *Detroit* writer

have as much bearing on life in our Canadian towns and cities as elsewhere.

"The figure of Jennie Cramer, lying on the wet sands of New Haven harbor, was familiar to scores of people in that city. Many had marked her physical beauty, her large eyes, smooth complexion, clarified by arsenic, her weak and frivolous mouth, handsome chin and voluptuous neck. They knew, too, her gay and pleasure-loving disposition, her laughter and her singing. They had long known her as a frequenter of the streets and often turned to look at her. Some of them this summer noted her in her white muslin gowns, her ruffled and fluted overskirts, her lace sleeves and waist, her beads of Scotch pearl, her Leghorn hat trimmed with lace, and ornamented with butterfly and yellow plume, her blue-green sash, her clicking high-heeled shoes, her long mits which were not long enough to hide the rings on her fingers, so often conspicuously pointing and gesturing, and thus displaying her jewelry. Even after she lay, with limp and dragged skirts, in the tide and the weeds that washed over, they could easily recall the trim, laughing, and apparently happy girl, and the times they had seen her on excursions, in ice cream saloons, in the boats, or on the horse cars, leaning upon the arm of young men equally thoughtless, pleasure-loving, and frivolous, chatting with chatter-box companions of her own sex, and leading the life of the butterfly which she wore symbolically on her hat.

Jenny Cramer was well known in Detroit and other cities, also:—her white dress, her feathers, her high-heeled shoes; her merriment and her chatter; her companions with their cigarettes and canes, or their fans, feathers and sahes; her moonlight evening, her ice cream, and all the rest of it. Though her body now lies mutilated in the vats and jars in the chemist, she still walks and prattles in Detroit and elsewhere. Under whatever name and whatever guise, she is still the same. One can see her, especially of a Saturday night, tripping in the glare of the lights among the throngs on the avenues. Thoughtless chiefly, not depraved necessarily, she skips along, her arm, maybe, in that of a girl friend no worse but probably no better than she; not shameless, but still bold: often passing to the wrong side of the line that separates modesty from indelicacy; willing, if not solicitous for acquaintance with the other sex, regardless of their characters or careers; accepting the luxurious favors that such men are ready to pay—rides, wines, suppers, dances, and the score of pleasures that so easily delight and content these giddy creatures.

To just what extent parents are responsible for allowing their daughters' ignorance to dally with vice thus hidden from their inexperienced eyes, but staring the observant and the wise in the face, is for each one to determine. But surely, in the light of catastrophes like this at New Haven, it becomes a duty on the part of parents in all cities, to not only make their daughters acquainted with the path that leads to death, but to be well assured that they have not entered into it. They should realize more than they seem to, that every city has its rakes and libertines who like the Malleys, unscrupulous and heartless, come out also in the glare of the lights to entrap these silly though well-meaning girls. One need but study the crowds that throng the streets at night to see the danger to which these girls expose themselves and the large numbers of them that-headless and laughing, walk upon the edge of the abyss.

Even though they may pass untouched and unharmed this week, they may take the fatal step the next. An attractive home-life will do much to deliver them from evil, but the first thought should be to lead them not, nor suffer them to be led, into temptation; because, for one girl who can walk the narrow edge of this precipice, undazed and clear-headed, a hundred will go down into the depths below.



THE ZOO.

Listen to the Zoo, merry Zoo!  
With its Great Girasticatus, Bumble Bee, and Kangaroo,  
And the Pelican from Africa's burning sands.

How the untamed Zebra screams,  
In the startled air of night,  
And the people in the Queen's,  
Start up in great affright.  
When the savage Catawampus bays the moon!  
His voice is a sweet tenor,  
He can tell as well as Venus,  
The coming of a tempest or typhoon;  
From his cage there in the Zoo,  
In the Zoo, Zoo, Zoo,  
From the green and grassy gardens of the Zoo.

Listen to the Zoo, noisy Zoo!  
And the royal Bengal Tiger, and the fiery Cariboo,  
And the Thomas Cat who nightly after dark  
Goes prowling round the fences,  
The walls and the defences

Of the Park.  
How he frightens the young maiden,  
Who with her young charge is laden,  
Goes out there with her fellow for a lark.  
He sets the infant bawling,  
When it sees his eye-balls glisten,  
And his hideous caterwauling,  
Makes the neighbors as they listen,  
Say, "I'm glad he's in the Zoo,  
In the Zoo, Zoo, Zoo,  
In his iron-bound apartment in the Zoo."

Listen to the Zoo, horrid Zoo!  
Oh my! oh goodness gracious!  
Oh Holy Moses! Phew!  
How you get the gentle perfume when at dusk,  
You stroll down to the water,  
With your Angelina Jane,  
And she says "We hadn't orter  
Come down this way again,"  
As she waves her "wipe" suggestive so of musk,  
But the band commences playing,  
A sweet and joyous tune,  
Responsive to the braying,  
Of the big lob-tailed baloon,  
And she changes then her tune,  
And wants to see the Zoo,  
The Zoo, Zoo, Zoo,  
She says, "How much too Utter is the Zoo!"

Listen to the Monkeys at the Zoo!  
How they eat the cakes and apples,  
And cut tobacco chew,  
As they hang up in their cages by their tails!  
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,  
As they climb around like "tars,"  
And they make the children scatter,  
To their respective "inars."  
When they try and grab the darlins through the rail!  
But Professor Harry Piper,  
Will come out with a stick,  
And he'll fetch each one a swiper,  
That will stop his monkey trick;  
Then he'll go to the box office all alone,  
And sit down there so smiling,  
The multitude beguiling,  
In ceaseless monotony,  
"Oh walk into the Zoo,  
The Zu, Zeu, Zault!  
Come in and see the wonders of the Zoo.

## Ambition.

There was an old sporter of Winnipeg,  
Who thought he would start for the east;  
He said to himself, "I'll put in a pig,  
No longer I'll drink like a beast."  
It was not that he felt much contrition,  
Or went back on rye or champagne,  
But he thought he might get a commission,  
To write for the *Globe* down in Maine.

Socialists who seek the amelioration of human ills cannot do it by a meal-proration, though every mealy-mouthed speaker seems to think so. *Philadelphia News*