

bein' singed. I had to take a long walk in the Phaynix Park to cool down the Burnin' News. An' there, lookin' at the Butifal Phaynix, wid her wings spread out an' risin' from her own ashes, ready to fly up into Glory, I was comforted. I was, indeed! Bekase I axed meself these questions—Isn't GRIP grander nor the Phaynix? Isn't GRIP capable of higher flights? Isn't GRIP a wiser Burd? Hasn't GRIP a grater misshun than eny Phaynix that was iver invinted—barrin' 'twas King O'Toole's goose? Shurely, shurely, sez I, as I returned to Sackville-sthreet, thinkin' av yerself an' av the story av King O'Toole an' Saint Kevin, GRIP is born to a higher destiny, an'—(but here me cogitashuns wur cut short be Misthress O'Day runnin' to the doore an' callin out in aiger gladness, "Herc's GRIP! here's GRIP!"). How I longed to get a site av your picthur! Yes, av all yer picthurs as well as the wan wid yer own saggayshus Bake! Not a feather—not a pin-father missin'! Not wan? Praise the Saluts! May yer bowld pinnions grow sthronger an' sthronger to navigate the air; an' freedom, an' morality, an' public honesty find sheltter undher yer wing. Thrushes, an' blackbirds, an' skylarks, an' green linnets, an' goldfinches, an' yellowhammers, an' Irish eagles, an' burds o' prey widhout number (not be any manner av manes spakin' metaforically, nor av the latter in a political sinse), have cum acrost me vishun since me return to this land av Green Erin; but there isn't wan av 'em all can sing an' soar widh our own Canadian Burd o' Freedom. Not wan! Don't take this as puttin' a grain av salt upon yer tail. Go on an' prosper an'

Believe me,
Yer thrue frind,
TIM O'DAY.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

CONTENTMENT, PROSPERITY, PROGRESS!

To the Editor of GRIP:

SIR,—I observe that some of your contemporaries have been printing letters from correspondents up in this great land, which letters partake more or less of a complaining nature. Now, sir, I have been residing here in the capacity of an actual settler for about a year, and I tell you, sir, I have seen nothing as yet which has been able to banish the smile from my countenance. Hardships, sir? Bosh! But let me set about writing you calmly, dispassionately and like a sensible man. Before proceeding I may say that I did not dare to

send this letter to either *Globe* or *Mail*. The *Globe* would in all likelihood reject it because it contradicts their other correspondents; the *Mail* would refuse it insertion because it is written in a gentlemanly strain and contains no atrocious vituperation. Now, sir, for a few facts and reflections.

So much ignorance still prevails in the East as to this country that I may be pardoned for addressing your readers as persons without any knowledge on the subject, for the purposes of this letter. An opinion is abroad in the older Provinces that this is a great Lone Land. It is not. It is fully occupied, by a Railway Company. There are also a number of settlers.

Very naturally we (settlers) are proud of our railway. It is the only one in the country, and we are determined that it shall continue to be so. There is an abundance of room here, but for all that we are by no means willing to see the landscape defaced by a network of railways. One reason why I left the East was that I could take no pleasure in gazing upon farms surrounded on all side by railways. Here we have *one*. It reigns in its solitary grandeur, and as I have stated we are determined to keep it so. In order to do this, we have unanimously agreed to contribute all we can towards its maintenance. We pay these contributions in the shape of freight charges, the R. R. Co. being unwilling to receive gratuitous gifts. At present we are paying 50 cents per bushel for the wheat we ship, and the only reason that we do not pay more is that the Company has not asked us to. We would be only too happy to pay \$1 per bushel to maintain our grand railway line. I do not mean to say that our community is entirely free from disagreeable persons. We have a few cranks here who call these free gift offerings to the railway, extortion! Think of that, sir! Some of these mad fellows even declare in favor of building other lines,—not, mind you, as branches of this main line, but as rival lines! These wild visionaries would actually sit by calmly and witness in this virgin country, those disgraceful scenes once common in the East—when rival railway men engaged in rate-cutting wars, accompanied as they were with bad temper, and very vile language! But, sir those of us who are contented and happy, fear nothing from these fanatics. We know that our good railway managers possess the confidence of the Federal Government, and that if necessary, the whole resources of the military power of the Dominion will be turned against the malcontents.

There is another thing which this great Railway Corporation has insisted on doing for us—without a single request on our part. They have built elevators for our grain, and not only so, but they allow us to store our grain in them before it is shipped to market. Some of the aforesaid cranks raised objections even to this, but the company very properly refused to carry their grain at all unless shipped through the elevators. We contribute a little more to the success of this great enterprise under the nominal form of storage fees. I think it is two cents per bushel we contribute in this way.

I must not make this letter too long, but I wish to touch upon a few more points before I close. It is true that we sell our wheat at 50 cents per bushel, while in Ontario, farmers are getting \$1.20. This would be a serious thing if *money* was our chief aim in life, which it is not. We are working for something higher than mere wealth; we are laboring to build up a great country, and every bushel of grain we raise brings the grand consummation one bushel nearer. I pity the sordid wretch who does not consider *this* honor worth at least the odd 70 cents! Living in this free atmosphere broadens one's views, and so it comes that we are willing to work not only for the North-west, but for the East as well. We are willing to pay more for our agricultural implements by thirty per cent. than they *might* cost, to help the struggling manufacturers of Minnesota and Dakota, for, after all, are we not brothers? The fact that we are actually doing this is the best proof that we are willing. Deeds, not words, are what tell here in the West.

Thanking you in advance for publishing this in behalf of the loyal and patriotic residents of the great North-west.

I am, sir, etc.

MARK TAPLEY,
Actual Settler.

Rapid City, Nov. 22.

HE WASN'T A SHOEMAKER.

An amusing scene occurred in a Spadina-avenue car the other day. One of its occupants was a very lah-de-dah fellow indeed, a howling swell, and evidently only recently arrived from the old country. The car stopped, and a barrister with his blue bag over his shoulder got in. Our "howler" scrutinized him for some moments through his eye-glass, and finally addressed him thus, the rest of the people in the car tittering and smiling very audibly the while. "Haw! I say—ah—you—say, I—aw—want a paiah of boots made—aw."

The legal gentleman regarded the other with a look on his face that said as plainly as looks can speak, "This fellow's a lunatic," and then he spoke aloud.

"Well, my dear sir, what have I got to do with your boots?"

"Well, b' gad, y' know—aw—cawn't you wecommend your firm—aw? I want a good paiah—aw; I'm doosid p'ticulah about my boots—aw?"

"You're laboring under a mistake, sir; I know nothing about boots," replied the "limb."

"Well, b' gad—I say—aw—ain't you a shoemaker—aw?"

"Shoemaker! What do you mean, sir?" enquired the other, fiercely.

"Aw—my good fellah—keep cool, y' know—but—that bag, y' know." And then it dawned on the man of law that in England shoemakers call on their customers to try ordered boots on; said boots being invariably carried in a blue bag very similar to those in which our barristers carry—what? And the smile became general, but the Englishman wot not why those who laughed did so. And he was sore perplexed.



STARTLING!

What is this? I scarcely comprehend it. It is a couple of bad boys scaring the life out of a poor old lady.

It is wrong of the boys to do so, isn't it?
It is; and very dangerous, too.

Dangerous! Why so?

Because it is always rough on the nerves to

startle a person suddenly. Even good news should not be broken abruptly.

Indeed! I never thought of that. I wish somebody would try to startle me with good news, just to see how it feels.

Would you? Then prepare yourself: GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC will be out about the first of December!