

Dyspeptic Papers.

No. 3—SLUMS AND GREAT MEN.

Go to the slums of the city, thou hater of shams, and consider human nature in its nudity. The spectacle makes one thankful for the plasters and pinch-beck with which Society is wise enough to cover its nakedness. There you shall see the inuendo replaced by the open accusation; the smile of mockery by the hilarious bellowings of the gratified brute; the wince of the stricken pained soul by loud unsophisticated weeping. The language of emotion is there louder and coarser if not more impressive. As you have to expand the emotional manifestations of society to get at their value, so you have to minimize the emotional expressions of the slums. Nothing is there left to the imagination except the process by which human beings become habituated to nearly absolute unrestraint.

To neutralize the soul-sickness caused by the sight of affectation and the hearing of cant, of a social world nothing is better than the contemplation of a social world where humbug is unknown. Its absence reconciles us to its presence. I always take the bad taste of the Sunday sermon of SNUFFLEFUNGUS out of my mouth by a walk in a street where I am sure to hear something still more disgusting. After a speech of Sir John's I go where I can hear something at once coarser and more untruthful.

Last Monday morning I saw a small boy, during my slum walk, who has the making of a great man in him. I do not give his street and name lest the chiefs of the political parties might go about to slay him even after the manner of Herod. Or they might strive to enlist him on one side or the other—consigning him to the career of a politician, whereas he can hardly come to any worse fate than the penitentiary if left to himself. How blameworthy then would be the man who should point him out.

He has in him the making of a great man, I said. When my eyes first rested on him he was vigorously hammering on a tin pan with the detached sole of an old boot, while an audience of some dozen other children gazed admiringly at his performance. He took himself quite seriously, never smiling. Suddenly two dogs began fighting near by, their owners rushed out, a troop of terrible, vile figures poured from the doorways, and in half a minute's time there was a swaying mass of cursing humanity about the struggling, growling brutes. My embryo great man joined the crowd as soon as the row began. One glance seemed to satisfy him that the fight had little interest for his mind. He dived his way in an instant out of the press,—appearing with an air of satiety,—went back to his former place and straightway began knocking on his tin pan. His opinion of the dogs seemed confirmed when the brutes soon afterwards rushed in opposite directions. He had known that they could not long offer entertainment, and had wisely resolved to gain an audience from the ebb of youthful humanity. His perspicacity was rewarded by the addition of fully a dozen children to the ranks of his admirers, and I left him solemnly and seriously drumming on his tin pan.

Do you not see in this the prediction of his future eminence? Then consider the literary man and the politician. They are on the whole the most famous men of their age. Each one of us who has an art or profession looks to the highest man in it as the most famous. The greatest lawyer is the lawyer's greatest man; the greatest doctor is the physician's; the greatest preacher is the most famous man to the clergyman. But next to the greatest man in our own

FARM FOR SALE,
Or Exchange for City Property.

That valuable farm, containing 50 acres and being the N.W. ¼ of Lot 8, Con. 2, of the Township of Reach, County of Ontario. There is an orchard of 60 fruit trees of choice varieties, a frame house, and a barn with stone foundation and underground stables. The soil is a rich clay loam.

GEO. BENGOUGH,
Drawer 2673, Toronto.

**Lachine and Cornwall
CANALS****NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Timber for Lock Gates," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on MONDAY THE 29TH DAY OF DECEMBER instant, for the furnishing and delivering, on or before the 1ST DAY OF JUNE, 1880, of Pine Timber, sawn to the dimensions required for the construction of Gates for the Upper New Locks on the Lachine Canal, and for the New Locks on the Cornwall Canal.

The timber must be of the quality described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill, which will be supplied on application, personally or by letter, at this Office, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

No payment will be made on the lumber until it has been delivered at the place required on the respective Canals, nor until it has been examined and approved of by an officer detailed for that service.

To each Tender must be attached the names of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of the conditions stated in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
Ottawa, 13th Dec'r, 1879. } xiv-5-11

To the Electors of**ST. GEORGE'S WARD.**

Gentlemen:—

You are respectfully requested to re-elect

PETER RYAN

BY A LARGE MAJORITY,

By Order of "GRIP."

xiv-5-21.

Financial.

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month
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xiii-22-17

You never see a woman button anything that she can pin, and you never see a man pin anything that he can tie with a string. You would have trouble making some men believe that they couldn't tie a buttonhole into a wristband with a piece of twine.—*Burlington Hawkeys.*

VICTORIEN SARDOU's new play is to be called "Daniel Rochat."

line, we in general place either a politician or literary man. One of these is always second in every man's roll of fame. THERRASTROCKES took the second place in all the competitions by the admission of his competitors, therefore, he was justly awarded the first place by the judges. He was the most famous man all around. In the same way the politician and the literary man are the most famous by the general opinion. And what do they all do but drum on tin pans?

How often does the novelist or essayist or politician look for anything but an audience? In proportion as he gets one he is considered great. He writes, having nothing to say, merely that he may gain some certain number of his fellow beings to hear. It is rattling on a tin pan! He speaks, merely making a noise—rattling on a tin pan. If many gather to hear him, that is success. Not what he says, but the size of the audience is the important matter to him. DICKENS got more men to listen than THACKERAY—becoming, thus, more famous. Sir JOHN gathers a bigger crowd than Mr. WALLACE, one is called a great man and the other a charlatan—but for the life of me I can see nothing to choose between the notes of their respective tin pans. Beat that instrument loud and long enough and your audience will gradually grow. As the crowd melted away from the dog-fight, my small boy gained hearers. So the persistent twaddler in literature and politics, manages to keep before the public—he is always drumming and people hear him in spite of themselves, when the man who had really something to say, retires, having delivered himself. Mere length of days is most important to these drummers.

The *Globe* bangs away and is always more or less listened to. The *Leader* did not bang loud enough, and its audience passed over to a younger rattler on a noisier pan. It is not inconceivable that the feeble drumming of the *Telegram* might come to be listened to in some far distant future, if only it would persistently whack away at its cracked tin pan. My small boy had, in early years, seen that the audience constitutes success, and his vigorous rattling on the pan ranks him with those who have the qualities which make men regarded by their fellows. The faculty of achieving notoriety in a slum is not to be distinguished from that which has made Sir JOHN and Sir CHARLES the leaders of a great party.

SKIPPED OUT.—A one-legged tailor named Armstrong skipped out on Sunday, deserting his wife and child, and taking all the money the family possessed—\$48. He also carried off a second suit of clothes. There is no trace of which way he went, although the deserted ones are making search for him.

The above we clip from the *London Advertiser*, not only in the interests of justice, but also to get the *Advertiser* man to tell us how a one-legged tailor could skip.

Another Business Ruined by the N. P.

The following lines have been sent to us for publication by a gentleman who during the good old times of a Revenue Tariff pursued the light and profitable business of a Bum. A "Bum" is, we believe, a kind of *aide de camp* to a Bailiff, and is sometimes called "the man in possession."—Ed.

Oh, the hum, the beautiful hum,
Which ought to strike Grits deaf and dumb,
It gives REDDATH a sugar plum,
Augments our trade in Jamaica rum,
And delights the great Panjandarum.
It makes importers faces' glum,
Manufactures Canadian chewing gum,
But of all these benefits the sum,
Won't compensate

A BUSTED BUM.