

Dreadful Diabolicalisms!!

MYSTERIOUS MALPRACTICES ON A MERCHANT!!

FROM *The Toronto Terrible*.

We have to record one of the most mysterious, wonderful, terrible, dreadful occurrences ever truthfully recorded by the *Terrible*, or mangled and mendaciously misrepresented by the other journals. Whether are we drifting? What is amongst us? Kidnappers—yes, kidnappers are walking their nightly round, and BURKE and HARE redivivous in full blast in Toronto. It is no novelistic story—it is no work of fiction—we herald. Our respected proprietor has always scorned to pay for such articles—it is one of the axioms of his trade. No, listen to the doleful tale.

The night was black as thunder. It may also be remarked (a fact unnoticed by the morning journals) that the blackness was of a dark colour. At the dead and buried hour of midnight a black coach, drawn by sable steeds, stopped at the residence of Mr. COURAGEOUS CARRAWAY, the well known grocer. Striding to his door, six minions of the law presented a warrant for the arrest of Mr. CARRAWAY, written on superb yellow parchment, bound with red tape, crossed, and heavily appendaged with waxen seals. CARRAWAY, Esq., had arisen, and in the belief that it was burglars, had seized the largest of his stock of home reserve cheese knives. But seeing the name of WILSON to the document, he said, with the touching submission of the Grit persuasion, "MOWAT is great, and WILSON is one of his prophets. Lead the way. I come." He came, first providing himself with a large sum of money. Ha! Why? Had he committed guilt? Did he mean to use bribery and big pushes on the venerable WILSON? But to proceed, first remarking that he wore his usual grey suit. It has a darn on the rear edge of the left lappel. We wish the reader to notice that only the *Terrible* has noticed this, which and such is the cause that its circulation is the largest in the world. (N. B.—Advertisements one cent a word. Fortunes are invariably made hourly by advertising with us; the morning dailies have no circulation at all.) They got in, they drove off.

It seemed as if they never would stop. CARRAWAY had expected to be tried by the justice. He was tried by the journey. The dark myrmidons round glared fiendishly at him. They spoke not. The black steeds rushed faster and faster through the pitchy night. Hope withering seemed to fly, and Mercy to sigh farewell. Wild phantoms of the night appeared to gibber at the cab windows, and goblins to thrust out their long and snaky claws from under the seats, gasping for the heartstrings and hauling at the soul of CARRAWAY. (The reader will please notice how superior this style is to that of the mornings, who have in fact no style). CARRAWAY was in agonies; he began to suspect these might not be officials of the law. What then? Horror on horrors' head, could they be Tories in disguise? The little crooked one had a look of Sir JOHN! The stout one might be TUPPER! The carriage stopped. Where were they? In a deep and fearful ravine far remote from civilization. There they got out, and ordered the captive CARRAWAY to follow! He hesitated. What did they mean to do with him in that dreadful place? To what fearful death was it meant to put the devoted Grit? Would they toast him gently, or boil him hard, or fry him with red pepper! All the long and grisly list of tortures he had read of flashed grim before his eyes. All his past life danced in wild panorama before his view.

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Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Imperial Buildings, (Next Post Office), Toronto.

Well for such grocer at such moment, if he have not sanded the sugar, well for him if his shop-boys still dealt out undiluted tea, well if conscience whisper not "Chicory!" in his ear. In desperation he got out; he gazed around in despair. A light flashed in the distance; 'twas a ray of hope to the soul of the grocer; he rushed for it. The myrmidons seized him; they pointed pistols and blunderbusses at his head. "Fire," cried the desperate CARRAWAY, "sweet and decorous it is to die for one's country, and MOWAT lives on Simcoe street to avenge me!" Then ensued a fearful combat in the valley of darkness, far surpassing that of CHRISTIAN and APOLLYON. The grocer with the might of despair smote his assailants down; they rose up; they piled on him; he threw them off; he rushed for the light; he broke in the door. The family rushed forward; CARRAWAY on his knees presents the forged warrant for protection; the light of the fire flashes on the retreating robbers. *Tableau!* (Observe. No paper found out all this but the *Terrible*, Ads.—1 cent a word.)

They armed the grocer; they armed themselves; they bristle with revolvers; they proceed to the city in battalia; they deliver CARRAWAY at his house. In the afternoon the *Terrible* reporter discovered a fearful cave hewn in the rock; he explored it; 'twas for the grocer. There, bereft of aid, he was to be immured. The reporter scized on the door; he tore it from its hinges; like Sampson bearing the gates of Gaza he bore it through the streets. It is to be seen in the *Terrible* windows. (Advertisements 1 cent. a word). Other gentlemen have been or are about to be entrapped. Dangers stalk all around us. At any moment we may be immured in caves. What is to be done? And through it all there is the consolation that the *Terrible* is on hand to describe all that happens, and much more. Greatest circulation in the world, or in Toronto, any way, or in some parts of the city at least. Advertise. (N. B.—The *Terrible* is open to agreement with any other grocer who thinks a sensation could be got up in foregoing or any other manner. Caves, doors, cabs, heavy and light villains, manufactured with promptness and despatch, at reasonable rates. (Advertise).)

2nd N. B.—GRIP can do it better still, and, though he can't tell what his circulation is, as the first-class mathematicians he constantly employs to count it always die of fatigue as they approach the terrible total, yet it is wonderful. (Advertise; also, \$2 a year.)

Editorials in a Telegram.

A GREAT CRY is being raised at present against LANGEVIN for neglecting his duties at Ottawa and meddling in Quebec affairs. If LANGEVIN is doing so, he is to be blamed; but if he is not doing so, most people will agree with us that he is not blameworthy.

It appears that JOLY is determined not to resign, after all. Perhaps this is for the best, so far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, and perhaps it is not. One point, however, we venture to think is quite clear, namely: the present Quebec Government will be as good as the late one if it governs the province as well.

MR. BLAKE has not yet been elected to the House, and the Ottawa Opposition are beginning to wonder why. There is no doubt that Mr. BLAKE is a man of fine character, and a great source of strength to his party, and when he comes out for re-election he will no doubt be triumphantly elected, always provided, of course, that he isn't defeated again.