



THRILLING SENSATION!!

BOBBY (with "Evening News" of Monday 28)—"Oh, pop! maw! Here's an awful sensation in the paper. Must be, they've got a lot of big headlines to it!"

POP (impatiently)—"Read it, boy; read it."

BOBBY (reads)—"White Flakes! Noiselessly Falling to Earth!! Cover the Ground with Purest Mantle!!! A Touch of Old-Time Canadian Winter!!!! Street Cars retired in favor of Sleighs!!!! But few trains blocked by the Storm which Began on Sunday!!!!!! The Snow no Deeper in the Back Townships than in the City!!!!!!!"

BOBBY'S MAW—"Oh, child! don't read the particulars; they must be too horrifying!"

A SETTLER.

WHEN Boggs reached home last night he found his better half greatly agitated about a tramp that had come into the house in the afternoon. "He went to the cupboard," said she, "and stole every one of my last batch of buns. I was so frightened I ran to my room and locked the door."

"Were the buns we had for breakfast of the same batch?" asked Boggs.

"Yes," replied his wife, "and he took every one that was left."

"You needn't fear, Maria," said Boggs, wisely, "if he ate those buns he'll never come within a mile of this house again."

IRELAND IN THE NORTH-WEST.

RIOT IN REGINA, DUDE OFFICIALS IN THE FIGHT!—WINNIPEG "CALL" IMPLICATED!!

My, ain't it terrible? Wot shall we do?

We can't stand this sort o' thing—that's flat;

Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?)

An' go in for thunder, an' guns, an' all that!"



It does seem as though this country has so much space, it must have a blizzard of some kind. After waiting in vain for one of the old kind, induced by a war of the elements, the inhabitants of Regina have started one without the enginery of invisible force. I will briefly state our troubles. Mr. Herchmer, Police Commissioner,

thought he would get ahead of Ireland, where they are satisfied with boycotting, and he began a system of girl-cotting—wouldn't permit a member of the force to get married. This roused all the slumbering gallantry in the chivalrous soul of Mr. Davin, and he came to the rescue. It was next reported that there was to be a canteen, or base of supplies for the police force, established at the barracks. Merchants here have submitted with humility to the supercilious airs of different police officials, for the sake of the paltry dollars they received for catering to their wants, in the way of needful supplies of groceries and other creature comforts. When it was told that this market was to be taken from them, it roused the indignation of the tradesmen, and they demanded a halt. Here again Mr. Davin came to the relief of the People versus Despotism. The "Railroad War" in Manitoba having been settled for the present, Manitobians were getting restless, and the *Call* began attacking our worthy member, one of its own household of political faith, and war was imminent. The Dudes do not like Mr. Davin, "don't yer know;" Mr. Herchmer thinks he has just cause for declaring war;—many at our Indian Department Foundling Asylum do not like him. All these feuds culminated at our municipal election, and we are now in the throes of a civil war, threatening the life of the nation!

People in our Eastern Provinces may smile at this, as people all over the world laughed at old Oscanomie Brown, when he struck the keynote of the American Rebellion, at Harper's Ferry. What the end may be we cannot tell, but here we stand, in battle array.

The John Brown army is commanded by N. F. Davin, M.P. Opposed to him, on one side, are the Dudes and other officials. The boycotting, girlcoting wing of the army is filled by Herchmer, and the *Call* is firing "distant and random guns."

Farmers are bringing in supplies to the different troops. Ladies have laid aside their harps and hash-choppers, to scrape lint and prepare bandages. Men look sternly into each others' faces and say, "How?" (Indian for "How do you do?") These are the days that try mens' souls, and give birth to heroes. Already a score have been born who may be the first to run when the battle opens. As a war correspondent I go in and out among them, and the "sunset of life gives me mystical lore." I see the cause and cure of all this trouble. There are not public offices enough for the number of men ready to fill them. Sir John *must* establish more Government offices. Then we have too many hands ready to sway the rod of empire. We need a few mute, inglorious Miltons, or mute anything. If two-thirds of our men were mute, and the rest speechless, we should never have been plunged into this state of carnage.

If Sir John Macdonald would have amphitheatres built at leading cities in this country—say at Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Medicine Hat—and revive the old gladiatorial contests, it would furnish an escape valve for our Cromwells and Hannibals, when they are steamed up to the bursting point. Instead of calling each other names, and drawing other victims into their selfish rows, they could challenge each other to a fight in the arena. An admission fee would soon pay off the national debt of Canada, for the populace would flock to the amphitheatre, and gladly pay, with the hope of seeing the gladiators fight, until one, or both, were killed.

Meanwhile, we are now in for a war which must be pushed to the bitter end. We need money. All friends of humanity are requested to give freely. Send all contributions to "War Correspondent of GRIP," at Regina, and they will be promptly acknowledged. Quiz.