



OVER THE RAIL OF THE CAR.

A FACT.

AIR—"Over the Garden Wall."

Whenever you ride on a Yonge street car,
Beware of the joggly road;
The safest place for your body, by far,
Is inside with the rest of the load.
For the street is rough, and even inside
You feel that you don't too glibly glide;
And I laughed till I thought I should split my side
At a scene in a Yonge street car.

The conductor was standing outside the door
At the rear of a Yonge street car;
And his face a look of perplexity wore,—
Nothing strange on a Yonge street car.
With slippery platform and road so rough,
To keep on his feet he had more than enough
To do, and he found it remarkably tough,
Aboard of this Yonge street car.

The car had stopped for a passengeir
Who got on the Yonge street car;
The conductor started to take the fare
From those on the Yonge street car.
But just as he started, the car did too,
And with no monition and little ado,
His feet slipped up and away he flew
Over the rail of the car.

He landed, head first, in the crickely snow,
Out of the Yongo street car,
His feet waved wildly in air, oh! ho!
As he fell from the Yongo street car.
Twas a comical sight, and one to make
The passengers laugh at the little mistake
The conductor made when he took that break
Over the rail of the car.

Be careful, now, when you go to ride
Up town in a Yongo street car;
Make a bolt for the door, and hurry inside
Ere the horses start off with the car.
For if you don't, a like fate you'll meet,
And, losing your head as you lose your feet,
You'll land kerslap in the snow on the street,
Over the rail of the car.

SLUGSBY'S BOY HEARD FROM.

MISTER GRIP DERE SUR,—I seen in last week paper you got me in grip, and i dont think its fair play to make me out a newsence and old Spiffins is worsn i am an a regler ole bald-headed rooster and i dont care shucks for him: he didnt hurt me for a cent an ill stick him as full of arrers as quills upon the fritful porkerpine. (Milton.) Shaw, wot do i care for ole Spiffins. im goin to be a jesse jams boy nex munth an see if me an ole Spiffins doesnt have some regler old high-handed outrages an ill lynch the ole fraud higher than Hamanhang Mordeky. my paphe say i may do as i darn please he say an im making a gay ole fringe for my outlaws close outen his liver pad, you bet ill be some pertaters an ill scare Spiffins so she wont rede no tracks to me an this i swear with my strong rite hand on the handle of my excalibur like nites in the olden times. ill tech em to call me that newsence slugsbys boy. mister grip dere sur you was onst a boy yourself, an ill bet you was a bully outlaw an if you like ill take you in my gang, an i gess you an me can salt ole Spiffins till he wont know his bible from a sirkess poster. anser please. adress, captin leonardo slugsbys gang cave three nere the mounthin fastness.

Yures in the bonds of
outlawery and blud,
abijor slugsby.

THE BEAT ROUTE QUESTION.

MR. GRIP, as he stated his intention of doing in last week's issue, continued his interviews with several parties on the above question, and received opinions on the matter from several members of the constabulary.

P. C. BLAZER said: "Well, it's rather hard when a fellow has a regular supper route mapped out, to have to leave that beat and work up a fresh line. The beat I have been on for the last few months is an excellent and somewhat exclusive one. I am musically inclined and the family at No. 365 are invariably out on Thursday evenings, and I have found it a pleasant means of whiling away a few hours to drop in and rehearse 'Pry'thee pretty maiden,' 'The nightingale sighed for the pale moon's ray,' and so forth, in the drawing-room with pianoforte and housemaid accompaniment. If I am changed to some less aristocratic beat, I shall miss my music, and I hardly consider it would be fair. Moreover, the old gentleman at 365 keeps an excellent cellar, and I think things ought to remain *in statu quo*."

P. C. BELTER remarked: "Yes, I'm of opinion that a frequent change would be advantageous. There is too much noise on my present beat and I can't get a wink of sleep till some time after midnight. I was not always a policeman and have moved in good society, and I am disgusted with the familiarity of some of the lower classes, and shall report that attorney's daughter at head quarters if she persists in winking at me. Such people should not be encouraged. I was an officer myself in the Foot Dragoons once, and to tell the honest truth I think the service is going to the devil."

P. C. GILES: "Blow me, but I 'ardly know what to say: Canidy ain't 'ome hany more than 'ome's Canidy, and they do 'ave a rummy notion of some things out 'ere in this bloomin' country, blow me if they 'aven't. Some people appears to think as us fellers is their servants. A man don't grow to be six foot 'igh to be a servant, hunless he goes into a menyal position and puts on a flunkey's livery, which I scorns the notion, and has for that great hovergrown helephant at 231 Belgraverstreet, I low me hif I don't punch 'is 'idgeous, grillas 'ead if he interferences with me and Loueesa. We hain't servants, thank 'eving; we're for horny-men, sir, hornymment, and has for flunkeys, vy, I despises of 'em. Vy, blow me hif a hold lady t'other day didn't harsk me to 'old her bloomin' kids wile she run hafter 'er 'at vich 'ad blown horf. Some peoples' himperence licks me, blow'd if it don't. Hany'ow, I don't care much 'ow the thing's settled, as I've received flatterin' purposals from a lady vich shall be nameless, and I don't know but wot an heloement mayn't be on the taypiss pretty soon. Good day; 'spose you don't 'old the price of a pot of 'awf an 'awf?'"

This ended Mr. GRIP's labors, and as there seem to be as many for as against the scheme of changing beats, he leaves the matter to those in authority to deal with the question, feeling that he has done all in his power to lay the opinions of those most nearly concerned before the general public.

MUST HAVE STATISTICS.

"You have called me a frol," exclaimed a gentleman, addressing a determined looking man. "Now, sir, I want to know upon what ground you base your insulting accusation."

"Upon the ground that you ain't got no sense," replied the ungrammatical accuser.

"That's all right, then. A man must have statistics when he fools with me."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*



WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE.

CHAP. I.

High was the revelry in the ancient hostelry of the Valley City; there was no particular occasion for festivity, but the fact was none the less patent that the boys in the old, time-stained parlor-bar of the inn were whooping her up right merrily.

Desmond Villers was on his bridal tour, a tour which was to take in all the cities of the world which were famed for their gaiety and mirth, and Dundas had been the second one he had struck since he and Gertrude had been made one in the metropolis of the west, London. (Ont.) He and his bonnie bride had visited all the objects of note in the City of the Vale, and since his arrival three days previous, his life had been one unceasing round of hilarious jollity and reckless dissipation. All the lions of the giddy and frivolous Valley City had been visited: the paper mills, gasworks, odorless excavating company's extensive establishment, aye, even the unpretentious coffin factory had not been neglected, and after a long, lingering study of the old masters on exhibition in the town hall, the bridal party had returned to their cosy retreat, the Auburn Bullfrog, and had given themselves up to the worship of the god and goddess of high old times, Bacchus and Baccy.

High in his jewelled hand Desmond held aloft the glittering wassail bowl, as toast after toast was quaffed. Sunshine faded into twilight, and twilight into dark and sombre night, and as the city clocks boomed forth the hour of midnight, the loud laughter resounded through the now deserted streets of Dundas, where but a few short hours ago, a gay and glittering throng had hurried by on errands of business and pleasure.

As the town hall chimes pealed out the hour of two, Desmond and his peerless bride, the former in a state of profound unconsciousness, were put on board the eastern bound train and ere long steamed into the manufacturing centre of Ontayreco.

Unable to walk, save with a vague degree of vacillation and uncertainty, Desmond was conveyed by the constable on duty at the station and a porter, and deposited with his own and only in a richly caparisoned hack, and driven to the chief hotel of Canada's pride. (In my mind.)

CHAP. II.

"My head, my head," came in thick, husky tones from the silken draperies of the couch in the bridal chamber of Antoine Morin's castellated hotel, at the hour of 8.30 a.m. next day. "Water, water! I fear me I have got the jim-jams, Gertrude dearest! I have dreamt the whole night long of naught but green leopards and pale blue mangel wurzels with