



"AS THE OLD BIRD CROWS THE YOUNG ONE LEARNS."

just then. So he tells him that goods are as good as cash to him, and if he will only betray his trust (the charge of government supplies for a public institution), and leave the doors open so he can help himself over night, he will thereby pay himself, and none need be the wiser. The keeper of the stores, being by his own folly completely in the certain man's power, consents, is found out, arrested, and sentenced justly. The certain man also is arrested; barrels of sugar, barrels of treacle, hunks of beef, and chunks of ceteras, are traced and proven to have been carted away by him, his horse, waggon, and hired man. He fees a lawyer. Ugly case; no disputing the facts, but hold,—Eureka! yes, that's it, he'll try it any way; so he ups and tells the judge that law and justice has been administered illegally in the court since Confederation, ergo his client must go scot free. 'No, no, my man,' says the judge, 'that won't work—too thin altogether.' Then he runs his eye along that ugly high fence that hems in the certain man, and 'by Jove! there's another knot-hole, I'll see if we can't get him out here.' So in a few days a paragraph appears in the paper to the effect that the certain man is about to commit suicide, *a la Mantilini*—that he has made up his mind to be 'a demitition body,' that in fact there are serious doubts of his being responsible for his actions, that a discovery had just been made that insanity was in the family, though no one ever heard of it before, etc., etc.—the usual routine, *a la Guiteau*, you know. The result—criminal lodged in asylum, discharged cured—penitentiary stigma avoided—bail saved—lawyer fattens on the fraud, and justice is completely fooled. That's how we come the insanity plea; it is a grand idea, and the crowning glory of our inventive era. By a clever working of this insanity wrinkle, we'll soon have justice at our feet. People will begin to find out that it pays better to grin and bear any crime, than sweat and toil and pay taxes, and bear the burden and expense of hunting up the pedigree and proving the sanity of the man who robs or kills his

neighbour. Another fine feature of this insanity plea is the way it brings out the noble self-abnegation of generous souls, who, rather than let the black sheep of the family get whipt of justice, will allow themselves and their posterity to lie under the awful ban of hereditary insanity. Mr. O'Hea, if ever your son murders a man or robs an asylum say, you will find that these few days spent in this asylum will be of infinite service to him in the hands of a clever counsel. Good by! Adieu for evermore!' and wid that he walks off, leavin' me sittin' there "a sadder and a wiser man."

Yours in the right sinis,  
BARNEY O'HEA.

#### Our City Article.

DEAR GRIP:—

When in the history of a nation it becomes necessary—that is to say, when the rolling cycles of time, as it were—in short, when it becomes imperative to have a municipal election, 't is necessary to choose good men. (*A la Mail, Globe, World, Telegram and Evening News.*) For the past two weeks Toronto has been convulsed; torn, as it were, with intestine discords; suffering from a periodical municipal colic. Great occasions produce great men, but it does more; it gives scope for almost monumental meanness and gigantic stultification. Instance—The reference to Ald. Ryan in the *Mail* of Saturday last. What was the argument, carried to its legitimate conclusion? That because a lot of young gamblers had lost money on a lacrosse match, the city was to be deprived of the services of a good, faithful, and eminently efficient servant. Of course politics and the West Toronto election had nothing to do with it. The complete annihilation of the little Rag Baby satiated the organ's sanguinary lust for gore. But the election is over, and, by my halidom, it was a fatal rout. Many are the slain, and the air is filled with wailings and lamentations. Where is the beautiful Mitchell, "that gentle youth beside whose whopping head?" &c., &c. His loss will be surely felt in the Council-

chamber. Who will now represent the august body in aquatic matters, and preside with such *bon homie* over the cheese and crackers? Alas, who? And then, the lowly Fleming, so meek and gentle, so handy to make a quorum and to swell the roll call. How shall he be replaced since the gallant Riddle, he who has so oft sat upon defunct organisms, is now "sat upon" himself. But above all, where, oh where, is Baxter? Sound your loud trumpets, and weep, oh ye daughters of Israel, over the lost one of the tribe. Fair was he to look upon, comely in appearance, and pure and gentle and good. Who now will attend to those comfortable little trips to Collingwood; who now will uphold the impecunious and struggling Street Railway Company at the Council Board; what will become of the aged foremen and the antiquated corporation equine; who will preside at civic bun-feeds, and propitiate the enlightened voter with unadulterated hogwash; alas, who? Henceforth in that Room of Fate there will be a big blank, an awful void, and space filled with utter nothingness. No more that towering form—at least not exactly towering, but massive form—will be seen, the right arm swinging ponderously, as the owner declaims upon the iniquity of discharging useless foremen, or of taxing unlicensed dogs. How eloquently he describes the innoxious mud of St. Patrick's Ward, and the enormous claims of its inhabitants upon the City pap-chest. But enough! we draw the veil.

There is one question, my dear Grip, that I should like to press upon the attention of the new City Fathers. It relates to the dog tax, and would produce much revenue to the city. Let all the tagless puppies caught standing about the doors of the Opera Houses after a performance, be taxed, and if not redeemed let them be destroyed, their hides sold for the benefit of the poor of St. John's Ward, and their carcasses handed over to Morse's soap factory. We give this question into the keeping of Ald. Taylor.

Stc (?)



#### OSCAR WILDE IN NEW YORK.

UNCLE SAM.—"Dod gast the feller, what did he want to come here for, and stir up our esthetic natur? I s'pose it's all right; it's Yurrupean style, and I've got to keep up with the procession if I bust—but there ain't no money into it as I kin see!"

Young men should be careful about dropping remarks. They may be picked up by a bigger man.—N. O. Picayune,