

## THE SCALPEL.

## POOR PUNCTUATION.

"The Government's offer of \$1,000 for information, it is to be hoped, will lead to the detection of the villain or villains who placed dynamite in the Parliament Buildings.—*Globe Leader*.

Is it to be hoped that "the Government's offer" is "for information?" Or is it "the information" that "is to be hoped"? Or—but maybe some able-bodied logician will take this in hand and arrive at the least comma multiple of it.

## RANK!

"Fifty workmen were buried by falling walls yesterday at the ruins of Whitely's establishment in London England."—*Mail News Summary*.

Slap, bang! Here we r again! "I will cut this out," softly murmured the *Globe* man, who spells Macaulay with a "He," "and I will hold it over the captious orthograph critic of the organ, like Damocles' sword."

## CUT IT SHORT PLEASE.

"No one who entertains a patriotic regard for the interests of the province can view, with feelings other than those of alarm, the growth among us of political evils which are as damaging to the public morals as they are discreditable to a civilized country."—*Mail*.

This is very candid, but is it not a rather roundabout way of regretting that Bunting, Wilkinson, Shield *et al* didn't die young?

## A DISAPPOINTING OMISSION.

"A mathematician computes that a compositor's hand makes in a year of 300 days, each of ten hours' work, 3,600,000 movements in the setting of 12,000 letters each day, and the distance his hand travels at the same time is 1,304 miles a year, or over 4½ miles a day.

Pretty nearly correct, may be. But why stop there? Set up how far the printer himself would have to travel every day of his life if he started off when and to where the prying proof-reader and the crushed contributor consign him!

## HOIST WITH ITS OWN PET—OR RATHER PASTE-POT.

"*Norfolk Reformer* :—Two prominent newspapers are just at present engaged in a most bitter and unprofitable quarrel as to the extent of their respective circulations. In our opinion both journals might better please their readers by filling their columns with matter other than abuse of each other. The claim of each to having the largest circulation of any paper in Canada is, we imagine, founded on very flimsy grounds. Neither knows positively what the circulation of the other is, nor for that matter of any rival publication."—*Gleaner in Globe Oct. 8, 1881*.

Go to thy back-fyles, thou wrangler!

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"William S. Williams, candidate for Commissioner for Mahoning County, Ohio, has become insane because he was defeated at a recent election."—*News Items*.

It's quite different over here in Canada. Many a man is hopping mad because has been made a Commissioner—under the McCarthy Act.

"Especially do we desire to condemn the course of such who, not content with refusing us a just measure, saw fit to hurl calumnies at the members, and misrepresent the order, its object, and its actions, upon the floor of the House, in language not becoming the dignity of such members, and in many instances as untruthful as unbecoming."—*McLeod, L.O.L., No. 331*.

Don't think because the plural number is employed that you are considered just one of a gang. It's a bad crack right straight at you, Mr. Blake, delivered in a dignified sort of style.

"No sir," said a Sixth avenue slim. "I'll never speak to that nawsty fellah again, yer know. Why, he asked to look at my cane and actually put the knob in his mouth."—*New York Journal*.

## COMPENSATION AND PROHIBITION.

A Scotch Presbytery has on record in their reports that "Ingratitude is the sin of the present age." GRIP cannot reconcile this statement with the evidences of heartfelt gratitude which has poured into this office from every quarter, since the publication in the *Week* of certain articles and letters on "Compensation and Prohibition." Knowing that the refined modesty of the publisher and editor of the immortal *Triolets*, would prevent the appearance of these flattering demonstrations of gratitude in his own paper, GRIP has kindly consented to publish the following—with the distinct understanding that for the future all communications on this matter will be sent to the *Week* office, as GRIP does not feel equal to grappling with such a profound and far-reaching subject as the future of our brewers and bar-tenders. (Ed. GRIP.)

## Goodee Weekee:

"Blewel" belly muchee 'flaid he no get makee 'toxe dlinkee any mole. Templiance man makee Govlment prohibit. What he do?—he must go woltee allee samee evelybody do. Weekee man say—no—you gettee compensation. You not go woltee allee samee common man. Govlment taxce latepayels to compensatee. Ah! Clebab Weekee. Goodee Weekee. Weekee light.

"Blewel" lay outee monee to makee dlinkee. Dlinkee makee jollee, makee dlunk, makee head swim, killee bodec soulee—makee mad, makee steal, makee murder; nebel mind, allee samee. "Blewel" makee monee. Govlment say you no makee monee by dlunk any mole. Allee lightee. "Blewel" gettee compensation.

Good! belly good! Me want compensation too. Me lay out muchee monee too. Me sell opium smokee, no keepee opium. saloon. Opium makee sleepee, makee dreamee, makee head swim, makee brain dull, killee bodec, soulee, like dlinkee; nebel mind! allee samee! Chinaman makee monee. Monce takee him backee Flowey land. Govlment say—"Hele, you dam pigtail, shutee up opium den! you no makee money by smokee. You killee Canadian man, likee dlunk do." All lightee. Me shutee up opium den. "Blewel" shutee up dlunk den. "Blewel" gettee compensation. Chinaman gettee compensation. Allee samee. Prohibition and compensation. Belly good. Allee samee.

AH SIN.

## To the Editor of THE WEEK.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Give us your paw. By Gosh! you're what I call genniwine, a rail upright, downright common sense man, and no mistake. If I knowed where you live, I'd give you an oyster supper with eye-openers and cocktails, and never charge a blamed cent. Whew! that there article of yours and Brewer's letter next week about "Prohibition and Compensation," just did me good—it was flannel to my heart. Sir, I'm proud to think that at least one decent periodical ain't afraid to shew his colours, and to come out in defence of a business which, I'm bold to say, can boast of some of the very best dressed men in the country engaged in it, and have some of the very toniest of our young men for customers. To expect men who have for years stood afore the public in the finest of pants, white vests, and gold watch chains, to turn to and haul on a pair of overalls and go to work with a diner-can again, is just like the cheek of them fanatical prohibitionists. These are the folks as call theirselves Christians forsooth. Live and let live is my motto. I tell you what, when a fellow struggles up into a good position (they nominated me for Alderman last year) like I've done, it's blamed hard to have the bite taken out of your mouth. All I had when I began was a graybeard of old rye, a jar of

malt, a couple bottles of brandy, and a small keg of lager, and that I got on tick. First night two men from the foundry dropt in—that was all, and I tell you my heart was down in my boots. Next morning, however, old Finlay's wife came in; she was well on, and had a bottle under her shawl, which she got filled. Of course, knowing her character, my conscience wouldn't let me give her the full measure, nor yet the whiskey straight, so you see I made all of a hundred per cent. Next day was Dominion Day, and by gosh! I was sold out clean as a whistle before twelve o'clock, and had to run over to a friend in the business to fill my jars, and afore night I was sold out again. I throve from that day—got the old place papered and painted, a swell sign up, and a magnificent shelf of decanters, and a white vest! And here now, when I'm after building my new brick hotel, and bought a nice little phaeton for my wife, here comes this infernal Scott Act or Prohibition. I say as you say—if we can't make money by drink, then let's have compensation. I was talkin' to an old bummer, a college-bred man (he generally comes here for free lunch and a schooner), he says the present situation reminds him of the statue of the Lagoon. The big man in the middle represents the Licensed Victuallers' Ass., and the two little fellows King Dodds and the Editor of *The Week*—all of them writting in the tightening coils of the serpent. "Who's the serpent?" says I. "The name of this critter," said he, "is *vox populi*." But when I asked him who beat, he fell asleep in his chair. I believe the old fellow was havin' a raise out of me, but he's a good customer, so I don't say nothing. If your agent will call, he'll get three dollars for a year's subscription, and I think it's little enough that everybody engaged in the liquor traffic should subscribe in common gratitude for your noble defence of our drinking institution.

Your humble and grateful servant,  
JAKE SWIPES,  
The Universal House, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Tilden's voice may not be very loud and clear, but the faintest whisper from him is heard from one end of the country to the other.—*Toledo America*.

DISTRACTED PARENT.—My daughter has no taste for music, and yet by her constant practise she persists in making herself a nuisance to the family. What would you advise?

FAMILY COUNSELLOR.—Marry her into some other family.



NOT AN AD.!

"The Morse Soap Co. write to say that they are not responsible for the boys who carried 'mottled' placards in the Salvation Army parade."—*Globe*.