

hunt, and thus hunts, like everything else in this country, are modelled on the great economical platform of "Mowat and good Government," so that riders and horses are quite an expensive and unnecessary adjunct to a *bona fide* Ontario fox hunt.

Exactly as the bell of the fire tower of No. 4 station tolled the hour of three the dogs were brought up to the scratch.

THE SLEUTH HOUNDS

GRIP discovered were respectively—Johnny Scholes' infant bull terrier, Catnip; J. Argus' Bulgarian bone-setter, Bingo; Mons. Alfonse Beaucaulle's hare hound, Hugo, and P. Rooney's wild Irish wolf-dog, Shamus. Long, loud and continuous was the cheering as the impatient brutes writhed and struggled under the restraint of the leather; while the deep baying of the two hounds and the staccata accompaniment of the terrier and setter made the distant hills around Castle Frank reverberate again. At last

THE FOX

was brought out to the field by his namesake of the boat-house. The time-honored cry arose from the Old Country portion of the spectators, "Hey-ho! tantivy!"

"Hark, forward; hark, forward, tantivy!" and the fox was dropped from the bag; but he didn't tantivy or hark forward worth a cent, but after gazing around with an admiring glance at the scenery he walked off leisurely to the centre of the field and laid down for a comfortable nap. Now is the time for the dread hound to speed on his errand of death and mutilation. The dogs were let go and away they flew in the direction of Reynard, who was taking it easy, and knew not of their coming until the French hound grabbed him by the ear, which awoke him. It would be all up with poor Reynard at once had not Johnny Scholes' dog arrived at that moment, and ignoring the fox, pitched into the French hound and almost devoured him before Mr. Fox, of the boat-house, came up and gave the B. T. a kick. The custodian of the B. T. taking umbrage at the same, with a walking cane smote Mr. Fox over the head, who retired rather precipitately in the direction of the river. The custodian of the bull terrier, fearing a sortie with strong reinforcements, retired in the direction of the woody hills, leaving the dogs to fight it out. The fox in the meantime escaped, though closely pursued by the Irish dog, Shamus, and the bone-setter, Bingo. The poor animal made a lateral traverse and took a run up into the park, where the nursery maidens and their charges disport themselves betimes. He also visited the surrounding shrubbery on the hills, as if to take a last and parting glance at the world he was about to leave. One young lady declared that she saw him climb a tree, probably to that end. But after a while the poor hunted down and mangy specimen of a menagerie wild beast appeared, and walked deliberately down to the amphitheatre, otherwise the Don flats, where the four ferocious dogs, in spite of his gallant defence, like the wolf with little Red Riding Hood, fell upon him and devoured him.

"Hey-ho, tantivy!"

There's nothing like field sports after all; they are so elevating.

RAMROD.

OUR JACK TRIES IT ON.

Oh! say, old boy, give me a boost, will you? I want to get up on that fence among those other fellows there; just this once, I'd like to know how it feels,—there—a little more yet; whew! it don't feel all-fired comfortable you know—too—kind of teetery for me—however—let's see if I can't hit it off as well as those fellows. Here goes—oh! I forgot—go into my room, there's a good fellow, and on the top of that shelf you'll find a Bible—whisk the

dust off with the broom, and bring it here—oh! thanks—couldn't get along without that you know—references, and so forth—now for it—"To the Editor of the *Globe*,—Sir, (ahem! that's in good form—so far), I have read with great interest (that's one flamer) the correspondence from both parties on the burning question of prohibition. May I crave space in your truly excellent journal (that's another) for a few remarks, which I shall try to make as brief as possible. (You bet). If the principles laid down by Mr. Talkative in his admirable letter be true, (which I question) then Prohibition from a Bible stand-point must be entirely wrong. (Which nobody can deny—chorus, 'For he's a jolly good' etc.) Prohibition in the abstract is in certain circumstances (mind you) a boon, nay a blessing—on the other hand it cannot be said that drink is an unmixed blessing. (By no means—mix you any quantity; what'll you have?) That the church has in all ages countenanced the use of wines (sent up a basket to the old buck to-day) no student of history can pretend to deny. That the Bible has done Mr. Kyle yeoman service in his vindication of the liberty of the subject, is also a fact admitting of no dispute. (He beats Old Harry at quotations, does Kyle.) If I believed in Prohibition as some do, I should consider it indirectly endorsed by a thousand texts of scripture—as it is—Oh! hang it all—let me down old fellow, I never felt so queer in all my life—I feel plural—couldn't stand that sort of thing any longer—let us go hence and liquor up,—say boy, whiskey straight for two—no sir—afore I'd sit on a fence like that, strokin' cats on each side of me, I'd—yes, blow me if I wouldn't, jump right onto the other side.



(WHISKEY-AND-) WATER-LOGGED.

The delinquent (who has passed the night in the cooler.—Talk 'bout (hic) frien'ship—I think you (hic) might ha' bailed me out—
The other—"Bailed" you out! Pumped you out, you mean!—Punch.

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME

ON THE GERMAN ATTITUDE.

NORWAY, Aug. 22, 1884.

FWEND GWIP:—

I am witing this epistle, as you see, in Norway. The place is not as one might suppose in Euwope, but is a hamlet situated a few miles east of—aw—Towonto. I came heah on account of the name being so suggestive of coolness, and d'ye know, stwange to say, the weathah since my awival heah has indeed become so welfeshingly cool that in the evenings I am almost tempted to don—aw an—ulstah. There is a great deal in a name aftah all, d'ye know.

I see by the newspaperahs that Germany is twying to kick up a wov with the—aw—old country, after the mannah they adopted towards Fwance by a sewies of irwitating petty actions, and sneewing editorials in theah—aw—newspaperahs. The occupation of the pestilential west coast of Afwica togethah with theah comments on English monopoly of the country and their little opehwations in the Nawth Sea, seem to be begat of a little pwemeditated—aw—game on theah pawt. Of causs England has no wegular Army of sufficient membahs to cope with the Gehman legions, but her—aw—East Indian troops might suffice to keep them in check in the aw East, say Egypt—and owah fleet might—aw—prove a source of discomfort to them in the event of stwive. I caunt help thinking moah ovah, that Germany is acting wathah an ungwateful pawt, as England has been keeping half of them—aw—Crown Pwinces and Gwand Dukes in bwead and buttah for evah so many years. Besides theso Gehman fellahs vevy fwequently get fat births in the Awmy and Navy, and in fact England has proved a vevy golden egged goose for the impecunious ingwates. It would be a wathah good thing if Parliament should stop all themgwants, dowahs and subsidies, and let the otherwise hauf stawvved pwinces and so forth go home and earn their living by fawming bwass bands aftah the mannah of the Caut officials in *La Mascotte*. I think that would bwing some of them to an undehstanding as to theah position, if indeed they didn't stawve befoah the civil waw was ovah.

I weally think that those Gehman fellahs have been made altogethah too much of at home, I do indeed.

Yours sincerely,

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME,
Late of Huddlecume Hall,
Hants.

TARHEEL'S WILD OATS.

Men make their wills, but a woman seldom does. In fact there is so much of it she wouldn't have time to shop if she did.

A chimney sweep's sign should read: "Work warranted to soot."

The author of the "Hidden Hand" was probably a pickpocket.

Beer should be served at a "german."

A Romeo, Mich., paper is called the *Hydrant*. Its mission is probably to pump people.

Contemporaries are insinuating that the Sweet Singer of Michigan is no Moore.

The sound of Beau Belles is a giggle.

Over 3,000 paper car wheels are now in use. Some of our contemporaries are at last reaching an era of prosperity and usefulness.

The skeleton of a soldier has been found in an Arizona cave. Perhaps this is the long lost United States army.

The reason cats are musical is because they are full of fiddle strings.

Weather reports—thunder.

A charity bawl—"got any cold vitals?"

When a woman devours a novel it's generally a novelette, eh!

A girl in Amsterdam, N.Y., has two tongues. My! won't she make it warm for her husband when she gets married.

Bartley Campbell's new play is called "Separation." The general run of actors will know how to play it without study.

Theatrical managers dislike to have their theatres alluded to as suppe-houses.

Divorces should be granted under the title of quit claims.