

is held to account for it—and is not a medical student as good as a midnight cat? He is, at keeping the neighbors awake.

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**G**RIP joins heartily in the general shout of our citizens for a Music Hall worthy of the metropolis of the premier Province. Let us have a hall capable of accommodating the biggest kind of music festivals, with a magnificent organ and all the et ceteras, and let us have it soon. *But*—and this but is advisedly put in italics—but let us take care that the civic heelers do not get their clutches on the project. They would be sure to spell it h-a-u-l.

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“THE Christian attitude of the mind is that of candor, honesty and sincerity,” said the Rev. Ministerial Association, speaking from his pulpit. “Christianity welcomes every new development of truth, earnestly studies the same, with open mind and unprejudiced heart, and if convinced that it is *truth*, is ready to spend and be spent in the propagation of the same.” “Amen!” ejaculated a member of the Anti-Poverty Society, from one of the pews. Next day he waited on Rev. Min. Association, and requested that he might be permitted to lay before him an outline of the proposed single tax system, which was at present almost universally misunderstood by the pulpit. “No, sir!” said the Rev. Association, curtly; “you can’t tell *me* anything *I* don’t know. I need no light on the subject. Get out!” And then the rev. and extremely candid gentleman sat down to write a sermon entitled, “Henry Georgeism; or, The Absurdity of Dividing up Property so as to Put all Men on an Equality.”

THE FAKIR IN ENGLAND.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 21st, 1888.

DEAR GRIP:—



I think I told you in my last that I was billed for a lecture in Lower Bebington, Cheshire, under the patronage of Canon Duxter. Well it was a big success. Hall crowded to its utmost capacity. Any number of local magnates present, and some from a distance. Punctually at eight o'clock I stepped on to the platform, and, without waiting to be introduced, drew the revolver I had bought for the occasion and fired at the ceiling. As you may suppose, a scene of wild confusion ensued. The ladies

shrieked, and I believe one or two of them fainted.

“Don’t get scared,” I said, as soon as I could make myself heard. “It is always the custom in America for a speaker to begin that way. It arrests the attention of the audience, besides letting ’em know he’s heeled in order to resent interruptions. The subject onto which I’m to shoot off my mouth to-night is, ‘Real Life in America,’ and, you bet, I’ll give it you straight and not unload any guff on you. ’Taint often that I’ve had the chance to toot my bazoo before so fly a crowd, accustomed, I reckon, to considerably better lay-outs than my chin-music, and I aint no such sucker as to allow that any flapdoodle would go down with you. Not to any extent,



HONESTY ITS OWN REWARD.

TRAMP READING ADVT. COLUMN—“Losht, a pocket-book, wid shmall sum a? money in it. The finder’ll be suitably rewarded be lavin’ it at affis!”

“Well, that’s nate, be me sowl! The man that finds it’ll be suitably rewarded be givin’ it up again! Av it’s me that finds it, he gob, it’s a thriffler more substantial reward I’ll be lookin’ for!”

by gosh! If I tried that racket on I guess I should give myself away real bad. You’ll allow me perhaps to brace up before we get down to hard pan.”

I paused a minute and drawing a large flask from my hip-pocket, took a drink amid loud applause from the audience.

“How charmingly natural! how delightfully unconventional, isn’t he?” said a young lady who sat near the platform, to an elder women, probably her mother.

“Yes, dear. The free and unaffected manners of the Americans are indeed an agreeable contrast to the restraints of English society. We must invite him to the Castle.”

“In America,” I resumed, “they reckon a man is away off his chump if he don’t irrigate every hour or so. Our favorite beverage is the cocktail. It is composed of equal parts of aquafortis and sulphuric acid, with a dash of bitters and a flavoring of lemon. (Sensation). Hence the expression ‘Nominate your pizen,’ when extending a hospitable invitation.

“My friend, the Canon here, who is no slouch, didn’t exactly catch on when I mentioned this circumstance, but as I explained to him, there is a difference in the climate.” Then I proceeded to give ’em the stories I’d unloaded on the Canon during our interview, which I don’t need to repeat here, about the effects of the cold and the way we conducted our elections, etc. Took it all in? I should say they did. When I was telling ’em about our fights with the Indians near Toronto, they got greatly enthused as I illustrated my remarks by several more shots from my revolver and by slashing up the desk with my bowie knife. When I exhibited a bunch of hair I had got in a hair-dresser’s store as the scalp of the Indian Chief, “Snapping Turtle,” slain by my own hand in an encounter on the Don flats, it just capped the climax.

