

Barney in Trouble.

ERINOBRAGH TERRACE, TORONTO,

December 1st, 1881.

Mr. GRIP.—I'm a sowl man! an' this is to sartify that St. Jacob's Oil is, widout any doubt at all, the most powerful cure av the age, bad seran to it. It has cured me, sur, av the habit av years, a habit acquired in me school-days; which has grown wid me growth and strentened wid me strength, the habit, sur, av readin the papers. An' I want to be afther tellin' thim vagabonds av editors that they won't have a chance to play off their practical jokes on me any more, for the sorra a paper, Grit or Tory, will I read for the nixt six months, at laste. It wasn't enough for them to enter into a conspiracy to wane me from readin' their articles an' ayditorials, but they musht do it if yez plaze, afther the Austrian *ad nauseum* method av curin' an inabriate. It was St. Jacob's Oil here an' St. Jacob's Oil there, until the vision of that owld leech sittin' thero wid his staff in wan hand an' his bottle av oil in the other, haunted me thoughts be day, an' me dhrames be night. As long as they kep it in the advertisin' columns it didn't bother me at all, but whin iviry bit av a man's mental victuals is saturated wid wan thing, an' that thing St. Jacob's Oil, faix, thin, it's a stronger sitammach than mine can stand it. Lasht week, sure, I lights me pipe an' sits down afther me day's work to read that encyclopedias av daily news, the *Globe*, and was just regalin' meself wid a beautiful article, entitled "A National Blessing." It was two columns long, an' I had just got half way down the second column, whin what should crap up but—St. Jacob's Oil. To blazes wid yez, yo vile desaver, says I, shtickin' the *Globe* into the stove whole-sale, it's a pretty pass I'm come to, when I'm afther bein' wheedled into wastin' three mortal quarthers av an hour readin' a durthy ovid advertisement agin me own will, An' wid that I sayzes me hat in a grate rage, an' tarcs away down to the *Globe* office to tell thim to shtap me paper there and then. I wasn't down a quarther of a bloek, whin clang wint iviry fire-bell in the city; all the puple cum rushin' out av doors, an', lukin' back, what should I see but me own chimbley a blazin' like fury, an' a grate mob a gatherin' round the dure. Be the time I got back there wor three or four ingins playin' on mo house, an' afore they got through it was like nothin' else at all but Noah's Ark in the middle av the deluge. That shews the quantity av St. Jacob's Oil must av been in that *Globe* to be afther kindlin' up the chimbley like that. We'll the very nixt day I takes up the paper, an' I'll to meself yez won't fool me any more wid your "National Blessings;" an' to protect meself agin bein' chated again, I begins at the bottom av the page an' tries to read upwards, when after a while I comes up to the purtiest picture, Captain Boynton floatin' on his back, an' he a'rigged up like a yacht in full sail. Musha, now, says I, did yez ivir see sich a beautiful invention? I musht be afther readin' all about it. So I begins at the top an' comes down the first column all right, but on the next column what does Captain B. rub himself wid but—*St. Jacob's Oil!* Wisha! now, the devil rub the sukim aff av yez, says I, sure it's mighty hard up Mither Gordon Brown must be for something to supply his customers wid whin he's takin' to dosin' thim wid St. Jacob's Oil. An' fur four days afther I darstn't luk at a paper wid the corner av me left eye, for fear I'd see the name av that owld Banshee on the page. Well, on the fifth day, I was afther snokin' me pippo in the corner, an' thinkin' what a desaver that *Globe* was, though to tell yez the truth, I was uissin' it awful, whin who should cum in but Katie Malloy, a mischeivous clip av a girl, that's attendin' wan av our big schools in town here. She had a copy av the *Hamilton Avenir Times*

**THE MANITOBA STARVELING.**

MANITOBA.—SAY MISTER, WHEN ARE YOU GOIN' TO GIVE ME ENOUGH OF MY OWN MONEY TO KEEP MYSELF ALIVE? (No response.)

in her hand. "Misther O'Hea" says she, wid a shwate bit av a smile, "do yez know anything about natural magic? here's a peice," says she, nately openin' up the paper, "it's called Magic's Wonders," and it's all about a man, an' how he could pull snakes all over another man's arrum, oh my! Misther O'Hea, the funniest thing, ma said I ought to bring it to you." So without thinkin' I takes the paper an' sure enough it was all about magic, an' all that sort av thing. Wanst, when I happened to luk up I noticed that she stud wid the door knob in her hand an' she a quare little shmirk on her face, an' I could shware, I saw Nora wink at her, but as they are always up to some devilry I paid no attintion whativer, at all, till all av a sudden the cowl dhraps av sweat brok out on me forehead, an' the nixt minute, I was flyin' like the wind, out the back dure an' down the alleyway, after that shrechin' hoaxin' little clip that had cum all the way from King street, for the fun av seein' me read that two column advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil.

Now Misther GRIP, I ax yez solemnly, don't yez think it's too bad for a man who pays for his paper in good faith, to think he musht examine the head an' the tail an' the middle an' all round the edges av an article afore settlin' down to read it, in order to be assured, that its not a sugar-coated advertisement he's studyin' all the time? Bedad, a horrible fear has this moment come to me, that maybe, perhaps some other victim of this vile desate, will be afther thinkin' me own lethter is an advertisement. Don't yez belave it, me dear reader, it's dead in airnest I am about this desavin' business. In airnest! sure it's haunted I am be day an' be night wid the ghost av them three words: ST. JACOBS OIL; it holds me, sur, faster than the glitterin' eye av the ancient mariner held the mau on the way to his mother-in-law's wedding; it stares at me from iviry fuce an' deadwall, it grins at me from iviry druggist's window, it is in iviry column av iviry paper I pick up; they're all got it! Gur has got it! the air is rife wid it! and it's crazy it's drivin' me! Ooh Millia Murther! I

see blood! help! Misther GRIP! help! Murther! Thieves!—

Dear Sir:—The enclosed unfinished letter addressed to you is from me poor husband Barney, he was writin' it whin all av a sudden he was tuk in a fit. He sent for the doctor. He says his nerves is quite shattered, an' thinks he must have something prayin' on his mind. He has not been lookin' so well this last two weeks. He used to be such a grate reader, but now the sight av a newspaper sets him crazy. He takes howld av it an' howlds it at arrum's length, an' lukes it all over wid a quare, seared kind av a look, an' thin wid a groan he sticks it in the fire. Whin I said to him the other day that a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil might do him good he just glowered at me an' said: "Et tu Brute yo." I had a good cry over it for Barney niver called me a bruto in his life before, an' I'm afraid his mind's gettin' onsettled about something that's wearin on him.

Yours in grate throuble,

NORA O'HEA.

Winter.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

The boys go in for whiskey hot, and give up lager beer; The ferry boats are all laid up, deserted is each Park, The housemaid in the kitchen sits, accompanied by her spark.

The fresh imported Englishman proceeds to curse the climate And Canada most horribly, I wouldn't like to rhyme it. With love for dear Old England he suddenly is smitten, And sighs to live once more among the rain and fogs of Britain.

The lovers whom summer time beneath the radiant moon Wandered around suburban streets, now in the parlour spoon; Altho' sometimes they may be seen close by their garden gates, Their language principally turns on masquerades and skates.

The weather now is much too cold to manifest much ardor,