



HOGSWUNK'S WELL.

My old friend Hogswunk has been investing in real estate lately, and last fall he purchased a nice little piece of property out there at West Toronto Junction. He built a house and dug a well and erected a pump, and then the winter came on, and Hogswunk left his estate to look after itself till spring.

Well, last Monday he went out to view "Hogswunk Manor," as he named his place, and on drawing a pail of water from his new well, he found that the liquid tasted peculiar, and looked riley.

New wells, it is well known—pardon the ridiculous pun—generally require pumping out at first, and somebody told Hogswunk this. Accordingly he resolved to empty his well of its contents, and let it start on a new tack.

Hogswunk told me that he intended to do this, and he invited me to go out and see the operation. I agreed, and on Tuesday Hogswunk went out to "The Manor" as soon as it was daylight, and about noon I toddled forth in the same direction.

I found my friend tolling away for dear life. The pump was placed on a slightly-raised board platform over the well, and the water was dashing on to this platform with terrific force under Hogswunk's powerful strokes of the pump-handle. He was pretty well tuckered out when I arrived, but as game as a bantam.

"The doctor's ordered me exercise," he said, as I came up, "and this is the very thing." Thump-a-thump-a-thump went the handle, and swoosh-swoosh-swoosh went the water.

"Looks like good exercise," I said, as I sat down on a stone and exhorted him by my encouraging remarks to wire in.

"How long have you been pumping, old man?" I enquired, after the thing had gone on for an hour or so.

"Since eight o'clock," he replied. "Deuced deep well this, but I guess she must be nearly empty by this time," and he let himself out with redoubled vigor. Still there was no sign of the flow of water decreasing.

Hogswunk, however, was not to be beaten, and though his exertions were gradually becoming more and more feeble, he clung manfully to the pump-handle and toiled away, whilst I sat and smoked and encouraged him. Thump-a-thump, swoosh-a-swoosh-a-swoosh.

In a couple of hours Hogswunk remarked, "I don't believe there's any bottom to this somethinged well at all!" and he paused and puffed and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Oh! I guess there is," I said, cheerfully.

I was as fresh as a daisy.

"Well, then, why don't she empty?" he asked, wrathfully, "here I've pumped steady for six or seven hours, and there seems to be just as much water as ever!"

"There is as much water as ever," I replied.

"Can't be," said Hogswunk, laying hold of the handle once more. "How dy'e make it out?"

"Why, don't you see, as fast as you pump it on that platform, it all runs back into the well again through the cracks?" I answered. "I saw that at first, only I thought the doctor had ordered you exercise, and I supposed you were merely pumping to obey his orders." And when Hogswunk saw that it was even as I had said, he sat down and gave forth an exceeding bitter cry.

And we, who were once friends, are friends no more. SWIZ.

## THE SCALPEL.

## A JOLLY JINGLE.

(For *Ta Phairson's autograph album.*)

Let scribes delight to claw and bite,  
For politics made 'em so!  
Let M.P.'s and M.P.'s fight,  
For 'tis their pastime to.

But, Senators, you should never give  
Your angry passions play,  
Your little berths were only made  
As means for drawing pay.

## GOING TO HAVRE.

The queen of Tahiti has gone to Havre on her way home. She dreads the journey through America on account of newspaper reporters.

Sorry, but can't help it! The newspaper reporters are going to have'er on her way home too—that is, to talk to, not for keeps, by any means. Come, Queenie, don't be scared!

## THE WORKERS.

I sing the song of the workers, the men of the brassy arm.—*Gentle Foot.*

The gentle poet has made a slight mistake. Really, there isn't one newspaper man in a thousand who is modelled physically in that way.

## ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.

"No serious difficulty that I am aware of has occurred, so far, with our enterprise outside ourselves."—*Jno. J. Liv., in Temp. Col. Soc. letter.*

Just so! It was the enterprise *inside* ourselves that made the mischief—and cut us out of office—and endangered our skin—and maybe our liberty. "Our enterprise outside ourselves" is good!

## PARALLEL CASES.

"According to a Philadelphia paper, Mr. James Russell Lowell likes London as a place of residence. The only complaint he has to make is that he is not able to regale himself on the fresh and salt cod, clams, buck-wheat cakes, and baked beans of his native heath."—*Nevs Item.*

According to the best of everybody's belief, Sir Charles Tupper also likes London as a place of residence—or, at least, ought to. The only complaint he has to make is that, according to the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent, he will some day have to pack up and come back to Canada in order that Sir John Macdonald may spend the rest of his Grand Old Age in the High Commissioner's easy-chair.

## DEPENDS HOW MUCH.

"When he comes to the inside, the author's good sense meets us at the threshold. 'Nothing,' he says, 'can be done worthily without some money.'"—*Mail review.*

Yes, yes! "Some money" is all right enough. But, say now, suppose it was in the shape of your note for \$5,000! And that it was a risky piece of business! And only a party matter after all! And, and, and—but, never mind! Let's get up and go out on the Tower, where it's cool.

## NOT A PANG.

"Four bbls. of beer recently confiscated by the police were emptied into the gutter at No. 1 Police Station on Saturday."—*City Local.*

Yes, and a noble crowd saw it split, without a pang! "Let it go!" they said; "why should we feel grief at the destruction of the wretched stuff? By this time it must be as sour as swill!"

## EXCELSIOR!

Still must I climb, if I would rest;  
The bird soars upward to its nest;  
The young leaf on the tree-top high  
Cradles itself within the sky.—*Pensive Poet.*

That is not exactly the language of the tramp as he cast his eagle eye on the hay-loft ladder. But it ought to do.

## AHEAD OF THE HEATHEN.

"In poor families, where girls are numerous, it is the custom, if they do not drown them when born, to sell them to wealthy families as domestic servants."—*Chinese Traveller.*

In this Christian country how different the course adopted! They let them grow up and marry them into wealthy families. This is a trick worth two of the other—to the girls.

## ORDER, YOUNG MAN!

"An aged inmate of the House of Providence named Gautemauche committed suicide on Tuesday by cutting his throat with a razor. The victim of the rash act had gone into the yard and cut his throat from ear to ear."—*Globe reporter.*

Ah! He "had gone into the yard and cut his throat from ear to ear," eh? It is easy to see then how this aged inmate happened afterwards to "commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor." But the reporter must avoid in future such putting of the cart before the horse.

## RETRIBUTION!

"One of the largest of Manitoba's grain elevators was burned Thursday."—*Winnipeg correspondence.*

After this, maybe, Manitoba malcontents will be more careful what they think and say about Sir John Macdonald and his North-West policy!

## WANTED—THE DOCTOR.

It was twilight. An unusually excellent six o'clock dinner had exercised its somnolent influence on *Grip*; "something attempted, something done," had earned the repose he was now indulging in; therefore, if his sagacious beak was buried rather deep in his sable feathers at this early hour, it was no shame to him. Besides early to bed has ever been the motto of the wise, and of those who cultivate long life. His nap, however, was destined to be short, for scarcely had his active brain time to crystalize into all sorts of dream phantasms, when suddenly there was a sharp, peremptory rap, the sanctum door flew open, and a young and handsome woman, with streaming hair and haggard eyes, rushed like a current of cold air into the room, startling the feathered sage up from his slumbers and bringing his beak swiftly round to its usual place in front. Scarce had he time to bend on her one eye of stern enquiry, when she rushed up to his perch, clasped him round the neck, and rained tears down his back, until he began to feel damp, and to present the traditional appearance of a hen on a rainy day. Half-throttled and wholly scandalized, he croaked huskily: "Madam! really, my dear madam!" When she immediately lifted up her voice and said, "Oh, let me weep! I am like the prophet of old. I wish my poor head were a fountain of tears, that I might weep night and day for the imbecility of the daughters of my people! What have I done dear *Grip*? What have I done, that I should be afflicted thus? This awful epidemic! It will kill me!" Here *Grip*, now fully awake, interrupted with accents of unfeigned astonishment, "Canada, my dearest Madam Canada, can this be really you? Forgive me! in the shadows of the twilight I did not recognize your dear and familiar features. Besides your distress, it quite unmans me. What is it? Has Kirkland skipped out? or is it further educational troubles that bother you? Keep easy, my dear, if Mowat must, he may go, but Canadians never,—never,—never shall be lynched. There will be no Lynch law in Canada, not if we know it. You have no fear of that, eh? then my dear lady, what, oh! what