

The Pirates of Toronto Bay:

A MORAL STORY FOR BOYS.

BY JIMUEL BRIGGS.

"But" said His Worship, "the detectives tell me that there are no more than fifty pirates on the Island all told, which is really a very small number compared with the population of this city. There must always be some pirates you know. If Toronto didn't have any it would be a one-horse kind of a place. Anyway, what do you know about pirates of your personal knowledge? Did any single one of you see any piracy committed? If so the courts are open and you can lay an information at your own expense. That's all I have to say. Git!"

They got.
Mayor BEATY smiled, and raising up his trusty lute warbled the following aria.

THE PIRATE VOTE.

"Oh a pirate's life
Hath its toil and strife,
And so has the life of a mayor,
There are hardships and ill
Which a man nearly kill
When he sits in the civic chair.

"But though sad is my lot
Compensation I've got,
Upon which for a moment I'll float;
My opponent I'll beat,
For I'm sure of my seat,
With the aid of the Pirate Vote.
Ha! Ha!
With the aid of the Pi-r-a-a-te Vote."

"Ha! a messenger without! bid him approach! What tidings?"

"Your worship, the Island corsairs last night hailed the mention of your name with loud acclaim. One or two Scotchmen, who indicated a preference for MORRISON were branded as Tory Annexationists and shot on the spot."

"Tis well. Here's gold for thee," said the Mayor, flinging him a purse well lined with sequins and moldores.

CHAP. VII.

And when amid blue giddy throng
In walls of dazzling light,
The harp's mellifluous notes prolong,
Oh 'tis a cheerful sight,
Or words to our effect.

—Horace lib. 1 ode 3.

Project thyself gentle reader into the Local legislature—not necessarily as a member thereof—that were too great a sacrifice, but as a spectator of the gorgeoussness and magnificence of the opening. Picture to thyself the dazzling vice Gubernatorial cortege, the glittering throng of soldiery, their scarred breasts resplendent with the decorations won in many a campaign,—the fairest daughters of the land displaying on their persons the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind. not to speak of that realized in the grocery business; the vast auditorium filled with the culture and intelligence of the Province—also some bishops and the Consuls for Patagonia, Hawaii and Madugascar clad in their robes of office.

Hush! The Lieut. Governor rises! Every eye is centered upon our majestic ruler with expressions of unutterable fealty and life-long devotion. He speaks! Eloquence more entrancing never fell from mortal lips! In periods glowing with the rhetoric of a Demosthenes, enriched with the lore of centuries and glistening with the gems and flowers of Fancy, did he depict the bright future of our favored nation. Becoming enthused with his theme he soared to yet loftier flights, until his roseant and ornate utterances seemed lost in the illimitable vistas opened to the rapt listeners by his fervid impassioned oratory. Ever and anon

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the assembled myriads burst into prolonged and rapturous plaudits.

"Among other measures," said he at length, "which I intend to enact, is a bill for the suppression of piracy in Toronto Bay."

"Carambo! Then we are betrayed!"

This exclamation proceeded from a figure concealed by the long cloak and slouched hat ordinarily adopted by pirates in mingling with the world at large.

The speaker hastily quitted his place in the speaker's gallery, and gained the grounds in front of the building.

Plucking a dagger from his girdle, he turned and shook it fiercely. "Ala, proud governor; look to thyself! Beware the Pirate's Vengeance!"

The act had not passed unnoticed. Instantly a hundred rifles of the guard blazed forth their deadly fire. RUDOLPH, for he it was, quickened his pace somewhat, and strode on towards the Bay. His escape from death was well-nigh miraculous. Had the Queen's Own loaded with ball instead of blank cartridge, one or two of them would have been pretty certain to hit. He gained in safety the ice-boat which the pirates had hired for the season, that lay moored at the wharf. A young girl of surpassing beauty was near by fastening on her skates preparatory to gliding over the frozen surface. As the vessel slowly started on her course, RUDOLPH darted towards her, and seizing her in his arms, placed her on board.

"Thus, ha, ha! doth the pirate woo his bride! Now then—Pirate's Chorus—all together!

"Who would not be
A pirate bold, &c., &c.—"

CHAP. VIII.

In vain for happiness we seek

In this dull world of care,

Where every prospect still is bleak,

And nought remains but—hair—snare—

tear—bear—pair—no, that won't do—lair—fair—

wear—mayor—oh, well, fill in to suit yourself.

—O. Mowat.

"Now then min," said Detective BURROUGHS, "go aisy now; we've got thim this time sure."

Cautiously the gen'darmes entered the lonely hut—carefully they raised the door-mat—they touched the secret spring revealed by GOUZALOO MCGINNIS, the traitor—slowly they descended the stairs and proceeded along the secret passage to the pirate's cave.

"Now thim," said BURROUGHS, "out wid your revolvers—rush in and pull thim."

They rushed in and found silence, solitude, darkness and some empty bottles.

The birds had flown—their present address is unknown.

"Just as I expected," said BURROUGHS.

"It's all the fault of them papers. If that Grip reporter had only kep' the thing quiet when I axed him, we'd have had 'em just as aisy."

THE END.

Saving Harry.

The reader will recall that touching episode in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which ELIZA makes her heroic dash across the broken ice in the river, carrying her darling child with her. St. John's ward is just now endeavoring to emulate ELIZA's noble example, and save her pet alderman, ARRY PIPER. It is to be hoped this worthy gentleman will be safely carried over the rough and dangerous river of the law, for the city can ill afford to lose the benefit of his profound wisdom at the civic board. Unfortunately all our city fathers are not men of powerful intellect and exalted ideas, and the absence of ARRY would therefore be severely felt.