



MODERN WARFARE ILLUSTRATED.

ANOTHER GRAND BLOW-UP IN PREPARATION !

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

BY DICK DUNPLING.

It was noon-day. The sun poured its hot rays into the office of the "Bangtown Banger," where the Editor sat in his chair with his feet on his desk, and his hands in his pockets, jingling a key, two buttons, and a solitary nickel, which constituted his cash on hand. He was pondering over the troubles that were his. He was thinking of how he could get some lucre, for it was pay-day, and the "hands" were going to rise in mutiny, unless they were paid the month's wages due to them. The subscribers to the "Banger" were mostly farmers, and the poor editor had accepted carrots, pumpkins, decayed squash, and other garden stuff in lieu of cash, until his cellar was full of the stuff.

A dreamy drowsiness came over him as he sat there thinking of indignant printers, second-hand pumpkins, angry wives, and empty pockets. His head fell back on the chair, his eyes closed, his mouth opened, and he heaved a sigh that flew up to the ceiling and broke off a piece of the plaster, which fell into the poor man's mouth. It was well, for he was sick of vegetable food, and had nothing to eat since the last time. He dozed. A handsome carriage drawn by two handsomer bays, and driven by the handsomest coachman, drew up before the door of the "Bangtown Banger." A well-dressed gentleman stepped out of the vehicle and entered the sanctum, accompanied by two footmen carrying an iron-bound chest. He bade the disheartened editor good-day, and with an air of the deepest civility informed him that Midas Moneybags, the richest man in all Canada, had died, and left his immense fortune of \$250,000,000 to him, for he had heard of his struggles, and, considering him the most unfortunate man in the world, he determined to leave him the little that he possessed; he had been a wicked man in his day, and was anxious to atone for his wickedness by doing a small act of charity. Then the gentleman handed the key of the iron-bound chest to the thunder-struck editor, and, bowing to him until he reached his carriage, departed.

Imagine the joy of the poor scribe! He fell backwards out of the chair, and alighted on his head, as though the neck of a millionaire was apt to break at that of a beggar.

He rushed to the chest and opened it. It was full of shining gold pieces. He snatched a handful, and called all the printers out to have something. Then he paid them up in full, and calling a hack, put his treasure into it, and was driven home. His wife went into hysterics when he informed her of her good luck, but soon came out of them. Poor thing! she was not used to such pleasant surprises. Before night, the editor had paid all his debts, distributed his cellar-full of truck among the poor, and had filled his larder with the daintiest edibles to be found. He had even given up his printing establishment, and announced his intention of living a life of ease. When the next day's issue of his old rival, the "Bangtown Bugle," appeared, it contained a short paragraph intimating that "some obscure individual connected with the 'Bangtown Bugle' had fallen heir to a small fortune." Of course, our lucky editor didn't get mad when he read this announcement of his good fortune. Not a bit of it. He laughed as though he would kill himself. He wrote out a cheque for \$50,000 to the bank where he had deposited his wealth, and sent the hired girl down town to buy up all the copies of the "Bugle" that she could find. She cleared out the stock of the newsboys, the news stands, and even that in the "Bugle" office. There was a jolly bonfire of newspapers on the market square that night.

In less than a month, the editor was living in a magnificent white marble palace. The floors were of jasper, the ceilings of onyx, the walls of malachite, and the windows of the finest plate glass. The doors were solid gold inlaid with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and pearls. The roof was of solid silver, and of such a dazzling brilliancy that people never ventured near it unless they had umbrellas. On the day after the roof was finished, a poor blind man turned his face towards it, and was immediately struck blind. The fence was of hammered gold studded with black diamonds. The green boulevards were enclosed by ivory posts and silver chains. The palace was furnished in a manner that was too consummately sumptuous. The furniture seemed too rich to sit on, and the tapestries and carpets were the most gorgeous that the looms of Persia could produce. In order not to forget the nature of his former business, the editor

had devised a coat-of-arms, consisting of a wastepaper basket, with a goose quill and a pair of scissors sticking out of each side. This was supported by two printer's devils.

He had risen to a very high place in society. So numerous were the requests for the pleasure of his company, that he employed three private secretaries, whose duty it was to attend to the accepting of invitations. He could not possibly attend all the balls, dinners, parties, &c., to which he had accepted invitations, so he and his wife had to keep three ladies and three gentlemen whom they sent to keep some of their engagements, thus doing part of their social duties by proxy. There was a great deal of ceremony whenever the editor and his wife sat down to their meals, washed their hands, or rose from bed.

One morning, the no-longer editor was unusually sleepy, and his valet had sought to arouse him several times. The respectful menial did not care to be too harsh in his method of awaking his master, but he now feared that such a long sleep would give the editor swollen eyes, so he caught hold of him by the shoulder and gave him a hoarse shake—"Great Scott!" screamed the editor, "what's the matter?" Thump! Thump! He rolled all over the floor with his arms tight around someone, and someone's fingers pulling his hair out with a rapidity that would have done credit to a lawn-mower. He looked his antagonist in the face, and found that it was—not his valet—but Thuggs, the prize-fighter, whom he had recently abused in the last issue of the "Banger." He stood up, and found his left eye closed, the ink bottle spilt on his only pair of pants, the printers howling for their pay, sixteen farmers throwing dozens of last year's pumpkins into the office, and the editor of the "Bugle" squeeling for joy, and cheering the prize-fighter. The editor had been dreaming.

"OWED" TO A FLY.

O I nasty little itchy fly
All o'er my features crawling,
Ready thou art to do or die
When thy wee stomach's calling.

Thou art persistent too, I find,
And most uncommon spry,
Locating lots in shabby towns,
Surveying custard pie.

No wretch escapes whose blood is blue,
No beauty in creation,
Thou'lt crawl them all, and tackle, too,
The Press Association.

From bank clerk down to Millionaire,
The living are thy foes;
I've seen thee play an humble part
Upon the Premier's nose.

Although 'tis only half past four,
And morning scarce begun,
I must of course my sleep give o'er
To furnish thee some fun.

Aha! I've got the little wretch
Exploring through my ear,
This glorious August morning ends
Thy daring, bold career.

How quietly he lieth here!
Upon this winding sheet,
No sorrowing comrade drops a tear,
His business is complete.

How many millions of this clan
Have died the self-same way,
While tampering with a frantic man
At early break of day.

I wish that all the buzzing race
Were flattened out forever;
Now let me sleep, and dream again
Of picnics up the river.

Winnipeg, August 31st.

VAN.

There was a fair maiden of Leicester,
And after her lover carricester;
She was married at last,
And away as she passed
The neighbors all turned out and bleicester.