

THE CHIEF CONSTABLES' CONVENTION A PRIVATE MEETING NOT HITHERTO REPORTED.



It is not generally known that the Chief Constables, who were in the city during the earlier portion of this week attending the C. C. Convention, held a strictly private meeting to which no outsiders were admitted except a representative of GRIP, who was told that he might publish in

his paper an account of such of the proceedings as he might judge would prove interesting. He was accorded this permission because the Effendis present knew he would print whatever he chose, anyhow.

After various preliminaries and ceremonies, London's head cop stated that he would give a practical illustration of the proper method of clubbing a man. A sack of sawdust was introduced, and the gallant officer proceeded to knock it out with an immense baton. It was most exhilarating to observe the deftness and dexterity with which the blows were showered upon the unresisting bag which was yanked about with surprising ease and celerity, and the chief was finally declared the victor amidst a deafening round of applause. The bag of sawdust was ordered to be sold to the highest bidder amongst the dealers in oatmeal, bran and feed generally.

The Bashaw with Two Tails from Hamilton next produced a roll of manuscript—weight 14 lbs—which he said he proposed to read, but being menaced with a formidable array of naked batons, his innate modesty came to the front, and he stated that he would forego his intention if the weapons were returned to their scabbards. With a dull, sickening thud every stick was driven into its leather receptacle, and the Bashaw begged to propose the following motion:

"That iron bedsteads with comfortable mattresses thereon be provided by the ratepayers of every city, and placed at intervals, each night, along the street. He was of opinion that the corporation trowsers of the men would not suffer so much if these beds were adopted, as his experience had been that sidewalks, used as couches, were very wearing upon a policeman's clothing. He thought that the ratepayers would be gainers in the end, as a suit of clothes would last twice as long if a constable had a soft place to sleep upon when on his beat."

The Commander-in-chief of the Toronto force agreed with the last speaker, but begged to make the following addition to his motion, viz:

"That each man, when about to proceed on duty be furnished with a clothes-pin to be used as an anti-snoretic, by being placed on the nose of the constable before he lay down on the bed-cots suggested by the B. w. t. from Hamilton." Citizens complained grievously of the terrible sounds emitted from the probosces of the slumbering peelers, and the speaker was of opinion that they, the Chief Cops, should pay some little attention, at least, to the wishes of the ratepayers. He would second the original motion, together with his own amendment. Carried.

Le Capitaine des gend'armes de Montreal next addressed the meeting. "Gentilhommes," he said, "Je ne suis pas much of a speakaire de la langue Anglaise, mais je crois zat zle arrangement ees, une chose excellente. Les

hommes, les gend'armes de Montreal sont enfants terribles, et ils snorent en diable. J'approuve tres bien des clothes-pins et je remercie le cop chef d'Ameelton pour son suggestion. (Cheers). J'ai besoin de savoir vat he vas doing een ze laades swimmeeng bain a few jours ago dans la ville d'Ameelton, as reported dans les papiers de nouvelles. (Sensation.)

The gentleman from the city on Burlington Bay rose excitedly and answered his confrere from Montreal by saying,

"Monsieur, c'etait oon grande mistake. Je did non savvy que jettay dong le bang pour lay femmes until oon de say femmes s'e'reca, 'Oh! it is a man.' Dong je dressay and je cooroo en blazes."

This explanation was deemed satisfactory, and the gallant officer was loudly cheered, all present joining in the chorus, "He's a jolly good fellow."

A few more unimportant motions were made and duly carried, and the Dundas chief read a paper on the police government of our larger cities. Dundas, he said, was a model of perfection in this respect. He had stood for hours during the busiest part of the day in the city over which he presided, and he was happy to state that he was seldom if ever compelled to arrest a man for disorderly conduct. He had counted in one afternoon, no less than seventeen people pass to and fro in the Main Street of the Valley city, and he was happy to say that there was no sign of riot or disturbance. "Politeia Dundaskou esti agatha," he said in conclusion, "There is but one peeler there and Fitz is his prophet." He would like to hear from the general of the forces of Bullock's Corners, who he saw, was present.

That gentleman had nothing to say, and having said it, he relapsed into silence.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Toronto bobbies then desired to know whether it was not the opinion of those present that it would be advisable to hire small boys to find clues for the detectives when engaged in "working up a case." No detective could expect to succeed in ferreting out crime unless he had a clue, and as most clues seemed to lead to nowhere he thought something should be done towards supplying those officers with good reliable articles in the shape of clues.

The Bashaw from Hamilton rose to his feet and once more drawing forth his roll of manuscript stated that he had devoted a few dozen pages to this very subject: with the permission of his brethren in arms he would read a pound or two for their enlightenment and instruction.

He was accordingly told to fire away, and GRIP's representative, seeing that he was about to avail himself of this permission, slid out of the room, just as the gallant chieftain uttered the words:

"Chapter III. Section A. Subdivision 94. Paragraph 481. Page 13,336. On Detective Work and Clues."

S.

CHOKED TO DEATH.

Mr. Smith was choked with a piece of cartilage, and escaped instant death by a friend striking him a terrible blow between the shoulders while his chest rested on the table. After the gristle was removed he described his sensations of relief as so great that they only could be compared to the comfort a bilious person feels while wearing a Notman Liver Pad.

Summer Primer—Why do these men Run so fast this hot weather? Is anybody Dying? No. How Red their faces are. They will Burst a blood-vessel. See, they are almost Fainting, but they will try to run. Poor fellows! Have they Escaped from Prison! No, my child. They have summer cottages out of town, and are Merely trying to catch a train.

THE DOLEFUL DITTY

OF THE LETTER-CARRIER AND THE HELMET HAT.

A little letter-carrier wore a great big helmet hat,
And as he went upon his route looked very much like



THAT.

The summer sun was bright and hot; his rays down fiercely pelted,
And this energetic carrier was gradually melted.
Each day he small and smaller grew; 'twas very sad, I wis,
For in a few short weeks, behold! the carrier looked like



THIS.

And still he went upon his rounds, his duty bound to do,
Though it was very evident he'd soon be out of view.
For, small at first, each summer day appeared to make him smaller,
And being far from tall at first, the heat made him no taller.
And so he melted, bit by bit, the hat remained the same,
Till on a frizzling August day his dissolution came.
And naught was seen of this poor man upon the broiling street
Except a great big helmet hat surmounting two large feet.



The Latin word for foot is *pes*, and here we have, eood! With P.O.D. upon the hat, two *pes* within a p.o.d.
—Swiz.

One of the best stops for a hand-organ is a pewter dime.

A well-known novelist was recently asked what he did to always keep the attention of his readers. "I have read a good deal," he replied, "and I always try to avoid what annoys me in other writers."

GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.