



### PECK'S BAD BOY VISITS THE DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

HOW HE ASTONISHED THE EDITOR—HE TELLS HIM THAT HE'S GLAD HE CONVERTED HIM.

"Hello there! hello, I say," exclaimed the editor, as the bad boy came tumbling with unnecessary noise and clatter into the sanctum. "Guess you're excited this morning?"

"Betcher life I am," said the bad boy, as he flourished the last copy of the *Dominion Churchman* in the air, "betcher life I am."

"What's up now," said the editor, with a beaming countenance, as he saw that the bad boy had taken to religious literature, "glad to see you have a copy of our paper,—hope it will do you good."

"You bet. Lot's of good. There wasn't no encouragement to a boy to be good before, the religious papers were all so down on him. You see a few weeks ago pa came hum awful mad, as if he'd shasayed hisself round the corner on an orange peel, and whisked out one of your papers, Jan. 17th it was, 'See here 'sez he, 'ye young scoundrel, what disgrace ye're bringing on me,' and he reads: *Poison in the Press.—A contemporary draws attention to the abominable literature being issued for the amusement of boys. In the town where one paper is issued, in which a series of most vulgar articles have appeared, describing the adventures of a "bad boy," there has been a terrible outbreak of juvenile crime of the "bad boy" type, which may bring some of these youths to the penitentiary. At another place, close by, no less than seven incendiary fires have been traced to boys who have started on a career of crime in imitation of these popular bad boy stories.*

"My eye! Pa was mad, you bet, and gave me an introduction to the hard side of a bed slat, but I'm durned glad to see you've let up on me in the last one," and the bad boy whirled the paper over his head with a war whoop, and tumbled against the coal stove.

"Look out!" said the editor.

"Betcher life" said the bad boy, "don't want to get burned too soon now, since you've got me respectable and funny like in your paper. But that was rough when you called me vulgar. Glad you've come round, though."

"Well, well—I must explain," faltered the editor.

"There ain't no call to apologize," said the bad boy, with another war whoop, "glad to be in your 'Children's Department,' it'll make it livelier than it ever was before, and 'll please pa to see me in sech good company. Betcher life that was good about Petley's, though he wasn't there neither, I don't have to go to Petley's, to get clocs when there's so many incendiary fires about, how many did ye say—seven? It just tickled pa to death to see me in the 'Children's Department' of a religious paper, all among the good stories, after what ye said about me before. He jest smiled right

down to his liver pad, and promised ma a new dress and a ticket to the opera."

"But," said the editor, "my good boy——"  
"Now don't apologize," said the bad boy, "glad I've converted ye. Betcher life there's some encouragement for a boy," and he went out and hung up a sign in front of the office:—

"Dominion Churchman and Peck's Bad Boy General Advertiser."

### A TERRIBLE WARNING.

THE AWFUL EFFECT THAT MATRIMONY HAD ON A YOUNG MAN.

#### CHAP. I.

Merrily, merrily pealed the wedding bells on the morning when Casabianca Galoot and Maria Poodlepeg were made one. All who saw the happy pair on that joyous day prophesied a life of unalloyed bliss for the young couple, for Casabianca, though not wealthy, possessed talents far above the ordinary run of young men, and these promised to raise him to the highest pinnacle of literary fame; for literature was Galoot's strong hold and, young though he was, he had already written several articles for GRIP, which, owing to a scarcity of copy just about the time they had been handed in, had been accepted and published. Nor were comic and light writing Casabianca's sole forte: he had written scientific essays which had been read before assemblages of grave men with high foreheads, bald heads and spectacles, and a generally musty appearance, and which had been highly commended by these savants. His articles on "The Diversity of Bad Smells along the Banks of the Don," and "Pumpkin Pie as a Deterrent of Crime," had created a very favorable impression, and it was rumoured that the editorial chair of "Victor B. Hall's *Outcry*" might soon be filled by the talented young man, and a brilliant career was prophesied for him. One thing alone tended to mar his prospects, and that was his sensitive, nervous temperament which was so powerfully affected by the most trivial incidents. The sight of a bleeding pig's foot in a cook-shop window had been known to throw him off his base for a whole week, and he had been prostrated on a bed of sickness by sitting down suddenly on a bent pin. These little things will show the reader that the young man ought never to have entered the married state, in which he was so liable to be shocked by unlooked-for incidents such as the sight of his wife's foot uncovered by a boot; the apparition of Maria's beautiful wavy tresses hanging from a hook on the wall, or of her lovely pearly teeth at the bottom of a tumbler of water.

However, he was married, and for six weeks dwelt in a state of unalloyed bliss which he thought would never end.

#### CHAP. II.

"Lend me a couple of dollars, Maria?" he asked his six weeks' bride one morning.

"Cert, Cas; go up into my room and you'll find my porte-monnaie in the pocket of my blue silk dress in the wardrobe; bring it here, that's a good fellow."

Full of the most unflinching confidence in his lovely bride, Casabianca ascended the staircase and sought the garment mentioned. He found it.

An hour elapsed and still Maria sat awaiting the return of her husband. She noticed not the flight of time, for her thoughts were happy ones, but when another sixty minutes had melted into the past she began to grow uneasy and to wonder what detained Casabianca. She was on the point of rising to go in search of him when a succession of shrill, piercing screams rang through the house; screams so terrible and blood-curdling that Maria's spinal

column felt like one long, vertebrated icicle. With faltering steps she flew up the stairs in the direction whence the yells proceeded. She dashed into her bed-room and her heart fell like a lump of dough when she saw what was there. Near the wardrobe stood her darling husband holding the blue silk dress at arm's length in his hand; his eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets in horror, and a wild glare in them showed that reason had deserted her throne and that Casabianca Galoot was a raving maniac. Yell after yell, shriek after shriek, burst from the foaming, livid lips, and as Maria dashed towards him, Casabianca fell to the floor a hopeless, gibbering lunatic.

For two hours he had searched for the pocket in Maria's dress: he could feel the porte-monnaie inside, but where the opening might be was a mystery that had proved too much for the poor fellow's highly-wrought nervous system.

Let other young men of similar temperaments take warning by the awful fate of Casabianca Galoot.

### TEDDY O'TOOLE'S ADDRESS TO "HARD TIMES."

His accidental meeting with his old mate, Tim Carthy, and their conversation.

BY T. MCTUFF.

Arrah! phat brings ye back here ye ugly old villin, Mc moind wid the direst forebodins a fillin'; Shure I thought whin the last toime from here ye wer banished,

Yer wretched ould shadow fur iver had vanished, An' that wid good pilots controllin' the helix Uv our good ship uv State, nivr more in this realm We'd be cursed wid yer presence, and workin' min would liv' employment in plinty, wid cash to the good, Thus givin' thim some uv life's dainties a share. Much loike "Miss McFlimsy wid nothin' to wear." Besides now an' thim a wee drap uv the "erature" To brighten our lives an' enliven our nature, Thus makin' the rough road we thraवल more plisint, Than it has bin in by-gones or is now at prisint; Whin yer sentence was passed, sure I've 'tilley for proof, For ten years ye ne'er in this land would set hoof; Yet here ye are back whin scarce four hev gone bye. Our rulers and jurists aloike to defy, An' ye've taken up yer quarters in city and town, Determined to stay there whoever may frown; An' though some mane journals may give it denial Yer presence sets all their pretexs at defial.

Yet thinkin' perhaps that I might be mistaken, An' that meself only, by luck was forsaken, To-day—as fur weeks past—in travellin' the street Wid me hands in me pockets, I happened to meet Me ould mate, Tim Carthy, a good decent lad:— Says I to meself, Tull, yer in luck now beud! Fur I knew that to labor he ne'er was unwilling! Nor his pockets e'er yit knew the lack uv a shillin'; Even when ould McKenzie was handlin' the Ship, He ne'er had occasion to hang down his lip, For bein' a stout boy, trim, trusty, an' nate, Chuck full of ambition, strong nerve, an' consate, But few boys could bate him from out the Ould Sod At handlin' a pick axe, a shovel, or hod, An' his services always were in good demand If there was ere a tap to be done in the land.

Good mornin', friend Tim, shure I'm glad ye I've met, For me stomach wid trouble is sorely beset: I've travelled a month now a lookin' for work, — An' ye know my dear Tim that I ne'er was a shirk; But willin' at all times to do what I could To furnish me darlins wid raiment an' food: Whilst Biddy, God bless her, is doin' her best— Yet wid all our endeavors we're greatly distressed; An' I thought me dear boy, whin I met ye to-day, That ye might have a dollar or two laid awsy, Which ye would for a short time be willin' to lend To aid an' assist yer ould comrade an' friend. The look which he gave me I'll never forget, As wid eyes flashin' fire, an' wid teeth firmly set He rolled out a very christianlike oath— But to publish it here I would be very loath Suttice it to say, 'twas our rulers he cursed, An' he hoped e'er'y mother's son uv thim would burst. For whilst they are livin' in bust uv good cheer Wid their cocktails an' punch an' eight thousand a year An' boastin' their millions of surplus galore, We poor min can scarce keep the wolf from the door. That the stories they told us uv forthcoming wealth, Wer nothing but chap trays to elevate self, An' meant but their poor silly dupes to deceive, Whilst we poor gossons each word did believe, Supportin' them in their pretentions twice over Expectin' thereafter to revel in clover,— An' yet found the goose laid the golden egg To plensh our larder, an' fill up our keg.