

TO MY FRIEND STIGGINS ON HIS BIRTHDAY.



TIGGINS! you are a man of many parts
 But folks don't know it,
 Down where the Don its silvery waters darts
 You live and go it;
 A humble dry-goods man you are by trade,
 But not by nature;
 For if we had our rights you are just made
 For legislature.
 The way you handle of your goods is fine,
 There's no discounting;
 Much finer than the goods, which I opine,

Are not amounting
 Quite up to what you crack 'em to the buyers,
 But that's no matter;
 For it's well known as retail men are liars
 When they chatter.
 And so are politicians. When you talk
 You can persuade
 The blackest charcoal is the whitest chalk,
 And ain't afraid
 Of any Ananias business when
 You've finished that;
 But if it's necessary you turn round again
 And prove quite pat
 That whitewash is as black as any coal,
 And that's the nature
 Of men who sit without an ounce of soul
 In the Legislature.

HENRY 'OPKINS.

COMMERCIAL AND LEGAL MORALITY.

MR. GRIP,—In *re* J. B. McKay & Co., the Toronto Board of Trade say they will not flinch from investigating and punishing such cases “with a view to enforcing that *straight-forward honesty and rectitude* so essential to the proper conduct of business everywhere.”

The *Canada Law Journal* commenting on this says “We think that a good moral may be derived from the report of our own Law Society, who, it is to be hoped will always enforce with equal firmness any *crooked* or *unprofessional dealings* among members of the profession which may be brought to their notice.” Sec. xxiii L.J. 381 & 397.

Will you Mr. GRIP, as our great censor of public morals, please to ask the *Journal* why he hopes the Legal Society will always enforce crooked and unprofessional dealings, while the commercial body is enforcing straight-forward honesty and rectitude?

SOLICITOR.

DR. CLEARY VS. BISHOP OF KINGSTON.

SCENE, Kingston. Farewell function prior to departure of the R.C. Bishop for Rome. Dr. Cleary is speaking:

“Assure your parishioners that if the Bishop of Kingston should ever hear anybody accuse the public school girls of immodesty, in any public assembly in Canada or elsewhere, he is prepared to stand up and indignantly repel it!”

Voice from audience—“You should have been up at Napanee the other day!!”

“COMPANY in distress makes trouble less.” A company of defeated soldiers does not,

WHY WE MOVED.

We had no fault to find with the house—none whatever. It was well built, comfortable, “with all modern conveniences,” as per advertisement. Moreover, our neighbors on both sides seemed to be very decent people indeed. And again, moreover, there was a nice little girl next door to the left whom I used to watch going and returning from down town at all odd hours of the day. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to watch her coming home and to meet the sly glance of her dark eye as it swept our windows rapidly in passing. Oh, I liked our new house very well indeed—suited me to a T. Sometimes I met her down town, and though she pretended not to see me I could tell by the expression of her face that she knew I was the young man who lived next door. That is, I really began to feel interested in the little thing, who I judged must be musical from the fact of her carrying a music book. But one morning about six o'clock (you know I never get up till eight), I was awakened by what I thought was a death howl uttered by some stray dog in the back yard. I shuddered, and ducked under the blankets—when a shriek, loud, long, and dying off into a shivering wail brought me up with stiffened ears to the surface. “Curse the cats!” I muttered, and tucking the blanket closer around my back I turned to enjoy my morning nap. Alas! like Macbeth I could sleep no more, for again that shriek, but this time winding up with a ha-ha-ha aw-aw-aw smote upon my tympanum with redoubled force. This was followed by a succession of the most demoniac sounds within the range of two and a quarter octaves. In fact, from the hollow tooting of a fog horn to the tuning up of a bagpipe. To say that I got up with a headache but ill describes my condition physically and mentally.

On completion of my toilet my first plunge was into the kitchen to demand the reason of such a deuce of a row at that hour in the morning. But one glance at Bridget's innocent face and unkempt locks as with unbuttoned wrapper she lit the kitchen fire convinced me that none of her relatives were dead, and that therefore she had not been rehearsing a “keenin” in advance of the wake. “Did yez hear that murderin' howl, sur?” she inquired, turning on me her large blue eyes. “Shure but it was a grate warnin' thin.”

Before this the sounds had subsided. So too had my irritation, although my wonder as to where the sounds came from puzzled me all day. So much so that I made an entry to “Mr. Deathhowl” instead of to “Mr. Donald.”

I retired early to make up for my lost two hours, gloating not a little on the luxurious nap I should have next morning. Well, sir, next morning, just as the six bells ceased clanging there broke on my ear the identical shriek of the previous morning. A large blue cussword escaped my lips as I leapt from the bed, and seizing the boot-jack strode to the window prepared to fire it at the first animal that hove in sight. But no animal appearing I returned, shivering with cold and rage, to my bed. And, sir, that howling went on uninterrupted for a full half hour. And in that time I made a discovery—the sounds issued from the next door to the left! A lunatic must be confined there, I said to myself—and I thought with pity of the little girl with the dark eyes. Imagine my surprise when Professor Bragadocio informed me that I lived next door to his most promising pupil, and that he expected her to make a sensation in the musical world, as a result of the course of study she had just begun. “Begun!” I gasped. “When will she end?”