

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

ANOTHER AVALANCHE SWOOPING DOWN ON THE DOOMED GOVERNMENT.

CERTAIN, IMMEDIATE ROUT OF THE GRASPING, GRINDING CREW.

OUR NEW CORRESPONDENT DOES A GRAND WORK—WHERE AND HOW HE ACCOMPLISHED IT—A PANIC, WITH ALL THAT THE TERM IMPLIES.

(From our Accredited Ambassador.)

OTTAWA, Last Night.

"THE GRIPPER" sends you herewith greeting and condolence.

I am fully prepared to appreciate the shock which this singular style of introduction will occasion and, if I were near enough, you would not suffer for lack of prompt restorative measures, provided your able office-assistant did not object to run out and get the flask filled, while I gently held you up. In my absence, however, I can only tender advice. Oh, that I were there to make it sealed tender! A sort of green seal, so to speak! Be a man, and struggle out the back way to the sample room by yourself! If you summon resolution and the money you will succeed. It's cheaper, too, to be a standing committee of one, with power but no inclination to add to the number. Once more, therefore, I say be a man!—

[Please excuse me here for a moment. I have just resolved to be a man, myself, while the wire wizard worries at my last page.]

Ah! Yum!! Yes, sir, I *did* take a good one. And I needed it bad. I have, sir, a duty to perform on this occasion which requires all my strength of will, honesty of purpose, power of brain concentration and delicacy of feeling to discharge—in the first place, satisfactorily to you, sir, and in the second place, acceptably to the waiting world.

[While the telegraph operator is audibly wondering what kind fate has sent another christian worker in the Lightning Monopoly Vineyard to break him, I shall go out for a breath of fresh air. Besides, the young man looks as if he might forget his early training and swear; whereupon I should feel bound to reprove him and thereby incur his hatred and the delay or mutilation of my despatch.]

Ho! Here we are again! While out I met a man, I might casually remark. That man has important state secrets I must pump out of him. To this end I shall treat him liberally, not, of course, on Reform principles. I saw from the size of the bowl he took that he can stand liberal treatment, if I can, I hope the office contingencies fund also can. Of course, I must imbibe only at rare intervals, that, paradoxically, I may have my work well done. He shall indulge *ad libitum*, though he says he does not lib at him while the House is in session. One Minister or another is sure to make a guest of him. What information I worm out of him will be reserved for a future despatch. The country must not be unnecessarily alarmed, nor my gentle friend, the Ticker Pirate, unduly crowded. I have lots right now to make public opinion rear up on its hind legs, as you will observe further on in this message.

But stay! I promised that man I would run out inside two minutes and make a definite appointment with him. Pardon a brief delay at this point for obvious reasons. It is the man's fault. Later on there will be delay in his getting down to the House for oblivious reasons. It will then be my fault.

Once more I am on deck, my dear boy, I tell you I've got the whole job on that man put up in dandy shape. Oh, I'm no snoozer when the news needs nosing, I tell you. I'm a wake deck-hand on the look-out every trip. But, as I started out to tell you in the opening stanza of the Ode to Liberty, I'm your new

correspondent. The other distinguished party has skipped,

And you'll never see
Your Gripper any more
He has sailed across the ocean
In his little berth so snug,
And maybe now he runs
A grocery store!

But ain't I a daisy successor, old pard? Say yes, and give us it with full orchestra accompaniment! I'm right from the top shelf; a triple-plated, fast-color, now-is-the-time-to-subscribe gooseberry pie, and you just put it down in your autograph album. GRIPPER was no moss-back, lemme tell you, guv., but I see GRIPPER and raise him every time till the table won't hold the pile. I'm going to give you the points about old GRIPPER's go-back:—
[Back in one jiff. Want to see if that man —]

Say, lesse whar we war! Oh, cert., I've caught on agin good'n solid. Was givin' you the GRIPPER gag, Well, GRIPPER was too much fur the Gov'ment and they went work'n bot him off. Fact, me boy—gospel truth! Sent him 'cross th'oshun with dip full 'f coin! Bad fur you, cully, oney I happened 'long take th' plaish. Now, 'm goin' t'send you besht d'spash y'ever shee. Full up Guv'ment schan'l, bribery, c'rupshun, and—whash'y' call't when fellar givsh 'lashuns fashobs?—Well,—

[Shtop whar y'are 'jush four shakshs]
H. wdy, pard? 'Shallride! Gimme' norder fur hunner dollarsh b' tel'graphy 'nijetly. Jush seen man n he waush money 'fore he'll pumme ontoworshack't ever wash! Psh'fic contrac' Railwaysh Sir Joush Blake'n me Cartwheel Tooley—

[Skoooshmo hallshk'nd, olman].
Yesshirc! 'shme writin thish doneyufiergert. Been at sh'loon shee man'n heshfullerngote. My namesh GRIPPER. Otherfellarshnamesh GRIPPER. 'M GRIPPER cosh take painsh wish d'spash! Hoop!!—

[Note by telegraph operator:—The rest of the copy belonging to this despatch is so peculiar that I am afraid to go on with it. Already an enquiry has come from the head office asking which operator here is intoxicated. It will be kept here at your risk. I might add that the risk of some other operator essaying to despatch it, and destroying it in his frenzy, is not inconsiderable.]

[To the public: GRIP not being at home I have taken the liberty to head this despatch in my best style. Any little omissions in the headlines will please be overlooked by the public, who must be aware that a proof-reader only sees words and trusts to luck for the sense—THE INTELLIGENT PROOF-READER.]

A HORSE-CAR INCIDENT.

An entertaining horse-car incident is reported by the *New York Times*. Two fashionably dressed young women, one with a water spaniel in a leash of rawhide, get into a car, wherein are four passengers, one a stern, savage looking old man, wearing gold-bowed glasses, and reading a newspaper. The spaniel, immediately on entering, looks around and spies the old gentleman. He evidently takes him for an old friend, for he places his fore paws on the old gentleman's knees and gives two or three barks of delight and moves his paws once down the old gentleman's trousers. The o. g. does not reciprocate the canine's manifestations of delight. He places his boot under the dog's ribs, and with "Get out you cur!" lifts him the entire length of the car. The pup, no doubt, would have continued on his mad career were it not for the tension of the rawhide thong attached to the wrist of his mistress. She exchanges a glance of indignation with her companion at this evidence of "man's inhumanity" to dogs. The dog whines, the passengers snicker. After a minute or two the stern passenger is heard from once more. He

shouts: "Conductor, is this a dog car?" The tall blonde is equal to the emergency, and, looking straight in the inquirer's eye, murmured softly: "If it was not for brutes the conductor would have told you when you were getting on." The o. g. glares, the passengers laugh, the girls look pleased, and the surly passenger soon gets off.

THE SHEARS AND THE COCKROACH.

A Pair of Shears which had long Occupied an Editorial Table one day Observed a Cockroach going for the Paste-Pot, and promptly called out:

"How now, you Vagrant!"
"Who's a Vagrant?"
"You are, and I warn you to take yourself off!"

"See here," said the cockroach, as he came to a sudden halt. "I don't want to crowd Anybody off the Editorial Staff, but I must warn you that, while plenty of Editors never have any use for Shears, no Newspaper Office in this country can be run without Cockroaches!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The old proverb says that "Care will kill a cat." If that is correct a large consignment of care can find employment for some time in our back yard.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

The decadence of Spain began when the Spaniards adopted cigarettes, and if this pernicious practice obtains among adult Americans the ruin of the Republic is close at hand.—*Boston Transcript*. And must the "fires of freedom, kindled on the altar of liberty," vanish in smoke? Forbid it, Uncle Sam.—*Boston Courier*.

"Yes," remarked the army surgeon, "mustard was the great cure-all during the war, and its curative properties got to be so well known that the men used to ask for it. Why, I've had no less than a dozen men made well in one day by a tablespoonful each of mustard. I'd say, 'Make this into a plaster, and I guarantee you'll be all right.' And so they would be. Not one of 'em'd be on the sick list next day. I tell you, sir, I became a great believer in the virtue of a mustard plaster until I learned one day that they put the mustard inside instead of outside their bodies. In short, mustard not being a regular food ration, they found a way of making it one. Mustard was in great demand in our regiment. Perhaps that is what made the men so smart."—*Boston Transcript*.

An Irishman, seeing the gas lighted after his arrival in London, examined the fixture closely, went to a store and purchased one like it, threw up a good job and returned post-haste to Ireland. "An' why is it ye're home so soon?" inquired his old mother. "Shure, whisht it is, mother. It's a fortune I've brought behind me. Wait a bit, an' I'll show ye." Pat accordingly proceeded to make a hole in the mud wall and to fix the gas pipe therein. "In about the waste of a minute yer eyes'll be fit to hang me hat on," he remarked to the wondering family, as he struck a match and applied it to the end of the pipe. Match after match burned away without producing the brilliant flame which Pat had seen in London. He sat down and scratched his head in despair. "Shure," he said, "if it would only go as it wint in London, I'd 'a made no end of a fortune sellin' it."