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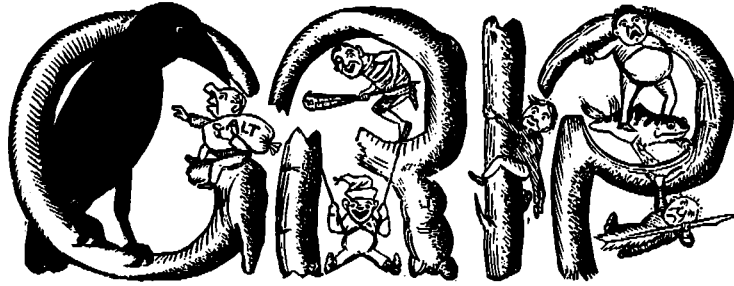
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The greatest Fish is the Ogster; the greatest Man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

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BRADLAUGH VERSUS BULL.



1ST GENT—"What is he that did make it? See, my  
lord, would you not deem it breathe, and that those  
veins did verily bear blood."  
2ND GENT—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else  
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.**Notice to Subscribers.**

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**Cartoon Comments.**

**LEADING CARTOON.**—Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill, after a successful passage of the Lower House, is now being discussed in the Upper Chamber. The temper displayed by the peers makes it probable that it will ultimately be handed back to its originators in something of the condition represented in our cartoon.

**FRONT PAGE.**—Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, duly elected M.P. for Northampton, made a physical force attempt to enter the British House of Commons and take his seat one day last week, but was prevented by the authorities of the House, aided by the police. He signifies his intention to renew the struggle, though it is said he sustained serious injuries in the scrimmage attending the former effort. We have elsewhere in this issue expressed our opinion on the question involved in this unpleasantness.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Yonge street, from King to Queen, is at present "No thoroughfare, by order of the City Engineer," the work of laying a new pavement being in progress. Grip is glad to see Yonge street improved, for there was plenty of room for it—but he joins with the majority of the citizens in condemning the one-horse manner in which the contract is being carried out. If the present system continues, it will be months before the job is finished, whereas an increase in the number of men, and the addition of a night gang would greatly expediate matters. Electric light has been suggested, but the contractors declare it would be too expensive. Our cartoon suggests another method by which our city aldermen might assist the contractor and prove that they are really of some use to the ratepayers.

The agitation at present going on amongst the dynamite wing of the Fenian body, and the universal wail we are hearing over Ireland's wrongs, may commend this "Happy Thought" to the attention of some of the hot-headed patriots.

**To Correspondents.**

**H. J. C.**—Verses respectfully declined, chiefly on account of the extensive repairs needed before they are suitable for use.

**Alarmed Reader of the Mail.**—Calm your fears; Hartmann has not joined Blake and Laurier in the lower Provinces. His whereabouts at the present moment are unknown.

**Cell.**—Many thanks for your letter, with enclosed clipping of a "vile insult to a race that, whatever their faults, could never be accused of cowardice." You cannot belong to that race or you would not have sent us an anonymous letter, therefore we trust your personal feelings have not been injured.

**Yonge Street Merchant.**—You should not allow your feelings to get the better of you. Be reasonable, and reflect that so long as the car-tracks are torn up and the street in that impassable condition, you can carry on your business without having the constant din of the wheels in your ears, and need fear no annoyance from the snow blockade battles you suffered from last winter.



The Press Association party who participated in the excursion this year numbered 22 genuine journalists and, according to the Peterborough *Examiner*, "one interloper." A very pleasant time was enjoyed by the brethren of the quill, chiefly due to the presence of Mr. Stewart of the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, who was pronounced "a genius and the prince of good fellows." Mr. A. J. Barker Pen-ø, of the *Kingston Whig* was elected president of the Association for the ensuing year.

Collectors of literary curiosities should find space in their albums for the unique series of lingual variations on the popular gag, "Are you going to the ball this evening? Not this evening," etc., etc., which have just been concluded in *Puck*. Commencing when the expression first came out, *Puck* has given it regularly every week since, each repetition being in a different language, all genuinely translated. A Sanscrit version, and a rendition into the native tongue of the Sandwich Islands, in last week's number, concluded the series.

Messrs. James Campbell & Sons have favored us with some specimens of their Christmas cards, already in the market for the approaching season. The cards are of highly artistic design and execution, and are entirely worthy of the London house from which they come.

"Fair Trade" is good. The genius who hit upon the phrase is the natural heir of Beaconsfield, and ought to get the leadership forthwith. It is commented on as a peculiar coincidence that John A. happened to be in England when the happy battle-cry first made its appearance.

By the way, seriously, if Sir John was a little younger (though he is even now many years the junior of Gladstone) he would make a first rate successor to the late Earl. He has many of the mental as well as physical endowments of Beaconsfield, and approaches more nearly to that statesman in capacity for leading a party than any of the English public men. And if the arrangement suited the Conservatives of the old country it would no doubt suit our Premier still better. He would not give the world so many scholarly aphorisms as Dizzy might, but there would undoubtedly be a repetition of the policy of glitter and jingo.

The play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appears to retain its hold on the affections of the people more than any similar work in existence. At present this fine drama is receiving an elaborate representation at the Pavilion by Mr. Fred R. Wern's Company. A pack of genuine Southern bloodhounds take part in the performance, which is realistic in the extreme.

The Oddfellows' Grand Lodge of Ontario have been holding a gala in Brantford this week, and as a consequence the gay little city has been gayer than ever, whereas the merchants have had cause to rejoice. The visiting brethren were handsomely treated, which is no more than they deserved, for a better lot of men than the Oddfellows, taking them all round, do not exist.

The *Saturday American* comes to us from Toledo, O. It is a handsomely printed sheet of the society gossip order so popular across the lines, and appears to be well edited. The editor, however, is rather too much given to the dispensing of taffy to his brother paragraphers, devoting in fact a regular department in each issue to this sweetmeat business. The *American* is good, but what sort of a citizen is a *Saturday American*?

The people of Quebec are excessively touchy on certain points, especially on all subjects appertaining to their ecclesiastical relations. The *Globe* correspondent has aroused a hornet's nest by stating a few simple facts as he alleges them to be, whereas the editor expresses astonishment. He should have been prepared for this sort of thing, for the social condition of the Province of Quebec could no more be treated of without taking the priesthood into account than *Hamlet* could be played without the Prince.

"The collectors for the Toronto regatta struck a Colborne street saloon for a subscription yesterday. The proprietor, who is a regular jewel of a man, gave them \$5. They went outside, held a consultation, re-entered the saloon, returned the money and then shook the dust off their feet. The magnanimous subscription was too much for them."—*World local.*

Perhaps the *World* reporter wasn't informed that this jewel of a man was impertinently told that his voluntary subscription of so modest a sum was a "blot on their book," when he very properly demanded the return of the money and drew his pen through his name with the remark that perhaps that would look better. We rather opine the joke in this instance was against the gentlemanly collectors, especially as the jewel afterwards subscribed \$25 to another collector.

If anything is well calculated to raise up friends to Bradlaugh and even make proselytes to his atheistic creed, or want of creed, it is just such conduct as has been indulged in by the authorities of the British House of Commons. Had any sensational novelist dared to describe the brute-force ejection of a duly elected member from a British Assembly in the nineteenth century he would have been sneered at by the critics as altogether too much a child of imagination. Yet we have actually been witnesses to such an outrage. And worst of all, we are told that the ruffianly proceeding had the approval of both Gladstone and Salisbury, as well as a great majority of their respective followers.

The Hon. Mark Tapley evidently holds a portfolio in the Provincial Government of British Columbia. Here is an official notice recently issued:—

"I say and don't you forget it, that unless you pay your Provincial taxes during the pleasant of June, in the warm days of July you will find that with the increase in the heat there is a corresponding increase in the rate of taxes. A jump of 25 degrees takes place between 4 p. m. June 30th and 10 a. m. July 1st. Strange but nevertheless true."

The Halifax *Chronicle* berates this minister for his unseemly levity, which is quite natural, as local government is a mighty serious thing in Nova Scotia. But isn't the light-hearted official as likely to get in the taxes promptly as the awful red-tapeist?

A great institution like the *Mail* ought to be able to afford to send its dyspeptic little editor to the seaside during the dog-days. Confinement in the city,—even in the airy tower on King street—doesn't at all agree with him. It makes him nervous, sour, and cantankerous. It even affects his mental vision to an alarming extent for, judging by Tuesday's paper, he is under the impression that the Grit leaders are skulking around trying to assassinate somebody. It is too bad that a great mind like this should become deranged simply for want of a little fresh air, and we are sure Mr. Bunting will be only too happy to grant the editor a brief holiday when the melancholy case is brought to his knowledge. But come to think of it, the seaside would'n't do. Blake is in that vicinity, and the air tainted by such a presence could only aggravate the poor little fellow's malady.

Mr. Houston, who is the *Globe's* commissioner accompanying Mr. Blake, has incurred the ire of Senator Boyd, by describing that gentleman as the most vulgarly abusive politician of them all in New Brunswick. We have no idea what Senator Boyd would look like under the influence of ire, as his countenance is photographed in the walls of our memory with an unvarying and perennial expression of joviality. But he probably does well to be angry, as the report is manifestly incorrect. Mr. Boyd can toast a political opponent when he kes with sarcasm and ridicule, but "vulgar abuse" would sound strangely from his lips amongst those who know him.

Hartmann has taken refuge in Canada, the home of the free, and sings with Mr. Edgar, "The wild woods, the wild woods, the wild woods give to me!" Hartmann is "wanted" in Russia, but he is by no means wanted here. However, there is no occasion for alarm, as the notorious Nihilist is not likely to undertake a propaganda with the police at his heels, and even if he did go about blathering Socialism he would find the Canadian mind barren ground for his seed. Canada is the freest and best country on earth—notwithstanding that it has more politics and politicians than any other country; it has Grip to keep an eye on the latter, and that equalizes the account.



SLASHBUSH ON NIHILISM.

Gustavus Slashbush sat on the front stoop of the old homestead with the *Daily Mail* in his hand and a savage expression in his eye. The setting sun cast a crimson gleam across the meadows, and the reflection from the white-washed fence struck abwart the countenance of the young philosopher, heightening his fiery aspect to a degree. He had been reading something which evidently excited his feelings, and now his whole aspect was that of a man who was aching to fire off the enthusiasm with which he was surcharged, into some appreciative ear. Just in the niche of time Almira emerged from the front door with a partly finished "tidy" in one hand and a parlor chair in the other.

"Almity!" burst forth Gustavus, almost before that young lady had planted one foot on the verandah. "I would not change places with the Czar of Russia for forty-four dollars, even though he does wear a crown!"

"The Sar of Russia? Who's he—any relation to them folks that's camping down by our creek?"

"Naw!" exclaimed Gustavus, with a vehemence that was far from gallant. "He's the Czar, the monarch, the king, the emperor, the grand panjandrum, so to speak, of Russia; and Russia is a big country—one of the great powers you've heard tell of; a land that is immense in mileage but don't have any M. P's to collect mileage fees; the country that is represented by the grizzly bear, and which is con-

ducted on the same principles that guide grizzly bears in general. I regret to state that Russia is the land of the prisoner and the home of the slave!"

"Goodness mo, Gus! you look awful warm. Are you still a-wearin' your heavy flannels?"

"Flannels? Yes!" said Gustavus, with renewed energy. "This Canada of ours is a free and glorious place, and we can wear what we like and do as we like, but the poor, wretched Russians, they can only wear what the Czar let's 'em, and they dassen't swaller loud or take a long breath for fear of bein' sent to the Siberian mines!"

"Where's that?" queried Almira, gazing off in the direction of the farm lane, where she thought she descried the figures of some of the city folks who had come to camp on the Slashbush estate.

"Where's the Siberian mines? I don't know exactly where they are located, but it's in Siberia, I guess," answered Gustavus. "It's a mighty measy spot wherever it is, and at the present time it is as chuck full of poor, broken down Russians as that chicken's crop is of corn," and the speaker pointed his long finger at the subject of his happy illustration which was perched upon an adjacent fence.

"And why are they sent there? Are they murderers and burglars? No, Almira. They are most of 'em as decent folks as you and me, and the only charge agin 'em is that they have dared to hanker after liberty. Are you aware that the Russians dassen't get out a newspaper without letting the Czar read all the proofs so he can score out any editorials he don't like? Why, Almira, his power is absolute, and he can, just from pure cussedness, strike out every bit of spring poetry if he likes!"

"So he'd ought to, if its anything like the stuff you sent to the *Tamracville Calliope* last week," responded Almira, with a decided air.

"Well, but that isn't the question," returned Gustavus. "I want to know if it isn't outrageous for any man to have such powers? I know I wouldn't stand it, and I'm glad to see by the *Mail* here that the Russians don't propose to stand it any longer, either. They have just given the Czar notice that his funeral is to come off before long if he doesn't come to time. But the Czar appears to be a full-grown fool, and it ain't likely he will act sensible. He prefers to go round a little seven-by-nine room with three or four iron shirts on, and his pockets full of pistols, with policemen in each corner and one a-settin' on the table, all for the glory of being king of the Russians, though he don't dare to poke his nose out to see how the crops are gettin' on. I repeat, Almira, that I wouldn't change places with the Czar for forty-five dollars cash. And if Hartmann comes to this farm seeking for shelter I'm going to give him a soft bunk in the hay mow and a good square meal, to show him my sympathies are on the side of liberty!"



"You'd better let Hartmann alone, whoever he is," said Almira.

"Well, it ain't likely he'll come this way, but if he does I'll show him—"

"If you don't hussel round and git them cattle up from the paster in a couple of jiffies," roared old Slashbush, suddenly coming around the corner of the house, "I'll show you something with this gad, you lazy lubber!"

Gustavus laid down the *Mail* and silently stole away.

An indignant Yonge street merchant wants to know why our city fathers cannot lay their heads together and make a satisfactory block pavement for all time to come.



A FINE CHILD FO ADOPTION.

**Turn Not Away.***First Voice.*

Turn not away from me, my dearest!  
Let me look again on thy sweet face:  
Turn not away! Oh, can it be thou fearest  
Another could for thee my love efface;  
Oh, tell me dearest then, oh loved one say  
Why from me your sweet face you turn away!

*Second Voice.*

Oh, no, my only love, it is not coolness;  
Nor is it that I think you've proved untrue;  
I know your love I have in all its fullness;  
But yet to-night love I must say adieu!  
I pray you leave me,—although to part is pain.  
You won't,—I must disclose the mystery:  
Why do I turn from thee? I will explain—  
I've eaten four large onions for my tea!

**Ye Flea.***Lively times in Hoboken, U. S.*

A special meeting of the Town Council of Hoboken was held the other evening. Present, —Messrs. Hotch, Ivegotem, Gracious, Bentsall, Ketchum, Didnever, Grinandbearit, Aldermen; Mayor Goforem in the chair.

His Worship the Mayor rose to explain the object of the meeting. They had met, as they well knew, to devise means for the expulsion of a class of enigrants yeleft fleas. They had a most demoralizing effect on the community, the majority of our citizens been reduced to a chronic state of yawn by the nocturnal activity of the lilliputian plagues. He would gladly listen to any suggestions, from the Aldermen present as to the best means of getting rid of these extraordinary enigrants, and s'help him, he could stand this no longer. Would they kindly excuse him if under the pressuro of necessity he pulled his shirt over his ears and went for the beggars then and there. (Murmurs of "Certainly," "By all means," "Go it, your worship" &c., &c., amid which the Mayor undid his collar, stripped, and was soon after them, Tally ho!)

Alderman Hotch who had been swearing softly to himself, as he wriggled uneasily in his chair, rose up and said he believed they'd be the death of him. Had'nt had a wink of sleep for the last three weeks, and last night when he had dropped off through sheer exhaustion, he was awakened by his wife screaming to go for the doctor, the baby had got scarlet fever bad. Found the doctor scratching like all possessed, and after bringing him all the way to his house, he got mad, called Mrs. Hotch a fool, and said the redness was only flea-bites. His mother-in-law had invested all her fortune in camomile flowers, but there they were as lively as ever. Didn't know what they were going to do.

Alderman Ketchum said he was about inventing an electro magnetic flea-trap, which when perfected—

Ald. Ivegotem (angrily).—Who's going to wait for your fly-trap anyway? If something

wasn't done soon it would be "Good-bye John," and that before long. He believed they came across the river from Castle Garden, and suggested that a barricade of blazing tar barrels be placed at the water's edge to prevent them landing.

Here a whoop from the Mayor announced the capture of the enemy, which he first killed and then exhibited, saying, "Revenge is sweet."

Ald. Gracious, who had been diligently engaged in putting his forefinger down suddenly in divers parts of his socks and then looking round disappointedly, here stood up in his bare feet. "He had never heard of anything like it since the old Roman invasion, nor seen anything like it since his trip to Rome (Italy), last summer. He never felt for any man in all his life so much as he did for Pharaoh last night, and he was sure if he had any Israelites in bond he'd let them go immediately if not sooner, if that would do any good. He thought a deputation ought to wait on Mr. Venour, weather clerk, Montreal, Canada, to petition him for a sharp instalment of frost in advance, and they would willingly take it out in mild spells about February.

Ald. Bentsall hadn't a fingernail left, nor, for that matter, a bit of whole skin, except what they saw on his face. He had cursed and swore more these few weeks than he had in years before. Last night he went to drown himself, but thought he'd wait till after this meeting, as it looked cowardly to forsake the Council at such a trying time. He had come to the conclusion that something ought to be done. To-night he proposed basting himself all over with molasses and sleeping in a nude condition on one of the cellar shelves and hoped by that means to scouro at least one night's rest.

Ald. Didnever requested a calm and impartial hearing. He thought the Council were in a state of physical and consequent mental irritability, quite incompatible with calm thought. He thought it possible, with the aid of modern science, to utilize these animals, and turn them to good account. A German philosopher had shown that they could be taught to propel a small wheelbarrow made of hair. He also fed them three times a day from his own arm. Now if these here could be induced to live on elephant's milk they would grow to such proportions that—Gentlemen! flesh and blood can't—; he begged to humbly apologize for his unphilosophical conduct, but really he must retire. He then retired to an antechamber, from whence came exclamations of an astonishing character.

Alderman Grinandbearit said he had heard a great deal of phlebotomy, but had never before experienced it personally. If he had been a believer in the transmigration of souls, he would say the spirits of all the defunct office-seekers from Declaration Day down, had entered into these fleas, for he could compare them to nothing but the suckers round the White House. If only they had been better acquainted with the old gentleman below stairs, he might have lent us a few devils who'd have run them right into the sea; but of course being total strangers, such a thing was not to be thought of. The only remedy was to get the individual flea under thumb, and then ten to one he ain't there.

Mayor Goforem, who by this time had resumed his apparel and was sitting in comparative comfort, thought that they ought to appoint a committee to deal with the matter, and announced his intention of writing to Mr. Garr, of Canada, in order to induce him to use his boundless influence in favor of annexation. Could we only get our neighbors to annex, this plague could be spread over "fresh fields and pastures new," along with the taxes and other benefits which we would most cheerfully share with them.

The meeting then adjourned, the members clutching handfuls of their clothing and rubbing their limbs intermittently therewith.

**Love Letter Writing Under Difficulties.**

Get oot the gate ye glaikit flec,  
An' dinna draggle a' my paper!  
A perfect nuisance ye're tae me,  
Would that ye were a floating vapor,  
Or that ye had na bein' got,  
For aye when I begin the writin',  
Ye flee intae the ink, then blot  
My guide clean paper, me despitin'.

If twas a sang I socht to write,  
I wadna care a single spittal,  
But something else I wad indite,  
That is than poetry far mair kittle.  
The Frenchman ca's't a *billet doux*,  
The Englishman, a lone epistle,  
But I maun mak' it plain tae you,  
In Scotch, and pointed as a thistle.

It is a—'tis a—in a word—  
(My heid is turning doonricht dizzie.)  
A few lines for my bonnie bird,  
My charmin', a' suppassin' Lizzie.

There ne'er was ain in a' this earth,  
That bore the stamp o' Eve oor mither,  
Mair fond o' fun, or fir, o' mirth,  
Than Lizz, wham I lo'e as a brither.

What! as a brither did I say,  
Can ye suppose a lo'e mair tender?  
Ye can. If 'tis a crime, ye may  
Put me doon as a rash offender.

But O, the fa't lies na wi' me,  
The fa't is hers, if fa't there's ony;  
Her tender heart an' pale blue e'e;  
Her smilin' mow, an' broo sae bonnie.

'Twas these that wrocht the unco spell,  
That mak's me stan' condemned afore ye,  
But hoo it is I canna tell,  
That this strange feelin' has cam' o'er me.

I was contented aye before,  
But since I've seen her face, I'm wantin'  
Mair siller added tae my store,  
An' after something else I'm pantin'.

That something else is her ain dear sel',  
Tae be forever mair aside me,  
While in this changefu' earth I dwell,  
Sharin' the pleasures that beside me.

Her joys are mine when she is mine,  
And mine are hers when we're united;  
Oor happiness can never tire—  
In her delights I'll be delighted.

The sorrows and the cares o' life,  
Will be farlichter when divided;  
And we'll divide them—man an' wife,  
By true love's star we shall be guid!

But noo, enough, I've sharedly said,  
Far mair at least than I intended,  
Sae noo I'll slip intae my bed,  
An' on the morn tae Lizz, I'll send it.

Guid night, dear lass, my note I'll en',  
I'm yours forever,  
A. McN.

LIZZIE'S REPLY.

Ye sae "the flec is glaikit,"  
In fact I think it's true;  
It maun hae been a glaikit flec,  
Inspired a fule like you.

For glaikit flecs, an' glaikit men,  
I'll seek tae ain anither,  
As birds that o' ae feathers are,  
Aye strive tae flock together.

As shares I'm here, I really think,  
That ye hae gane clean gyte,  
Or nonsense sae sublime as that,  
Ye wadna try tae write.

But stop noo! let me think a bit—  
Some nonsense noo an' then  
Is relished, I hae heard it said,  
E'en by the wisest men.

An' maybe ye are wisen than  
At first sicht ye appear,  
I hope ye may, but by my sooth  
I've muckle cause tae fear.

For wis men's nonsense seems tae me,  
Far wiser than your sense.

Aside: I love, I love him from my heart,  
Far wiser than your sense.

Ye say your love is "tender,"  
This love ye bear tae me;  
Mair tender than noo an' brithers love—  
Could ever ever be.

But let me tell you plainly here,  
That tender love I hate,  
It maun be strong, an' burnin' love,  
Or else I winna ha'e't.

Would ye be guid enough my freen,  
Tae sen yer card tae me,  
That I may a' yer beauty spots,  
Hae placed before me e'e;

Twould help me greatly tae decide  
Which course wi' you I'll tak'  
An' if it does na please me,  
I'll be share tae send it back.

As brevity's the soul o' wit,  
I maun draw tae a close,  
Wi' hopin' you may never want  
Through love, a nicht's repose,

Until I hear from you again,  
And O, may that soon be,  
I shall remain your truest friend and lover.

L. E. G.



### THE LORDS AND THE LAND BILL.

**SALISBURY.**—THERE; TAKE IT BACK TO THE HOUSE AND SAY THAT WITH THOSE FEW TRIFLING AMENDMENTS WE THINK IT WILL DO!

\*. See comments on page 2.

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

## SPOOPENDYKE'S BICYCLE.

'Now, my dear,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, 'if you'll come down in the yard I've got a pleasant surprise for you.'

'What is it?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'What have you got—a horse?'

'Guess again,' grinned Mr. Spoopendyke.

'It's something like a horse.'

'I know. It's a new parlor carpet. That's what it is.'

'No, it isn't, either. I said it's something like a horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again.'

'Is it paint for the kitchen walls?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke innocently.

'No, it ain't, and it ain't a hog's head of stove blenking, nor it ain't a set of dining room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of stationary washtubs. Now guess again.'

'Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting room windows. Isn't that just splendid,' and Mrs. Spoopendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight.

'It's a bicycle, that's what it is,' growled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I bought it for exercise, and I am going to ride it. Come down and see me.'

'Well ain't I glad,' ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'You ought to have more exercise, and if there's exercise in anything, it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it?'

Mr. Spoopendyke conducted his wife to the yard and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

'In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute,' he said, as he stenciled the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. 'Now, you watch me go to the end of this path.'

He got a foot into the treadle and went head first into a flower patch, the machine on top with a prodigious crash.

'Hain't you better tie it up to the post until you get on,' suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'Leave me alone, will ye?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling to an even keel. 'I'm doing most of this myself. Now you hold on and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all.'

Mr. Spoopendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet and flopped over on the grass plot.

'That's splendid!' commenced his wife. 'You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time.'

'If you've got any extra strength you hold your tongue, will ye?' growled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now.'

The third time Mr. Spoopendyke ambled to the end of the path and went down all in a heap among the flower pots.

'That's just too lovely for anything!' proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'You made near a mile a minute that time.'

'Come and take it off!' roared Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Help me up! Dod gash the bicycle!' And the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spoopendyke assisted in righting him and brushed him off.

'I know where you made your mistake,' said she. 'The little wheel ought to go first like a buggy. Try it that way going back.'

'May be you can ride this bicycle better than I can?' howled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'You know all about wheels! What you need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the city hall clock! If you had a bucket of water and a handle you'd make a steam grindstone! Don't you see the big wheel has got to go first?'

'Yes, dear,' murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'but I thought if you practised with the little wheel at first, you wouldn't have so far to fall.' 'Who fell?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. 'Didn't you see me step off? It tipped; that's all. Now you just watch me go back.'

Once more Mr. Spoopendyke started in, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face, and then began to stagger.

'Look out!' squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched away and kicked and struggled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck.

'What'd ye want to yell for?' he shrieked. 'Couldn't you keep your measly mouth shut? What d'ye think y'are, anyhow, a fog horn? Dod gash the measly bicycle!' and Mr. Spoopendyke hit it a kick that follied him up like a bolt of muslin.

'Never mind, my dear,' consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'I'm afraid the exercise was too violent anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it.'

'I s'pose so,' snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. 'There's sixty dollars gone.'

'Don't weary, love. I'll go without the carpet and curtains, and the paint will do well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica.'

But Mr. Spoopendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

## PECULIARITIES OF THE GREAT.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemagne always pared his corns in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably ate with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shut a door after him, unless he was mad about something.

Pliny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of his tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pockets.

The Duke of Wellington could never think to wipe his feet on the door-mat unless his wife reminded him of it.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a boot-jack at them.

Shakespeare, when carrying a codfish home from the village grocery, would invariably try to conceal it underneath his coat.

When the wife of Galileo gave him a letter to mail he always carried it round in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his paper promptly, and being an attentive reader he always found out when new worlds were ripe.

Mrs. S.—"Augustus, my love, the doctor says I must have a change of air." Augustus.—"All right, my dear; I'll take you to two funerals to-morrow!"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

PEACE TO HIS ASHES.—Not long since Gus Do Smith took a stroll through the Austin graveyard. When he came out of the graveyard he looked very serious.

Gilholo meeting him asked him what was the matter.

"Nothing, only I was thinking that the Austin husband must have lit all the fires in the mornings."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I see so many of them are burned to death. I noticed on three or four tombstones, 'Peace to his ashes.'"

Is a crack on the head capital punishment?

Takes life easy—the hangman.—*Yonkers Gazette*. Prefers, we suppose, the fall season.—*Philadelphia Sun*. A little touch of spring generally precedes the fall.—*Yankee Strauss*. About time to let this thing drop, isn't it?—*Somerville Journal*. Hang it, yes.—*Earl Marble*.

"Mother," asked Mary Jane at the breakfast table, "don't you think grey hair is awful becoming?" Mary Jane, it should be remarked, has a beau whose locks are silver. "Yes, I do," replied her mother, grabbing at something on Mary Jane's shoulder: "yes, I think its becoming too common. That makes the tenth one this morning," holding it up between her thumb and finger.

A man may think that kissing on Sunday is wicked, but a real pretty girl can change his mind in five minutes.—*Boston Post*. We are open to conviction every Sunday from 1:30 p.m. till 12 midnight.—*Elevated Railway Journalist*. "Go, get thee to a Nunnery."—*Gouverneur Herald*. Yes! yes! That's the place!—*Boston Times*. How far is it away? Would like to take a hand ourselves.—*Nashville Sunday Courier*. Be calm! be calm! you'll get Nun of it.—*Boston Times*.

WHAT A PITY!—Gus De Smith is one of the best solo singers in Austin. Whenever he is present at a social gathering he gets somebody to call on him for a song, and then he warbles forth some such simple melody as "Away down on the Suwanee River," until all the cats in the neighbourhood are swelled up with wrath and jealousy. The other night after he had finished, and the hearers had pulled the wads of cotton out of their ears, Mrs. McSpilkins, who does not live happily, remarked to a lady friend, "How I wish my husband had sung that way when he was a young man." "Why so?" "Because if he had only had that kind of a voice I never would have married him," and she sighed heavily.—*Texas Siftings*.

A certain rich man, possessed of great wealth, was wont to be proud of his possessions and to refer to them often, but withal, he was not a man of intellect. One day he had an old Irishman working for him, and he went out to oversee the job. He looked at Pat a minute, hard at work, and said; "Well, Pat, it is good to be rich, ain't it?" "Yis, sur," said Pat, who had the wit of his nation. "I am rich, very rich, Pat." "Yis sur." "I own lands, and houses, and bonds, and stocks, and railroads, and—and—and—" "Yis, sur," said Pat, shoveling away. "And what is it, Pat, that I haven't got?" "Not a bit av suse, sur," remarked Pat as he picked up his wheel-barrow and trundled it off full of dirt; and the rich man went into the house and sat down behind the door.—*Steubenville Herald*.

"No one" remarks an exchange, "should be afraid to eat strawberries." It may seem strange, but since our childhood we have been afraid to eat strawberries—at fifty cents a saucer, when we had to pay the bill. We noticed this fear in Miss Dip, of Boston, several weeks ago. We invited her to take a saucer (meaning strawberries and a saucer.) She was "afraid" she couldn't, but she would try. "Would she try another saucer?" "Oh, Mr. F., they are delicious, but I'm afraid." "That's all right! Waiter, another saucer of strawberries, with ice-cream!" "Here, they are, sir!" (Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble.) "That was a very small saucer, Miss Dip; do try another!" "Oh, Mr. F., I'm afraid—" "Waiter, another saucer of strawberries!" And so the battle continued, until Miss Dip had put away seven plates of strawberries, with ice-cream. How sweetly she smiled while the bill was being paid, and leaped with tender heaviness on our manly arm, as we left the saloon. It must be apparent to every one how foolish it is to be afraid to eat strawberries.—*Philadelphia Sun*.



## VERY "NEAT."

Customer.—What's the matter with this ale, it seems all muddy, like city water?

Bar Tender.—Oh, it's all right, only it's like your score—not settled yet.

## Barney's Penance.

ME DEAR SUR,

Be the powers thin, its mild I am cotoirely, an' its myself that aither sayin' that its a revoiced addition av this hot weather we ought to be afther havin'. Be the same token, its meself has done great p'rance in sufferin's, bodily and mintally, for that same Sunday gallivantin' av mine. Och wirra! wirra! me blood runs cold whiniver I'm afther thiukin' av it. Ye'll rimbir now how I towld you about thim poor infatuayted craythers that were tuck at the church dure with the new faymle brain disease. (Æstheticism thay call it.) Well, sur, I comes home, an' the next mornin' I ups and tells Nora all about thim, but its moighty shmall shympathy sho had for thim anyway. "Faix thin," says she, a rowlin' up her sleeves, "the devil a thing ails thim but idleness, an' if thay'd do just wau half av the work that's waitin' to be done in this wuruld, shure its moighty little toime they'd have to be hainin' up agin a post an' countin' the sades av an owld sunflower." An' wid that out she goes to milk the cow, an' feed the hins, an' wather the goslins, afore she'd begin to wash the dishes, an' churn, an' bake, an' wash, an' swape, an' dusht, an' do her ordinary work. I was fulin' very wakenly myself, for, loiko owld Adam, I ate a green apple me wife gi' me, an' me sin had found me out in the night. Nora (God bless her!), she says to me, says she, "Barney," says she, "will I burn yez a sup av brandy?" "Nary a burn," says I, "give me the shpirts, an' whin I drink thim down I'll lile me pipe an' be afther burnin' it that way." It did me a power o' good, but shtill I felt wake. So I goes out an' sits down on the settle outside av the dure, an' I fell a-thinkin' about that ashtatic brain disease the wimmin were all takin', an' was wonderin' whether it was catchin', an' I was afther sittin' maybe half an hour or so when, "Barney," says I, "we'll go in," an' shure enough in I goes, an' och! wirra! wirra, why didn't the oyesight lave me oyes I dunno. There was Nora, me own wife, an' the mother av little Tim, in an owld saygreen gown, her black hair hangin' loike tangles down her back, an' she a-lanin' slantindayklyerly up agin the shlove-pipe in the shandy, glowerin' loike an idiot at an owld orange lily she had in her hand. "The saints be about us, Nora," says I, "is it gone naad ye aro cotoirely, or is it only foolin'?" "Maybe, perhaps now it's some av her tricks she's up to," I says to meself. Nary a trick! There she stud wid a quare, far away luk in her oyes that would melt the heart av a shtone. "Nora," says I, goin' up to her

slow, for I was scared loike, "Nora, me darlint, tell me asthore whativir ails yez? Have yez any pain at all?" She sighed an' said some- thin' about "butther, two butther." "Nora," says I, "if its butther yez want, I'll be afther gettin' it out on the market for yez if I have to pay 40cts. a pound for it!" But she sighed again an' put her forefinger up to her cheek an' kept lanin' slantin' loike as if she was too wake cotoirely to shtand up. "Nora, dear," says I, for me heart was breakin', "cau't yez shtand up, perpuendayklyer I mane? What's come to yer back, anyway? an' who's to moind the house, an' do the work, an' luk afther little Tim, an'—?" But I moight as well shpake to the shtone wall. Wisia! wisia! it was no use, she was dead shtruck. Just wance she sidled up to me wid a shwate, sad amoile, an' wid a voice loike the keenin' av the wind in the chimbley she whispered, "Are you intinse?" "In tins! No," says I. "Nora, yez know very well its number eights I take, but I'll wear tins or ilivins ayther, if it will do yez any good." But she only sighed an' glided slantindayklyerly across the dure. I thought av sendin' for the doctor, only he wouldn't be in. "I wonder, Barney, is it an evil shpirt shes hus," says I, an' thim I tuk an inspiration. All at wauit I rimbirred how the shwate singer druv the dumb devil out av Saul, an' bedad whants been done afore can be done agin, says I, an' I raches down me fiddle, a raie kremony, from the wall, an', says I, "I will thry the power av moosic." An' I begins:

"Attintion pay, both young an' owld, unto those lines I now unfold,

"Concernin' brave Napoleon, I'm going far to relate.  
"He was as gallant a hayro as ivir stud on Uripe's land,  
"I am inclined to sing his praise, for noble was his heart,  
"An' to the wuruld a terror was, Napoleon Bonypart."

"Uripe will long rimbir, how Moskow it did blaze,  
"But fatal June at Waterloo, it caused Napoleon for to die,

"To see their deeds of butchery, struck terror to his heart

"Alas! he cried, 'I am undone,' for he could nayther fight nor run,

"Loike a bullock sowld in Smithfield, was Napoleon Bonypart."

Shure I moight as well have sung to the cat. An' anyhow I might have known the shtrains av martial moosic were too shtirrin' for the loikes av her, but I thought if I could only git her to shud tares av rale pity over a poor fay-male woman loike herself it moight help to bring her to. An' the shwatest thing av the kind was this:—

"He turned his pale face to the wall,  
"For death was creepin' on him,  
"An' every sigh it seemed to say,  
"Hard hearted Barbara Allan!  
"As she was coin' down the street,  
"She met his corpse a-comin',  
"Lay down, lay down, that corpse," she cried,  
"An' let me shmoile upon him."

Mishter Grip, the way I sung that ud have brought tares to the oyes av any wan but an assthahe. But you see its wan av the symptoms av the disease that the poor craythurs are intoirely taken up wid themselves, an' their attitoods, an' the woes av other pable don't trouble thim at all. Whin I saw she was gittin' no better, I threw down me fiddle an' kiverin' up me face wid me hands, I burst out a-cryin'. "Bad luck to yez, is it shlapin' ye are yet? If its sick ye are, go an' lie down on yer own dacent goose feather bed widin."  
"Och! Nora! Nora!" says I, "shure an' was it the moosic fetched yez to afther all?" says I, jumpin' up and grabbin' her in me arms.  
"Barney O'Hea," says she, "don't ye see yer Anty Melvor lukiin' at yez going on?" An' shure enough there was I sittin' on the settle rubbin' me oyes, an' says I, "Nora," says I, "I had a dhrame which was not at all a dhrame—to shhape, porchance to dhrame, aye! there's the rub." "Barney, the next toime I give you a green apple, or brandy widout burnin', would yez kindly let me know av it?" Commin't its nadeless.

Yours soberly,  
BARNEY O'HEA.

## The Missionary Trunk.

How to protect trunks against the ravages of the professional baggage-smasher is a problem which has engaged the thoughts of our wisest and noblest men. They have tried every material of which a trunk can be made. Some have imagined the heavier and stronger the trunk the more difficult it will be to smash it, and hence trunks have been made of oak, zinc, and iron, and have been built so large that in many cases it would be easier to put a country cottage into the trunk than the trunk into the cottage. Others, again, have conceived the idea that safety lies in the lightness of a trunk, and have provided themselves with trunks made of basket-work or canvas. In neither case has the fiendish purposo of the baggage-smasher been thwarted. In the touching language of the New-England Premier, he smashes all both great and small, and at the end of a railway journey there is nothing to choose between the wreck of the big iron trunk and the small basket-work trunk.

The truth is, the inventor of trunks have shown an unscientific want of grasp of their subject. They have failed to notice the peculiar method in which the baggage-smasher works. He does not, as many persons imagine, smash trunks in pieces with an axo or crow-bar. Neither does he break the locks with a hammer or dance on the lids until they collapse. All his smashing is done by the simple process of throwing trunks from one place to another. He throws them from the baggage car to the platform, and when moving them from one place on the platform to another he has a peculiar way of giving them a rotary motion on their corners which infallibly breaks lock and hinges and tears all the joints asunder. What is wanted in trunk-making is not a material such as iron, which will for a time resist the blows of an axo, neither do we want to build trunks of excessively large size, inasmuch as they will fall the more heavily when they are pitched from the baggage car. We need to build in such a way as to counteract the plan pursued by the baggage-smasher: that is to say, to build trunks that cannot be thrown about or whirled around on their corners. This is the scientific way of setting about the solution of the problem, and it was in this way that the inventor of the "missionary trunk" arrived at the result which must sooner or later make him famous.

This benefactor of mankind has devised a trunk which is practically incapable of being smashed, and which at the same time teaches a most useful lesson to the baggage-smasher. The "missionary trunk" is built upon a framework of half-inch iron bars, which extend along each of its twelve edges. This gives enormous strength just where it is most need, and enables the inventor to use light wood as the material for the sides, ends, top, and bottom of the trunk. At each of the eight corners of the trunk an end of one of the iron bars is prolonged, so that it projects four inches beyond the trunk and terminates in a sharp point. It is this system of spikes which is the chief merit of the "missionary trunk," and which constitutes its usefulness.

It is evident that if this trunk is drawn from a baggage car it must strike the platform with at least one of its spikes. This, of course, injures the platform, and brings the baggage-smasher into conflict with the railroad company. Or, if the trunk is thrown into a baggage car, or on the deck of a steamer, the iron spikes at once cut, tear, and destroy the wood with which they come in contact. Moreover, if the baggage-smasher tries to roll the "missionary trunk" on its corners, he not only tears the platform, but he infallibly lacerates either either his legs or his wrists, and is thus forcibly taught the wickedness of baggage-smashing.

A grand musical service will take place in Boud St. Church on Sunday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. John Lawson, organist.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size, \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. BENGOUGH BROS., Agents. Next Door Post Office, Toronto.

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A SUGGESTION.

The work on the Yonge street job ought to go on by night, and the Aldermen might be made of some use to the city if they were told off for service as above, in the absence of an electric light.

\*. See Comments on Page 2.



HOW TO "FREE IRELAND."

Dynamite Skirmisher.—Bedad, we nivvir thought av that befoor! Shure, wan can av dynamite wud be enough to put ould Oireland an' her throbbles out av existence at wanst! I'll mintion that to Rossa, so I will!

Literature for the Dog-days.  
SIMPSON'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

Written for GRIP by Charles G. Buck.

Never within the memory of Scarbrough's oldest inhabitant had there been such a winter as the last. Never had the snow and ice offered themselves in such attractive forms, both in the street and on the river, as they did now. Skaters were happy and the fortunate owners of sleighs in ecstasy. Even the less favored ones, who possessed but waggons or carriages, took off the wheels and in their place put the fascinating runner. In consequence all Scarbrough made sleighing the fashion and no youth of any pretensions neglected to take his particular female fancy out for a ride. Plym Simpson felt this most keenly and although he held but a minor position in the bank and drew a salary even smaller than that position merited, he made up his mind that, in order to be recognized by Scarbrough's upper ten, it would be necessary for him to keep up with the style. Nay more. He had noticed with no little concern, that Sallie Adams the idol of his boyish heart, had "accepted with pleasure" on no less than four occasions, the proffered ride, and that, too, from some of his most despised rivals.

"Therefore," argued Plym, "if it takes the last dollar I have in the world, Sallie will have a ride and I will handle the reins." This was a manly assertion for a man to make who had never driven a horse in his life, alone, but when Plym said anything, even to himself, he generally meant it. That night there was a heavy fall of snow, so he seized the opportunity to make an engagement with Sallie, and her mamma for the following afternoon, and the next morning betook himself to the livery stable.

"Every rig in the house is out to-day, sir," smilingly replied the proprietor, to Plym's question.

"But I must have a horse and cutter for this afternoon," continued Plym, a little nettled. "I have made an engagement which cannot be broken. Haven't you got a friend of whom you can borrow?"

"Well, Mr. Simpson, I'll do the best I can. What I want is a cutter, I have a horse that will do very well in an emergency like this, so come around at three o'clock and if I have a cutter by that time, he is yours." At precisely the appointed time, Plym presented himself at the stable, and sure enough the proprietor had been successful. There stood a very nice cutter with a horse harnessed to it in complete readiness for him. Plym was delighted and spruiging into his seat, he snatched the whip and dashed out into the street. Away he flew! past the bank, past the post office, past his friends on the sidewalk, past his own home, until it seemed but a minute when he had halted at the hitching post in front of Sallie's residence. Here he alighted, tied his horse with the same knot that he used when tying his cravat, bounced up the steps and into the house. Sallie had not quite finished her toilet, so while waiting for her to come down, Plym took up a book and tried to look composed. Let us leave him for a moment and return to the horse and cutter which was to furnish so much pleasure and fun that bright afternoon. There stood two urchins at the horse's head, grinning and giggling as only mischievous urchins can. "What were they doing?" you ask "Why, simply crossing the lines, passing the one attached to the right side of the bit, over to the left, fastening it, and vice versa!"

"Jimmy gracious! ain't she a stunner though, Harry," remarked one youth to his companion as he took a look from his place of concealment behind the fence. "Well, I should blush," whispered the other with his eye glued to a small round hole in the board.

Ner were the irreverent critics entirely at sea by any means. More rosy cheeks, a more sparkling pair of eyes or a more beautifully moulded form than her's is not met with every day, and as Plym lifted her into the cutter he actually closed his eyes. The poor fellow was not sure whether it was the white snow or the still whiter hand in his, that dazzled him so.

At last she was comfortably seated and Plym untied the horse. But he never noticed the lines. How could he? Then he sprang in,

tucked the robe carefully about his legs, nodded a farewell to the watchers in the window and seized the reins. Then he took his whip from its rack. "Where shall we go first, Sallie?" said Plym with a smile.

"Anywhere you like, Plym," she answered with her soft gentle voice, at the same time throwing a kiss up at the house.

"Well, here goes, then, now for a fly! and Plym struck the horse a sharp cut. Of course he pulled on the right line and the consequence was that before either he or his fair companion were aware of it, they had driven clear up upon the sidewalk. This appeared so amusing to one of the boys behind the fence, that he rolled over in the snow and roared. Plym kept shouting "whos!" and "get up!" almost in the same breath, while he brought the horse to a state of mind bordering on insanity, by turning his head first one way and then the other. Sallie, although nearly frightened out of her seven senses, had presence of mind enough to scream and then jump out and run for the house, where she was met at the door by her excited mother in whose arms she would certainly have fainted away had not the attention of everyone been called once more to the unfortunate Plym. Having discovered the cause of his trouble he quickly righted matters by recrossing the lines. His first thought after that was to get into the middle of the street as soon as possible, for already an unpleasant crowd of curious observers had begun to collect about him, so he bravely made the attempt of turning around suddenly. The snow had drifted considerably at this point and the horse, finding a snow bank in his way and being in a hurry to do something, he did not know what, took a lively jump, upset the cutter which in time spilled Plym, and made for the stable. The bystanders soon found that Plym was uninjured and then some one in the crowd laughed. Then another and another and finally it ended in a general howl. Plym didn't say a word, but he went around Scarbrough for a full month after that with his pocket knife unclasped. He still calls on Sallie however. They say vengeance is sweet but I guess Plym thinks she's sweeter.