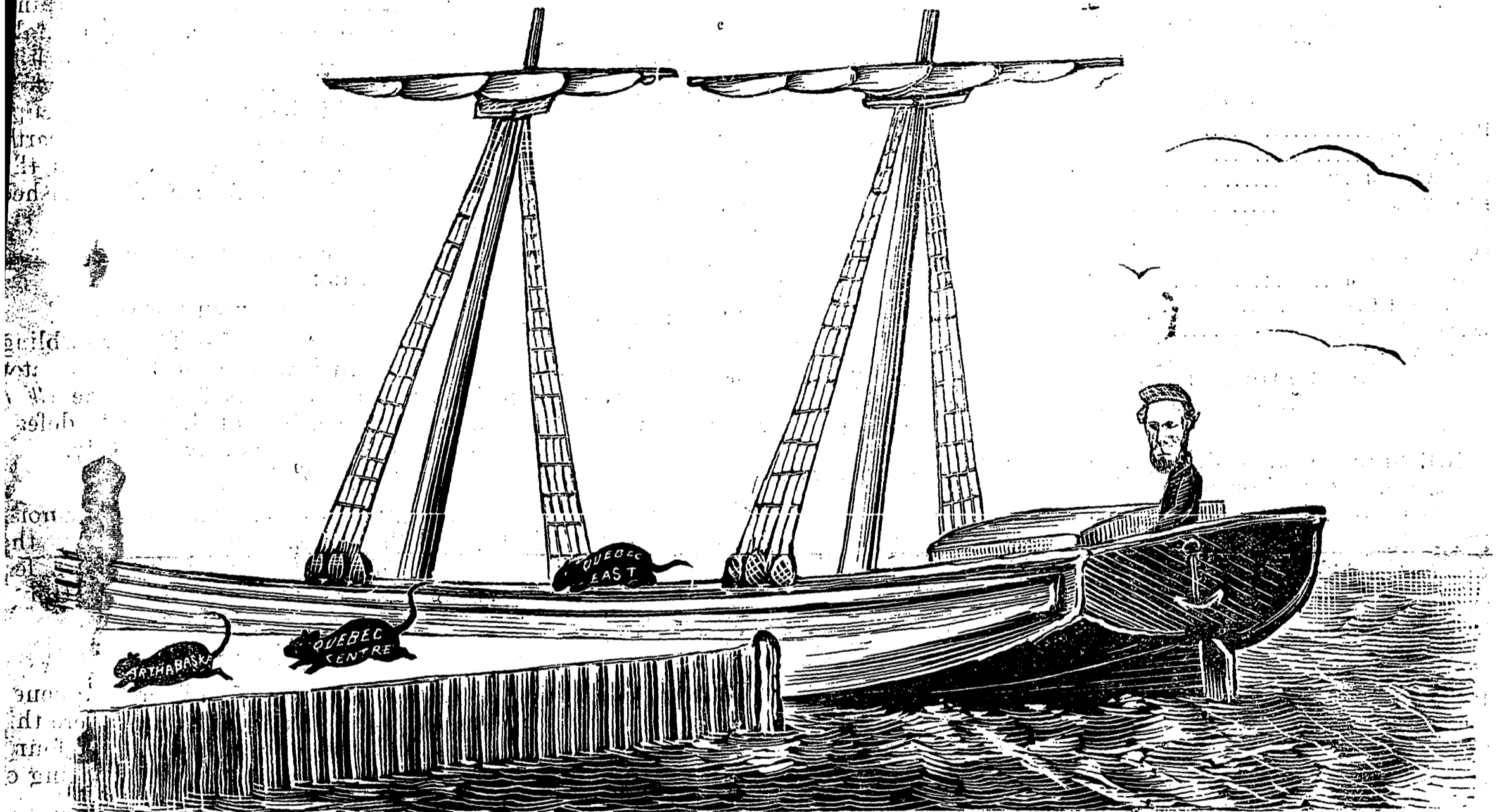


THE WASP.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10.

78

PRICE THREE CENTS.



A MCK.—These animals seem to be all of one mind.

A PHENOMENON.

It is with great care and delicacy that we touch upon any subject relating to our gallant Volunteers, but the melancholy fact of the increased deafness among the Victoria Rifles, during their annual drill, intrudes so frequently on our sympathetic and sensitive natures as to cause us to demand, on behalf of our City and oppressed humanity, why such a deplorable misfortune has become so general and so serious among so fine a body of men. Since the first rumor of the appearance of *The Wasp*; our desk has been littered with letters from residents in the vicinity of the rink, detailing the miseries of sleepless nights, and suggesting endless methods by which the melodious sound of the Commandant's bass might be dispensed with. One other, with tender recollections of school days gone by, advises an immense black board upon

which, with military flourish, the gallant Colonel could, in flowery style, direct his obedient corps; and an ingenious father with a youthful wife believes that an automatic arrangement of figures situated in the gallery might serve to give the Colonel scope to display and not disturb. While we are loath to complain, we deem it our duty as journalists to give voice to so universal a wail, and while we must believe that the tone of command differs from the sweet strains of the Æolian Harp, we are sorry to credit the belief that so extraordinary a calamity as deafness should be the result, among so many, young men of energy, ambition and faithfulness as is displayed by the indefatigable Colonel of the Victoria Rifles. We therefore, as the organ of public discontent, demand a searching enquiry down deep into the thorax, lungs and boots of him, who, regardless of sleeping-

infants and sensitive nerves, thunders forth the inspirations that have placed Britain foremost of all nations, but who, in the excitement of command, forgets that the Cemeteries lie within hearing.

CANADA FIRST.—A meeting of the National Party was held in the Merchants' Hall on Wednesday night, and a most successful one it was. If it was composed of any *clique* or foreign element, our intelligent press would overflow with the proceedings, but because it happened to be only Canadian National, it was almost ignored. Canada first, says the *Wasp*, and Canada second, and Canada every time.

[SPECIAL FROM OTTAWA.]

It is rumored here that the Premier's visit to Montreal, was undertaken with the intention of corrupting the editor of the *Wasp*.

VISIT

J. B. LANE'S,
No. 21 BLEURY STREET,
FOR YOUR MISSION GOODS.
Stationery and Periodicals always on hand.

P. R. C. HOEY,

General Grocer and Provision Merchant. Only first-class goods kept in stock, and sold cheap for cash. 701 Graig Street.

CALL ON F. BRADY,

43½ BLEURY STREET,
For choicest Brands of Cigars and the best Tobaccos in the city. Also, Fancy Pipes and Smokers' sundries.

MOTTOES! MOTTOES!! MOTTOES!!!

Given away at HOPE'S,

26 Bleury Street.

LAVERTY & CO.,

Grocers — Grain and Produce Dealers,

118 BLEURY STREET.

WHEN YOU WANT

ANYTHING IN THE FUR LINE,

WAIT ON ROBERTSON,

Who sells goods of a superior quality at the lowest possible prices.

232 MCGILL STREET.

RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES

SOLD AT UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES,

By W. E. MULLINS & CO.,

14 CHABOILLEZ SQUARE.

GO TO HEALY'S second-hand Book Store,

495 Craig street, if you want rare literature at low prices. Highest figure paid for second-hand books.

A CONTRAST.

Baron Von Wrangel died the other day, the oldest General in the world. He called his son to him some few years ago and said: "You have disgraced yourself; you know what happens a Von Wrangel who disgraces himself," at the same time handing him a revolver. The young officer shot himself on the spot.

Now, if a young Montreal scapegrace was handed a revolver, he would have made a bee line to the nearest pawn office and raised the wind. This point of dissimilarity might furnish a curious subject of study to the ethnologist.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYME.

I.

A Grit met a Grit who was just passing by,
And he said: fellow voter, can you tell me why
You are getting along so much better than I?

We came to this country together, you know,
And brains, strength and judgment, as far as they go—

II.

Are mine, while, friend Sandy, you are but so, so.
Yet here I behold you well dressed, fat and sleek,
With gold in your pocket and brass on your cheek,
While I am still delving away with my pick.

III.

I vote the straight ticket as taught by the *Globe*,
Yet my hat it is shabby, and shabby my robe;
In fact I'm a dozen times poorer than Job.

IV.

Ah! friend said the Scotchman you speak like a book,
Though we drink from the self-same political brook,
I'm prosperous and thriving, you're down on your luck

V.

You can boast a keen wit I am free to confess,
You are well educated, but nevertheless
You're Irish—the rest I shall leave you to guess.

VI.

As for me the one-half of your talents I lack;
But I move with my kindred who hunt in a pack,
And hence we can keep inside of the track.

VII.

"The Grit and the Tory are all in my eye,"
Said the Grit to the Grit. Remarked Pat with a sigh:
Are honor and honesty fled?—then good bye.

WHO IS HE?

He was a literary character—so he said. And we believed him, judging from the dilapidated condition of his clothing and the dirty appearance of his shirt and collar, which led us to infer that he was not on good terms with his washerwoman. He wore long hair, which, unkempt, flowed over the shoulders of his seedy-looking coat. From these invariable characteristics we placed implicit confidence in his statement that he was an author, and perhaps one well known to fame. He was seeking employment, and produced as testimonials a Rine badge and seven tickets "good for one drink at the bar." He could produce other similar recommendations, he said; but we told him that was sufficient, and instructed him to return on the morrow. On his departure our "special devil" found a memorandum book with the applicant's name inscribed, in which the following entries were made in blue ink:—

Disbursements—1 bottle rye, 25c.; 1 box matches, 1c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; 1 pipe, 1c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; tobacco, 3c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; Rine badge, 10c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; Bologna sausage, 5c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; onions, 2c.; 1 bottle rye, 25c.; needle and thread, 3c.; 1 bottle common whiskey, 20c.

It is needless to say that we have decided on not availing ourselves of the powers of this genius, who we are

persuaded will perform his functions in right ryeal style, but will recommend him to Mr. Galdou, editor of the *Daily Witness*.

BUZZES.

—The compiler of the "All Sorts" column of the *Montreal Herald* is hypochondriac, if we are to judge by his attempt at wit.

—Mr. Rine says a man of the name of Stanley came to him one day with tears in his eyes, and confessed he had drunk enough liquor to float a sixty-four gun frigate. If he has not actually drunk so much whiskey, then has he told a lie as big as the British fleet at Bezika Bay.

—Among the many great sinners whom Mr. Rine has converted is a journalist. The tavern keeper did not care about the conversion of the others; but when they saw the newspaper man going back on them, they covered their faces with their togas and exclaimed, "*Et tu brute!*"

PERSONALS.

JOHN SMITH arrived in town last night, and is putting up at Joe Bee's.

STEPHEN J. MEANY has taken another bee line across the Atlantic.

THE HON. MR. LAFLAMME left town yesterday.

MR. RINE lectures on temperance, and is intoxicated with success. His followers all over imitate him, and pour out their R(h)ine W(h)ine.

THE JURY MAN OF THE FUTURE.

He must be respectable and wear a paper collar.

He must turn over a new leaf after Christmas, and go to Church regularly once a year.

If he cannot write his name, he will have to make his mark.

He must take in one religious at least. If he means do not permit a daily, he will subscribe to a religious weekly, and in that case we would recommend *The Wasp*.

He must believe everything, as by so doing he is sure to strike the right thing, always supposing anything is right.

He must go in with the full intention of never sending any one for trial.

It would be a recommendation if he belonged to either the Union men or the Ganguemen.

THE REASON WHY.

Doctors go round feeling the pulse of the people, taking their money and sometimes, if it is a particular friend, following him to the grave. They give medicine by the Imperial gallon but they never think of the cuticle, they never think of telling a fellow to go and buy one of J. G. Kennedy's famous overcoats, that saved a man from drowning a few days ago, and from freezing to death on the road to Longueuil last year.

Go and get your sons fitted out in his store for \$5.00 a suit.

J. G. KENNEDY,
31 & 33 St. Lawrence Main Street.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.

Handy Andy.....	paper	75c.	cloth	\$1 00
Rory O'More.....	"	75c.	"	1 00
Irish Wit and Wisdom.....	"	1 50	"	1 50
Irish Wit and Humor.....	"	90	"	90
Willy Reilly and his dear Coleen Bawn...	paper	50		
Shandy M'Guire, or Tricks upon Travellers	cloth	1 50		
Glories of Ireland.....	"	1 50		
Ireland and The Irish.....	"	1 00		
English Misrule in Ireland.....	"	1 00		

Sent free by mail on receipt of price by
D. & J. SADDLER & Co.,
275 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

JOE BEEF, of Montreal, lives on Common street, close by the Insurance block, near the St. Ann's Market, opposite the Allan dock. He is easily to be seen, for over his door is a barber's pole, a razor, and the sign "Joe Beef's canteen." He keeps animals to amuse you, and, on Sunday, animals to abuse you. He keeps from a sun-fish to a bear, and a woolly-headed nigger to shave and cut your hair. If pains or aches you have got, his Pain-Killer is a sure Relief. Get one bottle down your throttle, you can say your prayers, see the bears, mount the stairs, and you will dream of old Joe Beef.

A. PILON & CO.

DRY GOODS,

615 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Call and make your selections from the largest and best assorted stock in the City.

OUR MOTTO :

"QUICK SALES AND SLIGHT PROFITS."

DUPUIS BROS.,

DRY GOODS,

615 ST. CATHERINE STREET,

This firm challenges competition, both in prices and quality of goods.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CRITIC."—You are wrong. All the members of the City Council have not made their mark. We know, personally, that a few of them can sign their names in full, and in fact we believe the majority can do so.

"CANIS."—Your poem, "Where shall I wander," is rejected, for many reasons. We don't care a cent where you wander, but advise you not to approach us with any more such rubbish; besides, our space will not admit of 327 verses at once.

"FRAUD."—We believe it is in contemplation to alter the City By-Laws, in order to have twenty-seven Mayors and one Alderman for the management of our Civic affairs. The question is: What post would G. W. S. accept under the new regime?

"MICKEY."—We don't know if your photograph, taken in company with a milch goat, would sell sufficiently to make it a source of revenue. We would advise you to give the amount to some charitable institution, say the General Hospital, and never mind the photographs.

PROSPECTUS.

Our business is not to make people laugh, quite the contrary; we shall try and move them to weep. We shall be grandly serious and solemnly lugubrious. There is at present too much mirth going on for our taste. We leave the comic line to the *Daily Witness*, the *Belleville Intelligencer* and the *Irish Canadian*. Isn't this world "a fleeting show to man's illusion given?" We shall weep three times daily, and go and imbibe a pot of beer, come back to our office, and weep again still more bitterly.

Still we have a mission to fulfil, in fact several missions, and here are a few of them:—

To find a constituency which will elect Tom White.

Procure a place on the Bench for Mr. B. Devlin, M.P.

Amalgamate the *True Witness* and *Daily Witness*.

Keep harping on the bad times, to please the Tories.

Reconcile Messrs. Chiniquy and Court.

Prevent earthquakes and other disagreeable accidents which may overturn the Government.

Find out the real chief editor of the *Star*, so that the head of the wrong man may not be punched by the indignant censured.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

We are disgusted with the earthquake reporter of the *Gazette*. Perhaps he may not have such another opportunity of immortalizing himself during his life time, and he has gone and lost it. Listen to the man:

Montreal quaked for some time, commencing shortly before two o'clock, and continuing to shake for some seconds—the most sensible computation placing the duration of the vibration at a minute and a half. As near as can be learned the earthquake was heralded by

a sound as of distant rumbling of thunder or the rattle of a street car on a frosty night; this was followed by a short, sharp shock or crash, and then the tremor commenced, and there shook and wobbled material that had never moved before.

You could imagine he was describing the removal of a manure heap or the appearance of John Smith before the Recorder. If another earthquake comes this way, let him learn wisdom from *The Wasp* and describe it thus:—

"All nature was hushed, everything was as quiet as a mouse, when a rumbling was heard proceeding from the centre of the earth, as if a Titan were turning in his bed; then the tea-cups clattered, the house moved, the earth trembled, the heavens grew red in the face, the Universe, &c., &c." Quashee ma boo!!

The telegrams from our special correspondents say:

[SPECIAL TO "THE WASP."]

TORONTO, Nov. 5.—The rumbling this morning was caused by Senator Brown stamping his foot in the *Globe* office, on hearing of Laurier's defeat. Such reverberations travel slowly.

[SPECIAL TO "THE WASP."]

OTTAWA, Nov. 5.—The peculiar noise heard last night was caused by the groans of the Cabinet. A saucer fell from the shelves of the Russell Hotel and was smashed in smithereens.

[SPECIAL TO "THE WASP."]

WINNIPEG, Nov. 5.—There happened something like an earthquake here this morning. On investigation it was found the noise was caused by the snoring of the Hon. Mr. Cauchon.

[SPECIAL TO "THE WASP."]

QUEBEC, Nov. 5.—A great noise was heard here this morning, followed by a shaking. It was at first supposed to be an earthquake, but careful enquiry revealed the fact that it was the noise made by Mr. Thibadeau stepping out of the constituency to make way for Mr. Laurier.

REVIEWS.—We have a large number of books for review, which we hold over till next week, when we shall dissect the history of Canada.

CURIOUS, WERY.—An Ottawa telegram says:—A deputation of Oka Indians were to have left for Ottawa last Tuesday, in connection with the late troubles, but were unable to do so for some reason. We tremble to explain the reason, but truth must be told—it was because Mr. Rine did not meet them on the way. Lo! the poor Indian, and lo! the poor Honorable Mr. Mills.

BUZZES.

In Turkey the sons of pashas are sent to public offices and have to work several years without pay. In Canada the sons of our pashas go into public offices and get pay without doing any work. But then our religion is so superior to the Mahomedan.

Last week one of our contemporaries chronicled an elopement, and stated that the Lothario resembled a fresh water crab, and his charmer a used up rat trap. He had to apologize next day. He said "the reverse is the case." We hope all the parties were satisfied.

A GRAVE INTERVIEW.

Our special political reporter walked into the Premier's office at Ottawa on Tuesday last, and said: I am about to question you, don't say anything that may hurt your Government, if you don't like. I represent *The Wasp*."

Mr. McK. (turning pale)—Go on; I shall answer.

Q.—What do you think of Laurier's chances in Quebec East?

A.—Not much.

Q.—How long will this Government of yours last?

A.—It may burst in a week, and it may hang out till Christmas.

Q.—Now, be careful. Have—have you any—any—whiskey here?

A.—Oh, no! Go! [*Exit*].

THE MODERN CINCINNATUS.

Burke says the age of chivalry is gone. Yes, but Alderman Stephens remains, and while he lives the world will contain at the least one incorruptible patriot. Cincinnatus, after vanquishing the enemies of his country, returned to the plough; our hero has made a fortune, and he offers to retire on it. But shall we let him go? May the immortal gods forbid. He gives as a reason for his withdrawal from affairs municipal, that he may dedicate more of his time to the Civil Rights Alliance. We refuse, we say emphatically, no! a thousand times no! he will not go to the Civil Rights Alliance, but they shall go to him. We shall elect each individual of them that is not in the Council already, instead of DeBerge, McCambridge, Kennedy, Thibault, Donovan, Wilson, and such. And the Indian, in his wampum and war paint, shall occupy seats in the gallery and obtain justice.

Let us recapitulate what Stephens has done for his country, for Montreal. There is a flag opposite his house on

Phillips Square, 12 x 6, which is a credit to the tax-payers and makes the adjoining flags sink into the earth for very shame. He pulled up the blocks from St. James street and put limestone instead, until it came to pass, the malignants say, it was done to throw dust in the eyes of the public. He did a thousand other things which the *Wasp* forgets all about, but which nevertheless shall not be lost sight of.

Shall we, then, let this benefactor go? Again we shriek, no! Nay more, we must get him a testimonial. Let us see. Chromos are played out. He is already in possession of a watch, and—Hold on! We have an idea! It is an inspiration of genius! Let us place him in the frame enclosing Mr. Devlin's beautiful picture, which can be seen at Kearney's, No. 69 St. Antoine street, every morning and every evening. The frame can be had for a trifle, no doubt, and the tax-payers will be only too happy to fork over.

NOTICE.

It is possible that our harmless little buzzes and stings may wound the tender feelings of some aspiring politician or gentlemanly swindler who may in the first fury of his emotions move down on our office with aggressive intent, thunder on his brow and lightning in his eye. To such we say—rash man, beware! take care! forbear! Our office is fortified, and we wear a complete suit of armour; though knowing our quarrel is just, we wear that costume merely through force of habit. We have two hired men at our door, day and night, who carefully search the visitor for weapons; they even take his corkscrew from him. Such are our instructions. We sleep on a barrel of powder and have two revolvers in our belt, an axe at our feet and a loaded rifle beside us with bayonet fixed. Two bull dogs of the yellow pattern lie at either side of the door. To crown the whole, Mrs. Booth has been kind enough to lend us the famous carving knife she carried so triumphantly on the 12th of July last. So, alas, what chance is there for the intending horse-whipper?

THE DETECTIVES.—If we are to believe the city papers, Montreal is blessed with six heaven-born detectives. If a poor lame man is captured for stealing anything as prominent as Notre Dame Church the wretched scribes immediately cry, "a Vidocq, behold! a Vidocq." In the name of the immortal gods, will they let us have a rest?

STINGS.

Can any one inform the *Wasp* what Mr. Thibadeau expects, besides the consciousness of performing a good action, you know, for his seat of Quebec East?

We want a chief editor for the *Wasp*. He must be well posted in everything, must be able to write a Greek play after the style of Euripides, or polish boots at five cents the pair. If Mr. Laurier be defeated for Quebec East—in fact whether he be or not—he shall have the position.

Alderman Thibault illustrated three aphorisms in his own person last week: "Modest men on their merits are dumb," "A man is never a prophet in his own ward" and "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." "Yes," said this celebrated speaker while stumping for Bourbeau, "I am the famous Montreal orator, Charles Thibault, and Alderman of the largest ward in the city." Let us all hide our diminished heads and admire at a distance the oratory and modesty of this genius. Thibault, shake hands. *The Wasp* welcomes you as a brother.

Palmer of our Post Office is a facetious individual who delights in a good story and an apt reply. The following *bon mot*, perpetrated by him a few days ago on an unconscious diner, in one of our eating houses, is too good to be lost. Dining with a friend, their conversation was interrupted by a gentleman, at an adjoining table, remarking on the resemblance a bald-headed man sitting near, bore to the Prince of Wales. Palmer with the utmost sangfroid imaginable, sarcastically rejoined, "There's no 'hair apparent 'about him." The speechlessness of his victim was sufficient guarantee that the repartee was appreciated.

SOLILOQUY.

One of our astute detectives overheard the following soliloquy last night from a Spaniard of the name of Jones: "I will go home (hic), and if the fire is not (hic) splen (hic) did, I shall knock my (hic) wife's brains out, and then elect to be tried (hic) by a Grand Jury (hic). After that, I'll take (bless the Jury system) a tour through Europe."

A RINE CHORUS.—Drink to me only with thine ice.

THE WASP

Will be published every Saturday morning.
Annual Subscription, \$1.25; Half-yearly do., 75c.
Single copy, 3 cents.
Accepted contributions will be paid for at column rate.
Address—P. O. Box No. 1517.