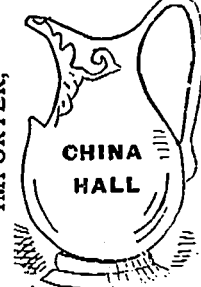
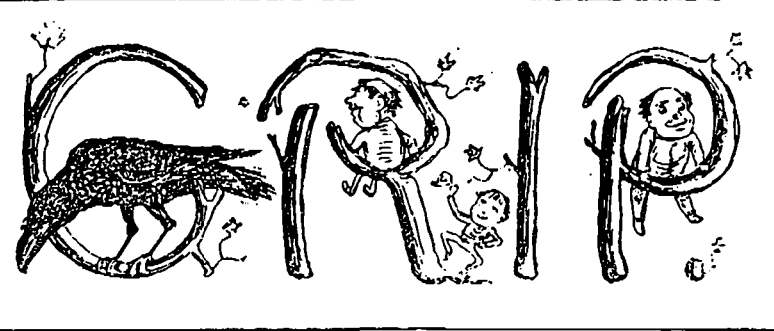



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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with
Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
No. 5, Hon. H. Mercier..... Dec. 20.
No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan 17th.
No. 7, Hon. JOHN NORQUAY:
Will be issued with the number for..... Feb 14.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—From addresses presented at odd times to the Reform leader, and from other reliable sources, we learn that Canada is in a desperate plight, and that she is wildly calling upon Edward Blake to save her. She is sinking in the deep waters of corruption and debt, and in this extremity she naturally turns to the one man in whom she has confidence. But her cry—if she is really uttering such a thing—is quite in vain. It is the case of “Johnny Sands” and his better half over again. Mr. Blake’s hands, like those of the ballad hero, have been tied with the thongs of Opposition—by the unfortunate woman herself—and now he “can’t, tho’ much he may wish,” be of the slightest assistance in getting her out of trouble.

FIRST PAGE.—Messrs. Chapleau and Langevin continue their squabble in the Cabinet. It appears to be a match after the approved Sullivan pattern—an indefinite number of rounds to a knock-out. In some of the greener sections of the country this long-continued battle has excited much honest astonishment. Rural friends of the Government have shaken their heads sadly over it, and wondered why Sir John, the Magician, did not put a stop to the unseemly affair. It is our object in the cartoon to show “the why.” The simple reason is that Sir John does not see fit to stop turning the handle, and so long as the machinery is in operation the puppets will go on with their diverting exhibition. For further particulars apply to the Showman himself.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The discovery of the headquarters of the dynamite fiends in Pennsylvania by British detectives ought to be the death-knell of that infernal organization. No amount of sympathy with the cause of the Irish patriots need involve any tolerance for the methods of the murderous wretches and cowards who deal in dynamite; and we feel certain that there is not an American outside

of their own Satanic order who does not loath and despise them. We therefore trust that the American Government will at last bring its power to bear upon these vipers, and do something to vindicate the good name of the Republic and of civilization. The disclosures in connection with the Rossa-Kearney *fracas* in New York are very timely, and we hope will serve to spur on the officers of justice. It is now apparent to the United States authorities that these malefactors must be rooted out; the sooner the process is begun the better.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

NO. 6. HON. SIR HECTOR LOUIS LANGEVIN, K.C.B.
(Dominion Minister of Public Works.)

This gentleman is the best Departmental Head in the present Cabinet, and one of the most capable of Canada’s public men. It is a pity that we cannot truthfully add that he has never made terrible mistakes, such as accepting funds for bribery purposes, and gifts of money from those who hoped for favors from his Department. He is an able, but not a Truly Good man, although he has a brother in holy orders.

Sir Hector Langevin was born at Quebec, on August 25th, 1826, and was educated at the Quebec Seminary. He began the study of the law in 1846, and in 1847 rose one step higher and became an editor. His paper was called the *Melanges Religieux*—the religion being diluted with politics. Probably finding that these two articles didn’t go well together, he became editor of the *Journal of Agriculture* and wrote able articles on the Pumpkin as a Shade Tree, and similar topics. He completed his legal studies in the office of Sir Geo. E. Cartier, and it is suspected that he often tried that distinguished statesman’s overshoes on during his absence on court days. He duly became a lawyer, and took up his residence at Quebec, where he has ever since paid his municipal tax. He became a member of the Quebec Assembly in 1857, representing Dorchester. After Confederation he sat for the same constituency in the House of Commons, where he distinguished himself in his first session by precipitately moving the vote of no confidence in the Brown-Dorion administration—not a good example of French politeness, the authorities agree. Sir Hector does not know what a back bench in the House feels like, having been continuously in office during Conservative regimes, and Conservative regimes have been pretty much the fashion since 1867. He was first made Secretary of State, and in connection with that dignity, *ex-officio* Registrar-General of Canada and Superintendent-General of Indian affairs. In 1869, he took the portfolio he now holds. One year before this, he had been created a C. B., (civil) but he hankered for three letters, like some of the other little boys wore. In 1870, he was created a Knight Commander of the Roman Order of Pope St. Gregory the Great. This sounds pretty big, but it wasn’t large enough to fill the aching void in his title-loving heart.

In 1873, he retired from office with his colleagues, because Sir Hugh Allan saw fit to contribute something out of his abundance to the expenses of the general election. In ’76, he returned to Parliament as member for Charlevoix, but he was unseated. He was again elected for the same constituency in ’77. At the general election in ’78, he was again defeated, but by the grace of Mr. Wm. Macdougall, M.P. for Three Rivers, who stepped down and out, Sir Hector was returned for that constituency, and became Postmaster-General in the Cabinet. He subsequently (1879) exchanged this for the portfolio of Public Works. In due course he attained the dignity of Knighthood, and took his place in that

bright galaxy which every patriotic Canadian is so proud to point to as representing the virtue, the purity, and the chivalry of our great Dominion. Sir Hector Langevin has no reason to feel small in this company of mighty Knights—and he doesn’t. He has, since the death of Sir Geo. Cartier, been the acknowledged leader of the French Conservatives, and is often spoken of as a possible successor to Sir John A. Macdonald as head of the party at large.

AN ESSAY ON WAR.

MR. GRIP having offered a cash prize, a leather medal and a chromo for the best Essay on War, has received an immense number of brilliant articles on this subject, from such men, amongst hosts of others, as Otto Von Bismarck, General Lord Wolseley, Dr. Mary Walker, Col. F. C. Denison, Susan B. Anthony, Chief Stewart, of Hamilton, Generals Grant and Logan, Harry Gilmore, &c., &c., &c. These essays were all subjected to a thorough examination by a committee of men competent to judge in such matters, who finally declared in favor of the production of General Von Swiz-Touffel, commander-in-chief of the Noble Ward Brigade, whose effort is herewith published.

WAR.

From the most remote periods of which we have any authentic records War has asserted its horrible sway.

Probably the first battle of which any details have been handed down to us was that one which took place in the celestial regions, and in which a gentleman, whose conduct cannot be too strongly condemned, took an active though ignominious part. He was thoroughly routed and put to flight. Curiously enough, this battle and its result confirm the belief, prevalent throughout the entire world, that matrimonial engagements are ratified in the realms above. We often hear the expression, “Matches are made in Heaven.” This is amply shown by the fact that the first Lucifer was put out there. He must have been made first and doubtless was. He, however, as is the nature of lucifers, “struck” and flared up mightily, but was, finally, as I have said, “put out,” and very much put out, indeed, you may depend upon it he was, when he found he was no match for his conquerors.

To come to more modern times, let us consider those of Cæsar. This gentleman was a Roman, and came roamin’ across the channel between Gallia and Britain, with the intention of showing how appropriate was his name, and becoming a seizer of whatever land he could grab. The athletic Britons, however, treated him very contemptuously, and did not even remove their coats when he tackled them. This is partially accounted for by the fact that their coats were composed of paint, and were the only garments they wore, with the exception of a few streaks of a dye called wood. The suits of wood worn in our own times are not assumed till the wearer is in a state which contrasts strangely with the activity of the first wearers of wood-en suits; in fact no one in the present century ever thinks of putting one on till he is past thinking altogether. Though I treat this matter in a light manner it is really a very grave subject, and not one for s-coffin’ at. Tomb many of our modern writers shroud their effusions with a light veil of mirth, but this subject is one to be spoken of in the gravestone.

Julius Cæsar, then, at last effected a landing on the shores of Britain, and fooled about the country at his own sweet William. He had an excellent idea of paving, however, and some of his roads remain in good repair to the present day, colossal monuments to his genius in this line. From what I have said my youthful readers will probably infer that Ju was the Colossus of roads: this is a mistake: he

wasn't, but his system of flint block-paving was far ahead of our present style of cedar-block botchery. Mr. Caesar finally retired to his own country and revenged himself for the insults heaped upon him by the uncouth Britons, by writing a book, which is to be found in every well-ordered British grammar school. He threatened to cross over again to Britain and lecture, but was nipped in the bud, and the wizen, at the same time by a dagger in the hand of one Brutus. "Oh! you brute," he exclaimed as he turned pail and kicked the bucket.

To pass on to more recent occurrences. Let us consider the battle of Hastings, in which William, surnamed the Conqueror, a Frenchman, entered the ring against Harold, *alias* Harefoot, *alias* Smith, *alias* the Bungtown Bruiser, a cockney. The principal weapons used in this scrimmage were bows and arrows, the archers being all selected from ward politicians and members of parliament on account of the skill of those gentry in drawing the long bow. The battle waged with exceeding fierceness for a whole day, when Harold, after many an arrow escape, adroitly placed his eye in front of an advancing shaft from the bow of one of the Frenchmen, and the arrow stuck there. The enemy, with all their national garrulousness, chattered incessantly throughout the whole battle, much to Harold's disgust. "Welcome death," he cried as the arrow pierced his optic; "better to be thus slain by a barb than talked to death by these blawsted barbers." Then he went up the flume. It is estimated that William must have had fully 5,000,000,000 men on the field that day, as every British family of the present day above the rank of scavengers claims that its founder came over with Bill.

Warfare in the Middle Ages was not half as bad and terrible a thing as it is now. Why? Because it was only medi-evil. (You'll find the door on the left if you wish to get the fresh air. GEN. VON SWIZ-TEUFFEL, C.I.C. N.W. Brigade.

(To be continued.)

AN ELECTRIC WEDDING.

BY CHARLES W. PHILLIPS.

Fair Lilla Brown,
At Pittsburg town,
Had long resolved to marry;
To reach this end
Would even bond
To wed Tom, Dick, or Harry.

With female wit,
With artful guile,
Men's hearts she tried to capture;
But men were shy,
And passed her by—
She could not taste love's rapture.

At last one morn,
This maid forlorn
Most opportunely chanced
To quick peruse
The *Morning News*,
And down the "personals" glanced.

"What's this I see?
Oh! can it be?
A man of thirty-four
In need of wife,
To share his life,
And help enjoy his store?"

Behold her then
With rapid pen,
A touching missive write;
Soft, cooing words,
Like songs of birds,
In anxious haste indite.

A tedious wait,
"What is my fate?"
She asks each passing minute;
Then comes the mail,
It will not fail;
She flits to see what's in it.

"At last! at last!
My waiting's past;
His message is inviting—
And very soon,
Morn, night or noon,
Fond *billets doux* they're writing.

At length one day
In sunny May,
His letter makes her laugh.
He writes to say:
"I'm far away,
Let's wed by telegraph."

Not loath to yield,
The compact's sealed;
Full soon she's Mrs. Best.
No more a miss,
What rapturous bliss!
On air she seems to rest.

The days pass on,
A month has gone.
Now soon her mate she'll see;
His picture yet
She never did get;
She waits most curiously.

The time arrives,
She vainly strives
Her heart to keep at rest.
"Ah! that's the bell!"
A servant: "Well?"
A card: 'tis Mr. Best.

Her husband's come,
Why is she dumb?
Why do her eyes grow bigger?
In dazed surprise
She tries to rise.
Then shrieks: "Oh, Lord! a nigger!"

MORAL.

To one and all
Who to them call
The aid of lightning's powers,
At moments when,
Or maids or men,
They worship orange flowers:

I thus advise,
It is not wise
To use the telegraph.
At any rate,
To wed a mate
Without a photograph.

TORONTO, Dec. 15, 1884.



BOSTON'S PRIDE.

FIRST SCENE.

Several wealthy, cultured and respectable Boston citizens at their club.

1ST CITIZEN—Really, gentlemen, we should do something for our gallant fellow-citizen, Mr. John L. Sullivan. He is a credit to Boston; a perfect credit. We ought to be proud of him.

2ND CIT.—We ought, indeed. He's a noble fellow, and has done more to advertise Boston than any other gentleman in the world. Glorious John! Manly, brave, true-hearted, in every sense of the words. Courteous to us, his inferiors, as he would doubtless be deferential and modest in his department towards his superiors, did any such exist.

3RD CIT.—Yes, gentlemen, we should bless Providence that we are enabled to count Mr. Sullivan as a fellow-citizen. No gentler, truer heart than his ever beat; let us raise a subscription and present him with a magnificent testimonial to mark our appreciation of his courage, daring and manliness—of his gentlemanly demeanor and of his numerous victories over all comers.

ALL—We will; we will.

[A purse of several thousands is speedily subscribed, and a delegation appointed to wait upon the hero.]

SCENE II.

A restaurant in Boston. Enter Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan about "three sheets in the wind." Takes his seat and beckons to a young waitress.

MR. J. L. S.—Come here, wid yez, yo — — Look smart, — — ye. Take that, ye — — (Strikes her heavily with a wet driving glove.)

WAITRESS—Keep your hands to yourself, sir. What do you want?

MR. J. L. S.—Less av yer — — chin music, ye — — Bring me some shewed oysters and be — — quick.

WAITRESS—No man would speak to a woman in that manner.

MR. J. L. S.—Phwat! ye dar to address me, ye — —? [Rises and strikes the girl a tremendous blow in the face which falls her to the floor. He then amuses himself by kicking her prostrate and insensible form. Several men witness the whole affair, but are all too much in dread of the cowardly brute to interfere. Mr. Sullivan has his supper brought to him by an obsequious landlord; devours it and then retires to the street, where he savagely attacks one of his horses and kicks it unmercifully. He then mounts his vehicle and drives off, many admiring citizens regarding him and exclaiming, "Splendid fellow! Full of life and fun; magnificent spirits! Glorious John!"

And this is the brute that not Bostonians only delight to honor but, it is whispered, many more far nearer home. Fugh!

HE RUINED HIS CHANCES.

It was at a Battalion shooting match, and some of the officers were taking a little something at the canteen.

"I shall never forget my experience of one campaign," the young militia lieutenant exclaimed.

"Your experience of a campaign!" contemptuously growled a grizzled veteran, who had been in "the regular army, oh!" "And pray, young man, wherever could it have occurred?"

"Perhaps, major, you fancy I am dwelling on my imagination," said the young fellow, haughtily.

"Oh, don't mention it," answered the veteran, with a horse laugh. "Go on with your experience."

"Well, sir, my experience of a campaign was an attack of rheumatism I got at the last annual drill."

Champagne that evening wiped out the score as between the company and the major; but that lieutenant's chance of promotion to a captaincy will be slim so long as the major remains in the battalion and has any influence with the Militia Department.

P.S.—Patent medicine dealers who desire to incorporate this incident among their other voluntary testimonials had better first communicate with the author. There are several rheumatism remedies now advertised, and the author is anxious to give the best one the first show. Sealed tenders, accompanied by marked cheques, for the exclusive control of the story will be received at GRIP office until further notice—which means until they stop coming in. The marked cheques are not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good credit.

GENERAL GORDON says Khartoum is all right, remark the papers. Certainly, we all know that. It must be, as it can't be left.

THE USURER.

BY MACDUFF.

Oh! wherefore this striving,
This scheming, contriving,
This ceaseless endeavor more wealth to possess.
This grasping for treasure,
Without stint or measure,
By men who the Christian religion profess.

Each day that is passing,
More wealth is amassing,
And earthly possessions accumulate fast.
Yet the world's sorry slave
Hastens on to his grave,
Leaving his idols behind him at last.

He scorns the unfortunate,
Scouts the importunate,
Grinding his victims in seasons of need;
His soul cannot limit
Its craving in finite
For gold, nor curb its insatiate greed.

Their pleading for pity;
A distasteful ditty,
To which he may listen, but never relieve;
For sins of omission,
He knows no contrition,
His mission on earth, not to give but receive.

In life's various walks,
The cormorant stalks,
To human society a bane and a curse;
In the church's calm haven
We oft find the craven,
Anchored securely by weight of his purse.

A sorry deceiver,
He wields well the lever
His talents peculiar have placed in his hand;
But why he's respected,
And well law-protected,
Is something I never could well understand.

'Tis well there's a foeman,
Who grants grace to no man;
Who treats all impartially on the last stage;
Who heeds not professions,
Regards not possessions,
But measures men's souls in a neutral gauge.

Exactor of usury,
He to Death's treasury;
View there the plot you must tenant ere long;
Then ask if 'tis worth
Such a mimic of earth,
Your poor fellow mortals to harass or wrong.

Then wherefore this striving—
This artful contriving;
This ceaseless endeavor more wealth to possess.
This hoarding of treasure,
Without stint or measure,
By men who a faith in heaven's justice profess.

MANKATO, Dec. 5, 1884.



THE BATH.

The Most Noble Order of the Bath is one of considerable antiquity. Long, long before the C.P.R. was projected, long before the first Scotchman with his snuff mull and outlandish dialect assumed the position of "Factor" in Fort Garry, long before the time when the half-breed Cree or Blackfeet answered to the name of Ronald McDonald or Dougald McTavish, nay, long before Jacques Cartier wintered out his Normandy mariners under the precipitous cliffs of Cape Diamond, the Noble Order of the Bath was established.

It was in the reign of Henry XI. of England (I aim to be particular as to dates and matters concerning England, as its writers are on things Canadian), that the first Knight of the distinguished order was created. It happened this wise: Anthony De Viexsaux, Esquire, who had served under the great Percy, Earl of

Northumberland, as captain of Horse, in subduing the neighboring Lords, who had all the ferocity but less of power than the magnificent Earl, by burning their castles and carrying off their ladies, after the manner of the dear old times, was summoned by the King, along with other military gents, to come to London without delay and give an account of themselves, for good King Henry was somewhat jealous of the powerful Percy; and, moreover, when any sacking of castles occurred throughout the kingdom, which was an almost every day occurrence, he always expected the Conqueror to whack up with the Crown—hence the expression "Royalty," a term now used by pitiable patentees of "window fasteners," "hay rakes," and other vulgar articles introduced to the public. Now it is a matter of history, *vide* Macaulay, Hume, Lingard, Goldsmith, Wade, and other historians, that in the days of Henry XI., and long after in England, night garments or robes *de nuit* were almost unknown, even among the highest ladies in the land, and it is now a great question of historical interest and research whether the Knights of Chivalry and gay troubadours when they "retired" "stripped to a gauthine," as the sailors say, or turned in all standing like a trooper's horse. Be that as it may, we are assured by the Venerable Beat, a learned critic and chronologer of the period, that when Anthony De Viexsaux, Esquire, and his fellow swash-bucklers arrived at Whitehall the King ordered the Gold Stick in waiting to "gette one pounde of bergamotte and a wood-byg measure of frankinsense and myrr wherewith to burn and make sweete our chamberse anent the going forth of my Lord Percy's men-at-arms from out ourc palais." Now as Anthony Viexsaux, Esquire, and the other northern visitors had fought by day and slept by night in suits of mail, composed of chain and plate steel armor for a month on a stretch, the order of the King for incense to make his habitation "sweete" is not a matter of surprise. Yet, however, that visit occasioned the creation of a new order of Knighthood, handed down to this day as the "Order of the Bath."

"Odds bodikins," said his Royal nibbs, to Monsignor Pittipatti, the Roman Legate whom he encountered walking in the Royal gardens in search of ozone. "Odds bodikins, your Reverence, beshrew me if I know what to do with these evil smelling northerners. I, faith our palace is mayde like unto the Lazaretto of Naples, our Royal fawther did use to speake of. Marry, but Lady Nancybell Lovel fainted in the armes of my Lord Bake-man as she did go forth from the reception chamber. I' faith we had to bestow her a goodlie cup of sacke to bring her to with our own Royal hands. Canst suggest aught, good prelate."

"Give the vile *snooziri a bath*," said the wily Italian, and once more turned his attention to the volume he had been reading.

Happy thought! The King at once acted on the learned ecclesiastic's hint. He caused a large cistern to be constructed and filled with water 90° Far., and after explaining to the gentleman that he was about to bestow a high honor on them, ordered them to take off their helmets, greaves, baldricks and breast plates, and marched them in single file to where the cistern was embedded, where they were halted and fronted. Then the King cried in a loud voice, for "Harry and St. George," and the royal retainers advanced from the rear and dumped the whole gang into the hot water, astonishing them all and nearly drowning poor Anthony. Then the King, after they had been dragged by the servitors out to terra firma, drew his sword and bestowing upon each of them a whack therewith that would go far to "wind" J. L. Sullivan, said "Rise Sir Anthony, K.C.B.," and so on till he got through with the whole batch, and thus was

instituted one of the greatest Knightly Orders in the gift of the English Crown.

Of course there is the Eastern Order of the Bath which might, without impropriety be called a Turkish Bath. This order is conferred by simply putting the candidate for Knightly honors into a sack and throwing him into the Bosphorus. This order is very frequently granted to ladies in the Court of the Sublime Porte. A short time ago a Canadian Order of the Bath was suggested by a distinguished local journalist, but as 'it was intended solely for the honoring of Grit hawbucks, it was not received with much public favor. However, I flatter myself that I have in this paper done my duty to my adopted country, and that all questions as to the origin of the Order of the Bath is settled forever.

T. BIGBEE.



THE BUMPOLOGY GUESSER.

Mr. O. S. Fowler, professor of Phrenology and general Quackology, gave himself away very badly the other evening. He proved in the most innocent and convincing manner that he is a fraud, and that his so-called science is a humbug of proportionate size. At one of his entertainments in Shaftesbury Hall, a gentleman rejoicing in the family name of Bengough submitted his *caput* to the bony embraces of the long-haired disciple of Wallace Mason. "Sir," said Mr. Fowler, with profound solemnity, "You are a born artist, you have had a pencil in your hand from infancy; you are never so much pleased as when drawing—it is a natural gift with you," etc., etc. At the close of the "examination" it was revealed to the great man that he had been misled by the name; that the gent'eman under manipulation had no taste whatever in an artistic direction, though a skilful designer of short-hand characters. The audience departed very much amused. We are not told how the "Professor" felt.

Messrs. Chase & Sanborn, Montreal, have intruded a crusade against Food-adulteration, in which GRIP wishes them abundant success. Their special article is coffee, which they put upon the market in a state of absolute purity. All you have to do now is select a grocer who is a Christian and can be trusted to leave the coffee as he gets it, and you may enjoy the genuine art cle. Food-adulteration is carried to such a pitch now-a-days that every honest effort against it deserves the encouragement of the press and public.

WHAT a strange thing it is that a poor man who gives way to an appetite for alcoholic stimulants is a "miserable drunkard;" a moderately well-to-do person with the same failing is "his own enemy," or "a good fellow, with only one fault," whilst a brandy and champagne-soaked millionaire is "a jolly and genial gentleman, whose hospitality is boundless." Queer world, this!



A FEMALE IN DISTRESS.

"O save me, save me, or I drown,
O save me, Johnny Sands!"

"I can't, my dear, tho' much I wish,
For you have tied my hands!"



VERY DELICATE.

AUGUSTUS FITZSNOBB.—Haw! yaas; my watch goes, you know, Miss Lucy, when I go! ha! ha! ha!

MISS LUCY.—Then would you mind winding it up *now*, Mr. Fitzsnobb?

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds concerning a physician who was called to attend a very stout lady who desired to decrease her adiposity. It is cited, as an instance of extraordinary brilliancy on the part of the medical man, that he advised her to take exercise, saying, "Look at the trees, they are motionless from year's end to year's end, and they increase in circumference every day, all caused by their inactivity; move about, madam, move about." Now if that female's intellect had not been as sluggish as her body she would immediately have retorted, as you or I, dear reader, would have done, "Get thee gone, thou lump." Consider the snow-ball; the more it moves about on the face of the snow-clad earth the bigger it gets. Did it remain in a state of inactivity it would soon be 'wearing awa', Jean, like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean. Nay, old Pills and Powders, thy simile is an inapt one." But she didn't say this, which clearly proves that I should be a bold, bad man to tackle with advice that was not sage—and onions.



MRS. McFAGIN ON SKATES.

"An' is it how did I spind Christmas, ye ask, Mrs. Nelligan? Well, I'll tell ye, if ye promise not to make fun av me about it. Sure it's the blissid day that's supposed to be full av joy an' pace an' good will an' benivolence an' stuffed turkey an' plum puddin' an' roast bafe for all papel of all grades, belafes an' opinions; but to mc. Mrs. Nelligan, it was a

day av sorrow an' troubles an' desperations an' ill-luck an' misfortunes an' calamities an' heart aches an' back aches an' head aches. 'What was the cause av it all,' ye ask. It was not that we hadn't plinty to make a joyful day av it, Mickey an' Honora an' young Mickey an' meself. We all gev prisints wan to the other. The ould man got two bewtiful shuits av flannel, undthershurts an' drawers an' mits an' tobaccy an' a new poipe, an' Honora got an Astrahican fur muff an' a goold ring, an' young Mickey got an illigant overcoat an' a pair av skates an' a slap betchune the eyes becoss he wudn't kape away from the cakes, an' I got this bewtiful brand new dhress cut ally princers on the bias an' thrimmed to perfection with taste an' purty braid. We had a dinner so foine that be me sow! I saw wather runnin' frum the taith av Sir John, who hung on the wall forninst us dhressed up in his glory clothes. There was turky, schuffed till it woudn't hould any more, an' praties so white an' soft an' maley an' flour-loike that it was most a trouble to ait them for fear our breaths wud sind them blowin' about loike foine powdher, an' turnips an' siliry, an' fried cakes an' bottled ale an' puddin' with rasins in it the size av me fist.

"This was the throuble. As I towld ye, Mickey got a prisint av a pair av skates. Well, in the afthernoun I went to the skhatin' rink wid him for the purpos av watchin' him, so that if he broke through the ice I cud call the police. Oh, the purty, purty girruls that was there, shlidin' an' glidin' loike angels in furs! An' the darlin' young men with short coats an' tight pants, showin' their nate figgers to sich advantage! Said I to meself, sed I, 'Ellen McFagin, you're no woman if ye don't put on skhates yerself an' show the pape yer as lively as the rest av your sex.' So I made Mickey fasten his skhates onto me feet. While he was puttin' them on I was scared an' almost timpted to abandon the schame, but jist thin I saw a couple—a young fellow an' his girrul, proud, stuck-up, consated things—shuickerin' an' laffin' at me, an' dhrawin the attention av a dozen more to me, as I sat there while Mickey was doin' the skhates on me, me hands foulded peacefully an' a smile on me face as if I was a skhater from the day av me birth. I was determined to show them snips I had jaynus, an' I said to meself that I'd make it oupleasant fur them. Well, I got up an walked across the flure an', Mrs. Nelligan, I can't tell ye what a funny feelin' it was. I kin imagine the stato

av mind av the darin' fellows that walk on stilts along a rope stretched over Niagary Falls. Whin I got to the edge I sat down on a sthep an' let me fate rest on the ice. Oh my, how funny it was, but they shlippt right straight out! Thin a lot av pape cum an' stood around to see me start out. I sthooed up on the wooden sthep an' arranged me bounet an' jacket an' ribbons. Av coorse I didn't fall. Thin I put wan fut, me right wan, out on the ice. Thin Mickey held me by wan hand an' a big strange man by the other till I got me second foot on the ice. Oh, how I smiled at thin all as much as to say 'Luk at that, now,' as I stood as sthrait as a reed, Mickey an' the big strange man holdin' me up. Not an inch did I fall, Mrs. Nelligan, but by the way that the crowd sthooed back a few yards from me, ye'd think that I was goin' to fall an' grab at ivery wan av them, or that I was some strange animal that they all feared. Thin whin they saw that I had great presence av mind an' wudn't fall they kem quite close to me an' began to give advice. Wan told me to sthart out on the right fut, an' another sed 'the left is the fut for beginners to sthart wid. Some-wan told me to go sideways on both fate at wanst, an' a fourth advised me to sthrike out backwards on me left fut. 'Hould yer wrist, ye squalin' spalpeens,' sed I. 'I'll comminse as human natcher, common sinse, an' me own consunse prompts me, an' I'll bet a quarter to tin dollars that it'll be different from what any wan av ye says.' An' it was, Mrs. Nelligan, it was. I told Mickey an' the big strange man that I was ready an' to let go av me. They did, an' I made a struggle to move me fate wan after the other. I didn't have to struggle long for they both moved at wanst, an' in a way that nayther meself nor the crowd expected, for they shlid right straight out forninst me side by side, and sthrikin' sivin young people in front av me right in the shins, knocked them off their fate an' sent them sprawlin' all over. Av coorse whin me fate wint forwards me body havin' no support fell downwards, while I, in me anxiety to go down aisy and gracefully, made a grab wid both av me hands, catchin' howld av the big strange man's beard wid wan and the bounet av an' old maid wid the other. Av coorse they wint wid me, an' the three av us lay there on the cold, cold ice, all tangled up wid ourselves an' the sivin young pape whose fate I had knocked from in under them. (You'll plaz understhaud, Mrs. Nelligan, that all this took place in much less time than it takes to tell ye.) Sich a sight! Whin I grabbed at the old maid's bounet it kem off, an' wid it as much false hair as ye'd find in a hair factory; an' thin whin she opened her month an' commenced to yell "murder!" her taith droppet out and broke to pieces whin they struck the ice. "Sarves ye right," says I, "any woman that 'ud have so much falseness about her ought to be a dummy in a milliner's window instead of thryin' t'appear young by flyin' around a skatin' rink." She didn't say a word—for a mighty good rasin—but, oh my! oh my! the look that she gev me as they carried her out! The big strange man couldn't get on his fate on the ice, so he craped on his hands an' knees to the wooden sthep where he sat down and took breath. He didn't say a word but he looked at me kind of tired like and gave a sigh. As for the sivin young pape, four av them were girruls and three av dudes the dadiest kind. Whin I struck the ice I looked up, an' upon me word, Mrs. Nelligan, I thought I was in a dry goods store, for the air was full av shockins av every color, just like them lines av thin that hang over the counters. An' the poor dudes! I heard some terrible cracks, and I asked if the ice was splittin'. But it wasn't the ice, it was the dudes' pants which aplit from top to bottom whin they tried to sthand up. As for me, I got up by meself and the assistance av

Mickey and three strong min. 'D'ye want to go home?' says Mickey. 'Home?' says I. 'No I don't, I want to skhate. I'm not done out yet.' So I got all right on me fate again and consented to Mickey's plan to shove me all along the ice, I not liftin' ayther fut from the ice. Whew! how I shot along! But that little divil, Mickey, let go av me, an' left me to sthoph meself, which I couldn't. I was steered sthraight for a crowd av about three dozen, an' would have wrought ruin an' desolation among them, only a young man yelled out to me to sthick the heel av wan skhate in the ice an' come to a full sthoph, I sthuck me heel in as instructed, an' kem to a full sthoph—an' so did that young couple that were unakin' fun av me whin I first stharted out. Whin I sthuck in me heel I kind av cavoured around sideways an' ran right in the sassy things, who were going along slowly, all unknown' av the disaster that was comin' upon them. I well remember sthrikin' them, but that's all. Mickey told me two days after that, that I was picked up an' taken home in the ambulance.

Everything was a blank, but I've a feelin' in me bones an' six bumps on me head, that tell me that I must have met that young couple in no certain manner.

"No, Mrs. Nelligan, I won't do any more skhatin' this sason. I've shworn off any further enjoyment in the skhatorial art, an' will hinceforth confine meself to some milder sport, sich as tobogganin'."

A NEW AND "BETTER" WAY.



THE City of St. Thomas is progressive. The last thing they have undertaken to reform there is the procedure in criminal investigations. A young Englishman was up before the P.M. the other day for passing a bogus £5 note. According to the *Times*' report

"He pleaded not guilty, and was defended by T. W. Crothers. * * * Witness (a bank cashier) said he was willing to swear that the note was spurious, which caused the counsel to offer a wager of \$50 that such was not the case, and that it was genuine. Remanded till to-morrow."

No doubt the remand was for the purpose of allowing the witness, or County Attorney, or private prosecutor, or somebody, to raise cash enough to take up the bet offered by prisoner's counsel.

Future police reports in St. Thomas will read something like this:

Reg. vs. Sykes, Burglary of Jones' Grocery. County Attorney.—"Your Worship, we expect to prove that prisoner was seen to leave the burglarized premises about 3 a.m. with a bundle.

P.M.—"Are you prepared to back your opinion?"

C.A.—"Yes, your Worship?"

P.M.—"How much?"

C.A.—"One hundred."

(Hands up the money to P.M.)

John Doe, sworn, said he saw prisoner on the sidewalk beside front door of Jones' grocery. He wore a red muffler.

Prisoner's Counsel.—"A red muffler did you say?"

P.M.—"You mustn't interfere in this case unless you cover the C.A.'s deposit."

(P.C. consults with prisoner and finally hands up the cash.)

P.C.—"Well, how about that muffler?"

Doe.—"He wore a red one."

P.C.—"I'll bet you ten dollars he didn't," (shakes bill in witness' face.)

Doe.—"But I'll swear—"

P.M.—(To witness) "Your evidence cannot be taken unless you put up."

(Witness produces \$5 bill and handful of silver.)

Doe.—(Continuing) "And he had a bundle under his arm that looked like—"

P.C.—"I'll bet you \$50 he hadn't," (shakes bills as before.)

Doe.—(Vory surly) "I ain't got no fifty dollars."

P.M. to C.A.—"Can you put up for him, then?"

C.A.—(Angrily) "No, I can't, but this is very important evidence, and I insist—"

P.M.—"Put up or shut up!"

C.A.—"Well, I'll shut up" (gathers up papers and leaves in a passion).

P.C.—"Very well, your Worship, as the prosecution has broken down so completely I suppose you will discharge my client at once?"

P.M.—"Certainly, certainly, I'm tired of these frivolous charges made by people who won't back 'em up. Here's your \$220—next case."

It is understood that in future a commission of 5 per cent. is to be allowed to the P.M. as stakeholder, and that a similar percentage of all bets won is to go to the funds of the Law Society.

THE deserved success of the *Current* is now everywhere conceded; and in point of circulation and popularity it bids fair to outrival all other literary and review publications. The prompt and generous support received by the *Current* in all portions of Canada, is remarkable. No more emphatic illustration of this fact can be given than to indicate the predominance of Canadian writers whose 10. The writers and their works are as follows:—W. Philip Robinson, "The Promise in Canadian Literature;" W. E. Maclellan, "The Decadence of the Red River Cart;" A. Werner, "Paschiarello;" Thos. C. B. Fraser, "Let us Converse;" Dagald McMurchy, "Lines to Death;" Robert Elliott, "Twilight Fields;" John George Bourinot, "A Visible Apparition;" Chas. G. D. Roberts, "Echoes From Old Acadia;" John W. Dafoc, "Sometime;" James M. Oxley, "An Unappreciated Work;" T. B. P. Stewart, "Alone;" Sydney Smith, "The Charms of Literature;" W. H. Withrow, F.R.S., "Cromwell;" S. Francis Harrison, "The Poet as a Camper;" R. E. Gosnel, "A Young Lover's Love;" A. Werner, "Prometheus;" J. Almon Ritchie, "Love's Wane;" or the remarkable showing of seventeen out of twenty contributors.

RUNNING FOR MAYOR.

"Ah! ha! popularity is a great thing after all. It is pleasant to feel that one is beloved and respected by his fellow men, and though this article here, in the *Universe*, is certainly flattering, I think I deserve all the praise it gives me."

Thus I spoke as I sat down to breakfast, opposite to Mrs. Snoogles, and picked up the paper alluded to and glanced over an editorial on The Mayoralty candidates, of whom I, "at the earnest solicitation of a large number of influential ratepayers," was one. I was, in my own opinion, the one who was par excellence, the most perfectly fitted for the position of chief magistrate, and the article in the *Universe* did not tend to diminish this opinion.

"Listen, Mrs. Snoogles," I said, "just hear what the *Universe*, the best and most able paper in the world, says about your husband," and I read as follows: "A reign of municipal purity is at hand. No longer will the civic chair be disgraced; no more will the honor of our fair city be trampled under foot by ruthless myrmidons of a corrupt political party. Mr. Snoogles has announced his intention of offering himself as a candidate for the highest position in the gift of our rate-payers, and when it becomes known that this loyal gentleman, who has ever had the best interests of the city at heart, is in the field, we feel that his election is a foregone conclusion. As a man, as a husband, as a father, as a Christian gentleman, honorable and upright, Mr. Snoogles stands proudly pre-eminent. His immense stake in the city proclaims him as the one man of all others who should occupy the civic chair. Wealthy, yet unostentatious; laden with worldly goods, yet ever charitable; exposed to all the temptations that surround the rich, he walks amongst his fellow men with the consciousness of modest moral rectitude. His able advocacy of the use of carbolic acid as a disinfectant for the police station cells; his determined opposition to chloride of lime as a substitute, stamp him as man of no ordinary talent and perseverance. Truly Mr. Snoogles can say with the bard 'An honest man's the noblest work of God?' He can say more; he can proclaim from the house-tops 'I am that man,'" and so on for a column and a half.

"What do you think of that, my dear?" I asked as I concluded; "you should feel proud as I do," and I smiled blandly yet modestly.

"I do feel proud, Josiah,"—my name is Josiah—"I do indeed, and I am sure all the papers will agree with the *Universe*; here is the *Black-mail*, of course it will have something to say in your favor; ah! here it is; 'THE MAYORALTY CONTEST; Citizens! to arms! A viper is in your midst. A crawling, sneaking, loathsome reptile is creeping and squirming amongst you, seeking, in a cut-throat, snake-in-the-grass, underhand and dishonourable manner to foist himself upon you as your chief magistrate. Josiah Snoogles has offered himself as a candidate for the position of mayor of this city! With unblushing effrontery and an arrogance which is the certain outcome of a depraved and immoral nature he stands before you and asks you to vote for him! Citizens! voters! ratepayers! will you tamely submit to this insult? Will you not rise as one man, and by your votes for Elias Gungleby, Esquire, consign the ill-advised mongrel to the oblivion he deserves? What has this man, this Snoogles, done for our fair city, that we should, even for one brief instant, tolerate his abhorrent presence in our midst? What, we ask? What has he not done to ruin the fair fame of our beloved city, and to cover her and you with obloquy and contempt? A person of narrow-minded views: a man (heaven save the mark!) utterly devoid of principle; a creature to whom the words honor and fair-dealing are unknown, Snoogles crawls before you; abject, contemptible, repulsive. Do you wish your mayor for the ensuing year to be the companion of sluggers and bull-pups; of greasy republicans and tobacco-chewing rowdies? If so, then vote for Snoogles. He is all these and far worse besides. In his acceptance of the requisition to come forth as a candidate for the position he seeks but will never obtain—a requisition signed by a few keepers of illicit grogeries and such *canaille*, he boasts of his 'large stake in the city!' How was it, fellow-men, that shortly after the burglary of the Buncombe Bank, the cash box of that institution was found half-a-block from the miserable shanty occupied by this Snoogles? How was it, we ask, that within two months after that burglary, this creature Snoogles commenced to invest heavily in real estate and to build

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THE VIPERS' NEST UNEARTHED.

JOHN BULL.—DON'T YOU THINK, MR. JONATHAN, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SCOTCHED THESE REPTILES?

largely? Are not these significant facts? Ask yourselves, then, if Josiah Snoggles is the man to represent our beloved city as the chief of the municipal council."

Mrs. Snoggles paused and glanced at me over her spectacles. I was appalled, horrified. I gasped for breath, but motioned to her to proceed. She did so, but skipped a column or so.

"In conclusion," went on the article, "we would say, instead of presenting this upstart, this lowly fellow of the baser sort, this Snoggles, with your votes, it behooves you to prepare for him a coat of the blackest tar and the foulest feathers procurable; instead of drawing him in triumph to the civic throne, furnish him with a rail and an escort of half-a-score of able-bodied men, and convey him with ignominy to the city limits and warn him that, if he further intrudes his festering presence on this municipality, it will be at his mortal peril. A pirate at heart! An oppressor of the poor! A robber, a libertine, a coarse plebeian and an arrant rogue! Such is Josiah Snoggles! Down with such creatures! and let the name of Elias Gungley, Esquire, a man whom the celestial residents would hail with pride and joy as a guest to their heavenly regions, triumphantly head the polls."

"What does it mean, Josiah?" enquired Mrs. Snoggles.

I could not speak. I had no heart to continue the perusal of the other two papers on the table, the *Moose* and the *Electric Spark*, though I saw that the former declared me to be "an angel in the form of a man," "a determined foe to corruption and dishonesty," "a citizen whom we delight to honor," and "a true Christian whose reward is sure," and so forth. I also saw that the latter declared me to be "a homicide," "a foul toad-stool springing from a putrescent dung-hill," "a thing, hand in glove with the Prince of Darkness," an obscene maggot reveling in the decomposing putridity that gave it birth," etc., etc.

I rushed out of doors and published a retraction of my letter of acceptance of that requisition, but feeling that I must give some reasons for so doing, I stated that, on mature consideration of the matter, I felt that I should do greater honor to the position of school trustee, and as a candidate for that post, I begged to present myself.

It struck me, when I saw those peripatetic advertisements perambulating the streets the other day, that "Immolation Sale" was something rather out of the way, but a Montreal merchant caps it completely by announcing a "Glove Carnage!" Ye gods! what next? A Corset Holocaust would be equally appropriate, or a Hosiery Massacre; or how would "A Diabolical and Fiendish Murder of Suspenders" do?

Oh! those rural editors! Here is what one of them says:—"Only two men in the world's history have ever been honored by equestrian statues, and curious to relate, Queen Victoria is one of them." Benighted being! Doesn't he know that Queen Victoria isn't a man? Doesn't he allow the fact that queens never are of the masculine persuasion to penetrate his wool? Lie thee to a nunnery; scat! talk not to me of typographical errors.

CATARHII—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease, is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

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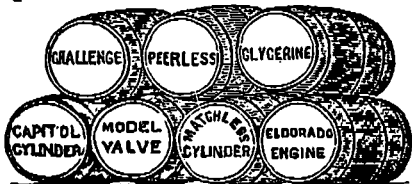
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