



#### AN INJUSTICE THAT SHOULD BE STOPPED.

By the action of the "Drummer's Terror" in Fredericton, G. G. Green's agent was compelled to pay a five dollar license fee for inserting advertisements in the Fredericton papers for the benefit of the local druggists.

#### An Open Letter.

OAKUMPH VILLA (as it were),  
Feb. the 2nd month, 1887. }

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR: I sat down, a few minutes ago, to answer an "at home" invitation I received from my family physician (the tailor—not the epilepsy doctor), and, being sat down, I thought I would send you another instalment of that literary cut-feed of mine which has excited such unbounded interest and amusement among the crowned heads of Europe and Halifax. But, do you know, for the life of me I can't think of anything to concoct an article upon. Let us see—there are the oyster, the mother-in-law, the Chicago foot, the Boston bean and culchaw, the sad eyed humorist, the back-action mule, the poet who goes hungry five days in the week and starves the remaining two days, the stove-pipe, the politician and his little promise, the dudes mental acumen, and so on, and so on, *ad finitum*, also *terpsicore*, *euphrilus*, *chokilat*, *droppum*, *go braugh*. (You see, friend R., the study of the late lamented languages has not been wholly neglected by me).

Now, I know if I flashed the glamour of my scintillating intellect upon any of the above subjects, your readers would set me down as a chestnut vendor. This species of opprobrium I have ever striven eternously to avoid; so that, on the whole, perhaps I had better not send you anything at all, this time,—especially as I am suffering with progressive toothache. By the way, did you ever go to a dentist's to have your teeth filled? I did, last week. When I went in, the exponent of the barbarous horrors of the inquisition asked me what I would have. I said: "Dentist, dent!" and about sixteen seconds afterwards I was ejaculating "Don't!" with all that vociferation for which I am noted. You see, he has a foot power auger that he hollows out your tooth with. It is a great bore. When the toothwright started that patent gimlet into my aching tooth I jumped

about thirty feet in the air. But it was of no avail. The dentist followed me right along with the revolving corkscrew. I gave up, at once, all hopes of ever seeing this old world again, and all my past deeds, and misdeeds, spread themselves out before me like an open cook-book. My victims presently began to spread themselves in panoramic procession before my vision—the readers of the *JURY*, *Maple Leaf*, *Peck's Sun*, *Tid Bits*, etc., etc.,—and with what reproachful glances did they regard me! My blood ran cold, and I shrieked aloud in my strong agony as they held up before my eyes clippings from the above papers. What immediately followed I do not know for certain, but the toothist said I had fainted, with the name of Socrates upon my lips!

According to his story he asked me several times if I wished some cold water, but I spake never a word. "Can't I bring you some brandy?" said he. I suddenly recovered and said, "If you would be so kind!" This, however, may have no foundation in fact.

Then the dentist took three-quarters of a yard of napkin stuff which he placed in my mouth, leaving about an inch hanging out at one end to prevent the cloth from being lost entirely. And what do you suppose that man did then? Why, after thus filling my mouth, or at least trying to fill it with a linen rag, he deliberately asked me my opinion of the political situation! I reached up to haul that mizzen-sail out of my rosebud mouth, but he struck my hand down, and repeated the question. "Othogigorthildonigorlevritslumtygie," said I. He said he hadn't given that part of the question the consideration which was, perhaps, its due, but that I was probably correct he would not for an instant gainsay. I reached for my revolver to bore a jagged hole through his false heart, but found I had left the "weepon" home on my *escritoire* wrapped up in two "Leaves from Little Jimmy's Sketch-book," and thus the tooth-chiroprapist's life was saved.

I might go on for hours and give you a succinct (whatever that is) account of the agonies I suffered in that man's office, but you can see from the occasional flashes of a generous humanity in this epistle that I am not lost entirely to all feelings of shame and justice, and inasmuch as I am not prepared to write you a sketch, I will subside.

Yours, very etcetera,

CASEY TAP.



"Two soles with but a single thought!"

C. P. R. OR G. T. R.—LEFT.

The car is crowded—just one seat,  
And in that seat a girl complete,  
With wicked eye and foot pelete.

I wandered aimlessly down the aisle,  
I think—I thought I saw a smile,  
I stop and then I say with guile:

This seat engaged? May I sit here?  
The train stops short, and then so clear:  
"No, but I am; and—he gets on here!"

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