



SIC!

"THE friends of the late Chief Justice Moss, Vice-Chancellor of the University, having presented the sum of \$2,000 for the establishment of a scholarship of the value of \$120, known as the 'Moss Classical Scholarship,' will be annually offered for competition in the subjects of Greek and Latin classes of the first year's examination."—*Announcement of Toronto University, page 44.*

THE PRESIDENT.—"Gentlemen, these prizes are unique and well worth striving for. They ought to incite you to your very best efforts."

EVENIN' THINGS UP.

"If that's a drop letter you want two cent stamps on it," the clerk in the book-store said to him.

The man laid his unfinished section of home-made bun and cheese on the counter and prepared to glue his stamp upside down on the lower left hand corner of the yellow envelope.

"Better put another on," the clerk again advised.

"See here, young man," gruffly exclaimed the customer, "air you postin' this letter, or me?"

The young man didn't care to claim the conduct of the operation, and the buyer continued, as he gave the stamp a slap like a flail bang:

"Mebbe I'm from the country an' I don't know nothink nor nobody. All the same, she's onto a little bee all to herself, an' she kin rattle through 'thout callin' in more hands. See?"

"But if that is a drop letter——"

"A drop letter! Well, I shed jest say it is. It's got a drop on a man in this town that's goin' to raise hair an' make dust. Drop, eh? Ho, ho, ho! My friend, it ain't no common drop. It's a reg'lar Steve Brodie tumble. It's——but you wouldn't understand, anyway. Jest mark it down that Bill Jackson, Esquire, is in town to-day evenin' things up!"

And Mr. Jackson's hand like a ham came down on Her Majesty's vignette with a final thump that rattled the whole counter.

"That's all right," ventured the clerk, "but what I was going to tell you is that if you want that letter delivered——"

"Delivered, did you say? Sent 'round to his house? No, by gracious, I don't! That 'ud spile my fun. I don't want no totin' of this letter to the front door. An', ding me, ef I don't tell you why. This 'ere letter's writ to a miserable school teacher feller who's bin out in our section for a term. He went to work an' cut me outen my gal, dang him! Then he come to town to study up for doctorin', or lawyerin, or somethink. So I got another show. I worked the gal round agin. She's promised to be my wife. We're to have the weddin' to-morrow. This letter's a printed bid to the teacher man, sayin', 'The pleasure of your company is respectfully invited,' an' cetra, an' cetra. Oh, I'm evenin' things up, I am!"

"Just so. But you must remember the post-office regulations for letters——"

"Reg'lations or no reg'lations, this letter goes right into the post marked, 'Wait till the feller calls for it.' I'm sendin' a boy to his boardin' house to tell him thar's a registered for him at the office. He'll come down. I'll hang 'round an' watch. He'll read the bid an' be jumpin' mad. I'll sidle up an' give him the laugh. If he says more'n four slack words to me, I'll peel off an' swipe a swath with him in the middle of the road full ten foot wide. As I said, I'm in town to-day evenin' things up a trifle. My name's Jackson. I ain't bin long in Canada, but I learned enough out West to keep me goin' for a while; an' when I start out to even things up I want folks to understand I'm no blear-eyed woodchuck 'at's lost his hole. Time me four seconds to the post-office, young man, by the best stop-watch in the settlement!"

He made it in exactly three and a half!

CANADIANISM, FORSOOTH!

REGINA, May 24, '89.

DEAR GRIP,—As an Englishman, I wish to present to the public, through your valuable paper, a few reasons why the cry of "Canada for Canadians" should be silenced. It is both unnatural and ungrateful.

We (that is, Queen, etc.), have knighted Sir John, Sir Richard, Sir Charles, Sir John 2nd, etc. We have cared for Canadian children as though they were our own issue, and have protected these poor foundlings in their fishery and other rights; we have allowed our men to fill positions that brought them into daily contact with plebians, or natives. After all this, Canadians begin shouting, "Canada for Canadians!" What mulish ignorance!

Here, in Regina, we cannot complain as much as patricians have reason to do in many localities, as nearly all the best offices are filled by men from the Old Country, or those who wish they had been born there, and would have been if they had had any voice in the matter. Of course, when men are sorry they were born in Canada, and try to forget it, and amalgamate with more fortunate borners, we try (to use a phrase that Canadians can grasp), we try to stomach them, and, while we pity these amphoteric natives, we love them with a melancholy fervor.

The misguided men who cry "Canada first," we have no sympathy with whatever. The ungrateful creatures tell us, "Our fathers established these institutions, and laid the foundation of Canada's prosperity; our fathers furnished the money that you are receiving, and