



A LONDON SCARE.

Mr. Gladstone was terribly agitated. He felt sure he saw the ghost of a distinguished Personage—but it was only our own dizzy Premier taking a walk down the sunny side of Pall Mall!

Fortune Bay.

A BALLAD.

As sung by the Yankee Fishermen.

Come all ye jolly fishermen, from Boston down to Bangor,
Who sail beneath the stars and stripes, amid the ocean's spray,

I'll sing to you a story, that will arouse your anger,
How we were used and much abused, way down to Fortune Bay.

One morning we'd put out our nets to catch the cod and mackerel,
It was on a Sunday morning (better day the better deed).

We sat down upon the hatchways, and took a chew to-backer all—
There's nothing half so comforting as Old Virginny's weed.

When suddenly came down on us, the natives of the Island,
A fierce and hungry lot were they, a hundred men and more.

They raised our nets and tackle, and took them on to dry land,
And burnt them all before our eyes, upon Newfoundland's shore.

And what was their excuse for this?—they said that it was Sunday,
And we were breakin' of the laws, that rule their barren isle.

But what the deuce was that to us, we couldn't wait for Monday,
It was fish that we were after, and we had to make our pile.

Of course then such an outrage, we'd not suffer with impunity,
And as soon as we'd got home, the country heard us say our say,

And our Government at Washington, took the first opportunity,
To tell the British of our wrongs, way down to Fortune Bay.

Our Minister in England, was fearful mad and ragin',
That such a trick by colonists, upon us should be played,

And he knew how they at "home," deal with matters mere Canadian,
And that the claim, how'er absurd, would certainly be paid.

And so it was, old Johnny Bull, was shivering and shaking,
And altho' he broke the local laws, of his own provincial grounds,

To pay us for the nets and gear, the colonists had taken,
He kindly made it up to us, with fifteen thousand pounds!

So success into the stars and stripes, of this our glorious countree:
It's the flag that makes old Johnny Bull, just shiver in his boots,

And a fig for all Canadians, and their impudent effrontery,
We can beat them just as easily as young Bartlett did Miss Counts.

—Wasted sweetness—Two pretty girls kissing each other, when a poor forlorn wretch of a bachelor looks on longingly.

The Legrees of Education.

A Samia Model School boy was threatened with a thrashing for fighting, and locked up in a room until his teacher could get time to administer the promised castigation. The lad did not relish the prospect, and made his escape from the room by jumping out of the window to the yard below, a distance of thirty feet. He has not been seen since either at home or at school. —*Globe*.

Inspector Gair thinks this is altogether too thin. Why, it was just the other day that a "sweet girl graduate" of sweet sixteen had her tender hands bruised and blistered by one of those educational Legrees, and now here we have a Model School boy jumping from a window thirty feet high to escape "the promised castigation!" Now, there are a few items of information anent the stepping down and out of that boy which Inspector Gair would like to be in possession of, viz.:—1st. Where's the other boy? It takes two to make a fight. 2nd. What were they fighting about? Did the other boy call him names? or throw stones at his little brother? or insultingly challenge him to deeds of derring-do, under the mistaken impression that he was one of the soft fellows you only find between the covers of your Sunday School novel of the mild type? or did some starchy-eyed graduate so bewilder them with her soft glances, that each mistook one for "lother, and fell to pummeling each other on the head of it? 3rd. Hasn't flogging been abolished in the army? If so, seeing that a precedent has been established, would it not be wise to adopt it and abolish flogging in public schools? Who wants to have their sixteen-year-old girls disgraced and their Model School lads fleeing from home like criminals because of teachers of Judaic temper? 4th. Where is that boy now? We want him. For "he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." And you bet the man of whom that boy is the father will come in handy at the next Fenian invasion. Come back, sonny; Inspector Gair will protect you.



LEFT!

Grand tableau at the conclusion of the farce played by Roscoe Conkling and mister platt.

Ta Reason o't.

She will be bearing a great deal shust now about music. The will all be takin' aboot their organs, and their peccanos, and their feedles, but no wan whatever has wan word to say aboot ta pappipes. Losh man, she will pe go to ta Caledonian games at Lucknow vauise. There's where ta music will pe. There was sixteen pipers and they was all playin' a different tune comin' down ta street, and py gosh ta music was gawnd. Whyfor is ta reason why all ta goot sogers will come from ta Heelans? Pe cause ta pappipes will pe at ta head of ta regiment. Whatfomere will pe ta reason why ta Frenchman will run away when she'll see ta Heelan sogers in Egypt, and ta sot it was ta sogers' wives drest out in ta Sunda braws? It was pe cause ta heord ta pappipes play "Ta Camels is Comin'," and not one was left to told ta tale neffomere. Ta pappipes is a goot music, and so is ta kilts, and maype she'll wrote you a letter aboot ta kilts again. TOOGALL.



THE PRESS ELEVATOR!

Mr. GRIP offers his profound acknowledgments to his big contemporary the *Globe*, for the very flattering suggestion that *he*, and not Mr. Goldwin Smith, is the real elevator of the Canadian press, and that therefore he should have received the dinner which Mr. Bystander ate the other night. Mr. Gair modestly acknowledges that the *Globe* is certainly correct as to who is the real elevator of the press, but as his authorized representative was present at the banquet alluded to, and had several "helpings" more than the guest of the evening, he feels that no injustice has been done him in the premises. Besides, Mr. Gair neither expects nor desires any tangible recognition of his services by the press men; it is as much pleasure for him to elevate them as it can be for them to get elevated; and therefore, with another respectful bow to the *Globe* man for thus doing us proud, Mr. Gair resumes his task by giving a pull to the bell cord, and carrying his esteemed passengers higher and higher.

Phillips.

We have taken a fancy to Phillips. His post office address is Ottawa, and he writes—what shall we say?—well, he writes acrostics. Others have written acrostics, too, but none so brilliantly as Phillips, in proof of which we copy from the *Montreal Gazette* his latest and most exquisite production:—

"WITH HONOR CROWNED."

SIR H. L. LANGRISH, K.C.M.G.

Sovereign of Imperial Britain,

India's Empress fifty crown'd,

Round thy throne thou wisely callest

H croes in all walks renown'd.

I ook on those whom knightly honors

E owingly thou'st thrown around.

A nd amongst the brilliant gath'ring,

N one more worthy will be found,

G allic son of this Dominion—

E ngland's grandest colony—

V ainly shall you seek his better

I n truth, in faith or loyalty,

N or loving homage unto thee.

K night of unblemished fame or deed.

C anada's fav'rite son and best,

M ay further honors to him speed,

G od's blessing on him ever rest.

J. A. PHILLIPS.

Ottawa, 24th May, 1881.

Gair is ready to risk his reputation as a critic on the assertion, that for sweetness of rhyme, felicity of expression, and profound truthfulness of sentiment the above acrostic is unrivalled in the annals of Canadian poetry. If any are disposed to carp, we point triumphantly to the eighth, eleventh, twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth lines for convincing proof of our assertion. The national heart will beat responsive to these lines. For ourselves, we can only parody the words of one of old, and exclaim in the depth of our admiration, "If we were not Gair we would be Phillips."

Human nature reveals itself in the smallest concerns of life. A lad was watching a man beat a carpet and said, "That wan's boy must have good times. Why, that man couldn't lick the stuffing out of a ten cent doll."