



ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

The Orange Society, whose members are banded together to revere the glorious pious and immortal memory of King William, and to march through the mud once a year, has been declared illegal in the Province of Quebec. This is a grant set back to loyalty, but it will also be the means of avoiding a certain amount of skull-breaking in the future. Mr. Gurr, therefore, bows resignedly to the majesty of the law as embodied in the manly presence of Mayor Beaudry.

1ST SEN.—'Tis patent to you all, my learned friends,
That the hour hath come when patience is
a vice.
This very night must we take steps to
quash,
With our overpowering might, the haughty
spirit
Of these uncouth obdurate rebels.
Of their vile band let the four worst be
brought
Before the Mufli's throne at 2 p.m.,
On the snow-clad banks of classic Taddle's
stream,
And there, beneath the beech's spreading
limbs,
That awful Judge will try them for their
sins.

CHORUS.—Woe to the freshmen.

(*Exeunt singing "Litoria," "We'll hang the Globe Reporter," &c., and other martial strains."*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—College gate, Queen's Park. Time.—Saturday morning. Enter two shivering freshmen, casting trembling glances behind at every step.

1ST FRESHMAN.—Good morn, mon ami chere. Thou art pale to-day.
2ND FRESH.—Eheu! me miserum! Will the woes and ills

Of freshmen never cease, or are we doomed
By sundry genuflections and restraints
To bear the weighty burden of respect
To these august, lore-crammed Sens.,
Which they with bitter yoke do lay on us?

1ST FRESH.—The vernal month of May will set us free.
And open the gates to those radiant upper
years,
Whence, basking in the sun of our conceit,
We, too, may downward look with right-
eous frown
Upon the blooming freshman's cheeky
cheek.

2ND FRESH.—What if we're plucked?

The Heavens forbid.

1ST FRESH.—Verily
The freshman's life is not a happy one.
But, comrade, hast thou heard of the awful
deed
Committed since last midnight's solemn
hour?

2ND FRESH.—No. Was it very awful?

Ay! A crime

Of darkest dye, that made the black-robed
sky
Seem white beside, and Taddle's murky
wave
Assume the pale and ghastly hue of fear.
And I, a forced spectator of the act,
The while did sit upon my chilly perch,
And groan with a soundless groan at what
I saw

For you should know that after the debate
Last night, a fascination upon me seized,
And lingering round to see what I could
see,

I saw from the College rear a band emerge,
I knew of yore their tattered senior gowns,
And made a bee-line for a tree, and there
Amid its icy, leafless branches sat
While round, beneath the senior, demons
ran.

I guessed their biz; nor was I wrong, for
soon
Before a throne of crape—dread Mufli's
seat—

They dragged in chains three freshmen
brave.
Their doom was sealed ere they were tried,
but trial

There was, and that most diabolical.
The terrible charge was "Cheek in the
first degree."

And five score seniors swore to its utter
truth.
The implements of torture bring they forth,
The stake, the rack, the boot, and boiling
tar,

That almost choked me from my perch,
and all
The infernal tools and stinks, that science
men,

Or classical, were able to conjure.
The execution then began with shouts
Of exec and mingled groans, till nature
fainted

And, faint with horror and with cold, I
reeled
And tum—

SENIOR (*entering*).—What want ye, freshies, here. Be-
gone.
(*Exeunt freshmen like greased lightning.*)

The Recalcitrant Tones.

What is the matter with the Conservatives in
Toronto? Is it possible that dire mutiny has
reared its horrid head among them? Many of

the "good men and true," who, like faithful
henchmen, in the days of the "amphitheatre"
roared, shouted, and howled for the Chieftain,
now seem to have lost all of what an eminent
coloured lecturer of Gurr acquaintance would
call "dar enthusiasam." They say they will
no longer support the present administration.
Mr. Gurr will give his readers a synopsis of
their alleged reasons, and the real causes of their
recusancy.

Mr. A. Alleged reason.—Does not like the
Syndicate monopoly having control of so much
land; doesn't like the Boundary Award, nor the
Streams Bill. Real reason.—Didn't get an
office.

Mr. B. Alleged reason.—Doesn't like the coal
tax; doesn't like Sir John's calling around him
the old Pacific scandal gang. Real reason.—
Didn't get an office.

Mr. C. Alleged reason.—Don't like the em-
ployment of Chinamen and English navvies on
the C.P.R., while Canadian working men are
going around barefooted; don't like the way
working men are treated by any means; object
to scales being imported. Real reason.—Didn't
get an office.

Mr. D. Alleged reason.—Objects to the fiscal
policy of the Government. Too much surplus;
only sufficient needed for the wants of the coun-
try. Real reason.—Didn't get an office. And
so on—and so on. Now then, gentlemen, what
are you going to do about it? Can it be pos-
sible that you are going over to the odious
Grits? Don't do it. Stick to your colours,
and console yourselves with the reflection that
there are plenty of disappointed Grits as well
as Tories.

A Prophecy Sure to be Fulfilled.

I had just been to hear the Oracle and my
"prophetic soul" was burdened, and I went into
the Queen's Park and cried aloud—

"It's coming on the Hills of Time.

And this old world is growing brighter:
We may not see its dawn sublime,
But high hopes make the heart throbb lighter;
We may be sleeping in our graves
When it awakes the world in wonder.
But we have felt it coming round
And heard its voice of living thunder.
It's coming! Yes, it's coming.

"What's coming? What's coming?" cried
a thousand gentle voices all at once. Why,
Gurr's Comic ALMANAC for 1882. And don't
you forget it.

Mr. Lauder's Concert.

Mr. W. Waugh Lauder made his *debut* as a
pianist, at the Pavilion on Monday evening,
before a large and critical audience and scored
a pronounced success. Speaking of his technique
first, he has brought it to the highest state of
perfection in all kinds of passages, scales, and
chordarpeggios in every shape or form; double
notes, trills, interlocking runs and octaves were
all played with a velocity, equality and ease,
whether loud or soft, that showed a perfect
mastery of the piano. This is a great deal to
acquire, although only the groundwork of a
great pianist. But Mr. Lauder has not stopped
there, and uses his great powers with a judg-
ment and finish that shows he has studied the
higher department of his art with great success.
It is easy to understand, then, that his render-
ing of the different numbers of the programme
was highly artistic, and that he proved him-
self to be a pianist of the first rank, and one
that Canada, or any country, might well be
proud of, and in wishing him every success, we
are sure we are expressing the wish of every-
one present. The programme was a trying one
to listen to for those who were not up in piano-
forte music, but from the hearty applause he
was greeted with at the end of each perfor-
mance, we would judge there was a thoroughly
appreciative audience present, and that all will
be glad to hear him again. Miss McCutcheon,