

Current Events.

No. 3.

Mc Darlint Grip:—

SINCE I writ me lasht letter, I was misfortunate enough to blacken me left eye wid a pick-handle, and had to quit work, so I have tuk meself and NORAH for the divartion of a hollyday. We wint to the Humber on the good chip *Wathertown*, an a rare ould toime av it we had, just. The captin—he's a broth av an ould bic is that same captin JACKMAN—was shtandin wid a schmile on his face an a chigar betune his lips, at the gaugaway, fwihin we wint down, and the style av him handin me NORAH up the plank made me heart shwell wid pride dthat I cud call her mine. Whell! In coorse av toime the staymer gev two or three shouts, be way of saying she was aff, and thin the man in the cellar below began workin' the pump handle betune the stove pipes above and the warf slowly moved aff up Yonge street, but me brillent countryman Mistor NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN. Bein' both lithry nin an' jernalists, av coorse I wint up an chuck hans wid him, and intherjuiced me wife. Mistor DAVIN tuck aff his hat and resaved NORAH wid the politeness av a rale Irish gentelman as he is, and thin we sat down forrinst him and inthered into a long conversation on lithry matters and pollyticks and cithry. "Begorra, Mistor DAVIN," sez I, "ye desave to put an extry silver ring on dthat black thorn to cilibrate the maulin' ye gev till "Bystander" in the *Mail* of Wednesday."

"D'ye think I have him?" sez he, wid a schmile av satisfachon.

"I do," sez I. "'Tis the innycine av you that I admire in the letter. Lettin on dthat ye had no knowledge av who "Bystander" was till the corrispondint av the *Advertiser* "gev up his name" as you put it there."

"Av coorse, no more I had," sez he, wid a shly look at NORAH.

"Av coorse not," sez I, wid a conspicious wink av both eyes. "Av coorse not—nayther do you know, I suppose, who is dthat same *Advertiser* correspondint ye bathered in such foine stoile be the same token," sez I.

Mistor DAVIN thin changed the subject and gev me some nate Dublin compliment wid riference to these letters I do be writin' to you, Mistor GRIP. He said me sthyle wos decidedly me own, and dthat *Current Events* in the *Canajan Monthly* was shmall petaties and few in a hill alongside av mine.

"'Tis the disconnection av the topics," sez he, "that shows the rale janius av the writer. I nuyver saw air a wan cud say less in the same length av shpace than you Mistor TIERNEY," sez he.

"Thank ye sir, kindly, Mistor DAVIN, sez I, "sure thin wuldn't I make a foine Fillydely Cintial Correspondint av the *Mail*, av that's the case?"

At this pint in the conversation, me noble shport, Mistor JACKMAN the younger, walks up and axed us for our teckets.

"Press" sez Mistor DAVIN, wid a calm and plisint expression av countenance.

I tuck in the sitoation at wanst. "Tickets," sez Mistor JACKMAN, turnin' to me.

"Press," sez I.

"Are you Mistor ROSS ROBERTSON, av the *Tellygraf*?" sez he.

"Sur," sez I, "do I resimble dthat funny flyaway crather in me phizzikle conformashun?"

"Be the appearance av yer left eye," sez he, "I thought you might have met Mistor BEVERLY ROBINSON suddintly on Schott sthreet," sez he. "No, sur!" sez I, "I'm a good conservatif, sur, an wud be sorry to go back on Sur JOHN an' the Party by bringin' Mistor ROBINSON into the Pelice Coort like the *Telegram* man did for so shmall a thing. Sure, I swally the pacific scandall from the chafetin, sur, and bad luck to me av I wuld shtrain at a black eye from wan av his best frinds."

"What paper thin?" sez he.

"*Current Events*," sez I.

"Mistor GOLDWING SMITH," sez he, you must pay —."

"Iculd a fwihle, me noble JACKMAN," sez I, "GRIP's me paper," sez I.

"O, I beg yer pardon a thousan' times," sez he, "on biuded knees I ax yer forgiveness."

The ould captin' kem round soon afther this and axed us riprisintatives av the Press down below to the bar.

Mistor DAVIN seemed a thrife sick, maybe broodin' over GOLDWING'S lasht epistle. "Yes," sez he, "let us vishit the shprings of Helicon. There's a liquor he compounds beyant all the finesht specimin av mixed dhrink me experience has made me acquainted wid, which complately quinces the melancholy which flows from the ruins ov the pasht, to employ the figure av the Bystander's Essay on History."

So I spint the day, meself and NORAH, and a plisint toime we had intoirely wid the purty girls at the Humber, and all the lithry min av the city on the deck av the good chip *Wathertown*.

TERRY TIERNEY.

The Final Demand.

THEODORE.—How glad I am to see my love.

ROSABELLE.—Your love! 'Tis time that word to prove.

THEODORE.—I bought the jewels you admired.

ROSABELLE.—I had enough before.

THEODORE.—Took you to parties, as desired.

ROSABELLE.—They only did me bore.

THEODORE.—I've vowed to be forever true.

ROSABELLE.—The same did others say.

THEODORE.—I know no more that I can do.

ROSABELLE.—If not. I'll break away.

THEODORE.—What shall I do?

Destroy the town,

Level a mountain flat?

Or walk the length of King Street down.

And wear a worn-out hat?

ROSABELLE.—I must, I will the fashion lead,

And go the rest before.

And you must help me to succeed.

Or look on me no more.

THEODORE.—I'll buy you every gorgeous dress

The dry goods stores can show.

If you will never love me less,

Nor bid me from you go.

ROSABELLE.—It is not that.

I've plenty made,

Of stuff both rich and dear.

A diferent project you must aid,

Or else make tracks from here.

THEODORE.—What e'er in castle or in hut

You ask, it shall be got.

I'd give you half my kingdom, but,

A whole one I have not.

ROSABELLE.—'Tis this, I want a pullback made.

Too close about me bound

To move one step; and you must aid

AND CARRY ME AROUND.

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Opening Chorus, "Driven from Home,".....COMPANY.

Pathetic ballad, "Wandering Refugee,".....BILLY MACDOUGALL.

Comic Ditty, "I'm a bad man and I carry a razor,"...ALF BOULTREE.

Moral Song, "Pure as a Lily,".....MATT. CAMERON.

Jokes, By the only.....JOHN A.

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Grand finale, "Good Time Coming,".....COMPANY.

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Boy, (who swallows the dose),.....MATT. CAMERON.

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