

The Universities

"And so, my dear sir," said GRIP to a high University dignitary, "the Canadian Universities are making progress?"

"Remarkably so," replied the gentleman addressed "we have had now for years very many in the Province, and each year sees more built."

"But may I ask," returned the dulcet tones with which GRIP charms his interlocutors to submission. "how is it that we notice such poor results?"

"Good heavens! Sir! poor!" replied the astounded magnate. "why we turned out thousands of matriculants in law, science, and divinity last year!"

"But the results," persisted the placid GRIP. "In law our biggest guns get woful British snubbings when they try a bit of international, and here you have neither judge nor counsel who ever makes a speech worth place beside WEBSTER?"

"But we are young," cried the dignitary.

"Your doctors make no advances in their art, and timidly copy old country modes," said GRIP.

"Very young," said the U. D.

"Your ministers make execratingly dull sermons, and seem not sufficiently versed in history and science to combat these freethinkers," added GRIP.

"Extremely young," said the University.

"In science you don't fetch along any GALILEOS, NEWTONS, FLAXMANS, FRANKLINS, or WATTS," said GRIP.

"Too young," said the University: "but in a few hundred years—"

"When we are all dead," said GRIP.

The Sad Ballad of John Smith and Polly Tinker.

Now list all ye people who choose unto me,
While a story I tell of our modern countree.
And young men and maidens I all of you pray
To improve by this moral while yet that you may.

O who is yon maiden who goes down the street?
It is fair POLLY TINKER, the pretty and sweet.
And who is yon youth, walking now by her side?
O who but JOHN SMITH, of his parents the pride.

O why seem they happy, as onward they walk?
O, of good times to come they most pleasantly talk.
And what are the prospects which give them such cheer,
He's to get a bank clerkship—five hundred a year.

And what will they do with this salary small?
O 'twill give them a cottage, and marriage, and all
That existence requires. Of LUXURY fair,
And of all that he asks, they know nothing nor care.

It will give the fair POLLY a pretty new gown,
Twice as oft as her father with one can come down;
While JOHN thinks with joy that whenever he need,
He can buy a full suit of Canadian tweed.

Now the next thing that comes in the course of my rhyme,
Is a moral reflection on passage of time;
And the difference women, and difference men,
Often manifest Now, to what once they did Then.

O whose is that carriage which rolls down the drive?
The cashier Mr. SMYTTHE'S—now the proudest alive.
And whose the fair form which beside him doth glow?
Mrs. SMYTTHE'S—nee ELYZABETH TINNEQUERRE, you know.

O what is his income to keep up all this?
Twenty thousand a year? No, that's rather a miss.
He's got but five thousand, it's very well known;
But great private estates he's considered to own.
O where did they get it—this private estate?
O their parents were somewhere of wealth very great.
Though exactly the region where those old folks dwell,
Is a something which somehow the SMYTTHE'S never tell.

O they're aristocratic exceedingly, then?
Yes, and give splendid dinners too, now and again.
And of late, when the committee were in the lurch,
SMYTTHE forked over five thousand to finish the church.

And the whole congregation are loud in his praise,
So select too, and highminded in all his ways.
There's no lord buys new dress suits so often as he;
And her velvets are getting a wonder to be.

O what do they say now each other beside,
As in pleasure and glory together they ride?
And why they are thin, worn, and sallow to-day,
Unlike JOHNNY and POLLY who once passed that way?

With a sharp voice and squeaky she speaks in his ear,
"I declare it's a shame I can't decent appear,
In the houses I visit—there's that Lady JONES
Wears diamonds worth millions—sich beautiful stones.

"And she looks down on me, and I know just for why.
They're beyond quite the *status* of you and of I.
And she turns hup her nose, and I'm sure I can't see
That I'm not quite as good on heach pint as is she.

"And I eard that she said as how queer people, dear,
In this country can get president or cashier
Of a bank; but then real refinement, she said,
Was a thing hup to wich they ave never been bred.

"And she meant them ere diamonds. I know; and I say,
I don't like to ear you spoken of in that way."
"Nor she shan't," cries proud SMYTTHE, "Who is she?—Lady
JONES!
I'll get you better diamonds, my dear, than she owns.

"I'll teach 'er oo's oo." And a week from that date
Mrs. SMYTTHE goes in diamonds, with spirit elate,
And is fully convinced that the universe owns
She's a being transcending "that there Lady JONES."

O what are those rumours the newspapers give?
"Defalcations—cashier?—why, it's SMYTTHE, as I live.
He's run off and they've just brought him back from the States;
And behind him—twelve years—close the dark prison gates.

O who is that convict in yellow and white?
Tis our old friend JOHN SMITH, once so pleasant and bright.
And who takes in washing just over the way?
Tis POLL TINKER, gone home with her parents to stay.

The Propagandistes.

FROM CHAUCER.

Then there was grete havock and foraye,
And all ranne either which waye,
And loud cried of them which ruled,
Saying "Of Goddie's truth they have us fooled.
Shut up and close is every factorye,
And the poor folken all idle be."
So that much poverty was in the lande,
As had not been before I understande.
Then did a crye rise up in the nighte,
"The Propagandistes will set them all righte,
They will give to this poor people worke,
Also high wages, else I am but a Turke."
Straight came SYR JONNAYE out in the streete,
Running in hurrye more than had been meete,
So that his garments he scarce bracen hadde.
"I am one," he cried out, "bee gladdie,"
Also loud shouted as he were madde,
Waving hys head and hys arms up thrown,
So that all people to hear him be gonne.
"I am a Propagandiste," shouted he.
"Also I another!" cried MALCUMSEE,
Then low to JONNAYE "What is it one to bee?"
Answered then SYR JONNAYE in his care,
"It is to draw eight thousand a yeare."
Then to pass it onward they begunne.
DOCTURTEE screamed himself was one,
Also WILLIE who wandered aboute,
Big BURPLUMME also yelled it oute,
Also many more as tongue can telle,
All up and down they raisen the yelle,
Ran and read in bookes what it might meane.
Then at picnics shouting it were seene,
Making of it such meddlaye variouse,
That they who knew it laughed loud in chorusse,
Who had it studied, and knewe it wello,
But nought said and letten those yelle,
Who for it cared nothing nor knewe,
But that office they might win untoe,
For in truthe they in power had beene,
Full year twenty, and nought was seene.
Nor did they ever cry Propagandiste,
Until their placen that they had they miste,
This be the wayen of the world each where,
Wherefore be minded of the evill snare,