

**Ta Hielan' Brecks.**

MAISTER CHIP.—Her nainsell thinks ta English bat petter no nettie wi ta tartan. Her nainsell was ane o' ta pipers at Inkerman an' t' Alma, when Sir Colin cam hooraying, "We'll hao nane put Hielan ponnets here." Hersell couldna stant it! We exist ta plaid, flung awa ta pipes, oot wi oor dirk knives, an' if ta tartan didna gar ta Rooshians flee up ta hill au' toon agen, my name is na Ta Phairson. They ca'd us ta teevils in petticoats. There was na word apout apoli-hin ta tartan then. An' when ta plack teevils steekit ta toor o' ta prison on ta ponnie English lassie in Lucknow, wha was't put Havelock's saints in tartan tat gar't ta pibroch skeil ta lat them ken they war comin'. They didna daur ta speak o' apolishin ta tartan then. Na! na! Napoleon was a fera prave man, put he was aye fear'd when he saw "ta pare leggit savages" in ta fielt. Moreofer onr forefathers got ta fursk kilt of a Roman on ta fielt o' pattie, an' will keep it till ta Romans com pack agen. It was a fir pad time ta speak aboot apolishin ta tartan; she'll had petter get Paddy t' settle toon, an' get ta wild Boers chased awa, afore she'll peg in ta mottle wi ta tress o' ta auld Scotland; maybe she'll pring a bink o' hornets aboot her eers, she'll pe thinkin' we're a nation o' flunkies. She'll petter apolish ta parritch, an' ta prose, an' ta haggis, an' pe tam to her moreofer when ta Noo Cylander sits on ta auld Lannon Brig; maybe she'll see her nainfell fishing in ta Thames wi a pipe in her check an' a Tam O'Shanter on her head. Forpye a kilt, for ta brecks makin' will pe ane o' ta lest arts. An' maybe she'll tell hoo they tried ta apolish ta tartan, put just plet their finkers tryin' ta pu' ta thistle. TA PHAIRSON.

Edwin Booth has appeared as *King Lear* at the Princess Theatre, London. The house was well filled, although the weather was unpropitious. Mr. Booth was called before the curtain after every act, and after that in which *Lear* recognizes *Cordelia* he was summoned three times to the front. He was well supported on the whole by the company. The scenes with *Goneril* and *Poor Tom* were especially well received. The *Standard* says: "Mr. Booth's *Lear* may safely be asserted to rank as his finest effort."



**Forbes' Terrific Ride.**

OWEN SOUND, March 1.

MR. GRIP.—SIR,—I'm getting up an entirely new lecture, to be entitled, "Terrible Traveling; or, a War Correspondent on a Lecture Tour." I have had to drop my old one. My "Inner Life" got so jumbled up in that recent fearful ride of mine over the F. G. and B., that it is now a shapeless mass. I think my new lecture will be even more thrilling. This ride over the narrow gauge I can work up into something even better than that Zulu horseback adventure, and my description of Plevna is no circumstance to the word picture I can give of my subsequent newspaper battle with Wragge. Please give advancenotice of new lecture, and oblige, ARCH. FORBES.



**Shortening the Session.**

Hon. Alex. Morris, feeling that his reputa'on us an energetic maker of law was waning away, has brought forth a measure for the shortening f the local sessions. Next to Gladstone's Moture Act, this is perhaps the most startling piece of proposed legislation of the day. Grip gives the Hon. Alex. his full support in the matter. The sessions are decidedly too long and costly, although no legislative body in the world does more solid and useful work than our Local Parliament. But the financial view is not the only one. Grip feels a keen sympathy with the Opposition who, having to sit and hopelessly gaze at the Treasury benches, cannot but look upon the session in the light of a prolonged torture. No wonder they should bring in a bill to shorten their sufferings.

**Slashbush on Loyalty.**

The cool and beautiful snow lay in an unbroken mantle upon the wide fields and meadows of the Slashbush estate. It covered the leathery foliage of the evergreen tamaracs and spruces that flanked the cattle "paster," and the bare branches of the stately oaks and chestnuts stood out in clear and sharp outlines against the cold western sky where the sun was just setting. It was March. Spring had come, not so ethereal mildness, its supposed accompaniment.

Gustavus Slashbush stood by the kitchen window of the old homestead gazing meditatively upon the orb of day, fast declining beyond the frowning buttresses of Uncle Ephraim's barn. His sister Almira sat by the fire engaged in her favorite and useful occupation of sewing fragments of cloth of many colors and textures together, preparatory to their being in good time woven into a magnificent and gorgeous rag carpet.

"Almiry," suddenly ejaculated Gustavus, "I really think there is no loyalty left in the world now. I mean true, bona fide, unswerving loyalty. What do you think?"

"Don't know nothin' about it, nor don't care; guess we kin get along pretty well without it anyway," replied his sister with indifference.

"Get along without loyalty!" said Gustavus aghast. "Why, Almiry, you don't understand. Let me put a case in point to you. Now you know you've got a beau, Rueben Van Rucket. Now—"

"Well, s'posin' I have, that's nothing to do with you," said Almira, flaring up.

"No; but Almiry you'd like him to be loyal, to be true to you, wouldn't you?"

"Oh Ruebe's true enough, a little too true, consarn him. I can't go to a single meetin' but the critter keeps follerin' me 'round wus than a dog."

"Almiry," continued Gustavus, "when I speak of loyalty I don't refer so much to the constancy of one individual to another, as to other and greater interests. I allude to the duty of the subject to his rulers. Yes, Almiry, there was a time when to hear was to obey, and the utterances of what is now called a "free

press" would consign the owners thereof to a felon's cell in the good old times. Look at South Africa. Look at the Boers. Of course you can't expect much from an African Dutchman—but just look at the situation. Because it required of them to come under the protecting folds of the meteor banner of old England, and obtain all the blessing and liberties guaranteed thereby, these cursed Dutchmen must take up arms and slaughter our troops. And then the Irish—of course they never did amount to anything. Just look at them, everlastingly kicking up a rumpus. They won't pay any rent for their farms, nor do anything but obstruct the workings of parliament, or shoot landlords. Some folks say that a great many of them have no money to pay anything with, and that they are naked and starving; but it is quite clear to me that if they only had a little more loyalty, they would soon be in a better condition. Now, Almiry, let us take a view of distant India. Take Afghanistan, for instance. Do we find any loyalty there? Not a bit. What do these people do? They refuse to entertain our ambassadors, and they hold secret communications—secret communications, mind—with the Russians, who have evil desires upon our possessions there. What's the consequence? We send in an invading army, and thousands are killed and wounded! Of course there are people who say that the Russians have just as much right there as we have but these people, I tell you Almiry, are not loyal.

Now, Almiry, let us look at home. We, no doubt, of all countries, are the most loyal, and yet I fear that to a great extent it is merely a sentimental loyalty. As long as we have our way, and are not interfered with by the Colonial or other "office" at home, we are the pink and perfection of true loyalists; but if any "Home Government," whether Tory or Radical, would try and act too paternally with us, you would find that the newspapers would come out calling Lord Beaconsfield a "son of a second-hand old clo' man," or Mr. Gladstone a sophisticated, wood-chopping, old rhetorician, incriminated with the exuberance of his own—"

"Gustavus! Dash darn ye! Hurry up and git the horres into the barn; you're gittin' more useless and useless every day!" were the words that issued from the lips of the elder Slashbush, who had just driven home from the village. "Skip around, Almira, and let's have some supper. I'm hungry as a wolf."

**Another Noble Victory.**



'Rah! The Grits are whipped—hic—again! They thought they'd take away our little tipple—hic—bolish Bar in the Houshe; bu' they go' defeated. Yessir! Solid party vote! Bully for Con—hic—servative Party! Bul—hic—ly for Tom White! 'Rah for Bout—hic—beel! No outsider be admitted—good joke—cept—hic—com-

panied by member. 'Nother good joke—hic—'Gree to have bar closed, but take our bitters all same at table in next room! The Gritsh can't get over us, too—hic—many for 'em. 'Rah for 'Servative par—hic—ty! 'Rah for Synd—hic—kate!

For they are—hic—jolly goofellers, They are jolly goofellers, Jolly goofellers, Which no—hic—body can deny.

Commo' down an' ha' somethin' drink! Come on boys! You can all come 'ith me—hic—I'm a mem—hic—ber!