

CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION.

(Continued.)

ACT 4TH AND PERHAPS THE LAST.

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A week is supposed to intervene between Acts 3 and 4. Scene continues the same. Sam Platt still on the Brookstick.

Sam Platt—Order! thro' gents, to business, how I what now?
Wont you, confound you, stay that jolly row?
You Mitchell and you Ogling Rogoo, be quiet,
I can't allow this most unseemly riot;
Thore, thore, that's better now my bully moor,
Shall we allow those tell-tale scoundrels in,
I mean those fellows who report to all,
The nag on which your further choles may fall.
I think 'twill perhaps be best to keep them out,
As we don't know what just to be about?

Captng Moodie Bob—I'm 'posed to that, cos why? this here's the hint,
I want to see my speech done up in print,
I guess as how we'll choose a nag to wop
The Clear Grit Davy, so let the rascals stop.

Ogling Rogoo Gowan—Yes, let 'em stop, except that Graw-
us man.

But point him him out if any bully can,
By Jabers, but I'd go a tidy stretch
To pamol well that basely slanderous wretch;
The scoundrel said, confound him, Mitchell kicked me;
That Parson stops to smithernoon snickered me;
'Twas all a lie, I'm roun enough to breek
A storm, will ebber them and perhaps him too.

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, (throwing the sound into the
mouth of Sam Platt.)
Ah! ah! old codger, so you felt the thrust:

Ogling Rogoo Gowan—Who spoke? You Platt, hold, hold,
me o' 'll last.
Are you the GRUMBLER?

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, (this time speaking through
Bully Mitchell.)
No, I guess he ain't,
But I am though, 'd'ye wish me, Sir, to jinit
Another scene.

Ogling Rogoo Gowan—You—you—you ass you couldn't if you
tried.

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, [using Captng Moodie Bob as
his mouthpiece.]
Of course he couldn't, you might a knowed he lied,
I knows the man, but hang me if I spilt,
Cos why? I likes him, though he gives me fits.

Ogling Rogoo Gowan, (seizing Moodie by the throat.)
Speak!—speak! I want, speak, I'll know before we part,
Or tear the secret from your coward heart.

Captng Moodie Bob—What ails you, Gowan, are you turned
stark mad?

I never op'd my lips, I swear behind.
Ogling Rogoo Gowan, [awfully excited.]
You did! you did! I tell you, Sir, you lie;
Quick! point him out, I'll thrash him if I die.

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, [this time from the gas burner.]
Sir Ogling Rogoo, I'm at your service here,
But pray don't burn your fingers, there's a dear.

Sir Ogling Rogoo, [in a terrible perspiration.]
Hold! I let me clutch thro' them.

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, (throwing the sound behind
Gowan.)
Come on Macduff,
And hang'd be ho who first cries hold I enough.

Ogling Rogoo Gowan, (turns fiercely round and sees no one near
but Dr. Jones, whose excessively mild features wear a most
bewildered look.)
You, Jones! good heavens! but no it cannot be,
What wilters 't'is this? Who's poking fun at me?

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler (throwing a whisper close to his
ear.)
I am, of course.

Ogling Rogoo Gowan, (with a tremendous scowl, seizing upon
Dusty Will's son, who stood nearest.)
Ah! ah! I have you now.

Dusty Will's Son, (throwing Gowan from him so fiercely that
he fell heavily on the floor.)
Stand off you idiot, would you breed a row?

Mr. Ventriologist Grumbler, (slowly chaunting as from the
ceiling.)
Down, down, ho fell as should fall the false hearted,
The Ogling Rogoo's glory, for aye has departed.

Gowan swoon's, the Meeting is thrown into uproarious con-
fusion, the Curtain falls and THE GRUMBLER departs in peace
to the retirement of his sanctum.

New Publication:
"DUPPOHONY WITHOUT A MASTER."
Warranted to impart a thorough knowledge of
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Ogie R. Gowan, M.P.P., by Mr. Councilman Purdy

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NEW PUBLICATION

THE HARSHIP OF BOB MOODY BY H. W. WRONGFEL-
LOW.—Toronto, A. H. Armour & Co.—A. D. 1900.

The name of this poet is sufficient to awaken at-
tention, and every heart that is susceptible of poetic
sympathy, will read with fervid enthusiasm the
exquisite volume he has sent forth. We are pleased
to that the theme is Canadian. That the political
struggles of our country's history, are receiving,
a need of attention from the writers of the present
time. The subject is of national interest, and its
treatment by the Poet is marked with a true con-
ception of its native character and importance.

The Hero of the Poem, Captng Bob. Moody, is
supposed to have been a descendant of the old
Moody's, and held a very prominent position in
electioneering circles; at several times he did the
State some service, once in defending the Clear
Grit Brown against Compactism, and again in
dredging cesspools of the Esplanade.

The tradition goes that whilst in high municipal
office, the seat of the Mayor became vacant, and
Bob aspired to its possession; he employed the ser-
vices of his friend Read Davy to canvass for him,
but the ambassador basely pressed his own claim,
instead of his friend's, and obtained for himself the
much coveted Mayoralty.

The sturdy Captain however, solaced himself with
a fat contract of "Tugging," and forgot the baseness
of his rival.

There is an originality and quaintness in the verse,
that mark it as a vigorous effort of genius, the fol-
lowing description of the Hero, is quite Homeric,—
In the old Orange days, in Toronto the Town of the Torics,
To and fro in the Chamber of Council and Justice,
In and jacket and pants, and boots of very coarse leather,
Strode with a naval air, Bob Moodie, the Firely's Captain.
About half sloyed he seemed, with his arms akinbo and grin-
ning,

Short of stature he was, but square built and bull-dogish,
Broad in the shoulders, deep chested, with hands hard and
sinews like iron,
Brown as a nut was his face, and his rugged beard and sable
hair,

Cropped quite glossly, looked like to stubble fields in dear
November;

Near him was seated Read Davy, his friend and St. Patrick's
Alderman,

Winking with a familiar leer, at the circle of Corporation
Blowers.

What beautiful simplicity combined with tender
and earnest feeling is in the Captain's tale of his
longing and love, when he sends Davy on the
shoeless errand?

Long have I wished to be Mayor, but nevdared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough in a rumput,
Go to the Alderst Aldermen, the Councilmen also of Toronto,
Say that rough old Bob Moody, a man who don't blow of his
actioss,

Offers to take the Mayorship, and the pay for the balance of
the Season,—

Not in them words you know, but that precisely is my mean-
ing.

I am a makor of rows, and not a makor of speeches,
You, who was bred a lawyer, can say it in tip-top language,
Such as you hear in Courts, in the pleadings for damages of
women,

Who have been slipped up, and fooled by giving ear unto hard
cases.

We regret that our limited space prevents us
giving more copious extracts from this beautiful
poem.

Our advice is that every reader immediately pro-
cure for himself a copy of a work which, for natu-
ral

lifelike portraiture and dramatic genius, is unex-
celled by any living author. One more extract—
The Captain's entrance to the Conservative Con-
vention during the trial of the Reporter—and we finish:

Meanwhile the burly Captain stalked wrathful to the Conven-
tion,

Found it already disordered, nearly all drunk and kicking up
shines;

Men of middle size, cadaverous, thin and sallow looked they;
Only one of them was fat, and he was like a brandy punchoon,
Small ouds—wide ceatrs—the excellent mine host of the
Albion;

'Twas said that ho kept three farms, to grow the wheat for
his great feeding,

So say the Chroniclers of old, and you must of course believe
them.

Near them there stood a reporter, poor devil! quite a fish out
of water;

While on the table before him, was lying unopened, his note-
book.

This Bob Moody beheld as he entered, and heard them de-
bating,

How 'twere best to treat, an audacious Clear Grit reporter;
Talking of this and that, of kicking, ducking, and of lynching,
One voice aloof for swipes, it was that of fancy Drummond,
Who judged 'twere wise and well to make him drunk and then
convart him,

And not expel the heathen, with unchristian-like behavior.

Atrocious.

—Why was the Montreal demonstration a
diabolical affair? Because they had a Burn Hard
Devil in (Bernard Devlin) at it.

Good and Bad News.

—Quite a number of our country friends
have taken the hint contained in our last, and have
paid up promptly. We have yet, however, to hear
from a number who are indebted to us, to whom
we give another week's grace. If they fail to ap-
preciate this leniency of our part, we shall be com-
pelled to let the world know our troubles, and to
whom we may attribute them.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Eating and drinking are among the commonest circumstances
of life, and a man who eats a good dinner may be prepared for any
event. To enable our friends and fellow citizens to provide
themselves with the means of battling against the ills of life, we
recommend a visit to the New Store of Wm. Davies, Yonge St.
opposite Louisa St., where may be found the choicest selections
of Butter, Cheese, Fresh and Cured Meats, &c., &c. We gladly
testify to the upbarny and intelligence of Mr. Davies, and can
heartily recommend him to the patronage of our readers.

One of the peculiar ornaments of the human race is a beauti-
fultud of hair, which it is the duty of every mortal to pro-
serve and beautify. One of the best means of accomplishing
this object is the use of the Castilian Hair Invigorator, which
is sold for promoting the growth of the hair, giving it a
smooth and glossy appearance, and for removing dandruff.—
From its use among so many respectable families, we are con-
fident it cannot be classed among the common nostrums of
the day; but it really possesses the properties and virtues for
which it is recommended. For sale by all Druggists, especially
by S. F. UQUHART, Yonge St., where all kinds of Perfumery,
Drugs, &c., can be had at all times.

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