

WORD FROM OUR ANTIQUARIAN.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—You—who are ever ready to advance the cause of knowledge—will—I feel sure—accord me your hearty sympathy and co-operation in helping to set right one of the most glaring errors of our time!

A few days ago—whilst scholarly scanning one of the leading newspapers of this fair Province—I came across the following paragraph:—

“At the present time meat is looked upon as a *sine qua non* of the well-living of a community. The Anglo-Saxon race are a meat-consuming people. They have been—from the time of HENGIST and Horsa etc., etc.”

Now Mr. GRIP—most cultured bird—this paragraph displays a condition of ignorance regarding historical record which is truly depressing.—

“Hengist” and “Horsa.”—Think of those names! Do we not all know that nearly all ancient names were derived from the habits of their possessors? You and I know at least, and it is time we put a stop to this frivolous and slapdash style of writing pursued by the present race of newspaper men. Now, Sir, I will go so far as to allow that *Horsa* may have been a meat consumer to some small extent. I have heard that in times when meat (*proper* meat) has been scarce hungry people have found the *horse* to be both palatable and nutritious! Thus, I say, I will give in—although with reluctance—in this case. *Horsa* may have been hungry—very hungry—indeed it seems to me famously, ravenously hungry (or he wouldn't have done it) and his gnawing hunger might have given occasion for his finding the *horse* a very good dinner at a pinch, and in gratitude forming his own name upon that of the noble quadruped upon which he had mealed! And so *we* (for I feel sure that you, Mr. GRIP, are of my own mind) we will dismiss Mr. *Horsa* and his *horse*, and turn to his brother. Examine his name “Hengist.”—

Does it not speak—nay—almost *cluck*—for itself? **POULTRY**—Sir—**POULTRY** was—must have been—“the chief of his diet!” May I say—in fact (as again suggested by his name) that *Poultry* was undoubtedly the “gist” of this eminent man's sustenance? I may as well here remark that in spite of Hengist's diet he was never considered “chicken-hearted.” Shades of ancient Poultry! Shall I see thee passed over—dismissed—unnoticed by the clamoring herd of penny-a-liners who crowd the press—to the exclusion of more enlightened AUTHORS such as (why be modest?) MYSELF!!! I could of course bring forward millions of instances in support of my argument—but I desist. In the cause of knowledge, I prefer that the *feather-brained* (no connection with the aforesaid *Poultry* remember) writers referred to should search for themselves, and endeavor to eradicate the cob-webs from their upper apartments and then fill in the cavities with historic lore and especially the customs of the early Anglo-Saxons.

Trusting that this stupendous question does not overstep the limits of your esteemed and classical paper,

I remain,
Valued Mr. GRIP,
Yours, with antiquity,
SEARCHEMOUTUS.

THE FIVE MINUTES CLUB.

RECORDED BY TITUS A. DRUM, ESQ., M.C.S.

Punctually at eight o'clock, P. G. Shakespeare Smith opened the Club and called upon the Noble Sec. to read the Minutes, which were passed.

Bro. Tennyson Walker rose to point of order. “Could the Minutes,” he asked “consist of more than five, and could the secretary occupy more than five minutes in reading them?”

The P. G. abstractedly scratched his left ear for several seconds before replying. “Bro. Tennyson,” he said, “you must not make puns upon any portion of our constitution. I fine you \$1 for the offence.”

Bro. Tennyson protested he meant what he said in all seriousness, and was proceeding with further treasonable talk, when Valiant Sentinel O'Reilly seized him and placed him in the street to cool. The ballot-box was then passed, and the following elected members:—Washington Pippis, Solon Robinson, Job McTavish, Professor Gallileo Newton, Dionysius Johnson, Plantaganet Brown, and Sullivan Slade. At this point Bros. Mozart Dibbs and Demosthenes Stickphast entered the room, and were at once the objects of intense pity. Brother Dibbs was the happy possessor of one eye gone into mourning, and a head that appeared to have been roughly disturbed about the thatch. Bro. Demosthenes limped into the room, a sight for the Gods, by the aid of a crutch, and had one arm in a sling. They were at once called upon to explain the wreck of their many forms. Bro. Demosthenes said he had secured his wooden-leg-acy by endeavoring to enforce the principles of the Club upon a book-agent. His doorstep was three yards from the street level, and 'on that altitude had it out, with the result they saw before them. Bro. Mozart Dibbs said that on passing down a certain street he was attracted towards two women holding a high and excitable conversation. He felt it to be his duty to lay before them the principles of the Club and had proceeded with an explanation of the first line of clause one, when he was violently seized and in two seconds presented the wreck they now witnessed. During the recital of these wrongs cries of “shame” and “revenge” rang around the room.

The P. G. rose and said, “My mutilated brothers, I would remind you that oftentimes discretion is the better part of valor. I need say no more. Let these suffering members, brethren, be examples of undue zeal in the cause, beware! I now ask the committee appointed last week for their report.”

Bro. Stickphast then rose, as well as his wooden leg and crippled arm would allow him, and said:

“P.G., I rise on my one foot to regret the inability of the committee to present a report this week. We have grappled with the questions like an Hercules, we have spent much time, and consumed gallons of the midnight oil to throw light on the subject. We have completed our investigation on the subject of woman, having devoted three hundred and sixty-seven pages to her. We therefore ask for another week to complete our labor of love.” The request was granted.

A note was here handed in from Bro. Tennyson Walker, the ejected member, asking to be allowed to take his seat in the Club, and saying that he had expiated his error by discharging his stock of puns upon an unsuspecting editor, for general circulation. He was admitted.

“Brethren,” said the P. G., “I have thought it advisable to have some form of ceremony for initiating members into our mysteries, and have prepared a ritual for that purpose. I now ask for funds to purchase suitable furniture. It will principally consist of a coffin, skull and crossbones, two polished swords, a large poker, and two barrels of tar. You will see by the accessories I have named that the ceremony will not be a sensational or ridiculous one, but in every way calculated to elevate the moral tone of the candidates.”

The grant was passed.

The Noble Secretary then read the following communication from the Peanut Propagation Society:—

To the P.G. and Members of the F.M. Club:

I am directed by the members of the P.P.

Society to extend to you the right hand of fellowship and to wish you success in your crusade against verbosity. As you are doubtless aware, our society propagates the use of peanuts as a preventative of starvation. We therefore feel we are hand in hand with you upon the questions of social interest now agitating the world.

Yours truly,
HICKORY NUTT,
Sec.

The Noble Secretary observed that the above represented the general tone of letters received from the Society for the Repeal of the Dog Tax; the Ancient Order of Scratchbacks; the Matron of the Home for Starving Cats; the Society for the Suppression of Rising Talent; and many others. He, however, could not refrain from reading the following from the Society for the Free Distribution of Dollar Bills:—

To the Members of the F. M. Club:

Our Society is so much impressed with the value of your Society, and the objects it seeks to attain, that it empowers me to offer you a grant of 500 dollar bills should you be disposed to accept them.

Yours truly,
NICKEL DIMES,
Sec'y.

On the motion of Bro. Vanderbilt Jones the offer was accepted. As the Secretary read through the list the announcements were received with tremendous cheering, and a display of choice pocket handkerchiefs, Bro. Stickphast, in his glee, waving his crutch in dangerous proximity to Bro. Dibbs' black-bordered optic. When the members had calmed their exuberance of spirits, Bro. Doxicum rose and proposed that the following clause be added to the constitution:

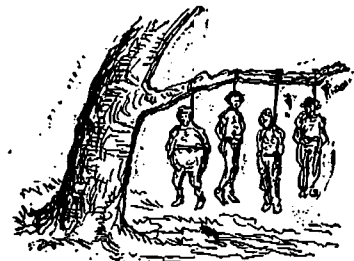
“Clause IV.—No member, upon pain of dismissal, shall applaud a speaker, should he speak longer than five minutes; or contribute to the collection plate of a Church, where its Minister has prayed for a longer period than five minutes.”

Unanimously agreed upon.

The concluding portion of the session was the appointment of three Vigilance committees, on which the P.G. named the following brethren:—

Church:—Bros. Macauley Doxicum and Talmeca Higgins. Social:—Bros. Triptolemus Tripod and Boucalt Tinkletop. Platform:—Bros. Vanderbilt Jones and Milton McFilter.

Each committee, the P. G. explained, was to push the interests of the Club in its particular sphere, and report progress when necessary. The session, which had been most enthusiastic, then closed. So much enthusiasm remained in several of the members that, to exhaust it, they carried home the crippled hero, Demosthenes Stickphast, on an old shutter, whistling “See the Conquering Hero comes!”



THE VESTRY OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON. (Illustrated.)

The malcontents gibbeted. As the Dean remarked, “I certainly do not see they have any ground to stand on.”