



PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION.

"A cause that God does not bless cannot be God's cause."—*Mr. Goldwin Smith's Hallimand speech.*
(Wherefore Archbishop Bystander opposes Prohibition and goes in for the heavenly Cause of Beer.)

THE APOSTLE OF SUGAR AND GAS.

There are hundreds of Englishmen over the sea,
Who are learned, and cranky, and witty,
And who sigh at the ignorance spread over us,
Crying, "Ignorance! Jove, what a pity!"
There's Oscar, the Tank One, who's grown rather stale,
There's Sir Lepel, the Griffin, and Ass;
But the crankiest of all is Matt Arnold who says
He's the Apostle of Sugar and Gas.

When Arnold came over he looked for a town,
Wherein he might let out his choler,
He hit upon Boston, and started his game
Of grabbing the Almighty Dollar.
He made the great Emerson principal butt,
For his mud-slinging, jabber and sass,
He called him no poet, no critic, no sage—
This Apostle of Sugar and Gas.

He had a queer theory which by the hour
He would spout while the audience slumbers;
A dollar a ticket you paid just to hear,
The Apostle discourse upon "Numbers."
He held that the Many are ever in the wrong,
While the Few are correct—but, alas!
'Twas an argument used just to prove he's no fool,
This Apostle of Sugar and Gas.

If Matthew is right in his argument, then
What about each poor devil we're hangin'?
For the "twelve good and true men," the jury, declare
He should hang; while his lawyer's haranguin'
Would make us believe that he's innocent, and
We should free him and tell him to pass;
For the lawyer is right and the jury is wrong,
Says the Apostle of Sugar and Gas.

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHE.

(Communicated by Corporal Gas.)

DEAR MR. GRIP,—As I believe I am the
only one among my gallant comrades in arms
in the North-West who has not given, and
yours the only paper in the Dominion that has
not published, the tale of the battle of Batoche,
I take up my pen to write you a full and par-
ticular account of that action. In doing so,

though I say it who shouldn't, I may be last,
but not least; in fact, when going into action,
it was generally remarked that I was last, but
this arose from various causes, one being my
anxiety to see that the boys had left nothing
behind them. They used to say, "All lost
property belongs to Corporal Gas," but this
was simply a camp joke. At ration time I was
noted for my punctuality. "Man is a rational
animal," though at one part of the campaign
we used to find ourselves *half rational* animals
pretty frequently, but the fight was in us all
the same, and this day there is many a half-
breed—aye, and Indian to boot—who trembles
at the name of Corporal Gas.

It was the evening previous to the at-
tack that, while steaming slowly down the Sas-
katchewan on board H.M.S. Northcote (armour-
plated ram) that our beloved General, who was
sitting on a jib-boom, surrounded by his staff,
repeated the well-known lines from Gray's
Elegy, "He gave to misery all he had, a tear,"
looking meanwhile at his well-worn, but rather
ragged pants, and then exclaiming, "Gentle-
men, I would rather have written those lines
than have a new pair of br**hes." We were
all much affected. A canoe, manned by some
of our gallant tars, now approached us. They
reported that during the afternoon one of the
enemy's scows (towed by a donkey) had been
sighted. Our gallant Admiral of the fleet,
which comprised, besides H.M.S. Northcote,
two scows and the canoe above mentioned,
hoisted his since famous signal, "Canada ex-
pects every man to do his duty." Grog was
then served out all round, and every man did
his duty, (by it,) a regimental band meanwhile

* I believe an anecdote somewhat similar to this is
told of the late General Wolfe, but I imagine that must
be an error. Anyway, two great minds often think the
same thing.—Corp. Gas.

striking up the *spirit* stirring air, "Coming
through the *Rye*." Our gallant ship soon after
this came to an anchor, and a plank being laid
from the vessel's side to the bank, we disembarked
in good order, and encamped for the
night, intending the next day to make a detour
and come down on Batoche.

That night the General sent for me to come
to his tent. When I entered I found him
seated at a table that was covered with maps,
bottles, and other military articles. Dismiss-
ing the five or six staff officers who were in
attendance, and asking me to be seated, he
commenced the conversation. "My dear Cor-
poral," said he, "I know you have the clearest
head amongst us, and if you were in your right
place you would be second in command at this
moment, but your overweening modesty has
always stood in your light; but, between our-
selves, I want your advice about our intended
attack to-morrow." "General," I replied,
putting down a tumbler that, with several
other field-glasses belonging to the staff, stood
on an adjacent table, "You at least know my
merits." "Passing the bottle isn't amongst
them, then," says he, quicker than wink. I
smiled and took the hint. "My staff," he went
on to say, "would sooner be drawing corks
than drawing plans. Even the Admiral is
more at home with a corkscrew than a boat's-
crew," he added, with a smile. "Ri(eye)ght
you are, sir," I responded, and we then talked
the matter over into "the sma' wee hours," as
my old grandfather, Sergeant MacGas, used to
say. We dropped the "Mac" after settling
in this country, the old gentleman observing
that our neighbors were all Mikies or Macs.
We had chosen our home near a tribe of Mic-
mac Indians, and, faith, I believe he was afraid
of their claiming to be fellow-countrymen of
his own! My grandfather was credited in the
Highlands with being gifted with second sight
(after his third bottle), but he never admitted
it except when he was a wee bit fon, and then
he acknowledged that at times he did see
double.

(To be continued.)



THE POLITICIAN.

(After Hudibras.)

Once wishing to improve the State,
I stood forth as a candidate.
To profit all was my intent,
When first returned to Parliament,
And being filled with thoughts sublime,
I chose the Independent line.

In Ottawa when I arrived,
I watched how hard each party strived,
Into the public to instil,
They were the men to fill the bill,
And would the opposing side decry,
Charging them with hypocrisy.

Blake would arise with pompous song,
And impute evil to Sir John,
Sir John would answer, "Never snake,
Lied in the grass," came up to Blake,
In turn their followers smile and frown,
As a see-saw goes up and down.

Blake anything he has to say,
Can put in such a pungent way,
If you believed one half he said,
You'd think before you went to bed,
"From rosy morn, to dewy eve,"
Sir John's idea was to deceive.

Sir John with sword of keenest wit,
"Sans merci," scarifies each Grit—