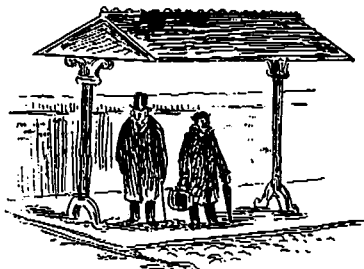


RANDOM SKETCHES AT GANANOQUE.



The Umbrella.
(Cold Weather Station of T.I.R.R.)



"The Neurth av Ire-
land, begobs."



Gents' Furnish-
ings. . .



Sleighs and
Things.



The Capt'n.



"The Assistant Post-
master-General."



The Beak.



His Worship.

HOOTS FROM THE OWL.

No. 1.

DEAR BROTHER GRIP,—Will you let me make a hoot or two from your perch? I must complain to something else than the moon. These times are so revolutionary that my ancient solitary reign is being sadly molested. Everything is always being "reformed" nowadays. I expect they will soon pull down all the ivy from my tower in order to "reform" that. What changes I have seen in my lifetime, to be sure! In my chickenhood there was only the old church in the parish, to which all, rich and poor, would come of a Sunday. Those were good old quiet times; humdrum if you like, but peaceful. Then came John Wesley and raised a tremendous stir; and soon the chapel was built. After that it was "Hurrah, boys!" all the time; no rest for the wicked, or the godly, either. Denominations multiplied, and the cry was, "The more the merrier; more regiments in the

one army!" At last the old church, with its ivy-mantled tower, was only one among a number of places of worship—Wesleyan, Primitive, New Connection, Congregationalist, Plymouth Brethren, and last but not least, the Salvation Army barracks. It's enough to turn one's feathers the wrong way. In my visit to this new country I find it worse yet. Then all at once, before one has got quite used to this state of things, comes another "Hurrah, boys!" for another "reform." The cry now is, "We are too much divided. Let's unite! Let's amalgamate these regiments; it's only waste of powder to have so many. Unity! Union for ever!"

I must confess this last cry suits me well enough. I et us retrace our steps a little; let us "reform" back again. But all this hurly-burly business in religion don't suit my tastes. And, to tell you the honest truth, brother GRIP, I don't think it has made the world much better, or made men more kindly disposed. There is too much rivalry and opposition about it. This competing, racing, high-pressure, shut-down-the-valves, river-greyhound way of conducting religion may bring some quicker to their destination; but there are too many boilers burst, and snags struck, and steamboat companies embarrassed, and too much obsequiousness to rich cabin passengers, and too little attention to steerage and deck hands, and too great a disregard for the poor wretches on shore who beg for a free passage, to more than balance the account. Oh, yes! Union for ever! I'll gladly join my hoot to the general cry. Perhaps they will leave me my old ivy-mantled tower yet!

Yours,

OWL.

MA GINN TEE

AMONG the falls occurring, ever since that fateful day, When Adam in the orchard gave himself and Eve away There is one which happened lately in this land of liberty— I shall call it, for the present, just "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

Doubtless you have read the story of the fall of Babylon; And know how the Roman Empire burst and went to Sheol and gone; You're acquainted with the tumble that left Nap far out at sea— But not one's a patch, believe me, on "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

When the Tuscan army stormed the bridge, the others let 'er go, And brave Horatius—wasn't it?—prayed: "Father Tiber, O!" Before, with harness on his back, he jumped a *la Brodee*— Well, that picture's not a tin-type of "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

You know all about how Wolsey got a very sudden drop, You can recollect how Cromwell found himself at last *de trop*— Pardon my linguistic license, but I want you all to see That neither fall compareth with "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

If you care to take Niagara, I'll wager that its fall When set up against my hero's must go flop against the wall. Choose Fall River, Massachusetts, with its hum of industry— Pshaw! It's not the first suggestion of "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

Say you cite the dreary autumn as a likely kind of fall— Why, you'll find it really hasn't got the slightest show at all! Or, "What a fall, my countrymen, was there!"—just let that be, Because it's downed completely by "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee!"

I'll just tell you of this tumble and relieve you of suspense; I shall do no further betting, and so save you more expense. You might guess from now till Doomsday and never wiser be As to the victim of this fall—"The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

So, here goes for the story: But stay! Need I proceed? By the grin upon your faces I suspect you've got me treed, Yes, boys, I'll own the jig is up! You're dead right on to me! The tumble was McGinty's—not "The Fall of Ma Ginn Tee."

A. T.