

I now conclude my second notice, and inform the respectful citizens who signed the address, that I will give another on receipt of another 25 cents—(in shinplasters only).

P. QUILL.

POKERVILLE.

### JUBILEE JABS.

BEING THE ANTITHESIS OF JUBILEE JOLLITIES.

BY OUR GROWLING CONTRIBUTOR.

THE London *Advertiser* has changed its dress. But it still lacks in Jubilee spirit. Its editor-in-chief and its Extreme Funny Man are still permitted to live and write.

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THE Brantford *Telegram* has this item :—

Mr. John Sanderson was charged yesterday with removing dirt from the public highway, before the J.P.

Naturally a J. P. would object to having dirt removed from before him—J.P., of course, being taken to signify Jubilee Pig.

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THE moral influences of this Jubilee year are very strongly exemplified in the case of the editor of the Woodstock *Standard*, who, evidently sincerely penitent for his crookedness in the past, virtuously resolves in this wise :—

“That patronage we shall strive to merit even more than in the past, by honest dealing, and by giving everyone fair value for their money.”

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BUT perhaps the most extraordinary instance of reformatory work arising out of Jubilee associations and their promptings Goodward is furnished by the young man of the Burford *Times*. The young man indites this tender and expressive editorial, apparently after very mature reflection :—

THANKS.—We beg to offer our sincere thanks to the gentleman who so kindly returned our saw. We began to think that we lost it. We should be glad if he asked our permission the next time he wanted the loan of it.

See the calm resignation involved in the little article ! Study the gentleness, the refinement, the intense modesty of the young man ! “Our saw !”

The saw that bucked a thousand years  
The cordwood and the slab.

It was taken surreptitiously from the sanctum safe, where it had lain in fancied security, beside the predatory shears and dishonest paste-pot, as long as the neighboring pile of cut wood lasted and the nights were dark. But when other resources failed and the owner was obliged to seek its aid, lo ! it was not ! In any other than a jubilee year the victimized editor would have filled a column with denunciations of man's inhumanity to man and the necessity of everybody having a buck-saw of his own. He would have fumed and raged and torn around until the insurance agent would have felt impelled to cancel the policy on the building. But in the calm and holy quiet of Jubilee times, and in the presence of orders from two churches for ice-cream festival dodgers, he nobly illustrates the grand attributes of patience and repressed grief, and, while in choking tones he tells the apprentice to fill the stove with fence-boards, he sits him down and waits. The saw comes back. Virtue is rewarded. A row that might have convulsed a whole township is happily averted. And now is the time to subscribe.

### THE McLACHLAN TESTIMONIAL.

GOD BLESS THE POET !

DEAR GRIP,—I cannot resist the desire I feel to write and tell you how much I admire the latest production from the pen of Mr. McLachlan which you have published.

“When We Were Boys Together” is one of the most beautiful poems I have had the pleasure of reading in many years. The touch of nature which “makes the whole world 'kin” is impressed upon these noble verses which speak, from the eternal freshness of the poet's heart, the language of brotherly love—of peace and good will.

The other day a brave man, who, in the words of Horace,

\* \* non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mente quatit solida, \* \*

—an ambassador of the lowly poor, came amongst you to expose oppression, and plead the cause of the oppressed in the face of the oppressor. Had the people to whom he came preserved in their mature years the generous sympathies of their boyhood, they would have welcomed their visitor as a brother in the holy cause of humanity. But their better natures were obscured by unworthy passions and associations ; and by the poor the poor man's friend was stoned !

God bless the writer who writes, and the printer who prints the lessons of love and mercy ! May we learn from these to preserve the tenderness and warm generousities of youth all through our lives unto the end ! May we ever honor and reverence the teachings of the poet who lifts our minds through the dark clouds into the sunshine above !

EDWARD PLAYFAIR.

Ottawa.



### AN EXPERIMENT.

Bobby—What are you sitting down there for, Flossy ? We'll never get home if you don't come on.

Flossy—I believe our teacher tells stories. She says the earth goes round, and I've been trying to see if it would carry me home, and it won't !