



"PICKING A CROW."

J. B. P. (loq.)—

Here, Grip, come perch upon my toe,
With you I have to pick a crow.
You wronged me when that picture you did make,
Which showed me stalling that big guy of Blake—
All on account of article in *Blatt*,
In which the writer did this Blake assail.
You didn't *know* I wrote it, nor could show
The proof— you merely thought or surmised so,
Because the Grits all said I did, and I
Did not think fit the rumor to deny.
In doing so, you made a big mistake.
You didn't *know* I wrote that thing on Blake,
Nor do I feel disposed to tell you now
Whether I did or not—I'm not so slow.
Take my advice, if you're a prudent bird,
And have your *proof* before you say a word.
Your name is *Grits*—you ought to write it "*Grit*,"
The Tory party you do always hit.
"Hold up," say you, "don't say what you can't
prove."
Well, yes, ahem,—that cuts both ways, by Jove!
Will I point out the pictures whose base wit,
The Tory party hath *unjustly* hit?
Of course I will—let's see—er, er,—ahem—
Some other evening I will specify *them*—
Or will I tell you any time when *Grit*?
A good chance to attack the Grits let slip?
Of course I will—hold up, I want to think,
Let's see! Ah, yes! I've got you now, by Jink!

Witness for instance the shamefully libellous chorus
echoed from London to Halifax on the day after the long
sitting in 1878, unrebuked by Grip, who certainly in that
instance "let slip a fair opportunity" of attacking and
exposing the shameful attack hatched at Ottawa, telegraphed
simultaneously to the Grit press throughout the
provinces, and swallowed by them with greedy avidity.

"Too vague, too misty, indistinct and that,
What telegrams? What am I driving at?
Some other evening I will let you know,
You pesky, little, most annoying crow!
Well, there's the National Policy, didn't you
Pitch into it with all the clear Grit crew?
And there's the Syndicate, another thing
Which you attacked with very bitter sting.
Ah, true, in dealing with such themes as these,
You take, like me, whatever course you please;
I advocated the N. P., you went agin it;
You fought the Syndicate, I helped to win it;
'Tis not your fault if clear Grits took your view,
You judge the measures for yourself? quite true—
'There's *Punch*, just as you say, against Protection,
Yet no one doubts his independent action.
We'll close this interview—I feel quite dumb—
But henceforth handle pleasantly your J. B. Plumb.

SLASHBUSH ON THE VOLUNTEERS.



It was about the hour of nine in the evening, when Gustavus Slashbush and his sister Almira were sitting up in the garret of the old homestead, looking out from the window towards the northern sky. Gustavus had a map of the sidereal heavens with him and had invited his sister to come up and

have a look at the comet, which eccentric celestial visitor was at the time shut out from view by the intervening clouds.
"I don't see nuthin'," said the impatient Almira. "I jest guess we'd better wait for some other evening," and she arose to depart.
"Stay, Almira," said her brother, "stay awhile; when the sombre clouds have dissipated we'll have a good view of it; it's now just a little

east of Capella."

"Well, why don't you go to Capella if it's so near there, and you're so anxious about it; for my part I don't care about the durned thing, anyhow."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Gustavus, "go to Capella! Well I vow! Do you know how far Capella is away?"

"Don't know, nor don't care," replied his sister. "It's not in this township, anyhow."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Gustavus, and he began to explain, by aid of his map, all about the pole star, Auriga, Aldebaran, the Pleiades, Saturn's rings, and Jupiter's belts to his sister, who didn't understand a word he said, when lo! the clouds broke and the comet was in full view!

"My!" exclaimed Almira, "ain't it nice. It looks just like the tail of Uncle Ephraim's white colt when he's gallopin' over the meadders."

"Yes, Almira, take a good look at it—you won't get another chance for sixty or seventy years. Look at its steady course through infinite space," continued Gustavus, "no obstacle can oppose its steady march. Ha! steady march," said the young philosopher, a sudden idea seeming to strike him. "Now, if our volunteers could march like that, and look as bright and shining, what a joy would fill the heart of that stern commander, General Luard! But that, of course, is an impossibility. Yet it seems our military authorities expect impossibilities," continued Gustavus, flying off at a tangent from his original theme, as was his wont. "How on earth do they expect anything like 'soldierly bearing' in men the most of whom have hardly been drilled at all, even in the very rudiments of military instruction, whose knowledge of interior economy or regimental standing orders are *nil*, and who very likely never saw a regular soldier in their lives. Besides, there is nothing done to encourage either officers or men; the former are snubbed and the latter's pay is reduced. At the Niagara camp the men had decidedly short commons, for a breakfast of dry bread and camp kettle tea is neither a palatable nor nourishing breakfast for a man who has been on guard all night, even if his clothes don't fit him and his belts are dirty! According to general orders the men were required to have a neat little wardrobe including towels, toothbrush, needles and thread, and also a pair of what the soldiers call 'ammunition' shoes—these are the flat-soled, low-heeled articles mentioned in the order. But who's to pay for all this—not the captains of the companies to whom the order was addressed. Who's to pay—"

"Hi there, you Gus!" roared old Mr. Slashbush from down stairs, "git out of that garret and go to bed, cousan ye. Your all-fired tongue's longer than that comet's tail. Durn ye! Git to bed!"



THE NEW P. O. REGULATIONS.

Messenger Boy.—Well, here's a go! Lawyer Bigelow sent me to put this document into the box to go to Hamilton, and he told me to be mighty careful, 'cause if I put it in one of the places it would cost him sixty-five cents, and if I put it in the other it would only cost five cents, and now blowed if I know which is which!



"THE FOOLISH MAN."

We learn from a Belleville paper that Sir Richard Cartwright recently addressed a great political gathering on the Sand Banks near Picton. It has often been asserted by the Conservative journals that Sir Richard's arguments are of a shaky character, but hereafter there will be at least one quotable instance of his having built on the sand!

It Speaks for Itself!

Extracts from report of City School Teacher's meeting, London, Ont., June 10th, 1881:—

The Committee appointed in the previous session to prepare a resolution of condolence reported "That this Association desires to express its deep feeling of sorrow on account of calamity which Divine Providence has permitted to fall upon this city and vicinity, in the foundering of the *Victoria*, which resulted in the loss of many lives of our fellow citizens. That while bowing to this dispensation of Providence, we desire to express our most sincere sympathy for the many bereaved families, more especially the parents whose children were in our classes."—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Colton, that the sum of \$25 be granted by this Association towards the Relief Fund of the city.

Mr. Boyle and the President doubted the legality of voting the funds to any but for educational purposes. The resolution received no second.

Mr. Colton then moved that a subscription be opened out to allow the members an opportunity to contribute to the Relief Fund.

Mr. Boyle said that would meet the purpose, but this resolution also received no second.

The Association met at 10 a.m. on the 12th, the President in the chair. The auditor's report was submitted, which showed a balance deposited to the credit of the Association of \$170; also making suggestions regarding fees. The report was, on motion, referred back to the Committee for a more complete report.

Moved by T. J. Colton, seconded by Thos. Woodburne,—"Inasmuch as there are many orphans and indigent persons in this city as a result of the recent *Victoria* disaster, whose education will undoubtedly suffer, he it resolved that the sum of \$25 be voted by this Association and forwarded to the Mayor, with instructions to be applied as indicated."

The President expressed surprise at such a resolution being introduced when a similar one had been ruled out of order during a previous session, and he thought Mr. Colton was prompted by motives other than philanthropy, and in order to carry his point had made his resolution in a slightly different manner, though it really was identical. He accordingly ruled the resolution out of order, amid applause.