

(The Police stand on one side to see the fun.)

CHORUS OF FARMERS:

A rollicking band of farmers we  
Who will not pay the toll-gate fee,  
We're in for bringing the whole box down,  
Although the Waddle may on us frown.

Mr. Waddle becomes fearful. Solo—pathetically—

Oh is there not one manly heart  
With just a spark of human feeling;  
That will but take a fellow's part  
And stop all this unrighteous dealing?

Chorus:—Alas, there is not one of us, who pities your  
absurd condition,  
We'd rather see you and your gate at Halifax, or in pen-  
dilion.

(They charge on the toll gate and bear it down).

Mr. Waddle, excitedly, holding up a paper and pointing  
to the wreck—

Just look at this, just look at that,  
I'll make you pay, I tell you flat;  
Perhaps you think you'll get scot free,  
But there you're wrong, as soon you'll see.

(Exit Mr. Waddle furious and frowning).

Grand final Chorus:—

With un-us-ual hilarity  
We abolish this barbarity,  
And will banish peace and charity  
Till the toll-gate is a rarity;  
'Tis a middle-age monstrosity  
A feudal atrociousity,  
It excites us to ferocity,  
It must Go, and with velocity!

Curtain.

—THOS. A. DRUM.

ON FEBRUARY.

BY OUR PRIZE ESSAYIST.

This is a most important month in the history of civilization. In this division of the year occurred an event which, if it had never happened, would not have taken place. It did happen, however, and the whole civilized world has been better for it. On the 22nd day of February (pronounced by the illiterate February, though for what reason none can say) was born the great, the noble, the truthful George Washington! What hallowed thoughts and memories does the contemplation of this man's blameless career conjure up! In my mind's eye I can see him standing by that historical cherry tree, under the stern and penetrating gaze of his father and denying that he knew anything about the culprit who had hacked it down. "What!" I can hear old Wash. say, "You didn't cut it down? Pray, who did then?" "Pap," replies young George, "I don't know nuffin about it." "Who cut it down, then?" repeats Washington père, fumbling in his pocket for the rawhide he habitually carried there, "Who was it, eh?" Quietly, and with the calm light of truth beaming from his intelligent eyes, little George replies, "Father, I can't tell a lie: there is the tree; ax it?" What a beautiful and touching episode, and how mingled is the account of it as handed down to us! From the moment young George's character began to be known to the world a great revolution in morals commenced to take place. Truth reigned supreme, and all classes endeavored to imitate young Mr. Washington's irreproachable veracity. With what success, the state of affairs at the present day sufficiently testifies. Lawyers no longer utter untruths in order to clear a client or earn an extra fee. Shopkeepers would now-a-days scorn to equivocate in their endeavors to dispose of their goods. You may see this any day. Enter a dry goods store, ask the proprietor, "Is this all wool?" Does he lie about it and say it is? No; he answers, "That is not all wool; it is shoddy of the worst description; it won't wear two months, and if you will take my advice you will refrain from purchasing it; it is not worth four cents a yard. This, however, is a good article," and he hands down something else. Good; yes, good for deceiving the poor victim, for it is a worse piece of stuff than the other, but, you see, the tradesman has not lied. You go into a grocery store and prefer your request

for some tea. The noble grocer hears you and replies, "I have no tea; I have dried and powdered plum leaves and the refuse of a tea-chest highly colored with copper to pass for tea; don't buy it, as it is very deleterious." The same with all storekeepers; there is not one of them who would tell a lie to make ten cents. How thankful, then, we should be to George Washington for having been born, and for his unflinching adherence to the cause of truth, the world-wide imitation of which has so purified the moral atmosphere around us. In no walk of life is this strict regard for the blessed truth, the result of the birth of little George, so noticeable as in journalism. Search where we may, we shall fail to find a newspaper containing a lie, or a politician who would diverge a hair's breadth from the strict line of veracity. In our own city, Toronto, the pure, unadulterated truthfulness of the newspapers is most remarkable, and the extraordinary unanimity of the *Mail* and *Globe* has long been the theme of profound admiration. It is a pleasure to read these journals, and to reflect that had George never come into the world, how numerous might have been the falsehoods in these now pure, nay, almost religious dailies. An answer may be found to Mr. Chadband's query, "What is Terewth, my friends, what is Terewth?" and that answer is—a Toronto political newspaper.

A great many people, in addition to Mr. Washington, were born during this month, but a list of them would take up more space than can be conveniently spared just now, and this reminds me that I have already utilized that allotted to a few remarks on February, so I must bring this admirable paper to a close.



"HARK! THE Herald ANGEL SINGS!"

"TWO HEADS ARE BETTER," ETC., ETC.

SCENE—A Bank in Barrie:  
Two junior clerks conversing *sotto voce*:  
1st clerk:—"Say, Jim! Did you get a bid to the military ball?"  
2nd clerk:—"Of course. I always do."  
1st clerk:—"Me too. But did you notice the coat-of-arms and the motto on the card? '*Spectemur agendo*.' I wonder what it means?"  
2nd clerk:—"Mean? Why, you ought to be better up in Latin, than to ask that! '*Spectemur*' we expect, '*agendo*'—to see you again. See? Means the committee will call on you later on in case the funds come out short. But, look here, Bob! Maybe I shouldn't crow over you on this *spectemur* business when I'm a little off myself on another

part of the invite. How do you translate 'R. S. V. P.'?"

1st clerk:—"Oh, pshaw, Jim! You're joking! Don't you really know?"

2nd clerk:—"By Jove, I don't!"

1st clerk:—"R. S. V. P.—reels, schotisches, valeses, polkas, to be sure!"



PORTRAIT

Of the Prophet who foretold an open winter.

SCOTTY AIRLIE DROPS INTO POETRY.

MA DEAR PUBLIC,—Ye needna think this an apology for gain ye the pievelige o'readin ma poem; when a man comes down so low as tae apologezze for his poetry, feint a muckle poetry's in him. But what I wanted to tell ye was, that this book-agent business made me that throughlither that I forgot a' aboot sendin' in ma poem for the competition till it was ower late, an' then thae frozen legs o' mine, made me feel quite doon i' the moo. But when ye read the poem, I haena' the sma'est doot—but ye'll agree wi me, that its a gude deal better than the prize poem that was sae genteely plagiaizeezed frae an auld edition. An' if ye hac half an ee in yer head ye'll see at once that even if I am a book-agent—I'm a rail poet for a' that. In fact atween you an' me, I dinna ken if Burns himsel cud haud a caunel tae me whan ma steam's up. Burns was a poet, but gin he had haen me for his faither he would hae been a rail moral character. But I think I've accounted for his through-ither life, an' if ony o' ye kens o' a canny job whare I wad get \$20 a week for sittin' an writin' poetry a' day—epitaphs an' sic like—just drop a caird at GRIP office.

THE BIRTH OF BURNS.

Lang-syne when yet this world was young,  
An' time was but a beardless callant;  
When Homer's lay was still unsung,  
An' there was neither book nor ballant.

The yoors abune, assembled a',  
Wi' strong broos bent, an' een sae pawkie,  
Sat in their great starry-lichted ha',  
That crowns Olympus' tap sae gawkie.

The nectar flowed, the bowl gaed roon',  
Till a' the gods grew crouse an' cantie,  
An' ilk ane cried "a boon! a boon!  
Tae mak the young warl proud an' vauntie."

Great Jove upon his breast let fa'  
His mighty head, wi' thinkin' o' it;  
Then up he starts among them a'—  
"I hae't! I hae't! let's mak a poet!"

"A man o' mon, sae weak, sae strang,  
A creature fired wi' spark immortal;  
A quenchless voice o' love and sang,  
Caged in the clay o' errin' mortal."

As when wi' crash o' music grand,  
Breaks oot the orchestra gigantic,  
At signal frae the maister's wand,  
Brak oot the gods wi' cheerin' frantic.

They clapped, they danced wi' heel an' toe,  
Till a' the starnies, winkin', wondered;  
An' mortals on the earth below  
The noise heard, an' said, it thundered!

They made him up o' ends an' odds;  
Jove, he supplied a brain capacious,  
To haud the gifts the kind'y gods  
Wad bring, tae mak him braw an' gracious.