

OUR BOASTED SYSTEM.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—

NOTICE.

ANY PERSON FOUND
INGUREING THIS FENCE
OR TREES WILL BE
PROSECUTED BY ORDER
OF TOWN COUNCIL.

T. BLAIN.

The above notice is at the present moment to be found in no less than three places on the fence of a public park in the town of Barrie. I have copied it with care and will vouch for its accuracy. One great feature of this notice is that it is immediately opposite the Collegiate Institute, which prides itself on being second to no high school in Canada as regards the intellectual attainments of its alumni. I trust that Mr. Blain—who has the benefit of doing his writing in print—is not one.

What first struck my untutored mind was the depth of ingenuity thrown into the word *ingureing*, but this word must have blushed and hung its head when it saw how this heaven-sent architect had built his *fence* partly on one lot, partly on another. Again, remark the copiousness of meaning in the word *this* which is *singular* to agree with *fence*—a singular fence too, by the way—and *plural* in order to agree with *trees*.

The town council must have run out of stops, or they surely would have placed one after the word *prosecuted*, for we are left to infer that the person who is unfortunate enough to be “found ingureing this . . . trees” will be prosecuted, not in the usual way, but by an *order* of the town council, which will pursue him to destruction, and all this from a delightful spot, where, to quote a former issue of GRIP, “Cows and ladies are to be found jointly admiring the bonnets in the shop windows of the main street,” and where a picnic to Lake Couchiching is alluded to as an “EXCURSION” or was this a facetious “devil’s” handiwork? for if not, what is becoming of our boasted educational system, when such results are to be found in highly intellectual Barrie during the recent visit of a sometime resident.

A. H. O’H.

WHEN I OWNED A DOG.

BEING MELANCHOLY RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME VERY
CURIOUS CANINES.

DOG NO. I.

I BOUGHT my first dog when he was in the green gosling days of his infancy. I do not blush at the admission of purchase. Probably I might if I had ever been guilty of it again. Yes, I bought and paid for this dog. My subsequent dogs were either got or given to me. When I got them, I bore my lot in silence and with fortitude. In the cases when I was given the dogs, I used to try and get even with the original owners in some circuitous way, such as by contriving to have the dogs assessed to them, or by enticing away their hired help, or by getting off gags on them through the medium of my newspaper. My scores in this direction furnish a contract which I shall never execute in my life, but will bequeath to my children after me. I have said it!

The man who bred him said he was a cross, but a “good” cross. I shall never dispute it. There *was* a good deal of cross about him. Where the cross started, how it blended and where it ended, not one of the able scientists who examined him could positively say. As he grew gracefully and imperceptibly to maturity, he

developed more cross. He was cross with everything and everybody. He was cross when he hadn’t anything to eat—because he was hungry. He was cross when you gave him something to eat—for fear you might relent and take it away. He was cross when he had a surfeit—because he couldn’t eat any more. He was cross when he slept—from the effects of his idiosyncracies when awake. Crossness was so inherent in him that you could not get him to lie lengthways of anything. The milkman who served us would never descend from the safety point of his high seat when he called, for fear of that dog. The baker was more bold, but always cautiously approached the house armed to the teeth. The man who cut our wood used always to keep one hand on the axe while he sawed, to be prepared for an attack from the kennel. We enjoyed absolute and sweet immunity from tramps. Coming home late at night I used to enlist the good offices of the constable on that beat to see me safe within the gate, and, if need be, lend me his club.

At last we got so that strangers in town used to be driven around to see the place where the savage dog lived. Injunction after injunction was served on me to have the dog destroyed. I cheerfully advised the authorities to execute the injunction themselves. But no one seemed anxious to act as the executioner. Everybody appeared willing to witness the last act in the dog’s eventful career, but take no active part in it.

The dog never went outside to exhibit his peculiarities. He contented himself with a dog-house and the range of the yard. When he couldn’t chaw up a strange dog or devour a portion of some caller’s person, he would appease his appetite with pieces of carpet, or mats, hung out to air; he would solace himself with the clothes line and pole; he would take comfort in mangling the saw-horse or worrying the wash tub.

His mission was to destroy things or die in the attempt.

One blessed, long-to-be-remembered day, he died in the attempt.

We owed our release from a state of social ostracism and domestic bondage to a neighbour’s cow.

The cow got loose and inquisitively strayed into our yard. Under other circumstances I would have promptly impounded the animal, because her owner the week before had got mad at an item in the paper and stopped his subscription in unparliamentary language.

But, on this occasion I welcomed the appearance of the cow, which I knew to be one of spirit and with a reputation for using her horns in an aggressive way.

My dog made a mistake when he undertook to dispute with that cow the possession of the back yard.

She bored an aperture completely through him, after an engagement of exactly three minutes and a half.

Two weeks later I gave a large party at our house, and was presented with an illuminated address congratulatory on the disappearance of the dog.

THE well-known Pat Rooney, with Miss Katie Rooney and an excellent company of comedians, will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House for the first three nights of next week.

THE report of the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Company in another column makes a very satisfactory showing. In the report will be found a list of the stockholders, with amount held by each, and a glance at the names will convince any one of the financial responsibility of the company. Scott & Walmsley, at 24 Church Street, will be pleased to give inquirers all particulars.