

The Canine Apparition.

It was one o'clock on a cloudy night,
I wandered down the street,
There was never a sound to left or right,
Wheels, nor voices, nor feet.

Save now and then a slight pattering rain,
Or a moaning gust came by,
Plashing slightly on window pane,
Creaking the sign-boards on high.

There was never a sound of a foot on the street,
And my wonder thereat was not small,
For a grisly dog did me suddenly meet,
And his foot did not sound at all.

His eyes they were round and his coat it was rough,
As he stood before my view,
And I waved my stick to drive him off.
And the stick that dog went through.

And the dog it said, "No stick I fear,
Nor can I be driven away,
For I am a ghost who wanders here,
Between the night and the day.

"And here I must wander, as wander I can,
In the hour twixt the night and day,
Until I can light on that city cart man,
And carry him with me away.

"Until I can meet with that myrmidon base
Who unlawfully here did me net,
And twisted my city clock off from its place
All an extra half-dollar to get.

"Who put me in a box in defiance of law
And with unlicensed curs did me choke;
And here I await—Who was that?—sure I saw,
The vile monster of whom I have spoke."

The ghost's eyes they shone, and away then he ran,
And I heard a most horrible roar;
And if he has met with that city cart man,
They will neither be seen any more.

Tu vehis Cæsar, et fortunam ejus.

Though creamy waves to ebon sky were tossed
Intrepid DAVIN still the channel crossed,
And cried to boatmen "Niver fear the gale! Ah!
You carry CÆSAR and his big shillalah."

The Advice They Want.

GRIP, Q. C., along with a few other distinguished legal lights, has received an order for advice from the Irish National Society of Montreal, on questions pertaining to the Orange Order. It is one of the rules of Mr. GRIP'S practice to fashion his opinions to suit clients, regardless of law; and, having scrupulously adhered to this rule in this present case, he flatters himself that the following replies on the points submitted are just what the Irish National Society wanted him to say:

1. As to the legality of the Orange Association.

Opinion.—The Orange Order is clearly illegal in Montreal. There can be no question about this. The Law distinctly states that Orangeism is null and void and anathema maranatha. (See *Vatican Reports*, pp. 999 and 1684.)

2. Its rights to hold meetings and public processions.

Opinion.—It has no right to do anything of the sort. It is also plainly against the law for it to go to Church. (See *Mob vs. Hackett*, page 1.) It is the duty of every law abiding citizen to see that it is crushed out. (See *Syllabus, Beaudry vs. Freedom*, etc.)

3. The liability of its members to arrest for belonging thereto, or participating therein.

Opinion.—Of course they are liable to arrest, and if it is not convenient to arrest them, it is lawful to butcher them on the public street. The object of this wise provision is to bring all parties to one mind and into the one true fold. (See the case of *Pope v. People*, *Dark Ages*, cap. 72. also *Fox's Book of Martyrs*.)

4. If its officers can be arrested for administering the oath of secrecy.

Opinion.—Certainly they can. This follows as a logical conclusion from the fact that the Order is illegal. That is to say, it is contrary to the Law of the Vatican. As to whether it is agreeable to the Law of the Queen is another question, but that has nothing to do with this case. The City of Montreal acknowledges the Vatican Law as supreme, and so there can be no difficulty as to the illegality of the Orange Association.

GRIP, Q. C.

Fee \$5,000.

Canadian Seeking Employment.

SCENE—*Wholesale store. Enter Canadian: to him Merchant.*

CANADIAN.—Good morning, sir, I have called upon you with a view to obtain a position in your establishment. My qualifications as to integrity, sobriety, and business capabilities are warranted by these papers I have the honor to hand you. Is there any opening in your house?

MERCHANT.—Well, the fact, sir, is that, to tell you the truth without disguise, I buy in England, and young men, recommended from thence, naturally get the preference. Sometimes convenient, you know, to oblige a person who holds your notes.

NEXT SCENE—*Railway Office. Canadian (to Superintendent). Repeats statement.*

SUPERINTENDENT.—My dear sir, our road is heavily in debt to British stockholders, and, one way or another, influential folks there are always recommending gentlemen we must take on, if we take on any one.

NEXT SCENE—*Bank Parlour. Canadian (to Manager). Repeats request.*

MANAGER.—My dear sir, our capital is much of it British. Young gentlemen recommended from there, you perceive, have necessarily the preference.

NEXT SCENE—*Loan Society Office. Canadian (to Chief Official). Repeats as before.*

OFFICIAL.—My very dear sir, we should be most happy to oblige. But really we do nothing but lend British capital, and so many clerks come to us with credentials from our English friends, that, you understand, of course.

CANADIAN.—(solus)—Pity we hadn't some institution of our own.

Reportorial Life.

SCENE:—*A street; near by masons at work upon a high building. Enter ARGUS-EYE and UBIQUITIOUS, two city reporters, meeting.*

UBIQUITIOUS.—How fares the noble scribe of the contemptible Grit tar-barrel?

ARGUS-EYE.—Well met, O brother of the quill, thou that drippet with gore in the cowardly Tory mud-slinger. Any news?

UBIQUITIOUS.—News! Well, God save you, there is none. I have trodden every inch of cobble or pavement in the iniquitous city and could find none; I've been everywhere, but the day is flat, it is stale. Know you aught?

ARGUS-EYE.—Well, stab me under the 17th rib a la PATTESON, but I know of absolutely nothing, yet there are five columns for me to spy out yet within an hour. People will have news. We can pluck it out of our hair, you know. (Aside) I know BICK would like that glorious item about that skull and bones I ferretted out down town this morning; but I can't afford it; and, besides, he never swaps items. (Aloud.) The public is a tyrant.

UBIQUITIOUS.—An ungrateful one. Why, bless you, I may have the *Bubler* as full of startling news as I please, murders, riots, elopements, monster Conservative reactions—I get no credit for it. I have never heard one man ask another, "Anything new in the paper?" that the answer did not follow, "Oh, nothing particular." At the same time a volcano, a cannon of news smiled under his nose—if he would only touch it off.

ARGUS-EYE.—But now, would that an item or two turned up.

UBIQUITIOUS.—Hang it all! There's not even a brace of curs about to invent a dog-fight for us; not a runaway horse; not a strangled cat in a cistern; not a staggering son of Dunkin on the street. I shall go mad with a Micawber fever. Why won't something turn up?

ARGUS-EYE.—Hold! I distinctly saw that scaffold sway slightly, those half-dozen men are too much for it. By the brow of HORACE GREELEY, it swayed!

UBIQUITIOUS.—Glorious! See you now yon hod-carrier preparing to go unto them! It is the straw that will break the scaffold's back. Prepare your note book. Take out your watch.

ARGUS-EYE.—And yet, were I still in my younger days, I would warn them.

UBIQUITIOUS.—Conscience says warn them, but duty says report what happens.

CITIZEN.—(Entering excitedly)—What is this I hear? The scaffold must not give way! I will call—

UBIQUITIOUS.—Silence, contemptible fool! Thou wouldst starve tomorrow without the news—(The scaffold comes crashing down; seven workmen lie mangled on the ground, some in the throes of death).

ARGUS-EYE.—At half-past two precisely it came down.

UBIQUITIOUS.—By the beard of GEORGE BROWN! The dullness of this day is redeemed.

CITIZEN.—(Horried.)—Merciful heavens, they are killed! And can you gloat over such a spectacle—Oh friends, oh—

ARGUS-EYE.—Oh that a mountain fell upon thy prattling tongue! Knock this fellow down, some one! To work now, UBIQUITIOUS. Question thou those three ere they expire. I will take the rest in hand. Here are three columns for us. The public shall have news!

(Scene Closes.)