

Education Department, Ontario.

NOVEMBER EXAMINATIONS, 1877.

THIRD CLASS POLITICIANS

CANADIAN HISTORY.

HON. E. BLAKE, M.P.
HON. WM. MACDOUGALL, C.B., M.P.P. } *Examiners.*

TIME.—*One hour.*

- I.—Define "Grit," "Charter Seller," "Secret Service" and "Quartette."
 II.—Justify on patriotic grounds, "Send me another ten thousand."
 III.—Mention the most important lessons to be drawn from the "Big Push" letter.
 IV.—Quote in full JOHN A's speech at St. Thomas.
 V.—Point out the fine strokes in JOE RYMAL's latest speech.
 VI.—Name in order the contests waged by THOMAS WHITE, JR.
 VII.—"These hands are clean." Do you think so?
 VIII.—Estimate the value of "Steel Rails" in the "Great Conservative Reaction."
 IX.—Give if possible examples to show that Grit M.P.'s and M.P.P.'s may hold opinions at variance with the *Globe*.
 X.—Show that JOHN A. furnishes a good illustration of sincerity; Dr. TUPPER of voracity; and GEORGE BROWN of forbearance.
 XI.—Apply correctly (1) "Smell to heaven," (2) "Would to God that I could catch him."
 XII.—Account for the recent reticence of Judges regarding political matters.
 NOTE.—GRIP publishes the above paper in advance to save candidates the trouble of stealing it.

The Mistake.

And said they we were ever dull and dead,
 Priest-ridden, and by demagogues still led?
 Opinion public here our critics thought
 (From over sea) was nought and would be nought.
 They think so. Other thoughts they may embrace:
 Note PARTYGRUBBER'S and SIR JAUNTY'S case:—

Old PARTYGRUBBER has made money here,
 Has led his party now this many a year;
 Has houses, grounds, parks,—riches, it is said—
 Yet PARTYGRUBBER might as well be dead;
 That is, politically, for his life,
 Devoted all to scenes of party strife,
 Has failed,—his tree is blasted at the root,
 The boughs are loaded,—but 'tis Dead Sea fruit,
 Has power—but never gained its only good;
 Has wealth—but never yielding what he would
 Have drawn therefrom;—above the crowd he stands
 In elevation, yet no praise commands;
 Has almost gained the country's leading part,
 But ne'er can hope to gain the people's heart,
 Their love, respect, or gratitude—such things
 His course brought not—and no such course e'er brings;
 And why, he never took Canadian's part,
 For party sold himself in every mart.
 Set Orange, Roman, each one by the ears
 To help his party, till increasing years
 Press on him,—now, his party, it is said,
 Don't care how soon old PARTYGRUBBER'S dead.

Then take SIR JAUNTY, of Pacific fame,
 Say he's no better; yet with different aim
 He moves, and has the art to understand
 The mighty passions which convulse the land;
 Sees no longer Canada will stay
 The paltry shuttlecock which others play;
 Knows the great object which young nations hold
 More dear than life, and dearer far than gold.
 What does he work by?—follow him and see
 He advocates a national policy,
 And millions join in the applauding shout,
 "Who will not give it shall be quickly "out."
 If unfulfilling, he, when place he win
 Shall get him out more quick than he went in.
 Let foreign critics learn, and those at hand
 Better Canadian nature understand;
 Note well the cause of PARTYGRUBBER'S fall,
 His propositions are insulting all—
 "Help up the party you a place shall get!"
 "Support Free Trade; you'll have goods cheaper yet,"
 We're apt to think he might as well have said,
 "Come, pigs, obey me, and you shall be fed."
 And there are those who answer (not a few)

"Confound your places and your cheapness too!"
 SIR JAUNTY, wiser, does the tact possess
 To know what things are greater, what are less,
 In our eyes, and he aims to touch
 The heart much more, if not the head so much.
 "Support home manufactures," still he cries,
 "In them Canadian hope of greatness lies,
 Be something: cease to dig for foreign folk,
 Cast off at once the foreign makers' yoke,
 Hurrah for Canada; we yet shall see
 Our country something like what it should be!"
 SIR JAUNTY may have gone astray in much,
 But knows in this the proper chord to touch,
 And Canada despising the "Cheap Jack,"
 In "Scandal's" spite, pats JAUNTY on the back.
 This is the secret of each picnic crowd,
 Cause of each arch and demonstration loud,
 Let critics learn the lesson; when they're through,
 GRIP has some more which he will teach them too.

The Doctors.

GRIP had an attack. GRIP was seriously ill. He had a slight complication of diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhus, cholera morbus, gout and small-pox. His powerful constitution would have easily shaken off these, but congestion of the liver, brain fever, sciatica, pleurisy, and severe inflammation of the lungs set in with violence, and as, in this weakened condition, he had the misfortune to fall and dislocate three of his ribs, fracture his left tibia, and compound his right humerus, besides suffering a severe internal injury of the spine and hurting his big toe, he thought he might as well ask a doctor to look in. In the innocence of his heart, he stuck a placard in the window to that effect, fancying one *would* drop in, and there would be no more about it. He dropped in. More dropped in. Others dropped in. And before GRIP had called to a devil to take the unlucky paper out of the window the office was full, the hall was jammed, his bedroom was crowded, the stairs were in danger of breaking down, and the crush was infernal. Those in front seized his arm. Others felt his pulse. Others felt his other pulse. More hauled out his tongue, and when they had done with it, some more hauled it out again. They asked him questions; they pushed, they squabbled. Those in the rear clamoured to be let to the front; those down stairs wrote out their bills for attendance and passed them in over the heads of the others. GRIP begged to be left to a single physician, but the utmost he could obtain was that they would address him one after another. Then the first (allopathic) informed him that he had to be blistered, purged, salivated, starved and—Here the second (homœopathic) declared that he would not see GRIP murdered in his presence, as would be the result if the treatment proposed were attempted. GRIP had, he said, to receive infinitesimal globules for a year, and if no change occurred—Then the third (electric) cut him short, and said he was a barbarian. GRIP must be sweated in a Turkish bath, a sulphur bath, a Russian bath. He must live on brown bread and potatoes—The fourth (electric) screamed that it was awful—it was slow butchery. GRIP was to take electric shocks five times a day, and once before breakfast. He must—The fifth (trance doctor) yelled that he must be let into a trance at once in a private room, and then he would tell GRIP everything he knew, and a great deal—Then the sixth (medium) shouted that GRIP must have a *seance* at once, or die in an hour. And they all raised such a universal hubbub that GRIP woke up, and found he had not been sick at all; and has regretted ever since that he lost such a golden opportunity of delivering mankind from their medical oppressors. He might have pulled the house down on 'em, or anything. But the chance is gone.

The Comparison.

The winter winds are near; her summer dress,
 Fair Nature casts—too vulnerable seen,
 To meet the onset fierce when forward press
 December dark, and January keen,
 And all their blustering band y'clad in icy sheen.

And now in armour stout she will endue,
 In toughened bark, her sturdy coat of mail,
 Against the hostile blasts which charging through
 Her borders, shall her every front assail,
 And like the evil one, shall for a time prevail.

Yet in her time shall merry Spring appear,
 And winter pass as if she had not been;
 Again shall summer's pleasant days be here,
 In vesture gay shall earth and tree be seen,
 Far as the eye can roam, a sea of living green.

So, though a land may for a time be cursed
 With rulers imbecile of heart and hand,
 The sun of truth shall falsehood's ice-bonds burst,
 And Patriotism arise as from the dead,
 And on her glittering path the country young be led.