

Orangemen, first, because they did not—no never—ever drink firewater, and second, because they never swore. There were no cuss-words in the Indian language, any more than in the mouth of an Orangeman. He hoped that the whole world of the whites would speedily be evolved into Indians, they being the more superior race. At present the Orangemen were the only whites who came up to them. Dr. Orrinocco was vociferously cheered. He left an impression on the mind of your correspondent that very few whites could begin to compete with the Indian in fine sarcasm and subtle fun-poking.

Past Grand Master for Ontario West explained that he had not been billed. It gave him much pleasure to hear his scarlet brother, the doctor, who hid the bulge on them in being born, while they had to be made. Had the battle of the Bine not been fought, the pall of Popery would have attached alliteration's artful aid to pull the wool over the eyes of civilization. Commercial Union meant Annexation, but the *Mail* needn't think it was going to make a cat's paw of them to rake in Canadian chesnuts for the American tax collector. He implored them by the battle of the Bine which had been won by the unselfish William, not to sell their birthright to the Americans, who wanted to destroy them.

Senator Clam expressed his delight that all attempts to get Home Rule had failed. Another attempt of the same kind had been made by a man named Wiman, who wished to substitute the Stars and Stripes for the Union Jack. (Hear, hear!) Really it appeared to him there was a systematic conspiracy to destroy the British Empire. Once there was a man named Wood, an employee of the Montreal Telegraph Company, who urged the Reciprocity Treaty be not renewed, and it wasn't. They should not ally themselves with a nation *with whom there could not possibly be any sympathy!*

Brother Luce said they were a fine body of men, pip. He wasn't a prophet, allee samee he would prophesy that a second edition of the battle of the Bine would be fought afore long, and don't ye forget it. O'Brine was properly treated; he was not interfered with in any way. He went home with a lie in his mouth, and a bigger liar than he never existed. He advised them to be moderate, and not give offence to any man, at any rate they were to take offence from no man, but hold on to their end of the shank.

[ED. GRIP (*loquatia*)—What a born ass the fellow must be to hand in a *bona fide* report like this. Evidently he does not know the first principles of scientific modern reporting—no, sir, you can't report for GRIP.]

MR. L. O. DAVID'S DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"Many among that population would be unable to point out where France lay on a geographical chart—but they would say, as said the Alsatian school-boy, that France was in their hearts."

We know not where the place may be,
In Europe or in Timbuctoo,
Why wears the flag a *Fleurs de Lis*,
Nor why one of its stripes is blue.
It may not be till years shall pass,
Till Rome o'er Canada holds sway,
That we this knowledge shall possess,
But no doubt we will know some day.

Some day, some day,
Some day we will find out
France, we know not where nor how,
Only this, only this,
David declares we love you now,
We love you now.

We love to hear the "*Marseillaise*,"
'Tis better than "*Die Wacht am Rhine*,"
What the words means, some of these days
We'll know—and what means guillotine.
Oh, *France la Belle* we love so well,
How is it that we do not know
Something about you? where you dwell?
"How is it?" answers grim echo!

Some day, some day,
Some day we will find out
France, and find out why and how,
Why this is—why in bliss
Of ignorance we love you now.

JAY KAYELLE.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE-BOOK.



I HAVE often wondered why our police constables should always be seen, note-book in hand, at street-corners writing, as a rule, somewhat laboredly. The first I noticed was a strapping young fellow standing under a gas-lamp about 11 p.m., in a remote district of the city, and it was amusing to watch him carefully forming his letters in the small book, and occasionally moistening the point of his pencil between his lips. He kept looking up at a house opposite, and I concluded that he was writing a serenade to his beloved cook, perhaps to be published on the morrow in one of our papers. Such things do appear daily under *noms-de-plume*, which defy any sort of discovery as to their authors. I noticed one the other day in the *Mail*, where a fellow took four or five verses to state the fact that he was going to call on his girl, and that he would have to pass a few lilac and chestnut trees to get there. This romantic party may have been the identical policeman I saw the other night—who can tell? However, last night as I was going home from my club, I picked up a small black-covered note-book, which I carried home. I tried to find out its owner's name in vain; but to judge from the contents I believe there can be no doubt of its belonging to one of our numerous scribbling policemen. At the risk of summary arrest I will give a selection of the notes, which are very interesting:—

June 1st, 9 p.m.—Helped good looking girl across street—gave her arm the necessary squeeze of authority.

9.10—Arrested an unlicensed dog.

9.35—Heard two men call a License Inspector a fool. Followed them up for a block and found traces of whiskey in the air, but not enough to arrest them.

9.50—Arrested a child for going home alone after 8 o'clock.

9.55—Saw Angelina at the corner of K—g and Y—k streets, talking to a small man dressed in tweed.

10.05—Two cabs passed and a boy on bicycle.

10.15—Two men fighting on the opposite sidewalk. Would have interfered if it had been on my beat.

10.30—Angelina goes home alone. Arrest man in tweed as he passes.

10.40—All quiet—will take a smoke—can't find a match. O.K.—Will get one to light my lantern.

10.50—Will write a verse expressive of my feelings —