



AN OPINION.

BY MCTUFF.

In re the discussion recently going on in the columns of the *Mail*, by the would-be Champions of High and Low Churchism.

When ordinary mortals stoop
A foe's fair fame to slander;
And with vituperative pen
To basest instincts pander.

The public look upon such acts
As those of fools or madmen;
And justly argue that their hearts
Are those of knaves and bad men.

How inconsistent then it seems
To those of common moulding,
To see these Christian champions
Like old wives rudely scolding.

Each setting forth his private views,
In language most disgusting,
Whilst in the justice of his cause
Each to the Lord is trusting.

Methinks I see old Satan sit
Upon the steeple grinning,
To see his fierce detractors make
Such progress in their sinning.

For well he knows no flock can feed
Where barren is the pasture,
Nor Teachers elevate men's minds,
Though clad in holy vesture.

Who thus can stoop to idly prate,
And use the public journal
In setting forth their variances
In language so infernal.

How much more seemly would it be
Should each bear with the other
And though opinions may diverge,
Still treat him as a brother.

For truly little good can come
From such unchristian action;
Then be what you but seem to be,
And cease this strife and faction.

BRITISH WIT.

The last mail from England brought the following two riddles for insertion in GRIP. They are stated by the author, a clerical gentleman of high standing, to be entirely original with him. It may be true. He is older than we are, and possibly concocted them himself, but it must have been very long ago, for the first thing we can remember with anything like accuracy was hearing the second one propounded. That was thirty years ago, brethren; thirty long years ago. But here are these scintillations:

1. My horse was brought round too late:
Why couldn't I mount him? *Ans.* Because
Time was getting on t-t-t-t-t!

2. A friend asked me what he ought to do
with his scolding wife. I answered him in
one letter of the alphabet. What was it?
Ans. Letter B.

Were an ancient Greek to give the same
answer in his own tongue, the advice would
be very different—viz: Beta.

By the above it will be seen that English men can make riddles and jokes after all, that is, when they have plenty of time to mature them—about thirty years or so.

The gentleman who sent the foregoing states that he is engaged in making two more. When they arrive—probably some time in 1913—they will be published. He need not be discouraged. We have told the foreman to reserve a place for them.

AT THE FAIR.

Oh! come with me, my merry men, with utmost expedition,
And let us see the glories of the National Exposition.
Now let us use our eyes and ears, for many things there be

For us to hear and marvel at, and many things to see.
Here comes Giles Scroggins from the farm; a stalwart lad is he;

The hayseeds fondly cling to him and cluster in his hair,
And on his homespun trousers loons full many a burr is there;
His hair, well larded, from beneath his ample hat brim slips,

And o'er his shoulders falls and hangs like pounds of tallow 'dips.'
Round-shouldered, too, is Scroggins, his lower limbs are bent,

Full many a weary hour at the plow tail he has spent;
His great flat feet are every where in everybody's way;
But welcome, good, kind-hearted Giles; good day to you,
good day.

Aye: honest Giles! we love him, as his 'gal' he drags along,
And 'elbers' through the seething crowd, and pushes 'mid the throng:

He's very proud of Susan Ann: a buxom lass is she,
With glossy, auburn 'ringerlets' upon her shoulders free,
Red, healthy cheeks; bright, sparkling eyes, and well developed chest;

Yes, Susan, we are fond of Giles, but think we like you best.
As Giles and Susan walk they both discuss their ample lunch;

Huge slice of watermelon and of gingerbread a hunch
Each bears and bites alternately, and as they pass along,
We hear them singing merrily this burden to their song:
"Whew! isn't them big 'punkons'?" Says Giles, "They be, by gosh!

Geewhilkins! look, Susan Ann, dower look at that there squash,
I never seed the likes of it, nor larger e'er clapt eyes on."
Says she, "But them there punkons is fine for making pies on.

Land sakes alive! what's this here chap? how quick he cuts and capers!"
Says Giles, "That there's a feller as puts pieces in the papers."

"My! don't he write fast? that there feller ain't no kind o' fool,
I guess he knows nigh m st enough to go to teachin' school.

Eh, Giles?" "You bet: what's these things here; good land! is them peraters?"
And, Susan Ann, I never see sich thunderin' big termaters."

Oh so they toddle on, amazed and lost in wonderment,
And may your outing, Giles and Sue, in happiness be spent.
Let's stroll about: a busy scene the fair grounds now present;

What horses, cattle, sheep, and last, not least, the festive pig;
We wonder how on earth the last could ever grow so big
And ever to our view is changed the quick y movin' scenery;

Live stock and fruit; pianos, buggies, pictures and 'ma' chinery;
And works of art, both Philistine, and aesthete's 'yallery-greenery'

Tall sunflowers, and lilies pale, and storks from foreign latitudes;
And plaques depicting figures limp in very "stained glass attitudes."

Pickpockets, parsons, peelers, priests, perambulating round:
Some 'taking in' the folks as well as sights upon the ground.

Here comes a 'bloomin' Hinglishman; you know him by his blow!
"Pooh!" this hain't nothin' to a real H'old Country fair, yer know;

Why, 'ome, yer know, in Hingland, they'd larf at sich a show!
Maybe this little Cockney, ere he left his native isle,...

Had ne'er beheld the country where the pleasant corn-fields smile;
Perhaps had never roamed the green and verdant meadows over,

Nor smelt the scented summer air fraught with the breath of clover,
Nor breathed the cloying sweetness which the pale-hued bean flower yields;

Nor ever seen the emerald sward that grows in English fields,
Where fragrant flowers upon the air cast perfumes rare and sweet,

But had spent his poor existence in some dark Whitechapel street;
But Englishmen must blow and cast abroad contemptuous whiffs,
Or they fancy they're disgracing the land of chalky cliffs.

But who comes here? The people cheer and roar and shout the while:
It is, it is the Governor; proud scion of Argyll.

So soon to leave Canadian shores, tho' all unwilling we;
But this was e'er a world of change, and evermore will be:
Another man comes to the top as soon as t'other man's down;

So we shall have to bid goodbye to Lorne and welcome Lansdowne;
Up go the hats; cheer follows cheer; the Marquis comes and goes;

And once again the crowd pours on and through the buildings flows.
But halt; our space is limited and calls on us to pause
Or the length of our effusion would break some well-known laws;

So, all unwilling, now we stop, with hopes for the success
Of the National Exposition, which we cheerfully express.
—SWIZ.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

SWIZ—Chief Priest of the Oracle.

Now that the helmet and helmet hat are becoming articles of general wear, perhaps you can inform me who was its inventor, and when it was first worn? asks MILES. If you want information you've come to the right shop for it, Miles. Listen: The helmet, or now, more correctly speaking, the hadesmet, dates from a remote period of history. In a very ancient tome in the possession of the writer it is related that Athelstane the Saxon, spoken of in *Ivanhoe*, when a boy, being very unwell from a severe internal disorder, brought on by a surfeit of green gooseberries tried in ale, was put to bed by his mother, who sat down at the side of the couch to watch him, at the same time industriously peeling the potatoes for the evening meal against the return of the other members of the family from the chase. The peeled potatoes she threw into a medium sized iron pot at her feet. The youthful Saxon, being restless, started up from his uneasy nightmare, or rather daymare haunted slumbers, and overbalancing himself in his bed, fell headforemost into the pot, from which it was found impossible to extricate his big bull head for several hours. A party of the name of Codric, a down-east Yankee, who was peddling a famous recipe for producing hair on the baldest heads in three weeks, happened to enter the room while Athelstane was in the fix mentioned above, and was instantly struck by the idea that such a head gear would be an admirable one for use on the field of battle. He immediately secured a patent for the invention, thus defrauding poor Athelstane out of his rights, secured the contract for supplying the army and police force of the country with his "pottle hattes," as they were called, and soon "rushed things right smart." The helmet and helmet hat have since been universally adopted, leather, cork, pith, &c., being now substituted for the original metal of which the pot was made.

GRIPES writes: Please tell me what is the true value of a bottle of medicine for which a dollar is charged by a country physician? This depends in a great measure upon the quality of the glass of which the bottle is manufactured. *Aqua pura*, logwood, and the various tinctures are not expensive.

DELIVER AFTER TRUTH says: I have often heard the expression: "The cow with the iron tail." What does it mean?—In these days of waterworks, hydrants, taps, etc., it does not mean much, but when the phrase first came into vogue, it was understood to refer to the pump. The following anecdote will explain all: Johnnie Armstrong kept the one solitary dairy within a radius of some sixteen miles, in one of the lowland Scottish counties, and was the owner of six fine cows. He monopolized