



The Archbishop and the Monster.

Whatever the pastors of other flocks may do, Archbishop LYNN does not propose to allow his sheep to be destroyed by the modern monster of Infidelity. And he says so plainly and with his usual vigor. His "short method with unbelievers" is to cut them off from the Church, and he threatens to do the same for those who put themselves in the way of becoming unbelievers. The Archbishop evidently doesn't believe, with so many of his fellow-pastors, that a little poison is good for the general health of Christians, and therefore he prohibits his people from attending "Free-thought" lectures and reading infidel books. Of course this will be looked upon as very narrow and bigoted by people who consider themselves "broad" and "cultured," but no one can deny that it is a strictly logical position for His Grace to take, and although Mr. Garr is not a member of Rome's communion, he has no hesitation in saying that in taking this action Archbishop LYNN is showing himself a true and worthy shepherd.



The Lieut. Governor's Boots.

Up to the present writing the world is in suspense as to whom we are to have as the successor of Lieut. Governor MACDONALD. The names of several distinguished statesmen continue to be mentioned in connection with the appointment, and prominent amongst these is that of Mr. J. BEVERLY ROBINSON. Mr. GARR is inclined to think that the honour will ultimately fall to this gentleman, for, as is well known, the present Dominion Cabinet invariably display a nice sense of the fitness of things in all the appointments they make, and Mr. ROBINSON's qualifications for the Lt. Governorship are too patent to escape attention. In the first place, it must

be considered that the office is a dignified one, and there is certainly no more dignified figure in Canadian public life than that of JOHN BEVERLY. Indeed, he is the very embodiment of dignity, and it would be well worth the while of any aspiring Canadian Academician who contemplates painting a picture of Ajax Defying Investigation, or any other subject requiring a figure of manly nobility, to come to Toronto and make a study of our City Solicitor. JOHN B's fitness is also most marked in the matter of the Lt. Governor's uniform. The hat fits him to a T, and the coat would require only a little "letting out" at the breast. Then, aside from mere physical considerations the Lt. Governor ought to be a man with a soul above corkscrews, and a strong instinctive repugnance to all manner of devious ways symbolized by that little instrument. That JOHN B. is such a man the Government ought to know. Physical considerations, however, are after all this statesman's strongest point. His "fitness" for the cocked-hat and coat is undoubted. The only trouble is with the boots. He appears to have some difficulty in getting into them.



It's going ta-ta, so it is!

Yes, it's going to visit its American Rag Baby tousin, so it is. And it will have a nice time, so it shall, and get lots of taffy and everying, won't it, deary! Yes, indeed it will. And it's ma is going with it, isn't she? She has been invited to go to the Greenback Convention, and Mr. CRANDALL, the American secretary, says they will be delighted to see her darling little popsy-wopsy, so he does. Wait till ma ties it's pretty hood on and then we will go bye-bye. We're going to Chicago, you know, petty. Won't that be nice! Yes, and it will see all the big houses, and the boats and everything. And ma is going to make long speeches and tell all about her dear Baby, and how big it is growing, and what great things it is going to do for Canada. Yes, and it can play with its little American tousin in Chicago and have lots of fun. Oh, won't it be jolly. There, it's hood is nearly tied now, and it's pretty clothes are all nice and clean. Now, it musn't cry, 'cause that would make its face all dirty, and it must have a clean face to go ta-ta with, musn't it? O, how proud ma feels of her Baby, and how happy she will be if it will be a good child in Chicago. And so it will, won't it, Raggy?

When SARAH BERNHARDT deserted the *Comedie Francaise* it might have been called the Desert of Sahara.

A Diamond in the Rough.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has heretofore been considered to have fairly earned the highest rank as a writer of that peculiarly difficult class of poetry called the "obituary." But he must look to his laurels, for a rural poetaster in the unpretentious village of Mount Forest bids fair to eclipse him in these wonderful performances which have made the name of CHILDS familiar in our mouths—at least in the mouth of the editor of the *New York Sun*—as a household word.

Canada needs more poets and fewer politicians—more poetry and less politics; and GARR will rejoice if a perusal of the following touching lines by the budding genius from the North shall encourage our would-be laureates to write in a more lofty style than that of the anonymous effusions generally attributed to the member for Niagara.

Dear Friend, hold up thy head,
And dry thy falling tears,
There are many friends that mourn with thee,
And think of the little boy that died.

Thou shalt see his toys and his empty chair,
And the little companions he loved so well.
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

There is more in the same kind of rhyme, but these verses will do as a specimen—at least GARR hopes so, for the reader's sake. The idea conveyed in the first stanza, of drying the falling tears because others are weeping, is a "happy thought," truly; while the picture of the little companions who will "speak with a silent speech" is original in conception, and betokens a very lively imagination, such as is seldom met with. It has been said that a boy is made up of three parts—legs, arms, and yell—the latter being generally the most extensive. It is cheering to hope that this description is not true of all boys, and to think that there are some who can convey their thoughts in "silent speech"—which may perhaps mean the dumb alphabet, or some system of sign-language invented by the poet for the occasion.

"The sidewalks need repairing everywhere."
—Ex. Widows and widowers ditto.

"Linen dusters are able to be out."—Ex.
Some of our coats have been out (at the elbows)
for some time.

Our funny contributor says he is in love, and is so deeply smitten with the young lady that he religiously keeps even the wrappers of the newspapers she sends him.



OUR BOY TAKES HIS "BITTERS"

Washington, May 19, 1880.