

More of It.

The rector of Ringwold, near Dover, England, has "Boycotted" the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster was required to marry, in order that his wife should teach the infant school. The rector, however, learned that the lady was a non-conformist, and before the marriage took place he threatened to expel the unhappy teacher should he fulfil his promise of marriage. The teacher had too much manliness to submit to the bigoted priest.—*English Paper.*

Brother! 'gainst bigot, priest, and prig, God speed thee in the strife:
In fearless manhood strive to guard, thy "non-conformist" wife!
Be bold for right of honest love, tho' stoled and mitred cant,
To "mere dissenting folk" no more than street acquaintance grant!
To her old maxim see the sect of LAUD and JEFFRIES true!
And what are words in this free land, it seems are deeds with you.
Brother! be strong, nor fear to flout the Pharisaic race.
Grip greets thy wife though bigots scorn her sweet dissenting face!



Off on a Tour.

Mr. Blake, probably feeling the inspiration of the Spring air, has come out of his shell altogether. Those who have been inclined to cavil at the hon. gentleman as a would-be recluse, have had their mouths effectually stopped. After a long session of hard—and what is worse ineffectual—work, and without taking time to do more than rush home and kiss his family, the newly energized leader of the Opposition has started off on his long-talked-of Maritime tour. Grip signalizes the event by making a picture of the tourist as he probably appeared, equipped for the journey. The Hon. Edward's mission has a three-fold object. In the first place he is going to talk to the people—to what an alarming and uncalled for extent may be judged by the bulging sides of the above carpet bag, which contains only the very briefest notes of a few memoranda on one or two of the subjects he intends ventilating. Secondly, he is going to eat for the glory of the Reform party; hence the other satchel, which is supplied with bottles of the excellent appetite-inducing tonic manufactured by Turner, corner of Bloor and Yonge streets (free ad.) And thirdly—and chiefly—he is going to catch votes if possible; and hence the scoop net, the appearance of which is sure to place him *en rapport* with the fishermen down by the sea. Peace go with him. Grip congratulates the Maritime Provinces on the oratorical treat in store for them, and the disconsolate Opposition on the great harvest they will reap from the seed their leader is about to sow.

Mrs. O'Tare on Homœopathy.

SHANITOWN, Month o' March, 1881.

MISTHER LITTEK.—Shure its mesilf ought to be afther axin yer pardon for makin bould to be sendin the likes av yez a lethrin, bein as I'm a widdy woman. But maybe perhaps now yez wouldn't mind printin' me a lethrin in yer bit av a picter paper, the wan wid all the quare little divils, an banshes, an fairies, an the burd wid the big black bake on the top av it. When I see *thin* the tures cum into me eyes wid laughin an, sez I, shure the boss himsilf must be the picter av good-natur, and bedad I'll write him this lotther all about the quare ways ov docthorin; shure he won't moind, seein as I'm a widdy woman:—

MISTHER GRIP.—Deer sur, Mrs. Eye, in the big house beyant, she tuk sick in the night, an the nurse that cum to wash the baby she tuk bad the next day. Misther Eye he wint tarin up the street like a crazy man, but devil a nurse cud he get, they were all engaged—ivry mortal wan. At last he cum to me and sez he to me, sez he, "Mistress O'Tare" sez he, liftin his hat as if mesilf was a born lady, "wud yer moind comin to nurse at our house an I'll give yez \$5 a week?" "Yes, sur," says I, an I draps him a curtsy as low as mesilf wud givo the praste. It was a boy, Misther Grip, fourteen pounds two ounces, wid a beautiful head av black hair, an him suckin his thumbs already. Mistress Eye was a very nice woman, but she wanted a power av waitin on. "Mistress O'Tare gimme a hankercher plaze," "I'll take me toast water now iv yo plaze," "Will yez kindly make my bafe-tea," "Don't forget me finger napkin plaze," from mornin till night. Bad cess to yez, says I (to mesilf) sure its the threadmill I might as well be in, as trottin up and down them two pare av stairs for ivry mortal thing. An the baby it ud be scrachin an Mistress Eye ud be a trumblin an a cryin "Oh! Mistress O'Tare, wat ivir shall I do?" "Put the child to breast, Mam," sez I. "Ivry time it cries," sez she. "Av coorse," sez I. "Oh dear," sez she, "I do't want any more babies." Wid that the dure opens and savin your prudence, sur, in walks a big man wid a lether satchel in his hand. "Oh Lor, mum," sez I, "there's a peddler comin in." "Hoold on there, we don't want anything in your line here," but he just lukt in me face, with a quare smole, an goes right up to the bedside an sez he, "Well, Mrs. Eye," says he, "and what's the best word to-day?" "Oh, Doctor, my nurse was taken sick an I had to get Mrs. O'Tare, here," sez she. "Oh! ah! another Sairey eh?" sez he. "Jist let me have two glasses av water, plaze," sez he to me. "It's afther beggin' yer pardon, I am, doctor," sez I, "if I knew it was you—, did you say hot water, doctor?" "No, cold," sez he. So I gets the wather an he claps down on a chair, an sets the leather bag atune his knees and opens it. Yez wudn't belave it, but it was bristlin wid bottles, little bottles wid corks in them, wan row on top av the other. Then he takes a grey powder out of wan, and a white powder out av another wan, an then he put them into the water an that's all ye cud see, the water was as clear as ivir. "Nurse, sez he," "Yea sur," sez I. "You'll give a dessert spoonful of this ivry two hours, and wau of *this* ivry half hour, for three hours; *thin* you can give it ivry hour, an *thin* the other ivry hour, to alternate." Och! murther! sez I to mesilf, an the could sweat cum over me, but niver a word did I spake but "Yis sur" sez I, an thin I wint an shut the dure afther him. Whin I cum back an luk't at the tumbler the devil the wan av me cud tell which was wan and which was tother wan. First I sez, this is the wan; no bedad it isn't thin, *that's* the other wan. Begorra thin, thinks I, how can this be the other wan when its this wan here. Oh! wurra, wurra, sure its lavin me singus I am. An he said I was to "alternate." Now wat the devil's "alternate"

sez I, an wid that Mistress Eye begnn snoring Begorra thin, if this isn't lucky. Now I'll fix yez, an' there'll be no mistake at all, at all. So I taste the medicine, an as sure as I'm a livin woman, it wa nothin but a drop av cowlid water! Here's luck, sez I, drinkin the whole av it at waist. An here's sure av the same, I sez agin, an wit that shrunk down *this* wan, Thin I fil thin up with more water from the tap, an' whin Mistress Eye wakened up I gived a dessert spoonful of the water, as I wud: to. "Bedad I'll be on the safe side anyway, cowlid water won't hurt yez," sez I to mesilf, an I did this same ivry mornin. Well sure Mistress Eye whin she cum down stairs she sez to me, say she. "Mistress O'Tare" sez she, "some folks don't believe in homœopathy, but you can testify to the great good it has done me," "Thru for ye, Mam," sez I, "there's nothin like a snap o' cowlid water." No more at priant hein': s I'm a widdy woman.

NORTH O' LAR.



The Drummer.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through Fred-ric-ton streets there passed,
A drummer small, with big valise,
Who kept his eye peeled for police-

man Woodward.

He travelled 'round from store to store,
And orders in began to pour,
But every place that drummer went
A faithful hound was on his scent—

Keen Woodward.

When through, he started for the "Queen,"
Nor thought that he had "shadowed" been,
But just when stepping in the door,
A voice said, "Now I've got you sure,
Smart drummer."

"Try not to pass," bold Woodward said,
"Or on you I will put a head;
You're meddling out your paper c'llars,
And you must "ante up" five dollars,
Instantly."

"It strikes me five is much too large
A sum for license here to charge.
Our profits here are very small,
Then why, I ask, should you grab all
Our ducats?"

"I want no more to hear your jaw;
His Worship Fisher made the law:
So if you still refuse to pay,
Your case before Judge Marsh I lay,
To-morrow."

"So long, detec., I'll fix it right."
This was the drummer's last good-nod:
Next morn, before the break of day
That naughty drummer stole away
From Woodward.

Fredericton, N.B., March 11th, 1881.

Colored women may not be always wise, but none of them are foolish enough to wear a piece of white court-plaster on their chin.—*Detroit Free Press.*