

MORE ABOUT SPRING.

And now the editor of the *Teeswater News* has taken up his pen and indited a few lines upon Gentle Spring. Here they are :

"SPRING.—The snow has disappeared at last. March with its cold bitter air kept full control until within a day or so, since which the warm balmy breath of Spring has assumed the sway, implanting new life and vigour, in animate and inanimate nature. The ploughman may now be seen treading the furrows' length, whistling merrily at his work."

He has placed the article first under the head of "Local and General News," but that is of course merely formal; we do not think he really meant to have it understood that his remarks applied to the country at large. Indeed he seems to have apprehended that difficulty, for mark with what ingenuity he leaves the question of time open. He says March "kept control until within a day or so." Like the weather in the Danbury Newsman's *Almanac*, this is calculated to suit all sections. In this vicinity we are becoming reconciled to the idea that it may be "within a day or so of"—Dominion Day. And as we sit shivering here, how we envy the favoured denizens of Teeswater who are even now enjoying—

"Ethorial Mildness,"
and "seeing the ploughman whistle!"

PATRIOTIC SACRIFICES OF THE REFORMERS.

We are quite ready to believe in the honesty, as honesty goes, of the average Reform member of the House of Commons. *The Globe*, however, attributes to him a greater singleness of purpose and spirit of self-sacrifice than we have ever been privileged to observe in him. This patriotic conduct is not manifested, it would seem, on a small scale, but has reached such a magnitude, that a species of insurance companies, distinguished by offices with plate glass and polished ashlar fronts, have been organized to assist these public martyrs to bear the losses incurred by them on account of voting with the Government. Such drains have been made on these companies already, that our contemporary fears they may not be solvent, and demands that their accounts be inspected. The passage to which we allude is in an editorial on Inspection of Insurance Companies in the issue of Wednesday, April 29th, and reads as follows:—

"Could they, if called upon, pay all their dues? They seem to be prosperous. What about the savings of many a toiling anxious father who, in his desire to make some provision for his little ones when himself shall have gone over to the majority, has put his trust in these companies, with their plate-glass and their polished ashlar fronts, and hopes that all will be right when he is away? They may be quite secure, and his money may come back with interest some day; but it is also just possible that all the while that father is putting his money into a bag full of holes, and is only helping to keep up some fine establishments with what ought to be forming a provision for his own old age or for the days of his widow's solitude."

Truly, we were not aware of the enormous sacrifice of position and prospects involved in going over to the Government side.

Grip Gossip.

No. III.—THE CLUB.

BELIEVE in Science-gossip if we may, Nature abhors a vacuum they say; A kindred want, no doubt, led to the fact that once upon a time,
A club was formed, as may be told in rhyme; and how 'twas brought about.

Halt and main'd bachelors not apt to wed,
Weak Benedicts, strong-minded, yet Miss-led—
Hec genus omne—more, the vacuum felt—met on a given day,
When fire had swept a central square away. Then each his views talked o'er.

There met WHITE, GRAY and DUNN, GREEN, BLACK and BROWN,
LEX, who had taught club-law to half the town;
And knaves for clubs well suited;

JENKINS, from Ireland, where, as jockey used
To bruise by stick and foot-rule—self-accused,
In time had grown club-footed;

But when the surgeons were at last called in,
"An operation" set him on his pin, and now he ranks M. D.
So they agreed to club, and plan, and build
Until the yawning space should be re-filled!

But what should the name be?
LEX had suggested "HERCULES"—advised
As fit, so many Figmies it comprised,
And many more might join.

The "Exclusive" WHITE would have, with stringent rules,
Admitting only graduates of schools,
Or bankers flush of coin,

Or of the Faculty's that science hath,
Excluding Hydro-path and Homeo-path
By All-o-pathic rules—

All mushroom graduates, tho' dub'd M. D.,

Or budding Lawyers, ere they fobbed a fee,
And all eclectic fools.
Med'cine or law that could not blister, bleed
Patient or client all for love—not greed
Or rank, so low as SUB,
Must be ignored—but title high, or rank
Or rich b'hoys who for wealth their fathers thank—
These should recruit the Club.
DONALD, of jokers circle deemed "the hub,"
The Scot who helped to organize the Club,
Thus gave his view—"Now sir!
Is not a puppy call'd a cur—for short?
Then why not HERCULES be HER? In sport
Let's dub the Club, the HER!

BULLMER and BLACK, who joking think a sin,
And never see just where the laugh comes in,
Their risibles ne'er stir;
But they whose Club seems the chief end of life,
And represents friends, family and wife,
Thenceforth have sworn by HER!

And Scot tells German—"You's our Club, ye ken—
To Hymen closed—upon to Highland men—
Eh, man! HER's quite select."

See on our walls hang heroes done in paint,
A face of beauty or a head of saint—
Till like a palace deck'd;
By some pet name is every member known—
So, in Club parlance, JONES is DARRY JOAN—
And WHITE is WHITEY-BROWN,

Because, on BROWN, he like a shadow waits—
BROWN will not mix with GREEN or GRAY as mates,
The WHITE tile fits his crown.

And so "the Hercules" arose in pride,
Augean stables (out of sight), beside,
In sight a distant spire.

Tho' at the corner a proud warehouse rose,
Shops, dens, and mansions the next block disclose,
The Club HER stands still higher;
And oft as in the rooms they congregate,
Of varied tastes, yet like with like will mate,
If publican or simner.

Thus Club experience shows—Birds of a feather
Instinctive sympathy will bring together,
If but for din and dinner!

And when young BALL plays billiards, minus stakes,
Or BELLUM yields for love the game he makes,
The two become sworn friends;

Their rubbers ever shuffle off at whist,
Or in the ante-room to gossip list,
As chance may shape their ends.

Thus goes a party to the rooms each day,
Some but to cast sheep's eyes across the way—
Careless where they may drop.

Yet GREEN oft fancies that he sees bright eyes
Thrown back! and quick responsive heaves two sighs,
Then whirls off like a top!

Then, top-like, see him pacing down the street,
In expectation these black eyes to meet,
That suit his Blue-nose taste.

Yet friends and brief reflection bid him mend,
Bring club-life and loose habits to an end,
And ne'er make love in haste!

But there are many folk about the club,
Apart from steward, errand-boy or scrub,
Or cripples touched by gout—
To note, who take their wine and dine each day
Within the club—because—they jointly say
It can't be done without!

WONDERFUL CALVES.

A paragraph is just now in active circulation amongst the papers, to this effect:—

"A calf with two heads lived for several days last week, at Mr. Hanchett's, farmer, of Tyastown. It had two mouths through which it swallowed food, and two ears—one outside each head. Another extraordinary calf was developed last week, at Mr. A. Murchison's, on the East Front. It had a head like a huge ball, with a protuberance, near the cranium, which gave it the appearance similar to that of a child suffering from hydrocephalus."

Grip desires to submit Toronto's contribution—a couple of remarkable cases. The first is that of a calf with no head at all. This strange critter has developed a laughable weakness for publishing "charity" advertisements in *The Sun* and other papers, calling attention to his own misfortune above specified. The second case is not so well authenticated. It is reported to us that a body—identified as that of a calf—was found the other day on our King street promenade. The object was quite a phenomenon. It was entirely lifeless and, to our thinking, shapeless, but stranger still, upon closer inspection it was found to be—stuffed with saw-dust.