



IV.



V.



VI.

Orangemen has nothing to do with the case. It puzzles some outsiders to understand why we, who get nothing, should be expected to feel grateful at the good things Mr. Clark Wallace gets. These people point out that, like a few other slick politicians, Mr. Wallace has made use of the Order to climb into a good position, where he has for a long time enjoyed financial plums as well as political honors. None of these good things has he divided with the members of our loyal brotherhood, nor is it likely that any of them will get so much as a smell of the additional sweets he is about to receive. This is all quite true, Sir, but I wish to explain what outsiders do not understand. They are not aware that by reason of the subtle spirit of fraternity which binds us together by a sort of electric affinity, every plum that goes into Mr. Wallace's mouth and every dollar that goes into his pocket on account of his Orange connections really in some mysterious way does us good. At all events we think they do, or at least we act as if they did, which amounts to the same thing. I therefore call upon the

Orangemen of Canada to rejoice with me that our Order is to be still further fattened *via* Mr. Clark Wallace.

Yours truly, **ULSTER.**

**GROVER'S RIDE.**

**A**N ass set out for pastures green  
So long, long sought, yet seldom seen ;  
Upon the ass' back, astride,  
Sat Grover Cleveland in his pride.

When Grover mounted, darkness deep  
Was o'er the earth, the world asleep.  
The grand procession started out,  
And Henry George was first to shout  
And cheer, because the ass' bray  
Told it was then on Freedom's way—  
Yes, headed in the right direction—  
For freedom—since against "protection."

George cheered and yelled and day by day  
The ass he goaded on its way ;  
And the procession larger grew  
Till freedom dawned full on the view.  
Yes, here was freedom—glorious prize,  
Within their grasp before their eyes,  
The journey made, the work well done,  
The battle fought, the victory won ;  
And here and now a leader great  
Would open wide fair freedom's gate,  
While Grover waking, strives, alas,  
To keep the donkey off the grass.

What more do we behold ? Great Scott !  
A sight that ne'er shall be forgot ;  
"Great Grover !" (Boast of you and me)  
His face is where his back should be,  
And in his eyes a look of pain,  
The ass' tail is Grover's rein ;  
'Twas thus he faced the ass about  
On freedom's way, and woke the shout  
And hearty cheers of honest men  
Who gave him credit there and then,  
While he had really not discerned  
The way the ass' head was turned.

Now George is mad and wears a frown  
And says to Grover, "You get down,  
And—go-a-fishing ! And to-day  
Let Tom L. Johnson lead the way ;  
Let not the hosts at freedom's gate  
Swerve from their course, but steadfast wait  
And raise the shout for Johnson, who  
Will crown the hopes of ninety-two ;  
He holds the key in his right hand  
To nature's storehouse called the land,  
Where work and plenty are in store  
To bless God's creatures evermore.

*Robert Cumming.*

**ALDERMAN LAMB.**

**S**ATURDAY'S *Notes* contained an excellent sketch of Alderman Daniel Lamb, accompanied with a portrait which was not excellent. From the biographical note we learn that it was in search of occupation for his active mind that the worthy gentleman went into the City Council, and it goes on to say that now, as Chairman of the Board of Works, he gives the citizens the best service that a particularly energetic man and original thinker is capable of. This compliment is well deserved, and Mr. GRIP hereby heartily endorses it. In getting this great socialistic civic insurance scheme into practical operation the able Alderman will have as much work for his intellect as he is likely to hanker for. If he gets through with it without wearing off the few remaining hairs which adorn but fail to cover his devoted head, he will be fortunate. Mr. Lamb is supposed to be a Tory of the Old School, and no doubt so regards himself, but from the circumstance of being out of a job since retiring from business and having a taste of *ennui* which made loafing impossible to him, he has developed, unbeknownst to himself, into a practical—and, as some timid people think—a dangerous Radical. But he's a real good fellow all the same, and we wish him long life and happiness in the City Council.