



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

DEPUTATION FROM ANGLICAN SYNOD—"We object to this Public School Temperance text-book, Mr. Ross. It is too extreme in its views of wine-bibbing, and doesn't even provide for the customary two bottles a day for the clergy."

HON. MR. ROSS—"But then, gentlemen, you must remember that I have refused to make it a compulsory study, and very few of the books are in use in the schools."

W.C.T.U.—"Yes; and that is where you have fooled us. But we haven't given up the battle yet."

PARABLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

I. MRS. BRITANNIA'S BOARDING-HOUSE.

MRS. BRITANNIA is a greedy, covetous old dame, who keeps a large boarding-house. Her establishment is patronized by all sorts of people—shopkeepers, sailors, mechanics and plough-boys, as well as some who have pretensions to gentility. It is remarkable that so many come to board with her, for she is not at all the kind of person one would fancy as a landlady. She has a violent temper, and is always brawling with some of her boarders or servants, so that a meal is seldom eaten in peace. She does not hesitate, when angry, to fling the pots and pans about in the most savage manner, and with great destruction of victuals, for though penurious in general, she does not care how much she wastes when in one of her tantrums. Moreover, she is partial, especially to those whom she considers the better class, giving them the choicest viands, yet charging them no more than others who fare but poorly. But her most unfair partiality is shown to a host of poor relations, who sponge on her, and who always receive the best of the cheer and the finest rooms in the house. Now, this might seem a pardonable weakness, or praiseworthy family affection, were it not for the way she takes to recoup herself for her outlay in supporting this swarm of beggars. This is to charge all the extra expense to the account of the hard-working and poorly-fed mechanics and laborers.

One would think that her boarders would be apt to leave her after such treatment, and seek some other boarding-place, but Mrs. B. has long enjoyed a monopoly of the business, there being no similar establishment in the neighborhood. So the poor workmen are compelled to swallow their indignation along with their coarse fare, as best they may. Of course, every now and then there is a row. Once, a long time ago, a big blacksmith named Watty, on being presented with a particularly tough drumstick, so far forgot himself as to take his hammer and smash a lot of dishes, but he was quickly hustled into the street by a swarm of those poor rela-

tions, who, though they would die rather than do any honest work, like nothing better than a scrimmage.

I have said that Mrs. B. is partial to some of her boarders. She is also capable of harboring special spite against others. One of the boarders is a poor old man named Pat, who earns his living as a day-laborer. He is not, it must be owned, very steady in his habits; likes a glass or two, with now and then a row, to while away the time. However, he is, in the main, a friendly, honest fellow. But Mrs. B. hates him like poison, and gives him nothing but potatoes to eat. And when her poor fare drives him to the public house, to get liquor and become quarrelsome, instead of taking him in like a Christian, and trying what good victuals would do in the way of reforming his morals, she always sets the police after him and has him clapped in jail. This conduct is all the more reprehensible on her part, because poor Pat was at one time possessed of considerable property, which Mrs. B. managed, by some crooked dealing, to strip from him, and add to her own estates. Might and right have always been synonymous in Mrs. B.'s vocabulary.

Now, Mrs. B., you may be sure, has made a very good thing out of her boarding-house, with all this sharp practice, and has a nice little sum laid by for a rainy day. But her greed knows no bounds, and, like some other old people who are rich enough, the insanity of her dotage has taken the form of fearing poverty in her declining years. So, cunning and crafty as ever, she has hit upon a plan of increasing her revenues, and likewise insuring herself from future losses. And this is to change her boarding establishment into a co-operative concern. She proposes to form with her boarders a joint stock company. But she expects, of course, the biggest slice of the profits, in the shape of a fat salary as general manager, and also that all her poor relations will be sumptuously supported free of charge. There will be an army of contractors to settle with, watchmen and servants of all sorts to hire, gas and fuel bills pouring in, and also frequent lawsuits, arising from the quarrelsome and over-reaching temper of Mrs. B. What with these liabilities, and that huge company of haughty deadbeats staring them in the face, is it possible that the boarders will be silly enough to seriously consider such a proposal? Time will tell.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

THE WORLD DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN
CLAIRVOYANT.

CHARMS AND ADVANTAGES OF THE AGRICULTURAL
PROFESSION.

(From the Mail, June 3, 1894.)

IT will be remembered that this journal, about five years ago, published the account of an agricultural meeting at which Prof. Mills said farmers should not disparage their occupation. The Queen had her herds and flocks, he pointed out, and a time was coming, he declared, "when retired professional men would turn to farming on account of the social position it would give them." Doubtless, at the time, many people smiled at the worthy Professor's prognostication. But now we find that it is being singularly and strikingly verified. Agriculture has actually claimed for its own many of our most distinguished professional men; and that it has in a marked degree elevated socially and ennobled generally numbers of such as have embraced it as a substitute for other learned vocations, is attested everywhere around us.