

TEN MINUTES IN ORILLIA.

BY OUR OWN UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

MR. GRIP.



In pursuance of your comprehensive plan of sending me as your Representative to visit and make a note of our various interesting towns—at the rate of about one a week, I dropped in on Orillia last Thursday. Orillia, which, as we are informed, takes its name from the original settler, O'Reilly, is, as you may be aware, on the Northern Railway, a few miles north of Hawkeston. It is a fine little town, rejoicing in many pleasant residences, and excellent butter. The electric railway is not yet in operation, but a free bus, drawn by a

pair of bays that seem to travel with a galvanic battery action, runs from the depot to the Orillia House. On the way thither the native Points with Pride to the new post office, (a splendid public building, finished a few months ago, but apparently regarded by the Government as too good for human nature's daily use, as it is kept mysteriously closed) and Kennedy's Hall. This latter establishment is Orillia's pet and pride. Boston does not think so much of Faneuil Hall, as Orillia does of Kennedy's, but every time the Orillia man thinks of it he swears, mentally. A feeling of reverence for its age, and pity for its dilapidated and woe-begone appearance, restrains him from swearing aloud. Then his thoughts may happily wander to more pleasant subjects. Big Jack Adams, for example. And I may just say that Jack is an example of human nature in its largest and most genial shape. I found him at the Orillia House, where landlord Haw presented him to me as an institution that Orillia and the whole northern country is proud of. Jack doffed his gigantic sombrero and seemed to gather me up in his friendly hand as he expressed himself delighted to meet Mr. Grip's Representative. This fine chap, a very Hogshead of Happiness, is known all over the country as the Boss of the lumber camps and cattle ranch of King Thompson. It is only once in a while that he lights up Orillia with his benign smile, and I was fortunate in happening on one of the occasions. Speaking of smiles, I may mention that I was invited by Big Jack to make a sketch of the exquisite young gentleman who officiates at the Orillia House bar. When he was pointed out to



he never gets mad! Not even when the fresh commercial man comes in, slaps him on the back and roars out, "Haw there! Haw are you?" And I suppose he must have heard this at least 541 times. Dr. Beaton, I found, was in his usual health, and the *Times* and *Packet* are both flourishing. The former is going ahead at such a rate that its new owner, Blackstone (formerly of the *Brantford Expositor*), has some thoughts of importing an expert affidavit-maker to swear to the largest circulation on earth every week. The postmaster (who is still doing business at the old stand) is also quite well again, thank you. His friends will no doubt be glad to hear of his recent raise of celery. To sum up, I went and consulted Dr. McLean as to the state of the community's political health. He stated with tearful eye and tremulous voice, that Toryism, he feared, was in its last gasp!



AS-THE-CROW-FLIES.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Hon. John Costigan, M.P., Secretary of State, Ottawa.

MY DEAR MISTHER COSTIGAN:

THE ideo o' March have come an' gone agin. So has Aisther Sunday. So has St. Patrick's Day, an' the grand marchin' av the Byes, in green an' goold an' banners flyin'. An' be me sowkins, 'tis a bowld quickstep they showed they cud dance to the tune of Garryowen, an' St. Patrick's Day in the mornin', or any other March. The march of time, which—

"No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay,"—widh silent pace, is stalin' something from us all the time, an' none of us can ketch the thief. But the ould vagabone will yet have to hang up his scythe, whin time shall be no mower!

We are havin' some pleasant signs of the advancin' spring. Everything is stirring into new life—espechully in The Park—where, would you b'live it? an abundance of palms could be seen wavin' the other day. It was whin there was a big meeting of the unemployed. A forest of hands was held up in favor of a resolution for the manufacture of corkscrews, so as to afford present employment. The good religious min o' the Ministherial Associashun took up the matter, an' showed—as plain—as the young lady who took the gent's fancy an' returned it agin widh thanks—that corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets have saved. It is in The Park that the March winds, an'