



THE GLORIOUS ORDER.

Rev. Mr. Lewis, in a sermon to the Orangemen last Sunday, gave the following graphic description of the modern worshippers of the "glorious, pious, and immortal" King Billy the Third:—

"The Orangemen are like a vast army, their swords flashing in the sunlight, their shields and helmets like burnished gold, ready to do battle; but their antagonists have fled."

The *Globe* proposes a slight amendment to this:—

"In less eloquent language, they are equipped with banners, white horses, and "regalia," they are always ready for a fight, but they haven't anybody to fight with."

Mr. GRIP moves an amendment to the amendment. The Orangemen's antagonists have not fled; and they *have* somebody to fight with, and will have as long as Mr. Oliver Mowat and his atrocious Government are in existence. The Loyal Order is not likely to be called upon to do battle for our civil and religious liberties (which is not only convenient for them but particularly fortunate for us)—but they must still stand ready to answer the bugle-call to battle at each recurring session of the Ontario Assembly, and be prepared to make a desperate onslaught to secure that Incorporation Act. This is all that remains for Orangeism in Canada to accomplish, and if the granting of the Act would put an everlasting quietus upon the whole concern, Mr. Mowat would be doing civilization a favor to grant it without delay.

Cousin Jim.

A ROMANCE.

Pack my bag for Manitoba,
See my "shooter" in it stowed;
I'm not drunk, nor am I quite sober,
You don't think it—you be blowed!
All the whiskey in the city,
That's sold by the L. V. A.,
Would not hurt me, more's the pity,
Like what happened yesterday.
Excuse these tears, my eyes grow dim,
All on account of Cousin Jim.

Every night I used to call,
To see my darling Josephine,
I'd take her to each play and ball,
And garden parties on the green,
But of late, on each occasion,
When I'd make my evening call,
I'd see (excuse my agitation)
A young man coming down the hall.
I asked young Sally, "Who's he?" "Him Oh, that is Josey's Cousin Jim!"

I had bought her bridal trousseau,
Yesterday was the happy day,
That I'd take her to Lake Rosseau,
To pass the honeymoon away.
But yesterday I found how fickle,
And inconstant Josey was,
She'd fled with Jim, who'd not a nickel,
(C'est he stole it from his boss.)
She said she only cared for him,
Her own dear darling Cousin Jim.

So, landlady, pack up my shooter,
I am off for Kee-way-din,
It appears I didn't suit her,
Let her have her odious Jim.

King Harold, the Saxon.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA AFTER TENNYSON.

ACT I.

King Harold's Palace. Harold and Edith.

Harold:

Edith, of the swan-like neck,
Meetly these gold robes hued,
Suits it well that she put on,
Cygnets ring which fits a swan!

Edith:

Give us a rest. These compliments pray cease,
Nor think you swans so close allied to geese.

Harold:

Our Saxon geese may meet the Norman duck,
Who threatens to invade us shortly.

Edith:

Shucks!

Harold:

Duke William on a visit here is bent,
And I can't *parley vous* not worth a cent.

Edith:

I took French lessons at the Normal School,
And quite intend to keep these Normans cool.

Enter the Thane of Snytes:

My Lord, the Normans, I regret to say,
In an excursion boat have crossed the bay,
To Hastings they are hastening, there to fight,
And all our Saxon soldiers have got tight,
For they, to quote a joke of old renown,
Keep spirits up by pouring spirits down.
Duke William's sober always as a minister,
Goes on no bend excepting the *bend sinister*.

ACT II.

The battle of Hastings—Enter Duke William and the Normans:

Duke William:

Parley vous Français!

Saxon Soldier:

You're another!
A most improper person was your mother.

He is killed by Duke William—Saxons defeated—Harold slain.

ACT III.

Westminster Abbey—Archbishop of Canterbury offers crown to King William.

King William:

My loyal English subjects now I greet—
Brave men, whom only liquor could defeat!
The curse which at all time makes failure sure,
And PROHIBITION is the only cure!
And he who shall achieve it, sooth to say,
Is greater conqueror than I this day.

C.P.M.



NO EAR FOR MUSIC!

Mr. J. D. Elder (in stentorian tones).—
"The wild woods, the wild woods, the wild woods give to me!"

Granger (earnestly).—*Give 'em to you? Give 'em to you for nothin', and cordwood worth \$6 a cord, cut and split!* Well, I should snicker!!
[This stupid agriculturist didn't know Mr. E. was only singing a "Camping Song," written by himself and lately published by Nordheimer & Co.]

Detectives are the spies of life.



**THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NOVA SCOTIA
TORTURING A POOR LITTLE UNOFFENSING SWELL.**

Essay on the Mosquito.

The skeeter is a giddy burd. You can't just allers egzactly place him till he gits down to biz. Then probably you kin. He's cunning; he allers buzzes in one spot and bites in another. And then you hit the wrong spot. The first time you hit him you generally miss him. You most allers misses him every time. I have hit at several million skeeters since I woz born. I have bit seven and two of them get away. I 'spect to kill two or three more before I die. Skeeters ain't rigged like most other birds, 'specially bees. Bees has their teeth aft, skeeters hasn't. Skeeters has only one tooth, but he is a sokdolligor. Folks say us how they squirt pison through that tooth; I guess they do. The skeeter is a greedy broot; he thirsts for goar, buklets of goar. He generally gits all he wants, too. He prefers some kinds of goar to other kinds. My goar is of the first kind. He is very aggravatin' nights, coz when you reaches for him he ain't there, but when you give up he sails right in and nips quickerin lightning. Slipper is good for 'em if you can git 'em between it and the wall. Skooters likes to go fishin', leastways they likes to be on hand when some other feller's fishin'. When I've seen fishin' I've seen lots of 'em; most of 'em seen me, too. 'Taint no use gettin' mad, they prefer hot blud. Skeeters ain't much use anyway, eksept to keep you from goin' to sleep when you want to. I think they are a noosance.

SCRANTON.

Old Favorites with New Faces.

The facts and the names given in this ballad are taken from a report in the *Toronto Telegram* of recent date.

Old James Johnson got tipsy, which
Would not have mattered had James been rich,
But the poor old soldier was broken, quite,
Since the day that he battled on Alma's height.
His back was bent, and his sight was dim,
And his country's gratitude proving slim,
He sought for the comfort that gin mills brew,
A thing which *rich* people *never* do!

So they sent him to prison to lie on the stones,
A poor pauper soldier whom nobody owns!

To work on the hill, though he faint or freeze,
(The cold below zero some score of degrees),
The gaol authorities bade him go,—
'They are wise to treat all paupers so!

Some twenty feet from a height fell he,
And ribs were broken, one, two, and three,
So they carried him back to gaol once more,
And left him to lie on the bare stone floor,
With his poor broken bones on the prison stones,
'This old pauper soldier whom nobody owns!

One doctor big came where he lay,
Saw, "did nothing," and walked away.
Another doctor came, did less still—
But he gave the wounded pauper a pill!!
Small means of cure either surgeon tried—
And *neither* examined the *fractured side*—
For the poor man's life, with no chance of fee,
Is of small account to the rich M.D.

And they left his old bones on the prison stones,
A poor pauper soldier whom nobody owns!

The Revised Testament—a will with a codicil.