

KNIGHTLY PRECEDENCE AT OTTAWA.



As Sir Leonard thinks it ought to be.



As Sir Hector thinks it ought to be.



As Sir Charles thinks it ought to be.



As Grip thinks it ought to be.

SYMPATHIZERS WITH TYPHOID.

A FABLE.

The drainage of the city of Winnipeg had long been bad—very bad. The place was literally a stench in the nostrils of the public, and a standing scandal and a disgrace to the community, owing to its defective methods of sanitation. The Winnipeegers, though a pushing, go-ahead people in most respects, were somewhat behind the age in the matter of sanitary science, and rather inclined to pooh-pooh innovations. Accordingly, when people who had new-fangled ideas on such subjects urged the necessity of a new drainage system, on the ground that continued neglect of hygienic principles would certainly result in an outbreak of typhoid fever, the innovators

were very summarily sat upon. "Typhoid fever, eh? Oh, yes, you're always talking about typhoid fever. You'd like nothing better than to see half the city depopulated. You evidently sympathize with typhoid fever. You're a ba-a-ad man!" Whenever anybody ventured to deprecate the disgraceful condition of the streets and alleys which reeked with filth, he was instantly met with the crushing reply, "Oh, you are one of those sympathizers with typhoid." The state of things continually grew worse, as was only to be expected under such a condition of public opinion. Finally the fever really did break out, and a number of people, including several of the leading citizens, died. The indignation was intense against the sympathizers with typhoid who had gone so far as to suggest drainage, and by their continual talk about fever-germs and malaria had evidently promoted the spread of the epidemic. Several of them were seized and imprisoned for longer or shorter terms, and everywhere they were denounced and held up to execration as the vilest of mankind. Singular to relate, although the sympathizers with typhoid were so rapidly suppressed that nobody dare open his mouth on the subject, the fever showed no signs of abatement. In consequence of this visitation, the views of some of the citizens have been modified on the drainage question, though it is still held rank here to couple the spread of typhoid with the want of sanitary measures. And at a large public meeting recently held resolutions were passed declaring "that while a moderate degree of drainage might be beneficial on general principles as a thing no city should be without, this meeting can but inadequately express their sense of abhorrence and detestation of the sympathizers with typhoid, whose incendiary course has done so much to retard the adoption of a system of drainage."

It will be seen that the Winnipeegers are a conservative, practical, level-headed sort of people, very much after the heart of Prof. Goldwin Smith, and other quasi-Liberals, who regard Irish "outrages" as the great significant feature of the situation, and look upon the political and social abuses which provoke them as an altogether secondary and comparatively unimportant matter.

For particulars of the "Marmion" difficulty apply to the Bank authorities at Tilsonburg.



SKETCHES IN GOTHAM.

BY W. BENOUGH,

II. THE RAG-PICKER.

FRENCH APPLES.

MR DEAR FRIEND MR. GRIP,—Pardin me bouldness in addressin' you at all on so short an acquaintance, as I haven't been in this same town that belongs to you more nor three months, but havin' herd from a friend with whom I am acquaint, that thro' the majum of your paper was the very best way to make nown one's publick opinions—as everyone looks to Grip for counsel—I thought I mite express mine by the same.

Well, it's just to let you and the townspeople no how blessed a privilidge it is to belong to this same fine country, where lashins and lavins of everything reins; and where charity opens its doors on all sides, from the playhouse to the prison, to admit the poor people, if there were any, and shure it's aisy seein' there isn't. Sorra the rich door unclosed for us in the land we left behind us—manin' ould Ireland—but the poor house; and ne'er a grate man—french or irish—of an opera or or any other house, did we iver heer of there that would send a free donashun over 3000 miles of salt say, as I was towld a gentleman of this town did last week, to help a poor widder woman would one female orfant child, who wasn't a drop's blood of a relashun to him that anyone ever heard tell of. In throth, in ould Ireland I saw the poor widder and fatherless orfant on the roadside, many's the time, not a stone's throw from big noblemen's castles, and sorra the donashun would be sent to them if they were droppin' would the hunger; nor the laste notis taken, unless they raised a fuss themselves: but the lords and the ladies would pass by in their karridges, and turn up their noses if the poor famishin' widders didn't kurtsey to their honors.

But nothing of the kind is looked for here, an' the prosperity of the times an' the want of poverty in the country is shown by the tinder-hearted prisent that was sint so far away; for we all no "Charity begins at home," but when there isint anyone there to take it, it's a good man that will think of sendin' it so far away and to such a worthy object. Think of the pleasant Hallowe'en that may be spint by that little family, and all the poor woman's little grandchildren invited to a game of snap-apple, which maybe she hasn't ever had the means to ever before have them at since her widderhood; and shure the kind gentleman that remembered all this should never be left out in the annals of his country, be it France or Ireland or America; but if that man an' a few more like him were in the town I cum from it would be a blessed thing for it entirely. I remain, dear MR. GRIP, yer fast friend,

DINNEY O'RIELLY.

A MANITOBA IDYL.

I'm the cherished pet of Norquay,
I'm like his adopted son,
And with feelings quite paternal
He's me into office run.

It's true I'm rather youthful
—This fault's my only one—
But at quoting Coke and Blackstone
You'll find I take the bun.

I have travelled for my country
On Centennial Commish,
And I'll tell you, friend, between us,
That it wa'n't a bad possish.

At political conventions,
With mustaches pointed high,
I'll wave the Tory banner,
And will swear for it to die.

"Oh, he must be awful clever,"—
That is what the people say—
"Or he wouldn't be at thirty,"
"Torney-General, B. A."

If you wish to spend an evening,
Come and see me at my rooms,
And I'll produce those nice decanters
That I bought from Auction Scoones.

And we'll talk the matter over
Of Anti-disallowance
But then Sir; John may drop on us,
And give us all the bou(a)nce.

J. D.