



Ye Olde Costume

Which GRIP will be happy to lende for ye next Olde Folkes Concerto.

Dr. Warbler and the Council of Instruction.

GRIP is delighted to see the Teachers of Ontario taking a stand on some question; right or wrong, it is a good thing, and a becoming, to take a stand and make our influence felt. Of course it is all the better when we are right, but as that depends on circumstances, and we can never be absolutely certain whether we are right or wrong, we should take our stand all the same. It is a proper thing to introduce a—what may be called popular element into the Council of Public Instruction, which may be called a sort of old fogie executive, and an enlightened constituency like that of the Instructors of this Province are certainly to be trusted in sending the best representative. There is just a suspicion that there are too many Reverends at the Board, and it wants some member with dash and experience to show them the ropes. Dr. Warbler is just the man to send your hum-drum Professors and D. D's to the right-about, and show them some new experiments in chemical affinities, and others—mostly others. We trust that Dr. Warbler will commence practice on the members of the Council, and GRIP will zealously discharge a public duty in reporting the progress of these worthies in their journeyings in search of affinities. The practice could be extended, as soon as successful, to the great body of the Doctor's constituents, and GRIP predicts, therefore, a rush for the profession. As soon as it becomes known, as it now appears that it is law, for schoolmasters to adopt their affinities without let or hindrance, salaries will come down in school sections. Merchants will forsake their ledgers, bankers their desks, lawyers will fling away their briefless bags, and, perhaps, even a preacher here and there will desert his flock, in the absorbing search for affinities. Wives and mothers will have a new threat brandished over their heads; the old worn-out intimidation of "I'll go to the States" will be thrown aside for the more effective one, "Well, Madam, if you object to my little flirtation—I give you fair warning—I'll become a schoolmaster!" As a parliamentary Hansard appears to be a necessity for historians, GRIP would recommend a Teachers' Hansard (and hereby tenders for the printing), giving each teacher two bound volumes, one for the present arrangement, and one for the immediate next; with six unbound volumes for future use, for it is clear that no well balanced mind can tell how many affinities he shall have. GRIP has made a rule never to employ slang, when pure English will serve the purpose, but, for once, he says, "Sail in, Doctor, but don't go in for two affinities at the same time, if you please."

The Dog Fiend.

It is sweet to muse at midnight when the lovely bay of Toronto is illuminated by the silvery moon. It is "sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark"—when you don't have too much of it. By the way, why not his bay too. Bay is a good word to pun on. Bay of Naples—bay horses—deer at bay—dogs baying the moon—and, suggests a billiard-loving friend, last, not least, green baize. (No connection with those which wreath the poet's temples.) But the mention of the canine bay is depressing in a city like Toronto, and dashes the yet unspoken pun from our lips. Why do these fearful animals persist in treating the gentle moon as they would a squirrel up a tree, or in endeavouring to hold anything but sweet conversation with the dog assigned by tradition to the inhabitants of that luminary? A valued friend of ours says he has recently been nightly resolved into a Vigilance Committee of one, and asks us to make known his intention of going on the war-path in his neighbour's back premises unless the nuisance abate speedily. He says he is a fair average sleeper, and can endure the warblings of cats (if not too numerous) or the "shrill clarion" of even a Shanghai rooster whose perch is too near some deceptive gas-lamp. Railroads rouse him not, but there are limits to his powers of slumber. We anticipate bloodshed.

The Last Straw.

"MISFORTUNES," the proverb says, "never come singly." Look at the case of MESSRS. SMITH & KEIGHLEY, a most respectable firm of merchants known to all our citizens. On the tenth of this month they were the dismayed witnesses of a conflagration which utterly destroyed their store house and the greater part of their goods, and right on the heels of this disaster comes another, hardly less harrowing, although in quite a different form. Here it is:

For the Sunday Times.

THE FIRE, 10TH MAY, 1874.

What though the hand of fate
Have crippled your estate,
To gaunt and blackened walls
Reduced your ample halls,
Dear Smith & Keighley.

Though furious fiery brand,
Laid by inebriate hand,
Blast with malicious might
Your prospects in a night,
Dear Smith & Keighley—

Though from the sultry South,
As from the abyss' mouth,
Pour hurricanes of flame—
Scathless, your honored name,
Dear Smith & Keighley.

The night of fortune's frown,
The morrow shall disown,
And friends untried, unknown,
Shall haste with proffered boon,
To Smith & Keighley.

Arise with Phoenix wing,
My cheery civic king,
Accept the waiting chair,
The meed of merit rare,
Of Smith or Keighley.

Meanwhile let us proclaim,
The heartfelt requiem,
O'er expectation's grave,
"The Hand which freely gave
Hath taken freely."

We think it due to the poet to state that this is not a rhyming advertisement.

Belleville Awfulness.

From an advertising column of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, we clip the following municipal proclamation:—

To the inhabitants of the Town of Belleville and all others, Her Majesty's subjects, whom it doth or may in any wise concern:

Whorcas I George Byre Henderson, Mayor of the Town of Belleville, having received a Requisition signed by W. W. Dean, F. McAnnam, W. H. Garbutt, A. H. Wallbridge, Joseph P. Reeves, J. P. McDonnell, John Cook, H. Walker, Wm. Wensley, Geo. Backus, John G. Moore, A. L. Bogart, James Harrold, Levi Taylor, H. Grass, Jas. Cummins and thirty-four others, who are citizens of the said Town, having a right to vote for members to serve in the Provincial Parliament in respect of the property held by them within the said Town, requesting me to call a Public Meeting to discuss the By-Law passed at the last meeting of the Town Council.

Goodness gracious! What momentous topic is to shake Belleville to its centre? What iniquitous legislation are the people called in such pomp and circumstance to "discuss." Is it a By-law involving the financial credit of the Corporation—or invading the dearest liberties of the citizens? Yes; it is the latter. It is a By-law—

prohibiting cows to run at large within the Town of Belleville!!!

And here's the per-oration:—

And whereas I have determined to comply with the said Requisition, now therefore I do hereby appoint the said meeting to be held at the Town Hall, in the Town of Belleville, on Tuesday evening next, at eight o'clock, of which all persons are required to take notice. And whereas the said meeting hath been so called by me in conformity with the provisions of the Act respecting the calling and orderly holding of Public Meetings, the said meeting, and all persons who may attend the same will therefore be within the protection of the said Act, of all which promises all manner of persons are hereby in Her Majesty's name most strictly charged and commanded, at their peril, to take especial notice and to govern themselves accordingly.

Witness my hand at Belleville, in the County of Hastings, this 21st day of May, A. D. 1874.

G. E. HENDERSON, Mayor.

Dignity, my boy! Nothing like—pomposity!