

opinions of all classes, are the most important qualifications for a legislator, are seen through at once by this acute and powerful class. They know that a man who does not touch rum is eminently fitted to shine as a statesman.

This noble section of the community, attracted by our hero's fame, determined, at the time of a general election, to run him for the House of Commons.

The city had already been plentifully provided with moral candidates, and so it became necessary to run JOHN DUSENBURY for a country constituency.

Every preliminary was satisfactorily arranged with the local men of the selected county, they were delighted with their candidate, and all went well.

But in our most prosperous moments the enemy lurketh near.

Our hero, after a life of devotion to his youthful promise, was about to fall.

It is with a sad heart that we recount the circumstances.

He had been canvassing for some weeks in company with a temperance attorney, several temperance farmers and manufacturers, and a temperance editor.

A pocket flask of "the same," labelled "pain killer," had enabled him to endure the worry and excitement of the campaign, and the old, old speeches of his friends, who invariably concluded with a touching reference to their candidates' lifelong abstention from rum.

The season was winter. One morning his friends departed, promising to meet him the next evening on the platform.

He set out alone for a day's canvassing.

The day was cold and stormy, and though he had taken the wise precaution to fill his flask with "pain killer" in the morning, he frequently found it necessary to enter the roadside inns for warmth and refreshment.

His invariable address to the bartender was "something hot, not rum, mind."

When he had but two miles farther to go, he alighted for the last time, and gave the usual order. The bartender was a person of a facetious mind used to saying when he dropped a drop, "Nothing strong, you know. By no means. Not at all," or words to that effect, and he imagined JOHN DUSENBURY's order to be given by a kindred spirit.

Why proceed to the melancholy end?

The first seductive drop, taken abstractedly, had not passed from the tongue to the throat, when our hero knew that his pledge was broken.

"Oh, my poor mother," he wailed as he desperately drained the glass.

The demon had obtained possession of him.

The first glass is that which ruins.

There is no such thing as drinking rum in moderation.

JOHN DUSENBURY emptied a two-gallon keg before the next evening. Of course there is no kind of use in asserting that he was not intoxicated.

He became stupidly, beastly drunk.

In this state his committee found him, and their grief was so overpowering that they fled to rum for consolation.

The election was lost, and so was JOHN DUSENBURY. He never left that house but to be borne to his grave,—his pauper's grave.

He had expended his whole fortune, amounting to seventy-six thousand dollars and forty-eight cents in one continuous carouse.

Moral:
NEVER TOUCH RUM!
The End.

Flowers of Rhetoric.

At a recent entertainment, given by the pupils of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, a writing desk was presented to the retiring Principal. We do not remember having read anything couched in more lofty language than the accompanying address. We have not space for a lengthy quotation, but the following eloquent passage is really too fine to be lost:

"As a slight token of our esteem, and as a souvenir of the pleasant hours spent together, we offer this WARTIME DEAR, in the hope that, 'thru' the long years of the future,' it may be a memento of the past joys,—that the sharp click of its spring may be suggestive of the readiness of a true heart to respond to the call of friendship; its brazen bands, of those bonds of union more enduring than brass; and its secret drawers, of those recesses of the heart where lie concealed feelings which no words can express."

The document is signed by the Preceptress, the Classical Master, the Mathematical Master, and the English Master. The Rhetorical Master has scattered the flowers of his art so literally through the performance, that his signature would have been superfluous.

Our Art Critique.

GRIP has paid a visit to the Second Annual Exhibition of the

Ontario Society of Artists, now open at the Music Hall; and for the delectation of his cultivated readers who are so unfortunate as to reside out of Toronto, he transcribes a few notes from the margin of his catalogue. The profusely frescoed chamber in which the paintings are displayed is the resort for the nonce of our best citizens, and the *tout ensemble* of pictures, flowers and finery is brilliant. To plod through the whole list of works and briefly comment on each is by no means GRIP's intention here; the enterprise and industry of a hard-working *Globe* reporter has already supplied the public with a dose of that sort. Only a few of the more notable productions can be specified at present, and to show that in doing this GRIP means no disparagement to the others, he will barely mention No. 75, an admirable oil portrait of himself, which has been, naturally enough, the centre of attraction, or the observed of all observers, since the Exhibition opened. The artist is Mr. T. M. MARTERN, a gentleman of true genius, as the felicity of his choice of a subject attests.

To pass without further preamble to our task, we come *vis a vis* with a pretty landscape by Mr. J. C. FORBES. The subject is *Ugenia Falls*. There is little foothold for adverse criticism; the drawing being correct and the colouring tasteful. GRIP has gone to some expense to reproduce in wood the fact that *Ugenia Falls*. The engraving will impart a tolerably correct idea of the main features of the person alluded to. Pass we into the presence of No. 9, *The Insecure Retreat*, by Mr. T. M. MARTERN. As will be seen from our hum-

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"UGENIA FALLS."

ble reproduction of it, the subject is one of more than average interest, and its treatment very spirited. The foliage is a little defective in some points, but altogether this picture sustains the opinion we have already expressed about Mr.



"THE INSECURE RETREAT."

MARTERN's abilities. No. 55, *The Wreck*, is a capital piece of marine painting, by Mr. H. FERRE. It is impossible to give the details of this subject in a limited wood-cut, but here we have a few of its characteristics. A shattered and top-heavy barque with three sheets in the wind, is seen making for port. The rock upon which the ill-starred craft has been ruined is prominently in view just ahead. The picture is one before which we fancy JOHN. B. GOUGH would stand in profound contemplation by the hour, and retire a more formidable man than ever. Mr. Mr. HENRY



"THE WRECK."

MARTIN has given us No. 61, a pretty little conceit culled amongst the beauties of our University Park. It is evident that Mr. MARTIN's sketching was not done on a Sunday, or he could not have ignored the presence of the inevitable, the irrepressible theological assembly. The accompanying little sketch may be of use to the next member of the Ontario Society who chooses the Queen's Park as the subject of a painting. Mr.



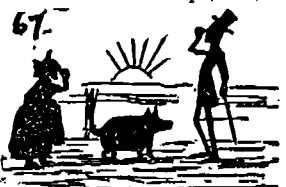
"QUEEN'S PARK."

FORBES is a young gentleman of great versatility, as his contributions to the Exhibition will testify. No. 30, *The Coming Storm* is his. Nothing short of a well executed wood engraving can impart anything of the majestic fury and power of this composition. GRIP refers his reader to the adjoining illustration. The unsavory reputation which certain newspaper correspondence has gained for the Don and its vicinity, makes it a bold thing for any artist to choose that locality as a scene for a landscape, and, if certain statements about "Eastern Smells" be true, it must require still more heroism to sit there and draw. But Mr. H. FERRE is devoted to his art, and we have to thank him for No. 67, a pretty scene which he has entitled *Near the Don*. The painting is more remarkable for its omissions, however, than for what it contains.

There is no portion of GOODERHAM & WORS' cattle byers to be seen; the cows grazing in the foreground are plainly not swill-fed, and therefore cannot belong to that firm; there are no pigs in the composition; there are no carcasses in the water; there is no effluvia. All these remarkable oversights are poorly compensated for by the group of figures reclining under the trees; these, it must be presumed, are correspondents of the *Globe* in the act of inditing their complaints. Here endeth the present notice.



"THE COMING STORM."



"NEAR THE DON."