

A TALK THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

THE ADMIRING READER GIVES THE ABLE EDITOR DUE PRAISE.

"Mr. GRIP, please oblige me! Kindly step to this side (from the telephone) for a few brief moments while I address a word or two to my old and esteemed friend and compatriot, the able and eloquent editor of the *Barrie Gazette*.

"Thou, thou! That will do, I assure you! I really do not desire the whole room, believe me.

"Now, pray do not let me disturb you while I proceed. Be oblivious of my presence, as it were. Merely a little talk to an amiable and estimable newspaper friend whom I wish to congratulate on a recent powerful article of his.

"Hello, there, *Barrie Gazette*! Is that you? Well, this is me. Yes. Quite well, thanks! Take something yourself! Ha! ha! ha!

"Consider I have your hand, in hearty congratulations on that leader in last week's paper. Shake! Once more.

"Eh? Yes—that one beginning:—

The voice and protest of West Simcoe ought to be made known at this critical crisis.

"Shake again! Of course make voice and protest both known. Separate 'em—with the voice first and the protest later on, or with the protest to start with and the voice coming afterwards—and you make a mull of it.

"What? Y-e-s-s! Just as I was going to say. 'Critical crisis' is good. 'Dangerous danger,' or 'perilous peril' would not have sounded anything like it. Happy combination! Imagine yourself getting still another grip from yours truly.

"But say! Can you hear me plainly? Well, one passage that struck me as being specially tert and tarse, or rather—ha! ha! ha!—tarse and tert, pshaw! I mean terse and tart—was this:—

A blow is being struck at the rights and liberty of the people, so barbarous in its nature that the days of the family compact are not to be compared to it.

"Now that couldn't be laid over—eh? I didn't ask you why wasn't this hold over; that—couldn't—BE—LAID—OVER, I say, even by Edgar or his clever lieutenant, Blake. 'Barbarous Blow' at 'Rights and Liberty.'—What's that? You think the—the—the—

The iniquitous Franchise Bill is being pushed through the Dominion Legislature with that brute force that is enough to make the blood curdle in the veins of every true Briton at the thought of being governed by a tricky, corrupt despot at Ottawa.

"Y-e-s-s! Maybe it is just a *lelle* more scarrifying. 'Brute Force,' 'Blood Curdle,' 'True Briton,' 'Tricky, Corrupt Despot!' By George, that is a shot, come to say 'em all over!

"But give me this chunk for good, solid, pithy, pointed, pungent, paralyzing power:—

Already mass indignation meetings are being held in various parts of the Dominion, condemning the action of the traitors of the liberties of the people at Ottawa.

"Yes, I see! I see! Capital! Great! 'Mass Indignation' means the stuff in regular thick ladies' feet. 'Traitors of the liberties of the people' is the most felicitous way I ever heard it put in all my born days. And then it is the liberties of the people at Ottawa! Heavens, man! You must have been inspired when you wrote this!

"What do I say to—

There is British blood enough left in West Simcoe to convince both Sir John and Dalton McCarthy that the docters of West Simcoe never can nor never will be slaves.

"You ask? I say that, in respect to West Simcoe, if there isn't in West Simcoe, enough of the people of West Simcoe, to show that in West Simcoe the people of West Simcoe can never be slaves in West Simcoe, or the British blood left in West Simcoe— Hello! who the— What in— You couldn't quite

make out that last of mine? Well, I was just saying— Eh? Yes. That advice you gave—

It is the duty of every man to speak and let his voice be heard.

"It was sound. It was to the point. Any man that speaks out without letting his voice be heard is simply an 'N.G.' and is not wanted in our ranks. As a matter of fact, a man who would be guilty of this species of mean

— Dash it! He doesn't hear half I say. What? Hello! No! How did the wind-up of the article read?

There is no time to lose that before the final vote Mr. Dalton McCarthy may understand in this matter he is trampling on the rights and liberties of the people, and especially the electorate of West Simcoe.

"Good! good!! And here, just let me add — What do you say? Oh! Excuse you—man just come in with auction bill—won't wait.

"All right, my dear friend! Business before politics every time. G'bye!

"G'day, GRIP. Thanks for use of the phone."



VOTE FOR MANNING AND LOWER TAXES!

A MODERN TROUBADOUR;

OR,

THEOPHILUS TUBBS' ATTEMPT TO REVIVE THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

It is not often in these nineteenth century days of money-making and pursuit after the root of all evil that a man with so chivalric a spirit as was that of Theophilus Tubbs is found; but Mr. Tubbs was deeply imbued with the spirit of chivalry, and he wished—oh, how he wished!—that he had been born in the days of knight-errantry and troubadours. Then he might have shown what he was made of; now he had no chance to do so. True, his person was not such as we generally associate with a suit of armor, a crested helm and a heavy lance, nor could the most vivid imagination easily picture him swinging a ponderous two-handed sword or formidable battle-axe in some desperate onslaught against the Saracen, for he was short and, yes, reader, he was "pudgy." His nose was a decided snub and his hair was sun-setty. Yet the little man

was full to the brim with true knightly ardor. "However," he said to himself, "however, if I cannot be a knight-errant or a Crusader, I can at least be a Troubadour, like the first of his race, Gaily; for does not history tell me that

'Gaily, the troubadour, touched his guitar As he was hastening home from the war.'

I cannot play a guitar, and I don't believe troubadours had guitars—that was merely filled in to rhyme with 'war'—but they had lutes and harps, mandolins, citharus and viols. I can do a little on the banjo, which is next cousin to a lute, and I am not bad on the Jew's harp and mouth-organ at a pinch, but a fellow can't sing and play a Jew's harp or a mouth-organ, and a troubadour *must* sing, so I think I will take the banjo for it. The troubadours used to sing of glorious deeds of arms in the halls of nobles and princes. Some of them were nobles and princes themselves, so there is nothing degrading about the business. Yes, I will be a Troubadour, and I will be my own *jongleur* and compose a song of the feats of our fellows in the North-West that shall set the blood of Toronto's citizens pulsing through their veins like—like—well, like mad," and the little fellow immediately fell to work on his composition. He wasn't much of a poet, that's a fact, but he got a rhyme in here and there and some of the lines were only five, six or a dozen syllables longer or shorter than the rest, so he was doing quite as well as some modern minstrels we all, dear reader, know.

Theophilus was well read up on the subject of Troubadours; knew all about Count William of Poitiers, ninth duke of Aquitaine (in fact, I believe he claimed descent from that puissant nobleman, though how his name had degenerated into what it was, Tubbs, he could scarcely explain), and he knew Peire Vidal's song:

"Now into Provence returning Well I know my call to sing To my lady some sweet thing, Full of gratitude and yearning,"

by heart, and he regarded Taillefer, the troubadour of William the Conqueror as a hero to be worshipped. He determined to revive the profession of the Troubadours, and to cast a glamor of medievalism over the commonplace every-dayness of the times he lived in.

In the course of a day or two his song, or ballad, was completed. He caused to be made for himself a costume such as he deemed appropriate for a Troubadour, and he spent many an hour before his looking-glass practising his melody and attitudes.

It was customary, he had read, for troubadours to serenade their mistresses. Alas! poor little Tubbs' "ladye faire" was a humble seamstress who dwelt in a boarding-house with some dozen other of her kind, and he dared not face that battery of feminine eyes, for he knew that at the first note of his banjo every lady in the house would be at her "latticed casement."

So a serenade to his mistress was out of the question. He would, however, venture to sing his composition in the streets of Toronto. Surely every man, woman and child would appreciate his ardent strains, and he would become famous and be known as the "Revivalist of Troubadourism."

The day he selected for his first essay was Dominion Day, for he felt that the flags and banners floating from the houses would be in keeping with his somewhat gay costume—for you all know how troubadours, since the time of the aforesaid Gaily, have dressed (if you don't you ought to)—and, moreover, people would be at leisure to give ear to his minstrelsy.

So on that eventful First of July he sallied forth and took up his station on the corner of King and Yonge Streets. True, his appearance caused some little stir, for many Toronto people, in their benighted ignorance, had never