

regarding the relations of the State to the citizen, has become a "fiery demon from the gates of hell" who "has announced in his hapless London speech that he will run his sword through the Catholic Church and sever the sacred bond of duty and affection and mutual confidence between the bishops and the faithful people."

* * *

GRIP lays a wreath of kind remembrance upon the tomb of the late Mr. John G. Howard, the noble old man to whose generosity Toronto is indebted for the munificent gift of High Park, made some years ago, and which has now been supplemented with a bequest of forty-seven acres of beautiful forest, including Colborne Lodge, the fine residence of the deceased, with its valuable pictures and furniture. Few of our citizens have any idea of the beauty of this park, but as it becomes familiar to our holiday-makers we are certain it will inspire feelings of gratitude and affection which will long keep the memory of Mr. Howard fresh in the popular heart.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE AROUSED.

AIRLIE MAINS, CLYDESIDE,

Jan. 25, '90.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—I ken ye'll just be fair upliftit at the thocht o' hearin' frae me again. Indeed, I was just tellin' my freens here the way the hale establishment on Front Street wad be a hooekin' an' hoorayin', an' dancin' fowersome reels on tap o' the dasks i' the office when the letter would come in, an' hoo the very auld stuffed crow, yer ain statue, would open his lang glued beak an' croak oot "Encore!"

Ay! heh! heh! but what a dooncome there'll be when ye ken the way I've been afflicket a'e way an' anither sin' I landit here. It was ill enouch to be tellt that in Canada we a' gaed to the kirk arrayed in snaw-shoon an' shotguns; that Toronto is cradled in the Rockies, an' that the rural toons are infested wi' a kind o' bear they ca' Tramp, that, like the pestilence, stalketh in darkness, an' think's naething o' chappin' at a farmer's door an' demaundin' victuals in braid daylight. An' I felt it *very* keenly when an' auld woman next door speired at me a'e day if my bairns were niggers!

But a' this, Maister GRIP, I bore wi' a patience, an' dignity, an' lang-sufferin' that micht hae drawn pity frae the heart o' a stane. I just calmly laid it a' to their ignorance, an' the way they had been brocht up. But when it cam' to be the Marquis o' Lorne! a man o' eddication an' experience! ane o' oor ain ex-Governor-Generals! misrepresentin' the kintra that he aye pretends to be sic a freend till, my certy! It was mair than I was able to stand. A'e day I sees advertteezed, in letters a fit lang, "Love and Peril: A Story of Life in the Far North-West," by the Marquis of Lorne, A.B.C.D.E.F.H.I.J.K.L.M.N., etc. (I dinna ken if I've set doon a' his titles in cronological order, but hooever, ye'll find them in the alphabet, an' ye can arrange them to suit yersel'.) Weel, I declare, then an' there, I aff wi' my bonnet, an gies a great "hooray!" for noo, says I, they'll get the truth about Canada by ane that kens; an' in I gaes to the shop an' I buys up a' they had o' the paper it was published in, an' ordered fifty mair copies for private distribution. A' that day I daundered up an' doon the streets, an' when I wad meet a freend I wad say, wi' a calm an' serene smile on my coontenance, "Hoo are ye the day? Hae ye seen the new weekly that's oot? A grand an' truthfu' description o' Canadian scenery an' customs in't." An' I wad slyly slip him a copy oot o' my pooch, an' awa he

wad gang, readin' the Marquis's story. At last, when I had distributed aboot a hunder copies this way, in a white heat o' patriotism, I comes hame, an doon I sits an' begins to read the story mysel'. Ye've heard tell, nae doot, o' folk's hair growin' white in a nicht, but my hale face grew white, black an' a' colors, when, readin' the description o' a camp oot on the Saskatchewan, I lights on this oot-racious an' oncalled-for libel, this infernal lee! "*The days now began to be chilly, and the nights far from warm. But we found abundant fuel in the CORPSES that fringed the north bank.*"!!! Weel, I've heard o' corpse cannels, but never o' corpse firewood.

Maister GRIP, I havena sleepit a wink sin' I read it. We are a patient folk, an' put up wi' a gude deal for the sake o' Auld World sentiment, but, ye ken, naebody could submit to be lee'd upon like that. Na! na! we maun draw the line at human cordwood. I'm dune wi' the Marquis, an' shake his lecin' dust aff my very feet.

Yours, in patriotic wrath,* HUGH AIRLIE.

* We are glad to hear from our honest Scottie, but should not his patriotic wrath, in this case, be directed against the intelligent compositor, who has put an unnecessary "r" in the word "copses," and not against the worthy nobleman who wrote the story in question? This is worth investigating.



PORTRAIT OF MR. BLAKE.

AT THE CLOSE OF HIS ADDRESS IN THE GREAT RAILWAY CASE.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

SMART ALECK (*from College*).—"Say, farmer, if I can prove that your two horses are equal to three, will you give me one?"

FARMER.—"Done; it's a bargain."

S. A.—"Well, the bay horse is one, and the white 'un is two, and two and one make three. There! Now, which one may I have?"

FARMER.—"Oh, you can have the third."