

# THE OLIO.

*"Vita sine literis mors est."*

VOL. II.

WHITBY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, APRIL 21, 1886.

NO. 7.

### EDITORIAL STAFF.

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### OUR SCHOOL SONG.

(AIR—LITORIA.)

The district school boy packs his books,  
 And comes up here with verdant looks;  
 With book-sack strapped upon his back,  
 Like Yankee pedlar with his pack.

The first form "stagers" smile and grin,  
 To see the new boy walking in—  
 They pounce upon him one and all,  
 And "bump" him up against the wall.

He passes to the second form,  
 But wishes he had ne'er been born;  
 He's piled upon by all the crew,  
 And stood on end and bumped anew.

Perhaps in time he gets up-stairs,  
 Then he begins to put on airs;  
 He sees the maidens' glances sly  
 And "rolleth his magnetic eye."

Perhaps a saw-bones he would be,  
 A drummer or a notaree,  
 Or after long and tedious jog,  
 He fain would be a pedagogue.

The terms roll on, the time draws nigh,  
 When he to all then says good-bye.  
 He's had some fun, broke many a rule,  
 But ne'er forgets the dear old school.

### TO THE PUBLIC.

THE OLIO is a school paper published by the Literary Society of the Whitby Collegiate Institute for the amusement and profit of the pupils. All the pupils and ex-pupils of the Institute are encouraged to contribute to its pages, and all contributions are required to be strictly original. In placing this number of THE OLIO before the general public we do not presume that their fund of reading matter has—like our pockets—grown light, nor do we think that our paper is more readable than the large American monthlies, although it may put to shame its local contemporaries; but we simply wish to gratify the wishes of our friends who have time and again expressed their desire to see THE OLIO circulate beyond the walls of the school. In this number we have omitted the harmless, yet laughable, jokes and squibs which have kept the pupils in constant merriment, and also much personal matter that would prove uninteresting to persons unacquainted with the Institute.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

At no time in its history have there been so many and so successful clubs as there are at present in connection with the Collegiate Institute. Every Wednesday the

Literary Society presents full and varied programmes to large audiences, often including ex-pupils and townspeople. The Debating Society is in a vigorous condition, and a stirring debate agitates the walls and chromos of the Assembly Hall each Friday. The Glee Club, conducted by Mr. Watson; the Octette Club, composed solely of boys; and the Quartette, of girls, render soul-stirring choruses and glees at the literary entertainments. The Football Club has been reorganized, and before long we may look for broken ribs, fractured limbs, and blackened eyes.

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THE age in which we live is no longer ruled by old and exhausted theories which are of no practical value in themselves, and of no benefit to any class, but are rather impediments to advancement. New inventions are heard of every day, and such as a few years ago would have been thought impossible—inventions that, in the not very remote past, would have doomed their inventors to imprisonment and perhaps to death. Who would have thought that to-day friends thousands of miles apart could converse together as easily as if they were sitting side by side? Yet this is the case, and the inventor of the telephone has gained a world-wide fame from his wonderful and useful invention. So gradual, however, has been the progress of invention that the world can now behold these wonderful changes without astonishment; in fact we have become so accustomed to see miracles wrought by the skill and ingenuity of man that we would be justified in looking forward to the future accomplishment of any scheme however chimerical.

THERE are several very serious questions agitating certain portions of the civilized world at the present time, each of which needs to be thoroughly understood before it is befitting for anyone to say anything about it. The one of most importance to civilized people is Socialism, under which are included all organizations whose object is the better distribution of the wealth of the land. This may be just; it probably is just to demand that the wealth of the land shall not all be held by a few; but then no candid person will admit that the means resorted to by fierce Socialists are anything but curses to the country and ruinous to the cause itself.

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#### THE STUDY OF CLASSICS.

We live in a practical age, one that seeks to discover the best means of educating the young, and rejects any means of education that seems to produce no practical results.

Thus it is that the study of classics is neglected by many students of the present day who entertain a false idea as to what constitutes a liberal education. These students seem to forget that the cultivation of the mind is the main purpose of education and that this should precede any technical training in those departments that are intended to fit them for the business of life. They think that classics and such other studies as require a great amount of time and severe mental labor, will be of no service to them when they go out into the world to take their places among men. To comply with the wishes of students in this respect, the courses in many universities are so arranged that one

can graduate with little or no knowledge of classics ; the time formerly given to this department being now given to other subjects that are considered more practical. This may perhaps be an advantage to some, but for any student who is preparing himself for a profession in which public speaking is required, it would be a mistake to take a university course of which a thorough training in classics does not form a part. There are speakers who, without any classical training, can, in one or two brilliant orations, surpass others that are well versed in those languages, but the latter will show their resources by their persistent superior productions.

When the study of classics is pursued in a proper manner, it gives the student a grasp of language not otherwise attainable, a broader view and an intellectual training not acquired by any other branch of study.

It may perhaps be said that we can explore all the mines of classical lore by means of translations, but this is impossible as no translation can fully convey the fine shades of thought, the beauties of imagination and feeling of the original. These languages open up to us a very extensive field of literature unrivalled in any other era of the world. Like all highly synthetic languages they are remarkable for conciseness, precision, and beauty of form.

The Latin contains the most polished sentences and gives to us the thoughts of a race of men vastly different from the races of to-day—men who though heathen in religion, often gave expression to ideas infused with Christian sentiment ; men who were stirred by impulses now comparative-

ly unknown and who lived for objects that cannot now be appreciated ; and for all time their works will be regarded as examples of the highest perfection in composition.

And now we come to notice the Greeks, the greatest as well as the most intellectual people that have ever lived. Even after their political power was destroyed, they continued for many generations to be renowned at all centres of education as scholars, artists, and statesmen. This language is the key to one of the most astonishing and splendid regions of literature which has ever been laid open for the intellect to explore—a literature which embraces works not only of great interest but also of vast importance for the development of human thought. It is the language of the most distinguished poets, the greatest orators, the greatest historians and the most original philosophers the world has ever seen. It contains the records of laws and institutions that lie at the basis of all modern society ; and at the same time portrays those virtues and accomplishments in which modern society is most deficient. However exclusively or pedantically this language may be studied it will always remain, as a great writer wished it might remain, the basis of all higher culture. "Greek, the shrine and genius of the old world, as universal as our race, as individual as ourselves ; of infinite flexibility, of indefatigable strength ; speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English ; with words like pictures, with words like the gossamer film of summer ; is not fully exhausted by the variety and picturesqueness of Homer, by the intensity

of Æschylus, nor compressed to the closest by Thucydides, nor fathomed to the bottom by Plato, nor sounding with all its thunders, nor lit up with all its ardor even under the Promethean touch of Demosthenes himself."

ROGER.

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### HIGHER EDUCATION.

It is not the writer's purpose to speak of higher education in general, but of its relation to women. Half a century ago, our grandmothers and great grandmothers thought themselves well educated if they could read, write and spell; but to day, all branches of study are open to women as well as to men. The question with many is, whether it is right to give women so much education. Some think they do not need to be so highly educated as men, and that a superior education is apt to unfit them for the duties of the home.

Now, what is education? It is generally defined as a training or a teaching, that is, a training of the mind. If we determine what woman's sphere is, we shall be better able to judge whether or no her mind should be trained.

Providence has ordained that woman should fulfil her mission in the home. From homes presided over by intelligent and affectionate mothers have come the rulers of nations, and men and women who have become famous in the annals of history. From such homes will come the men who are to mould the opinions of our people and guide the affairs of State; and the greater part of the home training of these devolves upon the mother. Does it not need a well-trained mind to direct the

young so that they shall follow those paths which ever lead upward and onward to morality and uprightness?

Education is of little value without character, and upon the mother in the home must we depend for the sowing of those seeds, which will, in after years, develop and ripen into noble and genuine manhood. Surely every patriot should seek to advance the higher education of women, for all our future greatness as a nation depends on the training which those who are to govern it, are now receiving.

Again, a good education may be the source of much intellectual enjoyment, and if our women are to have any of this, they should take advantage of the privileges offered by our present educational system. It is found, moreover, that they are equal to men in intelligence, and as they are to be companions in life, it would add much to the enjoyment of both if their minds received a proper education. Society would be greatly blessed by the higher education of women.

Give the girls all the education they can take, and at the same time teach them how, when and where to use it, for much evil often comes from the wrong application of learning, no matter how good that learning may be.

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### DRAWING.

Much attention is now being given to the subject of drawing in its many departments, by the various Collegiate Institutes throughout the Province, but in none of them have better results attended the efforts of students than in our own. Within the last twelve months no fewer than 115

proficiency certificates and one bronze medal have been taken by our pupils, many of whom now possess the much-coveted grade "B" diploma, while many others holding two, three or four certificates hope soon to complete the course and take rank with their more successful comrades.

The authorities are doing what they can to advance the interests of our mechanical industries, and, with a view to that end, industrial drawing has been given a prominent place in our curriculum, and the efforts of the Education Department are being ably seconded by our teachers and School Boards.

The benefits resulting from a thorough course in drawing—the training of the eye, the hand, the reasoning faculties, and the aesthetic tastes—cannot but be of great value to the student who intends to enter any of the mechanical trades or professions of the day. It forms habits of industry, neatness and accuracy, and cultivates the powers of observation and invention. Drawing should be taught in schools not to produce artists, but draughtsmen.

The great difficulty among Canadian artificers is their inability to design, and when boys and girls are taught drawing and designing in the schools this difficulty will be, in a great measure, overcome, and the result will be a more intelligent class of workmen, and consequently a superior quality of the article produced. Canadians then will not have to depend on the inventive genius of foreigners to produce designs for their work. The sooner this time comes the better, and it will be to the advantage of every pupil to spend as much time as possible on this very useful and, at the same time, very interesting subject.

### OUR ALUMNI.

The Whitby Collegiate Institute is noted for the success which her students attain in after life. Her Alumni stand in the front rank of commercial and professional men, and not a few of them are assisting in the navigation of the ship of State.

She has furnished Principals for many of the leading educational institutions of the Dominion. Among these may be mentioned D. J. Goggin, Principal of the Winnipeg Normal School; George Dickson, Principal of Upper Canada College; Thomas Carscadden, Principal of Galt Collegiate Institute; W. H. Huston, late Principal Pickering College, now of Toronto Collegiate Institute; Professor Panton, of the Guelph Agricultural College; and the following Head Masters of High Schools: S. Phillips, of Petrolea; N. J. Wellwood, of Oakville; C. J. McGillivray, of Fergus; and W. W. Jardine, of Newcastle.

She has given liberally to the Bar. The legal robe sits fittingly upon the shoulders of J. B. Dow, of Whitby; J. G. Robinson and T. C. L. Armstrong, of Toronto; J. McGillivray, of Uxbridge; J. A. Culham, of Hamilton; F. Palmer, of Stratford; J. F. Grierson, of Oshawa; and J. E. Farewell, Crown Attorney for the County of Ontario.

The Press is indebted to her for G. H. Ham, correspondent of the *Mail*, Andrew Stevenson, and we might add J. E. Bryant, had he not just thrown down the editorial quill. A singular and enviable position is occupied by another ex-pupil, J. W. Bengough, whose ready pen and truthful pencil have gained for him a *grip* upon public opinion.

J. J. Tilley, Model School Inspector, F. Z. Michell, and W. H. Ballard, P. S. Inspectors received within her walls the early training, which, with their own untiring perseverance, has made them what they are.

Foremost among those who have become divines stands the Rev. George Bruce.

Among her medical Alumni are Drs. Eastwood and Webster, and there are many younger sawbones already in process of development at the different medical colleges.

Wherever a pupil of the Whitby Collegiate Institute has gone he has taken with him her motto "*per aspera ad alta*" as the key which opens the doors of all high offices and positions. He has learned that nothing is attainable without perseverance and labor and as he has labored so has he succeeded.

Though all are busily engaged in the duties of life we are sure that they sometimes turn their thoughts to their junior *alma mater*, and on hearing of her success they become boys in spirit once more and and throw their caps into the air with the cry, "*floreat perennius.*"

### IN LIGHTER VEIN.

AN ESSAY ON CHEMISTRY.

The other day I went into the chemistry room and I saw girls, and boys, and bottles, and big letters on the black board with little figures at the bottom, and lots of *other things*—and lots of things I didn't see. I didn't see why the figures were at the bottom of the letters. I don't see yet. This is the way it was put,  $H_2S$  and they called it gas—what is gas anyhow? I couldn't see any. The boys looked at the gas, the girls looked at the gas,

and the boys looked at the girls, and *vice versa*. I don't know what *vice versa* means, but some people use it like that. All at once there was a bad smell in the room—Say, is gas a bad smell? The girls looked at me and began to grin, and *vice versa*. Some girls grin and some don't, and *vice versa*. Some girls are queer; you can't tell when they are going to cry, or when they are going to blush, and *vice versa*. Some girls blush and some don't, and *vice versa*. Those that don't blush have powder on their face. Some use powder and some don't, and *vice versa*. Others use chalk instead of powder. How dry they must feel! I guess they get the chalk from school. My, wouldn't I catch it, if they knew what I am saying about them. But they don't. Some boys and girls like chemistry and some don't, and *vice versa*. I like chemistry but I don't like a bad smell. Has chemistry always a bad smell? If it has, I don't want it, and *vice versa*. I don't mean that I don't want *vice versa*. I mean that I don't want chemistry—no, that's not it. I don't want a bad smell. That's it, and *vice versa*. The OLIO man says, I have written enough, so I must bid him and you and chemistry good-bye, and *vice versa*.

A SMALL BOY.

### PEN PICTURES, No. 6.

Y<sup>o</sup> DUDE.

The dude is the flimsy and well varnished object usually seen at the rear end of a cheap cigarette. The cheaper the cigarette the more expensive the dude. The essentials of a well organized and fully developed dude are—a stove pipe link to hold up its head; scows with the front end coming to a climax for its feet; a yellow puppy chain with which to tie itself to its brass pocket kettle; a swallow tail coat, with the coat left out and the tails remaining; a pair of lengthened coat sleeves as

an apology for pants; and a red-headed (gold?) bamboo cane, got out in imitation of itself, to play with and to relieve the cigarette when the latter becomes tired of the dude and takes a "night off." A dude is useful to society on account of its being a great ornament to a drawing room corner, and being more economical to ask one to a party, than to hire statuary. Some dudes lunch at fashionable restaurants, others at lodging houses. These latter after filling up with the proverbial "hash," return to pick the chicken feet from their teeth in front of the aforesaid fashionable eating houses. The first glimpse I caught of a tame dude gave me "calculation" of the spinal column; the second glimpse caused the tame dude to collide with an editor's "worm exterminator," then to rebound and hug itself in fond embrace amid endearing ejaculations. This adventure caused me to believe that after all there really was something in the dude—air. When taking subscriptions for THE OLIO in Africa, I saw a wild dude, or rather a dude in its natural state. This one didn't chew caramels, suck bamboo switches, or otherwise show the extent of its vacuum, but leaped from tree to tree, chewing nuts and enjoying itself generally.

Alas! how sad that the dude should have degenerated to its present insignificant condition.

JAY GEE.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

We have just received a communication from our late esteemed classical master, Mr. J. T. Fotheringham, Grenfell, N. W. T., bearing his regard to the Literary Society, and the friends in general, and we take the liberty of making the following excerpts from its pages:—

GRENFELL, N. W. T.,

April 6th, '86.

*Dear Editor:*

I am afraid that the editorial staff of the Whitby Collegiate Institute Press will consider me exceedingly derelict in duty and lacking in interest towards my old friend, THE OLIO, if they judge me by my long silence. I have long and often enough intended writing a line or two, just by the way of a shake-hands with the old school, and fortunately the excellence of our modern postal system is such that a metaphorical "shake," if not a literal one, can be indulged in even at a distance of 1,300 or 1,400 miles. Particularly since learning from one of the pupils, who has been so very good as to write me regularly, giving all the school news but modestly withholding his name, that there was now a Foreign Correspondence Department in connection with THE OLIO, I thought that I might claim room for a line or two there.

Naturally, I suppose, if one writes from foreign parts to such a centre of culture as a well-conducted Collegiate Institute like Whitby's is, he is expected to write about strange things and adventures by "flood and field," and if he talks of any animal that is not perfectly savage, or of any savage animal that is not, at least, as big as a bear, he will be considered a nobody and be thought not to have seen anything. I cannot relate any wonderful stories about buffaloes and Indians, for the romance and chivalry of R. M. Ballantyne's stories, read, I suppose, by most of the boys in the school, have altogether vanished. The Indian, although for a savage an uncommonly clever and likable pagan, is only a poor dependent beggar, with his scrap of rusty bacon and musty flour doled out to him by the agent of his reserve, and with a remarkable liking for dog. I don't mean dogs, but dog; a dog that has lain out all winter in a snow-drift is eaten with great gusto in the spring. Only two or three weeks ago my nearest neighbor was asked by two Indians for his dog, they wanted to eat him. He promptly gave them leave, and in an hour or so the odor of soup made out of the mortal remains of poor

"Snap" was wafted down to his late home from the Indian's *tepee* or tent half a mile to windward. The dog of course was no use to his master, having been killed a week or two before by a wolverine or some other animal larger than himself. However enough of this fragrant subject.

Down east I think that but few persons hear the word *prairie* without thinking of the great inhabitant of the prairie, the buffalo. I should have said, the *late* inhabitant of the prairie; for one of the saddest things that I know of out here is to see the great skeletons bleaching on the sod, and think that perhaps not 5,000 head of that noble animal are still in existence. Figures are confusing, but try to realize what these mean. Only ten years ago, one firm alone killed 30,000 buffaloes in one season, just for the skins and tongues, the flesh was left for the foxes. Many another firm did just as great execution. And now for hundreds of miles every few yards one can see buffalo-bones, but no buffalo. An old half-breed told me not very long since that within a few miles of Winnipeg only ten years ago he had seen herds so enormous that the green of the prairie was hidden from sight; and now only their wallows, or holes for dusting themselves in, and their paths, made by the passing of a herd in single file once over the prairie in each place, are left to let us know how countless in number they were, and how, almost in no time, they have passed out of existence.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me close my rambling letter by thanking those of my pupils who have written me, and wishing every one of them success at the examination of this summer, and general good health and happiness till I see them all again, if spared, in September.

Yours sincerely,

J. T. FOTHERINGHAM.

Life is but a misty path

Around a hill of sorrow;

And stiles that mark the wand'ring thought,

Decay upon the morrow.

## POETS' CORNER.

TO A CANARY.

Oh thou blithe and gay,  
Sweet as the blooming May,  
Pure and fresh as the morning air,  
Void of dull and anxious care,  
Canary.

Sing thy song of joy and love,  
Gentle as the cooing dove;  
Plume thyself in Nature's sun  
E'er thy day on earth is done,  
Canary.

Soon the carpet tacks will fly,  
And the skeeters sweetly sing;  
Soon the festive frog will sigh  
By the sparkling meadow spring.

The world is a vast and changeful sea,  
O'er-ruled by tides and breezes;  
Great minds that tower above the rest  
Is but the foam that pleases.

## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Thomas A. Scholes, critic and elocutionist, visited Lindsay recently.

Wm. McGillivray, at one time president of the W. C. I. L. S., is farming.

John O'Day, the sprinter, is teaching school "way west" at a salary of over \$400.

Sam King, ex-king of the Literary Society, spends his time in Toronto like a king.

John Winnacott, the popular comedian and chemist, contemplates a trip to Heligoland.

"Jim" Campbell, "Tacey" Collins, and "Johnny" Billings are studying hard in Toronto.

Tom Nolan, soloist, debater and humorist, will engage to sing at concerts at worn-out prices.

The fine days are coming, and the pupils are looking forward to the drill and calisthenic exercises.

We are glad to hear that our fellow-student, John H. Eastwood, who has been seriously ill, is able to be out again.

R. A. Farquharson, A Dundas, John Campbell, C. Starr, and V. McBrady are to try the matriculation this summer.



Frank Starr, M.D., ex-pupil of W. C. I., and lately of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, is practising in Brooklin.

A. R. Gregory, whose genial smile graced our school in 1885, is at present in Freeton, where he has charge of three churches.

Miss Lizzie Higgins, a former pupil, is at present in Germany completing her course in music. THE OLIO wishes her every success.

Thomas Greenwood, orator, essayist, poet, patriot, actor, "Socialist," violinist, and cricketer has been suffering from a severe cold.

Joseph (Joe) Brignall, stock raiser, orator and mathematician, is about to sell out his "stock" concern to George Emmett, artist and violinist.

The President and Secretary of the Literary Society leave to attend the first year examination in Toronto University, to begin the first week of May.

Miss Gertie I. Eastwood, lately a pupil of the Collegiate Institute, was the first from our town to take advantage of the admission of women to the Provincial University. She is now in her second year, and is nobly maintaining the honor of the Institute by a very successful course.

We extend our hearty congratulations to our sisters of the O. L. C. who were successful at the late examination in drawing. We are pleased also to know that the *Sunbeam* continues to radiate from the sanctum of the college, though the sun (son) himself is strictly excluded from its walls. May its shadow never grow less.

Miss Annie Dryden has taken the bronze medal offered by the Minister of Education for competition in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes at the late examination in drawing. Besides Miss Dryden, the following pupils have completed the course for grade "B" diploma:—George Emmett, James R. Lawler, Clarence Starr, Arthur Dundas, Thomas Power and Louis Richardson.

The following gentlemen have filled the position of Headmaster of our school during the forty-three years of its existence:—James Hodgson, Esq., now Inspector of Public Schools for South York; William McCabe, LL.B., now Manager of the North American Life Insurance Co.; Thomas Kirkland, M.A., now Principal of the Toronto Normal School; George H. Robinson, M.A., now editor of the *Presbyterian Review*; and L. E. Embree, B.A. The late S. A. Marling, M.A., was also one of the Headmasters of the School. He suc-

ceeded Mr. Kirkland, and retired in 1873 to accept the higher position of High School Inspector.

### THE READING ROOM.

The number of papers on our reading tables is increasing every week, as is also the interest in the Reading Room.

The *Century* and *Cassell's Magazine* are both monthlies of very high standing amongst the current literature of the day.

The *Varsity* is edited at the University of Toronto. *Acta Victoriana* comes from Victoria University. The *Elocutionist* is described by its name.

*Chambers's Journal*, the *English Magazine*, and the *Leisure Hour* are monthly journals. None of them are very large but all are interesting.

*St. Nicholas* is edited more especially for the younger frequenters of the Reading Room, but occasionally there are stories for older people.

*Punch* and *Grip* are the comic political papers of England and Canada. Mr. Bengough, the popular editor of *Grip*, is an ex-pupil of W. C. I.

In the *Magazine of Art* we find descriptions of some of the most famous schools of art, also the lives of world-renowned artists, with engravings of their work.

The *Scientific American* has therein accounts of all the latest inventions. There are given besides, some important facts concerning the uses of various articles.

The *Boy's Own* and the *Girl's Own* are very popular papers amongst the students of the W. C. I.—that is, if one may judge from worn covers and the much-thumbed leaves.

The *Folio* has just lately appeared upon our tables. It contains many pages of popular music, together with readable accounts of distinguished musical composers.

The *Graphic* and the *Illustrated News* are papers from London, England. They are full of pictures of the latest events that have taken place in the world. Each contains a serial with illustrations.

*Harper's* periodicals are always on hand and each has something peculiar to itself. The *Young People* is truly for young people. The *Bazar* contains cuts of the latest fashions. *Harper's Weekly* speaks of the political condition of the U. S. The *Monthly Magazine*

contains descriptions of the most noted places in the world, together with a few interesting stories.

Among the papers in the Reading Room we find the following:—The *Graphic*, the *London Illustrated News*, *Punch*, the *Elocutionist*, the *Magazine of Art*, *Scientific American*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Young People*, *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, the *Folio*, *Acta Victoriana*, the *Varsity*, the *Educational Weekly*, the *Week*, *Grip*, *Whitby Chronicle*, *Whitby Gazette*, the *Mail*, the *World*, the *Globe*, the *Boys' Own*, the *Girl's Own*, *St. Nicholas*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Century*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and the *Leisure Hour*.

## BOOKWORM

## SHORTS.

This column is ground out by the funny man under a pressure of 52 atmospheres of  $H_2 S O_4$  and at a temperature of  $99.5^{\circ} C$ .

## SPRING DRAMA.

Boy, spear,  
Fish, creek,  
Mother, tear;  
Funeral sermon next week.

## NOTE FROM THE PREMIER.

Dear OLIO.—If you don't stop saying 'nasty' things about me, I will resign. I will too! So there!! I think you are 'Riel' mean, when you know a fellow can't help himself and hasn't got anybody to 'Riel-lie' on.

Riel-ly yours despairingly,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

## ODE TO A SUBSCRIBER.

Pay up, thou heathen, pay up!  
Expectest thou the editor to eat,  
And drink likewise  
On the promises which thou shower'st down—  
Without cash?  
Would'st thou buy the glue, and the paper  
Whereon this sheet is printed?  
The ruler?  
The shears and the copper-toed boots?  
Wretch that thou art, thou see'st not thy folly  
And the hurt  
Which thou doest unto man!

Ex-King Theebaw owes us for two back numbers. Hurry up "baw" old fellow, we want money for a dog chain.

If a copy of this paper should fall into the hands of Queen Victoria, we hereby request her to lower the taxes on our office.

## HON. O. MOWAT AND THE OLIO POET.

It has been reported to THE OLIO editor that the following correspondence has recently taken place:—

*From the Olio Poet to the Hon. O. Mowat.*

WHITBY, April 10, '86.

HON. O. MOWAT: DEAR SIR,—

I hereby enclose this humble petition,  
(Compiled when in an ecstatic condition),  
That your lordship will build at your earliest date

For our school a gymnasium, fitted first-rate;  
I hope you'll consider it, my dear Mr. Mowat;  
I am your true servant,

THE OLIO POET.

*From Hon. O. Mowat to the Olio Poet.*

TORONTO, APRIL 11, '86.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am much moved by your lyric poem. I feel confident that you are the rising poet of our time; your vein is much the same as Tennyson's, though rather more sublime. In regard to the gymnasium I should be most most happy to lend assistance, but have to see to the new Parliament buildings; to stop the leaks in the roof of the old one; to put a "brand-new" bottom in the iron kettle; and am bothered about the indictment against the city of Toronto for maintaining a nuisance. As there is plenty of money on hand I will in a few years take your matter into my most serious consideration.

Yours respect'y,

O. MOWAT.

P.S.—Could I secure THE OLIO as my organ?

An emblem of Spring—Mud.

A tree to be hated (?)—Chemis-tree.

Art of book-keeping—Lend them not.

A fashionable malady—Hydrophobia.

Literature (litter a tour)—Pups on a ramble.

The leading star of the W. C. I.—Clarence Starr.

When is a poet not a poet? When he's prosy.

A bell is educated—It gives a ding and a re-ding (reading).

It was like drawing teeth to get Dr. Adams to stick in his 'ad.'—It was done so easily. The Dr. always does it so.

Canada has her G. O. M. as well as England—Great O. Mowat.

Four pillars (not feather)—Gladstone, Bismark, Blake and THE OLIO.

A bright lad who saw a white crow said:—  
“Oh see the crow with its night gown on.”

The new presses for the OLIO office went down with the Oregon, as also did a three years' subscription from the Shah of Persia.

It has been ascertained that there was a mistake in the late Mr. Vanderbilt's will. Thus the reason of our not coming into our anticipated fortune.

Town Councillor—“Town lively, eh?”  
Ratepayer—“You bet!” T. C., “Anything happened?” R. P., “Yes. THE OLIO has broken its halter and is scattering around like a bald-headed organ grinder.”

THE OLIO man was heard to remark that the reason he wasn't clever was because he had lent his brains to Gladstone who had forgotten to return them. We also believe that the classical man lent his to Bob Burdette; hence the reason of his writings being so long and dry.

A fair Whitby girl daubed a plaque  
With paint that was crimson and blackque,  
And put its remains in a sacque,  
Which she carelessly flung o'er her bacque;  
She then carefully stepped on a tacque,  
And came to the ground with a whacque;  
But a dude who sat on a racque,  
Whom she knew as “Darling old Jacque,”  
In his gallantry then did not lacque,  
But picked her up with a smacque,  
That would show how perfectly slacque  
Were the brains in a dudish young quacque.

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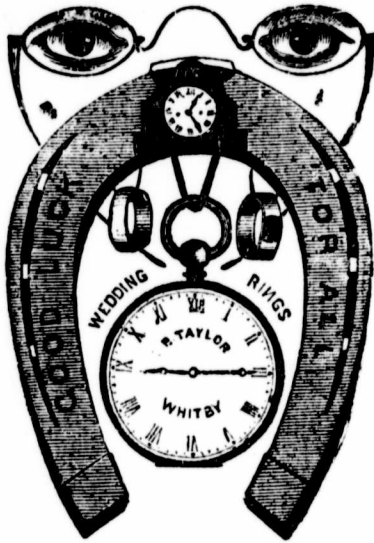
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