

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide-st. East, first door west of Post Office.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl; The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.

St. Patrick's day's music was especially appreciated this year by its absence.

The Reformed Episcopal Church are preparing a hymn book for their own use.

Mr. H. M. Arnold, the well known tenor, has joined the St. George's Church choir.

Mr. Carey, the late bandmaster of the Q.O.B., is in the music business at Kingston.

Mr. Tom. Hurst, the well known *comique*, has now the management of A. & S. Nordheimer's branch establishment at Ottawa.

The Saratoga Lancers, the latest novelty in "squares," was danced with great *clat* at a recent meeting of one of our leading social clubs.

The management of Knox Church are to be congratulated on their deciding to introduce an organ into the church service in deference to the wish of the majority of the congregation.

The comic drama of "Who's your friend, or the Queensbury Fete," is to be performed at the Government House on the 28th inst. for the benefit of Mrs. Charlotte Morrison. We wish the entertainment success.

In a recent notice of a local concert the old song, "Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?" was announced as "The Milk-maid and the City Swell." We would suggest "Ye Bank Clerk and Lactie Lass" as more in keeping with this æsthetic age.

The Toronto Opera Company are busy in the preparation of "The Pirates of Penzance," which they intend giving the present month. A great gap has been made by Mrs. Cooper, the charming "Buttercup" and "Serpolette" having retired from the organization.

Mr. H. Guest Collins, organist of All Saints' Church, delivers a lecture on the 28th inst., on Handel, the great composer, illustrating his compositions by selections from different works, aided by local talent. From the lecturer's well known ability, a pleasant and instructive evening will be spent.

Madame Stuttaford, one of our leading professionals, whose eyesight was at one time feared to be dangerously affected, has, we are pleased to learn, so far recovered that the concert of the Orphans Society, which was postponed on her account, is now in active preparation, and will be given shortly under her leadership.

The late pastor of the Cooke's Church anti-organites, gave his opinion lately, that to suit them their preacher would require a head of copper, a brow of brass, the hide of a rhinoceros, and be prepared to live on their annual contribution of fifty cents each. From the last we should suppose that they can provide what *cheek* may be required themselves.

That there is a timely wakening up of the American press to the trashy songs that are flooding the country is evinced by the following, which is one of a number contained in a recent issue of an exchange:—

"D. M. LINDSAY, "Lay Her Down Beneath the Daisies." Song. 55 cents. Yes, lay her down, and with her the song, and ask the daisies to cover it kindly, so that it never can reach the surface again."

The "Isobel Waltzes," by W. B. Brayley, are becoming very popular. Arbuckle, the famous New York bandmaster and coruet player, writing of them says, "I do not see why these waltzes should not take as well as Waldteufel's. Some of the latter's are much inferior to the "Isobel." As the former are the most popular of the day, the comparison speaks for itself. The publishers are just issuing another edition.

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Literature and Art.

The small-minded attempt of a certain member of the Lun-tun class to injure the manager of the Royal Opera House by writing untruthful letters to the papers is taken for what it is worth. Public opinion is not affected by such transparent spite.

Mr. Cool Burgess has made a new departure, and all who wish to see how the old favorite acquits himself as a light comedian have an opportunity this week. Mr. Burgess appears at the Royal with a select company in a laughable specialty entitled, "Our Sleighting Party." Remember the waltinee.

The publishers of *Scrivener's Magazine* may be said to have literally lifted America into the proudest position of any nation in the world in the beautiful art of wood engraving. They have done this by searching out the talent that lies hidden from less keen eyes, and encouraging it when found, in a substantial manner.

The caricature group of Garfield and his Cabinet, given as a supplement with last week's *Puck*, is one of the best productions of the kind we have ever seen. The likenesses are in all cases excellent, while the grouping and management of effect betokens the hand of a genuine artist. And the humor of the picture is as charming as its artistic merit. Of course *Kepler fecit*.

The music-loving citizens of Toronto have had no ground for complaint this week. Manager Shoppard gave them a decided treat at the Grand for the first four nights, the attraction being the Strakosch & Hess English Opera Company. The performance was very much enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present. The audiences, however, were by no means so large as the merits of the company would justify.

Leavitt's Grand Comic Opera Company, headed by the celebrated Marie Williams, and embracing many bright stars of the lyric stage, is the attraction at the Royal this week. Their repertoire contains the gems of English Comic Opera, which are rendered in masterly style, while the scenery, costumes, and effects are all the most exacting critics could demand. A pleasant time is guaranteed to all who secure seats in the Royal during this engagement.

The matinee and evening performance to be given on Saturday by M'le Litta and her concert company, at the Grand Opera House, will be an event worthy the attention of all who delight in good music rendered by distinguished professionals. M'le Litta is ranked as the peer of the best vocalists in America, and the attractiveness of her singing is enhanced by the fact that popular ballads hold a prominent place in her programmes. The prima donna is accompanied by Miss Nellie Bangs, pianiste, Miss Martel, violiniste, Mr. Cleveland, tenor, etc. We trust the generosity of the management in offering this fine attraction at popular prices may be recognized by bumper houses.

We haven't heard any more about this Free Public Library for Toronto, of late. Shall we or shall we not have it? Ald. Hallam deserves commendation for his public spirited offer to contribute largely of his private funds towards this object, but there is no reason why the institution should not be established by the City Treasury. By the way, there is an excellent collection of books at the Educational Department, St. James' Square. We would like to know who is supposed to own them. Citizens, we are aware, are not allowed to use the volumes for consultation or otherwise, and they do not appear to belong specially to anybody—unless they are for Dr. May's private edification. The works are such as are usually found in public libraries. Now, couldn't the city secure this collection as a nucleus for a public library?

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No. IV.



Sidney Smith once said that the first requisite for success was to get yourself born on the North side of the Tweed. To get himself born on the West side of St. George's Channel and persistently keep forcing that fact upon the attention of parties and administrations as the basis of a claim for recognition at their hands, are the principal stock in trade of the Professional Irishman. He is usually not without the traditional blarney, and perhaps a spice of the eloquence that has made so many of his countrymen celebrated, but the chief feature of his character is the cool assurance with which he trades upon the mere accident of birth as giving him a sort of vested right to office and emolument. Parties sit loose upon him, and he has no hesitancy in avowing it—boldly proclaiming his intention of supporting any party that will do "justice to the Irish element," in other words, push him forward as a candidate for Parliament or give him a snug office. He commences his career as Grit or Tory as the case may be, and to do him justice, as a rule, he does yeoman service in the cause as long as he has any prospects of advancement. Should a few years elapse without bettering his political fortunes he loudly proclaims his disgust for a party at the hands of which no Irishman can expect anything, and goes bodily over to the other camp. If he fares no better there a few years more will probably see him revert to his first love, in the hope that his opposition may by that time have taught them to set a proper value on his services. He is a veritable soldier of fortune, the Dugald Dalgetty of politics, with an eye single to provender and plunder.

Socially the Irishman by profession is usually a pleasant, genial companion as one would wish to meet, with a fund of anecdote and ready humor. If you keep steadily in mind the fact that you cannot place any sort of reliance on his sincerity, his acquaintance is well worth cultivating. In the long run his political tactics are apt to prove successful. After two or three changes and half a dozen campaigns he is either elected to Parliament or gets a comfortable office, which event is made the subject of an editorial by the party organ to the effect that being always willing to do justice to Irishmen they have selected him for the post on account of his eminent fitness and entirely apart from all national considerations.



"In His Mind."

A Certain Rev. Gentleman (reading from Tuesday's *Globe*).—"Rev. W. S. Rainsford moved, That it be one of the objects of this (Temperance) Association to discountenance the prevalent custom of treating." Now, if the Ministerial Association would pass a similar resolution, adding the words "the Bond-street pastor," it would be a good Christian move.

"I would think," said Mrs. Gollitenham to her husband, who had just arrived and was somewhat ineffectually trying to remove his rubbers. "I would think that a proper respect and care for your family, if not for yourself, would prevent your indulging in your nightly orgies. There is Jane, she should be taking French lessons now."

"Can *Je ne suis pas* yet?" asked Mr. G., with an abortive chuckle.

"Yes, she can say *pa*, but I don't think it would be very edifying for her to see *pa* just at present, funny as you may be!" said Mrs. G., with a slight sneer.

"Well, my dear, I thought that there would be time enough for a *oui* thing like her."

"I won't stop to parley with you," said Mrs. G.

"*Parlez*," roared Mr. G., "*Parlez!* ha! ha! ha! Why you're getting almost as funny as I am. *Parlez*, d'ye see, ha! ha!"

"Brute," only said Mrs. Gollitenham as she seized the lamp and swooped out of the room.

The Statue Question.

Mr. GRIP is extremely agitated at the unpatriotic, not to say Nihilistic, attitude assumed by a good many people, of reputed sense, on the subject of the statue to Cartier. The idea of any man opposing the trifling appropriation of \$10,000 for such a purpose, out of our overflowing Treasury, is indeed sickening. It is very bad taste, but that is not all. Have these heartless and niggardly Oppositionists thought the matter over carefully? Do they comprehend the full meaning and possible consequences of their action? They are spoiling the chances of all the great public men now living in Canada (including themselves) of having public statues after they are gone. Cartwright, Blake, Plumb, Donville, Tilley, Rykert, Mills, Charlton, and all the other Statesmen of our country must make up their minds to get along with a plain slab, if this Cartier business falls through. There is not a name among those just written that is not as much respected by the Canadian public as that of Cartier; there is not a man of them that has not fully as good a claim for a public statue as he. The proposal to erect this statue at the public expense is not only a fraud upon the general public, but a rather pointed insult to those Conservatives who respect the memory of Cartier enough to be willing to contribute something for such a statue out of their own pockets.

The Globe's Commission to Maine.



NOT to be outdone by the proprietors of the *New York Herald*, who sent an expedition in search of Livingstone, and another to look for the North Pole, the editor of the *Globe* has announced a startling journalistic enterprise. A tremendous expense he has fitted up a committee of two, to be forthwith despatched to investigate the working of the liquor law in the State of Maine. The Canadian public have hailed this announcement with acclamations of delight, and they will be still more delighted to learn that Mr. GRIP has effected arrangements by which from week to week he will lay before his readers an account of the adventures and exploits of the *Globe* commissioners, in the shape of transcripts from the diaries which have been included in their outfit. At the end of each adventurous week, the leaves containing the entries of occurrences are to be torn out and forwarded to GRIP office, the Postmaster-General kindly remitting the postage in consideration of the public benefit involved. As a prelude to the forthcoming history—which cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive—we present our readers with portraits of the worthy commissioners. As it is their intention to travel strictly *incognito*, of course the above sketches are as far as possible from likenesses, and the following brief biographical memoranda are equally disguised.

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Gent on the Right.—T. Total, age 57. Never touched liquor in his life. Believes in prohibition. Soundly orthodox in religion. Absolutely free from prejudice on the temperance question. Goes to Maine fully expecting to find prohibition working beautifully.

Gent on the Left.—Wm. H. Setemup, age 58. Anti-temperance from principle. Believes in modern science, and takes his brandy and soda with great regularity. Is quite sure Maine Law is a fraud, and expects to get all he can drink whenever he wants it down there. Absolutely free from prejudice on the temperance question.

Education, for March-April, 1881, pays the following graceful tribute to an older writer: "Solomon caught sight of many principles—and he propounded maxims of great value." We have been told by the dear old *Autocrat* of the "Seven Wise Men of Boston," but here is a Bostonian sage not too wise to be above patting Solomon on the head, anyway.



"Ignorantia Legis Neminem Exonstat."
Scene.—St. Thomas, Ont. Time.—Saturday,
March 5th, 1881.

Small Boy. (On an errand)—Say, mister,
can you tell me wot part of the town—
Police Officer. (Sternly interrupting)—City!
City, you mean, you young vagabond!

Tibbie and Her Bowl.

By Mrs. Morton, author of "Clarkson Gray," etc.

Whar Neidpaths wa's wi' pride look doon
Upon a gude nuld burgh toon,
A crankie cretur leev'd lang syne
Among the gude auld freens o' mine—
Among the sib as sib could be,
But weel a wat ye sunc will see;
She wasna aedraps bluid to me.
Ane of the awfu' cleanin' kind,
That clean folk clean oot o' their mind,
And aften, as we've seen betide,
Clean gude men frae their ain fire-side.
A fykle fashous yammerin' yaud
That could the geer fu' steely haud
An ill-set, sour, ill-willy wile,
She had a face, "wad yearned milk
Forbye a loud, ill scrapit touce.
As e'er in harmless heid was hung;
To gira and growl, to work and flyte
Was aye the ill-spun wispy delight.
O heaven, I'm sure that Tibbie's meanin'
Was a great everlastin' cleanin',
Frae morn till night she ne'er was still,
Her life was like a tough tread mill,
She jist was like an evil speerit
She ne'er could settle for a minute,
But when a dud she made or cloutit
Then a' the toon wad hear about it.
When e'er folk couldna keep her clues,
She heckled them about their "views,"
But when the wrath began to boil
She grew real feart about their soul.
Twas queer! but nauht's sae queer as folk
An' to the workin' she wad yoke
Through perfect spite an' fair ill natur
But the delis buckle o' a cretur
Was o' the pipe a mortal hanter.
John, honest man! had aye to hap,
For peace sake, o'er the weeshen stap;
But e'er the lintel he wad pass
Twas "Man, for gude sake mind the bass!
Tak care o' this! tak care o' that!
Had aff the hearth, now, when its wat;
When ance its dry syne tak a heat;
Tak care, man, whar ye set your feet;
Fa' tae your parritch an' beware
To let nae jaups fa' on the flare;
To toil noo deed I'm no sae able;
(Haud yer black dottle aff the table)
Wass me! but ye hae little thoct
Ye never think sae sairs I'm wrought
To hae things richt when hame ye come,
(Confound ye, smoke it up the lum),
Some men wad hae the sense tae sae
Yer sair for foughin'—like the day,
Pair body! odd I'm sure yer wearit!
The like o' that wud gie ane speerit.
But you! whane'er ye've clawed yer loggie,
Ye mak this hoose a fair killogie;
In ower the door there's no a steek
But's puisioned wae yer baccy reek,
An tho' I clocher till I'm chokin'
It winni pit ye past yer smokin'.
What needs I toil! what need I care!
Ye've blawn mare siller in the air
Than wad hae built a hoose and mair,
Yer neist gude wife will mend the matter,
She'll no be sic a tholin' cretur
She'll gae yer weel hain'd gear the air,
My certie, lad, she'll kaim yer hair,

An' wae the saut blab in yer ee,
Ye'll mind the patience I've had wi' ye,
Do ye want to scornfish me otricht!
Ye've ne'er laid down that pipe the night,
For a' I've said yer never heedin'—
Begin ye scoondrel, to the readin'!
Ower well John kenned his hoose was clean,
An' kept it like a new made pin,
That a' frae end to end was bricht,
For Tibbie toiled frae morn till night,
Sae he, ta win the weary wark,
Ance hired a lassie stout and stark—
A snod bit lassie fell and clever,
But Tibbie was as thrang as ever,
Nae suer was the cleanin' through
Than cleanin' just began anev.

Noo' on a bink in stately pride
Her favored bowls stood side by side—
Draw painted bowls baith big an' bonnie,
Bowls that were never touched by ony.
For they were honoured vessels a',
And servile wark they never saw,
But when a daintie she was making,
She whiles took ane her meal to drake in.
Ane day the lassie a' things richting
Wi' canny care the bowls is dichtin'
And, puir thing, tho' her care increases,
She bracks ane in a thousand pieces.
"What's that?" squealed Tibbie, "Losh preserve
us!"

Is this the way the fremit serves us
Dail speed the fummlin' fingers o' ye!
Ye clasket, guid for nothing jaud,
Ye'll brak us oot of hoose an' haud,
My fingers yuke to hae ye whackit,
Tell me, ye cutty, hoo ye brak it!
Ye donnest drab! ye thoctless idiot!
I canna think yet hoo ye did it.
In Edinbro toon thae bowls were bought,
And sax and twenty miles were brocht,
Weel pack'd up and kindly carriet
An gien to me when I was married.
In name o' a' that e'er was wrackit
In a' the war! hoo did ye brak it!"
The lassie sabbit lang an sair,
But Tibbie's touce could never spare;
Lood was its clear and wrathful tenor,
When in John stappit to his denner.
An' as he drew in ower his seat
Her tongue brak' ower him like a spate.
He heard o' a' the sad disaster,
An aye the tongue gae'd fast and faster,
An aye there came the ither gwol—
"Lassie! hoo did ye brak the bowl!"
"Wheet! wheest!" says John, "nae mair about it;
Oo sake! ye've plenty more without it."
But e'er anither word was spoken,
Wi' face thrawn like a weel wrung stockin'
She squeeled, "D'ye want to brak my heart?
Ye monster, will ye tak her pairt?
Is this my thanks for a' my toil?
Hoo cud the gippy brak my bowl?"
Patient John heard the endless clack
Till his twa lugs were like to crack:
An' rising, stappit to the shelf,
Whaur whammult stood the gawsic delf—
An' lookin' o'er the precious raw,
He raised the biggest o' them a',
An' without steerin' aff the bit
Clash loot the bowl fa' at his fit,
An' as the frichted finders flew
Quoth he, "Ye ken the way o' noo,
For sure as I'm a livin' soul
Tha's hoo the lassie brak the bowl!"

Scene in a Montreal Office.

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

Mr. De Bluett, a recent importation from old
England, who has been making frantic efforts
to learn French, and who rather prides himself
on the correctness of his pronunciation.

Enter a small boy. "Charite, sil vous plait,
Monsieur,—charite."

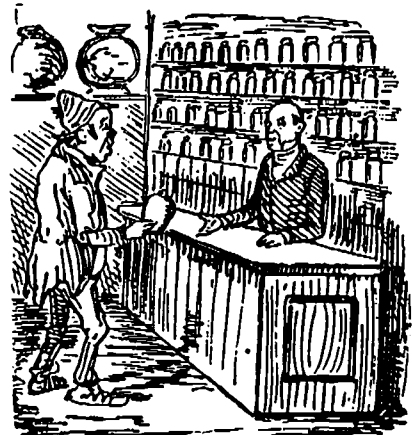
Mr. De Bluett thinks this a splendid oppor-
tunity of airing his recent acquisitions.
"Charity? Ha! lum! *Quel age avez vous
mon garcon?*"

Blank stare from small boy.
Mr. De Bluett, a trifle more imperiously,
"*Quel age avez vous petit, polisson?*"
Small boy, innocently, "*Je ne parle pas
Anglais, Monsieur.*" ("I do not speak English,
sir.")

Consternation of Mr. De Bluett and rapid
and wondering flight of small boy, after cleverly
doing a flying cash book.

There must have been something radically
wrong about Mr. De Bluett's pronunciation
after all.

The people of Hull, P. Q., are very prudish.
They won't allow a young lady to embrace a new
religious faith.



It Works Beautifully in N. B.

Scene.—Myth's Drug Store, Woodstock (not
Ontario.) Enter Seedy Customer.

cus.—Say, pard, can you givo us a pint of
old rye?

Vendor.—Have you a doctor's certificate?

cus.—Nary onc.

Vendor.—Got a flask?

cus.—Keerect, you bet.

Vendor.—All right; produce the document!
(Exit customer in due time, whistling a tem-
perance ode.)

The Prorogation Speech.

(Freely translated from the Ministerial Language.)

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of
the House of Commons:

Good-bye, and I'm unquestionably glad it's
over.

The Syndicate Bill will, I am assured, be
followed by most favorable results (to the lucky
fellows of the Syndicate). It will be their duty
of course to sell the lands cheaply and rapidly,
and encourage emigration, etc., and of course
they will do their duty. Of course. Oh, cer-
tainly! by all means.

My ministers will, however, keep right on as
if nothing had happened.

The amendment to the Naturalization Laws
will do big things for the country, and don't you
forget it.

I'm glad you've fixed up our railway legisla-
tion, and that you haven't forgotten poor Lo.
I trust the Indians will be induced to give up
their wandering habits and become good politi-
cians like Mr. Macdougall. The cable in the
St. Lawrence river and gulf is a good job well
done.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

Thanks for the usual remittance.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of
the House of Commons:

Good-bye; and now vamooss!

Seeing Sara.

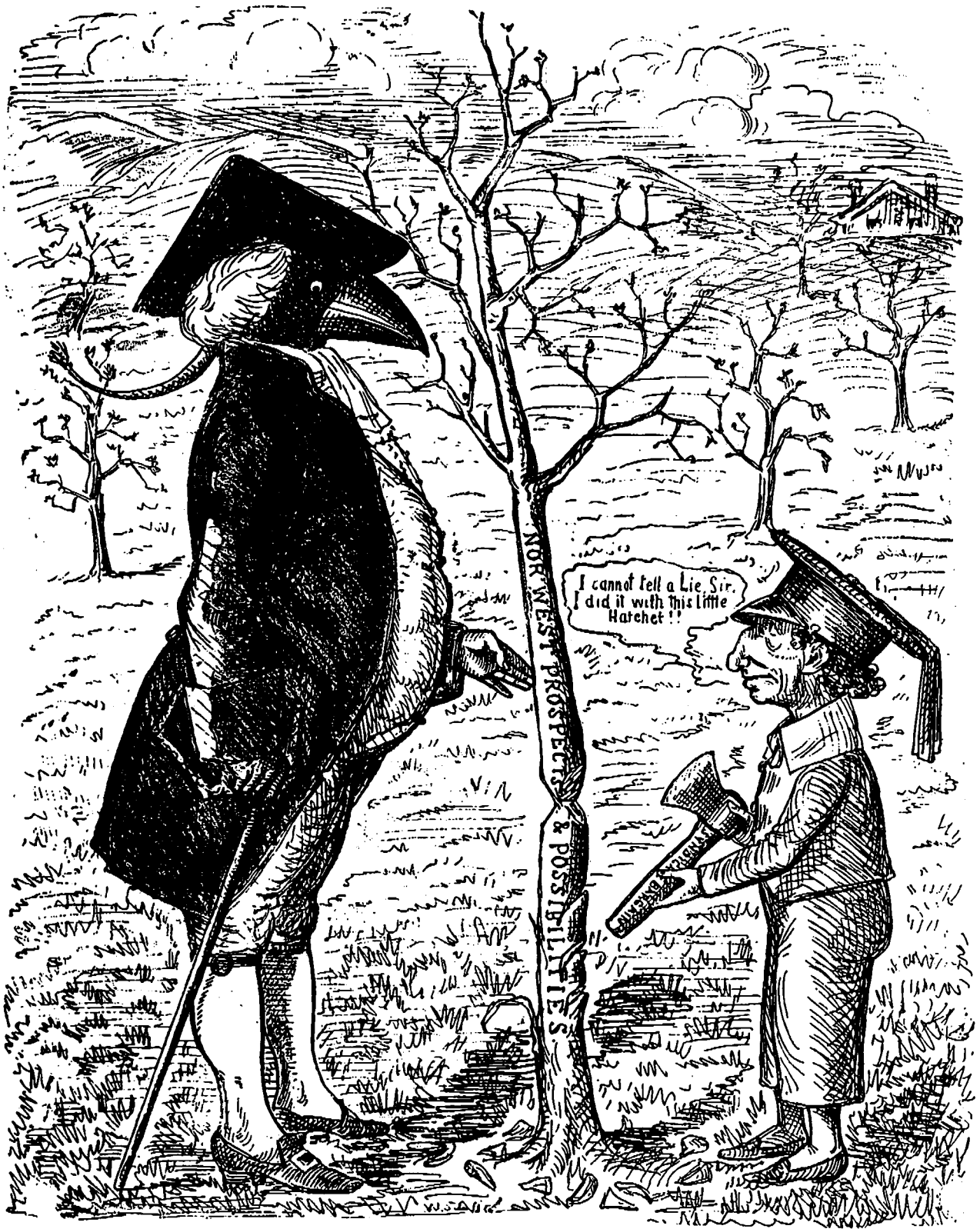
They sallied out to Sally see,
With rain their garments drenched,
Altho' they saw the matinee,
Their ardor was not quenched.

They sallied out to see fair Sal,
Altho' the drama French is,
When if she were an English gal,
She'd play to empty benches.

They came by the G. W. R.,
Grand Trunk and Credit Valley,
In Pullman and in palace car,
To see the meagre Sally.

And through the muddy streets they plow,
Disconsolate and wet too;
They must learn all about *Frou Frou*,
With aid of a libretto.

The doctors have agreed they will,
By understanding tacit,
The damp ones dose, should they fall ill,
With salicylic acid.



OUR OWN GEO. WASHINGTON;
OR THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."



THE ASPIRING POET.
Peck's Sun.

'Would you be kind enough to direct me to the editor?' asked a brave and polite gentleman, with a kindly face and a pleasant smile. 'He is out,' responded the law reporter. 'Is there anything I can do?'

'I am Dr. Homes,' responded the gentleman. 'Where's your office, doctor? Come to see about the diphtheria? I can do as well as the editor. What is it?' and the law reporter braced himself.

'Dr. Oliver Wendell Homes,' replied the gentleman, his handsome face beaming with good nature. 'I have a little poem I should like to submit. Shall I leave it with you?'

The law reporter took it and read it aloud. 'You call it a 'Winter Day on the Prairie,' said he, 'h'm; yes.'

A blinding glare, a silver sky,
A sea of foam with frozen spray
The foaming billows swelling high
Up dashed against the icy day.
White-laden northern whirlwinds blow
Across the pale seas heavy breast,
And fill the creamy ebb and flow
With stormy terror and unrest.

The stormbirds fly athwart the main,
Like rudderless, bewildered ships;
The stranded winds breathe sobs of pain,
And frosted froth from pallid lips.
The seething milky waves in swift,
Harsh struggles with the fate that binds,
Break into frozen rift, and drift
Against the wrecking, straining winds.

A sea of loneliness and death,
Whose waves are ghosts, whose vales are graves,
Whose perspiration is the breath
That lurks in northern winter caves;
A snowy gloom, whose icy shade
Lies white beneath the spray tipped crest
Whose silver somberness is laid
A glaring pall across his breast.

'Just so, just so,' continued the law reporter. 'Did you want this published as it is?'

'I had thought something of giving it publicity,' replied the doctor. 'You'll have to get the advertising clerk to register it, then,' returned the law reporter. 'I wouldn't take the responsibility of sending it in as it stands now.'

'What seems to be the matter with it?' inquired the doctor.

'I don't think it is natural. Now, here, you take a snow storm on the prairie and make it a sea. Then you freeze it all up and make it dash around. You've either got to thaw it out or quit dashing it. We may be able to alter it so it will do, if you leave it.'

'What alterations would you suggest?' asked the doctor.

'I'd fix that verse so as to be in accordance with the facts; make it 'sequential,' as we say in law. Instead of having the blinding and silver, and the foaming billows, and the white-laden winds, and the creamy ebb, and all that rot, I'll put it in this way:

In township thirty, range twenty-nine,
Described in the deed as prairie land,
It sometimes snows in the winter time—
As we are given to understand.
This alleged snows falls fast and loose,
It's said, several feet or more,
And when the wind blows like the deuce,
It drifts from where it was before.

'In that way,' continued the law reporter, 'you get the facts before the public without committing the paper to anything. Under your poem any man who would prove that you were talking about his land could bring a libel suit, and the measure of damages would be what he could have sold it for if you hadn't written it up as a sea.'

'Will the other verse do?' asked the doctor.

'I'm afraid not,' replied the law reporter. 'This business about the stormbird without a rudder, and stranded winds and milky waves don't prove anything. They wouldn't be admitted in evidence anywhere. I suppose you want to express desolation, but the testimony isn't good. Why don't you say:

In the place aforesaid, when the sad winds blow
The tenants thereof don't go about
And such birds as find they can stand the snow,
Look as though they'd had their tails pulled out,
And when the said snow and said winds are gone,
It's found the said land finds a ready taker,
For though you can't farm much when the winter's on,
The property don't fall a cent an acre.

'There you get your desolation, and your birds, like rudderless ships, and at the same time you throw in a clause which lets you out of the libel by showing that the snow don't affect the value of the ground. The way you had it you would have brought all the Western settlements down on us. Been a poet long?'

'I—I—that is, I begin to think not,' gasped the unhappy doctor. 'But can't you do something with the last verse?'

'We might leave that out altogether, or we might substitute something for it. The last verse is a contradiction of terms. It is a *non sequitur*, as we say in law, and could have no status in court in the event of an action. You can't say snowy gloom or white shade, and as for a glaring pall, I presume you mean the white velvet ones they use for infants. I couldn't pass that in, but I might change it for you. How would this do?'



It is rumored that when the snow
Is on the land before described,
It looks as though one couldn't sow
Seed to advantage, though this is denied.
Some people hold that it empties the pouch
To buy land in the winter in the North;
For this unsupported statement we cannot vouch,
But give the story for what it's worth.

'This, you see, gives all sides to the question, without making the paper responsible for anything. I call that a superior piece of poetry,' continued the law reporter, reading the three stanzas over in an admiring tone of voice.

'But there isn't any poetry in it,' stammered the doctor.

'What is the reason there isn't?' demanded the law reporter indignantly. 'Don't it tell everything you did, and don't it rhyme in some places? Don't it get out all the facts, and don't it let the people know what's going on?'

'Of course it does,' chimed the police reporter. 'That's what I call a good item of poetry. I think you might add—startling developments may be expected, and that the police have got a clue to the perpetrator.'

'That isn't necessary,' replied the law reporter, loftily. 'We poets always leave something to the reader's imagination.'

'I believe I'll go,' murmured the doctor.

'All right, sir. Come round any time when you've got some poetry you want fixed up,' and the law reporter bowed the visitor out.

Bridget, who has charge of the stockings, says that the remark, "It is never too late to mend," is impertinent. "Sure an' I'll not put in a stitch after 9 o'clock in the avenin'!"—*Philadelphia Sun*.

It was a wealthy Philadelphian who being asked on his return from Europe how he liked the Bosphorus, replied that he didn't eat any, and preferred the ordinary home-made sausages. —*Andrews' Queen*.

The young man of the period rejoiceth that the time for swinging on the front gate approaches when the good night kiss will no more be impregnated with the odor of coal oil. —*Mauch Chunk Dem*.

The infrequency of eggs at this season suggests a possibility of a seldomness of spring chickens at the seaside hotels next summer. Guests with feeble jaws will appreciate the prospect. —*New Haven Register*.

It is remarkable how much good can be found to say of a man after he is dead. A skin flint died in this state not long ago, and numerous virtues were squeezed out of his memory by the power of the printing press. —*Danbury News*.

"Sing on, sweet slyph-like zephyrs, sing," was the heading of a poem handed in to a Colorado editor. He printed it, and the next day an avenging Providence sent a blizzard that sang and sang and soughed and sifted, and the back end out of that shop lifted. —*Gate City*.

Pythagoras says,—"It is better to live lying on the grass, confiding in divinity and yourself, than to lie on a golden bed with perturbation." That may be good philosophy, but it is decidedly unhealthy, besides most people can lie anywhere and on any object without the least perturbation.

A minister commenced his sermon by observing: "What shadows we are!" and then paused as if to let the thought sink deeply into the minds of the congregation, whereupon two lean spinsters in a front seat guessed they didn't come there to be insulted and got up and strode indignantly out. —*Brooklyn Eagle*.

The wife of a Congressman having been abroad said to a gentleman: "I'm splendid on pictures; I'm a regular common sewer of art. More and over, when I play whist I play third and hand high. In France they have lots of francs and sardines for money. But I've traveled, and feel a little blase. That's French. It's a regular language, is French. They don't speak nothing else in Spain and Italy and pot-tage countries." —*Jay Charlton*.

Help the children. When they gather round the table at evening with their books and slates take right hold and show them how to do it. Never mind if you don't remember whether the Ural mountains empty into the Straits of Magellan or slide around the Cape of Good Hope. Stuff their little heads full of information of some kind, and the next day when they recite the school teacher will learn how smart the parents of the district really are. —*New Haven Register*.

More of It.

The rector of Ringwood, near Dover, England, has "Boycotted" the schoolmaster. The schoolmaster was required to marry, in order that his wife should teach the infant school. The rector, however, learned that the lady was a non-conformist, and before the marriage took place he threatened to expel the unhappy teacher should he fulfil his promise of marriage. The teacher had too much manliness to submit to the bigoted priest.—*English Paper.*

Brother! 'gainst bigot, priest, and prig, God speed thee in the strife:
In fearless manhood strive to guard, thy "non-conformist" wife!
Be bold for right of honest love, tho' stoled and mitred cant,
To "mere dissenting folk" no more than street acquaintance grant!
To her old maxim see the sect of LAUD and JEFFRIES true!
And what are words in this free land, it seems are deeds with you.
Brother! be strong, nor fear to flout the Pharisaic race.
Grip greets thy wife though bigots scorn her sweet dissenting face!



Off on a Tour.

Mr. Blake, probably feeling the inspiration of the Spring air, has come out of his shell altogether. Those who have been inclined to cavil at the hon. gentleman as a would-be recluse, have had their mouths effectually stopped. After a long session of hard—and what is worse ineffectual—work, and without taking time to do more than rush home and kiss his family, the newly energized leader of the Opposition has started off on his long-talked-of Maritime tour. Grip signalizes the event by making a picture of the tourist as he probably appeared, equipped for the journey. The Hon. Edward's mission has a three-fold object. In the first place he is going to talk to the people—to what an alarming and uncalled for extent may be judged by the bulging sides of the above carpet bag, which contains only the very briefest notes of a few memoranda on one or two of the subjects he intends ventilating. Secondly, he is going to oaf for the glory of the Reform party; hence the other satchel, which is supplied with bottles of the excellent appetite-inducing tonic manufactured by Turner, corner of Bloor and Yonge streets (free ad.) And thirdly—and chiefly—he is going to catch votes if possible; and hence the scoop net, the appearance of which is sure to place him *en rapport* with the fishermen down by the sea. Peace go with him. Grip congratulates the Maritime Provinces on the oratorical treat in store for them, and the disconsolate Opposition on the great harvest they will reap from the seed their leader is about to sow.

Mrs. O'Tare on Homoeopathy.

SHANNTOWN, Month o' March, 1881.

MISTHER DUTTER,—Shure its meself ought to be afther axin yer pardon for makin bould to be sendin the likes av yez a lethir, bein as I'm a widdy woman. But maybe perhaps now yez woudn't mind printin' me a lethir in yer bit av a picter paper, the wan wid all the quare little devils, an banshes, an fairies, an the burd wid the big black bake on the top av it. When I see *them* the tares cum into me eyes wid laughin an, sez I, shure the boss himself must be the picter av good-natur, and bedad I'll write him this lethor all about the quare ways ov docthorin; shure he won't moind, seein as I'm a widdy woman:—

MISTHER GRIP—Deer sur, Mrs. Eye, in the big house beyant, she tuk sick in the night, an the nurse that cum to wash the baby she tuk bad the next day. Misther Eye he wint tarin up the street like a crazy man, but devil a nurse cud he get, they were all engaged—ivry mortal wan. At last he cum to me and sez he to me, sez he, "Mistress O'Tare" sez he, liftin his hat as if meself was a born lady, "wud yer moind comin to nurse at our house an I'll give yez \$5 a week?" "Yes, sur," says I, an I draps him a curtsy as low as meself wud givo the praste. It was a boy, Misther Grip, fourteen pounds two ounces, wid a beautiful head av black hair, an him suckin his thumbs already. Mistress Eye was a very nice woman, but she wanted a power av waitin on. "Mistress O'Tare gimme a hankercher plaze," "I'll take me toast water now iv yo plaze," "Will yez kindly make my bafe-tea," "Don't forget me finger napkin plaze," from mornin till night. Bad cess to yez, says I (to meself) sure its the threadmill I might as well be in, as trottin up and down them two pare av stairs for ivry mortal thing. An the baby it ud be serachin an Mistress Eye ud be a trumblin an a cryin "Oh! Mistress O'Tare, wat ivir shall I do?" "Put the child to breast, Mam," sez I. "Ivory time it cries?" sez she. "Av coorse," sez I. "Oh dear," sez she, "I do n't want any more babies." Wid that the dure opons and savin your prudence, sur, in walks a big man wid a lether satchel in his hand. "Oh Lor, mum," sez I, "there's a peddler comin in." "Hoold on there, we don't want anything in your line here," but he just lukt in me face, with a quare smole, an goes right up to the bedside an sez he, "Well, Mrs. Eye," says he, "and what's the best word to-day?" "Oh, Doctor, my nurse was taken sick an I had to get Mrs. O'Tare, here," sez she. "Oh! ah! another Sairy eh?" sez he. "Jist let me have two glasses av water, plaze," sez he to me. "It's afther beggin' yer pardon, I am, doctor," sez I, "if I knew it was you—, did you say hot water, doctor?" "No, cold," sez he. So I gets the wather an he claps down on a chair, an sets the leather bag atune his knees and opens it. Yez wudn't belave it, but it was bristlin wid bottles, little bottles wid corks in thim, wan row on top av the other. Then he takes a grey powder out of wan, and a white powder out av another wan, an then he put them into the water an that's all ye cud see, the water was as clear as ivir. "Nurse, sez he." "Yes sur," sez I. "You'll give a dessert spoonful of this ivry two hours, and wan of *this* ivry half hour, for three hours; *thin* you can give it ivry hour, an *thin* the other ivry hour, to alternate." Ochl! murder! sez I to meself, an the could sweat cum over me, but niver a word did I spake but "Yis sur" sez I, an thin I wint an shut the dure afther him. Whin I cum back an lukt at the tumblers the devil the wan av me cud tell which was wan and which was tother wan. First I sez, this is the wan; no bedad it isn't thin, *that's* the other wan. Begorra thin, thinks I, how can this be the other wan when its this wan here. Oh! wurra, wurra, sure its lavin me sinsus I am. An he said I was to "alternate." Now wat the devil's "alternate"

sez I, an wid that Mistress Eye begonn snoring Begorra thin, if this isn't lucky. Now I'll fix yez, an' there'll be no mistake at all, at all. So I taste the medicine, an as sure as I'm a livin woman, it wa nothin but a drop av cowl water! Here's luck, sez I, drinkin the whole av it at waist. An here's sarace av the same, I sez agin, an wat that drunk down *this* wan, Thin I fill thin up with more water from the tap, an' whin Mistress Eye wakened up I gives a dessert spoonful of the water, as I wud: would to. "Bedad I'll be on the safe side anyway, cowl water won't hurt yez," sez I to meself, an I did this same ivry mornin. Well sur, Mistress Eye whin she cum down stairs she sez to me, say she. "Mistress O'Tare" sez she, "some folks don't believe in homoeopathy, but you can testify to the great good it has done me," "Thru for ye, Mam," sez I, "there's nothin' like a sup o' cowl water." No more at praint bein' s I'm a widdy woman.

NORM O'LEER.



The Drummer.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through Fred-ric-ton streets there passed,
A drummer small, with big valise,
Who kept his eye peeced for policeman Woodward.

He travelled 'round from store to store,
'nd orders in began to pour,
But every place that drummer went
A faithful hound was on his scent—
Keen Woodward.

When through, he started for the "Queen,"
Nor thought that he had "shadowed" been,
But just when stepping in the door,
A voice said, "Now I've got you sure,
Smart drummer."

"Try not to pass," bold Woodward said,
"Or on you I will put a head;
You're weddin out your paper dollars,
And you must "ante up" five dollars,
Instantly."

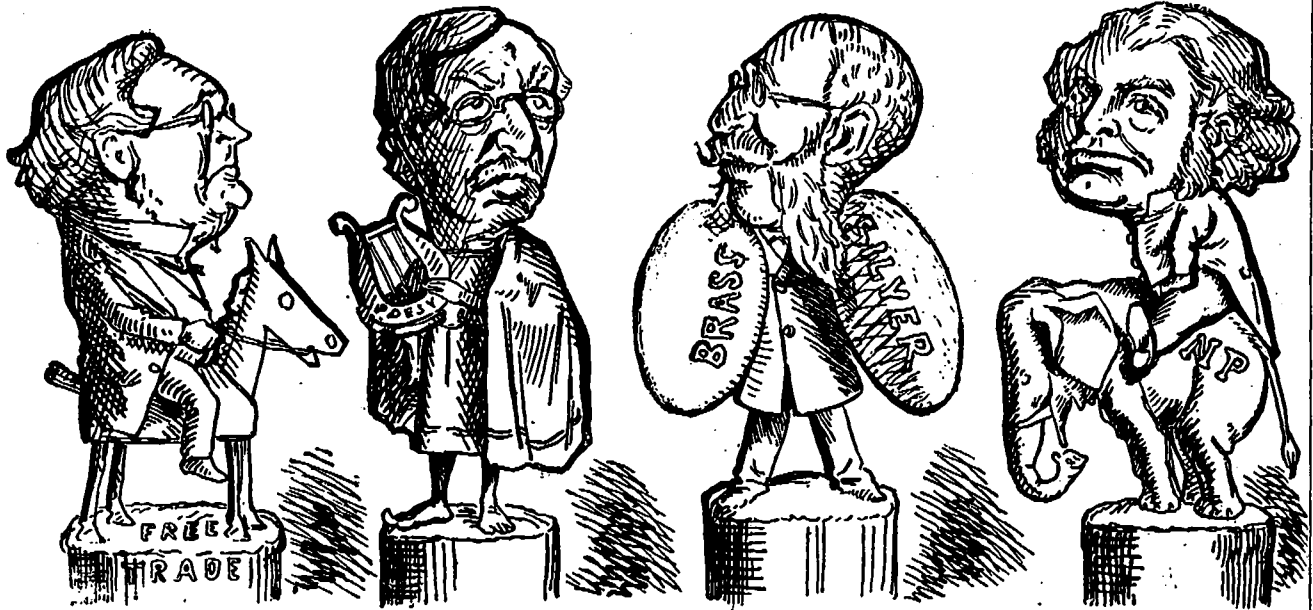
"It strikes me five is much too large
A sum for license here to charge,
Our profits here are very small,
Then why, I ask, should you grab all
Our ducats?"

"I want no more to hear your jaw;
His Worship Fisher made the law:
So if you still refuse to pay,
Your case before Judge Marsh I'll lay,
To-morrow."

"So long, detec, I'll fix it right."
This was the drummer's last good-night:
Next morn, before the break of day
That naughty drummer stole away
From Woodward.

Fredericton, N. B., March 11th, 1881.

Colored women may not be always wise, but none of them are foolish enough to wear a piece of white court-plaster on their chin.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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