



HE'S A TRUMP!

SCENE. Railway Office in New Brunswick.
Polite Official to General Manager. "Mr. Jones, allow me to introduce you to Mr. K., a joker on the staff of Grip."
Manager Jones (to his secretary). "Mr. Smith, you will please fill in a pass for Mr. K., as I invariably make it a rule to "pass" a "joker." No cards!

A Headless Tale of Halifax.

THE WINTER PORT SUMMARIZED.

All ye who, like the early bird,
 Would some "poor worm" ensnare,
 Come, listen, if you have not heard,
 What chanced a maiden fair.
 Who late, but early, longed to see
 A charming sea-side cove,
 When such mishap befel, that she
 Vows never more to rove!
 On the steam-ferry-boat she sat,
 To read the morning's news—
 The marriage column first got *fat*,
 Then something to amuse!
 Meanwhile the steamer left the shore,
 The wind commenced a raid,
 And down the deck came sweeping o'er
 The decorated maid!
 So winds will rave when they are vex'd,
 And burglar-like may seek
 To rob a fair-one—with pretext
 Of kissing her fair cheek.
 In sudden gust the breeze came fast,
 As still the maiden sat—
 And, all profanely, with a blast:
 Made off with her new hat.
 Her hat! that fitted like a cap
 The sweetest thing in brown!
 And her dear veil, a worse mishap,
 The envy of the town!
 Mas! they left her ill at ease,
 She saw them rise like "stocks"
 To favoring gale, and then the breeze
 Went whistling through her locks!
 A hat, like pride, must have a fall,
 She railed, but o'er the rail
 Went hat and veil and pride and all!
 No outcry could avail!
 A grinning urchin at her side
 In impish mischief roared:
 "Reverse the engine! stem the tide!
 A mad-cap's overboard!"
 The helmsman left his post in fear
 The deck-hand and the mate—
 The stoker and the engineer—
 Came all! but all too late!
 The hat swept like a Nautilus,
 Above its broad blue tomb—
 Sea nymphs smiled audibly and thus,
 But hied it to its doom!
 Sun-fishes rose like "swells" to aid,
 The codfish swam to see
 They hailed it as a tribute paid
 Their aristocracy.
 The holsters moved their saving claws
 And groped along the flats!
 To break the news and seek the cause
 Of this new rise in hats!
 These speculators' heath the waves
 Discussed the great wind-fall
 And watched the current-sea that laves
 Their floating cap-tal!
 The maiden stood mute as a post
 The victim of a breeze,
 Like Niobe or Banquo's ghost—
 Or any myth you please!

Her brain might swim, her heart must sink,
 It now went pit-ty pat!
 The wicked newsboy gave no wink
 Of pity for her hat!
 Down, down it went from human sight
 He of her fate made fun,
 Smiled nastily to see her plight
 Bare-headed to the sun!
 A Mienae there with headed cap
 A dinky son of Ham—
 Just touched her head-gear *verbum sap!*
 Pray who's your better? *man!*
 Roofless she reached the giddy town,
 Her hat had gone to sea!
 'Twere better she had lost her crown
 The hat had cost her three!

Perchance where mermaids congregate
 To gossip, laugh, and chat,
 This maid in vision yet may see
 The band about her hat!
 A merry band of fish to greet
 The mermaids' wondrous tale,
 Weaved round the hat—but bootless feat
 'Tis all without avail!
 Yet let her not bewail her hat
 She may go west, or wed!
 Then, how much worse a plight were that
 If she had lost her head!



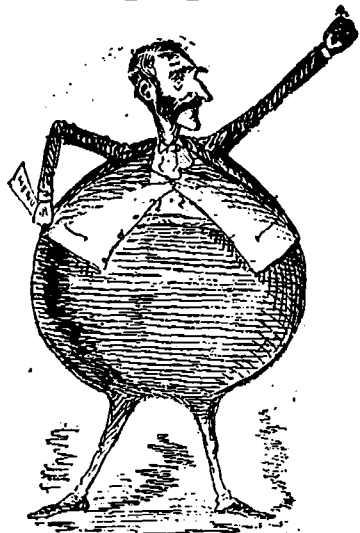
SYMPATHY.

SCENE. The Art Exhibition.

Indulgent Parent.—That, my dear, represents Prometheus. You know he was chained to the rocks, and every day the vultures devoured his liver, which grew again and was again devoured, and so on.
Sympathetic Boy.—Oh, dear! How sick the poor vultures must have been to have nothing but liver every day!

A Toronto Man's Ruminations.

Here we are picking our teeth at the front door of the Windsor, and gazing upon the verdant glory of Mount Royal. Of course Montreal cannot be compared, as a city, with Toronto for wealth, enterprise or population. Its natural attractions, too, are infinitely inferior. For instance, how insignificant Mount Royal becomes when compared with the lofty heights from which the Old Fort frowns defiance near the western entrance to Toronto's harbor. What has Montreal that will compare with our noble bay and the gem like island, whose precipitous shores divide that bay from the lake? Suffer me to do a little gushing over that isle of beauty—home of the renowned Hanlan. How often have I revelled in the depths of its stately forests of poplar and willow? How often plunged from its rocky point into the cool waters of the bay, and sported there with all the grace and agility of a porpoise till the stars shone down. How often, when lauded again, have I listened to the song of the mighty mosquitoes which flourish there, breaking in upon their melody with many a staccato note, and wild, yet graceful movement of my own. Ah! me, how the days of old return as I write! Days when the classic shores of our happy isle were the home of that noble old sailor, Captling Bob Moody, Admiral of the once famous *Firefly*. Stern of eye and stately of port, he guided that noble three-decker to and fro over the swelling waters of the bay. Afloat—every inch a gallant seaman, undaunted by the dangers he encountered in his countless cruises between the mainland and the shores of the distant island. Ashore—the hero, the pet, the autocrat of the noble ward of St. John. Mighty in elections. Now lauded by the *Globe* as the patriotic, the gallant, the noble Captling Moody. —and anon, when the wind had changed, held up to unmeasured ridicule as "Captling Bob." But "whither are we drifting?" Whither indeed? Let us return to our sheep. There are hard-headed, practical men, who seem to think a great deal of the Victoria Bridge here; but who would name it in the same day with the triumph of engineering skill which spans the mighty chasm of the Don? None but an infatuated Montrealer, but unfortunately there are many such in this vicinity.



THE DINNER IS EATEN!

The Dictator of the *Globe* has been signally rebuked, and the malign'd Professor has had a FRY, Revenge!!

Old Stories Retold.

No. 11.—TERRIBLE SLAVE SURE.

After J. Ruskin and the Dime Novelists.

'Mid clouds of lurid leaden blue, the storm's signal gave,
 The sun's broad orb of sanguine hue was waning in the wave,
 The foreground's green and lamp-like fire, a phosphorescent flood!
 But in mid-distance looming dire, a sea that seethed like blood!
 Where stir around the slave-ship's track, the sullen surging breeze;
 She speeds beneath the ensign black, the demon of the sea!
 With crippled wings and crowded hold, the pest-house of the slave
 Had felt the British fire that told too well 'twixt wind and wave!
 The pirate captain cried aloud, "Our slaves let death set free!"
 And soon the wretches writhe amid a corpse encumbered sea;
 And shark and kraken and sea-snake exult to seize the prey,
 And slimy monsters, myriad-armed, drag down from light of day!
 But now the British boat appears, the youth, their leader cries,
 "Give way, my hearts of oak! three cheers! the pirate is our prize!"
 He cleaves the pirate captain's head, his tars shoot down the crew,
 And as a captive finds, half dead, the toniest girl he knew!
 Soon that sweet maid's consent he gained, his true-love to become,
 Because the pirate's purse contained a very handsome sum.
 C. P. M.