

# GILES AND JANNEY;

OR

## THE KINDLY GENTLEMAN,

A CANADIAN TALE.

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Still a stranger I a'most,—but a season I'd been out,—  
And for weeks scarce half at work, put terrible about,  
Well I mind me o' the day, the cold jest settin' in,  
I stept into a store where I'd 'casionally been,  
And a' seein' as the measter wur a likely lookin' man,  
"Can't help one, Sir?" says I—"God's blessin', if you can;  
I'm sadly, Sir, put out,—if you hev it in your power?—  
If only a few trifles, Sir, in trust like for the hour?  
'T went hard with I a beggin' like, yet what wur to be done,  
Real hunger at my heels!—and I waun't the only one;  
'T went hard with I, indeed,—fore I'd fairly got me through  
I wur aal a prispiration, knees nigh a knockin', too;  
More'n once I'd tarned to leave, but I know'd that wouldn't do;  
So, I held my own, a wonderin' as how the thing'd be;  
Them as has tried it only knows how hard went this with me.  
—"You'll—wait awhile, my man," the gentleman replied,  
Measter Smoothly o' the store, a magistrate beside,  
"Can't possibly just now,—but—here again by one,  
Or—earlier indeed—p'rhaps—something may be done;  
My partner, as it happens, not at present in the way,  
Puts everything on me quite pressingly to day;—  
Your name though, by the bye?"—"Giles Homespun, Sir," I said,  
—"O—h—Homespun by the bridge,—your father lately dead?  
"The same, Sir,"—and, now, it wur beautiful to see,  
When he larnt as I wur *Homespun*, the odds it made to me;  
He owned at once to knowin' me,—he'd heerd, too, o' my wife,  
And he never lost, he wou'd say, by a Homespun in his life;