

but, by the lord Harry ! I'll make another trip over the same route and if I don't get full measure, pressed down and running over, some names will appear in GRIP's Rogues' Gallery. The only man of those I patronised that day who need expect a felicitous hereafter is that druggist. His salts shall return unto him after many days.



#### A POET IN TROUBLE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Whilst casting my eye over a paper a few days ago, I came across the following little verselet ;

"Immemorial law of the Muses  
Decrees that bards may pay  
For all they get by playing  
And singing the debt away."

I was at once charmed, and a load seemed lifted from me. MR. GRIP, I am a bard ; one, I may say, about as good as nature makes them, and I saw immediately a way of paying those debts which for the last ten years have harassed and bowed me down, and I determined to avail myself of the admirable law laid down by the Muses for liquidating all my indebtedness. I determined to "sing my debts away," and in a very few minutes after reading the lines quoted, I sallied forth armed with a banjo, on my errand of squaring up with my creditors. The first one I called on was a tailor. His face looked gloomy, not to say angry, as I entered his store, but the cloud passed away when I said, "Good day, Mr. Snip. I am come to settle up."

"It is time," he replied, "but better late than never."

I then alluded to the "immemorial law of the Muses," and stated my plan of paying my debt. Though the contemptible tradesman looked rather cast down when he heard what I had to say, I did not wait for him to reply, but at once started off as follows :

"Hey, Mr. Tailor, I suppose you thought  
(Drum-drum-drum on the banjo,  
I never should pay for the duds I bought,  
(Thrum, Thrum, Thrum, from my instrument).  
You thought, I say,  
That I never would pay,  
And you ought to be ashamed, you positively ought,  
(With a ting-a-ling-a-ling, and a thrum-thrum.)  
But now I will satisfy your craving maw.  
(Music as before.)

By aid of the Muses' immemorial law :  
How dy'e like my plan,  
Oh ! ninth of a man ?—  
There's half my debt gone, haw, haw, haw."  
(Throop-a-throop-a-thrum-thrum-thrum.)

"Heavens !" ejaculated the knight of cabbage and shears, "is this some wandering lunatic ? Get out of my shop ; and if you don't settle up in three days, look out, that's all." I was not to be "bluffed" in this manner ; I determined that the fellow should be paid in full, so, striking a preliminary chord, I started off again :

"One little verse more, of a quality rare,  
I think Mr. Tailor, will make us square ;  
I will sing,—"

and then that low, soul-less brute, a despicable tailor, a Thing, took me by the shoulders and hustled me out on to the sidewalk, giving me a terrible kick as he flung me from him, and telling me to go home and sober up.



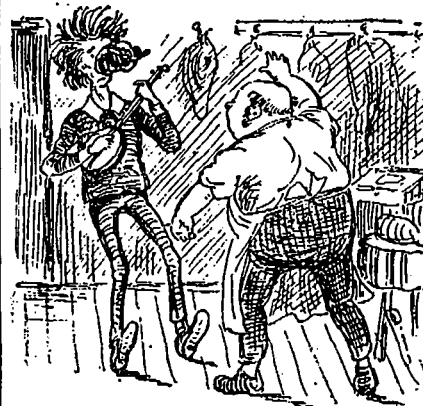
MR. GRIP, were you ever kicked by a tailor? *Mehercule!* I know of no other sensation to compare it to ; it is the meanest feeling extant. I shook off the dust of the tailor shop and wended my way to a butcher's place. I owed the ghoul money, but, honorable to the last, I was resolved to pay him. He was in. "How much is thy bill, sirrah ?" I enquired, haughtily.

"Eighteen, fifty-three, and seventy-five cents borrowed eash," the vampire replied.

"I have come to pay it ; get a receipt made out whilst I dole out the coin." Then, as he went to his desk, I mentioned "the immemorial law of the Muses," and stated that I would play and sing him eighteen dollars and fifty-three cents worth, and would throw the seventy-five cents in. Would you believe it, MR. GRIP, the bloody-minded monster,—before I had got beyond my second line—my song went thus,—

"Ah ! good Mr. Butcher, I am glad to diskiver  
That you change but a cent a pound for liver.

I lunged a filthy sheep's pluck at me, striking me fairly in the mouth, and effectually stopping payment for the time being. He then smashed



my banjo over my head and called a policeman and had me arrested as a dangerous lunatic, and I pen these lines from the dungeons across the Don. Kindly remit the sum due me for contributions to your paper, as I may be fined. When I escape from captivity's clutch I am going to hunt up the author of

the verse quoted at the commencement of my letter. Hoping to hear from you, and trusting that you will remit,

I am, dear Mr. GRIP,  
Your pensive bard,  
BYRON LUTESTRING.

[As soon as you get out, please call round. We will settle your account in the manner decreed by "the immemorial law of the Muses." We are a bard ourself. ED. GRIP.



#### DEAR MA'S PROPERTY.]

MR. and Mrs. Lugswoopit got on together very fairly in a general way, but there was one little matter about which they could never agree ; this little matter was the lady's mother who had taken up her residence with her daughter and her son-in-law soon after their marriage, and had remained a fixture in the Lugswoopit household ever since, though the arrangement was by no means to the taste of the long suffering Mr. L.

One day the two had been having a little unpleasantness, the cause of which was, as usual, the mother-in-law.

"However," Mr. Lugswoopit remarked, after much bitter language on his part, "I have the old lady's interest at heart : though I object to her as a permanent resident of my house, I am not opposed to her—ah—residing, yes, residing near us. I shall not prohibit her from dropping in to see us whenever she is ab'e, but I have this day purchased some property for her—"

"Oh ! you dear, good thing," interrupted his wife, "you really are a good fellow at heart ; that is so like you."

"Yes, dear," continued Lugswoopit, "and as the property which is all her own, is quite close to us, I should feel very much obliged to your mother if she would take up her quarters on it as soon as possible."

"I'm sure she will be delighted," said his wife. "How thoughtful of you, Ichabod ! How kind ! close to us, is it ? Whereabouts is dear mamma's property, Ichy ?"

"Just over there in the cemetery, dear ; quite a large lot," replied the harsh, unfeeling brute, as he sidled away towards the door. "So handy, you know, my dear, for her to drop in to see us—whenever she feels like it. By-by."

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W. Toronto.