

ROLL ON!

A LAY OF THE STRIKE.

ROLL on, thou one-hoss hobnail street car, roll!
I did not love thee once, nor do I now;
But yet, thou'st often saved the thinning sole
Of my dilapidated boots. For how
Could I walk daily home, with throbbing brow,
And back again next morn, perhaps 'mid rain,
And save my sole leather of hide of cow?
Oh! hobnail car, roll on, roll once again!

For what care I for labor's haughty Knight,
For unions, and for brotherhoods and cliques;
Nor for the tyrant bosses, nor who's right
Or wrong? Let them all growl and fight.
But one day's now far harder than were weeks
Upon my boots: that's why I come to kick,
And I don't care who'll have to eat the leeks—
The whole caboodle may go to Old Nick!

—B.

"410."

"DOCTOR, if ye please, cud ye come at wanst up till see Mr. Worstbridge? His very sick, sir—out av his moind loike."

"Where does he live?" asked the usually placid Dr. Poddypil, regarding his midnight messenger with a baleful glare in his eye. The Doctor was about to retire and the night was cold.

"At the Myrtle Leaf saloon, sor. I'll show ye the way, sor," replied the unsavory and ragged chore boy, soon, however, to be developed into a big-swelled and smiling "bar-keep."

The doctor put on his fur coat, put a hyperdermic syringe and a pocket case of medicines into his pocket and marched out into the darkness with his guide.

On arriving at the Myrtle Leaf he was shown to the sick chamber, where a man lay. He was gazing vacantly at the wall. As the doctor entered he slowly uttered these words, "Four hun-dred and-ten." "Ah! my friend," said the medical man, "how are we? How many hours is it since you first began to feel ill?"

"410," said the sick man.

"Bless me, so long as that? Is there nobody here to attend to you? Have you not got a wife?"

"410," was the feeble answer.

"Oh! my dear sir, you are rather rambling; ah, yes, I see, feverish pulse. Now think, are there any reasons that you can assign for this attack?"

"410."

"Hum," mused the physician, "I must give his mind a rest," and immediately proceeded to give him an hyperdermic injection of morphia, as the patient painfully muttered "410." A knock came to the door and a lady with a face like the orisflamme of France glided in.

"My good woman," asked the doctor, "you are living here, I suppose. This man is very low. Can you give me any reason why he utters nothing but the words 410?"

"Feth, I can that," said the lady. "Ye see whin the parlymunt riz the licince to \$410 the ould divil there got dhrunk, and the sorra a worred he's spoke since but '410.'"

"Ah! I see," said the doctor. "Good night, I'll call in the morning."

"Good night"

SOUND.

WE like the tone of GRIP on all moral questions.

Kingston, Feb. 17.

E. M.

OUR CRANKY CONTRIBUTOR TO BISMARCK.

MY DEAR BISMARCK: Permit me to have a word or two with you between drinks. I take the medium of GRIP, knowing it to be the only way of at once reaching you and the masses. It may be that by the time you get your copy the masses will have been in possession of this communication, because they will have called for their papers at the bookstores, while you have to wait for the postman. In this connection I am sorry for you, Bismarck; but yet on the other hand I am gratified to see that the masses do occasionally get a show against you. As a general thing, you know, you have the masses on the barn roof with the ladder taken away—to use an original metaphor. But, say! What I was going to mention was this: I have just opened my copy of the *London Advertiser* to find staring me in the face an editorial starting out in these words:—

BISMARCK AND THE POLES.

"The scheme of Prince Bismarck for rooting out the Poles is attracting a good deal of attention throughout the civilized world."

Now, without stopping to explain why, as a sensible man, I even undertook to read a *London Advertiser* editorial—as a matter of fact, it was accidental and I got no further than this opening stanza—I would gently but firmly ask you if this report is true, and if so, what the mischief you mean? I can so discipline myself as to stand quietly by and watch you bossing the Emperor, running the Reichstag, terrorizing the Vatican, or drinking beer. Happily, my interests do not lie in any of these directions—with, possibly, one exception. To tell the truth about it, Bismarck, my interests, as a party editor, are to lie in any direction that will help the cause. But, as I was saying, I can tamely submit to certain things at your hands; yet, when it comes to having the Poles rooted out, under my very nose, as it were, I object. I protest, Bismarck—really I do! The Poles have served a good purpose on this globe of ours as far back as I can remember. About the only impression my boyhood geography lessons have left on me is the knowledge that there are two Poles—the North Pole and the South Pole. They are driven in top and bottom of the earth, if I understand it aright, and somehow they manage to keep this old sphere together and in the right spot. Now, I wouldn't care to have you go to work and pull these Poles out. I aint used to it. I am satisfied something would go wrong if you yanked the Poles up. Why, we'd have the earth canting over and wobbling about all lop-sided, if it didn't actually lose its grip and fall down somewhere! What's the matter with the Poles, anyway? Think they are rotting and could stand lopping off a section and giving them a new hold? Well, they're good enough for me, as long as I'll need them; and I guess they'll last you out too. I wouldn't bother with them, Bismarck—seriously, I wouldn't. Maybe you fancy it would be an advantage to remove them so as to prevent people out driving their way running up against them on dark nights. Never mind! Even if you did remove this danger you would leave the holes, and it would be a mighty sight worse falling into one of them. Don't be a hog, Bismarck! Posterity will appreciate any little forbearance or sacrifice on your part like this. At all events, let them remain where they are until you hear from me again. I want to go over and see you about it. The preservation of our Poles will justify the trip, and a Dominion Immigration Agency will defray the cost. Yours remonstratively,

(In toto caelo)

THE CRANKY CONTRIBUTOR.