

**A Happy Effort.***(By our special Sappho.)*

Last week the *Mail* published some poetry in Greek!—real, pure Greek! characters and all. Not to be outdone we at once telegraphed to our special Sappho, to get us up something equally classic, regardless of expense. The following charming piece is the result. Owing to an illiterate P. D. having knocked our Greek type into "pie," we are obliged to give the original in English characters, appending a spirited translation in verse by our private poet.

**"IN THE DAYS WHEN EARTH WAS YOUNG!"***(Founded on Homer's "Anabasis," with notes by the O'Romulus.)*

Al phabet agamad deltatuneo urpipesto  
 Clas sicsquenkeutal ongmusehelters kelt,  
 Ershowthew ordwe reptogre eksingason,  
 Gofaticgleemus icithascharms forweeinth.  
 Ed ayswhenear thwasyoun gloveonceoketh.  
 Elyrequi tebossydo. Remafothuses ungo keep.  
 O keewankeewos sykap palambdaest ;  
 Anuloveknowsathin gortwolaught ertthenwo.  
 Uldtryhi sskillbuthema desucher ridsora.  
 Echopla yedsoveryvery illmothermuse shes  
 Pankedhisbre echolotherec ameadismalto.  
 Nedereemeereemreemoan. Eversin  
 Cethatananci enttimelovenom orekansingwi  
 Thlaugh termusiclaugh tersaysaint primewhen  
 Aspankingfol lowsa fter Laugh ternev  
 Erwillsingmore coshisma shemadehimsore !

SPECIAL SAPHO.

## TRANSLATION.

Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta !  
 Time our pipes to classic squeak !  
 Cut along muse ! helter-skelter,  
 Show the world we're up to Greek !  
 Sing a song of attic glee !  
 Music it has charms for we !

In the days when earth was young,  
 Love once woke the lyre quite bossy,  
 Do-re-na-fol—(thus he sung)—  
 Ho-kec-po-kee-wank-kee-wossy.  
 Kappa, Lambda, Eeta, Mu !  
 Love he knows a thing or two !

Laughter then would try his skill,  
 But he made such 'orrid screech-o ;  
 Played so very very ill,  
 Mother Muse she spanked his breech-o.  
 Lo ! there came a dismal tone—  
 De-ree me-ree me-ree moan !

Ever since that ancient time  
 Love no more can sing with laughter ;  
 Music (Laughter says) ain't primo  
 When a spanking follows after.  
 Laughter never will sing more,  
 'Cos his ma she made him sore !

PRIVATE POET.

**Croaks from Grip's Basket.**

DID G. B. use the sliding scale to please FISH ?

WHEN JOHN A. was asked to give his RIEL LEPINIONS on the N. W. troubles, he sni (d) ain-nesty business.

IF JOHN CAMERON gets sick will he be an *ill-Liberal* man ?

MR. BROWN furnishes his paper to teachers at reduced rates. Is that because *Globes* should be used in schools ?

IS the Canada First Party GOLDWIN's myth ?

THE toast they drink at Osgoode Hall—"Here's to a *brief* life and a merry one."

WHEN 1 lady faints bring her 2 ; set up a 3-nody and load her 4th.

DARWIN has after profound research discovered the nationality of ADAM. He was a Germ-man.

ON DIR.—That Mr. R. M. ALLEN has accepted an offer to be senior counsel on the cross-examination of HENRY WARD BEECHER, owing to the probability of increased Police Court cases through the reduction of the number of licenses.

THE new member for Haron was introduced by a Ministerial and an Opposition member. Certainly a *green way* of doing it.

MR. McCULLOUGH TORRES ought to have known that men who deal much in oil are sure to be a slippery lot—but he probably thought

his scheme, like oil, was sure to float on the troubled waters of the Stock Exchange.

DE-FEET OF RECIPROCITY.—Mr. BROWN's mission to Washington failed, but nobody can say it was a *bootless* effort.

PARADOXICAL.—The *Globe* is flat.

HALIFAX harbour is an ice one in winter. Do you see it? If so, say "Icy it."

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY CONUNDRUM.—Will the Minister of Customs please inform us how much his brother's father-in-law wants for the wharf property in St. John, the sale of which is now being negotiated for a Railway Terminus? Because if we knew the price it might determine us in saying yea or nay in reference to the advisability of having "rings" rule a Government.

QUOTATION—"Hear me for my caws." GRIP.

THE "oldest inhabit-ant"—SUSAN B. ANT—, says she don't remember such a cold winter as this, since she and CHRIS. COLUMBUS used to slide down hill together.

WHY is BARON GRANT of "Little Emma" Mine notoriety like one of Miss RYE's orphans sent out to Canada? Because he's a "Little Emma" Grant.

THE GAMBLER'S SONG—"Will you come to the bower?"

MOTTO FOR BUTCHERS.—"To *Grease* we give our *shining blades*."

THE BEST DRINK FOR BUTCHERS.—Ox-y-gin.

A gentleman named HENNESSEY asks us to inform him whether the "tightness" in the money market is much affected by the rise and fall in *Golden Sherry*? Mr. H. will please "*drop a line*" to TROUT, who will no doubt suf-fish-ently satisfy his curiosity. We can answer his second question. *Golden Sherry* is not always found in quartz.

IS MR. SCRATCHERD a Scotchman?

THE best wood for making cradles—*Rock Maple*.

Do Baptists when they graduate get a dip-loma?

**The "Boston."**

BY AN OBSERVANT WALLEFLOWER.

*Tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-tum,*  
 Sounds clear o'er conversation's hum,  
 Announcing to the joy of some  
 The prospect of a Waltz.

Cake, coffee, left in eager haste—  
 The ball-room reached—the coat sleeve placed—  
 To span the far-from "drearly" waist  
 And do one's "level best."

By one's and two's the couples start,  
 At first but few and far apart,  
 Till e'en the shy ones take heart  
 And emulate the rest.

Kaleidoscopes of pink and blue  
 Glide dreamily the mazes thro',  
 Their features lit with pleasure's hue—  
 The "Boston" on the brain!

Now backward, forward, in and out,  
 Circling skillfully about,  
 (From this let those considered stout  
 Prudently refrain.)

Here Juno-like some fond Mamma,  
 Complacent views her darling's pas  
 Who ducks or bobs *comme ci, comme ca*—  
 As they would say in France.

And as mid sober costumed men  
 Appears a form—beyond my pen ;  
 Methinks *la belle Canadienne*  
 Is "some upon the dance."

**"A Soft Answer."**

BEGGAR.—Please, sir, couldn't you give me a few cents to get some-  
 thin' t'eat?

TRAVELLER.—Certainly.

BEGGAR.—(Expectant.) Thank you, sir. (*Traveller moves on.*)

BEGGAR.—(Excited.) Say, ain't you goin' to give me them cents,  
 mister?

TRAVELLER.—What do you mean, you fool! Didn't you ask if I  
 couldn't give you some money, and didn't I say, *yes*, I couldn't? What  
 more do you want?