

SUZANNE.



Y girl does not dress, I freely confess,
In cloak of magnificent furs;
Nor wear a seal sacque enshrouding
her back—
Such luxuries fine are not hers;
But my fair Canadienne looks far
nicer when
She comes out in her Capuchin
coat,
Made out of a blanket, I say, law
be thank it,
As up the long incline I tote
The flying toboggan on which she
will float,—
My charming Suzanne in her
Capuchin coat.

Her face looks so blooming, as down she comes booming,
Her hair flying out to the breeze;
I sit there behind her, tho' I've a reminder,
My both ears are going to freeze;

But the sight of her hood is almost as good
As a wood fire with heavy back log on,
For it warms me inside as I fly down the slide,
With Suzanne in our airy toboggan!
The flying toboggan on which I now float
With my lovely Suzanne in her Capuchin coat.

Then after our slide, off homeward we stride,
On my back is my Suzanne's toboggan;
I heed not its weight, while our nice *tete-a-tete*
Goes on while we onward keep joggin'.
Tho' cold is my nose, to-night I'll propose,
And see if she'll be my fair bride;
I'll say like a man, Oh! charming Suzanne,
Let our lives be one toboggan slide.
Oh! the flying toboggan on which we're to float,—
I and Suzanne in her Capuchin coat. B.

A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR OUR CITY FATHERS.)

In a beautiful city, on the margin of a lake, there lived an ogre, who was known by the name of Tyfuss. He was known and feared by all the inhabitants of the city, and by the simple countrymen for miles around; and, though the city had grand houses and palaces, and shone beautifully in the morning sun, there was always the dread of this horrible tyrant to still the shouts of merriment that arose in its parks and streets. In summer the lake stretched out like a mirror, with a low line of island far away, from which the trees seemed to grow up out of the water, while the white wings of yachts flew hither and thither, and busy barques and steamers plied their trade.

The citizens were proud of their city, and thought their island the greenest and loveliest spot in all the earth. They grew great and rich, and enlarged their boundaries on all sides, but yet they were not happy, for a constant dread of the cruel ogre, Tyfuss, hung over them like the sword of Damocles.

This ogre dwelt in a great cave beneath the city called the Main Sewer, where he slept in filth and stench, sending out his poisonous breath into all the sewers that branched out from it. He assumed different names and disguises, when he issued from his lair, but he had always the same object, and his forays were always attended with the same fatal consequences. Sometimes he made a raid on children, and then he appeared as Diftieeria. He crawled through the sewer, and blew his fatal breath up into the streets and houses, and the little bright-eyed boys and girls stopped playing ball, and threw down their dolls, and nothing had power to please them more. They lay down and died. The ogre fed upon their young life

blood, and their poor mothers' hearts, for many a day after were very sore.

Sometimes he put on another disguise and called himself Tyfoid. Then he aimed cruel darts at young and old alike, and many houses were darkened by the shadow of death.

He blew his foul breath down through the sewer into the beautiful lake, and poisoned the water. He turned it thick and dark, so that it reeked of pestilence and death.

The poison even got into the water-pipes that supplied the citizens with water, and fair ladies and their children drank it and died.

Thus every year this monster claimed his victims. He was more cruel than the Minotaur slain by the brave Theseus, for he only demanded seven maidens a year, but Diftieeria devoured six-hundred children, and Tyfoid had its own victim besides.

He was worse than the dragon, which in old Saxon times, came out of his den, and entered the King's castle, at Durham, and every night carried away a sleeping warrior, clad in mail and armed with a glittering sword, until the noble Beowulf attacked and killed him.

And have we no modern Theseus to kill the ogre in his den, and cleanse all the sewers of his poison? Is there no Canadian Beowulf, eager to earn an everlasting name, by a contest with the old dragon, and by delivering the fair ladies and beautiful children, as well as their Knightly fathers, from a quick and awful death?

If there is, let this brave warrior come out and do his work, and GRIP will reward him, by giving him his only daughter in marriage.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE CIVIL SERVICE?

An imported donkey for sale—in good condition; reason for selling, no place to keep him. Apply 135 Brock Street, city.

THE above advertisement, which appears in the *News*, seems to indicate some change for the better in the Dominion Civil Service. The complaint that there is no place to keep an imported donkey sounds singular in view of the fact that this class of importations have as a rule had little difficulty in finding "places" where they were kept in very good condition at the expense of the taxpayers. We are afraid the inference which we were at first disposed to draw from the wording of this advertisement is rather too good to be true. Has the custodian of this particular donkey tried Ottawa?

THEY DON'T MINCE MATTERS.

A CURRENT item says that the St. Louis postmaster has decided that mince-pies are not mailable matter. As the Post Office Department refuses to have anything to do with them, doubtless for fear of producing intestine commotions in the system, the disposal of such mince-pies as may hereafter be mailed becomes an interesting question. Naturally they ought to be forwarded to the Department of the Interior, unless the well-known deadly character of this comestible suggests the Dead Letter Office.

The refusal of the authorities to mince matters, in dealing with these dangerous missives is another blow at Anarchism. What judicious Anarchist would send explosive machines and parcels of dynamite by mail, when he could accomplish his end and that of his victim also by the insidious mince-pie?