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Fozy Pate; or, Clever Bob's Lament.

I WONDER what's gaen wrang wi' her,
 What motes in her e'e,
 That for a moment she'd prefer
 The silly sumph to me;
 Yet I could hae forgien her a',
 Had she that was sae blate,
 Taen ony ither ane ava
 Save only Fozy Pate.

And aye she dawned upon my sight,
 So faultless, so complete,
 A perfect image o' delight,
 As she gaed down the street;
 The blush upon her bonny cheek,
 And fair without a flaw,
 So bashfu', modest, and so meck,
 To cheat me after a'!

Wha'd think while looking in her face,
 And e'e o' heavenly blue,
 That ane wi' sic a modest grace
 Could ever be untrue;
 But oh, alas! I'm fairly beat,
 So deep are women folk;
 To think she's aff wi' Fozy Pate
 And I'm a laughing-stock.

To think she'd tak the silly gowk,
 Wi' naething in his heid,
 And mak o' me a laughing-stock,
 Ah, woman's ill to read!
 And yet how strange that after a'
 The scorn she's put on me,
 I would forgie the lassie braw
 For ae blink o' her e'e.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

FACTS FUNNIER THAN FICTION.

I HEARD the other day a good story, the truth of which I can vouch, on a well-known citizen of Toronto. His business gives him considerable information regarding the passengers arriving at Quebec from the "ould sod" in advance of their arrival. Happening on one occasion to be on the wharf at that port when the Allan liner *Anonyme* landed its load of immigrants, his quick perception enabled him to recognize a raw Irish girl with coarse red features and ungainly figure, with whose friends on this side of the water he had had some dealings, and with whose affairs he was consequently well acquainted.

Now, our friend is something of a wag. He saw his opportunity at once, and giving the wink to a couple of friends who accompanied him, sidled up to the girl with that entrancing smile of his, and began a conversation which, as he expected, soon left the girl in a state of hopeless amazement. In a broad Irish brogue he commenced:

"Good mornin', Mary."

The girl stared, but made no answer.

"Good mornin', Mary," he repeated. "Isn't it Mary Connolly ye are?"

"Yis," she said, but stared more than ever; bewildered to find herself known in a strange land by an utter stranger.

"An' yez'r goin' to yer sither's in Thoronto?" pursued the joker, enjoying the affair as a huge piece of sport.

A light seemed to be breaking in her mind as to the identity of her unknown questioner. "Sure an' I am."

"An' don't ye know me, Mary? Sure isn't Johanna married in Thoronto? An' isn't his name Pat Mulvey?"

The light broke all over her broad, plain features. Her wide mouth was yet more widened by a warm Irish smile of delight. She sprang towards him and gripped him close in her arms, "Arrah, ye thafe. I know ye now! Ye're our Johanna's husband! Sure she tould us she got a good-lukkin man!"

But the kiss she purposed was never bestowed. He broke from her embrace and fled, with his reputation as a practical joker blasted for ever. Nowadays, he tries that game only on a select and good looking few.

SOME few of GRIP's readers may recognize the subject of the following anecdotes:—One of those whole-hearted, out-spoken men, who, in our pulpits and out of them, are yearly becoming fewer. Our friend—a Presbyterian minister in an Ontario town—was an enthusiastic Reformer, and his blunt honesty prevented any concealment of his convictions. On one occasion, during a troublesome political crisis, the old man, apparently with no sense of the quaint humor of his words, prayed thus for the Conservative administration: "And do Thou grant wisdom to the Government of Canada at this time, for Lord, *Thou knowest they sorely need it!*"

It was the same scrupulous regard for truth which led this blunt old Scotchman, on another occasion, to make a curious exception. It was harvest time, and the farming population about him was rejoicing over an abundant yield; it happened, however, that the oat crop was an utter failure. In his Thanksgiving Day prayer, the old man seemed determined to give credit only for what had been actually received. "We give Thee thanks," he said earnestly, "for Thy goodness to us in the abundant harvest which has just been gathered in, and for the plentifulness of all the crops, except oats, Lord, which have not been as good as usual!"

NOVA SCOTIA'S Home for the Aged.—The Legislative Council.



LAND-LEAGUER PAT'S DILEMMA.

BEGORRA, FWWHAT'LL OI DO NOW? BECHUXT HIS HOLINESS ON TH' WAN HAND, AND ME POOR, SUFFERIN' COUNTRY ON THE OTHER. WHURRA! WHURRA! ROME OR DUBLIN; ITALY OR OIRELAND? FWWHAT'LL OI DO, AT ALL, AT ALL?

(Left considering.)