



CONDITIONAL ENLISTMENT.

MEREDITH—"Fall in, Private Hughes!"

PRIVATE HUGHES—"Yes, after you've signed *this*, but not before."

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

NO. III.—THE SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

THE scenes of my youth I would fondly recall,
At a charge of one quarter per scene.
I'm sure you'll admit that the fee is but small,
But the keepers won't let us climb over the wall,
Though we vainly petition the Queen.

If I could discover some kind of a plot
For the story I have to relate—
But no, for the weather is frigidly hot—
Enough of that subject, I fear to be shot,
For it sometimes makes people irate.

Let's begin with McGinnis—since never I knew
A personage bearing that name,
He cannot well club me—McGinnis will do.
He wore a pug nose and a seventeen shoe,
And his face was the color of flame.

"Oh, come," said McGinnis, "sweet Julia, be mine.
Oh, fly with me quickly from here."
"But why?" replied Julia, "the evening is fine,
So I've put out my washing to dry on the line."
Then she cunningly wiggled her ear.

But McGinnis persisted for more than a year,
And kept steadily coming around,
Till Saturday Night said his conduct looked queer,
And Julia kept pining from anguish and fear.
Till she weighed only two hundred pound.

"Things can't go on this way," Mayor Clarke would observe,
"For our taxes are quite high enough;
I have given the bailiff a warrant to serve,
From the stern path of duty he never will swerve."
Said McGinnis, "You're givin' us guff."

"Now, 'guff,'" said Mayor Clarke, "is a phrase I detest.
It is meaningless—futile—effete.
I never would use it, not even in jest,
I shall summon the Council—they ought to know best
What words may be used on the street."

When the Council assembled in solemn array,
McGinnis was not to be found.
But they wrangled all night and a part of next day,
For Macdonald and Baxter had too much to say,
And ran the thing into the ground.

Then a gay cavalier from the north of Deer Park
Aspired to make Julia his own.
His uncle lives up in the ward of St. Mark,
And can play the melodeon so well in the dark,
That the neighbors in agony groan.

There are houses "To Let" by the dozen round there,
For he tries to sing "Mowat must go."
'Tis a song without words, a *fortissimo* air,
A kind of a whoop, and a howl, and a swear,
Fortuitous, gentle and slow.

So Julia said "No," and the gay cavalier
(Why shouldn't I own to the truth?)
Escaped with the plunder, and, when he got clear,
Avoided the spot, though it chanced to be near,
Where I witnessed the scenes of my youth.

I witnessed—but ah! I omitted to swear,
So the court said the will was no good.
But why? for I certainly must have been there,
As matters stand now I shall always despair
Of having the thing understood.

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

WHAN I gaed doon the stair into the shop the ither
nicht, aifter my tea, I faun' an ummerell in ae corner,
as gin some ane had gaen awa an' forgot it; sae says
I to wee Jock aside me, "Whase micht this be?" an' says
he, "It belongs till Mr. Caven." "To wha?" says I.
"To Mr. Caven, the lang, sorrowfu'-lookin' minister,"
says he, "up at Knox's College," says he, "for I saw him
wi' my ain een gaun oot an' lea'in' t' ahint him."

Weel, man, whan Jock tauld me this I was unco sorry
I'd been oot whan the Principal was in. Hooever, says
I to mysel, it's a guid sulk anc, an' he'll ca' for 't the
morn, an' I'll fin' oot what he was wantin the day—an'
what's mair nor that, says I, in consequence o' the pairt
he's takin' i' this Jesuit spulzie, I maun pump him weel,
an', faith, I'm the verra man for that kin' o' thing—I'll
jist guy the e'en oot o' him without him e'er jaloosin'
that there's ocht i' the win', for he's a guileless craitur,
an' I'm aboot as cunnin' as an auld fox.

Sure eneuch, he drappit in the next day aboot
eleeven o'clock, an' says he, "Mr. Calder, I am ex-
tremely anxious to procure a shuit of clothes, but you
were out when I called yesterday."

"Ahey," says I, "I was awa at the Ccety Hall payin'
ma taxes, an' I'm rale sorry you had to ca' again, for it's
contrar to my practice to pit fowk aboot. Hooever, I'll
dae the best I can for you unner the circumstances."
A' this time he never mentioned his ummerell, an', in
fac', he didna ken he had lost it till I mentioned till him
whaur we had fau't. Weel, ye sec, as I wis streechin'
the tape roun' his body unner the oxters, says I till him,
confidential like, "Ye're haein' an unco faucht noo wi'
thae Jesuit craiturs, are ye no? Man," says I, "gin I
hed my wull o' them I wud burn them a' at the stake; I
wud pit the thoom-screws on them; I wud brak them a'
upo' the wheel; I wud imprison them for life; I wud
use het pinchers to pu' the flesh frae their banes; I wud
gie them naething to eat but breed an' watter, an' I wud
extirpate them at a' hazards."

Ye see, Maister GRIP, whan I get on my heigh horse
I whiles mak use o' big words sic like's *extirpate* an'
hazard, but as a maitter o' coorse he kent what I wis
meanin', for Mr. Caven's a gran' scholar.

He smiled a gruesome smile, lookin' doon at me, an'
says he, "You are quite enthusiastic, Mr. Calder."

"Ye may weel say that," says I, "an' wha has a bette
richt? Did I no come frae the lan' whaur the bluid o'
my forbears ran doon the sleughs fechtin' for leeberty o'
conscience? Hae I no read a' aboot that Sawtan's limb