



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

AFFECTIONATE GRANDCHILD.—I say, Grandpa, lie down flat on your face and I'll cover you over with sand. It's awfully jolly.—From *Judy*.

Priscilla, What Have You Been Taking?

A gentle maiden that I know
Has all that heart could wish supplied her;
Heaven send, wherever she may go
That naught of ill may e'er betide her.

A pious *sœur de charité*,
Or puritan on saintly mission,
A sadder mien might have, but not
A more angelic disposition.

No kleptomaniac is she,
An honest, loyal little body;
She's a blue ribbonite, and tea
Or coffee is her strongest toddy.

And yet she oft sheds angry tears,
Sobbing as though her heart were breaking;
Because—continually she hears
This query—"What have you been taking?"

A cooing infant, should she eat
A safety-pin or darning needle;
Or swallow, for an extra treat
A bottle of nux vom, or wheedle

A cigarette from brother Tom,
Then howl, (no doubt she wished it larger,)
Mamma, distracted, running in
Would say of Kate, "We must discharge her."

"That careless nurse makes baby fret,
And keeps me in a constant quaking;
There! don't 'ee cry my little pet,
ell muzzer what has 'oo been taking."

While her the years still lightly kissed,
Grew mischief to its fullest limit;
And, I must say, if blame were missed,
Priscilla managed just to skim it.

She'd cut a piece of Brussels lace
To make and trim her doll a bonnet;
With mother's sealskin muff she'd race,
With Gyp—her pug dog—holding on it.

Her brother's rifle she would shoot,
His bicycle—Well? what's the matter?
You said a girl would you best suit,
Who could do something else than chatter.

When anything like this occurred,
Or if perchance, when cook was baking
The cookies disappeared, she heard
The question—"What have you been taking?"

Not Beacon Street, nor Murray Hill,
Nor Sherbrooke street (west of the college);
Can claim immunity from ill,
An epidemic they'll acknowledge.

Thus Annie Rooney, whooping cough,
McGinty, scarletina, measles;
Are by "society received,"
From Mrs. Prig's to Lady Teazle's.

And when our lady fair was ta'en,
With cheeks all flushed, head tired and aching;
This question added to the pain,
"Priscilla, what have you been taking?"

Though that was quite a while ago,
The demon query still pursues her;
'Twas just the other day or so
This happened.—It does not amuse her.

Shopping down town one afternoon,
Her suitor had asked leave to meet her;
I always thought him a buffoon,
And this the way he sought to greet her.

"Just by the statue of our Queen,
The rendezvous. 'Twas of your making;
You weren't there, but oughter been,
Priscilla, what *have* you been taking?"

Priscilla taken all aback,
First drew her breath, then flushed and stuttered;
Recovered then and called a hack,
And as she left this farewell uttered.

"Your rudeness sir, I can forgive,
It is your way; but not one minute
Queen in a palace could I live,
An imbecile for jester in it."

He told this to a friend or two,
And one—while he his wits was raking;
Thus made rejoinder: "'Tis not you,
But leave of you she has been taking!"

C. QUERULUS JONES.

MISS ANGELA SILLIBILLY (fresh from the City): "Oh
oh! Just look at those dear little cows."
Brutal Rustic: "Them aint cows—them's calves."
Miss Angela Sillibilly: "Indeed! How awfully nice
And can't we all go out and remove the jelly from their feet
before it spoils?"