



## HAIL, GENTLE SPRING.

Knowing that Spring was due, GRIP's special Spring poet cast aside his winter lethargy, and rolling his eye in fine frenzy, warbled the following ode a day or two ago, with *mouchoir* accompaniment. He was stricken with pulmonary phthisis a few hours later, and we planted him yesterday. We shall be happy to officiate at the "funeral obsequies" (*Ham. Times*) and "last sad rites" (*idem*) of all spring poets who sing no better than the departed.

"Swans sing before they die; it were a better thing  
Should vernal poets die before they sing."

—Anonymous.

## THE POEM.

Tide up by Buse, for I ab'aid to sig;  
A welcub poad to the dew-bord Sprig;  
All hail! oh Sprig, I welcub you at last  
With buch rejoicing that the widdler's past.  
Ah-tishoo-oo!

All hail! olice bore; ye verdal breezes blow,  
Drive hedge all bebories of the frost ad sdow,  
Ye feathered sogsters, tude your joyous throats,  
Ad rig out blithely all your sweetest dates,  
All hail—ah-tishoo!

It doth dot seel like Sprig tho' Barch is here,  
The wid blows keedly, ad the prospect's deare  
It rauds, ad oft the gate I heap with fuel,  
Ad keep at sibberig point by pot of gruel.  
O! Hadesahitshoo.

What bakes be sdeeze? Why do I blow by dose  
So oft? Ad I could dot shell the rose  
If it was bloodid, I ab hoarse ad sig  
All flat ad tudeless. Is it really sprig?  
It's sdowig!—Silenshia!

Brig be a tub of water, let its heat  
Be boilig, for I would fiberse by feet,  
Wrap fladdels all arond be, drink hot rub  
Ad water, for at last ethereal Sprig has cub.  
The goig to bed.

## THE FATAL GLASS.

ONE OF THE NEW SERIES OF TEMPERANCE  
TALES.

"But, my dear brother," urged the minister, "I cannot see what benefit you derive from the practice." He was an excellent man, and did valiant work in the temperance cause, and it mattered not to him whether the one to be converted was a stranger to him or not, so long as the worthy minister entertained the idea that the victim looked upon the wine when it was hot with lemon and sugar in, or thought that he even ventured to take a little for his stomach's ache, he would go for him and endeavor to knock him out in one round: in other words, to bring him over to his own way of thinking. The person to whom he addressed the words which open this exceedingly well-written narrative, was a stranger to him, personally, and he had heard it whispered that he was a moderate drinker: this was sufficient, and the good man tackled him the very next time he met him and charged him with the heinous crime. The man had hesitated a little at first, but had at length confessed that

he felt obliged to take a glass or two during his day's work: in fact that he found it impossible to satisfy himself with his handiwork unless he took a glass before he started. "Ah! that fatal, fatal glass," groaned the minister, "I suppose you think it makes you strong, and helps you, and steadies your nerves. What a fearful error! Young man, try, if only to oblige me, to give up that horrible habit." "But it has become a necessity to me, and I can't get along without it," reassured the other. "All fancy, brother, all fancy," replied the text banger, "in a short time, by persistently fighting against the vicious appetite, and seeking aid other than that given by man, you will be enabled to thrust the tempter from you and crush him under foot," and the worthy minister laid his hand on the other's shoulder affectionately. "Maybe so," answered the mechanic, "maybe, but I have now become so accustomed to the use of it that my glass has become an absolute necessity. I could not, I feel certain, work properly without it, and should lose money daily." "Dear friend," said the other, "if you will only promise me to give up this terrible curse, this daily glass, I will willingly make up, out of my own pocket, whatever you may lose in a pecuniary sense." He was indeed an extraordinarily zealous advocate. "But," faltered the other, "I often have pains, and I am obliged to take a glass to help me." "Brother," said the minister, "believe me, the pains will pass away if you will follow my advice, and you will be preparing yourself for a happy hereafter where there will be no pains, neither sighing nor sorrowing." "Well, I will do as you wish," at length the other consented, "but I know that if I give up my glass I shall soon break down." "Fear not, fear not; be of strong heart," said the clergyman, encouragingly, "and all will be well." "Be it so," replied the man, "but I told you that a glass was necessary to me in my business, and that I often took it for pains." "Just so, I understood that," replied the other; "what kind of pains are they, stomachic, rheumatic, or what?" "They are window panes, sir," answered the mechanic, "it is for them I take my daily glass." "And what is your business, then?" asked the good and zealous sky pilot. "I am a glazier, sir." "Oh!"

## CAUTION.

Now that Spring is coming and the advent of warm weather may be looked for ere long, we wish to give timely notice of our intention to shut down on those advisers who have, with the best intentions, no doubt, persisted in counselling us how to run this paper. During the cold weather we didn't mind it so much, as the presence of the parties referred to only infused a pleasant warmth through our system; but we know that, if these bipedal jackasses continue their nauseating conduct in the sultry season, the consequences will be as terrible as they will be, to them, unlooked for. The window of our sanctum is forty-eight feet above the street, and no man desiring to keep the privacy of his interior intact will care to have it strewed round promiscuously on a public thoroughfare, and we pride ourselves upon our muscular development. Verbum sap. In the course of one day we were told that we ought to have at least three columns of political matter, a column and a half of extracts from sermons, two original hymns, a paraphrase of some psalm, a page devoted to dead-head advertisements of entertainments in aid of different charities, four columns of local news, no politics introduced into the paper, no cartoons unless they showed up the thieving of the Grigs, no caricatures unless the villainy of the Tories was exposed by them, five columns of humorous poetry, more profanity than at present appears, no poetry at all, and that

the paper should be published for nothing. The above is only a sample of the advice received during seven hours, and we now assert for the last time that the very next person who enters this sanctum with the intention of advising us, will receive such treatment that he will have to spend several weeks getting his scattered remains together so as to enable him to consult Fenton about us, for we are a blizzard compared with a Masonic lottery. Unless these misguided individuals desire to experience the sensation of being kicked by a fully developed and double-jointed mule, and, if we are to believe the assertions made concerning us by the aforesaid counsellors, that is just the animal with whom they will come in contact when we fondle them—then let them calmly reason the matter with themselves, and see how good and holy a thing it is for the brethren to dwell together in unity. Mind now, there is fire in our eye. Beware!

## AULD MRS. SENATE.

There's a doited auld body, a feckless auld body  
Yet a pompous auld body for a,  
Wha's sure ilk year, at her post tae appear,  
Her beautifil' pension tae draw, draw  
Frae the weel plenished government maw.

Since the year sixty-eight I'm wae tae relate,  
She's cost o' good millions twa,  
But that she has earned it, it has tae be learned yet  
Whaurin she's gien value awa, awa,  
For the siller she ne'er fails tae draw.

By the Ottawa River this arrogant liver  
Resides at the public expense  
In a braw, gaudy hoose whaur she craves unco' cruce,  
Midst red tape an' muckle pretense, pretense,  
An' presumption that's truly immense.

Her hoose is the hame o' the halt, blin' an' lame  
O' ilka po'itical creed;  
E'en the renegade's there, invited tae share  
Her bounty, tae screen his misdeed, misdeed,  
Whilst his helpless country maun bleed.

It's a storm proof haven for the crimp an' the craven,  
An' the worn out, time serving hack,  
Wham the powers that be i' this land o' the free  
Maun coddle an' pat on the back, the back,  
Let their record i' e'er sae black.

Hoo lang shall we stand this doirdard's commands,  
Till the people arise in their might,  
And wi' stern voice, insist on their choice  
Tae say if 'tis decent an' richt, an' richt,  
They should suffer langer this blicht.

Gin its contra tae sense that we canna dispense  
Wi' this feckless auld cratur's control,  
As enlightened men we've a richt far tae ken  
Wha's burden it is we maun thole, maun thole,  
By makin' oor choice at the pole.

—McTuff.



## MORE GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

Teacher (to head boy in geography class)  
"Name the zones into which the earth is divided."  
Facetious Boy—"Temperate Zone, Torrid Zone, Queen's Own,—"  
Teacher—"Next!"