



## CERULEAN.

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

"Now, Bella dear, I want to blue these clothes: run into the back kitchen and bring me that bowl of blue you will see on the second shelf." Bella goes and returns. "Shall I pour it into the boiler, ma?" "Yes, dear, pour—stay, Bella, Bella, what are you doing? That's this morning's milk." "Well, ma, how was I to know? I didn't taste it."

## HE ENTERTAINED THEM.

Perhaps every one who is somewhat advanced in life can remember some incident of his earlier days which he would like to forget: something that resulted from the freshness and vast inexperience of youth. I can; and I have spent a good deal of time trying to forget it. It was shortly after I had left college, and with a couple of capital letters tacked on to the rear of my name, I felt a pity and contempt for ordinary mortals that were only exceeded, I have since been led to reflect, by my own conceit and verdancy. My health had given way under the severe strain of my collegiate studies, and I was advised to take a pedestrian trip through a sparsely settled portion of Canada, as the free air and wholesome exercise were expected to be of great benefit to me.

I had been walking all day, when one evening I arrived at the shanty of some surveyor's assistants, axe and chainmen; rough, uncultivated fellows, who, however, made me welcome, and did all in their power to entertain me in their uncouth way. Their shanty was as rough as themselves, and their dogs and horses had free ingress and egress whenever their fancies prompted them to walk in. There were four of these men, one being a huge bushy-bearded fellow, a perfect giant in strength and stature; another was shorter and powerfully built and one-eyed; the third was tall, lank and hatchet-faced, with a peculiar habit of squirting tobacco juice out of the corners of his mouth, while the fourth was a slab-sided, wiry, red-headed character. In my conceit and self-consciousness of superior wisdom, I pitied these men on account of their toilsome lives, for their work was hard, opening up roads through dense, thickly-grown bush, and, as I was proud of my conversational ability I endeavored to make my discourse instructive. I had gathered some geological specimens during my day's walk, and these I produced, and descanted to the horny-handed toilers of tertiary and carboniferous periods, and of the pterodactyl, duck-billed platypus, and megatherium gigantes. I gave my views on Tennyson, Cicero, Shakespeare and others; touched on ancient heathen mythology, and producing a flower I had plucked in my walk, I descanted on its names and parts, and

remarked that I fancied it must be indigenous to that locality, and spoke of the plant being endogenous in contradistinction to exogenous, and remarked that they could observe that it was not cryptogamous; in fact, I did all I could to make my company pleasant and instructive. I spoke long and, to my own mind, well. The men looked at me, and at each other, but said nothing.

We sat down to supper round the fire and partook of pork, swimming in grease, heavy bread, beans, molasses, and what my entertainers termed "slumgullion."

"Bill," said the big fellow, dipping a piece of dampor into the pork fat, and plashing the hot grease over my feet, "Bill, have you borrowed my Deemostheens? Missed it to-day when I wanted to read about Herkewis, but couldn't find it?"

"No," replied Bill, "your Virgil's in my bunk, but no Demostheens."

"Oh! well, 'spose it'll turn up."

The conversation flagged here, and I felt, somehow, warm, though the fire was getting low. Presently the lank, thin man said, with his mouth full of "slumgullion" and bread, "I don't want no ructions round to-night. Want to get on with that pome of mine."

"All right, old fel," said the short, red-shirted one, "we won't disturb ye. Me and Zeke's goin' out to get the dramic combination of Saturn; she's in perigree to-night and we're a-goin' to observe her transit."

I took no part in these remarks. Somehow I did not feel like joining in.

A dog here crept in and began licking the frying-pan.

"Get out thar, ye durned old carboniferous pterodactyl," yelled the hatchet-faced man, throwing a pannikin at the animal. The dog ran out, and the short, stout man resumed the conversation: "I give a good deal of my time to 'stronomy when I was in Yoorope." "Over there long?" asked another. "Good while; studying art into Rome." "Rome!" ejaculated the lank individual, "I was born thar. Father was a sculper." "Good one?" "Yes." "Well, I'd ha' thought it to look at yer." "I never was in Yoorup," remarked the one-eyed man, "but I was educated in the States. I ockeyiped the cheer of ancient languages at Harvard College and—hold up there ye infernal old flea-bitten, duck-billed platypus," he roared, kicking at another cur with its nose in the camp-kettle.

I felt very hot and feverish, and we all shortly retired to rest, the two astronomers having apparently concluded to abandon their observations for that night.

I did not rest very well. I was thinking. As day dawned, the men began to turn over in their blankets and yawn. Then one said:

"Hello! Bill; how yer makin' it?"

"Oh! I'm indigenous."

"An' you, Dave?"

"I'm endogenous."

"An' you, Lanks, you son of a sculper?"

"Exogenous."

"How do you feel, Jake?" asked one who had responded.

"Cryptogamous, sir, cryptogamous."

I got up and went out to a little stream to get a drink. I felt thirsty and queer. Then I heard a voice from the shanty:

"Well, it's 'bout time to turn out. Wonder if them durned old megathronometer gigantes of our'n are done grazin'?"

Then a reply:

"I guess you'll find 'em down somewheres by the tertiary period."

I walked on a little piece to get the fresh air.

I kept on.

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."



## HE IS DUE.

Cov'ly the crocus peeps forth from its bed,  
Winter is over, cold weather is past;  
Shyly the snowdrop lifts up its pure head,  
And fears not the breath of the wintry blast.

Afar in the thicket the robin is singing,  
As he feels the sun's rays shining genial and bright,  
And the lays of the birds from the bushes are ringing,  
As away up the road doth the tramp loom in sight.

Tramp, tramp, 'midst the insects' humming,  
Tramp, tramp, yes, the tramp is coming

Soon will he come to the doors of your houses  
Demanding some food, or the money to get it,  
In tattered old coat and remarkable trowis,  
And if you've a dog to let loose, why then, let it.

But bad though he is, this perennial bummer,  
There are beings much worse, of a different brood,  
We have them in winter, in spring time and summer,  
They are with us at all times, the masher and dude.

Kick, kick, like a mule legged lasher,  
Kick, kick the dude and sock it to the masher.

## TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

K. K., Montreal—The poem you send for insertion is excellent, and is one of the best we ever saw in every respect, but as it has already appeared in GRIP, some two years ago, and as, in fact we are the author of it, we hardly like to publish it over again. Try again, but don't endeavor to pass off any more of our own effusions on us as yours; we shall nearly always detect you.

BOWIE KNIFE BILL.—Your story of The Ghoul-haunted Grisly of Gory Gulch is admirable—in its way, and that part where you make the mule kick is original,—in its way, the plot is good—in its way, and we threw the MS. into the waste paper basket which stood—in its way.

## WAIL

OF THE BROKEN-VOICED TENOR.

My heart is heavy as heaviest	DO
My voice is cracked and I needs must go.	RE
No gladsome light sheds a single	MI
On my path as I wearily plod my way	FA.
No one appears to feel pity for	SOL
Since my voice is pitched in a quavering key.	LA
The friends who once praised me now stand a	SI
All laugh as I twangle my light guitar,	
All nature seems cold, and no warmth has	
To cheer, and I'm taking to alcohol.	
For that alone can inspire a	
In one who has passed prosperity's day.	
And nothing to live for I now can	
And death would be welcome, indeed, to me.	

And those who worshipped me long ago,  
Now will not a DO, RE, MI, FA or near;  
So I fain will take to drinking and show,  
My only SOL, LA, SI's in my bier.