



THE FIVE MAD MEN OF YARMOUTH.

To a Party Leaving.

Your Lordship is going; Your Lordship's not gone,
If you like, pr'aps Your Lordship may stay with us on.
As your time's up with GRIP, he don't mind this to say
He's in dread of a worse one when you go away.
For Your Lordship, GRIP's sure, will allow that it's true
The "Intelligence" might send a worse one than you.

It's six years—*tempus fugit*—since you came out here,
Of GRIP's place in the country to be overseer,
And of course, as they'll ask for your character where
You want any new place, GRIP will write it out fair.
GRIP don't flatter; you do, he has thought, but so well,
If you do, that he never could certainly tell.

You've been civil to callers—have had more to say
Than most stewards he's had, and a very neat way
Of expressing yourself; and your accent's correct,
Which in one from your district GRIP didn't expect;
And were sober, although in a letter GRIP got
From yourself, you confessed your relations had not

Always kept quite so straight; but the fact must redound
To your credit; of course, GRIP don't want *them* around.
All the work in your berth you have nicely got through,
Did as much as the rules have allowed you to do.
Kept the place in good order, and always could make
Folks respect you, and off their hats properly take.

When he sent you on messages, that is, to wit,
B. C., Manitoba, and there, he'll admit
That you managed the matter as well as he could
Have expected; much better than he thought you would;
And displayed common sense, and indeed also fact,
Through the business; things other folks sent there have lacked.

As regards under servants, he's quite well aware
They're as bad as you found them; it's not your affair.
You have not their appointing, and neither has he,
Or more honest, more sober, and civil would be
Some among them; last week they were quite a disgrace
To the big servants' hall at the Ottawa place.

On the whole he's well pleased, and MACKENZIE he told,
To pay up your full wages in notes or in gold.
It's too much, as you know, for the work there's to do,
But he'll give the same figure the next term to you,
If you like to stay on; if you don't, he must make
If he can, the next chap lower figures to take,

Now that wages are down. If you must go, good-bye,
He's informed that you have a good place in your eye—
Out in India; but thinks you had better have staid
Where it's cooler; but if you go, keep in the shade,
Nor expose yourself more than is perfectly wise
GRIP would feel quite annoyed did he read your demise.

The Pursuits of Spring.

MASTER.—Now, boy, the spring truly is here; it is time we bestir ourselves. See, take thou thy spade and turn the mellow soil, gardening is the most joyous of pastimes. I will bestow me on a bench in the April sun, and see how thou progressest.

PUPIL.—O, master, it is all bricks and stones. O! I have jarred my arms up to my neck-bone.

MASTER.—Use it not, industriously strive. This is the pleasantest labour sung by Virgil, "Now," he says, "plant the elms; now insert thy vine-buds."

PUPIL.—O, master, I have unearthed a commodity of villanous great worms. O! laugh, they smell.

MASTER.—They be excellent useful in the earth, giving air passage in all parts thereof. Now, boy, rake it over.

PUPIL.—O, good master, I am so pained in my back. Alas, I seem to have no more a back, but a pain, O! O!

MASTER.—Rest is pleasant after toil, since we have wrought hard, and done our share to bring forth the fruits of the earth, bring me my pipe, and we will rest on this bench.

Advertisement--To Constituencies.

TO THE CANADIAN PUBLIC.—Gentlemen, I have but recently arrived amongst you, and am desirous of making, in an honest way, a little money. Observing the peculiar description of talent constituencies require in the Ottawa Legislature, and considering that I can furnish a superior description of the same, I place myself (at a reasonable figure in addition to salary) at the service of any constituency desiring a member. I can mew better than any man at Ottawa, crow till the House would believe itself the barnyard, can bray excruciatingly, and bark as if all the dogs Toronto slew last summer were coming at her in revengeful cry. For slamming desks my equal is not, and, despising penny trumpets, will undertake to conceal a large drum under my desk, and will fire off pistols or discharge fireworks under Speaker's chair if necessary. Have excellent lungs, can howl like an Indian, bellow like a bull, or roar like a tiger. These qualifications being stated, when I assure you that I never refused any reasonable bid for my vote, and utterly contemn all sense of honour or any old fashioned things of that sort, I am certain no one can represent you in the peculiar manner you desire better than your humble servant,

BOGUS BELLOW.

Post Office address, Box 9,000, Toronto.

The Great Desideratum.

"What is the reason IT does not come?" growled the Autocrat of all the Russias, lazily contemplating from a window the procession to execution of the students implicated in the late disturbances.

"I think, if I may venture to suggest," replied the Grand Chamberlain, "that the Emperor of Austria may have intercepted IT, and is now perhaps reading IT."

"Slave!" exclaimed the irascible potentate, (with sudden and furious emphasis which caused the Grand Chamberlain to leap three feet backwards, entangle himself in his robes, and tumble against a magnificent mirror, breaking it with his head). "My friend the Austrian monarch would not dream of inflicting such wanton injury on me. And you have broken my best pier-glass. Take him out and hang him with the students," he calmly added to his chief executioner, who stood behind. "And by the way," said the Emperor, mildly, "you may give him fifty first with your knout." And the unfortunate Chamberlain's yells presently amused His Majesty.

But IT did not come.

Where was IT?

The Great Potentate of Austria was at breakfast, his mouth was full of very strong-smelling sausages, his right hand held a quart measure (golden) of Bavarian beer—very black—in his other hand was IT. He was happy. "First Equerry," he said, "you have done well to bring IT. How do I know what Russia may be doing? Fetch me anything like this you see going to him!"

"I shot the messenger to get it," grunted the Equerry.

"I double your salary on the spot," said the Emperor. "Double everybody's salary."

All the court applauded. "Let us take care," they whispered, "that he always gets IT."

But a messenger came in. Austria looked up and frowned. "Don't disturb me now!" he said.

"Don't!" whispered the courtiers to the messenger.

"I must," said the functionary. "Sire," he continued, sinking on his knee, "the Emperor of Germany heard that you have IT, and would like to borrow IT."

"Cut off his head," said Austria in an undertone to the Commander of the Forces.

The messenger was seized and dragged out. "Never," said the C. F. to him emphatically, as they were preparing to shorten him, "Never disturb any one when he has IT in his hand."

"I won't—" said the messenger, placidly. As his spinal cord was then severed, his sentence was left unfinished on account of his sentence being completed.

But soon there was a most terrible commotion in the palace. The principal door-keeper entered the presence chamber, and informed the Emperor that the new telephone was talking.

"Ha," exclaimed Austria, proceeding to the hall, whence issued fierce German oaths, apparently proceeding from an odd metallic arrangement in the corner.

"It is BISMARCK," cried FREDERICK.

"Bombshells and torpedoes!" roared the telephone. "Send IT at once! Hagel! Sturm! The great WILLIAM is enraged! He must have IT. Comply within five minutes, or I shall send the cuirassiers."

"Chamberlain," said Austria, "say through that confounded thing that I am out, walking nobody knows where, and have taken IT with me." It was done; the monarch went back to breakfast, and when he was done with IT, sent IT on to Russia, which power he feared most of the two. But BISMARCK never got IT, and this is the true reason of the coolness arisen lately between Austria and Prussia, which all the silly newspapers considered connected with the Eastern Question. Nonsense! It was only that Austria wouldn't lend IT to Prussia.

And what was IT?

The latest number of GRIP.