



PLUCKY TO THE LAST.

(FROM THE SIDNEY, AUSTRALIA, BULLETIN.)

SPORTING PERSON:—"Well, Ned, licked again, eh?"
 'ANLAN:—"Licked! Not any. As long as there's a penny of gate money to be divided equally, Ned Hanlan will never be licked!"

THE WICKED EARL AND THE VILLAGE MAID— A METRICAL ROMANCE.

(Continued from issue before last.)

Last week this queer romantic tale
 To show up in its place did fail;
 I don't know why, but I've no doubt
 In printer's slang 'twas "crowded out."

CHAPTER III.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

'Twas easy at a glance to see
 That Roderick was of high degree,
 Such graceful air and lordly mein
 Are never in plebeians seen.

And once an ancient gypsy dame
 Was heard to audibly exclaim,
*"Let Bertram's haughty Earl beware,
 For yonder stands the Rightful Heir."*

The business of a Rightful Heir
 Is one for which I should not care;
 The cash returns are mighty slim,
 And Roderick found it so with him.

The West Toronto Junction lot
 (Two-hundred frontage) which I've got—
 I wou'd not give that lot to be
 A Rightful Heir of high degree.

Not even though a gypsy crone
 Would say those words in solemn tone
 And work by some mysterious charm,
 A strawberry mark on my left arm.

The factories rising all around
 Enhance that West Toronto ground;
 If I would sell it off next year,
 I'd make a thousand dollars clear!

I think that vainly you might try
 To cash a gypsy prophecy;
 Few usurers, I apprehend,
 On such security would lend.

So Roderick, although proud was poor,
 His lot he hardly could endure.
 But let us leave him with his girl,
 And tell about the Wicked Earl.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WICKED EARL.

His hair and beard were black as night,
 His countenance a perfect fright,
 His forehead wore a hideous frown
 As he went riding up and down.

He had a score of hired men,
 "Retainers," as they called them then,
 Whose duty 'twas to come and go
 Whene'er the Earl remarked, "What, ho!"

These fellows wore peculiar suits,
 Buff jerkins and huge leather boots;
 Shields, spears and swords they always bore
 In readiness for deeds of gore.

I do not know why it may be
 That the "retainer" industry,
 Erstwhile so flourishing a trade,
 In modern times has quite decayed.

This fact I have suggested to
 The statistician, Mr. Blue;
 The reason doubtless will appear
 Set forth in his report next year.

Earl Bertram had a cheerful knack
 Of stretching people on the rack,
 And one of his most frequent jokes
 Was that of shooting common folks.

Provisions he would never buy,
 His cast'e's larder to supply;
 His gang would scour the country round
 And scoop in everything they found.

I can't but think this wicked man
 Pursued a most short-sighted plan;
 'Tis easier in every way
 To run up bills and never pay.

The Earl had married several wives,
 Who led out brief unhappy lives;
 As soon as one was underground
 For a successor he looked round.

One day he had sweet Flora seen
 A-dancing on the village green.
 "Now, by my halidom," quoth he,
 "Yon winsome maid my bride shall be."

And now we'd best allow, perhaps,
 A space of period to elapse.
 Eh? Well, if you are so inclined,
 Seeing it's you I do not mind.

(To be continued.)