

Der Vedder.**Mein Leiben GRIP:—**

Dot's bretty hot und varm yoost now, don'd id? How it happens der lacrosse fellers dond got up some games mit der-odder glubs, und enchoy himzaulf before it got cool alreaty? I never haf sawn it like dot before. Efer ven it vos more hot like usually, dot's-der time-dey play always lacrosse, by jiminy.

I don'd know vot exberiment I now can try next to make id oud dot I don'd get sun-strike. I used to gone by der Park und drink lager bier, but it's not a succeed. Der ice vot dey keep him on vos varm, und dot lager makes me sick of my stomach. Der feller vot is behindt der bar looks like he can't stand der peesnes-much more. Ven I sawn him all ofer mit a ret face und tears running der back of his neck down, I am extonished. He dolt me peesnes is goot, but he looks like he's goin to bust soon. I found me oud der momitor is aldogedda too high on top of der Heights, so I leaf dot Park.

Drooly your varm freindt.
SCHWACKLEHAMMER.

The Geese.

In the days of old Rome, when the Romans were bricks,
And all Anti-Romans compelled to cut sticks,
When they ruled earth and sea, and all water and ground,
And they didn't, as now, with organs go round,
These stout chaps of old Rome.

It happened one night, when each Roman asleep,
Snored profound, with fat beef and old wine burdened deep,
That some underhand chaps, from some distant old town,
Meant by help of the night to come heavily down
On the men of old Rome.

So at midnight behold this contemptible band,
All with pokers and knives and big choppers in hand,
Sneaking quietly down, full of murderous thought,
Keeping silence lest suddenly they should be caught
By the men of old Rome.

But it happened, inside of the old Roman wall
Lay a big flock of geese, fat and thin, large and small,
Who all gabbled like good ones as soon as they found
These old Fenian types coming sneaking around
By the wall of old Rome.

Then the Romans hopped out of their beds with a bounce,
And those night-walking sneaks did most lustily trounce,
Slew the half, and the half which they didn't then slay
Kept for use round their houses, a jolly old way
Of the men of old Rome.

It's all past and all gone, but it's curious to see
That what happened with them doesn't happen with we;
For the tribe of Protection is making a raid
In our day on the old fort long held by Free Trade,
Like the men of old Rome.

And the geese that's inside are gabbling away,
But they don't seem at all the assailants to stay,
For they've breached all the walls, and they're breaking slap through,
And they're going to do what the old fashioned crew
Couldn't do to old Rome.

His Right.—A Boy's Story.

One day when GRIP was ve-ry lit-tle, an-oth-er boy gave him a great lick-ing. He could not do it now; no, he could-n't; and he may try it if he likes, so he may, now! But when-ever that day of the year comes round when he licked GRIP, (and hurt lis eye, and took his two best mar-bles, and his al-ley tor, and mud-died all his pin-a-fore, and spilt his ink, and broke his new slate, and tore his trow-sers, and sprained his fin-ger) he comes along the street op-po-site GRIP's of-fee, where GRIP sits doing good to eve-ry-bo-dy, and waves a great flag with a writing on it "This is the day I lick-ed GRIP. Hooray!" And he has a band be-fore him mak-ing a noise, and a crowd comes along, and make fun of GRIP. And GRIP says, "Why do you do this?" And the other boy says "Be-cause I have a right to walk, and if you throw an ink-bot-tle at me I will call the po-lice, and have my-self pro-tec-ted by a large great reg-i-ment of sol-di-ers, who will cut off your head, so I will, now!" And he walks up and down, and GRIP does not like it and thinks if he was that boy he would not do it.

THE French say, "Not one American in a thousand has a handsome chin." This is no doubt a polite way of requesting their American visitors at Paris to give them a rest.

The Glorious Fourth.

The guns are all roaring, the bumpers are pouring,
The crackers are splitting folks' ears far and wide,
The dickens is in it if GRIP at this minute
Don't shout out "Hootay, I'm all safe on this side."

Most surprising to see generations arising
All delighting in banging each rusty old gun,
Which they wouldn't take pay at to work half a day at,
And wouldn't consider it anything like fun.

Houses all a burning, things upside down turning,
Blowing peoples' members from the cannon mouth,
Walking in processions which are from sense digressions,
That's what they are doing this day North and South.

Independence; bless it!—that we don't possess it,
GRIP he will delight in till his hair is grey,
Only think a minute—they'd have had him in it,
Yes, in a procession, on this burning day!

The Season is Here.

O come, it is time to the pic-nic to go,
And hear how the land is all plunged into woe,
And hear keen MACKENZIE, and clever Sir J.,
Describe in succession which should be the way.

It is extremely odd, what we every day see,
That the Outs and the Ins can't on matters agree.
If the matter were only the lifting a pin,
No Out would allow't could be done by an In.



QUERY BY THE THERMOMETER.—How is this for high?

THE Lt. Governor of New Brunswick has resigned, but he remains in office TILLEY's successor is appointed.

PARADOXICAL.—To see COOL BURGESS lifting off his cool hat and mopping his head as he goes along King street these days.

OUR Boy HANLAN is out on a collecting tour. At present he is in the city of St. JOHN where a small account falls due to him in a few days.

O if I were only that dear little rose,
Reclining so lonely in silent repose,
On that womanly bosom—to me ever near,
I'd bloom in my beauty for ever, my dear.
—SAM. E. HORNE, in *Telegram*.

On that womanly bosom to you ever near,
You'd bloom in your beauty for ever?—O dear,
A *horne* would look queer in the place of a rose,
'Twould be better just under some dear little nose.

HAS the Earl of BEACONSFIELD any connection with the New and Greatest Show on Earth, that comes to town on Monday? We read glaring headlines in our exchanges about COUP's Circus and BEACON-FIELD's Coup, and it rather confuses us.

COME now, Archbishop LYNCH; take your ecclesiastical thumb off our Brother BOYLE. That's no way to answer his reasonable question as to whether the Catholic School Board has spent Catholic School money for other than Catholic School purposes. GRIP is sharpening his pencil in behalf of his prostrate brother.

"IN choosing a wife," says the wise young editor of the *Telegram*, "a man's first care should be to find a woman physically able to support the cares and duties which attend that position." True; we know several unhappy fellows who married delicate wives, and they have to carry in all the wood themselves these hot days.

GRIP has a genuine respect for J. BURR PLUMB, notwithstanding that he takes great liberties with that gentleman's face occasionally. Mr. PLUMB is about the only politician in Canada who can make a long speech without descending to personalities. It would be well if JOHN A., CARTWRIGHT, and others had his X mark in this respect.

ANOTHER CONVERT.—The *Mail* delights to chronicle defections from the ranks of Grit journalism, and therefore GRIP has wondered why it has made no reference to the recent apostacy of the *Globe*. Didn't that journal say the other day that it didn't believe JOHN A. would accept a douceur if it were offered to him? Where the douceur wits, Mr. *Mail*?