



"GRIP'S" \$500 PRIZE CHRISTMAS PUZZLE.

NOT to be outdone by junior publications like *Puck*, MR. GRIP submits the above Christmas puzzle as an intellectual exercise for the holidays. It will also afford an easy and genteel way of making money wherewith to pay the inevitable Christmas Bills, as MR. GRIP proposes to pay THE SUM OF \$500 to anyone who will, from the above fragments, patch up a complete Canadian statesman who is sound on—well, let us say the Temperance question. Answers must be received at this office not later than the 1st of January, 1889.

### THE BARD OF AMARANTH.

We, dwellers in this happy land,  
Wanderers from Scotia's rugged strand,  
Paused in our journeyings to hear  
A voice that rang out brave and clear  
From yonder woods of Amaranth.

Ah me! the dear old Doric strain!  
How leapt our hearts to hear again.  
The kindly tongue, strong as of yore,  
Sing Freedom's songs on this fair shore,  
Here, in the woods of Amaranth!

The singer, when we saw his face,  
'Twas by the slanting, golden grace  
Of long and lance-like beams, that lay  
Across the path he trod that day,  
Among the woods of Amaranth.

His face was grave, his hair grown grey;  
Upon his breast his white beard lay,  
And on his furrowed brow there shone  
Light from a further sun-set thrown,  
A-down the woods of Amaranth.

And as toward the western glow,  
His footsteps wandered sad and slow;  
Still from his lips poured forth a song,  
No faltering strain, but true and strong—  
It was the Bard of Amaranth!

The Bard alone, yet not alone;  
For lo! a double shadow thrown  
Back to the sunset's lingering glow,  
Betrayed a presence dogging slow  
The Poet's steps in Amaranth.

Ah! well he knew that phantom gaunt!  
So deaf to our implore "Avaunt!"

That sleuth-hound step that brings despair,  
That shadow of accursed care,  
Falling on peaceful Amaranth!

Yet still he sang—though scarce a word  
Betrayed the inner minor chord,  
We, listening, to each other said  
"This irksome shadow must be laid  
Ere sets the sun in Amaranth.

"His song hath pleased us. When he stood  
For honor, truth, and brotherhood;  
To him his song was more than pelf,  
So singing, he forgot himself  
Till care o'er-took in Amaranth.

"He, hearkening to an inner voice,  
Amid life's work-day din and noise,  
Pillowed his head in Nature's lap  
And dreamed and sang. Best so—mayhap—  
Though care *did* come to Amaranth!

"But we who love him and his songs,  
To us the happy task belongs,  
To banish care, and to indite—  
'At eventide it shall be light'  
For thee, oh Bard of Amaranth!"

HUGH AIRLIE.

### SOME NEW HISTORY.

SOMEHOW or other, the following interesting little passage has been omitted from all the current histories of the United States:

"The country was, about this time, invaded by an irresistible force under the command of Bugaboo, King of the Cannibal Islands. The descent of the invader was so sudden and unexpected that nothing was left to the