

(Drawn for Grip.)



THEATRICAL TRIALS.

Lady with one line part.—CALL AT ELEVEN! WHAT A NUISANCE, AND HOW UNNECESSARY! *But when night came she stuck in the middle of the line.*

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

(BASED ON AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE IN ONTARIO.)

THERE'S niver a lady
Loike Mishtriss O'Grady,
Ye may luk av yer plazze to the ind av yer loife;
There isn't a cratur
On arth that can bate her,
Fur, be the same token, swate Mary's me woife!

I've no fault to foind
Wid her ways, d'ye moind;
An' I don't moind her takin' a dhrop on the sly;
Though maybe wid whisky
She's a troifle too frisky,
For Mary, ye mark me, is apt to get dry.

It's only, ashore,
A wake, maybe more
That I wint to the corners an' brought back a keg
Wid the bist av stuff in it
"Jist, whisht, now, a minnit,"
Sez I, "Pat O'Grady, jist hould on a peg!"

Swate Mary drank up
The last ivery sup!
An' wid this, be the powers, she'd manage the same.
Faix, I'll tic it, me love,
To the rafters above,
An' sphoil, me swate Mary, yer nate little game."

So I off to the barn
Wid the keg in me arm,
An' tied it wid ropes to the roof; "Be St. Pat!"
Sez I: "Mishtriss O'Grady,
Yez aren't the lady
To be so ill-mannered as cloimb after that."

So I wint, at me aisle,
To me wurk, av ye plazze,
An' lift the ould barrel strung up there above;
Wid a chuckle to say:
"This isn't the day
Ye can fool yer ould husband, swate Mary, me love."

But Mary, manewhoile,
Got her oye, wid a shmoile,
On the nate little keg that hung up to the bames;
Says she, wid a sly
Little wink av her oye:
"It's be no manes so hard, Pat, me bhoy, as it
sames!"

So what does she do,
In a minnit or two,
But aff to the house does she go wid a run;
An' back in a spell
Wid the pail from the well,
An', sorra the day! wid me ould shootin' gun.

Thin Mary, i' faith,
Sthuck the pail in benathe,
An' s'harted to shoot wid sich beautiful aim,
That, whin the ball struck it,
Sure down in the bucket
Strames all the foine whisky, bad luck to the sam:!

Thin she picked up the pail,
Tuk an ilegant swale,
An' sez: "So ye'd chate me av this, Mистер Pat!
Thin, faix, ye'll soon ser,
That ye can't fool wid me;
Ye greedy ould rascal, I'll pay ye fur that!"

So the nixt that I buy,
Sorr, I'll not kape it sly,
But share it up aqual an' dacent wid Moll;
Fur, in quistions av drinkin',
I'd rather, I'm thinkin',
Be continted wid half, sorr, nor get none at all!

An' that's why, sez I,
Yez can luk till ye die,
An' skirmish around till the ind av yer loife;
An' ye'll not foind a lady
Loike Mishtriss O'Grady,
Fur, be the same token, swate Mary's me woife!

CARET.

SIR CHARLE'S EXPLANATION.

When I was down at Washington, I made them, don't you see,
An Unrestricted offer of Reciprocitee;
Which is quite a different sort of thing, I'm sure you must agree,
To an offer of Unrestricted Reciprocitee.



SORELY VEXED.

Mistress (severely).—"Marie, didn't I hear you make use of the expression 'you little brat' in the nursery, just now?"

Marie (a French bonne).—"Yeess, Madame, but Mees Flossie do wexes me so!"

Mistress (less severely).—"Oh, I thought you were speaking to Fido. Send Miss Flossie to me at once."—*Epoch.*