



UPHILL POETRY.

WITH GRIP'S RESPECTS TO THE POET LAUREATE.

Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, rode the Poet Laureate,
He was mounted on his Pegasus, and, according to the legends, Pegasus is different from a dray horse, and flies with wings;
But writing poetry to order isn't what it's cracked up to be
And even a smart man like Tennyson finds it an up-hill job.
He plunges his heels into the sides of his horse again and again,
And gives him a jab with his big quill pen—
So up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, goes this Heavy Dragoon Poem.

Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Rode this celebrated poet Tennyson—
Every line that he wrote
Came from the pen with a groan,
And well he knew that greater bosh never was uttered,
But Tennyson knew also on which side his bread is buttered.
And the poem had to be done
(He was working for money, not fun),
And it had to be printed that month, whether trashy or fine,
For the magazine men would give him a cheque—a sovereign a line—
So up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Went this Heavy Dragoon Laureate

Woman Suffrage.

According to the published lists of invited guests at the late 65th Rifles' ball, ladies, if not allowed to vote in Canada, are at least permitted to sit in Parliament; for here we find:—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. White, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. McSham, M.P.P., and several other lady-members of both Houses.

By the way, this same ball has created quite a little breeze in ecclesiastical circles, Abbe Martineau having censured it in very strong terms from the pulpit of Notre Dame Cathedral, styling the officers of the Rifles "prigs (*preluquets*) who wore swords in time of peace," and adding that "God would break their little swords and fling them into hell, and themselves after them." The officers, feeling the indignity to their little swords, complained to the Superior of the Seminary, who was deeply affected by the recital of their grievance, and promised to see that reparation be made. However, this will be difficult, as it will be necessary that the Abbe Martineau should declare himself to be mistaken, and that "God will not break their little swords," &c.

Lay of the Hervey Institute, Montreal

Burn and blister and bite,
Bite and blister and burn.
Merciless mustard, pungent, strong,
Lay it on plentiful, keep it on long;
Wait till the flesh is raw and rare,
Heed not the pitiful cries to spare,
Heed not their prayers, their tears, their groans,
They're only poor children "whom nobody owns."

Bite and blister and burn,
Blister and burn and bite,
Flaxen-haired babes of but three years' old,
Orphan boys with their wrongs untold,
Turning as tortured worms will turn,
Desperate, seeking the house to burn,
Desperate, thinking with pain upcurled,
What a dark hell-hole is this Christian world;
One thought possessing them night and day,
How to escape from this life away.

Blister and burn and bite,
Bite and blister and burn,
Till the plaint no more be spoken,
Till the sad child-heart be broken,
Till the spirit is crushed with the body's pain,
Till the orphan to welcome death is fain,
Till we, who had doubts of an awful hell,
No longer doubt that 'tis just, 'tis well
For the devil's angels, who work such woe
On these, Christ's poor, and our care below.
Fatherless, motherless, friendless, alone,
Flesh of His flesh; and bone of His bone.

Burn and blister and bite.
Bite and blister and burn.
Oh! fiend, whose mask is a woman's face.
What is there about thee of woman's grace?
Nay, where is the proof that thou human art?
Human! then where is thy human heart?
And were there women who knew this long?
Others! yet silent o'er such a wrong?
How shall we atone for the sin—the shame?
How wipe such a blot from our country's name?

JAY KAYELLE.

An Interocepted Letter.

RURAL DELL, FEBRUARY.

MY DEAR MARIA,—I have only time to write a few lines and ask you to put off your visit to me, for we are going to Ottawa and intend shutting up the house while we are away. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading Lucius to take us with him; he argued every way he knew how against the plan, indeed if he was as skillful at arguing on parliamentary subjects he would soon be considered quite an oratorical star, however I have always flattered myself that in our house (to use a vulgarity) the gray mare is the better horse. So at last I told him that "if being an M.P. was to be of no use to his wife and daughters I guessed I wouldn't bother myself to be agreeable to all the stupid people I did, and that I'd take particular pains to be rude to that detestable old Mrs. McLiving, and vulgar Mrs. Watkins, and he'd see how well he'd come off at the next election." That "fetched him," my dear, for these ladies are the wives of his two principal supporters. He consented, and we've been up to our eyes in work ever since getting ready to go, for we determined to out shine all others in dress and style, and I think we shall succeed, for even Lucius (who's awfully cross just now), admits that some of our clothes are "unique," and if he's right we are safe; for all you want, to be ultra fashionable is to be odd. I haven't a doubt that I— will be all the better for having us with him, for what he wants is push, and with me at his elbow he'll get it. I don't mind telling you that the dearest wish of my heart is to be a lady, and so many members have been knighted, why shouldn't my husband be too? I told Margaret this, but (you know how disagreeable she is) she said the daughters of a store-keeper shouldn't aspire so high, and she guessed all the titles that were lying around loose wouldn't make a lady of me anyhow." I was of course mad at that, and saubed her well by saying it was fortunate there was no possible chance of her ever being made one, as she would be sure to talk "shop," a thing never alluded to in the aristocratic circles of Cana-

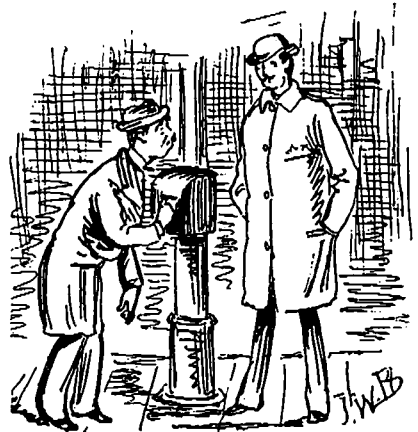
dian society, and that it was a wonder after all the years she had been at boarding-school, she didn't know better than to remember the store father made his money in years ago." She smiled sarcastically, but I know she felt bad, for she's not as well off as we are and I dare say feels jealous. Some people may be sorry that the Princess isn't at Rideau Hall, I'm not, for with only a Marquis, one won't feel so on pins and needles about points of etiquette. A man never notices those things as much as a woman, and with one of the Blood Royal I'd be frightened to death—but I must conclude. Eva wants my opinion about a polonaise, and my best bonnet has just come home (such a beauty! crimson, old-gold and green). You must come and stay with us when we come back, and we'll have lots to talk about, although no one seems to talk anything but "lots" now. I am quite sick of "town lots," "farm lots," "Winnipeg lots," "going to buy lots," "lots in it," etc. etc. Lot's wife (notwithstanding) "I go back" on them.

Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA PERCHERMAN.

Modern Romance.

They had just said "Farewell" at the gate, and she entered the parental abode with his passionate pleading still ringing in her ear. She would not tell that wretch, her father, tonight. She knew he would object to her marrying Ludolph because he was poor! forsooth! No, she would have this one evening of perfect bliss even though sorrow came in the morning. With this thought she mounted the great oak staircase, and made her way to her own sleeping apartment on the fourth flat, and began to uncoil the massive jet braids which surrounded the small queenly head, as was her wont, on retiring to her innocent slumbers. She pressed one lovely lock to her ruby lips, and blushed scarlet as she remembered how he had said it crowned her like a diadem,—her beautiful, beautiful hair. Then she took a tiny casket which lay upon her dressing-table,—what is it she would seek? Is it strings of pearls or diamonds to twine through the luxuriant magnificence?—or, if she is a lover of nature and Oscar Wilde, is it sun-flowers or cala-lilies? No, it is only the tooth brush!



GETTING HOME FROM THE DINNER.

Scene.—Public street, Hamilton. Time rather late.

HARRY.—Shay, Jim, (hic) there goesh my fare—tell ther conduct'r t'let me off at John Street!

The Boundary Question.—Ontario must succeed, because she has the GRIP.