



CARRIED BY ONE.

HARTY, OF KINGSTON, IN HIS DESPERATE EFFORT TO UNHORSE THE VICTORIOUS SMYTHE.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

IT is comforting to note that, although times continue hard in business circles, where, according to the gloomy browed watchmen on the towers, "nothing is being done," there is some slight movement in the Canadian literary market. Two of our poets give signs of being yet solvent, and enjoying a good line of credit at the Bank of the Muses. We refer to the Khan, whose two poems in last Saturday's *Globe* are well up to the high level of the eccentric gentleman's capabilities. As a poet of nature, and a painter of the common things of every day life round the Canadian farm, there is no writer superior to the Khan when at his best. He nods, however, a good deal oftener than Homer used to, and now that the *Globe* has commissioned him to write regularly for its Saturday edition, the nodding will probably be the exception rather than the rule, as real poetry cannot be written to order. The *Globe* deserves thanks, however, for its public-spirited support of a poet who, notwithstanding his frequent below-par performances, does from time to time produce gems of "purest ray serene." The other poet we have in mind is Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, whose new volume "In Dreamland" is just received. No greater contrast could be imagined than that between the Khan and O'Hagan as to literary style. The latter is a dealer in pure sentiment, whose verses are polished with a dainty art. Both do honor to the country, and to both GRIP wishes long life and still longer fame.

THE delay of the Government in appointing Mr. Phillips Thompson to succeed the late R.W. Phipps as supervisor of Forestry is being commented upon. But it is not really astonishing. The Government is so little used to making appointments simply and solely on the ground of fitness that it naturally feels timid, and hesitates. Thompson is the man, that is settled; then why not appoint him without any further dilly-dallying?

MIGHT we suggest that the Aquaduct Company make one more finally final shuffle, and offer to supply Toronto with milk. No change in name would be necessary.

THE SAD HUMORIST.

I MET the humorist to-day,
He looked uncommon sad;
Addressing him in manner gay
I said, "What ails thee, lad!"

"Alas," said he, "Othello's oc-
cupation it is gone,
I've just received a dreadful shock,
That's why I'm so forlorn.

The editor who buys my stuff
Has spoiled my comic biz.,
Henceforth he's barred out—it is rough—
The following subjects—viz :

Mothers-in-law, and heavy bread,
And doctors lacking skill,
Dudes who wear an empty head,
And "l'enfant terrible."

The tramp who always asks for pie,
The borrowed umbrella,
The parlor gas, the collar high,
His best girls' other fella.

The heavy father's awful boot,
The bulldog in the yard,
The husband who's a "perfect brute,"
The biscuits that are hard.

The mule that always balks and kicks,
The milkman at his pump,
The darkey who at night steals chicks,
The foreign titled chumps.

All these he's put upon the list,—
He says they will not do;
And so my job is gone, I wist,
That's why I feel so blue!"

EVERY man feels a sneaking desire to turn back after he leaves a crowd, to see if they are laughing behind his back.

THE only time a man of experience takes his wife into his confidence is to tell her he is not making any money.

THE people pay more for love than for any other necessary evil on earth.

MOST people eat as if they were fattening themselves for the market.

WE can't decide which is worse: to be a woman or a man. The woman is called "accomplished" and the man is called "genial." The word "genial" is never used to describe a woman, by the way, though women are much more genial than men.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT LITTLE THINGS.

Ram's Horn.