

The Widow, the Orphan, and the Witch.

It was a lonely widow, and but one child had she,
A virtuous boy, who cheered his Ma with frequent cups
of tea.



Besides her orphan, nothing else could move that widow's heart,
Except a deep devotion to high ceramic art.

To buy old china when she went, he thought it quite absurd;
But of this he was too dutiful to say a single word.

One day she said, "My little son, now give me one more kiss;
I go to buy a tea-pot rare." She went; he smiled like this.



As soon as she had disappeared he said, "I love the art
Shown on that willow-pattern plate which holds the apple-tart."

The orphan straightway sought that plate, upon the top-most shelf.
In seizing it he fell and broke much porcelain and delf.



"Oh, crikey!" said that orphan, "Ma's chiney's done for, now;
I'd better clear before she comes, for won't she raise a row!"

He fled, and here you see him gazing at the setting sun,
Beside a wood, and thinking what he'd been and gone and done.



While so engaged a bad old witch, who liked such little boys,
Came up behind and caught him thus;—he dared not make a noise.



"You'll make rare soup, my little lad," with ecstasy cried she.
"Oh, no!" he shrieked. "Well, then," she said, "keep quiet, and we'll see."

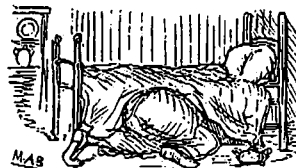
The conversation ceased, and soon she popped him in the pot,
Which her "prophetic soul," that day, had warned her to keep hot.

And then she stirred, and sipped, and said, "Oh, my! it is so good;
I wish they'd often come so near a poor old woman's wood."



Now, when that tearful widow to her lonely home came back,
She bore a sweet old sugar-bowl with but a single crack.

No orphan came to greet her. Surprised she then did go
To view her china cupboard; then sought him high and low.



Wildly she searched all over, then flew unto that witch;
"My boy!" she shrieked. The hag replied, "Behold the end of such!"



Canadian Men of Letters.

G. MERCER ADAM ESQ., BY REV. E. PELHAM MULVANY.

This eminent literary gentleman is a Scotchman. That is the only stain on his character; otherwise he is simply irreproachable. He is at present running the *Canadian Monthly*, and various other periodicals for Messrs. HUNTER, ROSE & Co., and doing it well. He is an Edinburgh University man, and that is almost as good as a Trinity College, Dublin, fellow. He is, along with GOLDWIN SMITH and myself, en-

deavouring to elevate the moral tone of Canadian literature to as high a standard as possible, despite the opposition of the *Globe* and *Telegram*. I am glad to say we are succeeding, for, since my volume of songs and lyrics was issued by that generous firm (HUNTER, ROSE & Co.), there has been a much warmer and less puritanic flavour in the current poetry of the day. Mr. ADAM deserves far more credit than is given him for his unvarying kindness to young adventurers on the stormy sea of literature. He is ever ready with hearty advice and cordial direction, and, knowing "the ropes" as he does, such counsel is uncommonly valuable. We hope to hear soon of a work from his pen more worthy of being remembered than mere magazine literature, which is, of necessity, from its nature, most ephemeral. More power to your elbow, my bnoy, and sweet luck to yez!

An Immigrant's Experience.

Me naam is MURPHY—MURPHY from the County Tipperary, an', wid the koind permission of Mistor GRIP, I will give ye a small smather av the imprissions fortould be an immigrant from poor, down-throdden ould Oireland. Oi arrived in Taranta just forinist the election, an' Oi heard that a man named RYAN was runnin'. "Ha! ha!" sez Oi tu meself: "RYAN, is it? Shure, didn't I know THADY RYAN an' the whole family in the Ould Country?" "Bedad, thin," sez Oi, "Oi'll see this PATHER RYAN, an' Oi'll place my shillelagh at his disposal." Oh! but he's the mane man! D'you know what he done? Oi wint down to him, an', sez Oi, "Misther RYAN," sez Oi, "O'im a poor bye from Oireland, jish landed," sez Oi. "an' heerin yer naam mitioned in the election," sez Oi, "an' knowin', be the same token, ye war Oirish," sez Oi, "Oi tuk the liberty ov conversin' wid ye in regard to head breakin' an' sich. An'" sez Oi, "as Oi am purty hard up," sez Oi, "an' ye want a pole booth elaned out," sez Oi, "mc and Misther DWAN will bring a gang down to do it properly; an'" Misther RYAN, sez Oi, "we'll du it reasonable for ye," sez Oi. Wid that he turns around, and he sez, "Young man," sez he, "do you know that we have an Election Law in this country?" "Have ye, indade?" sez Oi, "an' for phat's that?" sez Oi. "It's a law," sez he, to privint doin's sich as you propose. How do I know but this is sum trap invinted by the Tory enemy," sez he. Anyhow, be it and be that, he tould me the taverns was all closed on Election Day; an' serra a dhrop of whiskey could ye get, an' no candidate could presint voters wid a half-guine: or what-not; in fact, there was sorra a bit of foightin', or any other divarsion. "Tare an' ouns!" sez Oi. "Sure. Oi thought Oi was coming to a barbarous counthre, wid Indians an' bears in it," sez Oi, "but may the bughboo floy away wid me av ever Oi was prepared for this," sez Oi. So, wid that Oi wished him good mornin', an' Oi walks off down the street, whin a man hums along an' shakes me by the hand, and he sez, "Good mornin, Mistor DOXONOR," sez he. "DOXONOR!" sez Oi; "me name is MURPHY." "Arrah," sez he, "yer name is DOXONOR, an' ye lived an William Street last Winter." "Ye're a loiar," sez Oi, "'twas in Ballinasloe Oi lived lasht winter," sez Oi. "Now," sez he, "don't Oi know bether; sure, ye have a vote on William Street, an' yer naam is DOXONOR. But, come along," sez he, "an' have a dhrop, to keep out the haet." So we wint in, an' had a couple ov bowls, an' as Oi had no "rocks"—as he called them—he lint me a foive dolllar bill to thrate him wid; an' atther a half hour or so Oi found me naam was CORNELIUS DOXONOR, labourer, an' votin' for BEATTY, an' the house Oi lived in on William Street. Oh! but its the quare worruld. After the election this frind of moin gev me another foive to forget who CORNEY DOXONOR was. Luck at that, now, for an Election Law!

JA KASSE.

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