



THE MERRY, MERRY MAIDEN AND THE PRIEST.

A LENTEN EPISODE.

A maiden from Wales, named Elizabeth Jones,
Was a faithful attendant at Nether St Jude,
Where the vicar explained, in mellifluous tones,
That all should keep Lent who desired to be good.
That the season of Lent was a season of trial,
Of abstinence strict from each favorite dish,
And the really devout, in complete self-denial,
Should abandon flesh meat and should dine upon fish.
From amusements, he said, it was well to abstain,
From theatres, dancing, and unto each lover
He explained 'twould be wise and would be a great gain
To defer further wooing till Lent was well over.
Next evening he met with Miss Jones and her swain,
As happy as clams at the height of the tide,
And halting in front of the too loving twain,
And, lifting his eyes in amazement, he cried:
"I'm astonished and grieved at such scandalous doings,
Thoughts meet for this season were best kept in mind,
And instead of such follies a sweet-heart and wooings,
The world and its sins should be left far behind.
"I strongly impressed on my flock, as its pastor,
That thoughts of this earth should cease at this season,
And an earnest desire to save souls from disaster
Hereafter was one truly pastoral reason.
"I wish you, Miss Jones, to pay some slight attention
To what, from the pulpit, you've oft heard me saying;
Once more for your benefit, Bessy, I'll mention
That I wish you to think less of love, more of praying
"Above all things, whatever you do, I beseech you
Keep a curb on your passions lest they chance to run
riot,
And the best means I know to do this is to teach you
To adhere, in all faith, to a strictly fish diet.
That you'll do so in Lent is my most earnest wish,"
But up spake the maiden, all calm and serene,
"Your reverence said we were not denied fish,
And there's no harm in William, for he's such a Sardine."
SWITZ

MAID OF YORKVILLE.

A little lay of condolence affectionately addressed to Mr. Archer and other members of the Yorkville Village Council, about to pass into nonentity by the carrying out of annexation.

It has been ascertained by the author of the following poem that part of its title and general structure has been initiated in the early decades of this century by an obscure scribbler, who addressed some lines evidently borrowed from this lyric to an Athenian sewing-girl of Scotch descent, named Zoe Brown, but no relation of the managing director of the *Globe*.

(The editor of GRIP is pleased to be in a position to state that the obscure scribbler in question who was also the author of a very fleshy poem named *Don Juan*, has never been a contributor to GRIP, and has no claim to the authorship of the poem which we now give to the world, a poem evidently suggested by a picture in last week's GRIP, wherein our artist figured Yorkville under the guise of a young and blooming maiden, not disinclined to a union with a gentleman whose distinguished figure worthily represents the city of which he is Mayor.)

Maid of Yorkville, ere we part,
Give me back my village chart!
'Thou'g' your Archer, in the dark,
Be no more a man of mark—
Severn's porter is your own;
Zoe! don't drink Zoedone.

Annexation soon must come—
Village fathers not "to hum"—
Of her reeve bereaved at last
Yorkville will be changing fast,
City dog eat village bone
Zoe! don't drink Zoedone.

Water from the filthy ditch
Shall no more this tomb enrich;
Drainage stench with typhoid foul
Glut no more the graveyard howl,
Clear fresh fountains be our own,
Zoe! don't drink Zoedone.

C. O. M.

A LETTER FROM ROYALTY.

On board the train.
En route West,
Wednesday.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Happening to see a stray number of the *Globe*, I was greatly grieved and pained on reading the "special correspondence" which Mr. Jenkins of that journal had sent from Niagara Falls, during our recent visit to that charming locality. It was not anything which Mr. Jenkins said which hurt me (poor fellow, he is a perfect flunkay and wouldn't hurt a grasshopper!)—but it was what he omitted to say. I am at a loss to account for these glaring omissions, and I should certainly take them as personal insults were it not that I know Mr. J. to be just what I have described him. But to come to particulars, for the train is rocking horridly and I find it difficult to write. Mr. Jenkins failed to tell the *Globe* readers that at dinner on the first day I was helped to roast beef rare. Moreover he omitted to mention that before going out to sketch, I raised my right arm and adjusted a hairpin in the most natural and feminine manner. He also omitted to state that during the whole of my stay at the Prospect House I breathed just the same as the people around me, and evidently enjoyed the exercise. You, Mr. GRIP, who are a man of good sense, may think me foolish to remark these omissions, which in your eyes may seem very trifling. Yes, they are trifling, but they are just about as important as the things he didn't omit, and that makes me wonder what his motive could have been.

Yours truly, in haste,
LOUISE.

AN ESSAY ON BANGS.



HERE are all sorts of bangs—long, short, bushy, wavy, curly, straight, cork-screw, fair, black, golden, brown, red, auburn, grey, and even white. The most admired are the soft, smooth, catch-me-round-the-corner variety, and they generally belong to the nicest "little girl" you know; singularly enough, although she owns them you can't bear to think she's paid for them. They are sometimes pert and saucy, and cover alike the classic brow and the low retreating forehead. They have enemies who have called them names, as "lunatic's fringe, beau-catchers," (such an insinuation), and "idiot-covers." Comment is hardly necessary. Their detractors probably have got mad at being caught in the meshes of some particularly fascinating ones. Bangs (though a few are straight) at present generally run to curls; curls are composed of the capillary substance called hair, their spiral shape is sometimes a freak of nature, more usually the combined influences of heat and steam, or pipe-stems, in fact of the two the latter are now the most used, which probably accounts for the mutilated condition of your meeksham. Men generally suppose it is the smoke that curls, married men know it is the pipe, though it frequently is anything but the pipe of peace. Damp weather and warm, is rough on bangs, it makes them straight and lank—that's the reason so few girls go out in rainy weather and those that do always wear veils or hair-nets. This fact is becoming so generally well known, that all you have got to do to describe a nasty, raw, wet, muggy, foggy, drizzling, beastly kind of a day is to say, "Bad for curls," and you are impressive and witty as you are brief.

A great many persons of the masculine persuasion abuse bangs, but let a man see the fair one he admires most with her bangs uncured, and if she gazes on the wan, haggard look on her face he doesn't instantly turn up the gas and offer her his best pipe to curl them up again, he holds her of less value than a mere thing of clay, or he has no sense of the beautiful. We were talking about the difficulty of getting funds for a search party for the North Pole, to an old bachelor, he suggested raising them by levying a poll-tax on females who wore bangs, and said that he himself would "like to go equipped with a pair of scissors on a voyage of search for a forehead," but we told him our ancestors had monopolized foreheads to such an extent posterity had come off short, and that for our part in moderation we rather liked bangs. At this he slowly turned on his heel, and we heard him muttering to himself, "it bangs all what anyone can see in bangs," but,

Her little curls athwart her snowy brow,
My fancy free have caught;
I'd give a fiver now to know
If they're her own or bought.

I. LOMS.

A MOST REMARKABLE TOOTH.

A TALE TOLD BY ONE WHO NEVER, NEVER LIED.

I have always hesitated to publish the following story as I felt that I might, by so doing, lay myself open to a charge of wilfully wandering from the path of rectitude and truth. Feeling this, and unable to bear the thought that my name might be handed down to posterity with those of Ananias, big fish, cold weather, and snake liars, and others, I have, I repeat, hesitated to record this tale, and embalm it in the pages of any publication. But, scorning those who would seek to blast my reputation for veracity, I have at length determined to give it in its plain and unvarnished simplicity to the reading public. For several days my friend Struggles had been tormented with an aching tooth, till one day I persuaded him to go to a dentist and have it out, offering to accompany him and soothe him in his hour of agony. We went. The dentist examined the tooth, lanced the gum, and taking a firm grip with his forceps, gave a tremendous pull. The tooth came out about half an inch, but still remained firm. Either the root was a very long one or it stretched. The operator mounted a chair and took another pull. About seven inches of the tooth came beyond the gum, but there appeared to be lots more of it. I asked him if it was not rather an extraordinary tooth, but he replied that it was not, and that he had often pulled teeth with roots reaching down to the patient's hips. Dentists will not lie. He took another grip and hauled away energetically. In one thing it will be observed that this dentist was a model to all tooth carpenters: he took several GRIPS. This is a pun. Laugh. Some more tooth came out, and at the same time Struggles' legs were jerked vigorously up below the knees. Struggles suggested, as well as he could speak, that this must be an unusual case, but the dentist was unwilling to own that anything could happen which had not before occurred in his experience. So he merely replied that he knew cases where the roots extended to the knees. Then he strapped Struggles in the chair, put his legs in splints to straighten them, adjusted the forceps, and taking it over his shoulder, walked smartly away toward the door, like a deck hand going up a bank with a tow line. When he reached the door he braced himself against the jamb and laid back for a final effort. The tooth came this time, and fell on the floor, but the dentist made most noise as he struck the boards. Struggles burst his bands, and springing forward grasped the latter end of the