



STILL ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

PART I.

In a fair village on the English coast
There dwelt a lad; they called him Hunkie Sam.
He was but young—three years or may be four,
But manly for his age; his appetite
For bulls'-eyes, knocky-knocks, and such light fare
Was something awful, even for a boy.
But better far than even knocky-knocks,
He loved a maiden of surpassing grace—
Of humble parentage, but very fair,
Whose name euphonious was Susannah.
The parents of these twain were fisher-folk,
Of low degree, but honest to a fault.
They would not steal the veriest pin unless
They were quite certain they would not be caught.
Now Hunkie's love for peerless Susannah
Was felt by her, and given back to Hunk.
And as the twain upon the yellow sands
Would play, young Sam would say, "Now let us be
As grown up folks, and we'll pretend we are
A wedded pair, and I will be a man
And you, dear Susannah, my little wife;
And you go sit within yon gloomy cave
Which we will make believe to be our house,
And I'll come staggering in like daddy does,
And you can belt me on my flaxen head
With this small stick, which we will call a broom.
For that's the way my pap and mammy do."
And so they played upon the sea-shore sand
Till Susannah had got the thing down fine.
And time sped on, and Sam and Susannah
Were married, and the twain became one flesh.

PART II.

Sam went to sea, and whilst upon a voyage
He read of Enoch Arden and his woes.
And so he soon resolved to do the same
As in the book he read that Enoch did.
To carry out his plan he sent word home,
By trusty shipmate, to his Susannah,
That he was drowned; he really did not care
A great deal for his once loved Susannah.
Who, when the knot had but been tied a year,
Had clearly showed that she could be the boss.
So time sped on, and artful Hunkie Sam
In foreign climates had a jolly time
For several years. "I think I'll homeward sail,"
One day he said, "and see how Susannah
Gets on; like Enoch, I will softly glide
Towards the cottage there upon the cliff,
And see how she makes out with her new man,
For she is doubtless wedded once again,



Just like that Mrs. Arden in the book."
Away he sailed across the sounding surge—
(A good expression that, but not my own)—
And soon he reached his village on the coast.

'Twas night. He crept toward the little cot
Where once he'd dwelt. A light was burning clear.
He peeped in through the window. Susannah
Was there, but 't'other fellow was away.
His wife glanced up. She saw the faithless Sam.
She sprang towards him; grabbed him by the hair
And held him there, whilst with her other arm
She dealt him myriad thwacks with broomstick stout.
"You would—" she cried, "You would say you were dead
And with your foreign gals go outtin' up;
And leave me here to take in washing—ah?
You wretch—take that, and that, and that, and that."
Each "that" being followed by a sickening thud.
The curtain falls on this delightful scene.
As space is precious and will not permit
Of further details, but this goes to show
That things don't always turn out just the same
As those we read about in poets' yarns.
Another thing it shows,—that Susannah
Had learned a trick when playing at being wed,
Upon the sea-shore in her youthful days,
That stood her in good stead in after years.—
The widdling of the broom-stick here is meant.
—SWIZ.

VEILED TREASON.

A NEMESIS ON THE TRACK OF A DANGEROUS
DOCTRINAIRE.

To GRIP:—As the only Proud Bird of Freedom
in this country I tender you the subjoined
powerful letter intended for the *Globe*. That
journal would have now been the envied
possessor of the MS. had not the editor seen
fit to refuse it and to fling me down the stairs
when I undertook to explain to him that I did
not expect pay for it on the spot. But this is
not the first instance of a man's missing the
greatest opportunity of his life while under
excitement and misapprehension. Please see
that all the italics and punctuation marks are
properly inserted, and excuse this hasty note
in view of the emotion under which I am
laboring.
Yours,
JOHN JINKS.

AN EXPLANATION DEMANDED.

To the Editor of the *Globe*:—

MY MISGUIDED FRIEND,—What the mischief
has been getting into you lately?

As a staunch Reformer, with a picture of
Blake hung up in my parlor, I feel I am just-
ified in thus boldly putting such a question to
you.

If I can read the small type you use in your
paper, you lay great claim to being a "truly
loyal" subject. Then how in thunder do you
dare to preach veiled treason to the Empire in
the shape of Goldwin Smith's annexation
sentiments?

As a life-long reader and recent subscriber
to your evening edition I fancy I can insist on
an answer to this query.

Now don't think you can put me off by say-
ing you only let your English correspondent
"review" Goldwin Smith's magazine mush,
and are not responsible for his treatment of
the subject, any more than you would be for
the treatment of a subject by Doctors Kroak
and Krank, who advertise in your paper. Only
a few days ago you said you "agreed with
Goldwin Smith" on some topic or another!
Why, man, for years the *Globe* taught us that
it was disloyal to even speak of this designing
person! Fact, sir; and yet here you go giving
him columns of space under the thin guise of
"discussing" him, while all the time, you
well know, your base heart is with him in his
diabolical projects, and you no doubt have had
his name recently placed on your list of com-
plimentary subscribers! Sir, I dare you to
deny the truth of my allegation that you are
a villain and a traitor to your Queen, while all
the while you are drawing your shilling a day
pension for ostensible services as an army
piper!

What means the admission to your paper of
the wild and wicked talk of the party signing
himself "Anglo-Saxon," if you are not also a
traitor to Canada as well as to Old England?
And you endorse his views and admit that it is
probable the confederation must go if Sir John

doesn't—and that the States will gobble us up?
Friend, I never thought to see the day you
would come to this, or rather that the *Globe*
would get so far off the old track!

Then again, I see you are whacking away at
the Senate. What in Sam Hill is the meaning
of this fool business? I demand an answer in
the name of the people of our entire school
section of which I am a trustee!

Is the Tory party always to be in power?
Will you and I never get a chance at Senatorial
honors and emoluments, and divorce case evi-
dence? Stop it, you bald-headed pelican from
Peru! *Not another world!*

As additional proof of your lapse from loyal
conduct I notice you reprint a piece poking fun
at two English noblemen—one of them being
no other than Lord Colin Campbell. This is
mean, and dangerous as well, for there is no
telling what action the Privy Council will take
when they learn of it. I'd hate to see you sent
to gaol; but I am really beginning to fear
that something must be done towards giving
you a salutary warning.

Now, my dear man, don't fancy I am to be
scared off or written down. I mean this letter
to go into the *Globe*—or I'll know the reason
why. D'ye hear? Of course, if you desire to
send me a private reply, as well as referring
to it editorially, I shall not be angry.

Yours in pained surprise,

JOHN JINKS.

MAY.

Sweet May!

I mean the month, of course.

Who can faithfully enumerate the joyous
associations you call up? Not even an experi-
enced census-taker, I venture to bet!

Where is the artist who can transfer to his
canvas a tithe of the glories of nature which
attend your but too brief reign? Even a
Globe agent would hesitate before trying it on
his canvass!

You remind us of glorious golden summer
and moving.

You talk to us of budding trees and fish-
worms.

You conjure up thoughts of emerald lawns
and hunting for garden tools.

You speak potently to us of sweet field
flowers and nice young onions.

You signalize re-awakened nature with
balmy breezes and clucking hens.

You suggest reflections on the brightness of
life's early morning and the best sort of spring
medicine to get.

At your coming solemn reveries wrap us
and we hasten to ascertain if our neighbor will
lend us a whitewash brush.

While you draw near the robins return and
gaily greet us, and the grocery man washes up
his seven-year old maple sugar slabs and puts
them in his window labelled "Fresh!"

The sound of your musical laughter drives
away dull care from human kind and makes
men love you and your attendant watering
cart.

Vigorous youth hails you through affinity
and because swimming time is at your heels.

Married manhood welcomes you because you
portend family walks abroad and no more con-
sumption of coal at \$7.50 a ton.

Poor old age embraces you because you
sweetly revivify and make it easier to worry
along, without double blankets.

Ceal Mille Failthe, May!

Darling!

Sweet girl graduate!

ADDENDA—BY OUR POET.

May is come, but well a day?

Where are all the flowers of May?

May be it's too cold as yet

For the fragile floweret.

Maidens yet wear furry capes,

Maybes still keep winter shapes,

Matrons now get up and git,

Making now their annual fit,

May this cold spell pass away,

May we get more Mayy May.