

SEASONABLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN
AND OLDER PEOPLE.

THE AMBITIOUS GOOSEBERRY BUSH.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

A gooseberry bush grew in a large, handsome garden. It was but a little bush and there were many others far larger and more handsome than it, still it aspired to become famous and to do something to win renown; and it spoke to its friend the apple tree near by and said, "Tell me, O apple tree, what can I do to become famous?" And the apple tree only shook its head till its blossoms fell like summer snow round the little bush and said, "Wait, little gooseberry bush." And Zephyr came singing by and heard what the two were talking about, and he smiled, and passed along, kissing the cherry and apple and plum trees so roughly that the ground was white with the blossoms that fell from them.

II.

MORE CHARACTERS.

Two beautiful children played in the garden where the fruit trees grew. Their long golden hair fell down in bright, rippling cascades over their shoulders, and they were full of life and joyance. And the birds sang the sweeter when the children were near, and the flowers gave forth their most delicious perfumes as they bent over them, and their laughter rang through the garden as they played at "I spy" and "hoopie," till Echo joined in their frolics and laughed with the children. And when they were tired with playing, and chasing the bright dragon and butterflies they walked about till they came to where the apple tree and the gooseberry bush grew. "Oh! what a pretty little gooseberry bush," cried the boy, clapping his hands in his childish glee. And the little bush was very happy, and bowed its head to the children. "This shall be my bush," said the boy, "and I will watch it and love it, and soon it will be loaded with fruit," and his little sister said, "Yes, we will love the little bush," and they ran away. And the bush whispered to its friend the apple tree, "I shall be famous after all, shall I not, good apple tree?" but the apple tree only said, "Wait." And Zephyr heard it, and kissed a passing cloud sadly; and the eyes of the cloud brimmed over and its tears fell on the garden.

III.

LATER.

"Look, look, sissy," cried the pretty boy, pushing back his golden hair and throwing it over his shoulders, "my little bush is all covered with fruit; how nice and bright and green it looks: let us eat some." And his sister took her arm from around her brother's neck and they sat down and ate and ate till all the beautiful emerald fruit was gone. "Thank you, little bush," they cried, as they ran away. And the little bush was very sad and said to the apple tree, "How can I now become famous? Those little wretches have robbed me of all my pretty fruit?" But the apple tree only said, "Wait."

IV.

A CHANGE.

A grave looking man, standing by the bedside of a little boy whose long bright hair is tossed over the pillow like miniature waves of gold on a snowy iceberg, shakes his head sadly as he says, "No hope," and then passing into another room, where a sweet little girl is moaning in agony in her small white bed, he feels her pulse and again says, "No hope: they must have eaten three quarts."

And that night, when the stars were shining, bright beings from another land than ours visited the house in the garden, and two children went away with them, robed all in white: and their long, bright, golden hair streamed away behind them as they clove through the air in

their flightway upwards and upwards beyond the stars which shone upon the garden where the children used to play.

V.

FAME AT LAST.

"What sounds are those I hear?" asked the little gooseberry bush of the apple tree, as strange sounds of melodious music fell on the night air, and mingled themselves with the sighs of Zephyr who was very sad, and played and sported no more, but only talked with Echo about the voices that once rang so joyously through the garden but which were now hushed and silent forever, "and where are the little boy and girl who robbed me of my fruit, for I have not seen them for several days?" "Those sounds are the sounds of harps played by childish angel fingers, dear bush," replied the tree, as the soft sweet strains again fell around, "and those voices you hear are not voices of this earth; and the little children will come to you no more."

"Then am I famous at last?" asked the little bush. "You are famous," replied the tree, "You have made two child angels."

And the little bush bowed its head, and the dew fell from it on the ground: for that is the way that trees and flowers and bushes weep.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE
DROUTHY.

GREENY, Port Hope, says he has heard of Barristers and Solicitors and would like to know what they are. Can GRIP tell him?—Certainly. They are gentlemen learned in the law, or rather get credit for being so. They are of two kinds, one practising at the bar of justice, the other at the hotel, saloon and corner grocery bar. The former are of some use; the latter are playfully known as bar-roosters, famous for "chick" anery, recognize all drinks as hentailed property and are excellent judges of all brands of liquors. When one of this class pleads successfully for the slate with the "urbane and gentlemanly bar-tender," he is called a solicitor. When the u.g.b.t. can't see it, demands payment of old scores and issues a writ of ejectment, he is known as a solicitor in chancery. They mostly belong to the fiery-face-he-has practitioners. There are none of this class in Toronto.

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Messrs. Mivins & Smangle wish to be informed of the proper method for the treatment of duns.—As they deserve. Mechanics and tradesmen in the days of auld lang syno were honored by the custom of gentlemen, and never expected, seldom obtained, payment.

If you are in debt and happen to possess property, make it over to your wife, or, if a single man, to your mother-in-law or some one who 'understands.' The pertinacity of the lower classes, especially tailors and washerwomen, is distressing beyond measure. Tell the dun loftily that your Irish agent has not yet collected your rents, or that your bank dividends are not available, or, in fact, anything but the true reason.

Ancient Pistol, a true son of a gun, and grandson of a canon, uttered the famous truism, "Base is the slave that pays."

Shall a gentleman go shabby that tailors may live? or be hungry that butchers, bakers and grocers may thrive? Perish the thought! Will Messrs. Mivins & Smangle call and dine at the Upper Crustacea Club (none but blue blood there), No. 101 Pudding Bag Lane?

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The following quotation is very popular with our American neighbors; please explain its meaning:

"No pent up Uta contracts our powers,
For the whole boundless continent is ours."

—Paul Pry.

The grand Monarque when obliged to cede Canada sneered at the country as a few ar-pents of snow. After the Stoney Creek affair the star spangled banner men discovered that Canada was not worth the trouble of taking. Major Generals Epaminondas Nehemiah Doolittle and Ichabod Washington Peabody led their troops, Xenophon-like, homewards. They embarked in batteaux, dug-outs, birch-barks and schooners, and landed at Apple-sastown, Doughnut County, N.Y., at the confluence of Lake Ontario and Catfish Creek. Here their fellow-citizens received them with all honor and festivities. In his speech, Doolittle declared that, "This here government could take that there country just when they had a mind to," and wound up a two hours' oration with the couplet quoted. It caught the nation's fancy; it was telegraphed, telephoned, itemized and enterprized all over the country, and from that day to this has formed a component part of the speeches at every convention, militia gathering, post prandial exercise and election in the United States. Peabody, on the same occasion, originated the well-known couplet:

"We fit, we bled in Freedom's cause,
And pared the British Lion's claws."

He (Peabody) afterwards commanded at Bladensburg. Doolittle aided the President in formulating the wonderful document known as the Monroe doctrine, and died full of years and honor, being at the time proprietor of the celebrated circus which still bears his name.

SIMON SNIGGS;

OR,

JEALOUS YOUNG MEN SHOULD NOT BE HASTY.

Simon Sniggs was a strong young man.
An Apollo quite in the eyes of some belles;
He developed his strength by a daily plan
Of exercise in clubs and dumb-bells.

But tho' damsels fair cast eyes admiring
On Simon Sniggs' strong development,
He had long to the hand of a girl been aspiring,
And this was brought to a point by an el-opement.

So Sim got married, and in all his duties
Was most remarkably good and zealous;
But he, as his wife was a beauty of beauties,
Soon showed by his conduct that he was jealous.

Now Simon aspired to show his power.
(In this he resembled many fellows), he
Was fast becoming in temper sour,
All caused by his own uncalled for jealousy.

One day in a street car he and his Mrs.
Were riding along (having paid their fare in,
A practical everyday history this is),
He beheld a passenger rudely starin'.

At his new-made bride, and the stranger's eyes
Ne'er moved from that lady's beautiful features,
And he said to himself, "I will soon arise
And smite this most impudent of creatures."

If he keeps on staring," and he frowned and frowned,
But the gentleman opposite stared the harder;
(I really don't see how a rhyme can be found
To finish this verse with—ah, yes,—larder).

So, as the other in staring persisted,
Sim Sniggs rose up and he said, "Look here, sir,
If you wish to stare can't be resisted,
I shall feel compelled to cuff your ear, sir."

And he smote the other with his open palm,
(I like to ring in a word that's classical,
It puts me in mind of my "Alater Alma,"
Tho' it may be pedantic and somewhat ass-ical).

The stranger spoke not a word to Sim
When he slapped his face; tho' it was a tingler,
And it seemed in a man of his size of limb
To be rather cowardly, at any rate sing'lar.

But Sim felt cheap when the street car stopped,
(I do not envy his state of mind, sir),
And he to the fact quite suddenly dropped
That the stranger was deaf and dumb and blind, sir.
For a boy by the hand led him off the car;
The deaf-dumb-blind man never knew why
He had been smitten, but the reasons are
He'd appeared to stare with his stoneblind blue eye.