

### A TREMBLING EFFORT.

AMONG sweet sprigs of song I send my muse  
To find a place—in type or on the floor;  
And if you floor me, GRIP, and thus abuse  
My trust in you, I'll trouble you no more.  
So modest I, I scarce have heart to send  
These vagrant verses, marred by many a slip—  
Not e'en inscribed: To Mabel—From a Friend—  
For fear that you may gup my song in GRIP.

What though I lilt of love, of Jennie's eyes,  
Of Kate Melissa's silky hair and brown,  
Of Arabella's lips—the lips I prize—  
Of Sarah Arethusa's satin gown,  
Of maidens fair that charm my tender heart  
And deal my poor affections many a clip—  
What though I do all this? I fear *your* part  
Will be to gup my feeble verse in GRIP.

Fain would I sing of mossy nooks and bowers,  
Of rippling streams, caressed by whispering trees  
That shade the banks of gently-nodding flowers  
Lulled by the slumbrous buzzing of the bees—  
Of birds that carol gladly far and near  
Their flute-voiced songs of merry jest and quip,  
While the blue, list'ning heavens bend to hear—  
But that I fear you'd gup my verse in GRIP.

Sad, then, am I, for while I feel the muse  
That thrills my soul, stirring each sluggish vein,  
I likewise feel my screed you will not use,  
So that my soul will have to sleep again;  
Yet, honest to the end, I will not seek  
To save myself discouragement's keen nip  
Although I hope, if I be truly meek,  
That you won't gup my humble verse in GRIP.

W. T. N.

TORONTO, July, 1888.

### THE SUPREME SESSION

OF THE MOST HIGHLY ILLUSTRIOUS AND POTENT  
CAVALIERS OF CONSEQUENTIALITY.

OUR own and immortalized Key-hole reporter had the honor to secure a capital *resumé* of the proceedings at the recent aggrandized assembly of the Pre-historic and Pre-eminent order C. of C., recently held in their Supreme Citadel, a barn in the rear of a fashionable dairy off Lombard Street.

The reporter, after eluding an *Empire* scribe, climbed gracefully over three fences and a hog-pen, and found himself in a cool and refreshing bed of burdocks, close enough to hear and take down the deliberations of the august gathering.

Most Preposterous Cavalier Alexander McGlue (117 degrees, 82 perches, and several foreign townships to hear from), ascended the throne, after sending a small boy out to watch his hack on the adjoining corner.

Intensely Preternatural Cavalier Dennis Hanafan (114½ degrees, 46 chains and 2 silver-plated medals), was appointed Outside Guardian of the sacred and invincible Shrine, with secret instructions not to insist on the pass-word from most Exalted Past Grand Rabbi Billy McCracken, when he came back with the keg of beer, the suspicion being entertained that probably the Exalted Brother would tap the keg on the way and become somewhat forgetful in undertaking to carry a lot of it to the citadel inside of himself.

Seven cracks on the altar with the Magic Mace were given, the occupant of the throne remarking at the same time that he'd sooner have a sugar hogshead than a packing case any day for a bang-up altar.

Very Interesting Right-Hand Defender John Brown, tossed the mace to Keeper of the Sublime Implements,

who placed it conveniently at hand so he wouldn't forget it at the close of the assembly and lose his job on the stone pile next day.

When last seen alive Right Royally Expert Patrick O'Connor, Sapient Scribe, was angling for cat fish at the Queen's wharf, but had promised to send up the minute book if he didn't put in an appearance in person.

The Throne: "Pat's a daisy! We'll have to fine him and appoint a new secretary. Who'll it be?"

Eminent Cavalier Angus MacSmoochin: "Gie the place till Peter Jones. Ye ken he's had aixpeirance as time keeper for a road boss doon at the Don."

Right Worthy and Esteemed Cavalier Peter Jones: "Petey don't want no such job, and don't you forget it, neither!"

U. R. Right Eminent Cavalier Simon Schleifenheimer: "Auf dere vas a pig vages to der chop, you bed me Chones would glimb onto it, ride away!"

R. W. and E. Cavalier Jones: "None o' yer chin, Dutchy, if you want to keep that nose o' yours in its present shape."

The Throne: "Cheese it, boys! No monkeyin' now. We're onto biz. But, stop! One hour's rest from labor. Here, Billy, let the tin mug come to the chair first."

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Fearing discovery and decapitation during recess, the reporter ambled off, deeply impressed with the awful rites he had thus witnessed.

Next night, when he went back for the rest of the proceedings, he found the owner of the barn killing a hog in it.

### A CHANCE FOR HER MAJESTY.

*Distinguished Fellow of the Royal Society* (reading *Ottawa Daily Citizen*)—"What's this? Dr. Daniel Wilson declines a knighthood. My stars! I would not be so foolish!"



### A CRUEL JIBE.

DICK TINTO (*pathetically*)—"When will you love me, darling? When will you smile upon an ambitious but struggling artist!"

MISS FLIP (*cheerfully*)—"Why, just as soon as you can produce something to hang on the line besides one shirt."