

The Modern Tar.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see
About danger and fear and the like,
But a two feet of steel and teak backing give me
And on that let their cannon balls strike.

I've heard of some sailors in NELSON'S old doys
As wanted their foe for to see,
But splinter my plates, in our seafarin' ways
We don't never get wision of he.

Snug and tight and shipshape and all rivetted round,
And in under the deep water-mark,
That's the place where blue juckets are now-a-days found,
All closed hup like the beasts in the hark.

But shiver my girders, he musn't suppose,
As Britannia is taken aback.
With our big hundred tonner if we for him goes
Why we blows him sky high in a crack.

For the cap'en above at his winder, you know,
Like hold NOER when he went to sea,
Wires down "Hearts of steel in the coal hole below,
Fire a gun off, three pints N. N. E.

And smash my compartments, the compass we takes,
And we pulls at the galvanic line,
And bang—blow my pudding, but heverything shakes,
But wot's hit is no business o' mine.

But if we has luck in the haction, and licks
We don't cheer as we did long ago,
For the cap'en must tell us, or helse in our six,
Snap my shaft, if we hever would know.

But crack all my screw-rods, what sort of a cheer
Could be heard through a three feet o' steel,
So we don't hexpend breath; but the 'ed hengineer,
Why, he may make the biler to squeal.

But I'm blest if the houtlook's all pleasin' and safe—
For torpeders may take us aback,
But the cap'en sits up in the turret aloft,
To keep watch they don't blow up poor JACK.

A Continued Conversation.

"But," said Mr. JONES, theatrically taking a striking attitude in the middle of the floor, "what shall we do?"

"Is business very bad?" asked Mrs. JONES, winding up up her gold watch.

"Not a customer for a week!" answered her lord, dolefully, "Yes," he added, with a brightening glance, "there was. A girl came for a row of pins."

"Did she buy 'em?" asked the lady.

"No," replied JONES, gloomily. "She said next door, bankrupt stock, she could get two rows for a cent."

"Well, well," said Mrs. J., "things must change. Next week there may be two, and next week more. Things must mend when they're at the worst."

"Bless me!" jerked in the aroused JONES, hitting his cane sharply on the top of a carved chair, "do you know that there are bills due next week?"

"There's the milk bill," placidly said Mrs. J., "And the butcher would like a settlement, as he told me when he asked what I'd like for to-day."

"Nonsense!" jerked out Mr. J. "Bills! I mean \$3,000 due on Friday."

"My poor papa," said the lady, "used always to renew such things."

"I wish I had him here; it is beyond me," said JONES, dropping flop on the cat, as it happened, which escaped with a screech which actually roused Mrs. JONES into animation.

"Goodness!" cried she, "if the thing is really of consequence—"

"Consequence! ma'am," screamed Mr. J., lifting his head suddenly, "Fact is; don't know if is of consequence in your opinion or not, but if you haven't got the \$3,000 we'll be sold out, and you may take in washing, for I'm about played."

"Can't you speculate?" asked Mrs. J., earnestly the possibilities suddenly developing themselves in alarmingly washtubbian form.

"On what?" asked J.

"Build houses and borrow money on them? folks do it," said the lady.

"Too many did it in Toronto," said JONES.

"Give lectures," said Mrs. JONES.

"Last three in Toronto had doorkeepers for audiences," said JONES.

"Go as a clerk," said the lady, "You were one once."

"Three hundred applicants for the last situation advertised," said Jones. "Don't see anything; can't even saw wood; everyone uses coal."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. J. "Start a newspaper."

"Don't understand it," said JONES.

"If you did you'd fail," said the lady. "I know all about it; pa started three. The secret of success is never to write anything; steal all the good things out of other papers; spend all your time looking for advertisements. Sell out before you're found out, and begin again. Lots of folks do it."

"I'll think of it," said JONES.

Spring.**I.**

Come gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And then we needn't keep so much to hum.

II.

Waft all thy balmy zephyrs through the air,
And tempt us out to catch diphtheria there.

III.

The ice dissolves at thy reviving ray
Before we've scarcely put a bit away.

IV.

How thy moist showers bedew the thirsty trees,
And if we're there we all begin to sneeze.

V.

See through their realm the finny tenants play,
And JOHNNY, fishing's nearly drowned to-day.

VI.

How gloriously the sunbeams all downpour,
Which makes the dunghills smell worse than before.

VII.

Now bud the plants in thousand gardens set,
And we shall garden stuffs and colics get.

VIII.

Now taste our youth of open air the joys,
Each street is horrid with the children's noise.

IX.

To pasture on the grass the cows can stray
And milk won't keep much more than half a day.

X.

All things of pleasure and displeasure bring
These are the pleasures and the woes of spring.

Give us a Rest.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I am a persecuted mortal, delivered over to fiends. These fiends are diminutive. I believe they are sometimes called boys. Thirteen hundred and seventy-five live in my neighbourhood, and there is a family with seven moving in across the road. Sir, I cannot go down the street but I must risk a *feu d'enfer* of stones they are always throwing from things they call catapults. My servant girl has a pain in both ankles from coming perpetually to answer their runaway knocks. They chalk caricatures on my front wall, and break down my shade trees in the street. They swing on my post chains. They play continual peg top and marbles on the sidewalk; they creep under it, and at any moment if not careful, you may step on small boys which strew themselves about in all directions. They play bat and ball, and when your window is smashed the boy you catch always tells you it was the other one, whose residence he don't know. I want to know if they can not be abolished. In China when little, they throw them away. But probably a Chiuva boy would break up when thrown away, while ours would make more noise than ever. I do not know what to propose. Perhaps if a Reformatory were established at the North Pole or somewhere for all boys till full grown, or if no boy were allowed without a collar and tag, otherwise to be scooped up by the dog-carts. Something should be done.

Yours,

ANTI-PUER.

Toronto, April 10, 1878.

I FEEL Capital—as the tramp said when he held five coppers in his hand.