



BUSINESS TROUBLE.

JONES—"There goes Chops, the butcher. Why, he's ever so much thinner than he used to be. Has he been ill?"

SMITH—"No; but his shop's been closed up by the sheriff. He's naturally lost flesh, you know."

A STRANGE STORY.

FOR those whose fancies love to range
In search of matters weird and strange,
The facts I am about to tell
Will doubtless please them very well.

But people of prosaic mind,
To marvels not the least inclined,
Perhaps may deem me far astray
From simple truth's straightforward way.

But let me here premise that I
Was never known to tell a lie;
Having an innate love of truth,
I studied law in early youth.

But to my tale—There lived a man
Whose course of life so strangely ran,
That nothing happened him as they
Happen to others every day.

He loved a girl, and when he'd come
To see her at her parents' home,
No bull-dog ever barred his path,
Nor did he dread the old man's wrath.

This couple never stayed out late
A-swinging on the garden gate,
Nor did they sit up half the night,
And turn down low the parlor light.

He'd take his girl to promenade,
Nor was of candy stores afraid;
Ice-cream he once proposed, when she
Said "Thanks—it don't agree with me."

When they were married you'd have thought
They very quickly would have fought
Respecting which the fire should build,
While yet with frost the room was chilled.

But not at all—they settled that
Quite peaceably, without a spat;
Resolved to have no falling out,
They took it week by week about.

But, stranger still, the young man saw
With pleasure his mamma-in-law,
Who never tried the house to boss,
And so she never made him cross.

The water-fixings froze one day,
And when the plumber called for pay
He brought a very moderate bill!
What's more, he's doing business still.

Our hero, by no means a fool,
Once undertook to drive a mule,
And though he hit him many a lick,
The animal ne'er made a kick.

He joined a baseball club one day,
And all the season went to play,
And at its close came out complete—
Lost neither eyes, nor hands, nor feet,
Nay, furthermore, I've heard them say
That, when he fished in Ashbridge Bay,
He really home to supper brought
A fish which he himself had caught.

But as to this, 'twixt me and you,
I have my doubts if it be true.
I do not wish my tale to mar,
By taxing your belief too far.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

THERE are memories sad or pleasant which the years cannot efface,
Though they soften them and clothe them with a more enchanting grace,

And among the saddest relics of my recollection are
My initial game of poker and my earliest cigar;
While the picture showing brightest to my retrospective eye
Is my meeting with Matilda at Schenectady, N.Y.

Swift adown the intervening years my errant fancies go,
And again I seem to see her as I saw her long ago;
See upon her cheeks the blooming and the blushing of a rose,
Like the sunrise flushing tenderly the fair, translucent snows.
Once again my foolish heart is glad and gay that She is nigh,
As it were again that morning at Schenectady, N.Y.

Close beside her was her mother, and her father strode before,
As I stood and watched her passing from the ticket-agent's door.
Of perfection were her features, and her figure was divine,
With that graceful, supple slenderness which marks the swaying vine,
And I caught the merry twinkle and the flashing of her eye,
As she passed me on the depot at Schenectady, N.Y.

She'd a pretty little poodle in her pretty little arms,
And that poodle's classic ugliness enhanced her girlish charms.
Careless breeze, you tossed a love-lock on her carmine-tinted cheek,
Where it kissed the curves and dimples lover's lips might yearning seek.

Lips of mine! that lock you envied, as she sauntered slowly by,
On the New York Central depot at Schenectady, N.Y.

Like a vision from the mirrored past comes one with loving eyes,
One who tiptoes gently near me now to take me by surprise,
One who kisses me, and cuddles me, and laughs away my fears,
One who soothes my sorrows, shares my joys, and dries my bitter tears.

Child of mine, how like your mother was, long, long ago, when I
Chanced to meet her on the depot at Schenectady, N.Y.

W. C. NICHOL.

A COMING MAN.

THE audience which packed the concert hall of the College of Music, on Thursday evening of last week, enjoyed an entertainment quite unique in the musical annals of Canada, and one which GRIP, as a patron of Canadian art, feels bound to chronicle. The programme from first to last, was made up of works by Mr. Clarence Lucas, a young Canadian composer, of whom the musical world will yet hear a great deal, if we are not vastly mistaken in our notions of what constitutes genius. The author had the valuable assistance of his accomplished wife, Mme. Asher-Lucas, Mlle. Strauss, Mrs. J. W. Lawrence, and Messrs. Blight, Jarvis, Jeffers, Torrington and Correll, and that full justice was done to the music goes without saying. The critical company assembled were delighted, and testified their feelings in an unmistakable manner. Mr. Lucas was found to be a writer not only of high scholarship, but of that much rarer quality—soul. Mr. Torrington expressed himself as proud to have Mr. Lucas associated with the College, and well he may be. We predict that ere long the Dominion of Canada will be equally proud to claim him as one of her brightest boys.