



## INSECTIVOROUS SUGGESTIONS.

(DEDICATED ONLY TO THE VALIANT ONES WHO DO NOT SCREAM WHEN THEY SEE ANY OF THE "NASTY THINGS.")

## THE PIC-NIC.

DEAR SIR,—When last night  
You asked me to write  
Of the pic-nic we had  
Last week, I felt mad;  
For that pic-nic was sad,  
And made us feel bad;  
But I'll try to relate  
The story quite straight.  
Of course I suppose  
It is under the rose,  
And so—here goes:  
It was eight in the morning,  
The weather all scorning,  
We managed to gather  
Our bundles together,  
And tie up our traps  
With the wraps in the straps,

And, in case of mishaps,  
Took our ulsters and caps,  
For, as Jones said, "Perhaps  
They will turn on the taps,  
And this nature of ours  
Is not quite like flowers—  
To enjoy summer showers."  
At last all the meat  
We were taking to eat  
We put 'neath the seat,  
When Jones did implore us  
To sit still and steady  
Till he check'd the number  
To go to the Humber,  
And he said we were ready—  
Then up came our Freddy,  
With Jenkins and Geddie,  
And old Mrs. Eddy.  
Completing the party  
Which Jones, like the smarty  
H is, had miscounted.  
We stopp'd till they mounted,  
And then we made tracks,  
With the sun on our backs,  
Inside four large hacks.  
All melting like wax,  
We cross'd the old bridge  
And climbed up the ridge,  
Selecting the place  
Our pic-nic should grace—  
A dear little space  
Of greensward and fern.  
We agreed to adjourn,  
Two-by-two, and return  
For luncheon. Miss Grady,  
A charming young lady,  
Took charge of the kitchen,  
She look'd quite bewitchin',  
And gathered some lichen  
To lay out the table,  
Assisted by Mabel,  
Who seem'd to be able  
To change fact to fable;  
And soon all was laid,  
I was acting as maid,  
Though I felt much afraid  
They all laugh'd at my aid,  
Till they charmingly said  
When I made lemonade,  
I was born for the trade.  
Then we started to drag  
The contents of each bag  
Into daylight—Alas!  
The first was a mass  
Of salad and glass  
And crab-apple sass,  
We proceeded to find  
That the basket was lined  
With lobster and cream,  
So we threw in the stream  
Its entire contents,  
Which gave mortal offence  
To old Mrs. Spence,  
Who said it had taken a day  
To make, and to throw it away

Was a sin and a shame.  
And the stupid old dame  
Sat down on a hamper  
And got quite a damper,  
For the lid broke in two  
And let her quite through  
With a crash and a smash,  
And of course like a hash  
Were our jellies and cake,  
So they went in the lake;  
And now Billy Nutter,  
Who always did stutter,  
Just managed to mutter,  
"L-l-look at the b-b-butter."  
And when we did look  
It ran like a brook;  
For Billy had tried  
To light, by its side,  
A fire, then Mrs. Green cried,