

# THE WINNER.

THE following Poem has been awarded the First Prize in the Humor Competition, which closed on March 1st:—

## LUCKY JIM.

YES, Lucky Jim's the name I git, 'bout ten times out uv nine,  
It ain't so very roocherchay, ner utherswisy fine;  
But still, they say it hits the mark, and seems, indeed, to be  
A sort uv realistik touch when fastened onto me.

Some years ago I hed a friend thet was an injineer,  
His name was Jack—he went away an' won't come back, I fear.  
A fairy uv two hundred pounds hed Johnny fer a wife.  
An' nine sweet olive branches come to dekerate ther life;  
She was a bilyus-tempered jade, a female that 'ud swear  
An' smash the delf, when things went wrong, and pull the young  
uns' hair;

So, with pervidin' fer the nine, an' payin' fer repairs  
About the house, thet Birdie caused, Jack's crop uv grayish hairs  
Wus doin' well; besides, he was a-standin' frequent by  
Anuther crop, where tavern-ward, he harvested the rye.

Wal, one day Jack was at the mill a-pilin' in the wood,  
An' ez the steam wus slow to rise he wusn't feelin' good;  
He hung a loggin'-chain an' wrench, an' hefty sort uv rock  
Onto the bloomin' safety-valve, when, with a thunderin' shock,  
The biler bust, an' Jack's remains in divers ways did fly  
Through portions uv the atmospher thet jined the starry sky;  
A piece uv leg, a bunch uv hair reposin' on the ground,  
Also a finger nail er two, was all uv him we found;  
An' ez I was a bussum friend, ere he the air line went,  
I, with them samples in a box, to his late home wus sent.

I walked into the steam-smit house a-feelin' some'at blue,  
An' placed the box onto a cheer, an' wiped away the dew  
Thet stud upon my klassic brow, an' then I sed, "Dear marm,  
I'd like to hev a word with you, not wishin' enny harm  
To foller ez a konsekenke, ner enny takin' on  
More than is proper fer the time—yer lovin' husband's gone  
Wher storms uv a domestik kind are not supposed to brew,  
Wher scraps an' things will not no more occur 'twixt him and you."  
"What, gone!" sez she, ez wildly fer her han'kecher she groped,  
"Oh, goodness gracious! hez he gone an' with some gal eloped?"  
"Wal, no, dear marm, thet ain't jist it," a-soothin' like I sed,  
"You see, yer hubby ain't eloped, bekaus he hez gone dead."  
"Oh, do not say thet he is dead, me John, me darlin' Jack!  
It's some mistake, some awful joke, me Johnny will come back!"  
"Wal, marm, we hev a few remains within a hemlock urn,  
But most uv him, I reely fear, ain't likely to return;  
You see, he hung a loggin'-chain, an' one er two big rocks  
Onto the valve, an'—wal, what's found is restin' in this box."  
With thet she fetched a fearful yell, an' pulled the kiver off,  
An' took one look, an' yelled agen, then giv' a sort uv cough,  
Hysterik like, an' swooned away—but shortly come aroun'—  
"Wher is the rest uv him?" she cried. I sed, "It ain't come  
down;

It's soarin' 'long the milky way with steddly-risin' soar,  
We've hunted with a tellyscope, but couldn't find no more."  
Agen towards the box she went, with ankshus searchin' look,  
Then cried, most desprit feelin' like, "He's lost his pocket-book!"  
Et last I sort uv soothed the dame, an' stopped the gushin' tear,  
By softly whispurin' in her ear, "Don't weep so, Birdie dear."

Wal, time slid by—a trick time hez uv playin', now an' then—  
'Twas months sence Jack had risen up above us workin' men;  
His relik wusn't pinin' now ez much ez heretofore,  
The widdered heart, so sadly torn, was tearin' now no more,  
Bekaus, in fact, she'd tackled me in court—she hed indeed—  
Fer Breach uv Promise thet took place the day thet I agreed  
To take them few remains uv John, an' break to her the news.  
An' I hed spent a heap fer costs, an' was about to lose,  
But headin' off the law a bit, one summer mornin' fine,  
I married, with a quakin' heart, old Birdie an' her nine.

Wal, thet's the story I've to tell, an' thet's jist how it came  
Thet folks tacked "Lucky" onto me, before my uthar name.

JOHN WEST.



## AN "ACTING MANAGER."

MANAGER—"So you want to go before the foot-lights?"

AMBITIOUS YOUTH—"Yes, sir."

MANAGER—"Well, you'd better get a move on, then; I'm pretty lively with my foot."

## GRIP ABROAD.

ERZEROU, TURKEY, February 13, 1892.

EDITOR OF GRIP—DEAR SIR,—I want to thank you for the help and cheer we have received from the weekly visits of GRIP during the first year of our life in this foreign land. It has kept us *en rapport*, too, with the leading events of Canadian life—things which we have no desire to forget, though absent from our native land. I have almost become a convert to the single-tax theory, though formerly opposed to it. \* \* \* Accept the assurance of our gratitude as sincere, and believe me  
Very truly yours, F. W. MACALLUM.

## IT IS VERY BREEZY.

"SUBSCRIBER"—the name sounds somewhat familiar—writes to the *Empire* commending its course and stating that to him "your journal comes like a pure and wholesome breeze from hillside, lake and forest." The comparison is an apt one. The *Empire* always did a good deal of blowing. After a bye-election in which the Grits have been knocked out it's a good deal more like a cyclone than a breeze.

## ROUGH ON THE AUDIENCE.

THE *World* encomiates Annie Ward Tiffany, who has been playing at the Academy, in the following fashion. Referring to her role of "Peggy Logan," it says: "She is Irish to the core, and true-hearted, faithful, and always turning up at the right time to checkmate villainy, she captures the audience before they scarcely know her." The writer does not explain what villainy the audience had been guilty of, but it is satisfactory to know that it was so effectually nipped in the bud

"Yes; I've experienced my share of the ups and downs of life," said the old veteran who runs our elevator.