

and emphatic *But*—let you or me go, oh! honest, though seedy youth, to Messrs. Cassimere & Co., Fashionable Clothing Emporium, and explain to these gentlemen our circumstances, our future prospects, our honest intentions, and our temporary state of impecuniosity, and our desire to get a pair of 25-cent socks on credit, would we get them? No. By the Holy Grail, I trow not. We would be told that they "don't do business in that way." I maintain, therefore, if a tailor, "merchant" or otherwise, on the strength of a comparative stranger's cheek and audacity, gives him credit, he is not a subject for commiseration. But whether he chooses to publish the names of the delinquents or not, I, being one of the untrustworthy, care not a continental.

CYNIC.

SELF-DENIAL.

Green, waving palms and drooping brakes
Along the southern stream,
Bright-colored tropic flitting birds
Live in the planter's dream.

And in the planter's house there dwells
The fairest flower around,
The brightest bird of all that wing
The glade or skinn the ground.

Eyes like the dewdrops that bedeck
The palm in early morn,
Hair fairer than the fringy moss,
That all the trees adorn.

She flits among the tropic flowers,
A bright-hued humming-bird;
At noon and eve, 'mid bowery grove,
Her sweet-voiced notes are heard.

Free as the birds that wing the glade,
Blithe as her tropic mates,
My pretty Leda, far away,
My presence now awaits.

She waits and watches all the day,
Her truant love to meet,
I should not linger long away,
But hie me to her feet.

Oh, Leda, love! I long to go
To claim thee as my own,
But *passes* now are obsolete,
And money have I none.

So wait not, love, but wed with one
Born in the sunny south,
Inured to fevers, ague, chills,
And scorching summer's drouth.

—W. H. T.

THE MARKISS AND THE MANY-HEADED.

What horrible tale is this we hear from London, about the Markiss o' Lorne going down to Brentford town as Liberal candidate for Hampstead, where he was pelted with ancient and odorous eggs, had his hat knocked over his head, and sought flight through the drenching rain to the train to take him to London? Can it be true that the hope of the Macallum Mores, and the son-in-law of Her Most Gracious Majesty, has been treated with such indignity. Alas! we fear it is too true. Where was his claymore, his skein dhu, his cairngorm or spleuchan, that he did not smite these outrageous Philistines hip and thigh? What was the cause of the mob's riotous conduct? He goes in for disestablishing the Scotch Church, but what had that got to do with the Brentfordites? He likewise champions the Free Land League, but opposes Mr. Chamberlain in his desire for free education. Land sales *en bloc* he would tax heavily. Those to be subdivided he would allow free. Yes, the mystery still remains unsolved. It is not likely that any of the "mob" of Brentford have large estates to dispose of, either *en bloc* or otherwise, then why the row? It must have been his anomalous position as son-in-law that made the mob furious. What right has he, an aristocrat, to be such a confounded Liberal? An English, or any other mob, is very hard to please, and a row is generally a pleasing

event with them. Verily, the English Stalwarts are getting as free, independent, and democratic as even the Democratic champion of the Toronto *News* could well desire.

A RADICAL.

(Three workmen; one happy through drink, listens to the others who are discussing Chamberlain's opinions on land.)

1st Workman.—Am a liberal. Name o' your Conservatives for me.

2nd Do.—You ought to be a Radical.

1st Do.—Ma mate's a Radical. (Slight pause.) He has naethin' in his claws but needles and pins, and he'll dae naethin' but argy. He'll no let me work.—*Bailie.*



BLUE RIBBON PROSPECTS!

1st Citizen.—Fancy the lot of slush we'll have to drink to get nicely tight if we're confined to this Blue Ribbon beer!

2nd do. (who knows more of human nature).—Don't be alarmed, sir, they'll make it strong enough once it is admitted to the Scott Act counties!

A FRENCH PARADISE.

Some of the "English-speaking" papers are endeavoring to inflame the minds of the "English-speaking" Upper Canadians by recounting the dreadful state of affairs that may arise from the French occupancy of a "triangle formed by the three lakes, Nipissing, Nasbonsing, and Tomiscaming," where "no frost has been felt this year." This "fair portion" of Ontario, which is threatened to be settled with "Johnny Crapos," lies somewhere east of Lake Nipissing, on the old French trail from the Ottawa to the Lakes. We have all heard of Nipissing, but where in thunder is Nasbonsing and Tomiscaming! What size is the triangle? Is it of the right, acute, or obtuse order, where no snow has been felt this year? Perhaps the Frenchmen will build a fortress at each angle of the triangle, or perhaps, indeed, they will find another lake and make a "quadrilateral" to threaten us if we don't look sharp. Of course this triangular paradise is rather remote from our higher order of civilization, otherwise doubtless it would have been gobbled by land grabbers, perhaps by the "English-speaking" race, before this. The Frenchmen will likely contend that they have as much right to settle in Ontario as the English have to settle in Quebec, and may instance the Eastern Townships, where almost all are English-speaking, and, strange to say, have not pro-

voked the enmity of the *habitans* of the seignories. In the meantime, however, GRIP will await with awe and bated breath the development of the triangle of which the eastern shore of Lake Nipissing is the base, and where "no snow is felt" until late in the fall, a rather remarkable phenomenon on the part of its climate, it lying, as we must infer, far north of the frozen whiskey region.

THE KRO.

BY THE RIGHTFUL HEIR OF THE LATE MR. BILLINGS.

The kro is a very pekuliar burd. He ez a biped—and, like sum uther bipeds i no, he boasts of 2 legs, 2 I's, end wares always a blak kot with considerabel oph a tale to it. His voyce is a husky, hi-pitched baritone—kind uv' owt uv' toon, end when hee opens his mowth to sing you'd think he was one oph them old-phashund kuntry presenters raisin' the toon in meetin'. The kro also ons a magestrate which sum ignerent people call a beak, this artikel he keeps fur his on yuse eggklusively—to be yused as a prod, a shuvul, a pikaks, or anything els as occasion rekwiress. He ez a famly man, ez the kro, he thinks his yung wuns the whitest in creashun, end he wayts till they ar comphurtably mated and setled in liphe bephore he sais good bi too them. The kro's wiphe lais eggs, but when a boy tries to steel them he phindes owt he hez bin too fresh end gets leph, his descent phrom that tree ez moar speady than graseful, end iph the parent kros have leph a solitary optik in his head the enterprisen young man's gratitood is manyphested by pelten roks, et cetera, at them. The kros ar deth on pikniks, and a ded hors is the signoll fur a piknik. When a karkidge is carted out to a feeld, the boss kro ishoos invitashuns by the hundred, an' in less'n ten minutes that carkage is blak with kros campen owt on it an' hevin' a gay old time—singin', speechyfyu an' holdin' a regeler camp-mectin' over it. When the kros cum away hoam agen, that hors looks like the bleecht ribs of an old ship stiken up in a sand bank. The kro is grate on hoin—he hos with his magestrate, end he strides akross the korn pheelds like a man that nose his biznes. He maiks a be-line phur a korn hil, hauls up in phrunt oph it, skwints at it, phurst with wun eye then with the uther, then he liphs his kot tale & skoops owt every seed. The seeds disapeer down his throte like the bailsless pababrik oph a dreem—and the korn hil duns't need no moar hoin' all that summer. There lezure ours ar spent in jawin'; they'll sit on top uv a tree end jaw, end jaw, end jaw, till you can't hear yure ears phor them. Sum ar good at shoeten kros. When a kro is shot he deends suddenly phrom his perch, but I wunce heard oph a kro that was shot throo the hart with-owt budgen an inch—he cudn't budge bekaws he was phasocened up with wire. The man who shot it said severel wurd in a phorren lang-wige, but he eggspalned to the boys who wear snikerin' behind the phens that he new all the time. The kro is a vano anymul, it is so phond oph joolry and glitren things—it will gobel them rite down without ny mstasycation what-ever. In addishun to his uther akumpleshments the kro, when taimcd, ken be taut to speak, end ken also utter scensibel remarks without noin the meanin' oph said remarks. There are uther bipeds besides kros ken do that.

Milkman.—"Johnny, did you put water in the milk this morning?" *New Assistant.*—"Yes, sir." "Don't you know that is wicked, Johnny?" "But you told me to mix water with the milk." "Yes, but I told you to put the water in first and pour the milk into it. Then, you see, we can tell people we never put water in our milk.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*