

THE ROMAUNT OF GRISELDA.

List to my ballad, for 'twas made expresse,
Damsels, for you;
Better to be (beyond all loveliness)
Loyall and true!

There lived a maiden, beautifull but poor,
Whose gentle wyles
And goodnesse lit her father's hut on ye moor,
Like sunlichte's smyles.

No moated castel hers hadde ever been,
Jewells nor golde;
Yet cheerful she was, and busie,—thyngs, I ween,
Better four folde.

No bustel huge was it her wont to wear,
Nor Langtrie bang.
Nor hatte as tall as ye village steeple, where
Ye churche bells rang.

One day a cavalier, Sir Walter Hight,
Travelled that way;
Sith in disguise he was, no page ye knight
Haddie on that day.

Sir Walter paused before ye cottage door,
And on ye mayde did looke.
“Ladye, art versed in all romantic lore?”
“Sir, I can cooke.”

The knight, in rapture and in fond surprise,
Gazed more and more.
“Fair one, a knight's true love can'st thou despyse,
With golden store?”

“I am a lord of wealth and high descente,
And much beside;
Maiden, be mine! yea, love, do thou consente,
And be my bride!”

Not for his castel and his broad domain,
Yielded ye maid,
But that she loved ye handsome knight—Love faine
Would be obeyed.

On ye same charger with ye knight she rode,
So passed along;
And eke ye little birdes, as on they rode,
Burst out in songe.

And they rode on untill yrose in syghte
His castel towers;
And ye Bishope wedded Griselda and ye knighte,
In happy bowers.

TRISTRAM S.

THE STRAW HAT.

NOTHING affords a better example of the innate perversity of inanimate things than a straw hat. A travelling man has been known to carry an accident policy for fifteen years, and to have then grown so disgusted at not having met with any accidents, that he threw it up, and the week after he fell over a wheelbarrow and broke his leg. The perversity of furniture in the night-time, of banana peels, and of countless other things, is too well known to require comment. But for pure, original cussedness, the straw hat beats them all.

About this time of the year the nice young man attires himself tastefully, and wearing a new and stylish straw hat with a band of blue and old gold, goes on an excursion to Hamilton with his best girl. When the boat is about a hundred yards from the dock, his straw hat, which he has neglected to fasten to his button-hole by the elastic string, blows off and floats down the bay. This causes a great deal of attention to be attracted to him, under which he blushes and feels uncomfortable. During the rest of the trip he is in a very unhappy state of mind.

When the boat at last reaches Hamilton he starts out to get a hat; but owing to its being a holiday, he finds all the shops closed. After tramping the streets for four hours, he has to content himself with a battered christy for which he pays a Jew pawnbroker two dollars and a quarter. It is of the issue of 1881, damaged some, and faded from exposure in the Jew's shop-window. But the young man takes it and jabs it on his head savagely. It is two sizes too small for him; but in the bitterness of his heart he doesn't mind that. He goes down to the boat, gets a two-inch rope from one of the deck hands, and lashes himself to that hat. Then he smiles grimly.

But that disreputable old hat, which he will throw in the ash-barrel when he gets home, wouldn't blow off if he stood in a cyclone.

THE Presbyterian *Review* has become so prosperous that the enlargement of its already broad pages has become a necessity. This has been effected, greatly to the delight of its friends, and now the paper is one of the very best of denominational organs. The success of the *Review* is due to careful and wide awake editorship, and a manly independence of all political parties.



INJUSTICE.

Father—Tommy, you should try and be a better Loy. You are our only child, and we expect you to be good.

Tommy—It ain't my fault that I'm your only child. It's tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I haven't got.

SCOTTIE ON CATS.

THE WAREHOUSE,

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DEAR MAISTER "GRIP,"—"Man is the creature o' circumstances," but ilka circumstance has its ain creator. an' its railly humblin' tae a superior intelligence tae think hoo completely miscomfished he can be by circumstances ca'ed intae existence by bein's sae muckle inferior tae himsel'. . . What for instance noo is mair insignificant than a cat? an' yet, given a mune-licht nicht—the roof o' a woodshed, an' a forgatherin' o' twa-ree choice feline spearits, an' that same animal will yowl intae existence a