

A YARN OF THE BAY.

COME, all ye jolly yachtsmen, come and listen unto me,
While I do spin a merry yarn about the treacherous sea;
Yet not exactly of the sea is this, my little lay,
For it happened just a week ago upon Toronto Bay.
A merry crew of yachtsmen left the shores of this fine town,
Jones, Smith, Ford, Jackson, Robinson, Black, White, Grey, Green,
and Brown,
A very happy crew indeed were they when they set sail;
But not when they came back again, and thereby hangs this tale.
They laid in lots of biscuits, cheese, canned meat and such like
stuff,
And if they'd sailed for India, they'd stowed away enough;
But they, alas! did likewise take, I'm sorry to remark,
A quantity of liquid grog, corked up in bottles dark.
At five a. m. they sailed away before a rattling breeze,
And every man was at his post, and perfectly at ease,
No sober crew of yachtsmen were more sober for to see,
Than this same crew when they put out a singing merrily;
But when that yacht came floating back at twelve o'clock p. m.,
The question that was freely asked was "what's become of them?"
And though one person only might have given some reply,
He could not, for upon his back he speechlessly did lie.
Around him, lying here and there, were bottles thick and deep,
You'd think their noise when chinking would have roused him from
his sleep;
But it didn't, for he slept right on as calm as any child,
Only when the chink grew louder, quite unconsciously he smiled
And raised an empty bottle, which was quite tight in his grasp,
Unto his mouth and suck'd and smack'd his lips, and gave a gasp,
And then he'd roll right over in his sleep, and snore away
As though he were in bed instead of on Toronto Bay.
Six hours later he awoke, and gazing wildly round,
Said "Shiver all my timbers! mates, I guess she's gone aground;
Why, by the bones of Davy Jones, where are my messmates true?
Black, Green, White, Grey, Smith, Jones, I say, Robinson where
are you?"
Where's anything? and where's the yacht, that jolly little craft,
Of all the boats upon the bay the best built, fore and aft?
And where's the bay? Where's Hamilton? Where's here, and
where am I?"
And when he paused a mocking voice did unto him reply—
"You're here, my hearty, right and tight, and here you're going to
stay
Till morning brings you into port, where you will then belay,
For cutting off with that same yacht from Hamilton last night;
It's lucky you weren't drowned, if you had you'd been served right."
Then Brown, when he quite realized he was a prisoner,
He cursed the yacht, and cursed the grog they stowed aboard of her;
He cursed his mates, and cursed his luck that put him there in jail,
When he had only put from shore to have a pleasant sail.
All night he box'd the compass, reeled the log, and paced the deck,
But when he woke at morn, alas! he saw he was a wreck;
Before the magistrate he stood for stealing of that yacht;
He tried to spin his yarn in vain, for really he could not
Explain how he came all alone upon Toronto Bay,
With empty bottles ballasted, and neither could he say
Exactly where he came from, though he said on being sworn,
That he had sailed from that same place at 5 o'clock last morn.
The court all laughed, the constable cried "silence" with a smile,
The magistrate proceeded to reprove Brown in a style
That indicated plainly he discredited the tale,
And was just about to sentence him to eighteen months in jail,
When in rushed White, Black, Green and Jones, Smith, Robinson
and Grey,
With Jackson, who most coolly asked, "How much is there to
pay?"
And told how they in Hamilton the day before had beached
With Brown, who'd taken too much grog before that place was
reached:
And how they'd left him in the yacht most peacefully asleep,
While they around the village walked, at pretty girls to peep;
And how when they came back they found a sudden storm had
come
And carried off the yacht and Brown, and left them to walk home.
The J. P. winked most kindly at the yachtsman's little tale,
And said "My jolly mariners, when next from home you sail
Upon a friendly voyage to some far-off foreign town,
Let all your grog be locked up tight, as was your shipmate Brown."
Pokeruville, Ont. P. QUILL.

A SPANIARD has turned the whole Bible into "poetry,"
—260,000 stanzas. He is still at large.

For GRIP (?).

THE LAZY MAN.

I THOUGHT it better to query the legend heading this
essay, for there are very few things of which we are
certain in this world.

The lazy man is now in season. Like ill-weeds in hot
weather, "he grows apace." Most of us feel quite at
home on the subject of laziness, too, especially about the
dog days, and we know whereof we speak. We can put
our whole energies into it, as it were; and as in many
other things, he who can speak with force, speaks from
knowledge, and his opinions are entitled to some respect.
From the above and other considerations, I venture to
write you on the seasonable topic of "The Lazy Man,"
believing that your columns are open to anything in which
the large majority of our afflicted race are concerned.

Of the lazy man it may truthfully be said, the sun never
sets on him, that is, he is to be found in every nook and
corner of the world—more often, indeed, in the nooks
and corners than anywhere else. The sun does not often
shine on him, either, because he has a decided preference
for the shade. Perhaps there are instances in which it
might be wished that the sun or some other ponderous
body might set or *sit* on him. He is cosmopolitan, and
may be found in all the great centres of civilization—and
all the other parts of civilization, too, for that matter.
He is educated; he is ignorant; he is sometimes, per-
haps always, a sinner, and yet he goes to church—at
least he gets there eventually, generally some half hour
or so after everybody else. He comes in just when the
congregation is deeply interested, and at such times
receives a good deal of attention, if not admiration. He
finds his seat at last, sits down in the corner, and goes to
sleep; he has been known to sleep very emphatically,
too; he can be heard, if not seen.

Many hundreds of years ago the wise King Solomon
said to the lazy man—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard,"
though I believe the sluggard would have much preferred
having the ant come to him. Thus we have again the
old truth forced upon us that there is nothing new under
the sun—the lazy man is not a production of modern
times. There were mighty men of old, and I guess
there were lazy men, too. Some people argue that we
surpass the ancients in many things; very likely we excel
them in laziness too! at any rate, I think, our style of
laziness is more finished and complete. Have we not
the experience of the past to guide us? It is an old and
accepted truth that we profit by experience. So there
are some good points about lazy people at this late day.
They are very modest—not a bit proud of their laziness!
I don't know that I ever heard a lazy man boast of it,
though often they *are* quite proud of their ancestry, or
some other equally interesting thing. I believe if there
were prizes given by our enterprising Industrial Fair
Board for the champion lazy man, there would be no
entries; excessive modesty, or something—perhaps their
laziness—would keep them at home. The lazy man is
also very retiring—not a bit obtrusive; indeed, he would
sooner retire than advance, and much sooner lie down
than do either. He is ornamental, attracting much
public attention when gracefully propped up against the
wall at a street corner; but the policeman has nearly
monopolized this time-honored privilege now. As a kind
of recompense for this invasion of their rights, our lazy
men take a very prominent place in the ranks of those
pretty young men found ranged on either side of the
church door as the congregation is coming out on Sunday
evening.