

The Turk.

There was an old Turk in a palace who dwelt,
And a savage old Turk was he,
His heart was so hard that it never would melt
At a tale of misery.

He cut off the heads of the Christian folk,
He thought such proceedings an excellent joke,
He would hear no word against it spoke,
He sat on a sofa and did smoke,
This cruel old Turk, did he.

There came an old Russian right down from a hill,
And a savage old Russian was he,
And he said, "You'll please your passions still
And let those Christians be.

"Or I'll cut off your head in the very same way;
You'll find there'll be the deuce to pay
When all my army marches this way
With swords and bayonets, shouting Hooray,"
This savage old Russian, said he.

Says the Turk, "You unbeliever base,
In Allah or nothing at all,
Tramp back with a skip to your old hill place,
Or I'll chop you exceedingly small.

"For I'll hear no chat from a Muscovite,
And I'll wallop your friends by day and night,
Much more than ever just out of spite,
Whether they're wrong or whether they're right,
And their heads I shall shorten all.

Then the Russian he said, "This answer suits."
And war to the knife he swore,
And he walloped the Turk right out of his boots,
Two or three times and some more.

Then the Turk he gobbled much humble pie,
And tolerates Christianity,
And promised reforms—in the by and by,
And will pay a big indemnity,
And did for mercy roar.

Now all you Turks who live on high,
And won't attend to biz,
And MAC., the Turk who does deny
Protection which is his

To the workingman quite out of work,
And makes him idle about to lurk,
You mind what came to the wicked old Turk,
And mend your ways with a sudden jerk,
Or you'll presently have to miz.

Jerry on a Pleasure Tour.

Misther Grip.

I notist in wan av your papers a few wakes back that me brother, TERENCE, took the liberty av writin yez a lather jist because he wint down to Whitby beyant, for a visit. Now, av that was worth fwihle makin a helabaloo about, sure I am av opinion this lather av moine is worth more, for I amn't makin auny little wan horse visit loike that, but away aff to the Shtates. I am now enjyin mesilf here in the Shtate av Ohio, fwere they make the grindstones that Uncle SAM uses in his Congress for grindin the axes of politicians loike BELKNAP an thim. I kem here for a pleasure tour, though maybe I moight thransact a bit av business too, av the weather wud get a little cooler. They have plinty av purty girls here, an picnics, an blueberry poi, an all the other delicacies av the saison, an yez nadn't be worryin about me puttin in a miserable toime av it. I wint to a party yisterday, an it'll be a grane shpot in me mimory manny a day. The girls wint fair wild about me, whin they hard I was from Canady. They wor so kind, I blave they wud all go in for annixation.

But I musn't forget to tell yez how I got here. Well thim, I wint first to Detroit, which av coorse yez know is the west ind av Windsor. It was the Great Wistern Railway had the contrhact to kerry me there, an I must say they done the job in shplindid shstyle, givin me aise, comfort an foine scenery. Whin I got to Detroit I med a bee line to the *Free Press* affice. That's fwat all the thravelers do now a days. On arrivin there, I walked shtrait up an axed for the Currincy man. They showed me politely to the BARR-room, an there I found the party I was afther. He looked pale, an was ividently in pain makin up a pun for the *Free Press*. Whin the agony was over, he kindly led me all over

the buildin, shown me M. QUAD's grindstone an free-puff machine (which had its hanle broke, misfortunatly, an so they cudn't put in a notice that I was in town). I also had a shquint at the BULLOCK press. It ought to be called the Bully wan, for begorra it prints the papers, gums the edges, folds thim up, putts on the names, delivers thim to subscribers an collects the arrears, all at wanst. Yez ought to buy wan for GRIP affice. The *Free Press* buildin is the foineest I iver seen. Ivery man has a parlor av his own, wid Brussel's patent carpet seven inches thick, on the floor, an chromos be the owld masthers on the walls. Av yez don't loike the affice yez have in Taranty, take this wan. The *Free Press* is always willin to exchange wid comic papers Misther BARR towld me. Well, afther spindin a plisint day in Dethroit, I left on board the grand shtame boat *Jay Cooke*, first gettin me ticket from the gentlemanky firm av ASHLY and MITCHELL, the general managers av the line. I never saw Misther JAY COOKE, but if he is annything loike the shtame boat av that name, he is the purtiest an fashetest man in America. Me destination was to Put in Bay, an a more joyful thrip I niver med. From thence I kem to Cleveland in another av ASHLEY and MITCHELL's foine shtameboats—the *Alaska*, they call it. I towld the Captain the boat was a perfect Pearl, but he said that was the name av the other wan. I am plased to take notice that I wasn't say-sick, but I dunno if the cook was much delighted at that fact, for I always distinguished mesilf at male-toime, an gud, solid males they wor, too.

I moight write wanst more befoor I come back if yez print this lather.
JERRY TIERNEY.

The Member to Be.

What is the thing
Which rises ghostlike in my vision still,
And will not let me eat, or drink or sleep,
Or walk, or run, or read, or other things,
Which I do use to do? A vision huge
Of blackboard standing high in sight of men
And TOMKINS' name thereon, and numbers, too,
In black and white, of greater pile of votes
Than appertain to me, and MY great name
Stuck in a corner low, a thing despised,
Which no man cares about. Lo, TOMKINS they
Do cry. Three cheers for TOMKINS, hip, hooray,
And crowd about his door, and round his seat,
And pull his carriage, yes, alas, they do,
And I must sneak me home. It shall not be,
Straight will I hie me to the canvassing,
Speak till I split, declare, yell, shout and scream,
All day, then sleep, and dream my horrid dream,
Of TOMKINS in again.



HON. E. B. CHANDLER, of Dorchester, N. B. has been appointed Lt. Governor of New Brunswick, to succeed Mr. TILLEY. Mr. CHANDLER is a hale and clever old gentleman; we don't think a better choice could have been made. —Wat-say?

THE *St. John Telegraph* reproves Halifax for being in the pouts, and refusing to celebrate Dominion Day as the rest of us do. Whereupon the witty *Torch* very aptly says: Rather unpatriotic, to be sure,—but then, what need of a special holiday in Halifax where every day partakes so much of that character?

WHEN the *Guelph Herald* editor, who wrote that bitter article against GOLDWIN SMITH in Tuesday's issue, takes up the *Leader*, and learns that the object of his ridicule is going to "throw in his weight with the Conservative party in the present contest," perhaps he may have some idea of what the term "quicken'd conscience" means.

A QUESTION for the Montreal lawyers who are so ready to give "opinions":—Which party ought to celebrate the 12th of July in future? The Orangemen can no longer honour it in commemoration of a triumph of Protestantism—and the other fellows haven't much respect for that day of the month on account of the memories it has perpetuated so long.

THE *St. John Torch* says that our boy HANLAN may be assured of one thing, viz. that he will receive the most kind treatment from the New Brunswickers. We believe it. In fact he is now enjoying royal treatment. AETNA HARPER, the hospitable, drives him round town; Captain CHIP SMITH trots out the Fire Brigade for him; Judge NOWLAN asks him in to have lemonade; Mr. ELDER gives him good local notices in the *Telegraph*, and best of all—JOSEPH refrains from *Torching* his name to make puns for his paper. *St. John* knows how to entertain a stranger. We have been there.