



THE FALSE ONES.

Mr. Felindus Spindle, and Miss Aurora Giles, Bestowed upon each other their very sunniest smiles; Miss Aurora vowed she loved her dearest Mr. Spindle. Felindus swore Aurora's charm his heart began to kindle.

Aurora was but forty, (she owned to thirty-four), Spindle a youth of fifty, or maybe a year more; Aurora wore a flaxen wig, her baldness for to cover, She could not show her poor bare pate, unto her faithful lover.

Felindus wore a false moustache, a set of ivory teeth, His graceful figure was made up of padding underneath; He looked a very handsome man—of that I dare be sworn, When arrayed in all his glory,—but not when he was shorn.

Felindus on a summer's day, determined out to drive, And with him take Aurora, "The dearest girl alive;" So out into the country right merrily they went, Alas! for what did happen, before the day was spent.

Down by a stream they sauntered, sweet promises exchanged, As up and down its grassy banks in happiness they ranged; At last, becoming wearied they sat upon a stump— Which overhung the river,—and in they went ker' stump!

Aurora's wig went floating off, Felindus' teeth went down, But what were paltry teeth to him who was about to drown? He heeded not Aurora's screams, but struggled to the bank, And—on a bed of nettles he down exhausted sank.

Aurora reached the other shore, an awful sight was she, I hardly know which looked the worst—although I think 'twas he: His padding all subsided, his dear moustache, too, gone, Felindus certainly was what, is often termed "forlorn."



Then from each bank they thus began:—
A.—"You odious! horrid! treacherous man!"
F.—"You awful, hairless harpidan!"
A.—"From out my sight oh! quickly fly."
F.—"Aurora, but you are a guy!"
A.—"A guy, sir! what are you? a fright."
F.—"If you'll apply at home you're right."
A.—"Try, sir! just show moustache and tooth."
F.—"A wig, and bald head underneath!"
A.—"Oh mercy! that you'd me deceive!"
F.—"A parting will not me grieve."
A.—"Then sir! I have no more to say."
F.—"Then thrice adieu Miss, and—good day."

Each went their way; she without wig,
And he not nearly half as big
As when he started.
The moral's this: Try not to put on youthful airs,
Or else be sure t'will bring you cares.

PEPPER-TON'S POLITICAL PARROT.

Penultimate Pepperton was a thorough Grit. His support of Mowat was unceasing, his detestation of Sir John dirfully deep. Blake was his bully boy. P. P.'s enemies said he was a political partizan, and though he and his always began with *peace*, yet they generally ended with war. Penultimate lived in a villa which he had designated Mowat Mansion, out of compliment to the Ontario chief. His enemies, however, would persist in dubbing it the Pepperbox, because of the hot nature of its contents. It is not with the Pepperbox we have to deal, but a particular dweller therein. That P. D. is a parrot. Penultimate had received it when a young bird, and had taken the greatest interest in teaching its young ideas how to shoot, or shout, if it please you. Amongst the many sayings he taught it, none gave him greater pleasure than two political allusions. One was "Three cheers for Blake and Mowat," the other, which Penultimate considered his greatest effort, "D—n Sir John." He chuckled at the thought of the fun which the latter expletive must provoke. The first occasion for the display of the parrot's accomplishments proved a genuine success, and threw Penultimate into ecstasies, from which he was rescued with the greatest trouble by his friends. In course of time Penultimate died and was gathered to his fathers. We regret having to dispose of the respected gentleman so hastily, but as this is not a three-volume novel, he cannot be retained upon the scene one minute longer. Suffice it that the parrot lived. The reading of the will passed the parrot to a distant nephew, by name Tobias Limberlip, who was as decided a Tory as Uncle Penultimate had been a Reformer.

Shortly after the installation of the parrot into his new home, Tobias Limberlip determined to give a supper to his particular-politico friends, in honor of the C.P.R. resolution, which had just passed. It happened that the Grit parrot had his abiding place amidst the window curtains of the room in which the supper was laid. The night arrived, and as surely did the guests. Tobias had gathered around him the choicest Tory spirits of his immediate neighborhood. There sat Blodger, who once had the pleasure of speaking to Meredith; Devocot, who reported the political storms in the teacup for the *Mail*; Sniper, who revelled in the distinguished honor of having on a certain occasion picked up a toothpick which Sir John had dropped; Timkins, whose mother once attended to Sir Charles Tupper's boiled shirts, and several other distinguished political lights. The supper was demolished with that gusto which is associated only with political carousers, who, for the nonce, assumed the viands to be their direct enemies, and dealt destruction right and left. After supper came the speech making. Poll previously had taken no heed to what was passing around, but when she heard the studied and stilled tones of the amateur politicians who usually made such occasions fields for practice, she became all attention. After the loyal toasts came "The Dominion Government," offered by Mr. Tobias. In the course of his oration he said, "What can we say for Blake or his ally Mowat?" Before anyone had time to wink, a stentorian voice pealed forth, "Three cheers for Blake and Mowat." Horror and amazement was on every feature, *vile* novelists.

Devocot turned white, Blodger red, and the host spilled his wine, and swallowed his toothpick, whilst everybody glared savagely

around the room. No one being prepared to name the offender, the incident was passed over. After a drink round to pull up their shattered nerves, the toast list was proceeded with. The toast of the evening, "Sir John Macdonald," was given by the host with so many turns and twists of "Sir John," occasionally varied with "Sir John," that Poll, remembering her lesson, alas too well, shrieked out, "D—n Sir John." Then ensued a confused scene of tumbler-smashing, chair upsetting and table-turning, as each guest dashed in the direction of the sound. A dozen hands tore down the curtains, bringing to the floor parrot, cage and cornice pole, breaking two valuable vases and several panes of glass in their descent. Poll shrieked, the host and his guests—well the reader may guess what they did—the Limberlip family and servants, in a state of horror, dashed into the room and added their voices to the others as a kind of chorus, making the whole as charming a piece of realism as could be met with in life's march. * * * As stage manager we ring down the curtain at this interesting point, the orchestra playing "Love at Home," with appropriate drum accompaniment. A few days later the following appeared in the FOR SALE column of the *Globe*:

FOR SALE CHEAP. A POLITICAL TALKING parrot. Well stocked with Grit sentiments. Apply to Box 5102.

TITUS A. DRUM.

A SCHOOL SONNETS.

The new Department School of Art,
Will benefit the nation;
Which must begin
To praise the Minister of Education!
For teaching art
Must soon impart
To teach amelioration;
And all because
G. W. Ross
Has charge of Education!
The School of Art
Has given a start
To progress for the nation;
This true "N. P."
Ross gives, and he
Deserves GRIP's approbation.

A RIVER-SIDE RHAPSODY.

Night.

Right you are.

Night by a large majority. Far away in the distant west, rested against a star-illuminated ground of the darkest azure, the silver streak of the new-born April moon.

Higher up, and a little to the north, burned with a radiant burn, queenly Venus, goddess of love, ice-cream and caramels—not to mention oyster stews in season—the most brilliant object in the evening heavens.

Towards the south old Orion, tired after his long and wearying winter's vigil, sought thus early rest below the horizon.

On a rude and rickety bridge, overhanging a purling stream, which, not yet fully recovered from its spring freshet, made more noise than was its wont, stood a man of thirty summers and thirty-one winters—other seasons to match—tall and slender.

Pensively he gazed upon the starry host and the young empress of night roveling in their majestic beauty, all serene.

A light foot-fall fell upon his ear—figuratively, or dire would have been the consequences—and in another moment Imogene McQuakenboss was clasped in his thin but affectionate arms.

As passes the breath of the June zephyrs over the growing wheat, causing it to sway gently and bow its peaceful head, so passed over her fragile frame (220 avordupois), a sudden tremor.

"What ails my Imogene?" in tender tones asked John X. de Cashe, for he it was.