

## A TALE OF OLD CHINA.



Blak Hi was a native of China.  
A beauteous maiden was she,  
And none would have dreamt that so fine a  
Young girl was a "Heathen Chinese."

Her pa was a mandarin haughty,  
Her mother was born at Peking.  
Her pa whacked her daily—when naughty,  
Her ma was addicted to gin.



Blak Hi loved a handsome young fellow,  
A most gorgeous pigtail had he;  
His face was a nice quiet yellow,  
His eyes they were shaped like a V.

Of she and her lover were parted,  
She wrote to him frequently then,  
And poured forth her woes, broken hearted,  
With the aid of a golden nibbed pen.

This pen was Blak Hi's greatest treasure,  
For it was a present from *him*;  
She gazed at it daily with pleasure,  
Till o'er it her bright eyes grew dim.



Of treasures she had very many,—  
A poodle uncommonly fat,  
A silk-worm she'd bought for a penny,  
A Cochin and tortoise shell cat.

One morning she heard from her lover,  
And wishing to answer him then,  
She vainly turned everything over,  
And found she had lost her gold pen.

The silk-worm had likewise departed—  
The cochin's sweet voice was not heard—  
The Tom-cat a journey had started,  
She fancied to follow the bird.

With anguish her tender heart quivered,  
She picked up her pet poodle pup  
And said, "we will never be severed,"  
On you my dear doggy I'll sup."

With gravy that poodle was basted,  
He was most deliciously cooked,  
And Blak Hi remarked, when she tasted,  
He ate quite as nice as he looked.

But when she explored for the stuffing,  
She gave a loud groan and retired,  
For there lay poor puss hot and puffing,  
Who merely said "meow," and expired.

When eating the cat two days after,  
She thought she heard noises inside—  
A sort of strange indistinct laughter,—  
'Twas the cochin who crowed and then died.

The dead fowl she had cooked for dinner,  
It made a most delicate roast;  
The silk-worm was seated within her—  
It wriggled and gave up the ghost.

She fished out the worm in distraction,  
And chewed it quite listlessly, when  
She found to her great satisfaction,  
Her long lost, her golden nibbed pen.  
The poodle poor puss had devoured,  
The tom cat had lunched on the hen,  
The cochin, whose temper was soured,  
Ate the silk-worm, who'd swallowed the pen.



A pen-holder—A hog.

A stakeholder—The ground.

Was "Arrah be dad!" the father of Arabi  
Bey?

The fall business—The trees shedding their  
leaves.

A tender subject with Sir Charles Tupper—  
The Trent Valley Canal.

The man at sea, who was talked to death  
when dead was thrown over-board.

A novel has been published lately entitled  
"Laide" Why should it not be laid aside till  
finished?

The gentleman in Montreal, who has been so  
much talked of lately, was a hunter after other  
people's money.

A new book is announced as follows:—The  
Sixth Edition of "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins."  
We pity Mr. Mayburn.

I lately read an article headed the "Decline  
of Man." I have no faith in any such idea, as  
I asked a man to have a drink the other day  
and he didn't decline worth a cent.

The Lindsay market is the finest in the coun-  
try. A country-woman brings in one con-  
sumptive chicken. A crowd gather round,  
and draw lots for the bird till it gets down to  
two. Then they each seize a leg and pull. In  
this way the bird is divided soon. Along come  
two other fellows, grumbling because the  
chicken had not two more legs, so they might  
have also had a pull.

## THOSE BRITISHERS AGAIN.

MESSRS. BUGG AND V. V. DE VERE ON CANADA.

No. 1.

MR. BUGG TO HIS MOTHER.

BAYVILLE, Canada, 1882.

Weel, 'ow d'ye do, old 'oman? it's a pretty tidiesh time  
Since last I tipped yer a line, so now H'll gie ye a dose  
o' rhyme  
Since I came hout 'ere you'd 'ardly think 'ow H've been  
gettin' hon,  
Wy! I'm one o' the bloated haristercrats, the tonnest of  
the ton.  
The' H'im gettin' rich my 'eart is warm, an' I hossen  
thinks o' you  
An' father an' 'is cobbler shop, I thinks about 'im too.  
But haint it bloomin' wonderful, the airiest kind o' joke  
For me to cut a dash out 'ere; a common kind o' bloke?  
Wi, ye know I 'ardly couldn't read wen I left 'ome at  
fust,  
But now you'd hought to see me, for can't I come it,  
just?  
I'm one o' Bayville's bloomin' swells, (they calls hus the  
'erleet.")  
An' I nods my 'ead familiar to all the nob's I meet.  
H've made a pile of o' spon's, or stamps, an' takes my  
daily grub  
With all the other swells in town at an 'ouse we call  
the Club.

Hi tell yer! don't we do it brown with liveried waiter  
blokes,  
As we sits an' heats h'our wittles in sight of passin' folks,  
And takes a chair hout hon the stoop an' swigs our beer  
and wine,  
And lets the people see we knows just 'ow to come it  
fine;  
We're just the same as them at 'ome, them United Service  
chicks,  
And the Army and Navy Clubs, and don't we pile it on  
like bricks,  
We cuts it *vayther* fatter than them chaps down in Pall  
Mall,—  
But wot's the use o' doin' a thing hunless yer does it well?  
Hourclub's composed of all the best and nobbiest 'olesale  
chaps,  
We don't allow no retail blokes to fill *hous* vacant gaps.  
Wen fust the club was started we 'ad to draw the line  
At them below perfunshunals to cut the thing down fine.  
But some 'ow rules get broken, and hafter hall, ye know,  
Wy, some o' them perfunshunals is most unkimmon low,  
Aint 'ardly got a stiver, as they calls 'em hout 'ere, cents,  
And it's 'ardly right for men like that to fraternize with  
gents.  
I sometimes larfs when thinkin' wot I *was* and wot I *am*,  
A swell hout 'ere, at 'ome, ye know, 'is Lordship's vally  
de sham.  
Yer see I've changed my moniker, took on a hextra name,  
Wy bless yer 'eart there's plenty more as does the very  
same,  
But now I'll wind up. Tell the gov. to keep a cheerful  
mug  
And give my love to hall, old gal, from  
'ENRY NORFOLK-BUGG.

No. 11.

MR. VAVASOUR VERE DE VERE TO GRIP.

DEAR GWIP,—It is not often that I wash  
into pwint, but an article which appeah'd in  
your last issue (I often wead GRIP, but I  
weahilly appreciate *Punch* much more, for the  
jokes are all explained in that papah, and a  
follah can see the point in a few minutes)  
seemed to touch upon the vevy thing that bed  
atwuck me, and though it was written by some  
howwible plebian, I must confess the fellah is  
wight, or as wight as the lowah classes ever  
can be. I think some of the institutions in  
this country are simply beastly, and the  
private boarding house is one of the beastliest  
of them all. Though I am not *wich*, I am dis-  
cended from a vevy old family, (Giuseppe di  
Vero having been a powipatetic musician in  
the time of the Medicis, pwomenading the  
stweets of Flowence with his instwument which  
he played with a cwank, and accompanied by  
a member of the Simiades family), and my in-  
stincts are those of a blue-blooded awistocrat,  
and it is merely a tempowawy misunderstanding  
with a common tradesman that brought me  
to this howwible country at all. Not being *wich*  
I was compelled, aftah exhausting my cwedit at  
the Woyal hotel heah, to patwovize one of these  
pivate boarding houses, where the occupants  
were of the most hetewogeneous chavacter.  
Fancy my feelings when I found I had to  
woom with a black bwute of a moulder, who  
actually wotired to west without a *wobe de  
nuit*, and who had the tenewity to dwess up  
mine as a dummy, and put it in one of the—  
the ah—female boarders bed-wooms! I came  
vevy near thrwashing him for his audacity, and  
should have done so, only the great big cow-  
ardly bwute sat on me on the floah just as I  
was about to give him a twemendous beating,  
and my eye is black yet. Just picture to  
yourself, Mr. GWIP, a Veah de Veah engaged  
in combat with a gweasy mouldah!

Then I had to sit at meals next to a pwintah  
or a weportah, or some such fellah, and he  
cwacked his idiotic jokes all the time, and  
called me Lady Clawa, and so on, till I thwreat-  
ened to wun a piece of beefsteak through him  
one day, when he went off and wote a poem  
about "The Awistocwat's honor at steak" and  
pwinted in his beastly, commonplace news-  
paper. The landlady's daughtah, who did  
what they called the chores round the house in  
the day-time and monopolized the sitting-  
woom at night with a young fellah who sang  
in the church choir (I went to church one  
day on purpose to hear them sing, and all I