



## A DIPLOMAT.

FARMER'S WIFE—"Ain't you the same tramp I gave a piece of cake to yesterday? You said you'd never show your nose here agin."

HUNGRY HIGGINS—"I believe I did, madam, but that cake was so excellent that I thought I might venture to ask you to oblige me with the receipt."

## THE VACANT LAUREATESHIP.

*Specimen Poems by Canadian aspirants for the post.*

THE impression has gained a widespread currency in Canadian literary circles, that, owing to the present dearth of poetic genius in England, Mr. Gladstone is likely to follow the advice of GRIP and appoint a Canadian poet to the vacant laureateship. Such an appointment would immensely please the Imperial Federationists, as demonstrating the practical unity of the Empire, and Sir Charles Tupper's influence will of course be exerted in this direction. In order that the merits of our Canadian bards may be fully appreciated, a number of the aspirants have written specimen poems, which have been forwarded with their testimonials to the proper authorities. As the decision is one which interests the whole Canadian people, GRIP has secured some of these competition poems, which are herewith submitted:—

ODE TO LAKE ONTARIO,  
OR ANY OTHER LAKE.

TRANSLUCENT liquid!—watery expanse!  
How calm thou art, how placid and how moist!  
Oft have I scanned thy beauties at a glance,  
When jocund June has bid the nymphs rejoice.

Thou art not thus when boisterous blizzards sway,  
Whose witchery wakes thy wildly whirlsome waves,  
In gusty gulfs they seethe with showery spray,  
Regurgitant through opalescent caves.

Oh, elemental strifes which mar with dole,  
As doth the devious yet more subtle form  
Which, born of bland vacuity of soul,  
Blends with the fleeting terrors of the storm.

And ever thus thou mirrorest the mind.  
Lake of my love! thy depths will ever be  
With all my fondest memories intertwined,  
Until I launch upon the Shoreless Sea.

W. W. CAMPBELL.

## CANADIAN INDUSTRY.

THE greatest Canadian industry,  
Greater than making of whittletrees,  
Or deadly engine for pulling peas,  
Hail to the chief, Canadian Cheese!

Some people boast of making separators and plows,  
And some of raising barns and cows,  
But none of these will stomach tease  
Like good Canadian home-made cheese.

Our factory process now to you I'll tell,  
Lest some not knowing couldn't tell.  
I now proceed now, if you please,  
To tell how to make factory cheese.

They put the milk in a great big thing,  
And squeeze it hard as anything,  
And make it just the size you please,  
'Tis thus they make Canadian cheese.

JAMES MCINTYRE.

## PRE-CONCEPTIONS.

WHAT pale-flecked glimmerings blend athwart the glooms  
Where fit insoluble the germs of thought?  
Inexplicable Fate at length entombs  
Transcendental symbols such as Gyges wrought  
In vague palimpsest delicately traced  
Read prescient lines of vulcifract chagrin,  
Where ambient lurks the guardian of the waste  
To balk the lurid cenotaph therein.  
Thrilled with convulsions mark the blazon proud  
Nor of world-panoply forego the mask.  
Though devious semblances may lure the crowd  
Whose sufferance lacks the plenitude you ask,  
This sequence swerving from the latent cause  
May dazzle souls with resonant applause.

A. LAMPMAN.

## SCOTTISH SONG.

WHEN caller air blows ower the land,  
An' ilka aiblins ower the sea,  
Cam' Mary wi' the eerie hand,  
An' thole she preed the moo' wi' me.  
CHORUS—She preed the moo',  
She preed the moo',  
She thole she preed the moo' wi' me.

Her feyther, oh the carlin man,  
A winsome cloutie kebbuck he,  
As snooved awa' the burnie ran,  
An' loud she preed the moo' wi' me.

CHORUS—She preed the moo',  
She preed the moo',  
She preed an' thole the moo' wi' me.

As tocher skirlies but an' ben',  
Wi' caller aiblins ower the sea,  
The dawtit clachan gar'd him len'  
When Mary tholed the moo' wi' me.

CHORUS—She preed, etc.

JOHN IMRIE.

## COW-BELLS IN THE LANE.

TINGLE-TANGLE! jingle-jangle!  
Now we hear them plain,  
As the cattle, tired of roaming,  
Are returning in the gloaming.  
Tingle-tangle! jingle-jangle!  
Cow-bells in the lane.

Tingle-tangle! jingle-jangle!  
Get your milk-pail, Jane,  
To extract their snowy juices,  
Handy for domestic uses.  
Tingle-tangle! jingle-jangle!  
Cow-bells in the lane.