



JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

A SENTIMENTAL SCOTCHMAN.

McCANDLESS (*looking at a donkey which his friend has just bought*)—"Mercy on us, Jock, what did ye want wi' sic-like an eerie craytur?"

JAMIESON—"Aweel, Colin, I got him gey cheap. Ony-way, gin he's nae guid for muckle else, his voice minds me o' the *braes* of Auld Scotia. Hech! hech!"

McCANDLESS—"Then I maun say, Mr. Jamieson, that ye hae varra strong imaginative pooters."

HISTORIC ANECDOTE.

ON the night before Julius Cæsar was invested with the imperial purple, as is well known, there was a great storm, attended with many alarming portents. Some of Cæsar's superstitious friends, considering this a bad sign, wished to dissuade him from attending to receive the much-desired dignity.

"Consider the dreadful weather," said one of them. "The sky is lowering and the clouds gathering from all quarters. 'Tis an ill omen."

"Nay," responded the Emperor, "if I have skill in augury it is a good one, as it presages a protracted reign."

"That settles it," said Cassius to himself. "I hadn't quite made up my mind to it, but no man that will work off sickly jokes like that on his friends will ever live to

be Emperor, if I can help it. 'Is this a dagger that I see before me?' Oh, I forgot—that comes in another play. (*Aloud*) Yes, sire, we are ready to attend you to the Capitol. Won't you have a hack? (*Aside*) He will have several before he knows it."

ANOTHER PLAGIARIST DETECTED.

EDITOR GRIP,—I wish to draw your attention to a gross case of plagiarism, fully equal in point of delinquency to that of which Henry George was lately convicted. This offence, I grieve to say, is becoming far too common among literary men. The culprit in the present instance is Mr. Archibald Lampman, a gentleman who, to use a mild—though I wish it to be distinctly understood not original humorism—passes for a *light* of Canadian literature. My good opinion of Mr. Lampman's literary conscientiousness has received a severe shock from reading his latest sonnet published in *Scribner*, which commences:

"Friend, though thy *soul* should burn thee, yet be still."

Now, sir, is there not a remarkable similarity, both in idea and form of expression, between this initial line and the old plantation refrain familiar to the audiences of negro minstrel performances twenty or thirty years since:

"An' a-whose dat foot a-burnin' ?
Some niggah's heel a-burnin' ?"

A burning heel naturally suggests a burning sole, and this, with a slight change of orthography, gives the precise language of the sonnet. The clamor raised over the ignition of the insensitive pedal epidermis of the colored person plainly inspired the exhortation to silence with which Lampman's poem commences. Can any reasonable person doubt that it is a rank plagiarism? The literary fraternity look confidently to GRIP for an exposure of such nefarious practices. Yours, etc., SCRUTATOR.

AFTER THE OPERA IS OVER.

EXCITED AUDITOR—"I declare, I never saw such wretchedly bad taste—such a scandalous violation of the dramatic unities—such an outrage on all sense of propriety!"

FRIEND—"What's the matter, old man? Some of 'em been gagging again?"

EXCITED AUDITOR—"Gagging isn't a circumstance to it. The opera was 'William Tell,' a grand thing, you know. And just as the curtain rose on the scene displaying the hat of the tyrant Gesler on a pole, to which the hero refuses to bow, what does that wretched orchestra do but strike up, 'Where did You get that Hat?' Destroyed all the romantic illusion of the piece. Soulless brutes! Fiends!" (*Left swearing.*)

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

MRS. OLDDAYS—"Making love isn't what it used to be in our days, Henry."

MR. OLDDAYS (*with an enquiring look*)—"No?"

MRS. OLDDAYS—"Indeed it is not. Maria's young man tell her his love with a typewriter, and makes kisses with braces."

MR. OLDDAYS—"You always preferred them with embraces, didn't you, dear?"