



The Olive Branch.

GRIP hopes little boy Blake, remembering his Sunday-School lesson about loving one's neighbors, will crush down his natural pride and accept the olive branch offered by little boy Maodougall, without delay. A more beautiful sprig of olive was certainly never proffered than the eulogy which the member for Halton uttered on the abilities of the leader of the Opposition, in the recent debate. And if Irishmen are as deft at talking blarney as they are at giving it, Mr. Blake will belie his country if he doesn't mark his appreciation of this bit, by at once folding Wandering Willie to his breast, and assuring him pathetically that he is not an "abandoned man" after all.

A Boarder's Lament.

"A boarding-house mistress on Adelaide Street was lately presented with an address and a purse of \$30, by the boarders, as a small token of their grateful appreciation of her efforts, &c."—*City Paper.*

I don't know how it is! My experience with boarding-house keepers has been of the most extensive and varied character, but I have never yet "struck" a house where the services and efforts of the Hash-Slinger in Chief were ever recognized by the presentation of anything more valuable than a weather-beaten and boarding-house beaten trunk, with perhaps a few bricks, simply but tastefully arranged in its inside. I did board in a house, once, where it was proposed to donate a sledge-hammer and a boiler-plated butter-cooler to the fair mistress of our domicile; but as that lady suspiciously imagined, by these articles, a covert insinuation as to the tender qualities of the meat, and the strength of the butter supplied—the presents were refused in terms forcible and conclusive, if not grateful.

Prosents, indeed! Who but a born idiot would subscribe anything but his malediction to the fiend who destroys his digestive organs with the muddiest of stoved chieiro, that is, coffee—with the weakest of Japan siftings—the thinnest of skimmed milk—the saltiest of salt meat? Ah! speaking of salt meat reminds me of a most just and "poetical" retribution that overtook two of these brigands of civilized life. I noted down the incidents as soon as I heard of them, and record them in verse, under the title of

NEMESIS!

Or, The Boarder's Revenge.

Oh! A horrible story I have to relate
Of what occurred some time back, I'm not sure of the date,
To a man of this city.
This man of this city had only one wife,
But he valued that woman as much as his life,
More's the pity—
And a horrible tale I have now to tell
Of the terrible fate which a woman befel
In the prime of her life.
The man's death was caused, just here I may say,
By giving the woman too much her own way.
"This woman—his wife."
This man and this woman a boarding house kept,
And she the woman proved herself quite an adept,
And prided herself on the fault
In feeding the boarders at three meals a day
On salt meat cooked a la mode, or some other way,
But always with plenty of salt.

'Twas corned beef for breakfast, so cold and so dry,
And salt meat for dinner, that smelt awful high,
And corned beef for supper, in hash, stew, or plain,
And next day there was bound to be corned beef again.
The boss and the "bosses" sat down all alone,
To a nice dish of—hark! great Caesar! a groan!
It came from the boarders, I'll lay—
When in runs the slave, crying "As I'm a sinner,
The boarders, good gracious, they won't eat their dinner,
And there is the dickens to pay."

But lo! themselves to the room they bring,
And this is the funeral dirge they sing—

Salt, salt, salt, salt,
Every day, with divil a halt,
If we're not seasoned it is not your fault
Salt, salt, salt, salt.

Then they seize them hold of the woman and man,
And heave them into the big brine pan,
And hold them there for hours so long,
While they continue to sing their song,

Salt, salt, salt, salt,
(Pass around the Irish malt,)
If you're not seasoned it isn't our fault,
Salt, malt, salt, salt.

But hark to the fate of this man and woman,
A fate which 'tis needless to say I deplore.
Lo! when they are lifted out of the brine pan,
The man and the woman are—what?

NO MORE.



"The Rising of the Boors!"

Way Down in Tennessee.

Lines respectfully inscribed to MR. THOMAS HUGHES,
BY A COLONIST.

Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes! what is your excuse
For bringing us here 'mid the pestilent dews,
In bayou and brake,
We shiver and shake,
And have nothing to take to drive off the blues,
While with ague we shake, confound you, Tom Hughes.

Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes! if you had your dues,
I would not for anything stand in your shoes.
I fear that in Rugby,
Our graves will be dug by
Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes! Yes you, Tom Hughes,
Whom words I can't find strong enough to abuse.

Tom Hughes! Tom Hughes! just go and peruse
A book before taking your afternoon snooze,
About young Chuzalewit,
Who like us was lit
By another Tom Hughes, a former Tom Hughes,
Who sent him like us on an ill-omened cruise.

Tom Hughes, we are here in the worst of all stews,
And don't be surprised if you hear the strange news,
That from this new Eden
We'll soon be secedin',
And leave this drowned and to the late contraband,
We'll stay here no longer, Tom Hughes, understand.

We have laughed so much every time we thought of, picked up, or read 'Toronto Grip's Almanac for 1881, that we have been unable, until the present moment, to get ourselves sufficiently under control to write this paragraph. All the leading humorists extend a hearty paragraphic grip to Grip, which, combined with the wit and capital illustrations of the Bengough Bros., make an almanac exceptional for humor, interest, variety, and merit.—*Philadelphia Item.*



Happy Thaw't!

First Gamn.—Say, Jack, I wonder what that snoozer is putting on so much style for—is he a member of de Syndicate?

Second Gamn.—Naw! Don't you know him? Why, dat's Moses Oates, de weather prophet, an' he owns dis thaw!

Sad Hanging Scene.

Your "darling" says the pictures must
Be all hung up to-night;
You first object, but she entreats,
And then you say "all right."
You "hang" the pictures—mentally,
And register a vow
To stay out late—at any rate
You know there'll be a row.

For never yet were pictures hung
By mortal man—and wife.
But that it made unpleasantness
And ended up with strife.
You hang one this way—and your wife
Says that the "string's too long."
You make it shorter, still she says
That "there is something wrong."

You ask her how it should be hung,
She "can't exactly say."
But thinks you ought to know;—and asks,
"Is there no other way?"
You then get angry, and demand
In a sarcastic tone,
Why can't she help? And not make you
Do all the work alone.

She answers that she wishes she
Had not asked you at all,
And then explains how things would look
When people come to call.
You "bless" the people from your heart,
And wish them every joy.
And say you think that pictures were
Made only to annoy.

You hang the rest in silence,
For your wife takes up a book,
And glances through its pages
With a troubled, weary look.
At last you say "they're finished,"
And "hope that those are all."
She says that she "supposes so,"
And gazes at the wall.

They never mention "pictures"
For full a month or so.
The house looks just as pretty,
And callers come and go.
—One Benedict makes these resolves:—
"To hang all pictures straight,
"To let his emper," "Not to fight,"
And "not to stay out late."

I need not point the moral
Of this very simple tale,
Don't think of hanging pictures,
For good resolves *will* fail.
And even if you have the most
Angelic temper possible,
You can't hang pictures, be assured,
Unless you are irascible. F. B. H.

An ambitious girl in Imbique,
Fell in love with a dear foreign duke;
When she learned that his cash,
Was all earned "blazing hash,"
She kicked like a Dashi-Bazouk.

Mary had a little sled,
On which she used to scoot,
One day as down the hill she sped,
She fell and peeled her snoot.
Her Johnny now, with bitter tear,
Says: "Ah! how sad are those!
I dare not kiss my little dear
For fear I hurt her nose."

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY
See T. & B. on each plug

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
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First-class Workmanship and GOOD FIT Guaranteed