



STUBBORN AS A MULE; OR, THE ENGLISH PARLIAMENTARY CRISIS.

* See Comments on Page 2.

Henry VIII.

King Henry the Eighth was the son of Henry the Seventh, and as a monarch is allowed to have been a success. Henry's specialities were wives and public executions and he sometimes combined the two. He had half a dozen wives, and as he couldn't have more than one at a time he used to hire a man with a broad-axe to accelerate the required vacancy in the nuptial couch at intervals. Henry was a somewhat broad and bumptious personage and his subjects used to call him "Bluff King Hal." He participated in the polemic discussion of the period, and owing to his able letters in the papers received from the Pope the title of "D.F." Courtly sycophants and such said it stood for "Defender of the Faith," but when the Pope was asked about it he gently winked his dexter optic and said they might call it that if they liked, but what he intended to intimate was that he considered Henry to be a—well that kind of a fool you know. But this was after he had had a fall out with Hank No. 8 along of one of his periodical changes of wife. The Pope said he didn't have any wife at all himself and didn't think it was just the fair thing for Hank to corner the wife market in that fashion, and as he persisted, the Pope read him out of the party. Then Henry said he didn't see but what it was quite easy to run the Popo business, even if he hadn't been brought up to it, and he guessed he could make a blame sight better fist of it than that straight-laced, chuckle-headed old blatherskite at Rome, and he'd be Pope in England any how, or he would know the reason why. First thing he gave himself a dispensation to get a divorce so he could marry Anne Boleyn, whom he was sweet on, and then he proceeded to confiscate all the property of the monks and nuns without any regard for convent-ionalties, which he divided among his principal supporters. As for the rest of the population they had a rough time of it. If a man was a catholic he was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for acknowledging the Pope. If he was a protestant, he was also liable to the same punishment for not being a catholic. There was no prejudice or party bias about Henry. He persecuted both with the most rigid impartiality. Once when it was his day for killing catholics, the boss executioner came into the sitting room somewhat

frustrated and remarked, "My gracious liege and most royal and super-eminant bull-dozer, I'm afraid we've made a little mistake." "How so, minion?" enquired Henry in a voice of thunder. "Well, you see, I've gone and cut off the heads of a dozen protestants. How was I to know the difference?" "That's bad," said the King, "very bad. But justice must be done somehow, or the opposition will say that we run this government on party principles. What, ho there, provost marshal! Have two dozen catholics beheaded instantly, that'll make it square; and by the way you may as well include this fellow (pointing to the executioner) in the number, which will teach him not to make these absurd mistakes in future. That was a fair specimen of the way Henry ran his government. Anne Boleyn was beheaded in due course, and as she had only a small neck, Henry told the chopper he might as well cut off another head at the same time so as to make a square job of it, so they ran in one of the crowd and bisected him in short order. It was always neck or nothing with King Henry. He is now dead, which can hardly be regarded in the light of a public calamity.

Ode to the Fly

O curse of cook's domain and housewife's region,
Thy name, O perverse summer fly, is legion;
On nectar sweets from pantry thou dost feed,
For wisdom now has taught thee not to heed,
Adhesive sheets for thee expressly made,
Nor yet through sweetened water wilt thou wade.
'Twas thou that lowered in my estimation,
The hash-house tea and daily cod collation,
For thou, with thine insatiable greed,
To satisfy thy hunger yett a fee not to heed,
Of tea (how weak), and butter (oh how strong),
Hast made me damn the grub both loud and long.
Thou persevering torment! I fend of summer!
Much worse than mendicant, or tramp, or plumber,
Where ere I am, at office, or at home,
'Tis thou that nibble legs thou rt surs to roam
All o'er my face and head with noiseless glide,
Dodging each book or paper at this shield.
Just gaze upon this once snow white ledger page!
'Twas done, while in an uncontrollable rage,
By hurling ink-pen at thee, O fly!
I missed, just like my luck, and thou skinned by,
To settle on my ear and laugh and wink,
While I, with outstretched tongue, licked up the ink.
'Tis waste of words to rail against thee, O fly!
One may do anything most hard as to try
And create in thee feelings of respect,
For kind advice you wilfully reject;
And as for killing you, O horrid pest!
I tried that once and came out second best. PRTER.

A Ballade to His Mistress' Eye-brow

Vers de Societe' Manner of Eighteenth Century

My heart is far from fast and fair
Toronto town!
As to GRIP's office I repair
By Church street down;
With rhymes, which duly printed there,
Shall win me shekels rich and rare,
Red coin to match my girl's gold hair
Paid promptly down.

Since sad and centless, how could I
Of Sara sing?
Can impecunious poet try
The lyre to string!
Of reading rhymes the nymph is shy,
Yet quite well satisfied that I,
By verse or prose, the week's supply
Of dimes should bring.

Else without *sense* or *cents* I were
As village churl;
Or mad as he who sold *ma chere*,
My guileless girl.

The hat that hides her golden hair,
The old gold feather drooping there,
Now lights the cold Belfountain air,
With gorgeous curl.

Where would that I were swiftly swept
Amid that throng,
By some excursion ticket kept
Car-borne along,
To "Forks of Credit" vale yclept,
A wish for which I long have wept;
De grace, sweet girl, like GRIP, accept,
Forgive the song. C.P.M.

A well-appearing gentleman was arrested on Thursday, charged with stealing two mattresses from a Coney Island Hotel. The evidence was mainly circumstantial, and he was on the verge of being discharged from custody when the missing property was discovered. He had hidden the mattresses between the cases of his watch. Sing Sing, eighteen months.

A German savant announces that a new moon for the earth is now in process of formation, and will take its place in the heavens in the course of a few years. This is the man for our mouey. A new moon will fill a long-felt-want. The one that has been doing duty for millions of years is old enough to retire on a pension, albeit it still looks as good as new. If this German will arrange it so that his moon will thine on off nights, and thus have moonlight all the year round, it would be a great saving of gas, but the holders of gas stock would probably get out an injunction. —Norristown Herald.

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