

"Wal, aren't you goin' to stop him?"  
 "Druther stop you. Yer worse than a billion hens."

I partly open the door into the best room (heavens! what must the worst room be like?) in order to breathe. No sooner have I settled down to sleep than a baby somewhere about the house begins to cry. Probably it is teething. Pity it couldn't teethe and sleep at the same time. The front gate clicks. Miss Araminta's young man has accompanied her home. He accepts her invitation to come in. Evidently she has forgotten my proximity, or thinks me asleep. They sit down on the sofa. Dead silence. At last he says:

"Wal, I must be gitten home."  
 "Oh, it's early yet."  
 "Yas; early in the mornin'!"

Both laugh. Then ensues solemn silence. He heaves a deep sigh. "Wal, this won't bring the baby a new—I mean, I better be gitten home."

"Yas, I guess you had better." Evidently the young lady is going to try the effect of pertness.

"Now, yer don't really want me to go, do yer?"

"Yas, I do."  
 "Wal, that's tormented mean!"

Long pause—long enough to preach a funeral sermon in. Then she says:

"What makes yer think I don't want yer to go?"

"Because yer said yer did."  
 No response. Clock ticks 17,945 times.

"Wal, I must be gitten home. It's most breakfast time, and the corn's sufferin' to be cut."

"Guess yer're sufferin' to be cut. Pity I hadn't cut yer long ago."

"Yer cuttin' me all the time with that sharp tongue of yourn. Yer don't care a straw for me."

"Yer know a lot about it, don't yer?"

He stalks out of the room. She follows with his hat, which he has, probably for reasons of his own, forgotten to take. Now, perhaps, I can sleep. No; the baby begins to teethe again. Clocks tick and strike, and each gives a cluck five minutes before it strikes. The dog bays the moon. Some cats start up and bay the moon too. The moon is the only quiet thing in the community. I can't breathe. I open the window, and the hen steps in and sits on my feet. I am too weak to resist. Baby still teething; cats fight; chickens wake up. The School of Poultry Elocution and Oratory opens promptly at 1 a.m. The efforts of younger members receive loud applause from neighboring barnyards. Encore follows encore. For one immortal moment perfect silence reigns. I turn over gratefully. The hen thinks she has hatched out again, and walks up and down me, clucking as she goes. I would like to kill that hen. Some mosquitoes come in through the open window and study my case. They probe it thoroughly. Daylight comes, accompanied by lowings, squealings, bleatings, quackings and bawlings. Probably the animals want to be fed. Some one stands at the foot of the stairs and calls:

"Bill, got up."  
 "Am up as high as I can git."

Sounds of stirring porridge, frying pork, rattling dishes, prattling tongues and hurrying footsteps come from the kitchen. The baby is teething. Some one calls again:

"Bill, are you acoomin'?"  
 "Yas; after I git started."

Breakfast is ready; the pork is fried. As the last piece is put into the dish there is a temporary lull, broken by a tremendous hissing, as some one pours hot water into the exasperated pan. Some one says:

"Bill, will I have to call you again?"  
 "Ya-as."

It is now the middle of the forenoon. One of the young ladies, who is to recite a piece

at an entertainment to-morrow night, is busy learning it aloud. Another has gathered all her powers and is wreaking them on the melodion, while others stand around her and sing Salvation Army songs. Bill is teasing the dog, who keeps up a continuous growling. A neighbor has called in and is telling the story of her woes. The cats are hungry and yowling to be fed. The baby is teething. "Wal, I must be gitten home."  
 —A. E. W.



EXPERIENTIA DOCEAT.

*Lady Jane Grandeshanches.*—My dear Tom, what is the matter with you this evening?

*Mr. Tom Storks.*—If there is anything in this world that is likely to irritate a fellow more than another, it is a pair of misfitting trousers.

*Lady J. G.*—Why, what's wrong with them? Aren't they comfortable?

*Mr. T. S.*—Comfortable? Just you try them on!

The State of Maine carries off the palm for matrimonial infelicity. In 1880 there were 578 divorces.—*Ex.* Suppose there are a divorcity of reasons for this, but as it is a Prohibition State, and a man who has a wife is not allowed to lick'er, it seems strange.

PEARS! PEARS!

Of all the noisy nuisances,  
 Of all the horrid bores,  
 That tantalizo our citizens,  
 Is that weird man who roars  
 From early morn, till late at night,  
 The war whoop of his wares—  
 The man who travels round the streets  
 And tests his lungs on "Pears!"

"Five cents a quart! Five cents a quart!"  
 The burden of his song,  
 "Oh, here's your pears, five cents a quart!"  
 He bellows all day long,  
 He'll halt before some dry goods store,  
 And stay there for an hour,  
 And roar and yell, he's bound to sell  
 His gritty fruit so zour!

His poor old nag can scarcely drag  
 Its weary way along,  
 It nods and blinks as if it thinks  
 It's boss comes out too strong;  
 But there he still is at his "biz,"  
 His clarion voice still blares,  
 And hoarse or shrill, his cry is still,  
 "Five cents a quart! Five pears!"

Yet after all, though he may bawl,  
 In tones to pierce our ears,  
 He's other cares besides his pears,  
 Has other doubts and fears;

When tired and lone he reaches home  
 Perhaps he says his prayers  
 In thankfulness, for gaunt distress  
 May rest there, but for pears.

The world is wide, let's not derido  
 The coater with his fruit,  
 Which like his voice is not so nice  
 As dainty folks to suit;  
 For he, perhaps, has little chaps  
 And wife with whom he shares  
 His five-cent bits, as down he sits,  
 Free from all business cares.

—B.

UNPALATABLE TRUTH.

Our cartoon suggesting a design for the Rebellion medal seems to have struck 'em very hard. Listen to the Peterboro' Review:

"The comic organ of the rebels has for its principal cartoon a design for a medal in honor of Riel and in disparagement of the Canadian forces and the Canadian constitutional authorities. To keep up its shallow pretence of impartiality, GRIP has another cartoon representing Mr. Blake hustled on by the young Liberals, but this is only done in the interest of Mr. Mowat, GRIP's very liberal paymaster, who is being stendily boomed by his personal organ at the expense of the Reform leader."

Evidently the *Review* was so badly hit that it could only relieve its pent-up feelings by getting off a couple of lies—one of them original and the other secondhand. We have invariably found that our cartoons tell just in proportion to their truth, and we certainly never published a more truthful one than the "medal" design. The *Review* knows—as does every intelligent individual in Canada—that the cartoon in question set forth the historical facts as to the rise of the late Rebellion, and that is all it purported to do. If the *Review* believes that these facts redound to the honor of Riel, so much the worse for the Ministry it seeks to defend. As to the Volunteers, when we "disparage" them by sending them to the field half-clad, subjecting them to unnecessary hardship and suffering, and then on the conclusion of their gallant labors, recompense them with a beggarly pittance, while we give thousands to thievish contractors, it will be time enough for organs that uphold the Ottawa Government to find fault. It need hardly be said there was nothing whatever reflecting upon the Volunteers in the cartoon. The *Review* and its allies are very tender on the subject, however, and no wonder, after the manner in which the Government has treated the "boys."

The paragraph concludes with one of the *Mail's* cast-off lies, which the *Review* and other little country sheets are now expected to chew over. GRIP proposes to continue to treat Mr. Blake and Mr. Mowat just as their public conduct deserves; and this is how it intends also to deal with the *Review's* "very liberal paymasters" at Ottawa. Meantime, if it believes that there is any ground for the charge that the Ontario printing is not performed and paid for in accordance with the contract awarded to the lowest tender, there ought to be no difficulty in having the matter investigated by the proper committee of the Legislature. No step of the sort will be taken, of course. The *Review's* stomach has merely been turned for the moment by the injection of the unpalatable truth in our cartoon—something the Organ's organ is not used to.

SOFTLY OVER THE LAKE.

BARCAROLLE.

Softly, softly over the lake  
 The vessel sails on with its shining wake;  
 Softly, softly sinks the sun,  
 Showing the world that the day is done;  
 Softly, softly and hand in hand,  
 Two lovers stepped down to the rippled strand.  
 "How soft and bright seems everything here!"  
 He said to the one that he loved so dear.  
 "Oh, soft indeed," she made reply,  
 "Oh, very soft," she said, with a sigh;  
 "The sun sinks soft in its rosy bed,  
 But not so soft, I think, as your head,"  
 And the young man groaned as he heard the snub—  
 And they both went home to their evening grub.

—B.