

THE WAIL

OF THE HARD-UP BRITISH ARISTOCRAT IN CANADA.



As day follows day
I am fading away,
Till at last there'll be nothing of
me but a silhouette,
All night long I lie
And despairingly cry,
Whilst my breast is nigh burst as
I grievously sigh,
And my hot scalding tears make
the case of my pillow wet.
The tears of this silhouette
Make the case of his pillow wet
Pillow wet, ilow wet,
Case of his pillow wet.

And why do I weep?
Is not laughter as cheap?
Ah! I reader, in me, though you
may not imagine it,
You behold a descendant
Of a race once resplendent,
Of a line that of tradesmen was
once independent,
That race which is known as the
race of Plantagenet.
Tho' you may not imagine it,
I am a Plantagenet:
Plantagenet, agenet, cap with
a badge in it,
Yes, I am a true born Plan-
tagenet.

To think of the shame
That one of this name
Should be brought down, as I am, to a state of mendicity,
I can't beg, and to soil
My fair hands with rude toil,
The thought of which causes my blue blood to boil,
Would plunge me o'erhead into deep infelicity;
I'm next door to mendicity,
Domine, benedicite,
Dicite, icite,
Quick, I solicit ye.

Then I think, with a shudder,
Of myself, a blue-blooder,
Being treated by shoddy with cool incivility;
That sanguineous fluid
Of mine, so deep blue-ed,
So sure, so richly curulean hu-ed,
Boils o'er when I think of my state of humility,
At their cool incivility
I weep in humility,
Mility, ilite,
I was made for an ornament, not for utility.

It, in truth, does surprise me,
Even tailors despise me,
And drapers exalt their base nasal protuberances;
And they laugh me to scorn,
These tradesmen baseborn,
As they see me pass by all hard up and forlorn,
And they give to their scuffings their fullest exuberances.
Their nasal protuberances
Proclaim their exuberances,
Exuberances, uberances,
Their shoddy exuberances.

Is there no pity
For me in this city?
I've stated my case with the nicest veracity,
For ne'er a Plantagenet
(The idea has outrage in it)
Fell so low as to stoop to a word of mendacity.
No; my veracity
Shall not change to mendacity,
Mendacity, acity,
A Plantagenet never yet stooped to mendacity.

Put your hands in your coffers,
Ye plebeian scoffers,
And let me return to the lands of my ancestors;
That proud home of my childhood,
'Midst England's fair wildwood,
(To see which Canadians from this land be beguiled would)
And far from the smoke of Newcastle and Manchesters,
Aye, my once kingly ancestors
Scorned Sheffields and Manchesters,
Manchesters, anchesters,
But little they cared for Sheffields and Manchesters.

COLD STEAL.

The London *Advertiser* probably imagines that its readers never see a copy of George Peck's *Milwaukee Sun*, or it would hardly be sufficiently barefaced to publish a story of the bad boy and the grocery man in its issue of Feb. 15th, as "something our reporter overheard between two boys." The *Advertiser*, however, gives itself dead away, as anyone will see who reads the article in question. We are always suspicious of anything good in the *quondam* only religious daily.

GRIP'S FABLES.

THE BAD BOYS AND THE TEACHER.

There were once two Boys, named Tommy and Uriah, who were attending the same School, and one day they conducted themselves in school hours more like two Bear Cubs than members of the Human Race, and the Teacher felt compelled to administer a good Ticking to each of them, laying it on where it did the most Good. And when they went Home at noon they each told their Parents of the Great Grief that had befallen them. And Tommy's Papa chuckled to himself and was filled with Joy, but Uriah's parents were very indignant and took their Son away from the School and caused the Teacher to appear before a kind of a One Horse Beak, who imposed a penalty of many Dollars upon him, thus stamping himself as great a Nin-com-koop as Uriah's Papa. And when Tommy and Uriah grew up and became Big Men, Tommy turned out to be a Real Nice Fellow, with a large family, all of whom he sent to School, telling the Teacher that he himself did not pretend to be wiser than King Solomon, and that if his children made Vulgar Little Whelps of themselves, to let them have it Hot and Strong. But Uriah got a position in a Bank, and before two years had elapsed he was arrested for Cooking his Books: for he said to himself, "My Paw will not let me be punished, and I shall get off All Hunk," but this is just where he fooled himself and got left, for the real Beak, and not a One Horse Substitute, bounced him down for five years, and he was Very Sad.

MORAL.

As no true boy was ever yet known to sit still for five Consecutive Minutes when he had a Chance to Move Around, it is evident that Nature provided a certain Part of his Body for some purpose besides sitting down; and it is always Bad Policy to attempt to thwart the Benign Designs of Nature.

HAIL, SOAP-BUBBLE.

Soap bubbles can be blown to a size of two feet in diameter and kept two days by using a preparation of oleate of soda and glycerine.—*Hamilton Times*.

Let those who have declared that the *Times* had not a mission on earth, now take a seat as far back as possible. The above recipe, alone, is sufficient to stamp the *Times* as a benefactor to humanity. The man who has not hankered for a two foot soap-bubble is dead to all sense of honor and morality. What does Scott say in his noble, glorious, and immortal Marmion?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
Where may I get with little trouble,
A bright, prismatic two-foot bubble,
Preserved in all its glorious sheen,
By oleate and glycerine?"

What more can any man desire on this earth than a collection of soap bubbles? those things of beauty which, with a little care, can be made a joy, if not for ever, for at least two days, and the man who cannot be really, truly happy who has in his possession a choice assortment of these delicious bivalves, or words to that effect, should be immediately sat upon and nipped in the bud.

The recipe is not, however, sufficiently explicit, and we are somewhat at a loss how the preparation mentioned is to be used; whether applied to the bubble with a whitewash brush, or whether the bubble should be thoroughly soaked in the mixture and then hung out to dry. Further advice on the subject will be thankfully received.

The noblest pursuit of Woman.—An honest man.

THE RIME OF THE NORMAL STUDENT.



was a youth, in very
truth,
Who halted me on
the street,
And he held me fast in
the piercing blast
That bore the snow
and sleet.
And I could not flee
from the youth, for
he
Clutched hold of my
button tight;
Whilst all around on
the frozen ground
The snow lay pale
and white.
"What would ye have,
young man, I crave,
Nay, tell me and let
me go?"
"I will, I will; if ye
but stand still,
And don't be rearing
so."

His eyes were red as a poppy-bed,
His cheeks all haggard and pale,
And his limbs shook fast 'neath the piercing blast,
Like reeds in a wintry gale.

"Oh! go not away, but a moment stay,
For my tale I now must tell;
'Tis a yarn I must speak out or bust."
Down, down the snow-flakes fell

And hid us from sight in a mantle white,
But still the youth spake on:
"My tale is sad, but I am not mad,
Tho' in truth I'm pretty far gone.

I'm a student, a fool, from the Normal School,
And day after day I cram;
And I'm hurting my brain 'neath the awful strain
Of working for my exam.

Night after night, by my candle's light,
I read in my room at home;
And I rack my brain with awesome pain
O'er many a classic tome.

My head throbs, throbs; and my worn heart sobs
As I gaze on the fearful pile
Of stuff that my part is to learn by heart,
As I burn the midnight ile.

There's arithmetic and rhetoric
And physiologie,
Philosophie and chemistree,
Euclid and algebre,

Etymology, Entomology,
And also Therapeutics,
Music, Geometry, Trigonometry,
And likewise Pharmaceutics;

Then Latin and Greek, and learn to speak
In French and Italian;
And the monotony of the course of botany
Is too much for any man.

Dost wonder I quail and my cheeks are pale,
And the flesh of my brow is shrunk?
Dost wonder my eyes ain't both of a size,
And are deep in their sockets sunk?

Oh! I feel that I must let up or die,
My brain will soon be gone,
And the worst of it is that in this 'biz,'
I'm not the only one.

Now, I must flee, for to-morrow will be
Examination day.
And he turned him round and over the ground
He swiftly passed away.

But I felt and knew that his tale was true,
And that never a truth he'd shirked;
And I said, "Oh! fools, who run those schools,
Your pupils are overworked."

Master Tommy—he had been very naughty, and was now amusing himself with his Scripture prints: "Here's Daniel in the lion's den!" Mamma, incautiously: "Ah! What was he cast into the lion's den for?" Master Tommy, with triumph: "'Cause he was good."

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.