



THE MAN WHO CARRIED LENNOX.
(Dedicated with profound respect to the United
Methodists of the Dominion.)

TRIOLETS.

A new form of poetry having become fashionable (see *The Week*, February 7th), GRIP has determined not to be backward in encouraging this kind of Canadian literature. Why should he be backward? Was he not in existence before *The Week*, and has he not done more to develop the national genius than all the other papers put together? The public will observe two things from Triolets, first, that in politics GRIP is quite impartial; next, they will observe the reason why this kind of poetry should be encouraged, viz., the difficulty of the versification, and the utter impossibility of putting any sense into it.

TO HIS HAT.

Blakey, slouchy hat,
How I envy you!
You can speak so pat,
Blakey, slouchy hat,
Like a blinking bat,
Your words they thrill me through.
Blakey, slouchy hat,
How I envy you!

Blakey, slouchy hat,
How I envy you!
Let me tell you that,
Blakey, slouchy hat,
Do you care a drat?
Is it something new,
Blakey, slouchy hat,
That I envy you?

Author's reflections on the "Copy" of the above.

Poem keen and bright,
Will he ever print it?
For I think he might,
Poem keen and bright,
In his press so tight,
When he knows I said it:
Poem keen and bright,
Will he ever print it?

Poem bright and keen,
Can I trust the raven?
GRIP is wise, I ween,
Poem bright and keen;
He is not so green,
Though his poll is shaven.
Poem bright and keen,
Can I trust the raven?

FREDERICK MOCKER.

The feathered tribe cannot meow like a cat.
But yet one has often heard of the larks-pur.
The difference between a church bazaar and
a prize rooster is, that one is a fancy fair and
the other a fancy fowl.

The divorce-case lawyer must occasionally
have gloomy moments. You never yet knew
one whose motto was "Never dis pair."

"CHEEK!"

He was a mild-mannered civil sort of a fellow, but there was a smile of grim determination on his face to-day as he entered the office.

"Is the paper out yet?"

"Yes, just out of the press."

"That's good, hand me one will you? Thanks, now I want my paper stopped."

"Stopped! my dear sir?" we gasped, for he was a prompt payer, and a strong political supporter.

"Yes sir, stopped, *instanter*, that is, if ever you wish me to set eyes on your paper again, stop sending it at once."

We gazed at him long and sadly from under our gold spectacles, while we mentally took a retrospect of all his known relations. It was no go, not one had died in the lunatic asylum. We abandoned the insanity plea and begged him to explain.

"Look here" he said solemnly "I've put up with this sort of thing for more than two months, and now I've made up my mind that he'll have to go without as I do."

"He! Who?"

"Can't tell you, all I know is he moved himself and family in next door to us, a dozen or so in all. For the first two days I had my paper all right as usual, but since—oh well! never mind, stop it anyway."

"But my dear friend—"

"Well, I suppose I owe you an explanation. First it was, 'Please Mrs. Benign, will Mr. Benign kindly oblige pa with two seconds of the evening paper? he wants to see the advertisements.' All right! Second night, ditto; third night, ditto; fourth night, ditto;

fifth night, 'Please could you let pa have the paper an hour earlier? he likes to see the news before he goes down town.' Well, we were a little surprised, but of course must oblige a neighbor. All that week waited till after tea for the return of the paper; next

week they didn't send it in till after we had gone to bed, had to march down stairs in night-shirt and candle, got a cold ever since; told them I'd provide them with a latch key. Then they took to cutting out the slips of poetry and other bits, till it came back looking like a window sash with the panes out; then the baby tore chunks out of it, Tilly curled her bangs with odd corners, and the old man himself lit his pipe with long strips of the margin. When I remonstrated, they went in and banged the door, protesting that the cheek of these upstarts was amazing, they had no respect for old families, the idea of any man talking in that way about that paltry little sheet. For all that they did not fail to put in an appearance at the usual hour. My wife don't like to be quarrelsome, so handed over the paper in silence. When I looked at it next morning it stuck to my fingers; explanation was, they had syrup for tea—no, they didn't use table napkins only when they'd company. Day before yesterday I sent in the girl to ask if they would kindly let me have just a loan for a minute of my own paper, 'Pa had sent it off to the Old Country, 'cause he thought there was nothing in it that I would care for.' Now I don't want you to think me a churlish disagreeable neighbor for the world. I've put up with everything hitherto, but when it comes to the old man waiting on the doorstep for the rout hoy so as he can get the paper early, and keep his family escutcheon unsullied, by avoiding being under obligation to me—then I cry 'Cheek!'

"Ta, ta! Of course I wouldn't like to get behind the times, so I'll run in here and have a surreptitious squint at the paper once in a while. So Long!"

When a married man has been having an evening down town with the fellows he is usually treated to another version of that convivial chorus, "Jaw-ly dogs," before disrobing for the rest of the night.



BRAVE FELLOW; YOU DESERVE SOMETHING, BUT, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING.

Two motions, one put by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and the other by Mr. Taylor in regard to the number of volunteers of 1837, and the expediency of recognizing in a substantial manner their valuable services were withdrawn, Sir John Macdonald explaining and Mr. Blake agreeing that these were matters that belonged to the Provinces, seeing that they occurred prior to confederation.