

BABY MINE.

NO, NOT MINE, THANK THE STARS!

The writer of the following verses left for Central Africa immediately after he had finished the poem. Any lady, therefore, who is desirous of interviewing him will only waste time by coming to look for him round this office. His place knoweth him no more; but what is our loss is the African gorillas' gain—[Ed. GRIP.]

I know that I shall catch it
From the ladies,
Who would brain me with a hatchet,
Or a spade is
Just as handy for the same;
There is nothing in a name,
Though a good deal in an aim
When getting blades.

Now my story I'll continue
If I may;
Not a long yarn will I spin you,
But I say
That I mortally detest
That horrid little pest
In bib and tucker dressed,
Baby-ba.

I'm a bachelor, you know,
Now you "sabby"
Why I hate those babies so.
Ain't I shabby?
What *can* there be to love
In that babe you call "a dove
And an angel from above?
It's a babby,
A flabby, dabby, slabby
Little babby.

For appearance I'm a stickler,
You must know;
And I'm painfully partick'ler,
And so,
When in gorgeous raiment drest
I object to having messed
My dark coat and spotless vest,
White as snow.

But when in my gay attire
I'm arrayed,
(And myself I much admire,
So it's said);
Some mother in my lap
Plumps her darling little chap
With its long clothes and its cap,
And 'pandies red."

And she says, "the little duck!"
(Little brute!)
My tie he wants to suck,
Oh! so cute!
And in his childish freaks
Paws me all about the cheeks,
Making great, moist, dirty streaks,
Black as soot.

And he clutches at my hair,
Sweetly greased,
With his hands, a flabby pair.
(I'm so pleased!)
And he does so much annoy,
Tho' I simulate my joy,
That I wish the little boy
Was deceased.

I suppose I was a baby
Long ago.
But my *mere* was not a gaby,
That I know,
Other people to annoy
With her darling little boy,
Quite dampling all their toy,
No, sir, no.
I'm off.

OVERCROWDED CARS.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—I do not often write to the papers, but you are always so sympathetic and so desirous, I am sure, to correct an evil, that I feel but little hesitation in stating my case to you, for I have a real grievance. I am a lady, and I frequently ride on the street cars, and I wish to know whether there is not some law limiting the number of passengers. If no conductor was permitted to take more people on his car than sitting room can be found for, I think it would be a very good thing, for it makes me, really, so uncomfortable to step on a car and finding it full, to see every male thing in it looking at one another and waiting to see who is going to stand up. I would not mind standing *one bit*, if I had my seal skin cloak on every day, but one

can't always wear those warm things, can one? And then some men do make themselves so unpleasant when they give a lady their seats: It was only the other day that I entered a car on Yonge street; all the seats were occupied and at first no one seemed inclined to rise. At last a stout, elderly man, who had been drinking, I'm sure, got up, saying, "Take my seat, mum, the youngest must stand, of course," and I am not a day over twenty-seven, I assure you. And then this most objectionable person kept up a running fire of remarks during the whole journey. He was so rude. He would say, "I'm thankful my legs are pretty strong, and not like the bean poles you see these days." And two young bank clerks blushed, oh! so red, and tried to shuffle their legs under the seat. And then the horrible man said, quite loud, "If I had feet like some people I should think standing was easier than sitting," and all the ladies looked so very uncomfortable as they tried to pull their dresses over their shoes. Wasn't he just horrid? and then he added, "but I always respect age, and my seat is at any old lady's disposal." I felt as if I could have scratched his nasty red, blood-shot eyes out, for he looked directly at me as he said this, and I'm not a day over twenty-seven I assure you. And then when a nice young man offered him his place he said, "Keep your seat, young feller, keep your seat, I know it is hard work being on your legs all day behind a counter," and the young man looked so angry, for I don't believe he was a shopman at all, but quite respectable.

Now don't you think there ought to be more street cars, and when one is full, a little flag should be hung out at the end, and then there would be fewer stoppages, and the cars could go quicker and make more trips, for, of course, horses are made to run and would not mind one bit; and the little flags would look quite lively and pretty?

Yours very sincerely,
SOPHIA FITZ BUNYAN.

P. S.—Please make a picture of the horrid man who was so rude. I do not think it was any excuse for him, his being tipsy, do you?

POLICE STATION SKETCHES:

OR,
GRIP ON THE PROWL.

A representative of GRIP occasionally takes it into his head to wander about the city at strange hours, and, visiting, as he does, all manner of places, occasionally hits on something which is diverting. He dropped into No. 1 Police Station the other night at about 11 o'clock, and not many minutes afterwards was introduced to

THE SWEET SINGER OF HAMILTON, *et al.*

Constable Jimpson (we will say Jimpson) was about tuckered out as he entered the station, having in tow a miserable—nay, not miserable, for the smiles that illumined his countenance proclaimed that he was feeling particularly happy—dilapidated out-at-elbows individual, who was deeply laden with a heavy cargo of the curse of Canada. He broke out every now and then into short snatches of what would have been melody if they had not been precisely the opposite, and regarded his capturer with a maudlin leer as he was waltzed up to the railing and ordered to state his name. "I'm a street slinger 'f Hamil'on," he replied, snatching his hat off his head, and banging it down on the table. "I'm a sheet slinger 'f Hamil'on: They tell me (hic) y're true but I'll still b'lieve—" "Shut up," shouted the Sergeant, "what's your name?" The captive eyed him profoundly for several seconds, then said, solemnly, "I'm the sleet stinger 'f Hamil'on. an' donyeforgit. Darlin', I am g-goin' rolled, silv—" "Hould yer

whisht," interrupted the officer, "give us yer name, or, by the piper, I'll make yez." "Don' I t-tell ye," replied the warbler, "I'm the meat slinger 'f Hamil'on: We are nac f-fou, we're nac th-that fou, but—" "What's your name?" yelled the sergeant. "I'm th' meat spinner 'f—" "Oh! give us a rest. Take him below, constable," said the sergeant, and the sweet singer of Hamilton was accordingly conducted to his apartment, where he fell asleep in his endeavors to do justice to "The sight'ngale nighed fr' the male poon's rays." Not long after his departure two detectives entered with another prisoner, who was also decidedly under the influence, but who was decently attired, and bore other marks of respectability about his person. "What's the charge?" asked the sergeant. "Carrying concealed weapons," replied one of the detectives, producing a strong cord, to which was attached a thick, hard substance, resembling petrified leather, and with which he gave the table a whack that split it from end to end. The prisoner pricked up his ears on hearing the charge and faltered out, "Carr'n consheled weap'ns: why, I thought that 'twas larsh'ny. Say, misher, misher serg'nt, thatsh not conshe'd weapon." "Well, what the mischief is it, then?" queried the officer. "Looks to me like a slung shot and a pretty murderous one, too." "Ha, ha," laughed the youth, "that'sh good one on ol' Bouncer." "What are you talking about?" asked one of the detectives, "who's old Bouncer, and what is this implement?" "Why," answered the prisoner, "Bounsher's my lan'lady, keeps hash-house where (hic) where I board. I'm med'cal stud'nt; This thing here's a cat-trap." "A cat-trap; he says this thing's a cat-trap," cried the sergeant and the two detectives and the constable on duty, in a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus, "He says this thing's a cat-trap." "So tish, so tish" expostulated the student. "Lishen to me. Bounsher's my lan'lady, said that b'fore. Well, th' cats noy me, this cord" picking up the alleged lethal weapon—"hash big hook on th' end of it and tish beefsteak—" "Beefsteak! what beefsteak?" yelled the four officers again, "Thish is (hic) beef-beefsteak; (indicating the substance at the end of the string,) took it off the table yesser day at dinner: thish beefsteak's b-bait (hic) c-cat-bait, catch th' cats from m' window and haul 'em up and 'xterm'ate them." "Good Heavings," ejaculated the sergeant, aghast, "release him at once before it gets into those confounded papers. Who'd ever have thought it? Beefsteak," and he swung the string round sharply, and the steak coming in contact with the constable's head, it felled him to the floor where he lay deprived of sense or motion for several minutes. "Go away, my man" continued the sergeant, "and if that's boarding house beefsteak, may, may heaven protect you." "Thatsh nothing, thatsh nothing," said the released culprit, as he slid out, "why, that's tender for B-Bounsher." And he wended his way to the quarter in which that lady's victims find "all the comforts of a home."

INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.—It is not generally known that Lord Howard, of Effingham, sent a despatch to Queen Elizabeth in which he gave the news of the defeat of the great Spanish Armada in 1588, and which quite equals in brevity the "veni, vidi, vici" of Ju. Cesar, or the *Peccavi* (I have Sinned) of Sir Charles Napier. Lord Howard's despatch consisted of but one word which conveyed the desired information, and that word was, "Cantharides"—(the Spanish fly.) Even though it may sometimes be blister be ignorant, any one should blush and become rubefaciant to remain in ignorance of such facts as these.