



ON THE WAY TO GRIMSBY.

STOUT PARTY.—“Dear me, what a terrible list this boat has, to be sure!”

MANUFACTURING NATIVE LITERATURE.

JIGGINS.

I AM a literary man,
I'm anxious all should know it.
Can I write verse? I think I can—
Why, then, I'll be a poet.
I'll get me out a book of rhymes
Like this—or even neater,
On subjects suited to the times,
In easy flowing metre.
I rather think I know the trick,
The patriotic racket,
I'll plaster “loyalty” on thick,
There's no one dare attack it.
I'll work Canadian spirit in,
‘Twill be appreciated,
And though the thing's a trifle thin,
My fame will be created.

BIGGINS.

I want to write an article
Over my well-known name.
Not that I care a particle
For literary fame;
But literature must be sustained
In this our native land;
Even though no reward be gained,
My task is truly grand.
Whatever shall I write about?
I really do not know.
Oh, yes! There's Jiggins' book just out,
It's got to have a show.
It's overpowering rot, that's sure,
As every critic knows,
But then it's native literature,
And what's Canadian goes.

HIGGINS.

A paper I have got to do
For *Scribblers' Magazine*.
Such opportunities are few,
And also far between,
“Canadian Literature”'s my theme
I've done the poets all,
And Goldwin Smith, whose self-esteem
Is very far from small.
There's Biggins, who has asked me to
Work in his grand critique
Of Jiggins and his volume new,
‘Twas published in the *Week*.
“Exhaustive”—yes, to put it plain,
It makes me very tired.
I'll say that “Biggins' easy vein
Is very much admired.”

STIGGINS.

My lecture on “Canadian Thought”
Is hardly yet complete.
I'll mention Higgins—yes, I ought,
He never fails to treat.
We had a beer last afternoon,
And then he lent me two.
Said he, “You're going to lecture soon;
Be sure that when you do,
You say a word or two for me.
For if you scratch my back,
I'll do the same for you, d'ye see?”
He knows the ropes, does Jack.
He lent me *Scribblers' Magazine*.
It's awful stupid stuff,
But lest he think I'm acting mean,
I'll give the usual guff.

And thus a literary name
Is very often made,
By working the log-rolling game
Among the aspirants for fame.
“There's tricks in every trade.”

OSCULATORY.

BY A VICTIM.

MY dear MR. GRIP I've a plan in my noddle.
It started to grow when I started to toddle.
When ladies and gentlemen, matrons and misses
All felt it incumbent to smear me with kisses.

As bigger, and perter, and older I grew,
My moustached admirers most kindly withdrew.
Till now, I assure you, there's only just one
Whose contiguous labials I don't care to shun.

My own sex, however, to make matters worse
Now redouble their favors, till kissing's a curse,
On street or in parlor, in hall or at gate,
At meeting or parting they must osculate.

The toothless old lady, with parchments skin,
The middle-aged maiden, slab-sidedly thin,
The hoydenish school-miss with mouth full of gum,
Must all add their smack to the nauseous sum.

It isn't for love that the half of them do it,
It's nothing but senseless sham gush (as I view it.)
And often I fear that I really look rude, as
I take a cold kiss from some feminine Judas.

Now, just think MR. GRIP, for a moment or two,
How you would like all your male friends (?) to kiss you.
Sir John A., for instance, Blake, Mowat and Ross—
Why Cartwright alone would make any man cross.

I therefore propose that each woman of sense,
Aged thirty and under, assume the defence,
An oath thus recording whereby they will swear
To refuse every mouth that's not covered with hair.

A THRILLING tale—The electric eel's.

A WELL-MEANING man—The lexicographer.