

**Grant's Escape**

Escaped from jail! What, can it be  
That Grant, the pick pocket, is free?  
The hearts of honest people quail,  
To think that he is out of jail.

The gaoler, who is kind and good,  
Got Grant to help lug in the wood;  
But when he chanced to look around  
No trace of foxy Grant was found.

They searched the jail from roof to cellar,  
To see if they could find the "feller,"  
And, while they searched with might  
and main,  
Soon found their efforts, all were vain.

And soon the news round town had spread  
That Grant from jail had really fled;  
And officers set on his track  
To try and bring the prisoner back.

But still at large this fellow roams,  
A menace to our hearths and homes—  
And people scarce dare show a cent  
Until they know which way he went.

Now while the gaoler's not to blame,  
Of Grant, we're forced to say the same;  
While "easy money" he desired  
Of certain "quarters" he grew tired.

A man like he, of such refinement—  
Could not endure such close confinement.

He saw his chance, and filled with hope  
Of freedom, thought he'd better "slope"

And now he's gone, we need not fear—  
He will not linger long 'round here;  
But speed away to places new,  
His evil calling to pursue.

Some folks e'en say he does deserve  
His freedom, for his splendid nerve;  
For 'tis well know to one and all,  
But few escape from "Granite Hall."

Some say one used to picking pockets,  
Might pick the bars from out their  
sockets;

And if he but possessed the "spunk"  
Might sell the iron for old junk.

But talk is cheap, right here I say,  
Grant must be slick to get away;  
It seems he does not care a straw  
For all the minious of the law.

The other two are still in jail  
Because they were not granted bail,  
Though strong indeed is their denial  
Of crime, they have to stand their trial.

[They have since been tried and acquitted.—Editor B J]

**NEW DRUG STORE.**

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**Corner of Queen and Carleton Streets,**

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**Some Epitaphs.**

**ON A DYER.**

An honest citizen and worthy friend  
Was Mr.—of West End.  
He lived a life of three score years and ten  
Loved and respected by his fellow men:  
When Death, who finds us all, at last  
him found  
And led him to his dwelling under  
ground;  
With Death's stern mandate we must  
all comply  
And while he dyed to live, he lived to die.

**ON A FILER.**

He saw that Death with scythe in hand  
His end at last would prove,  
Now free from guile he's placed on fyle  
In the mansions up above.

**ON A BLACK NIGHT.**

Weep not for him but rather loud  
Your songs of triumph raise;  
By Death he's changed and so exchanged  
"Black Nights" for joyful days.

The arts are democratic. They speak a universal language.—Sidney H. Morse.

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STATIONARY,  
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AND  
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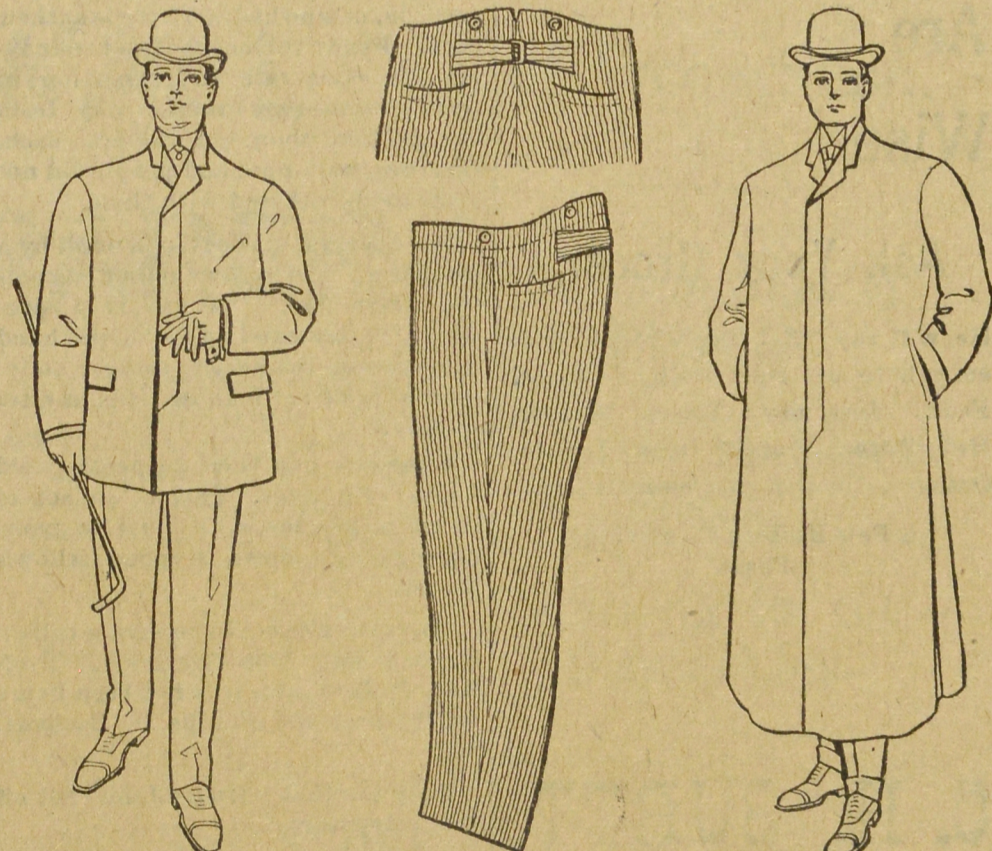
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