



TIDY.



AND THE YOUNG LADY WHO MADE IT.

II.

"Is George not with you?" asked Mrs. Marrgin of her husband. "I thought he was to take tea with us to-night. Clara and I expected him."

"George Spotcash will never take tea here again," said Mr. Marrgin, solemnly. "I have something very painful to tell you about that young man."

"Oh, Henry," cried his wife, in great alarm, "I hope you have done nothing rash. What in the world did you do?"

"What did he do, you mean, Eliza. That young man is on the broad road. He stole a fifty dollar bill to-day, while I was out of the office."

"Nonsense, Henry, it was I who took the money. I wanted to do some shopping, and when I went to the office there was no one there but old Putter, the caretaker. So I just slipped in and took the money myself. Don't you remember teaching me the combination last summer? I meant to tell Putter to tell you, but he was sweeping out the back rooms, and I forgot. I hope to goodness you haven't been making a fuss about that."

"Great Scott!" shouted Mr. Marrgin, "if this ain't a nice mess. Here I've turned off my best clerk and my old friend's son all on account of your folly, Eliza. He will be out of the country by this time."

It was a sad and recriminating family that sat down to tea that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Marrgin mourned their own rashness and each other's folly, while the charming Clara sulked in swainless solitude. However, the maiden found some comfort in the letter from her lover, which glowed with unalterable devotion, and the determination to make a way either for or with himself.

III.

Years passed, and once more George Spotcash stood upon Canadian soil, and before the door of the office whence he had been so unjustly expelled. He was proud and happy. He had already amassed wealth, and the next thing on the programme was Clara.

Mr. Marrgin greeted the young man with embarrassed apologies.

"Ah, George, I am so glad to see you again, and to ask your pardon for——"

"Say no more," interrupted his visitor. "I knew you would soon discover your mistake. And now I am going to make a demand on your liberality which, if granted, will leave me forever your debtor in spite of all the past. I ask for your daughter's hand. I have already obtained her consent, and we only wait for your blessing."

"Well, George," replied Mr. Marrgin, "there is no one to whom I would sooner give her than to the son of my old friend. Still, I wish to secure her future from want, and must insist on some assurance of your ability to support her in the manner to which she has been accustomed. So before you are married and go back to the States——"

"But, my dear sir," again interrupted the ardent lover, "I shall never go back to the States. I am the absconding cashier of the Bank of Blankton, and have heaps of boodle."

"Bless you, bless you, my son," cried the old broker fervently, throwing his arms around the other's neck, while the glad tears coursed down his cheeks. "She is yours, my boy, she is yours. How could I have ever deemed you capable of stealing fifty dollars?"

WILLIAM MCGILL.

LAMENTABLE OCCURRENCE.

IT is with sad feelings we have to record the untimely decease of Boss Bummerson, commercial tourist, at the early age of sixty-eight. We lament this the more, as he never travelled without GRIP in his gripsack, and as his subscription expires in April next, it is not likely to be renewed. On the evening before his lamented decease he supped at midnight with a few friends. Time passed so agreeably that he had barely time to catch the train next morning, without his breakfast. On the road he thoughtlessly partook of a slight refectation of coffee and sandwiches at a R.R. refreshment bar, and immediately fell in—a not unfrequent result of partaking, on that road, of the refectation alluded to. On reaching his destination he took to his bed, crying wildly, "that salmon has done for me!" Having given directions respecting his samples, he repeated a favorite *bon mot* from GRIP and gave up the ghost. Analysis of his stomach showed a deposit of terra cotta from the coffee and several silicious pebbles, evidently the *exuvia* of the sandwiches. There was no trace of salmon. The Com. Trav. Assn. contemplate placing a plain headstone over his remains with a dog-Latin inscription: *In memoriam Bummeri filii. Nec. tamen consumebatur.*