



BEAUTIFUL EXTRADITION ARRANGEMENTS.

Fugitive criminals are such a desirable acquisition to the population, that neither Uncle Sam nor Miss Canada will on any account arrange to give them up mutually to justice, unless they are precisely specified in the existing Extradition treaty. One would think that civilized neighbors would be only too glad to extend the operations of that treaty to every class of scoundrels. The existing state of things may be very pleasant for the fugitives, but have the decent citizens of the countries no right to be protected from such "emigrants?"

A BIT BY MARK TWAIN.

(Specially written for Grip's Christmas No.)

When you asked me to write some little thing for your Christmas number I expressed a doubt as to whether I would have time. It did not occur to me at the moment that you had afforded me a chance to serve a certain personal end of my own. I have reconsidered your invitation, and find I have time—just time to tell you of an incident that occurred in '76 or thereabouts, when I was in Switzerland. One morning Harris and I started out to go up Mount Blanc. My appetite had been poor for some days, and I thought a run—or even an easy trot—to the summit of Blanc before breakfast would do me good. I hadn't gone very far in a perpendicular direction—not over five hundred yards—when I met a man coming down. He appeared to be a literary man, and when he came close up I recognized him as a particular friend of mine—an American author. He was in tears. He told me he had been robbed. He said there was a brigand further up the road, about half a mile over head, who had stripped him of all his manuscripts, and he wanted me to do what I could to recover them. I told him I certainly would. No countryman of mine, and an author least of all, should appeal to me in vain. I bade him be of good cheer, and then I sent Harris up to kill the brigand. I didn't wish to exhibit bravado in the presence of my friend by going up myself, and I knew Harris could kill him single-handed if he got half a chance. Well, Harris started off, and I accompanied the traveller back to the hotel, where I took care of him. Harris did not return that night, but along next day he reached the hotel more dead than alive. I hastened out to meet him and enquired at once as to the last dying words of the brigand. Harris said he was not dead; the last he had seen of him, he was just disappearing down a gorge of the mountain. He

had escaped, but before escaping he had robbed him (Harris) of several manuscripts and newly published books belonging to me. Harris gave me a particular description of the pirate, and I have ever since been watching for him. This incident is recalled to my memory just now because I think I saw the brigand on King Street to-day. He was in a crowd, and when I got my eye on him he visibly quailed. I did not stop to wonder how the Swiss freebooter could have got to Canada, above all places, but I determined to capture him dead or alive. I moved forward briskly. You have seen me go off the platform after a reading. I moved that way. I was just about to grasp him when he eluded my clutch and disappeared into the Telegram office. I would have followed him, but as I had to leave on a train to meet an engagement that evening, I couldn't remain.

TOPICAL TALK.

Now that Sir John is a G. C. B. he will have a better chance than ever to say "these hands are clean." He will, doubtless, give them a rinse in the Bath of which he is a G. C.

It is gratifying to learn that the Emperor William has bestowed the first class Order of the Crown on the Chinese Minister of Berlin. There are three classes of this Order, and I presume the second is the Half-crown, and the third of the Order of the One and Three-pence.

I AM told that the Dukes of Wellington and Marlborough forfeit their dukedoms unless they present, Her Majesty annually with a small flag. What kind of a flag it is my informant does not say. It may be a banner, or one of those flags you see growing on the banks of English rivers, or it may be a paving or flagstone. Whatever it is, it would be a mighty good thing if he of Marlborough should neglect to make his annual present sometime, and so lose a dukedom that he disgraces.

CHRISTMAS is close at hand. Any presents, monetary or otherwise, sent to the writer of "T. T." will be thankfully received. Packages weighing over a ton may be left at the office of GRIP; smaller articles should be sent by express to his residence—that large brown stone house on the corner of Isabella and Jarvis Streets.

THE Buffalo tug-of-war men will doubtless be swelling about through the streets of their city with their hard-earned medals pinned to their peelerian breasts. There appears to be about as much manliness in them as there is in most of the American hippodromists. In addition to the medals which they won by not pulling, they should be presented with a complete set of ostrich feathers of the purest and most immaculate white, which they should display wherever they went.

I AM sorry to read that Martin Farquhar Tupper is living in extreme poverty in his old age. Still he is cheerful and contented, and is dubbed the "Mark Tapley" of poets. Well now, that is just the kind of a man any one who has read Martin's "Proverbial Philosophy" would imagine him to be; a regular jolly, rollicking Mark Tapley wherever he went and in whatever circumstances placed; full of fun and jollity, indeed the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" must be.

TRUTH.—We are afraid the publisher of *Truth* has done his journal an injustice by his unheard of liberality in the way of rewards to subscribers who correctly answer bible questions. For a year past the name of *Truth* has been a household word in connection with big prizes; it deserves to be so for the intrinsic excellence of the paper itself. With the last issue comes a new cover, splendidly designed, and a table of contents that would not discredit any magazine. There is room in Canada for a paper on the line of *Truth*, and Mr. Wilson appears to be the very man to make it go. He has enlisted the pens of many leading Canadians and Americans, and proposes to give his readers hereafter the best literary things procurable. GRIP is pleased to note the success of his contemporary.

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THAT IS COFFEE
EVERY POUND WARRANTED STRICTLY PURE



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