

able production, its typography is of the first order and its literary and artistic features are far ahead of most of the current publications. It is thickly studded with the artistic laughabilities of GRIP. Its leading literary feature is a clever burlesque of that matchless monument of mendacity, the celebrated Baron Munchausen, entitled, "Baron Munchausen, Jr., in Manitoba," is nirth moving. In fine, the Grip Sack is crammed as full as a woman's satchel of the best of good things in woodcut, witticism or cynicism. To be had at any bookstore for 25 cents.—*Peterborough Examiner.*

## VILLAINY DEFEATED ;

OR,

THE CRAFTY BANK CLERK AND THE REPORTER

## CHAPTER III.

"Vivian, will you write me a verse in my album?" asked Beatrice in tones which sounded like the breath of the Zephyr on the strings on an Eolian harp; "original ones, dear Vivian." "Will I, dearest, need you ask?" replied the gifted bank-clerk. "But you must solemnly pledge me your word to wed me in the fall if I do." "Vivian, I promise to be the bride of him who writes these lines I ask," replied the blushing Beatrice, producing her album, and handing it to her lover. "And will you write something in mine, darling?" queried the effusive clerk. "Something out of your own dear, auburny-yallery head, my pet?" The promise was made, and Vivian's book was given to Beatrice. Shortly afterwards the lovers parted, and Vivian thoughtfully sought his hash-house. Be it known that Beatrice, regal though her beauty was, had not the faintest idea of poetry, and would as soon have been seen at a front seat at the theatre without her turn table hat as have endeavored to write two lines of verse: but she had had an idea when she had given her promise and she proceeded to carry it out. She had heard, who had not? of the colossal talents of Reginald Adamson, and with him she was slightly acquainted, so, proceeding to her boudoir, she penned the following note:—"Dear Sir,—Pray excuse the liberty I take, but if you would have the extreme kindness to write me four lines of poetry, suitable for a gentleman's album, I shall never forget the favor, and shall be most happy to see you at dinner next Sunday. BEATRICE SEVENOAKS. P. S.—Please let them be nice." And this she despatched by a liveried menial to the office of the *Whooper*, where Reginald was painfully toiling at his desk, and endeavoring to write up the speeches of the aldermen at the council meeting which he had just attended, and to give them some appearance of sense, at the same time striving to reduce the grammatical asperities of their remarks to something like decency, and was at this moment translating Alderman Sevenoaks' statement that "cedar blocks is most astringent to the city's welfare, and hadn't oughter be treated neglectful" into English, when his eye caught sight of the powdered flunkey in the doorway, and fell on the glittering buttons of the livery, recognizing the proud crest of the Sevenoaks' family with the motto "Ye whole hogge or none." Taking Beatrice's missive he opened and read it, and handed a reply to the menial, in which he stated the pleasure he should feel in complying with the two requests contained in Miss Sevenoaks' note. James withdrew haughtily, having a very proper contempt for "them literary fellers," as every right-thinking flunkey should have and has. Not ten minutes had elapsed when Vivian de Vavasour mounted the steps to the editorial department of the *Whooper*, and timidly knocked at the door of Reginald's room. "Come in," sounded the deep tones of Reginald's voice, and Vivian entered. Mingled feelings of hatred and won-

der filled the 46-inch breast of the former as his eye encountered that of his detested rival. Should he brain him—no! impossible for obvious reasons—with a heavy form which stood against the wall, or should he—but stay. What might be the cause of his visit? "Excuse me, Mr. Adamson," said Vivian, "but, being aware of your immense talents—" "Oh! never mind the taffy," said Reginald, "but tell me what you want." "Well, would you write me just four lines, no more, of verse, for a ladies' album. Conscious of my inferiority I seek—" "Oh! give us a rest. Yes, I'll do it," said Reginald, as a demoniacal thought of revenge came into his mind. "I'll do it with pleasure," and he meant it. "Oh! thank yah, thank yah," said Vivian, "I'll nevah forget yah. Can you let me have them by Saturday?" "All right," and Vivian departed. On the following Friday Reginald despatched four neatly written lines to Miss Sevenoaks, and by the same mail Vivian Vere de Vavasour also received the promised poetry.

## CHAPTER IV.

Gathered in the drawing-room at the Sevenoaks mansion on the evening of Sunday were John Sevenoaks, Beatrice, Vivian de Vavasour, Reginald, and some half score ladies and gentlemen of the elite of Slumville. Dinner was over, and digestion was at work. "Dearest Beaty," whispered Vivian, "I have brought your album. It cost me a sleepless night to compose what I have written therein, ah! But here it is. Now where is mine?" Beatrice passed it to him. "Let us hear the verses, please," said a young lady, a great friend of Beatrice, to whom had been imparted the secret of the albums. "I'm sure they're nice. Both original, too! oh! isn't it sweet?" "Yes, let us have them, by all means," said several. "Well, I've no objection," said Vivian, "shall I read yours, Miss Sevenoaks?" "Drive ahead," replied the haughty Beatrice. Vivian cleared his throat, opened his album and read, in Beatrice's delicate handwriting, the following exquisite line:

"Flowers fade as the season's will."

when he turned ghastly pale and paused. "Go on, go on!" "Beautiful," etc., etc., were the cries.

Vivian gasped and proceeded,

"Stars grow dim with the morning light."

Vivian would have fallen had not some one caught him. "What is the matter?" "Beautiful sentiments," and so forth, exclaimed those present. "Go on, Vavasour. Out with it." "Oh! I can't, I weally cawn't," gasped Vivian. "It's tewible." But the guests insisted, and he finished in almost inarticulate tones.

"But ever burns within my soul,  
My love for Vivian pure and bright."

BEATRICE.

when he threw the book on the table and made for the door. "Old him, old him!" cried John Sevenoaks, "summat's wrong 'ere," and he grasped Vivian by the shoulder and brought him back. "Why, what's the matter with Beatrice?" All eyes were directed towards Miss Sevenoaks. With her own album open before her she sank fainting on the floor. "Plague take the 'ussy, what ails her?" yelled John. "Surely that feller hain't a been writin' anything wrong. 'Ere, some of yer, read this out will yer?" he said, handing the book to the nearest gentleman, who read in a clear voice,

"Flowers fade as the season's roll,  
Stars grow dim with the morning light,  
But ever burns within my soul,  
My love for Beatrice, pure and bright."

VIVIAN.

Reginald Adamson was avenged. He had scented the rat from afar, and had laid his plans accordingly. Crest-fallen and abashed, Vivian stood trembling before John Sevenoaks.

"Wot's the meain' of all this 'ere?" he cried. "Why the pomes is both the same. 'Ow is it? Speak out man, speak out!" and then with many a grasp and stammer Vivian told the story of his deceit: and how he had endeavored to impose on her in order to gain her hand, which she had promised to the author of the verses read. "Well I'm blowed," ejaculated Mr. Sevenoaks, when the recital was finished. "So you tried to gammon us, did yer, and you never wrote none o' them verses at all, eh? Leave this 'ouse, young feller, and never let me see yer again. And you," he continued, turning to Reginald, "Mr. Hadamson I'm proud of yer. Give us yer 'and. Come ere Beatrice. This 'ere's the man for my son-in-law. And you promised to marry the hanthor o' them verses and 'ere he is, and a Sevenoaks never went back on 'is or 'er word unless it was made worth their while, so you and 'im must fix it. Bless yer." The company crowded round with their congratulations. Beatrice avowed her love for Reginald. Reginald reciprocated his for her, and one week afterwards old John Sevenoaks, having gorged himself on pig trotters to excess, fell down in an apoplectic fit and expired half an hour afterwards, leaving his immense property to Reginald Adamson and Beatrice, ditto their hens and assigns for ever.

Reginald bought the *Whooper*, but endeavoring to run it on the temperance platform, and strongly advocating the Scott Act, it speedily declined in circulation and quietly expired, but as he was the possessor of untold millions he had no occasion to be a "literary feller" except for fun, and accordingly exercised his vast intellect in writing for GRIP, which increased its circulation a thousandfold.

Vivian's body was found in his bed room, stiff and stark. He had beaten his head to a pulp with a seven pound bologna sausage. On his dressing table he left a short note. It said, "Bank clerks, beware. It isn't in you to write poetry. Let my fate be a warning." So he died. Swiz.



"EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE."

Carter—Fight you? No, I won't. Fighting is your trade, but I'll tell you what, I'll drive a cart up hill with you for any wager you like!

## EPIGRAM.

The Bishop of Tenor C,  
Did preach at Holy Trinity,  
And strained as High as Tenor E.

Put oh! in his attempt to teach  
The flock so High a tone to reach,  
He made an awful crack'ld screech.

EXPECTED AT THE ZOO SHORTLY.—A brick Bat; a hum-Bug; a dandy-Lion, and a seven barreled Colt.