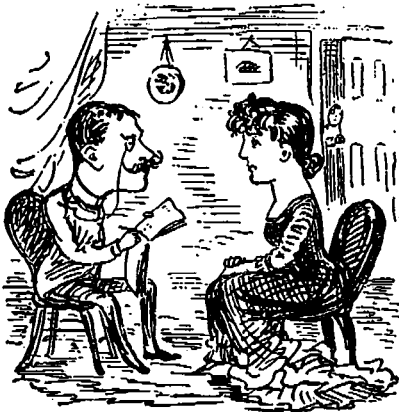




cogent reasons for doing so.



A RUMOR CONTRADICTED.

THE JERSEY LILY IS ONCE MORE INTERVIEWED.

Hearing a rumor that Mrs. Langtry was to marry Mr. Gebhardt as soon as a divorce from her husband could be obtained, Mr. GRIP, believing the report to be totally without foundation and a malicious canard of Brother Jonathan, who, whilst professing to despise Canada is himself a horrible "canarder," despatched his society man to interview the famous lady, with instructions to post himself thoroughly beforehand in the ways, habits and customs of upper tondom, from instructions obtained from the society editors of the *Toronto News*, *Hamilton Spec.*, and other well-known society journals.

Mr. GRIP's representative, having perfected himself in a few high toned capers, proceeded to New York, and at once called on the Lily at the Albemarle.

Directly that figure, said to blend the proportions of Hercules and Apollo in its *tout ensemble*, passed through the doorway of Mrs. Langtry's drawing room, whither GRIP's ambassador had been immediately conducted on mentioning his own and his paper's names, the beautiful lady, who was reclining on a low rose-silk covered fauteuil, sprang up with a little cry of joy, and running forward to meet him, clasped both his hands in hers and said, "Oh! how glad I am to see you! but you are pale: is not your liver—but no: 'tis something else: I was just thinking of you and your charming little paper: Oh! how I love it, and when will the GRIP-SACK be out? I am dying to see it, for I am so tired of these *dry* old American papers. Have you come to stay? Take a chair, please, here, near me," and running on thus the beauty seated herself, as did GRIP's society man also.

At this moment Mr. Gebhardt peeped in at the doorway and an ominous scowl came over his features. Mrs. Langtry, seeing him said, "Oh! Mr. Gebhardt, I am engaged—" "Yes, yes; to me, eh, to me," hurriedly burst in the other. "Fie, fie," she answered; "no, I am engaged with this representative of the press" (at the word "press" Freddy seemed to wilt and become limp, and would have fallen had not his high collar supported him) "and we would rather be alone." "Yes, Frederick," said the society interviewer, "we would rather be alone." ("How like a Gil-

bert and Sullivan chorist," muttered Mrs. Langtry, "I am sure this gentleman is very clever; he looks like it.") Waving his hand towards the door, GRIP's swell motioned Mr. Gebhardt from the presence. He went. No cards. No challenge.

"And now Mrs. Langtry," resumed the society man of this paper, "we will have a delicious *tele-a-tele*: ah! how sweet the dear old French tongue must sound to you who have lived so long in those beautiful channel isles: Parley voo Frongsay?" "Oui, oui," she replied, "mais vous etes tres drole et charmant."

"Wee, je say, parley noo long le lang Frongsay: je l'ayin," answered GRIP's professional beauty. "Moi aussi," replied the other, "mais vous parlez bien, parfaitement en Parisien." "Say vray" went on the ambassador, "mais je cror que nous que nous—" "Oh! you funny man," interrupted the beauty, drawing her feet out of sight underneath her chair, "you want to make some pun about 'canoe,' I see it, but let us talk English: It is so seldom that I hear pure English that it is a treat to hear you. Now you came to interview me: I know it; what is it about?" "Mrs. Langtry," replied GRIP's Apollo, in English, which appeared to be difficult to him after his flights into French, "I have come to ask you about this rumor concerning you and Freddy. Is it or is it not true that you are engaged to be spliced as soon as you can obtain a divorce from your present husband? Don't do anything rash: don't give people a chance to say hard things about you, for I, in my inmost heart believe you to be a lady in every sense of the word." Here she drew out her laced cambric mouchoir and held it over her eyes. Presently she said, "Mr. GRIP: your words are those of a noble, chivalrous gentleman: You are as high-souled as you are accomplished in speaking French; but are you—before I give you any answer concerning Freddy—are you—are you—married?" and she blushed so charmingly that the other beauty felt very queer about the ribs on his left side. "I am not," he replied. "Then," answered the Lily looking charmingly beautiful, "then I shall never marry Freddy till I hear you are out of my reach."

The rest of the conversation would be of no public interest. The great question had been answered and the answer is now given to the world.

Mr. GRIP's piece of perfection left the Albemarle about an hour after the speaking of the last sentence recorded, Mrs. Langtry impressing upon him to be sure and not forget to send a GRIP-SACK for 1883 as soon as ever it was out, which she was assured would be the case in a very few weeks. As the car turned the corner of the street from the Albemarle, the beautiful lady was seen standing at her window crying and waving her handkerchief and shouting, "Be sure and remember my GRIP-SACK."

OUR AULD DOG "BEN."

BY NCTUFF.

Some pleasant incident we a' i' childhood's days hae met, An' tho' tho' triffin' i' it, yet it we ne'er forget. On sic I will endeavor tae wield my willin' pen, Recordin' here the virtues o' oor auld dog "Ben".

'Twas on a bitter winter night when father brocht him hame, Intar his muckle pooch sae snug, an' when he telt his name Oor hearts were lifted up wi' glee,—we were but bairnies then, Sae we took a kinly int'rest in oor wee pup Ben.

For he was but a little thing, an' needed muckle care. Tae shield him frae the winter's cauld, for it he couldna bear; The choicest bits that we could get, we ne'er begrudged him then, For he'd a place within oor hearts, oor wee pup Ben.

O' milk and buttered pieces he had, I trow, his share: 'Twas wonderfu' hoo fast he grew fed on sic guidly fare An' as we romped, an' rowed about, sic pleasure nane can ken 'But they wha hae a playmate like oor wee pup Ben.

An' sune wi' siccan tender care, tae doghood's size he grew, An' 'twad be hard to fin' a frien' mair faithfu', kin' an' true; For tho' sic traits o' character are aft-times scant i' men, Kin' Nature didna stint them i' oor wee dog Ben.

An' tho' he was but sma' o' frame an' unco slicht o' bield, Yet muckle dog wad shie awa when he wad tak the field: An' whan at nicht he barkit, ye cud ilka time depen, 'Twas something looked suspicious tae oor wise dog Ben

Nae prowlers roon the premises, their thievish airts cud ply, For sharp o' scent an' quick o' leg was he, an' keen o' eye;

A trusty, watchfu' sentinel, your rights he wad defen' Nor wily words cud e'er seduce oor true frien' Ben.

He was nae waffie rin a boot, like ither dogs ye'll see, But just a douce, auld farvant chap, wha likit hame tae be,

Aye ready for some orra job, he seemed tae ken just when His help was maistly needed, oor wise dog Ben.

Nae winsome words cud teimpt him frae friens' or hame awa, Nae bribe cud buy his silence, nane i' his lug cud blaw, In that he was superior tae many fook I ken, Tho' he was but a quadruped oor auld frien' Ben.

Wi' sic enoblin' traits, he was a favorite wi' us a', But dogs like men maun yield at last tae universal law, An' as the years gae by, we saw it wadna be lang when We'd hae tae act a mournfu' pair for oor auld Ben,

For age wi' its infirmities cam crepin' on apace, An' feeble, toothless, bliin, an' gray he'd nearly run life's race,

An' whan he had lived oot a year or mair ayont the ten, We'd had a waesome funeral ower oor auld dog Ben.

Within the gairden fence beside a thrifty apple tree,— A lightsome dry, an' sunny spot as aye wad wish tae see,—

Within the boundary o' the fairm, on it ye cudna men' Tae be a final restin' place for oor auld Ben.

Within a rough box coffin weel padded in wi' straw, We laid the lifeless body o' oor trusty frien' awa, An' tho' we didna say a prayer, we sighed fu' deeply then,

For there's nae resurrection for oor auld dog Ben.

But if there was, I've little doot but he wad muster pass, In noble traits o' character there's few wad him surpass, If there was a hereafter for dogs like there's for men, I'm sure he'd get a cosy couch, oor auld dog Ben.

There's some, nae doot, will fin' some faut, that I hae taen sic pains; An' that tae sae belaud a brute, shews unco' lack o' brains;

Tae sic I will make answer,—for anything I ken, They mecht be less deservin' o't than oor auld dog Ben.



DUDE AND DUDINE.

PAT—What manner av haythanish bastes is thim Dudes, Mike?

MIKE—Faith, Pat, ye've got me now, but I know what a "dhudeen" is, an' here's wan. (Produces a short pipe.)

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. P., with a tooth-ache. "Why can't people be born without teeth?" "If you will reflect a moment, my dear," replied Mr. P., "you will be convinced that such is the fact."—*Burlington Free Press.*