

A ROYAL MESSAGE TRULY.

To you, oh weeping women of Newfoundland !
 Mothers of sons engulfed in cruel seas;
 Widows—of stalwart bread-winners bereft;
 Orphans who wail for sorrow and for bread;
 Look up ! be comforted ! be warmed and fed !
 Lo ! the great Queen of England o'er the sea
 To you sends—"her regrets !"

Oh, what a lovely thing is sympathy !
 A woman's sympathy, the sympathy of a Queen !
 And such a Queen, the greatest o' the earth !
 The sun on her dominions goes not down
 Throughout the rolling years. Great is her name;
 Great is her wealth, mother of children she !
 So cheer ye ! cheer ye ! be ye warmed and fed,
 Oh, ye bereaved and penniless Newfoundlanders;
 The Queen sends—"her regrets."

Take them, and oh, be thankful for the gift !
 Divide them carefully, give each a share;
 Where children fatherless do most abound—
 Gaunt, hungry, shrinking from the merciless cold,
 Oh, stint ye not the gift ! Pile high the fire;
 Clothe shivering limbs ; distribute ye the bread;
 Roast, boil and bake ye for the destitute,
 And in your frying-pans warm up again
 "Her Majesty's regrets."

Who talks of "Annexation ?" Who scouts at "Federation ?"
 Surely not *you*—ingrate Newfoundlanders !
 Not you by cruel seas made desolate;
 Bitten and maimed by frosts, sharp as sharks' teeth;
 And bayed at now by wolfish poverty;
 To whom when starving, crushed with want and woe,
 When bled your hearts and bare your cupboards lay,
 The Queen of England's Gracious Majesty
 Sent generously—"her regrets !"

EDINBURGH, March 4, 1892.

JESSIE KERR-LAWSON.

HOW SUSAN GOT SQUELCHED.

MY sympathies are always in touch with the man whose wife foots the bills ; and this abiding state of metaphysical lord-and-master-hood has inspired me with the generous resolution of relating a circumstance connected with my own married life with Susan.

I am not momentarily decided as to whether 'twere better to jot it down here in the beginning of this—ahem—article, or wait until I reach the end, or twine it through the middle as a sort of ornamentation. *Susan* doesn't want me to give it away, and has insinuated most artfully that "GRIP will think you can't write on anything disconnected with sentimentality." But I remind her that spring has come, and that human creatures and nature in general are in a reciprocative mood or condition. Besides, I have frequently remarked when persons take tea at our house that an anecdote involving sentiment is the only one that insures a general laugh. If I get off a joke on the Conservative party, the separated brethren of Reform principle will look as if they had the most honest intention of joining in the risible crisis, but they were just waiting for a bell to announce the point of my little pleasantries. Now it's an all around expression of intelligence when anything relating to matrimony is voiced. The ubiquity of this Eden-like understanding may account for the large numbers of persons who go to church when a wedding is to take place. You'll see maidens and matrons—old men leaning on staffs and ancient vestals whose affinities probably expired when cutting their eye-teeth—and you'll see young girls and small boys, and you'll see on the faces of all, both youngsters and oldsters and middlesters, the same bright look of inborn sagacity. So whether Susan likes it, or whether Susan doesn't like it, I'll tell the public how I regained my independence as head of the household, after Susan bought

her own gold ring and defrayed all the expenses of our honeymoon. These circumstances had contributed to make her a little bossy, and she used to talk as if she hadn't a right understanding of her privileges, and she had lost her pleasant little way of reminding me that there are no such things as obligations between those who love, et cetera, et cetera.

I laid a trap to demolish her independence, and into it she fell. Since then I carry the purse, though the property is still in her name. And this is how it happened. I was explaining to our neighbor O'Toole the pedigree, together with the value in dollars and cents of one of my race horses, and while stroking his mane and modestly mentioning prices and ancestors, my Susan so far forgot herself as to interlope this clause, "My money bought that horse." She has never since voiced the phrase "my money." For I calmly retorted "Yes, and your money bought *Me*." M.H.

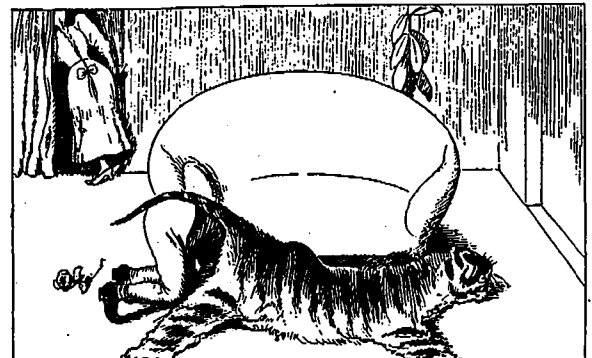
THE LOVER AND HIS RIVAL.



I.



II.



III.