

THE M.P.'S WIFE MAKES A SUGGESTION.

RURAL DELL.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I can't think how it is that you don't put Lucius among the pictures in your distinguished paper. Matilda, my sister, who is in poor circumstances, says it's because "he ain't prominent, just a wire for the big ones to pull, and that there are hundreds more like him." Of course Matilda says a good deal for mere spite, for in the first place who that ever saw the Member for Rural Dell would think of comparing his manly massive physique to a wire, and who I'd like to know knows better than his wife that he isn't to be pulled when—when—, well, I suppose I must be ignorant for once, when he gets his back up—yet there is a grain of ill-natured truth in my sister's remark, for with the spirit of the age I can truly say: What is life if you aren't sometimes in print (I don't mean that cheap style of summer clothing, far from it, as a newspaper man you'll understand me), and I own up, I should like to see L.—in GRIP, not of course in a ridiculous position, but for instance, his portly figure clad in his best broadcloth, his polished beaver hat, well-brushed mutton chop whiskers, and gold chain, soliciting votes, or speaking to an admiring and enthusiastic audience cheering lustily while he wildly promises Ruraldellors everything they want. Being of an ever retiring disposition I would not like to make any grander suggestions. I leave details in your hands; but the day I find Lucius smiling on the pages of your paper will see me a proud woman, and depend upon it, I'll flourish GRIP with triumph over the onivous head of Matilda.

Your staunch friend and admirer,
ELIZA PENCHEMAN.

P. S.—If it is possible that you have never visited Rural Dell or seen Lucius, I could send you a picture of us both, taken together when we were first married, and if you think best you can leave mine out, though I am generally considered the best looking.

P. S. No. 2.—Why don't you start an inquiry column. I want dreadfully to know if it is etiquette for me to write on my visiting card, Mrs. Pencherman, and M. P. in the corner. I never know the day I might be in Toronto and want to call at the Government House, and it would be so awkward not to know what's what. I've noticed people put P. R. C. sometimes, and I do love to be stylish, which isn't so easy when you reside in a small place like Rural Dell, where the most of the people are of the "*Pen sais quoi*" gender, a terrible drawback to a superior lady like myself.

THISTLEDOWN.

I.

A little fluff of thistledown had reached that stage of maturity when the time drew nigh for it to take leave of its parent stem and set forth on its wanderings. And as it sat and pondered in its mind what great deed it might accomplish it was sore perplexed, for it felt its own insignificance and lack of magnitude. And as it reflected it was overcome by its feelings and gave way to tears.

II.

"Why weepest thou, oh! little fluff of thistledown?" asked its tall neighbor, the mullein stalk, "why weepest thou thus bitterly?"

And the little fluff answered, "Because I am so small, and even now I must set forth on my travels and I know not how to accomplish some great deed, and I am ambitious."

Then the mullein stalk comforted the little fluff and told it how it might fly to the garden of some great and pious man and bring forth many thistles amongst the goodly fruits in the garden; and the great and pious man might swear.

But the little fluff was not satisfied, and yearned to do even more than that.

"Then trust to luck," replied the mullein stalk. "Keep up your stamina and the powder in your pistols dry, and you will be all right. Tra-la-la."

"Tra-la-la," answered the little fluff of thistledown, as Zephyr came singing along and lifting it in his arms bore it away over field and meadow toward the boundless ocean.

III.

"All hands hands on deck; man the pumps, heave the dry goods clerks overboard; belay the right bower; hard a-port; a vast heaving."

Such were the hurried commands that Captain Ichabod Applesass, of the good ship Korchunk, of the United States navy, roared through his speaking trumpet, as his gallant vessel careened deeply to starboard, and countered heavily on the wind's eye.

"Fourteen feet of water in the hold, and all the grog watered," reported the ship's carpenter to his commander.

"Then we shall sink," returned the latter. "Sink it is," replied Chips. And as he yet spake the splendid man-of-war lurched three points abaft the binnacle and went to the bottom.

IV.

The vanity of the little fluff of thistledown was gratified. It had collided with one of the finest vessels of the American navy and had sunk it.

—SWIZ.



MORE PLAIN THAN PLEASANT.

Old Lady (to simpering elderly young lady, who is said to be engaged to a widower)—An' when is yer marriage tae come aff?

S. E. Y. L.—Oh! Mrs. Brown, don't tease me; that's an old story.

O. L.—It canna be that, for the man's wife's nae lang deed.

THE PIOUS LANDLORD.

WHEN YORK MEETS SCOTLAND THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR.

"Losh, mon! I canna alloo ye to cut wood on the Sawbath."

Such were the words that broke on my ears as, one Sunday morning, I prepared to saw a few sticks of wood in the cellar of the house in which I rent apartments.

My avocation compels me to depart from home betimes in the morning, and when I return at eve, the uncongenial task of "bucking" wood is frequently postponed, and on the morning in question, a bitterly cold one, I found myself without a solitary sliver of wood wherewith to increase the atmospherical calorific of my rooms.

It was Sunday, as I have stated, but warmth must be attained at any cost, and a little fracture of the first day of the week, methought would do no harm.

But my landlord thought otherwise. He is a mighty professor of religion and a grocer withal; he is a Scotchman, as his name Gregor MacGregor MacPherson would seem to suggest, and, in addition to the usual commodities to be found in a grocer's emporium, he deals in that which at the last stingeeth like an adder and is sharper than a thankless tooth or a serpent's child,—viz., ardent spirits.

My landlord, as I have intimated is "unco guid," and from chilly morn till frosty eve the building wherein he and I reside re-echo with the sound of psalmody and hymnal melody and

"On Jo-horr-don's stormy ba-ha-a-anks I ston!"

and similar airs ring through the welkin as the pious grocer sands his sugar and mingles the luscious sloe-leaf with his tea, and warbles aloud in the excess of his religious fervor.

The situation is explained; pious landlord; over-worked tenant: Sunday morning and no wood cut.

I had scarcely made the first fell gash in a stick of wood when the opening words of this tale saluted me, supplemented by

"Ye musna cut wood aroon ma preemies o' the Sawbath. I wilna pairmit sic a deesecration o' the blessed day."

My landlord stood behind me, and he looked determined.

"But, fair sir," I urged, "I shall freeze, and I have no firewood till I cut some."

"Ye maun gang cauld then," was the reply, "for I canna alloo ye to cut wood aroon ma hoose o' the Sawbath."

"But I shall freeze."

"I carena, ava; ye may pull an ox or an ass oot o' the pit the day, but ye musna whustle nor cut wood."

"I should like to push an ass out of this cellar," I murmured to myself, but restraining my indignation, I resolved to resort to strategy.

I am a Yorkshireman and I did not desire to be beaten by this snuffling Caledonian, so I said,

"Well, if you won't let me cut wood to-day, I must have something to warm me. You have spirits in your store; let me have a bottle of rye?"

"Hae ye ony siller?" suspiciously queried the grasping Scotchman, his national love of the bawbees asserting itself.

"Of course I have," I replied.

"Oo ay; gin ye hae the siller I'll gie ye a mutchkin or twa," said the holy one, and we ascended to the grocery where the tradesman handed me a bottle of whiskey remarking the while

"There's a lon' that is fa-hairror than da-hay"

and then demanded payment.

"By the way," I remarked, putting the bottle in my pocket, "I, like yourself, belong to a Christian denomination; mine forbids the payment of money on Sunday. For that reason I never put anything in the contribution plate at church on that day, and it would be inconsistent were I to pay you filthy lucre for sordid whiskey. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I must defer payment indefinitely. If it is wrong to saw wood to-day it is ten times worse to pay for liquor. Twig?" and I smiled a smile that was very expressive.

The good man felt that I "had" him. His whole grasping nature was rising in arms, so to speak, as he feared the coveted bawbees were to be denied him, and his physical inability precluded the idea of resorting to violence, on his part, to regain possession of the bottle in my pocket.

"Weel," he said, at last, pale with anger, "weel, gang yer ain gate and saw yer wood,