

in brilliancy by the intervening London fog, he proposed and was accepted by the young lady of the house.

The way Lady Norah's "Irish" got up when she heard of the affair was a caution to cats. She hit Colonel Jones with a £1,000 Etruscan vase, and knocked his head through an aquarium, deluging the drawing-room with water and "strange fishes." She threw a piano-stool at the head of Capt. John Henry Waterelm, who fled as never Ridgeway hero flew before, the lady's valedictory being, "Ye pinnyless upstart from Kinnidy, wid yer yeoman's coat on making belave yer in the army—faith it's myself that knows every uniform in the service—to aspoire to the hand of my daughter, Leedy Bellvoir Bewclere! Come near me house agin and I'll scald ye!" and to poor Feodore, "March off wid ye, ye brazed hussy to your room and stay there, for bad luck to the dance ye'll dance any more this wayson!"

Lady Feodore was confined to her room, grew ill, very ill, so the doctor said, and he prescribed an immediate trip across the seas to Florida.

"Well, if she must go she must," said Lady Norah, "she'll be clear of that villian there anyway, but the devil a fut I'll go, but stay here just."

CHAP. III.—SOUTH AND NORTH AGAIN.

"Wanted—a coachman—colored—apply to Lady Beauclerc, Planters' Hotel, St. Austin," was an advertisement that appeared in the local papers shortly after Lady Feodore's arrival at that place. The following day the hotel was besieged with candidates for the situation; niggers of all shapes, sizes, and colors, from the make that lamp black would make a white mark on to the lemon-colored yaller boy "brought up at masser's," were all there. Among the throng was an individual with a face as dark as Toronto streets on a quasi moonlight night or the doings in an Algoma election, surmounted by a fleece of wool that might easily be mistaken for the interior economy of a superannuated hair mattress. On this mass he wore a plug hat of vast dimensions, unknown fur and prehistoric design. He was further adorned in black frock coat, white necktie, yellow pants, and cow-hide boots suggestive of the Titanic age; his name, as he told the lady's servant at the door, who nearly fainted when he opened his mouth, was "SAM JOHNSING."

"See hyar," said Sam to the astonished lacquey, "you jist tote yessel up-stairs, and told de lady dat Sam Johusing was deployin' on de sittewation; I haint got no visitin' keeris."

Great was the astonishment, not only of her own London servants but of all the other applicants in waiting, to see such a hostile-looking coon march coolly up-stairs, and next morning take his seat on the box of the carriage in her ladyship's livery. But their astonishment was as naught, when, before the end of the week, the terrible fact came out that Lady Beauclerc had eloped with Sam Johnsing, and had taken the steamer for New York on route for Canada, the lady leaving a cheque for the landlord covering all expenses and a desire that her belongings, each and everyone, should be sent per express to Toronto. Amount of cheque \$10,000.

Lest the gentle reader, horrified at our heroine's conduct, should throw away this story in disgust, it may as well be explained that Sam Johnsing was none other than Capt. John Henry Waterelm, C.S.M., and that the sickness, the trip to Florida, and the denouement were all part of a little set-up game while the lady was confined to her room in London. John Henry then came out to Toronto, interviewed Mr. Ald. Harry Piper, whokindly introduced him to his constituents,

with whom he had a very pleasurable time, at the same time posting himself up for his difficult part in Florida.

Lady Norah was much out up at first at what she called the "miss alliance of her darling daughter," but, on receipt of a goodly sum in cash, and knowing furthermore that her daughter was banker, she "let up."

Capt. and Lady Waterelm are living in a magnificent mansion in the "noble ward," and the Zoo is his favorite place of amusement.

THE END.



By Jas. S. Knowles.

THE DANCE OF DEATH—The Louis Riel.

At Joe Beef's hotel you can either get a bill of fare or your fill of bear.

Sparrows are said to be good scavengers, but they are an offal nuisance.

Speaking of fish, have you ever heard of one dying from spawn-taneous com-bust-ion?

Shouldn't the Salvation Army in Toronto have their barracks on Shuter Street?

Hanlan brought back a pocketful of "rocks" which he picked up on an Australian Beach.

"Big Bear" having been captured, there will be less mischief bruin in the North-West.

The Chinese must be very musical in Montreal judging from the names. There is Sing Lee, Song Long, and P-Salm Long.

At a late meeting of the Montreal Swimming Club, J. T. Finnie was elected president. Finnie! Had he ought to make a good swimming-of-fish-al?

AQUATIC.—Hanlan's latest aquatic feat was walking on the water, and Sir Leonard has successfully demonstrated his ability to float-a-loan.

There's an eternal fitness in things. At least so I thought on observing the sign: Joseph Champagne, Liquor Dealer. No doubt Joe is bright and sparkling and popular among the boys who go out to Elmwood and Long Point.

Picken & Payne keep a banking and brokers' office opposite the post office, at 124 St. James Street, and Grip's representative will carry a business in the same office. If any burglar is caught Picken the safe lock and the night watchman gets a Grip on him, he will have a Payne-full experience.

When Barnum's circus was in St. John, N.B., an employee entered the cage of the gnu or horned horse for the purpose of cleaning it. The gnu made a rush and pressed him up against the side of the cage (a kind of gnu-matic pressure, you know). Seeing his danger, he jumped for the door and escaped. He now says he gnu it was dangerous.

Messrs S. Davis & Sons sent 10,000 Havana cigars to the volunteers in the North West, but our brave defenders say that they didn't Havana of them. Such treatment is, to draw it mildly, a puff-ect fraud. I didn't think any one Cable-ble—but that settles it! I've got my own opinion about a compositor who can't spell capable.

SUGGESTIVE.—In the Union Station, gazing out of the O.P.R. car-window, I observed BAR ROOM painted on a window in the station, and close to it the card J. Young, Undertaker. I thought of "departed spirits" and what a fearful warning to those overworked

railway officials of rural lines, who most do congregate in the Walker House bar? Charles! George! dew take warning or you will be cast away on a Lee, sure.

Entering a saloon on Notre Dame Street I noticed a jar on one of the shelves marked lambs' tongues. I asked the urbane attendant for one. He looked in the jar and said, "They are all gone, sir." "Do you know, then," I asked, "why they are like a little disturbance which occurred during the building of the Tower of Babel?" "I don't catch on to the similarity; why so?" "Because it's a jar-gone of tongues." Any babe 'll see it.

SACRED HISTORY.

Youthful Prodigy.—"Pa, why is Canada's comic paper like a certain biblical character?"

Papa.—"I fail to solve the intricate problem, my son; why is it?"

Youthful Prodigy.—"Because it's A-Grip-pa."

Foul parient swooneth.

MONTREAL VS. SHAMROCKS.

The championship lacrosse match on Saturday afternoon last between the Shamrock and Montreal Clubs was a terrible struggle for supremacy, and Grip extends a hearty grip of congratulation to the plucky athletes who won such a hard-fought and well-earned victory. It will forever stand out prominently as a red-letter day in the annals of Canadian sports. On Saturday evening at the Windsor, St. Lawrence Hall, and other haunts of revelry, where the bibulous most do congregate, the knowing Shamrock backers (who had got "pointers," and, like innocent lambs, gambled on the "green") were conspicuously absent, while the lucky winners were quaffing beakers of rosy wine to the success of the boys in grey.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN TORONTO.

Strolling along the business streets of the "Queen" City I observed a number of curious signs, as follows:—John Mutton, tailor, struck me as being rather peculiar. It should be a good place to get sheep clothing. You can "chop" out this lamb-entable joke if it don't suit you. Broom & Son, Carpets. This firm should do a sweeping business in the carpet line. Sauntering leisurely along, I stopped in a meditative mood in front of an undertaker's sign. Undertakers, as a rule, are tender-hearted, but here I mused in solemn silence over the hard cognomen of Stone. Why did not that stony-hearted man go into the monument biz? From P. Burns you can bituminous coal and wood. Aikenhead suggested the idea of being a good place for the votaries of Bacchus to "swear off next morning" on a "John Collins" or B. and S.—A WEATHER SIGN ON A WINDOW: "GALE MANUFACTURING CO." I stepped in and asked a clerk weather there were any probabilities of my being able to get a supply of light and heavy gales, as I wished to re-gale a few railway friends with a "blow-out" at the Walker House. I also asked him if the officials in that company were any particular kind of re-gale-ia? Noticing a black cloud obscuring the serene brow of the polite clerk, and fearing that a "storm" was brewing, I hail'd a cab and vamoosed. Observing a sign on King Street: T. McIlroy, jr., Manager of the Gutta Percha Rubber Co., I entered and asked the bland and genial manager if he kept all kinds of rubber goods? "Certainly," he replied, "what can I show you?" "Well, if not too much trouble, I'd like you to show me a 'rubber of whist.'" He looked at me with a Malt-tease-cross look and threatened to introduce me to the rubber "bouncer." I left on sight, remarking as I passed out that when he gutta percha-ser like me in his establishment he should display more urbanity.