

## THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

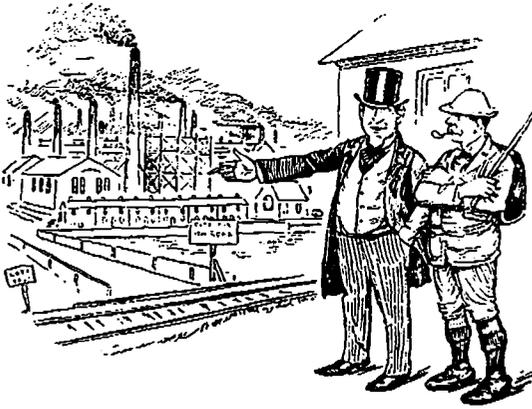
I.

‘GO, young man, go, and never darken this door again!’

It was the old story, and Mr. Marrgin was playing the part of the injured benefactor in the most approved fashion. He had just missed a fifty-dollar bill from his safe, and who could have taken it but his confidential clerk, George Spotcash, now standing before him? None of the other clerks knew the combination of the lock, there was not the slightest doubt about the culpability of the accused in the mind of his accuser and judge, who refused to listen to his protestations of innocence. All such efforts were drowned in the moral eloquence of the employer, who thus strove to prevent any further effusion of guilt in the form of perjury.

“For the sake of your father, who was my old friend, I will spare you, young man. I do not even ask you to refund the money. Take it, and take yourself off with it. Go to the States, or some foreign country, and try to rebuild the character you have shattered here. But don’t let me look any longer in the face of such low thievery and base ingratitude.”

The broker having risen from his seat to give greater force to his denunciations, now sat down with a severe dignity which would have been much more impressive had he taken the precaution to see that his chair was in the direct line of descent. This not being the case, gravitation allowed him but a squatter’s claim upon the floor. The dismissed employee, however, was too much agitated by his own downfall to observe the sudden eclipse of the broker behind his desk. The young man hurried to his boarding-house, packed his trunk, paid his landlady, wrote and posted a letter to his sweetheart, Clara, his old employer’s daughter, and took the first train going West. So the curtain falls on these divided friends, the one in a railway carriage, musing on the cantrip tricks of Fortune, the other in his office, pondering the weakness of human nature and the Chicago wheat market.



## SEEING IS BELIEVING.

HAVING heard a great deal about the progress of Mimico, MR. GRIP detailed his Imaginative Artist to go up and make a sketch of the place as it really is. Above is the result.

LATER—Evidence is accumulating to prove that our artist was “personally conducted” on his visit by one of the real estate men.

able, and soon we was under his heels, and I was confused to that extent by the stivashun, that I cudn’t say witch was his hoofs and witch was my number sevens, nor cudn’t distingwish my own head from the engineer’s, but the former was perceptible enuf when I found myself lyin in the frozen gutter, and the ice havin stove in my loose wig pins.

At first I cudn’t catch a glimpse of the rest of the party, and in my mind’s eye alreddy beheld a post mortar bein held on Hiram. But, before long, I spied Miss Cynthy sittin on the fragments of the cutter, a weepin and ringin her hands, and I shud a thot the owner had more caws to weep, his vehicle bein but remnants and his horse shiverin with fright and a lame leg. Not a sine cud I see of Hiram, and in spite of many argymints and his flighty ways on our tower, my hart throbbd troo to the pardner of my yuth, and I looked round for him with angziety on every liniment. At last I made out somethink wavin in the breeze just over the bank. I started to walk to it, but bein no lite wait, I broke thro the upper crust at every step, yet I struggled on till I recognized the tossel of Hiram’s crimson tooke. My hart flopped down like a lump of lead, for I knew that at least five-sixths of the pardner of my joys and sorrows (principally sorrows, fur I may trooly say I was weddin to misfortin when I married him) was under the surface, congealin rapidly. I screamed for help, but when it arrived, the pint of the tooke had giv its last feeble riggle. It seems that there was a stream runnin just below where he was participated, and his luck was to break into it, but it’a a mercy he went heels first. We hauled him up at last, but I feared that life was distinct. He lay there as stiff as a becalmed mummy, tho not nearly so brown of complekshun. We rubbed him with snow and a brandy flask, and by and by the prickshun began to rewive him, and the vital spark gave a glimmer.

Thinks I to myself, this will be a warnin to him to refrain from Jimnastiks, but land, he will never take warnin by nothink, and after nearly havin an interest held over him, he went a roller skatin.

M. BOURCHIER.



## A MYSTERY.

LITTLE FAUNTLEROY ROSEDALE—“Gran’pa, what’s that?”  
 GRANDPA—“That, my dear, is a Toronto mounted policeman.”  
 LITTLE FAUNTLEROY—“What are they for, gran’pa?”  
 GRANDPA—“Well, now, my boy, that is something I have never been able to find out!”

Is the fashionable cape with so many reefs on it the Cape of Storms?