

me accordingly—\$20. My first act was to get his photograph taken, as a matter of reference for the police, should he ever be lost or stolen. Our fellow-boarders seemed suspicious of the accuracy of his pedigree, but kindly refrained from passing remarks upon his general appearance in my presence, fearing that I might be somewhat sensitive in the matter. But I could see, all the same, that they looked with disfavor upon his charms.

All seemed to go well for the first week, although I occasionally heard suspicious howling and yelping in the back yard. But that little mystery was cleared up on Saturday, when I settled my bill. Said bill included an appalling list of damages for torn gowns, silk handkerchiefs, mats, a pair of lost slippers, etc. I paid the bill, and moved into another boarding house. I gave my new landlady due warning of the thievish and destructive propensities of my pet, and she agreed that if I would pay her \$1 per week for his board it would insure me against any further bills for damages. This would be a saving of just six dollars on his former week's keep, and the bargain was struck. One evening I returned home and found my pup missing. He had gone out into the world by a side door, and in all probability I would never see him again. An advertisement in a daily paper seemed the proper thing, and it brought him, too. My joy knew no bounds, and the boy who returned him received two dollars more than the reward offered. Next day he was missing again. Another advertisement, and the boy got two dollars. About this time I began to be suspicious that keeping a dog was a costly business, and only to be indulged in by the Rothschild or an editor of some country paper. A third time he came up missing; but that same evening the boy who had already returned him twice, knocked at the door and remarked: "'Eres yer dog, mister; it come to our 'ouse 'smorning, I knowed 'im soon as I seen 'im. Fifty cents 'll do this time, mister." It was then that I concluded to sell out my stock-in-hand of dogs, or assign. The gentleman who came to inspect my property looked at it for about two seconds, then looked at me. "What breed did you say?" "Australian greyhound, sir; very rare and very valuable. I paid \$20 for that dog." "N-n-no, I don't think I want him," remarked the man, and walked away. Next came a red-faced, good-natured-looking person, who stuck his hands in his pockets and walked around that dog with the air of one who knows, and then remarkd: "Greyhound, eh? Australian greyhound? Young man—ha! he! he! ha!—young man, wh-wh-where were you brought up?" Then he sat down on the ground, and holding his hands to his sides gave vent to a roar such as I never imagined could emanate anywhere outside a lunatic asylum. He arose, walked out of the yard, and I could hear his musical voice as he meandered down the street: "Greyhound! Good joke!—ha! ha! he! he! ho! ho! ho! ho!"

I was overcome myself. I chained the dog up. That evening while looking out of the back window I saw that fiend of a boy unchaining the dog, while my landlady stood by and smiled approvingly. In about one hour afterwards a knock came to the front door, and there stood the imp with the confounded pup in his arm. I saw the matter clearly then. I had been swindled out of eight or ten dollars by that urchin, and the landlady was in league with him. "No, bub," I said, "you can keep the pup, I don't want him any more." The curl of disdain on that youngster's lips as he flung the unfortunate pup on the steps was something horrible. "I wouldn't hev yer old mungerl. I've made enough oughten 'im. Ta, ta."

I see that measly, jaundice-colored canine on the street in front of my window now. It makes me sick to look at him. He is worrying an old tin can. I pray that it may contain dynamite.

SAMUEL STUBBS.

THE GARMENT OF FREEDOM.

WHEN we were a good deal younger than we are now, farmers sowed, harvested, and threshed by hand; tailors and seamstresses held their needles in their fingers; shoemakers worked with awl and hammer on their laps. As the world's work was very fairly done then, we were under the impression—being about twenty—that the reapers, sewing-machines and other contrivances whereby a man or woman does the work of ten, would yield deliverance from constant toil, and make this orb a scene of contentment, leisure, universal wealth.

Our hair—what is left of it—is gray, and yet farmers, tailors, seamstresses, shoemakers, workers of all kind are as hard wrought as ever. Was our vision of forty years ago a delusion? The creators of the world's wealth have freedom now to vote for A. B. instead of B. A., but they do not yet enjoy the better freedom from incessant toil which makes culture possible, nature accessible, and science something else than a sealed book. That vision of youth was nevertheless true, not false. It is here to-day for every man and woman who has the courage to don the garment of freedom. This garment is not of unfamiliar pattern. It is not of republican red, it resembles no revolutionary belt, cap, or badge. It testifies that its wearer knows that although luxuries were never so many, and so imperatively demanded by senseless fashion, as now, yet never before did common sense find the necessities of life so easy to be had as to-day. It signifies freedom from pretence, ostentation, the worship of the golden calf which end in making men-janitors and showmen in their palaces, and women the slaves of milliner, upholsterer and Bridget. It means freedom to enjoy life unhampered by burdens which need not be taken up, untaxed by superfluities and extravagances which are self-imposed. The garment of freedom clothes men and women who prefer simplicity to show, quiet to loudness, use to ornament, economy to waste, wholesomeness to vicious indulgence. It is never stained with wine, nor does it ever reek with tobacco. According to demand it is a homespun suit or a calico dress.

IMPORTANT FROM MONTREAL.

(Special to Grip.)

CITY HALL, MONTREAL.—During the debate arising out of request for money to increase fire-protection, Alderman G—— stated that if appropriations were to increase, so must taxation. Just then Alderman X—— was observed to faint and fall heavily to the floor amid general alarm. He had been struck by a new idea. It had suddenly occurred to him that it might pay the city to tax itself for its own safety and good. A new idea entering an alderman's brain in this way, may, it is feared, produce mortification as a foreign body.

LATER.

Dr. Antivaxine is in charge, poultices have been applied; the unhappy patient is as well as can be expected.

HIS EYE NOT DEVOID OF SPECULATION.

Cox, the broker, on hearing that the procession of Knights of Pythias had been two hours passing a given point, wanted very urgently to know what the point given was.

G.