



**THE FATEFUL PREPOSITION.**

(A SUMMER ROMANCE.)

HE (*ending a painful scene*)—"Then we part forever— notwithstanding that our engagement was announced in *Saturday Night* and is known all over!"

SHE—"Yes; it was all over about us, and now it is all over between us!"

**GRANDFATHER HEMPSEED'S EXPERIENCE.**

Worthy Mister Editor.

IF you look in your books you will see my name as a subscriber ever since GRIP first began to caw. I always sit out on the stoop on fine Sundays and peruse your valuable periodical, and in wintry weather tuck myself up in my armchair and laugh at your pictures, and how you can get the likenesses of them great men I can't think, unless they sit for you, or you snap shot them through a keyhole, but if it was not for GRIP we would not know out here on the farms that John Thompson is growing paunchier every day and Prof. Foster thinner, until, poor man, he will go out like a snuff some day and leave not a trace behind, as the playactor says. He looks in your khartouns as if he was pining away because he was not benighted with the rest of the gang. Thanks be! my legs are pretty good for my time of life, but when I come to the city about a new cart harness or the like of that I sometimes take a ride in a street car so as I can rub shoulders with the swell city aristocrasey, and have something to brag about when I get back to the farm. I was taking a five cent tour in one of them 'tother day and the seats had all filled up when a young woman came in and gazed malevolently around. She was so like a British-Guiana parakeet in a blaze of colours that, - knowing Toronto is such a pious town, - I whispered to a man next me who looked like a dry-goods clerk, "Say friend, is that young 'ooman dressed orthodox?" and he murmured back, "Hush! materials fust-rate, her folks must be welltodoo." Meantime the young 'ooman glared in everybody's face with a haughty expression until a gentleman rose and gave her his seat and she flops into it with a thud and never so much as thank'ee. Then she took out a little vial of scented waters which she poured on the corner of her handkerchief and passed it over her eyebrows and down the centre of her nose. Would you believe it? but her next freak was to produce a little looking-glass and carefully inspect the result. Then she took a round of gazing at everybody again. Next she did something with long pins under her hat. Afterwards she smelled at a bottle of salts which smelt very loud indeed. Then she took a small three-cornered letter from her port-

monnaie and having read it leisurely, closed the purse up again with a snap. Her next proceeding was to turn suddenly with an imperious gesture to the man next her and hand him five cents, which he meekly passed to the conductor of the vehicle, who from his looks I took to be also the President of the line. By this time everybody was looking askint at her, which I could see by her face gratified her much. Finally she fixed her eyes on a hobbledehoy opposite until he blushed and wriggled on his pedestal. My heart overflowed with compassion to see one so young so afflicted. It was clear to me she was out of her mind, so in my most grandfatherly way and in a voice broken by emotion I thus addressed her: "Young 'ooman," says I "it grieves me to see you in this condition. Medical attendance may do much. Your parents——" but here she turned on me like a Royal Bengal She Tigress and shrieked "Sirrrrr!" Just then the Conductor-President remarked "Old gent, you have been drinking. Get out o' this," and hustled me off the steps.

Mister GRIP, I look on this as a personal injury and I want you to lay before your half million of readers the true facts of the case, for if Deacon Wiggin gets hold of a wrong story there is no knowing what mischief that evil-minded old man might do against me. My gran'daughter tells me that is the way that all fashionable young women behave since Emancipation came in. I don't know I'm sure, but the old modest way was good enough for me.

GRANDFATHER.

R. S. C.

FRIEND GRIP,—That was an excellent cartoon you had the other day of Principal Grant with Oliver Mowat on his back. Can't you instruct your artist to produce a companion picture—"Principal Grant kindly trots the Royal Society of Canada (English section) around." It would be equally suggestive to those who know.

SENEX.

THE trials and retrials of Carter Harrison's murderer have ended in his being resentenced to be hanged. The execution is set for the 13th inst. This will end the whole Prendergastly farce.

SINCE our first page cartoon was drawn the figuring of the experts leaves the Government without a majority of straight pledged supporters.

HEAVY bread is very unhealthy, says an eminent medical authority. Our baker seems to think so, too, unless our private scale is out of order.

THE Fourth of July was celebrated this year in an unusually striking manner.



**AT HANLAN'S POINT.**

TRAVELLED VISITOR—"I suppose this is regarded as quite a watering place by your Toronto people?"

NATIVE—"Er—hardly. The knowing ones take as little of the water as possible."