

CONDENSED NOVEL.

Thrilling and romantic episode of the North-West Rebellion of 1885.

Fine fellow—North-West—
Engaged to girl he loves best—
War declared. Can't do better—
Sends friend—explanatory letter.
Girl on steamer—coming over—
To wed fine fellow—happy lover!
Meets friend—who falls in love—
Hides letter—(sneaky move)—
Plot succeeds—time to mellow,
Girl forgets poor fine fellow—
Going to marry sneaky friend—
Rites caution—war at end.
Lover returns—all explained—
Shoots sneak—girl gained.
Sneak recovers—all forgive—
Ever after—happy live.

FINIS.

—F. I. M.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

OPEN TO ALL READERS OF "GRIP."



TARTING ANNOUNCEMENT.—Knowing full well the importance which most persons attach to handwriting, especially the receipt of a bill, we have, at the most earnest solicitations of a large number of our readers, secured at incalculable expense and trouble the greatest handwriting expert to be found in Canada (that he skipped from the States because he imitated the signatures of others too well is no concern of ours, we pay him handsomely) and we trust that his services as an analyzer

of character from handwriting may prove of vast service to those desirous of knowing more about their characters than they know themselves.

N.B.—When writing for a delineation of character please let your letters be long and your remarks short. We do not accept money but if any one chooses to enclose a small sum for the benefit of the heathen (i.e., the expert) the same will be put to good use. The larger the enclosure the rosier-tinted the expert's eye-glasses. Type-writing is not accepted, not being a due reflex of the writer's mind.

[Note by the Editor.—The glad news having been surreptitiously spread far and near by our worldly-wise office-boy we have been too previously deluged with requests. If any delineation, therefore, does not read as expected by the sender, it will be because press of business has prevented the letter being read by our expert.]

From the two car-loads received we extract the following:—

1. When I go out to see
2. Dear Sir:
3. Please send up
4. It is quite in
5. your note and
6. If you please

1. "Snap Dragon," Bowmanville.—The writer of this hand possesses a considerable dash of spirit (after he has called upon some saloon-keeper), he would not be afraid to meet a blind man in the dark. He is generous-handed (dollar bill received all right) and without pride; "old hoss," applied to a representative of GRIP, is certainly familiar enough.

He is refined and lovable. He plays upon the slide trombone and is not afraid to let his neighbors know it. He is wayward at times, when under the influence of the dashes of spirit previously mentioned, but always manages to toe the line when he sees his minister approaching.

2. "Lovely Lilly," Hamilton.—Lady's hand. She is a poet. I see it plainly. She writes in poetic language, but her feet are too large (I do not mean her natural feet, but her poetical feet) and too irregular. Notwithstanding this I find ambition rampant throughout. She is very sensitive and musical. Her affections for her young man, if she could get one, would be most enduring. Her ideas are large and she expresses them in large letters. I notice a warmth of temper which will make things hot for the man who makes her his wife

3. "Sloggin's Von Crasher," Toronto.—Gentleman's hand. This hand betrays an angular and vinogary disposition. He is doubtless a member of the Liberal Temperance Union. When he leaves the meetings of this society his movements are more singular than angular. When sober he is critical and egotistical. He has *Week* views upon many subjects. History is his forte. He can tell the exact number of saloon calls he made before joining the L. T. U. and how many more he now makes than formerly. He has much generosity and will part with his last cent, to get a drink. His wife often brings him to task, for I see he has lost most of the hair off his head.

4. "Jacques The Carter," Montreal.—Here I see a man who has had the fortitude to undergo vaccination. His tastes are simple. He is little influenced by ulterior motives. He is in love. By the time he has recovered from the application of the vaccine point his love will have gone with another fellow who has overcome the smallpox. He is not always truthful (no enclosure as stated in letter), but when he tells a lie it is a big one. He is very devotional; he goes to church and when he gets half-way there, turns back to nurse his sore arm. He is of a restless disposition and I see a desire on his part to come west. He must be cured before coming this way.

5. "Miss Nimony Nock," Kingston.—A lady's hand. She is of uncertain age. She evidently believes in woman's rights, although her inclinations are to the left. Notwithstanding this she is light-hearted and as fond of kisses as any girl her size, when she can get them. If she had ever been able to secure a husband she would certainly have managed him in great style, for she has grace, tact and several easy methods of accomplishing this usually difficult task. She puts her hair in curl papers, which indicates that her temper can be turned and her tongue set wagging at a Maud S. trot when unduly provoked.

6. "Salamander Pickles," Yorkville.—I have been unable to decipher anything but name, address, and the words, "five dollars enclosed," for which accept my thanks. He is rural in his tastes and delights in the acquisition of wealth. He has great adaptability for business and would make a splendid Toronto merchant. He reads no books, but "picks up" from the *Weekly Globe*, yet his mind is vast and, to him, there is nothing great beyond Yorkville. I notice a jocular vein of humor runs through his letter (although it did not make me smile so much as did the five-dollar bill) and I have no doubt he would make a good companion with whom to "do" some seaside resort next summer.

(More to Follow.)

Why are medical men who publish works on anatomy, etc., acting in accordance with the doctrines of Scripture?—Because they are author docs.

WHY HE NAMED HIS DOG AS HE DID.

"Hallo, Jim," said Jack, as he met an acquaintance who was accompanied by one of those white, foxy-looking dogs that somewhat resemble the Esquimaux breed, "that's a good dog. Come here, old fellow; poo' dog; poo' fellow; what d'ye call him, Jim? what's his name?"

"Well, I call him 'Speck,' but it's only an abbreviation; his real name's 'Expectorator,'" was the reply.

"Deuce of a name that!" remarked his friend; "what ever made you call him that?"

"Because he's Spitz," was the reply.

"Good morning."

"So long."



STUPIDITY OF MAN.

She.—O Charley, I've written some verses on my poodle; would you like to read them?
He.—Why, what did you write 'em with, and didn't it hurt the little brute?

A TERRIBLE STORY.

A horrible story comes from Montreal that will doubtless prevent a great number of emigrants—especially young Englishmen of good family, a class it is our most cherished ambition to obtain—from settling among us, or even, perhaps, setting their aristocratic feet upon our shores at all!

Some two years ago a couple of youthful scions of a "good family," enabled for aught the vulgar populace of Montreal know even to this day, came to that now plague-smitten city, and took up their quarters at an A No. 1 hotel, as all young gentlemen of good family from England should do.

They came around and, accoutred with rifles, shotguns, and all the paraphernalia of Nimrods, for the benefit of the wild beasts that roam the solitary wilds of Canada. They had cases of store clothes and furs, boxes of haberdashery, and valises of jewellery, all of the first quality, lustre and water. These two innocent young gentlemen of good family immediately proceeded to make "Rome howl." They drank iced champagne, Hockheim, and Moselle till all was blue. Bass' Ale and Dublin Stout flowed as water in their suite of chambers, which, with lashings of claret and whiskey galore, they and their friends "kept it up." Of course, their friends and boon companions introduced the two young Englishmen of good family to families by no means good, likewise to faro banks, etc., to fight the tiger, which said tiger, it appears, was the only wild animal the young gentlemen saw outside of Gilbault's Gardens.

In a short time it came to pass that the two young gentlemen got "short," likewise their board bill being unpaid at the hotel, they