

A TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE STANZAS.

Winsome maido,
Perfume laden,
Seen paradin'!
Twilight fadin'.

Dude a-coming,
Softly humming,
Conquests summing
Bent on chumming.

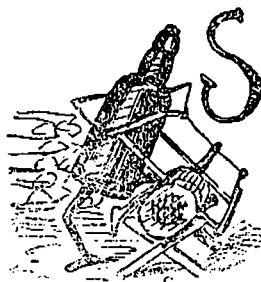
Garden gate;
Rather late;
Bull-dog wait;
Mournful fate!

Retreating dude,
Bull-dog food;
Awfully rude,
Anatomy nude.

Maiden weeping;
Servant swooping;
Papa peeping,
Canine sleeping!

THE SCOTT ACT.

DOODY HEARD FROM.



IR.—So I'm a social assassin, eh? A incubus! A destroyer av public immorality. I write ye in haste to neutralise the paralyzing properties av sich propagations.

I'm down an taysokers, I'm down an the be-

nighted Templars, an' the brass Band of Hope, an' the whole liquefaction. Death to the whole corroboration.

Yis sor! what's the use trying to convince the brains whin the stomach is prejudiced. Whin the heart is insensible the head is invincible. Whin liquid punch won't work, nothing but the solid sort will avail.

Whin the taste is callous to the excruciating appeals av the craythur, the intelligents is far beyant arguability, affability, or common sense.

Oh, ye ridiculous Radicules. Sase yere hydrostatical criticisms; sase building a foundation av falsity an' a corona av forgery.

I charge ye, shrike fair ye villyins.

The freedom av public opinion is intolerable.

Patchin' one wid adult eggs is not argumint, 'tis almost an insult.

Sich perfumery is quite illogical and infelicitons.

I can shwally wan or two av these past perfect ornithological contributions in the exigencies av the camphene, but to make me a common receiving house for gallinaceous garbage is an extrahardinary office.

Nayther animosity nor bellicosity is an excuse for atrocicy. Patience and pantalunes is onaquil to sich a conthestr.

I assume, sir, that a verbal war should be governed by lexicography an' politeness—*pari passu*.

I am prepared to observe the convolutions av ortography, epilogy, syntax, and progeny.

There I am—grammatically spakin'—at home. Shtandin' in an imperative mood an' the objective case, I defy defoyance.

Whiskey, sor, is mate, dhrink, an' ejuication; irrigation to eloquence, polishing to politeness, galvanizing to goodness.

Sir, the country is laborin' under an *hiatus* banishing the beneficent benefacther from creation.

A liquid, the use av which divides us from the animal quadrupods by a rampart formed av a barricade av bulwarks.

Och! 'tis a friendly craythur. Many an' many's the time it has cut a cord of wood for me, an' me in a shitate av thransport, merely

goin' through the motions wrigglin' me ar'ms, but imaginin' I was Daniel Demosthenes addressin' the Athenians on the Scott Act.

I thrimble to think what I might have been if whiskey hadn't got the betther av me—maybe a railroad king, a J. Goold, or some other bone fire for consumin' poor mins sirmins. Perhaps a dude or a S.O.T., as Florence jayntially remarks.

I'm sorry for thim monks av ould in the dark ages av iniquity sarchin' trow the dust-holes av chemistry for the *elixir vita*, which a Kerry gossoon in the hills unbuttoned out av a modest potatoe.

Talk about electricicy an' the curiosities av chemistries. The electric light is useful, but the electric tight is cheaper an' more sustentatious.

I must poz. Good-bye, down wid tay-swillers.

DANIEL DOODY, L. V.

THE SHOPPING EXPERIENCES OF THE COUNTRY M.P.'S WIFE.

RURAL DELL.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I went to Toronto to shop and buy Xmas boxes, for the stores in Rural Dell charge dreadfully and give me no choice, so I go to the city when I can, but for a stranger there are disagreeables in the way. Now I know a good article when I see one, and am always the best dressed and most fashionable in Rural Dell, besides going to Ottawa sometimes, so when a clerk showed me a last winter's dress and smiling in an insinuating way said, "Madam, you'll find it just the thing for the country," I was pretty angry; just as if I lived in the backwoods. It wasn't that my appearance was countrified for I wore my best gold and black satin striped dress, my fur dolman trimmed with cardinal and my old-gold plush bonnet with the bird of paradise feather in it to match the rest, and I flatter myself that I carry my clothes with all the dignity of an M.P.'s wife. No; it was simply impertinence on the young man's part, so to snub him I prevaricated a little, and answered, "As I am living in the city (that was true for I had slept the night before at the Queen's) I don't require things suitable for the country, and as to that being a new fashion, I knew better; I saw it here last spring when I came up from Rural Dell to do a day's shopping." You'll hardly believe it, but the clerk smiled again as he began to show me newer things. I wouldn't stand that, so I rose magnificently with a "thanks, you are too old-fashioned for me," and sailed out of the store fully intending to leave the door open for him to shut, only unfortunately it closed with a spring.

The next store I went to was larger. I sat down on the first convenient stool and asked for dress-goods; the girl behind the counter said, "We sell collars and laces." "Then why do you hang cloths and cashmeres in the window?" I asked. She looked at me as much as to say, "How stupid you are," and aloud, "Go to the next counter but two and you'll find plenty of dress materials," and then she turned to another customer. However, determined to keep my temper, I said quite pleasantly, "Couldn't you bring over some pieces of cashmere for me to choose; I am pretty tired." "No," she said, "we never do that for our best customers." That was all I could get out of her. "Then I won't trouble you," I replied, and felt half inclined to give up shopping in Toronto, but as I had come up on purpose I thought better of it and walked off to what I thought was the second counter but two, but got into the elevator by mistake and nearly got carried up two stories. At last, after asking two or three persons the way, I found the dress-goods counter and bought what I wanted, but anything like the superior airs that man gave himself I never saw.

Struggle with myself as I might and assure myself that I was Mrs. Fencberman of Rural Dell, I never felt less like a member's wife and a grandee. I felt old-fashioned, insignificant and unimportant. Though I spent heaps of money the gentlemanly clerk thought nothing of it, and made me feel unutterably small as he condescendingly measured off yards of expensive silks and brocades for me with a manner that said, "You are rather behind the times, madam; evidently from remote parts; allow me to show you what the world wears; if you take my advice and don't interpose any ideas of your own you'll improve." It was the same in all the other shops; they all seemed to know I didn't belong to the city, and informed me of the fact in twenty different ways, till I wished I could send the whole pack of them to farm up in the North-west, and then bring them to Rural Dell to see that we aren't so awfully out of the world as they fancy, even if we are not in Toronto. I believe I shopped to advantage in the city and got some good bargains, but I think if ever I feel the sin of pride getting the upper hand of me I'll leave home and do a day's shopping in Toronto, and find out what a know-nothing I am, and go back and thank Providence that in Rural Dell at least the store-keepers know how to treat an important person like myself, and if I asked for skye-blue-scarlet, would at least be polite enough to look and see if they had that shade. Yours,

ELIZA FENCBERMAN.

P.S.—I don't believe there is any chance of my being taken for a country person again, for I ordered a complete suit—bonnet, mantle and dress—in the very latest style, and told them if there was the least countrified work about it I would never buy from their establishment again. I wonder, MR. GRIP, if you would recognize me in my new electric-blue suit.—E. P.

MR. NEEBRITCHES ON PIERS.

MR. GRIP, dere Sur,—

once moar i rite you to igspress my disgust and disaperlashun with sum of the wais of this beesly country. i ave befor now hured my grevantses throw yure inestimbl columns as i think yure circulashun is chiefly amungst the hupper classes with whom i ave in my timb ad much to dew wel what disgusts me now is this i here that sur john hay staita that canady is to ave a pearage my wig what kind of a pearage end you ave in this blasted ole who wood be the pears—pears as i take it is moastly men who is boarn to that posishun thow as burns sais—a king can maik a belted nite—and so i supoas can creat a pier at one blow if he chuses likewise a quean besides wich a pier ort to be a fellar as doant kno much about anything igsept peddigeans and eraldy & so 4th i must say as canadyans is as a rool a pretty intelagent lot of fellars far two much so to be pears wot do you want with piers ennyow wot use are they its all very vel in england ware theres a lot of haristicrats as aint got nothing else to do but ware roads and kernets and maik thunderin jakases of theirselves in the hupper ouse but this countrys too bizzzy theres too much traid a pear wud no moar be found sellin shugar and sope inn the land of pears hold halbion than ho wood fil i am rather in faver of rele haristicrats but we doant want no arf & arf class now do we

they tell me sur john hay looks very fine in his roabs and nec britches by jove! i halways think them fellars is hapin us gintlemen thow i'm out of livry now sum of them swells look moar like flunkeys than henny think else thow mind you a flunky isnt to be sneared at no sur thats about hal i ave to say this timb it haint much but it shoas that i think it wood be a moast lamentabl thing fur canady if she ever created a ouse of pears yures truly

CHARLES NEEBRITCHES.