

Kafoozleum.

A Canadian society story for Christmas time. (Written expressly for Grip by Mrs. Muddledhead.)

CHAPTER I.**THE HERO.**

Take him for all in all, he was a man.—SHAKESPEARE.

ADOLPHUS MANLEVERER DE SNOB was a lieutenant in H. M.'s — regiment of Horse Marines, stationed at Toronto.

He came to Canada for two warlike purposes, to kill time and ladies. His eyes were singularly leonine, his hair like the mane of the untamed buffalo, his legs as straight as a Royal Opera House fairy's.

He had beauty enough to set up fifteen tailor's dummies.

CHAPTER II.**THE HEROINE.**

"No angel, but a dearer being."—TENNYSON.

MARY ANN SMITH was a typical Canadian girl.

This is equivalent to saying that she was so transcendently beautiful, and supernaturally innocent that anyone but a British officer would have respected her.

Her uncultivated but kind-hearted father called her KAFOOZLEUM.

Like all Canadian girls she displayed the most captivating freedom in her, conversation and manners.

When her mama asked her to dust the furniture in their shabby drawing-room, she offered to put a tin ear on her for a trifling consideration.

CHAPTER III.**THEY MEET.**

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to the matinee, sir," she said.—OLD SONG.

DE SNOB was one afternoon driving his favorite hunter in a gaily decorated toboggan across the wild flats through which the pellucid Don makes its way into Lake Superior.

He was admiring the beauty of the Niagara Falls in their winter dress, when his eye was arrested by the figure of KAFOOZLEUM, walking towards the city on snowshoes at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

With an oath he broke his whip over his horse's flank, and in a few seconds was at the maiden's side.

"Who the devil are you?" he said pointedly.

"Cheese it," said the girl uncertain for the moment whether to consider his addressing her as a liberty or not.

At the same instant however she took in, with the rapidity common to girls of this keen climate, the salient characteristics of the man; the singularly leonine eyes, the legs—but no, they were under the buffalo robe—the air of self-possession, not to say self-assertion, which she knew were the marks of the true gentleman. She felt he was one born to command—a company at the very least. She knew he was an officer.

She could almost have cried with vexation at the thought that she might have given offence by appearing not to appreciate the honour of being addressed with such condescension and good humour.

Instead of weeping, however, she temporarily obscured the lustre of her left eye, by noiselessly drooping one eyelid.

The air grew perceptibly darker.

CHAPTER IV.**THEY IMPROVE EACH OTHER'S ACQUAINTANCE.**

I cannot name Love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to thoughts of flame.

—COLERIDGE.

In a few moments the favourite hunter was careering over the snow with two people instead of one.

"Do you understand love?" at once inquired the lieutenant. His was one of those ardent natures that, leaping over the bounds of conventionality, goes straight to its subject.

"Not much," said the girl, while a faint blush mantling over the beautifully tinted cheek belied the assertion.

"Then I shall teach you," replied the youth, eagerly. "Permit me!"

He stooped and kissed her.

(To be continued in our next).

"TORONTO OF OLD."—It is to be hoped that Mayor MEDCALF, most of the Council, and all the Water Commissioners, may become representatives of 'Toronto of Old.' Under such circumstances GRIP forgives the purchase of the Finance Committee

"ON THE CARDS."—It is presumed that the Mayor's card-case, purchased from city funds, is intended for an euchre pack.

"TIS WELL(S)."—The Public Accounts Committee unearthed a "Bill for the purchase of the Speaker's pumps and stockings." Surely this account belongs to "Private Bills."

A Dream.

DEAR GRIP:—I had a funny dream the other day. I had been reading a *Globe* editorial and fell asleep. First I thought I formed one of an expedition organised by UNCLE SAM to "annex" Cuba: JOHN BULL stood on the shore, as our flotilla sailed off, shaking his fist, and yelling "Yah! fillibusterers! yah!" The scene changed, and I was one of a similar band enlisted to protect Egypt. I had some misgivings as to the morality of the affair. The Egyptian territory might be said to belong to the Egyptians. The people hadn't been consulted, nor signified any desire to form a part of our holy and glorious empire. I remember, too, what Englishmen said when the France got Nice. But I thought JOHN BULL came up with a sirloin of beef under one arm, a Bible under the other, and the traditional bull-dog at his heels. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the editor of the *Times* and other eminent authorities were with him. In reply to my expressed doubts the Archbishop said it was "all right,"—that the "earth belonged to the Saints," that necessity had no decalogue, and that as KING DAVID and his men, under the old dispensation, eat the show-bread in the Tabernacle when they were in need and hungry, it logically followed England ("she'd rather not have more territory," interposed the *Times*' man)—must under gospel privileges, grab Egypt, if she thought she wanted it. So I went. As we sailed off JONATHAN stood on the shore, and with his finger to his nose, chanted as below.

Yours truly,

R. DE DICKE.

"RULE BRITANNIA."

When Britain first at heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian geni' sang this strain:

"Grab, Britannia!

Whenever you're inclined to—

'Necessity' your plea

For all you have a mind to!"

"Grab India, Ireland, Egypt—what
You will. For you the lands subsist,
They're meant as fuel for your pot,
So chaw them up just as you list.

Grab, Britannia!

'Tis clear, by right divine,

Everything all peoples have

Logically's thine."

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must yield to sway of tyrant law
In them we'll fillibusterers see
If they on others lay a claw.

Prigs, too, who thieve around

In jail shall have a clog;

Though they plead that they are "bound"

To keep themselves in prog."

"Yah! what is Britian's 'policy,'
In others is an odious 'theft,'
And they this truth who cannot see
Of sense are quite bereft.

Then grab, Britannia!

What ever you're a mind to!

'Necessity' your plea,

For all you are inclined to!

The Etiquette of Whist.

1. When you make a misdeal, insist upon it that there is a card short in the pack. This will lead to a waste of time, which, under the circumstances, will be very soothing—to you.

2. When a poor hand is dealt you, it is customary to say "Who dealt these cards?" This is done to let your partner know that you have a weak hand.

3. Play entirely for your own hand, and ignore the fact that you have a partner.

4. When your partner trumps your trick, show your disgust promptly.

5. If you make misplays yourself, wait quietly till the hand is over, and then pitch into your partner about something or other, it does not matter what.

6. Retain your good humor as long as you are winning.

7. When a disputed point is referred to you, agree with the player who bullies most.

8. Insist upon it that Cavendish is exploded, and that Hoyle is no good.

FOUR MORAL RULES,

1. Always play your highest card.

2. Never return a trump lead.

3. If you have a deuce and tray, lead the tray.

4. If you hold the master card, play a small one.