



### THE WATER WORKS VOTE.

EVENING TELEGRAM MAN—"Ha, your Worship, accept the assurance of my most profound sorrow about this sudden douche of cold water. I'm exceedingly pained and grieved, and it's just what you deserve!"

### THE PEANUT VENDOR OF MIMICO.

EXTRACT FROM A THRILLING CANADIAN ROMANCE.

THE following extract from the novel by J. Ingledew Duxter, LL.B., noticed in last week's GRIP, gives an idea of the realistic power of that remarkable work:

'Twas eve. The sun had sunk low in the west, like the declining prospects of the investors in West Toronto Junction property, and his departing rays gilded the domes and spires of the city of Mimico with a radiance emblematic of its roseate future. The crowded thoroughfares no longer pulsated with the busy hum of industry. In front of a handsome mansion adorned with a lofty cupola and a second mortgage stood a couple engaged in earnest converse. They were respectively male and female. 'Tis usually thus.

"Dearest one," said Eugenio H. Witherspoon, a young man of thirty-seven summers, as he playfully toyed with the pearly ear of his fiancée Gladys McCully—"as the time for our nuptials approaches—a feeling of sadness which I vainly seek to dispel—a presentiment of future evil flings its black shadow athwart my pathway."

"What, is it possible that you have already ceased to love me?" cried Gladys convulsively twining her lily fingers in his auburn locks with all the energy of her forceful nature. "Oh, prithee say not so."

"Oh, no, Gladys. Have not the ice cream and caramels of which you have partaken at my expense—or rather at my credit—sufficiently attested the strength of a devotion which can never die? 'Tis but a gloomful foreboding."

"Eugenio," exclaimed Gladys, pausing a moment to purchase an evening *Telegram* from a passing newsboy,

"I fear that you are not what you seem. You are become moodful and abstracted. Methinks some secret weighs upon you. Can you not confide in your Gladys?"

Eugenio tore himself from her embrace and paced the lawn with agitated strides while the contortions of his handsome features disclosed the tempest which raged in his soul.

"Alas!" he said, "'tis as you surmise. I have a secret—a damning guilty secret which might well cause one of your guileless purity to shrink from me in horror."

"Nay, say not thus, Eugenio. I am yours whate'er betide—for 'tis my last chance," she murmured softly to herself. "Ah, tell me all."

"Gladys," he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "can you love a crime-stained man? One who has been wooed by the glitter of proffered wealth from the path of rectitude and violated the most binding ties of honor."

"Oh! what have you done, Eugenio?"

"Listen, girl, and prepare to recoil with scorn and loathing from a wr-r-retch whose name will soon be mentioned with execration by every lip. Listen, if you would know the hideous truth," he cried, seizing her by the waist

in his powerful grasp and shaking her till her boot-heels knocked together. "Bribed by a sordid bonus of a free site, free water and exemption from taxation for ten years *I have agreed to move my factory to the Junction.*"

With a shriek of anguish which clove the still gloaming Gladys fell fainting to the ground—as a dark form glided out of the dense shrubbery and gained the street. It was Marco Bentivoglio, the peanut vendor.

\* \* \* \*

In an inner apartment in the City Hall the Executive Committee sat in secret conclave. The unlighted passage way, which was the only means of access, was furnished with a trap-door opening by means of a concealed spring in the walls of the chamber. Upon hearing an unauthorized footstep without, the presiding officer could spring the trap, consigning the eavesdropper to a miserable death in the gloomy vaults below.

A death-like silence pervaded the conclave. Expectancy apparently prevailed.

"Yes, he will come," said Ald. McCully, the president. "The city editor of the *Paralyzer* has long been anxious to penetrate the veil of mystery surrounding our administration. To-night he has bribed the policeman on duty by two drinks and the promise of a year's subscription to admit him to the corridor, whence he hopes to overhear our deliberations."

"Hark! I hear footsteps in the corridor," said Ald. Grogworthy.

Ald. McCully pressed the spring with a sinister smile. Also with his right thumb.