



### LORDS AND COMMONS.

HER MAJESTY.—“So you will not permit me to elevate you to the Peerage, Mr. Gladstone?”

GLADSTONE.—“No, thanks, Your Majesty; but if you could elevate this young man to the Common-age, you would do a really popular act!”

### POOR BOBBY'S PLEA.

MR. GRIP: SIR,

I WAS born in the sunny south, somewhat remote from the haunts of men. I had everything that a chameleon could ask for, dry grass, warm rocks, plenty of sunshine and all the food I needed, for ants were abundant, and I could always make a meal off the mosquito that swarmed in the happy hunting-grounds of my fathers. I was content, for my environment was all I could wish, and I was a step higher in the social scale than my cousin, the lizard. I plumed myself on the fact, that nature had given me a body that reflected the glories of the sun, and the rain bow tints of the flowers I crawled over.

One morning I saw two beautiful creatures seated on the fallen trunk of a tree. My cousin immediately hid himself under a stone, calling out to me that they were “human beings.”

“Don't be afraid,” I answered, “these are women, the beautiful, tender-hearted creatures, that curb the ferocity of men, that show their strength by their gentleness and kindness, I am going to make their acquaintance.” I looked on their loveliness, and seeing their pink and white and blue tints that rivaled the flowers of the field for beauty, I thought I would run over them, and show how much more lovely their exquisite colours would look when mellowed into opalescent softness by my translucent self. I advanced cautiously lest I should have been misinformed of their benevolent dispositions, but they only screamed with delight and surprise when they saw me.

“Look Emily,” said one, “there's a chameleon on your

dress, how lucky, it's a beautiful little creature and all the rage now, you must take it home.”

I didn't know then what it meant to be all the rage, but I felt proud and elated to be taken so much notice of; I was over-joyed when Emily said she would “buy me a gold chain and make a scarf-pin of me, and always have me about her.”

Alas! how one suffers through ignorance! I soon found an awful fate awaited me. I was a prisoner, got no proper food, and yet was expected to look pretty. I was taken to a foreign country, where the breath of one froze, and people had to wrap themselves up in skins to keep warm. True, they had comfortable homes where it was warm, but my captor never stayed long in hers, and though she put furs on herself she gave me no covering when we went out in zero weather. I often wondered why she who looked so soft, and sweet and young, could be so cruel to me, but one day I heard a man say to her, “Ah, Miss Emily, I know now why you carry that little reptile—you've lost the power of changing colour and keep him to do your blushing for you.”

My fate is a horrible one, dear Mr. GRIP, and having heard of you as the great champion of all oppressed creatures, I seize this opportunity of invoking your powerful influence to get me liberated and sent back to my sunny south before I perish miserably.

(per J. M. Locs.)

Yours hopefully,  
BOB CHAMELEON.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—Picking currents off an electric wire.