



### THAT SETTLED IT.

OUR GIRL—"I want it real nice and tender.

OUR BUTCHER—"Yes, I suppose so. Do you consider yourself a good judge of steak?"

OUR GIRL—"Don't I look like it?"

### THE LEGISLATIVE ROUND-UP.

REGINA, November 29, 1890.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Nothing could be more solemn and imposing than the prorogation of the last session of the Territorial Legislative Assembly, which took place to-day at the usual hour.

Shortly before three o'clock the Government House Cook, who is a French lady, walked into the room and took one of the numerous empty seats reserved for the ladies on the right hand side of the Speaker's chair. As she understood the English language just about enough to enable her to do all her business in French, she could not catch a word of the speech. Many of the frolicsome members of the Assembly wished they were in the same predicament.

The N.-W.M.P. Band was on the ground at half-past two o'clock, and as soon as His Imperial Majesty and escort were in sight, they played a selection from the beautiful Italian opera, "Get There, Eli," by Il Signor Cayleyo di Calgary.

When the Royal party reached the council chamber, the escort fell into line and stood without flinching, as they did while in Prince Albert in 1885. They stood so well together that there was not the least doubt entertained as to the possibility, in case of riot, of a man escaping through the front door without being shot.

At three o'clock His Majesty, who, like McGinty, had on his best suit of clothes, and was surrounded by four officers of his dear N.-W. Mounted Police (two of them keeping on their hats during the whole ceremony), he delivered himself of the usual speech, which, I am sorry to say, I cannot give you in full. It was something like this:—"Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,—I am

indeed very sorry that you should have misunderstood me from the first. It cannot be my fault if Sir John has made it so that you cannot do without me, though I can without you. As this is the last session of this Assembly, I would like to embrace you all before you go, but as that is impossible I will content myself by embracing the Advisory Council." The Clerk of the Assembly then declared in his very pleasant voice, from under his fine moustache, curled up like a gopher's tail, that it was the will and pleasure of His Majesty the Lieutenant-Governor that this House be prorogued.

After the ceremony, when the crowd, to wit, the Governor's Cook, emerged from the hall, it was found that the escort was nowhere to be seen. Great anxiety was felt as to their fate, but on enquiry it was learned that while the ceremony was being performed the Member for Western Assiniboia, Mr. Davin, who is an Irishman, was seen sauntering towards the Council Chamber with something of a very suspicious appearance sticking out of his overcoat pocket. The escort, commanded by Inspector Primrose (who made such a famous arrest in Lethbridge about a year ago), thinking it was a dynamite cartridge, immediately galloped to the barracks for reinforcements. An orderly was despatched to bring them back, but it took fully an hour to persuade them that what they had taken for an infernal machine was only a folded copy of the inoffensive speech made by Mr. Haultain in the House the night before.

Thus, my dear GRIP, ended the third and last session of the first Parliament of the North West Territories.

MUGGS.

### THE MESSAGE.

"I AM dying!" ran the message—  
That she read, and nothing more;  
For the paper with its presage  
Fluttered, crumpled, to the floor.  
And the walls about seemed reeling  
In a half-imperious mist,  
Till the carpet and the ceiling  
In their swaying almost kissed.

"I am dying!" With numbed fingers,  
And her face grown gray with pain,  
She stoops to where it lingers,  
Picks the missive up again.  
Turn its o'er—with indignation  
Reads the sequel in a line:  
"I am dying!—of starvation;  
Have some supper, love, at nine!"

Ottawa.

C. G. ROGERS.



### A RISING MAN OF BUSINESS.

Munsey's Weekly.