

Mrs. Blethering, for he is actually a most disreputable, abandoned, villainous-looking person, as I've thought all along, only I didn't like to say so at first to a stranger; but now you have started the subject, I must say I agree with you.

No. 26.—I do pity his poor wife; they say he ill-uses her dreadfully and actually beats her.

No. 24.—The horrible creature! but those red-headed men are always so violent.

No. 26.—Red-headed! Why, my dear Mrs. Cackleby, his hair is not red; it is quite dark; you are mistaken.

No. 24.—Oh! no, I noticed his hair particularly, and I'm sure it is red: and—hush—here he comes now.

No. 26.—Where?

No. 24.—There: crossing the street, and actually—good gracious—he is smiling at you. What impertinence and what a diabolical countenance, to be sure.

No. 26.—Why, Mrs. Cackleby, that is my husband!

So they parted; but Mrs. Cackleby vows she will never talk about a man again to a stranger till she is sure she knows who she is speaking about. S.



HIS EXCELLENCY INTERVIEWED.

Doubtless feelings of jealousy have prevented the newspapers from chronicling the fact that GRIP's representative was the first man to greet the new Governor-General on his arrival at Quebec. Such was the case, however, and a brief and much condensed *resume* of the interview between the two first personages in Canada is here given.

No sooner had His Excellency set foot on the soil of British North America than GRIP's ambassador, thrusting aside mayors, aldermen, M.P.s, and such small fry, advanced to the front, and, bowing low, addressed the Marquis with this impromptu gem:

"Je suis bien aise de vous voir
Je le dis sans peur;
Le Gouverneur est parti, a lui bon soir;
Vive le Gouverneur."

and handed his card to His Excellency, who no sooner read what was thereon inscribed, than he sprang forward and fervently embraced the gifted being, at the same time motioning the mayors, aldermen, M.P.s, and *oi polloi* generally to fall back, which they did with evident chagrin.

"At last," said his Lordship, "I behold a representative of a publication of which I have heard so much. Lord Lorne, retired, spoke most highly of GRIP, and his last words to me were, 'Fitzmaurice, eight bob cannot be better expended annually than in subscribing for GRIP.' Put me down for that paper for fifty years. And now, my dear sir, tell me one thing; I have been greatly perturbed in mind by a certain thought ever since I decided to

boss Canada—excuse the phrase—and that is, whether the *Globe* (a paper printed in your city, I believe, and copies of which I have seen) intends to publish a portrait of me or not; do you know?"

"Your Lordship," replied the representative of this sheet, "I believe the cut that has done duty in the paper you mention, for O'Donnell, Vankoughnet, 'Skin-the-goat,' Josiah Heuson, and other celebrities, was found slightly to resemble your Lordship; such being the case, you may set your mind at ease and rest assured that it will not appear, for it is the *Globe's* peculiarity never to publish a picture that looks in the least like the person that it is supposed to represent."

"I am made happy by your words, dear GRIP," answered the Vice-roy, shaking the other warmly by the hand, "and such being the case all obstacles to my being sworn in are removed. I feel better."

"Is it true that an official is to be appointed to weed your Lordship's reception list at Ottawa?"

"Partially; we must draw the line somewhere; that official's duty will be to see that no one under the rank of an editor is admitted to levees and so forth."

"And how high do editors stand in the society scale, your Excellency?"

"Well, between butchers and professors of pyrotechny and the tonsorial art; GRIP's editor is of course an exception."

"Where does he come, my Lord?"

"Next to myself."

"Oh: before or after?"

"Immediately after, but so close that it is touch and go between us." His Lordship then, after glancing round in evident trepidation, continued, "And now, tell me, what are these gentlemen going to do with those rolls of paper with which I perceive they are armed?"

"Those, my Lord, are, if I may hazard a shrewd guess, addresses to be presented to your Excellency."

"Horror!" exclaimed the Governor-General, "what have I done that I am to suffer so hideous an infliction immediately upon my arrival? Is there no way of backing out of this?"

"None, m'lud, it is the custom of the country, and the only way I escape a similar outrage myself is by travelling incog whenever I venture abroad. Nothing delights the Canadian people more than to bombard a distinguished person with addresses, and they appear to take a fiendish delight in observing their victims writhe under the operation."

"It is certainly a refinement of diabolical cruelty that I cannot tolerate for an instant, and yet I might have known what to expect, for the late Governor gave me a hint upon the subject, and in fact I believe he told me that people sometimes read poems to us on these occasions; is that true?"

Only in Hamilton, my Lord."

"Hamilton! Hamilton!" muttered his Lordship, "ah, yes, that's where the asylum is, is it not?"

"The same your Excellency."

"Hm; that accounts for it, but I understood that the lunatics were all confined."

"Such is not the case, for poets are quite common around Burlington Bay."

"Well, I must put my foot down on it from the word go. Here, you—," he continued, raising his voice and beckoning to one of the address bearers, "what are you going to do with that roll of paper?"

"Your Majes— your-your Excellency," stammered the person spoken to, "this is one of two hundred addresses that we propose to read to you."

"You do, eh? Well, my good people, I don't doubt your loyalty for an instant, but the first man that fires off an address at me dies by my hand; the address nuisance is the curse of this country and I am determined to rid Canada of so intolerable an evil."

As he spoke, several gentlemen who had not heard what he was saying, stepped forward bearing their rolls of paper, each one vying with the rest in his endeavor to be first to read his own, and, as if with one accord, every man of the two hundred began at the same moment and the air was filled with the words, "To his Excellency the Most Noble—" when his lordship whipped round and took refuge in a caliche that happened to be standing near. "Jump in GRIP," he cried, as he took his seat, closely followed by our representative, "And you—" to the driver, "get away from here as fast as your horse will go. Heavens! what an escape: But here they come; faster, driver, faster," as the crowd poured after the vehicle, their voices rising to a roar as they read their addresses as they ran. "Oh! how I wish I hadn't come," and his lordship sighed heavily.

"It will soon be over, m'lud," remarked his companion, "for see, even now they are reading their addresses, and they are not particular who hears them as long as they get a chance to have it reported in the papers that so and so read an address."

"In that case it would be a good idea to have a dummy figure sent on ahead to receive these addresses, eh?"

"Capital," replied our man, and His Excellency, having reached a place of safety, gave orders to have this idea immediately carried out, and it will be a matter of surprise to those who delivered addresses to the new governor at Ottawa and elsewhere, to know that they read them but to a wax figure moved by strings; such was the case, however, His Excellency arriving after the fuss was over and going into Rideau Hall by the back door.

After an affecting parting GRIP's ambassador took his leave of the new Governor-General, much impressed with the *toute ensemble* of the *qui vive* of his *je ne sais quois*. SWIZ.



"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W. Toronto.

SNAKES IN THE STOMACH.

Two parties claim that such are the wonderful curative powers of the Notman Pad Co's remedies that they will drive snakes or any other reptile out of the stomach in two days. Whether this is true or not we are bound to say that these remedies are the best in the world for all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Advt.