



### AT QUEBEC.

YOUNG SWIRSY—"Hullo! what's this? An Irish circus come over to Canada?"

MULLIVAN (an emigrant from Cork)—"Hist, ye thafe av the world, O'im a dacent man an' no circus. Oi bought these things av Sullivan who's been t' Ameriky afore, an' he towld me av Oi wore thim gettin' aff the stameship that the Injuns would tink Oi was one av thim an' not thry to scalp me. He showed me how t' paint me face, too."

handled not. Thereafter, as that very reprehensible thane Macbeth remarked to his wife, to bed! to bed!! to bed!!! Night fell softly on sleeping Midlandshire.

No doubt the stars came out according to their wont, and the flittermouse flitted and the house-mouse stole in and out, and every nocturnal incident occurred as is usual in Art novels, until Gorgeous Morning broke in a resplendency of yellow interstreaked with Italian pink, orange vermilion magenta and warm sepia, shaded with Payne's grey, forming altogether a palette that Turner himself might have spread.

Baruk C. Spoopendyke glanced out of his latticed casement and saw, in the courtyard below, J. Willet and four amazed men in smock-frocks. That number of persons in that secluded district was looked on as a riot. All five were staring upwards at the pole where the effigy of the Old Squire had swung. *Had* swung. *For the sign was gone!* Baruk chuckled.

Descending, he secured from a deep-bosomed daughter of England some more bacon and beans, then attaching his spavined quadruped to the gig, appeared upon the scene. "Landlord," said he solemnly, "in the words of Scripture, 'O ye wicked and perverse generation, ye seek after a sign, but no sign shall be given you.'" Then he left.

### CHAPTER II.

In the manufacturing town of Pigironville resides an artist who has not yet achieved immortality, nor is there any probability of his doing so. Patrons in search of him have to go up a blind alley until they come to a door in a dingy house on the right-hand side, on which

is a tin plate inscribed in old English text so highly ornamented that nobody can read it: "Pinturicchio Smith, portrait painter and picture restorer, fifth floor Half-length life size, in oils, 10s. 6d. Clubs waited on." To this door came a patron with a thin oak panel  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$  feet, done up in brown paper, under his arm, and ascended to the fifth floor. Entering an attic chamber he became aware of a cloud of tobacco smoke and a total absence of furniture, except an easel and a large blackjack that had recently contained beer, also as occupant a gentleman in check shirt-sleeves lying on a bench smoking, with his feet against the sloping roof. The visitor silently unrolled the package. Oh, shame! the patron was Baruk C. Spoopendyke and the parcel was the sign-board of "The Old Squire." "Want to have this here sign restored?" asked the artist occupant briskly. "All right—'tain't worth it—do it for ten and six and gallon o' beer. Can't go out myself for the swig (coat spouted), so make it two gallons, f.o.b., free on board, ha! ha! Can't work without a wet. Now, then, what's to be done? tone down the rosy of his nose and ameliorate his damask cheeks? All right; naples yellow and brown pink will do the business, mixed with a handful of dust off the floor to give real old antique hue. Heighten the lights on his ves'kit? Certainly; gamboge—there you are—downward curve at angles of mouth to give gravity and wisdom and all that. By George!—no!—yes!—blazes!—it is—*it's Washington!* And a stunning good likeness, too." Spoopendyke expressed his approval, and said that nothing now remained but to sign it. "Certainly," said the artist, "I'll sign it—P.S." "Hold! hold!" exclaimed the patron, "Sign it 'Benjamin West.' Great artist. You have no such painters now-a-days." "It is devoutly to be hoped not," said Pinturicchio. Now, it is a fact that thoughtless scamps are not wholly bad. A feeble touch of conscience yet lurks in their breasts. It might be that some faint shadow of what his mother had taught him when he was a little child at her knee struggled in our artist's bosom. "Can't be done, boss," said he, "I draw the line at forgery. \* \* \* Can't be did," he added reflectively, "not



### SOMETHING HE NEVER DID BEFORE.

HARRISTEIN—"Gwick! run und get me mein overcoat und hat, Sairey, gwick!"

SAIREY—"Mein chracious! vad's bidding you, Samu'l?"

HARRISTEIN—"Ven I puy's me dot evening paper I finds oud now dot I gives dot news-poy a penny insthead of a shent. Gets me mein coad, gwick, und I finds dot poy, or I informs der bolice."