

grocery firm, had said he had obtained a lock of Mrs. Langtry's hair from the lady herself, and somewhat doubting the veracity of the story, we quietly wrote to Mrs. Langtry and enquired whether there was any foundation for the statement. That lady answered, by return of post, as follows:—

"DEAR MR. GRIP,—I was very much amused when I heard what that *bagman* had been saying, and I hasten to give you the whole truth. A young man did come "on board," as you say in this charming country, the train by which I went to Niagara. He had never seen me and was very anxious to obtain an introduction to me. As, however, I never met a bagman in the Prince's set, I caused my agent to introduce my *maid* to the young man as "Mf. She informs me that he made himself very agreeable (for a person in his position) and that she gave him, on parting at the Suspension Bridge, a piece of her *false switch*. This is all that passed, and if Mr. Gebhardt hears that that bagman is showing the hair as mine, I'm afraid he will challenge him. Write often, and be sure and forward GRIP to me wherever I am. Yours, sincerely, L.L."

We are always happy to be able to expose fraud.

## DISILLUSIONED ;

OR,

THEY ALL DO IT.

(Continued.)

As we wandered along we passed several policemen here and there, and I was struck by their fine bearing and physique, as well as by the sagacity and intelligence that the faces of the majority of them wore. I remarked this to my little companion, at the same time expressing my opinion that these men were deserving of all the gratitude of the citizens for their unwavering vigilance and alertness. "We should indeed feel grateful," I said, "when we think that whilst we sleep through the dark watches of the night, these faithful guardians of the peace, ever awake to the call of duty, guarding our persons and property from the machinations of the lawless and abandoned. I felt eloquent and knew that I was peaking well. I had picked up Brother Slingjaw's flask, and the contents were telling on me. "Here," I continued, "we see a city, the inhabitants of which, reposing the utmost confidence in the vigilance of these gallant fellows, retire to their couches, with a feeling of



security that is born of the untiring alacrity of the noble peeler. The peeler, sir, is a fine fellow, a remarkable fine fellow, and—hallo!

what's that: say chappie, we're going to have a thunder storm. Did you not hear that low muttering like the far away rumblings of a coming elemental war? Hist! I hear it again. 'Tis the growling of the thunder; come, let us get back before the storm arrives." "Don't be in a hurry," replied the little fellow, "you forget that we are invisible and the rain won't hurt us, even if it is rain, which I doubt. Ha! I thought so. Look here: this is where your thunder rumblings proceed from," and he pointed to a gallant minion of the moon, clad in his coat of blue, taking his nocturnal siesta, (if a siesta can be taken at night, and why not? get your dictionary, dear reader, and hunt up the word,) on the head of a salt mackerel barrel. "This is the place," continued the mannikin tapping the sleeping constable's nose, "whence emanates those murmurings of a coming thunder storm," and certainly the officer was a most accomplished snorer. "The unrestrained melody of his beak," said the sprite, "will probably cause its owner to appear before another kind of beak, and the example which the latter will make of the former, will act as a beak-on to other similar offenders, and we shall probably miss his beak-off this beat." Brother Slingjaw's flask was having a decided effect on me, and I felt like dropping into poetry. I dropped.

Maybe he is weary, and devil a wonder:

Why should he not sleep, if he can, 'neath the rose?  
Let the peeler dream on, making soft muffled thunder  
Go forth on the night from his somnolent nose.  
Sleep on, gallant bobby, sleep on."

Either my words or the fragrance of the contents of my flask or rather of Brother Slingjaw's, aroused the reposing officer, for he got up, yawned, stretched himself and muttering, "I cud shwear I smilt whiskey, but maybe it's on'y dhramin' I was, but if such was the case it was a plisant dhrame. Maybe av I take another snooze I'll get a lhrink," and he walked on a few paces and sat down on a doorstep, where we left him. "I shall soon lose faith in all that is good and pure and noble," I said to my companion. "Don't do that," he answered, "there is much that is admirable, many things and people that are thorough, sincere and honest,"—"but it's hard to find 'em," he added after a pause. It was becoming very chilly, and the keen morning air penetrated my very marrow. I seemed to be growing benumbed and my legs almost refused to carry me further. "Wake up, man," screamed the mannikin, hitting me a violent blow on the back. "Wake up,"—and that was precisely what I did. I found myself lying before my now empty fireplace on the floor; I had slipped from my chair and the fall had awakened me from the sound slumber into which I had fallen. "So it was all a dream," I muttered, "but I'll swear that a good many things I saw in my vision are really so; and if it was only a dream, there are some matters concerning which I am perfectly Disillusioned.

## EASTER EGGS.

CHAP. I.

Easter Eve.  
Time—8.30 p.m.

*Dramatis persona*, for the present, Auroralette Ap Fungus.

Another *dramatis persona* will appear presently, and for him Auroralette awaits.

Wearily the moments seem to drag along, as she sits, pensively turning over the leaves of her cat album, in which Society's latest craze has decreed that her friends shall each endeavor to draw a cat. Ah, me! what a *menagerie* of weird fantastic animals that book contains.

The mind of the most talented bibulist, in his direst paroxysms of delirium tremens would

il to conceive such horrible imaginings as these pages depict.

But it is not of such things that I am about to tell.

I merely mentioned them *en passant* (pronounced "ong pahsong" in colleges where French is the language spoken).

Hist! a step outside.

'Tis his. He comes.

Enter Breadalbane Daguerre, attired in the height of fashion. He is the other persona. He is also Auroralette's lover.

They meet.

Smack! Smock! Smoogle!

I am paid by the line for this romance.

## CHAP. II.

Time—9 p.m.

The two lovers are seated.

Upon the four legs of one chair is thrown the weight of both.

Breadalbane sits upon the chair; Auroralette sits upon Breadalbane.

It is a good arrangement.

"To-morrow will be Easter Sunday," murmured Auroralette.

Breadalbane starts as he hears the remark, and colors like some guilty thing.

"Breadalbane, my darling, you promised to bring me a dozen Easter eggs, fresh ones, for me to bile, if they were not more than thirty cents. They are only twenty-seven, and you have broken your word."

"Nay, sweet one, I had forgotten them till you spoke. I have brought them," replied Breadalbane.

"Where are they, precious?" gurgled Auroralette. "In my pocket," replied her lover.

"In the pocket of your overcoat?" she queries, starting up as if to rise and go for them.

"Oh, please don't joggle so," pleads Breadalbane. "Tell me, then, where are they?" she demands imperiously.

"My sweet, in the tail pocket of this coat I have on."

"Then you are sitting on them. Darling, they must be broken," shrieked the lovely girl.

"Candor and sense of feeling compel me to admit that they are," replied Breadalbane.

They were.

It was a terrific mess. Eggshells will not stand the pressure of three hundred and fifteen pounds without fading away like "snow wreaths in thaw, Jean."

## CHAP. III.

SCENE—Emporium of a second-hand clothes dealer.

*Dramatis res*; a frock coat and a pair of of pantaloons waving wildly in the Easter Monday breeze in front thereof.

Eggscactly so.

## NO WONDER IT WAS DULL.

"Pa, I'm so glad Lent is over."

"Why, my darling?" asked the fond father, caressing her carrotty tresses, and mentally comparing the cost of provisions during the season of fasting with the ordinary hash bill and finding about an even thing of it.

"Why, my dear?" "Oh! it's so dull, pa; and we mustn't laugh, but do nothing but read *Burton's Anatomy* and *London Punch* and—"

"Well, dear, the season of sorrowing is over now and I will let you peruse some lighter literature," replied the old gentleman.

"Thanks, pa," said his daughter ecstatically, "thanks, now get me *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*, for I do want to have a good laugh so after those other dry old things."

An oyster has been known to open its shell to hear the music of an accordion. If there was any doubt about the stupidity of the bi

valve this settles it.