



NORAH.

guess I'd better stay. I would not like to have anything happen to the country on my account. It would begin to happen right here in Ottawa first, Owen says. And that new dress of mine not yet sent up from Miss de Fitte's! Oh, I *must* remain!

Owen goes on to assure me that I need not "rattle" myself—goodness, what an expression!—in saving the country. If I only go out and around enough, he thinks it will serve to make most of the working members of Parliament reconciled to their hard lot. And he advises me to "lay in" more photographs and not be "chumpish in shoving 'em out." Did you ever! Positively, I blush at repeating his unrefined (I was going to call it unregenerate) talk. I *do* hope Owen will eventually be saved from sinking into actual slang!

How we talked and discussed and debated and planned that afternoon, all in the interest of dear Canada, whose impending dreadful fate, as things now are, Owen so graphically foreshadowed! My great regret was that the Cabinet Ministers were not present to hear and consult us. On mentioning this, Owen quietly observed: "I fancy I can fix that for you. Just you and Norah jabber together while I give the Government the condensed milk version of our twaddle in a special for GRIP. Is it a go?"

How overjoyed I was at the dear fellow's kindness and self-sacrifice in proposing this, I need not say to you! So while Norah and I talked of the forthcoming fancy dress ball, Owen sat and wrote the following pages. I have not had time to read them over, but I am sure they are quite nice and correct, and will help to avert the doom of Canada. It is simply frightful to talk about "the doom" of Canada, isn't it?

#### DIREFUL DOOM, OR DANDY DESTINY—WHICH?

Your correspondent is in a position to say that it appears around here as if something was going to drop mighty soon, and rend our glorious Province and whole Confederation from limb to limb!

Are we not being ground down under the iron hoof of the despot—with eggs at twenty-two cents per doz.? Why do we find the multitudes groaning under the burden of an advance in the price of diamonds and job-printing, instead of clamouring for more savings banks? How comes it that millions of poor persons in the once fair city of Toronto find themselves obliged to rattle unsucces-

and real, downright headache making, as trying to find out who's who and what's what in politics!

I declare, if it were not for Owen's solemn assurances that if I leave the Capital most of the leading and handsome members will leave, too, and "let the old Dominion slide to the blanketty bow-wows"—Owen's parliamentary words—I should at once resolve to stop work and go back home to ma. But, my good friend and adviser insists that it is my duty to stay here and save the country. So I

fully with an appalling base-ball problem? Sound in clarion notes that shall re-echo over the broad and remote prairie lands which Toronto real estate men are nobly staking out into eligible building lots, where does Sir John Macdonald stand on the French question?—or is he still only lying? Whisper to me privately, what are Blake's politics since you last heard of him? Gentlemen, fellow-electors, brother conspirators, why is it that a whole Empire has failed to chase Ned Farrar under a barn? Aha! methinks I hear a voice cry: "Ned is no feeder at but a food furnisher for the public Kribs!" In the face of all that I have thus pointed out as endangering the unity and anatomy of this well-known and highly esteemed Dominion, can you refuse to take stock of the blood on our national moon? Having thus received the Government into my confidence, at their own urgent request, I now bid them act! Let them go on—cautiously, of course, but yet with a perceptible motion. That will satisfy me—just now—for the present—meantime—*en passant*—until I—er—join the eighty-seven applicants for the vacant Simcoe shrievalty. Until that fateful moment, Sir Oliver, you may hold office undisturbed and with my approval. But, I warn you, the only man I, or any of us, will make way for in the scramble for this Barrie berth, is the present genial-tempered and efficient Deputy, or rather Sheriff *pro tem.*, the party by the name of Smith. I have done!

#### POSTSCRIPT.

I have a sweet little poem ready on Dr. Montague's victory, but I have been induced to keep it over till another time. They say the Doctor could not stand poetry right on top of the articles in the Conservative papers.

By-bye, dear.

Yours lovingly,

ANNA NYAS.

#### CUSTOMS



#### THE N.P. (NATIONAL PRY) SYSTEM.

SCENE—Customs landing, Windsor.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (seizing lady passenger just arrived from Detroit)—"Now then, ma'am, open that satchel. (PASSENGER, who is hysterically inclined, opens her mouth to scream, when the eagle-eyed official discovers that she has a new set of false teeth.) Aha! new set of teeth, hey? Hand 'em right over, missus, or pay the duty on the importation!"