

out likewise. I found that I was in some vast city, the streets of which were paved with circular blocks of wood which, in places, were as uneven as the humps of Bactrian camels, and emitted a most unsavory odor.

"In front of this city was a broad expanse of filthy water on whose surface floated dead and decomposing animals and fish of every variety, mingled with garbage and refuse whose odor nearly caused me to lose my senses. I, however, strolled along the margin of the water and beheld numerous large pipes emptying themselves into it, and whose contents I could conceive to be nothing but the refuse and putrefying waste of the city, and I was overcome with horror to note that other pipes conveyed the water from this inland sea or lake, back to the dwellings of the inhabitants where it was used for purposes of drinking, and the like?"

"Oh! I say," shouted the Caliph, "come, draw it mild, I say, what do you take me for?" "Nevertheless," replied Scheherazade, somewhat indignant at her word being doubted, "it is true."

"Hm," muttered the Caliph, "it may be so, but I have serious doubts about it. However, proceed."

(To be continued.)

# TABLE ETIQUETTE AND HINTS FOR DINERS-OUT.

1. Having seated yourself at table, deftly slip the dinner napkin provided for you into your pocket and substitute an old, ragged and dilapidated one, which you must bring with you. You can thus replenish your own stock of naperie at a very trifling cost.

2. Your conversation with the ladies on either side of you should be of a light and agreeable nature. For instance, describe the appearance of the bodies you happened to see at the morgue in the afternoon, or explain the method of amputation at the hip-joint. If you are a good mimic, imitate the screams of the patient whilst undergoing such an operation. This will class you as a yewmorist of an original turn.

3. It is a breach of etiquette to arrive long before the appointed hour, but should you present yourself an hour or so too early, do not fail to inform your host and hostess that you are uncommonly hungry, and suggest the propriety of commencing dinner at once without waiting for the rest of the guests.

4. Be assiduous in your attentions to the wants of the lady sitting next to you. Should you detect her shovelling peas or mashed potatoes into her mouth with her knife, immediately call the attention of all at table to the fact with some such airy and facetious remark as "Whew! you've a fine mouth for a soup-ladle," or "Don't cut your mouth; it's plenty big enough as it is." You will be classed as a brilliant wit, and the lady will be everlastingly grateful to you.

5. Never pick your teeth at table if you can possibly avoid it, but if you must do so, ask your hostess in a loud voice for the loan of a hair pin for the purpose, adding, with a knowing wink, "your hair ain't like some I see round this table; your hair don't want to be pinned on."

6. Maintain a running fire of commentaries on the appetite displayed by the lady next you. Say, for instance, "My eyes! but you can stow it away, can't you?" or "I like to see a gurr! walk into her grub as you do." Then pat her shoulders, feel her arms and punch her sides, remarking "Ah! there's muscle for you; there's bone; you're the gurr! for me," and such pleasantries.

7. When you are helped do not wait, with your plate untouched, until everyone else is served. This stiff piece of mannerism only occurs in the country, at second-rate boarding houses and amongst shoddy upstarts. Pitch

in at once and keep your host so busy carving for you that he won't be able to eat a morsel, himself.

8. Never eat fish or pie with a knife. Take your fingers.

9. If a lady asks you to peel an orange for her, do not use your fingers for that purpose. Use your teeth.

10. Do not omit to ask your host how much he paid for such and such an article, and if the sum he states seems to you to be exorbitant, tell him so.

11. Never take soup with a fork. It is better to put your mouth down to your plate and lap the liquid up with your tongue.

12. Should any delay occur between the courses, relieve the uneasiness of your entertainers by throwing pellets of bread at them; asking your host whether his spoons and forks are real silver, or only electro; twirling your plate round on the top of your fore finger, or by doing anything which your lively fancy suggests, and when the servants enter with the delayed viands, undo the two lower buttons of your waistcoat and say, "Better late than never."

These few simple rules, if carefully attended to, will



RAISE YOU

in the estimation of all well-bred people.

—S.

# QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSAMOND.

BEING A VARIATION OF LORD TENNYSON'S LATELY PUBLISHED DRAMA.

ACT I.

*Court of King Henry the Second. The King, Queen Eleanor, Nobles, Ladies and Fair Rosamond. Enter Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, Ireland.*

*King Dermot.*

Av it plazes yer Majesty, Henry the Second, by Oireland, me country, to Dublin you're beckoned, When you taste the potheen, you will like it, I swear; And we'll build you a palace in Donnybrook Fair. And our blackeys collene have such ankles— (Queen Eleanor hits him with her sceptre.)

—O murder!

*Queen E.*

Let the profligate wretch not presume to go further! Enter Archbishop a' Becket, in shovel hat, gaiters, etc.

*King Dermot.*

And if any spalpeen says a word that's uncivil, Sure we've brave Gallowglasses will fight like the divvie.

*Archbishop.*

Those flirts of colleens to your conscience are risky, And the "bravo gallow glasses" are half-full of whisky!

*Fair Ros.*

Great King! stay at home, you won't find it a treat— And those bog-trotting beauties have stockingless feet! (She drops a small adjunct to her toilette: the King picks it up, and founds the Royal Order of the Garter.)

*Queen E. (aside.)*

If she thinks to deceive me, that minx must be smarter, For her morals, I fear, are as lax as her garter!

*King.*

Dear friends I adopt my friend Dermot's suggestion, And England takes part in this vexed Irish question. (King Dermot waves shillelagh and whisky bottle.)

*King Dermot.*

Come along, sor, wid me, you shall taste in a jiffy, What Kinnahan brews on the banks of the Liffey.

*Exit.*

*Archbishop.*

To Ireland he'll go, dispossess its possessors, And leave it a puzzle to all his successors!

For trouble on trouble for ever accruing, Will follow this wanton first act of wrong doing! *Exit.*

ACT II.

*The Maze. Enter Rosamond singing.*

You'll have to get up early, and to know a thing or two, Before you can to me catch on, a pert old chump like you;

For I repeat, of this retreat, you cannot guess the ways, For I am the Queen of the Maze, madam, I am the Queen of the Maze!

(Enter Queen Eleanor.)

*Queen E.*

Now there you get left! I'm possessed of the clue— And this day you will find, Miss, a cold one for you!

*Rosamond (aside.)*

Great sakes! who is this? It is surely Queen Eleanor! And the game is U. P. now, since some one's been telling her!

(Aloud) Please, ma'am, 'twasn't me!

*Queen E.*

I'll soon settle your hash— And King Henry, my husband, for making a mash!

(Offers Rosamond a dagger and a bowl of poison.)

*Queen E.*

Then bold one, you'll now get bowled out by this bowl!

*Rosamond.*

No! of total abstinence my name's on the roll!

*Queen E.*

The dirk then! of this joke you'll soon see the point.

*Rosamond.*

You are really too pressing!

(Enter Archbishop a' Becket with Dublin hornpipe.)

*Archbishop.*

Your interests are joint, Since the King gives the mitten to both, has withdrawn, And adores Bridget Murphy the fair Colleen Bawn!

*Rosamond.*

The idea!

*Queen E.*

We to pull her red wig will endeavor, And for that reason swear to be friends, here, forever! *Exit.*

*Archbishop a' Becket.*

Aye! love betwixt ladies is ever the word, When you find them conspiring to injure a third.

ACT III.

*King Dermot's Palace. At a table with potheen jar and glasses. King Henry II. and Knights. Enter the Colleen Bawn singing.*

Do you want a kiss, yer anner? I can spare wan if ye do; Sure the boys ud fight to get it till their heads were black and blue!

(Hands the King a letter) This came by the mail, sor, from England.

(King reads letter.) King II. from Becket— 'This upstart's impertinence, how can I check it? Ho! Knights of my Court, in your ranks is there none, Who will rid me, for good, of this son of a gun?

(Four Knights draw their swords and rush from the palace.)

*King.*

And now for a feast that shall ne'er be forgot, By those who were present and those who were not! *Exit.*

ACT IV.

*Canterbury Cathedral. Churchwardens and sidersmen engaged in taking up a collection. Enter assassins and kill Archbishop a' Becket. Queen Eleanor and Rosamond throw hymn books at them. They escape.*

*Queen E.*

Alas! the police cannot tell where they've gone to, No more than detectives employed in Toronto! *Exit.*

ACT V.

*Genius of Ireland appears on the scene.*

*Genius.*

Poor Becket is killed, and the King has repented, For what's done, as the saying is, can't be prevented! And to-day have poor Ireland's wrongs their beginning, Which the nation thus sinned against answers by sinning;

But those wrongs in the future will surely be righted, When the Scott Act is voted by Ireland United. When the Irish by Home Rule concessions made grateful,

Think dynamite outrages hideous and hateful! And Ireland made peaceful and willing to show it, Elects politicians like Blake and liko Mowat.—C.P.M.

FINIS.

# GRAND CLUBBING OFFER.

The Educational Weekly, edited by Mr. J. E. Bryant, M.A., already recognized as the leading paper of its class in Canada, is now clubbed with GRIP. Both papers will be supplied for \$3 per year.