



A BORN BARGAINER.

MR. COON—"What would you charge, boss, to make a picture of me?"

ARTIST—"To do one in black-and-white—ten dollars."

MR. COON—"Sho! you mought do it cheaper'n dat fo' me; you wouldn't have to use no white, see?"

BARREN FIG TREES.

IN that forest, horror haunted, where trod Stanley the undaunted,
Leagues on leagues of lofty dryads intercept the light of day,
Underneath whose branches flourish naught that human life can
nourish,

And death in thousand venomous forms holds undisputed sway.

But the sunless gloom is deeper, and pale death a busier reaper,

Where another hero traversed lower regions of despair,

And humanity is undone most in depths of darkest London,

Under giant growths of feudal wrong which quench the daylight
there.

Fight the fungi and the vermin with the food depôt and sermon,

But to thoroughly exterminate let bolder blows resound,

Hurl from baleful elevation landed lords of every station,

Whose proud presence blights the nation, fruitless cumberers of
the ground!

WILLIAM MCGILL.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. AND MRS. STANLEY.



BEING determined to keep up the reputation of GRIP as an enterprising journal, we found it absolutely necessary to secure an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley for these pages. Taking a hint from our highly-esteemed contemporary, the *Mail*, we allotted the job to the Giddy Young Gairl of our staff, and the following account duly came to us on daintily scented note paper. It had to be transcribed, however, by the office boy, as the printers declared they couldn't stand the aroma of violet and white lilac that enveloped the "copy" as in a cloud of perfume.

As I passed into the Ladies' Entrance of the Queen's Hotel I met my talented fellow-journalist "Kit," of the *Mail*, on her way out. "Sorry to work the scoopograph on you, dear," said she, in a cheerful voice, as she stepped

into the street. I am almost sure, however, I heard a little horrid, mocking laugh accompanying the words. I sent up my card to the distinguished party, and was appropriately guided to the suite of rooms by a native of Africa in a swallow-tail coat. I found the charming wife of the great explorer busily engaged at a table. Stepping behind her, and looking over her shoulder, I saw that she was printing words in large, coarse letters with a paint brush and a pot of lampblack. "This is part of this evening's lecture," said she, with an arch smile. "My husband cannot read writing; he is a man of letters, you know. Just trot away and talk to mamma until I get through, dear." I did as directed, and was soon engaged in an animated dialogue with Mrs. Tennant, who, strange as it may seem, speaks with an English accent. Of course, as she was born in England and lived there all her life, this is really not to be so much wondered at when you come to think, but I mention it *en passant*, as it were. "Well, dear," I said, "how do you like it as far as you've gone?"

"It is so delightful," replied Mrs. Tennant, "to travel all over in this way."

"Yes," said I, "one sees changes when one is constantly changing scenes."

Mrs. Tennant relapsed into deep thought.

"I quite agree with you there," said pretty Dorothy Stanley, raising her full, expressive eyes from her task and bestowing a nice smile upon me. And then she dipped her brush into the lampblack again and stooped over her printing steadily for some minutes.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tennant, "we are greatly interested in the Canadians. They are so very Canadian, aren't they?"

"Especially those dear little things Miss Rye brings out from London," put in sweet Dorothy Stanley, putting her brush behind her ear and leaning back in a musing attitude. "It's too bad of people to say they're not fit to be brought out; why, I have put some of them into my pictures."

"Had you any notion of ordering up any grub?" I enquired. "I'm feeling a trifle hungry."

Just then a waiter entered with tea, eggs, etc., on a silver tray.

"Hennery is so fond of eggs," said Mrs. Tennant.

"That's better than anything in last week's *Punch*," said I, laughing uproariously.

"What's all the row?" demanded a deep, stern voice, and, looking up, I saw the world-renowned explorer coming in. He is a most unassuming man, and came in just as if he had never gazed upon Rowenzori or discovered Lake Victoria Nyanza in his life.

Then he tackled an egg. When the top was removed, a dear little chick was disclosed. "As we do it in Ugarrowa's country," remarked the great traveller, taking down the entire outfit at one gulp.

"Aren't you tired of this lecture trip?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "it is a deuced bore having to collect a thousand dollars a night, but, after all, the Canadians speak better English, in my opinion, than the Yankees."

"But how do you manage to amuse yourselves here in the winter?" enquired Mrs. Stanley.

"Oh," said I, "we write letters to the papers, shovel snow, and go fishing. Some of us write novels."

"Oh, do tell me of a good Canadian novel!" urged Mrs. Stanley, enthusiastically. "I'm so anxious to read one."

I recommended her to get a copy of Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old," which she said she would.

By this time the meal had entirely disappeared, and I accordingly said farewell to the distinguished visitors and lighted out.