



THE YOUNG IDEA AT BOND STREET.

Rev. Dr. W-d.—Now, my dear, how do you know that the Emperor of Russia is the lineal descendant of Nebuchednezzar?

Sunday School Boy.—'Cause I heard you say so in church.

Rev. Dr. W-d.—Correct. And can you tell me what it was Nebuchednezzar fed upon when he was driven out to the wilderness?

Sunday School Boy.—Leeks!!

Fair Rosamond.

A TRAGEDY IN FOUR ACTS, BY GRIP'S OWN DRAMATIST.

Entirely Unindebted to Mr. Swinburn's Tragedy on the Same Subject.

ACT I.—The Palace of King Henry the Second.

Mrs. Grundy enters. To Queen Elinor.

Mrs. Grundy:

Why please your Highness, everybody knows it, That at His Majesty, the second Henry, That hussy, Mistress Rosamond, makes eyes. Sich goings on is dreadful!

The Queen:

I'll make her, rue it, The wretch, that flirts with my royal husband— Tell me her present post office address?

Mrs. Grundy:

The King, they say, has built for her at Woodstock. A place they call the *Maze*, since it amazes Whoever tries without the clew to enter.

The Queen:

I'll get the clew, and she shall get the claw, And teach such queans to hold the queen in awe.

Exit Queen, Mrs. Grundy holding her train.

ACT II.—The *Maze*—Fair Rosamond and King Henry in the best Parlor.

King:

Fair Rose, accept of this ice cream—'tis sweet As are your eyes, and roseate as your lips.

Enter Archbishop Thos. a Becket.

Thos. a Becket:

What, ho, sir King! are England's revenues To furnish for this minion, strawberries And ice creams, meet for mother church's picnics? See that thou pay in quitance for this scandal, A score of coined rose-nobles.

Rose:

Oh! my lord, Why pay rose-nobles for poor ignoble Rose?

King:

Will no one rid me of this meddling Prelate?

Four Knights, without:

We hear, lord King, and all are willing, very; And this place-proud high priest of Canterbury, We'll cauter first and then proceed to bury.

Thos. a Becket rides away—The four Knights ride after him. For his murder at Canterbury see our local exchanges of the period.

King and Rosamond eat more ice cream.

ACT III.—The *Maze*—Best parlor table with empty ice cream cups—Rosamond on lounge with guitar.

Rosamond sings:

Ah moi que je suis triste ce soir!
Hélas! et je ne sais pour quoi—
Ne pas pour l'amour qui va partir,
Mais cette douleur me fait mourir—
Belle Rosamond est blanche que belle
Mal d'estomac fait blanchir elle,
Maudit 'ice cream' mange
Me fait malade—je sais pour quoi!

Enter Queen Elinor:

You painted hussy whom the rooks call *fair*,
(If I'm not fairer I will eat my head off.
He! he!) As EDWARD BLAKE says in his speeches,
"One of two courses lies before you." Take
This dagger. GOLDWIN SMITH has sharpened it
'Gainst BROWN, and GORDON BROWN 'gainst GOLD-
WIN SMITH!
—This use—or else this bowl of poison finish.

(Displays huge bowl of ice cream.)

Rosamond:

In mercy, Queen, give me some other poison!
Restaurant tea or picnic lemonade—
The dire sour cider of the Queen street fruit stores—
Dondly doughnut, or pie like circular saw!

Queen:

No! no! take this, to this I guess you'll tumble.
Hear! take what suits your case—this ice cream.

Rosamond:

I scream! Dies.

ACT IV.—Enter King Henry with ecclesiastics and flagellants bearing cat-o'-nine-tails.

Queen Elinor:

Your Majesty is welcome; come and stand
Between dead mistress and live wife. Ah false one!
I have some few words for your private car.
(Goes for his hair.)

King Henry:

Excuse me—not to-night—some other night!
Fact is, most urgent business. Becket's murder.
(No fault of mine, fault of those other fellows.)
Must be atoned for by some certain floggings
From these good monks at poor dear Becket's tomb.

Aside:

I wish old Becket were alive; her scolding
I dread more than his lordship's longest sermon!

Queen:

That's so! Good monks give me the cat-o'-nine-tails;
—I know just how to warm his royal back!
I will avenge our Prelate properly.

King:

It may not be—such action in a Queen
Were too much kind of Rights of Women business!
Move on good monks, and as ye love your skins,
Be very gentle in your flagellations.

Monk:

We will but smite your Highness as the school marm
Smites the inspector's girl before the inspector.
(They move away.)

Queen:

I will contrive, and do not you forget!
To comb your royal wig, a stool of repentance yet.

Tableau fini.



THE FACETIOUS MINISTER.

P-pe.—How are you, old man?

T-U-y.—O Toller-able, thank you. How are you?

P-pe.—Pretty well, relatively speaking.



MAKE NO MISTAKE.

This is not a codfish, showing where the fish ball is located; it is a faithful copy of the *Globe's* engraving of the diagnosis of the Garfield case.

Young Canada to His Respected Parent, Squire Bull.

DEAR POP,—As I know that Mr. *Globe* has been on a visit to your part of the world, I fear, as the old lady has rather a long tongue, she may have been telling you that Mr. G. Smith, who was once a tutor to your boys, has a spite against you, and has been trying to make me feel the same. Now I want to tell you that there is no sense in that, no ways. Mr. G. Smith is a very nice young man, but he couldn't set me against you if he tried ever so, and for all Mr. Smith says, I believe he don't want to.

But look here, Pop, I put it to you if it is not a little hard on a young fellow like me in one or two things I would like you to consider.

1. If immigrants from Germany or elsewhere come to Canada, we can not give them naturalization. If they go over to a city in the States, to Uncle Sam, and are unjustly treated, we have no power to help them; less than no power, because he has an old grudge against you. So the immigrants know this and go to Uncle Sam's place instead of to mine.

2. Our militia costs Canada quite a sum every year, yet you won't let Canada appoint a single colonel. Now, Pop, is this fair? I ask you as a man.

3. Worse than all, Canada is still subject in every respect to your English rule, which is quite unsuited to our climate, social system, and habits. Lawyer Blake is going to see to that one day soon.

4. Is it fair, I ask you, that Canadian authors have no protection against being pirated in the States, all because Canada is a British colony? Is it fair that we are compelled to let doctors with English degrees, who can know nothing of our climate or habits, practice here, while you refuse to receive a Canadian doctor even as surgeon of a ship? Even the Allan steamers must all have their surgeons from England.

5. Your people, your government, your avoirdupois, and your journals snub us and give us away all the time, as they did at Fortune Bay the other day, and toady Uncle Sam who despises them for it. We are "only a colony," you know.

Now, Pop, would it not be better for us young folks, with your blessing and consent, to set up for ourselves in business right off. We don't want any money. Keep that for the Yankees if you like. Still less do we cotton to Uncle Sam not that way anyhow, whatever Mr. G. Smith may say or think. Give love from all here to Miss Louise; we bear her no ill will for thinking our place too homely, and we are glad to hear she is getting so uncommon strong, she goes to all the picnics and socials.

From your loving son,
YOUNG CANADA.