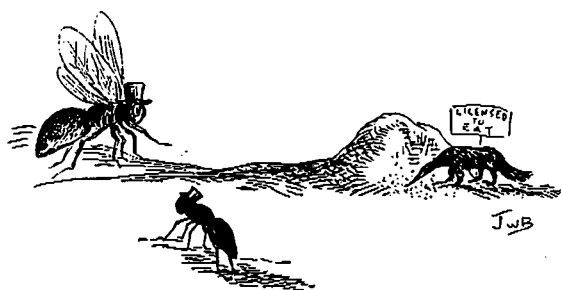


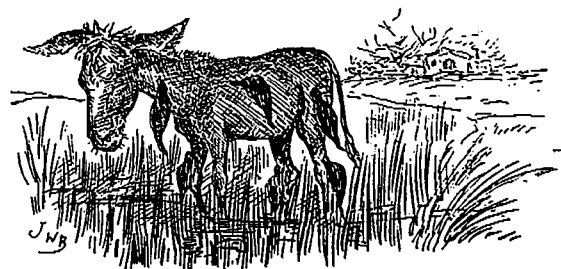
A COUPLE OF FABLES.

AFROPOS OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY CONVENTION.



THE BEE AND THE ANTS.

As a Bee was one day Flying over a Meadow, she observed a great commotion going on at an adjacent Ant-Hill. On drawing nearer, She observed an Ant-Eater, feeding upon the Inhabitants of the Ant-Hill. Accosting an Ant who was escaping from the common doom, she expressed sympathy for the Unhappy Plight of his relations and friends. "I do not know what you Refer to, Madam," replied the Ant. "Then are you Not seeking safety yourself in Flight?" asked the Bee. "I am getting away from the Commotion caused by the Discussion of the Official Language and Cab Hire questions, which bore me, that is all," said the Ant. "But the Ant-Eater—?" responded the Bee in Amazement. "Oh, He is not the cause of the commotion at all. He is one of our Institutions, and is always with us. We found it Hard to drive him away, so have Licensed him to stay and Feed on us."



THE ASS AND THE LEECHES.

An Ass who Lived in a Marshy Meadow was much Harassed by Leeches, who Fastened themselves upon Him and would not be Shaken Off. At last he conceived a Happy Thought. "Since I cannot induce them to Forego sucking my blood, I will License them to suck it on condition of their sharing it with me." And so he did. It was, indeed, a Happy Thought and worthy of—an Ass.

BILL—"To amend the S. O. Act by declaring it unlawful to lie in bed late on Sunday."—*Mr. Charlton.*

MOTION—"For a select committee to enquire into the prevalent practice of young men courting more than one girl at a time, with a view to determine the relation of such practice to the marriage laws of this country."—*[Several Members.]*

LITTLE BITS OF LESSER CAPITAL GOSSIP.

Having thus given you a whole lot of the sober, solid and, to me and Norah, terribly dry and uninteresting news of the Capital, I think I, or rather the two of us, will just finish out this letter with what we regard as *comme il faut* in correspondent gossip; and I am, that is, we both are, quite sure it will be read with the very liveliest interest. The little, short, jerky pieces (I put titles to them) are Norah's; the longer and more deliberately written are your own Anna's:—

Wanted an opportunity.—I hate writing letters. But I'd like awful well to do Ottawa letters just one session.

Wouldn't I make fur fly! My, oh, my! I'd like to die Lots of fun there'd be. Any paper wants me, write to Anna. I mean business, mind.

My dressmaker, Miss De Fitte, begged me as a special favor to notice her elegant establishment favorably. I half promised, but since I got home my last dress, I could not truthfully speak a word in praise of the woman or her shop. The whole thing was simply a fright. The velvet garniture was of the poorest quality, and displayed no taste whatever in its arrangement on the grosgrain skirt; while bodice drapery, not even excepting the passementeries, the Directoire reverses, or the girdle, was a perfect show. As to polonaise, waist-coat, and capote, there was even more to complain about. I was so disgusted I gave "the whole business," as Owen would call it, to the cook. You can't imagine what a state of mind this disappointment put me in.

"Ah, there, uncle!—What's that about a certain rotund widower M.P. and a certain buxom widow? Ah, there, uncle." Better write up home to the grown gals before going too far! My eye is dead on you!

I have received a note, written on highly embossed and delightfully scented paper, requesting permission for the publication of a poem inscribed to me! Think of that, GRIP, and say whether your Anna is not attracting notice! I sent back word to the writer to first furnish me with his photo., a lock of his hair, and a few words about himself. These supplied me, I shall tell you more about the episode, which may possibly prove of much interest.

Can this be true? There is a lady in town who has a nowhat remote connection with vice-regal circles. She has a glass eye. She wears four different shades of wig. She can ride bare-back, masculine style. Likewise she is left-handed, likes wine and billiards and talks slang. O, most wondrous woman! O, most accomplished dame. How would you like me to give your name?

One of my most particular M.P. friends has made me a present of a beautiful little pug-dog, with the most astonishingly ugly face you ever set eyes on. You'd just take a fit if you saw the comical look he puts on when you reproach him for chewing up your rubbers or mussing your dress with his muddy paws. He puts me in mind of one of the members—I won't mention names—both in pug looks and pugnacity. Owen told me the Governor General wanted to buy my dog. I'll see the Governor General in Halifax, first!

Personal.—Departmental Dudes, Duffers, Dandies and Donothings, Nemesis is on your track! That's me! I'm going to write you all up, *Cave canem*, too! "Canem" means just plain "cane." Wait till I get my regular commission as correspondent! I have it in for a batch of you! There! [I put "personal" to this, because I couldn't really think of a strictly *apropos* heading. Norah writes peculiarly!]

Is this original?—Why are so many Senators prompt and regular during progress of certain Bills? *Ans.*—For divorce reasons.

Col. O'Brien, you know, comes from Shanty Bay. Owen tells me that the doors of society here have been closed against him, on the supposition that he lives in a shanty when at home. Of course such is a mean falsehood, for the Col. lives down near the Bay, in quite a large castle, with cannons poking out of all the windows ready at any moment to repel the dread invader of his loved country. The shanties are where all his soldiers and retainers live. How very romantic, is it not, dear?

But you'll have to excuse me now, for I'm nearly due at the photographer's. Truly,
ANNA NVAS