



SIGNATURE OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT!

I WAS alone. The winds wierdly howled through the seared, shivering trees, and the pale moonbeams cast about me shadows, like the ghosts of the departed. At my feet rolled a mighty sea. And as each wave broke on the rock-girt shore fearful forms rose from the water and came, with demonish eyes, toward me. Monstrous coiling serpents, hissing poisonous fire from their awful jaws; roaring sea-green lions, dripping with sea-weed, clinging and coiling about which I could see thousands of little reptiles. Awful! Awful! Hideous grinning monsters of all descriptions rose, howling from the waves, and advanced into the sombre solitude where I sat enchained. Nearer, nearer, I felt their hot breaths, and their glaring eyes seemed to pierce to my very soul. In vain, I tried to throw off the chains which bound me. I must await in silence my awful doom.

And now from amidst the foliage in which I sat, rose hissing and wriggling lizards, glistening adders and all venomous creatures imaginable, and came toward me. My naked body was now enveloped with the awful plague! Writhing, clammy coils encircled my arms. Poisonous darts pierced my flesh. Chill death seemed to be pressing from my body the breath, yet I died not.

But as I sat there in unspeakable agony, sweet strains of music, like the ripples of a heavenly sea, broke on my ear. Far, far distant was the sound, but ever coming nearer. Sweeter, sweeter grew the strains as the night winds wafted them towards me. And as darkness flees before the steps of smiling Dawn, so fled my agonies before that sphere-tuned music; and the waters, before angry and boisterous, now broke in crested ripples at my feet. And now, on the far moonlit sea, appears a light skiff, burdened only by the form of a beautiful maiden, robed in dazzling brightness, and bearing in her hand some strange musical instrument. Nearer, nearer she comes. Now her skiff grates on the pebbles; and now with soft love-pleading she beckons me. "O, my heart's goddess!" I exclaim; "O, my heaven-sent guardian, forever wilt thou be mine—only, only mine!"

And with this, I spring madly from my seat to embrace her—and fall headlong out of bed, skinning my shins on a boot-jack, striking my head against a dressing table, and thus being caused to half swallow my false teeth and to break a \$5 bottle of moustache elixir! I had been eating green cucumbers before retiring. It was a dream!

A. L. McNAB.

THE CONTRARY JUDGES.

"MANY men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds,
Many fishes in the sea,
Many men that don't agreee.
Thus, when we were girls and boys,
Ran our writing exercise;
Not a great poetic gem,
But good practice on the "m."
Little thought, indeed, we gave
To the sentiment so grave,
Hidden in the simple rhyme
Which we copied many a time.
Now that we are grown to years,
Its profundity appears,
And its voices, as we see,
Nature's vast diversity.
Line the first and line the fourth
Are particularly worth
Noting as a truthful "saw,"
Applicable to the law.
In those Courts where judges sit
Evenly, they're sure to split!
Here in the Divisional
Every case the criers call
Comes before their lordships (two),
And agree they never do;
So it's carried to Appeal,
Where it fares about as well,
For four judges sit up there
And divide off pair and pair.
Then the suitor, sick and blue,
What is he, poor wretch, to do?
Take his case to the Supreme,
That's his only hope, 'twould seem.
Now, to mend this state of things,
GRIP a wise suggestion brings—
Justice seems to be encumbered
With our judges even-numbered;
Let them sit in threes and fives,
And save unlucky suitors' lives.

A SAMPLE SUGGESTION.

BELOVED GRIP—Couldn't you make something out of this Mitylene affair? I don't exactly understand what it's all about—something which points to the possibility of war between England and Russia, I'm told—but the name is suggestive—Mitylene—*mighty lean*—see? You could work in something about Russia having a mighty-lean harvest. Would the Czar stand alone in the event of war, or *might 'e lean* on other powers for aid? How's that? There's an idea there somewhere, but you can fix it up to suit yourself. I suppose you don't pay for suggestions of this sort, but if you use it please send me four copies. Yours, etc.

AMATEUR HUMORIST.

THE HOME APPLICATION.

MRS. MACTAGGART (to her guid man on his return from the rink, Sunday morning).—"Weel, an' hoo did ye like Mr. McNeill? Wis he sae verra extra?"

MR. MAC T.—"Woman, he wis simply gran'. The way he welted thae Pharisee bodies would ha' done your hair guid! You would ha' simply been delighted!"

MRS. MAC T.—"John, ye do me wrang. It wad gie me nae delight to sit an' listen to you gettin' a tongue thrashin'!"

EXPECTED TOO MUCH.

1ST REPORTER—"Any news at City Hall?"

2ND REPORTER—"No; not a scrap."

1ST REPORTER (recalling the Bell-Saunders discussion).—"No; I suppose not. You don't surely expect a scrap there every day, do you?"