

It was, therefore, with no great surprise that the young man's father heard the impassioned declaration with which this exciting narrative opens.

Peter had taken a run out home to break the dull, hard routine of the College course, and give the old man a hand with the turnips.

"You see, Pete," the aged yeoman had been saying, "I'm gittin' up in years, an' would be pleased to have you take hold av the farrum widout delay."

Peter's determination to oppose his father's wish was but too plainly evident in the set of his firm lips, and the impetuous way in which he hunted around the kitchen for the bootjack.

"'Tis no mane houldin', Pete, two hundred an' odd acres, and nivr a fardin o' mortgage upon it."

"A goodly heritage, Sir, I grant. A sure competency, and far to be preferred before the uncertain yield of a country medical practice more than half made up of gratis attendance on your own and your wife's folk. But—I shall go back for, at least, another term."

"Your wife that is to be can sluther you, Pete, maybe!"

"Love's blandishments are powerful, but with me and my resolve they can prove of no avail. I return to Toronto."

"Your mother will plead wid you to shay."

"I hope not, for I don't wish to give her pain by a refusal—a refusal utterly unalterable."

"You'll not make your salt at doetherin', Pete, an' it's your own father that sez it."

"My Spartan fortitude would enable me to greet the poor-house cheerfully. Mouday's stage for the city sees me on board, come what may!"

"Pete, in the matther av you an' the farrum, it's now or never! D'ye understand me, boy?"

"Then, Father, let it be never! For go back I shall—I WILL—I MUST!"

"In the name av all the powers av Moll Kelly, will you be decent enough to tell us the reason why?" The old man yelled as if he were talking to the hired man.

Not a muscle of the youth's face changed, not an alteration of his tone betrayed his emotion as he quietly answered:

"The reason, Sir? Ycs! I, with my fellow students, have registered a solemn vow, which we hope to be able to fulfil next term. I go, sir,—I return to the mad Metropolis—to help work up a scheme that will get us even with the city cops!"

[N.B.—The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in Police Court reports later on.]

# NEEBRITCHES AGAIN.

HE FINDS FAULT WITH CANADIAN FOX-HUNTING.



You see, a man, to be a nob, must ave it hin is blud; You can't make silk from ears of piggs, nor shampain hout of mud. Hand to see your traidsmen hapin lords do give me grato distress; The contempt i feels for mokrery i reely can't igapress.

ERE Mister Grip, I'll've hal-ways rote in proas at hother times, But now i feel constrained to try my and at lirk rimes, You're aweer Hive orff had-dressed you hin the palges of your GRIP, I rote to you of servants and how marsters gave the tip. Now Hive hanother grev-ance; hin fact i ave a lot, For reely hin this country people do not know roots too. I despises thare aping man-ners as they tries to do the grand! They avent got the stifle and ow to haet don't understand.

The thing Him down on now is called the Unt Club; you're aweer That such a thing igsists, no dout, rito in Toronto ere. It haint the clubb Him down hon, for untin i adoar, When conducted hin a country wich is suteable thare-for.

Wich this ere country haint—with hits townships, lotts and blocks— They avent got no edges, no ditches hand—no fox. The hanimals they uses is caught befor the chase, The fox is taim, just think of that; Ii calls it a dis-grais.

Hand then that's not the wust of it, sometimes they avent got No fox at hall; the bear hider with hanger makes me ot. Now wot dy'e think they uses when a fox to unt they need And avent got one? Evins ahiv? a bay orf hanis-seed!

Sometimes a erring! tally-o! they ollers; orf they goes, And calls it untin. Hall they wants to waro is thare untin close. Ow folks would lart in Hingland; ow sports wood chaw the rag

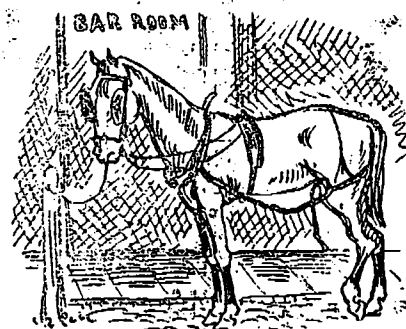
To see them fellers at the meet with the fox tide in a bagg! I ate this heesly country; i can't abear its ways; Ho, saddy i reflex at times on the lito hot hother days Hin Hingland wen we ad some swells; wen Lord Fitz-Tollymaich Was marster of the oands; he was a proper Hien. Hef Haint!

Hand hall the field was pussons of the good hold bloo hind grade— Not fellers as ave made their tin along of heesley traid. Hin Hingland Ii-kep eumpry with marsters as was nobs. Hin consokwents, of which Ii feels a grato contempt for shobbs.

Him goin' back to Hingland; to the country ware, by gad! A gentleman's a gentelman, hand a traidsmen is a cadd. Hand now Hill cloas my letter with my hoppelation, wich is A name as you ave hoften seen,

HORUSTUS CHAWLES NEEBRITCHES.

[We publish Mr. Neebritches' letter, not because we agree with him in anything he says, but merely to let the public see what an ass he is. That public will doubtless agree with us when we say the sooner Mr. N. goes back to England the better. — Ed. GRIP.]



# AN EQUINE SOLILOQUY.

Wonder how long the boss is going to keep me standing outside this saloon? Thero they go again! just listen, "Rah for Meredith." What fools these men are, after all! Ugh! it's cold, standing here. Wish I could see what they're doing in there, but I can't, for these beastly blinkers. S'pose a man thinks he kilows more abaut how a horse ought to see than Nature. Fools! ain't my eyes placed in my head so's I can see every way? And man goes and claps these blinkers on so's I can only see straight before me. That's why I shy. Don't get a fair chance to see anything properly.

There! just hear that; "Rah for John A." Pah! if I was a man I wouldn't be such a fool. Guzzling and drinking in there; it's enough to make a decent horse sick.

Lor! what's this coming along the sidewalk? Gosh, it's a woman. Did you ever? Just look at those bangs and that waist! What an ugly thing a made-up woman is, to be sure. Now, look at that little bay filly over there. There's shape for you. That's what I like to

see. Snakes! wouldn't she look funny with stays on and her mane banged over her eyes? and her face painted chestnut, if that happened to be the fashionable color? and her hoofs squeezed into shoes three sizes too small for her?

My! I wish the boss would come out. There; d'ye hear that? Those two fellows just left him in there. D'ye hear what they said? "That old Guzzleby's drunk as an owl." Well, he is an old fool, spending his money on a lot of chaps that blackguard him as soon as they leave him.

Wonder what's for supper. Had oats last night. Boss is too stingy to have oats two days running. Guess it'll be hay to-night. There they go again. That's his voice; just listen, "Yesh; I'll do my besh to (hic) have the shplnade quesh'n settled. I'll ushe my influensh; wha'll y'have boysh?" Bah! the old fool! Might know better at his age. Whew! it is cold out here, and I've got no blanket. Oh! don't I wish I was a man for a short time. Wouldn't catch me drinking any of their beastly rot gut and leaving decent horses to freeze whilst they're "whooping her up," as they call it. Fools!

Wonder what the guv'nor wants to be an alderman for. 'Caus he's a fool, I guess. Lor! if I was a man I'll be jiggered if I'd want to belong to such a gang of old nincompoops. I know 'em. Don't I hear 'em talking to old Guzzleby every time they stop him? My eyes! what talk! what grammar! 'Spose they think a horse don't know anything. Well, I know 'tain't right to say "Them there subway fellers didn't ought for to be allowed to bamboozle the people, did 'em?" I know what good human talk is as well as any of 'em. There they go again. What a laugh! That's "the loud laugh that proclaims the vacant mind," sure 'nough. And they have the impudence to call it a horse laugh, indeed! Gosh! if a horse is such a fool as to laugh like that he'd be an ass. Then they insult us by calling the chief of those old civic blockheads the Mare. Some of 'em are decent enough to be mares or even horses, but, dash my fetlocks! most of 'em don't know enough to—well, never mind.

Ah! here he comes at last. Wonder why he can't blow his beastly tobacco smoke the other way instead of into my nostrils. Gosh! Well, he is tight and no mistake. Faugh! how his breath smelt. 'Nough to sicken a horse and put him off his feed. Can't think what these lords of creation can see to like in that vile whiskey. Well, I suppose I'll have to take him safe home. Needn't pay any attention to his driving this evening, drunken old beast! Deuced good mind to upset him. Well, here goes.

# CIVIL ENGINEERING.

"If they had the right sort of 'miters in the Canadian canal locks, it wud be as aisy to des-destroy the canals as the Parliament Houses," said "Assimbyman" Septimus P. Shiel of the New York Legislature, to Dominic McCue, one of his constituents, last Monday in Buffalo. "Oh come aff wid you; come aff! Phat the blazes d'ye know about it anyhow, shure the mithers are all right, fur wussent I there on the job, whin they wot puttin' thim down," was the somewhat heated reply of the gentle-mah addressed. "I will still maintain sir, without any disrespect to you sir, that they are not the right sort of 'miters," repeated the now smiling legislator.

"Whid ye be kind enough to explain, Mister Assimbyman Shiel," said Mr. McCue with some touch of sarcasm, "what sort uv mithers wud you have in the locks?" "Dinny-mithers, ye divil ye; come Dominic and we'll have a lager." And the merry twain departed for Joe Schmidt's where the Assimbyman ordered zin bier.

T. BIGBEE.