

criminal world were ripe for my sickle, and when I got through with them they would require to be summer-fallowed before another crop was raised.

CHAPTER II.—MY IMPRESSIONS.

Friday, Sept. 2.—The iron doors have closed. Don't think my chance for writing is good. Too much work. Got a new suit.

Saturday, Sept. 3.—Have had no lengthy interview with my host as yet. Started to-day to learn blacksmithing. Taking mental notes.

Sunday, Sept. 4.—Locked in cell all day because they were not sure but that I might be dangerous.

Monday, Sept. 5.—Told my overseer I would prefer to learn the culinary art, as it was not so laborious as blacksmithing, but he would not allow it.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.—Confound this literary venture! I want to get out. No time to devote to composition. Still, I take a few mental notes.

Friday, Sept. 16.—Still taking mental notes. Have not heard anything from my employers. Have smuggled a note out to them. Here is a copy:

"Central Prison,
September 16.

"Get me out of here!! SAM STURBS."

Friday, Sept. 23.—Still languishing in this prison. Will die if not rescued in three days.

[NOTE.—We have received the foregoing from the hands of a discharged prisoner. While we are sorry that our plans have resulted so disastrously, we must disclaim all responsibility in the matter. We knew nothing whatever about the sealskin sacque scheme, and now find ourselves powerless to interfere in the carrying out of the full penalty. We can only hope that by the end of the year our reporter's "mental notes" will have accumulated sufficiently to form a foundation, at least, for the construction of the grand sensational article we are longing for.—ED. GRIP.]

ANECDOTE OF HERRMANN.

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR OWN ROMANCER—WHO IS IN HIS ANECDOTAGE.

WHEN Herrmann, the Great Wizard, was in town the other day, he visited the Reform Club, where he met a member of the local party leaders. Very naturally there was a general desire to have him perform some trick for the amusement of the company, and the wish having been made known to him he very good naturedly assented. "I have here, by chance," said he, "the platform of the Tory party, which was handed to me at my hotel this morning as a Canadian curiosity," and he produced a card upon which the alleged principles of that political organization were printed. "Now, can any gentleman oblige me with the Reform platform." Hereupon, Mr. Preston, the indefatigable secretary, rushed up stairs to his office and returned in a moment with the desired article—also printed on a card. "Thanks," said Herrmann, "and now may I trouble some gentleman for the loan of his silk hat." A shiny plug was immediately provided. "Now, gentlemen," said the Professor, "you have only to watch me closely." So saying, he placed the two cards in the hat, and shook them up slightly, after which he turned them out upon the table with the hat over them. He then made certain mysterious Black-Art "passes" over the hat, lifted it off, and politely handed it to its

owner. "And now, gentlemen," said he, "I am finished. The point is to tell, if you can, which now is the Tory platform and which is the Grit." The members of the Club and their friends have been puzzling over this ever since, and not a man of them has been able to tell which is which.

WORK FOR THE DETECTIVES.

MR. CHAUNCY DEHASS, who was sitting in the Grand Stand at the base ball match the other day, was struck on the head by the ball which glanced from the strikers bat and flew over the wires. "Fears of foul play are entertained."



THE SECRET OF IT.

Norquay—There it is, you see! How can they expect me to raise the funds, when the enemy of the Province is whispering lies into the ear of the money market?

SHAKESPEARIAN CHESNUTS.

SHE was a widow—but ah! such eyes! such a face! such grace! such suavity of manner—she twirled me round and round her finger as helplessly as she did her No. 6 kid glove. Had I previously read the biography of the immortal Samivel I might have lighted upon the magic phrase "Beware of the Vidders," and been saved, but, alas! I read of Samivel too late. She talked—how she talked! eyes flashing, hair gleaming in the sunlight, or gaslight as the case may be, and every flash, every gleam another wound, a "deadly stound" in my poor lacerated heart. Dear me, she was a wonderful creature. We had gone over all the poets, and had just collared Shakespeare—but Shakespeare himself, alas! could not save my bacon. She admired Shakespeare's women, she said. I responded by asking how she could do otherwise than admire the women who inspired such passionate, such appropriate words as "Doubt that the stars are fire, but never doubt my love"; and as I quoted the divine Ignatious Bacon, I threw all my soul into my words, and all my eyes into hers. She smiled, blushed, and bit her lip! Emboldened by these symptoms of the grand