



GETTING THE NEW ORGAN READY.

Manager Creighton—And now, Sir John, it's all ready for the tune-barrel. What airs would you suggest?

Sir John—Oh, just "God Save the Queen." Needn't mind anything else.

Manager Creighton—But how about the exigencies of the future? If Commercial Union falls through and the Retaliation Bill goes into force, and—and—just to suppose a case—Annexation comes up for discussion, you know?

Sir John—You needn't change the tune, you see. That's the beauty of it. We'll call it "America" then.

CLAUDE COURSOL.

THE GREAT CANADIAN NOVEL, BY A HAGGARD WRITER,
AUTHOR OF HE-SHE-IT, AND OTHER TALES.

CHAPTER V.

A FAITHLESS LOVER.

(Continued from Grip of October 29th).

WHEN they returned from Niagara, Claude bade good bye to Maud, and started, one May morning, when the sky was flooded with an amber wealth of circumambient sunshine, for Lake Simcoe. "Why did he go?" do you ask, gentle reader. He did not know why. Heroes never know. They walk a-tip-toe on the silver lining of thunder clouds, and cannot give a reason for anything. Why should they? What use otherwise of being a hero?

Perhaps he went to fish. At any rate he found there Tonawanda, a lineal descendant of the Algonquin Maiden. She was fifty times more beautiful than her great grandmother and not half so savage. He fell madly, desperately, deliriously, hyperbolically, metaphysically, superfluously in love with her, at first sight. He became engaged and brought her into Toronto, to visit his mother, in her stately mansion on Beverley Street.

When Maud saw the little game that was going on, she rose equal to the situation. Inviting Tona, one day, to Hanlan's Point she treated her to ice cream, in which she managed to conceal 100 grains of arsenic. That was enough for poor Tonawanda. She never returned to Lake Simcoe. Maud took five rides on the roller coaster, and laughed Aha! Aha! Ahe!!!! Then she went home happy.

CHAPTER VI.

TRUE LOVE.

When Maud met her faithless lover she betrayed no anger. She knew he was quite unworthy of her, that his

love would never impel him to such a daring deed as she had just committed. What then?—he was only a man. She was a guileless, trusting, loving woman.

She met him with a beaming face, as if no iceberg had ever come between them, or as if it had melted in the burning waters of their tropical love.

Soon they were again seated in the swift flying locomotive of an all absorbing passion, or a high pressure steam-boat of consuming love, or a self binding reaping machine of ecstatic joy, or an electric motor of the tramway of bliss. Dear reader, as you have paid your money, you may take your choice of all these beautiful and timely similes.

CHAPTER VII.

COMPLICATIONS.

Well they were married! The chimes rung out their silvery notes on the si-lagree air, and they settled down to matrimonial intoxication. Then came the fiend. Maud met him at a ball at Government House. He was tall, *distingue*, a blonde with silken whiskers, and hands oh! so white. He worked himself into her confidence and gained her love. His profession was that of a dynamiter.

About this time Claude met a fiend—she was a woman, a brunette with pearl teeth and ebony hair, and ivory cheeks decorated with vermilion, and coral lips, and snow drop ears, and wax tapering fingers. No wonder he proved faithless again!

CHAPTER VIII.

A TRAGEDY.

Calm lies the surface of the sea when the tide is heaving beneath. Flowers grow and birds sing, on the crater of the volcano, unconscious of the rumblings in the lurid caverns below.

So passed their double life each happy in the love of another. One day the dynamitard went down to the House and blew up Oliver Mowat, and Christy Fraser and the Government generally. He said it was a pleasing duty he owed to Society. Mowat put him in jail as an anarchist. When Maud heard his sad fate, she confessed the little unkindness done to Tonawanda, and was locked up in the next cell to her lover. Claude, in a spirit of chivalry, went down King St., with a seven shooter, shooting right and left. He killed only three men, but yet they shut him up in the cell on the other side of Maud. The she-fiend proved herself worthy of the next cell, by wrecking a street car. Thus all our heroes and heroines are lodged in the Central Prison, where it will be quite safe to leave them till the next chapter, when we shall want them to complete our CANADIAN NOVEL.

(Concluded next week).

NEXT OF KIN.

WE have often wondered where the chaps who advertise for heirs to fortunes managed to pick up their information, but our mind is clear on this point at last. It seems that in almost every civilized country there is at least one sufficiently idiotic literary person who traces pedigrees and puts them in print.

Two such fellows, Burke and Delrett, do the business for the British nobility, "doncherknow," and no doubt there are others who trace lineages for Hodge, and Podge, and Ramsbotham, and Snooks, and Toodles, in the south, as well as for the Hogs, the Tawpies, the