



THE P.S. SEX.

SHE—"You didn't stay with her long?"

HE—"Hardly. I asked her to marry me, and she said no."

SHE—"Still you should have remained. There's generally a postscript to what a girl says."—*Fury.*

A CENTURY HENCE.

A FORECAST OF FRENCH ASCENDENCY IN THE NOT
DISTANT FUTURE.

MR. BELLAMY'S clever and suggestive "Looking Backward" has set a new fashion in literature. Books and sketches anticipating the course of events and depicting the condition of society a century or so ahead are becoming common. It is for the time being the most popular way of expounding social and political theories not yet within the scope of practical politics. By the courtesy of the author, GRIP has been favored with a glance at the advance sheets of a work shortly to be published entitled "Canada One Hundred Years Hence," the hero of which, after the perusal of an article in the *Mail*, falls asleep, and on waking finds himself in King Street in the year 1990. What he saw and heard is best told in his own words as follows:

Where was I? I looked around me with a strange, dazed sensation. I put my finger in my mouth and bit it sharply to assure myself that I was not dreaming. No, I was certainly awake—but where and how did I get there? The street seemed strangely familiar—except for the height of the buildings and the French signs over the stores. I could have sworn I was on King Street. The thoroughfare was thronged by a busy, chattering crowd all speaking French with the shrugs and gesticulations peculiar to that excitable nation, and attired in a different

style of costume to that which I wore. They stared at me in amazement.

"Say, friend, will you tell me where I am, if you please?" I enquired of a passer-by.

He shook his head as though he did not understand me and passed on.

I felt dizzy. The horrible thought came over me that I must be insane—or perhaps dead. Was it all the phantasy of a lunatic? Or had I been transported into another country or another world? Surely that was the blue water of the Bay within a short distance? Then this street must be Yonge Street? But how changed. Where Dineen's store stood towered a twelve story block—with a magnificent store on the ground floor with the name "Le Grenouille et Frere" on the window.

"Please sir, will you have the kindness to tell me where I am?" I asked again of a stoutish middle-aged gentleman who was standing in the doorway.

He looked up in surprise. "Je ne comprends pas," he replied.

I knew but little French, but managed to stammer out—

"Cette ville ici—comment appelez vous—Est il Toronto?"

"Oui—Toronto certainment."

"Merci monsieur—et s'il vous plait—quel siecle? quel an?"

"Ma foi! Voici un drole!"