



On Monday the theatres did a rousing business at both matinee and evening performances. This was probably owing to the weather, which was well calculated to drive the crowds anywhere, anywhere out of the streets. Certainly the attractions presented did not merit the great patronage. At the Grand, Mr. Geo. Fawcett Rowe, a gentleman who has convinced himself that he is an actor, gave his tiresome Micawber business. He also appeared during this engagement in some of his own alleged plays. At the Royal, fate was still harder on the devoted patrons of the drama. Miss Buckingham was bad enough in *East Lynne*, but the character she personated in the evening—the leading figure in a dramatic monstrosity called *The Child Stealer*, was utterly bad. Nothing but an antiquarian interest in the blood and thunder ranting that used, in olden times, to be served up to the “gods” in the Bowery and in the English penny gaffs could have induced the audience to sit it through. It was protequesque enough to answer for a Christmas pantomime, though we hope our managers do not think seriously of making the change. Miss Estrella, an emotional actress of higher talent, is now at this house, to be followed next week by an Operatic Company.

The Toronto Choral Society, under the leadership of Mr. Fisher, intend producing the *Creation* on January 10th. The principal soloists are to be Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Geo. Werrenrath of New York.

**True Love and Town Lots.**

AN EAST YORK CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY.

(By Titania Tolworden.)

CHAPTER I.

“Father,” said Belinda Ann Fallowdale to her stern parent, as he stood before the drawing-room fire just six years ago, “if you separate me from Edwin I shall die.”

The speaker was a lovely girl just entering her fifteenth year, of slight though elegant figure, with a wealth of florid auburn hair, and a most exquisite little *nez retroussé*, she looked almost too utterly lovely for anything, as she gazed piteously at the old man though her beautiful blue eyes.

“Can’t help it, Belindy,” replied her papa. “There ain’t no dog-goned, puniless, whipper-snapper gits you if I can help it. Why, tho feller ain’t worth nuthin’, consarn his impudence!” burst forth the old man in a rage.

“But, papa, look what an aristocratic position he holds; you know he is clerk in a dry goods store. Oh! pa, let him intorcede for himself!”

“Where is the cuss?”

“Here!” And Belinda Ann opening a closet door, the manly but trembling form of Edwin Delano stepped into the room.

“Why, you consarned critter, what were you doing in that closet?” roared the old man. “You know I forbade you the house? I’ve a good mind to kick you out!”

“Oh forgive him, father!” implored the fair girl. I told him to—you see you came home so unexpectedly—

“Just so,” said old Fallowdale sternly. “Well, young feller, what have you got to say to me? hey?”

“Only this, sir, that I ask the hand of your daughter.”

“What wages do you get?”

“Well, only \$5 a week at present, but I expect a rise—”

“You’ll get a rise” said the old man significantly, “from my boot, if you don’t git up and git it! but stay—can you ride?”

“Yes, sir,” said the astonished Edwin.

“Then take my advice—go to Toronto and join the Mounted Police, and see if a diet of pemmican and Buffalo bull steak won’t knock some of the love out of you. If within six years from this date you can show \$5,000, come and talk to me, if not, keep away, now git!”

The young man, after casting one lingering look at the weeping Belinda Ann, silently departed.

“Ha! Ha!” laughed the old man, “\$5,000! It’ll take him some time to raise that sum on sixty cents a day!”

Old Squire Fallowdale was one of the wealthiest farmers in East York. He owned 800 acres of the best farming land and had mortgages on the lands of his neighbours for miles-around. He was a staunch Grit of the most ultra uncompromising and cast iron type, and voted for George Washington Badgerow, M.P.P., (his solicitor every time), so every right-thinking reader will acknowledge that in his actions towards young Delano he did what was quite right, besides, as every body knows, “the course of true love never runs smooth,” for if it did there would be no love stories, and the readers of Grip would never have the opportunity and pleasure of reading this tale.

CHAPTER II.

Belinda Ann Fallowdale sat by the kitchen stove. The fire had gone out in the parlour and the night was cold. She was knitting a lamp mat to be sold at a church bazaar in Leslieville. “Six long years this night,” she said with a sigh, “since dear Edwin left to scour the plains in search of the Buffalo and crooked whiskey dealers, while I at home have been scouring pots and pans. Ah! Edwin, does your heart beat as warmly beneath your scarlet tunic on the cold plains, as it did beneath your ten dollar single breasted Ulster while we stood together under the pale moon at the garden gate? Ha, a knock! who can it be? ‘tis not papa!” and the sweet girl wearily arose, and went to the front door. She opened it, and a well-known manly figure that no capuchin overcoat with red sash could disguise stood before her. “Edwin!” “Belinda!” was all that was said as she fell into his arms just as old Fallowdale stumbled into the door, (he had been to a meeting of the Reform Association in Toronto). “Now what in the t’arnal thunder is all this, and who the dashed blank are you?” he shouted. “Explain or I’ll kick you into the middle of West Northumberland in one minute!” (He had West Northumberland on the brain).

“‘Tis I,” defiantly said Edwin.

“Who?”

“I, Edwin Delano, whom you so cruelly sent to exile six years ago—dost know me now, old man? I, Edwin Delano, have come to claim my bride!”

“Now see here, you,” said the old man. “You jest git! I told you you could have Belindy when you could raise \$5,000. I guess you hain’t got it, so git!”

“Ha! Ha! old man, you’re away off this time. Listen. During my stay in the North-West I enlisted twice; each time I enlisted I was granted a lot of land; they proved to be the sites of future cities. I sold one for twenty and the other for FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. I can lend you \$5,000 if you’re any ways hard up!”

“Wall,” said the old man, “that does put a kinder different look upon the thing—you kin have her.”

Next day the chimnes of St. James rang out a merry peal, and the Rev. Mr. Ratnsford was the recipient of a cheque of \$1,000.



**A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.**

Prepared after long and anxious mixing, and spiced particularly to suit the tastes of land companies and English Lords.

**“Hung up.”**

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(By a Tramp)

I hung up my stocking at chimney-piece high,  
But naughty old Santa Claus never came nigh;  
I hung up some drinks, and they called me a heat,  
And the bar-tender fired me into the street.

Would you ever believe

That on Christmas Eve

I feel like a criminal waiting reprieve:

Alas! ‘tis true!

Oh! what shall I do?

I’m afraid I’ll get copped by a man in blue.

Stay—happy thought!

I’ll not get caught;

A hope now awakens my bosom’s chords,  
I’ll hang up my Ulster at Fleming and Ward’s.

**Jocular Jumbles.**

Mark Twain should have had more clemans-y shown him in Canada. Since his application for a copyright has been refused there is doubtless a marked wave in his admiration for Cannucks. P.S.—This is “in-no-sense-a-broad” joke.

A rabbit canning factory is about to be started at Sable River, N. S.—*Etc.* They ought to make money rabbit-ly.

Does the printing material in Scribner’s Magazine office resemble an aloe because it’s the *Century* plant?

There are six starch factories in P. E. Island. They must be doing a “stiff” business.

A doctor in St. John, N. B., who is considered very skillful, refers to his departed patients as “specimens of his s-kill.”

If murderers can escape punishment by pleading insanity, why cannot bank robbers—beg pardon, we mean, irregular bank officials—get clear by pleading money-mania?

“I’m in a hawk-ward dilemma,” as the chicken said when the hen hawk swooped down and carried it off.

An appropriate dancing term for a firm when dividing profits at the end of the year, “Balance to partners.” Especially if it’s a Co-tillion.

Finny-uns. John Front, Toronto, Miss Had-dock, St. Andrews, and Charles Fish, Newcastle, were all at the Royal Hotel, St. John, N. B., on the same day, and it wasn’t Friday either.

What is the difference between a chaplain in an Allan steamer and vultures? One prays on the sea and the other seizes on the prey.

J. S. K.