

A CONDENSED FAKE.



AN enterprising down East Hustler lately conceived the idea of crowding the "Best Fifty Books" into one volume, and selling the same by subscription. In order to keep the work within reasonable dimensions, it was necessary to condense the "best fifty books" a good deal, and to do this satisfactorily would be, as may readily be conceived, a very delicate task. Had the pro-

jector of the scheme been anything more than a mere Hustler, with both eyes fastened on the dollars to be made out of the speculation, he would have entrusted the work of condensation to the hands of a competent literary hack, but he was only a Hustler, and he undertook to do the job himself. He has now completed it, and for some time GRIP's table has been overwhelmed with advertising matter pertaining to the "most remarkable work of the age," etc. Amongst this matter the Hustler sends some pages by way of illustrating the efficient style in which the condensing has been done. Mr. William Shakspeare, of England, is honored with a place among the fifty authors, and his tragedy of *Hamlet* is one of the works which has been done over by the dainty fingers of the Hustler. That our readers may judge for themselves what measure of praise—or punishment—is due to the Hustler—whose name, by the way, is Benjamin R. Davenport—we append the entire first scene of the poet's masterpiece.

Act I., Scene first, opens at Elsinore, in Denmark. Bernardo, an officer, relieves Francisco, a soldier, from his guard, and Francisco says, "For this relief, much thanks." Marcellus, a brother officer, and Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, join Bernardo, and the conversation turns upon a ghost which has been said to have appeared the previous nights about the Palace of the King. In the midst of their conversation the ghost enters, but when approached, departs again. Horatio discourses on the subject, and remarks, regarding similar portents in the past:

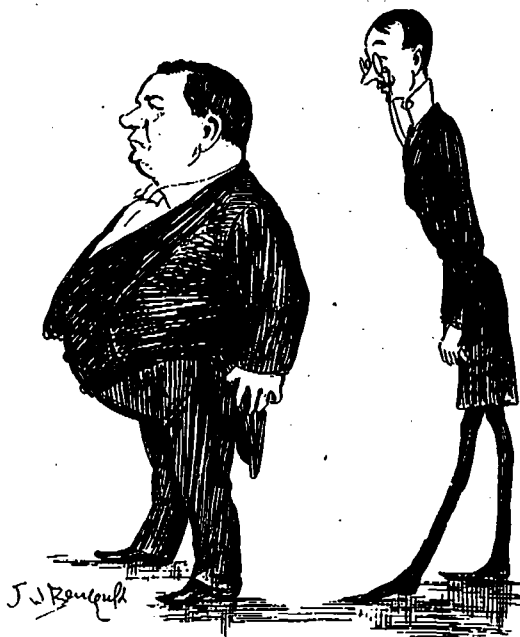
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The ghost re-enters, but at the crowing of the cock fades out of view. The scene ends with their departure in search of Hamlet.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us" from Hustlers!

BILLY MAC.

BILLY MACLEAN is a pretty good and clever fellow. The trouble with him is that he knows it all and puts it in the *World*, thereby making himself somewhat ridiculous. He hasn't any political principles and never had, which makes him a particularly competent critic of other people. It is especially amusing to see him, tongue in cheek and with his characteristic side-long glance, berating supposed Annexationists in the presence of people who know perfectly well, that Billy would advocate Annexation tomorrow if he thought there was anything in it financially for himself. It is also touching to see his tender regard for the Canadian farmer. It is the kindly, gracious manner of every bunco-steerer. Billy is simply inimitable.



GOING IN TO DINNER.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL.

A FABLE FOR CROAKERS.

FIVE little bob-o'-links sat on a fence,
With a hopeful, jubilant look,
When down from the limb of an old oak tree
Flopped a queer-looking black-Jack Rook.

And the five little bob-o'-links gave him a nod,
And merrily bade him good-day,
But the Rook only gave a cynical croak,
With his feathers all turned the wrong way.

"It's very fine weather," said one bob-o'-link,
"And looks like an early spring."
"But we may have rain and a touch of frost,"
Said the Rook, with a droop of his wing.

"There is plenty of grub," said another gay bob,
As he snapped up a casual bug;
"But there may be a famine before next fall,"
Said the Rook, with a wretched shrug.

"We have neat little nests and the best of health!"
Said a third little bob-o'-link;
"But you may be shot the first thing you know,"
Croaked the Rook, with a gloomy blink.

"Oh, give us a rest!" all the bob-o'-links cried,
"You poor hyp-o-chon-dri-ac!"
Yet it's only natural, we suppose,
For a Rook to see everything black."

AN ERROR.

IT is commonly said that Hon. Edward Blake failed as a party leader. This is a mistake. He did not fail as a leader, because he never led. He was nominally at the head of the Liberal party, but the leading was done by Blake *plus* Edgar, *plus* Mulock, *et al.* We would really like to see what Blake could do "all his 'lone," and we have an idea that there are thousands of good citizens in Canada who would like to have an opportunity of following an unfettered, unqualified and unmodified Blake. Let him step to the front again and put this to the test.