



A TALK ABOUT ASSESSMENT PAPERS.

DIVES.—Hillo, Lazarus, got your assessment paper, I see. How does it pan out?
 LAZARUS.—As usual. I am assessed in advance on next year's earnings—at the rate of \$10 per week for 52 weeks.
 DIVES.—Well, you get \$10 a week, don't you?
 LAZARUS.—I do at this moment,—but I never get work 52 weeks in any year, and my wages are frequently reduced when I am working. Taking it all together, my income isn't more than half of the amount I am assessed for.
 DIVES.—Ha! ha! Just the opposite of my case. Now, I never pay on more than half my income. You see the assessor takes my word for it, whereas in your case he goes and asks your employer.
 LAZARUS.—I see. You do a little lying, as it were.
 DIVES.—Well, ahem, that is rather harsh, but you might call it that.
 LAZARUS.—I consider this a shameful injustice to the working man.
 DIVES.—No doubt of it, my dear fellow. You have my hearty sympathy!

doubt expect it, and I will see that you, dear-est Lillian, will find the ring."

"It shall be done," said the poor deluded Lillian, laughin'. "You know, between ourselves that I can get away with as much plum duff as the next one."

And so she did. She, the false, the perfidious Gwendoline knew too well, the alas! too healthy appetite of her cousin. She knew full well the cause of the fair girl's growing adipose tissues, hence her heartless plot, which she knew she could bring to a successful end.

Dinner was served; the soup, the fish, the joints, fowls, and entrees successively disappeared, and the Christmas pudding, steaming in all the glory of brandy sauce, was brought in, and served to the guests. Much was the merriment when the fact of the hidden ring was mentioned.

"Go in and win," whispered the perfidious Gwendoline to her cousin.

And so she did. Plate after plate of the pudding was served to the now roseate Lillian, and whether it was the sauce that stimulated her or not, still she got away with portion after portion. The Hon. Fitz stared, the rest of the company were aghast, but still the fair girl continued to hoist in the pudding. At last, with a deep sigh, she dropped her spoon, and faintly murmured, "Where is the ring?"

"Here," said the false Gwendoline, as she showed the circlet embedded in a fragment of the confection. "Here it is," and she turned and smiled sweetly on the Hon. Fitz.

Lillian fainted, the strain upon her mind on seeing her cousin's duplicity, and otherwise by the undue quantity of pudding, prostrated her. She was carried upstairs, the doctor called, but of no avail. Lillian McMurdo was soon lying in the tomb of her fathers, a victim to perfidy and pudding.

L'ENVOI.

Married, at St. James', in this city, by Rev. Roderick Rushen, assisted by the Rev. Pertinax Pogran, Hon. Fitz Percy Smygthe, eldest son of Baron Smygthe, of Smygthe, Hull, Muggleton, Cum Boozleton, Hants, England, to Gwendoline Gertrude O'Flynn, daughter of Major Miltiades O'Flynn, late of the Monaghan Invincibles, and of Castie Flynn, in the kingdom of Ireland.

THE DYNAMITE AVENGERS.

Having observed by the morning papers that it was the intention of the Buffalo Invincibles to avenge the hanging of O'Donnell by using dynamite in Toronto, Mr. Grip despatched a trusty reporter to interview Mr. J. J. McBride, the genial fiend who was credited with having put up the job.

The able and energetic commissioner having returned from his visit, has laid the following report upon our table:

"Upon receiving your instructions, I proceeded to Buffalo, where I arrived in time for dinner. We had ox-tail soup and ham pie, with (this being irrelevant, we cut the passage out.—Ed. GRIP.) Having ascertained the whereabouts of Mr. J. J. McBride, I proceeded to interview that gentleman. I found him in his shirt sleeves working at some chemical experiments in his back shed. I handed him my card, and he received me with true Irish hospitality, and requested me to be seated. I sat down upon a small keg. Mr. McBride, who was lighting his pipe at the time, touched the match to a fuse attached to the keg. I took no notice of this peculiar action, as I had been informed the gentleman was a little eccentric.

The fuse burned slowly, and at last reached the keg. I sat watching it with deep interest.

Mr. McBride appeared to be deeply moved, and stood some forty yards off. All at once there was a gentle puff of smoke and the suspense was over. Mr. McBride returned looking much puzzled and distressed.

"Be me sowl," says he, "O! didn't expect the loikes av that! Sure I thought that wud a riz ye higher nor Gilderoy's kite. Me chemicals doesn't work, bad cess to thim?"

"Is there any truth in this?" I asked, handing him the cuttings from the newspaper.

"Not if the doinamoite isn't av bether quality nor that you are sated on, I'm afeard," he replied pleasantly. "Sure that's the twinty fifth keg oive med, an bad cess to it nare a wan av thim wud work!"

"So you really do intend to blow up the parliament house in Toronto," says I.

"That was our intintion," says he.

"Can nothing induce you to forego your hellish purpose?" I asked, at the same time producing my tobacco pouch.

"Don't tempt me to bethray the cause av Humanity wid British gold!" says he, in a trembling, pathetic voice.

I took a chew. He drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Well, now, Mr. McBride," says I, "I represent the leading journal of Canada, and I have come to you chiefly to learn the exact object of your conspiracy."

"Sure it won't take long to tell that same, thim," says he. "Our object is to avenge poor O'Donnell, rest his sowl!"

"You mean O'Donnell who was hanged in London the other day?"

"The very wan," he assented.

"Very good, and you intend to avenge his death by blowing up the Ontario Legislative Building."

"Yes—av the doinamoite works," he replied, gazing abstractedly at the keg.

"Now, what I want to find out," says I, "is the connection between Toronto and O'Donnell."

"Are you Irish?" he asked, with an incredulous stare.

"I am not so honored," I answered.

"I thought not, or yez wud aasily see the connixion betune O'Donnell and Toronto. Sure we intend to dale a blow at the British Government, so we do. Now do you undtherstand?"

"You mean the Mowat Government, don't you?" I asked, becoming deeply interested.

"Mowat? F'what Mowat? Sure it's crazy yez are. It's Gladstone we're after. I niver heard av Mowat."

"But Gladstone dosen't live in Toronto now,—hasn't been there for years."

"The devil fly away wid you for a crank!" says Mr. McBride, losing patience at my stupidity, "av yez can comprehend anything listen to this: Canady belongs to the British Government, an av course the British government owns the Parlymint Buildings in Toronto to beyant. Now do you see the connixion? We mane to make Englan' sorry for the day O'Donnell swung, d'ye moind?"

"Ah, now I see," says I. "Now, in conclusion, tell me, Mr. McBride, is it true that you wish to do this without sacrificing any lives?"

"That is our intintion. We intind to express our feelins on the bricks an mortar intwairy."

"And of course you'll blow up the place when it is empty?"

"The same," he said, "blow it up regardless av the groans av the British Government."

"Well," I observed, as I arose to take my leave, "Toronto will feel obliged to you if you can do the job neatly without hurting any one. The folks there have long been of opinion that the Local House would look better at the bottom of the lake. So I hope—"

"What's that?" says Mr. McBride, springing up, "it wud plaze the British public, wud it? Thin perish this avenging arrum av a brick av it is touched! We'll lave it there as a monument of British maneness, as a type av Saxon shabbiness! O'Donnell is avenged!"

This closed the interview.