

wasn't, but his system of flint block-paving was far ahead of our present style of cedar-block botchery. Mr. Caesar finally retired to his own country and revenged himself for the insults heaped upon him by the uncouth Britons, by writing a book, which is to be found in every well-ordered British grammar school. He threatened to cross over again to Britain and lecture, but was nipped in the bud, and the wizen, at the same time by a dagger in the hand of one Brutus. "Oh! you brute," he exclaimed as he turned pail and kicked the bucket.

To pass on to more recent occurrences. Let us consider the battle of Hastings, in which William, surnamed the Conqueror, a Frenchman, entered the ring against Harold, *alias* Harefoot, *alias* Smith, *alias* the Bungtown Bruiser, a cockney. The principal weapons used in this scrimmage were bows and arrows, the archers being all selected from ward politicians and members of parliament on account of the skill of those gentry in drawing the long bow. The battle waged with exceeding fierceness for a whole day, when Harold, after many an arrow escape, adroitly placed his eye in front of an advancing shaft from the bow of one of the Frenchmen, and the arrow stuck there. The enemy, with all their national garrulousness, chattered incessantly throughout the whole battle, much to Harold's disgust. "Welcome death," he cried as the arrow pierced his optic; "better to be thus slain by a barb than talked to death by these blawsted barbers." Then he went up the flume. It is estimated that William must have had fully 5,000,000 000 men on the field that day, as every British family of the present day above the rank of scavengers claims that its founder came over with Bill.

Warfare in the Middle Ages was not half as bad and terrible a thing as it is now. Why? Because it was only medi-evil. (You'll find the door on the left if you wish to get the fresh air. GEN. VON SWIZ-TEUFFEL, C.I.C. N.W. Brigade.

(To be continued.)

AN ELECTRIC WEDDING.

BY CHARLES W. PHILLIPS.

Fair Lilla Brown,
At Pittsburg town,
Had long resolved to marry;
To reach this end
Would even bend
To wed Tom, Dick, or Harry.

With female wit,
With artful guile,
Men's hearts she tried to capture;
But men were shy,
And passed her by—
She could not taste love's rapture.

At last one morn,
This maid forlorn
Most opportunely chanced
To quick peruse
The *Morning News*,
And down the "personals" glanced.

"What's this I see?
Oh! can it be?
A man of thirty-four
In need of wife,
To share his life,
And help enjoy his store?"

Behold her then
With rapid pen,
A touching missive write;
Soft, cooing words,
Like songs of birds,
In anxious haste indite.

A tedious wait,
"What is my fate?"
She asks each passing minute;
Then comes the mail,
It will not fail;
She flies to see what's in it.

"At last! at last!
My waiting's past;
His message is inviting."
And very soon,
Morn, night or noon,
Fond billets doux they're writing.

At length one day
In sunny May,
His letter makes her laugh.
He writes to say:
"I'm far away,
Let's wed by telegraph."

Not loath to yield,
The compact's sealed;
Full soon she's Mrs. Best.
No more a miss,
What rapturous bliss!
On air she seems to rest.
The days pass on,
A month has gone.
Now soon her mate she'll see;
His picture yet
She never did get;
She waits most curiously.

The time arrives,
She vainly strives
Her heart to keep at rest.
"Ah! that's the bell!"
A servant: "Well?"
A card: 'tis Mr. Best.

Her husband's come,
Why is she dumb?
Why do her eyes grow bigger?
In dazed surprise
She tries to rise.
Then shrieks: "Oh, Lord! a nigger!"

MORAL.

To one and all
Who to them call
The aid of lightning's powers,
At moments when,
Or maids or men,
They worship orange flowers:
I thus advise,
It is not wise
To use the telegraph.
At any rate,
To wed a mate
Without a photograph.

TORONTO, Dec. 15, 1884.



BOSTON'S PRIDE.

FIRST SCENE.

Several wealthy, cultured and respectable Boston citizens at their club.

1ST CITIZEN—Really, gentlemen, we should do something for our gallant fellow-citizen, Mr. John L. Sullivan. He is a credit to Boston; a perfect credit. We ought to be proud of him.

2ND CIT.—We ought, indeed. He's a noble fellow, and has done more to advertise Boston than any other gentleman in the world. Glorious John! Manly, brave, true-hearted, in every sense of the words. Courteous to us, his inferiors, as he would doubtless be deferential and modest in his deportment towards his superiors, did any such exist.

3RD CIT.—Yes, gentlemen, we should bless Providence that we are enabled to count Mr. Sullivan as a fellow-citizen. No gentler, truer heart than his ever beat; let us raise a subscription and present him with a magnificent testimonial to mark our appreciation of his courage, daring and manliness—of his gentlemanly demeanor and of his numerous victories over all comers.

ALL—We will; we will.

[A purse of several thousands is speedily subscribed, and a delegation appointed to wait upon the hero.]

SCENE II.

A restaurant in Boston. Enter Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan about "three sheets in the wind." Takes his seat and beckons to a young waitress.

MR. J. L. S.—Come here, wid yez, ye — — — Look smart, — — ye. Take that, ye — — (Strikes her heavily with a wet driving glove.)

WAITRESS—Keep your hands to yourself, sir. What do you want?

MR. J. L. S.—Less av yer — — chin music, ye — —. Bring me some shewed oysters and be — — quick.

WAITRESS—No man would speak to a woman in that manner.

MR. J. L. S.—Phwat! ye dar to address me, ye — —? (Rises and strikes the girl a tremendous blow in the face which fells her to the floor. He then amuses himself by kicking her prostrate and insensible form. Several men witness the whole affair, but are all too much in dread of the cowardly brute to interfere. Mr. Sullivan has his supper brought to him by an obsequious landlord; devours it and then retires to the street, where he savagely attacks one of his horses and kicks it unmercifully. He then mounts his vehicle and drives off, many admiring citizens regarding him and exclaiming, "Splendid fellow! Full of life and fun; magnificent spirits! Glorious John!")

And this is the brute that not Bostonians only delight to honor but, it is whispered, many more far nearer home. Fough!

HE RUINED HIS CHANCES.

It was at a Battalion shooting match, and some of the officers were taking a little something at the canteen.

"I shall never forget my experience of one campaign," the young militia lieutenant exclaimed.

"Your experience of a campaign!" contemptuously growled a grizzled veteran, who had been in "the regular army, oh!" "And pray, young man, wherever could it have occurred?"

"Perhaps, major, you fancy I am dwelling on my imagination," said the young fellow, haughtily.

"Oh, don't mention it," answered the veteran, with a horse laugh. "Go on with your experience."

"Well, sir, my experience of a camp pain was an attack of rheumatism I got at the last annual drill."

Champagne that evening wiped out the score as between the company and the major; but that lieutenant's chance of promotion to a captaincy will be slim so long as the major remains in the battalion and has any influence with the Militia Department.

P.S.—Patent medicine dealers who desire to incorporate this incident among their other voluntary testimonials had better first communicate with the author. There are several rheumatism remedies now advertised, and the author is anxious to give the best one the first show. Sealed tenders, accompanied by marked cheques, for the exclusive control of the story will be received at GRIP office until further notice—which means until they stop coming in. The marked cheques are not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good credit.

GENERAL GORDON says Khartoum is all right, remark the papers. Certainly, we all know that. It must be, as it can't be left.