

A POOR ARGUMENT.

Jim Muggleton takes too much of the bad tangleleg occasionally, and when he gets that way poor Mrs. M. does her best to set his feet in places where they won't get mixed up, in other words, to straighten him up again.

Her great aim is to keep him inside his own domicile till he is once more presentable to the cold world.

James had been "off" the other night and wanted badly to go out next morning.

Mrs. M. protested, coaxed, and did all she could. In vain. James was bound to go out.

"Think of what the papers said yesterday, dear Jim," pleaded the poor woman, "two men who had been drinking died in the streets. Just fancy! How awful."

"Yes," replied the heartless good-for-nothing, "and did you see that thirteen men who had been drinking died right in their own houses? 13 to 2. Odds in favor of the street. I'll take chances on the latter," and he dived into his overcoat, banged his hat on his head and darted out of the door with the speed of a man shooting through a sub-way after a kick from Mr. Baxter.

MARRIAGE A LA DARWIN.

A DRAMA OF SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

ACT I.—Study in the brown-stone mansion of Dr. Axiom, at Murray, Prince Edward County.

Dr. A.—Ernest is more frivolous than ever; He takes after his mother's family, and to prevent the race of the Axiom's being hopelessly ruined, he must marry in accordance with the principles laid down by the immortal Darwin; he must marry, as he promised when I paid his debts last fall, Sarah Jane Lumpner. Sarah Jane is tall, solid, red-haired, and therefore of sanguine temperament; she has never read a poem or heard of aestheticism!

Enter Theophilus softly, the most moral young man in Prince Edward County.

Theophilus.—Sir, I grieve to tell you that your son Ernest is in love with an actress, at the Vanity Fair Theatre, Toronto.

Dr. A.—But you will at once proceed to Toronto and bring him back to the arms of Darwinian science, and of Sarah Jane.

Theophilus.—I will!—(they embrace; train arrives; exit Theophilus by Pullman car.)

Dr. A.—He will succeed in his efforts; yet there are dangers even here, for these Prince Edward County girls have something about them that is very fatal to the scientific state of mind!

Close of Act I. Jeunesse Dorée, tramp through the lobby en route to the Anti-Scott Act studios outside.

ACT II.—Before the elevator door, on ground floor of Iniquity Chambers, elevator boy. To him Enter Theophilus.

Theophilus.—Is Mr. Ernest Axiom in his room?

Elevator Boy.—He's gone to Florida to get cured of consumption (breaks out into comic song).

For he is consumin' of a porter-steak, a plate of ham, a dozen of eggs, a pail of jam, and all for fifty cents.

Theophilus aside.—I fear this youth's attendance at Sunday School has been irregular;—(aloud, producing a fifty cent piece.)

Unlock your Axiom's door; and, boy, I mean to give you this fair image of your Queen.

Boy.—Boss! I catch on, produce the five-fold dime I tumble to the racket every time. (Both exit by the elevator. Scene changes. Ernest's room, a studio strewn with cigar stumps, sun flowers, billets doux, and other properties. At right centre. Ernest engaged in painting a tall, female figure with red hair.)

Enter Theophilus. Strikes attitude before the picture.

Ernest.—Welcome to the most moral young man in Prince Edward County, (pointing to picture.)

Does't recognize in this, my Sarah Jane?

Theophilus.—Why, you've painted her in uniform as band-master of the Governor's body-guard.

Ernest.—I think I can introduce you to a young lady of a more attractive style of beauty this evening. Come to the Temperance Coffee House, and let us have tea. I have a pass from the dramatic editor of GRIP for orchestras at the Vanity Fair Theatre.

Theophilus.—I go to a theatre! that avenue to the Pit.

Ernest.—We call it the Parquette. But come, Theophilus. You shall see the brilliant acting on the stage of two young ladies to whom I will introduce you to-morrow, in the house which they support by their talent for acting.

Exit. ACT III.—Vanity Fair Theatre. Ernest and Theophilus in stalls. On the stage, the Great Model Spectacular Drama of Paradise Lost. Enter Amanda and Alice, as Eve and attendant Fairy.

Ernest (pointing to Amanda.) There, Theophilus, has Sarah Jane a figure like that?

Theophilus.—I'm afraid it is my duty to say that I don't think she has, Ernest!

Ernest.—Has Sarah Jane eyes like that?

Theophilus.—Sarah Jane's eyes are green, Ernest.

Ernest.—And see with what infinite grace she wears her kirtle of golden leaves, au naturel! But to-morrow you shall meet her in the simplicity of home, and feast on the domestic muffins she has toasted.

ACT IV.—Ernest's studio. Ernest, Theophilus, Amanda and Alice.

Theophilus (aside).—It is all settled, I quite approve of Ernest's choice of Amanda, and am myself engaged to marry her sister Alice. But come, ladies and gentlemen, we must do something to save Ernest from being sacrificed to science and Sarah Jane. We must write such letters to Sarah Jane's family as will persuade them that Ernest is a profligate and penniless artist.

Amanda.—Only fit to paint the town red.

Theophilus.—Write from my dictation.

Amanda writes.—To Mr. Lumpner, Lumperville, P. E. County:—

SIR,—Your daughter Sarah Jane is about to wed my faithful lover, Ernest Axiom. He is not worth regretting, and if he recovers his third attack of the jim-jams before the wedding, I shall attend at the altar with a pound of dynamite.

BRIDGET O'HOOOLAVAN, St. John's Ward, Toronto.

A knock at the door. Enter elevator boy with letter for Ernest, who reads it.

Ernest.—Great Sallust! here's a letter from Sarah Jane's brother Jim, to say that he has heard painful reports about us, and is coming here to have a serious talk.

Amanda.—Delightful! By all means let us give brother Jim a lively reception. Alice and I will get ourselves up in full ballet-costume, and Ernest must borrow all the old champagne bottles he can get from any of his acquaintances who are not, like ourselves, strict adherents of the Blue Ribbon Brigade.

ACT V.—Ernest's room—Table with champagne bottles and pipes—Amanda and Alice dressed as fairies—A bell is heard.

Ernest.—Hark! 'tis the elevator boy gives the signal. Brother Jim has arrived.

Now let us begin the mystic rite.

Enter Theophilus.—He and Ernest begin to fight with broad-swords, after the manner of stage ruffians—Amanda and Alice dance a pas de deux, singing:—

Not I have got the jim-jams, Not I, but brother Jim.

Enter elevator boy, who makes frantic signs for silence.

Boy.—Hi—I say, quit this, it ain't Jim, it's your father!

Ernest.—Keep him waiting for five minutes. Quick, girls! go into the room and change your dresses while we stow away these signs of dissipation. A delay of five minutes clearing, while the orchestra plays chords, and the jeunesse dorée stamped to the Anti-Scott Act committee-rooms.

Enter Dr. Axiom—Ernest at a table writing.

Dr. A.—Well, my son, at your studies I am glad to see.

Ernest.—Yes, sir, as usual, I am writing an essay for the Canadian Institute, on "The effect of the lager beer breweries on the nervous system of the cat-fish." But you look sad, sir?

Dr. A.—I have reason. I thought, and Lumpner thought, to have seen you married this day to Sarah Jane. I was there this morning intending to drive Sarah Jane here—Lumpner had ordered the coach—but—

Ernest.—Control your feelings, Father.

Dr. A.—Sarah Jane has run away with the coachman.

Enter Theophilus with Alice and Amanda gorgeously apparelled in Society dresses and twenty dollar hats. Ernest presents Amanda to his father. Tableau of ethereal innocence and blinding glazes of bliss.

A FAIR QUESTION.

DEAR GRIP: A nice young man, rich, tall and slim, Who calls himself a poet, Has asked me twice to marry him, But I'm afraid to do it. I could not bear to be ill-used, Shaken, sworn at, or bitten, And poet's wives have been abused— Bear witness, Lady Lytton. Then Jimmy ———, but you'll know him well. For my consent is waiting, He is not quite so much a swell, Nor quite so captivating— I really don't know which to choose, Now isn't it perplexing? To hesitate and both to lose, Would be—ah well! more vexing. This poet may be no great catch— Oh! dear! what shall I do, sir? He's socially a better match Than Jimmy burns the grocer. Oh counsel me for pity's sake, Whichever shall it be, sir? Do tell me dear, which would you take, That is, if you were me, sir? MARIAN.

A CANADIAN ARTIST.

Hereafter Canada can hold up her head when the question of Magazine Illustration is up for discussion. Mr. L. R. O'Brien's illustrations to Mr. Pollock's article on "Clovell," in the December number of the English Illustrated Magazine, are as good as anything that has lately been done anywhere. The pencil of our clever townsman is sure to be in active demand after this, and we trust all his future efforts will be as successful. The magazine, referred to is a new venture of Macmillan & Co., edited by J. Comyns Carr, and modelled on the lines of The Century. It has had a phenomenal success, won by good writing and excellent art work. Messrs. Hart & Co. are the local agents for the Magazine.

"GOING to the concert to-night?" enquired an acquaintance of an American distiller. "No, I guess I won't," was the reply of the whiskey manufacturer. "But that new tenor is going to sing." "Well, that's the reason I don't attend." "And how is it that, pray?" "He's going to give 'My Pretty Jane,' isn't he?" "I believe so. Don't you like the song?" "Oh, the song's all right enough. It's the sentiment that lacerates my finer feelings." "The sentiment?" "Yes. You know there is a reference to 'When the due is on the rye.'"