



A DIAGNOSIS.

BROWN—"What's up with Smith? Any financial disaster happened to him? He looks as if he were enduring a great mental strain."

JONES—"He's just breakfasted on some of his wife's hot biscuits, that's all."

while the masses are sinking into decay and despair, while the classes are rioting in a luxury which is even more enervating. "The whole spectacle makes me shudder; the only really bright and hopeful spot in the picture I have in my memory is the weather. It was gloomy and rainy nearly all the time I was there, although we occasionally enjoyed days that were merely chilly and foggy. I return home and find the United States on the brink of ruin," continued Mr. Smith, gleefully rolling the death's-head between his palms, "and when at last I land in Canada, the first sound that greets my ears is the cry of 'Thief' from Ottawa, and the howl of religious bigotry in Ontario. There is at least one comfort, I would say in conclusion, and that is that man is mortal. I shall not have to endure forever the spectacle of a world that is out of joint, and with the new and more buoyant view I am now, by improved health, enabled to take, I am congratulating myself that I was not born to set it right. Have another cigar, won't you?"

Our literary man helped himself to two, and lighting one of them, shook hands with the smiling Professor, and wishing him a long continuance of his unusual cheerfulness, departed from the Grange.

LOVE, PLUS CASH.

HE gazed upon her lovely face
And called her his divinity,
And said she was the sweetest girl
In that entire vicinity;
"Oh, be my darling little wife!"
He cried with earnest eloquence,
"From all the varied ills of life
These arms would be your sure defence!"

"I do not doubt at all," she said,
"Your absolute sincerity,
But cautious maidens do not wed
With—er—undue celerity;
I do not doubt you'd shield me well
Throughout my whole futurity;
I'd feel securer, though, with some
Collateral security!"



Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story, discovered and deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M.D., Vols. i. and ii. Detroit: Howard Publishing Co.

SOME reference was made to this work in our last issue, and meanwhile the first two volumes have been submitted to our sagacious critic by the Howard Publishing Co., Detroit. We may say at once that at all events they make splendid reading, the subject matter being intensely interesting, and the style essentially "Shakespearean." Other volumes are to follow—how many Dr. Owen himself cannot yet say. For the benefit of those who are not conversant with this latest literary sensation, we may explain the manner in which these volumes are being produced. Dr. Owen having in some way (to be subsequently made known) lighted upon a clue to a cipher in one of Shakespeare's plays, learned therefrom that Sir Francis Bacon claimed the authorship not only of Shakespeare, but of a number of other works ostensibly written by certain authors of his day, (about the year 1623). Following the directions given in the cipher, the Dr. secured original editions of all the books named, cut them up, and pasted the leaves in regular order on a long strip of cotton, and placed this upon two huge wheels so that it could be quickly and smoothly rolled from one to the other, *a la* panorama. He then sat down to his task, and again following the guidance of the clues revealed to him in the cipher, he proceeded to unravel a hidden narrative, finding sentence after sentence as indicated from end to end of the roll. These he transcribed as found, and the result is the matter contained in the books already published and yet to come. So much for the *modus operandi*. As we have already said the matter itself is deeply interesting and highly poetic in style. Moreover, there is not a break in the sense. It is as clear and orderly as if written openly, and while not always perfect in measurement of lines—it is in blank verse—it abounds in passages as nobly eloquent as anything heretofore attributed to Shakespeare. A sufficient reason is given for the concealment of the story, which, amongst other interesting society items of Queen Elizabeth's day makes known that that lady herself was the secret but lawful wife of the Earl of Leicester, and that Bacon himself was their first born son, and therefore legitimate heir to the British throne! This narrative is hidden in the works of Bacon, Shakespeare, Marlow, Burton, Green, and Peel. There it is, and now, world of scholarship, what are you going to do about it? Francis Bacon wrote it as alleged, or else Dr. Owen concocted it, either as a piece of ingenious patchwork, or as an original poem. In one of these persons we have the greatest poet and genius the world has yet produced, so take your choice. GRIP (with all due respect to the Doctor,) favors the Bacon theory. And he expects shortly to see theatrical announcements of the Great Bard's plays made more in accordance with the facts, as, for example:

MR. HENRY IRVING
IN
FRANCIS, LORD ST. ALBAN'S MASTERPIECE
HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Yon pretty, milk-white, cooling bird
Which symbolizes love,
Would be in poetry absurd
If simply called—a pigeon.