



THE Schubert Quartette, which GRIP noticed most favorably on a former visit, reappeared at Shaftesbury Hall on the 11th and 12th, when they repeated their triumph.

MISS ROSINA VOKES and her clever company are giving the patrons of the Grand a second taste of their quality this week. No better work is done on the English-speaking stage to-day than this admirable company is doing.

### SQUIRE SCHIMMERHORN'S LITTLE GAME.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

"YOU'RE hanging it out well, squire," said I last week to old Cyrus Schimmerhorn, who sat by the stove in a village tavern not a thousand miles north of Toronto, peacefully taking his vesper bowl of hot toddy.

"Yes," replied he, "pretty well fur an old man. Time's tellin' on me a little tho'." Mr. Schimmerhorn was always "squire" with everybody. It appears that he held a Commission in the Peace in the almost forgotten past, but as he took upon himself to send a culprit for five years to the Provincial Penitentiary, partly because he had stolen a game cock, but principally because, in the language of the court, he was a "useless critter," the powers rather doubting his judicial attainments deprived him from the bench. But, like a mason, "once a squire, always a squire."

"You used to be a pretty hard man, squire?"

"Yes, about as hard as they make 'em. Laws, what rackets we used to have in the old times. The boys hain't got the sand in 'em now. Did I ever tell you about some fun I had with the boys onst not far from here? I guess they'll recollect it, that is if any of them's alive," chuckled the old fellow as he solaced himself with a sip from his tumbler.

"Tell us the story, squire," said I, "it'll help to pass the time away."

"Well," said the old man, "here's luck! Lemme see, it's over thirty years ago I was out a little ways north of here a teachin' school. You needn't grin, I never was much of a scholar, but I went to Upper Canada College for about six months, when I got bounced by the Principal for bad conduct—red pepper on the stove, or something, I forget. Well, I came out to the country and started school. I was a pretty good-looking chap, and wore store clothes, and, consequently, I cut out most of the homespun dressed fellows with the girls. Some of them sassed me, and threatened to whale me; but I knocked 'em all out, and was a bigger favorite than ever.

"Well, I went to a parin' bee one night at old daddy Miles'. I was awful soft on his daughter, Ruth, a pretty gal, and durin' the evening I heard three of the boys set up a game on me, to give me a hiding at the next shine that was to be the following week. They were to stay in

an old barn that stood close to Yonge Street, and when I'd be goin' home, they were to pounce out on me and give me particular fits. They were goin' to black their faces, and all that; regular conspirators, mind you. They'd been readin' dime novels, and sich.

"Wall, I stood in with Ruth's little brother Zeke, who liked me 'cause I used to buy him marbles and candies, and I told him all about the lay, and gave him pointers. He wus to tell Jake Johnston, one of the gang, that he heard them tell about the racket, and that he'd help them. He'd watch on the road, and let them know when I'd be comin' along. 'All right,' said Jake.

"Wall, the old barn had a couple of leetle winders about ten feet from the floor, and a mighty strong oak door. It wus built in the old times. So I got Zeke the day before the party to nail a big cleat about as high as he could across the door and another one on the planks leading up to it. I then cut a blue beech stick the right length to put between the cleats, and when that was fixed old Nick couldn't bust the door open from inside.

"Well, the night of the party Jake and his pards left pretty early, and young Zeke stole after them. They brought a euchre deck along to pass the time and an old lantern.

"Now, boys," said Zeke, 'you jist sit here and amuse yourselves and I'll close the door, and go up the road and tell you when the cuss is comin'.' Zeke went out and fixed the pole all right, and scooted for home. 'All right,' whispered Zeke to me. 'Their hosses and sleigh is behind the barn.' So up I gets, bids the folks good-bye, and started towards home. I crept up gently to behind the barn and heard the cusses arguing about a point over the cards. I jumped into the sleigh, took the buffaloes off the hosses, and fixed 'em around me, and drew up boldly to the door.

"Hollo," says I.

"Hollo," says they, jumpin' up. 'Is that you, Zeke?'

"No," says I. 'It's Cyrus Schimmerhorn. I'm goin' down with your team to Toronto to have you arrested for conspiracy and attempt to murder. You'd better get the black off your faces before the constable comes!'

"Je-rew-sa-lem! How the cusses did go for that door! and swear! my!

"Well, I drove down to Toronto and had a pretty good time. I left the team at a tavern, and wrote to Jake Thompson where it was. The hull party was so al fired scared that they never squealed about takin' their rig. And when they were found and let out by the neighbors, all blackened up, they couldn't stand the guyin' they got! so the hull three left for the States.

"Poor Ruth, I would have married her," continued Mr. Schimmerhorn, elevating his glass.

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Well, captain, she bolted with a lightnin' rod man."

B.

A BACHELOR'S OPINION.—Marriage is a whirling maletrom. It is a very rapid transformation. It may be very eddy-fying to some, to the spectators. Then, again, you are apt to stick upon the rocks; little ones they may be, to be sure; but between them and the squalls you are apt to have a serious time. Certainly it is exciting, for those that like it. I prefer hugging the shore, where you're sure of a quiet, lazy time.