



YOUNG TORONTO'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT!

CIVIL SERVICE EXAM., 1882.

HISTORY.—Describe the state of Canada under the rule of the fics on the wheel, and give reasons for the present excitement in Manitoba.

ARITHMETIC.—If a farmer has to travel five miles to vote for the N. P., how much further will he have to travel at the same rate of speed to sell his wheat for \$1.50 per bushel?

If 1 John A. = $\frac{1}{2}$ a Lorne, how much wire-pulling will it take to secure the Gov.-Generalship for the present Premier?

GRUESOME GRANGE;

OR,

ALL WITHIN IS DREAR.

A ROMANCE OF HIGH LIFE.

BY FANNY F. FLAMINGO.

CHAPTER I.

Standing in the silken draped bay window of a luxuriously appointed drawing-room of Gruesome Grange, the ancestral seat of the Most Noble The Earl of Flawintitle, Lady Millicent Moribund gazed out on the green and close cropped lawn fronting the mansion. Ever and anon she raised her lovely dark eyes to contemplate the beauties of the crimson and gold-tipped mountains which formed a gorgeous background to the pleasant scene, radiant in their borrowed glories of the illuminated clouds in proximity to the setting summer sun.

"How beautiful is all without, while all within is drear!" sighed the fair girl, as, retiring from the window, she seated herself on a magnificent *futon* of velvet, heavily embroidered in gold.

What secret and unhappy thoughts could call up such a gloomy exclamation from one in Lady Millicent's position. The heiress of the mighty Earl, her father, blessed with a lovely face and figure, and fiancée of young Lord Fitz Plunger, one of the wealthiest of England's noblemen, what more could she desire?

The magnificent *salon* in which she sat was a marvel of gorgeous upholstery. *Pauticuls* and sofas of the time of the *Grande Monarque*, elaborately carved chairs of the rarest basswood and elm from the wilds of Canada, mantle-pieces and gargoiles of Amalekite and porphyry, *Sevres* china (obtained at a sale carried out by the High Sheriff of Burgundy, bought in by Frederick Barrabossa, and forwarded to England as a present to Sir Hudibras Flawintitle, an ancestor of the present Earl), a rare and costly *suite* of *Chevieux de Freenc* inlaid with ormula and gold, once the

property of the fair Pompeydoor, *Aguilettes*, *hautesques* and *barbelles* of beautifully cut Venetian glass, and countless other treasures in *bric-a-brac*, *bigotrie* and *vertu* adorned the massive and richly sculptured tables of teak, mahogany and black ash. The walls were covered with gobbler tapestry principally worked by Matilda, maternal great grand-aunt of William the Conqueror, over which were hung in the finest taste, superb paintings principally of the Old Masters, "Brigands Eating Hash," by Salvation Rouser, "Ten Minutes for Refreshments," by Leonard Wincey, "The Die is Cast," by Raffie, "The Alimentary Canal," a fine Venetian scene by Toeshans, "Enchre Spoilers Lager Drinkin'," by Robins, and a very effective domestic picture, "Limburger Kaize Schollen," by Van Dyke were among the finest. The floors were laid with carpets and rugs from the looms of Persia, Turkey, Axminster and Pepperminster, and statuettes from the chisels of Parallaxities, Paradoxities, Pericles, and old Parian himself were grouped in every available corner, and ornamented the brackets of the room.

"Yes," she repeated, in a subdued and melancholy tone; "yes, all within is drear" and tinkling an exquisitely fashioned silver bell, a tall footman in orange and pea-green livery with buttons emblazoned with the moribund crest "*Va Mouchet!*" entered the room and awaited the lady's command.

"James," she said.

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"Has Lord Fitz Plunger returned with Black Maria?"

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"'Tis well. Tell the groom Staffles to saddle her again for myself, and—and—James—Let Staffles accompany me."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"And James."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"Let Staffles bring both steeds to the postern gate. I will walk there."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"And James."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"As I am taking these exercises on purely corrective principles, you will not mention them to any one."

"No, yer ladeship," and the menial left, murmuring to himself, "Ere's a rum go." And Millicent sought her boudoir.

CHAPTER II.

Why did the fair Lady Millicent hesitate when she ordered Staffles to accompany her? Why this emotion—But we anticipate. In a short time Lady Millicent descended from her boudoir to the drawing-room, arrayed in a charming riding-habit, silk hat, and gold-mounted whip. After taking a momentary glance at the reflection of her shapely form in a magnificent mirror, her brow once more darkened and again she exclaimed, "Alas, all within is drear!" when the footman again appeared.

"Hosses waitin', yer ladeship."

"Very well, you may go."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

Millicent then betook herself speedily to the postern gate, where she found the horses and her attendant groom in readiness. Vaulting lightly into the saddle, she cantered briskly down a shady lane leading to the confines of her noble father's *demesnes*, the groom following at a respectful distance. On reaching a turning which shut out all observation from the Grange, she halted, and the groom was instantly at her side.

"Rudolphe, what madness is this? Know ye not that I am not my own mistress? I have absolutely nothing in my own right! The Trust and Loan Company have a first mortgage on all the estates, and my father—crucel man—favors the suit of Lord Fitz Plun-

ger. And why, oh, why—above all things—Rudolphe, in the name of all that's ridiculous, did you assume the horrid name of "Staffles?" Alas, all within is drear!"

Rudolphe turned to her, his dark eye flashing. "Millicent," he said, "I have loved you aye, long before you sported long dresses and a train *a la Prince-se*. True, I have no money yet. I care not for your father's wealth, even if he had barrels of gold; but mark me, Millicent, never will I allow you to give your hand to that abominable cur, Fitz Plunger. As for my present name "Staffles," it's good enough for a groom," he said, bitterly; "when I officiate as bridegroom, dear Millicent, with you, I will again become Sir Rudolphe Runnymede, of H. M. Horse Guards Blue. Until then—"

"Hark! Oh, horror, Rudolphe. Here comes my father and Fitz Plunger. Alas, all within is drear!"

(To be Continued in our N. ext.)*

* Not much, my fair Fanny. It won't be continued, at least not in this paper. GRIP apologizes to his numberless readers for inflicting them with this fragment of high life romance, which inadvertently, in the absence of our fashionable editor, crept into this valuable journal. Yet he fondly hopes that a perusal thereof may deter the thoughtless maiden or youth from investing in literature of which this fragment is a fair sample. We would advise Miss Flamingo to take her MSS. to one of the evening papers, "where all within is drear."—Ed. GRIP.

"STOP MY PAPER."

At midnight when the sun was low,
A string tied to my left big toe,
In bed I lay, prepared to wake
As soon as twitched by brother Jake—
"Aye, aye, sir," groaning ribbity
But ere that joyful morning's prime
I dreamt a dream, Oh! happy time!
Full fifty regular subscribers
Disturbed my editorial labors,
Each yelling "stop my paper."
In that dire dream my sins I learned,
The burning wrath my work had earned,
"No daily paper on this *Globe*
Shall hidden thoughts and motives probe,
Just stop my paper."
"Not any *blat* shall analyse
Some wicked other 'party's' l—
Nor on religious problems prate,
Urging 'protection' by the state—
No! stop my paper."
"I won't be lectured by the *World*,
My margins to destruction hurled—
Third parties, Strickland suits, and Dr. Wild,
J. L. F.'s letters—truth not mild—
Hi! stop my paper."
"Electric spark, Oh! *Telegram*,
Filled full of 'ads'—the mental cram,
Too nicely poised upon the fence
With *pietechnic* glare intense—
Here! stop my paper."
"High coloured sheet of *Evening News*—
Perfection's 'pink'—gives me the 'blues';
Wild echo of the bulkier press
Trimmed to all winds to win the race
'Gainst—stop my paper."
Five editors rolled into one
I seemed—somehow no praise I won;
Re-olved—I'll speak out clear and bold
What's true, regardless who is sold—
They howled in chorus, "stop that paper."
"We want to hear but flattering lies
Told neatly, as if just and wise—
Our peccadilloes cloaked and draped,
Our social sins to virtue shaped,
None then will cry out, 'stop my paper.'"
"Praise every party, every movement,
Call every change a marked improvement,
Your goose quill dip in hotted ink,
The public echo—never think—
Thus run your paper."
Jake twitched the string, and I awoke
The dream still vivid—I "dead br-kc."
Thus will I henceforth run my sheet—
Read it to day, 'twill be a treat—
A model paper.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.