

Kafoozleum.

A Canadian society story for Christmas time. (Written expressly for Grip by Mrs. Muddledhead.)

CHAPTER V.

AFFIANCED.

Call me pet names love,
Call me Beelzebub.—SONG.

KAFOOZLEUM had flirted with every officer in the garrison, but she had not as a rule been kissed by any of them on a first meeting. She at first felt inclined to blame herself. She was perhaps indiscreet in consenting to drive by his side till she had been formally introduced to him.

She ventured to glance at the face of her captor, and all thoughts of self-reproach vanished. She was, like all women, irresistibly attracted towards DE SNOB. Long years of dissipation had left their traces upon his countenance, and made him an object of interest in the eyes of the fair.

The fatal spell of the leonine eye many a hapless maiden had acknowledged with a broken heart.

For some time they drove on in silence. DE SNOB had evidently forgotten his companion's presence.

Happening to turn his gaze on her he said suddenly—"What is your name child?"

The first impulse of her untamed nature was to request him to indulge her with as small a quantity of "lip" as the circumstances of the case would permit.

Intercepting a subtle ray from the fatal eye, which would otherwise have harmlessly wasted itself on the Infinite, her purpose melted away.

"MARY ANN SMITH, but those who love me best call me KAFOOZLEUM," she said meekly.

"I had a spotted mare of the same name," he replied with a smile of ineffable sweetness, "we shall be friends."

"And what is your name pray," asked KAFOOZLEUM timidly.

"SNOB."

"I thought so," said KAFOOZLEUM, archly.

"You may call me Gusty—the fellows all call me that," continued DE SNOB, "and I shall call you KAFOOZLEUM. And—well—I suppose we may consider ourselves engaged."

"Thanks very much," said KAFOOZLEUM, her face beaming like that of an illuminated clock. Her heart was too full to allow her to say more.

Poor child! it all seemed like a beautiful dream. Engaged and to a Horse Marine!

CHAPTER VI.

THE SLEIGHING PARTY.

Hear the sledges with the belles,
Giggling belles!

How touching is their weakness for the military swells.
—E. A. POE.

A brilliant assemblage of the first families and of the military of Toronto was gathered on the first stoop of Colonel ROLLINGSTONE'S house.

"Do you think CIS ROLLINGSTONE looks well this afternoon?" asked a stout lady, with the manners of a duchess, of young JACK FLIRTINGTON of the —th.

"No, d—d if I do," was the decided answer.

"Dear, good-hearted boy," said the lady, as she turned away, "CIS has been snubbing him brutally."

CIS ROLLINGSTONE was the daughter of the apoplectic Colonel of the —th.

She was engaged to AUGUSTUS DE SNOB, and also to JACK FLIRTINGTON.

She loved DE SNOB, but knowing the impressionable nature of the man, she thought it judicious to be engaged to a more reliable person at the same time.

She had annoyed JACK by expressing a preference for GUSTY'S sleigh.

"When she gets her back up, she is simply infernal," JACK whispered sorrowfully to a young lady whom he was in the habit of making his confidante.

"Did she go for you lively?" was the comforting reply.

At this moment KAFOOZLEUM approached the house. She was a great friend of the ROLLINGSTONES. They did not despise her for being poor; on the contrary they gave her plain sewing, and got her an occasional invitation for a party.

JACK no sooner beheld her than he seized her in both arms and lifting her, struggling and blushing, into his sleigh, kept her a prisoner under the soft buffalo-robe.

The thing was done with rare tact, and yet there was an air of burlesque about the whole affair which threw the well-bred company into convulsions of laughter.

"May I be eternally jiggered if that little JACK FLIRTINGTON will not wear more women's scalps at his belt than any of us," said good-humoured Captain DEVILTREE.

Captain DEVILTREE was considered the most accomplished master of epigram in the garrison.

At this moment the Vice-President of the entertainment gave the signal to start. Amid much jovial squeezing and a little sly kissing the gay calvalcade commenced its journey, amid the cheers of a tribe of Indians who happened to be passing on their way to their hunting grounds.

(To be continued.)

Lay of a Disgusted Curler.

AIR:—"My hawk is tired of perch and food."

The sky is blue the wind is calm,
The air is—laugh!—what folks ca' 'balm.'
The sun is glowerin' a' the day
As though it thought the month were May!

Great coats and furs are laid aside.
An' windows a' are open wide
Because the weather is so warm—
A saint o'er sic' affair might storm.

Hoo dreadfu' is the weather mild
Na could eneuch to freeze a child!
Na langer frae the northern pole
The glorious icy breezes roll.

My broom an' stanes are noo na use,
Clane cookt is ilka curler's goose—
Eh! sair I wail my waesome fate
To find the mercury 58°!

Hech! boot the times are oot o' joint
Life's one high end they disappoint,
Sin' ilka boddys proper biz
To heave the stanes, I trow, it is.

The work whilk Providence assigns
To man herein ilk day he finds
'Neath zero breezes blawin' free
'Till eve draws near on wings o' glee.

Then as he tumbles into bed
An' on the pillows lays his head
A peacefu' self-approval comes
To him—like HORNER o'er his plums.

Because the thing he ought to do
He's done, he kens, the day a' through,
An' nothing left undone whilk here
Pertaineth unto duty's sphere!

Then oh, my Sawney! let us pray
The thaw may end this verra day.
An' that themercury may go
'Neath zero forty steps below.

Then shall our stanes with merry clink
Gang skippin' o'er the frozen rink.
All careless o' the ebb o' time
Proclaimed by steeples' drowsy chime.

Mechanics' Institutes.

THE Mechanics' Institute Association of Canada have offered a valuable prize for an essay on "The Best Method of Running Mechanics' Institutes" (or words to that effect). GRIP will not compete for the prize himself, as that would be manifestly unfair to the other aspirants, but he has pleasure in furnishing a few suggestions which may be useful to them in the preparation of their essays.

First then, in reply to the general question under discussion, "What is the best method," etc., he would emphatically say, *the proper method, etc.*

But to be more particular, to secure the success of a Mechanics' Institute, it is desirable that the members should take as little interest in it as possible. These valuable Institutes generally fail because people are so enthusiastic about them.

Secondly. It might tend to the prosperity of Mechanics' Institutes if *bona fide* mechanics joined them occasionally. It would be still better if practical working men could be secured to fill the offices. For instance, a shoemaker for *President*, because he is generally a whole-soled individual, and would shoes his colleagues well. Besides he could give awl his time to the work, and would kip the Institute afloat.

A printer for *Librarian*. He would be a man of letters, and would fill the position capitably. He would keep the books in a proper form and no one could impose on him.

Lectures are likely to advance the cause of Institutes. Have an eye to money in choosing your lecturers. By searching around a little you can generally find one or two professional men with a character bad enough to secure a full house.

Lastly. Don't overlook the Government grant. Contempt for the Government grant kills many Institutes.