



HELP! ROBBERY!!

This daring robbery has not yet actually taken place, but Mr. Grip has reason to believe that it is now being planned, and he takes this means of bringing the matter under the eye of the authorities. Where are the police?

Lost Sir Missingbird.

BY JAMES PAIN, AUTHOR OF "A BEGGAR ON STILTS," "WHAT SHE COST HIM," &c.

VOL. I.

Edward Missingbird, my room-mate, foster-brother and fag at Eton, had frequently pressed me to "know him at home" by spending a summer at the close of our school life with his father, Sir Missingbird Missingbird, a Slopshire Baronet who had left England, being invited to do so by a distinguished and affable personage high in office in the Dominion Government, who offered him a large estate amid the lovely scenery of Lako Scugog, Ont. The object of this affable personage was to import a real, live English Baronet as a model of deportment and otherwise to titled Canadians, especially to such as had not the advantage, like himself, of frequent trips to visit England's proud aristocracy, at the expense of humble, but grateful Canada. Beside the junction of Scugog with Mud Lake arose the Baronet's baronetorial mansion. Our last term at Eton closed without the gentle-minded Edward being subjected more than five times to those public birchings which in Old England's noble school traditions are held so invaluable for promoting the dignity and self-respect of grown-up schoolboys. Our passage to Canada in an Allan Liner was only varied by the occurrence of a peculiar form of fever indigenous to the charming lake regions where Edward's youth had been passed. The surgeon of the Allan ship knew nothing about this sort of fever; he was a Cockney who had been conched up to get a diploma at London; for it was well known that the Allan Line directors, though not too proud to make their bread in Canada, have a proper aristocratic contempt for all things Canadian, and never, never, never appoint a Canadian surgeon to their ships. Not "All our appointments are made on the other side of the water." In consequence Edward got dosed with calomel till he would have died, but that just then the ship arrived at Quebec, and Edward had the benefit of a Canadian doctor

in place of the Allan Line Cockney practitioner. As soon as he recovered we arrived at Port Perry, and got a conveyance, one of the three which that flourishing town boasted of, over the mud-bridge to Scugog Island, and so on to Missingbird Vale.

VOL. II.

Missingbird Vale was a huge gloomy building, all the materials of which had been brought at vast expense from Slopshire, England. The stone work was that of Sir Missingbird's ancestral hall. All the servants were English, which was as well, for few Canadian serving men or hired girls have sufficient respect for the "upper classes" to induce them to submit to being snubbed, scowled at, and sworn at, as was the noble baronet's habit with his household. Nothing Canadian was tolerated by him. No Canadian journal was allowed to pollute his mansion, except the Conservative Toronto Mail, which was taken in for the benefit of the servant's hall.

Sir Missingbird spent most of his time in riding about his estate on a huge full-blooded black horse, which he had brought from England. His delight was to take flying leaps over five barred gates which he had specially provided, at the entrance of his park, and at other places for that purpose. Now it happened that Edward and I were out walking, when we heard two loud screams from a field on the other side of the park gate. We saw two beautiful young ladies, one of whom wore a scarlet underskirt. This had excited the wrathful attention of a ferocious English bull, who, tossing his head, was preparing to rush after the girls. Stopping forward, Edward opened the gate and drew the fainting damsels within. "Blame the horrid beef critter!" they exclaimed in sweet low tones. Just then the bull came up to the gate roaring with baffled fury. They were safe. The scarlet-skirted one proved to be Jessie Jarvis, daughter of a leading dry goods merchant of Port Perry. Her companion was Millie Davis, whose pa was an opulent lumberman of the

same place. Edward proposed to see Jessie safe home, I to do the same for Millie. We had a good time, and had reached the front gate of the park, when we saw the threatening form of Sir Missingbird high in the air before us. He was leaping the gate. He shook his whip, scowled and swore at us. We went on however, took tea at Jessie's house, made love to the dear girls, and did not give ourselves away to the Baronet by going home till the hour when we knew that two quarts of English port-wine would have made him too sleepy even to swear.

VOL. III.

Next day I had business at Lindsay, Edward went with me. We went early, not sorry to escape the Baronet. At Lindsay we found that the dam had burst, and that much of the Port Perry region would be flooded. When we returned, Sir Missingbird was nowhere to be found! We searched everywhere but could hear no tidings, except that there was a spook on a haunted island used once by the Indians as a burying place.

Sir Missingbird had gone out duck-shooting. The flood had come on suddenly and swept his shooting-punt beyond his reach. He passed two days on a small island, without food, shouting "dam has burst" as long as he could. The first word only was heard by the boys, who being scholars of the Methodist Church Sunday-school at Port Perry, thought it must be a spook. Just when the Baronet was about to perish, two beautiful girls, (need I say they were Jessie and Millie?) appeared in a dug-out, in which they had gone fishing for snickers. They rescued the Baronet, who immediately became a changed character. Edward and I were married the same day. The Baronet was induced to read GRIP'S ALMANAC, the varied wit, pathos, ideality, and knowledge of the world displayed in whose pictured pages so delighted him, that he at once subscribed for all the leading Ontario journals, and paid frequent visits to Toronto, where Mr. GRIP and his young men were the recipients of his gorgeous hospitality.

C. P. M.

Elegy.

IN A SOLDIER'S GRAVEYARD

(Near the Old Fort.)

DEDICATED TO THE MILITARY, CIVIC AND ALL OTHER "AUTHORITIES."

Almost within the shadow of the walls  
Where he with musket walked his "sentry go,"  
Or paid obedience to the bugle call,  
The soldier in unhallowed grave lies low.

The stone that stood above his lowly head  
The desecrating vandal has knocked down,  
The city urchin scampers o'er his bed—  
Receptacle of rubbish of the Town.

One time perhaps at Alma's bloody Heights  
He faced the Muscovite with bayonet bright,  
Or at "the Mutiny" has seen the sights  
That filled the British Empire with affright.

At Balaclava's charge he may have rode  
With the light horsemen 'gainst the Russian line,  
A subject for a Poet Laureate's Ode  
Immortalized in syllables sublime!

Now here he lies, forgotten and despised  
Among the people for whose cause he fought,  
Could better way or plan be ever devised  
To show his services have gone for naught?

Yes, let the cattle tramp upon his grave,  
Let swine turn up his grassy coverlid,  
And let the MITHRAS FLAG OF ENGLAND wave  
To show its love for what the soldier did.

Manitoba Safe!

Trembling patriots may dismiss their fears of the ruin of Manitoba by the giant monopolies. Grip is now sold on the streets of Winnipeg, and goes off livelier than corner lots. For this boon the Prairie City public owe thanks to Messrs. Russell Bros., the enterprising news-dealers.