



THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

"I would like GRIP to tell you why he puts a Highland dress on Marmion."—"Englishman's" letter to TELEGRAM.

MR. TELEGRAM.—I'm astonished at your stupidity! The idea of your not knowing that "Marmion" was an Englishman!

MASTER GRIP.—Please, sir, Mr. Crooks says that the less little boys know about "Marmion" the better.

DOOMED TO DIFFER.

A NOVEL OF POLITICS AND PARANOMASIA

CHAP. I.

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
And stately refuse to stand drinks for the crowd.
—*Ibid.*

With a wild shriek Eugenia sprang forward to rescue Ferdinand E. McIntosh from his perilous position. Inured as she was to danger, rarely had she been placed in a situation so well calculated to try the stoutest nerves and return a verdict against the prisoner. The



lightning flashed, the sea rolled mountains high, the whoops of the hostile savages sounded nearer, the jagged rocks were coated with ice so that a single mis-step might plunge her into the abyss beneath, which yawned like an auditor of Mr. Crooks'. But the brave girl never blenched, "I will save him," she repeated, "or-or-no not perish in the attempt. That is too commonplace altogether. If there

is anything I detest it is these hackneyed and well worn phrases such as the one I have just avoided making use of, which are of such frequent recurrence in the works of otherwise acceptable writers. Now that is why I like the *Telegram*. Its articles are so original, so piquant, so fraught with a *je ne sais quoi* so to speak."

At this moment the sound of a deafening explosion checked the current of her meditations. "Ha! then the plot has succeeded, I knew it would," she cried, as the debris hurtled through the murky atmosphere, and a pile of campaign documents fell at her fairy-like feet. "Now they will have to put up new government buildings, and that will be good for trade. But I'm forgetting Ferdinand altogether.

"Eugenia!" called out a manly voice in the distance.

"Where are you?"
Echo answered "you." If it had been like the general run of echoes it would have answered "where."

CHAP. II.

Change and decay in all around we see,
Alas! How seldom change comes round to me.
—*O'Pake.*

The conspirators engaged by the Trades and Labor Council to blow up the government building in order to encourage home industry miscalculated the quantity of dynamite necessary, and the force of the explosion was terrible. It loosened the vessel, upon whose deck Ferdinand E. McIntosh paced with anxiety, from her position on the rocks and drove her high and dry on the beach Ferdinand stepped ashore and began gathering up the blue books, ink bottles, and other spoils of office which still fell in a steadily descending shower. The superstitious fears of the Indians having been aroused, they vanished with celerity.

Ferdinand picked up a volume of statutes which bore the stamp of the Parliamentary Library, and seating himself on a log began its perusal.



The hours passed away, the sun sank low in the horizon like a Hebrew peddler of cast-off clothing.

[What does he mean? There is a subtle jest in this somewhere. Is it on "horizon," or "peddler," or "clothing." It surely cannot be intended to compare the peddler with the descending sun because he "sang clo." If so there are depths of paranomasiac depravity which we have not fathomed. Ed.]

Ferdinand began to get hungry. "I wish I could find my way out of this," he said. "I am told that the Indians never get lost, that no matter how far they may stray from their camp they can always strike a bee-line back by observing the peculiarities of the rocks and trees. Hence no doubt the hymn,

The heathen in his bee-lined-ness
Bows down to wood and stone."

And he chuckled over the joke until the welkin rang. He thought it was the dinner-bell

of some sequestered hotel, and quickened his pace through the leafy avenues of the forest.

CHAP. III.

"And the peasant homeward climbing
Heard the Bells of Bulox chiming,
His colliate soul subliming."

—*Spielhaegen.*

"What do you think of the explosion?" said Eugenia Mallory a day or two afterwards to Prof. Goldwin Smith, who had dropped in as usual.

"I regard the course of the daily press in weakly attempting to justify the outrage in order to gain the votes of the workmen as highly reprehensible," returned the Professor. "I object entirely to dynamite as a political factor."

The audience murmured their dissent from such extreme views, and the Bystander shortly took his hat and his departure.

"A worthy man," said Ignatius Mallory, senr., the retired peanut vendor. "Forcible, pointed writer, but utterly impracticable. A visionary—a doctrinaire. Just think of his



actually objecting to a transaction which will cause one million of dollars to be spent in Toronto during the next couple of years. I have no patience with his utopian notions."

Eugenia here tripped lightly to the piano and executed the following fantasia, composed expressly for the occasion:

The dynamite's percussive force
Our legislative hall has rent,
To put another building up,
One million dollars must be spent.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye sons of Toil,
Obstructives, now your folly see,
In vain your paltry schemes to thwart
The local government's po-hol-i-cy.
Ha! ha! ha!
Tra la la!
The local government's po-hol-i-cy!

Mechanics now will have good times,
They'll rear Ontario's lofty fane;
And when depression's gloom recurs,
Perchance they'll blow it up again—
Hurrah for dynamitic aid—
Let's gladsome raise our cheerful voice;
The little game was wisely played,
And victory bids each heart rejoice.
Ha! ha! ha!
Tra la la!
And vi-hic-tory bids each he-e-a-art re-ja-woice!

There are poems which cause the welling up of the soul, which thrill the heart-strings of being, and which need no excision by the careful pen of a Crooks to render them suitable mental pabulum for the young. We can cordially recommend the above on these grounds to compilers of scholastic literature.

(To be continued.)

Arabi has one consolation. England is left with those 500 Kentucky mules on her hands to manage.—*Boston Post.*