

OW IT CAME ABOUT.

(BY OUR OWN DICKENS.)

MRS. 'ARRIS," says I, "there ain't no heartily use in trying for to go on no longer like wot we are a-going. Suppoge we go into pardnership."

"Which I believe it would be a good thing for us to do it," says Mrs. 'Arris, says she. "There's too many of us a-makin' of these himmlements, Mrs. Massey," says she.

"Which that is very true, Mrs. 'Arris," says I, "and you 'ave 'it the nail on the 'ed."

"And wot do you think suppogin' we axes your relation in Winnipeg to come in with us, Mrs. Massey?" says 'Arris.

"She's quite disposed to do it, Mrs. 'Arris," says I. "I know it, bein' as I spoke to 'er about it."

"That's hexcellent," says Mrs. 'Arris, "so we will 'ave nothing to do but sit down and draw up a hagreement," says she.

"Take off your bonnet, Mrs. 'Arris, and sit down," says I, "an' I'll get a cup of tea for you. Or you can 'ave a drop of somethink else, which I always keep a little by me on the shelf, if you feel so disposed."

"Nothing strong, I 'ope," says Mrs. 'Arris, which she is extraordinary set agin gin, and so am I.

"No," I says, "it won't 'urt you. It's rasberry winegar of my own makin, Mrs. 'Arris, na'am," says I.

So I got the bottle and glasses, and we set down to hidgness. Hafter a lot of talk and harguments, which it was all pleasant and in good temper, with sups of the rasberry winegar between times, we drew hup a hagreement. I won't put it down 'ere only just the 'eds of it.

1. We will work 'and-in-'and.
2. All our hagents in all parts hof the world will be rolled hinto one.
3. All our patents which we 'old will be rolled hinto one.
4. We 'ope by makin' hof better machines an' sellin' hof them cheaper, to enjoy a continuation hof the trade we 'ave 'ad, and more, too.
5. Terms, we don't give no more long credits, please don't ax for it.
6. 'Urrah for the new firm, which it is to be called the Massey-'Arris Co.

So that's the true facts as to 'ow it came about.

HASLAM'S VOCALISTS.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—As per instructions, I duly attended at the Horticultural Pavilion on Thursday night, April 30th, to supply you with a *critique* of the second concert of the Haslam Vocal Society. I was arrayed in my regulation *critique* suit, and felt gratified at the amount of attention my linen attracted. It was really very well done up, as my criticisms always are. But I found it unnecessary to write out anything of my own, as I discovered that my views of the performance were those of the audience in general. You will not be astonished at this, of course, as it is proverbial that the public is the best of critics. Instead of laboring over a composition of my own, as my



*confreres* Parkhurst, Schuch, *et al*, did, I adopted the newer method of mixing in with the crowd, departing from the Pavilion and jotting down the critical remarks that were falling from multitudinous lips. I send you the result exactly as I caught it:

"Oh, it was just lovely, don't you think so?"—"I liked every bit of it; isn't Mr. Whitney just splendid?"—"That's a great bow Haslam gives; quite gymnastic, hey?"—"Yes, but he gets there just the same with his baton."—"Light and shade couldn't have been much better."—"Did you see Torrington applauding? He knows what's what in the way of music, too."—"Well, I think perhaps the 'Chimes of Oberwesel' was the best thing they did."

"Yes; that's one of their stand-bys, but it's a corker."—"Capital concert, wasn't it?"—"That 'Farewell to the Sea' was grand, simply grand, sir!"—"Yes, he made a mistake being s'iff about the *encore* to his first song."—"How did you like Dippel?"—"Great voice, hasn't he? Especially that last song, 'Frublingzeit'; that was magnifi—"



"—Whitney had a touch of *la grippe*, I guess, in that duct."—"Pretty near a gonner, wasn't he, but he caught 'em all right with his other numbers."—"And what lovely hair she

had, such a long, thick braid."—"Delightful player, wasn't she? Quite a novelty, too, a lady 'cellist."—"Whitney went down cellar on that last note, didn't he?"—"Did you see Alex. Gorrie sitting up there? He's head tenor."—"Nothing of the sort. He sings straight from the chest."—"Flavie Van Den Hende. Pretty name, isn't it, dear?"—"But where was the President with his speech? Thank goodness he—"—"Quite a young fellow, too. Yet they say he's sung the leading tenor *roles* in —"

"—Yes, what I call a purely German voice. Wagnerian tenor."—"He gave them the key-note every time with a little mouth organ. Oh, so slyly; but I saw him."—"Don't like him so well as Babcock. But then he's getting old, you know."—"Giminy, it's only ten o'clock; they must have hustled things."—"Yes, save the programme, my dear; here, put it in your pocket for me."—"Bully for Haslam."—"Good night."—"So long." Etc., etc. KRITIKUS.



AN EMPTY THREAT.

BEESEXWAX (*hotly*)—"Sir, if you dare to repeat that insult I will shoot you like a dog!"

SINGLETON (*derisively*)—"Will, eh? Oh go and soak your head! Who's afraid of you? A dog can't shoot worth a cent anyway."