

what not, had made a constant procession to and from "The Oaks" all day long.

Mr. Hubert etc., Huggs had, in person, made several visits to the kitchen in order to ascertain that things were progressing properly, for the honor of his mother and The Oaks was at stake. Twice he had found it necessary to withdraw with the French artiste into the sacred precincts of her private apartment, in order to explain some obscure passage in the English Cookery Book (a work compiled by a Toronto lady, and very popular) which Mlle. de Petitpois' imperfect knowledge of the language prevented her from grasping without an interpreter.

At 5 p.m. the family were assembled on the lawn, discussing the great event that was to take place.

"Now, Hubert, my boy," said Huggs pere, "bring that little affair of yours with Miss Tallowfat to a head to-night. I want to see you settled. You'll come in for a clear eighty thousand a year, and she'll have you; her mother told yours so. Clinch the matter to-night."

"I will, father; don't be alarmed. This night shall see you a prospective father-in-law, so make your mind easy," replied the dutiful heir.

"Good boy," said the old man. "I have this day made over \$100,000 worth of property to you, and nothing can take it from you, and your eighty thousand a year is yours as securely as if I was already dead. By the way," he added, suddenly, "suppose you elope with Miss Tallowfat; she'll be willing enough, I'll be bound, and it'll give a romance to the affair, and we want romance, that's a fact. Get her into the conservatory just before dinner, and I'll tell Adams to have the carriage and horses (the fast pair, just for the look of the thing) ready. Slip out with her, and away you go."

"What! and lose all the French cookery at the party!" exclaimed Hubert.

"Oh! hang the French cookery!" cried old Huggs. "Get the girl, boy, get the girl; she's worth a pretty plum."

"I'll do it, father," replied Hubert, after a pause. "Yes, I'll get the girl and never mind the cookery."

"Good lad," rejoined the happy parent, as he went off to instruct Adams about having the carriage ready at 7.45 p.m. precisely.

Hubert went into the house and paid another visit to the kitchen.

#### CHAP. VIII.

Time, 7.30 p.m. The guests arrive in shoals. Miss Tallowfat was among the first to put in an appearance, and, true to his word, Hubert inveigled her into the conservatory. There the two chatted for ten minutes on various topics, when Hubert said:

"Please excuse me, Miss Tallowfat, for one minute; I have forgotten my watch. I'll rejoin you in less than sixty seconds. Kindly wait for me here," and he went out by a door leading to a path round the house to the stables. Changing his mind, he darted into the house, into the ladies' dressing-room, and in two seconds had secured Miss Tallowfat's long crimson and white opera cloak, (a most conspicuous garment much admired by the elder Huggs, who had seen its owner arrive in it that very evening,) with which he scurried away to the window of the private apartment of Mademoiselle de Petitpois.

"Vite, ma chere," he cried in a voice husky with emotion.

"Soyez tranquille, mon enfant," replied a voice within, "je suis prete."

In two minutes the son and heir of the house of Huggs entered the stable yard accompanied by a female figure enveloped from head to foot in a long crimson and white opera cloak.



The carriage was in readiness; Adams, the coachman, was on the box; the horses chafed at their bits and pawed the paved yard impatiently. Old Huggs peeped out of a window in the coach-house—the old rip should have been receiving his guests instead of planning an elopement—and whispered:

"Well done, my boy; wish you success; God bless you," and crumpled up a cheque for \$50,000, saying, "for her, you know," and threw it to his son, who pocketed it, and who assisted the lady into the carriage, and in a low voice bade Adams drive to a village distant about eight miles like mad.

There was no telegraph line to that village. "Good bye, father," he shouted, as the vehicle dashed past the window whence the ruddy face of old Huggs peered forth, and then a comely face was thrust out of the carriage, and in silvery tones floated back the words:

"Au revoir, M'sieu Oog; je suis bien aise de vous donner mes adieux. Ta, ta, PAPA."

And the horses dashed away, leaving old Huggs gnashing his teeth with rage and purple with fury.

He had planned his son and heir's elopement with his own cook!

He could do nothing—absolutely nothing. There was no cutting that heir off with the traditional shilling; no, indeed. That son, Hubert, would get that \$100,000 worth of property as sure as eggs; and there was no keeping him out of his \$80,000 a year when he himself pegged out. And he had given that beggarly French cook a cheque for \$50,000 into the bargain! My! how he swore! And didn't the guests pull that French cookery at the grand dinner party to pieces? And how they did laugh up their sleeves at Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs when they knew all! Oh! gewillikins!

Verily, verily, Mademoiselle de Petitpois, nee Pulsiver, christened Marion, had made a magnificent resolve when she said to her mother, in the words of my opening chapter:

"Mamma, I will go and be a cook."

—SWIZ.

THE END.

#### DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opp. Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper off them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

A "dear little sham-rock." The artificial nugget "value, \$15,000," recently stolen from the Geological Museum, Ottawa.

#### THE DRUG CLERK'S LAMENT.



##### EAR GRIP:

I prythee, hear my prayer,  
and print it in your journal,  
For I'm a victim of a law that's  
loathsome and infernal;  
I am a hard-worked druggist's  
clerk, and all the week I  
potter  
Amongst a lot of jars and  
things, till I can scarcely  
totter.  
I'm sick of seeing drugs and  
pills; I gaze on Latin  
labels  
Till my poor optics are so  
dazed, that to see I'm  
hardly able.  
The very sight of Rhei tinct.  
near drives me into mad-  
ness,  
While Sapo. lin. my very soul  
enslroude in gloomy sad-  
ness.  
Pula. cretae mist. cum opio in  
all its weak inanity,  
Glares down upon me from its  
shelf, and threatens mild

insanity.  
And often, overcome with woe, I gaze with most intent  
eye

Upon a certain jar which bears the legend *Sp. Frumenti*;  
A hearty draught from that glass jar would ease my  
woes like winking,

But I should run a chance, I know, of being "sacked" for  
drinking.

From Monday morn till Saturday at midnight, I'm com-  
pounding

Prescriptions whose chirography is fearfully confound-  
ing.

For doctors do write beastly fates; such curly, cramped,  
and twisted 'uns;

Why don't they go to school and learn to write like other  
Christians?

My work don't end with Saturday; I can't "lay off" till  
Monday

Like other clerks, but I'm supposed to be in place on  
Sunday.

And often in the still night, when stars in heaven  
twinkle,

And I am dropping off to sleep, I hear a "tinkle,  
tinkle";

It is the bell, the drug-store bell; I rise, I ope the por-  
tal,

And there I see a pallid wight who deems his sickness  
mortal.

"Quick, quick!" he cries, "some castor-oil, some  
laudanum: Death's cold slumber

Now threatens me, last eve I supped on lobster and  
cucumber."

The brute! I wish he'd died outright, ere me he came to  
bore, and

I ask him why he didn't buy his stock of drugs before-  
hand.

Another comes; he cannot sleep; his bluary, soft, stalc,  
soapy, eye

Proclaims the fact, and loud he howls for chloral or  
*Pula. Opii*.

He never thinks that I need rest; if he should lose an  
hour

Of sleep you'd think he'd die; 'twould turn Griselda's  
temper sour.

Then all day long on Sunday, too, though overcome with  
dizziness

From want of rest, I have to be prepared to tackle busi-  
ness.

And dudes flock in, for they o'er night have tested what  
a fallacy

Is getting "tight," and they must have a "nip" of *Vini  
Gallici*.

Another wants a box of pills, for he's been on a  
"whooper,"

Why couldn't he have patronized the great Sir Astley  
Cooper,

And bought his pills on Saturday; his conscience can't  
be tender

If he should make us drug-clerks swear on Sunday o'er  
his "bender."

Now, what I want to say is this; we druggists' clerks  
require

Our rest the same as other folks, for we, like them, must  
tire.

And if we can't get sloop enough we're bound to be so  
weary

That we can't tell *Pula. Cretae Co.* from arsenic; ain't  
that cheery?

A man will come some Sunday, and he'll want some  
*Syrup. Scilla*;

It's strychnine that that chap will got, and that'll knock  
him silly.

We must have rest, for life's at stake, so shut drug  
stores on Sunday,

And let us fellows have a sleep from Saturday till Mon-  
day.

And now, dear Grip, please do your best to regulate our  
"biz";

Bolieve me, yours most faithfully,

HIPPOCRATES O'SWIZ.