

# A WARNING.

OH, wild is the glare in the editor's eye,  
 Oh, why doth he splutter and rage  
 As he paces the office way up near the sky,  
 Like a tiger confined in his cage?  
 Oh, list, he is swearing betwixt his clenched teeth,  
 It is plain he is harassed and vexed,  
 And he stamps till he loosens the plaster beneath—  
 "Just let me get hold of the next!"

A light, jaunty step, on the stairway is heard  
 And there gracefully enters a youth—  
 "If you've leisure to spare just permit me a word,  
 I'll not keep you a minute, in truth,  
 I have here a short poem—" the editor's eye  
 With frenzy intense seemed to glow,  
 "'Tis a lyric of winter—my terms are not high—  
 A song of the Beautiful Snow!"

Oh, place him on file in the family vault,  
 Bear his mangled remains to the tomb;  
 Emblazon his virtues—but pardon the fault  
 Atoned by his premature doom.  
 And let memory heave a soft sigh o'er the dead,  
 Though much it assuages our woe  
 To reflect that by no mortal eye will be read  
 That song of the Beautiful Snow!

## BLUE-ROOM PHANTASIES.

### No. I.

"ALARIC!"

No answer.

"Alaric, my love!"

Still no answer; only the crunching of the slate and egg shells—that the cook had intended to land in the next door neighbor's yard—as the young man strode down the gravelled path. The gate closed, and Alaric was gone!

Alaric was gone—out into the cold, relentless cynical world, with only one pair of suspenders and the average appetite. Kathleen di Medici threw herself unfeelingly against the grate and grated her teeth. She had knocked her elbow on some of the cornice work.

Kathleen di Medici loved Alaric Behyryng-Sea with a deep, ten per cent. indigestible love; a love above the sordid contemplation of a prospective ice-cream; an

affection that stayed not to barter for caramels and reserved seats and tutti-frutti. But a love fated to receive that parental shower bath at 40 degrees that chills the soul and blights the erstwhile smiling hope of future happiness.

Kathleen's father, old Si Medici, was a rich, influential man. He owned an extensive match factory, in which, however, he refused to manufacture matches for his daughters. Alaric was poor, and old Si laughed at his pretensions. He, a penurious youth, marry Kathleen di Medici! The thing was monstrous! barbaric!

Two years had elapsed and Kathleen had not seen Alaric. The old man had turned out a good many matches in that time, but of late trouble had come into his factory. The men were discontented. Numerous strikes were in progress in other establishments, and in old Si Medici's place there seemed to be some agent at work to set the men at defiance with the established rules of the place.

The old man strove to discover this rebellious, leading spirit, but his matches could throw no light on the subject. One morning matters came to a focus. The men had struck. They were there in a body, three hundred of them. One of them, a man with a long black beard and whiskers, came forward and said:

"Sir, we demand our rights. We want shorter hours. We work no more except under the eight-hour system."

"Who are you?" cried old Si, as he lit a match by force of habit.

The other tore off his whiskers, and terrible he was to look at. He had not been shaved for a week. His eyes flashed, his ears seemed to stand out. He cried out so that old Si could hear him:

"I am Alaric Behyryng Sea! I swore to compass a revenge. Give me your daughter now, or I will make things look blue for you," and he struck a match and held it close to where five million matches lay.

"Stop!" cried the old man—"she is yours—on one condition!"

"And that is—"

"That you will not live at home on me!"

With a wild cry Alaric threw down the match. Match maker as he was, it had burnt his thumb.

C. G. ROGERS.

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

LUCY—"Papa, could you see already, when you were born?"

FATHER—"What a silly question! Of course, child, I never was blind."

LUCY—"Yes, you were, pa. Lately, when you were so awful cross, you said to mamma: Oh, I was surely blind when I married you!"

## GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP's celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send now.

CHICAGOAN (*seriously*)—"It has been a terrible struggle for us to decide where to hold the World's Fair."

VISITOR (*quickly*)—"It has? Why, I could have decided that in a second."

CHICAGOAN (*surprised*)—"Where would you hold it?"

VISITOR (*walking away*)—"I make it a rule to hold the world's fair about the waist."

BAD Blood results from improper action of the Liver and Kidneys. Regulate these important organs by the use of that grand purifier Burdock Blood Bitters.

The mother of Chs. L. Ainsworth, 41 Vance Block, Indianapolis, Ind., says, she "finds Burdock Blood Bitters a very efficacious remedy for Liver Complaint."

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

CHRISTMAS WEEK, Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, commencing Monday, Dec 22nd. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Steele Mackaye's Masterpiece, Paul Kauvar. A story of the French Revolution, the Dream of Anarchy, a play beyond comparison. Powerful cast, special scenery and 100 auxiliaries. Under the direction of Eugene Robinson. Popular prices—15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c. Grand Christmas matinee Thursday.