

THIS tribute was re-echoed by some of the principal papers of Melbourne, while, to vary the monotony of the "taffy," the *Sidney Bulletin* refers to our Doctor's effort as "the sickening drivel of a priest named Grant who is a past-master in the art of grovel"—or words to that effect. There's no accounting for taste, you know.

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THE General Conference of the Methodist Church carried the federation scheme by a slender majority, and now the Senate of Victoria University has put a damper on the project. The delicate question now to be decided is—which is bossing the job, Conference or Senate? This point is to be submitted for a legal opinion. If decided in favor of the Conference, the work of raising funds, which has for the present received a check (which is not so much appreciated as a cheque) will be resumed. Meantime the grand idea of a confederation of all the Canadian Universities under one central provincial degree-granting authority, has fizzled out. Victoria and Toronto will not make a very imposing crowd, but even that much of a confederation is by no means assured.

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NOT many priests have ever preached sounder truth than that contained in the letter of Mr. W. H. Priest, which appeared in the *Mail* of the 17th. This gentleman is one of our leading manufacturers—the manager of the Pike River Woollen Mills, in the Eastern Townships. Unlike some others in the manufacturing line, Mr. Priest does not want to be supported at the expense of Canadian consumers; he says he can make his own way in the world if he gets a fair show. All he asks for is Free Trade, and the day that is granted he promises to raise the wages of his workmen ten per cent. What a pity we cannot have poor-houses for our pauper manufacturers so that they might be taken out of the way of men who are willing to work for themselves! The N.P. was constructed, however, for the express purpose of supporting "infants."

THE EARL'S REVENGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A SMELLING BOTTLE," "THE DUKE'S PANTS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ONE serene and dreary afternoon in November the Earl of Plumduff stood in his gorgeous drawing-room, with his patrician nose flattened against the glass, looking out upon the noble expanse of elm-girt lawn that rolled for acres down to the humble log fence bordering Pat Murphy's property.

The sun was doing his great sink act in Pat Murphy's yard (for further particulars about the lawn, shrubbery, and statues, etc., and the noble Earl's nose and coat of arms, see "Divided Hearts," by the author of "Dora's Corn." The talented and versatile author of "Dora's Corn," has, however, omitted to say anything about the wart on the port side of the Earl's nose, or of the color of that noble feature, which was sufficient, by the way, to flag a train. Warts, tho', do not amalgamate with lions rampant or mortgages couchant—, at least, not in fashionable romances. There was a heavy mortgage, by the way, on the elm-girt lawn before mentioned, which has been carefully left out in "Dora's Corn.")

Well, the Earl kept on squeezing his old nose against the bay window, breathing hard. Presently there was a



POSTED IN THE GAME.

DUDEKIN. (*Who has tried on new suit and found it satisfactory.*)—"Aw—excuse me; I'll just step ovaw to the bank and cash a cheque."

HIS TAILOR.—"Quite so; and if you'll excuse me I'll follow *suit*."

crash—the pane had broken. You see, even an Earl can have a strong breath; although such vulgar matters are delicately excluded from the select pages of such *natural* stories as "Lord Lordly's Legacy;" "15 Billion a Year," and the like.

After the Earl had puttied up the window pane, he sat down to the luxurious meal his obsequious butler placed before him.

But he couldn't eat. How could he, when there was nothing but plate and glass ware? Even coroneted persons have natural appetites, you know.

(For a brilliant description of the noble ancestral, hereditary, hand-me-down-father-to-son plate and cutlery of the Earl's establishment, the reader is commended to pages 100 to 150 of "Sixty Guineas a Yard," by the author of "The Queen's Diamonds—in Pawn.")

Suddenly the Earl was interrupted from his surreptitious gnawings in the pantry, by the noise of a carriage "dashing up the gravelled walk;" and a moment later a tall footman, dressed in the rich livery of the house of Plumduff—an old shooting coat of the Earl's, with a coronet sewed on the left lappel, and a pair of corduroy pants bought cheap from the butler by the shrewd Earl—this tall footman announced:

"My lady, the Countess! My lord, Fishball!"

(For a description of the house furniture, picture gallery—the latter containing GRIP's famous portraits of leading Canadian statesmen—my lady's boudoir, my lord Fishball's Hyperian curls and noble *distinguishè* features, see "Pumps and Swallow-tail," page 47.)

CHAPTER II.

"Remember thee! Remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream;
Your new false teeth you raved about
That formed the subject of your dream."

(Of course there is nothing about false teeth in this narrative; Earls, Dukes, Countesses and the like *never*