



WAITING FOR THE REPUBLICAN FUNERAL TO GO BY.

hands me a telegram, which of course I opened instanter. "Return at once. A party named Donnelly is applying for a job in the printing office here, no doubt with the intention of proving that you are not the author of the Airlie letters. Rumours are rife, some crediting Sir John Macdonald, others Moses Oates, with the authorship." This was signed GRIP, an' I declare ye could hae knockit me doon wi' a feather when I read it. Sandy said I was as white as a sheet, an' the Prince he speered if Mrs. Airlie was dead.

"Its faur waur than that," says I, wi' a cauld shiver, that set my teeth rappin' in ma head, "its a diaboical attempt tae destroy ma ain personal identity. That man Donnelly will stop at naething. He's demolished Shakespeare, but if he thinks he'll demolish *me*, he'll find he's taen the wrang soo by the lug." An' wi' that I doon the stair without ever luckin' ower ma shouther tae say gude day the Prince, an' I tell ye grass didna grow at ma heels till I got aboard an ocean steamer an' landed in Toronto.

That was six weeks syne, an' I've never yet gotten a chance tae get doon an' report masel' at the office, for nae sooner did I set fit in Toronto, than anither danger menaced me. I wasna weel settled doon in ma ain hoose, afore Mistress Airlie told me that the knicht-makers, like the dog-catchers, were oot again, an' that ma worthy freen', Daniel Wilson, will hae been nabbit, if he hadna shewn his University President tag tae clear him. I dinna want tae reflect on ye ower muckle, but I canna but think ye ocht tae hae provided me wi' a tag certifeein' that I belang tae GRIP office, so as I can get oot o' the hoose safely without fear o' bein' knichted. For that's just what may happen, gin they find a man o' my talents an' physique rinnin' roond' lowse. Tae avert sic a calamity, sic a dooncome, I maun either bide i' the hoose or skulk along the alleways at nicht, for I couldna' stand the thocht o' losin' ma ain staunch individuality, an' becomin' ane o' the common crood o' craws we see struttin' roond this Dominion wi' peacock's feathers in their tails. Na! na!

"The Queen can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke an' a' that,
But Airlie's far abune her nicht,
Gude faith! she canna fa' that."

Robbie Burns was a far-seein' fellow, an' I canna' but think he had me in his mind's e'e when he wrote that. Hooever, I'll no say but what, if a title was offered tae me in consideration o' ma leetery services tae the kintra through GRIP, I might be brocht tae squint at the proposition wi' a no that onfavorable e'e, for then the "Sir" wad hae some significance tae yours truly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

P.S.—I forgot tae tell ye that it wasna Ignatius—but anither Donnelly that gae me sic a fricht; an' that sae far frae haein' ony designs on ma identity, he had never even heard o' me or ma letters! Man! that was the unkindest cut o' a'; an' he was in dead earnest, never even heard ma name mentioned! An' this is fame! Is life really worth livin'?

ART IN MONTREAL.

THE commercial metropolis is, we are pleased to observe, making strides in the direction of high art. The visitor taking a stroll up St. James St., is not likely to pass the establishment of Drysdale & Co. without stopping to admire the painting which has just been hung there—a new work by the rising Montreal artist, Mr. Chas. Caron, executed at the instigation of Mr. Norman Murray. Mr. Murray is not an eccentric Cræsus who invests in high-priced paintings and then puts them on the street, for the enlightenment of the public, as might be inferred from the above. No; he is the energetic agent of GRIP, and the painting here alluded to is a spirited translation into color of a GRIP cartoon, and meant to notify Montreal that this excellent journal is on sale in that city every week.



A FAMILY JAR.

FABLES OF THE DAY.

I.

THE EAGLE AND THE BEAVER.

AN American Eagle lived near a Canadian Beaver. "My first duty is to my own," said the Eagle, "therefore I will discourage trade with this foreign animal." So she put a high tax on all the good things the Beaver brought her, and as she still continued to take the good things the tax only increased the cost to herself. "This Eagle is a wise bird," mused the Beaver, "and if she will not have my goods at the low price I offer, neither will I have her's." So the Beaver also put on a tax, and thereafter paid higher prices for all he purchased from the Eagle. And both were happy.