

boom-kings, who contributed all that could reasonably be expected of one man to the happiness of the crowd.



Dr. Fraser, of London, Ont., whose medicine chest was at the disposal of all who felt the need of Peregoric or St. Isaac's Oil; and handsome, hearty "Sam'l" Stone, of St. John, a decided acquisition to the good nature of our "crowd," and as unmistakable an acquisition to the financial ability of Winnipeg. With this

material we defied the railroad authorities to kill us with *emui*. They tried their best, though. By means of a little snow and a large amount of bad management, they kept us on the road between St. Paul and Winnipeg just thirty-three hours longer than their time-table called for. But we got there.



Lady and Mistress.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD AND MASTER."

A TORONTO TALE OF THE YEAR OF GRACE 1892.

VOLUME I.

James Ford was a surgeon without practice. In vain did he take a house on Grosvenor Avenue, where the city water is such as to make typhoid not only possible but probable, and where the battered and precarious sidewalks gave a good chance of fractures. But one happy evening James made the acquaintance of the most charming of the belles of Toronto, then, as they had been ever since 1882, the most attractive in Canada. They met often, and Dr. Ford ascertained the state of her heart without the intervention of a stethoscope. They were married, her father making it a condition that the large fortune which, as an Alderman, he had made out of many years' city contracts, should be settled entirely on herself. She could spend her money, principal and interest, just as she pleased, and need not allow a cent to her husband. This was rough on the Doctor, and many a sympathizing friend remarked: "Old man, you thought you had got the bulge on the entire grab, but you are badly left!" But nothing could be farther from the truth. The Doctor's wife was as good as gold. She let him spend all he wanted; they rented a brand new



"CRUSHED AGAIN!"

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH WILL RISE AGAIN, RAG MONEY CAN'T BE SAT UPON, THOUGH BLOATED BANKERS HOWL IN PAIN, THE GLORIOUS DAY IS BOUND TO DAWN!"

brown stone mansion on Jarvis-street, and every Saturday she drove in her brougham to the Adelaide-street office to procure the last issue of Grip, to which, in their days of happiness, they were regular subscribers.

VOLUME II.

The Reverend Mr. Showersford had resigned the Rectory of St. James', in order to become Archbishop of Winnipeg. A new Rector was appointed, in order to "bring the services of St. James' up to the mark." Many of the parishioners were inclined to the opinion that the "mark" in question was the mark of the beast. He did not do things all at once. First he introduced a new hymn book, with all sorts of *new doctrines* insinuated in homoeopathic doses. Then he made the congregation stand up where they had been accustomed to sit down. Then there were choral services and processions; then a couple of boys in white, swinging little brass pots, like spittoons, full of incense, and he called on Mrs. Ford, and addressed her as "sister," and made her pretty presents—ecclesiastical jimcracks, gold crosses, and silver medals with images of the saint. Mrs. Ford thought him so good. He was so very pious that he had made a vow never to marry lest he should be tempted to tell his wife some of the secrets of the confessional. Mr. Ford was not an agnostic, but he was fond of philosophical reading. The new Rector persuaded Mrs. Ford to burn her husband's books. This made Dr. Ford join the Young Men's Anti-Christian Association, where he became an eager listener to Colonel Ingersoll's lectures on the "Mistakes of Malachi." Things went from bad to worse. Mrs. Ford took to fasting, and put the household on a lenten diet of water gruel and red herrings. Dr. Ford went to see Harry Piper's whale, and declared boldly his awful state of unbelief as to the Prophet Jonah's being swallowed by a creature whose gullet was not wide enough to swallow a cat. For this fearful heresy he was excommunicated by the new Rector. Mrs. Ford was about to join a sisterhood, giving

all her money to build a "Chapel of Our Lady" to St. James' Cathedral.

VOLUME III.

But one summer morning, the hired girls being all sent to the Rectory for private confession, Mrs. Ford had to light the stove for herself. Amongst the old papers used for the purpose she found an ancient copy of Grip of the year 1882. The brilliant humor of the cartoons compelled her to gaze on the fascinating page. She read the trenchant satire on "Ritualistic Jim-crackery." Her eyes were opened, and she saw what Swift had seen a century and a half ago:

"Who can believe, that's blest with sense,  
That bacon can give Heaven offence?  
Or that a herring hath the charm  
Avenging justice to disarm?"

Immediately she set to work and prepared a square meal for her husband, a good breakfast of hot biscuits, fresh eggs, sausages, beef-steaks and pancakes. The tears stood in Dr. Ford's eyes at this unwonted sight. He gave up flirting with disbelief, as she did with superstition. He became a lay delegate, and a powerful and active coalition was formed against (1) absurd ecclesiastical titles; (2) pernicious nonsense in ceremonial; (3) "tainted" hymn books and other methods of inculcating quasi-Christian idolatry. The Anglo-Catholic Rector had to resign, and went to the North-West, where he was last heard of attempting to fight a polar bear with a copy of hymns, Ancient and Modern.

C. P. M.

The Czar declines to expel the Jews. Right you are, Aleck. It is getting toward Spring-time, and although the season may be a little late in Russia, it won't be very long before you will be rusting around trying to get eleven roubles, twenty-three kopecks on that old tin ulster of yours. You don't want to bounce the Hebrew capitalist until your ticket runs out, anyway. Then sail in and play your absolutism for all its worth.