

"Grip's" Popular Series of Pirated Romances.

SILLYBUB CONNINGSLY, OR THE SECOND-HAND CLOTHES SHOP.

(BY BEN. DISRAELI.)

BOOK I.

WE are not aware that there was anything remarkable in his childhood. An affectionate mother, and attentive nurses, did all they could to injure the excellent constitution of Sillybub Conningsly; but he grew up curly haired and happy, and wore diamond buttons on his black velvet tunic. With increasing years his nose grew larger, and inclined to hook, proclaiming that at some remote period his ancestors took into their veins the blood of the Hebrew race, therefore he was destined to become great.

At seventeen Sillybub was sent to Cambridge University, the education place of gentlemen and snobs. Here on one occasion a bargeman insulted him. He lost not a moment; he drew off his coat and waistcoat, and threw them to one of the crowd, and stepped boldly up to the bargeman. The young 'varsity man looked a stripling in the hands of the bully, who was seven feet one inch high. Science tells; blood tells, particularly English blood with a Hebrew flavor. In fifteen seconds the giant was grovelling at the feet of Sillybub, snivelling for mercy. "There, you cur!" said the wealthy Conningsly, and he flung him a £30 bill.

He looked up, and saw a beautiful pair of black eyes smiling on him. This was happiness. Cowards even are brave when beauty smiles. Love lends swiftness to the arrow.

Where was his coat? The rascally *gamin* had cleared off with it. Sillybub never gave it a thought. What does a man care for a check for £5000, or a diamond plated watch worth £7533, when he is in love. Love is all absorbent!

BOOK II.

A second-hand clothes dealer's shop. The door opened with a spring which rings a bell. In the inner room, surrounded with old clothes, sat Livonia. He was a Jew. He was wealthy and powerful. We owe everything to Jews—our faith, our custom, our civilization. Our best statesmen are Jews; our leading bankers are Jews; we give our old clo' in exchange to Jews. The sweetest musical instrument in the world is the Jew's harp!

He rang the bell, and a page of exquisite beauty, with a girlish figure entered, bearing coffee cups of massive gold, embossed with diamonds the size of beans, and snibooks ornamented in filagree gold. The page retired, and the confidential emissary of the King of Italy entered.

"The pope is power," mused Livonia. "Antagonism must be met with antagonism! The Jew must face the Jesuit!" He looked up. "This casket to your master. It contains seventy millions sterling, and my instructions!" The messenger bowed, and departed.

The page again entered. "My favorite disguise," he said. "I must see the Prime Minister. Sir John must be supported. I will send a ton of Brown Windsor soap that he may keep his hands clean! He will need it."

BOOK III.

In England personal distinction is a passport to the society of the great. The reputation of Sillybub Conningsly in the bargeman's fight, gave him admission into the Marquis of Braddlebrain's *salon*. There he met Aurelia Jane, the owner of the dazzling eyes he saw on the occasion of the memorable fight. They were introduced.

"Charming weather."

"Charming! You waltz?"

She banded him her card. He wrote down his name, and then looking earnestly into her eyes he said "The conventional is the polite. I spoke about the weather, but I have a more important subject." He led her into the conservatory. There he declared the passion that consumed him. "I love," he said, "the ancient Hebrew race." Her eyes sparkled; "I love the Asian Mystery; but more than all, I love you!"

"Aurelia! Aurelia!"

"Coming Ma! There," she said, taking a card from her pocket, "meet me to-morrow morning. Ta-ta!" Sillybub was alone. He mused on the appointment.

Next morning he was at Livonia's. He was standing at the shop front, crying old clo'. He saw Sillybub. They entered together. The page was in attendance—the page was Aurelia.

"Take her," said Livonia.

"An old clo' man's daughter," he mused. "Still she is a Jew. She

will help me to solve the Asian Mystery! Money is power! Intellect is power! The union of intellect and money shall accomplish much! The future shall reveal! These expectations may be vain! The disappointment of manhood succeeds the delusions of youth; Let us hope the heritage of old age is only baldness, not also despair!"

THE END.

Grip's Political Parodies.

YE TORIES OF THE COMMONS.

(AFTER CAMPBELL.)

Ye Tories of the Commons,  
Whom JOHN A. used to please,  
Vote down the scalliwag, if you  
Would hold your seats with ease!  
The people else, when met again,  
Will bring you all to woe;  
You will squeak rather weak  
When the stormy Grits do blow,  
When you have to mount the stump again,  
And the stormy Grits do blow.

The spirits of dead Patriots,  
Shall rise at every sound,  
For the husting was their field of fame,  
Their wildest battle ground;  
Where Blake and mighty Dorian tell  
What now the people know.  
There'll be groans, and the stones  
Which the angry crowds will throw;  
The Country's voice is loud and strong,  
As the stormy Grits do blow.

McKenzie needs no clap-trap,  
No power of talking deep,  
The truth *this* time will suit his case,  
And *that* is rather steep—  
With "*Allan's bribes*" upon his lips,  
He's fit for any foe,  
To the shame of the name  
The stormy Grits do blow.  
The "Charter case" is rather strong  
As the stormy Grits do blow.

The honest fire of Canada  
Shall yet with lustre burn,  
When the thieves who quenched the flame are out,  
To nevermore return.  
Then, then, ye Session Warriors!  
The rising flame shall glow;  
But take care of the Pair  
When the stormy Grits do blow.  
In talk they come the purist strong,  
But then its only blow!

GOOD NEWS.

WE received the following telegram from Ottawa just as we were going to press:

"Good news. Lion has lain down with the lamb. Phenomenon occurred late last night. All quiet."

We rejoiced with that joy that can be more easily imagined than expressed, as the big dailies say when the editor is in a hurry home. We have received a later despatch. Here it is:

"Report confirmed. The lion *has* lain down with the lamb. Only unfortunately the lamb is inside of him—gobbled.

Who shall estimate the arrogance of a printer's devil "clad in a little brief authority?" The Editor of the *Goderich Signal* had business out of town this week. Probably (tho' it's none of our affairs) he went to Ottawa to aid in forming the New Ministry—and left his journal in charge of somebody who published the following notice over the leading article:

"The absence of the editor must be our apology for the lack of original matter and other defects of the present issue of the SIGNAL."

On careful examination, we perceive that the issue is comparatively free from "original matter and other defects," and although the reason assigned is doubtless sufficient, it was certainly neither modest nor gracious in the apologist to call attention to it in that way: