



A POLICE REPORT.

No. 4792—"Ye'll be a heavy smoker, Dinny."

No. 4793—"No oi don't smoke much; oi buys two figs ivery Satherday noight and they lashts me a month."

No. 4792—"Thin ye must have a lot left at the end of the year beyant."

No. 4793—"Divil a bit; oi smokes the lot of it."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

MABEL, THE DOG-CATCHER'S DAUGHTER.

A COMPOSITE NOVEL.

FOLLOWING a scheme lately come into vogue, of having the different chapters of a story written by various authors, GRIP lately commissioned several of our best known Canadian *litterateurs* to produce a story among them. The following is the result, and it is to be hoped that any apparent want of coherence will be more than compensated by the pleasing variety of style:—

CHAPTER I.

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

It was a bright May morning in the spring of 1889, when Mabel Pickering, with a light and airy step, which betokened a heart free from guile, quitted her paternal cot in the quiet hamlet of Beachville, whose roof-tree had sheltered the tottering steps of her infancy. What stirring memories of the war of 1812 clustered around its venerable hearthstone! Canada had then but a small population who, animated by those patriotic sentiments which have never failed to inspire her people to deeds of valor, hurled back the invader who dared to desecrate her soil. Later on followed the rebellion of 1837, when her noble sons again sprang to arms and preserved intact the rights of Britons. The admirable policy of Lord Durham was followed by the best results, and finally in 1867, the scattered provinces were welded into the union

to which we are proud to belong. And yet there are some people who say that we have no material for a Canadian literature!

Just as the young girl reached the edge of the forest a light step rustled the underbrush and Wenonah, the Algonquin maiden, stood before her. She was lithe as a panther, and bore herself with the wild, untutored grace of the children of nature.

"White squaw has come," she said, in a low musical voice.

"Yes, otherwise I should not be here," laughed Mabel.

And with a warning glance Wenonah climbed an adjacent maple tree and disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

BY MAY AGNES FLEMING.

Bitterly, alas! did Mabel Pickering rue the day when Lord Dungarvan first sought her sire's humble abode and by the glamor of his courtly mien and honeyed glances ensnared her fluttering heart.

"Fly, oh! fly with me," he urged. "Far, far, hence, to my proud ancestral seat where a coronet shall bedeck thy queenly brow of alabaster whiteness and a thousand minions await thy bidding. Linger not amid these sordid grovelments when the world is at thy feet."

Her slight form quivered like an aspen leaf with contending emotions. "Oh, Marmaduke," she sighed, "I cannot."

The haughty earl bit his lip till the blood flowed, with vexation, and crushed a passing infant 'neath his iron heel.

"'Tis no particular consequence. I'll pay for it," he cried, flinging a purse of glittering gold to the shrieking parents.

With all his faults, Lord Dungarvan was a perfect gentleman.

*The fact that this talented Canadian authoress has been dead for some years does not prevent her writing for other publications, then why should it for GRIP?—ED.



THE "ENFANT TERRIBLE" AGAIN.

MRS. SOUTH WEST—"And so you saw Naples, Major?"

MAJOR—"Yes; but I didn't die, you see."

ENFANT TERRIBLE—"Why, mother said she was sure you dyed regularly!"—*Funny Folks*.