



Miss Florence Marryat's unique entertainment at the Gardens Pavilion is to be repeated this evening. Those who have not yet seen the clever and distinguished lady should seize this opportunity. Tickets may be secured at Suckling's.

Our readers are reminded of the Brandram entertainments at the Convocation Hall, University, on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week. No one who admires the art of elocution can afford to miss hearing this gentleman, who is one of its greatest living masters.

"Storm Beaton" at the Grand this week has several points to recommend it. In the first place, it is a play of high purpose and absorbing interest. Then the star is the promising son of the great Salvini, who is well worth seeing for his own as well as his father's sake. Lastly, an opportunity is given of seeing the veritable rescuers of the Greeley party, who appear in the thrilling Arctic scene.

Mr. Torrington's concert at the Metropolitan on Thursday of last week, was a great success in point of attendance. The organ solos by Dr. Davies were superb. The choir also did extremely well. The soloists were under the disadvantage of having come from New York. Not being quite equal to Patti, Campanini and Del Puente, the audience felt disappointed. It's a bad thing to announce a singer from N. Y., friend Torrington. Hereafter bill your stars as the "vocal wonders from Parkdale, Ont.," and you will find them a phenomenal success.

The public have to thank the Ladies' Aid Society of the Metropolitan Church for the great literary treat forthcoming on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Dec. 8th and 9th, at the Pavilion. We refer to the entertainment to be given by "Mark Twain" and Geo. W. Cable—a truly great team of the humorous and pathetic. "Mark Twain" will find himself amongst people who know him well, and who have perhaps a keener appreciation of his peculiar style of fun than his own countrymen. If he calls at the Grip office we will show him our wonderful Kidder press, and otherwise treat him with becoming solemnity. Mr. Cable is less known as yet to the general public, but in the world of magazine readers he is esteemed as one of the choice spirits of the age.

TOPICAL TALK.

THE cashier of the Banc de Falca at Lima has skeddaddled with \$50,000. I am not a bit surprised. A bank with such a name as that ought to be prepared for de-Falca-tions.

I OBSERVE that it is stated that the Dutch banks are embarrassed owing to sugar trade difficulties. Canadian and American banks are embarrassed from a similar cause, which is the absence of the cashier with most of the sugar.

AN exchange from Prince Edward's Island comes regularly to the office of GRIP, I am told, addressed "Toronto, Quebec." From this I should fancy that the P. E. Islanders made a mistake when they decided that they didn't want the Scott Act there.

WITH all due regard to his feelings, I wish to hint to that Yonge-street grocer who places above a case of sugar a placard bearing the words, "Superior Desert Sugar," either to remove it or to add an "s" to that desert; or is he honest? Can it be? Does he really call it "desert" sugar because of the sand—no, it cannot be.

THE Hamilton Times refers editorially to Toronto as "our weak sister." Poor old Hamilton! Poor old woman! There she squats on Burlington Bay and grows old and decrepid, and gnashes her toothless old gums with envy and jealousy at her younger and fairer sister, Toronto, with truly feminine spite. Ah! jealousy is a terrible thing, and causes old women to say things they don't mean.

QUEEN VICTORIA preserves, as an almost sacred relic, the musket ball that ended the career of Horatio, Lord Nelson. Let me see; was Nelson so eminently pious, moral and religious in his time as to be thus entitled to the veneration and worship of a queen, who gives Colonel Valentine Baker—a man as brave as ever the notoriously immoral hero of the Nile—the cold shoulder? If Baker Pasha is not to be forgiven by Her Majesty, then for goodness' sake don't let us hear of her maudlin sentimentalities over the bullet that ended a career that was, looked at from a moral point of view, fifty times worse than Valentine Baker's.

I'M death on these pettifogging tradespeople. I have already demanded, for people who can't afford to be euchred out of a half cent on every York shilling deal, a reform in the currency of the country, but so far the new half cent pieces have not made their appearance. Now, I want something done to those grocers who measure you out a quart of syrup or molasses with a half-pint cup. So much of the stuff adheres to the measure that a purhaser only gets about four-fifths of the quart he pays for. The same grocers kick like mules if you tender them a twenty cent piece instead of a quarter for four alleged quarts of syrup, yet at the same time they are coming precisely the same game over you in another shape.

AN American paper publishes a list of "Stealings for 1883," and in it is demonstrated that "merchants and agents run a pretty even race with bankers for the honor of being the greatest speculators; for the number of good bankers who went wrong during the year mentioned was 25, and these got away with \$3,581,000, whilst the merchants and agents to the number of 28 annexed \$2,366,000. Only four lawyers are set down in the list, but it is so difficult to tell when the gentlemen of the long robe are pilfering or merely doing a legitimate business that they might have been left out altogether. Not a solitary editor is included in the list! Probably because the poor beggars never get a chance to rob a man quietly, but have to use violence (which is always risky), and knock down some stalwart granger and go through his pockets,—and some grangers are muscular men with appetites like—well, like grangers. Editors have been known to eat at long intervals—barring free lunches, of course—therefore they cannot be considered good matches for grangers. So much for the article I saw in the American paper.

NEMESIS;

OR, THE FRESHWOMAN'S REVENGE—A TALE OF NORTH YORK.

The tourist, commercial or otherwise, who has ever journeyed on that old historic highway which leads from the mighty Ontario to the mitey Simcoe, known to the common multitude, and in fact to everybody else, as Yonge-street, has doubtless been struck, as with a lovely maiden, by the grandeur of the scenery of that most romantic region, the Oak Ridges. Many travellers who have traversed its charming bosky dells, and sailed on the pellucid waters of its smiling lakes, which rival in beauty, in the eyes of the inhabitants of the surroundings especially, the famous Lago Maggiore, have wondered why the place is called Oak Ridges, when the oaks are very

few and far between. It has long been a puzzle, even to the oldest York pioneer, so we may pine in vain for information as to whence the oak, but it won't do to pine here, so we will branch off at once with our story.

It was August, August the—, but never mind—it was August; and the western bound sun was just dipping his "lower limbs" below the horizon; like the truant urchin dabbling his unshod foot in the babbling brook. His (the sun's, not the urchin's) rays were, after the manner of western cow-boys, painting the township red. The whole scenery, the hills, the dales, the farm house, the barn, though in all different shades, from the brick-dust color of the regular light infantry private, to the dazzling scarlet of the senior major, all was red. The only thing on that lovely evening that did not seem to be read was a book, a beautifully bound volume of Harper's Weekly, in the hands of a young lady whose lovely auburn hair of that glowing tint that some hypercritical people might call—well it was—red also, as becoming such a well-read young lady as Caroline Chloe Callaghan, the heroine of our tale.

Leaning against the W. N. W. angle of the ancient and celebrated ruins of the old family homestead, long given over to the cats and the badgers, stood the maiden, looking towards the new and magnificent mansion erected by her father at a vast expense. It was built in the pure Græco Roman style of architecture, with alternate Elizabethan and bay windows on its façade, with a superb silver gilt lightning rod, and a second mortgage rested upon its towering roof.

"Corpo de baccy," murmured the young girl in the beautiful French language, "Will he never come? Oh, Percival, something tells me—"

"Here I am at last," said a manly voice, as its owner alighted from the hoary summit of the adjacent moss-covered rail fence, and clasped her to the silken-faced fall overcoat—the overcoat of Percival Vane McTaggart.

"Percival!"

"Carry!"

Tableau!

"Percival, where have you been?"

"Carry dearest, forgive my long and agonizing absence. But dearest I have been west to Winnipeg, to Montana; I have a barrel of stamps. A barrel, yea, that even thy haughty father who fired me from his portals, when I bust my—"

"Go on," said Caroline huskily.

"Now Carry, all is prepared. I prepared it myself. Fly with me to-night, e'er it be too late, for the old man is likewise fly, and has heard of my arrival at Richmond Hill. I will bear you away darling on the wings of love and the express train north, to a happy home near Barrie in the far off County Simcoe, to the McTaggart House, 'G. V. McTaggart, proprietor—Best of wines, ales and liquors,—Good stabling, charges moderate,' as per advt. Here dearest is my card. It is all my own—all—I have invested every dime in it. And you, you my darling Carry, will be its beautiful landlady."

Caroline drew back from him, pale but determined, tossing the volume she carried away in her agitation, leaving its plates of fall fashions to be gazed upon by an Indian file of geese taking ground to the west, towards St. George's Lake.

"Sir," she said in a voice quivering with emotion, "I infer from your remarks that you have opened a country tavern for the accommodation and delectation of the bushwhackers and iced whiskey swilling shantymen of your surroundings, and from Muskoka. Do you for one moment IMAGINE that I, Caroline Chloe Callaghan, only surviving child and heir-at-law of Col. Cornelius Callaghan, will stoop so low as to be a servitor for drunken hawbucks. I, a Freshwoman of Toronto University! No!