



"A TIME FOR EVERYTHING."

DUFFERIN—(to representatives of Russia and Afghanistan)—Excuse me for a moment, gentlemen, I must renew my subscription to GRIP! (And he does. See letter elsewhere in this issue.)

A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PRISON.
(OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER.)



rowler."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the individual addressed, entering Mr. GRIP's sanctum in obedience to that potentate's summons, "aye, aye, sir."

"Come, come, no levity, sirrah," sternly rebuked the bird of ebon plumage. "To

business. I see conflicting reports of the treatment of prisoners in the Central. Go to; call at that institution and glean all particulars concerning its management, and see, cañtiff, that they be the truth. Now, scoot."

The Promiscuous Prowler, making a deep obeisance to the Bird of Wisdom, withdrew from the presence, and was soon on his way to the grim Shrine of Malfaisance called the Central Prison, which he presently reached and thundered at the office portal which was thrown open by a Tall Individual with a Benign Countenance, clad in a semi-military uniform, who greeted him with the query:—

"Where's your committal, and why did you come to this door?"

"You are mistaken," replied the Prowler, rather indignantly, "I am no malefactor; I am an emissary from the office of Grip, and

Down went the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance on all fours and salaamed till his forehead touched the stone door-step at the mention of that terrible name, and tremblingly arising he begged the other's pardon for the mistake he had made.

"No sooner asked than granted," replied the Promiscuous Prowler. "Now, I have come to investigate the charges made by sundry individuals and newspapers against the warden and his method of treating those unfortunates consigned to his care."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance, "I am glad that I shall now be dealt with justly. I will escort you round the premises. The gentlemen committed to my keeping are now about to dine; you will see them fed. Come," and leading the way he walked off in the direction whence a most savory odor proceeded, followed by the Prowler.

Flinging open a door the Individual and his temporary guest passed into a spacious banquetting hall, in the centre and on each side of which long mahogany tables were laid with the choicest viands of the season. The snowy table-cloths glittered with the costliest plate; huge golden epergnes filled with rare exotic flowers were placed at intervals in the middle of the tables; wines of choicest vintages stood in delicate cut-glass decanters, and at either side of the table sat the guests clad in a most tasteful uniform of bizarre pattern.

"I am sorry you should have chanced to visit us on this day, as it is a *maigre* one," said the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance, "but such as it is you see the fare is not sparsely provided," and he handed a *menu* card to the Prowler, who glanced over it and saw the bill of fare for that day was as follows: *Potages*—Mock turtle soup *a la ball* and chain, clear soup, pea soup *a la riviere* Don. *Entrees*—Skillegalee *a la Massie*, Centralia pigeons, *chat a la neuve* tails, etc., etc., etc. *Joints*—Roast lamb, roast beef, roast mutton; boiled beef and mutton; stewed mushrooms, red currant jelly, caper sauce. *Poultry*—Turkeys, geese, ducks, pigeons, etc., etc., with suitable

saucers. *Game*—Haunch of venison, roast partridges and pheasants, jugged hare, prairie chickens *a la Logan*. *Sweets*—Plum pudding, Charlotte Russe, cabinet pudding, cocoanut pudding; lemon and pineapple pie, etc., etc.; brandy sauce. *Various*—Chocolate creams, strawberry ices, omelettes *a la Yellow Maria*, etc., etc. *Cheese*—Double Gloster and Stilton. *Dessert*—All fruits in season; walnuts, almonds and raisins. *Wines*—Port, sherry, claret, champagne, moselle, still hock and sauterne.

"You see that we do our best to give these dear fellows a little variety," remarked the Individual, and then turning to the nearest guest, a gentleman with a black eye and a jaw like a bull-pup, he asked him whether he had any complaints.

"Vell, sir," replied Mr. Sykes, for so he was called, "Hi mus' say as the champagne to-day is no better'n gewsberry, and I perfer my part of the comet vintage. Your plum-pudden is parsable, but the cheese is beesy. Hi won't stay 'ere unless things is more like wot H'im used to."

The Benignant Individual apologized to Mr. Sykes, and promised to have the caterer and the chief butler shot immediately, and trusted that no complaint would be made to the *News* when Mr. Sykes' term of residence expired.

"Hi won't promise nothink," replied that gentleman, "hand, mind yer, Hi wants some tripe and honions or a savvyloy to-morrer, or you look hout, my chickaleary cove," and he shook his fist significantly in the Individual's face. That official promised that all should be seen to, and then asked a warden if the gentlemen in solitary retirement had yet been supplied with their dinner.

"Yes, sir," replied the warden, "Number 311's *pate de foie gras*, Perigord *pate aux truffes* and other articles had been sent away some time since, but that Nos. 50, 93, 602 and 701 complained of the quality of the salmon lately supplied. The rest of the solitary gentlemen had been pleased to express themselves satisfied with the fare provided, but wished for a little more chalk for their billiard cues.

"You may ask these gentlemen anything you please," said the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance to the Prowler, and that personage, in a loud voice, enquired whether they were satisfied. Immediately arose a deafening cry of, "We are all ready to die for the Warden," and one gentleman, rising, proposed Mr. Massie's health in a bumper of Sauterne.

The gentlemen were then dismissed to the pastimes most to their individual tastes—croquet, lawn-tennis, quoits, tennis and so forth, and the Prowler having inspected the richly upholstered cells, tried the many pianos, and deposited a tract in each apartment, bade farewell to the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance, and told him that he would back him to the death. Numerous mottoes and texts were suspended about the corridors, such as: "Ble's our Home," "What is Home without a Warden?" "Welcome," and "We are ready to die for our Warden."

Much affected by what he had seen, the Prowler could not refrain from bursting into tears as he retraced his steps to Mr. GRIP's boudoir, where with eyes red with weeping, and in accents broken by intense feeling, he recounted all he had seen to the Great Raven, who brusquely informed him that he feared he had been drinking.

The satisfaction of feeling that he is a well-dressed man is enjoyed to the fullest extent by all wearers of R. WALKER & SONS' clothing, whether it be their \$9.00 or \$18.00 suit, or their \$3.50 or \$5.00 trousers.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and got me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.