

"Grip's" Popular Series of Pirated Romances.

GUSTAVUS MONTAGUE: A NOVEL.

BY NOBODY IN PARTICULAR.

BOOK I.

GUSTAVUS MONTAGUE was the lineal descendant of poor but honest parents. His father earned a livelihood by removing the accumulated secretions of metropolitan chimneys, while his mother strove to endow the shirts and collars of the neighbourhood with a portion of the rigid inflexibility which marked her own conduct in life.

Often in the intervals of his laborious but remarkably wholesome profession, she would endeavour to impress upon her idolized GUSTAVUS a few of those axiomatic postulates which seemed calculated to make him a good man as well as a great one.

"Gus," she observed in one of these affecting interviews, "remember that the crust which refreshes honest poverty is, morally speaking, more palatable than the sponge-cake and sherry of iniquitous opulence." Then, with a touching allusion to her own profession, she continued, "and to the well constituted mind, my GUSTAVUS, conscious rectitude revolving its mangle is a nobler object than vice reposing in marble halls, with vassels and serfs by its side!"

To all such observations, GUSTAVUS would respond with a glance of intense truthfulness, "Co-rect!"

BOOK II.

"Two souls with not a single thought,
Two hearts that cheat as one.—DRYDEN.

No sooner had the Rivulet of Youth become absorbed in the Ocean of Manhood than the fervid soul of GUSTAVUS MONTAGUE pined for sympathy. He loved!

LADY FLORENCE MELVILLE was, in sooth, a glorious creature; her beauty hung upon the cheek of night like an expensive bijou suspended from the ear of an Ethiopian serenader.

The effeminate scion of a corrupt aristocracy sought the smiles of LADY FLORENCE without success.

Such was the being GUSTAVUS MONTAGUE madly, blindly loved. But sometimes a hideous doubt would intrude, like a noxious caterpillar sullyng the petals of the rose, and whisper "Is thy love returned?"

This fearful thought nearly goaded him to madness, and he resolved either to ascertain the true state of LADY FLORENCE'S feelings, or perish in the attempt.

He sought the mansion of the Melvilles, and obtained a temporary engagement in a menial capacity.

BOOK III.

"You could tell by the smoke that so gracefully curled."—COWPER.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

'Tis a fearful cry to startle the silence of night, especially when there is no ASHFIELD in the neighbourhood.

All was mirth and revelry in the mansion of the MELVILLES! The most illustrious members of the nobility glided through the sumptuous apartments, or threaded the mazes of the waltz. Title after title was announced by the pampered menial at the door. That pampered menial is of noble bearing, indeed! He hath the curls and grace of a young Apollo! Dost recognise him, reader? Hush!

The festal scene is o'er, and the last coroneted chariot has rolled away from the mansion and the Melvilles. GUSTAVUS (known alas! as Jeebs) seeks his lowly couch at last. His heart beats high beneath his scarlet waistcoat, for something tells him that the lovely LADY FLORENCE'S hand is still free. Softly murmuring, "She is mine!" the pretended footman prepared for slumber.

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

GUSTAVUS leaped from his couch, and into his hated livery. FLORENCE in danger! The thought was madness! He approached the window and looked out. In a mass of terrified faces, all looking upward, he read the terrible story. The mansion was in flames!

The smoke blinded him somewhat as he fled wildly along the corridors. Ha! what scream was that? To burst open the door—to seize his lovely burden—to bear her swiftly adown the blazing staircase—to batter down the street door with a blow of his fist—was the work of a second! The hero and his precious charge swooned and fell together. Duly there was a revival. Blessings showered from all sides of the dense crowd upon the noble AUGUSTUS; but there was a joy at his own heart superior to glory; and on recovering his faculties, he first sought a look at the pallid features of the rescued—upper housemaid!

THE END.

EXTRAORDINARY IMMUNITY OF THE PRESS!

In a circular recently issued to the members of the Canadian Press Association, calling the Annual Meeting at London in the Fair week, we find the following:

"As to passes on the Railways, members may travel at the same reduction as is granted to all parties visiting the exhibition."

Considering that the persons thus to be privileged were Editors, no one will ever think of impugning the magnanimity of Railway Companies, however they may calumniate them on the score of bad management or political partizanship.

"BACK" NUMBERS SUPPLIED.

Our Ministerial confreres who are ever on the *qui vive* for facts and scraps derogatory to the "chief organ of the Grips," will be delighted with the evidence of its demoralization afforded by the following advertisement, addressed we presume to the ladies, which is regularly printed in that faithful Opposition sheet, the *Lindsay Post*:

"The 'Globe' Bustle—the latest and best—just received at S. & O. Bigelow's Cash Store."

We are fully prepared to find the *Mail* coming out with a leader on this text, for there is quite as much capital in it as in the much paraded intelligence that the *Globe* had decreased in size a few weeks ago; we only hope (for the credit of the profession) that, as Mr. Cool Burgess would be sure to say: the editor won't make 'too much bustle about it.'

AN EPIGRAM FOR THE LABOR CONGRESS.

THROUGH this fair land great JOSEPH marches,
Let honest welcomes greet him then,
Let working men praise the arches,
For ARCH has raised the working men!

FLATTERING OPINIONS.

"The successful teacher must be a man with a hearty Grip in his hand. A Grip is a good thing.—Baptist Teacher, Philadelphia.

I never knew a man of true sincerity who didn't prize an honest Grip.—Dr. Johnston.

Grip, my friend.—Chas. Dickens.

THE DIGNITY OF THE "BENCH."

ADDRESSED TO THE MASTER CLOTHIERS.

WE Tailors have "struck while the iron is hot,"
And tis needle-ss to coax us you know,
You ask us like geese to go back to our lot,
Come to terms or we'll never do sew

"CURRENT events"—Stomachaches.

SHAKESPEARE'S "SEVEN AGES OF MAN"—Mess-age, Lugg-age, Saus-age, Ramp-age, Marri-age, Parent-age, and Dot-age.

MYSTERIOUS—Will somebody relieve the Editor's mind by explaining this threatening letter:

Editor "Grip"—O r e u & \$ c o £ , ; : - ' ? ! ! —

KANADA KU KLUX.