



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE DEFENCE.

SIR JOHN.—THERE'LL BE AN AWFUL ROW ABOUT THIS DISALLOWANCE; BUT I CAN SAY I WAS IMPELLED TO REMOVE THE CHARTERS BY THE PRESSURE OF THE SYNDICATE!

West Lynne.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

VOL. I.

Lady Isabel lived in the utmost harmony with her noble and wealthy husband. The daintiest dishes graced their table; together they perused the sparkling pages of GRIP, and each week's post brought it to their ancestral castle in the Queen's Park, Toronto. Isabel was waited on by pampered menials in gorgeous liveries. Every afternoon's hour of winter sunshine saw her step from store to store on the dollar side of King-street, while obsequious dry-goods men, jewellers, and fancy-work vendors, tripped forth smilingly to deposit her many purchases in her carriage drawn by high-stepping bays. So time passed till her husband was suddenly called away to the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, where his presence was required as an important member of the Syndicate. To cheer her up during his absence, he asked his eldest sister, Tabitha, on a visit, and requested his friend Mowbray de la Till, the most aristocratic bank clerk of the period, to call frequently in the evening.

VOL. II.

Sister Tabitha came, and did not seem inclined to go. She made herself as disagreeable as ever she could to everybody, from Sarah Jane, the hired girl, to Isabel herself. She ordered Garr to be immediately stopped, for she disapproved of innocent mirth, which could find no place in her own starchy face and thin lips. She ordered Sarah Jane's young man to be turned out of the kitchen on the Sunday evening after she arrived. She took control of the money for housekeeping, so that poor Isabel's housekeeping came to an end. She was even so mean that she stopped the weekly pocket money of Isabel's children, Tommy and Flossie. She would only allow one cent each week between the two of them, and that cent she expected Isabel to expend. The rest of their pocket money should go to buy flannel petticoats for the cannibals in Africa, and if they wanted amusement, let them read the tract about good little Samuel. "I am sure," sobbed Isabel, "I think any lady ought to feel real mean going in to spend one cent on two children. I shan't do it." "I

hate that nasty little Samuel," said Tommy. So times were far from gay at West Lynne Castle.

In spite of Sister Tabitha, Mowbray de la Till came to the castle most every evening to tea. Whilst Tabitha went fussing around the hired girl in the kitchen, he sat in the best parlour, talking to Lady Isabel and hearing her play. He deducted considerable sums from what ought to have gone to pay his weekly bill at the pic-foundry where he resided, in order to present Isabel with expensive presents. She accepted them, thinking, as many ladies still do, that bank clerks and millionaires are synonymous; and he meant no harm whatever. But one day Sister Tabitha came in just before tea, and told him to go to his own boarding-house, and Isabel said it was no business of hers, and things were too rough on Mowbray, who went home to Mrs. Wriggley, his hostess, who demanded the board bill. This, being unable temporarily to pay, he left at once for Manitoba, and entered the mounted police. Meanwhile Isabel got so insulted by Sister Tabitha that she started that very night, by a different route, to join her husband and tell him all about it, and Tabitha was wicked enough to write, and tell the street milkman that his wife had eloped with the bank clerk.

VOL. III.

Isabel could not find her husband, and she had been a week in Winnipeg when she saw by the Toronto Telegram that her children were very ill of the measles, in fact she noticed an advertisement for a sick-nursery-governess at West Lynne. She resolved to disguise herself, and, so to speak, to ante up on the red and euche Tabitha. She laid aside her lovely beaver hat with scarlet feather, her point lace collarlette, her tight-fitting black velvet jacket and polonaise, and put on a poky black imitation fur cap with thick veil, and a common shawl over a dress from a second-hand clothes store. Not a store-keeper in King-street would have known her. Tabitha was glad to hire her at four dollars a month, and no followers. But Isabel had pawned her watch and six of the rings, and every day she bought the children oranges and figs and chewing gum. Meantime her husband met Mowbray de la Till in Manitoba, heard the true story from him, and at once

set out for home, when Tabitha at once got socked, and the supposed governess revealed as their own dear mamma to the children, who tumbled to the notion every time. Garr was taken in once more, and happiness reigned. Of course Isabel made her husband give Mowbray funds to pay his board bill, and to purchase a new Ulster, scarf pin, and *solitaire* diamond, which made him the envy of every bank clerk in Toronto.

There's a Good Time Coming, Girls.

(Tune, "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys."—H. Russell.)

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
I may not live to see the day
But you shall bask within the ray
Of the good time coming.
Prejudice may preach and rave,
But progress is the stronger,
There's a good time coming, girls, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming
Oppression in our eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming
Woman's speech shall not be gagged
To prove man is the stronger,
But all her words command respect, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Woman then shall have a vote
Her opinions to denote,
In the good time coming.
I have the right to cure the soul,
Or make the body stronger,
Discourse of learning, or of law, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Woman shall not slave and moil,
Day by day in hopeless toil,
In the good time coming.
Woman shall the good things share,
Nor die of cold and hunger,
Remuneration shall be fair, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
When a widow's family
Shall not be her misery,
In the good time coming.
Girls shall earn the same as boys,
Nor slaves nor toys be longer,
Their prospects then no more be sad, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming
Peace and mercy then shall meet,
Truth and righteousness shall greet,
In the good time coming.
Nations then shall join as one
To make earth's welfare stronger,
The advent of millennium come, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps if warmly given
Will make the movement stronger,
O hasten then the happy day, NOR WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

S. A. C.



THE UNACCOMMODATING "DRAPER."

FENTON.—Please, sir, I want material for several suits.
DRAPER.—You can't have it.