



A Suspended "Mayflower."

The irrepressible publisher of the Halifax *Mayflower* owes his present ungraceful and inconvenient attitude to the action of Chief Justice Ritchie. That learned gentleman doesn't think it in accordance with British justice that the plaintiff in an important suit should be permitted to argue the case through his personal organ while it is *sub judice*, and hence the suspension of the *Mayflower*. The editor has every appearance of a martyr in this sketch, but it is *not* true that indignation meetings have been held on his behalf by the clergy of Halifax, and the preceptors and pupils of young ladies' academies of Nova Scotia in general.

A Modern Marguerite.

By the author of "A Modern Mephistophiles."

VOL. I.

Mr. Mephistophiles, of the eminent publishing firm of Mephistophiles, Faust & Co., took from his desk a letter. It was dated Toronto, April 1st, and was as follows:—

"You have rejected my manuscript novel from your 'No Fame' series. I am alone in the world. I am without a (scent, not even the odour of sanctity. It is my intention to commit suicide by putting to my lips the autographic pencil with which I am writing these last words. And so farewell.

"MARGUERITE."

The eminent publisher put the letter in his delicately embroidered pocketbook. He hastened to a by-street in the eastern part of the city, where, in a garret, he found Marguerite sitting on the only chair she possessed, and by this time nearly dead from the effects of the autographic pencil. "Wilt thou be recalled to existence, and come and share my idealized existence at my paradisaical villa at Parkdale?" She consented. By a powerful antidote the poison of the autographic pen was counteracted, and next morning Marguerite awoke in a luxurious chamber. A green and gold flower pattern covered all of the wall that was not concealed by a gorgeous dado. A large white lily stood in a blue Chinese jar, flanked by a Japanese screen. Marguerite dressed, but in a toilette very different from that she had worn in her poverty. A gorgeous *princesse* of pansy-colored violet was set off by clouds of point lace, a slight hint of crinoline revealed hose of old gold silk, and bottles of spun glass that might have fitted Cinderella. Descending to the breakfast room she found her preserver of the night before in company with his junior partner, Mr. Faust, an exceedingly handsome young man in a faultless spring overcoat, with his hair parted down the middle. "It is my wish that you live here for a month," said Mr. Mephistophiles; "after that I intend you to marry Mr. Faust here. Don't make any ob-

jection. I can't afford time to marry myself. I want to have two types of beauty, male and female, continually before me. You will do as I ask you if you wish to continue here." A luxurious breakfast followed—eggs in abundance, fried and boiled, even at that time when they cost at least forty cents a dozen. Marguerite was astonished. After breakfast she went into the garden, which commanded an uninterrupted view of the Mercer Reformatory, and of the more distant asylum. Mr. Faust seated himself at her feet. "May I then hope for this lovely hand?" he whispered. Marguerite playfully held out a single finger. "How niggardly," he said, "to give me but one finger when the whole hand is so small." The compliment pleased her and the whole hand was graciously surrendered. "But what will my mamma say?" said Marguerite.

VOL. II.

Mr. Mephistophiles was determined to gain his point, no matter what was said by Marguerite's parent. He got Mr. Faust to present the latter with a handsome autographic pencil, simply omitting to caution her about putting it to her mouth. As the old lady was then about to write a long letter to her son Valentine, then a cadet at the Military School, Kingston, she frequently moistened the poisonous pencil-composition with her mouth, and an hour afterwards was a case for the coroner. Mr. Mephistophiles sent, by parcel post, another autographic pencil to Valentine, who used it to reply to his mother's letter, with an equally fatal result. Mr. Mephistophiles then procured some handsome articles of jewelry from the stores on King-street, and gave them to Mr. Faust as a present for Marguerite, who was delighted to get them, and sang a charming song composed by Grunod to show her gratification. But hearing what had happened to her mother and to Valentine, she got quite ill, and had to leave St. Michael's Cathedral, where some fine music was being performed, before service was over. Soon after this Marguerite got into difficulties. The firm having over-specified, and Marguerite being obliged to pawn the jewels, got arrested, and things would have gone badly but for Mr. Faust, who took her part, proved her innocence to the satisfaction of Mr. Nadell, and being disgusted with the mean conduct of Mr. Mephistophiles, withdrew from all connection with that person. They got married, and Marguerite soon recovered her spirits by conscientious study of Grip.



As Good as Settled.

[Lord Dufferin has been removed from St. Petersburg to Constantinople.]

Dufferin (to the Sultan).—Now, then, Your Majesty, if you will oblige by propounding the *Eastern Question* we have heard so much about, it will afford me much pleasure to answer it for you, promptly, expeditiously, satisfactorily, and simply as A. B. C.!



Montreal High Society.

Portrait of a gentleman sending up his card at an upper-ten residence—drawn after reading certain startling revelations made by the *Mail's* Montreal correspondent.

The Awful School Inspector.

The Inspector came down like a wolf on the fold. In the glory and pride of his knowledge untold; His wallet was stuffed with the books of his lore, And his mind filled with visions of carnage and gore.

There had been no hint of impending invasion, But, just on a most inauspicious occasion, He suddenly got himself inside the door, Such an advent inflamed his ferocity more.

How he swelled up with fury, 'twas frightful to see, And he went for that school like a heathen Chinese, "I'll show you that I'm an Inspector," says he, "With all power and authority vested in me."

A look full of vengeance around him he cast, Then he let himself out like a hurricane blast; Lamentation and wailing rose high on the air, And the school-room resounded with cries of despair.

As playful and glad some as lambs on the green, Those innocent children that morning were seen, By noon they were routed and scattered afar, With tears in their eyes, flying home from the war. And the fathers and mothers were loud in their wail, As the children escaped with a horrible tale; But the awful Inspector he went on his way, What recked he? as long as he carried the day.—P. F. Craggsdale, Muskoka, April 20, 1881.

Domestic.

"By Jimini, but I'm tired, Maria," said Mr. Golitenham to his wife on his return home last evening. "Thunder! I've been hard at it all day. But nothin' like bus, ye know Maria."

"I perceive you've been 'hard at it,'" said Mrs. G., calmly. "So have I. You've been at business of course until midnight as usual, and you are tired. Well, I'm a little tired myself, but as you say there's nothing like business. I have been washing clothes all day. I am trying to economize. Summer is coming, and I intend to bring the dear children somewhere out of town when the hot weather comes. This I am determined upon, Mr. Golitenham."

Mr. Golitenham's eyes began to twinkle, and his face became gradually more rubicund, as he said, "My dear, so am I determined. Business has prospered, and everything is going on well. I know that now you are working, perhaps too hard, but the summer will bring relaxation. Maria, I intend bringing you and the children to Europe in July, or perhaps August."

"Europe? Why Golitenham, that will be delightful! We can go intermediate, and the expense will not be so very great. What line will we go by?"

"Oh, the expense will be nothing, and the line is a splendid one," replied Mr. Golitenham, as his cheeks distended and his face grew steadily from magenta to mauve.

"Nothing? Well I never. You've got passes then?"

"No." (Here Mr. G. could contain himself or his joke no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter.) "No, Maria, I'll bring you and the dear children into the back yard and see the clothes line—that's the line you'll go by, and its your rops you know, Ha! ha! ha!"