

—chaffed Sir John—left nothing but rags and rans encumbering the ground. Sir John, in reply, apologetic and reproachful. Waved everything away with fluent deprecation—wagged it away with usual motion of his head—dealt in mild sarcasm—"wasn't everything cheap enough now to suit the Grits?" Cartwright jumped on him and wiped the floor with him. Said he had been "pot-valiant" when he abused him (C.) at Montreal. Said his patriotism was both practical and speculative, and a paying investment. Called him, by implication, a traitor, a liar, a Walpole, a Jung Bahadur, etc. Said he instigated burning of Parliament Buildings at Montreal. Was glad he had got Order of Bath, because he needed it as badly as any white man or nigger in the British Empire! Hoped it would purify him. (By-the-by, Gilmor says Sir John wears Brown Windsor Uniform of the Turkish Bath.) Worst of all—said he didn't know Shakespeare! Raised spirit of his grandfather—raised ours too! Dead silence on Government side. Oh, foran hour of Tupper now—or even Woodworth! John A's stock must have fallen when none of his men will answer such a tirade. Business—resolved to thank his Excellency for his kind and interesting remarks.

Monday Feb. 2nd.—Deluge of Departmental reports—means a short session. Shakespeare up again—in the flesh this time. Wants to know about exclusion of heathen Chinese. Sir John will tell him when Commission has reported. Lots of other fellows asking questions and wanting returns—Government very willing to bring down papers—makes work for more sessional clerks. Biz—papers ordered.

Tuesday.—Sessional Committees struck—probable rise of wages in consequence. Carling says he won't reduce postage—more papers ordered.

Wednesday.—Debates' Committee wanted to cut off daily *Herald* from newspapers, and give them bound volumes in summer instead, when it will be too late to discuss proceedings—idea sat upon and action deferred. Blake and Cartwright teasing Tilley with questions, etc. Tilley replies with usual air of puzzlement as to what it all means.

Thursday.—Blake and Cartwright again asking impertinent questions—one as to when a Librarian will be appointed—Sir John says "ere long." New bit of Parliamentary "gag"—will run out "to-morrow" and "hardly ever." Biz—more papers ordered. Queries, "What will they do with them?" and "Who ever reads them?"

Friday.—Pope proposed to bring the Manitobans and Northwesters to their census every five years—members who are holding on for a boom will oppose. Sir John moved committee on need of Bankruptcy Act—ignored remarks of man named Macdonald in England last fall. Blake thought he should take responsibility himself—Sir John said Government hadn't made up their minds. Casey supposed committee's duty was to make up their minds for them. Committee on mental construction appointed. Cartwright wanted more rooms for the Grits—what we really want is more seats—decided that first come should be first served. Mills wanted to know all about the boundary—Sir John will tell him everything—"ere long." Jackson thought we could build our own tugs and dredges—Langevin says "no"—it seems there is not timber enough in Canada. And yet Toronto can get up any number of tugs-of-war—Dominion might buy one to replace Charybdis. House adjourned at six—utterly exhausted by long session.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for boots for our boys. They always fit and wear well.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

(Continued.)

"The hour was now late as I once more fe entered the caravanserai. I made my way towards a chamber whence proceeded the sound of much mirth and laughter. Behind a long counter stood a being whose apparel fairly glittered with gold and precious stones. 'Surely,' I thought, 'this is some enchanted hall,' for behind the man in costly raiment were arranged rows of crystal vessels filled with sparkling liquids of every conceivable hue, from which a dense throng in front of the counter were ever and anon supplied in crystal goblets, the only words necessary to secure a draught being 'Setemupa ganc,' which were uttered by some of those there assembled, he who spake these words being compelled either to deposit sundry pieces of silver with the presiding Djinn behind the counter, or to draw his countenance into a most portentous wink, which was evidently some secret sign, for the Djinn would then mark some cabalistic figures on a slate and pass over one of the crystal flagons to the winker. I poured out a goblet of some liquid and essayed to drink it, but was compelled to catch my breath and gasp for air, for the fluid was even as molten lead. As I stood endeavoring to regain my breath the Djinn extended his hand which I grasped most cordially (this being a profession of love and esteem amongst these people) at the same time closing one eye and smiling. To my surprise the Djinn flew into a towering passion and remarking: "Not much, sir-ee; pay for yer drink," was about to thrust me from the place with his boot, when I bethought me of my money, a small piece of which I tendered him and his face was again wreathed in smiles.

"I was much struck by the appearance of two young men who were quaffing sherbet at this counter, for their apparel was not like unto anything that I had ever before seen. Around their necks were cinctures of stiff and glossy linen, which rose well nigh to the upper rims of their ears, their upper coats being of surprising shortness, whilst the tails of their undercoats hung several inches below those of the upper garment; their legs were encased in material whose tightness was a thing to be marvelled at, and I was lost in wonder as to how these young men ever got the garments on, for their feet were of an appalling magnitude, and I supposed that those garments must be sowed upon their limbs and never removed. Across the breast of each dangled two immense chains of bright gold, and the left eye of each was obscured by a circular piece of crystal. These two conversed in a strange tongue, which consisted of but few phrases, such as 'aw-yahs-b'jowve, y'kno,' and 'yahs, b'jowve.' I afterwards learned that these creatures were a species of ape, harmless and nearly resembling mankind in appearance, the species being termed the Dhude. Having quaffed two goblets of sherbet apiece, they retired from the throng with very uncertain and unsteady steps.

"A large, gross man was haranguing several others at one end of the enchanted hall, and so great was the effect of his words on his audience that I found opportunity to transcribe his speech, as I judged the speaker to be some great one. Some of his words were as follows: "That there block-pavin' on that there street didn't ought to be allowed for to remain, and (hic) if my word goes for anything with the ratepayers that there chairman hadn't ought to be in the position (hic) he is. We uns knows better (hic) how them there things had oughter be done, and them's my sentiments (hic) every time,' and much more which I failed to catch, as the speaker's words became more and more unintelligible after every time that anyone uttered the cabalistic words

'Setemuppain.' Upon enquiring of the Djinn who the orator might be, I was told that he was one of an august body of men called aldermen, whose members were selected on account of their great learning and intelligence, and who could spend more money without anything to show in return for it, than any body of men in existence. All this was communicated to me through an interpreter—a handsome, intelligent man, who spoke every language under the sun, as do all the contributors to the lending journal of the country called the GRYP, to which enlightened class of men he belonged. When I remarked that these aldermen must be very wealthy thus to throw away money so recklessly, I was informed that the money they wasted was not their own, but belonged to a class called Ratepayers, which fact accounted for their liberality."

"Scheherazade," interrupted the Caliph, 'if you tell me any more such abominable lies I will cause you to be instantly howstrung. Is it likely that these ratepayers would be such mule-headed jackasses as to permit others to spend their money in so foolish a fashion. Be careful, now."

"Your highness," replied Scheherazade, "thus it is written in the Narrative of Plumduff, the Bargee, who further adds that many of the ratepayers don't know enough to go into the house when it rains."

"So I should imagine," assented the Caliph, "but go on; still I think this Plumduff must be a terrible liar."

(To be continued.)



The amateur minstrels were greeted with a magnificent audience, and acquitted themselves in great style. Another performance is to be given shortly. Meantime, MR. GRIP is preparing an illustrated memento of the affair. Look out for it in an early number. All the boys will be pictured.

"Mark Twain" and Geo. W. Cable pay Toronto a return visit next Saturday. A vast concourse awaits them at the Pavilion. Get your tickets well in advance!

The *News*, talking of Winnipeg as the "Chicago of Canada," says: "The saloons have greatly decreased in number, and are poorly patronized. * * * Sunday is now observed in a very becoming manner, and the moral tone of the place is many notches higher than it was a couple of years ago." *Chicago papers please copy.*

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