

the Prowler's optics, swayed over to his side and awaited his behests.

"Maiden fair," said GRIP's Prowler, "I'm rather sold." "Whoever bought you got a bad bargain," remarked a Pert Piece of Femininity, who had paused to hear what I had to say to her Sister of the Tray. "How- ever," continued the Prowler, "I am sold. I came here for a Philanthropic meal, in an establishment whose directors, I am told, don't care about profit, and fairly loathe a large annual dividend. I have had my Philanthropic grub and it costs me forty-two cents! forty-two cents, maiden! The price of a pound and a quarter of the choicest caramels or eight dishes and nearly a half of luxurious ice-cream." The Dark Orbs rolled languishingly at the thoughts conjured up by these remarks. "Now, listen: bread costs 4 cents a small loaf: it sells here for 1 cent a slice: 10 slices to a loaf: profit, 6 cents a small loaf. Milk: cost, 13 cents a gallon, wholesale: sells at 3 cents a glass: glass holds, say, half a pint: profit on a gallon of milk, 35 cents. Maiden, Philanthropy is a fine thing to practise—when it pays! On other articles I feel the profits are equally large." The Willowy Damsel looked annoyed. "However," went on the Prowler, "it is worth paying extra to see so much Feminine Loveliness and to be waited on by such Paradisian Houris as I see around me." The Orbs smiled once more. "For Feminine Beauty I am willing to pay: for Profitable Philanthropy, never!"

"But," ventured the Willowy Damsel, "these Establishments keep men out of temptation's way: they can get no nasty liquor here."

"True: but if they're bound to drink, they only need to step up street a few doors and drown the recollections of a forty-two cent meal in the Seductive Bowl. What is wanted in a Palace of Philanthropy is grub at a price just sufficiently profitable to keep things going. Doubtless the sight of so much Beauty spoils many appetites, and much food is left on the plates of Susceptible Youths to be re-dished; therefore the Transcendent Loveliness so rife around here is a source of profit, but—" and here the Prowler ventured to slip his arm round the Willowy Damsel's taper waist.

A rush; an uproar; a hullabaloo. The Prowler was seized by three Indignant Worshipers of the Sisters of the Tray, and before he could deposit his forty-two cents for viands consumed, he was hurled forth into the street, where he made his way to the Raven's Roost and submitted his report.

ALIKE STARTLED,

Only a tack on the sofa,
Just one little tack sitting there,
And only an elegant loafa
Trying his best not to swear.

Only a band of poor redmen
Fleeing the volunteers' fire;
Rushing away in confusion,
T' escape from a slaughter so dire.

Both Indian and loafer are startled,
And this is the reason just here;
Each one is surprised much at meeting
This sudden at-tack in the rear!

—J. A. MESAG.

WHO KILLED POOR BILLY?

BY A DISCIPLE OF CLIKIE WOLLINS.

I.

The Toronto Detective's Narrative.

"Some time ago the town of Splashington was thrown into the wildest excitement with the news that Miss Tabitha Trim's cat, Billy, had been most ruthlessly murdered. Never before had such an awful calamity visited Splashington, and consequently everybody was horror-stricken and trade paralysed. I,

Bolter Bews, of the noted Toronto detective department, (pardon my vanity, but the honor of the connection is great,) happened into the town during the height of the excitement, and undertook, at Miss Trim's urgent request, to solve the mystery. I was informed by Miss Trim that poor Billy had been in the habit of sleeping at the foot of her couch at night; that on the night previous to the discovery of the murder she had put Billy carefully in his little bed; that on awakening next morning she was horrified to find it empty, that search was made for him and he was found laid across upon the back fence, dead, 'dead as a door nail,' as the servant, Mary Ann, sadly expressed it. I cannot explain why, but something about the catastrophe excited my tenderest feelings, and I determined that nothing should deter me from unearthing the murder; which, if accomplished, would, through me, cast honor and glory upon the able Toronto detective department. I began my investigations. After several weeks of incessant toil, I became convinced the deed had been committed by some person outside Miss Trim's house. Further investigation led me to suspect Master Tommy Gribbles. How I drew the chain of circumstantial around him shall not be told by me but by those persons more closely associated with the various links in the chain."

II.

The Tinker's Story.

"Strange indeed it is that I, the tinker of Splashington, should become involved in the greatest tragedy that has ever convulsed our fair town. But such is the fact. The circumstance that led to it is soldered to my mind good and strong. Little Mary, that's Master Tommy Gribbles' sister, had come in with the family tea-kettle for repairs, and whilst was fixing she casually remarked: 'Our Tommy says he'll kill old Miss Trim's cat, it's allus after our chickens.' I took little notice of the words at the time, but how significant they have become to-day!"

III.

The Tailor's Tale.

"No one in this town, barring his pa and ma, knows Tommy Gribbles better'n I do, or has him better measured up, for I've made his clothes these six years. I remember standing at my store door one day when up came Master Tommy and asked me to sew a button on his pants. This unusual request was the means of making me remember too well what followed. I sewed the button on and was slipping the thread when Tommy kinder scared me by asking: 'What's the best way to kill a cat?' Says I, 'I give it up, ask me something easier: cats has so many lives; but,' says I, 'I guess pison is about the best.' Tommy went away, and until we were horrified with the news that Miss Trim's cat had been murdered, I thought no more about it."

IV.

Extract from a Letter Written by the Splashington Chemist to his Brother.

"Before closing my letter, let me unburden my mind to you. I have, unconsciously, been a factor in a most heart-rending murder, that has shocked S. to its core. You remember Miss Tabitha Trim. Well, she had a beautiful cat called Billy, and one night Billy came to his end in a tragic manner. Some days after, Miss Trim asked me to make a *post mortem* examination, in order to discover how Billy had come to his death. I did so, and came to the conclusion that chloroform had been employed. Directly it flashed upon my mind that I had not more than a week back sold some to Master Tommy Gribbles, who said he wanted it for moths and beetles. Need I tell you how my heart is racked by being so connected with the murder of so inno-

cent an animal? Miss Trim is my best customer for homeopathic medicines."

v.

The Story told by Louisa Jane, Housemaid at Snug Villa.

"One evening I was standing agin the fence when I hears Mary Ann at Miss Trim's hollering to me. When I came up to her, I says, 'Suffen wrong?' 'Nothing partic'lar, mor'n the murder,' says she. 'Too bad,' says I. 'It is,' says she, 'it's about that I want to speak.' 'Go on,' says I. 'Well,' says she, 'the night the cat was killed it *did* git out.' 'No,' says I. 'Yes,' says she, 'I let it out. It come scraping around, annoying like, so I let it out, and when I came to call it in again, not a cat could I see, so, thinks I, let the darn'd thing stop out. When I found it had been killed I was afeard of saying anything to missus. That's all, Louisa Jane,' says she, mysterious like, 'not a word.' 'Not a word,' says I, and if it hadn't a been for that Mr. Bews talking it out of me, it would forever been locked up in my bosom."

VI.

Extract from Miss Tabitha Trim's Diary.

"To-day records one of the grandest triumphs of my life. Thanks to that estimable gentleman and able detective officer from Toronto, Mr. Bews, all doubt is now cleared up as to how my poor cat, Billy, came to his untimely end. I have just had the extreme pleasure of seeing the guilty one, Master Tommy Gribbles, most severely thrashed and sent to bed. Had it not been for Mr. Bews' keen perception and detective acumen, Splashington would have been burdened with a mystery from which it would never have recovered. We should indeed be thankful that Toronto possesses such clever detectives upon whom to call in case of need."

THE END.

A FOURFOLD WORK.—Burdock Blood Bitters act at the same time upon the liver, the bowels, the kidneys, and the skin, relieving or curing in every case. Warranted satisfaction, or money refunded.



A PARTICULAR CUSTOMER.

*Customer (in coffee and cake saloon).—*Waiter, bring me beef and beans on separate plates. Have the beef cut thin and with the grain, with an edging of fat; the beans brown on one side and not too hot, and a cup of coffee, and don't let the coffee spill into the saucer.

*Waiter.—*All right, sorr. Anythin' else?

*Customer.—*A glass of water.

*Waiter.—*Do yez want the wather washed, sorr?

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