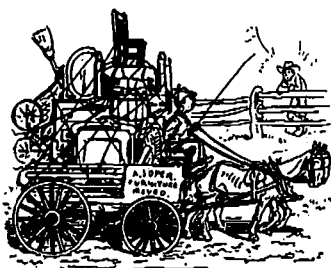


## MOVING INTO THE COUNTRY.



I.

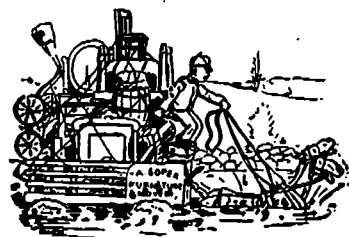
DRIVER—"Say, how are the roads to-day?"

NATIVE—"Oh, they're in tip-top condition."



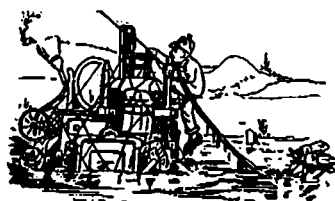
II.

FIRST HOUR—Deep Mud.



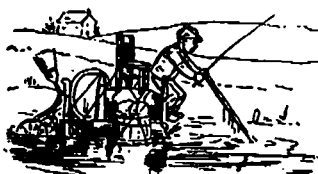
III.

SECOND HOUR—"Deeper Mud."



IV.

THIRD HOUR—"More Mud than ever."



V.

FOURTH HOUR—"Nothing but Mud."



VI.

"TIP-TOP CONDITION! Well, I should say so!"—*Munsey's Weekly*.

### THE CONSUL FOR MADAGASCAR.

MR. BILDERSNICK, Consul for Madagascar, sat in his elegantly furnished office, on the door of which the national arms of the country he represented were emblazoned in the highest style of art. Bildersnick had been Madagascar Consul at Toronto for over six years. The position, of course, was a purely honorary one, which he had solicited on account of the standing it would give him in society. So far his duties had been strictly confined to attendance at official dinners and other functions of State, where, when occasion offered, he was accustomed to make neat and appropriate speeches, rejoicing over the fact that amicable relations had always existed between the Dominion and Madagascar, and trusting that the *entente cordiale* might always be preserved. He substituted for this phrase sometimes the more novel diplomatic term of "*modus vivendi*." Altogether he was a model consul and a credit, as the Member for Centre Toronto once observed when proposing his health, "to the *corps diplomatique*."

It had always been a source of regret to the Consul that, as years rolled on, he never had any actual consular business to attend to. He felt that if he really could have some case requiring his intervention it would conclusively prove that the position was no mere empty honor, but an office of genuine importance and necessity. As he sat at his desk reading GRIP, he was interrupted by the entrance of a ragged and demoralized colored man, who enquired:

"Hab I de honah of addressin' Mistah Bildersnick, de Consul fur Madagascar?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," said Bildersnick hastily, "did you wish to see me in my official capacity?"

"Yes, sah. I'se a busted Madagascar, a stranger in a furrin land. I axed sum genlmen fur to gib me a little help, an' dey sez: 'W'y don't yer go to your consul?' Now, ef you is my consul I'd be mightily obleeged fur

sum assistance along froo dis vale ob tears. Tell yer, boss, we poor Madagascars hab mighty hard time in dis yer country."

Oh, joy! Here was at last the long wished-for opportunity! An actual case in which he could do something besides eating dinners and making speeches in his consular capacity. His first impulse was to rush forward and grasp the tattered "Madagascar" by the hand, or possibly fall on his neck and embrace him, but he reflected that such a proceeding would hardly be in accordance with official dignity, and restrained himself in time. Assuming an air of authoritative hauteur he replied:

"Ah, my poor fellow, I'm afraid I can't do very much for you. We have so many applications from those similarly situated, you know, and the funds placed at our disposal by your Government are limited. I can give you ten dollars, however, which may be of some assistance."

"Tank you, sah, tank you," said the delighted darkey, "an' jess you write home to ole Vir—— Madagascar, I mean, and tell um dat dar ain't much of a show fur de po' culled pusson hyah."

And he bowed himself out of the consular presence with a broad grin on his features, which, as soon as he was fairly out of hearing, broadened into a loud guffaw.

"Hyah! hyah! If dat ain't jess about de bes' racket dis darkey eber struck. I knowed it would catch um, jess same as it catch de gen'lmen wat calls deirselves consuls fur Liberia, an' Hayti, an' Hayway an' Pattergoner an' dese odder fur-off places whar dey's darkeys. Guess I try de consul fur Bulgaria nex'."

POETS take in the beauties of nature. Their wives take in washing.—*Ex.* And their readers presumably take in-terest in their books.