

you dare! If you do your eyes shall pay the penalty.

MRS. BYLES (*glaring ferociously at Mildew*). Touch a hair of my husband's head and I'll make you wear a wig the rest of your days.

BYLES and MILDEW (*together*).—By gosh!! (*This evidence of wifely devotion melts the hearts of the two husbands. They meet and shake hands.*)

MILDEW.—Forgive my hasty departure with your wife, Nathaniel.

BYLES.—Willingly, Justus, and I trust you as readily forgive me for my thoughtless retaliation.

MILDEW.—Don't mention it, Nat. It must have been an oversight on your part, I am sure. (*They shake hands once more, whilst the ladies kiss each other enthusiastically.*)

OMNES.—Then we are all happy!
(*Grand Tableau: representing Undefinable Happiness and Wedded Bliss, Little Cupids, Lovers' Knots and Red Fire.*)

CURTAIN.

—TITUS A. DRUM.

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

MR. MITCHELL'S CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

A BRIEF ESSAY.

There is a moral attached to the following very important dispatch from San Francisco: "Duncan C. Ross and Charley Mitchell had a dispute in a sporting house here the other night when the former said, 'Mitchell, I could whip you if I had you in a room,' and the latter replied, 'Well, you have me now.' Ross took his coat off, and made a feint at Mitchell, who met him short, knocking him across the room and stunning him."

Roderick Dhu imagined he was going to have a soft snap with Fitz James, but it will be remembered that

"Thrice the Saxon's sword drew blood,"

after which Mr. Dhu retired from this worldly scene and the blavsted Englishman flapped his wings and crowded. The Scottish motto is, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," a Gaelic sentence signifying "Nobody (smaller than I am) insults me without getting slugged." The English motto is a Greek one and runs thuswise: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and means "Evil will surely happen to him who thinks he can best me." Now, Mr. Ross could not have had Mr. Mitchell's national motto in his head when he made that speech as above quoted, and doubtless imagined that he, the champion hippodromist of the world, would only have to show a bold and bluff front to Mr. Mitchell to cause that poor fog-saturated Britisher to wilt up like a little faded flower. As the two gentlemen happened to be in a room when Mr. Ross said what he did, it is clear that something was wrong with Mr. Ross. He should have said, "Mitchell, if I had you on the top of Mt. Vesuvius, or on the Rialto at Venice, I could whip you," but the foolish fellow indicated the very locality where the two happened to be, and the result was such as to put Mr. Ross to sleep for a time. The lullabies that gentlemen like Messrs. Mitchell and Sullivan sing are not such as are heard in nurseries, but they are very effective, as witness the present instance; one moment Mr. Ross was wide-awake (not as wide-awake as he should have been, however) the next he slept; slept as calmly and sweetly as an infant.

Now, the moral of all this is very evident: though it may not be a judicious thing to do to insult a Scotchman with an impunity (whatever that is—some kind of a gag about oats or kail brose, presumably), it is decidedly

unwise to insult an Englishman of Mr. Mitchell's calibre, at all. Messrs. Ross and R. Dhu both came off second best in their game of bluff with the hated Sassenach.

Mr. Mitchell, as a representative of the British lion, (who is playing such havoc just now in Afghanistan and the Soudan, and the tail of whose coat you must not tread upon,) could not brook the taunts of the gentleman from the wee sma' land ayont the Tweed, and the consequences were as sudden as disastrous to the countryman of Roderick Dhu and bonnie Charlie.

Mr. Ross must now console himself with the thought that he is only a third-rate player at the manly game of bluff whatever his qualifications may be as an all round athlete and hippodromist. As Mr. Mitchell may possibly return to Toronto, and as he, being an intelligent gentleman, always reads GRIP, I have spoken just as nicely about him as I know how to.

I have said.

—S.



A COLORABLE EXPLANATION.

Mrs. McTagg—(*to stairhead acquaintance, whose eye has been darkened by a kick from her husband*).—Peety me, what's that on your e'e, Mrs. Dunn?

Mrs. Dunn—(*shortly*).—It's juist a bit shae bleekning, Mrs. McTagg.

HOW HE WAS SOLD.

A FACT, SLIGHTLY COLORED.

Little Jack Flatpurse is as familiar an object to Torontonians as St. James' spire. Everybody knows him and he owes and knows everybody.

The following conversation was overheard on King Street the other day. Jack was talking to a friend.

Jack.—I don't suppose any fellow was ever so confoundedly sold as I have been. I'm mad enough to kick myself.

Friend.—Why, what's the matter, Jack?

Jack.—Well, I ran my face at a butcher's on Church Street for a week's grub. I was to pay him on Saturday. This all occurred last October. Saturday came and of course I'd no money, so ever since that I've been going about twenty blocks out of my way—for there are only certain streets I can traverse—a la Dick swiveller, every day, sometimes three times in the course of the twenty-four hours, to avoid passing that diabolical butcher's shop, for I knew he'd dun me—everybody does. I calculate I must have walked over two hundred miles—see for yourself—a mile a day, eight months—to avoid that beast of a butcher.

Friend.—Well, but how were you sold?

Jack.—Wait, I'm coming to that. Yesterday I plucked up courage to pass the fatal

spot. Ye gods! what d'ye think I found? The old butcher shop and several more houses adjoining pulled down and new edifices in course of erection, and on making enquiries I found that Livanlites—that's the butcher's name—had moved away to the west end on the Monday following the Saturday on which I promised to pay him, so there I had been for eight months dodging an evil that had no existence, sir, and wearing out shoe leather all because that fiend of a butcher never told me he was going to move. Tough, eh? I must slope, old fellow, I see old Sands, of Sands & Saccharin, the grocers, coming, and I guess he'll want to speak to me, and I hate talking to these fellows on the street. By-bye.

—S.

SOCIETY HUMBUG.

SCENE: Mrs. Jumpd'uppe's ball-room, brilliantly illuminated. Dancing and general society nonsense going forward. Mrs. and Miss Umbuge seated in a retired corner.

MISS UMBUGE.—And the spoons and the plate, generally, ma, I know was second-hand, because I saw it at Mrs. Bustup's sale. Didn't you remark it?

Mrs. U.—Of course I did, my dear. I should be the last person in the world to notice such things, if people only knew how to behave themselves; but just because her husband happens to have got into Parliament—and heaven only knows by what means he got there—but never mind, dear, they will doubtless have to starve for the next three months to make up for to-night's display.

Miss U.—And a miserable one it is, after all, ma; the supper was not eatable, and the champagne was gooseberry, I'm positive.

Mrs. U.—Hush, dear, here comes the old fright.

[Mrs. Jumpd'uppe advances towards where Mrs. and Miss Umbuge are seated. The latter sidle up to her radiant with smiles.]

Mrs. U. (*obliquing Mrs. J. d'U. to sit down*).—Now, you must rest a little. You are killing yourself for your friends. Besides, I have something to say to you. I must thank you for the great pleasure you have afforded us. I never was so much amused in my life—and your exquisite supper—so *recherche*.

Mrs. J. d'U.—Oh, you flatter me—

Mrs. U.—No, my dear Mrs. Jumpd'uppe, no. Really you have done wonders. Your taste is evident in the smallest detail. Everything is so charming.

Miss U. (*naively*).—I can't praise Mrs. Jumpd'uppe, ma; I must scold her—positively scold her. She is very naughty.

Mrs. U. (*reprovingly*).—Bella, Bella!

Miss U.—Well, ma, so she is. She excites envy in our breasts, and that's a sin.

Mrs. J. d'U. (*benignantly simpering*).—Sweet flatterer!

Mrs. U.—Ah! I shall never cure her, I'm afraid. Her heart is always on her tongue. She is such a creature of impulse. (*Da capo.*)

CITY SOUNDS.

I SCREAM.

Hark! the tooter tooteth
His tin horn,
As around the town he scooteth
Every morn.

Ice cream it would seem
Is his everlasting theme;
But his wares are not enticing,
We have had enough of icing;
What we want is something hot,
And the tooter hath it not;
And who in this cold season
Would buy his victuals frozen?

It don't suit,
So lets hoot
The galoot
With his toot,
With his tootle, tootle, tootle, toot.

—B.