

### The Lyall Family.

From the Archives of Canadian History.

By DR. GONOFF.

Author of "The Life of VON SHOULTZ;" "The windmill;" "We will gather by the River;" "Chippeway and Chattegoway;" "Buck-wheat and Breastworks;" "Cabbagetown under the old Regime;" "The old vet;" etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER IV.

After the tent was pitched, and the canoe hauled ashore, the weary voyageurs stretched themselves on the tarpaulin, which with a substratum of hemlock boughs, made a very comfortable mattress. "I think, said ULYSSES, "that I've gone about far enough West. It's a fine looking country here. To-morrow we had better take a look around and see how the locality will suit us." "All right," said DAVIN. "In the morning we'll explore the surroundings; I think from the smoke that I discerned curling up among the trees that we will likely have neighbours." At this moment they were considerably astonished to hear the sound of female voices in their close proximity. In the quiet air they could make out a great deal of the subject of their talk. "Oh JEMIMA," exclaimed one of the speakers, "I suppose the boat is lost for good, and your fault too; couldn't refrain from flirting with young Mr. JONES, leaving the skiff to take care of itself; and now I suppose we'll have to walk home. Well, did you find the boat?" she asked as three fashionable appearing young gentlemen came in view. "I'm sorry to say, no," said one of them, "we've walked up and down the river for miles but no traces of her." "Oh Mr. JONES," exclaimed the ladies, (there were three of them) "what shall we do?" "Well," answered Mr. JONES, "we'll have to make the best of it. I've torn my Ulster nearly into ribbons already forcing my way through the brambles," this he said laughingly, though a close observer could see he was inwardly touched by the mutilation of his favorite garment. The speaker was a fine looking youth of some nine and twenty summers, clad in the costume of the period—a seal-skin cap of majestic proportions, a pair of spotless "cords," eye-glass, cigarette case and the beforementioned graceful Ulster (built by SAUNDERS, and sent per dog express down the ice of Ontario the past winter) completed his costume at once elegant and comfortable. "By my Halilame, fair ladies," he exclaimed as he felt in the direction of his heart to assure himself that his pocket pistol (which all young gentlemen of that time carried as some do even to this day), was not lost, "I see we're in for it, and our only chance is to secure the canoe hauled out there on the bank. I saw one of the Indians just now go into the tent, and they all doubtless will soon be sound asleep; we can easily send the canoe back in the morning, and solace the owners with a bottle of rum. It would be a good joke on Schneider! what do all say?" To this scheme the gentlemen at once assented; not so the ladies. "Oh JOHANNES," murmured the fair JEMIMA, lately rebuked by her elder sister, "should those dreadful Indians awake what horrid consequences may ensue?" "Fear not, dearest," was the reply; "know you that while up for term in Toronto I attended the Gymnasium, and took lessons in the noble art from Professor ANDREWS. We're good for a couple of wigwams full of Injuns, if they give us any "chin" we'll clean them out before you can say oh! with your mouth open; that's the sort of clothes pins we are! so, fairest, give thyself a rest!" After looking (behind a tree) to his "pistol" he motioned the party to where the canoe rested on the beach.

#### The Vision.

It wasn't a dream, and you musn't scream, but something came to me,  
'Twas the dead of night and all darkness quite when I did that some-  
thing see.

It opened the door and it stood on the floor and its visage was horrid  
and grim,  
Of the Fiend below then I thought you know, for I couldn't help think-  
ing of him.

Its colour was blue of a lurid hue; it was six or seven feet high,  
But what frightened me most in this terrible ghost was his horrible burn-  
ing eye.  
For it seemed to me in his stomach to be, while the scorching flame  
thercin,  
Which occasioned my fright lit the room with its light, till you almost  
could pick up a pin.

Then the works that I'd done I thought of one by one, and of all the  
bad things that I'd said,  
And deep misgivings had I must be very bad, since they sent him before  
I was dead.  
Then he flourished a club while his hoofs rub a dub crunched with devil-  
ish sound on the floor,  
And he said unto me "The night watchman I be, come to say that  
you've not locked your door."

THE Dominion Board of Trade is respectfully informed that the Govern-  
ment is bored of trade.

### Health Bulletin.

DR. GRIP presents his compliments to an anxious public, and regrets that he cannot report any improvement in the political health of his unhappy patient GOLDWIN SMITH. On the contrary the Doctor observes with grief and distress, that the patient seems to be growing gradually worse. The symptoms have now put it beyond question that it is an aggravated case of mental dyspepsia. The stomach is so badly out of order, that the patient is unable to assimilate any of the food which healthy Canadians enjoy so much. The free institutions of the country, the political parties, the foreign relations, the national spirit, all of these things he rejects with expressions of disgust. The very plainest diet he finds it impossible to swallow; *Brown bread* being his especial abhorrence. At the same time the unfortunate sufferer is troubled with ridiculous visions whenever he attempts to take a moment's sleep. He imagines he sees the British Constitution falling in pieces, and DISRAELI being torn limb from limb by the British Lion in its death struggles; then he sees himself in the form of a Sarcastic Angel sweeping away the Canadian custom line, and handing over the Dominion to BEN BUTLER, while the editor of the New York *Nation* tears a recking scalp from the head of GEORGE BROWN. From these troubled naps he invariably wakes with a start, pained to realize that the visions are unfounded. Dr. GRIP would not have the anxious public suppose, however, that the case is utterly hopeless. The patient has just been relieved of a large quantity of bile (which may be found in the current number of *Rose-Belford's Monthly*) and it is not unlikely he may feel somewhat better before long.



WM. FLATTERY, who tried to murder his employer with an axe, must be the person spoken of as being "Base Flattery to call him a coward."

INSPECTOR HUGHES is in favour of drawing in schools. Still he must admit that every teacher should know how to draw, even if he should draw nothing else but his salary.

GREVV has been elected President of France, but if he had known about the intolerable puns that American papers have made on his name he would have reconsidered his rash step.

SPEAKING of the French President's resignation "McMAHON flushed a fiery red." Well, why shouldn't he? Is not he Duke of Magenta? He couldn't have flushed redder unless he was madder or Earl of Coch-eanal.

THE Guelph Town Council paid a visit to Sarnia to inspect its water-works. They might have known that water-works down hill, but perhaps Sarnia mixed something with the water that made investigation pleasant.

THE Licensed Victuallers Association want to keep their saloons open until 11 o'clock Saturday night. It is a shame that an oppressive Government will not allow these open hearted people to do what little they can to prepare people for the Sabbath.

A BY-LAW is to be submitted to the property owners of Waterloo in reference to granting \$2000 to a button factory. Then the battle of Waterloo will be fought at the polls on the question of "Burton, button, who's got the button." It may prove a button-hole for the money.

THE Governor General has invited the curling clubs of Canada to take a cup with him. He will give a cup to the best curling club. It is to be hoped that the contest will be postponed until next July when the weather will moderate somewhat, and people can view the affair with comfort.

GRIP is sorry the City Council refused to accommodate Ald. BAXTER by holding their meetings in the afternoon instead of the evening. Like a good family man as he is, Ald. BAXTER wishes to spend his nights at home. It is too bad that he cannot be permitted to do so; and, since the Aldermen in general will not change their hour to suit him, we wonder if they could not be induced to accept Ald. BAXTER'S resignation and put in some fellow who had no family. We believe the citizens in general would be willing to accommodate the worthy Alderman in that way.

THE meeting of the Dominion Millers' Association in this city lately was a great success. During the discussion of the protective duty, a great deal of flouxy language was used, and the argument almost ended in a regular mill. Some of the members wore rye faces, for the propositions advanced went against their grain. Short speeches were the order of the day; and while some members proved to be orators others were only middlings speakers. The *Globe* man took an oat of what transpired, and next day ground out a chaffy article thereon. 'Tis wheat to see the millers thus pleasantly barley with each other, and GRIP hopes every participant went away with some bran new ideas in his head.