

And his black eye flashed as he raised his right hand to heaven to register the vow. It is always better to register a vow in this style than to take it to the registry office, because there are no fees to pay.

As Wellington paused for a minute to look at a meerschaum pipe in a tobacconist's window, Hamlet Bulstrode, for it was he, of course, saw his opportunity. Hastily drawing from beneath the copious folds of his cloak a largesized document, he approached close behind his victim and rapidly attached to his overcoat the paper which being unfolded bore the superscription:—

"APRIL FOOL."

"Aha! at last I have my revenge," he muttered, in gleeful undertones, as the unsuspecting Wharncliffe, with this legend displayed to the public gaze, disappeared amid the throng.

It was a much better way of getting square than to go shedding gore, and besides, supposing Bulstrode had killed Wellington and got hanged for it, the story would have ended up too suddenly.

CHAP. III.

"A sad yet melancholy thought Comes o'er me day by day, Oh, who will feed the brindle mule, When I am far away?"

—J. Burr Plumb.

'Twas indeed a bewitching spectacle to see Rebecca Maltravers early on a bright spring morning feeding her favorite ten-year-old goat, Pessimist, in her father's garden, upon oyster cans and old newspapers. Even the most unsophisticated stranger from the back townships, stopping to gaze through the cracks in the back fence at the scene, would notice that the very obvious differences between Rebecca and the goat were all in favor of the former. There was a feminine softness and reserve about Rebecca, a *je ne sais quoi*, so to speak, that was quite wanting in the goat. Wellington Wharncliffe, with that insight into character which a pure affection always gives, had early perceived this fact.

"Do not you think," he had said one day, along in the fall of 1876, to Hamlet Bulstrode, "that both in respect of maidenly grace and the charm of a cultivated intelligence, Miss Maltravers is on the whole superior to her goat?"

"Why, of course!" replied Bulstrode.

This little incident illustrates the difference of temperament of the two rivals—the one reflective, penetrating and appreciative; the other commonplace and matter of fact.

Yet let us not be unjust to Bulstrode. Pessimist had bunted him on more than one occasion and lacerated his feelings.

Why was man made to mourn?

(Concluded next week.)

The Tale of a Thomas Cat.

A Thomas cat went forth one night To serenade his love; The winds were sighin' to and fro, The moon shone bright above:

And as he neared his loved ones' haunts, He softly sang me—ow, The sound was exquisite; I wish That you could hear the row.

There were three gentle boarders who Were rooming each with each, They heard the song, then each one grasped For anything in reach.

They threw the window high and saw The Thomas cat below, And listened while he sang in Scotch "John Anderson my Joe."

Then one bad boarder got a lump Of delicate raw meat, Attached it to a hook and line, And threw it in the street.

The Thomas cat he smelled it once, Then quickly took it in.

But when the hook did operate He meowed and swore like sin.

When Thomas he was lured safe Upon the bedroom floor, The three joined hands and then performed The Indian dance of war.

A desperate resolve they formed To murder Thomas cat, While Thomas smiled, as if to say, "I wonder what you're at!"

Two boarders held poor Thomas while The third a pistol took, And neither one regarded aught Of Tom's appealing look.

They placed the pistol to his ear And fired, but lack a day, The ball glanced off his hardened cheek And went the other way.

It struck one boarder on the arm, Reflected back from he, And came as near as possible To "fixin'" No. 3.

Then No. 3 and No. 2, Did swear at No. 1, And vowed that they would have his gore, Before another sun.

Tom grasped the situation grave, And bolted for the door, And thought, "I guess those fellows there, Don't want me any more."

But ere he left he turned around And made a cat-like bow, And said, "good night, kind gentlemen, Meow, meow, meow."

J. A. KASSE.

Grounds for Complaint.

Mr. GRIP,—Dear Sir,—I am poor, and have to live cheaply. I am, moreover, a lover of coffee. Very naturally, I go to a "coffee-house" to procure the same, and in one and all I find that instead of making coffee their "best hold," it is of slops, sloppy, and he who seeketh a good cup of coffee will fain go to where the "rosy" is dispensed by the bejewelled mixators of tipulars, for the same. The "Coffee-house" Coffee is a mere *Mocha-ry*, so to speak, and has a tendency to make the waverer remark, Oh, for a bowl of Ryc-O! This should not be. If these places don't make coffee their leading feature, I predict an untimely end to each and every one of them. A word to the wise, &c.

Yours very truly,

JAVA BEAN.



A SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

TEACHER—Now, boys, I wish you to pay particular attention to the second part of this history of Jonah. He was thrown overboard, but that was by no means the end of him. Bear in mind that he got ashore, and went and performed his great mission of announcing the speedy destruction of the government!



WELFECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

D'ye know, I cawnt but think the Americans are a most extraordinary people, incomprehensible in fact, when I heath that the funeral guests attendant on theah late Pwesident Gawfield, tel'nd the affaith into a cawcusal, it is actually howifyin'g not to say disgusting. If these people weath the—aw—tag, wag, and bobtail of the countwy, who void of the—aw—wheahwith to pwocuah pwovendah or dwinks, one would fancy that even they would have some respect faw the occasion, and contwol theah appetites in some degvee. But heah are a gwent many of the Notables of the land, membahs of congress alone have pwesented bills to the countwy amounting in the aggwate to some \$7000. It stwikes me fawcibly that the—aw—"tempwance wawe," so often talked about, has as yet, not weached the legislative halls at Washington, and that theah is woom faw any amount of—aw—weth'kes in the teetotal interest in that—aw—capital. Just fancy, \$1700 for "champagne, whiskey, brandy, cigars and lunch," and \$300 worth of that American abomination "cocktail" devoted at a funeral pawty of theah chief magistwate! Shu'ly theah must be something wadically wong with the pahcipants of this Ghouliah feast! With the "Nation" still "in teah's," or affectin'g to be so—these "fwends of the deceased" gwawging themselves with "bwandy, champagne, whiskey and lunch," and luxuriously smokin'g theah cigaws! It fel'theah appeahs that all wepawtelis, and newspapah fellows, weah excludid frow the funeral twain, pewaps theah gwisly junketin'g may explain the weason of theah exclusion. Howevah, for my pawt I cinsidh it a gweat pity that such a disgwace should fall upon the American people, I in fact weget it vewy much. I think on the whole that it would be betteh for the sake of the countwys wepuation if these gwamandizehs bills weath paid without comment or publication,—aw—ya'as—I do indeed.

On Choosing a Profession.

MISTAH GRIP:

SAM,—Bein' a genleman of color, like yourself, I feel like habin' a bit ob talk ober dis heah peice ob advice ob students ob Queen's College hab bin gettin' about choosin' a pofession. Dey were tole dat in choosin' a pofession dey should choose one in which dey could best serve de Lawd. Now if dere is one pofession in which you can serve de Lawd better dan in anoder, I want to know what dat ar pofession am, right straight. Tain't fair to tell a feller to choose de pofession where he can best serve de Lawd without tellin' him what am dat pofession. When I was a youngster de ole man wanted me to study for de ministry. "What fo?" says I. "Because," says he, "dat am de pofession where you can best serve de Lawd." "Why, good lands! dad," says I, "can't a feller serve de Lawd in any pofession? Can't a feller serve de Lawd without bein' ohdained to preach his opinions to de people for eight months in the yeah, an' when he begins to get yaller round de gills, to be habin' de neighbors a beggu' all round fur money to make up a puas to pay his expenses