



AND NO WONDER!

General appearance of Mr. Chapleau upon reading in the chief organ of his party an editorial to the effect that "Mr. Mousseau has inaugurated an era of economy in Quebec." "Sacre! zis mus' be ze *Globe!*" exclaims the offended statesman—"it is one libel scandalous to say zat Quebec knows not anything of economy while I an Premier! I shall see Griffeen, and if he takes it not back I shall slap his ears!"

THE STORY OF A BELL(E).

Within a place not far from here
A pretty church doth stand;
It is a calm and sacred spot
As any in the land.

And yet not long ago did sound
In its vicinity,
Some very strange occurrences
Of strong affinity.

'Twas on a night in budding May—
The air was soft and mild
As temp'rance drinks, with which so oft
Perhaps you've been beguiled,

That on the church door steps did sit
A man and maiden fair,
A fair-haired Saxon tall was he,
While she had jet black hair.

They talked and sat, and sat and talked,
About we can't say what;
When out upon the air there rang
One single pistol shot.

"Who fired that shot?" you quickly ask;
You need not quiz in vain;
In confidence I'll tell you here—
It was the bashful swain.

But *why* he did I cannot say,
For 'tis unknown to me;
Of one thing, though, I am quite sure,
He was not on a spree.

Perhaps he wished to show his love,
How brave he'd be for her;
And thinking he was in the ranks
He pulled the trig-gi-er.

Maybe he wished to try her nerve,
And fired all suddenly
To notice whethershe would faint
And fall in arms of he.

But no such feint was useful here;
The maiden bore the shock;
And still she sat right on those steps,
As firm as any rock.

So still they talked, and sat and talked,
As lovers will, you know;
Nor till the moon rose o'er the hill,
'Thought it was time to go.

Again, as time rolled on that night,
The pistol's voice was heard;
And far and near among the hills
Old Echo's voice was stirred.

Now, in the village at the time,
A man was lying sick;
Quite old was he and full of days,
His breath came hard and thick.

And while he wrestled there with Death,
That enemy so fell,
There floated out upon the air
One knell of the church bell.

Alas? for some good folks' "ideas
Of ghostly warnings sent;
They thought the sick man's hour had come,
And Heaven an angel sent

To "sound the tocsin's loud alarm,"
And crossed themselves in fear,
Already thinking that poor man
As good as on his bier.

Oh, if they did but know the truth
Of this, and blessed Knock,
I think in miracles like *these*
They would not "take much stock."

The pistol shot—that's number one—
Dill reach a member's ear,
And he to church did quickly hie
Because he thought it queer.

So as he reached the churchyard fence
He saw these lovers true,
And in a trice was in the church
By climbing window thro'.

He hurried to the belfry tower,
And as he mounted stair
He smiled within, as then he thought
Of yon unlucky pair.

He paused, and as the second shot
On startled night went "bang!"
He grasped the rope that sway'd the bell
And gave one mighty clang.

Ah! what unearthly sounds are those,
Those dire and dreadful groans,
As if a grave had just heeled forth
A horrid mass of bones?

The lovers sitting by the porch
Had benefit of these,
And scarce could move, for in *their* bones
The marrow 'gan to freeze.

Then with a shriek the maiden fled.
The swain, "oh! where was he?"
Go ask the member in the porch,
All boiling o'er with glee.

Adown the road the lovers ran
As fast as they could fly;
That they were "badly shaken up"
You could see by their eye.

But "mum's the word" within that place,
And few there are who know
The lovers sat upon those steps
Or how fast they did go.

Oh! bashful men and maidens sweet
Be careful where you court,
Or you may give to other folks
The richest sort of sport.

And people who are "superstish,"
Don't grow pale with alarm
When church bells sound at oddish times,
They do not portend harm.

A. P. W.

JULY 31, 1882.

BILLY THE KIDNAPPED.

A NOVELLETTE FOR BOYS—AND PARENTS.

William Kid, known to his boy-friends as Billy the Kid, was brought up in purple and fine linen, or at least in the enjoyment of every luxury of raiment and surroundings, of which these are the symbol. He read all sorts of dime novels, and revelled in the history of Jesse, not the Jessie who raised David in Judaea, but he who raised Cain in the Western States; and he delighted in the *Illustrated New York Boys Weekly Horror*, with pictures of boy brigands and juvenile Jesse Jameses, and boys leaping with beautiful young ladies in their arms out of burning steamers, into boats belonging to the smart crews of pirates, of whom the boys were the bold captains. And Billy was his dear mamma's pet, who denied him nothing, and his pa gave him everything he cried for, and he cried very frequently, and he had a glass of port wine every day after dinner, and plenty of pocket money in order that he might never have an ungratified wish. And Bill never saw a

minister, for his mamma and his pa were too great people to visit any one under the rank of a bishop. And when this grand gentleman came to dinner, he would drink a glass of port wine with Bill, and say "how do, little man!" And this was the only religious instruction Bill ever had, as yet, from any minister. And Bill learned to smoke cigarettes, though they made him sick, and began to like a "pony" of spirits with one of the big boys, who was quite an old hand. In short, Bill was in a fair way to be ruined. He read no good or wise book, he fed his mind with the vile trash which set every bad example before him, he was beginning to haunt bar-rooms; there was no one to teach, guide, or correct him.

Just then he met one day a forbidding-looking man, who observed him reading a story called "The Boy Robber-King;" the man informed Bill that he was the Chief of a gang of burglars, and asked if Bill would like to join their band. And Bill was delighted, and was easily persuaded to share his money with the Chief, who was in reality only a New York sneak-thief who had lately served a term in Toronto Central Prison. And Bill got drugged as well as robbed, and the sneak-thief carried him to his den in a New York slum, and made him his servant. Every day the thief would get drunk and beat Bill, so that he learned to hate drink and drinking men, and would never touch wine or spirits for the rest of his life. At last the thief was taken to prison again, and Bill ran away, glad to be free. A good city missionary took pity on him and got him work, and taught him his duty. He was introduced by the missionary to a printer, who was also an editor, and after ten happy years, got an offer of work in Toronto. One Sunday he was walking in the Queen's Park, when a splendid carriage passed him. In it was a lady whose face he could not see—she was bending over a newly-purchased copy of *Gripsack*. The young girl was the loveliest Bill had ever seen. She had hazel eyes full of fun and tenderness, beautiful light-brown hair worn low down in waves on her brow; her face was like a flower. She wore a charming dress of grey-green with an underonic of yellow and a suggestion of gold, from the folds of which peeped little bronze hued boots with a faint suggestion of sky-colored stockings. Bill fell in love with her at first sight, and for the first time for many years regretted that he was only a poor typo. His life at home had been so unwholesome that he had never felt the wish to renew it, and the letters the missionary had written to his parents had never been replied to, as, soon after the misfortune of losing their son they had gone to Winnipeg; the missionary's letter may have been, no doubt, forwarded thither by our careful and trustworthy Toronto postal service, but at Winnipeg it is a standing rule to throw all letters addressed to strangers into the waste-paper basket. The young lady was also reading *Gripsack*, which so much amused her that she laughed so loudly as to frighten the horses, who ran away, and some terrible accident would have occurred but for Bill. To rush up and stop the infuriated animals was, of course, the work of a moment. The lady was Bill's mamma, as she immediately discovered by a strawberry-mark on his left arm. She had thought him as much lost as Charlie Ross, and she and her husband had become much more serious, sensible people since their trouble. The young lady fell in love with Bill for his gallant conduct, they were married at the Metropolitan Methodist Church by the city missionary, and Bill never forgot the lesson he had learned by having the good fortune to become "Billy the Kidnapped."

C. P. M.