

Kafoozlem.

A Canadian society story for Christmas time. (Written expressly for Grip by Mrs. Muddledhead.)

CHAPTER VII.

UPSETS.

The programme of the day was to drive to one of the thousand islands, which are a few miles from Toronto, to partake of refreshments there and to return home.

With this object in view, the sleighing party proceeded gaily on its way, stopping every now and then to laugh over an upset in the line.

It is a notable fact that the only people who ever upset in sleighs in Canada, are officers driving young ladies.

DE SNOW at these sleighing parties always drove by himself, in a red-wheeled dog-cart. He dared not select any particular young lady as his companion. There would have been trouble amongst the rest.

Driving as usual in solitary meditation, he unconsciously drove over a brother officer's toboggan and rolled both its occupants over a bank.

At this untoward event the genuine nobility of the man displayed itself. Instead of driving on, and pretending not to have noticed the *contretemps*, he leaped from his dog-cart and looked over the bank.

The spectacle that met his eyes made him pour forth peal on peal of god-like laughter.

He saw the frightened face of Miss SILLY REMAINS gazing at him, while close beside her appeared the soles of her chevalier's boots.

"Pray help me up," said SILLY pleadingly. She had never met DE SNOW; but in a snow-drift one does not stand upon ceremony. Something in her manner touched DE SNOW'S heart.

"Promise me one thing" he said.

"Any number of things" she answered eagerly.

"That you will be mine for ever, if I find I care about you."

"With pleasure," said SILLY cheerfully, "only get me out of this muck as soon as possible."

This negotiation having been concluded, DE SNOW, who had the strength of a Hercules, hanging by his toes from the fence which ran along the bank, lightly pulled Miss REMAINS from her uncomfortable position.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLIGHT.

It is certain that I am loved of all women.

—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

The island being reached DE SNOW wandered with his latest love to a sequestered part.

His absence created some uneasiness in the minds of several other earlier loves.

KAFOOZLEUM and CIS ROLLINGSTONE both felt a good deal of interest in his movements. So they both wandered after him.

When they found DE SNOW swearing eternal devotion to SILLY REMAINS, a scene ensued. They both made no secret of their impression that his way of doing things was too attenuated to stand criticism.

The sound of mutual recriminations drew to the place two or three other girls who had consequential claims on DE SNOW. They infused new ardour into the conflict.

Soon the whole party, including the grooms, had gathered round the combatants. It was rare sport.

DE SNOW, though hard to move as a rule, began to feel irritated at the attention his *affaires de cœur* were exciting. He looked around to find some means of escape.

At the end of the island where they stood the river was open, being just above a furious rapid.

A large piece of ice had detached itself from the solid mass and was floating by.

Uprooting a young maple, he leaped upon the floating ice, and waving his hand in graceful adieu, he lit a cigar, and sailed into the swift current.

The last they saw of him was his figure fading away in the gathering shades as he entered the most terrific maelstrom of the St. Lawrence.

"Oh my GUSTIE, my faithful GUSTIE" wailed SILLY REMAINS, wringing her hands.

"Your faithful GUSTIE" said Captain DEVILTREE to whom SILLY was affianced, "Egad the fellow has a wife and six children!"

CHAPTER IX.

L'ENVOI.

If this be so 'tis not in vain

That life is love, when love is life:

For love commingling strength with strife,

Tunes all things to a happier strain.—TENNYSON.

CIS ROLLINGSTONE married JACK FLIRTINGTON, who sold out and embarked in the beer-bottling business.

SILLY REMAINS married a bank clerk.

KAFOOZLEUM has'nt married anybody yet. She went on flirting till the age of thirty-two, when she gave up in despair and took to telegraphing. She has been known to say that even a sedentary militiaman is not entirely unattractive.

DE SNOW having performed with the greatest *sang-froid* a feat which none but the most daring of the aborigines ever attempt, landed at the foot of the rapid, and travelled on a hand-car of the Toronto and Nipissing Railway to Montreal. Hearing that there was likely to be a war in China he thought it advisable to sell out.

He is now an actor of reputation in a theatre in the Bowery of New York.

They say his Romeo is a caution to snakes.

THE END.

A Dirge.

(Dedicated to the Catholic League.)

AIR—LOWER CASTLE YARD.

Come all true office hunters and listen to my lay,
My melancholy muse she comes in grief to-day
To celebrate the wrongs and woes of your best Canadian pal
For they've gone and they've abolished the great Agent General.

In Canada was JENKINS born, in India he was bred,
With new ideas in politics they crowned his infant head,
Of GINX'S babe and little HODGE he made his capital,
And for this they made our hero the first Agent General.

He told the folks that starving poor were England's greatest curse,
And shipped them off to Canada, where they fared a good deal worse,
But those wicked prints the *Belfast News*, the *Mail* and *National*
Declared this was a fraud of the good Agent General.

He built a house in London, and he put on lots of style,
And he advertised that there was kept the daily *Globe* on "fyle." *
He gave grand parties, and to them in mode ironical
After dinner asked the Premier, did the Agent General.

He trotted round his master the various sights to see,
And procured for him the freedom of the city of Dundee.
But in spite of all his grandeur, they against him did cabal
And questioned the utility of the Agent General.

They declared his salary to be a burden on the nation
At a time when all they wanted was a stop to immigration.
So they cut down the expenses that were 'nt economical,
And among them they abolished the great Agent General.

Four thousand dollars yearly, and to pay his railway fares,
Is to be the total pickings of our new *charge d'affaires*.
Upon this he won't go very far beyond the capital,
He won't loaf about the continent, like the Agent General.

If agencies and clerkships fail as it appears they will,
There's a rosy chance with contracts every empty purse to fill.
There's a good deal to be made out of railway and canal,
Though it doesn't give the grandeur of an Agent General.

*This word is not in any dictionary. Will the *Globe* and *Mail* proof-readers explain what it means

Croaks and Pecks.

A MAN of mettle.—The Iron Duke.

SOUND as a Roach.—The Mayor of Hamilton.

SUGGESTIONS FROM "MARMION."—MOLLO for the new City Engineer:

On SHANLY ON!

Motto for the old City Engineer:

Charge CASTON charge!

HOPS.—"There is no decided change as yet, but in some quarters there is a tendency to talk a little more cheerfully. Figures are much the same as usual, though some people are holding out for fancy ones, particularly in the higher grades. The home call is light."—*Commercial Exchange*.

We have attended a good many hops lately, and we can bear out the above report, except that we had not noticed that the talking had ever been anything but cheerful. As the report indicates, they stick to the same old figures pretty much, Quadrilles and Lancers and so on. The Boston is the only fancy figure we have observed lately. "The home call is light." Well it might just as well be, for when you get a young lady at a good hop there's no use calling on her to go home till she has made up her mind to.