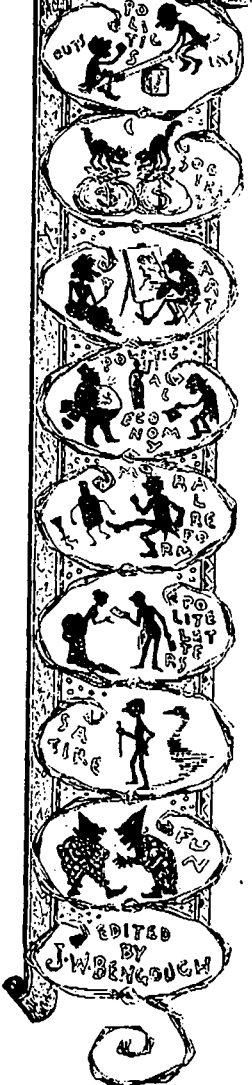


THE GRIFFIN

FOUNDED 1857
AN
INDEPENDENT
JOURNAL
OF HUMOR



SCENE FROM "KING JOHN A."

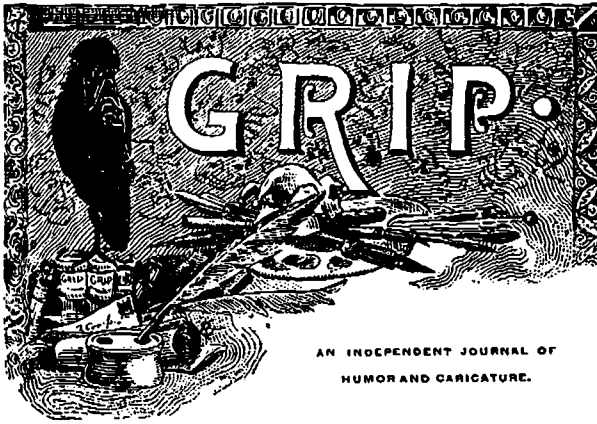
KING JOHN.—"I here deliver up into your hand the circle of my glory."

—Shakspeare.

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Comments on the Cartoon.



SHE'S OUTGROWN HER DRESS.—Almost every Canadian journal has something to say just now about the Destiny of the Country, and the debate is going on actively outside of the editors' sanctuaries as well. One thing seems to be tacitly admitted by all the disputants—that our present relationship to the mother country certainly cannot endure very much longer. We must become something greater and better than a colony before the aspirations which are beginning to awake in the hearts of Canadians can be satisfied. The most natural development for us is into an Independent Nation. This is also the only practicable settlement of the unrest. If, when we have given the experiment

a fair trial, we have to confess that we are incapable of conducting our own affairs—the only Anglo-Saxon community that has ever been obliged to make such a confession—it will be time enough to begin discussing Annexation. As to Imperial Federation, as at present proposed, it is too dim and shadowy to deserve serious notice. The praiseworthy sentiment which underlies it, and lends it whatever claim to attention it possesses, can be conserved just as well with Canada a nation as a colony. We are not likely to change radically in our feelings toward Great Britain after we have said good-bye to our last Governor-General, and formally severed the gentle ties of red tape which now constitute the "connection." Parting from Britain in peace and brotherhood, we will be as heartily willing to go in for a Federation of Anglo-Saxons as we are ever likely to be under existing conditions—supposing that some political genius is sometime able to evolve a scheme which strikes us favorably. If by a miracle of filial impiety our present love turns to hate, we are not likely to display our hostility in any more harmful way than

in putting tariff taxes on John Bull's iron and stuff. At present we do something in this line under the head of loyalty, so we may console ourselves that the old gentleman won't mind, being used to it.

SCENE FROM KING JOHN A.—Notwithstanding the strong feeling of the people generally against the Bill passed by the Quebec Legislature to endow the Jesuit Society with \$400,000 in settlement of an alleged claim to certain estates in that Province, and in the face of formidable petitions urging its disallowance, the Federal Government has declined to use the veto power. The haste with which this business has been despatched is in marked contrast to the customary blue-mould policy of the Government, and may be accounted for by the fact that the Orangemen of the country were known to be engaged in getting up additional petitions against the royal assent being given to the measure. The excuse given by the Dominion Government, that the Bill was not *ultra vires* of the Provincial authorities, is worth nothing, as the contention of Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues has always been that the power of Disallowance may be exercised to protect the general interests of the Dominion, whatever the character of the legislation that may threaten the same. The Jesuit Bill comes easily within this description; it strengthens a Society which is generally believed to be inimical to the State; it approves of the voting of public money for denominational purposes; and it endorses the principle that money so voted may be disbursed in accordance with the wishes of a foreign potentate. Is the innocent and unsophisticated citizen puzzled to know why such a questionable measure is approved by the Government which so firmly suppressed the comparatively harmless Rivers and Streams Bill of Ontario and the altogether useful Railway Acts of Manitoba? The corporate vote is what makes the difference. Our Government, it seems, must give the Roman Catholic Church anything it sees fit to demand, or take the consequence of refusing. That consequence, in this case, Sir John believes, would be the upsetting of the Government, which, of course, is not to be thought of. It would probably have been just the same had the other party been in power, and the question which arises just here, and which must be settled some day, is, "What are we going to do about this corporate vote?"

THE self-sacrificing efforts of poor Knox-Little to bring back the Middle Ages are really pathetic. Of course the job is quite beyond him, but his unconsciousness of this trifling fact is one of the most touching things about him. In his zeal to convert the world to second-hand popery he is forgetful of all minor matters. This is why he has never thought of petitioning Parliament to relieve him of the name of *Knox*, which, if he only knew it, is potent enough to render all his efforts futile, by its fine old Protestant flavor.

REV. MR. JEFFREY, in his lecture on "Get Up, How?" the other evening, pointed out the importance of practical energy to develop and make the most of natural gifts. "A Budgett," said he, "might make a penny into a fortune!" Perhaps Budgett that are spelled that way might, but the Budget at Ottawa seems decidedly to work the other way.



PENING of Parliament is always the occasion of a bit of childish humbug on the part of "Government organs," in the shape of a forecast of the Speech from the Throne, which appears in the issue of the paper next preceding the opening ceremony. For some reason, which is beyond ordinary comprehension, the editor pretends to be merely guessing at the "probable" contents of the Speech, though, as everybody knows, he has the printed document before him while he writes. Isn't it about time that this paltry sort of falsehood was abolished?



AND now while the Loyalty competition is raging amongst our political leaders, the Minister of Education improved his fine opportunity of emphasizing the idea of loyalty to Canada by appointing a Canadian scholar to the Chair of English in University College. We were glad to know that he had before him the applications of some gentlemen who are in every way as fully equipped for the position in scholarship and teaching capacity as any outsider was likely to be. The great advantage which these applicants possess of a thorough understanding of and sympathy with Canadian methods of thought certainly should operate in their favor as against the very best of foreign rivals. To choose between the Canadian scholars was a difficult task, but GRIP is of opinion that the Minister exercised very good judgment in the appointment.

THE Parliamentary mill at Ottawa resumes work next week. Of course we use the word "work" in a Pickwickian sense. What the programme is likely to be we have as yet no notion. For information on this point the reader is referred to the leading editorial of the *Empire* on the day preceding the opening, where the editor will perform the farce of "guessing" at the contents of the Speech from the Throne, just as the *Globe* editor did in the case of the Local Legislature last Thursday.

IT is announced in advance, however, that at least one important measure will be presented by the Government, namely, a Bill adopting the system of a two-cent letter postage. To the new Postmaster-General, Hon. John Haggart, belongs the credit of this enlightened advance, and we extend to him our congratulations. The double benefit of cheap postage, to the citizen on the one hand and the Public Treasury on the other, will no doubt be realized in Canada as it has been in the States.

WE would be glad to know that the Government had also decided to kill the Copyright Bill introduced last session and substitute one more in the interests of the Canadian publishers and public. Under that measure the Canadian reader would have to pay the English price (\$7) for "Robert Elsmere," for example; whereas, he now gets an American reprint of this novel for fifty cents. What we want is a Bill permitting Canadian publishers to furnish their own market with these cheap reprints on terms fair to the British authors. At present our legislation is really in the interests of the American pirate trade.

MAYOR ERRATT, of Ottawa, and Dr. Valade, his late opponent, have been blackballed at the Ottawa Club, on the ground that they are "engaged in trade." For this action some shallow people are denouncing the Club, but in a young and democratic country like Canada any organization that has the moral courage to thus rebuke the disgraceful practice of working is to be praised. If Messrs. Erratt and Valade take their snub in the proper spirit they will proceed at once to make themselves worthy of membership in this Club by ceasing to give an equivalent for what they get from society. Their tailors hereafter shall whistle for their pay, and the time they now devote to vulgar business shall be given up to the study of Fanning's Book of Etiquette. The question of how to live without earning a living cannot be difficult to answer in Ottawa, where the Civil Service is a standing object lesson.

THE POET AND THE EDITOR.

SHORTLY after that eminent moral persuader and distinguished cold water reformer, Mr. John Walker Weaktear, started the *Guide to the Narrow Path*, a friend suggested to him the advisability of alternating some of the numerous temperance essays in his paper with an occasional bit of verse, to lighten up the gloom, so to speak, and cast the glamor of poesy over the commonplace statistics which, as a rule, composed the body of Mr. Weaktear's articles. Mr. Weaktear had mastered all known statistics in connection with the temperance question. He knew to a nicety what the liquor traffic cost the country yearly, how many breweries and saloons the country supported, how many people had died of drink, how many cases of delirium tremens each year brought forth, and how many fortunes had been dissolved in alcohol. Any one who attempted to corner Mr. Weaktear on the temperance question soon found himself involved in a maze of figures from which there was no escape, and which wound themselves about the brain until the tortured gray matter threatened to burst its bounds, and cease sloshing around in the disreputable cranium of the back number political economist who dared to question the opinions of any one so distinguished as Mr. John Walker Weaktear.



CROOKED GLASSES.

TREASURER ROSS—"It's no use; I can't get this Henry George idea through my wool. Don't you see, if you take the whole of the rental value of land in taxation, you simply destroy the value of the land?"

MR. SINGLETON—"The speculative value, certainly. That's the very object. And if you didn't look at it through land-speculator spectacles, you would see the justice, beauty and simplicity of the proposal."

The effort to say something original for the cause, week after week, was a severe tax on Mr. Weaktear's nervous system. He was a high-roller in the matter of rhetoric, and filled the *Guide's* editorial columns with vigorous remarks about the "Demon Drink," and "The Insidious Enemy," and "The National Scourge," and "The Destroyer of Homes," and "The Vile Monster Coiled Ready to Spring Upon and Sink Its Fangs Deep Into the Vitals of the Defenceless." This sort of thing, spreading over five columns at a crack, would have the effect of making almost any man yearn for hellish strong drink, and it was perhaps to prevent readers of the *Guide* from being driven to wrestle with a little old reliable,



TURNING THE TABLES.

VANDYKE DE DUSKY, our rising colored painter, makes a specialty of "The White Chicken Thief" as a subject for his pencil.

copper-stilled consoler, that Mr. Weaktear's advisers suggested the change.

So Mr. Weaktear wrote a nice little note to a budding poet of his acquaintance, and requested him to reel off a few yards of soul-suds and heart-foam for the next issue of the *Guide*. The poet was a nice young man. He looked something like a cross between a dissipated bank-clerk and a baseball player with the Charley Horse. He loomed into the *Guide's* dingy editorial room resplendent in a new suit, and a diamond ring, like a man who is lost to shame and the bill-collector.

"I haven't got any temperance poems on hand just now, and I ain't very well posted on the temperance question, anyhow," he explained. "What do you want? The same old business—'Father, dear father,' and all that sort of thing—or would you like a new racket? Have a nice little comic snap, with an acrobatic ending up home, that'll probably catch you. It's not a temperance poem, but I can fix it up for you without much trouble. I might wind her up something like this for you :

Beer
Will make you feel queer.
If
You drink it until you are stiff
Drunk
You will lose all your backbone and spunk,
And
Have no cash on hand
When
You are sorry and sober again.
Which

Is apt to occur about the time you wake up and discover yourself in the ditch,
With the major portion of your inebriated anatomy immersed in water, and your new \$10 plug hat furnishing recreation and amusement to several small boys who are just learning to play football, and I might wind up this suggestive and highly philosophic and also somewhat humorous lay, by remarking that at this rate you will never get rich.

Now, how does that strike you? Something like that what you want? Light and sparkling, and yet teaching a healthy moral to the readers of your valuable paper."

"What kind of an ending did you say that was?" asked the editor, somewhat hesitatingly.

"It's what we call an acrobatic ending, in the biz."

"It seems to me to be rather uncertain in its metrical construction."

"That's one of the beauties of it. It attracts by reason of its oddity. Poetic license allows us to do that right along."

"That don't go," said the editor, quietly but determinedly.

"What don't?"

"Poetic license. This paper is opposed to license, high, low, jack or the game. We can't have it at all. Any poet employed on the *Guide* has got to have a good moral character as well as whole loads of divine afflatus. No, sir, poetic license is barred out. If I let you get the wedge in this way, what's to prevent you coming around some morning with a head like an ash-barrel and breath strong enough to hang clothes on, and excuse yourself on the ground of poetic license? No, sir, we must draw the line somewhere, and right there is where we draw it."

"But I don't drink," said the poet, hastily.

"I'm glad to hear it. Drink is a vice. It is a hollow mockery full of wild thyme and creeping things. You must bury all craving for it in the eternal rearsness, like a buttered memory that has slipped away into the back yard of the dead past and crawled under the canopy of oblivion. It——"

"I didn't come here to listen to that kind of talk," interrupted the poet. "I came here to talk biz. If I happen to load up once in a while, that's my own affair. Everybody gets full sometimes. Even the moon gets full. My soul is full right now. It is seething with thoughts which yearn for daylight. I must poet, and poet promptly. If you'd like another sample——"

"Spring me one or two," said the editor. "You don't seem to grasp the idea quite right yet, but I'll give you another crack at it."

"Do you want 'em comic or sentimental?" asked the poet.

"I don't care," said the editor, "s'long's they're good."

"The prospects stack up beautifully," murmured the poet to himself. "I'll take him into camp now for a dead moral certainty. How'll this suit your refined taste :

A native of Saginaw, Mich.,
Who lived on potatoes and fish,
Has taken to drink,
And why, do you think?
Because the cook sugared the dich.

"That's not exactly what I want," said the editor, dubiously. "Can't you fix up something a little more human and touching in sentiment? Something that will appeal to the heart as well as to the intellect? That is very funny, I daresay, but this temperance evil is too great an evil to make fun of."

"Pathos, eh? Well, if its pathos you want, I'm your bird. Get your intellectual forceps on this and yank the subtle beauty out of it :

When little Willie's pa got full—
Which often was the case—
His father's coat the boy would pull,
And say, "Let's have a race.
We'll run as hard as we can go,
And see who gets home first."
But Willie's pa just looked at him,
And cursed, and cursed, and cirst.

"I don't call that poetry at all," said the editor. "I could write better poetry than that myself, and I don't profess to be a poet. I guess we can't come to an understanding. I'll have to try someone else."

And the poet departed with a sullen countenance.

CECIL STREET.

OUT OF PLACE.

JIMMY—"I dreamt I was among angels last night."
SAMMY—"Didn't you feel mean?"

AN ORE-IGINAL MONODY.

BY A GREAT CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYER.

I 'VE often thought how funny it would be,
And something withal to crow at,
If I could catch up a scrubby tree
The "Little Tyrant" Mowat.

I've tried escheats and other cheats, to,
And ass—as well's in—surance,
But the way he has always managed to do
For me is past endurance.

He whacked me on whiskey, wine and beer,
He licked me on land and water,
Until I saw it tolerably clear
The time was ripe for slaughter.

So I swore by all the ores and trees
In the new land of Ontario,
That my answer to his claim on these
Would be solely and simply "Nary."

But now he's got his dearest wish,
(The timber and the metal)
And folk will say, "Sir John, of fish
You've made a pretty kettle.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

MR. GRIP,—You are at this blessed moment gazing at the chirography of a man recently snatched from the very jaws of death.

A patent medicine did the job. I prefer sending this testimonial to you rather than to the patent medicine fellows, because I want it to reach the most people.

Here she goes: One day last fall I had a sale out at old Snagg's. It went off about as poor as a one-horse jag of elm from a city woodyard. I had to let everything go at bankrupt prices. This made old Snaggs mad, and he would only pay me half rate for the hardest day's work I ever did in my life. I went home and took liver complaint right straight. It got a clutch on me like the maker of a self-binder has on the customer who buys on a year's credit. I began to break all up, like the farmer who spends four days of the week in town talking politics in the bar-room and wondering when good times are coming again.

But I had no monopoly of the liver complaint loose in our locality. A near neighbor was rassing with a large consignment of the same stuff. He was doctoring, and I wasn't, because I preferred to die a natural death.

One day this neighbor came to and succeeded in informing me, between gasps, that the medicine he was taking was the only sure and speedy specific ever concocted for liver complaint. He hadn't any to spare for me to sample, but he gave me the almanac that went with each bottle of Guffington's Gastric Galvanizer, told me to dose and live, and then the family came and took him home on a litter.

I began to read the almanac. It contained elaborate descriptive catalogues of liver complaint and various other valuable diseases too numerous to mention. It also had a large assortment of first-class funny stories and jokes. Somehow I got interested in the stories and jokes, and let the rest of the printed matter alone. For the first time in three months I laughed. That night I got away with a square meal and enjoyed a ten hours' sleep. Next day I had another interview with my funny



SPEECHLESS!

FLAHERTY.—"Arrah, Muldoon, yez needn't be lettin' on to be radin'; sure, Oi have no intintion av shpakin' to yez. I med up me moind wakes ago niver to pass another word wid the loikes av you!"

MULDOON.—"G'lang out av that ye thafe av the worr-rlid: I'd sooner doi than open me mouth to shpake wid you."

almanac. I kept it up, day after day, for two weeks, till I had learned the jokes off by heart, and had laughed every atom of liver complaint out of my system.

My similarly afflicted neighbor kept on taking the medicine, and died a peaceful death—what little was left of him, that is to say.

In view of these pedigreed facts, I can cordially recommend Guffington's Gastric Galvanizer Almanac to people with livers out of gear.

The proprietors are at liberty to copy this testimonial from GRIP, to whom I would also refer them for more jokes for their next almanac. Yours truly,

BARNACLE BIDMORE.

HAD HE A MONOPOLY?

CHOLLY (*jocularly*)—"Take that pencil out of your mouth."

BILLY—"Say, mister, who owns this mouth?"

CHOLLY—"A syndicate, probably, judging from its size."



SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

LAWYER (*to irate client*)—"Er—I'm sorry that you don't approve of the way in which I've dealt—"

IRATE CLIENT—"It's not so much the way you've dealt. What I object to is the way in which you've shuffled!"

THE MERRY LAND MONOPOLIST.

BY ONE OF 'EM.

THE land monopolist he leads
An easy happy life,
His days are free from toil and care,
His soul unfretted by the wear
Of anxious business strife.

He rises late—he reads the news,
Abroad he saunters slow,
He doth not need to tear and rush
To gain his bread, to fight and push,
For why?—his dollars grow.

Betwixt the daylight and the dark,
Though nothing he has done,
He rubs his hands in great content,
Thinking of unearned increment
By others' labor won.

Awake—asleep—'tis all the same,
Or idle or alert,
In foreign parts he long may roam,
It grows as if he were at home,
There's nothing pays like dirt!

The city spreads on every side,
And what were rural spots,
With stores and houses built around,
Becomes most valuable ground,
Staked off in building lots.

The men who do the work are poor,
And poor they must remain;
For merc existence they must toil,
The idle owner of the soil
He pockets all the gain.

The people don't make any fuss,
They seem to like the plan,
No doubt they think 'tis Heaven's behest.
That some should toil to keep the rest,
'Twas so since earth began.

Then let them toil and let them sweat,
"For 'tis their nature to,"
And let us play our merry game,
And laws and institutions frame
To suit the cunning few.

MUSING.

BETIMES I muse on other days,
From which my fancy cannot part,
The days when first you won my heart
With fond, endearing, tender ways;
When wildest, loudest is my laugh,
When beauty breathes around her powers
Lo! you are with me through the hours,
With mem'ry's cup from which I quaff.

And ever in my saddest mood
My fancy holds thy features fast,
Waking youth's hopes to life at last,
When darkly o'er my wrongs I brood;
Dear love, each gracious charm of thine,
Was wound close, close about my heart,
As tendrils that may never part,
Except when droops the stricken vine.

And as my dream brings back your face,
And rings your laughter in my ears,
My thought goes back adown the years,
And robes you with diviner grace,
For every joy the lover knows
Was mine, when love was young and free,
Long, long before you married me,
And made me settle for your clothes.

W. C. N.

THE WAVE.

"There seems to be a big wave of drunkenness on just now."
—*Daily Paper.*

I'VE rolled on an alcoholic sea,
To break on a drunken beach,
I've laughed aloud in riotous glee,
As men have tried to circumvent me,
And get far out of my reach.
And I've hauled them down into hollows vast,
And up to my white crest's snap,
Where melts the foam of debaucheries past,
In a bubbling, boozy cap.

In the slipping slant of my sloping sides
I've seen men gasp for breath;
I've laughed with the man who my strength derides,
And who in fancied security bides
Till his feet go down to death;
I've sympathized with the trembling soul
In his longing to swim away,
And I've hurled him along to a jim-jam goal
In frolicsome, merry play.

I've welcomed husband, and babe, and bride,
The youth and the innocent maid,
The young and the old in their self-willed pride,
The rich, and the poor, and the strong beside,
And none of them felt afraid;
Old Father Time came out for a spin,
And was glad to be afloat,
Till a sudden lurching fired him in
From his cockle-shell temperance boat.

And it's Ho! I'm off, 'neath a beery breeze,
And a riotous champagne sun;
Take the spume from my crest for tears to tease
The hearts that are mourning my powers to please,
And my journey that's just begun;
For now old Time is astride on my crest,
And I temper the whole world's breath
With the volatile warmth of my bacchanal breast
And on to a drunken death.

CECIL STREET.

HIGH HATS AGAIN.

FOGG—"Did you see the play last night?"

HOGG—"No."

FOGG—"You didn't go, eh?"

HOGG—"Well—yes, I went, but I didn't see the play."



HOW TO ENCOURAGE AGRICULTURE.

M. MERCIER—"There! I propose to encourage Agriculture by giving you medals for successful farming—three grades, 'Merit,' 'Great Merit,' and 'Very Great Merit.' What do you say to that? Am I not a wise and paternal statesman?"

HABITANT—"Medals are well enough, but if you really want to encourage us, use your influence to get some of the taxation lifted off our shoulders!"

THE FAKIR IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, ENG.

MY DEAR BOY,—Well, I've struck it rich at last, and no mistake. Making money hand over fist. Grand, new, perfectly original scheme, and what's more, the British public have caught on. Let me see, when last I wrote I was running the English branch of the Liberal temperance Union. (Cap. "L" and lower-case "t"). It wasn't a permanency—not for me. Soon as I had it fairly started they went and appointed auditors and wanted to examine into my accounts. Of course I wasn't going to stand that kind of foolishness, so I resigned, and sent the auditors a few unpaid bills, as they seemed to want something to work on.

I came to London, and, after knocking around some time, found a partner with a few hundred pounds. We rented an office in a fashionable neighborhood, and started the "Society Bureau." It is without exception the biggest thing I ever struck. It's just exactly what the British public have been hankering after for years, only nobody had the enterprise to start it till I came along.

London, you see, has any number of poverty-stricken aristocrats. Their income from rents has fallen off, till they can't live on it. They won't work—that would be *infra dig*—and are at their wits' end for money. On the other hand, there are any number of common folks,

tradespeople, and so on, who are enormously wealthy, and ambitious of getting into society, and rubbing shoulders with the nobility. The "Society Bureau" brings these two classes together, introduces the poor aristocrat, whose title is his capital, to the wealthy nobody, who is willing to pay handsomely for the honor. See?

The bureau is conducted on strict business principles. We have a list of dukes, earls, viscounts, baronets, literary celebrities, etc., who are willing to hire out to dinner parties, receptions, and other entertainments, with a regular tariff of prices, according to rank. A duke, for instance, isn't to be had under 100 guineas, and if his duchess goes along he wants 200. An earl can be had for fifty guineas, and a countess—which is the female of the earl species—for forty. Barts and ordinary Sirs come cheap. They are rather a drug in the society market. They run usually from five to twenty guineas. You'll notice we do all our business in guineas, which are ever so much more aristocratic than pounds. Besides, a guinea is more than a pound.

We are doing a rushing business. We have only a couple of dukes on the list, and they are worked nearly off their feet. They sometimes take in half a dozen houses in a single evening. If they go in their ducal coronets and decorations it is twenty-five per cent. extra.

We lost one of our best earls shortly after we started. He couldn't stand the racket. Earl Devereux is of a somewhat haughty temperament, as an earl ought to be,



“TO WHAT BASE USES!”

[A doctor in the States has discovered a process of preserving dead bodies by compression.—*News Item.*]

“Imperial Caesar dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.”
So Shakespeare wrote— but by this doctor's plan,
A widow who'd compressed her former man
Might use him now in solid chunks to drub
The flying figure of her second hub.

and it was with some misgivings that I made an engagement for him, at something over the usual figure, with a retired license victualler who was giving a Christmas party. He said he wanted to do the thing in bang-up style, and wouldn't be put off with anything less than an earl.

Next day Earl Devereux came to draw his money, looking all broke up. “Please take my name off youah books—aw,” he said, as I handed him his cheque.

“Why, what's the matter? Anything wrong?”

He groaned despairingly. “Oh, it was tewwible. I cawn't submit to such—aw—degwadation. I weally cawn't, you know. I nevah saw such howwid bad taste—such bwutal vulgawity—aw. They had the mistletoe hanging in the hall, and the hostess, a fat, wed-faced female of fifty, thwew her beefy arms about my neck and—aw—actually embwaced me! I shuddaw when I think of it! And the unfeeling wetches lawfed in a coahse and bwutal way at my awful pwedicament. Then duwing the evening they insisted on my playing ‘blind man's buff’ and ‘spin the twenchah,’—a beastly game with forfeits, you know, and subjected me to outwageous indignities of a similaw chawacter. The host got scandalously dwunk and slapped me on the back and indulged in low familiawities of that sort. I tried to leave at about ten, but the low bwute, you know, called out, ‘Ere, Devereux, you ain't goin' to make a sneak now. You're hingaged for the 'ole hevenin', and paid

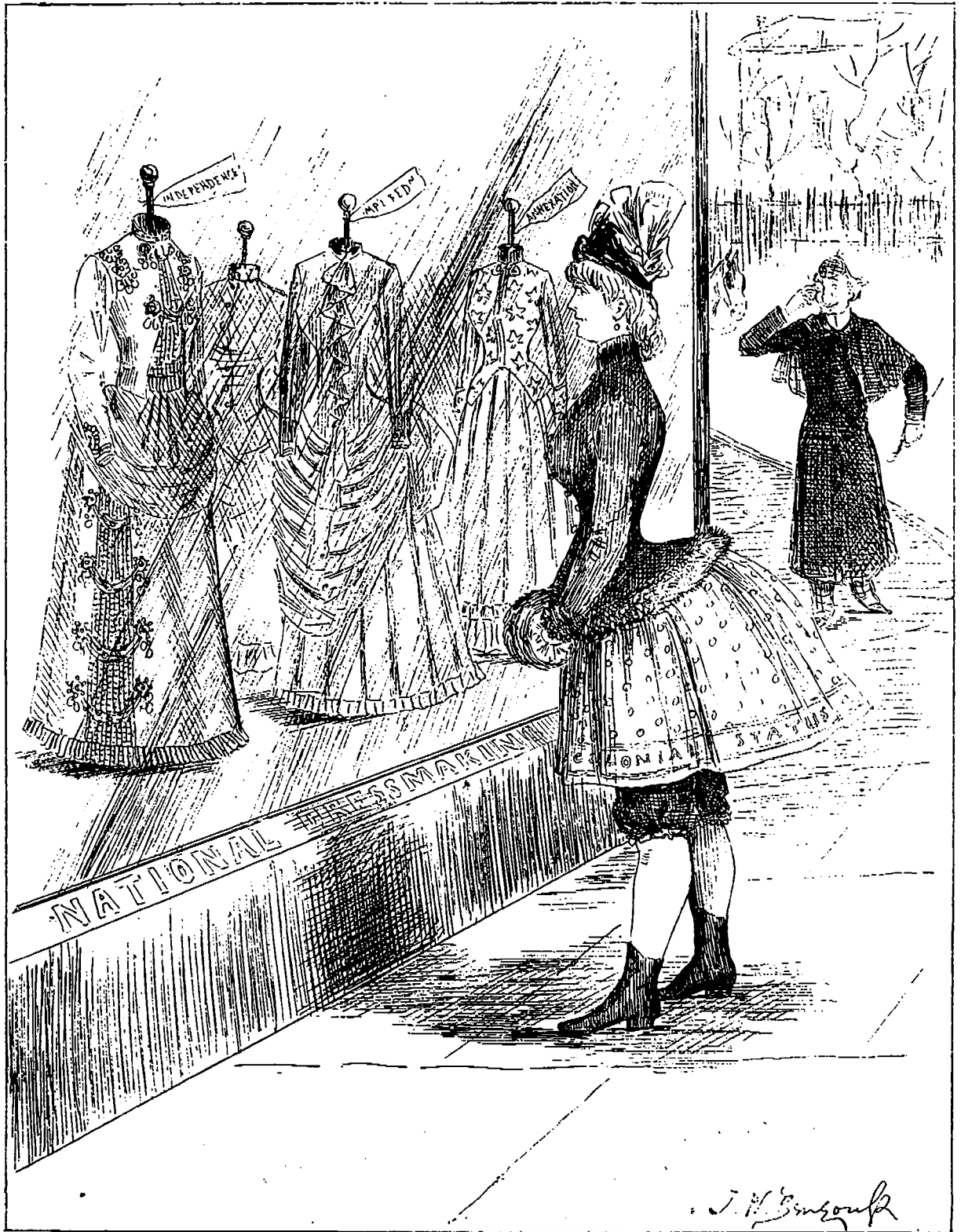
'andsome, too.' I wemained some time attah, and when I found an opportunity to retiah the hostess attempted to wepeat—aw—the osculatory performance. I taw myself fwom her and fled in tewwaw from the house. I cawn't bwing myself to wisk a repetition of my painful expewience. I shall go and live in seclusion, somewhere in Fwance.”

Earl Devereux's experience will give you a notion of some of the difficulties which the “Society Bureau” has had to encounter. Fortunately, all aristocrats are not equally sensitive, and the people of the social grade of the retired publican who insist on engaging earls for their parties, are not many. However, as a safeguard I have since embodied a clause in the contract providing that our aristocrats shall not be subjected to personal indignities, or expected to join in games of forfeits.

So far we have not been able to secure any of the Royal Family on our list, but I'm in hopes. The subject will require to be broached very delicately. We could get £1,000 per evening for a prince, and I don't think from all I hear that the Duke of Edinburgh is the man to throw away a chance like that. A friend of my partner's has undertaken to sound him on the matter.

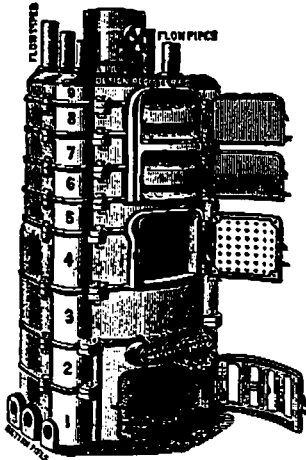
One of our dukes has just called to get his assignments for to-morrow evening, so I must conclude.

Yours truthfully,
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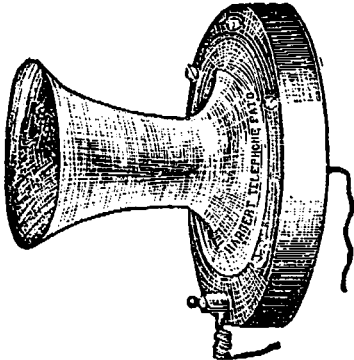
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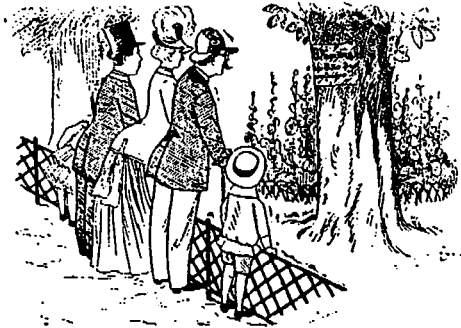
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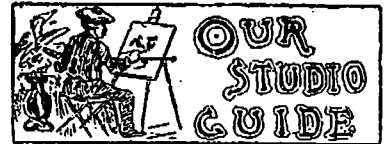
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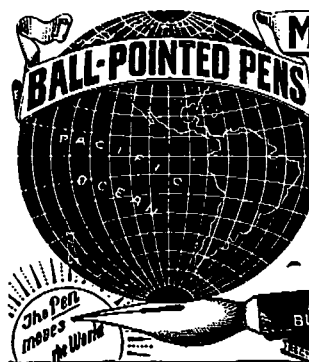
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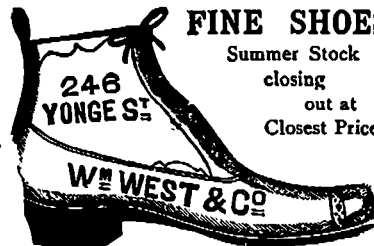


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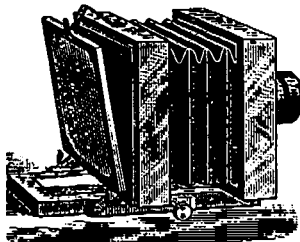


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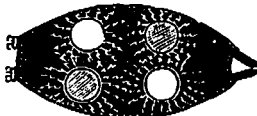
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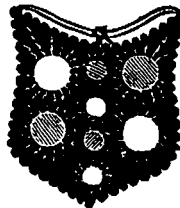
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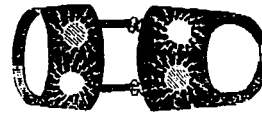
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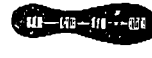
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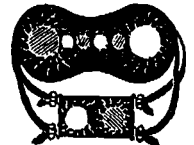
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