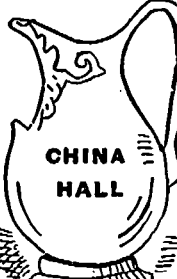



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MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

*The Archbishop*—SPARE THE POOR ANIMAL! HE CAN'T HELP BEING MAD, AND HE HASN'T BITTEN VERY MANY YET!

[See Archbishop Lynch's letter in the Globe.]

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# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## 'GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colorful Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

### ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4. Mr. W. P. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5. Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7. Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8. Hon. T. B. Pardee..... Mar. 28.
- No. 9. Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.F..... Apr. 25.
- No. 10. Mr. THOS. GREENWAY, M.P.P.:  
Will be issued with the number for..... May 23.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The debate—if debate it may be called when nearly all the talk is on one side—still goes on over the Franchise Bill. The sessions of the House extend over day and night, members getting meals and sleep as best they may. The Bill provides (as we noted last week) for the appointment of revising barristers to make up the voting lists, the powers confided to them being practically autocratic; it also provides for extending the voting power to Indians. Well-nigh endless debate ensued on the word "Indian." An amendment was proposed, defining the word to refer, for the purposes of this Bill, only to such Indians as had taken on the responsibilities of civilization and were otherwise qualified as other citizens. This was voted down, and as the Bill now stands there is nothing to prevent the Government from extending the voting power to all Indians in the Dominion, whether civilized or not. With the Indian and the Revising Barrister Sir John now has the ballot box in his possession, and the "Loyal Opposition" is a form of words signifying nothing.

FIRST PAGE.—His Grace Archbishop Lynch in a letter to the *Globe* pronounces against the Scott Act. He thinks prohibition is not necessary in Canada, because, as a people, we are not so drunken and debased as some other nations are reputed to be. The reverend prelate ought to know—and surely *does* know—that even in Canada hundreds are slain every

year by the liquor traffic, and it rather surprises us to have a spiritual father take the ground that the traffic and all that is bound up in it, is worth one human life, let alone fifty. When we know a dog is *mad* we kill it without waiting to count the exact number of the bitten, and no mad dog is a circumstance to the rum trade as an enemy of society.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Opposition at Ottawa is pitted against Father Time and Sir John in a hopeless conflict. They are using up in talk a lot of good breath that ought to be going out in the stilly hours of night in the form of snores; they are ruining their health and that of their opponents, piling up the already overgrown expense of Parliament, and making things unpleasant generally, and all in vain. One session of 31 hours has been succeeded by a continuous sitting of 51 hours, and another is now dragging its weary length along. It is all hopeless, and a wicked waste of time. If Mr. Blake believes that the Bill is a tyrannical outrage let him take the advice of the *News*, and march his party out of the House in a body, go home and resign, and see what the people say about it. This requires some self-sacrifice, but the Opposition patriots will surely not stagger at that!



### PARLIAMENTARY QUESTION.

WILL THIS CITIZEN HAVE A VOTE?

### "THE COLORED TROOPS FOUGHT NOBLY."

A TALK OF THE RIEL REBELLION AS TOLD IN 1950.

'Twas back in five and eighty  
That Riel raised a fuss,  
And put the whole Dominion  
In a mighty messy muss.

The whites responded bravely,  
And rushed at duty's beck,  
Each bound to get a rope around  
The rebel Riel's neck.

But so large were the prairies  
That R. could not be found,

And, alas! the noble red-men  
Rose up, to take scalps bound.

Then from the famous city,  
Toronto on the bay,  
Surged forth bold Captain Carter,  
All eager for the fray.

And many a noble warder,  
With darkening brow went out,  
And travelled through to Touchwood,  
Led by a wary scout.

They fought like very demons,  
They slewed the Indians all,  
And left the prairie covered  
Like woodlands in the fall.

And many a gray-haired settler,  
Who then was but a child,  
Tells to his children's children  
The thrilling story wild.

And adds: "My pretty darlings,  
I've heard my father speak  
Of strange sights on the prairies  
When autumn days grow bleak.

"For Sarceus' spooks and ghosts of Crees,  
Sing to the wail of the weird night breeze:

'Our aches have vanished, we have felt no ills,  
Since dosed with Carter's little leaden liver pills.'

—J. A. MESAG.



The piece which is on at the Grand this week, "Lost in London," is a melodrama of high excellence. It was first produced by Mr. Wilson Barrett, and enjoyed a long run in the Metropolis. It is capitally presented here, and the leading role is ably played by Mr. Glenney.

The Harmony Club's performance of "Patience" was, on the whole, exceptionally good. The music was well rendered, and the people were so well trained in their stage movements as to hide all trace of amateurdom. Had the Dragoon Guards marked time more evenly on their first appearance, it is hard to see what the most exacting critic could have objected to in so far as the chorus was concerned. Of the principals, Mr. Sykes' *Bunthorne* was an exceedingly clever bit of comedy. He is well equipped for the part in personal appearance, and possesses a dramatic talent of the real Grossmith order. Mr. Michie did his best with the *Colonel*, but the part was too much for him vocally; the same remark would apply to Mr. Broderick's *Duke*. In the solos, nothing but a tenor voice of high register will avail. Mr. Rutherford did very well as the *Major*, though his starring tour with the Amateur Christys has given his comedy a somewhat Ethiopian bent. Capt. Geddes was fine as *Grosvenor*, playing that delightfully funny part with a keen appreciation of its humor. The ladies were one and all capital. Miss Roblison quite eclipsed most of the professional players of *Patience* we have seen in Toronto, and sang the music most sweetly; Miss Strong, as *Lady Jane*, made a great hit. To her splendid contralto, she adds a dramatic instinct which enabled her to make every point in Gilbert's lines tell on the audience. Miss Walker looked her part to perfection—Du Maurier would have taken her for one of his rapturous maidens in *Punch* materialized. She also sang and acted well. The costuming was elegant throughout. Mr. Schuch conducted with his usual ability. The announcement of another performance by the Harmony Club will be enough to secure a full house at any time.

AT THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello!" "Hello!" is answered fair,  
And then I ask in accents clear,  
"Is that you, darling? are you there?"  
My love's own voice replies, "I'm here!"

"I'm here," you say—ah! voice so dear,  
But "here" to you is "there" to me;  
And "there" to you to me is "here."  
Ah! love, dear love, what mockery!

What was Tantalla's fate to this?  
To hear thy soft voice at mine ear,  
Yet know thy lips I cannot kiss,  
So far apart is "there" and "here."

Yet trust me, love, when next we greet  
Each other—'twill not be through air,  
And what we'll say, 'twixt kisses sweet—  
Well, 'twill be neither "here" nor "there."

—RISGR.

AN ESSAY ON MAY.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

May is a month that has been much sung by poets, and as a rule it deserves all the praise they have managed to give it. It may be a very beautiful month, and it may not. Very often it is a kind of a half-sister to April. The only way to ensure a fine, warm, genial May is to refrain from taking down the stoves and to continue to wear your heavy flannels. It has been proved that the spouting of overcoats and the gift of all winter clothing to a tramp has caused May to be a repetition of December and January, with a touch of March thrown in.

In olden times May-day, that is, the first of the month, was celebrated in Merrie England with much rejoicing. Much love and good feeling was engendered in every country town and village by the selection, by the young cavaliers of the place, of the prettiest girl to be Queen of May. As human nature was presumably much the same then as now, it may be imagined what pretty speeches were made by those maidens who were not selected for the honor, about the fair May Queen. Of course none of them ever hinted that she was a freckled, stuck-up thing, or that her hair was red, or her ankles thick, or gave vent to any of those little feminine endearments which one would suppose the occasion would call forth. Oh dear, no! Every lass in the place was ready to avow that the Queen of the May was the most beautiful damsel that the sun e'er shone on, and the beaux were doing what was eminently right and proper in lavishing all compliments and endearments on the Queen. History does not tell us that any king was chosen as a mate for the May Queen, and this must be considered as a lack of judgment, for he would certainly have been the *ma-king* of a lot more fun. But the dancing round the *May-pole* went on without the election of any male sovereign, and as he was never voted for, it certainly was not a *May-poll* that the happy young people tripped around in the open air, it being evident that there was no *canvass*, at least for a king.

Another good effect of May-day was that nearly every sweep washed himself, at least on that occasion, and perambulated the streets, often in a most glorious state of inebriation, in a tower of evergreen, and was called a Jack-in-the-Green. If May-day had been productive of no other good but the suggesting to the mind of a sweep that an annual washing might be beneficial, it did a great deal. From the appearance of sweeps in the nineteenth century it would seem that all the May-day traditions had long since passed away, and in this connection it might be remarked that an aversion to soap and water does not seem to be confined to the ancient order of sweeps.

May is a very popular name for a girl who chances to be born during this month, and though she cannot be considered as a nuisance because such was her fate, still she is certainly herself a *ma-lady*. There are, probably,

more people born and married during May than February; this curious statement is caused by the fact that there thirty-one days during the former month and only twenty-eight and a quarter on an average in the latter.

Nothing further of importance in connection with the month of May suggesting itself, this instructive and erudite essay must now be concluded.



AT THE DUDES' CLUB.

*Mr. Sofbranz (entering)*—Aw, waitaw, did you see a man here awking faw me lately?

*Waiter*—No, sir; I haven't seen anything like a man round here since I first came.

[Exit Mr. Sofbranz.]

THE LATE ECLIPSE.

TOLD IN TWO CHUNKS.

I.

When the Jonesville Literary and Scientific Association learned that one of those rare phenomena of nature, a partial solar eclipse, was to take place in the month of March of this present year of grace, a warm discussion took place as to the propriety of appointing a commission composed of the most scientific of the members of the association to take observations on the occasion, for the purpose of settling some, if not all, of the questions principally in dispute among scientists and physicists as to various solar matters. It was strongly urged that the association should not, when such an opportunity occurred of solving them, leave unsolved problems of the utmost astronomical importance. It was pointed out that eternal glory would devolve upon the association as a body, and upon the members composing the commission as individuals, on its being made known to a wondering world that the materials of the sun's body, the nature and attributes of the mysterious corona, the philosophy of sun-spots, and the reason and cause of the sun's continued heat had been fully investigated and determined, and the true laws, rules and regulations governing the orb of day laid down with precision and particularity. On the other hand the opposition brought forward the question of expense, and it was more than hinted that no member of the association was capable of finding out any of these things anyway. This last argument lost the day to the opposition. A majority of the members, justly thinking themselves slandered, voted for the motion, and the expediency of the commission was resolved upon.

The next thing was to select the members who were to compose the commission. Here, I regret to say, a very acrimonious debate arose, and names which should have called forth reverence only evoked bitter personal remarks. To show how little regard was had for scientific renown, I may instance the remark of Bunter (a low-minded individual of an envious and grudging nature), who, when my name was proposed, said I did not know a photosphere from a hemisphere. (I silenced him by asking what kind of a photosphere he meant. Unable to answer, he subsided into deserved obscurity.) However, not to enter into details of what was afterwards felt to be an undignified squabble, I may shortly chronicle the fact that Messrs. Jones, Smith, Brown and Robinson were, together with the writer, appointed as a commission, whose labors should throw a much needed light on questions as to the answers to which the highest scientific minds had long hopelessly differed.

The commission, of course, met and organized, and to each member was assigned the special branch of investigation he was to undertake. On this some difficulty arose, and here I may say that I expected nothing else when Jones was put upon that commission. Personally I have nothing against Jones. In private life he is a most estimable person, but he has no special scientific knowledge, and has a very limited capacity for any minute and delicate investigations, such as those we were about to undertake. Knowing this, I proposed that to Jones should be assigned the duty of taking photographs of the sun in different positions both before and after the eclipse for the purpose of definitely ascertaining what traces the eclipse had left upon the sun's surface, the question being still a doubtful one notwithstanding the amount of observation directed to this point. But Jones violently resisted the placing of this duty on him, even going so far as to state that he did not believe the eclipse left any traces at all. So determined was he that rather than the commission should come to a deadlock, I undertook to accept the work he refused. But I rebuked him for his highheadedness, and told him my researches on the point in dispute would lend an undying lustre to my name when the name of Jones should have perished from the memory of man.

Jones said he didn't care, he was going to operate the photometer, and he guessed he could get enough glory out of that. This was startling. A photometer! "Why, Jones," we all cried, "we haven't got one!" Jones said no well-regulated commission ever went prospecting after coronas and things without a photometer, and that we must get one or give up the job. Well, when we came to think of it, you know, it struck us forcibly that Jones was right. How else could we accurately time the eclipse? So we said we would let Jones attend to that if he knew how to work it. That put Jones' back up, and he said no one knew better how to get along with photometers than he did, and that when a child they were his favorite playthings.

So to Jones fell the photometer, while Smith was deputed to handle the spectroscope, Brown was to watch the proceedings through the microscope, Robinson was to specially observe the corona, the sun-spots and any photospheres which might appear, and I was to record photographically the traces left on the sun's surface by the eclipse, with the view more especially of ascertaining the force of the impact.

(Concluded next week.)

The satisfaction of feeling that he is a well-dressed man is enjoyed to the fullest extent by all wearers of R. WALKER & SON'S clothing, whether it be their \$9.00 or \$18.00 suit, or their \$3.50 or \$5.00 trousers.

FOLLOWING UP A CLUE.

A DETECTIVISH REPERTORIUM OPERETTA

SCENE I.—Detectives' office—Present, detectives in full force.

CHIEF INSPECTOR:

Oh! gentlemen, I've something here which I'm about to mention:

A burglary has taken place, and calls for our attention. The burglar has sent his card; behold it here! this is it; He also writes and says he hopes we'll pay him soon a visit.

He directs us most minutely, to prevent the least mishap;

He diagrams his dwelling-place, and also sends a map which shows exactly where he lives; he gives the number too.

Now, I think we ought to catch him; brother sleuth-hounds, what say you?

CHORUS—ALL.

We certainly must catch him, but first we want a clue; We really can't do anything till we obtain a clue.

CHIEF INSPECTOR:

That's so, my trusty henchmen; but I think I'm on the track;

You'll observe that in this letter the ink that's used is black.

Now, first, we must divide ourselves and search the city through

For every bottle of black ink, for therein lies our clue. And every man that we perceive—let none from duty shrink—

A-writing of a letter and a-using coal-black ink We must arrest. Next, you perceive—I learnt this dodge from Draper—

This letter from the burglar is written upon paper;

Now, every man who writes his notes on paper, we must take;

So let's to work at once, my boys; our fortunes we shall make.

You perceive, again, this letter is read from left to right, Which proves the man's right-handed: that clue's by no means slight.

You, Spriggins, use your optics, as you so deftly can, And take into your custody each individual man You see who is right-handed; by doing this we must arrest this daring burglar: we'll have him if we bust.

ALL.

Hail, mighty chief detective,  
With your powers or perspicacity;  
With mind so deep, reflective,  
And o'er-burdened with sagacity,  
Continue to enlighten us,  
Your most obedient clue-men,  
With thatuteness that doth brighten us,  
And professional acumen.

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

Now, look upon this letter—you'll perceive its written steadily;

'Twould not be written by a man upon his feet so readily. The writer wrote this sitting down; now, it will be belting

For you to capture every man you see write letters sitting.

Now, off you go; conduct yourselves in no way ill or risible:

Keep dark about this matter—that's decidedly advisable. If the papers should get hold of it the burglar will see That he's actually been and gone and done a burglarye.

From the fact he wrote this letter, and says that it was he

Who committed this atrocious crime and did this burglarye,

He seems to know he did it; but though he seems to know it,

We must obtain a clue which more decidedly will show it;

So go ye forth, you've several clues: the men you must arrest

Are those who write on paper: those who like black ink the best;

All men who are right-handed, who work from left to right;

Who don't stand up, but take a seat a letter to indite.

Go forth, my gallant hawk-eyes, go forth my clever crew,

Go forth, my cute detectives, and follow up each clue;

Steal off and work this matter, and soon bring here to me.

This most audacious burglar who did this burglarye.

ALL.

Oh! did you ever?  
No, we never.  
Saw a man so wondrous clever,  
So efficient, so effective,  
As our wondrous chief detective.

(Detectives disperse themselves around to the various saloons. The Chief Detective leans his head on his hand and THINKS. Enter Reporter.)

REPORTER SINGS:

In an attitude reflective  
Here I see the chief detective;  
He appears to be asleep; perhaps he has been drinking.  
But no! I really do believe—  
Unless my eyes do me deceive—  
This chief of the detectives is actually THINKING.

(Peeps over the detective's shoulder and reads burglar's letter.)

This affair is most mysterious;  
Ha! the fellow can't be serious.  
It verges on incomprehensibility;  
Here's a man commits a felony,  
Then, as cool as water-melon, he  
Tells where he may be found. My! what civility!

Now, if this detective's shaken  
He may possibly awaken,  
And with him I'd like to have a little chat. Sir!  
(Shakes Chief.)

CHIEF (starting up).

Why do you bother me,  
When I'm in a reverie?  
Will you tell me what the dickens you are at, sir?

REPORTER:

Oh! I'm a reporter of the daily press,  
In the choicest of language I my thoughts express.

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

What! a reporter; one of them fellows as puts pieces in the papers about us. (Blows whistle, and the rest of the detectives rush in.) Seize him! He's a reporter. He writes. He is right-handed. He sits down to write. He uses black ink and paper; THEREFORE—he is the burglar. Seize him! Search him! (The unfortunate Reporter is overpowered by numbers, and his note-book produced.) Ha! ha! what have we here? Treason! What's them hieroglyphics?

REPORTER:

Unhand me fellows. I am left-handed, as you see. (Dips finger a snuff in the eye with his sinister hand.) I can write standing up as you perceive. (Dips his left forefinger in the ink and writes DUNCE across the Chief Detective's nose.) And I write from right to left. Behold my notes.

ALL:

What's them? Them's hieroglyphics.

REPORTER:

That's shorthand, you fools.

ALL:

Then he isn't a burglar; let us once more disperse.

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

Have you any further clues?

ALL:

We have further clues.

CHIEF D.:

Will you catch the burglar?

ALL:

We shall catch the burglar.

(The reporter goes out, and in fifteen minutes returns with a villainous looking creature in his grasp.)

REPORTER:

Oh, chief detective, here he is!  
Cast your eyes upon his phiz;  
What a lot of fools you are,  
This here chap's the burglar.  
Whilst you chaps were hunting clues,  
Prowling round for budge and booze,  
I took the hint the burglar threw,  
And captured him without a clue.

CHIEF D.:

You captured him without a clue?

REPORTER:

I captured him without a clue.  
This burglar's a knowing chap,  
But I have caught him in his trap.  
He gave you fellows his address,  
Because he knew you'd make a mess  
Of things, as you so often do,  
A-hunting round to find a clue;  
This burglar, he did maintain,  
That if his whereabouts were plain  
You fellows would be off the scent.  
I wasn't, though, and straightway went  
To where he said he'd be, and poz!  
I sought the man, and there he was,  
The simpler any thing may be,  
The more you make a mysteree;  
The smallest thing you cannot do  
Until you think you've found a clue

(Enter all the rest of the detectives.)

We've got him! We've got the burglar!

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

Who's got him?

ALL:

We've all got him. The cells are filled with him.  
We've arrested the whole city. Every right-handed man  
we found sitting down to write a letter on paper with  
black ink; we've gathered them all in. We've got every  
lawyer and clergyman in the city in custody.

CHIEF DETECTIVE:

Let the clergymen go—keep the lawyers.

ALL:

The whole country will ring with our fame—

REPORTER:

As dolts, blockheads, dunces, ignorami, muddle-pated  
fools. Hist! I have got the burglar. I took him  
single-handed.

ALL:

Where was he

REPORTER:

Where he said he'd be.  
DETECTIVES (in chorus).  
Well, them reporters bates all. If we'd only gone to  
where the burglar was we'd have found him!

(Curtain drops in haste.)



“LIBERAL” TEMPERANCE.

Casual Bystander—I'm very sorry, Jones, to see you in this condition again, and you a member of the Liberal Temperance Union.

Jones—Is tha' all the 'couragement (hic) you give a fellow who is (hic) trying to become (hic) 'ornament to the institution? It 'quires prae-(hic)tice, don' it?

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.

A BITTER CRY.

Oh! harken to my cry, dear GRIP,  
Sagacious inky bird,  
Oh! spurn me not with joke or quip,  
Nor deem my plea absurd!

I am a youth, I'd have you know,  
Short, ugly, freckled, tubby,  
And all that sort of thing, but oh!  
I want to be a hubby!

A female maid I fain would wed,  
Who'd make me truly happy,  
And love me for myself alone,  
And call me her dear chappie.

But just as soon as e'er I start  
To court some fair creation,  
Before I can pour out my heart  
In love and adoration,

Some Grecian featured city dude,  
Or howling moneyed swell,  
Scoops up the girl I'd fain have woo'd,  
And makes me feel unwell.

Oh! where can I, an ugly youth,  
Short, freckled, snub-nosed, tubby,  
And all that sort of thing, forsooth,  
Find one to call me hubby?

Despair is gnawing at my heart,  
It's spoiling my digestion,  
Oh! vomit forth, thou fowl so swart,  
Some comforting suggestion.

—J. W. B. S.

DRIVE IT AWAY.—Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Bitters will do it.



# THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE;

OR, WHAT ARE THE GRITS GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

HELP!

A DOMESTIC STORY.

By Honorable Missis Joyous.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Hiram H. Haricot sat at the breakfast table pouring out the matitudinal coffee. Hon. Hiram H. Haricot sat opposite his lady. Mr. Ernest Hernando Haricot, the eldest son and heir to all the Haricots, was seated on her right, and Miss Helena Hyacynth Haricot, her only daughter, occupied a place on her left. We put Mrs. H. H. Haricot as the centre figure of the family group, partly because at the time our story opens she was doing the honors and was the central figure, and partly because she then, and indeed at all times, was the managing directress of the establishment, or in the words of a notorious western divine, she was "boss of the ranche."

"Hiram Haricot," said that lady with forced calmness, and with a glance at the senator's face that gave him the same sensation that he experienced when he tripped over Lady O'Mulligan's satin train at a state ball in Ottawa, "you will be kind enough to pay that impudent creature in the kitchen off. I beg you will not hesitate, but give her her moucy and let her leave this house at once."

"What impudent creature do you refer to, my dear? There are so many creatures down stairs, and they, it appears, are all impudent. Tell me the one and away she goes," replied Mr. H. with his mouth full of hot biscuit.

"Ann Jane Hoopendyke, that—"

"What? Ann Jane? Why you know she's your second cous—"

"Mr Haricot, how many times must I beg of you not to refer to that girl's antecedents? It is enough that I can and will not put up with her any longer," interrupted Mrs. H., sternly, "whatever relation she may—"

"Well, she's old Aunt Hamner's gal, and I thought—However, I don't care a darn, and off she goes," said Mr. H. hastily, and muttering *sotto voce*, "she ain't none of my relations, anyway."

Immediately after breakfast the culprit, Ann Jane Hoopendyke, was arraigned before Mr. Haricot charged with taking surreptitious walks with young men and "sassing" the missis, to which she sneeringly and in fact defiantly pleaded guilty, at the same time volunteering the statement that Mrs. Haricot was a hateful old "honton" who had performed the very remarkable "contortionist act" of getting herself above her shoulders, and the advice that she had better go back to the old buckwheat farm and toss pass pancakes for the hired man as she did in her youthful days. Uttering which with great volubility and *esprit*, she bounced out of the house, leaving the hall door wide open after her.

Such a state of things as above indicated by the actions of a domestic servant could not be tolerated of course by a lady moving in the circles that Mrs. Haricot did. The appalling fact was made quite manifest to her mind that Canadian girls were but ill-fitted to perform the duties of their station in any well-regulated household. They were by no means subservient enough. Their manners were too familiar, and their language, alas! too often partook strongly of that peculiarity of speech commonly called "sass." In a word, they were too "lily," and Mrs. H. determined to obtain an imported "help," who would, she hoped, nay, was assured, "know her place." Responsive to an advertisement in the *Evening Telegram* (only one cent a word), there came to the Haricot mansion next morning quite a bevy of "maids" all transplanted from Merrie England, and all desirous of being enrolled in Mrs. Haricot's Household Brigade. As only one was required, only one was accepted. She was a young lady from London—the eastern portion thereof, vaguely described by herself as "Whitechapel way." She was a blonde of

the most pronounced type, very good-looking and wore a fashionable hat and "coat" and an "air distangy," the latter qualification being the great incentive for Mrs. H. engaging her. For had she not been at service in the very highest families in the West End, and had not Lady Arabella Bellvor actually shed tears when she expressed her intention of leaving 'ome for good? Therefore Miss Emma Brusherton was duly appointed house and table-maid *à la* Hoopendyke dismissed the service.

CHAPTER II.

It was not long before Mrs. Haricot became convinced that Emma, or "Hemmer" as she called herself, was indeed a treasure. She always looked so neat and handsome, almost too handsome, indeed. And then how well-spoken! So different from Canadian girls. She was a long time getting over the habit of calling Mrs. H. "my lady" and "yer ladyship." She was "so haccustomed to hit," she said, and moreover "Mrs. Haricot did remind 'er so much of dear Lady Astings that used to visit Lady Arabella, the dead himage," she declared. True it was that on more than one occasion Miss Emma was discovered trying on Miss Haricot's new bonnet, and was not unsuspected of using her perfumery, but when Miss Haricot took exception to it, Emma burst into tears and said she "meant no 'arm," that Lady Arabella "hoften and hoften hasked 'er to try hon'er new 'ats to see 'ow they looked," and that the ways of the ladies "ere were unbeknown to 'er." She was readily forgiven.

One thing was clearly manifest. Mr. Ernest Hernando Haricot liked her—liked her very much. In fact it would not be saying too much to declare that Ernest was "mashed on her shape," for it came to pass that he brought her to the "Grand" one evening, and encountered his recognized *fiancée* on that occasion just as he was handing "Hemmer" into a cab. Hence a slight unpleasantness arose. Ernest replied to his mother's rebukes that Emma was as good and a blanked sight better looking than Miss Teasum, his betrothed, and that he'd take her where he blank pleased, which cutting and ungentlemanly remarks on the part of her son brought anguish to her heart and tears to her eyes. All through Miss Emma's sojourn in the Haricot mansion almost any evening might be observed sitting in the kitchen a stoutish young man of broad contour of visage with remarkably well-developed jawbones. He wore his hair very short even for the prevailing fashion, and he almost invariably had a sprig of hay between his teeth, which he chewed with evident satisfaction. He could not reasonably be called a good-looking young man, nor did he in any wise resemble his cousin Emma, whose relative he was.

A week or two passed over the heads of the Haricot household, and Ernest grew more and more attentive to the fair Emma. He went to the kitchen, and taking umbrage at the presence of the short-haired cousin, ordered him off. But the short-haired one did not conform with his wishes, but told him if he "hever did meet 'im houtside" he would have great pleasure in "punchin' 'is blooming 'ead." So Ernest was fain content to steal a kiss from the blushing Emma behind the kitchen door, and steal up-stairs to the "company," as a grand party was held that evening.

Next morning, as usual after prolonged "music" and dancing, the household slept until a late hour. The cook had breakfast prepared, but where was Emma? Overslept herself, no doubt. They visit her room to arouse her—no Emma. Where could she be? We shall tell you. Emma was in Buffalo, New York. That's where Emma was. So was her "cousin," 'Arry Perkins, the "downey one," in Room 44, Jimblain House.

"Is your swag all right, Hem?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"Right as a bloomin' trivet, and yours, 'Arry?"

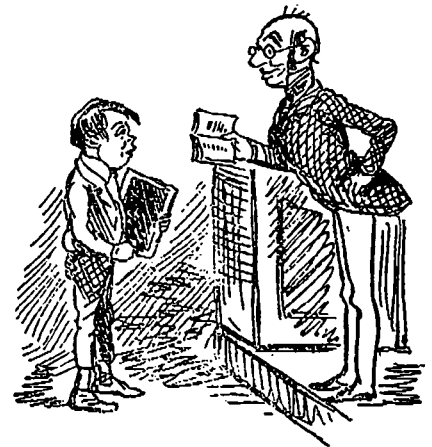
"'Pre she is, my daisy. Let's see wot we got. 'Ere's the old un's watch and chain, and the young un's watch and chain, and the old lady's watch and chain, and the young lady's watch and chain, and 'ere's the old un's dummy with ten centuries in notes, and the young un's boodle. Well, we're ahead about five hundred pounds, altogether. Not a bad take, Hem?" And the young lady replied, "Bet yer life."

Did Mr. Haricot lay information? No, he was too much ashamed and disgusted.

Did Mrs. H. advertise for another imported "help?" Well, no—

Does Ernest still pine for the dizzy blonde? He does.

FINIS.



MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

Master—Now, Johnny, supposing your uncle, Mr. Shifty, was to borrow one hundred dollars, and promised to pay it back at the rate of ten dollars per month, how much would he owe at the end of seven months?

Johnny—One hundred dollars.

Master—I'm afraid, sir, you don't know your lesson very well.

Johnny—Maybe not; but I know my uncle.

TIFFIN'S NEW SOCIETY.

You know Samuel Tiffin, of course! You don't? Well, you surprise me. Thought everybody knew Tiffin. Big fellow; stands six feet in his stockings, sports an enormous expanse of vest, with face and voice to match; always has "something good, you know," to tell you. Look along Yonge-street, cold days on the sunny side, hot days on the cool side, wet days, either side under an umbrella large enough to cover a farmer's rig. A few months ago Tiffin got left pretty badly over a new society of his own invention. You heard of it? No! Then let me tell you the story. It has a powerful moral. One morning I met Tiffin; a significant smile played across his expansive features, indicative that he had "something good, you know," to let loose upon me. My surmise proved correct, for Tiffin linked his arm in mine as comfortably as our irregularities of size would permit, (for you see I register just five feet four with the aid of clump-soled boots), and proceeded to pour into my ears the latest idea that had fermented itself within his capacious caput, I cannot say brains, because, between you and me, I am exceedingly doubtful as to whether he possesses any. Now, this was not the first time that Tiffin had confided in me his various schemes for the improvement of the human race, all of which, however, tended primarily to Number One; but this, his latest, he evidently thought to be one of self-sacrifice in

that direction, and therefore advocated it with more than usual earnestness. So far as I could gather, Tiffin had become thoroughly disgusted with the general acknowledgment and encouragement of "that folly known as juvenile precocity," as he termed it.

"For instance," said Tiffin, "indulgent ma has made the discovery that Mary can play upon the piano 'Peek-a-Boo' with one finger, therefore Mary must be allowed to torture the ears of those around her with a never-ending thumping and banging. Johnny has startled his father out of his usual severity by scraping upon a violin what father thinks must be a tune, hence Johnny must be taught to play the violin and agonize everybody with such lovely sounds as can only be produced from a fiddle by a learner. Miss Evangeline, aged fifteen, having given evidence of the possession of a soprano voice with which she can reach high G, and hang there exactly thirteen seconds, is recommended to go under training with the view of starting an ever indulgent public when it is least prepared for the shock. She, of course, must be indulged, and suffering friends and neighbors have one more nuisance added to their already long list. Freddy has developed a decided talent for drawing, and has already covered every available space of black and white about the house with choice sketches of everything in the animal and vegetable world. Pa looks upon them with undisguised admiration, and seeing in Freddy the embryo of a great artist, places him under a master, and for years Freddy worries the life out of all to examine his sketches and daubs, and, of course, praise them. We must put our foot on this kind of thing," concluded Tiffin, speaking with great earnestness, which meant a deal in Tiffin. I agreed, and looked wearily down at his number twelve boots, fearful lest he commenced practising on the spot.

"My great cure for this," continued Tiffin, in an undertone, such as is adopted by dynamitards and gentlemen of that ilk, "is the formation of a society to be known as the Society for the Suppression of Juvenile Precocity, to become renowned as the S.J.P."

"But how do you propose to work it?" I asked.

"Quite simple, dear boy. Each member swears to put down precocity in all its branches, and further to shew his adherence wears a yellow ribbon with a black bar across it."

"Will it act?" I mildly enquired; I say mildly, because just then Tiffin looked like a Gorgian monster, so indignant had he become through the recital of his grievances.

"I should smile!" and he suited the action to the word, and smiled, as only Tiffin can smile, broadly and comprehensively. "You wait a few days, I am about to put it to the test myself. When next we meet be prepared to hear of its completeness."

We parted. It was many days before I saw him again. When we did meet, I saw not the Tiffin of old, but Tiffin with a slackness of vest and want of feature that plainly told that something had gone wrong. It was not "something good, you know," that he had to tell me this time. In short, Tiffin informed me that a few days after we had parted, he had struck what he thought to be a grand opportunity to test the working of his new society. A young girl was busy torturing a helpless piano as he entered the room. Displaying his ribbon to the best advantage, he began to advise the young lady as to her best course. Tiffin said he could not remember how much he said or how the sequel came about, but the girl's two big brothers came on the scene and proceeded to "knock it out of him," as they vulgarly expressed it. He had no distinct recollection as to how they carried out their "knock it out of him" policy, he remembered being hastily ejected out of one room into another by a series of cowardly

attacks in the rear; finally he was fired out of a back window upon a choice assortment of old stoves, packing cases, and other soft ware. Result: Sundry cuts and contusions, six weeks in bed, and a loss of eighty pounds adipose matter.

During the recital of his doleful story Tiffin gave me no assurance that he intended carrying on his S.J.P. society; and to this day, many times as I have met him, he has never once alluded to it.

Need I write the moral?

TITUS A. DRUM.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.



Vote solid, sabé! Flee countly, Chinaman good as Indian. Eat lats, mice, belly good; not scalpee women like Indian. Must have votee light away.

FING WING.

A MERE INTERVIEW.

GRIP'S INTERVIEWER TAKES A FLIGHT BEYOND THE SEAS.

It is not generally known that GRIP has ambassadors in every part of the world, from Lombard Street to Afghanistan, but readers will be more fully made aware of their mistake when they read the following.

About three weeks ago Mr. GRIP, determined to keep even with the times, called his favorite envoy plenipotentiary into his office, and said:

"Git."

"Where to, most noble blackbird?" replied the other. "Thy laws are mine, or rather my laws are thine, or—"

"Stop, let not thy tongue too loose, but listen. I want you, as you have been in the East, to interview the Ameer of Afghanistan."

"How shall I proceed thither, oh gracious one? You are a bird; I but mortal. I cannot fly."

"You must fly."

"When the Bird of Birds says 'must' then all the mustiness—"

"Say no more. Thou knowest what I mean. Thy mission is to Afghanistan to interview the Ameer. Now, depart."

Thereupon the ambassador found himself transported to the grand land of the Orient, and in a few moments was kicking at the palace gates of the Ameer. Two sirdars, a chohobdar, a syce and a punkah-wallah ran in response to the kick, and finding who was there, salaamed as only sirdars, syces, etc., can. They knew whom they had to deal with (and they immediately shoved an extra king up their sleeves).

The ambassador was admitted to the presence of the Ameer, who was sitting in true Eastern state, smoking two chibooks. No sooner did the latter catch sight of the envoy than he made a spring—which was not lingering in the lap of winter—and advanced to meet the visitor.

The meeting is said to have been most affecting. The Ameer, embracing the other most affectionately, said:

"What is it, most noble envoy of the Occidental bird, whose very shadow I worship. What do you want?"

"A lac of rupees," was the reply.

"The lac was handed over—not a single rupee lacking."

"Now," began the envoy, "how about this Russian affair?"

"Ho—ho—ho," laughed the other, his sides shaking till his diamonds twinkled, "why, old fellow, I've seen Dufferin." (Be it known that this conversation all occurred in Afghanistan—Beloochistanec, which language Mr. GRIP's envoys-plenipotentiary are compelled to learn before they can enter the service.)

"Yes, I've seen Dufferin," he continued, "and ain't he a oer?"

"A what?" asked the plenipo.

"A oer. He's only got one eye, you know, but don't it look at you? And he's only one wife—and I wish I had no more—and he's—well, he's a oer."

"He is, you bet; he's a broth of a boy."

"Just that; he's souperlatively so—by the way, take something," and thereupon the Ameer waved his hand and brandy Pawnees, brandy Choctaws, brandy Crees flowed into the room. The two distinguished ones refreshed themselves, the one taking a Pawnee\* and the other a Cree.

"Well, ahem! how about this Eastern question? Is it worth powder and shot?" enquires the ambassador, as the last faint murmur of the Pawnee re-echoed through his diaphragm.

"It is, but"—and here his looks grew very expressive—"England can pay for the powder and shot, and Russia—"

"That's right, old boy," said the envoy, smacking the other on the knee, "right you are—"

"No, that's where she gets left. Duff came it over me pretty glibly with his Blarney stone talk—by the way what is the Blarney stone?"

"Te-he, te-he," snickered the envoy, as he pictured the Ameer in the costume of the Orient, and in the position of kissing the stone in question, "it is a stone that a man should not wear—ahem!—kills when he kisses it."

"Oh! I see," replied the great Eastern magnifico, "then if I put on trousers I might also kiss the Blarney stone."

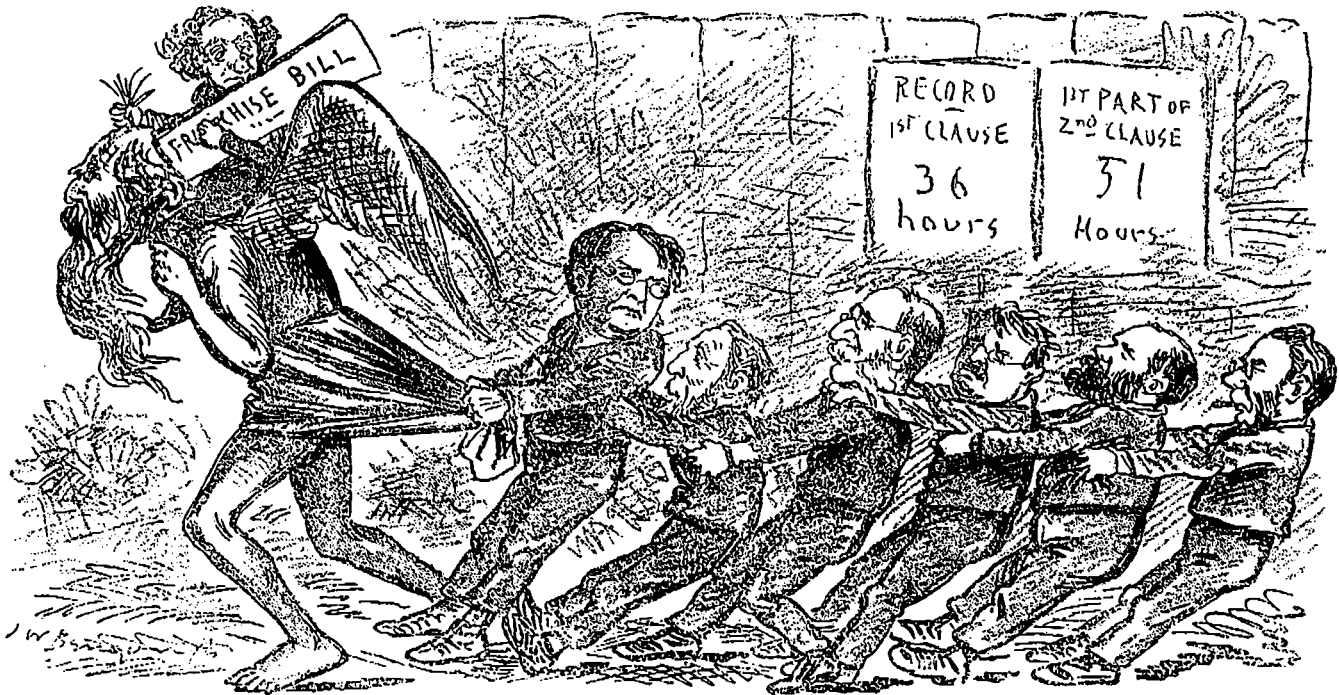
"Not exactly that," answered the other, "but if you will always be as true to the British crown as you know you ought to be, then the trousers will be on you, and Britain —"

"Ah! Ismallah kismet Allah il Allah. The trousers will be on me, and the Russians will be —"

"Kill entirely," replied the envoy, beating a tom-tom with his heels, drinking a brandy Pawnee with one hand and giving a mulgatawney a slap over the jaws with the other, and returning by the Air Line to the office of the Sable Monarch who rules over the destinies of the people. —S.

Two chapters of E. P. Roe's deeply interesting story, "An Original Belle," are given in *The Current* of May 2nd. As a story of the War it has been marked by a strong patriotic tone, a generous treatment of those who fought against the Union, and a thorough appreciation of motives on both sides. The courage of the heroine in placing patriotism above everything, and in demanding that her lovers shall prove their loyalty to the flag by way of demonstrating their love for her, has been most happily treated, and the dilemma in which this exaction has placed her is now under consideration.

\*A drink paid for by pawning something—don't matter what.



THE OBSTRUCTIONIST'S OPPOSITION.

ON "DECK."

Four bright youths, unmindful of the cobwebs that swung above them and their rustic surroundings, were seriously contemplating weighty matters of state. On an upturned wagon seat between them lay the documents of absorbing interest. Each intent upon the present, they were entirely oblivious that even then fate was scanning their actions. Fate, by the way, was destined to interrupt their deliberations. On he came, or rather crept, halting at times to assure himself of his identity and pick out the thistles from his knees and hands with subdued murmurings (not always the best surgical instruments, let us remark). Upon his ears fell the disjointed opinions of the embryonic statesmen.

"This is an i-deal game, isn't it?"  
 "A next-ra ideal game, I should say."  
 "A nextra-order-nary ideal game. it seems to me."  
 "An extraordinary ideal pass-time."  
 "It is pastime"—but in his hurry the old man tumbled into a whole bundle of thistles that called up a change of remarks on the subject of the next world in general and thistles in particular. The boys cut, and allowed him to play a lone hand. He had made a clean sweep but was left alone. Fate straightened up and lengthened out himself into father as he slowly muttered, "Euclid again."

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