


IMPORTER,

CHINA HALL
 GLOVER HARRISON,
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto

G.M.I.



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IT IS ALLEGED THAT THE GRIT PAPERS ARE INCITING THE INDIANS AND HALF-BREDS TO FURTHER VIOLENCE.

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CHAS. STARK,
 52 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, Near King,

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUH, *Editor.*

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F. N. BOXER, *Agent.*

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.

(Colored 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, Hcn. H. Mercier..... 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.P..... Apl. 25.
 - No. 10, Mr. THOS. GREENWAY, M.P.P.:
- Will be issued with the number for..... May 23.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The political chieftain who does not like his chickens coming home to roost had better not raise poultry. Providence has justly ordained that wrong conduct, whether the result of vicious propensity or mistaken judgment, will sooner or later bring its appropriate punishment, and the Premier at Ottawa is at this moment experiencing the practical demonstration of this truth. It would be hard to conceive a more unenviable position than that which he occupies, and were he not a man of phenomenal buoyancy and pluck he would certainly feel that official life was not worth the living. At least five chickens that bear a strong resemblance to curses have already arrived and settled upon the Government perch. How many of them are the offspring of civil-doing, and how many the nestlings of simple misfortune, we leave Parliament and the country to settle. Meanwhile we can only express our sympathy with Sir John in so far as he is enduring unmerited hardness; and remind him of a fact that may have slipped his memory—that public life, even in Canada, is not a bed of roses.

FIRST PAGE.—According to some of our esteemed exchanges the Grit editors are doing their best to egg on the half-breeds and Indians in their rebellion, by publishing articles of questionable loyalty, and enlarging on the faults of the Government. As these allegations have been denounced as absurd, and the "allegators" laughed to scorn in some

quarters, GRIP feels called upon to show pictorially the danger there is in the unrestricted circulation of the disloyal Grit sheets in the camps of the Crees and breeds. Mark the various degrees of frenzy exhibited in the faces of the readers in our picture, and then laugh, if you dare, at the idea of inciting violence in the savage breast.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It will not do any longer to pooh-pooh the charges made against the warden of the Central Prison and his subordinates. Letters have lately appeared in the *News* from men who have testified their good faith by signing their names, in which details were given of acts of cold-blooded brutality, of which GRIP, at all events, had hitherto considered Mr. Massie incapable. One of these atrocities was the flogging of a convict (a boy named Fay) for having offered some resistance to a guard who was—as we may well believe—handling him more roughly than there was any necessity for, in leading him off to solitary confinement for the awful crime of taking a slice of bread more than the regular allowance. It further appears that the warden is in the habit of accepting the unsupported testimony of a guard as a sufficient preliminary to the infliction of the severest punishments; paying no attention to counter evidence, though it may be just as reliable. This state of affairs, if it really exists, should not be tolerated for another day. GRIP would be sorry to see any weakening of just and necessary discipline on the part of Warden Massie, but there is surely a difference between this and barbarity only worthy of Sullivan. The Province demands of Mr. Mowat an immediate, full and fair enquiry into these charges, and if Mr. Massie feels conscious of having done no more than his duty called for he ought to join in this demand.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

IX. ADAM CARR BELL, M.P.P., LEADER OF THE
OPPOSITION IN NOVA SCOTIA LEGISLATURE.

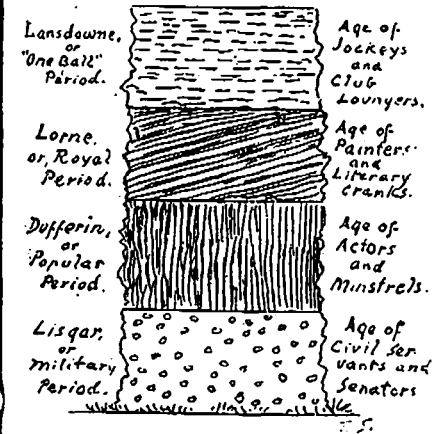
Our portrait this month is that of one of Nova Scotia's most active and useful public men, Mr. Adam Carr Bell. Mr. Bell was born at Pictou, N.S., Nov. 11th, 1847, and is the son of Mr. Basil Bell, a man well known and highly esteemed in the eastern peninsula of the Province. The future political leader was educated primarily at New Glasgow, N.S., and Mount Albion Academy, finishing at Glasgow University. In 1876, and again in 1884 he was elected warden of the town of New Glasgow. He entered the Local House in 1878, as a supporter of the Holmes-Thompson administration. On the retirement of Mr. Holmes in 1882, Mr. Bell accepted the portfolio of Provincial Secretary in the Government under the leadership of Mr. J. S. D. Thompson, but as the administration was defeated and went out of office in the same year, his enjoyment of the dignity was brief. At the general election in '82 Mr. Bell was again returned, and on the assembling of the House was selected as leader of the Opposition, in which capacity he still acts. In Parliament Mr. Bell gave an active support to the County Incorporation Act (1879), and to the syndicate scheme and the measure for the consolidation of the railways of the Province (1882). Both in Parliament and out of it, he has always been earnest in promoting the interests of the farm-

ing community, and, as might be expected, is a warm advocate of technical education for the agricultural and industrial classes.

Mr. Bell was married in September, 1873, to Miss Annie Henderson, of New Glasgow, and has a family of four sons and one daughter. He is an adherent of the Church of Scotland, and is much respected in private life by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

THE SOCIAL STRATA AT OUR CANADIAN GOVERNMENT HOUSE
AS DISCOVERED IN EXCAVATING FOR DYNAMITE.



"FROM HIGH LATITUDES."

There were some vastly wise persons in Canada during Lord Dufferin's term of office, who professed to believe that the interest always manifested in our country by that nobleman was of a purely diplomatic kind. It was freely said that when our shores had receded from his view, we and our affairs would as fully pass from his memory.

Well, it may interest the persons referred to to know that Lord Dufferin has, ever since he left Canada, kept his name upon the subscription list of GRIP. He has regularly notified us of his change of residence, and requested that the paper be sent accordingly. Even amidst the pressing duties of his present high position he finds time to think of Canada and GRIP, as the receipt of the following letter by our business manager testifies:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

SIR,—I have lodged £2 in the post-office here for an order in your favor in payment of Lord Dufferin's subscription to GRIP as far as that sum will cover. In ordinary course the Toronto post-office ought to inform you that they have that sum to your credit, but as I unfortunately omitted to give your full address, there may be some mistake in the matter. You might therefore direct some one to make enquiries at the Toronto post-office in order to learn if the money has duly arrived.

Your obedient servant,
J. McFEWAN.

GRIP feels honored in no small measure by this kind and steadfast friendship by one of England's greatest men, and all the more so in believing as he does, that he is only chosen as the medium of expressing a friendship for the whole people of Canada.

A TIME OF TERROR.

DEAR GRIP.—Imagine my horror on reaching Port Perry on Thursday night, April 9th, to find in the *Standard* an editorial warning to "Look out for the Indians."

The cause of this diabolical heading, as the article set forth, lay in the following extract from the account of the N. W. revolt given in the *Liverpool Courier* of the 25th March:

"The news creates much excitement. Reinforcements will in all probability be sent up from Toronto to quell the revolt. Prince Albert is on the west shore of Lake Scougog, near Port Ferry. A loop line railway runs close to the place."

I had always looked upon our Prince Albert as a very harmless little suburb, chiefly noticeable for having sent its business and business buildings down the new avenue to the Port, and for being a favorite resort for superannuated preachers.

But here, like a horrid nightmare, I learn that it is the centre of the half-breed and Indian insurrection, and as there is a band of Indians living down on the island reserve I am in daily terror of seeing a brace of them coming up for scalps or with—a load of baskets.

Chief Johnson was in the town on Saturday, but the old warrior was dressed in ordinary garb, and if he had the war paint and feathers on their were skilfully hidden from view like the circus costume of the fancy rider who used to play drunk, come into the tent dressed in old clothes, enter the ring, mount a horse and, doffing the old clothes, appear resplendent in circus habiliments.

Anyhow the spring weather got such a fright that it was scared out of a week's growth, and we had snow on Sunday and Monday.

Dear Grip, please let us know if troops are sent from Toronto to help P. A. people, as they will have to march over a (railway) trackless waste from the station to the village and may get their boots muddy if we have no warning to lay gravel or plank for them.

Yours in affright,
YOUNG S. ETLER.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

A gentleman, a resident of the village of Wurzelville, having complained to GRIP that too much space was devoted in this paper to the doings of the large cities whilst his own native place and several more were neglected, we immediately appointed special correspondents in those places, and the first copy has just arrived. Appended is a sample.

WURZELVILLE.

(From our own correspondent.)

We are glad to see that our respected fellow-citizen, James Plowpoint, Esquire, has had his fence newly whitewashed. We congratulate Mr. P. on this evidence of increasing prosperity.

Mine Host of the Hawbuck's Arms entertained a goodly company to a magnificent house-warming at his new hostelry on Thursday night. The tables fairly groaned with the choice viands so lavishly displayed, and the festivities were continued till "the wee sma' hour ayont the twal," when all dispersed, "happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again." We wish Ned success in his new venture.

We hear many surmises as to who is GRIP's special correspondent in Wurzelville. We wonder who it can be!

A little bird whispers to us that our young friend, Johnny Beanbin, is cut out for a humorist, and will make his mark as a disciple of Momus. Upon being asked for a match a day or two ago, he retorted like a flash, "It would be hard to find a match for you." Be careful, Johnny!

Our esteemed neighbor, Mr. Hodge, reports the snow all away from his seven acre field.

Some miscreant broke the latch of our worthy fellow-townsmen, Elijah Doolittle's, back gate the other night. It is such acts of vandalism as these which disgrace communities, and we trust the perpetrators of this outrage will be speedily brought to account. We hear

that our indefatigable constable has a clue to the ruffian's identity.

Dame Ramor has it that our enterprising young blacksmith, Ichabod Struggles, is about to lead a blushing bride to Hymen's altar in a few weeks. We think we are not far wrong when we say that her initials are K. L. Are we?

HUNK'S CORNERS.

(From our own correspondent.)

A serious runaway accident occurred here yesterday by which valuable human life was placed in jeopardy. Our enterprising dry goods merchant, John Hubble, Esquire, was stepping into his horse and cutter, when it took fright at some object, and dashed off at a furious rate, overturning him into the gutter, the shafts of which coming into contact with our respected barber's pole broke it off short, and it finally came to a standstill opposite the old church. We are happy to state that Mr. Hubble is recovering from the severe shock he sustained.

SAD MISHAP.—Our worthy pastor, the Rev. Jonas Longprose, accidentally tripped and fell down the cellar stairs last night, and is to-day confined to his bed. We cannot say that his chances of recovery are very bright, as the physician is still in attendance.

John Heavystern showed us a hen's egg measuring four inches in circumference yesterday. Next!!

Hunk's Corners is much exercised over the news from the Sudan, but we trust Gladstone will not flinch in his policy.

EXPERIENCES WITH A DUNNAGE BAG.

(A WARNING TO TRAVELLERS.)



"I SAY."

A certain master at a local college,
"Amongst other things had one peculiar way
Of saying as preface, (when imparting knowledge
Or when conversing,) the two words, "I say."

A waggy student, full of mirth and rattle,
Was wont to mimic him and cause much fun
Amongst his comrades: but some tittle-tattle
Told the old tutor what the youth had done.

Indignant then the master had the youth
Before him summoned on the self-same day,
Resolved to force him to confess the truth
About his mimicking those words, "I say."

(For he, like most folk, to his own defects
Was blind, and vowed he did not say, "I say.")

A man, in others, many faults detects,
(But to his own is blind as owls in day.)

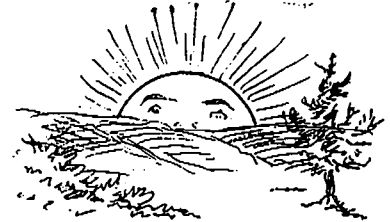
Straight to the lad the master then began
A speech, unthinking, in his usual way,
And thus his sentence, so the youth says, ran,
"I say, they say you say I say, 'I say.'"

Then, seeing how truly he'd himself committed,
And what a jumble did his words convey,
He tried once more; these words his mouth-piece
quitted,

"I say, I said they said you said I said, 'I say.'"

This was too much, so bursting into laughter
He told the culprit to betake his way
From out his room: "Look here, young man, hereafter
Don't say I said you said I say, 'I say.'"

—S.



AN ESSAY ON SUNRISE.

If none of us had ever seen the sun rise, and it were suddenly to burst upon our vision, how strange and wonderful it would seem to us! How we would watch the pale yellow deepening into pink, and then, when suddenly from below the horizon the golden sun would appear, flooding everything with its yellow light, we would feel that we had been transported to fairy-land, the sun being the chief fairy, transforming even the common things of life with a touch of its magic wand! The saying that "familiarity breeds contempt" is quite true. We despise what is ordinary, however beautiful it may be.

There are many people to whom sunrise brings no pleasure. Nor is it surprising when we consider at what an inconvenient time the sun rises. To be truly artistic, one must also be poetic, and everything wears a most prosaic aspect before the sun rises. The fire is low; one feels cold and fagged out. If sunrise only came in the evening how much one would enjoy it. But now you are too much occupied with your own discomforts to be poetic or artistic. Nay, more—in the cold light of morning how silly, or worse than silly, seem the honeyed speeches you made the night before to the fair one whom you love better than any one in the world. (Or thought you did when you said so, but which you doubt now.) In view of all this, we feel that sunrise is not what it is said to be by the poets.

The poet says:—

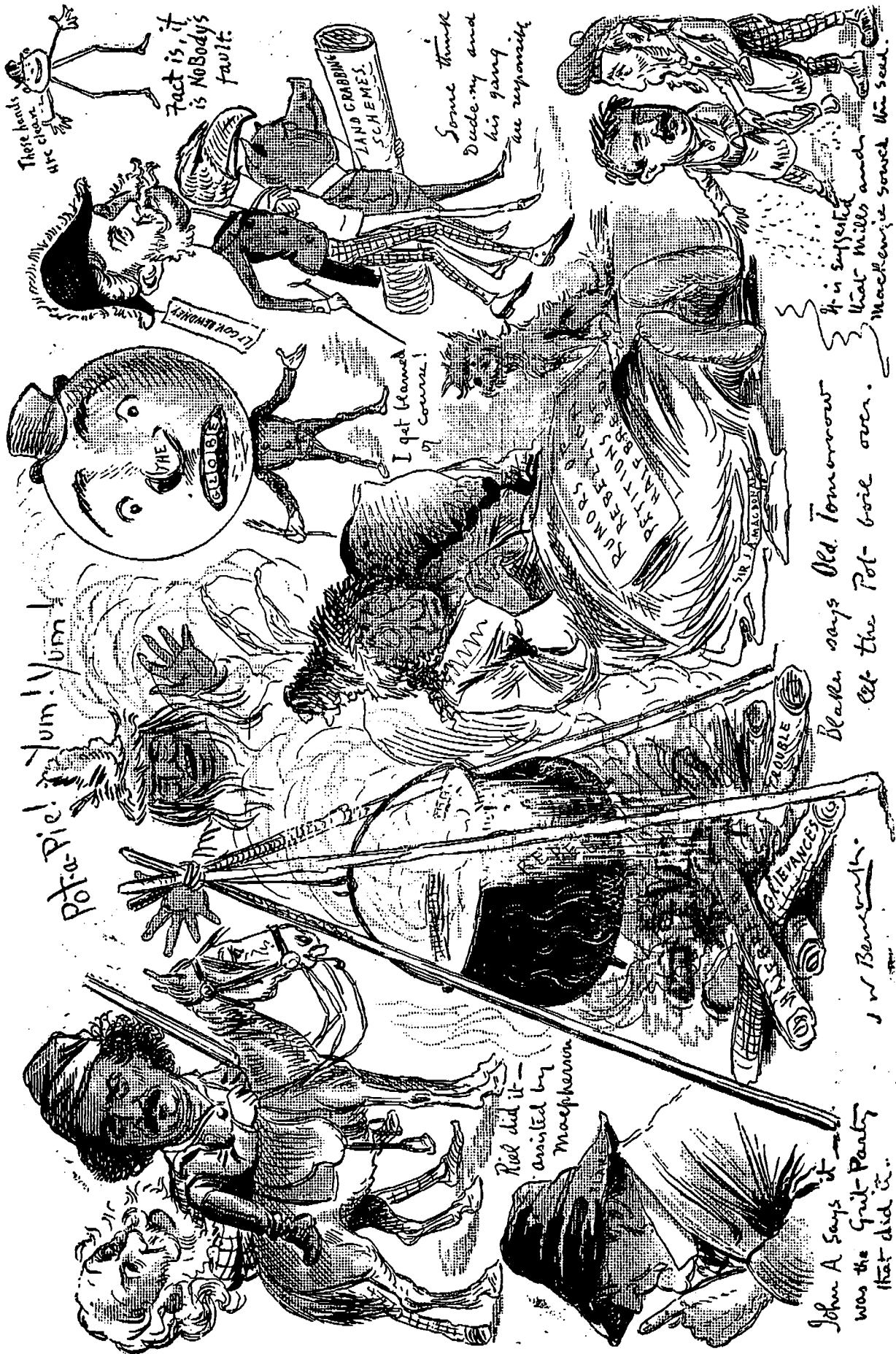
"Sweet is the breath of morn,"

but he did not allude to a breath of air 20° below zero. Yes, even in summer it makes one chilly to rise so early. There is always a sort of dampness in the air which conduces to limpness.

It is all very well in the Arctic regions to get up and see the sun rise, for it only does so once or twice a year, so consequently is quite a little excitement, where there is so little else of a nature to interest or entertain one. In our latitude I cannot but think that ordinary people are better in bed taking their natural rest, and allowing the artists to depict on canvas the beautiful tints which most of us find more pleasure in looking at beside a glowing fire when the sun is well up than in viewing them *au naturel*.

There is one sunrise which a mother enjoys. That is to see her son rise and put on the kitchen fire. It is, however, such a rare spectacle that it has come to be regarded as phenomenal.

SUNFLOWER.



WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

[Reproduced by request from Illustrated War News, April 18th.]



“COMING HOME TO ROOST!”



“A TIME FOR EVERYTHING.”

DUFFERIN—(to representatives of Russia and Afghanistan)—Excuse me for a moment, gentlemen, I must renew my subscription to GRIP! (And he does. See letter elsewhere in this issue.)

A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL PRISON.

(OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER.)



rowler.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” replied the individual addressed, entering Mr. GRIP’s sanctum in obedience to that potentate’s summons, “aye, aye, sir.”

“Come, come, no levity, sirrah,” sternly rebuked the bird of ebon plumage. “To

business. I see conflicting reports of the treatment of prisoners in the Central. Go to; call at that institution and glean all particulars concerning its management, and see, caiff, that they be the truth. Now, scoot.”

The Promiscuous Prowler, making a deep obeisance to the Bird of Wisdom, withdrew from the presence, and was soon on his way to the grim Shrine of Malfaisance called the Central Prison, which he presently reached and thundered at the office portal which was thrown open by a Tall Individual with a Benign Countenance, clad in a semi-military uniform, who greeted him with the query:—

“Where’s your committal, and why did you come to this door?”

“You are mistaken,” replied the Prowler, rather indignantly, “I am no malefactor; I am an emissary from the office of Grip, and—”

Down went the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance on all fours and salaamed till his forehead touched the stone door-step at the mention of that terrible name, and tremblingly arising he begged the other’s pardon for the mistake he had made.

“No sooner asked than granted,” replied the Promiscuous Prowler. “Now, I have come to investigate the charges made by sundry individuals and newspapers against the warden and his method of treating those unfortunates consigned to his care.”

“Ha!” exclaimed the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance, “I am glad that I shall now be dealt with justly. I will escort you round the premises. The gentlemen committed to my keeping are now about to dine; you will see them fed. Come,” and leading the way he walked off in the direction whence a most savory odor proceeded, followed by the Prowler.

Flinging open a door the Individual and his temporary guest passed into a spacious banquetting hall, in the centre and on each side of which long mahogany tables were laid with the choicest viands of the season. The snowy table-cloths glittered with the costliest plate; huge golden epergnes filled with rare exotic flowers were placed at intervals in the middle of the tables; wines of choicest vintages stood in delicate cut-glass decanters, and at either side of the table sat the guests clad in a most tasteful uniform of bizarre pattern.

“I am sorry you should have chanced to visit us on this day, as it is a *maigre* one,” said the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance, “but such as it is you see the fare is not sparsely provided,” and he handed a *menu* card to the Prowler, who glanced over it and saw the bill of fare for that day was as follows: *Potages*—Mook turtle soup *a la ball* and chain, clear soup, pea soup *a la riviere* Don. *Entrees*—Skilligalee *a la Massie*, Centralia pigeons, *chat a la newfs* tails, etc., etc., etc. *Joints*—Roast lamb, roast beef, roast mutton; boiled beef and mutton; stewed mushrooms, red currant jelly, caper sauce. *Poultry*—Turkeys, geese, ducks, pigeons, etc., etc., with suitable

sauces. *Game*—Haunch of venison, roast partridges and pheasants, jugged hare, prairie chickens *a la Logan*. *Sweets*—Plum pudding, Charlotte Russe, cabinet pudding, cocoanut pudding; lemon and pineapple pie, etc., etc.; brandy sauce. *Various*—Chocolate creams, strawberry ices, omelettes *a la Yellow Maria*, etc., etc. *Cheese*—Double Gloster and Stilton. *Dessert*—All fruits in season; walnuts, almonds and raisins. *Wines*—Port, sherry, claret, champagne, moselle, still hock and sauterne.

“You see that we do our best to give these dear fellows a little variety,” remarked the Individual, and then turning to the nearest guest, a gentleman with a black eye and a jaw like a bull-pup, he asked him whether he had any complaints.

“Vell, sir,” replied Mr. Sykes, for so he was called, “Hi mus’ say as the champagne to-day is no better’n gewsberry, and I perfer my part of the comet vintage. Your plum-pudden is parsable, but the cheese is beesly. Hi won’t stay ’ere unless things is more like wot H’im used to.”

The Benignant Individual apologized to Mr. Sykes, and promised to have the caterer and the chief butler shot immediately, and trusted that no complaint would be made to the *News* when Mr. Sykes’ term of residence expired.

“Hi won’t promise nothink,” replied that gentleman, “hand, mind yer, Hi wants some tripe and honions or a savvyloy to-morrer, or you look hout, my chickaleary cove,” and he shook his fist significantly in the Individual’s face. That official promised that all should be seen to, and then asked a warden if the gentlemen in solitary retirement had yet been supplied with their dinner.

“Yes, sir,” replied the warden, “Number 311’s *pate de foie gras*, Perigord *pate aux truffes* and other articles had been sent away some time since, but that Nos. 50, 93, 602 and 701 complained of the quality of the salmon lately supplied. The rest of the solitary gentlemen had been pleased to express themselves satisfied with the fare provided, but wished for a little more chalk for their billiard cues.

“You may ask these gentlemen anything you please,” said the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance to the Prowler, and that personage, in a loud voice, enquired whether they were satisfied. Immediately arose a deafening cry of, “We are all ready to die for the Warden,” and one gentleman, rising, proposed Mr. Massie’s health in a bumper of Sauterne.

The gentlemen were then dismissed to the pastimes most to their individual tastes—croquet, lawn-tennis, quoits, tennis and so forth, and the Prowler having inspected the richly upholstered cells, tried the many pianos, and deposited a tract in each apartment, bade farewell to the Tall Individual with the Benign Countenance, and told him that he would back him to the death. Numerous mottoes and texts were suspended about the corridors, such as: “Ble’s our Home,” “What is Home without a Warden?” “Welcome,” and “We are ready to die for our Warden.”

Much affected by what he had seen, the Prowler could not refrain from bursting into tears as he retraced his steps to Mr. GRIP’s boudoir, where with eyes red with weeping, and in accents broken by intense feeling, he recounted all he had seen to the Great Raven, who brusquely informed him that he feared he had been drinking.

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

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



MAMMON'S MIGHT.

AN ARISTOCRATICAL, YET SLIGHTLY ERRATICAL, ROMANCE.

Prologue.

Before the humble, but necessary greengrocery, possessed and controlled by Mr. Phineas Chippis, stood Ichabod, his son, apparently engaged in studiously contemplating the varied hues in a row of red cabbages that lay before him upon the sidewalk.

Yet this was not so. Although Ichabod's oculars appeared directed towards the vegetables in question, his thoughts were far away. None delighted more than he to revel amidst the succulent potatoes, cabbages and turnips; but now, alas! Ichabod's occupation was gone. In short, he was in love. He had seen the handsome Lady Letitia Littlepoppit. What if it were during the mental occupation of delivering at the Littlepoppit mansion the vegetables necessary for its *cuisine* that he first saw her! Love is stronger than caste. Ichabod went through all the stages of the fever that usually consumes the breasts of those in love, and came out considerably the worse for the scorching. Hope, however, was strong in his heart. Ladies had loved coachmen, then why not greengrocers? But let us not anticipate.

The Story.

The scene was the Lady Letitia Littlepoppit's boudoir, charmingly furnished in amber and gold, and redolent with the spices of Araby. Upon a lounge languidly lolled Lady Letitia, an orphan and an only child. She was indeed fair to look upon. A lovely face, blue eyes, golden hair, full pouting lips and an airy figure. Despite the luxury and comfort around her, it was painfully evident her ladyship was not happy. Could you have looked deep down into her eyes you would have seen there a lurking suspicion that something was about to happen. Ah! How thankful we ought to be for that suspicion that will lurk around in times of danger. It tends to make life more precious. In the Lady Letitia's case it was too true.

A hasty step was heard outside, and the Marquis, her father, dashed into the room, and flinging himself into a chair, groaned aloud.

"What is wrong, dearest papa?" ejaculated Lady Letitia, her every nerve unstrung.

"Your pa is another good man gone wrong, dearest daughter," replied the Marquis, "I am ruined! I have parted with my last shillings. Poker is the instrument of my misfortunes."

"There are my diamonds," replied Lady Letitia.

"Our esteemed uncle is taking care of them. Have you no money?"

"Not a cent, but I have an idea," responded Lady Letitia.

"If it is worth anything, let me hear it, for I must have \$100 before to-morrow."

"Delilah, our house-maid, possesses just one hundred dollars," replied my lady, "she is a

generous soul, and will not allow the honor of our house to depart, could she prevent it. I will ask her for the loan of the money."

Delilah was at that moment engaged discussing the merits of a new bonnet with the cook, but obeyed the summons to her ladyship's boudoir with alacrity.

"My dear young lady," said the Marquis, when Delilah presented herself, "pray be seated. We have summoned you to ask for the loan of the one hundred dollars you possess. Our honor is at stake. Will you help us?"

Did Delilah turn up her nose and otherwise give indications of contempt for her master and mistress, thus humbled before her? It is a pleasure to record she did not, but generously placed her hard-earned savings at their disposal.

"You may take an afternoon out for this your great kindness, Delilah," said the Marquis, visibly affected, as she left the room for the money, which she kept in an old shoe.

"Letitia, this will but help us a little way. The wind must be raised in larger quantities. You must marry. Strange I did not think of this before."

"I shall be happy to do your slightest wish," replied her ladyship, to whom the idea was equally new. But whom?

"Someone with money. Whom know you?"

"Lord Gamboze, Viscount Whiffle Snaffle, the Honorable De Canter—"

"Bah! Moneyless dudes, all of them, and N.G."

"Now I bethink me, a young man, plain of visage, yet who, by the look of his eye, I faintly believe possesses money, always follows me when I take my morning's walk. I know him not. He may be a good catch."

At this point Delilah entered with the money. To her was put the question, who was the young man that hovered around Lady Letitia when out walking? The answer was more than they had dared to expect. He was Delilah's own brother, Ichabod Chippis, who had \$10,000 in his own right. How strange is fate! Here was fortune for the house of the Littlepoppits in the shape of a devoted lover, \$10,000, and vegetables free for life. Ichabod was at once sent for, and throughout the interview that followed comported himself with the manners of a true-born greengrocer. Upon the interview let me, as a discreet chronicler, draw the curtain. Suffice that four hearts were made happy, for in addition to the Lady Letitia bestowing her heart and hand upon faithful Ichabod, the Marquis sought and obtained the heart and hand of Miss Delilah, the devoted housemaid, through whose instrumentality the house of the Littlepoppits had been rescued from dark, detestable ruin.

Epilogue.

The Littlepoppits and Chippis are happy beyond description. The Marquis has discarded poker and devotes his business hours to the successful cultivation of red cabbages, under the watchful eye of Ichabod. Yet there are morose people who rail against the aristocracy. Let them ponder the foregoing voracious story and henceforth lead better lives.

TITUS A. DRUM.

HALF HOURS WITH THE POETS.

H—d.

With eyelids heavy and red, with mouth so drooping and sad,

A maid sat at her davenport, writing away like mad: Weep! weep! weep! to this theme she did revert, And then with fingers inky and black, she wrote this Song of the Flirt."

Flirt! flirt! flirt! with Susie, Amelia and Jean: Flirt! flirt! flirt! with no rest, no pause between; Flirt! flirt! flirt! with Susie, Amelia and Jean, With this one, and that one, with lean and with fat one, And after all, what does it mean?

Oh, mothers with daughters young; oh, mothers with daughters fair, Oh, tell them all, with one accord, of this young flirt to beware, For it's flirt! flirt! flirt! with Susie, Amelia and Jean, Making love with manner and eyes, and after all what does it mean?

But why do I talk of love? that cherub of great renown, He has fled to the girl with golden hair who lives in another town: Has fled to another town, not far from here, I know— Alas! that it is my wretched fate, to say that it is so.

Flirt! flirt! flirt! his flirting never flags, And what are its wages? A stony heart, a buttonless shirt—or rags, A bachelor's hall, a naked floor, a table, a broken chair, And a head so bald, that he is called, the "man with the single hair."

Oh, but to feel again the joy I felt before, The foot-fall on the stair of him whom I adore; For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel Before I knew the heartsickness of a wound that will not heal.

Oh, but for one short hour, a time however brief, With the same old look of love and hope, and never a thought of grief; A little weeping would ease my heart, but in their hazy bed My tears must stop, for every drop falls on my heart like lead.

With eyelids heavy and red, with mouth so drooping and sad, A maid sat at her davenport, writing away like mad. Weep! weep! weep! to this theme she did revert, And so, with fingers inky and black, she finished the Song of the Flirt.



PORTRAIT OF HON. A. S. HARDY.

(DRAWN FROM EVIDENCE IN BRIBERY CASE.)

Hardy, accosting a friend.—Hello, how the ——— are you, you ——— old fellow!

W. P. Welch, in *The Current* of April 18, submits a poetic rejoinder to the famous poem of W. W. Story, in which the cause of Judas Iscariot was ingeniously pled by "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem." Mr. Welch replies in the same metrical form, and very cleverly controverts the extenuating arguments made by Mr. Story's lawyer. The poem itself shows high qualities, both in respect to diction and technical finish.

WELL TO REMEMBER.—A stitch in time saves nine. Serious results oft follow a neglect of constipated bowels and bad blood. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate and purify the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and the blood. Take it in time.



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Grip—(to the Attorney-General)—DO YOU PROPOSE TO TOLERATE THIS BRUTALITY?

MORN AND EVE.

By our Professional Poet.
MORN.

The morn! the morn! the merry, merry morn,
Awakes to joy the farmer lad;
The horn! the horn! the merry, merry horn,
The breakfast horn doth make him glad,
It gladdens his eye and makes it bright,
For the lad has a first-class appetite.

And the buckwheat cakes
His sister makes,
Although sometimes they are no great shakes,
All disappear
Like the fading year.

Then away he speeds to shuck the corn
In the morn, the merry, merry morn.
The morn!

EVE.

The shadows lengthen, and the falling dew,
Hints to the world another day has gone,
The mid-eyed cow of fodder takes a chew,
The hard-up youth his overcoat to pawn,
Yet 'tis not only dew that's falling due:
The note at six, at eight, at twelve months' time
Is to be met; and oh, ye gods! how blue
Doth seem the wight who hath not ary dime.
Eve, gentle eve! oh, soothing slumbrous eve!
Watch o'er the drowsy soldier on his post,
Don't rouse him, or perchance he'll cry *qui vive!*
Nay—let him rest before the sleeping host,
Until the sergeant of the guard comes round
The weary war-worn sentry to relieve,
And in the following morning, I'll be bound,
He won't forget he slumbered on that eve!
Good eve!

—B.

CATARRH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

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THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PERLEY'S is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

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