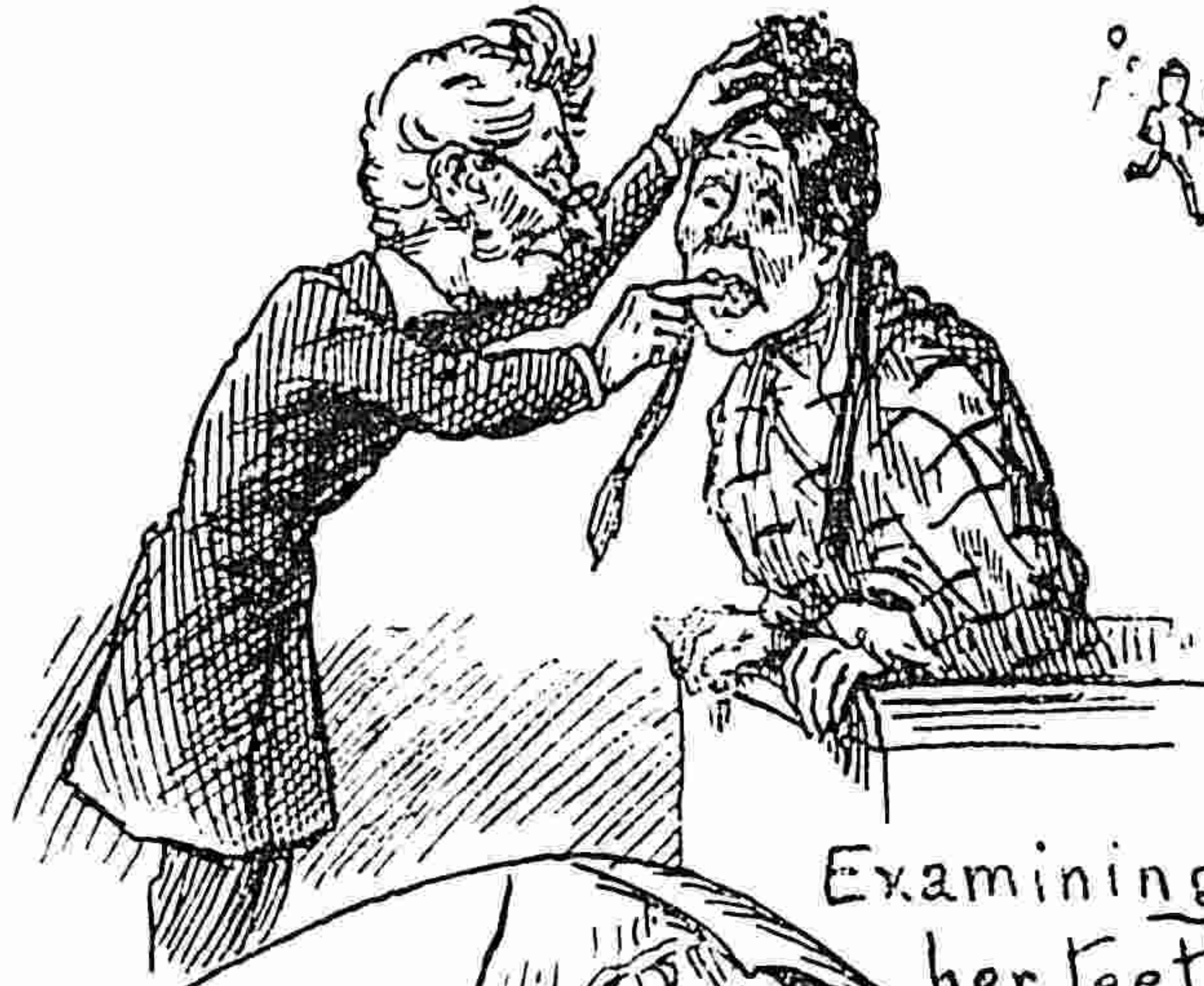




A girl runs off with a pony and gig.



Examining her teeth.



Schoolboys on strike chastise blacklegs.

School shut up through fleas



A plague of fleas.



Ladies' Golf—An old favourite revived.



The new lion-gallop



Poor old Times



'Returning' to their native climes.

(1) A girl, who for felony cared not a fig,
Went in for purloining a pony and gig.

(2) This dame said her teeth were knocked out in a brawl.
When examined, her tale proved too-th-in—she had all.

(3) The Schoolboys on Strike make a stand through the town;
They may not be able, anon, to "sit down."

(4) "A flea in the ear," as a proverb doth rule,
This is better than buckets of fleas in a school!

(5) Here are lovely young ladies, who, as in a dream,
Go floating along on the giddy Golf-stream.

(6) This Lion Comique isn't one that appals
Half so much as some singers, so named, in the "halls."

(7) Re Besant—a mere trader—the Times was at sea,
It deemed him the narrative man busy B.

(8) From Paris intelligent foreigners flit,
To seek Home, Sweet Home, after "making a bit,"

SLASHES AND PUFFS.

THE AVENUE.—The Avenue, without Mr. Arthur Roberts, is a new sensation. I believe the man who provides a new sensation is worthy of praise, and, without going so far as to say that the dispenser *with*



TOOLE'S—"THE BUNGLE-DR!"

Mr. Roberts is so deserving as the dispenser of him, I am bound to set it on record that the "new departure" here is made with spirit. Mr. Chevalier is a thoroughly good comedian, well known to experts in such matters, and one whom audiences should delight to honour: and of three new singers introduced, two, at least, have (in the native tongue of one of them) "come to stay."

To say that Mr. Alfred Murray (in conjunction with whose name that of the late Mr. Farnie appears on the book) has excelled himself, would be to do him an injustice. His songs have the usual tepid ring, and his simple minded humour tends largely to puns of a mechanical nature, such as a play upon "affairs of state," with an allusion to a "state of affairs," and so on. Tito Mattei's music, however, is tuneful always, and not more "waltzy" than seems to fit the stereotyped requirements of the class of piece. He seems to spread himself upon his finales—that to the first act being very effective, and that to the second, if a trifle lengthy, ambitious and by no means unsuccessful. A pretty duet in the first act struck my fancy, and there are others which promise to breed admiration with familiarity.

MR. ALEC MARSH's fine baritone tells to the usual advantage, and Mr. Joseph Tapley, whose voice has greatly improved of late, was in great favour, and deservedly so. He is one of the few tenors I thoroughly enjoy listening to—I don't know what *you* think. Mr. George Sinclair's voice is of much value in the concerted pieces, if he *does* show some anxiety to get through his spoken dialogue as



THE CRITERION.—"CAST(E)"

quickly as possible. Mr. Capel hasn't a very humorous part, and, up to now, does not seem able to make it so.

MIDDLE. SARA PALMA is likely to be found particularly acceptable by a general audience, and is certainly a capable and well trained vocalist, with a voice and style pleasant to listen to. Miss Amelja

Gruhn is, perhaps, even more pleasing. I believe she is something of a novice, and I'm sure she was nervous, both of which circumstances are sufficient to account for an occasional touch of flatness. Her voice is sweet, and she has the advantage of good looks—as, indeed, both ladies have.

MESSRS. H. GRATTAN and STANLEY BETJEMAN do yeoman service in small parts. Miss Alice Lethbridge tantalizes us by wandering through two whole acts before she gives us a dance. The scenes are above Avenue form, and a number of graceful young ladies dispose themselves to advantage in a number of brilliant costumes from the experienced and tasteful hands of M. Alias.

NODS AND WINKS.—I'm very fond of gossip—theatrical gossip—but I don't like it mixed. Some of it has got a bit mixed over *The New Corsican Brothers*. The truth about this piece is that it was planned by Mr. Cecil Raleigh, wholly and solely alone, and all out of his own head, in the summer, the plan submitted to and accepted by Mr. Arthur Roberts "later on," and the dialogue and lyrics written—and uncommonly funnily written—by Mr. Cecil Raleigh (again wholly and solely alone, and all out of his own head), for Mr. Arthur Roberts, and set to music—and remarkably pretty music—by Mr. Walter Slaughter. There you have it all, except that (negatively) neither Mr. Arthur Roberts nor Mr. Walter Slaughter have had a finger in the dialogue—whether this will always be true of Mr. Roberts is a matter for pensive and not unpleasant speculation.—The plans for the new Harris-Watkin-Roberts theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue are finished, by the way, and, when the L. C. C. have quite polished



THE COURT.—"AREN'T JACK?"

off the music halls, they will have an opportunity of sitting on *that*. —Mr. Charles Fawcett is writing a three act play for Mr. Forbes Dawson, which is to be played at a *matinée* at Terry's, under the management of Mr. Brickwell. Mr. Fawcett has a vein of humour with no disposition to fawce it, and Mr. Dawson has earned many encomiums (and had them paid) as an actor which I have much pleasure in en-dawson. Luck to the shoes.

OUR extra special deputy under sub examiner has been looking at *A Man's Shadow*. The wonderful perfection of the entire thing has struck him as forcibly as the rest of us, and he says he's going again, and as often as he can persuade Mr. Tree to let him in for nothing, and perhaps after that he will even spring a two-and-six of his own. No play was ever better acted he is convinced, and he recognizes the absolute reality of the court scene with the conviction of an old and trusted criminal.—As an antidote to the gloom, which, from its reality, oppressed him after Mr. Tree's play, he had a look in at the Strand, where *Our Flat* is making crowds scream as per usual.

MR. THOMAS ELWELL gave a Dramatic Recital from Shakespeare in the French Chamber, at St. James' Hall, on the 14th. This is a kind of entertainment that always oppresses yours truly with some gloom, particularly when Shakespeare is the well-spring from which the flow of words is drawn. I think for proper enjoyment of the bard, either the full dramatic action of the stage is necessary, or the silence of the study. The compromise of recitation for whole plays does not commend itself to me. It is a good deal a matter of taste, of course, and Mr. Elwell acquitted himself of his task with a good deal of success. He has a good memory and a pleasant appreciation of "the text,"

NESTOR.

SOME TYPES OF POPULAR PERIODICALS.—No. 5.

THE
SLAVEY'S COMPANION

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR THE BRITISH DOMESTIC



"LOVE, LIKE DEATH,
LEVELS ALL RANKS, & LAYS THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK
BESIDE THE SCEPTRE."



No 313.

APRIL 32nd 1889

ONE PENNY.



FROM HOUSEMAID TO DUCHESS;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE BOUDOIR PANTRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE Duchess of Doomsday frowned impatiently. She would have bitten her lip, but her teeth were false and slightly out of repair, and the experiment might have proved dangerous. Passion is akin to vulgarity, and the dignified calm of this stately wearer of the strawberry leaves was not to be ruffled by an emotion of the baser kind. *Noblesse oblige!*

"I repeat," she said, frigidly, recovering her *sang froid*, "you must marry. It is a duty you owe to society."

Lord Knozoo inclined gracefully. There was a pale smile, almost a sneer, upon his aristocratically chiselled features as he replied, with equal frigidity, "It is not the only debt I am unable to discharge."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the Duchess, superbly.

"In addition to which," he continued, "I believe it is an ancient custom of the ducal house of Doomsday, never to recognize a creditor."

"*Parbleu!*" said her grace, scornfully, but with emphasis: making a delicate *moue*, and speaking with that exquisite accent and classical finish only to be acquired in the most select circles of Clapham *haut ton*.

At that moment a fairy-like form, with a strange light glittering in her limpid eyes, and a small hand-broom and dust-pan tightly clenched in her quivering fingers, entered the boudoir. "Please, mum," she said—"I beg parding, I mean, your ladyship; the tally-man's called for his money, and says he'll be blowed if he stirs a peg until he gets that fifteen bob you owe him!"

There was a dead silence.

* * * * *

The soft light of an early morning sun tinged the ducal doorstep with a roseate hue, as the fairy-like housemaid daintily dipped her slender fingers in the pail of aromatic liquid, with which she laved the coldly insensible marble. Uneven footsteps were heard approaching, and Lord Knozoo, returning home with the milk, fixed his admiring gaze upon the graceful form of Seraphina Scrubs. The magnetic beauty of her presence unloosed his heart-strings, the coldness of his patrician caste melted; he loved madly, wildly, instantaneously! Besides he had had a bad night at baccarat, and his tongue was as the Desert of Sahara.

"Divine creechur!" he began, unsteadily poising himself against the friendly area railings: when, chancing to cast his eye upon the open doorway, he encountered the scornful gaze of the haughty Duchess of Doomsday!

(To be continued in our next.)

Masks for Faces.

(Humbly suggested as *Encore Verses for Miss Vital Spark*.)

[Fashion's latest inventions include Artificial Dimples, Cheek-pads and Toilet Masks for ladies.]

AIR.—"Masks and Faces."

We knew Society wore a mask, an à la mode disguise,
But this new artificial plan quite fills us with surprise:
It seems that ladies now adopt false dimples and false cheeks,
And of the brand new Toilet Masks full many a journal speaks.
The dimples must be cut, it seems, and not without much pain,
The Cheek Pads, too, may fall away and make girls look quite plain;
But the Toilet Mask is quite the rage—'tis bought, with great delight,
By vain and foolish damsels who wear them night by night!

Chorus.

You see a charmer softly spin
Around amid the ballroom's din,
And fervently you crave to win
A girl so full of graces!
But closer glances oft reveal
Her darling dimples are not real:
And she'll pad her cheeks and her age conceal
In those Toilet Masks for Faces.

That beauty only skin-deep is, philosophers insist,
And we also know that fleshly charms cannot for aye exist;
But it is rough to dupe us with such cheek—such padded cheek—
And to draw us on with dimples that were only made this week.
If this keeps on when men propose the question of Love's life,
And ask some blushing damsel to become a loving wife;
'Twere best to scrutinize her well (O most ungracious task!)
And see if all her face is real—or simply pad and mask!

Chorus.—A charming girl will, etc.

OUR own "stern parent" is decidedly against abolishing corporal punishment. He says there is the authority of tradition in its favour, it having always been "handed" down from father to son.



ANGELS IN THE CLOUDS.

Mrs. Honeydore.—"So sorry to learn your engagement with Jack Jolliboy is broken off, Mabel."

Mabel.—"Bad job, dear, but I had to make my choice and give up the boy or the 'bacco, so *Omne exit in furno*. Have a cigarette, dear?"

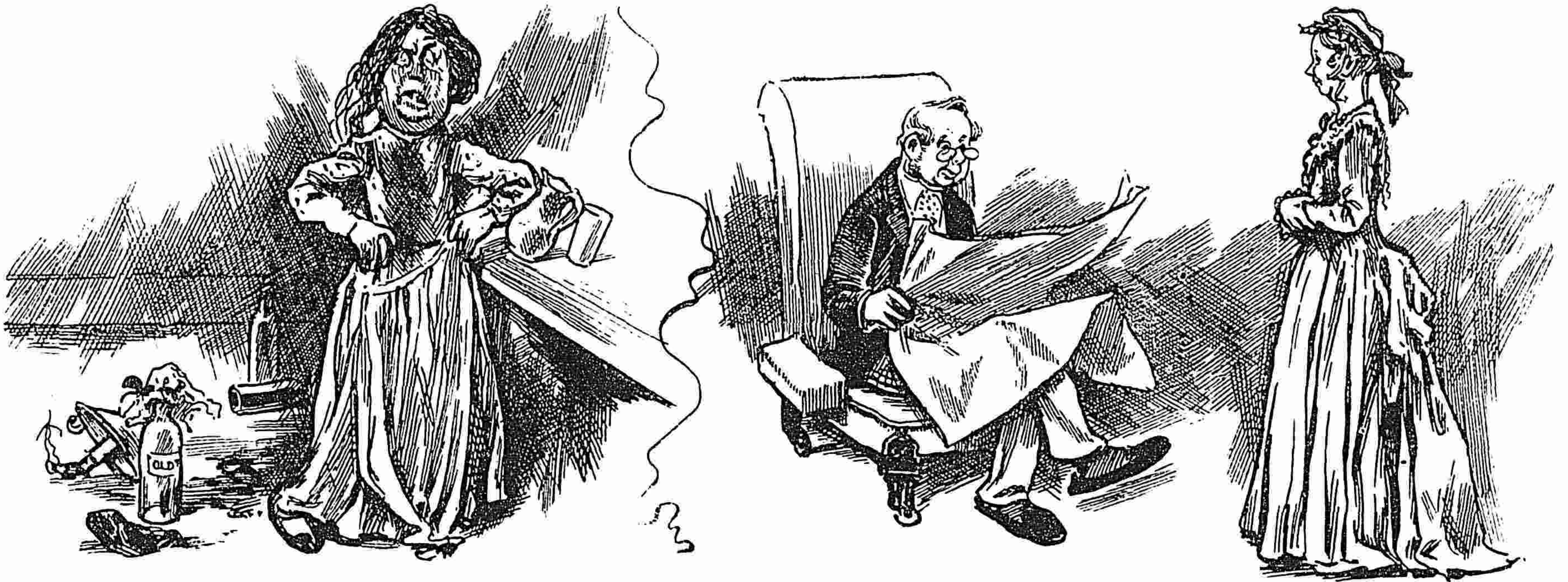
Mrs. Honeydore.—"No, you horrid girl! I've promised Edwin never to take to tobacco in his lifetime, or mine."

Ethel.—"But surely, Angelina, he can't wish you, in case you are the survivor, to forego your widow's weeds."

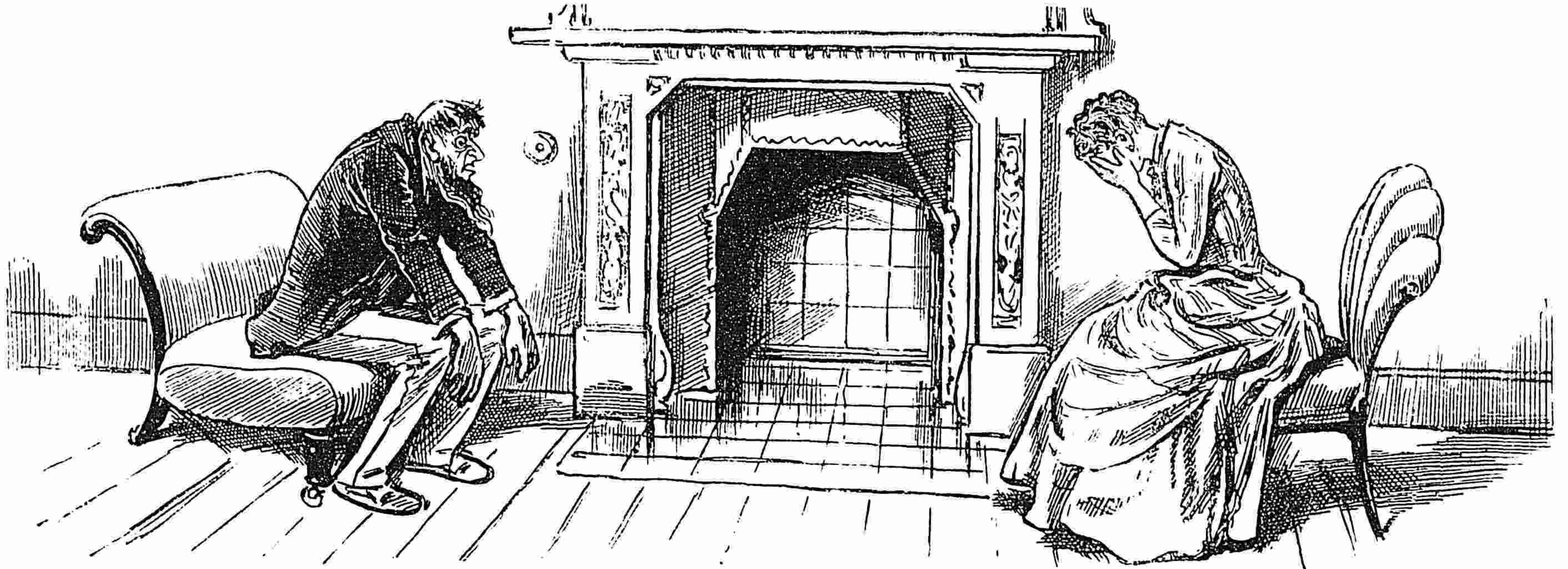
A CLASS OF MALEFACTORS.

[THERE is a large class of amiable and unchanged evildoers who consider it "unkind" to give the true character of a servant, and hold it a worthy thing to deceive, and bring calamity upon unhappy employers who have never harmed them.

COOK.



Amiable and Unhanged One.—"I'm sorry we have to turn cook out of the house at a moment's notice because she is drunk, and swears and is filthy, and lazy, and dishonest, and so forth: but we won't say any of that in her character, as it wouldn't be kind."



Joy of the next employers who engage the cook (on the strength of the character given by the Amiable Ones), after the cook has removed most of the property from the premises, smashed all the windows, filled the house with dirt, roused the neighbourhood with howls, and gone away in *delirium tremens*.



Amiable and Unhanged One.—"Look here, the man I met down the road has given me this black eye and broken every bone in my skin. Never offended the creature in my life! It was that fellow whom cook went to when she left us."

SULLIVAN



AUTUMN LEAVES.

A LITTLE PRESENT FOR IRELAND—GOOD OLD WILLIAM.

[See *Cartoon Verses*, p. 184.]

WOMEN, TOBACCO, FOOD, PERPENDICULARITY, AND OTHER MATTERS.

It is very curious how history repeats itself! There's that problem about "Women and Tobacco" (or "Tobacco and Women," as our



Special Curmudgeon puts it) cropping up again in a daily paper. Why, bless your soul, that was one of the very questions which the Committee of Ways and Means asked before the start!

"What was the Committee of Ways and Means, and what was the start?" Dear us! have you never heard of those things? Why, at the beginning of the world, when primeval man was most primeval, quite new, and just arrived on the earth, of course he had to hold a grand Social

Congress to decide under what conditions the world should be carried on. It wasn't likely he was going to start haphazard and higgledy-piggledy, and tumble into society anyhow.

So it was decided that the best plan would be to start a daily paper, and thresh out all the social problems by writing letters to it, in just precisely the same way as it's done now in another paper, which doesn't appear to know it has all been done so long before. Well, among the earliest problems started was

"WOMEN AND FOOD."

The question asked was, "Shall Women Eat Food?" and here is a letter on the subject:

To the Editor of the "Primeval Inquirer."

SIR,—I have read with no little surprise the extraordinary question put by your correspondent "Simplex,"—a question, as it seems to me, so utterly unnecessary as to call for no reply. There are certain fundamental principles which, from the very nature of things, are foregone conclusions, and need no discussion whatever, and of such, as I submit, is the Women and Food subject. The mind which can, for one single instant, entertain without a shudder the notion of woman—fair, delicate, refined woman—engaged in so unbecoming an occupation as the consumption of food must indeed be a strange and abnormal one!

Let me ask you, Mr. Editor, to conjure up before the eye of your imagination such a scene,—a woman, perhaps a fair, delicate woman, with rippling golden hair and blue eyes, a slim ethereal form which appears rather to float in the ambient than walk upon the coarser earth—imagine such a being, I say, sitting down to fill her mouth with vegetables and suchlike, grinding them between her pearly teeth, and then gulping them down, possibly half choking herself in the process! Imagine such a being scooping up handfuls of water from a brook, and filling herself with it, as if she were a tub,* and I venture to say, sir, that you would absolutely shrink in uncontrollable horror from the vision.

But we need be in no alarm about such a state of things. There is, I rejoice to say, a pure sweet instinct born in the feminine breast which shuns with horror and loathing the coarse and the repulsive, and we may trust to that instinct to teach woman that to eat is not her province. Woman will, in this as in all things, be true to herself, and we need not look forward to a calamitous day when our mothers, sisters and wives will tear, rend and devour sustenance, voluntarily descending to the level of the wolf and hyena, degrading their own sweet natures, and alienating from themselves the trust, affection and respect of men.

{I am, sir, yours shockedly, DELICACY.

* An article of domestic use decided upon in a previous discussion.

Then there was the Vertical Position Question. There was much division of opinion on this subject—some holding that the vertical position was the one suitable for mankind, while others contended that such an attitude was most inappropriate to the species. Here is a letter extracted from another number of the *Inquirer*:—

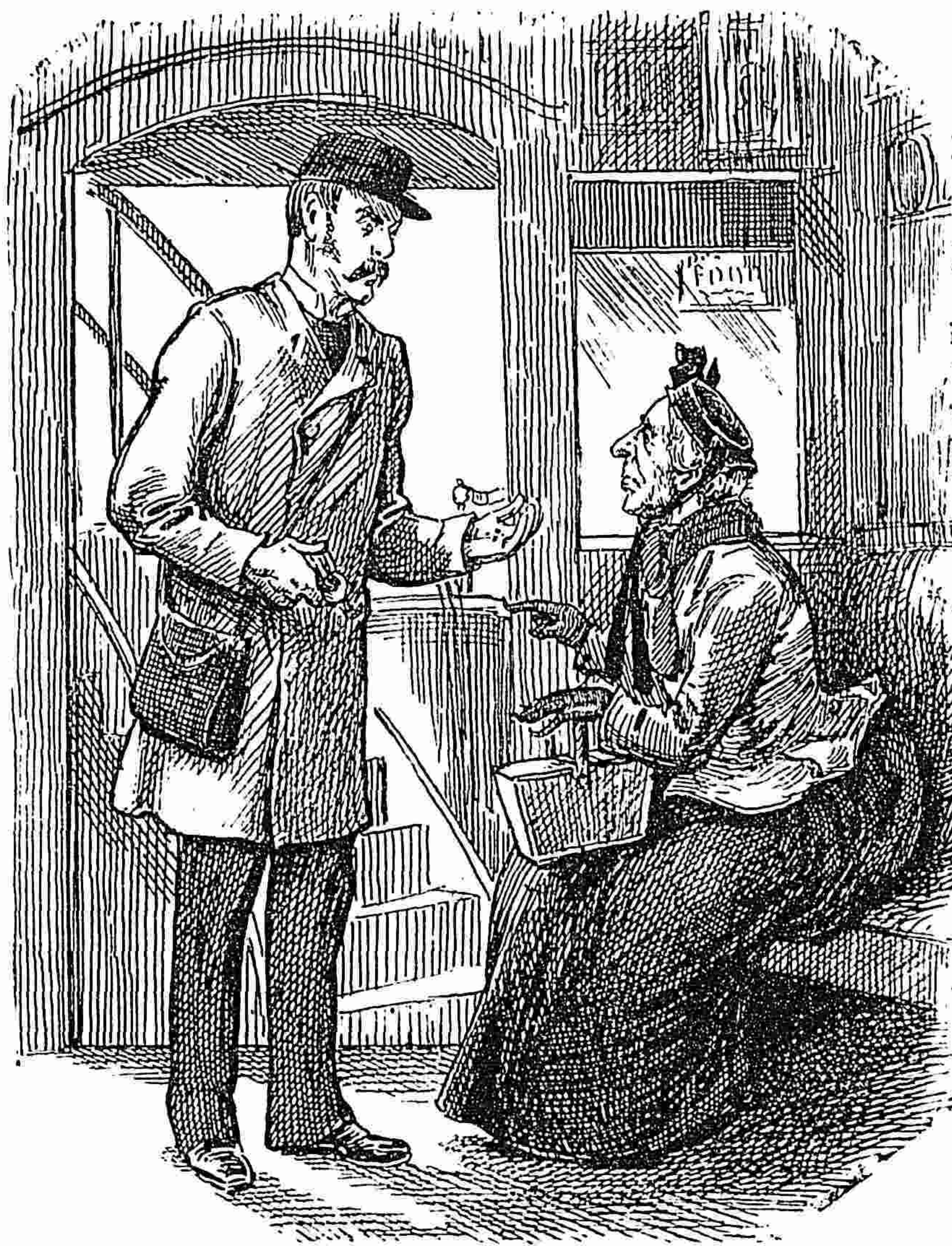
THE VERTICAL POSITION.

SIR,—Surely your correspondent, "Perpendicular," whose letter appears in your issue of to-day, must be of a humorous turn of mind, for his suggestion that mankind should stand, walk and conduct the affairs of life in general standing on their hind legs, with their fore legs hanging uselessly and meaninglessly in the air cannot surely be anything but a joke.

Let me ask "Perpendicular" one pertinent question:—For what were our fore legs intended if not to support a part of the weight of our frame?—and let him answer it if he can. It is obvious that they were not intended merely as flappers with which to catch hold of things (though their prehensibility is undoubtedly useful, and a part of their functions), or they would have been shorter. Then there is another question which "Perpendicular" appears to have neglected to put to himself, and that is, How are we to keep our balance with only two of our feet on the ground? If "Perpendicular" has any doubts on this point, let him try to walk half a mile in such a position, and I venture to prophesy that his back will ache with a severity which will at once and finally cure him of any further predilection for the position he advocates.

Further—how are we to carry burdens—particularly our children, in the vertical position? Is not the back of the father or mother a seat beautifully and beneficently arranged by Mother Nature for the accommodation of our young ones? Are we to carry our children on our heads? Then let us imagine a man in the absurdly insecure and hazardous Vertical Position, walking along a narrow path at the edge of a precipice, and we have a picture quite sufficient to bring home to every rational mind the utter impossibility of such an attitude. Then how about the pressure upon the heart, and the draining of the blood to the lower extremities? These attempts to upset the arrangements of Nature cannot but end in catastrophe. Apologizing for taking up so much of your space,

I am, sir, yours, etc., ALL FOURS.



HAD HIM THERE.

Conductor (on receipt of four farthings for penny fare).—"Don't take farthings for fares."

Old Party.—"Then you'll jest 'ev to gi' me a penny for four fardings, for I ain't got no more money."

New Leaves.

"THE Aldine Reciter," by Alfred H. Miles (Hutchinson and Co.). A good reciter may be a pleasing public and private entertainer, and also a fascinating friend of the family. But to be a good reciter requires the possession of many qualifications, which are in this work "recited" in a way that will not only benefit beginners, but be of value to the more professional practitioner. The collection of "pieces" is sufficiently extensive to form an almost inexhaustible supply of every kind conceivable for choice and use.—"The AI Reciter," part four, by the same Editor and Publishers, is also a careful, useful and capacious collection.

Grosvenor Gallery.

THE Second Pastel Exhibition does not compare favourably with the first. We find so much that is far below commonplace that it would have been better to have had only one room instead of five, and, assuming that discretion and art knowledge had been shown in the selection, such as the Grosvenor has been remarkable for in time past, there is enough that is passable to have made a fairly good show. Among the really notable works are a portrait of Herbert Vos, by Emile Wawters; "The Poet," Florence Small; "Barking Nets," Henry Take; "Polar Bears," J. M. Swan; and "Little Rose," Geo. Clausen.



SERVING THE OCCASION.

Spareneck.—"Why, old boy, fancy seeing you. Rumour had it that you knocked off hunting, by particular desire on the occasion of your marriage!"
Bullfinch.—"So I did, old man! So I did! But *this* ain't the occasion of my marriage, is it?"

Court Carols.—No. 5.

A MASS OF MARTYRS.

[The Police Courts have this week reeked of cases of cruelty to wives and children.]

WE'RE a lot of fine fellers most cruelly lumbered,—
 Along with mere felons and sech cattle numbered,
 If you asks us for why,
 We are bound to reply
 That we, who with wives and with kids are encumbered—
 Simply walopped the same while they laboured or slumbered,
 And for merely a-maulin' small children as cries out,
 And for merely a-knocking our missises' eyes out,
 We're to have a slight fill
 Of the bloomin' mill.
 If at whopping your wife or your woman Law flies out,
 No wonder as civilersation dies out!
Chorus. Still, while we're away
 We tries to be gay,
 As we works on the stepper so pat,
 When to stone jugs we slink
 It consoles us to think
 We ain't got to cop the Cat!

We have cause, you'll allow, for to show indignation,
 For when we've the sulks, or ineberiation;
 Why should brats go and squall,
 Or women-folk bawl,
 Jest because, by our loafing and jollification
 We've dragged them all down to a state of starvation?
 Can you wonder that either we boot 'em or bash 'em,
 Or jump on their chestes, and strive for to smash 'em?
 (No! 't's you can't blame
 For you'd do jest the same.)
 And at times when this way we can't properly thrash 'em—
 With knives and with pokers and sech things we gash 'em!
Chorus. Still, when we're inside
 Through them creatures so snide—
 Our sperits don't get *very* flat,
 For the Law is sech rot,
 That, when us it has got
 It don't *dare* to give us the Cat!

KNICKKNACKS.

LYDIA HEWLETT, of Homington, Wiltshire, has been bewitched, and is accompanied all over the place by mysterious knockings, which are vouched for as authentic by canons, ministers and police inspectors. The only conclusion we can arrive at is that they have all been knocked silly.

DR. McDONALD has been giving a lecture on Dante, in which he observed "that most Englishmen got as far as the middle of the Inferno and stopped there." We were not aware that Englishmen were singular in this respect. We thought that most people who were unfortunate enough to get into the Inferno, were in the habit of remaining there.

Weary Traveller.—"How far is it, my man, to Goose Green?"
Village Wit.—"Better nor four mile."
Single Minded Son of Toil.—"Four miles? Whoi, what's 'ee talking about, it's under *two* miles."
Village Wit.—"Well, that's *better* than four, ain't it?"

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"FUN" OFFICE, 153 FLEET STREET, E.C.



THE LION COMIQUE OF THE FUTURE.

Song.—“They're all right when you know 'em,—But you've got to know 'em fust.”

[“I do not object to dancing; I do not object to music, nor do I object to comic singing” (cheers and laughter).
—Bishop of London at St. James' Hall.

Bygone “Events Cast their Shadows” Behind!

A TALL and handsome form is mine,
A form of comely grace:
My face was always deemed a fine
And prepossessing face.
My noble forehead's broad and high,
My cheeks nor fat nor thin,
I glory in a bright blue eye
And richly rounded chin.
I sport a sportive gay moustache
I've well pomaded hair:
I perpetrate a vigorous mash
With maiden sweet and fair.
But ere upon the flirting game
I start with ardent zest,
I take good care to clothe my frame
All in my Sunday Best!

A big and brawny Dockman I,
With stalwart shoulders broad,
Inured, since I was three feet high,
To lift the ponderous load.
My bread by honest toil I earn,
My cheese by honest sweat,
And nightly, as I homeward turn,
I'm rather black, you bet!
The togs I wear at work are not
Quite princely robes to see;
But when each evening home I've
got,
And when I've had my tea,
Just wait until an hour goes by,
And what a blissful, blest,
And beauteous change takes place
when I
Assume my Sunday Best!

This coat and vest and bags to get
I “parted” three-fifteen,
Nor grudged the brass: for never
yet
A smarter suit was seen,
And, what with golden watch and
chain,
And new silk gloves as well,
And silver studs and jewelled cane,
Oh, I'm a perfect swell!
Nay, HAVE BEEN, let me rather
say:
For all my heart is sore
To think that now—alack-a-day!—
My flirting days are o'er.
Our Dockmen's Strike has pinched
me so
That I'm with debt oppressed,
Till, like or lump it, I must go
And pawn my Sunday Best!

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.—Returning the Gladstonian at Peterborough.

TURF CUTTINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF “FUN.”

SIR,—Once again I sit me down (of course I have returned to town) to treat, with all becoming zest, a theme of public interest. The theme to which I thus refer will to your mind at once occur, unless you happen to be what I do not think,—an idiot! In point of fact, you will require a tip about the Cambridgeshire and, as is proper, right and fit, I'm by these presents sending

IT.

Few can look, without regretting,
On the horses in the betting.
For, though many are included,
Nobody will be deluded
Into distantly believing
Each can be the prize receiving.

Only one (or so I make it)
Can expect or hope to take it,
Others (need it be repeated),
All are doomed to be defeated?
Is this not a thought of sadness,
Grief and melancholy madness?

But throw your care upon the wind and listen to the bard,
He'll put you on the winner, though it tax him very hard;

And though it's very possible he's failed you in the past,
He's pretty sure to drop upon a decent thing at last.

So lay away on Primrose Day, but do not hope to win with it,
And Philomel will serve you well, so mind you keep well in with it,
Though Zanzibar and Danbydale may keep you out of debt a bit,
While Davenport, I rather think, is good enough to get a bit.

Then Claribelle (you cannot tell) all foes may quell who hear the bell:
And Ronda, too, may run so true that shiners do accrue to you:
If nothing block Caerlaverock, it should be cock of all the stock,
And will, I think, receive “the chink,” and so I wink and take a drink.

As with this race, my youthful friend, I feel the season at an end
(although a straggling race or so will drag it on awhile, you know),
It will not stir you much that I should, for the present, say “Good-
bye.” The parting needn't give us pain, for we, of course, shall meet
again (supposing that we care two pins) when racing once again
begins. So, *au revoir!* I greet you thus.

Yours faithfully, TROPHONIUS,



INCIDENTS IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

(1) "Shure it's an ilegant shillelagh ye have there, Mrs. Donovan!" "Faix, it is, then. It's just Donovan's walkin'-shtick that oi've been decoratin' wid nails to knock some etiquette into Mrs. Cassidy wid when she comes past the doore. Ivver since Cassidy pawned his throusters and the bhoys tuck him for a Home Rule M.P. widout them, there's been no bearin' the shtuck up crayture! She cut me this mornin', begor'!" (2) *Hard-Worked Bargeman.*—"There yer are, Bill! If ever I leaves the water, that's the game as I shall foller! Bless yer, none o' them fellers knows wot it is to do a reg'lar hard day's work such as we're a doin' on. And they're well paid an' all! Make their fifteen bob a week easy."

AN IMPORTATION.

So we are going to have the lath and plaster Bastille brought over from Paris to here, are we? Well, *that* doesn't matter over much, anyhow. Yet a real prison or two wouldn't do much harm, I should think. I went to see the storming of the Bastille the other night at the Lyceum. I didn't much care for that particular part of the show. I liked to see the guillotine, though. What a splendid thing it would be if we had a Reign of Terror in England! What a number of beastly bores could be got rid of. If some beggar like Jones would persist in telling you stale old japes out of sub-edited country papers you'd only have to go and denounce him as a traitor to the country and the sovereign people, and in all likelihood there would be an end put to him precious soon.

Then, think how the guillotine would settle all the local bores on County Councils and School Boards, and all that sort of thing! Splendid, I say.

We could do without a few tons of these would-be big men very easily. And as to the Bastille itself, what a splendid institution it was! I've always hated people who worry me with clacking about politics whenever you come across 'em. People in France in the last century weren't allowed to talk politics, or if they tried it they got packed away down in a Bastille dungeon, with only the rats to keep

them company. He! he! Fancy that Jones sitting on the damp stones in a dungeon trying to teach a rat to balance a straw on its nose! That would take something out of the beggar's talkee-talkee if anything would.

If we only chose to take a common-sense view of things we could all of us do with a few less people in the world, whether worked off by guillotine or shoved away in dungeons. People are always talking about live and let live. I say let most people die. It would be all the more comfortable for the remainder. A Bastille's just the thing we want, only I'd prefer having the real thing!

If we're going to have any more things over from Paris, though, I shall get pretty sick of the whole business, I can tell you. I don't want any real Parisian cafés over here. People drinking beastly brandy and smoking beastly cigars and squabbling over dominoes. and I don't want any more of the open air business listening to bands. A hurdy-gurdy and an organ were thought quite good enough for the open air when I was a youngster. And I don't want any light beer drinking to become general. Who cares if a workman does get too much to drink? I don't, I'm sure. And if he does beat his wife—bosh! All the better for her, it'll stop her nagging, and she'll get the man a good dinner instead of tinned meat and pickles next day!

DIOGENES TUBBS.

STILL STRIKING.



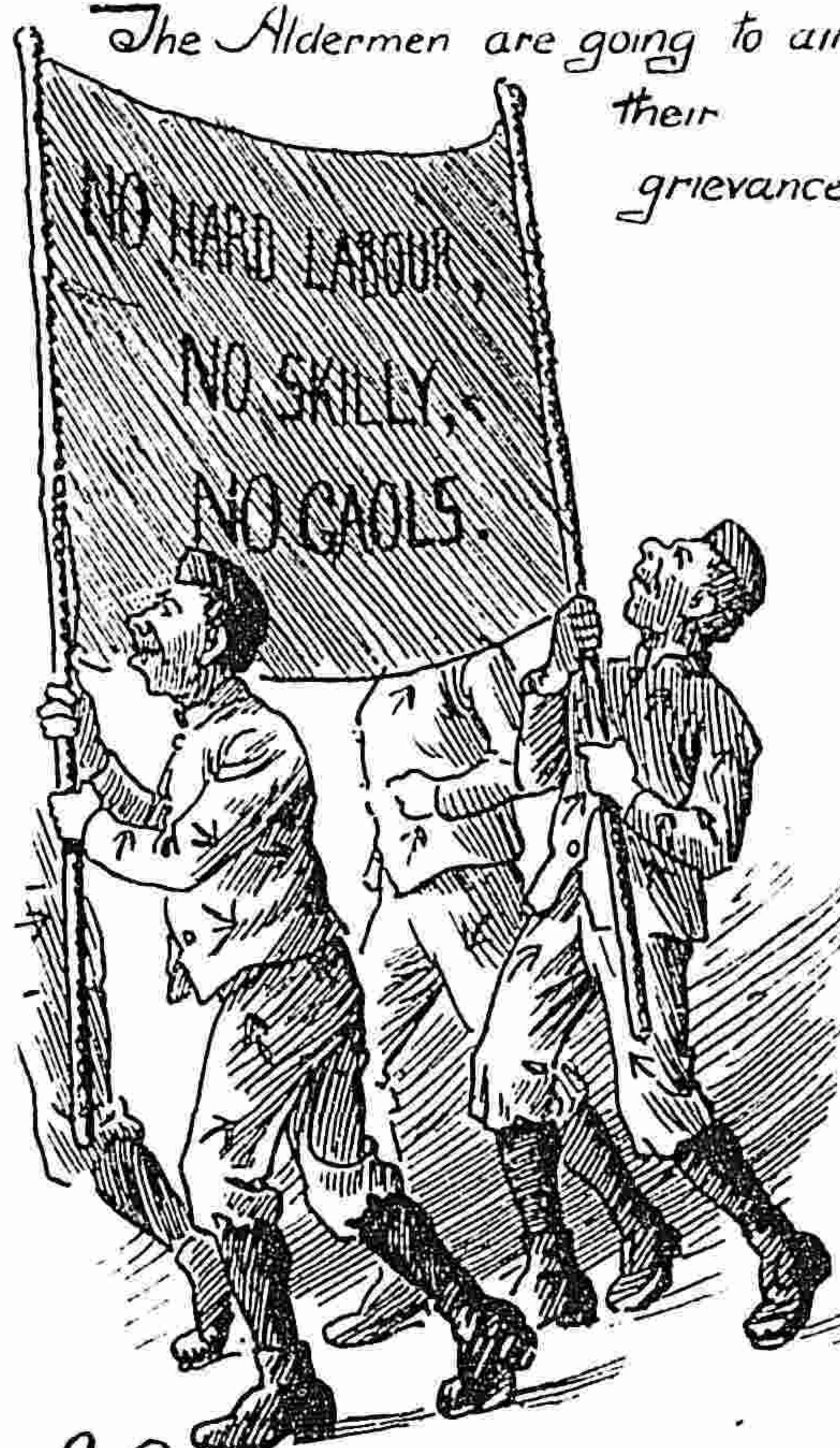
The Aldermen are going to air their grievances.



So are the Masters



The German clerks mean to have things put square



A Convict Strike is imminent



Our dog is going to start a "Union" among his pals



And a great Teetotal Strike is on the cards

Autumn Leaves.

(SEE CARTOON.)

THE leaves of the autumn are coming down fast,
And so are the hopes of the Tories at last,
Beholding the way
Whereby the elections have lately display'd
The fact that electors are turning to aid
That cause which our Gladstone's great efforts
have made
Triumphant to-day.

Ah, windfalls of autumn! ye recently took
Three separate leaves out of Victory's book
To gladden his heart;
And if Peterborough's appear'd to excel,
Yet Elgin and Nairn's the same story could tell,
While that from North Bucks perform'd
equally well
Its spirited part.

Three leaves form a shamrock, and these
special three

For Erin a very nice off'ring must be
Her foes to befool;
And thereby encouraged, she certainly can
Look forward with trust to that governing
plan,
To be compass'd, ere long, by her Grandest
Old Man.
Oh, good old Home Rule!

So the schoolboys have struck. In FUN's
boyhood's days the masters did that.

Dinner and Supper Dainties, Clever Recipes are Given Away
With every Packet of Bird's Custard Powder.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

This Admirable Substitute for Eggs is most enjoyable with Tinned and Preserved Fruits, and provides an endless variety of Choice Dishes.

Sold everywhere in 6d. Boxes sufficient for 3 Pints; 1s. Boxes for 7 Pints.

CADBURY'S COCOA
ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Reckitt's Blue.

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