



HOW HAPPY COULD HE BE WITH EITHER.

"I HAVE CALLED, MRS. GRAIN, TO ASK YOUR PERMISSION TO ASK MISS DOT TO BE MY WIFE."

"MY DAUGHTER DOT? WHY, DOT IS ENGAGED TO LORD PERIWIG!"

"DID YOU THINK I SAID MISS DOT? I SAID MISS EVANGELINE. PERHAPS THE—THE—ER—SIMILAR—LARITY IN THE NAMES CAUSED—"

JUDY'S LETTER-BOX.

The Ever Young and Lovely invites correspondence for this column on Political and Non-Political Subjects. Address, "LETTER-BOX," 99 SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

THE EYRIE, January 3rd, 1890.

DEAR JUDY,—Rumours have been flying about that your Ever Young and Lovely self is suffering from an attack of Russian influenza. I trust this is not so, for what the Constitutional Party would do, even temporarily, without the services of its JUDY, mind cannot conceive—the thought is too

OUR HARMONIC CLUB

Thirty-third Meeting.

"YOU have all heard the report gentlemen," said the Ever Young and Lovely, "that Mr. Henry Irving is about to woo parliamentary honours as candidate for the Strand. Who, I asked myself, when the news reached my ear, is likely to be able to tell me the "true inwardness" of the matter better than Mr. Irving's indefatigable assistant, Mr. Bram Stoker? So off I went forthwith to call upon Mr. Bram Stoker, and here Mr. Bram Stoker is, ready to contribute to the harmony of an evening that is never anything but harmonious, a song, entitled,—

"THE MEMBER FOR THE STRAND."

YE actors, play a tune upon the trumpet,
Batter forcibly the parchment of a drum;
Get a table and incontinently thump it;
For the moment of your victory has come.
The reward of merit reaches the deserving;
There is joy in ev'ry corner of the land
That the *doyen* of the mummings,
Henry Irving,
Is about to sit as Member for the Strand.

Ev'ry fashion of improvement he will dish up;
All varieties of hobbies he will run;
He will move that Edward Terry shall be bishop,
And retiring Mary Anderson a nun;
He will tell the House that all the world a stage is,
Its inhabitants a histrionic band;
And he'll move for raising histrionic wages,
If you'll vote for him as Member for the Strand.

He will talk about the "mission of the drama,"
And expound it with an unction, you may bet!
He will posture, self-important as the Llama,
Who is worshipped in the uplands of Thibet.
With the truculent McDougall he will grapple;
He will drive him to some very distant land;
Or confine him in his own dissenting chapel,
When he sits, at last, as Member for the Strand.

appalling. By the way, has it occurred to you that persons of undoubted intellect are the most prone to fall victims to this terrible epidemic? France and other countries have lost some of their brightest and best, and England feels the attack of the insidious enemy in the person of its capable Prime Minister, but I have not heard that the epidemic has reached the home of rabid anti-Russian proclivities—Hawarden.—Yours ever,

THE CHIEF.

"A SHARP return," as the warder remarked on receiving a sharper who had only been out three days.