



HER SUGGESTION.

FITZDUDE (*languidly*)—"I really wish I could find something to take up my mind."

MISS SHARPLEY—"Er—why not try blotting-paper?"

JULES VERNE'S NEW STORY.

IN the land of the Canadian midnight sun. The magnetic pole not far off. Three adventurers seated around a cook stove of the shovel pattern, in a show hut built of whales' jawbones and curtained with flexible rubber cloth, manufactured by an enterprising waterproofing company, limited, in the rural hamlet of Montreal, so called from a person of that name who founded it a considerable time ago. Icicles hung from the noses of the adventurers notwithstanding that all were cased in furs of Bremner.

The interlocutors were M. le Chevalier d'Industrie de Macaire, Promoter of Companies, M. Tartarin (Tarrascon), of the Engineers appellation Civil, and M. Jacques Bonhomme, inflated Capitalist and Rentier. Conversation flowed.

The scenery and surroundings were such as are so graphically described in my admirable work "English as she is spoke at the Pole," which may be had from the publishers, Michel Lévy frères et cie, price 60 francs 15 centimes per volume, broché, à Paris.

"Tell me," said M. the Capitalist to M. the Promoter, "how you came to acquire as a concession the whole arctic circle of the western hemisphere."

"Nothing more easy," responded M. the Promoter to M. the Capitalist,—"chanced to see a departmental report of the voyage of exploration to the arctic of Canada by the commander Gorden. Went to their capital, Ottawa. Then, taking as ensample the skilful management of affairs of the illustrious M. Rykert, made myself known to the deputy executive. Got invited to Rideau. Thereafter all ran with effusion with the chiefs. Secured a concession of this territory by the present payment of \$316 of their Currency, that being the sum for which extensive slices of territory are given away. And here we are."

"But how does this benefit us?" demanded M. the Capitalist.

M. the Engineer took the parole: "This world, you know Messieurs, is in shape like an orange, but hollow within like a fool's head. Suspend this orange in water, as the world is suspended in air, and it floats with its north

pole upwards, that is to say its top. Cut a slice out of the side and the orange will gradually turn over towards what I shall venture to call its equator. Comprenez?"

M. the Promoter here interpellated, "and on that basis I have promoted this Canado-Arctico Mining Company, capital 20,000,000 francs (no more than the Panama Canal issue), in shares of 20 francs each, under the distinguished consideration of Sare Macdonel, M. le Seigneur de Langue de Vin, M. Rider Haggard, M. Tapier le jeune and his deputy, M. le professor Fostère, M. Grevé and others. See prospectus, largely circulated in the dual tongue."

M. the Engineer again resumed. "It is incontrovertible, Messieurs, that the main bulk of all metals underlie the magnetic pole. Else why magnetic? By bringing up a diamond drill and chemicals on the backs of Esquimaux and in dog carts we estimate we can manufacture our own dynamite at the rate of 120,000 pounds per day, or in the course of the summer 200 millions pounds, which we propose to explode by electricity and thus remove sufficient of the outer crust to cause the globe to dip more towards the equator, at once changing the climate and laying bare the solid mass of minerals beneath."

"Science is a wonderful thing," said the Capitalist.

"Very," said the Engineer.

"But," resumed M. the Capitalist, doubtfully, "when you have blown out the side of the world what will you do next?"

"Then," responded M. le Chevalier d'Industrie de Macaire the Promoter (laying his finger along his nose), "then we will sell out."

AN ORNAMENT TO HIS SEX.

HE was not eloquent, nor great,
Profound, nor wise, nor witty,
He held no office in the State,
Nor helped to rule the city.
Fortune and fame had passed him by
This poor and humble mortal,
But many a man will heave a sigh
When he shall cross death's portal.

For though bereft of many a trait
Which man to man commends,
One praiseworthy and taking way
Endeared him to his friends.
Small wonder that affection's link
Should life's rough road beguile—
He never took a ten cent drink
When asked to have a smile!



WHAT IS IT COMING TO?