



WORDS AND THEIR USES.

DICKY—"Will you have the celery dressed, Dorothy?"

DOROTHY—"Thank you, no. I prefer it—r-r-r—nude!"—*Smith & Gray's Monthly.*

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

THE cry goes up and has gone up these many years for a Canadian Literature, and they speak of planting and producing it like a spring crop. Of late we had been entertaining hopes; we judged Canadian literature was forthcoming, and in Augustus Tomlinson we saw its pride and flower. Without the zenith of his glory, Augustus has gone down, and with him Canadian literature lies buried in the Bay.

The afternoon was bright, the sky unclouded, the sun in every sense on duty. The Yonge Street wharf was thronged with human beings of every possibility; perambulators stood here and there as lawful obstacles; gentlemen in white straw hats, with florid faces, rushed energetically about with their portmanteaus; young girls strolled to and fro in conscious picturesqueness; and large and calm and beautiful and triumphant, the *Mayflower* rested in the dock.

Augustus Tomlinson was here with the intention of a trip to Hanlan's Point. Struck with the artistic grouping he beheld, he paused, rooted to the spot, careless of the jostling he received on every hand. A strange sensation crept about his eyes and thence proceeded to his brain. Inspiration was upon him—Heaven had chosen him to be its scribe. He drew forth his note-book—that note-book which would have placed us at the head of nations, whose magic lines would have bestowed on Canada a Belles-Lettres unequalled even in the States. He felt he had to write; he felt he had somewhat to say. The voices of the ticket agents cruelly bruised his tympanum, and the banana-man was shouting "fifteen for a quatch"

in a most maddening way. But, far above the reach of such terrestrial things, Augustus, with his pencil and his note book, labored for his country and his Fame. The crowd grew denser. It elbowed him and trod upon his toes, but still he was oblivious. The *Mayflower's* bell rang out, the gangway was pulled in, the ferry started, and yet he still wrote on. Standing idle by the gateway was a mimber av the Foorce; the flies were bothering him and he was in the sun. His gaze alit on Tomlinson, with official independence and shameless candour he clutched him by the arm and cried, "Move on now! ain't that there your boat?"

Augustus, who was sensitive, unconsciously obeyed the mandate and moved speedily towards the receding boat. Between it and the wharf there stretched four feet of dark impenetrable water. "Jump, jump!" said the bystanders, and Augustus jumped. His head swam, but he was safe. He closed his eyes; he knew it was miraculous—this, too, must be recorded in the note-book. The note-book! Ah! He gasped. It was tossing on the deep. Was there none to rescue it? He wept, he

proffered money, he besought the people, he pointed out the wisdom of preserving such a treasure. But silence and inaction only made response.

Then, with a wild heroic struggle he, even he himself, plunged headlong in the treacherous waves. He battled with the element—he sank, he rose, he sank again in infinite variety, until the Herculean feat was done. And even as Cæsar long centuries ago secured his commentaries, Augustus Tomlinson did his.

Great huzzas rose upon all sides—ropes were thrown out with pocket-hankerchiefs and umbrellas—women shrieked and children wailed.

Augustus Tomlinson alone was calm. "Within him was a wound too deep for tears." His note-book had been slighted—none should ever now receive its benefit. Folding his arms across his bosom, with his note book pressed against his heart, the mightiest of Canadian Littérateurs, scorning ill-timed aid, went down forever into death's abyss. It is in vain that we lament him, in vain that magazines and dailies strive. *Bystanders* may fulminate and *Weeks* may offer prizes, but only to the roll-call of the final trump shall Canadian literature now answer.

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IT REALLY WAS THAT KIND.

WITNHROP—"Terribly hot weather this! I put the thermometer out in the sun, and the mercury went up to blood heat in no time."

BILDERSNICK—"Shouldn't wonder. I thought there must be something sanguinary about the atmosphere, judging from the remarks I heard a couple of Englishmen make on the street just now."