



TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE (WINNIPEG) SUN.

(And an interesting proceeding that is expected to take place under cover of the consequent darkness.)

LUXTON—"Now, then, we'll trouble you for a subsidy."

THE NEW FUEL.

MRS. B.—"Don't you find it a very uncomfortable job these cold mornings splitting pine and getting shavings to light the fire?"

MR. B.—"Don't have to. When I am routed out of my warm bed my wrath is kindling. I use that."

THE CANADIAN.

A NOVEL A LA HENRY JAMES, JUN.

CHAPTER I.

AWKS alive! here I am in Boston at last," remarked Percival Pencraft, as he thoughtfully paced his apartments in the Gloucester House, and gazed from the sixth story window on the unwonted scene before him. The streets were full of people, and street cars glode rapidly up and down, crowded to their utmost capacity with passengers. Percival had never seen a



street car before, and in the little Canadian village where he had been born and brought up, three men and a boy

constituted a crowd—so he was naturally surprised at the spectacle which now met his gaze.

"Yes, I am here at last," he proceeded to soliloquize—"my business here, it may be necessary to explain to the intelligent reader, is to hunt up my Yankee uncle, Octavius Snogglethorpe, who lives somewhere in the suburbs, and has written, asking me to pay him a visit. Furthermore, my particular purpose is to demonstrate the difference between a Canadian and an American, and so let the people of this part of the world have an idea of how uncivilized and lacking in that culture which New England alone can bestow, are the outside barbarians. Seeing that I come from Canada, the intelligent reader must be prepared for all kinds of eccentricities on my part, for naturally I cannot be expected to know any better."

CHAPTER II.

The mansion of Hon. Octavius Snogglethorpe stood in the outskirts of the thriving town of Langtree, about three miles from Boston. Its owner was a descendant of a Pilgrim Father, and his expansive forehead, keen grey eyes, and firm, yet kindly mouth, betokened somewhat of the ancestral spirit, yet tempered with the amenities of modern culture. His only daughter, Anastasia, a belle of some eighteen summers, was a model of feminine grace, blended with intellectuality, and displayed an introspectiveness, rare in one so young.

"Your cousin, Percival Pencraft, will arrive this morning," said Hon. Octavius to Anastasia. "His presence here will afford you an unaccustomed opportunity to differentiate, as it were, between those loftier planes of the mental and moral sphere in which we circumferentiate,

and the crude and coarse characteristics of those who have never been subject to such refining influences. He is a Canadian."

"A Canadian—how horrid!" said Anastasia. "It is incomprehensible to me how human beings can continue to pursue the weary round of an uncultured existence in those far-away places, when they might live in Boston."

"Here he is," said her father, as the thud of a ponderous cowhide boot against the door announced his advent. Percival had never seen a door-bell in Canada, of course. They don't have them on their log houses.

CHAPTER III.

On being admitted, Percival strode unceremoniously into the apartment, and, for a wonder, removed his massive cap. The refinements of Boston were beginning to tell on him unconsciously.

"Hello, uncle!" he exclaimed. "Glad to make your acquaintance. Old man, shake!"

"I am pleased to welcome you, my nephew," said Mr. Snogglethorpe, in a tone of dignified hauteur. "This is Anastasia, your cousin."

"Ah—I hope I see you miss—I s'pose that, being your cousin, you know—"

He approached as if to kiss her, but she drew back with an air of frigid propriety.

"Osculation," she remarked, "is essentially archaic, and a survival destined to disappear in the process of sociological evolutions."

"Oh, excuse me," said Percival, "no offence, I hope. By the way, uncle," he continued, anxious to change the