

"That's the fellow that pushed you in ; get hold of his tail and he'll pull you out as he scrambles out himself," answered Yubbits.

"I'm astonished at you, Yubbits," replied Bramley, his teeth chattering, yet even at this moment unable to refrain from exhibiting his zoological information ; (zoology, entomology and all the 'ologies being amongst the subjects to be treated of in his projected Great Work).

"Are you not aware that goats have not sufficiently large tails for any man to catch hold of. I am surprised, but I will speak of this when I get ashore ; kindly reach your cane—so—that's it," and he scrambled up the bank, closely followed by the goat, which made off at a rapid rate, apparently as much astonished at the result of its cata-pultic performance as Mr. Bramley and the rest had been.

"Are you wet, Bramley?" Crinkle ventured to enquire.

"Yes, Crinkle," replied Bramley sententiously, "I am wet."

"And chilly, too, I suppose," said Coddleby, as though an intensely happy thought had just struck him.

"Yes, Coddleby, I may also add, I am chilly."

"Well then, Bramley, you had better try a little of this," said Yubbits, proffering his brandy flask, "lucky, indeed, I had it with me, but I seldom venture near the water without it."

"An old sportsman like you, I see," exclaimed Coddleby, "knows what he is about,"

Yubbits smiled at the compliment, as he replied :

"I hope the day is not far distant when I shall prove that I deserve the name of sportsman ; so far, I have had no opportunity of doing so."

"We don't doubt your capabilities, Yubbits," Bramley said, after a pull from the flask. "No one doubts you, and I am exceedingly glad you are with us. I will take another, if I may."

"Oh ! certainly," responded the owner. Another modicum of the liquid disappeared down Mr. Bramley's throat.

"You are a fine fellow, Yubbits," he said, "and we are proud of you, and if I have said anything harsh to you to-day I regret it, but you are headstrong, Yubbits."

"Excuse me Bramley," said Mr. Yubbits as he saw his leader about to try another cupfull of his *Eau-de-vie*.

"You will require to be headstrong if you take much more of that brandy. It is pure."

"It is excellent," replied Mr. Bramley, "thanks," and he returned the flask ; "but the sooner we get back to our hotel the better. It is getting dark," as indeed it was.

Accordingly the four set off at a rapid pace, in order to keep Mr. Bramley's constitutionally sluggish blood in circulation. On reaching the Parliament Hotel, that gentleman, acting on the sagacious advice of Mr. Coddleby, that it would be wise for him to undress at once

and go to bed. Immediately he did so, and was soon forgetful of boat songs, wasps' nests or goats. The remaining three were somewhat at a loss as to how to dispose of the few hours which had to be passed somehow before they could think of joining their friend up-stairs in the land of dreams.



"What's to be done now?" enquired Yubbits as they sat in one of the hotel sitting-rooms ; "this is confound-

edly slow. Egad ! I hope all Canadian places are not as dull as this. I'm sick of it already ; ain't you Crinkle?"

"More than sick of it, Yubbits, and if Bramley is only agreeable, I propose that we leave it to-morrow."

"Oh ! he'll raise no objection, you may be sure, for next to yourself, old fellow, I think he has been the principal sufferer ; what with a nose twice as big as it ought to be, and a good ducking, with probably a pretty severe bruise where that goat hit him,—ha ! ha !—Excuse me, Coddleby, don't look so grave, but you didn't see it and I did ; it really *was* ridiculous, and if it had happened to anyone else, I should have roared with laughter ; but I say, what's to be done ?"

(To be continued.)



THE COMING DUDE.

A WRITER IN THE "POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY" DEMONSTRATES THAT THE COMING MAN WILL BE BALD AND TOOTHLESS.

HIS FATHER'S SON.

BY MR. ELEPHANT.

This paper has noted with anguish the agonizing suspense of *Globe* readers, while waiting for the completion of a story bearing a similar heading to the above, and has decided to furnish, at great expense, those suspended minds with a short but faithful condensation of the tale. Considering that the story has only reached its fifty-third chapter, it would be inhuman to expect people to wait for its completion, which will probably be about the beginning of the next century. Here it is in a nut-shell, and "all for the small sum of five cents."

CHAPTER I.—RUMINATION.



EMERSON JARVIS sat in his office chair one evening, with a mixture of sadness and thoughtfulness in his countenance. He was thinking over his boyhood days, and of the many acts of vandalism and mischief he had committed in those bygone, golden times, and he smiled at the recollection. He couldn't help smiling, although he knew his youth had been one of long and innate cussedness ; for he also knew that if he had received his just reward and had his pilfering and other wicked propensities thrashed out of him in youth, he might not have

made quite so prosperous a business man. He recognized this fact, I say, and yet he had on the day previous severely thrashed his young scion, Edgar Abimelech Jarvis, aged 17, for purchasing a baseball combination ticket. But such are the inconsistencies of old age.