



### HIS PROFESSION.

*Enquiring Youth*—What trade do you work at, Mr. Doolan?  
*Mr. Doolan*—Thrade? Sure I'm fwhat they calls a Broker.

### SAVE THE ISLAND!

LAST night when rowing in my boat,  
 I dropped the oars and let her float,  
 The hour was still, the stars were blinking,  
 I leant me back and fell a-winking;  
 And through my half closed eyes could see  
 A shadowy form lean over me.  
 A vision dim, but, oh so fair!  
 She seemed a thing of mist and air.  
 Upon the island shore she lingered,  
 And nervously her curls she fingered,  
 As, looking round on every side,  
 She bent her head and sadly sighed.  
 "Ah, me! and must we then decay,  
 Fall, crumble down and fade away."  
 Her words my sympathy did borrow:  
 "Goodness," I cried, "tell me your sorrow;  
 Art from the lake or from dry land?"  
 "I am the Spirit of the Island!"  
 Off flew my cap—low bowed my head—  
 "Spirit of Health, all hail!" I said,  
 "From childhood's hours I have adored thee,  
 And oft, I fear, have sadly bored thee,  
 When roaming o'er thy sunny sands,  
 In spoony hours with fond clasped hands;  
 For all of which I crave your pardon,  
 And beg you now to me unburden."

"Oh! do you wonder that I grumble?  
 To think you'd let me slowly crumble  
 Into the water—disappear  
 From off the landscape! Much I fear  
 The sickly, fretting, teething babies,  
 And the poor mothers—worn out ladies—  
 Would miss my fresh, health-giving air;  
 Why don't you speak up over there?  
 To me you owe no little pleasure,  
 Sport, recreation, without measure,  
 Your boys and girls, so tall and fair,  
 Without my healthy, bracing air,  
 Had ne'er so fair, so handsome been,  
 Had they when babies never seen  
 My picturesque and blue lake shore,

And breathed its pure air o'er and o'er.  
 Here the tired housewife, far from well,  
 Comes for a blessed breathing spell;  
 Paterfamilias himself,  
 Here flees from business, care, and pelf,  
 And happy within sight of home,  
 Most feels himself a boy become.

"Besides, here's a consideration,  
 Enough to cause you consternation,  
 When Boreas, rushing from his cave,  
 Lashes to foam the billowy wave,  
 Will you not miss my friendly strand,  
 That breaks the blow and stays his hand?  
 How is 't you money so apprise,  
 Yet nature's priceless gifts despise?  
 To celebrate the Jubilee  
 You scatter money far and free;  
 All right, no doubt—but when my fate  
 The question is, you hesitate;  
 Although my welfare is your own,  
 And no outlay could e'er atone  
 For loss of me, and all I give;  
 Speak then, oh, friend, and let me live!"

She ceased, her tears upon me rained,  
 Into the twilight dim she waned;  
 But deep into mine inmost heart,  
 Her words tell with a bitter smart.  
 I seized the oars and homeward rowed,  
 Inwardly vowing I'd be blowed  
 If municipal legislation,  
 Or aldermanical oration  
 Could help the Island—'twere a pity  
 We could not save it to the city.  
 A health resort—a pleasure giver,  
 "A beauty and a joy forever."

JAY KAYELLE

### THE JUBILEE HISTORY OF CANADA.

IN consequence of a sorrowful bereavement\* the illustrious author of the above work has been unable to issue any portion thereof at present; but trusts to do so very shortly. In the meantime contributions come slowly in. The only one received this week was twenty-five cents from "Ariel, (Muskoka)" who wishes the author's photograph. He will forward it as soon as it is taken, which will be after the Hair Restorer has re-covered his noble nob with its natural fly-protector. Many questions regarding Canadian History have been received and a few are now answered. The others did not accompany the stamps, which are necessary to elicit any reply at all.

"Where did the North American Indian come from?  
 (5 cents enclosed.)

LIZZIE."

The indefatigable historian would be happy to oblige "Lizzie" with the desired information, if she would kindly state which of the few thousand remaining red-men she particularly refers to. "Lizzie" might as well ask where the Smith came from or where the Jones is going to. Persons asking questions must particularize in order to save trouble. Further information respecting the Indians will cost a further inclosure of stamps from "Lizzie."

"How did Wolfe take Quebec?"

CARON."

We are glad the great historian has been asked this question, for he has obtained much new light on this important capture. Montcalm used to keep his troops on the alert by continually crying "Wolfe" when there was no Wolfe. The troops naturally grew tired of this cry, and one day when the general shouted "Wolfe" again they refused to turn out of their tents; the whole gar-

\*The only bereavement suffered by the illustrious mugwump was occasioned by his family discovering and taking away three bottles of what he was pleased to call medicine. He raved for two days; but is now much better. The history is not yet commenced.  
 O. SCROGGINS.