

loss what to say or do. His words had been the cause of this unexpected outburst on the stranger's part, and he felt that it was incumbent on him to say something.

"Sir," he began, whilst the little man glared at him through a pair of eyeglasses which he had mounted on his nose. "Sir, I consider that your ill-mannered and unseemly language is—is—"

"Well, is *what*?" defiantly asked the other, as Yubbitts paused.

"Is exceedingly ill-mannered and unseemly, Sir,—"

replied Yubbitts with emphasis.

(To be continued.)

ANTICOSTI.

The Gulf is broad, the waters blue
And tossed by tempests here and there;
They sometimes take a darker hue
When storm clouds fill the murky air.
A long, low, rocky island lies
Beneath the bright or darkling skies—
A barren land, a bush domain,
Half swamp and spruce, no soil for grain,
No fertile plain to smile at will,
When broken by the farmer's skill,
But north and south and east and west,
As far as screaming gull can fly
The partridge freely builds its nest,
And bears and panthers breed and die—
Oh! yes, 'tis here
The ocean air,
Salt laden, shimmers on the wave,
With quickened pulse
O'er fields of dulse,
Or many a shipwrecked sailor's grave.

The summer lingers in the South,
By winds that sweep o'er Arctic fies
Chased back, where'er its ardent mouth
With perfume laden zephyrs blows.
At last, about July, it comes
With feeble heat of May,
And as the month of August wanes
You know it's come to stay—
To stay till blithe September gales
Sweep all the coast, and drive the sails
To seek more hospitable land
Than Anticosti's treacherous strand.
Is this the land, is this the clime
That Stockwell strives to boom,
To lure unwary emigrants
To all too certain doom?
"The Governor and Company"
Sounds very grand, I ween,
And Englishmen may be true blue,
But some are very green;
And Canada, fair Canada,
For all the fraud must pay,
Her fair name tarnish'd to the world
For many a weary day.

FICTIONISTS TURNED FOREIGNERS.

[MR. GEORGE MOORE, the English Zola, is again at loggerheads with Mr. Mudie, who declines to circulate his works. Mr. Moore accordingly announces that henceforth he will write in French. If his example should be variously followed by other British novelists, the result will be somewhat curious.]

Maude—Have you read "Circe's Swine," dear?

Ethel—You mean the translation of the new novel by Fraulein Braddon. Of course I have, but I can't say I like it as well as I do some of her earlier books.

Maude—That's just how I feel. The Fraulein's plots are not what they used to be: and she never did shine as a delineator of character, or as an analyser of the emotions, did she?

Ethel—No, that sort of thing is more in the way of Signor William Black. Ah, Italy has good reason to be proud of his latest story!

Maude—Hasn't she! For my own part, I enjoyed it as I haven't done any book since I sat up all night to get through "The Spectre of the Back Drawing Room."

Ethel—By that dear old Don Wilkie Collins! He's quite a second Cervantes, I consider.

Maude—So do I. Speaking of the supernatural though, I hear that Monsieur Walter Besant has tried his hand at a three-volume ghost-story, and that it will be published next week.

Ethel—Monsieur Besant is my favorite Gallic writer, and I shall certainly order his romance from Mudie. By the way, I didn't tell you, love, that I've been skipping through "One or T'other," by Mynheer Christie Murray, and that in my opinion it's most awful twaddle.

Maude—Ah, you didn't read it in the original Dutch. That's the worst of *invariably* going in for translations.

Ethel—Well, you see every one isn't such a good linguist as you are, dear. However, I *do* mean to learn Russian shortly.

Maude—In order, I suppose, that you may taste the full flavour of the rustic studies of Gospodin Thomás Hardy. They're quite unapproachable in their Muscovite dress; and it's a real shame that they should ever have to be rendered into clumsy English at all. [Left talking.]—*Funny Folk.*

"GREAT IS GRIP."

(THOUGH NOTHING BUT A STERN SENSE OF DUTY WOULD INDUCE US TO REPRINT THIS NOTICE.)

GREAT IS GRIP, as undoubtedly will be readily acknowledged on all sides and by all parties. His cartoons, "History repeats itself," "Ottawa bull fight," "Latest fashion in hats," "The popular idea," "Prohibition," "The political incubators," and a number of other equally clever hits on living issues and passing events, are samples of originality of thought unsurpassed by any caricaturist of this or any age that we know of. And better still, there is a constantly increasing improvement in almost every issue, all crowned by independence as to whose ox is gored.—*Algoma Pioneer, Sept. 10*



"THE PROSPECTS OF THE CORN CROP ARE GOOD!"

—Daily Paper.