

## SANCTUM SKETCHES.



PREPARING FOR WINTER.

"THESE be chillsome days, William," remarked the editor, reaching out his hand for the foreman's freshly-filled and newly-lighted pipe. "And this stove don't draw, although your clay does—beautifully. Speaking of the pipe, William, I can plainly see smoking is having an injurious effect on your once robust constitution. Ease off a little. As for me, I mean to check you every time I notice you indulging to excess, as I do this morning. Your first smoke since yesterday afternoon? Well, anyway, it's too soon after breakfast for you to resume the pipe. I, not having had any breakfast, can safely whiff."

"But we were talking about the cold and our stove—that is to say, this stove. For, you are not aware, this stove ain't legally ours. I borrowed it temporarily for the house from old Tinkerton, the tinsmith, and his men forgot to come back and take it away. However, it comes in handy since the bailiff's last visit, and I really would not like to part with it. You say it don't heat well. Let's see. Here, William, is the cause, as plain as the new apprentice's face. The front damper is welded to the hole. And see—there is a large crack in the bottom; and, I declare, another on the side! What! One on the other side, too! The stovepipe check won't work, eh! Well, well! We must go to work and repair, William. Winter cometh on apace, and if we can't get anything else in this world to cheer us except a little comfort out of our stove, let us enjoy that in the best possible shape, for goodness' sake!"

"Now for ways and means. When you go to dinner get some clay down at the pottery and we'll fill up the cracks. In the meantime get the shooting-stick and we'll pry back the door-damper. Gim me the hammer, and I'll soon start—Geewhilkins, Bill! You might have told me the door was off its hinges. Lor', how that bruise stings!"

"Why, man, you've got the darn stove half full of ashes! How d'ye think she'd go with all this stuffing her up, like an editor talking circulation to a prospective advertiser? Can't get enough wood at a time to fill her up, eh? Well, we'll hire a more enterprising boy—that's all. One that is able and willing to enlarge the circle of his fuel-hunting investigations is what we want."

"Buy wood, did you say, William? Well, I should say we couldn't. Why, within exactly one hundred yards of our back door there are no less than four separate and inviting piles. Didn't know of it? Take a pencil and make a note of it right straight, then; and thank your stars somebody about this establishment has ordinary powers of observation. There's the new dressmaker's pile—'taint even in a shed. Got that down? Right next door is old Snipper, the tailor's. You'll have to get early at that pile, for only this morning he was telling me he missed his wood and meant to put a threatening advertisement in the *Hooperup*

as a warning to the borrowers. If you could get off with a good jag of it, say to-night, I fancy it would fetch the advertisement."

"Well, that's No. 2. No. 3 is corporation stuff, bought for the Widow Wilkins. If she had to pay for it herself, hang it, I'd hate to borrow from her. But as the council foots the bill and the stuff is handy, let'er go, Johnny Smith!"

"The fourth and most eligible lot is at our contemporary's premises across the road from the widow's. We really ought to teach our bloated rival, a lesson for thus flaunting his wealth under our very noses! If you and the two boys can't get away with fully one half of the bran-new cord piled up in front of the *Ripper's* office door before twelve o'clock to-night, you're simply and sententiously no good."

"With these golden opportunities, William, not to mention those presented in the yards of our more contiguous neighbors, and which you of course are at present availing yourself of, we ought to be able to wor along nicely for fuel the coming winter."

"As to this incapacitated stove, don't scorn it. See, she draws better even now! Of course it needs a lid instead of this hunk of boiler plate; and I agree with you that legs would look rather better than these old bricks to support it. But, heavens, William, we can't put on the style of a palace in this printing office. Remember, I am only the editor of the *Mudge Hollow Hooperup*. I'm not Vanderbilt or 'Old Hutch!' You want to give me a chance!"

T.T.

## A SOUVENIR OF OTTAWA.

'VE a cousin in the Indies  
And relations, cross the water  
And another down in Boston  
Graduating—she's my daughter.  
And each fall they all implore me  
In a manner most pathetic,  
To kindly send them samples  
Of our dear Canadian Flora  
To adorn their wall's aesthetic;  
Branches of our stately maple,  
Leaves of carmine and of yellow  
Ruddy-hued and finely mellow.

And I've sent them—by the railroad—  
Down to Boston; and to Dora,  
The fair cousin in Barbadoes,  
Quite a pretty little shipload  
In the *Polly Anne*, a schooner.

But this year I'm going to "blow" them  
Something new and unexpected;  
Something quite as true a token,  
Quite as accurate a symbol  
Of the land of snow and maple  
As was any former packet;  
They may think that I am jokin';—  
*Great Scott!* What rhymes with symbol?

I've done up a little parcel,  
In a way which shows perception—  
That I'm sure the whole concern will  
Get a most polite reception;  
And I've tied it up with red tape,  
—For I'm in the *Civil Service*,  
And as to stamps, I've franked it,  
For postage don't disturb us.  
And when the string is broken  
And they open the brown paper,  
They will see my little token,  
And they'll cut a little caper  
When they read, "This is Canadian—  
Keep it, though it's hardly pretty;  
'Tis a gob of mud I've gathered  
From the main street of the city."

C.G.R.