

A Puff.

Upon the subject to which Grip's Cartoon of this week alludes—the SANOSTER controversy—much is said and written; much that is wise, and much that is otherwise; much that is "plain unvarnished," and a little that is highly figurative. The London *Daily Advertiser* is, of course, to the fore, and distinguishes itself by the following contribution to the literature of the times:

"This" (SANOSTER's rejection by the East Durham Convention) "is only one of the many recent indications that the tide of opinion so assiduously turned in a certain direction by interested parties, is now beginning to blow strong in another way."

There are theories and theories about the tides, but this is the first time Grip has met the suggestion that these phenomena are in the habit of blowing; he had imagined that to be the peculiar pastime of certain London editors.

Never Touch Rum.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

"JOHN," said the mother to her son, as he was about to leave home in pursuit of fortune, "JOHN, never touch rum."

"I'm not likely to, mother," answered the young man; yet his eyes fell, and, conscious of deception, he could not look her in the face.

"This is evasion, JOHN," said she, as she laid one hand on his arm, and with the other wiped her sorrowing eyes in the skirt of her dress. Fifteen years previous to the time at which this scene occurred, rum had deprived her of her last pocket handkerchief and her husband (JOHN's father, we may casually remark), he having sold it for the heretage she was now entreating her son to eschew. "Why do you not comply with my request? Promise, oh, promise me, my son, that you will never touch rum."

He could not withstand the touching appeal. The memory of how remarkably kind she had been to him when he was a baby rushed upon him with overpowering force. He turned to her with swimming eyes, and, in a voice husky with emotion, replied:

"No, mother, no, I never, never will touch rum."

They mingled their sobs together.

He put down his valise on the ground, unstrapped it, and brought forth a paper collar to replace the one her tears had discoloured and her embraces frayed. As she put it on for him, she remarked: "See, JOHN, the result of rum. If your poor father had not disposed of my handkerchiefs, you would not have been forced to the extravagance of two SHAKESPEARE collars in one day."

The young man was struck with the closeness of her reasoning, and again repeated his promise. It had been nobly given; and now, as he walked to the station, philosophy came to his aid, and reminded him of enjoyments yet remaining.

"I can get," he reflected, "considerable amusement out of old rye, 'Trix gin, and brandy, not to mention other alcoholic preparations, the high price of which places them out of my reach. Well, I don't care; the old woman was pleased, and gave me a V more than I expected. As I never tasted rum, I shall not much miss it." He seemed to forget his self-sacrifice, and smiled cheerfully.

What says the German singer?

"The piling wight looks down and sighs,
But the brave man lifts his eyes
Up to heaven's bright glances."

CHAPTER II.

Years passed over the head of JOHN DUSENBURY, and laid upon it threads of silver as they fled. After the parting recorded in the last chapter he saw his mother no more. He had wended his way to Toronto, and there soon became so wrapped up in business that he had not time to return to his natural home. The manner of his getting a first situation was singular. He had been for some time unemployed, and owed a board bill which troubled his landlady very much indeed.

One morning, after fruitlessly reading all the advertisements in the *Globe* and *Leader*, he strolled with a sad heart into the Terapin. The proprietor of that famous restaurant stood smiling behind the bar. He drew from the array behind him, just as our hero entered, a bottle of plum coloured fluid, which scattered rays like a gem, and placing it before a benevolent looking old gentleman, said:

"There now, Mr. DUMPLER, is some of the real stingo and no mistake. Best old Jamaica you ever see."

The old gentleman filled his glass, and turning placidly to regard it with the front window for a background, his eye met that of JOHN DUSENBURY, who looked upon him with mild reproach.

"Won't you join me?" said he, pleasantly.

JOHN DUSENBURY recoiled as if thunderstruck, and with extended arm and ringing voice, indignantly answered:

"Sir, I never touch rum!"

The old man placed his glass on the counter, and looked on the excited young fellow with intense and wondering admiration.

"Never touch rum! Why?" said he.

"I promised my mother," said JOHN, simply.

The old man flung himself with a cry of deep emotion into JOHN's arms. As he turned two hundred and ninety pounds on a FAIRBANKS scale, the consequence was that our hero was floored with the benevolent old gentleman on top of him. They upset a spittoon as they fell and rolled on the floor. When they had definitely arrived at a horizontal position, the old gentleman apologized for his fervor.

"But I never knew a mother," he exclaimed, "and consequently could not make the promise you so nobly adhere to. How often, oh, how often, in the days that have gone, have I longed for a mother, to whom I might promise that I would never touch rum."

He wept, and they rose, JOHN looking ruefully at his soiled garments.

"Never mind the togs," said the old man. "Fix your gaze on me, young man. Rum has been the bane of my existence. I drink seven half-pints, cold, with sugar, daily, and not less than ten glasses, hot and strong, every evening. This expenditure might have been avoided if I had had a mother when I was very young."

After some further conversation, JOHN DUSENBURY, in answer to the numerous interrogations of his new-made friend, related his name and circumstances.

They had met at the right moment. Mr. DUMPLER had lately discharged his bookkeeper on account of his fondness for rum.

"Take the place," he said to our hero. "Take it. I will add two hundred dollars to the salary. On four hundred and fifty a year a man may cut quite a figure in Toronto. I know young fellows who are great swells and eminent billiard players on half the amount."

"But I have been only one winter at school," said JOHN; "I write very badly, and am a miserable hand at figures."

"Never mind, never mind," said Mr. DUMPLER, with enthusiasm. "That does not matter in the least. The main qualification in an accountant is, that he shall not touch rum. Other things are of little consequence. Who ever heard of a great merchant ascribing his rise to his education, talent, and industry? No, sir! They all went up because they didn't touch rum."

JOHN DUSENBURY took the situation. His employer gave him every assistance. The business was that of a flour and feed store.

Mr. DUMPLER would bring in his customers and friends to see his new bookkeeper at work.

"Awkward looking fellow," they would remark.

"Sir," the old gentleman would impressively answer, "that young man don't touch rum. I know it; I've seen him myself."

And then he would fondly recount the circumstances of JOHN DUSENBURY's engagement.

(To be concluded in our next).

A Shanty Scene.

BY AN OTTAWA RIVER BOSS, AFTER LONGFELLOW.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring clouds of mosquitoes Whirl like demons of old, with voices sad and prophetic, Over us victims soar, while terror affrighteth our bosoms. Loud from the tree tops near us the deep-voiced neighboring goose-owl

Shrieks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval, but where are the hands that beneath it Tossed the light slap-jack that browned, well greased as it turned in the fry-pan?

Here is the scoop-roofed shanty, the home of Canadian raftsmen, Men whose lives glided on tranquil with pork and molasses, Darkened by having to work, but consoled by unlimited rations. Dead is the camboose fire, and the cook who bent o'er it departed. Scattered on cribs are the raftsmen far down the brown-rolling river, Descending as far as Quebec, whence ships bear the pine to the ocean. Naught but position remains to the low rafted shanty of MUGGINS.

Ye who rely on the timber, fear not but the winter returning Will bring with it BARTISTE and ANDIE and perhaps an occasional PADDY

To wage the old war for a season, and chop down the pines of the forest,

To live in contentment on pea soup, and chunks of the well-fatted bacon.

Too Sanguine.

A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.—A lady waiter in the Post Office. Grumblers may expect their utmost wishes accomplished without a ruffle.—*Exchange Paper*.

The editor is altogether too sanguine, if the ELIZABETHIAN style of collar finds as much favour in his town as amongst the ladies of Toronto.