

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS.

The *Citizen* has introduced the feature of extracts from leading journals on current topics, under the title of "Public Opinion." The department is well edited, and greatly improves an already excellent paper.

The *Evening News* is happy in the possession of a very clever writer who contributes a most readable column every Saturday under the caption of "The Town Crier." We know who he is, but wouldn't tell for a dollar.

Is it possible that the *Globe* people actually do steal the *Mail's* special despatches as the latter alleges? If the charge is false, it is surely high time for Mr. Brown to give it a point blank denial. We should be sorry to think that any Toronto journalist would descend to such pilfering, and trust the *Mail* may do as it threatens in the way of prosecution.

The *Grip-Sack* has just been issued. It is one of the cleverest things in the way of light literature ever produced in Canada. The colored cartoons are capital, and the reading matter is ahead of what is usually found in such productions. It is really worth its price. —*Evening Telegram*.

The first cargo of the *Grip-Sack* makes the liveliest kind of summer reading, and both in letter press and illustrations the volume is a credit to Brother Bengough and his assistants, who, by the way, are all Canadians. —*The World*.



A SKETCH ON THE ISLAND.

A resident artist taking precautions against the flood before retiring for the night.

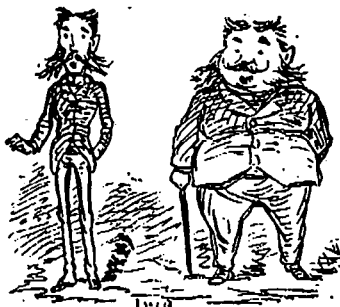
A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS.

In a Queen City of the West dwelt two brothers—young men—who in size and general appearance resembled each other greatly. Their bank accounts resembled each other, too. Each showed a credit of \$5,000.



These young men were great favorites with their friends, and really were first-rate fellows,

honest and kind, and, being in good situations, lived together happily. It was a cause of much concern, therefore, to their friends to see one of them, let us say Tom, as the warm days of later June and earlier July came and went, grow thin and pale and actually wan, while a sprinkling of gray beset his raven locks. His brother, we will say Dick, was meanwhile congratulated on his radiant appearance and corporeal growth.



Tom could not understand why his brother Dick had gained all the flesh which he had lost, although he was painfully aware why he himself had grown so frail. Dick, while he had no trouble in accounting for the tightness of his own waist-band, was at a loss to account for the slackness of his brother's. Strange though it may sound, the tighter grew the money market the tighter became Dick's waist-band and the more ample did Tom's seem to grow.



As the summer resorts displayed their attractive advertisements, Dick proposed to Tom a trip to the seaside, saying that he thought it would do him good, but Tom sadly shook his grizzled head and expressed his fear that business would prevent his leaving the city at present, expressing the hope, however, that when the harvest was over he might be able to go off for a while. (Tom didn't know much about harvesting, and probably couldn't have told a field of spring wheat from a crop of barley, but he believed in a good crop, and had more faith in its power to cure his leanness than he had in the best emulsion of cod liver oil known.)



So Tom is at home, and Dick has gone off to Point Farm for a month, and is enjoying

himself at Tom's expense, literally, though he does not know it.



The only people who understand the thinness of Tom and the fatness of Dick do business here. Tom and Dick do business here, too—one by telephone and one by mail. They have never met in this office.

The *Long* and the *Short* of it is that Tom bought 500 Federal, at 169x4, last May and Dick sold 500, same price, same day, same office. Dick has covered at 153x. Tom holds his still. He is poorly, but his broker is "nursing" him. A. PLUSSE WUNNE.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES;

OR,
COLD FEET NEVER WON BOLD HUSBAND.

CHAP. I.

Algernon Fitzhuggins and Clothilde von Shanghnessy were betrothed. The tumultuous boundings of the heart of the former beat in reciprocal fops to the rhythmic movements of that of the latter. Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that flopped as one.

The summer days sped onwards, and still Algy and Clo. loved and loved. And his ice cream and confectionery bill averaged 95 cents per week. Love on, fond hearts!

CHAP. II.

Moonlight on the lake. Also on shore, but 'tis with the former element we have to deal. A tiny skiff danced on the moonlit waters. Its occupants were the lovers. Algernon bared his brawny nine inch biceps, and the frail craft sped o'er the glistening deep. Clothilde sat aft and gazed lovingly at the man she adored. All was peace. And from afar came the faint cry of the whip-poor-will floating adown with the evening zephyrs, harmonizing with the resonant baritone of the bullfrog's melody. All nature seemed to be at rest. But was it? Wait.

CHAP. III.

Remain waiting.

CHAP. IV.

"A squall! A squall!" yelled Algernon. Yes, the wind squalled, so did Clothilde. One gust more terrific than all, and the slender bark floated keel upwards on the now tumultuously heaving bosom of the agitated waters. The lovers clung to the boat. Away on the scething billows floated Clothilde's bustle, back hair and bangs, but little she recked of them. Was she not wrecked herself? Alas! yes. "Algernon," she said "we will perish together. Clasp me in a fond embrace we will go down to death, damp, moist and uncomfortable, but loving to the last. Will we not, Algy?" "Nil desperandum. Vita brevis sunt," replied Algernon from the cavernous depths of his massive chest. True measurement, 36½ inches. Around his coat, 43½. Algernon, it will be seen, was a classic scholar. He wrote B. A. after his name. Does not that prove it? Take any B. A. and examine him and see if he be not profoundly intellectual. Perhaps you may be disappointed. Perhaps so.

They prepared to drown.

CHAP. V.

They went on drowning.