



BACCHUS AND ST. ANDREW.

Whiskey-seller.—You're right, friend Macdonnell, "there should be no thought of Prohibition until people have become perfectly indifferent about drink." That's the sort of doctrine I like to hear. Now *you* go on preaching that and I'll see to it that the appetite for grog is kept alive. We can work together splendidly, you see.

GODFREYE ;

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF A WALKING-STICK.

GODFREYE DE SINCLAIRE was a young swell of good English pedigree. His mother peddled muffins in the great metropolis, and his father was intimately acquainted with the architecture of the interior of "gloomy Pentonville." Godfrey was shipped with a large batch of the same material to Ottawa, to receive a Government appointment, and was made a clerk in the Civil Service, at a salary of a paltry \$600 per year, on the understanding that he was to do nothing whatever. This agreement Godfrey promised faithfully to observe, and how heroically he kept his promise the little clerk in the office, who did all the work there was to do and got a dollar a day, can well testify.

One afternoon in February, about 3 o'clock, Godfrey was in his office—it's a fact—smoking a cigarette. Having nothing to do, and in an idle moment, he began to think; and immediately upon so doing became very *fatigue*, doncher know, and yawned; whereupon the cigarette slipped down his throat, and Godfrey was nearly strangled.

However, Godfrey began to think a second time, and the cigarette, becoming curious as to what the thought might amount to, came up, and Godfrey was saved; much to the disgust of the young clerk, I might observe, who, ingenuous youth, said he really thought Godfrey was an idle fellow. The simple boy! as if he didn't know!

"I think I will have a skate," said Godfrey, and having so made up his mind, he arrayed himself behind the office screen and set out for the Rideau Canal, which was one beautiful sheet of clay-colored ice; such ice as you see in your lemonade in the summer time.

Godfrey wore a little cap and a coat with a cape, which reached to his heels, and was composed of three large checks, and his small, well-proportioned head was prevented from falling into his vest pocket by a tall collar, the whole thing having the effect of a section of white-washed sugar-cane with a dwarfed turnip rampant on top of it. He carried a small cane with a celluloid top. This cane was the pride of G. de S., who said that it had belonged to his grandfather, who had fought under Wellington at *Cressy*. Though, in reality, Godfrey had purchased it for ten cents from a Frenchman, who used to kill flies upon the wall with its celluloid head.

So Godfrey put on his skates at the canal bank and glided serenely up the cut, away from the city, away from his tailor, his washerwoman, from his office; from care of every kind—and was happy.

People wondered, as they drove along the bank towards the city, what that queer figure was, capering so madly in the centre of the broad canal; now waving its arms, now in a kneeling attitude upon the ice, with its head bent as if striving to see the bottom of the canal or a glimpse of the antipodes.

The small boys who skated, watched the weird figure, and, filled with curiosity, came near, and saw that it was a man twirling unceasingly round and round and round a small, circular hole in the ice. The figure was hatless, and wore a long cloak with a cape. Now and then it would pause in its circumvolutions, and, dropping beside the cavity, would gaze intently into it. Then it would rise and again whirl round and round, with its head earnestly bent and its eyes fixed upon the spot where it had just knelt.

Evening came, and the boys skated away. And the night passed, and so did the next day. Godfrey de Sinclair was missing from his office—which was nothing unusual—all that day. But Godfrey had not attended the Government House ball the evening before, and his friends became alarmed.

Out on the ice that silent figure was still eddying about in a circle, every short while pausing to drop upon its knees and peer, with a pitiable earnestness, into the water hole.

That night was one of the coldest experienced by the fair capital within the last two hundred years. The thermometer at the main entrance to the eastern block of the Government Departmental Buildings registered 75° in the shade, while that of Mr. Devlin, the famous hatter, Sparks street, registered the temperature as being sixty degrees below zero.

In the grey morning light a party of men and boys armed with lanterns, clubs, guns, bottles of whiskey, blankets, and a copy of GRIP'S Almanac, came gliding up the Rideau Canal under the silent stars.

(The conclusion of this thrilling narrative next week.)

INGRATITUDE.



WHAT an ungrateful set literary men are! A number of them have been writing about "books which have helped me," and not one of the lot has had a good word to say for the Encyclopedia. And yet how many owe their renown for painstaking research and comprehensive grasp of their subjects to the information gathered from its pages. Why not manfully acknowledge the debt?