

that the state of society at home is a mistake : *here* a man is valued for what he *is*, not for what his grandfather *was*, and that seems to me to be a sound, common-sense view of the matter."

"I won't venture to contradict you, Coddleby, till I have studied the subject more thoroughly than I confess I have done at present," replied Bramley, evidently rather surprised at the stand his friend had taken ; "I shall most certainly devote a chapter of my Great Work to the State of Society on the two sides of the Atlantic."

"By Jove, Bramley," broke in the irreverent Yubbits, "if you devote a chapter of that Great Work to every subject you say you are going to, the book will be a curiosity, if only on account of its size. Why, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be a pigmy in comparison. I suppose there will be about fifty volumes."

"Yubbits," returned Bramley, somewhat nettled, "I do wish you would occasionally display a little sense, if you can ; your remarks are most lamentably deficient in that quality."

"I observe, Bramley, that you always pitch into my want of sense when I don't happen to agree with you ; but—bah ! it isn't worth getting angry about, and the day's far too hot, at any rate."

In the course of half an or hour so, they found themselves clear of the city and in that most charming of Toronto's charming suburbs, Rosedale, where, throwing themselves on the grass beneath a spreading maple tree, where a delightful cool breeze played around their heated brows, they gazed in unfeigned admiration on the beauty of the landscape before them, and it was one possessing charms of no mean order. Richly wooded steeps ran up from a small stream which flowed down to the river Don, on the banks of which the bright emerald green of the grass was brilliantly relieved by the flaunting yellow of innumerable dandelions—a humble flower enough, in truth, but one which will reward the close investigator by revealing beauties of which but few have any conception. Wild roses grew in profusion around, and their odor, mingled with that of the pink and white clover which abounded in the valleys between the hills, filled the air with a delicate fragrance that quite captivated the senses of the poetic Crinkle.

"This is indeed a charming spot," he said. "It is the very place to inspire a bard with ideas of the most brilliant nature. Bramley, I shall come here alone to-morrow and write the poem of which I spoke this afternoon."

"Do so, my dear crinkle," returned Bramley, "I feel that you will be more in your element here, alone with Nature, than with us, for we intend to visit the island, I believe, and other spots of interest, the court house, and so forth, and I won't press you to join us, for I know—your heart would be here."

"Look out for snakes, old fellow," said Yubbits to Crinkle, "I believe rattlesnakes abound in places like this : the rattlesnake, however, is a gentleman and gives you warning when he is near, but I would be careful, and if I were in your place I'd bring a good bottle of spirits of some kind. Even if you don't get snake-bitten, the liquor will inspire you in your work, and give you some ideas."

"My dear Yubbits," replied Crinkle, who fancied his friend was poking fun at him and being very sensitive to ridicule, he was slightly annoyed, "My dear Yubbits, if I thought spirits would give ideas to anyone I would see that you were furnished with a gallon of brandy every day at my own expense. The game would certainly be worth the candle, though I fear you would be much

changed in a short time—though the change could not fail to be for the better."

"Crinkle, I never heard you make such a bitter speech in my life before," exclaimed Coddleby, "Don't be annoyed at Yubbits : it is only his fun."

"I'm not annoyed, I assure you," returned Crinkle, his flushed face, however, contradicting this assertion. "I shall act on Yubbits advice in one thing and shall not, most decidedly, come here unprovided with some antidote to snake-bite. The wisest of us may sometimes gain additional knowledge from the chance utterances of those less intellectually gifted."

"Ahem !" coughed Yubbits, "modest, I must say : Crinkle, you have crushed me. Shake hands, old fellow, you're a brick," and he extended his hand for the purpose, and the amicable manual performance being concluded Bramley suggested the propriety of setting out on their homeward walk, as it was now after four o'clock and they were all extremely anxious to hear the Rev. Dr. Wild in the evening, accordingly they started off citywards, reaching the Rossin House in excellent time for tea, or supper as it was more generally called.

(To be continued.)



WHY SHE DIDN'T WANT THAT KIND.

Husband.—Going to get a hat to-day, dear ? What will it be—a high one ?

Wife.—No, dear, I shan't go to the theatre much this winter.

RUNNING A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE SUBJECT BY MR. STUBBS.

I RISE to remark that I don't believe there's an atom of truth in that ancient gag about B. Franklin eating sawdust pudding for breakfast every morning. It is a base and unfounded calumny upon the memory of Benjamin's subscribers. It seems strange to me that no brilliant writer has risen during the past few generations to confute this vindictive and libelous aspersion upon a community of ancient, but eminently respectable newspaper delinquents, who are unavoidably absent and unable to defend themselves. I have been a pioneer editor myself, and know how the thing works. I had a blamed sight more don't-care-a-darn set of subscribers than ever Ben had, yet I never came down to eating sawdust—I fasted for three weeks at a stretch ! No ! There never yet was a list of subscribers who would allow a man to subsist on sawdust. They might let you starve to death, but sawdust, never ! In my case they asked two dollars a ton for the sawdust, delivered, but I could have all the starvation I wanted for nothing.