

allows me to insinuate in my humorous way a dislike for commercial travellers, spooney married people, ridiculous old fogies who want to pass for sporting men, Yankee women, Romish priests and jabbering habitants, by which I gain the sympathy of gentlemen at large, all couples who have been married more than a year and all old maids, our own fair countrywomen, and the puissant proprietors of the Montreal *Witness*.

Next morning on reaching Quebec, nearly all the passengers went up to the city, while the few who remained on board beheld with anxiety the boat for the lower ports puffing, whistling, working her paddles, and altogether making a furious pretence of immediate departure. As it was yet too early in the season for her captain to expect a large number of passengers, he of course did not think it worth while to draw his boat alongside ours. We were consequently compelled to find our way to his wharf, in which attempt four of the six who started, foolishly believing they had only a hundred yards to travel, lost their way, and are probably still wandering hopelessly around Lower Town, the streets of which are so crooked and narrow that all the local policemen and cab-drivers require to be squint-eyed. I, having been there before, jumped into a cab, told the driver to make haste, and was frantically whirled around forty corners, and over at least a mile of very rough streets. When I arrived at the steamer, she was puffing and whistling more violently, if possible, than when I first saw her, and all her gangways were drawn in. My carter wanted two dollars, and not being able to make change, pocketed the balance of the V. I handed him. About ten minutes afterwards, while I was still congratulating myself on having scoured my passage, the gangways of the steamer were shoved out, her whistling ceased, and she settled down to a state of apathy for two hours, after which the thin young man, evidently more experienced than I in the ways that are dark, walked leisurely on board. During the trip down the river I saw very little of him, and he did not seem disposed to converse, evidently believing that his dignity required the ceremony of introduction.

On reaching Malbaie, I thought I had seen the last of him, for I saw no passenger but myself go ashore. What was my astonishment, after being driven to the hotel in one of those antediluvian rickety *caleches*, to see the youth ascending the stair just as I entered the hall.

"The season had not begun," Monsieur my landlord informed me, "but in a few days, ah then, when hot the cities became, when Messieurs les Américains travelled, we should see."

"Was no one here?" I asked.

"There was but one gentleman arrived yet, by the *stimbol*, the same who had just gone up stairs. This was his boxes, his valises," and Monsieur waved my attention to a heap of luggage. "Did Monsieur know the gentleman young and fair?"

"No, I did not," and I was piloted to my room.

The house was undergoing the last touches of the annual repair. The passages had each a causeway of boards for the preservation of the fresh paint on the floor, branch lines from which ran into each room, and prevented their doors from shutting. The whole house was odorous of turpentine. A more dismal outlook could not be imagined than that on the grounds. The swing-frames were ropeless. The merry-go-rounds were locked, as were all the gates but one. An empty theatre by daylight is not more cheerless than a watering place before the season opens.

Before supper was announced, I had got in a fine rage with everything. The appearance of the supper room did not soothe me—long and low—it looked like a tunnel, and the huge buffet at the farther end of it closed the vista like a box car. On it, Monsieur my host's pewter shone, vaguely refulgent. The table stretched away for a hundred yards, and on it the cloth for two looked like the last patch of snow at the end of a ploughed field. A dim twilight gloomed through a window opposite the plates, while overhead two coal oil lamps threw a glare downward from tin reflectors.

The thin young man occupied the chair opposite me, and we scowled speechlessly at everything and at one another. It struck me that life would be happier, if I could for a few minutes take him across my knees and exercise my right arm on the baggy part of his trousers. Dismissing the thought as unmanly, because of his emaciation, I turned my attention to the eatables.

No cooking can spoil fresh caught trout, and no human being can cook them as well as a French Canadian girl who can't cook anything else. This is a fact for which no reason can be given, but is vouched for by every one who has been down the St. Lawrence, when nothing is good but trout, and when they are better than anywhere else. Those before me were delicious, but supported only by cheesy potatoes, sodden toast, weak tea, and sliced onions, the last offered by JEANNETTE, the waiting maid, with much pride and evidently regarded by her as a very great delicacy, our refusal of which she could not at all understand.

I heard her afterwards speculating with Monsieur my host's mother, irreverently called by him *La Vieille*, as to the likelihood of our refraining from onions as a penance. The "old one" doubted whether the phenomenon was thus accounted for, but agreed there could be no other reason.

During supper there was a strict silence between the occupants of the table, observed by the thin young man because some one told him that "English gentlemen never talk to strangers"—which is a lie, as they are the most sociable of mortals when with people they *don't* know—and by me because I was in a very bad temper. Had I not been, it is probable I would have broken the ice, but, before the flavor of seven trout had restored my equanimity, the thin young man had retired. The first evening in Malbaie was only rendered endurable by potations that would have roused the angry godliness of twenty temperance societies, and ended in clouds of smoke.

(To be continued.)

### Toronto Adaptations.

(AFTER CAMPBELL.)

On King Street, ere the sun was low,  
All soulless passed the unmeaning show,  
And dark as winter did they flow,  
The dandies passing rapidly.

But King Street saw another sight  
When GRIP came out at fall of night,  
And bar-room lamps shone forth to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By curb and lamp-post fast arrayed,  
Each newsboy instant profits made,  
For gladly every passer paid,  
To see the weekly devilry.

Then shook the air with laughter riven,  
Then swore the fools to anger driven,  
While loud and louder praise was given  
To us and our artillery.

But better yet cartoons shall grow,  
And knaves and dolts know deeper woe,  
And wider circulation shew  
GRIP's well earned popularity.

As wide as looks yon level sun  
His name and fame will soon be run;  
His fiery wit and furious fun  
Shall shake the arching canopy.

Few fools shall 'scape whom he may greet,  
Nor Grit nor Tory fail the sheet,  
And every rogue and all deceit  
Shall find a public pillory!

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

As to the band at eve we went  
To listen with our ears;  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O, we fell out—the cause was rye  
And half a dozen beers.

But when we came where others whiled  
The time with drink and cheers,  
Thou we, all penniless, even grave,  
Then we became exceeding grave  
And kissed again with tears.

(AFTER MOORE.)

Come rest in this flagon, my own slandered beer,  
Though testotallors d—n thee thy home is still here,  
On thee do I dote as the froth rises fast,  
And wish that the pleasure thou givest would last,

Oh, what was drink made for, if one cannot name  
The tippie he longs for, and swig at the same?  
I know not, I ask not a loftier part,  
I know that I love thee wherever thou art.

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