

THE LITERARY LIGHT!

DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS LITERARY AND
DERATING SOCIETIES OF THIS CITY AND OTHERS.

If you're anxious for to shine in the literary line
As a man of culture rare,
You must start with ancient writers,
Say the prehistoric fighters
Whose remains are everywhere;
You must certainly decipher what was cut by some old knife or
Flint axe upon the surface of a stone;
And be able to translate, at first sight at any rate,
Rudimentary cartoons upon a bone;
And everyone will say when they hear you spout away,
Well, if that fellow knows all he says he knows, which is all
double Dutch to me.
Oh! what a most particularly clever young man this literary
light must be!

You must freely chat of Chaucer
As you handle cup and saucer
At afternoon high tea;
And proclaim that Maudeville,
As a wielder of the quill,
Was a great celebrity.
You must also mention Gower
As a sweet poetic flower
In a period most desolate of verse:
And talk of Wyckliffe's prose,
And the rugged way it flows
As a style that was most forcible and terse;
And your hearers will remark,
As they walk home after dark,
Well, if that party knows all about those men, which to me is
mystery,
Oh! what a most astonishingly clever young man this literary
light must be!

You must cite the Earl of Surrey,
Leland, Cavendish and Murray,
Roger Ascham, George Buchanan and his Psalms;
And the "Fairie Queene" of Spenser,
Than which nothing is intenser,
Or more graceful in its very tender charms;
You must launch out mighty hard
On the great immortal bard,
William Shakespeare, poet king of every age,
And his human panoramas,
That great legacy of dramas
Bequeathed in trust unto the British stage;
And everyone will say,
If you only talk this way:
Well! if that fellow's read all the things he's said as easily as
A B C,
Oh! what a very wonderfully literary light this literary light
must be. ET. CRT.



AN ALGONQUIN MAIDEN.*

OUR national intellect is expanding, Canadian literature is coming to the front, and at last we welcome a genuine Canadian novel, embodying some lively episodes of Canadian history, and illuminated by life like pen-and-ink sketches of Canadian individuality. In "An Algonquin Maiden," the authors have made a happy hit—the

scene being laid at a time still green in the memory of several of the "oldest inhabitants," and the names even of some families referred to being pleasantly familiar to us, who lord it here on the old site of "Muddy Little York." Our interest is awakened in the very first chapter, and is pleasantly excited all the way through to the beautiful, and almost Tennysonian description of the passing of Wanda. Nothing can be finer than Miss Wetherald's realization of the untamable spirit of the woods, in the bosom of the gentle Wanda, in comparison with the perfect self-control of the white maiden, the flower and crown of civilization, born and bred in the atmosphere of a decaying aristocracy, which surrounds her dimly as the late half of Indian summer. Miss Wetherald's analytical style of dealing with feelings and motives of action, denotes an ability which ought to make for her a place in the front rank of Canadian writers.

We all know that Mr. Mercer Adam is a living encyclopedia of history, Canadian and Foreign,—but he deserves congratulation for the way he has gathered up the loose ends of the love story, and woven them into the historic chapters. GRIP bespeaks for this book an encouraging success,—but must say, he thinks such a picture as "An Algonquin Maiden," deserves a better frame than that furnished by the publishers.

A YOUNG fellow,—his name it was Mr.
Blank Blank, was with somebody's sr.
In a neat-looking sleigh,
And 'twas wonderful the way
He managed the reins and all that sort
Of thing with one hand as he kr.



THE ÆSTHETIC PREMIER.

HE APPOINTED THE TWENTY-SECOND AS ELECTION DAY
BECAUSE THAT DATE IS 2-2!

FILKINS.

I NEVER finished telling you how I got rid of Filkins, did I? Well, you remember, the unspeakable nuisance had just snatched my telephone, when I broke off my narrative. There he stood with the affair to his ear and a look of supreme idiocy on his face.

"Why," he yelled at length, "they're going like blazes Come and listen. I fancy something is going to burs up." I inwardly prayed it might be Filkins, as I re-

* An Algonquin Maiden. By Ethelwyne Wetherald and G. Mercer Adam.