

as how didn't mind if he did, but they all had an eye upon him. If he'd ha' only kept away for five minutes we'd a had that land out as slick as a whistle. But we were foiled and then fooled. Never mind. An ill wind blows somebody good. I think the wind that has been



a playing on the bagpipes to the tune of Confederation, must 'a' been too strong of late or too vile or somethin' of the kind, for the bellus has bust, and we'll have to get a new bag made, no patching up will do, but somethin' solid and tight right through. I think there has been a little too much *grip* used in the playing of the tune lately, next time we'll have to use more *grip*. Grip and Grit goes well together. I don't mean to take your name in vane, but you know what I mean by the *grip*—it is the propensity of holdin' on; for instance, when you shake the hand and grip it,—which I must now do in bidding adieu. Yours true till death, BAGUM.

P.S.—I never write P.S.'s to my letters as it is so characteristic of the weak sects. P.S.'s and underpinning—I mean underlining. I was thinking just then of underpinning a timber with some solid—there is a striking similarity between the two. I now find it necessary to make note about the sketches. They were drawn full size so that the artist would make no mistakes, but like everything else, if you want it done properly do it yourself. The artist has made a perfect botch of them. The whole affair, however, will explain itself. I notice one has been marked D.Y.P., "Dear Young pet." I in my letter translated the words, "Don't you pug," but have since been informed it is the initials of the Dock Yard Police,—with all humble meekness on bended knees I beg these honorable gentlemen a most pathetic pardon. To make amends I will send for each member a fine uniform coat and mocassins in Indian beadwork, made expressly to order by the Koknewahgah Indians, and for the chief extra a peace-pipe and Tomahawk, long may they reign. I should say the animals in the background are some of the storekeeper's cows. They appear frisky, whether at the great victory against Confederation or because they are not going to lose their favorite pasture, and with their horns greased once a week with olive oil well rubbed in, they should be happy. I think by their looks it is the pasture that has set them on their heads—no, I mean Confederation—however, it makes little difference. I'm feared my P.S. is getting too long, so good bye. *Au revoir*. Yours, &c.

A YOUNG lady who visited Fla.
Used to say that it greatly had wra.
To see young alligators
Play and sport round her gaiters,—
For nothing, indeed, could be hra.

The *Toronto News* says:—"The amount is trifling, but the principle at stake is important and the tendency to extravagant generosity . . . must be vigilantly checked." Not at all—not at all—Mr. *News*. The tendency to extravagant generosity with a trifling sum is very popular, and I will probably remain so as long as the church plate goes round. Why check it?

THE BRIDE'S LAMENT ON SEEING HER PRESENTS.

SEVENTEEN cruets and ten saltettes,
Thirteen pickle-stands, and six toilet sets,
Sixteen fish-knives, and ten pickle-forks,
A spirit-stand in ruby, with silver on the corks,
Six morocco cases which forks and spoons enclose,
Three cushions—crazy—invincible to repose,
Two silver tea-sets; of match-safes nine,
A salver, and a kettle hanging from a vine,
Portrait-cases, seven; a perfume-stand in plush;
A calendar à tennis-hat; a scent-case done in rush,
Mirrors half-a-dozen, most charming things to see,
In satin, plush, and oxide, in brass and ebony;
Paper-racks in olive wood, a small "Benauski" screen,
A lovely velvet dressing-case, an easel—ivorine,
Four five-o'clocks, with waiters, some curios in "Jap,"
And a terra-cotta pug; must I hold him on my lap?
Flower-stands, vases, dishes, wrinkled,
And some all curled and crinkled
Like a leaf of early lettuce, or a hart's tongue fern I've seen
Of panels there's a score, and of plaques as many more,
And of *mouchoir*-cases ten, with handkerchiefs between;
Of clocks are two or three—there's one in ormolu,
And one to put behind the door, from whence he calls "Cuckoo."
Here are brooches set with emeralds, and ear-rings set with pearls,
And bracelets of the order that twines around in twirls;
Here are watches, gold and silver, when for the time I look,
Here are riches in abundance, BUT NOT A SINGLE BOOK;
And yet such lovely folios I saw in town to-day!
Of Ruskin's "Stories of Venice," and the genius of Doré,
And charming *Bijou* volumes of Roberts and Fréchette;
And volumes whose fair jewels within the page are set;
There was Heavysege's "Jephthah," and Sangster's "Saguenay,"
Readle's "Prophecy of Merlin," and "Lyrics" of Le May,
Mair's "Tecumseh," great and tragic, and "The Princess," of
Maclean,
And "Wild Flowers," by that gentle pen will never write again.
And Machae's "King and Country," and Adam's "The North-
West,"
And many and many another. Let who will select the best.
Dear friends, on these mementos I shall ever proudly look,
But still it strikes me harshly that no one sends a book. s.



ARCTURUS is the name Mr. John Charles Dent has selected for his new literary weekly, the first number of which appeared on Saturday, 15th. He calls it *Arcturus*, because it is "A star of the first magnitude in the northern heavens"—according to the astronomical dictionary. We only hope the name will be kindly taken to by the public, for the paper promises to be bright and able, as, indeed, in Mr. Dent's hands could hardly fail to be. The typographical appearance of the new comer reflects high credit on the printing establishment of James Murray & Co.

LIFE IN CANADA FIFTY YEARS AGO.—This is the theme which Mr. C. Haight has treated in an interesting volume published a few months ago, and now enjoying the favor of many readers. The book was written as pastime by Mr. Haight, who sought only to revive the pleasant memories of his youth, and without any intention of publication. No conditions could be more favorable for the production of a really good work of the