



## MELODRAMA AT THE ISLAND.

They were just going to start from the Island, and he found he couldn't shove the boat off. "You are too much forward," he said. She burst into tears.

## Our Bluenose Man Again.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I'm in clover! Never had such luck in my life! Had no idea it was such nice work reporting for the press. Stop your press! don't publish that report of Sir Charles' address that I sent you! If it is in type, destroy the type, and discharge the one that set it up! Tell him he's crazy. Charge the loss to me, and take it out of my salary, if you intend to pay me any. That report of Sir Charles' address was all wrong; I was sick when I wrote it; I was poisoned, politically poisoned; but I'm better now, a great deal better. I've just had a telegram from Sir Charles, with a prescription for \$500. The report of Sir Charles' address was very erratic. I'm glad that I'm better now. What a great thing to understand politics and physic both. We all like the Syndicate down here, just as Sir Charles told us we would. We like the idea of allowing the Syndicate to admit free of duty everything they require for the construction of the road or other private purposes. It looks like the thin edge of the what d'you call it. It is a great deal better for us Maritimers that the Syndicate should be allowed free trade than that they should have had five or ten thousand acres more of the North-West. That North-West is of great value to the Maritime Province. We wish we had it down here, just to make us appear conspicuous, and to absorb some of the Ontario manufactures.

We also agree with Sir Charles that it costs a great deal more to run freight on the I. C. R. from St. John to Montreal than it does from Montreal to St. John. That is a down grade all the way. Besides, there is so much more freight coming down than there is going up, and so long as the R. R. tariff continues as it is now, we can't expect to see any change in the comparative volume of freight—greatly to the benefit of the Maritime Province, ain't it gentlemen. I'm so glad Sir Charles sent me that prescription; it makes me feel so different; I'm like a new creature. I'm going to make

those Tories over in Moncton stop their grumbling about Grit R. R. officials and favors shown Grit employers. They're jealous, those Tories are—I wonder why Sir Charles don't send them a prescription.

I have just had a note from Sir Leonard. He wants me to travel around with and report all his addresses; he offers me a big salary. I'm going to accept the salary. I can report his addresses just as well where I am, can't I? He says if I can't be his private reporter he'll secure me a situation on *Hansard*; or else we will get up a *Hansard* of our own. I have also had a note from Hon. E. Blake offering me any office now vacant and at the disposal of the Opposition. I think I'll take it. Also a note from Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, offering to appoint me landing waiter at this port. Just wait till he comes down here again and I'll landing waiter him. Just had a despatch from Sir L. offering to make me a K. N. P. I hope I'll never get above my business, but I'm not proof against such flattery.

VERITAS.

Woodstock, N. B., Aug., 12th.

## Book Notices.

Prof. John W. Adams has favored us with a copy of his pamphlet, entitled "The Bible, Astronomy, and the Pyramids." As yet we have only skimmed over the work, but our brief glance has satisfied us that it is a remarkable production. Prof. Adams is well known in Toronto as a young man of studious habits, and here we have the results of his profound contemplation of some of the grandest themes that can occupy human thought. His deductions may not be acceptable to all readers, but none can fail to find them interesting. The rumor that the Professor did not write the entire book without assistance is a calumny; we have his personal assurance that it is all strictly his own and we accept his word, for in addition to his literary gifts Mr. Adams bears the character of

a gentleman and a christian. The pamphlet may be had of any leading bookseller; price 30 cents per copy.

Messrs. Lancelotti Bros., of Hamilton, have issued in a cheap form a collection of Stanley Huntley's original and witty Spoonendyke articles, from the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Old "Spoonendyke" is one of the cleverest humorous creations of the day, and it will be a pleasure to many who have only seen occasional sketches to secure this collection. The introduction of other matter for the purpose of padding out the book was, however, a mistake.

## Western Rhymes.

There was a young lady of Chatham,  
Who fished for a husband and got 'im,  
Now she feels very sad,  
For he's "gone to the bad,"  
And drinks enough whiskey to float 'im.

There was a young gallant in Windsor,  
Who could sing like a lark, d'ys mind sor,  
And he sang with such power,  
"Will you come to the lower?"  
But she didn't feel that way inclin'd sor.

There was a young man in Detroit,  
Who thought himself some of a poet,  
When the rhyme wouldn't clink,  
He would then take a drink,  
And was sure to let everyone know it.

There was a young lady in Blenheim,  
As cool as the ice from Lake Wenham,  
And her lover the froze  
On the point of the nose,  
By leaning her cheek up agin 'im.

There was a young maid from Belle River,  
Who had such a bad dose of chill fever,  
She drank kerosene,  
Maltine and Quinine,  
But she shook spite of all they could give her.

There was a young fellow from Dover  
Who was such a general lover,  
That when ask'd when he meant,  
To ask Papa's consent,  
Said "he'd wait till the panic was over."  
SWEET WILLIAM.

Every man is fond of striking the nail on the head, but when it happens to be his finger nail, his enthusiasm becomes wild and incoherent.