

MISS PERNICKILY ON THE WEEK'S YOUNG MAN.

Oh dear me, my poor head! What does he mean? Pray Mr. GRIP, help me, you are so clever and so good-natured that I am sure you will never see a woman in distress, even if she be neither so young nor so pretty as she once was, without assisting her.

And really I am in distress for I have been trying to understand what the gentleman who fills the editorial chair of *The Week* means in the following sentences from his utterances on our Public Library. He says "Experience seems to have fully justified the opinions of those who would have dissuaded us from spending money on a circulating library, recommending us to confine ourselves to the establishment of a library of reference, with a first-class librarian to guide study, and of public reading rooms." How many "opinions" "those who" etc., may hold at one time on one subject is a question I am willing to leave for future enquiry, but I'm very anxious to know as soon as you find it possible to tell me, what I am to understand by "the establishment of a library of reference, with a first-class librarian to guide study, and of public reading-rooms." What has "a library of reference" to do with "a first-class librarian to guide study"? Does one have to undergo a preliminary examination before being allowed access to the library of reference, and does the first-class librarian have to conduct the examination so that he may know how much I know about the "Teachings of the Twelve," or the Physical Geography of the Soudan in order that he may be able to assure the Library Board that it is for no other or less scholastic reason that I have desired the privilege of being allowed to enter the library of reference, (towards the establishment of which I assure you, Mr. GRIP, I have paid my share, being as I am, that privileged person a *feme sole*—) And how does the librarian "guide study"? Does he tell one how many books per day it is fit and proper for one to read, and which are the orthodox authors? And does he keep the unorthodox ones under lock and key? For really, Mr. GRIP, I don't mind telling you, that if the "guide" were to turn his back only a minute I would certainly take that opportunity of finding out on what ground he forbade me the use of the orthodox books. I would indeed.

But what am I to do with "and of public reading-rooms"? I really dare not go over that again, it has already brought on a kind twirliness of the brain from the efforts I have made to connect those fatal (almost to me, I assure you) words with the preceding part of the sentence. "And of public reading-rooms?" What does it mean? Pray, dear Mr. GRIP, let me know in your next issue or I cannot tell what the result may be.

ANGELINA PERNICKILY.

GRIP ESQUIRE,

SIR,—What in thunder has novel-reading to do with the expenditure of public money and the people that that *Week* man says "broken down with labor, are being sent to gaol to save them from starving"? If my wife and girls want novels to read and choose to get them out of our Public Library, they're going to have them and don't you forget it! "The public money" is my money and your money and every other tax-paying citizen's money, and if we say it shall be expended in a Public Library that shall furnish us and ours with the books we want to read it shall so furnish us. If anybody is being sent to gaol to save him from starving it ain't because my wife or I read a novel when we choose—for I read novels, too, and like 'em—but because some of my public money is not being expended wisely.

It strikes me, Sic, that if the man that wrote that 'topic' on the Public Library, were to try to write a novel he'd find himself in a box; for beyond talking rot, and maligning the ladies—which I notice he is much given to—he utterly fails to make any meaning clear in his twenty-line paragraph.

Yours,

CRISIS TORONTO SUN.



III.

SCOTTY AIRLIE.

Toronto, July 14th, 1884.

DEAR WULLIE,—Ye see I haena gotten awa yet, I think I'll bide a wee an' see some mair o' this most extraordinary toon. No haenin' very muckle tae dae this mornin' I gaed daunerin' doon among the noospaper folk. They're awfu' sociable sort o' chaps, an' I never was sae dumbfooner' in a' my born days as when I saw them a' crackin' quit' freely to one another. Gude sake! the way they black-guard one another i' the papers, wad gar ye think they wadna' come within a ten-acre park o' one another, and here they are just like brithers. Maybe they dinna attach the same importance to a bit lee or twa—as we do ower the water. There's a great through-the-gaun, on the noo about some cheil they call Mowat, that's game hame to London to fin' oot aboot the boondery line between Ontario an' Manitoby. Noo what the man gaed home tae England for tae fin' that oot, clean dings my comprehension. If they canna mak oot their ain boondery line here richt on the spot, hoo on airth do they think folk living twa-rec thousand mile awa are gaun tae tell them. An' I wad like tae ken what business they has to be fleenin' away ower the water wi' every little fykey thing, just as gin they hadnc' enough gunpntion to manage their ain affairs. Noo, if they had come to me wi' this sma maitter, I cud haec told them that onybody wi' half an' ci cud see plainly that if Ontario's on a'c side, of coorse Manitoby maun be on the ithre, and if they canna fin' the boondary line, canna they tak a bit o' string and measure the hale thing, an' then stick a post richt atween the twa. There could be naething fairer nor that, but nae! naething 'll dae but ower the water to get nae end o' lawyers olish-ma-clever about it a'. Aye, deed aye, an' come back just as wise as they gaed awa.

I'm just clean red wud at the way folk impose on me here in my boordin' hoose. I have to sleep i' the room with another fellow, a no-that-ill kin o' a chiel, but has a maist abominable trick o' sleepin' wi' the window wide open a' nieht through. Last nieht I rowed up ma watch, an' gaed awa to ma bed just at nine o'clock. Ye may be sure I tuk gude care to steek baith the door an' the window. The ithor chap, he had been oot at a party, an' nae doot it was a bonnie-like time o' nieht when he cam in. Hooever, when he did come, he bangs the bedroom door wide open, an' I hears him say: "Good heavens! (he's a great swearer) Phew!" an' wi' that he maks straight for the window and throws 't up clean to the top. "What's

the maitter?" says I, "is the hoose a fire?" "Fire," says he, "nae danger o' that, nae fire would burn here." "Sae muckle the better," says I, "but if I was you I wudn'a swear just when I was gaun to my bed like that, hoo d'ye ken ye'll ever see the licht o' another day?" "Not much chance with that window shut," says he. Well then I just haud my tongue, its nae use wastin' ma breath on onybody that's sae fu' o' self-conceit.

They're great folk for parties here. Oor laudlady inveted me tae a party i' the hoose here last week, an' as shure's death, I haena gotten the better o't yet. They had twa-rec fiddles an' a pianny, an' they danced a' nieht. But I never ance had a chance to get on the fure. They never ance played a reel, or onything but that sing-sang, dronin' bum-bee music, aye the same hech-how ower again, an' what they ca' dancin' is a way they have o' cuddlin' one another an' whirlin' roon an' roon till it maks ye dizzy to luek at them. I declare tae ye, when I saw them cuddlin' one another like that afore folk, I did'na ken whaur tae luek, I never was sae scandaleezed in a' my born days. That limmer o' a landlady's dochter cam up, just as I was sittin' there wi' a face as red as a nor-wast mune, an' had the impidence to speer gin wud'na like hae a waltz. "God forbid," says I, "hae ye nae shame in ye?" an' wi' that af she flew. Then a very civil spoken kimmer cam up an' speered "wud I take some o' this ice cream," and she hands me a bit glass saucer. "Gin ye'll bring me a plateful an' a tablespone, I'll sune let ye see hoo I'll mak awa wi't. She glowered at me for a minit an' then af she ran, an' in aither minit she cam back wi' twa mair lassies, laughin' like to split their sides. She brocht me a great big broth plate fou' o' ice-cream an' a muckle table spunc to sup it wi'. Weel, I thought I wud just let them see I cud sup it for a' their laughin', so I yoked tae an' began to lade in the ice-cream, though it did taste terrible cauld. Ye ken it's awfu' hot at a party, sae the first twa-rec spungit's did'na affect me sae muckle, but afore I got half through—Gude forgie me! I lut the plate flee tae the ithre end o' the room, an' was loupin' an' skirlin', an' tearin' ma hair oot by the roots like a veritable madman. Oh, Wullie! Wullie! I thoct the vera croon o' ma head was gettin' pried aff wi' a crow bar—it was ma auld enemy the tuth ache. I stamped and roared like a bull, I got doon on the fure an' hammered ma head on the petition till the vera plaster came rattlin' doon, an' the landlady, puir body, was near daft wi' fear. She never saw a Scotchman wi' the tuthache in a' her life afore, but she got a bottle o' whusky an' she just keptt poorn' richt in tae me, till I got that drunk that I was roarin' an' greetin' an' laughin', and singin' a' at ance, an' neist mornin' they tellt me that I fell asleep singin' "Auld Lang Syne." That's what I got for sleepin' wi' open windows, an' eatin' ice-cream, when it's hot, at a party.

Yer brither, HUGH AIRLIE.

"Ah! and had ye a goot funeral?" asked the old man in Gleneig, when his sons returned from the coremony. "And had ye plenty to eat and drink?" "Yes plenty." "And had ye a good fight?" "No, no, there was no fighting." "Ah," sighed the veteran, "there are no men nowadays."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

"Carrie," said one Somerville girl to another yesterday, "are you going to the picnic to-morrow?" "I am; are you?" "Of course." "What do you intend to wear?" "My white muslin, of course. What do you intend to wear?" "I will wear a water-proof cloak. I've been at picnics before."—*Somerville Journal*.