

# EGYPTIAN QUESTIONS.

"James," said Mrs. Junket to her t'other half, "do those Mohammedans keep any festivities the same as we do?"

"Well, I guess," replied Jom. "They have periodical high jinks, just as we have our carnivals and Lent, and so on—especially those Egyptian fellows."

"Well, what do they call their time of festivity?" asked Mrs. J., thirsting for information.

"The Mahdi Gras, my dear," replied the truthful James.

"I should imagine that the shores of the Red Sea, or rather one of them, would be a good spot to strike for to obtain jewellery," ventured young Idlewyld to his fiancée, Laura Gumdrops.

"Why so, Chawlic?" asked Lolly.

"Because it would be a good place to get a Trinkitat."

Wedding postponed.

"Yes, children," said old Pomposo Bluff, as he stood with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails elevated, "yes, these desert warriors show themselves to be plucky fellows, and—"

"They've lots of sand, haven't they, papa?" piped little Tommy.

"Quiet, you slangy young rascal," replied old Pomposo, resuming, "as I was saying, they are fine fellers—"

"Fellahs, papa," interposed Miss Marian, home from college, "fellahs, they are called; they are the fellahcen, you know."

"Fellers, I say, fellers, minx," replied her parent, hotly.

"Marian means that those fellows you call fellers are fellahs, father," explained Marmaduke Alonzo, rising six feet and twenty-two.

"Oh, I see! Well, these fellers who are fellows and fellahs are not only brave, but they are cunning and strategic; they have many spokes to their wheel—"

"Most fellows have, dad," once more piped the incipient punster, Tommy.

"Go to bed, you young monkey," rejoined the author of his being, pushing him out of the room. "These Arabs," he continued, "are strongly communistic and socialistic; they—"

"Aren't they Nilists, papa?" enquired Maude Ethel, *refab.* 14.

Pomposo frowned darkly. He scarcely knew whether his little daughter was following in the footsteps of the depraved Tommy or not. However, he resumed once more:

"Like the Turks they have little respect for their aged parents; in this they somewhat resemble you, my children, I am sorry to say. The Turks would not think twice before placing their parents in a sack, and casting them into the Bosphorus."

"Pa," piped Tommy's shrill treble, as the door opened and a head appeared. "I know where a Turk would be going who was about to put his father into a sack."

"Where would he be going, you disobedient young scamp?"

"Going to Bag-dad, papa," was the reply, and Pomposo, abandoning all hope of continuing his discourse, strode out of his house and went to his club.

# THE DRY-GOODS TOUTER.

"One thing struck me as being very strange, when I was in Canada: I observed men in all kinds of weather (it mattered not if it was the most bitter and inclement day in December, or the hottest of the dog-days), pacing up and down in front of the large drapers' establishments, or 'dry-goods stores,' as they are termed in Canada, and endeavoring to inveigle the passers-by into the establishments to purchase the wares, whose excellency

they never ceased to extol."—Extract from letter of heavy British swell travelling out in this bloomin' wooden country.]

# LO! THE POOR TOUTER.

VERSEICLE I. (*Lugubrious.*)



Cold was the wind and therein  
was descending  
As out on the sidewalk the poor  
touter walked,  
And in a monotonous drawl  
never-ending  
To those who were passing he  
disimally talked.

(*And these were his words.*)

"Walk in, walk in and buy,  
Our trouserings are complete,  
And if you need a suit of tweed  
You'll find our goods a treat."

VERSEICLE II. (*Doleful.*)

Hot was the sun as it beat on the  
city,

Scorching its rays and Hadesian the  
air,

As I passed through the streets and  
was flooded with pity

To see, at his post, the poor touter  
still there.

(*And this is what he was saying.*)

"Step in, step in and see  
Our shirtings and our pants;

Of coat and vest we keep the best,  
And now's your only chance."



VERSEICLE III. (*More dismal.*)

Down came the rain from the  
flood-gates of heaven,

Deep was the dark Torontonian  
mud;

And I walked through the streets  
at a quarter to seven

And there stood the touter defying  
the flood.

(*And still saying at intervals.*)

"Here's the place, you'll find,  
For oil-skin coats and caps,  
Umbrellas, and, in all the land,  
We can't be beat for wraps."



VERSEICLE IV. (*Finereal and gloomy.*)

Piercing the breeze—forty-eight  
below zero—

Again past that store I was taking  
my way,

Stark on the sidewalk, a martyr, a  
hero,

Frozen to death, there the poor  
touter lay.

(*Let the tears flow like rain.*)

And on his lips these words,  
In icicles of beauty,

"Twas warm inside, but I friz and  
died

A martyr to my duty."

(*His soul had gone aloft.*)



# SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, Maich 14, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—I mann tell ye aboot ma braw noosituation in Tam Tamson's halesale warehouse. I declare tae ye, Wullie, I didna' ken whether ma heid or ma heels was upmost when I gaed in there. Sick a great muckle

ark o' a place, I lost masel' in't twa-ree times the vera first day I was there. I had tae gang trauchlin' up fower pair o' stairs tae get tae the tap o' the buildin' wi' a bundle o' claitch, an' when I cam doon again I was that tired I thought I wad just sit doon a wee intill a bit roomie between the office an' the door like. The vera moment I sat doon, a bit laddie, he comes up, an' begins haulin' awa at a rope hand ower hand for a' the world as gin he'd been aboard a ship. An' losh, Wullie! a' at ance the flure lifted an' I was hingin' atween heaven an' airth, like Mahomet's coffin. I jaloused some dovlirly or ither, an' seein' the laddie a kind o' lauchin', I grabbit him by the throat an' nearly thrapped him.

"Ye innp o' Sautan," says I, "let go haud o' that rope—I'll learn ye tae mak a fule o' a man aulder than yersel!"—an' I shuk him till I cud maist hear his banes rattlin'. But up gaed the flure a' the time, an' I maist fainted when I fand mysel' at the very tip-tap storey just whaur I had come doon frae that very meenit—an' the meenit I let go haud o' the laddie, he flew doon the stair cryin' "murder" at the tap o' his voice, an' sayin' there was a madman tryin' to kill him i' the elevator! In the twinklin' o' an e'e, aboot a hunder clerks, salesmen, porters, an' gude kens a' wha' cam flooin' up the stairs, some wi' sticks—some wi' pokers, tva-ree wi' revolvers, an' bringin' up the rear was Tam himsel' as white as a ghost, an' wi' a pen stickin' ahint his lug. Weel, I just waited for the hale crood o' them tae get up an' then I staps oot frae the little roomie—an' I says tae Tam, says I, "If I had thoct Tam, that ye had brocht me in here tae mak a fule o' me like this, I wad rather sellt books frae door tae door a' the days o' ma life."

Tam's face grew as black as a thunner cloud.

"Why! what infernal nonsense is this, Airlie?" says he, rather soor-like—an' I noticed that a' the clerks, an' the poker, an' revolver men began slinkin' ane by ane awa doon the stairs, wi' maist onnaterel gravity o' coontenance.

"Ye may weel ca't infernal nonsense," says I, "for a little devil like that, tae hiest a decent man like me up i' the air an' land him against his will just at the tap o' the stair I cam doon frae."

I saw a kind o' a bit smirk in Tam's e'e—an' says he, "Is it possible, Airlie, that you have never been up in an elevator before?"

"An elevator?" says I, wi' the greatest astonishment.

"Of course," says Tam, "don't you know that's the elevator—if you didn't want to go up why did you go into it?"

"Me!" says I, for I saw the mistak' I made, "Lode Tam, I thoct it was a little bit roomie wi' a chair in't an' I just gaed in an' sat doon in't."

"Oh, well! that's all right," says Tam, "but there's one thing I would like to say, and I hope you won't take it ill. We'll drop the old name o' 'Tam' in the warehouse if you please."

Weel, noo, I was a wee thoct nettled at Tam sayin' that; but I thoct it was ma duty tae dae awa wi' any notion o' disrespect—that me ca'in' him "Tam" might hae bred in the minds o' the clerks. Sae I waited till Tam—I mean Maister Tamson, had gane oot tae his lunch atween ane an' tva o'clock, an' I gangs awa into the office an' sits doon on Tam's ain chair, and tellt the clerks tae pay attention tae me, for I wantit tae say something tae them an' didna want tae be interrupted. The auld book-keeper shoved up his spectacles on his broo' an' glowered at me as gin I'd been a warlock, an' a' the clerks turned roon', an' after luckin' at ane anither, lucked strait at me. Sae I sat still, an' twirlin' ma tva thooms tae keep ma mind casy-like, I says: "Ma freens, I was fear't the day, when ye heard me ca'in' Tam—I mean Maister Tamson—Tam—"