

WULLIE McANDREW'S COURTSHIP.



WULLIE McANDREW was a young, and it is needless to say pushing, Scotchman, who, after some years' experience of Canadian rural life, had invested in a farm in Eldersley township, Bruce county. The only thing that was wanting to complete his outfit was a wife; and Wullie, after a cautious mental survey of the eligible girls

in the neighborhood, fixed upon Katrina Gumpendorfer, the daughter of a well-to-do German farmer, as the one most likely to suit. Anxious to have the affair settled he called one day when he had reason to believe the old folks would be away. The door was opened by Katrina.

"Good mornin', Katrina. Hoo's a' wi ye?" said Wullie.

"Dere vash nopody mit me; I vas all alone mineself," replied the Dutch damsel, looking encouragingly at Wullie.

"Sae muckle the better. I'd like to hac a crack wi ye yer lane."

"Oh yaw—you likes to crack some buddernuts, mebbe. But I dinks ve ton't have some aretty."

"Nits! Wha said onything about nits? Na, na, lassie, I jist want a wee bit conversation, ye ken."

"Vell, Mishter Migantrou, jüst gum der haus in und sit der fire by," said Katrina.

Wullie complied, and sat for a minute or two considering how best to open the ball. Sentiment wasn't greatly in his line, but some sort of sentimental preliminary to his offer was, of course, the right and conventional thing. Finally Katrina gave him a lead.

"Dot vas a peautifool day, don'd id?"

"Aye, weel may ye say thon. Deed, it minds me o' the days o' lang syne, when I was a wee bareft laddie on the braes o' Abersneeshinmull, whaur the bonnie burnie wimplit amang the knowes, an' the lavrock liltit i' the lift abunc." Here he heaved a sigh of tender regret.

"Vell, vell!" said Katrina, sympathetically, "und did id hurt you mooch?"

"Hurt me—did what hurt me?"

"Vy all dose—dose dings vat you mentioned. I remember me ven I did have a boil on me yust so bigger like a hen's eck. Mine grashus, it vas bainfool."

So was the silence which ensued.

"Katrina," resumed Wullie, "the Screepture, ye ken, says it's na guid for a man tae live his lane."

"No, I dink not. I zooner lif me dot grafel road on. Der lane vas yust so deep ash mein knee in mud in der sbring dime."

"Na, na, lassie, ye dinna appreciate the signeeficance o' the quotation. It disna mean thon. It means that like Adam in the Gairden o' Eden, man canna thole the burdens o' life wi'out a helpmate."

"Yaw! I dinks I know dot Adams. He geeps a shdore by Baisley. Fader got him a pair of boots dere und dey don'd vas much goot. He besser shtay dot market-garden beesness in."

"Katrina," said Wullie in desperation, "I have bought a farm, ye ken, on the seexth concession—a hun'r an' sixty acres of the finest lan' in the toonship. I hae the siller tae stock it. I hae likit yer looks sin' I first saw ye. Noo wull ye marry me or no? Gin ye say 'aye' it's a bargain. Gin ye say 'no' I maun e'en speer some ither body."

"Oh, dot vas vat you ish afder! Vy you don'd say so righdt away den mitout all dot voolishness about Adams und der resdt? Vas dere a goot house on dot varm?"

"Aye, lassie—a braw brick hoose."

"Und der don'd vas no mortgage on id, hey?"

"Na, na. It's a' paid for."

"Dot vash all righdt. I been your leedle frau und lofes you like eferydings."

And she flopped her 180 pounds or so down on his knee, and threw her brawny arms around his neck. It is to be presumed that they lived happy ever afterwards.

THE TYPICAL LEGISLATOR.

NOW doth the rural law-maker
Begin to rack his brain,
Reflecting that the Local House
Will shortly meet again.

Now doth he ponder "What must I
This coming session do,
To let 'em see I'm hustling.
And keep my name in view."

"I've got to put some kind of bill
Upon the Statute book,
So that I may a record make
That has a decent look."

"Elections will be on next spring.
Almost before we know;
And I must really look alive
And make some kind of show."

"I darsn't fool with no reforms,
Nor simplify the law,
The boss won't stand that kind of thing;
I'm scared of Fraser's jaw."

"I darsn't hit the usurers,
The land-grabbers, nor such;
Them fellers have too big a pull,
The Party owes them much."

"And so I guess I'd better try
By aid of quiet tact,
To make a small amendment to
The Mu-ni-ci-pal Act."

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.



GAED to hear Laurier the ither nicht, an' afore takin' my seat, I foregaithered wi' Robert Jaffray and Hugh Miller. They were baith glad to see me they said, an' remarkit hoo muckle they were pleased to see my lceterary han' in GRIP.

Says I, "I'm thinkin' baith o' you chiefls 'll be upo' the plaitform the nicht—noo, what think ye anent this winnle-strae o' a body frae Quebec?"

"Great man," says Mr. Jaffray, "great man, very great man."

Says I, "D'ye mean me?"

"Oh, no," says Mr. Miller, "he means Mr. Laurier."

"Sae I thoct," says I, "an' as you hae sic a guid