

I tell you it keeps me everlastingly hustling to stand off the mortgagee and the tax collector."

### HUGH AIRLIE AT A SPIRIT SEANCE.

HEATHER HA', *February, 91.*

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—I dinna ken if ever I mentioned to ye afore hoo spiritualism has been occupyin' my thochts for some time back, an' hoo, like the politicians, I've been gien the subject my airliest consideration. I was gaun to write to ye about it last week, but I was clean knockit aff my feet the ither e'enin' comin' up in the street cars. I had been at a see-ance east, near the hospital, an' comin' hame I thoct I might as weel ware five cents on a ride hame as on shoe-leather; so I staps oot into the middle o' the road an' gies the driver a bit sign wi' my thoom that I wantit on. Accordin'ly, on I got, but nae sooner had I put my nose inside the door than the most awfu' onearthly smell gart me very near dwam awa. If I hadna gotten a seat there an' then, I'm certain they would hae gotten me to carry hame on a shutter. I wasna lang in afore a freend, a newspaper man, looks into my face an' says he: "No possible! is't *you*, Airlie?" "It's a' that's left o' me," says I, closin' my nostrils wi' my finger an' thoom, an' lookin' up I sees twa leddies forment me doin' the same thing, and an auld woman doon at the far end was sittin' wi' a handkerchief at her nose, glowerin' at some young men wi' an expression o' rage an' disgust.

"Alloo me to introduce to you some o' my freens an' your admirers, Airlie," says he, an' wi' that he introduces half-a-dizen medical students wha had been in the dissectin'-room a' day, an' were just on their way hame. They were a' fine like fellows as far as I could see, an' I said I was rail glad to see them; but oh my! Gude preserve us an' forgie me! for I haena gotten ower that ride hame in the cars wi' them yet. I was laid up for a week after. Mrs. Airlie said it was the grippe, but I didna let on, for fear she might tak' it in her head to insist on gaun wi' me in my future perigrinations, just to look after me, like.

Aweel, noo that the smell has become, like mony ither disagreeable things, just a memory, I maun tell you my experience as a spiritualist. Naething would convince the ledy spiritualists that I wasna a medium. They said they saw it in every feature o' my face, it had sic a fine *spirituelle* expression at times, an' my een—they never saw sic een, unless it was in a medium, in one accustomed to see what nae ordinary mortal can see in this world or the world behind these scenes. In fact, says they, "Mr. Airlie, it is astonishing that you have never suspected your occult power. Do you not know it is in you to call spirits from the vasty deep?"

"Lordsake!" says I, the hair on my head risin' veesibly an' my skin a-creepin' at the very thoct.

"Don't be afraid," says they, "they are benevolent spirits who come at your call. They will come to you as the Muse came to Burns; to inspire, to instruct, to reveal hidden things."

My hair fell a wee at this explanation, an' after a while's chafferin' aff an' on, an' after extortin' a promise never to say "Boo" to Mrs. Airlie, I consentit to alloo mysel' to be put into a spiritual trance, to become a clairvoyant, an' yield mysel' up to the guidance o' the speerits. So when they were a' assembled I sat doon in an easy chair, an' they put a slate on a wee table close to my hand, an' put a pencil in my fingers, an' then the mesmerizer cam' an' waved his hands up an' doon afore



### IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

KING WANTOBLAMEFOOLI (*to his chiefs*)—"If you catch any more of them white dudes comin' here, you can make dragged-beef out of them, as that last coon that was here has sprung the soup on us. Look at this."

result of Sir John's platform, Mr. Thomson ought now to devote himself to the enlightenment of the people. Too many professed Liberals inwardly tremble at this ridiculous bogey of "Direct Taxation," and thus aid in perpetuating a superstition which is disgraceful to an intelligent people. It is time they recognized and began enforcing the truth that Direct Taxation is Honest Taxation, and the very thing we want in Canada.

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AND now we go in for everything old,  
Since Sir John has set the fashion,  
Old Leader, Old Policy, Old Red Flag,  
To stir each patriot's passion;  
Old chestnuts, old tricks and old promises, too,  
And the same old scale of wages,  
Old prices, old clothes, old heblers, old bribes,  
The old, old campaign rages!

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MR. R. W. PHIPPS has one peculiarity which, they say, used to characterize another great man—Thomas Carlyle. We are told that it was Carlyle's habit to listen to discussions with ill-concealed impatience, and as soon as he could get a hearing "take the subject, wrap it up, and put it on the shelf as settled for good and all." In the same court-of-final-appeal spirit Mr. Phipps has just delivered judgment on the Single Tax proposition. He says it won't do. This ends it, we suppose. And yet we really would like the Judge to review his judgment, if he will be so obliging as to do such an unprecedented thing. And before doing so will he graciously consent to learn something about the teachings of Henry George by reading one of his books?

### NO WONDER HE WAS STARVING.

TORY POLITICIAN — "These processions of the unemployed are all a Grit fake. Why, one of the men in the procession to my certain knowledge owns half a dozen houses in the West end!"

SMALL INVESTOR—"Poor fellow! I don't wonder he was in the procession. Why he must be on the verge of starvation! Fortunately I don't own more than two, but