

Here is a story which will amuse you. A Custom House officer put the usual question to an American lady the other day on arrival at New York, as to whether she had any dutiable goods. "No, nothing but wearing apparel," she persisted, and showed some indignation when the Custom House officer, distrusting her word, proceeded to open her box and rummage right to the very bottom. With triumph he pulled out from below her dresses two big magnums of whisky, and holding them by the neck, asked the lady what she meant by saying that she had nothing in her box but wearing apparel. "I stated what was the truth", said the lady, "for you hold in your hand my husband's night-caps!" The official immediately withdrew his claims, and the lady withdrew in triumph.

Can you send me back a better one which I can tell Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose story this is?

I am much distressed that you are not able to give me a better account of your delightful wife. Please give her every assurance of my continued devotion.

GREY.

Sir David was never at a loss for a *bon mot*, which is saying a good deal for a Scotchman and especially an Aberdonian, as for example:

One evening after his retirement he was a guest at a reception in a certain lady's London house. He and a most distinguished ecclesiastic were in close juxtaposition when their hostess advanced and addressed them in these words: "I want to make the greatest astronomer in the world and the greatest preacher in the world acquainted," and after introducing them, moved off. There was dead silence between the two men for some seconds. Then Gill looked his companion in the eyes, and said with his humorous twinkle: "It is not often that either of us meets such a distinguished man." This broke the ice.

Sir Flinders Petrie recalls a remarkable characteristic story of an astronomer. "At a Royal Society meeting Dr. G. E. Hale was describing his marvellous solar photographs in a single spectral ray. At the end of the address the President asked Sir David if he would say something. He rose slowly to his full height and said: "Wor-r-r-shipful admir-r-r-ation," and sat down again.

Here is another Gillianum. It was after a pheasant shoot, and at the supper when the day ended Gill told this: Two Scotsmen met one another. "Well hoo are ye, an' the wife". "Oh the wife's deid". "Ah so! and hoo was it?" "You see I found her poorly so I just gae her a powther the doctor had aince pit up for me that