



DID IT TAKE?

BY A MONTREAL ARTIST.

A NEW SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Stab, stick, stab, stick,
As on my buttons I sew—
It's on my fingers I'm sewing them—
I'll let the hanged thing go.

"I'll use a pin, for a button,"
I gaily unto me said,
Sat down on a chair and pulled
Two halves of a shirt o'er my head.

I gazed on the beautiful wreck,
As sadly I roamed round in sorrow—
"I'll tie round my neck a handkerchief
It's all I've got for the morrow."

And thus stern necessity smiled,
Like the sun thro' a crack in the door;
"If you can't do one thing, do another,"
Is a maxim that's sound to the core.

—PORK.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE,

THE WAREHOUSE, TORONTO, NOV., 1885.

DEAR WULLIE.—Me and Mistress Airlie bae haen oor first fecht, but whether I cam aff first or second best, it wad be hard tae tell. I think it's aboot what ye wad ca' a drawn game, for I'm meeserable and she's meeserable, but not wan o' the twa 'll be the first tae gie in. So there we staun, as Coleridge, the poet, beautifully describes the sitiuation—

"Like rocks that hath been rent asunder
A dreary sea now flows between."

But in oor case it's no a "dreary sea" that lies atween us—it's a bustle—a woman's bustle! Ye see me an' ma wife, Mistress Airlie, were invected oot tae tea ae nicht. Weel, I shaved an' got ready, an' after waitin' an' oor or mair, at last Mistress Airlie cam doon the stair in great style an' luckin' extraordinary weel till she turned roon, an' lo! I near fainted. She had a hump on the sma' o' her back big eneuch tae set a New Haven fish-wife's creel on! "Mistress Airlie," says I "haul doon yer goon—it's a' up in a bunch at yer back." "Hoots," says she, "d'ye no ken

that's ma bustle." "Yer what?" says I. "Ma bustle—ma dress improver," says she, "ye ken I couldnae gae oot without that." "Weel," says I, "Mistress Airlie, I did gie ye credit for some sma' modicum o' common sense, but I'll hae tae let that tow gang wi' the bucket noo. I've nae the sma'est objection tae gang doon the street wi' a decent woman an' ma ain wife, but if ye think me daft eneuch tae gang doon Yonge Street, airm in airm, cleekit wi' a dromedary, ye'll find oot ye've gotten the wrang soo by the lug. Na! na! Mistress Airlie, ye maun either tak' aff the bustle or 'bide at hame."

"I'll nether tak' aff the bustle nor yet will I 'bide at hame," quo' she. "Mair than that—I'll wear just what suits me, whether you like it or no."

"Noo, ma dear," says I—for I saw the horns were beginnin' tae sproot, an' I thoct I wad tak' her canny—"hoo wad you like gin I was tae wear anything you didna like."

"Ye can wear what ye like for ocht I care; ye can wear a bustle tae, gin ye like," quo' she, fixin' up her goon wi' her twa hands so as tae mak' it look bigger an' bigger, that awfu' hump! I think auld Nick entered intae me at that meenit, for her speech suggested a means o' gettin' square wi' ma wife an' at the same time bringin' her tae reason.

"Weel-a-weel, then," says I, "a bargain's a bargain," an' wi' that I slips up the stair an' pits on ma swally-tailed black coat that I was marrit in.

"Good gracious!" says Mistress Airlie, "ye're never gaun wi' that coat on, are ye?"

"What for no?" says I. "A bargain's a bargain, ye ken." An' wi' that we started off tae the party, after tellin' oor servant-lass tae luck weel after the boarders an' see they hained the butter. It was Maister Tamson's we were gaun tae, an' I was determined tae get a word in private wi' Tam—that's Maister Tamson—an' let him ken the trick I was gaun tae play ma wife. Tam gaed hert an' sowl intae the conspeericy, an' the result

was that when the dancin' began Tam an' me slippit awa up stairs, an' I got ma shape, what the women folks ca' improved, wi' ane o' Mistress Tamson's big bustles tied in alow the swallow tails o' ma coat! Tam lauched, an' I lauched, an' doon the stair we cam, me an' ma big hump like a camel's on ma back. Ma wife was dancin' at the far end o' the room, sae keepin' ma back tae the door I made ma best boo till a lass that was sittin' near by; an' when the music struck up again awa we set, careerin' roon the floor among the rest, the bustle a' the time bob-bobin', and ma coat-tails stickin' oot an' whurlin' like the petticoats o' a dancin' dervish. Weel, sic anither tempest o' lauchin' an' skirlin' brak oot that the music was completely drowned oot, an' a'budy stoppit dancin' but ma' pairtner an' me. "What are they lauchin' at?" says she. "Oo, some nonsense," says I; "dance awa!" An' we did dance till ma pairtner, seein' they were lauchin' at us, stopp'd, an' catchin' a glisk o' ma bustle, she lut an' eldricht screech an' flew in among the crood, leavin' me 'stan-nin' there—me an' ma improver. "Leddies and gentlemen," says I, "hoo d'ye like ma dress improver? A hump on a body's back is sic a gracefu' thing, sic an' improvement on nature, that I think it's nae fair that the led-dies should hae the hale monopoly o' this artistic dromedary style. An' noo that ye've sic a glorious opportunity o' seein' hoo gracefu' it looks, I houp the gentlemen present will a' move, second an' adopt the wearin' o' bustles under their coat tails." There was great clappin' o' hands an' cheerin', but when I luket roon tae see hoo the leason was taen by Mistress Airlie, she wasna tae be seen, an' Tam tellt me the meenit her een lichted on me wi' the bustle on, she said she had a head-ache, an' he was feared she had gane hame.

Weel, Wullie! I've often heard o' women's tongues, but I never had the least notion o' what they could be capable o' till I cam hame that nicht. It gaed steady for twa strucken oors! Gude sake! I think I heart yet, but she's gien't a lang rest, for she's nae opened her mooth tae me for the last twa days, an' if the din o' her tongue was ill, this silence is faur worse, an' the moral I've leart is—never, never, never, interfere or meddle in any shape or form wi' a woman's way o' dressin', for if ye dae ye'll come oot at the sma' end o' the horn, like.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

OWED

TO THE CHAMPION.

Oh! Ed'ard, and hast thou been deposed?
(I speak of Ed. the carman, not of Blake,
Who, it is rumored, soon will get the bounce
From the Grit party, and by the mugwumps told
That he had better walk off on his ear.)
Deposed I fear thou art, oh! stalwart Ned,
Thy sceptre taken from thee by big Beach,
And now by Teemer, who has knocked thee out,
And plucked the laurel wreath from off thy brow.
Come back I come back unto thy Island homo,
And dig a grave deep in its sandy soil,
Jump in, lie down and die; and when
The croaking bull-frog cries thy funeral dirge,
The teeming mob, which doth the Island seek
To hoist in the fresh air and B. K. beer,
Will say, "He should have closed off when 'twas time.
He lost his laurels when he crossed the line."
But some think still that Hanlan is the boss;
And that he gave his friends the "double cross." —Q.

THE MISSING LETTER; OR, THE TRAGEDY OF RICE LAKE.

(A Canadian story that got no prize.)

CHAPTER I.

It is now more than fifty years since I was a small boy on the northern shores of Rice Lake. I have never been a small boy at any other place, and there is no mistaking me or the lake referred to, because it is the only lake of the kind in this part of the country. Can-