



### COLD WATER AT THE SEASIDE.

SHE—"You say you would die for me, Mr. Cupid?"

HE—"Die for you? Yes, a thousand deaths! But please don't call me 'Mister.'"

SHE—"Well—George—I do not ask you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."

HE—"Affection? No; love; burning love! What is it, darling? Tell me, and I swear, if it is in my power, to do it or die!"

SHE—"All I ask of you is this—that you never again regard me as anything more than a friend."

ca'ed Clavers, an' anent the martyrdoms o' John Broom, an' John Welch, an' Sandy Peden, an' George Wishart, an' Cargill, an' Baillie, an' Carstairs, an' Renwick, an' Melville, an' mony mair? Man," says I, "noo that ye hae yokit till't, I howp ye'll gang on till ye hae herrit the infernal scoonrels oot o' hoose an' hame. Wull I pit a hip pooch i' your trousers?" says I.

"Oh, no," says he, "I don't use such."

"Noo," says I, as I took the lenth o' his legs frae the hench bane to the heel, "there's the Honorable G. W. Ross, Minister o' Eddication; he ca'ed to see me no lang syne, an' I can gie ye my word o' honor that he's jist as muckle opposed to the papceistical innovations as I am myself. I hae 't frae his ain mooth, an' the Primeer, if I'm no mista'en, etties to dae something that'll gae a wheen o' the soor-dook-an'-watter politeicians girn whan he lays his meesures afore the Hoose, an' I ken what I'm speakin' aboot, for I had twa or three words wi' him afore he gaed hame to Scotlan'."

"I beg to assure you, Mr. Calder," said the Rev. Mr. Caven, "that I fully appreciate the force of the remarks you have so ardently given expression to, and you may rest perfectly satisfied that whatever may happen, the cause of Truth and Justice must ultimately be greatly benefited as a result of this present upheaval of public opinion. Will you kindly have my clothes ready for me a week from to-day, as I am billed for Hamilton and a few other western villages?"

"Ye hae my word for 't, Mr. Caven," says I.

"That is quite sufficient," says he, an' aff he gaed, lea'in' his ummerell wi' me for the second time. It's an awfu' thing to be a great scholar, but nae doot his heid was fu' o' thochts risin' oot o' the remarks I made till him, an' as you can see yoursel', it's quite plain he intends to play the verra mischief on the plattform o' Equal Richts.

Yours,

JOHN CALDER.

P.S.—Wi' my neist letter I'm gaun tac sen' you my pictur to pit in GRIP, for I hear that anither man o' my name, an' a tailor at that, lceves no far awa, an' I want you to mak a copy o't an' pit it in GRIP, sae that fowk 'll ken I'm no him, espacially as I'm credibly informed that he claims he's me. Gin Ossian, an' Homer, an' Shakespeare, an' Junius had ta'en sic a precaution, there wadna be ony doot regairdin' their identity the day, an' I'm determin't that sae faur as I can help it, the'll be nae room for argle-barglein' wi' respect to my writin's aifter I'm unner the divvots.—J. C.

### BY A HUSTLER.

THE proverb says in solemn tone  
That no moss is gathered by a rolling stone.  
A rolling stone I fain would be,  
As I don't want moss collecting on me.

M. S. S.

### TEXAS.

"To the soul that sits in shadow  
'Tis, Oh, 'tis an Eldorado."

WHEN I jump from my chair and hiss through my teeth, "I'm going to Texas," my intimate friends neither attempt to dissuade me nor prepare for an affecting farewell. Though my face may wear a scowl more petrifying than that of the woodcut presentment of "Red Eyed Dick the Demon of Cowboy's Canyon," they do not think I am slaughtering imaginary Indians even though they know it is not long since I gave up the idea of dying in my boots in the weird wild West. They simply inquire, "How long have you felt it coming on?" for they know I am suffering from an attack of chronic liver-complaint. In my yearning youth I used, like all boys, to draw an imaginary bead on the leader of a howling horde of redskins whenever I had time to dream, and like all boys I had my longings for lawlessness and buckskin breeches, and Texas was the goal of my ambition.

But as time wore on I discovered that I had a liver. It was one of the most unfortunate discoveries I ever made. Since I have become thoroughly acquainted with this part of my anatomy the poetry and ambition have gradually but surely oozed out of my system. Texas has become to me a place where things "might have been." When I am in my worst spells I think I would like to go there and wrestle with a bucking broncho or be lulled into forgetfulness by being forced to dance a bar-room clog to the music of a long revolver. In fact I always swear I am going to Texas when everything looks blue to me and I myself look yellow; but I don't think I shall ever go unless I get to be a bank cashier or manage to work myself into some position of trust. In my vocabulary, "I'm going to Texas" means that in my opinion living is a prolonged attack of the liver-complaint and the world is an unsugared pill. P. KUS.

"WATER the wild waves saying, sister?" he enquired, and she replied, "As far as I can make out, they are complaining about that pun."