

crystal waters which flow from its sacred fount. Such may have mechanical skill but are destitute of poetic inspiration.

SANDIE.—Mister Chairman, speaking o' machines puts me in a rage. I have been the object o' inposition. I've been bought and sold, and trampled on, and cheeted afore my een in a christian community. As I was gaun hame last club nicht, and no fou, as ye a' ken, I met a weel dressed chiel wi' a thing in his han' like a big G. Says he to me, "Sandie, this is the machine you ought to buy for your wife." Says I, "What is it?" "It's a sewing machine," says he. "O," says I, "I hae ane at hame." "But," says he, "this is *improved and patented*." "Weel," says I, "Mine is patented too, an' so weel was it made that nobody ever could improve on it." "How long has it been patented?" says he. "A lang time," says I; "aboot sax thousand years, an' just by sayin' the word it can kuit stockings, wash, bake, an' if sought for, could gie you good advice. Can your wonderfu' discovery gang ahead o' that?" "O," says he, "you mean your wife. Now, I hae got a machine that will sew ten times faster than your wife can, an' much easier, too. All she needs do is to turn a crank and haud on the cloth. Price \$16. I'll show you it agoin." Weel, doon he sat in the middle o' the road, puttin' his broon coat-tail in the whirly thing and shewed awa' like mad. It was wonderfu'. "Will ye warrant it to mak' gude work?" says I. He did, and like a big gouk I bought it, paid for't, and took it hame. Janet was' delighted wi't, an' after a hantle trials, and a dozen or twa "confoond its," she made a pair o' brecks for me in a forenoon. My claes didna sit vera weel; but ye see I hadna a tailor to pay. Ane day I gaed into St. John to the market wi' my new trousers on. I got to hagglin wi' Mr. McIntosh about the weight o' twa bushels o' wheat, when I gaed to lift the bag. I hard something gie a' rive like the sail o' the Captain's boat wud do in a storm. I drapped the sack like I wud a het taty frae my mou', and said nae mair about the weight o' the wheat, an' puttin' my hau' doon by my side, I soon faund oot that my trews was fa'in to bits. I got in my han' the end o' a' threed that was hingin' oot an' pu'd at it, thinkin it might help to haud my claes thegither, but gude be here, it just ravelled out like a stockin' leg a' the way doon to my shoon, an' than I was in my—excuse me ladies—I was—I cauna say—I was waur nor the Heelanders that hae only kilts. My cheeks got het as a burnin divot. I gaed about like a hen wi' its head aff, only far waur. The mair I danced about the mair the folk laughed, haudin their sides, till I tho'ht they wad split. I grew mair desperate than ony Feenian, an' gripped baith sides o' my trews wi' a' my nicht and main, and turned my nose for hame. I held my head up and my chin oot like a sodger; filled my cheeks oot wi' win'; glowered at the blue lift as if I saw the seven stars; and stepped canny, thinkin' I widna be noticed ony mair; but, waes me, there comes the minister up the street afore me; an' there's the skool just oot; an' walkin' round the corner is the way o' a Doctor that sees everything. Then, whan they a' saw me they began to laugh and chuckle and grin; an' the bairns got roon me, and tugged at my claes. I saw I couldna hide mysel', and so I lat go my fleein bits o'