

### COME HERE! HASH AND CHEW!

MUSTUR GRIP.—I wass nefer so enchoyable ahl the tays o' my life since I would come to Canada, either pefore or since, that I was the tay pefore to-morrow at the Gaelic Society's macursion to Victoria Park, which wass ahlso the same tay in 1518 that so many of my clan and a few others too, moreover, put so much showder and pot into a lairge numper of little Frenchmen at a place they'll cahll Waterloo, which perhaps you would have heard of pefore, whatefer, because ahl the pest historians of the Highlands and the Highland clans ackree and confess that if there wass not a fife or four thousand fine fellows there from Argyleshire, including Oban and Tobermory, forpy Campbelltown and the rest of Cantyre to the Mull itself, which iss a part of the country where the fery ain-chells, maype, would not desire for a more petter place, and where there iss not in any other half of the world so goot whusky as the Campbelltown or the Isla, moreover, so sweet as milk and that could make you feel twice so strong as a stirk, although the Lowland creatures wass not incapabe of using it without a lairge quantity of common water.

Oh, yes, Mustur GRIP, you can assure me it wass a fine picnic, a fery fine picnic intee, and if we'll spare the Almichty to another year this time twelvemonth I hope to see twice as more at the Gaelic Society's next annual macursion, so I do.

DUNCAN MCPHAIL.

TORONTO, *June 20th, 1887.*

### AIRLIE'S REVERIE.

THE WAREHOUSE, *June 22, 1887.*

DEAR MAISTER GRIP.—If there's a'e thing mair con-speekious than anither i' the *Week*, its the utter absence o' onything suggestive o' heart an' sowl. Its capable enough, an' clever enough, an' sentimental enough, an' spitefu' enough in a conscience—but for heart—wæs me! An' yet, last week, gin ye had drappit in tae the basement o' oor warehouse ye wad hae seen yer humble servant sittin' on a packin' box readin' that same *Week*, an' the het tears rinnin' doon his cheeks like the heavy thunder draps o' summer rain. That's tae say, ye wad hae seen ma veeseble tabernackel o' flesh sittin' there—but as for *me*—*masel*—eh, man! it was neither in the ceety o' Toronto nor onywhere in the Dominion o' Canada I was stravaigin' at that meenit, but awa across the braid Atlantic—daunderin' through an auld rural village, whaur the saut sea cam yaummerin' up the sands, an' whaur the sweet-briar an' hawthorn an' honey-suckle, an' clover, saluted ma' nostrils like a blessed whiff frae Paradise. Ance mair I was a barefit laddie, an' the commons were white an' saft wi' daisies, "wee modest crimson-tipped flowers," growin' thick on ilka side o' the beaten path that led straught up to tae the little ivy-covered dyke that enclosed a garden—a rail auld fashioned garden—just sic anither as Sara Jeanette Duncan described in that *Week*. But oh Mistress Duncan, my woman, gin ye had lived a hunder years syne, we wad hae stowed ye in a fat tar barrel an' set a match tae ye, for wha but a witch wi' twa-ree strokes o' her magic pen, could hae brocht aboot sic a resurrection frae the dead as that "Old Fashioned Garden." Kent ye ever sic a procession o' ghosts! a' beckin' an' booin' in the licht o' a sun lang set—gorgeous in color—fragrant as Araby, an' sweet as childhood's Eden. Rows o' daffy-down-dillies, an' purple velvet dusty millers—an' bluid-red carnations, an' none-so-pretties, ane after anither—the white roses climbin' up

an' keekin' in at the kitchen window, the single an' double golden broon wall-floors an' gilly-floors growin' roon the root o' the auld aipple trees nailed up on the sunny side o' the garden wa'.

An' that variegated mint, an balm, an' lemon thyme, an' rosemary, an' aippleringy! Ah! Mistress Duncan, some may ca' speerits frae the vasty deep—but wha like you can regale oor senses wi' the floory fragrance o' a happy bygone past? My tears are dry noo, the *Week* is lent tae ma next door neebor—but there's a sobbin' at ma heart, an' the veesion o' an auld garden in ma ee, an the scent o' the auld fashioned flowers haunt me, an' winna let me be. But I forgie ye, an' a' yer witchcraft o' tongue an' pen—in consideration o' the courage ye display in stickin' up for the auld fashioned hame-garden. I'm sick an' weary o' shaven lawns an' steroctyped floor-pots, clean an' neat, and a' very bonny in their way; but ilk ane sae wearifu' like the ither, an' a' as suggestive o' money bags an the florist, as the interior o' the hooses are o' the upholsterers.

Nature a' shaven, an' shorn, an' clippit', an' trimmed

until a prim an' meaningless caricature, daisies debarred the turf; a dandelion an' unpaardonable transgression. Nae individuality, nae hame life, nae floors or trees planted by the hands o' love, an' bloomin, wha kens, when their owners are seen on earth nae mair. Eh, woman! gin ye only kent hoo thankful I am tae ye for yer courage in tiltin' at the sameness, the steroctyptness o' the present generation; but ma thankful fervor is damped wi' a cauld sweat o' anticipatory horror, for fear old fashioned gardens become the latest thing; "so natural, you know," an' will be treated tae the imitation in the shape o' artificial auld fashioned gardens, minus the individuality an' the pervadin' human associations. Frae sic a calamity gude Lord deliver me a sinner.

HUGH AIRLIE.

### DOG DAY DOTTINGS.

It is generally very hot in Toronto during the summer months, and about as good a thing as you can do is to try to keep cool. In these days collars melt and wilt in a most despondent and downhearted way,—not only on Wilton Avenue, but everywhere else. (In this connection we may remark that it must be terrible to have to spend the summer at Melton Mowbray, if there is such a place).

Along the streets you see various signs and tokens of the heated term. The ice cream signs shine alluringly. The tawny son of sunny Italy stands by his little confectionery stand, and the wrinkled, bleary, old daughter of Tipperary guards her basket of antique apples and oranges. Open street cars go "kiting" down the streets.

The iceman leaves a little chunk of ice,  
That weighs five ounces nice,—  
And soon it melts into a round, wet spot  
Upon the sidewalk hot;  
And he calmly writeth down "6 lbs. per day,"  
In his little bill alway.

The small boys fish off the docks, go swimming, and play ball. The plumber takes a run to Europe.

Out in the country the farmer grows wealthy on the crop of folks from the city; compared with that crop, he looks on all his other crops as a mere rutabagatelle. The hay rakes are teething, and he has to stay up nights to give them paregoric so that they will be in good condition when autumn comes. This gives him a good deal of trouble, but he doesn't mind it. He reads the notes and suggestions which the city papers get up for their