

you mean goin' down to the office an' tellin' as 'ow I forgets to leave the paper mornin's," says he, without sae muckle as winkin'.

"Laddie," says I, "gin ye belanged tae me I wad dust yer jacket in sic a mainer as wad—" but afore I cud say anither word he just clappit his sma' thoomb tae the pint o' his nose an' spreadin' oot his fingers he ejackilated the a'e word "M-muck!"

Hoo lang I stood dumfoondered glowerin' after the impident young scoondrel I dinna ken, but the naxt thing ma e'e lichtit on was the milkman's waggon, a graund affair, the hale side o't bein' covered wi' a most wunnerfu' specimen o' art, the waurk evidently o' some Toronto artist wha was determined his pictures wadna b'ush onseen if he cud help it. Oot o' this aesthetic chauriot lep a jaunty young cheil, an' ma birse bein' a kind o' ap ony way, I tuk the opportunity o' speerin at him hoo he was off for chaulk. He gae me me nae answer—but just glowered a wee, so I thoct I wad just let him ken that I kent the difference atween chaulk an' water an' gude coo's milk. Then thinkin' a word in season micht dae him gude an' lead him back tae the paths o' honesty an' fair dealin', I telled him that though it wasna particularly specifeed, that there cud be na doot that bogus milk was ane o' the abominations so vigorously denounced by the prophet Habbakkuk or some ither sic name. But a' the thanks I got was "Muck!" as the fellow jumped intil his braw caravan an' brocht doon the whip on the flanks o' his on-fortunate Rosinante. A' the the time this was gaun on a most extraordinar' soond, just like the first rummlin' o' an earthquake, accompanied by a burnin'-metal kind o' a smell, cam oot frae the direction o' the kitchen, an' hur-ryin' in what does I see through the reek but the chimney afire an' the kettle on the fire wi' the spoot melted aff an' the bottom burnt oot o't. Lordsake I was neither tae haud nor bind—an' upstairs I ran an' takin' ma wife by the shouter I pinted tae the smoke an' says I imperatively, "What dye ca that? Canna ye smell the lum afire? If ye're content tae stay here an' be burnt oot o' hoose an' hame—"

But by this time she was doon the stair like a flash, an' the bairn wha was sittin up in bed began tae greet for his mither. "Noona! noona! ma wee man," says I, clappin' him on the curly pow, "be a gude bairnie an' no greet." But the wee deevil, wi' a rap o' his sma' fist, gathered his broos thegither an' glowerin' at me fra under them said "Muck!"

"Foul fa the Muck!" says I in a toorin' passion, as I cam doon the stair, an' clappin' on ma coat an' hat, without waitin' for a bite o' breakfast I maiched doon tae the warehooose. I had a sair day's soopin' tae dae, mair over, Maister Tamson had gein me a ticket tae gang an' see Deacon Brodie at the matinee. So I whaskit ma broom about the office wi' considerable smeddum, raisin' sic a stoor that the bookkeeper when he cam in ran richt oot again cryin—"Muck!" About ten oclock in cam the boss himsel' an' respectfully requested me tae tak a letter up tae Upper Canada College tae ane o' the dominies there. Of course up I goes, an' chaps at the door o' ane of the classrooms an' no gettin' an answer just at first, I turns the door sneck and keeks in. The room was near fu' o' wee rolickin' deevils o' laddies an' the dominie was just in the ack o' sayin' "If  $(x + y) - (x + y)$  what does it equal?" when tae me horrification the hale crew unanimously answered "Muck!" Gudesake! I scoored oot o' the grounds as gin as I had been haunted, for raily I was beginnin' tae wonder if ma brain wasna on the turn, or what ailed a' body, this mornin'. It was a relief

tae me tae over tak ma sensible freen Mack, o' the *World*, sae I says till him, "That's a very sensible article in the *Globe* on Commercial Union, what's your opinion o't?"

"Muck!" says he. Scared oot o' ma senses I crossed tae the ither side o' the street, an' made for the warehooose, mair intent than ever on gettin' through an' gaun tae see Deacon Brodie in the afternoon. I didna want tae tak Mistress Airlie tae sic an immoral place as oor minister aye maks oot the opera tae be, an' the only thing that reconciled me tae the notion o' gaun was that it was a Deacon that was gaun tae play, an' sae it was maist likely tae hae a hair o' religious sentiment rinnin' through't tae redeem it, like ane o' E. P. Roe's novels. An' then I wanted to see whether the Deacon was the same Deacon o' that name I once kent in the auld kintra, an' above a' I wanted tae shake aff that awfu' word "muck" that had haunted me a' mornin'.

Sae I gaed—an' the spectacle o' a gude-luckin' man like the Deacon gaun tae the very deevil without help or hindrance, near brauk ma heart an' I was just gaun tae get up in ma seat an' denounce the heartless feend that aye stud in his way when he wanted tae dae richt, when I was petrified intill a twa thoosan' year auld fossil by seein' that red nosed burgler ram doon a double-barreled chairge o' Scotch contempt an' fire it aff in that frae henceforth immortal word—"Muck!"

HUGH AIRLIE.

## PROVERBS.

(BY OUR OWN SOLOMON.)

Komen-cense iz unkomen cense.

Luv iz like hair in plaster, it binds together.

Grandmothers ar proverbially good and agreabel, while az mother-in-laws tha ar branded as the revers. I hope my mother-in-law shall alwus akt up grand-mother, even if she aint.

Pride iz the inheritans of fools and the most of us have been left a littel.

He that would willingly undo the good he haz done maketh that good to undo him.

If a mizer kood live on air alone still he wood'nt be satisfied; he wood want to live on nothing and sell the air.

Measure thyself not with a proud man lest you find yourself az big in all but konseat. The devil kan soon giv you that gift, if you desire it. Satan iz a konseaty devil himself. It waz that which lost him his seat in heaven.

Search out your equal in all things and make him your kompanyun. The peakok and the owl never chum it together.

If the 10 komandments waz \$10 bills, it would grieve sum phoks more to brake them.

Goliath of Gath waz a big man, but that did'nt kill him; it waz his big konseat that brot him face to face with deth.

## HOPE YET.

"MR. GOSCHEN," says the cablegram, "speaking at Bradford yesterday, said the Government have not abated one jot of their policy on the Irish question." As Mr. Goschen said nothing about the tittle which is usually associated with the jot, there is hope for Ireland yet. This was no doubt a mental reservation for the Government.