

A WET DAY CATASTROPHE.



"Eliza Jane, you have a fire in the kitchen stove; will you oblige me by having my boots dried?"



"There, sir, I've done 'em as well as I could."

"Done 'em! Jeewhitaker! I should say they're slightly *overdone!*"

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

THEY say, Mr. GRIP, that it's an ill win' that blaws nae-body ony guid, an' I whiles think there's mair truth nor poetry i' the sayin', for I may as weel tell you that I'm o' a pheelosophical turn o' min' like maist Scotsmen; aye delvin' doon among the ruits o' things to fin' oot the meetapheesics, as it were.

Weel, you ken ae day last week there was an unco bit blaw on the lake, an' Sir Daniel Wilson, on his wye hame frae Niagara, happenin' to sit doon whaur an auld Dutch wife had been grippit awfu' suddenly wi' what the French ca' maldaymair, spoil'd his breeks—breeks I had made for him nae faurrer gaen nor last simmer was a twalmonth. Hoosomever, I was glad to see my auld frien' stappin' into the shop this mornin', for I saw a fine chance to hear his opeenion o' twa'r three things that's on the taypis the noo. Nae doobt you ken that taypis means carpet. "Guid mornin', Doctor Wilson," says I, an' then I thoct to mysel' that that wasna' the richt form o' address noo, sae says I, wi' as muckle graivity as I could assume, "Sir Daniel, I mean. Guid mornin', sir." I was a wee fear'd that aiblins this wasna' richt aifter a', for it seemed ower fameeliar like for me to ca' a man in his poseetion by his Christian name. Indeed, I dinna' like it mysel', an' no lang syne whan a neebor addressed me as "John," I can tell you it garr'd me get up my birses. At ony rate the doctor didna' look ill-pleas'd to be ca'd Sir Daniel, an' I'm thinkin' it maks a hantle o' difference to hae a title afore your name, an' maybe gin I was knichted, I could stan' to be spoken till as "Sir John

Calder." At ony rate, as I was sayin', he lookit pleas'd, an' then he gaed on to tell me about his breeks. The pawtren's no a common ane (I importit it frae Galashiels mysel'), an, whan I tauld him I thoct I had enuech left for this job, says he, "Oh, that is very fortunate, for you know I don't like people to think I ever get new clothes, and now nobody will observe the difference."

"Exackly," says I, "I'm that wye mysel'," an' syne pausin' a wee, says I, "Wha are you gaun to get to fill Prof. Young's shoon, na?"

"We have a capital man in our eye," says he, "one of the very best men living; no doubt you have often heard of him, and although I am not at liberty to mention names, when I tell you that he is the author of *Mental Malformations in their Relation to Intuitive Hallucinations Correlatively to Morbidity by Heredity*, in which he adopts the views I have so long entertained regarding the anthropological persistence of cranial characteristics as exhibited in the superiority of the dolicocephalic over the brachycephalic type of skull which is so plainly deducible from a specimen I examined at Winnipeg last summer, that Quatrefages, L'Esperaux, Dawson, and other men of giant intellect, who prefer revelation to evolution, and who have not been drawn into the vortex of infidelity by the insidious machinations of Darwinism, declare to prove conclusively the superiority of mind over matter, and knowing the scope of your reading, Mr. Calder, I feel confident that it is quite unnecessary to say any more than this to give you an idea of whom the fortunate individual will be who will in due time assume the professoriate so ably conducted by our deceased friend, and who will in good time also become Principal of the University, the only University of any account in this country, when in the march of great and solemn events your humble servant is called away."

Lo'd, man, GRIP, but this rig-ma-role fairly took me aff my feet I might say: in fac', gin I hadna been a man o' some pairts, I couldna hae follow'd him at a'. Hoosomever, it was worth something to fin' oot wha's to be Professor o' Meetapheesics an' Pheelosophy i' the University, as Dr. (I mean Sir Daniel) Wilson ca's 't.

That oor man 'll get the poseetion I hae nae doobt, for gin we jidge by the past, thae things are a' settl't a lang while afore they're made public, because it's no' richt for ilka body to ken hoo appintments are made in halls o' learnin', an' forby, it gars a when M.A.'s an' B.A.'s, wi' consait o' themsel's, think that aiblins they'll get the place gin they apply, an', as a maitter o' coorse, its vera gratifyin' to be able to haud oot prospecks an' then nip them i' the bud, sae to speak.

Sir Daniel's breeks 'll be ready for him afore this is prentit, an' I'll tak my affidavy, gin you examine them, you wadna think they were new. That's what I ca' guid taylorin'.

JOHN CALDER.

TORONTO, Aug. 15th.

A POET WHO KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

AMICUS.—"You surely do not intend to include that abominable piece in your volume?"

POETICUS.—"Ah, yes I do, and immediately after striking off a good large edition my publishers will bring out a small expurgated edition. The latter will give me a good advertisement and will make the first copies sell like hot cakes. I haven't studied human nature for nothing."

If an agnostic is a fellow who isn't sure of anything, how does he know he's an agnostic?