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Winnipeg, May, 1910.

One of the best jokes of the present generation is "What's intill't?" It has a firm place in Scottish literature, and will remain there. It cannot certainly be said where or how it originated, but the most persistent claim for it is in connection with the name of Prince Albert, the present King's father. Now Prince Albert died in 1861, so the joke has had time to well establish itself. This version is, that on some occasion the Prince got chatting with the Scotch cook on a steamer, and asked him what were the ingredients of the stew he was making. "Weel!" said the cook—all unconscious of the personality of his questioner, and flourishing his ladle—"there's mutton intill't, and there's tatties intill't, and there's ingins intill't, and there's carrots intill't." "Yes, yes," said the Prince, interrupting him, "I understand about the other things; but what's 'intill't'?" And so the cook went over the list again, perhaps further mystifying the Prince by saying "syboes" instead of "ingins" (onions). And again the Prince protested, "Yes, yes, that is all right, but what is 'intill't'?" The cook, by this time, was as hot as his own "galley," and was flourishing his ladle in dangerous proximity to the Prince's face, when some of his suite came along and explained to the "Southron" that "intill't" simply meant "into it," and did not mean any of the ingredients in the pot!

In many places the old Hiring Fairs. "Hiring Fairs" are still kept up, where farmers go to hire for "the term," that is, six months, their farm laborers and kitchen girls. On one such occasion a number of girls were standing together, and a farmer comes along, who wanted a lass for his kitchen. He spoke to a girl, and, finding she wanted a place, asked her, "Can you cook?" "Hear till him!" she exclaimed, appealing to the giggling group of girls around. "Just hear till him! Whae

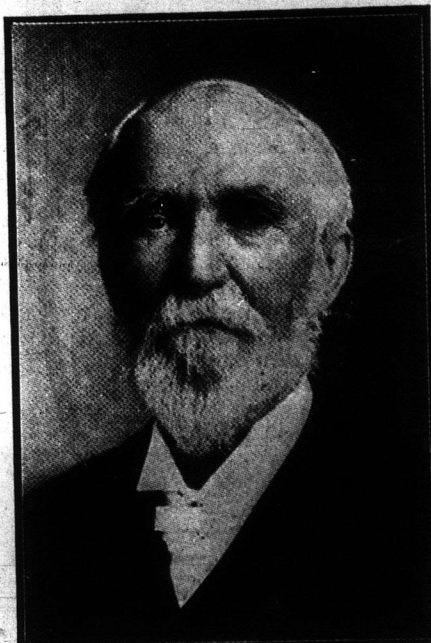
div ye think made my faither's parritch a' last winter?"

The genial Charles Lamb said he had tried, all his life, "to like the Scotch!" And then he added a story, to show that what made it difficult for him to "like them" was the fact that they were all the time trying to teach him! He said: "The other night I was at a party, and it was whispered round that a son of the poet Burns was expected. I said, 'I wish it were the father rather than the son.' And up jumped six Scotchmen and told me, 'That is impossible, sir. Burns is dead.' Just as if I did not know Burns was dead!"

The Twenty-Third Psalm in Scotch.

The Lord is my Shepherd; my wants are a' kent,
The pasture I lie in is growthie and green.
I follow by watirs o' peace and content,
And when weary and wae He restores me again.
He airts me, for sake o' His name and His law,
In paths o' His holiness, fearless and free—
And e'en mid the howe whaur the deid-shadows fa',
His rod and His cruiick my reliance shall be.
My buird is well-graced i' the sicht o' my faes,
My heid is anointit wi' heavenlie oyle,
My cup, ye hae filled a' the length o' my days,
Is a' rinnin' ower at the end o' my toil.
Sae gudeness and grace, ilka day that I leeve,
Shall follow and bless, on my hame-gaun way;
And at the lang-last, and wi' a' that believe,
I'll bide in God's palace, for evir and aye.—William Wye Smith.

A friend of mine, a physician, was over in Scotland some years ago. On his return, among other things, he said: "There was one thing I learned when I was in Scotland, and that was that there are three names you must not criticize in any degree or say anything about them, except to praise." And after letting me wonder for a mement—as he supposed—he added, very emphatically, "And these were: Wallace, John Knox and Robert Burns."



Rev. W. Wye Smith.

Scotsmen have been a little sore for a hundred years at the saying of the witty Sydney Smith (who lived some years in Edinburgh when he was young) that "you could not get a joke into a Scotchman's head by any process short of a surgical operation." About 1830, the well known litterateur, William Chambers, was in London

for a time, and made the acquaintance of (the now older) Sydney Smith. One day, speaking about humor, Chambers said, "You must have found a deal of humor in these old characters in Edinburgh thirty years ago." "Oh, yes," said Sydney, "you Scotch are a very funny people, but it is very hard to get the fun out, and I never found anything so good for that purpose as a corkscrew."

Although a very considerable part of the food of the people of Scotland—and still more in Ireland—they are comparatively a new thing. My mother (who was born on the immediate "border" in 1799) told me how the old people related to her when she was a little girl about their first planting of potatoes, and how some of them thought they would be more liberal-minded and planted their seed whole, and had not nearly so good a crop as those who cut their seed-potatoes. Now this would be about 1760, these telling my mother about 50 years after.

White, of Selborne, the delightful gossiping old Nationalist, corroborates this guess of mine. He says, under date of 1778, that people in his part of England could not think of doing without potatoes then, "who could not have been induced to look at them twenty years before."

They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trystings there—
Among the greenest hills shone on
by the sun.

And there they wan a rest,
The lownest and the blest,
In Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the Birks to dust may rot—
Nanes o' lovers be forgot—
And lad and lassie there may never mair convene;
But the blythe life o' that air,
"The bush aboon Traquair,"
Keeps the love that ance was there
aye fresh and green.—Prof. Shairp.

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