

weel-worn coat on yer back. Just let onybody that doots my statement tak a daunder in his every-day claes intill a fashionable kirk an' see the kind o' welcome he'll get, an' wi' what'n a fervor the usher 'ill request him tae stap up intill the hill o' Zion! Noo, it's a solemn sack, that in thae days there are plenty o' decent men, marrit and single, wha canna see their way tae gettin' new Sawbath-day coats, an' sin' the teelyers hac shut doon on furnishin' coats on credit, it just means shuttin' the kirk doors in their faces. But tho' a man's coat mayna' be just the approved thing tae worship in, still it michtna' be sae bad tae sit in the readin'-room wi', an' tak a quiet 'oor or twa readin' the magazines. I think raily that in a cecy like Toronto, that some provision or ither shoold be made for men to spend a quiet 'oor or twa in recreation an' improvement o' their minds. An' in an ordinary boordin' hoose there's neither recreation nor improvement. I've nae doot but this proposition will set the hair up strauch on the heads o' some o' the unco gude—but I wad like tae ken hoo it is that thae unco gude folk wha are sae horrified at puir hameless deevils wantin' some canny recreation after a sair week's wark, are no only unco' gude, but also unco' weel aff, an' tak gude care tae enjoy life tae the utmost, not only on Sawbath, but on a' the ither six days o' the week. It's a thing that wad entail nae labor but the openin' an' steekin' o' the doors, an' the keepin' on o' a spunk o' fire, an' seein' there's "no spittin', no dogs, no talkin'," allowed—I cudna fancy a safer place for a young or an auld man tae spend a spare 'oor in on a Sawbath afternune. Keepin' a boordin' hoose mase! I ken just hoo the fellows come in blastin' an' abusin' a ceety, whaur they haena' a place tae set their fit in on the only day o' the week they hae—an' its mighty little faith they pit i' the professions o' the rich an' the godly wha insist on steekin' them oot in the street a' Sawbath, while they sit surrounded wi' books an' music an' pleasant companionship until the bell rings oot a summons for them to come an' worship in a kirk whaur a saft seat in a cushioned pew awaits them, an' whaur poverty an' misery an' rags enter not, nor "anything that defileth." Noo, Maister GRIP, say it yoursel—I pit it tae ye—am I richt, or am I wrang? Yours sincerely,

HUGH AIRLIE.



ON LIVIN' O' LOVE.

TALK abaat weddin'! One o' our city mechanics fun aht what weddin' wor wi' nowt but luv to live on. Joe Smith wor a hard-workin' chap, as a few o' them mechanics are, an' didn't get a smooity face for nowt. But he gate wed tuv a rare gooid-lewkin' lass they called Susey—nivver mind wot beside. An' bless ye, they wor as fond o' one another as turtle-doves. Poor lass, shoo'd allus been a dressmakker, an' her mother wor one o' them gooid-natured creaturs 'at woddent let her

lift her hand i' t' hahse when shoo cam hoam. T' owd woman did all t' bakin', an' t' weshin', an' all 'at Susey ivver did wor ta wesh-up sometimes.

Before they wor wed, Susey told Joe 'at shoo wor feared shoo'd nivver be able to make him comfortable, but he sed he wor sewer shoo wud, for if it cam tut warst he could live on luv, if shoo wor nobbut his pairtner.

Well, t' first mornin' after they wor man an' wife, Joe set off tuv his wark like a lark, an' when breikfast time cam he worrent long before he wor back hoam. There wor Susey lewking bonnier nor ivver, an' shoo met him at t' door with a bauncing kuss an' a smile 'at made his heart loup again. "What wi' ta hev ta thee breikfast, lad?" shoo sed.

"Well," says Joe, "as ta hesn't gotten owt reddy, gi' me another kuss, an' I'll nivver heed till dinner time."

So after feastin' his een for a minnit or two he set off back agcan, thinking hah lucky he'd been ta get such a grand lass ta share his lot.

When dinner time cam he hurried off agean hoam, an' he'd no sooiner oppened t' door ner Susey flew intuv his arms and tell'd him hah glad shoo wor to see him agean, an' what wod he hev for his dinner? Joe lewked raand, but secin' nowt, said: "Then thah hesn't made owt, lass?"

"Yus, I hev, lad," said Susey, smilin' grander nur ivver.

"What is it, lass?" says Joe.

"Nay, thah mun guess."

Joe thowt it wor no use guessing pork, nur livver, nur stakes, nur nowt wi' onions in, or else he'd 'a' smelled 'em, an' there wor nowt o' that sort abaat. So he gav' it up.

"Can't a guess?" shoo sez.

"Noa," said Joe.

"Mun I tell tha?" Susey said, lewkin' killin'.

"Nah, then," said Joe, "what is it, for I'm rare an hungry."

"Well, I'll tell tha, lad, for I know thu'll like it—its candyeeika!" An' shoo brought aht throu under her apron a little box o' candies. Joe lewked rayther blue at this for a hungry man, but he sooin straightened up an' sed: "Well, then, lass, let's hev another kuss, an' aws be satisfied." So shoo kussed him agean, and he trudged off tut shop wi' a heart as leet as his stummack. Aye, but it wor a long time before supper time cam, so Joe thowt at least, an' if ivver he felt hungry in his life it wor when he wor liftin' t' latch o' t' hahse door, as he gate hoam at six o'clock. As sooin as ivver he oppened t' door there wor Susey lewking as smart as a May Queen, wi' her hair dun up and a nice apron on with a red border round it, an' her face all smiles. But Joe wor hungry, so he lewked-raand rayther keenly for t' tea things, an' he woddent ha' been vexed if there'd been a stake frizzling on t' fire. But there worrent. Susey saw him squinting raand, so shoo cam up an' kussed him, an' sed: "What wi' ta hev ta thee drinkin', lad?" Shoo lewked varry bonny, to be sewer, but Joe didn't seem to care as mich abaat it as he hed done. So he sat daan an' wor varry quiet for a minnit or two. After a bit he sed: "Susey, lass, a chap may mak his breikfast ov a kuss, an' may mak a kuss dew for his dinner, but a buttered tea-cake and a soup of tea wod suit me a deal better for mi supper."

"Well, Joe, tha sed tha cud liv on luv, an' so I thowt tha sud try, but tha sal hev summatt more substantial, if tha'll nobbut put up wi' my shortcomin's." They've five youngsters nah, an' "nut one to monny," sez Joe.

After this bit o' experience Susey nivver heard Joe mention a word abaat livin' o' luv. YORKSHIREMAN.