

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE, July 23, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—When Wullie Shakespeare said "There is a tide in the affairs o' men that taken at the flood leads on the fortune," I've nae doot but what he kent brawly what he was speakin' aboot, but I think when he was at it, he might as weel hae supplemented it wi' the statement that it's only a e man in a thousand that kens when the tide's in, or has decesion an' gumption tae seize the magic meenit an' launch himsel' fearlessly oot tae float or soom tae fortune.

Noo, for instance, when a' the fallows were listin' tae gang tae the Nor'-Wast this spring I negleckit an opportunity for floatin' mase! the like o' which I mayna get for mony a lang year an' day again. Losh sake! when I daunder doon Yonge Street, or tak' a stravaig along King, I could tear the vera hair oot o' ma heid tae think I'm juist a naeboddy—an o' the common herd—instead o' bein' a glorious, patriotic an' immortal volunteer. What a blin' moudiewart I was last spring no tae tak' the flood o' the tide o' popularity an' gude luck, an' list for the Nor'-Wast wi' the rest o' them! Wha wadna hae been a volunteer yon Thursday, an' be cheered an' welcomed back like the heroes o' a hunder battles? When they gaed awa they were just ordinar' men like their neebors, Jack the clerk, an' Tam the souter, an' Jock the tecler, an' sic like—some o' them white-faced, sickly luckin' fallows. But luck at them noo! The air o' the Nor'-Wast has developed the milk an' water citizens intae great, bronzed, bearded, brawny soldiers, heroes an' demigods, wha come marchin' doon aneath the airches that a gratefu' city has ereckit in their honor. What although their breeks be mendit wi' meal-bags an' their coats patched wi' auld blankets?—these are only badges o' honorable service an' gude conduct, an' I'm vera sure gin I had a pair o' breeks had seen siccan adventures by fire an' flood, an' come through as mony hair-breadth 'scapes, I wad keep them in honor o' the occasion, rowed up in camphor an' set on the parlor mantelpiece below a glass case. Wha wadna' hae been the men gaun hame tae their hooses a' decked up wi' flags an' evergreens, an' that a'e man especially wha had "WEL-COME, JOHN" salutin' him on tap o' his ain door as he cam' awa up the street? tae say naething o' the poetry that's been written aboot them, an' the hunder an' fifty acres o' gude land, whilk nane has a better right tae than the men wha preserved it tae the kintra! Hech! hech! an' tae think I've missed a' this, juist for fear o' bein' scalped by an Indian, or shot wi' a half-breed rifle!

Whether it was me feelin' sae cheap aboot a' this or no, I dinna ken, but I never cam' nearer breakin' the peace than I did when I saw a caricature o' the dead heroes, Fitch an' Moor, made use o' as an advertisement in a hat store. There they were, the braw fallows luckin' like frichts, an' a' surrounded wi' hats o' every kind an' color, an' aneath was the legend, "I have fallen for my country." Truly, says I to mase!, they hae fallen low enough when their gude-luckin' features are caricatured in an advertisement for cheap hats, an' wi' that, I up wi' ma fit, an' in ma patriotic indignation, was aboot tae gie vent tae ma outraged feelin's by kickin' the window intill a thousand pieces when the consideration o' the price o' a pane o' plate-glass flashed through ma mind, in time tae save me bein' clutched by the police an' maiched off tae the cells as a dangerous lunatic.

The undertaker's declaration that "WE MOURN OUR LOSS" maun be accepted as true, in the face o' the commandment that we maun live "by faith an' no by sight." For a' that, it's a fact that the auld Adam o' human nature will gie an oneasy fidge in his coffin noo an' again.

But it was a grand reception, a royal reception, tae oor royal volunteers, that set me athinkin' that the king was comin' the cadger's road afore lang; for when the people honor the people, an' pay respect tae themselves an' tae their ain bravery and worth, in sic grand fashion, the time is drawin' nigh when kings an' governors an' a' sic like expensive figure-heads can be safely dispensed wi'.

Amang a' the rejoicin's, hoovever, aye a'e thoct was uppermost wi' me, an' after I cam' hame I just tuk ma pen an' scartit aff thae twa-ree verses, which I sign

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

THE HAME-COMIN', JULY 23rd, 1885.

They're marchin' doon the crowded street,
Our laddies bronzed an' braw,
Through dangers dread, through frost, through heat,
Hame safely through it a'.
The bells ring oot, the people cheer,
The flags are wavin' gay;
Wi' joy we greet the laddies dear
We sent in tears away.

I hear the throbbin' o' the drum,
The blithesome martial strain,
The trampin' o' the feet that come,
Tae welcome hame again.
But aye, 'mid a' the joy, the bliss,
Awairin' ane an' a',
Frae happy lips that smilin' kiss
The lads sae lang awa,

I think upon that field o' fame,
'That far an' lonely plain,
Where sleep they wha to love or hame
May ne'er come back again.
I think upon the tears that fa',
The hearts bereft an' sair,
The faces missed frae mang us a',
The lads that come nae mair!

OLLA PODRIDA.



MRS. BLUNDERBY.

"Ah, yes, poor fellow!" remarked good old Mrs. Blunderby, whose husband had been very ill, "he caught a severe cold, which settled on his chest and borax. The doctor said he wouldn't never have the right use of his pictorial muscles again, as the information would subtract them. He wasn't afraid of approaching desolation, and bore up wonderful, and finally recovered, so I shan't be a dissolute widow after all. Ah!" she continued, after a pause, turning over the pages of her illustrated Natural History, and gazing at a highly colored representation of a jackass' skeleton, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made, bairn't we, Jo?" and when Jo saw the cut on which his mother's eyes rested, he allowed we were.



OUR CLIMATE.

There must be a similarity, it would seem,

between the climate of California and that of Toronto, if Mgr. Capel be correct in his estimate of the climatic influence of the former, as stated in a newspaper, to wit: "Mgr. Capel says that the climate of California fosters irreverence, disbelief, lack of pure tastes, and meretricious morals." A walk up Yonge Street, and not only there, on a Saturday evening would verify that there is a similarity in one respect, namely, the "meretricious morals" part of the resemblance. Go and see.



THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Some of the gallant fellows who went to the Nor'-West find it impossible to obtain work now that they are home once more, though they held good positions which they were forced to resign when duty called them away. Verily, this is a grateful world.

Our Jack's come home from war to-day,
And brown and bronzed is he.
He tells of what he saw, away
In Nor'-West Territorree.
But he left a "sit" of a thousand dols.
For fifty cents a day,
And now he's lost his berth because
He had to go away.

CHORUS:
Our Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day,
But it is too bad that the "sit" he had
He lost when called away.

Our Jack like fifty Trojans fought,
His work and food were hard;
And now he's home again he ought
To get some fair reward.
But what he gets is—nought to do,
And fifty cents a day,
For he's not a dab at a salary grab,
So he merely takes his pay.

CHORUS:
Our Jack's come home to-day,
Our Jack's come home to-day,
Had he been sent to Parliament,
He'd have drawn far, far more pay.



ONE FOR THE 10TH R. G.

"And do you love your grandmamma?"
The good old lady asked the girl,
As, 'midst the dust and noise and whirl,
They watched the boys march home from war.

The maiden blushed—sweet sixteen's year
Was that which she had reached—and said,
As hanging down her auburn head,
"Oh, yes! I love my granny dear."

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.