



THE PROBLEM.

'Tis strange that a man should consort with Old Rye,
For he's sure to be ruined and disgraced—
To solve this old puzzle there's no use to try,
For there's no accounting for "taste."

TA HAPPY HIELANMAN.

Ho, Tonull! an' where 'ull ye pe goin' ta tay? Her nainsel, she'll pe goin' to ta meetin' of ta Happy Hielanman. Tey'll meet on ta Teusday night in ta Victoria Hall, an' there'll pe ta spokin', an' ta tancin', an' ta piper weess ta pipes, an' her nainsel, she'll gif a spoke. An' ye'll no pelong, Tonull? Heeh, but ye'll lost ta goot times! Ye'll can spoke ta Gaelic? Ay, surely, surely! Ay, Tonull, but it's a gran' spoke, ta Gaelic! She'll hears tat ta Gaelic wiss ta pest lankuage in ta world, an now ta Canatian Institute 'ull proofed tat she'll wiss ta oldest.

An' ye'll not gone to ta Ceilidhs? Ye'll heard off ta Ceilidhs, Tonull, tat tey'll had in Scoteland when ta young mans an' ta young weemens 'ull gone mad weess ta tancin' an' ta sparkin', an' ta goot times. So we'll had ta Ceilidhs here, an' we'll no had plenty when ta weemens 'ull gif them, so ta young mans 'ull gif them too. Ta Ceilidhs 'ull pe catehin', Tonull. Her nainsel 'ull gone an' try! Tonull, but we'll haf ta goot times! Weess ta tancin' an' ta pipers, an' ta heather-dew, she'll no haf so goot a time once pefore.

An' she'll pe so glad when she'll heard them sing ta Gaelic. Some of ta peoples 'ull said tat tey'll no sing in ta tune, but ta *Mail*, she'll know, an' ta *Mail*, she'll said tat ta sing was peautiful! An' if tey'll sing ta Gaelic out off ta tune, tat 'ull pe petter tan if tey'll sung ta Enklish in ta tune whateffer. Ay, Tonull, she'll pe a gran' spoke, ta Gaelic!

An' ta tancin', Tonull! Tey'll tance till ta poards 'ull

creak an' ta sweet 'ull came town ofer ta face. An' ta little girl! Her'll pe ta pest tancer in ta ceety. Her'll tance ta Hielan' Fling, an' ye'll no see ta shoes off her, Tonull, she'll gone so fast. An' ta piper! Hech, Tonull, but she'll pe ta poy! She'll plow like ta wint on ta Pen Neffis, an' ta skirlin' of ta pipes 'ull set all ta peoples moofin' ta foots on ta floor, an' tey'll all get up an' tey'll "hech!" an' tey'll tance an' ta hall 'ull pe full off it. She'll not see a pesser times, Tonull, since she'll left Inferness. An' ta spokin' in ta Gaelic! Her nainsel 'ull gave a spoke on ta "Groicheadhraibhain." She'll no praise her nainsel, but she'll no heard such spokin' for ten years alreatty. An' when she'll saw ta Gaelic in ta *Mail*, she'll no pe able ta spoke for gladness.

An' ye'll no can go, Tonull? Hech, but ye'll lost ta goot times! Ay, Tonull, but it's a gran' spoke, ta Gaelic!
CEILIDH.

JOCOSE JOTTINGS.

ARE sparrows "ring" doves?

Is Pope Leo a Roamin' lion?

HANLAN'S days at the oar are o'er.

A SHOCKING DEATH—killed by electricity.

THIS contest in Cardwell is a buy-election, isn't it?

YOU would not expect a fresh-et from Salt Springs.

D. MUIR is the mayor of Truro, N.S., and yet he is not a demure looking man.

There is a panic in the London tin market. A sort of tin-panic, probably.

If one swallow does not make a summer, several swallows will sometimes make one fall.

SPRINGHILL, N.S., has no lawyers, consequently no suers. It is of course deficient in drainage.

DOES a Game Protective Association protect a young pigeon from being plucked by a "poker" hawk?

THE statue of Boston's cultured pet, John L., must be a very striking likeness if it resembles the slugger.

THE One Thousand Guineas race at Newmarket was won by "Briar Root." A good horse to-back-oh!

THERE is very little difference between an oculist and an aurist. One is a nigh and the other's a near doctor.

MRS. SILLIBUS says, "now-a-days when a man makes love to another man's wife, he calls it Plutonic affection."

PROVIDENCE, R.I., officers poured \$5,000 worth of liquor into a sewer.—*Ex.* This is a new way of committing sewer-cide with the ardent.

W. T. McLEAN, of the *World*, announces that he will run for Cardwell in the coming by-election. He says he will run on the butter question.—*Ex.* If he does he is certain of a "strong" support.

CORSETS MUST GO. It is said that Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson don't wear them, except in some particular part.—*Boston Courier.* Men are a coarse-set to talk about such things, but "some particular part" is good. Where would they wear them if—but perhaps we are getting out of our depth.

INCOG.—The editor of the Halifax *Echo* asks the meaning of *incog*. If he will try the experiment of getting entangled in a cog-wheel making 1,000 revolutions a minute, he will probably discover that his appearance will be so thoroughly disguised, that even his creditors will not know him, and thus prove conclusively that *in-cog* means "unknown."
JOE KERR.