



"Maister Gladstone, G.O.M., this is the proodest moment in ma life. This meenit, sir, that witnesses this remarkable meetin' atween the Great Destroyer—noo dead, Gude be thankit—an' the Great Restorer, livin' an' likely to live—Lord be praised. When I luck at that axe in your hand, sir, an' think hoo it hammered down the dungeon doors at Naples, an' helpit Garibaldi to smash the chains that a monstrous superstition had forged roon the bonny ankles an' shapely wrists o' dark-eyed Italia,—hoo, like the iron hatchet o' the prophet, it swam, aye an' crossed the Gulf an' pried open the coffin lid, whaur Greece lay kickin' after just waukenin' up an' findin' herself buried alive; when I think on hoo it hammered awa at the oppressors of the Montenegris an' was aye gien the ither clip at a' kinds o' despotism an' tyranny, baith at hame an' abroad—I declare tae ye, sir, that gin ye wad only leave me that axe in yer legacy, I wad hae it embalmed in a wreath o' ivy an' putten under a glass case an' sent doon tae the Museum at Ottawa as a reminder o' what a'e simple weapon in the hands o' an earnest man can accomplish.

"On the ither hand tak Boney lyin' there. Kent ye ever a name more applicable to ony human bein'? Boney! the man was a manufacturer o' bones—he turned Europe intill a vast bone-yard; he was the genius o' destruction, a human Juggernaut whose devotees were sae drunk wi' glory an' ignorance as tae throw themselves doon tae be crushed aneath his chariot wheels. An' after a' his chariot got nae farther than St. Helena,—an here lie his puir bones. Boney in life—hoo much mair boney in death. France has been a gude deal better tae him than he ever was tae her. For his ain glorification he watered the plains of Europe wi' French bluid; for his ain glorification he left French bones for the vultures to pick, an' for manure for foreign vineyards (bones are a splendid thing for vines) but France brocht his bones hame carefully an' built this fine kirk on tap o' them an' paid sentinels tae watch them nicht an' day. I verily believe if the deil was dead a' mankind wad subscribe tae raise a monument abune his sulphurous carcase."

When I got through, the Grand Auld Mon stuck his Dante in his oxter, his axe aneath his airm and clappit his hands till I declare I was fered he would wauken auld Boney oot o' his nap; sae I implored him no' tae

dae sic an ill turn tae puir Boulanger, wha was quietly waitin' to thresh the Germans in order tae show something tae justify the extraordinary high opinion the French had somehoo gotten o' him.

After that we tuk a cab for the station, an' ye may be very sure I didna fail tae gie the auld mon a piece o' my mind aboot what I thocht o' the French ha'ein' naked worren an' men stuck up on a' the public buildin's, some o' them wi' the duds drappin' off their backs an some wi' deil a steek o' claes on ava. I'm just shakin' every time I turn a corner, an' that's a'e thing I maun say in favor o' that auld infidel, Voltaire; he had the decency tae tak his auld cloak aboot him, afore he got set up there in the middle o' the street for folk tae glower at.

Yours, till the next time,

HUGH AIRLIE.

Daggers.—I saw you give a dollar to that organ-grinder who played in front of your house the evening of your wite's party. What made you so extravagant?

Swaggers.—I had good reason to be. That organ-grinder is my wife's brother; and if I didn't come down handsomely when he comes round, he'd give the relationship dead away.

MISS JONES' ARISTOCRATIC MARRIAGE



R. JONES was an old man, a very old man; a man, however, still retaining all his faculties—especially memory. He forgot nothing. A long career of honorable industry had brought its reward of an affluent old age—his children had all married well, so far as the world goes—that's to say, they, having shown themselves to be possessed of the necessary pile, had been admitted into society, married in society, and held their heads high therein. In their cup of worldly pleasure, however, there was mingled one drop of gall, and that was "pa's frightful memory." It so happened that both daughters had married bank dudes—these dudes having left their polywog state of existence in the aristocratic frog-ponds of England, and come thither to swell out their waistcoats in a differently developed state of society. Canadian society has this contemptible weakness, that instead of being proud of having achieved the means of purchasing this world's coveted pleasures by honorable industry or rare business talent, it is ashamed of it—and the moment the most brainless idiot hailing from aristocratic England appears upon the scene, even though he may for the credit of the family have been packed off with an allowance to the colonies, to be out of the way;—that instant Canadian society, instead of calmly investigating his claims to be admitted into its inner circle—pales, blushes, rushes to cover up with a silken curtain the honorable past, lest forsooth the wholesome sweetness of honest labor might not be pleasing to the unhealthy tastes of his possible lordship. Mr. Jones was a singular man. Though he had, like the spider, worked with his hands at one time, still he neither spoke bad grammar nor used his h's promiscuously. Yet there were times when his daughters, had it not been for the sin of the thing, would have wished he was dead. The youngest sister of all was yet to marry, and the elder sisters were determined