



ST. ANDREW'S NICHT.

SANDY—"Eh! lassie, I'm no richt ava. I kenna what's wrang wi' me. I'm jist a' throughither."

KIRSTY—"Ye ken, faither, ye had an awfu' dose o' haggis, an' that an' coffee disna 'gree!"

SANDY—"Richt, my woman; a guid stiff tumbler o' he 'Glenlivet' will be jist the thing. I'll dauner awa hame, an' the toddy kettle 'll be faur better than nesty doctor's drugs."

THE DUMB BARBER.

The London papers state that the garrulity of barbers has led to a reformation in many of the leading establishments. The operators are now obliged to preserve strict silence when they have a man by the nose, instead of taking advantage of their position to assail the ears of their victim while lathering his mouth, and thus placing him *hors de combat*. Still the clatter of the operating barber is an institution of such long standing that we can scarcely contemplate its suppression without regret. The ticking of an old Dutch clock which has gone wrong so long "that the memory of man goeth not to the contrary," if suddenly stopped causes a disagreeable sensation. GRINCHUCKLE does not see, moreover, how all communication between the shaver and the shaved can be dispensed with. It is notorious that the chin is always in an advanced stage of lather before the operator dreams of asking whether the stubble is to be entirely removed or not. Then, when the invariable gash is made, the invariable apology—even if the torturer were securely gagged—would work its way out. In addition to this it would be cruel to cramp the operator's anxiety as to whether cutting is to follow shaving, and shampooing is to succeed cutting—whether the victim uses grease, oil, —. These difficulties, serious as they are, may be met by the adoption of a system of signals easy of comprehension.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

A paraphrase sometimes serves to bring out the sense of a document which, taken as it stands, seems to have no sense at all. For this purpose we supply the following paraphrase of the speech delivered by the Lieutenant-Governor at the opening of the Quebec Legislature.

Gentlemen, Honourable and otherwise:

I am very glad to see you here again. Your fortitude in choosing Quebec as your winter quarters interests me.

Since last session our farmers have gathered in an abundant harvest. You will not forget this when you take up the question of taxation.

It will gratify you to learn that the laws which you passed last session for the advancement of Agriculture, Colonization and Education have not been thrown into the waste-paper basket. The Government is entitled to your consideration for this unusual mark of respect for you.

Colonization is going forward. A few starving Norwegians have settled somewhere in the Province, thus increasing the consumption, and adding very materially to our resources.

The various Railway projects are in a state of forwardness. Several embarrassed municipalities have taken shares, and in a few years means of leaving the country at a nominal fare will be placed within the reach of all.

The expenses of the Civil Service have been enquired into, and, with a view to greater economy, it will be proposed to augment the salaries of the heads of the several departments.

I expect an early settlement of the question of the division of the surplus debt of the late Province of Canada, as the Treasurer has lately been called to another and more important political station.

I have done all I could to make Prince Arthur comfortable, and am glad to say that people generally have been equally civil.

You attempted too much last session, and will have to do half your work over again.

I have no doubt you will do the same this session with equal zeal.

I hope you will like it.

Bless you!

"Small profits and quick returns," as the Cornish immigrant said when he went to dig for nuggets in Griffintown.

"The untimely bier,"—when taken immediately after breakfast.

Unpardonable Gluttony—Devouring a book.

Notes discounted—Returned love-letters.