

bruther Bloomingnoze kame over from Rum Valley Korner) and lots of em put money into the Church trezury that nite that never had before. It was 10 sents a vote. I never saw such interest and enthuzzism in Church matters before. Dozen's of agents went out thro the kongregashin, & the money came rolling in bi the handful.

I akted as trezurer. I always do. The meeting lasted till 3 a.m., and when I announsed that the Perkinses had wun you never saw such exsitement. The Joneses left in a body, & have not bin bak, but as they only pade \$3 a yere, & we have the money & the empty seet for sum one else, we dont miss em. Finally I woud say to mi poor weak bretherin in the pasturate, if yu want peepel tu give freely tu the church, you must give em sumthing in return. Give em a pew that thay kan kontrol, & shut out the riff-raff, & tha'll give you the pew Rent. Give em a good entertainment in the Sundy serviss, and thayll give yu thare presens & a kollekshin. Give em lots of fun in yure soshel gatherings and thayll kum out and pay a small admittens fee. Give em a 50 cent dinner, and thay'll give you 25c. apiece to support the Chrestian religion. In short the peepel who attend church must have a *quid pro quo* for the money they put into the church.

I say to mi peepel, "Bretherin, Christianity is a religion of self-deniel. Its Founder gave Himself for you. The Martyrs died for there religion. Now do kum out tu the Tea Meeting on Wednesday, & sakrifize 25c. apiece, and we will give you a 50c. supper and a 50c. concert, & you'll go hum with full stummiks & a good konshens! Be heroic and valeynt soldiers in the Christian Army, & kum early." Thats how we make the Pufferville Church so grandly suksessful.

### SCOTTIE AIRLIE IN PARIS.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—



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HE only recollection I hae o' this voyage is bein' in a meeserable whummelt oot an' rowed in again kind o' condition, an' the manifestation o' an extraordinar' ang-sheety on the pairt o' ma inside to loup ower-board a' the time. I've a dream o' bein' knockit aboot in some toor o' Babel; an' the confusin' o' tongues! I get deaf when I think aboot it. Ony hoo, the first clear idea I got was that I was on the train at ane o'clock i' the mornin' an' birrin' awa on the road tae Pairis, an' tryin'

tae hammer intae ma ain head that this was France an' a' the folk I had seen were genuine Parlezvoos. Hech! hech! says I tae masel, this is France! an' I tried tae luck oot o' the windows—but I cud see naething, for there was an eclipse o' the mune that nicht. Whether it was gotten up in honor o' ma veesit tae Pairis or no I canna say just yet, but there's nae doot the French nation wadna lose the chance o' celebratin' the arrival o' a chiel frae GRIP office sent oot specially, an' regardless o' expense, tae tak' their measure an' size them up cor-reckly. Onyhoo—what wi' the dirlin' o' the train an' what wi' the stuffiness o' the box they had ma steekit up

in like as I had been a lion or a taeger in Barnum's procession, I fell asleep. Hoo long I sleepit I dinna ken, I'm sure, but when I waukened up—here we were flaein' at nae allooance through miles an' miles o' snaw. A cauld sweat brak ower me. I thoctht this was a second edition o' Paddy's voyage tae Bengal oot o' Cork Harbor an' in again. I hammered an' rappit an' roared tae the conductor, but deil a soond cud I mak' him hear; then I tried tae open the door, an' ye may picter tae yersel ma indignation tae find that they had the impidence tae lock me in. Sae great was ma anger that ma fist flew richt through the window afore I kent whaur I was. Hooever, it was a kind o' a Godsend after a', for it let in some fresh air, and gave me an opportunity tae get ma head oot an' luck aboot me a wee. Ma heart deed within me—there I was, back in Canada again, wi' miles an' miles o' snaw flaein' past like the witches after Tam o' Shanter. Plainly I maun hae gotten miscomfished wi' that thimmelfu' o' cognac they made me swallow, an' instead o' bein in sunny France, here they've set me on the wrang train—ma sea voyage was a' a dream—an' I'm beatin' an' ignominious retreat back frae Montreal tae Toronto! An' me an advocate o' the Scott Act! I'm



"LAPSUS LINGUÆ."

The Doctor.—Um—Let me feel your pulse.

no sure whether I swore—but I winna confess that I grat. At last, hooever, the train stoppit—an', resolved tae mak' the best o' 't, I said, "The next station's Toronto?" "We, Mouse-you, Rouen!" "Rouen!" says I, startin' up, "Lordsake, that's in France; ye dinna mean tae say I'm in France after a'?" says I. "We, Mouse-you," said he again, an' o' coorse I had gumption enough tae ken that was French for "Yes, sir." Weel, I was very gratefu' for a meenit or twa, but when I luckit up at the sky ma heart gaed flap doon again, as flat as a flounder, for there, smirkin' awa richt ower ma head, was the hale galaxy o' Toronto stars, nae ae single French star tae be seen among them—I was telt that the stars in French were *etoiles*, but deil an *etoile* cud I see, naething but the same auld bonnie blinkers lookin' doon an' gien' me aye the ither wink, as muckle as tae say, "Keep yer wuts aboot ye, noo, Hugh, yer in Parleyvoo-land, an', abune a' things, see ye keep clear o' that gullyteen, for yours is a head the world can ill afford tae lose."

Seein' I cudna better masel', wi' ma usual good sense, I just sat bolt upright an' waited or developments