

waste was ane o' thae kind o' creatures they ca' dudes. He was a' drossed up in bonny blue breeks an a white flannel coat, for a' the world like ane o' thae dolls o' the masculine gender that I've seen in store windows, the braw brass buttons bein' extraordinar' conspicuous. The meenit he saw me he clapt a goggle wi' a string on't tae his e'e, an' began e'ein' me frae tap tae tae, till I thoctt maybe he was some teel-yor's advertteezement lettin' on tae tak' ma measure for a coat an' breeks—but then, again, I thoctt maybe the puir creature was short-sichted, an' bearin' in mind ma grannie's receipt for e'ewater, I thoctt I micht as weel signaleeze ma vescit tae the Island by doin' a gude turn. Sae, stappin up, I says till him, "I'm sorry tae see a creature like you short-sichted; frae yer general appearance I canna think ye've ever injured yer e'esicht wi' book learnin'; the midnicht ile may enlarge the brain, but it contracts the e'esicht. Noo—" Here the dude whurled roon an' set aff like a shot, an' a lot o' impident little scoondrels o' laddies set up a great cheer, but whether they were cheerin' me or him I cudna mak' oot, for I was just liftit aff ma feet boddly wi' the crood comin' surgin' up frae the boats.

I was real vexed tae think I had on ma gude Sabbath-day claes, for the bonny gloss was rubbit clean aff ma gude black coat. The crood was just awfu', but when I saw them landin' boatfu' after boatfu', like hauls o' herrin' at the simmer drave—losh! I began tae get feared. I never saw sae mony folk thegither in a' ma life, an' raily the majority o' them seemed to hae sic a superabundance o' what ye wad ca' adipose matter that raily, when I began tae kalkilate the wecht o' the hale aggregate, I got terrible oneasy. I thoctt upon the Island o' Isky awa in Italy there that sank twa-ree year syne wi' far less wecht on't than was here. I thoctt, weel, noo, wadn't it be awfu' if this Island was just tae slip cannily doon oot o' sicht an' settle at the bottom o' the lake, an' maybe twa-ree hunder year hence, get hoisted up again wi' a kick frae the hind legs o' an earthquake? Hech! hech! what a terrible sensation it wad mak' tae see a' thae hundreds o' fossileezed pleassure-seekers—a solemn warnin' tae the thoctless lovers o' ease in that day an' generation. Sic an overpoorin' thoctt! An' then there wad be masel—a weel-preserved feeger, remarkable for perfect phesyeal development—an' hale columns o' the *Globe* an' the *Mail* devoted tae the descriptions o' the cast o' ma muscles in the mud, an' quarrellin' about ma supposed nationality, some sayin' I was a North American Indian, but the *World* chiefly inclined tae think the outline o' ma phesyeognomy was strikin'ly like the features o' the celebrated artist wha had come a' the road frae New Zealand tae paint his world-renowned picter, "The Ruins of London—A View from the Bridge." It was a solemncezin' thoctt, an' ane kalkilated tae set a man meditating on his latter end.

Hoover, tae prevent sic a catastrophe, an' tae relieve the Island o' several hunder tons avoirdupois, I thoctt the suner a wheen o' us got intae the watter the better, sae I awa up tae the office an' bocht ma ticket for a room an' a bathin' suit. I cud see wi' half an e'e that ma bathin' suit was never intended tae cover a man brocht up like me on atmeal, an' I had a terrible warstle gettin' masel' inside o' the thiings. Hoover, I managed somehow, an' got intae the watter. It was kin' o' cauld at first, an' made me sich an' sob like, but afore I was weel clear o' the fence I saw a sicht that made me forget the cauld an' gar every individual hair o' ma head rise on end. Nae less than three o' the biggest women I ever saw comin' waddlin' for a' the world like three fat jucks right in ma direction. I never was in sic a predicament in a' ma born days. I never dreamed o' women an' men soomin' promiscuous like this. An' what tae dao I'm sure I didna ken, nor did I get muckle time tae think, for

doon they cam, sae in desperation I sat doon ower the head in the watter till they wad pass by. But the very thing I did tae avoid them brocht them pell-mell doon upon me, for they had a haud o' hands, an' the middle ane no seein' me got tripped up, an' doon cam' the hale three on tap o' me, like a shoosher o' elephants! Losh me! siccan skrelichen an' skirlin' an rowin' an' tumlin' an' scartin' an' clawin'! It beat all the cockfechtin' ye ever saw. I was baith drooned, killed an' smothered. An' every time I wad get tae the surface an' yell "Murder!" I wad swallow aboot an ell o' lang, black hair floatin' on the watter. At length an' lang we got fairly sindered, the women soomed awa like as mony dolphins, an' left me tae ma ain meditations. It was a great relief tae me when I saw a weel-faured callant o' aboot sixteen come soomin' doon beside me an' speer gin I was sair hurt. I tellt him it was a wonder I was livin' awa, considerin' what I had gaen through the last twa-ree meenits baith in body an' mind. I hauled up ma sleeve an' lut him see the blue marks on ma shouther whaur the limmers grippit haud o' me, an' showed him a bare spot in ma croon whaur ane o' them had snatched a neivofu' o' ma hair. He was very kin' an' said it was a shame, but for a' that I cud see he cudna weel keep frae laughin'. Hoover, he said he wad keep an e'e on me an' see I didna get ony mair ill-usage frae women folk. Sae we soomed aroond awhile, an' then, seein' he was a rale decent, weel-faured fallow, I thoctt I wad gie him a bit o' gude advice. I tellt him tae steer clear o' women folk; they were a' kittle cattle, aye showin' themselves whaur they werna wanted; gio them an' inch an' they wad tak' an ell; gin they had their way, the men wad sune get kicked oot o' sicht a' thegither—wi' their roarin' for the franchisee an' a' the rest o' t—an' I pinted oot tae him hoo they had invaded the vera soomin' baths, sae as a decent body cudna come doon tae get a soom ance in the year without bein' smothered alive wi' them. A' this advice an' a gude deal mair I gae the young fallow, an' I was glad tae hear him say that he preferred the society o' men tae that o' women ony day, an' that I micht keep ma mind easy aboot him for he wad never marry ony woman born. But what were ma feelin's whan we were comin' oot, tae see him cut clean awa up the ither side an' intae the women's rooms. For twa-ree meenits I just grew sick—fearfu' sick. "No possible!" I keptit sayin' tae masel', but for a' that I had a deepenin' conviction that I had ance mair been made a fule o'. The young limmer! an' me a' the time thinkin' she was a young man!

As I stud up in the watter meditatin', I vowed never tae forsake the standards o' the Calvinistic Kirks, especially the doctrine o' everlastin' punishment, for it was naething but the fear o' riskin' everlastin' fire that keptit me frae droonin' masel' then an' there just tae be oot o' the road o' women.

Hoover, I scrambled up tae ma room someway, an' ye may be sure the meenit I got ma claes on I never ance luckit ower ma shouther, neither at the roller-coaster nor ony ither thing, but jist got doon an' aboard ane o' the sma' steamers, an' was glad tae find masel' on gude Toronto terry firmy ance mair. Aff coorse I didna want tae affront ma landlady wi' lettin' her ken that I had been fairly chased (figgeratively speakin') aff the Island by women, sae tae wile awa the time till sax o'clock, I tuk a daunder roon the ceety. I cam straucht up Yonge Street, an' turned aff on ane o' thae bonnie bits o' streets, green an' leafy, for a' the world like the far end o' a kintra village, an' afore lang I passed by a rale decent luckin' brick hoose wi' bay windows, an' at ane o' them wha should be sittin' but a braw lass, a' drossed up in nae end o' whirligigs an' falderals o' a' kind o' ither. Of coorse I tuk nae notice o' her, but jist gaed by, takin'

a swaucht o' her oot o' the corner o' ma e'e. I cud see vera weel she was luckin' at me, but I never lut on—I wadna gratiffee a woman's anity that far. But jist imagin' ma feelin's tae hear her whustlin' after me! Raily, I cudna help exclaimin' in the words o' the poet, Charlie Mackay:

"Toll me, ye winged winds  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Where women come no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the West,  
Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?  
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity, as it answered, 'No!'"

I never ance lucked ower ma shouther, sae seein' I tuk nae notice o' the whustle, she cries oot, "Scottie! Scottie! Scottie Airlie!" Noo, Wullie, I haena the sma'est objections tae be ca'ed by ma ain name, but a nickname I never cud thole—somehoo it aye raises a' the nick that's in me. Sae ma'rchin' right back wi' dignity in ma appearance an' fire in ma e'e, I stud up afore the young woman, an' says I, "Mem! nae doot ye think yersel' extraordinar' sma'it tae be ca'ed in names after a decent man that way, but—" Afore I cud feenish what I was gaun tae say she disappeared ahint the curtains, cryin' "Scottie! Scottie!" an' laughin' sic anither eldritch laugh! Of coorse impidencessae onprovoked as this I cudna be expectit to stand, sae I made up ma mind at ance, an' stappin' up tae the door, I rang the bell an' said I wantit a word wi' the faither o' the young woman that was sittin' at the window. A rale respectable luckin' man cam tae the door, an' glowerin' at me wi' great surprise, says, "Well!" I made nae apology, but merely said, "It's no for me to be keel-haulin' pawrents aboot their duty, but I'm jist gien' ye a freenly warnin' tae luek sharp after that dochter o' yours, or else she'll bring yer gray hairs in sorrow tae the grave." "What d'ye mean, sir?" he cries, grippin' me by the collar. At that critical meenit "Scottie! Scottie!" comes ringin' oot o' the pawrlor. "Noo!" says I, "D'ye hear that? There's ockler demonstration for ye. Will ye believe me noo?" Lettin' go haud o' ma collar wi' a great laugh, he bolts intae the pawrlor, an' brings oot a great big cage wi' a pawrot in't, an' the meenit the beast saw me he began whustlin' like mad, cockin' his head an' stridin' up an' doon an' windin' up his performance wi' fixin' on me an e'e like the Ancient Mariner's an' exclaimin' "Hello, Scottie!" Jist picter ma emotions!

Yer brither,  
HUGH AIRLIE.

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

#### WHO WAS ROASTED?

The Brantford *Expositor* offers a slight correction to our remarks on the subject of the Indian picnic held lately on the Six Nations Reserve. We stated (having the *Mail* report for our authority) that Mr. Wm. Patterson, M.P., was on that occasion roasted by his political opponents in the presence of the Indians. The *Expositor* alleges that the *Mail's* report was fiction throughout, and that "any roasting that was done, Mr. Patterson himself manipulated the toasting prong, and the general opinion of both Indians and whites was that the trio (John Joseph Hawkins, Watts and Henry) were 'done brown.'" As it is further stated that Hawkins himself furnished the *Mail's* report, the probability is that the *Expositor's* version is the correct one. But when will the Canadian press rise above the wickedness of saturating their reports as well as their editorials with partizan lye?