

AIRLIE IN PARIS.

(SECOND EPISTLE.)

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—



IRST an' foremost I maun tell ye a' about ma interview wi' the Grand Auld Man. Ye see I had just waukened up an' was stannin' glowerin' oot o' the window, scartin' ma head an' raxin' ma jaws a wee when wha does I see but the letter carrier comin pooterin' along the ither side o' the street. Sae I opens the window (thae French windows just open like doors, ye ken) an' sings oot "Hae ye onything for me there." "Jenny Comprong Pa?" says he, luckin' up.

"No" says I. "I'm no' Jenny Comprong's Pa; a' the family I hae is a'e wee bit laddie. My name's Airlie—Hugh Airlie—ye'll see't on the letter if ye'll only tak the trouble tae luck."

Weel the stupid fellow jist shook his head an' said again, "Jenny Comprong Pa," sae I tuk for granted that Jenny's faither was the only man in the buildin' that had a letter comin till him. Accordingly I steekit the window an' had jist gotten comfortably intae ma breeks when a ring at the door o' the flet I bide on waukened up Sandy. Ye see, Sandy, bein' a marrit man, bides in a very decent flet in the Shargs Louisa, an' I bide wi'



SOME EFFECTS OF THE NEW YORK BLIZZARD.

(REPRODUCED FROM A PRIVATE LETTER OF A CANADIAN RESIDENT OF GOTHAM.)

Sandy; it's cheaper than rentin' rooms frae the heathen Parlyvoos. So when the ring cam, Sandy sings oot, "Are ye up, Airlie?"

"Hoots; I, this oor an' mair," says I.

"Weel then, I wish ye wad see wha that is at the door."

"Wi' the greatest pleasure" says I, "Sandy." For ye see I aye try to be polite when I'm in France.

Awa I gangs to the door, an' wha d'ye think it was but the wee bit wizened mannikin they ca' the concierge, an' gabblin' something or ither in his outlandish tongue, he hands me a letter wi' the Florence post mark on it. It was addressed "Hugh Airlie, Esq., Special Correspondent Toronto GRIP, Champs Elysees, Paris." Wi' some trepidation I opened the letter an' read as follows:—

"MY DEAR AIRLIE,—

"As I will be passing through Paris to-morrow, will you come down to the station and meet me when the train arrives at noon. I cannot allow the opportunity of making myself acquainted with such a remarkable man to pass without availing myself of it. Besides, there are certain matters which I should like to enquire into personally, chief of which is the working of Home Rule in Canada and the feeling of the masses in regard to Ireland. Before proceeding to England I wish to be assured of the moral support of Canadians, which the treatment of Editor O'Brien had led me somewhat to doubt. I have the honor to be, my dear Airlie,

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Wi' the letter i' ma hand I steppit ben tae Sandy's room, an' chappin' at the door, I says "Sandy McDaunder, for gudesake tell yer gudewife tae hurry up an' licht the fire an get me a bite o' breakfast."

"What's yer hurry?" says he.

"I've jist gotten a letter frae the Grand Auld Carle Gladstone, an' he's made a tryst wi' me tae meet him at the station at noon," says I.

"No' possible," says Sandy, jumpin' oot o' bed. "Just wait a meenit, I'll be there the noo." An' wi' that, ben he comes an' quo he "Weel, Hugh! ye'll better tak the len' o' my silk hat gin ye're gaun to see Gladstone. Hae ye a clean collar tae pit on?" says he.

A cauld sweat brake on me when I minded that I had gein ma last collar tae the washerwoman, but Sandy again cam tae the rescue, sae, after a gude breakfast, I got rigged oot in ma best checked tweed an' Sandy's black silk hat. It was a fine hat—as far as it gaed, but that wasn't a very far, for it jist sat up on the croon o' ma head, an' deil a bit further doon could I get it. Hooever, as there was nae wind tae speak o', it managed tae stick on. Ye may be sure I keptit up the dignity of ma poseetion when I gaed marchin' up an' doon the platform waitin' for ma freen, but at length the train cam slowin' in, wi' a venerable nose an' chin that I recognized the meenit I clappit ma een on them, stickin' oot o' the car window. I wasnae sae sure though about him kennin' me in Sandy's silk hat, sae I never let on but stood richt in front o' the platform carefully readin' GRIP, for I kent he wad recogneeze me by that. Sure enough, wi' the tail o' ma e'e I see's a fine white hand stretched oot o' the car window an' a voice sayin', "How's a' wi' ye, Airlie?" An' afore ye cud say Jack Robinson he was oot on the platform wi' an axe handle in a'e hand an' a volume o' Dante in the ither, crackin' awa to me like ony five-year-old.

"Noo," says I, cleekin ma airm intill his, "you jist cam awa wi' me, an' the first thing we'll go tae the tomb o' Napoleon."

Well, when we cam doon the Boulevard Invalides, an' at last stood luckin doon wi' oor hats off at the last restin' place o' the great destroyer, Gladstone he luckit at me an' I luckit at him, but for a meenit I could only say "Hech! Hech!" After a wee, hooever, a cauld draught made this sort o' thing a wee tiresome, sae, clappin' on ma hat again an' strakin' a becomin attitude, I said:—

