

KEEPING HER MEMORY GREEN.

HERE we go round the jubilee bush,
The jubilee bush, the jubilee bush,
Here we go round the jubilee bush
To "keep her memory green!"

But when, oh when did Victoria die,
Victoria die, Victoria die,
When, oh when did the good Queen die,
Whose memory you'd keep green?

Victoria is alive and well,
Alive and well, alive and well,
Victoria is alive and well,
Whose memory you'd keep green.

Now think of this, brave Torrington,
Good Torrington, sweet Torrington,
And when you're dead, dear Torrington,
We'll keep your memory green.

J. K. L.

AIRLIE CRUSHED.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Tae say I've gotten a sair disappointment wad ill express ma feelin' at the present meenit. Ye see aboot a fortnicht since Mistress Airlie, my wife, was just crossin' the street tae get some soor milk tae bake a wheen soda scones for oor tea, when, steppin' on a broken plank i' the sidewalk, doon she cam wi' a skelp, smashin' tae pieces a great big beautiful joog that had been an heirloom in the family for mony a year and day. As far back as she could mind that joog had been o' great use an' ornament in the hoose—an' ower an' ower again she's heard her grannie braggin' hoo she got that joog in exchange for twa pillowslips-fu' o' rags an' bones frae an auld pedler who was mortal drunk at the time. As if the loss' o' sic an' expensive joog wasna' enough, me leddy waun e'en break her airm intae the bargain! An' there was me had tae rin for the doctor, an' get the bane set; but the wife thocht mair o' the broken joog than the broken airm,—the airm wad heal an' be as gude as ever, but whaur wad she ever get a joog tae compare wi' the one she had lost? An' then it aye put her in mind o' the auld kintra', a thing the best joog in Canada hadna' the poore tae dae. I thocht she wad fairly break her heart an' gang intill a decline aboot that joog—till a'e memorable day, in steps a pawky neebor an' says he, "Mistress Airlie" says he, "it's a mystery tae me what for a sensible woman like you desna' mak the ceety pay damages for that joog, tae sae naething aboot yer airm."

"The ceety?" says she.

"Of coorse," says he, "enter a claim agin the ceety for haen a lowse plank in the sidewalk an' gar them pay the damage—say five hunder dollars or sae."

Crack aboot changé o' air, or a sea voyage for health, ye never in a yer born days saw sic a change for the better in that woman, when the notion o' gettin five hunder dollars damage oot o' the ceety tuk a grip o' her. She got better the very next day, an' doon she gaed on her ain feet tae Maister Coatsworth and lodged her claim—for the broken airm, but particularly for the joog. Maister Coatsworth was a kin' o' disposed tae think little o' the joog bisness; but afore she left that office I've nae doot he was fully alive tae the great loss she had sustained. She explained till him that this joog wasna' a joog ava, but a vase o' priceless worth, frae the fack o' its bein' howkit up oot amang the ruins o' Herkylainium tae say naething o' Pompey. It was originally supposed tae haen been made in a subterranean pottery by the on-earthly heathen gods—an' been in the oven dryin' at the time their kiln tuk fire; causin' the eruption of Vesoo-

vius, at which eruption nae doot it had been thrown up, an' rowed doon red het intae the streets o' Pompey, whare it lay till it was picket up by an auld Scotchman who was just takin' a daunder amang the ruins o' the buried ceety after the manner o' his kind. An' in proof o' her statement, Mistress Airlie undertuk tae produce in open coort, nae less than three cracks in the boddom o' that vase which wad speak in a way that Caesar's wounds cudna' haud the cannell tae. Moreover there was a work o' art superior to onything in Michael Angelo's line pent on the side o' it, showin' that in thae auld days o' antiquity—the gods werna' without taste, even though they were only Greek and Roman fallows, an' never had the blessed privilege o' learnin' the Shorter Catechism. This picter was nae less than William of Orange crossin' the Boyne—an' ma wife said she tuk gude care tae tell Maister Coatsworth that Landseer himsel or Rosey Bonhear cudnae haen painted a finer bit o' horse-flesh, than was on the side o' that joog—I mean, the vase.

Weel, the matter was left in the hands o' the ceety solicitor, an' in the meantime, the way that woman laid oot that five hunder dollars was something extraordinar. She had me clean worn off ma feet for want o' sleep an' a' the clerks o' the warehooose declared I was in for typhoid fever. I got sae howe an' thin wi' ma twa e'en glowin' like burnt holes in a blanket. First—she wad haen a set o' cheeny—an' then thae twa fine lots oot at Rosedale,—sic a fine genteel locality,—wad I gang oot an' look at them some Sabbath afternoon—seein' I needed a walk an' a breath o' fresh air for the benefit o' ma health. Then fifty dollars o' it was tae be putten in the bank tae pit the bit leddie through the college some aichteen year after this—he had a fine head an' she was sure wad be a burnin' an' a shinin' licht some day. Gude kens, the broken airm might be a blessin' in disguise—but there was a'e thing she was *determined* tae get the very first whup, an' that was a new black silk goon trimmed wi' real lace an' a bannet suitable for wearin' wi' it. A' this she wad keep bummin' in ma lug just when I wad be doverin' off tae sleep, emphazeesin' an' punctuat' her sentences wi' aye the ither nudge wi' her elbow intae ma ribs, till a'e nicht, I raily had tae tell her that if she didna pit a pillow atween ma ribs an' her elbow I wad rin the risk o' haen a cancer frae the effects o' sic constant dabbin. I cud sleep better after that, an' sometimes I wad haen ma first sleep an' wake up an' there was she expatiatin' awa aboot the beauties o' a set o' furniture she had haen her e'e on for months afore the breakin' o' the joog—eh—I mean the vase. At length an' lang I began to believe we really had struck a bonanza after a' an' had begun tae consider whether I wadna gang intae the real estate business or maybe buy oot some corner grocery an' set up for masel. Wha kens noo thinks I, but what ance I get a wheen bawbees rakit thegither I might get a wheen o' ma customers tae rin me for alderman—frae that tae mayor—frae that intae parliment—in fack the day might come when I might be Governor General—I wadna mind takin' the job for a thooosen or twa less an' that wad be ae advantage tae the kintra ye see. On the strength o' thae prospects I bocht a box o' paper collars—gray flannen anes bein' ower common lookin' for a man in ma position in prospective—but waes me! there were still three o' thae collars left in the box when in came a communication frae the ceety solicitor, tae say that the accident havin' been proved to be entirely Mistress Airlie's ain faut the ceety cudna in sic a case be held responsible. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

HUGH AIRLIE.