



A CASE OF TOUCH AND GO.

## LOVELY WOMAN.

SHE may be the weaker vessel,  
But, tell it not in Gath,  
No feeble vessel can well contain  
So strong a brand of wrath.

## AIRLIE RETURNS FROM ABROAD.

MR. GRIP,—Nae doot ye'll be glad to hear that instead o' comin' hame a full fledged Mahatma, I've arrived safe frae Thibet just my ain worthy sel'. I tried lang an' sair to dijest the Theosophical ideas, sittin' glowerin' at naething for hours at a time in the hope that the speerits we hear sae muckle aboot would begin to make their appearance, but never a speerit could I see, glower as I liket. When I complained to the chief Mahatma he said: "You are too stiff-necked and too practical a subject to come properly under the influence of Theosophy, and you have too much materialism still rankling in your soul. Tear up hankerings after earthly things by the roots; eradicate them entirely; become passive as a graven image, and with your mind thus open to spiritual impressions, you will soon fall under the influence of the spirits that people the Theosophical world." I didna think the game worth the candle, however, an' so I persuaded the auld man to dismaterialize me so that I could travel cheap an' without a railway ticket. He was very obligin', I must say; but just as I fand myself meltin' into a sort o' a gray mist, warranted to travel wi' the wind at the rate o' a hunder an' fifty miles the meenit, it strak me forcibly that Mrs. Airlie nichtna recognize me in my spiritual body, an' that, ye ken, would be an awfu' business for a wife no to ken her ain man. I felt certain

that no amount o' reasonin' would ever convince her that a stoot, able-bodied, wicelike man like me, could ever be converted into a licht an' airy spook; an' then there was nae mortal possibility o' me keepin' up my usual dignity, because ye see I was sae wamful, aye doublin' ower to a'e side, an' wiggle-wagglin' aboot for want o' my banes to prap me up. I never in a' my life realized the worth o' my skeleton afore, the worth o' a solid foundation to my character. Lordsake! man, for a meenit or two I felt like a dude bereft o' his cane an' e'e-glass—a pitiful non-entity. My hair sprang up on end at the possibility o' this backbaneless condition becomin' permanent, when, terror-stricken I roared oot, "But hoo am I to get mysel' thegither again? When I get to Toronto will I hae to stand an' jeel like potted-head?"

"Get on a street car whenever ye strike the Queen City," says he; "by the time ye get hame to your ain door ye'll be as hard as a fossil, an' as auld."

I took his advice an' boarded a street car early in the mornin', an' in aboot twa oors we had gotten half a block up Spadina an' I had materialized sufficiently to be veesible to the naked e'e o' the conductor, for he cam round an' held up his pirlypig for me to drap my fare into. Then he speired if me an' the rest o' the passengers would be kind enough to stap oot and shove the car on the rails, but I thought I had better let ither folk do that, an' so I sat still while the ither lifted the car, an' me intill't, a sair blamed an' misunderstood man—for hoo could I explain to *them* that I wasna sufficiently jeel'd yet for hard work. There was a general resurrection o' street car rails gaun on an' our progress was consequently slow, but aboot eleven o'clock at nicht I at last got to my ain door, only to find the way in blocked up by a high sand bank, into which I sank ower the head when I tried to climb ower. There I lay a' nicht, an' the first thing Mrs. Airlie saw when she wakened up an' lookit oot o' the window was your humble servant wrigglin' up oot o' the sand, an' I can tell ye her tongue wasna in her pooch. She actually accused me o' bein' drunk an' incapable; wouldna listen to me when I telled her hoo I had been melted to mist an' firmed up again, and wanted to ken if I wouldna like her to try her hand at dismaterialization. I said naething in reply—the man that is fule enough to argue wi' a woman has neither the wut nor the wisdom of

HUGH AIRLIE.

## AN UNWELCOME SUITOR.

MISS CANADA'S REPLY TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

(See cartoon on first page.)

IN vain you strike the dulcet lute,  
You cannot move my heart,  
I will not listen to your suit,  
Or with my freedom part.  
How should I trust your amorous plea  
When you such temper show?  
A union with you would be  
I fear a source of woe.

Were you more amiable and fond,  
We might be happy yet,  
But how can my free heart respond  
To love enforced by threat?  
'Tis vain, the man by whom I'm wooed,  
Must in love's ways be versed,  
Not by Soon tolls can I be sued,  
I'll never be coerced!

## AMONG THE TRAMPS.

WRAGGLES—"I hear that you have been workin'."  
SCRAGGLES, (*guiltily*)—"Well, a fellow must have some relaxation."