

o' the hair dye wad save baith time and trouble, for I consider I'm faur ower young a man tae alloo masel' tae turn gray-headed just yet. Sae I bocht a bottle o' the dye, an' slippin' it intill ma coat pouch, I cam awa hame, thinkin' I wad pit it on, on the sly, when Mistress Airlie wad soon' sleepin'. I hadna' lang tae wait afore the welcome soond o' a snore tauld me I was safe tae get up. I didna daur licht the lamp though, an' in the dark I just fummel'd in ma coat pouch, an' gettin' haud o' the bottle I howkit oot the cork wi' ma pen-knife, an' poorin' oot the stuff on ma lufe, I slaikit first ma beard an' whiskers, an' then wi' a fresh supply I gae ma head a guid soond drookin', rubbin' the claggy liquid weel in at the roots o' ma hair, an' then I crap slyly in aneath the blankets, an' in two minutes I was like a tap. Hoo lang I sleepit gude only kens, but I was waukened up wi' the maist oncarthly schreechin' o' Mistress Airlie—"Hughie, Hughie, there's somebody haulin' oot ma hair by the roots. Oh! mur-r-r-der!!!" Ye may be sure—up I jump in dooble-quick time—or rather I tried tae, for the meenit I liftit ma head frae the pillow, ma ain' hair was clutched onmercifully, an' Mistress Airlie, wi' anither unconscionable yell, plantit her nails in ma cheek banes just as if that wad mend matters. Od I was mad! "Gin ye'll gie a man a chance tae get up an' licht a lucifer, I might see what the deevil a' this nocturnal hair-haulin' means," says I, shovin' her awa frae me, but just as she fell back on the pillow didna ma ain' head gae doon wi' a jerk, for, gude hae a care o' me! oor heads were glued thegither, an' baith o' them glued tae the pillow, sae that when we tried tae sit up, up cam' the pillow, an' vicey versey. Here was a predicament tae be in—an' what ma feelin's were when, wi' a cauld grue, it began tae dawn on me the most awfu' mistak' I had made—may be better imagined than describit. Ye see I had brocht hame frae the warehooose that afternoon a bottle o' mucilage, a lang bottle, wi' the cork weel dung in, an' when in the dark I got up tae slake ma head wi' hair-dye, didna I gang intae the wrang coat pouch, an' instead o' dye I had poored, at nae 'alooance, half the contents o' that bottle o' Tam Tamson's mucilage, for pastin' addresses, on ma devotit head! Mistress Airlie, ye maun ken, has a magnificent head o' hair, an' at night, afore lyin' doon, she pykes oot two-ree gross o' hairpreens oot o't, an' lets it a' doon, an' this bein' spread oot, what ye wad ca' contiguous tae whaur I clappit doon ma dreepin' locks, the result was a union, that had nae parallel in the civilized world, except in the union between England an' Ireland. By this time ma wife was roarin' an' greetin', an' tellin' me that if she lived tae see the licht o' a new day, she wad hae a divorce, she wad pit up wi' no more o' my drucken tricks—an' so forth—after the mainner o' women generally. Hoo the bisness wad hae ended, gude only kens, but just then a great red licht filled the room—the fire alarm rang, an' jumpin' up baith at ance wi' the pillow stickin' hard and fast at oor back necks, we saw that a neebor's hoose across the road was a-fire, an' by the increasin' licht it was ma gude luck tae discern the gleam o' a pair o' shears lyin' on the bureau.

I'll gie ye a week, hooever, tae prepare yer mind for the tail-end o' the catastrophe, for I canna mak' up ma mind tae inflick a' its horrors on ye at ance—sae till next week, yours, sairly doon i' the mooth, HUGH AIRLIE.

THE negro minstrel is seldom as black as he's painted.

"A LIAR should have a good memory." Not if he wants to feel happy.



WE'RE PROUD SHE IS A CANADIAN.

IN these days of boodling and breach of official trust, it cheers GRIP's heart to have a chance to make a clipping like the following :

On Saturday, Mrs. DeZouche, charwoman at the Post Office, when passing down Place d'Armes Hill picked up a portfolio. Seeing there was money in it, Mrs. DeZouche at once returned to the Post Office and handed over her find to Mr. Lamothe, saying as she did so, "I have just kicked against this on the street, and believe, from the shabby appearance of the portfolio, that some poor man has lost a considerable sum of his employer's money. I bring it to you that you may, if possible, return it to him immediately."

The postmaster took the purse, counted out the money in it, and found it contained no less than \$170. On Monday he saw an advertisement in a city paper describing the owner's loss, and offering a reward of \$40 for its return. Mrs. DeZouche, although a poor, hard-working woman, refused to accept this sum, saying it was too much. She was finally prevailed upon to accept \$20.—*Montreal Witness.*

QUESTIONS IN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS

WHICH HAVE NOT APPEARED IN "ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT."

MYTHOLOGY.

1. Who was Bishop Cleary?

Ans.—He was an ecclesiastic whom the Romans sent to Crete (modern Canada) to deliver the maidens whom the Public School Minotaur demanded as a yearly tribute. He lost the thread of his discourse at Napanee, and got into a labyrinth from which he in vain tried to find his way out. Leaving everything in a muddle he sailed to Rome.

2. Give a sketch of Garth Grafton.

Ans.—She was the Goddess of Wisdom who sprung from the brain of Jupiter. *My nerve* a kind of twitching felt whenever I read the *weekly* lucubrations. Afterwards she got stronger and went to live on a *Star*.

3. What do you know of the G.O.M.