



NAILING IT WITH SCRIPTURE.

SCENE—Ballachulish—M'Pherson, who has been found "appropriating" his landlord's lambs, is taken to task by the Factor.

Factor (sternly).—Now, M'Pherson, you're a respectable man and an elder in the kirk. I'm ashamed to have to charge you with stealing lambs. It has been proved against you, and I believe you don't deny it. What have you got to say for yourself?

M'Pherson (slowly).—Weel, sir, ass a crofter ant an elder, aal I'll say iss shust this: *Ta Lord's my shepherd I'll never want!*

—The Chiel.

THE NEXT MORNING.

IMPROVED EFFORT ON BYRON'S "HE WHO HATH BENT HIM," ETC.

He who hath looked with aching head,
Where pipes and glasses still are spread
In the first hour of seediness,
The lust of seeing such a mess
Before the housemaid's handy fingers
Have swept the room where smoke still lingers,
And marked the rank, unwholesome air—
The musty symptoms everywhere,
The tumbler that so plainly speak
Of what has caused that pallid cheek;
And but for that strong, stale cheroot,
Which sickens now his very soul;
And but for that half-empty bowl,
Where lemon peel, and rum to boot,
Appal the seedy gazer's heart—
As if they ne'er had formed a part
Of what he'd lavished praise upon—
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, aye till office hour,
He still might doubt false whiskey's power.
But no, to bed he faintly reels,
So sad the sight that room reveals.

THE M.P.'S WIFE ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I never really did know how far out of the world Rural Dell was, (though I've often told Lucius it was dull for the girls—hardly an eligible man in the place,) until I heard that Parliament had had no end of a time sitting up and talking about the Woman's Suffrage, and here in Rural Dell we'd never even discussed the question at the Sewing Society, nor any of us been asked to sign our names to any petition to forward such a movement, so no wonder it makes me mad to think of that great soft husband of mine giving the motion the weight of his influence, which isn't much which is one blessing, and me here at home with the younger children never knowing anything about it until I saw the newspapers. What on earth do we want votes for? I should think every sensible

woman would find her hands full enough managing her husband's house without having the cares of the nation thrown on her shoulders, and if any woman (and there is one here and there no doubt) fails, with present advantages, to twist her husband round her finger, she can take my word for it voting ain't going to help her get him under her thumb.

Lucius acting like this makes me feel awful mad, though, for another reason. I'm afraid it'll interfere with the girls' prospects, for likely as not the world has so little regard for the truth, people'll say that I henpeck their pa, and that I, the most womanly of my sex, have egged Lucius up to doing it, and add, that of course my daughters take after me and are strong-minded. It is not for girls to have a reputation for anything, but for being strong-minded it is truly awful; the very thought of those sweet girls, the *face-similars* of their mother, (I hope you won't think my quotation from the Latin mannish), makes me fairly shiver. Anyone that knows Mary and Jane would never think of accusing them of knowing a great deal or being strong-minded. I've taken too much trouble with their education for that, and they've belonged too long to an M.P. family to want to have a hand in politics. I don't suppose any earthly consideration would induce them to vote unless maybe at a bazaar for the most popular young gentleman in Rural Dell. Poor dears, it's the first time I've let their pa go to Ottawa without me to look after him, and all from motives of economy too. I see now that, in private as in national affairs, economy is a mistake, and I've written to Lucius to come right straight home and take me to Ottawa. It is funny to me if it wasn't bad enough for some of those silly old members to give us a vote, which we haven't asked for, but they must be complimentary enough to think of us only

when they've got the Indian franchise on the tapis—that I should think would be enough to settle the question with any liberal-minded lady. I suppose if an Indian cultivates the land, gets education, and wants to become a civilized being no one ought to prevent his getting a vote if it'll help him to give up his wild ways; but I don't suppose anyone calling herself a lady wants to go up to the polls where she would be liable to be elbowed by any child of the forest in his usual airy summer clothing. If there are any women so bold I can only say that they need never hope to cultivate the refined acquaintance of,

Yours, a lover of home rule,
ELIZA FENCHERMAN.

P.S.—There's Lucius' cousin, Maria Fencherman, says they are going to give the vote to unmarried women only. An outrageous partiality indeed: fancy my Mary and Jane when they were of age being set up higher than their mother! Eliza Fencherman isn't the woman to give up parental prestige without a struggle—that'll be a hard enough subject to tackle with my sons-in-law when I get them. Give up my home rule to public voting by my girls, not quite! I'll head a society for the Suppression of Females Voting first—and mercy on us, what flirtation would go on (if it was made law) under the name of canvassing! Widows would become all powerful, and people grow as polite to old maids as they are now to married women—the matrons of the country will never submit to that—no, never.

E. P.

Sydney Smith, a Canadian, has a strong paper in *The Current* of May 30 earnestly and forcefully advocating Canadian Independence. He maintains that Canada will not properly develop as long as she remains a colony.

A NIGHT IN NOVEL LAND.

A FREE LIBRARY EXPERIENCE.

There are events in the lives of the wisest that often baffle explanation, and though I do not set myself up as a wise man (rather set me down as a fool) to me the following experience is fully on a par with any mystery that may have come within the range of the wisest life. Without further remarks, save to state that I am no disciple of Bacchus, let me proceed with my story. I had read the daily papers in the reading-room of the Free Library, how long I know not, when a hearty thump fall upon my back, and a cheery voice said: "Vhy, guv'nor, you look down in the mouth, as the shell said to the oyster as it vended its vay to the man's stomach."

Turning round sharply I saw Sam Weller, in all the glory of his new suit. There was no mistaking the fact. I rubbed my eyes. Could I be dreaming? Before I could conjecture further, Mr. Weller spoke again: "The guv'nor's not far off. He'll be pleased to see you."

Sure enough Mr. Pickwick was coming towards me; there were his beaming features, shining spectacles and amply proportioned body so well known to me.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Pickwick, shaking my hand most heartily, "I am pleased to meet you. Sam told me that a stranger had stayed behind, and such we cordially welcome."

"Mr. Pickwick," I said, "it is indeed a great pleasure to meet you out of your covers. Pardon the allusion to your bondage."

"Vy, folks little dream as we leaves our books as we do; they thinks we are bound to 'em, sir," put in Mr. Weller with a chuckle.

"They do not, Sam," responded his master. "Now call together the Select. Our friend will be pleased to meet them."

Sam hurried off, and Mr. Pickwick had barely time to explain to me that the noted ones of Novel Land had formed themselves