

The Cook.—Sir! sir!! There's a Zep'lin  
outside, and if you don't come wi' the  
keys of the cellar, we'll all be in—in—  
even in a couple o' minutes!

The Curate.—God forbid!—London  
Union.

The Kirk Deacon.—“Whin I look at the con-  
gregation seated in the pews I ask mysel  
where's the puir’! When I look at the  
section at the close of the service I

The news of the death of A. Johnston, 26

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