

oot o' his hand. Ye see, I wanted tae impress the fallow wi' a sense o' the respect due till a man wha had his letters addressed "esquire," an' tae let him see I was quite used tae that kind o' thing, an' sae was in nae hurry or nae way uplifted aboot it. But, eh, man! was na I uplifted indeed when I read that letter! It was frae Sandy Macnabb, nae less, announcin' the fack that the poet McLachlan was comin' tae see me, an' that the twa wad hae the pleasure o' ca'in' on me that afternoon! I think I maun hae turned a kind o' white aboot the gills when I read that, for ane o' the clerks cam rinnin' wi a tumler o' cauld watter tae me an' anither ane flew tae the tap an' brocht his pocket neepin' just dreepin', an' clappit it on ma forehead, an' kind o' brocht me tae masel again. After that I crawled intae the office, an' says I tae Maister Tamson, "I wad like tae get aff this afternoon, if ye thocht the warehoose wad come tae nae harm on account o' me bein' awa." I said this sae solemnly that he let me aff at once; an' hame I cam in a bonny state, ye may be sure. Mistress Airlie was frichtened oot o' her senses when she saw me; but I just telled her tae be rautional an' keep a caum sough, an' I wad tell her by-an'-by. But when I saw the poor creatur drap intill a chair an' pit her haund on her heart sae pitifu' like, I telled her I was gaun tae get a veesit frae the poet. The words warn a weel oot o' ma moo when she spert if I didna find a strong smell o' soot, like somebody's lum afire or something, an' oot she ran doon the backyard pretendin' tae luck whase lum was a burnin', but in reality tae tell the woman next door that the poet was comin'. Od, I was mad! the creatur she was speakin' tae cudna tell a poet frae a parritch stick; but *when* will folk learn no tae cast pearls afore swine? If it had been the like o' me noo! Hooever, she's but a woman, an' we maun luck ower a hantle whaur they're concerned, though tae gie her justice, she has aye ma denner ready.

Weel, I rigged masel out in ma best Sabbath-day coat, ma white waistcoat, an' the new breeks I had providentially just bocht at Jamieson's the ither day, an' after gettin' Mistress Airlie tae preen on a braw yellow necktie in honor o' the occasion. I telled ma wife tae gae awa tae the tap o' the hoose, an', like sister Ann, sing oot when she saw onybody comin'. Meantime, I gaed into ma front paurlor an' sat in state for three mortal oors, waitin' the greatest event o' ma life, the veesit o' the poet. At last a thunderin' rap gart me loup three feet i' the air. Mistress Airlie flew tae the door, but I sternly waved her back. Naebody but masel should welcome the poet on ma threshold. Wi' beatin' heart I opened the door, an' there he stood, every inch a poet! There was the lang hair, the dark e'e in fire-frenzy rollin', the fine aquiline nose (rather lang at the neb, though), an' the pale, spirituelle look on his face, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." A'e glance was enough—an' he was just openin' his moo tae speak when I whuppit ma airms roon him, faulded him tae ma warm Scotch heart, an' liftit him in bodily an' set him in ma muckle easy chair, an' was just aboot to present him wi' a screed I had composed, beginnin', wi' "Hail, bard o' Ameranth!" when ma fine poet starts tae his feet, an' squares his fists at me, glarin' like a very deevil, an' shoutin', "Mien Gott! Vat vas you do? I vants buy your old clothes, und I goes the city round, undt vat for you like der tuzvel grab me? Ach! der lunateek!" An' wi' that oot o' the door he flew! Just imagine my purr feelins—me carrit awa wi' ma enthusiasm sae as tae embrace an auld claes man for the poet! I'm no the better o't yet, though when McLachlan *did* come, wi' his sensible Scotch face and kindly

smile, it made up for it a'. But what passed then is nae-thing tae naebody but oorsell's. It was just a rest an' a crack on the roadside o' life wi' twa forgotten travelers, wha trust to meet again, if no here, then ower yonder, whaur "the day's aye fair." HUGH AIRLIE.



BEHOLD these three lanky old ghosts,
As slim as three telegraph posts,
If it rains they're all right,
And their plug hats so whight
They'll protect, for a 'brella each bhoists.

"AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO!"

MR. R. J. BURDETTE, the well-known humorist, writes GRIP as follows in reference to our recent Home Rule cartoon:—

"It is the best thing on the situation that has yet appeared in any of the illustrated journals on either side of the pond. There is a whole volume in it. GRIP's friends have every reason to be proud of him, and the wise old bird might wear peacock feathers, did they become him."

THE LAY OF THE BOLTERS.

THE Bolters are a wondrous race;
Upon a fence sit they,
And in a merry mirthful mood
Unto themselves do say:

Oh! we love Blake and love Sir John
(The chieftain whom they call),
And Cartwright, Chapleau, Laurier,
We love, we love them all.

But dearer few than e'en Sir John
(The chieftain bold is he),
We love our own dear little selves.
Oui oui, oui oui, oui oui.

And loving thus our little selves,
Upon this fence we'll stay,
Come rain, come snow, come wind or hail,
For many and many a day.

Some think that patriots should all
Go work for other's fun.
But patriotism (to our mind)
Is work for number one.

So Bolters bold and Bolters true
For many a day we'll be,
For we're in love with our dear selves.
Oui oui, oui oui, oui oui.

B.

"PROVIDENCE helps those who help themselves," as the carver said when he reserved the best cut for himself.