



DRINKS THE BEST.

BROWN.—“What do you pay for your whiskey, Dumley?”

DUMLEY.—“I (*hic*) don't drink nothin' less than fifteen cent goods, Brown.”

BROWN.—“I don't mean by the drink. What do you pay for it by the barrel?”

MORE OF AIRLIE'S DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP—

MISTRESS AIRLIE nae doot thocht she was a lang-heided woman when she moved oot o' oor last hoose just afore the Exhibition, but I vera sune fand oot the meanin' o' a'. There's sic a thing as the pooer behind the throne, Maister GRIP, and the pooer behind the throne in my hoose is—ma Mither-in-Law. Aye! she's aye livin' yet, the auld limmer; an' what's waur, she's likely tae live. The ither mornin' ma collar button flew off, an' as I had sleepit in, there was nae time tae dae ocht but preen't thegither the best way I cud till the morn's mornin'. Sae I got haud o' a preen an' was preenin' the collar on, when didna the infernal thing glance aff the stiff starch an' rin up an inch-an'-a-half intae ma thoomb! I gaed tae look for a cloot and what should I find but a letter frae ma mither-in-law stowed awa in the rag bag! I tied up ma thoomb an' sat doon on the edge o' a kist tae overhaul the epistle. Here is a'e extract after twa three lines mair or less complimentary tae masel:—“Take my advice and get out of that house—for there's twenty-two people that I know of who have all told me separately that they intend coming to stay with you during the Exhibition. Give your neighbors the hint to say that you have moved to the eastern part of the city, and, of course, once they go they won't come back. You try and manage Airlie; but don't for the life of you let him see my finger in the pie.”

Aye, aye, ma leddy! thinks I, so that was the reason o' yer movin' and a' yer faut-fandin' wi' the hoose we left—eh, who can be up tae a woman? I'll just leave it tae yersel' noo if that was a way tae tak advantage o' a puir innocent man! Garrin' him sneak oot o' the claims o' hospitality as clean as though he had been a somnambulist led by the nose! I had a sair worstle wi' ma feelin's Maister GRIP, but I got the upper hand o' masel' an' forgave her freely—in fack, I felt I cud forgie her the same trick the morn again—for twa reasons. First—sic an invasion o' the Goths as that letter pointed tae wad hae laid me under eternal obligations tae the corner grocery an' the butcher; secondly—in consideration o' the way she has been punished in the flesh for movin' intae this hoose. Yes, sir, when I thocht on that, I cud even forgie the pooer behind ma domestic throne. The hoose we moved intae here, had, it seems, been formerly

tenanted by the Reverend Wiry Jones, whae'er he may be. The very first day after we were settled doon, I was sittin' enjoyin' a tatie an' a baffed herrin', when the maist terrific ring at the bell gart me hap off ma seat like a grasshopper. The wife glowered at me an' says solemnly, “Hugh, ye'll better gang tae the door, that bell's waukened the bairn.” Tae the door I gangs after layin' ma tatie an' ma herrin' on the stove tae keep warm till I cam back, an' the meenit I opens the door a red-headed fellow grabs me by the hand and says, like as his heart was in his moo:—

“Hcw do you do, how do you do—I am so glad of the privilege of making your acquaintance. I have read some of your articles and I must say I quite coincide with your views on these subjects.”

Tae say I was flattered wad be only speakin' the truth in a mild form; the fack was, I was sae uplifted tae think ma GRIP letters were sae appreciated that I speirt if he wadna come in.

“With the greatest of pleasure,” says he, an' wi' that in he steppit intae the parlor.

At length, after crackin' awa an' interchangin' views on a' an' sundry topics, he speirt if I wad hae any objections tae fill their poopit up in Sawbuckville some Sunday. I tellt him I thocht I cud fill their poopit creditably enough, only I wad look queer withoot a white choker on, but I micht buy ane for the occasion.

The fellow lookit at me an' said, “Ah, I presume you are a man of broad, of advanced democratic ideas, who objects to be tied down to formalities in dress, etc.”

“Oh no!” says I, “for instance, I believe in wearin the breeks especially in ma ain hoose, an' as for white ties, weel they're ower easy dirtied—that's a' the objection I hae tae them.”

“And do you preach and lecture in an ordinary necktie?” he cries oot, wi' something like horror in his een. I laughed.

“Preach,” says I; “I never preached in a' my life, an' as for the lecturin' I leave that tae Mrs. Airlie.”

“Mrs. Airlie!—never preached in your life!—I presume I am speaking to the Rev. Wiry Jones?”

“The Rev. Wiry wha?” says I, a wee bit angry like, for the smell o' that burnin' herrin' was gettin' unbearable.

“The Rev. Wiry Jones, sir,” says he, rising to his feet.

“Wiry here, or Wiry there, there's nae Wiry Jones here; I waut ye tae ken that ye're speakin' tae Hugh



REVENGE IS NAUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE.

REV. W. T. WILSON (*to dismissed policeman*)—“Haw, Jarvis move on there, will you!!”