

A PLEASANT DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY A SHOOTIST.

I am a sportsman. I have always, since I used to shoot at grey birds and chipmunks with a bow and arrow, been a sportsman, and I am proud of the title. I am also a great lover of the country and country life. At least I was so until last week, when—but I anticipate.

Early last week, having nothing of importance to do, I determined that I should go out to the country for a few days and pass a quiet and happy time in wandering through the woods, and with my trusty gun lay low everything partaking of the nature of game I should fall in with, at the same time having the benefit of the fresh country air, and a chance of seeing the "bone and sinew" of the country, otherwise the noble yeomen, not to mention their lovely and disingenuous daughters, on their native heath. The fact is, I have never been in the country much. True, I have passed through miles and miles of country, cultivated and wild, but on the railway train where of course one's chances for observation would be exceedingly limited and brief. In short, I am a city man, and after my last week's experience, I devoutly hope to continue to feel myself as such. Well, one morning, I gathered together my hunting equipment, consisting of one double-barrelled breech-loading shot gun, one small bore rifle, one Smith and Wesson No. 2 revolver, and one large dirk knife. Dangers of all sorts confront people in the country sometimes as well as in cities, so, thinks I, it is as well to be prepared for any contingency. When I started on the Midland, I have but a vague idea where I got off. All my fellow passengers were strangers, and could give me no information as to where there "was lots to shoot." So I disembarked at the station of a small village which shall be nameless, and took the chances. I never heard of the place before, and now wonder why I got off. Perhaps the surrounding woods, as dense as the forest of the Bavarian Drachenfels, and the distant sight of a tavern, prompted me. However, I got off the train and wended my way to the tavern. There was nobody to receive me at first but a one-eyed bull-dog, who halted me at the bar-room door, and kept me there for about half an hour until an object arose out of a reversible bunk in the bar room and, throwing aside a buffalo robe, the only furniture of his bed, asked me with a yawn what I wanted:

"Are you the landlord?" asked I.  
 "No."  
 "Where is he then?"  
 "Dunno."  
 "When will he be here?"  
 "Can't say."  
 "Can I get anything to eat?"  
 "Not now, you kin at supper time."  
 And the uncanny being pulled a small bottle of—something out of his trousers pocket and took a swig, remarking "I hev to keep a drop of bitters around me, the dog gonned bar is locked up."

I deposited most of my traps with this country Satyr, and taking my shot gun and some cartridges, made for the woods. I tramped and tramped through the sodden leaves and wet underbush, stumbled over innumerable logs, and marched once unawares into a pool of water almost up to my neck, wetting all my cartridges and soaking me to the skin, but no living creature, not even a chipmunk, did I see, save a brindled cow with a cracked bell attachment on a distant hill. I deemed that I had enough of that sort of sport, and started back for my "hole." It was after dark when I got there, and, what a change! The landlord, a very Bardolph, was behind the bar very drunk, handing out whiskey to about a dozen customers even drunker than he. They were all cursing, swearing, and singing,

and some were showing strong indications as towards getting up a row, occasioned by a dispute as to the respective merits of two trottin' hosses. I looked into the dining room, and there were four worthies seated playing euchre for the drinks, and swearing like "Our army in Flanders." One of them had my grip-sack beneath him by way of cushion for his chair, and it was only after standing drinks for the crowd that I could get it. I seized it, gathered up my traps and skipped for the station, just in time to catch the train for Toronto. I returned a sadder and somewhat wiser man. I have got rid of one illusion, and that is, as to the pastoral quiet and harmony of a country life. I have also made up my mind to give up gunning except for ducks in the spring. How many of the sports who leave Toronto to fish and to shoot every once and a while, could tell of the same experience? I warrant me nine out of ten.

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

PERVERTED PROVERBS.

The merciful man is merciful to his—private secretary.  
 Good wine needs know *bouche*.  
 More waist, less speed:  
 A whole loafer is better than a half-bred.  
 Many a meddle makes a muddle.  
 Exe streams meet.  
 It's a Lillwyn that blows nobody good.  
 Throw "Physic" to the—*Daily Telegraph*.  
 You never know the worth of water till the cask is dry.  
 Beds of a feather don't "flock" together.  
 Self-preservation is the first law of Govern-ments.  
 Look before you sleep.  
 Bed-time is flea-tig.  
 It is never too late for men.—*Moonshine*.  
 A generous lady—*Mag-nanimous*.  
 Men of "high" aims don't hit the stars,  
 But never miss the hotel bars.  
 —*Gouverneur Herald*.

QUALITY SUPERIOR TO QUANTITY.

"My dear," said an Austin man to his wife, after perusing the evening paper, "are you aware of the fact that a man's brain weighs three and a half pounds?"  
 "You've just read that, haven't you?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, dosen't the article say that a woman's is somewhat lighter?"  
 "It certainly does."  
 "And it also informs you that a woman's brain is of a much finer quality?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, then, just concentrate your three and a half pound intellect on that scuttle, and figure out how much it will weigh after you bring it up full of coal from the cellar."  
 The man with a great head departed for the lower regions in search of information.—*Texas Siftings*.

AWKWARD GRAMMATICAL TRANSFORMATION.

(Changing an indefinite into a personal pronoun.)  
 SCENE—Rural village in west Highlands;  
 TIME—Arrival of mail coach.  
 ANGUS M. TAVISH (to Charles Campbell)—Who came on the coach ta tay, Charles?  
 CHARLES CAMPBELL—Only Maister Mac-sporran, ta, Free Kirk minister, and another auld wife!

SAW HIS WAY CLEAR.

An old chap who lived up in Vermont, in the years gone by, was left a piece of land containing about twenty acres, by the death of some relative. It was valued at about \$200, and about the first thing the old man did was to raise \$25 on a mortgage. When this money was gone he put on a second for the same amount, and by-and-by he found a third individual willing to lend him \$15 and take a mortgage. The last of this money had just disappeared when the old man fell and broke his leg. The person who first reached him called out:

"Poor Uncle Billy! What will you do now?"  
 "Is my leg broke?"  
 "Certain it is."  
 "And I'm a cripple!"  
 "You are."  
 "Well," said the old man, as a look of resignation came to his face, "I reckon I'd best slap on another mortgage."  
 There are several railroads in this country which are practising the Uncle Billy theory.—*Wall Street News*.

NEVER VERY SOLID.

A boy had been sent to carry a silver card-basket to a young lady as a bridal present and was asked, upon his return to the office, if he found the right place.  
 "Oh, yes."  
 "See the girl herself?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Did she seem surprised?"  
 "Very much so."  
 "Say anything?"  
 "Why, yes; she told her mother she presumed it was plated, but would be good enough for her aunt out in the country!"—*Free Press*.

TWA WAYS O' LOOKIN' AT IT.

SCENE—Red Lion Inn, Bucklyvie; Traveller tries to draw out Geordie Leckie, one of the village worthies.  
 TRAVELLER—That's a gran' public hall ye're pittin' up there, Geordie.  
 GEORDIE—Aye.  
 TRAVELLER—It'll be a credit tae the place!  
 GEORDIE—A what?  
 TRAVELLER—It'll be a credit tae Bucklyvie!  
 GEORDIE—O aye! Nae doot'll be a credit tae the place tull it's paid fur, no sayin' whit it'll be after, that!—*Glasgow Bailie*.

COULDN'T BE MAYOR ANYWAY.

"Robert," said a fond mother to her son who had been misbehaving himself, "if you carry on that way you need not expect to ever become Mayor of Chicago."  
 "Well, mother," said Robert, "I never could be Mayor of Chicago, anyway."  
 "Why, my dear?" inquired his mother.  
 "Cause," replied the embryo politician after a little hesitation, "I am a Republican."

HED' SEEN A GHOST.

FORWARD AND LOQUACIOUS STOCK YARDS YOUTH.—"By Jove, you know—'pon my word, now—if I'd seen a ghost, you know, I'd be a chattering idiot for the rest of my life."  
 SARCASTIC BUT TRUTHFUL MAIDEN.—"Then I guess you've seen a ghost."—*Chicago Sun*.

Rev. J. G. Caldér, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.