



THE WASP OF THE SENATE.

(A LIVE SPECIMEN THAT CAN STING AS WELL AS BUZZ !)

### AIRLIE'S DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

THE WAREHOUSE,  
April 10th, 1886.

MAISTER GRIP,—The auld proverb, “a skeleton in every closet,” has in my humble opeenion done service lang enough in the way o’ expressin’ the fack that ilka man has his ain domestic troubles, an’ by way o’ improvement I wad just suggest that the phrase, “There’s a mither-in-law in every hoose,” be adopted in its stead, as no only expressin’ the painfu’ truth, but also indicatin’ waur an’ mair o’t.

But gin onybody thinks that I’m the man tae let mesel be saddled by ony Auld Man o’ the Sea, faur less ony auld woman, they little ken the mettle o’ Hugh Airlie. When I gat hame after ma day’s wark that nicht, instead o’ dreelin’ in in ma ordinar free an’ easy mainner, bangin’ the door, rattlin’ the chairs aboot, an’ helpin’ masel tae half-a-dizzen roosin’ smacks frae ma wife’s cheeks, the first thing I sees was Mistress Airlie meetin’ me on the door stap, shakin’ her fore finger i’ ma face an’ whisperin’ in sae frichted like, “Whisht, Hugh ! whisht for yer life, ma mither has jist lain doon for a nap, an’ mauna be disturbit. Sit ye doon an’ tak aff yer shoos on the door stap there, an’ come in saftly on yer stockin’ soles. Ma mither says she canna dae without her sleep, an’ I dinna think she wad stay wi’ us lang gin ye mak’ a noise.”

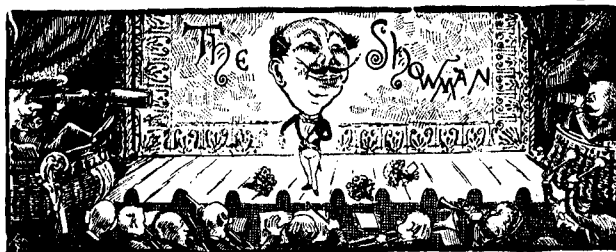
Noo, for me tae be requested tae sit doon ootside on ma ain door-stap, an’ tak aff ma shoos, like Moses afore the burnin’ bush, was railly, in ma hungry state, like rubbin’ up the birse the wrang way. Hooever, no bein’ a swearer, I said naething awa but sat doon, an’ whuppit aff ma shoos wi’ sic a vengeance that ane o’ them flew richt intae the middle o’ the road an’ dissapeared in the glaur, an’ the ither ane, comin’ aff wi’ a jerk, gaed whurlin’ clean ower ma head, smashin’ the hall lookin’ glass, an’ bringin’ ma mither-in-law tae the tap o’ the stairs

whaur she held forth for a stricken ’oor aboot the seeven years ill luck I had brocht on the hoose through breakin’ a lookin’ glass.

An yet, wad ye believe me, her voice micht hae been celestial music for onything I cared ; for at that supreme moment ma wife’s words had suggested an idea, a hope. a plan, that filled me wi’ joy—even at that oor when the shadow o’ me mither-in-law had faen across the sunlight o’ ma marrit life, for a’ the world like Sawtan lichtin’ like a muckle black splairge on the sun’s disc, as he came traivellin’ on his illprettit journey tae Eden. I apologized very humbly tae the auld leddy, slippit roon for an oor or sae on ma stockin’ soles, an’ then I gaed out an’ bocht a fiddle. On ma road hame wi’ ma fiddle in ma oxter, I offered a bit laddie a quarter for a leetle sookin’ pup he was carryin’ ; it was newf-newfin’ and yelp-yelpin’ at sic a rate that I tuk pity on the puir brute, the mair sae that I saw at ance that it was the verra thing I wanted. I was correck ; the perseverance o’ that pup was an example tae a’ wha wad succeed in life, an’ when ma mither-in-law cam doon till her breakfast she declared she never closed an e’e a’ nicht for a neebor’s dowg yawpin.’ After breakfast I sent doon word till the warehoose that I couldna venture oot I was sae ill wi’ the cauld ; sae I tuk up ma fiddle, an’ a’ day I scaritit an’ scrapit wi’ a perseverance worthy o’ the pup. Tae tell ye the truth, I was heartily sick o’t masel, but I persevered a’ day, an’ the pup he persevered a’ nicht, till on ma word o’ honor we fairly newfed an’ scrapit ma mither-in-law doon tae the station tae catch the nine o’clock train for Hamilton.

Next mornin’ I was doon at the warehoose blythe an’ early, an’ it wad hae done ye gude tae see me struttin’ roond the basement wi’ a’ the importance an’ magnificence o’ a bubbly-jock. Of coorse, I needna say that I received the congratulations o’ a’ the clerks wi’ a dignity that was as natural as it was becomin’ tae

Yours victoriously,  
HUGH AIRLIE.



THE Philharmonic Society will sing *Mors et Vita* at the Pavilion on the evening of Tuesday, May 4th.

MR. W. ELLIOTT HASLAM’S Vocal Society will give their first grand concert on the evening of the 27th.

“A NIGHT OFF,” a comedy which will be remembered pleasantly by all who saw it on its last visit, is to be the attraction at the Grand during the present week. It is an exceedingly funny and at the same time highly refined play.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN’S Comic Opera, “The Sorcerer,” is to be given at the Grand Opera House on the 28th, by a cast in which the leading amateurs of Hamilton and Toronto will appear. It is singular that this clever piece—one of the funniest of the Gilbert and Sullivan series—has never before been sung in Toronto. This fact, aside from the well-known merits of the singers, ought to ensure a large audience.