

SCOTTISH FUN.

(From the *Glasgow Bailie*.)

A CATCH.

(Scene—A club smoking room; Time, 10.45 p.m.)

1st Member (who is a bachelor, to friend)—Well, it's a quarter to eleven. The train goes in ten minutes. If you leave now you'll catch it.

2nd Member (very much married)—Yes, and I'll "catch it" if I don't go now.

CUSTOM.

(Scene—Grocer's shop in Strathblane.)

Small boy (who enters with an important air)—Four faurdlins for a pennie.

Grocer—Just so, sir.

Small boy (after a wait of a couple of minutes)—If ye dinna hurry up I'll gang tae anither shop.

Grocer (gives the boy the farthings)—Muckle obleeged tae ye, sir. It's just the likes o' you that we depend on.

ACCOMMODATING.

(Scene—Deck of the Arran steamer.)

Inebriated Native (to skipper)—Captain, it's lang since you and I will met on board the Arran steamer before, an' so you'll come doon an a' gie ye a wee drap o' the cratur.

Captain (sharply)—Much obliged, but I never taste.

Inebriated Native (rather crestfallen)—Touch, taste, nor haunle. Well, well! A'al pe jist as weel to stop up wi' ye too, what-civer.

VOLUNTEERS V. REGULARS.

(Scene—The camp of the 2nd L.R.V., near Hamilton.)

Volunteer Private (addressing his officer)—'Say, Captain, can ye gie's a spunk.

Captain (handing his box of vestas to private)—See there's a licht for you, but mind that's no the way to address me. If ye were in the regulars it wadna be alloed.

Private—Wh, man, if we were in the regulars you wadna be captain.

"THAT BOY" AGAIN.

(Scene—Country parish. Two maiden sisters are returning from church accompanied by a nephew from the city.)

Nephew—Considerate old man that minister of yours, so kind of him to pray so earnestly for both of you.

Both Aunts—For us, Charlie, he didn't pray for us; what made you think so!

Nephew—Oh, I think it was perfectly plain that he referred to you both when he prayed for the widow and the fatherless, and those whom no man cared for.

Tableau—Two ladies in a faint! Crowd! Carriage! Charlie rules home on the dicky.

SCHOOL BOARD WANTED.

Mistress (to new maid in whom she is anxious to take a friendly interest)—And what does your brother's employer do?

Maid—Eh, mem, he's an awfu' rich man; he's a bankrupt (banker?).

Mistress—You have a sweetheart, of course?

Maid—Yes, mem.

Mistress—What does he do?

Maid—He's a gentleman's servant tae twa aul' leddies.

MANIED.

(Scene—Class in school.)

Teacher—Any boy in the class tell me the masculine of "belle."

(Small boy cracks his fingers to attract the attention of the teacher.)

Teacher—Well, my boy, can you answer?

Small Boy—Masber, sir.

(Collapse of teacher and terrible disaster to, and discomfiture of, small boy.)

"My child," said Rattler to his youngest, "I always eat the crusts of my bread." "I know it, papa," lisped the incorrigible, "I'm saving mine for you, too."—*Boston Courier*.

The question arises: "Is there any law of the statutes of Indiana, which a free-born citizen is duty bound to respect?" Echo answers, "Yes, the divorce law."—*Scissors*.

The effective preacher always aims to hit the man who sits in the next pew. His church is always crowded and he is very popular with his congregation.—*Chicago Sun*.

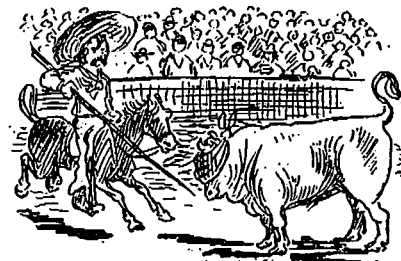
A Chicago woman is suing for a divorce from two husbands at the same time. She finds it impossible to boss around any more than four with any degree of success.—*Burlington Free Press*.

When a young man lays siege to a young lady and insists upon her becoming his wife, she cannot but confess that he is "a man after her own heart," however heartless she may appear.—*Chicago Sun*.

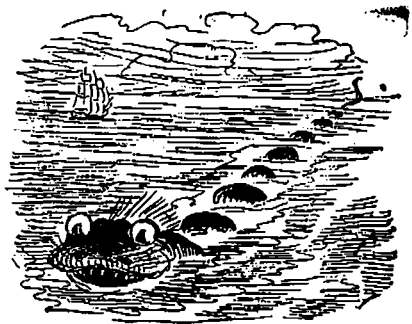


Among those people whom it will most surprise to learn that the Indian uprising in the North-west has subsided will be the Indians themselves. To prepare them for the intelligence it should first have been told them that there was "an uprising." It is wrong to trifle with the finer feelings of Indians even.

A fashion journal has an article headed "How to make a match safe." It seems to me that, in view of the number of titular frands and bold bad bigamists travelling around, the problem with manœuvring mothers and marriageable maidens is rather, "How to make a safe match."



That bull-baiting should follow champion slugging bouts in the States, is one of the most natural things imaginable; although it is not exactly clear how it came to pass that a town in Kansas was the scene of the initial bull-fight of the season, when Chicago could put in such unexceptionable claims to that honor. The Kansas bulls, it appears, didn't fight very well, but it is quite within reason to presume that the cow-boys who managed the affair made up for any little deficiencies in this line. America is growing in civilization, culture and refinement, and the day cannot be far distant when our free people will be privileged to witness public executions considerably arranged to take place on circus days and other occasions of national importance.



The sea-serpent season has opened somewhat late this year, owing, doubtless, to the increased growth of prohibition sentiment along the coast. The most attractive sample of sea-serpent story as yet to hand, is dated Boston, so that nobody will be prepared to question the truth of it. I only read the heading of the article, fancying that it might be a patent medicine testimonial in disguise; and as I had already that day read in the *Globe* several annexation editorials in disguise, I hesitated about digesting any more disguised literature. But I have no doubt it was a good and truthful account of the sea-serpent, if the fact that no contradiction of it has appeared from or on behalf of the sea-serpent, count for anything. I never saw the sea-serpent myself, but I must own up to knowing several persons who have, my only plea being that a journalist cannot always pick his acquaintances.

I never wrote a paragraph in reference to a remark that Sir Charles Tupper was always careful of his skin. I said that there was hardly a Cabinet Minister in the world who did not show himself careful of his kin. But of course the thoughtful printer set it up "skin," and as I was not on hand to stop the press and chase the thoughtful printer into some distant swamp, the world lost a brilliant *bon mot*. However, I vowed I would seize the earliest opportunity and repair the damage occasioned, and I have it now in the circumstance that Sir John Macdonald has appointed his nephew to a responsible and lucrative—especially lucrative—position in one of the departments at the capital. This awful instance of depravity is being displayed in all its hideousness by the able *Globe* correspondent whose party never did anything like it when they had the chance. From many people who read of the appointment a sigh will escape at the reflection that—they do not happen to be Sir John's nephew.

In opening Grimsby Camp Meeting—the reader has doubtless heard of a camp-meeting—a speaker was introduced to the gathering whose address, according to one of the newspapers, "was ostensibly a defence of the doctrine of entire sanctification, but in reality a tirade against the churches, and the ministers. He caricatured the D.D.s and the ministerial eloquentists most severely to the evident satisfaction and amusement of the Army. He had decided about three weeks ago to separate from the churches and make the Salvation people his people. He condemned the Church for not giving prominence to the doctrine of holiness." All this is said to have been done in the interest of the Salvation Army, although it appears somewhat difficult to comprehend precisely how this procedure is going to advance the cause of that formidable military *mélange*. The churches and ministers seem to have struggled along pretty fairly for a considerable time, notwithstanding all that this critical Salvation soldier has to say against them; and even with the Army on the scene no very positive signs of their disbandment and dissolution are reported in the papers.