

escapes, so it's likely yez would niver see him agin anyway."

Well, wid that she cries all the moor, an' whin Mrs. Laughton cooms in, Miss Evy sobs out that I tould her she was goin' to die, an' the mistress sinds me out in a hoorey, an' I musht niver coom nare the room agin. Thin the docthur comes an' gives her a new kind av medicine, "but," sez he, "sure she hasn't takin all thim powthers alridy."

Mollie Moriarty, me heart was jist oop in me throat, fearin' I had ruade another misthake. But I jist hands the baby the impty box on the shly. An whin Mrs. Laughton sees him puttin' it intil his mouth, "Oh! Biddy," sez she, "how could yiz lit the child git hould av that?" "Well now," sez I, "an' how could I till that the child had a propiniasy for physic?"

Wid that she was in an awful way, thinkin' he was goin' to die. But Mollie Moriarty, if yiz'll belave me, that baby recovered without iver bein' ill at all.

Well, not long ather, whin Miss Evy was gettin' bether, the mistress invited company to tay. I was helpin' Mary Jane wait on table. Mrs. Laughton poored out the tay, an' the company sugared their strawberris. Mollie Moriarty, I niver saw company forgit their manners so complately, iverybody layin' down their spoons, an' turain' round an' starin' at iverybody ilse, an' thin takin' a sip av tay, an' settin' down their cups in a hoorey, an' sayin' they was poisoned.

I was all av a thrimble agin, fur I remimbered seein' Mary Jane filling the bowls out av the very canisther whero I had mixed the powthers, an' as I had put in the whole contents av the box, there was enuff to give a sthrong flavioir.

Mrs. Laughton's face was as white as the table-cloth, but she jist examines the sugar, an' didn't she find one of thim little white papers, with writin' on it, that the powthers was wrapped in, she niver sed a worrud till me at the time, jist pints wid her finger til the dooc, exclaimin', "Biddy, yiz may lave the room."

I herrud Mary Jane clarin' off the things, an' gettin' fresh sugar, an' ather an intermission the male began agin, but I wasn't prisint. But Mrs. Laughton gave me my dischargo that very avenin' an' wouldn't lishten to a worrud av explanation. Sez she, "I can furgive stupidity, but Gesavin' I can't tolerate."

So I'm lookin' for a place, an' if any lady in this country want a nice, handy maid av all woruk, jist athress Miss Bridget O'Flannigan, Post Office.

"Scotland Yet!"

MAISTER GRIP:—

DEAR SIR,—A gude fresn' o' mine in the Aull Land, John Ferguson, by name, the ither day sent me the followin' clippin', an' whan I clappit my een on't, thinks I, my certy! this'll be a graun' bit for GRIP. I ken yir Scotch readers will be weel pleased wi't, an' maybe mair than them; although I'm thinkin' the maist feck o' them (pair ignorant bodies), wull understaun' it nae better than gin it was a wheen Egyptian hieroglyphics or—*Gaelic*. Here it is tae ye, onyway:—

A SCOTTISH BILL OF FARE.

The *Times of India* prints the bill of fare of the dinner which was given in Bombay in celebration of St. Andrew's Festival, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of all Scottish Freemasonry in India. This curious *menu* reads as follows:—

BILL O' FARE.

I will be blithe and licht,
My heart is bent upon see gude a mecht,
A wee drappie Tallisker.

KAILS AND BROTHS.

Het Spiced Indian Kail. Calipee Broth.

FISH.

Slices o' Indian Salmon wi' Butter Broc.
Indian Haddies Smeeckt.

FIRST COURSE.

Stewed Hens wi' Puddock Stools.
Minced Collops on a bane, wi' sma' peas frae France.
A wee Donal o' Glenlivet.

SECOND COURSE.
Chickens lakin' in an Ashet.
Giggot o' Mutton wi' Red Curran' Jeelic.
Scotch Haggis.

"Fair fa' yir honest, sonsie face,
Great chiefan' o' the puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak' yir place,
Painch, tripe, or thairin:
Well are ye wordy o' a grace.
As lang's ma airm."

Stuffed Bubbly Jock roastin', an' Sco's Leg bakin'.
Tatties biled an' champit; Bashed Nosp; Biled Ingins.
Glaskie Magistrates wi' Tatties roastin'.
Another wee Donal.

THIRD COURSE.

Jedic Dumplin'. Grosset Tair.
Trummin' Tammy Oranges.
Paisley Corn Floor Camfl. Snow puddin'.
Mity Dumkap Cheese.

Ingins, Lettuce, Loo Aipples, Sylcos, an' a lot o' ither green things.

Jist another dram, tae keep a' doon.

"Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin';
When heavy draug'd wi' pine an' grievin';
But, oild' by thee,
The wheels o' life gae doon hill, scrievin'
Wi' rattlin' glee."

Sao it seems oor reech in Bombay are no' a' Gude Templars. Hech! sirs! wasna' that a spread, Maister GRIP? It gars my mooth water tae read about the *haggis*. It does a body gude tae see twa three lines frae oor ain' Iobbie Burns. An' the whuskey! maybe you're aine o' the cauldri' bodies they ca' "teetotalers." Maister GRIP, but gin ye ne'er drank a "hauf ane" o' Glenlivet on a cauld winter's mornin' ye hae a treat in store. I canna thole this Canadian whuskey, "Forty-rod," I think they ca't; it's naething but pushen. I ken we can get the richt stuff here, as weel's they can in Bombay, but it taks an awfu' heap o' siller tae buy it. Aweel, here we are, in the laun' o' oor adoption, and we maun mak the best o' t. Glenlivet or nae Glenlivet.

Apologezin' for sic an intrusion on your space, I subscribe mysel'

Yours wi' muckle respec'.

A GLASKIE CHAP.

Our Funny Contributor.

Very smart things—Burns.

A very humorous writer—May Laffan.

A Catching Air—An atmosphere laden with the measles.

A Body snatcher—An angry nurse when she picks up a child!

Some fellows who get *mashed* by a *bean* new suit to press their suit with.

"A Cypher Operator"—A gentleman who adds two oughts to a one dollar bill.

Motto for an Indian Chief—"None but the brave deserve the (fair) hair."

"That's a doggone shame," as the man said when he looked at one killed by a street car.

How to have your address *changed*—Leave your signboard unscrewed on Hallow Eve.

The course of a cannon ball may be turned by a shingle.—*Et c.*—Then it must be a lawyer's shingle; lawyers can turn anything the way they want it.

New Books.—We have received the following, handsomely bound, they are abounding in good things, and we are bound to notice them: "The Darkness of Africans," by the author of the "Light of Asia;" "Day after To-morrow," by the author of "Yesterday, To-day and Forever;" "Dead Broke," by the author of "Heaps of Money;" "The Woman with the Black Eye," by the author of "The Man with the Broken Ear;" "Bad Whiskey," by the author of "High Spirits;" "A Master who Thrashed," by the author of the "South Sea Whaler;" "Traced in Ashes," by the author of "Written in Fire;" "Your Money or Your Life,"—A Tale of Manitoba; and "Cursed Misfortune," by the author of "Rare Good Luck."



Mr. T. W. Keene appears on the first three evenings of next week at the Grand. From the great reputation of this artist, full houses ought to be assured.

At the Royal, Rice's Extravaganza Company are finishing a successful week in comic oper. "Babes in the Woods" is the attraction for Friday and Saturday. Next week, Manager Conner will bring on a company of Hibernian Minstrels.



SOLOMON PETER HALE.

The distinguished Lecturer of the Western Peninsula, whose intellectual elucidations irradiate the copponosity of Ingersoll and vicinity.

Man is an animal very fond of straw;—especially if there is a mint-julep at the termination thereof.

ENCHERED—"I pass," said the boy, when asked a question. "And I take it up," said the master, as he reached for his ruler. The master made his *point*, scored *one hand*, and the boy did not try the *joker* again.

Our Funny Contributor says that some people in Port Hope consider him a fool. Our contributor says, if this is the case he intends leaving, as he can be better *spurred* from there than any other place in the Dominion.