



A BOARDING HOUSE ACCIDENT.

STRUCK A STEAK.

AIRLIE RESUMES.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—

As I promised ye, I maun continue ma accoont o' what Mistress Airlie brocht on us in her hurry tae escape Exhibition veesitors. She had gane oot the back door-way tae the alley-way, tae see if her logic wad help the scafengers tae tak' up the hale o' the muck daily thrown oot in the alley-way, instead o' emptyin' just the half o' the barrel, an' leavin' the ither half stinkin' on the ground till they cam' roond the next time an' covered it up wi' some fresh rubbish. When she cam' back there was the paurlor cram fu' o' a lot o' gigglin' country lasses, wha jumpit up an' said they had rung the bell twice, an' then took the liberty o' walkin' in, kennin' they would be welcome. "And how is dear Mr. Jones? Is this his little boy?" The little boy referred tae was nae less than oor ain wee Hughie, wha had crippen oot o' bed, an' was stannin' there in his wee sark tail, scartin' his head an' glowerin' at the strange folk wi' a' his een. When the sma' rascal had gotten up he had fand a stick o' liquorice, an' had chawed it till his face was like an Indian's wi' his war pent on, and his moo was like a tar pot. Mistress Airlie thocht she wad ha'e drappit doon when her een lited on the black face an' the toozy head o'm; but she managed tae say: "Maister Jones! ye maun be mista'en. Mr. Airlie lives here."

"Why, don't the Rev. Wiry Jones live here? Ma knows his ma; and we came in to visit him during the Exhibition. Oh, my! whatever will we do? Do you know where he's moved to?"

Of coorse we kent naething aboot his reverence; an' after the hale pairty sailed oot Mistress Airlie cam' in, an' takin' just a'e squint at the laddie wi' his shoogarely face, she took haud o'm an' gae'm a gude spankin', an' then sat doon an' grat ower him.

Then a ring cam' tae the door, an' the postman handed her a post-caird, on which she read the words:—*Dear Friend—Isaiah, chapter —, — verse. Part of this was happily fulfilled in our experience this a.m. Both doing well.* Jesse Corvin.

P.S.—We have called him Wiry.

In aboot fifteen meenits after this that woman stappit oot o' the car in front o' the warehouse, an' maiched richt up tae me afore a' the clerks, an' handed me that caird. "What's wrang," says I, for her face was as hard as airn, an' her een like twa lowin' cinders. "Oo, naething particular," she said wi' a snort; "only Miss Jessie Corvin sends ye word that lang expeckit's come at last. Oh,

Hugh! Hugh! I never thocht it o' ye." An' wi' that she sat doon on a packin'-box, an' set up a yowl like a dows's death warnin'.

"Why, Airlie, what's all this?" says Maister Tamson, comin' oot o' the office.

"De'il ane o' me kens," says I, glowerin' at the caird, an' tryin' tae fin' oot the meanin' o't.

Tam quietly took the caird oot o' my haund an' read it, an', turning it ower, he brak' oot wi' a loud guffaw. "Why, this card's addressed to the Rev. Wiry Jones. How did you come to get it, and what has this to do with Mistress Airlie? Is it simply a scriptural mode of announcing the birth of a son, the good people evidently feeling this would be the most appropriate way of breaking the news to their pastor." I said naething, for brawly did I ken that Mistress Airlie was the cheapest woman in the world at that meenit. An' weel was she punished for her unworthy suspicions o' a decent man like me; for though she had left the bairn in charge o' a bit lassie till she cam' back, the bit toddlin' creature had wandered awa', an' for three mortal 'oors she gaed haikin' up an' doon the toon lookin' for that laddie; an' when I got hame tae ma denner the door was lockit. I keekit in at the back window, an' saw the fire was oot, and a lassie telled me that the bairn was lost, an' she was awa' lookin' for him. The state o' my mind was a thing no tae be describit, an' I was just tearin' awa' doon the street in desperation when wha does I see but her leddyship an' the bit laddie comin' hame as fast as feet cud carry them. At the sight o' the bit bairnie, a' safe an' soond again, a' ma anger vanished, and by the time I cam' hame at nicht maitters were a' restored tae their usual caum, and we were a' three o's sleepin' the sleep o' the just, when a most fearfu' ringin' o' the door-bell gart as baith jump up.

"It's a fire," says Mistress Airlie.

"Mair like it's some burglar run again the bell-wire," says I.

Another fearfu' jerk brocht me tae the flure, an' liftin' the window, I stuck oot ma head and cried: "Wha's there?"

"Oh, sir, we're afraid the baby's going to die, and mother wants you to come and baptise him; he's got convulsions. Oh, Mr. Jones, do hurry!"

"Wha' are ye lookin' for, ma leddy; there's nae Mr. Jones here," says I.

"Aren't you the Rev. Wiry Jones? Doesn't he live here?"

"No, ma leddy, he disna' bide here, an' I canna direct ye either."

"Oh, my, whatever will I do; and maybe the baby will die." An' the pair creature gaed awa' cryin' her een oot, an' I steekit doon the window, thinkin' tae mysel' that after a' St. Peter hadna' the monopoly o' the keys o' the ither world. Next week I'll feenish ma story.

HUGH AIRLIE.

NO LIE IN IT.

"Is the editor in?" mildly asked the man, leaving on his crutch and looking straight at the occupant of the editorial chair.

"No, sir!" gently but firmly replied the august personage addressed. "He is not. He is decidedly out!"

"How can you lie so unblushingly?" queried the sanctum bore.

"Lie? It was double-dyed truth. The editor bet Grit on the late election in Montreal, and is out—out exactly one first-class hat!"