

gallant officer has been promoted in the ranks, and been awarded a merit mark in the books. No city on the continent has a finer lot of "peelers" than Toronto—and they were never better managed than under Chief Grasset, who is every inch a soldier and a gentleman. Go on, Lilly—may you make your mark as the "Flower of the Force."

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MR. G. W. ROSS' law partners will have to take him into the private room and talk to him seriously, if he persists in explaining the School law to public audiences. His deliverances are so foggy that the point is always dimmer after he gets through than it was at first. Of course, allowance must be made for political exigencies, but it is a bad advertisement for the law-shop, all the same.

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

MR. GRIP,—The ither day a man cam into my shop and handit me a letter. I was frae Mr. Mowat. I read it. It said, "My Dear Calder, this will introduce to you my esteemed friend the Honorable G. W. Ross, my Minister of Education. Hitherto he has had his garments made in Strathroy by the village tailor, but having seen the suit you recently made for me, he has concluded to get a similar rig-out. Do the best you can for him. I am off for Europe and will be away for a few days. Yours truly, Oliver Mowat."

As a matter o' coorse I was glad to see Mr. Ross, an' says I till him, haudin' oot my haun, "Hoo are you sir? Man, but you hae a gey het time o't the noo, but I houp you're able to tak your parritch reg'larly a' the same. Whatna kin' o' claiht dae you think you're wantin' na?" Weel, he settlet on a bit dooble breedth guid grey Scotch tweed at \$3 a yaird, sic like as cauna be bocht in ony ither shop for \$4, an' I begood to measure him. As I streetched the tape across his shoother says I, "Yon's an unco breeze they're makin' anent the French schules," says I, "what think you, 'll be the ootcome o't? Is there muckle in this Orange collieshangie?" says I. "It just depends," says he, an' at that I gaed roun' fornent him an' grippit him by the haun an' says I, "that's my ain opeenion."

"Of coorse," says I in a wee while, "when you staid in the Hoose that the bairns in a schules were learnin' Inglish, you nae doobt said what was perfectly true accordin to the meesure o' your knowledge an information at that time. Noo, hooever, that you hae had mair licht, what are you gaun to dae aboot it?" Says he, "Make the sleeves pretty long, Mr. Calder, for I'm not one of those who think it necessary to prove that I have on a clean shirt, by exposing a pair of hugh cuffs, with great buttons on them. In fact I dispise men who wear large cuff buttons and finger rings, and part their hair in the middle."

"Quite richt sir," says I, "I dinna like it mysel. Did you ken," says I "that there was sae muckle French and nonsense awa up about Essex? Man, its just awfu' the wye things are gaun on wast as weel's east."

"You'll be kind enough to put shammy leather in the watch pocket," says he.

"Oo aye," says I, an then as I took the length o' his legs, I remarkit as follows, "You'll be introducun a bill to rectify a' thae things at the next session o' Paurlement, I'm thinkin', an' I'm sure I wush you weel, for you hae your ain fash wi' sae mony to please an' a wheen darty canservative whalps yelpin' at your hee's frae mornin' to

nicht. I wadna be Minister o' Eddication for \$10 a day," says I, "an' I'm wae to see you lookin' sae worn like. Hae you'nae help?" says I.

"That's just what's the matter" says he, "I have help, and I haven't, but we pay for it all the same."

"Noo, Mr. GRIP, its perfectly wonnerfu' hoo muckle information I whiles get frae great public men, for it seems to me that they regaird mysel' as a man they can trust impleecitely an' they get relief to fin' a man tae open their hairts till, although I canna say I ever got muckle oot o' the late minister an' twa r' three mair that we houp hae gaen whaur they hae nae politics an' nae election."

My esteem for Mr. G. W. Ross is hiegher nor ever it was afore, for I ken noo, that me an' him are baith o' ae opeenion, an' that he'll dae the richt thing whan the time comes. Alloo me to say that I got frae his ain mooth that his middle name is not Washington but plain William aifter his gran'-faither on his mither's side. She was a McTavish, an' her faither's name William McTavish. His ain faither was a Geordie, an' this accounts for the twa names. I'm prood to think that the heid man o' eddication i' this country is a Scotsman, although gin I maun till the Guid's truth I wad be better pleast to hae one frae the Sooth rather than a body wi' sae muckle Hielan bluid in his veins, for I'm tauld that the Hon. G. W. can gabble awa at the Gaelic wi' as muckle ease as gin he had been born at the tap o' Ben Voirlich.

JOHN. CALDER.

P. S.—I nicht jist remark that Mr. Ross gangs till Auld St. Andrew's kirk, and his claes 'll be ready for him to waer next Setterday nicht.



OUR DOUBLE-ACTION LANGUAGE.

MR. FLESCHMANN—"Hello, Cholly, what's up? Training for a race?"

CHOLLY—"No; racing for a train."

SOCIETY NOTE.

THE many friends of Capt. McCorquodale, of the *Cibola*, will be glad to learn that his jaw is all right again. It was not a compound fracture, as at first feared, but a temporary displacement, brought about by the Gaelic Society's excursion. The Captain had not spoken his mother tongue for years, and went at it too suddenly.