



UNDER THE THUMB.

The North-West Territories demand and ought to have the ballot. At present, a large proportion of voters there are under the direct influence of the Government, and the open voting system prevails.

AIRLIE'S LADDIE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP:—I think the very deil's in that laddie o' mine. He's five year auld noo, an' what he'll be in anither five I daurna think, for here I am noo, a wreck o' mysel, just gettin' better o' concussion o' the brain-pan; a' through that little deevil o' a laddie. I see ither folk wi' three, four, five—aye, an' a dizen youngsters—an' they look aye to the fore, an' likely to be. But, mercy me! a'c youngster's enough for me; if anither ane like this was to put in an appearance, it would be the death o' me—in fack, it's a wonder I'm no dead as it is. That laddie has mair quicksilver in 's composition than a barometer, he's here, there, an' everywhere a' at ance; his mither's reduced to a state o' nervous imbecility wi' his cantrips, the neebors are aye on the ootlook for him, he's oot o' a'e mischief into anither as fast as he can skelp, an' he's nae mair reverence or respect for my authority than if I was a nose-o-wax. Ye see, he's no what ye would ca' an ill bit creatur, and he's perfectly straucht-forrit in h's way, the trouble is that he's scam fu' an' effervescin' an' just boilin' ower wi' energy, an' we're just at oor wits end what to do wi' him. I said to my wife that if we had only lived twa, three hunder year back, we micht hae gotten Sir Michael Scott, the wizard's familiar speerit, to set him the task o' weavin' a rope o' sand. "Bless ye, haud yer tongue," says my wife, "he couldna sit that lang-still."

"That's true," says I, "an' besides, gude kens, mony a rope o' sand he'll weave if he lives lang enough, puir fellow, sae we'll just e'en let him run the length o' his tether noo."



Wi' that in he comes wi' a bit little misserable lookin' black cat in his airms, an says he, "Here's my cat." That's his way, he never says by yer leave, but "this is my cat." "That's the way he'll bring in his wife to ye some day," says I to his mither.

"He wouldn't be like his faither if he didna," says she, as usual getting the best o't.

The cat was a puir drookit lookin' specimen.

"Whaur did ye git that cat, Hughie, my man?" says I. "Oot o' the hydrant," says he, "they were flushin' the

hydrant, an' first a lot o' sma fish cam bubblin up an' then this cat."

"Hughie, my bairn," said I, in great distress, "d'ye no ken it's a very wicket thing to tell a lee?"

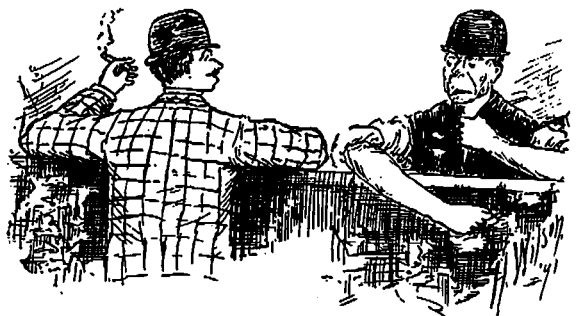
"But I'm no tellin' a lee, faither, I saw the fish come up oot o' the hydrant, an' the cat was eatin' ane o' them on the boolyvard. Eh—maybe the cat had come oot o' the hoose," he added, wi' a kind o' a second thocht.

I faud oot after that he was richt, the fish did come up oot o' the hydrant an' he had taen for granted that the cat had come up wi' them. His mither lookit' at me, an' I lookit at her, an' we winkit an' let him keep the meeserable cretur till bed-time. Then we made a fine bed for it in a corner an' said he would find it there a' richt an' snug when he got up in the mornin'. Quite weel pleased, he went off to his bed, an' his mither, leavin' me to keep hoose, gaed awa to hear a lecture on "*Truth Triumphant*." Weel, I waited till I thoct he was soond asleep, an' then I slips

oot an' takin' a bucket o' water I fills up a muckle ornamental floorer pot that was stanin' amang some rubbish in the woodshed, an' there in the gloom an' the darkness I pops in the cat, an' layin' the washboard on tap, I ran an' left the thing to droon, consol-in' mysel that it would be better aff dead than livin', seein' it was sic a puir diseased wretch, onyway. When my wife cam hame frae the lecture she lookit at me an' whispered, "I'st awa?" an' I whispers, "Ay, weel awa. I'll bury it in the yard the morn when he's oot playin'."

Ah, gude fego! when mornin' cam there was he sittin' in the kitchen wi' the black cat in his lap, feedin' it wi' a cup-fu' o' cream that his mither was savin' for a ground five o'clock tea she had invited her friends till that viry afternune! I said naething—I couldna—but I just slinkit awa oot to the woodshed to get an explanation o' this feline resurrection. There was the washboard an' there was the great big floorer-pat, wi' a muckle hole in the bottom whaur a' the watter had run oot.

"What are ye lookin' at, dad," says the rascal, wha had come oot after me wi' the beast in his airms.



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

BROWN (second day in the country)—"Did you plant the radishes in that bed?"

HIS GARDENER—"Oi did, sor, this mornin'."

BROWN—"Well, what's the matter with them? I'm afraid there won't be one of them up in time for dinner!"