

more amongst the number, that I was startled.

"And 'The Bread-Winners?'" I continued. Another howl of voices claiming the authorship arose.

"Well, this beats all," I said, as I turned to go. "Perhaps you can tell me who is the author of those good things—the best in the paper—which appear in the *Birmingham Blade*."

"You are; you are; they are cribbed from GRIP. Hurrah for GRIP: hip, hip, hurrah!" and the clamor became so deafening that I set off at a trot and never halted till I reached home again. —S.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE,

TORONTO, June 17th, 1885.

DEAR WULIE,—Ma bluid's just bowlin' in ma body and ma hands shakin' sae wi' righteous indignation I can scarcely haud the pen i' ma haund. Tae think I wad live tae see the day when I wad hear masel' an' ma unfortunate countrymen insulted without the satisfaction even o' blacknin' the een o' the leein' deevil that had the onmeetigat impudence tae declare i' the face o' the sun an' o' history that ma forefathers were sauvidges a hunder an' fifty year syne. Mind ye, I dinna for a neenit pretend tae dispute the statement made by the carie that his ancestors were sauvidges—Heilant horse thieves an' the like. Nae doot the man is weel read in his ain pedigree. Besides, there's three evident reasons for believin' the assertion—first, his sympathy wi' sauvidges—"bluid's thicker than water"; second, his ignorance wad certainly justifiee the supposition; an' third, the man himsel' is ockler demonstration o' the fact. But that by nae means proves that ither folks' forefathers were sauvidges—far frae't. Nae doot frae some pints o' view the vera foremost Scotchmon might be then, an' even may be noo, considered sauvidges. John Knox there, for instance, that lived three hunder year ago—ye canna blame the Cawthals for considerin' him a sauvidge o' the maist sauvidge description. Yet, for a' that, I doot whether Donald McMaster himsel' wad classifee the chief agent an' moviu' speerit o' the Reformation, the learned scholar wha preached freedom o' conscience an' founded schules an' universities a' ower braid Scotland, wi' Poundmaker, Break-through-the-Ice an' Big Bear, even though, as they say noo, Big Bear is nae less than a cousin o' the poet Frechette. Hech, man! but it's a pitifu' spectacle tae see a man o' Scotch descent, an' consequently supposed to ken something, staunin' up in a' the pomp an' circumstance an' bliss o' his black ignorance, an' declarin' that a hunder an' fifty year ago the Scotch folk were just as far ahint ceevilization as the Nor'-Wast sauvidges. Losh! I wadna gien ma granny awa like that—no for ten pound—tae sae naething o' masel'. As for the Scotch folk, here's a specimen o' their sauvidgery: When the Scottish Parliament decided tae enter the Union mair than a hunder an' fifty year syne, they were sauvidge enough tae mak their sin terms. Here's a when o' them: *"That Protestantism should be a condition o' succeedin' tae the Breetish croon; that Scotland should be represented in the Imperial Parliament by sixteen peers an' forty-five members o' the House o' Commons; that a' Breetish ports an' colonies should be open tae Scotch traders; that the laws relatit to property an' private rights should remain unaltered, except for the gude o' the Scotch people; that the Court o' Session an' ither tribunals should remain unchanged; an' that the Kirk o' Scotland should be maintained as already established! There's sauvidges for ye! I tell ye what it is, gin Canadians were only half as sauvidge as the above terms o' union indicate, it wad inspire ane wi' some hope for the future o' the*

kintra. Thae sauvidges wad alloo themselves tae be overridden neither by a C. P. R. syndicate, nor by a when hard-up lawyers' clerks dictatin', like the laws o' the Medes an' Persians, wha shall an' wha' sha'na vote. Lord! I think I see ony pooer i' the land tryin' to stick a Franchisee Bill on the backs o' thae sauvidges a hunder an' fifty year ago. Humph! I wish frae the bottom o' ma hert that Canada wad mair sauvidge an' mair independent an' mair imbued wi' the speerit o' the Scotch sauvidges o' that day an' generation. As for Mack—why the deil didna he tell us when he was about it that he was descended frae a family o' Heilant pougges an' baboons that keepit a peat reek whiskey still on the tap o' Ben Lomond, an' had tae wear their tails shaved close aff for fear o' the gaugers? Bless ma heart! I was sae ta'en up in contemplation o' the stupendous lee, that I had stoppit soopin' up the warehouse, an' was staunin' restin' ma chin on tap o' ma broom thikin' awa', an' for a lang time I didna see a quarter that was lyin' just among the soopins. I saw the bit siller glintin' up in ma face, but I was sae ta'en up wi' McMaster, for a meenit I couldna realize that it was a genuine *bona fide* twenty-five cent piece. Hooever, I pooched it at ance. Nae doot somebody had drappit it, and noo, says I tae mae, sin' providence has sent me this quarter, I'll go see the airt gallery this vera Saturday afternune, and see if I canna calm ma outraged feelin's wi' the contemplation o' the fine airts. Accordin'ly, after washin' ma face an' shifftin' masel' pittin' on ma Sabbath-day claes, I presented masel' up-stairs at 14 King Street West, and paid ma quarter tae the bit mannio (a decent Scotchman wi' specs on's nose) sittin' inside the door. He was by ordinar' ceevil, an' invetted me just tae snap inbye an' tak a daunder roon the gallery, the vera thing I did after bein' extravagant enough tae lay out ten cents o' ma ain on a catalogue. The first thing ma ee lichted on was an open window, luckin' oot on a bonny brae side wi' the lang grass growin' on't an' gowans an' ither bits o' floories glintin' oot here an' there. An' weel up the brae there were three little lassies wi' sunbannets an' peenies on, as grave an' as busy as ye like, weavin' a chain o' floories. An' a ye could see o' the toon was twa-ree luntaps raisin' their necks up oot o' the valley. I turned tae the bit mannio at the door, an' says I, "I didna ken ye had sic a bonnie brae in a' Toronto. I wad just liko tae tak a quiet daunder oot there the morn, bein' Saubbath, an' lie doon an' stretch ma banes in the grass a wee. Whaur does this window luck oot on?" says I. "What window?" says he. "That window there," says I, pointin' wi' my thoomb in that direction. "I see no window," says he, lookin' up an' doon in great surprise, "Gude sake, man! that hillside ower there wi' the bairns sittin' on the brae." "Oh! ho! ho!" says he, laughin', "that's no window; that's Brynmner's picture—Brynmner of Ottawa, you know." I declare tae ye I thoct that muckle shame at the fearfu' mistak I had made I could hae crawled through a moose hole. But raily, it's ma private opinion that that Brynmner maun hae derived his name frae brimstone, an' that wad account for the appearance o' his pictures, for this is nae airt, it's maugic—doonricht maugic—eneuch tae deceive the very elect. There was a picture there o' Paul Peel's that just gaed tae ma hert. It was "Gude-by," an' there was the ship sailin' awa tae Canada, an' me in't, an' there was Peggy McDonald that was sae daft aboot me sittin' watchin' me sailin' awa—awa—oot o' sight. I cudna help it. I tuk oot ma purse an' coontit oot seewenty-five cents an' a dollar bill. I didna want tae break the dollar, sae I tellt the mannio I wad buy that picture. I thoct I might get it for fifty cents or five York shillin's, but when he tellt me it was seewenty-five dollars!!! every hair o' ma head raise up, an' I just slippit the

bawbees intill ma purse again, an cam' awa roon the room, consultin' ma catalogue a' the time, for I was determined tae let folk see nae mair o' ma ignorance in airt matters, but just tae haud up ma heid an' creetioise wi' the best o' them. I made the acquaintance o' several young leddies, wha evidently tuk me fur a weel-posted airt critic. Of coorse I wasna gaun to belittle masel' by tellin' them that I kent less aboot airt than themselfs, sae we just stappit aboot frae picture tae picture, me a' the time pintin' oot the harmony o' this color, or the fauts in the drawin' o' that, just for a' the world as tho' I had descended in a direct line frae Michael Angelo himsel' without a single cross i' the breed. They listened tae ma remarks wi' the greatest reverence an' respect, especially when I lut oot the word "teckneek." Losh, that fetched them! although, between you an' me, I've nae mair notion o' what teckneek means than the man i' the mune. I also pinted oot tae them the maist glarin' fauts o' that French style which I tauld them was ruinin' completely oor young Canadian artists, such as Peel, Pinhey, Brynmner, Lawson, Bruce an' ither, an' tellt them that I observed the very same fauts o' Frenchness in thae thirty thousan' dollar pictures that were in the Loan Exhibition here some weeks syne. Gabriel Max, even, I objected tae on that account.

A could sweat brak oot on me though when ane o' the young leddies speert at me if I didna like high art. Hooever, I pulled masel' together, an' boldly answered No. Ye see it was neck or naething. Sae I tellt them ma reasons were three-fauld—first, the carey-scory was defective in high art; second, the harmony o' tone an' rapport was far frae chaste in general; and third, high art was hung sae near the ceilin' that it was sair on the back neck raxin' up tae creetioise them properly. They speert next if I had bocht ony pictures, but I said, "no, no just yet," I was waitin' till the close o' the Exhibition so I wad get a great bargain, as the feck o' thae risin' young artists were very hard up an' wad be glad tae sell at a sauerifice. I tellt them we had the authority o' Scripser for that; man's extremity was God's opportunity. There was naething like poverty; it was a great incentive tae hard work, an' keepit them oot o' the wiles o' the deevil. I tellt them never to forget to impress on their rich freens that the poor artist's extremity was the rich man's opportunity to get a real work o' art—a work needin' brains an' heart an' mind an' years o' study to produce it—for less than the price o' a worthless daub, thus killin' twa birds wi' ae stane—by securin' a bargain, an' at the same time encouragin' native Canadian talent.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

BALMY spring being upon us, suitable under-clothing is required. R. WALKER & Sons carry a splendid assortment, and have just now some special lines to clear out. Their white and colored shirts are unequalled.

HIS SOURCE OF INCOME.

"How are you finding business, doctor?" was asked of a physician.

"Capital," he replied. "I have all I can attend to."

"I didn't understand that there was very much sickness about."

"No, there isn't. But we physicians do not depend upon sickness for an income. Oh, my! no; most of our money is made from people who have nothing the matter with them."—*New York Sun*.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.