

SCOTTISH FUN.

(From the last Number of the Glasgow Bailie.)

REASONABLE.

(Scene—Top of Tarbert Coach.)

Tourist—Aw ! 'ow ist you know you're in time for the Columbia ?

Coachman—We'll pe look wi' our eyes ant we'll no pe see her.

Tourist—By Jove ! you can't, for them hills.

Coachman—Weel' pehin' ta hills. She'll no pe at ta pier tae she comes tae't.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME."

(Scene—A Roman Catholic Sunday School.)

Father Mooney—What was the Apostle Peter's other name ?

Small Boy (readily)—Spence.

Father Mooney—Who told you that ?

Small Boy—Nobody ; but oi often hear father talkin' to mother about "Peter's pence."

BEGINNING EARLY.

Miss (aged seven, in silks and feathers)—Have you any ices ?

Shopkeeper—None, to-day, miss.

Miss—Oh ! What is the price of that ?

Shopkeeper—That cake is one shilling a pound.

Miss—Ah ! Then have you any chocolate, four cakes a penny.

Shopkeeper—Yes, miss.

Miss—Then let me have two cakes. (And she departs with the air of one having done a good stroke of business with her barobec.)

IN VINO VERITAS.

(Scene—Public-house, Ayr. Two farmers drinking.)

1st Farmer (solemnly)—Man, I dinna hear sae muckle noo about the last day. Duo ye ken, Jock, it might be on us in a meenute !

2nd Farmer (impressively)—Come on, come on. Drink out ! I winna like to be caught in a public house !

IN THE GLOAMIN'.

(Scene—Hotel Bar, Dunoon, last Saturday evening. Baul is playing outside, Musician enters for a collection.)

Shandygaff (slightly screwed, evidently thinking of 'in the gloamin'.)—I say, Mister, can ye play "In the Twilight ?"

Musician—Oh yes, we can play when it's pitch dark ! [Shandygaff dries up.]

TA'EN.

(Scene—Doctor's surgery in the country.)

Little Girl—Doctor, you've tae come and see my wee brither as fast as ye can.

Doctor—How long has he been poorly, my little woman ?

Little Girl—I dinna ken.

Doctor—And what has he'taken ?

Little Girl—Ta'en ! He's ta'en ill.

ON THE LIVELY KEY.

(Scene—Bridge Street Station. Smith is seeing Brown off with the 4.35 Wemyss Bay Train last Friday afternoon.)

Brown—We'll expect you down with the 2.15 train to-morrow afternoon.

Smith—Yes, and you'll be sure to be on the look-out for me on Rothesay Quay.

Brown—All right, my boy, I'll be on the quay vine.

SUSPICIOUS.

Priscilla—Well, Maggie, what are you going to do about this business ?

Maggie—Oh, I suppose I'll have to be content with the Post Boy.

Priscilla—Just please yourself. I'll have to take that Horrid Master !

(The brother who overheard this startling conversation laughed when he found out that it was hats they were talking about.)

SOUR GRAPES.

(Sandy's employer promised him a suit of clothes if he kept teetotal for a certain length of time, and was surprised to find him drunk within a day of its expiry.)

Sandy—O, I thoct if I kept frae drink a' the time that ye'd be thinkin' I wantit yer claes !

GENTILITY AS IT IS LIKELY TO BE.

(Scene—Private boarding school, near Edinburgh ; Madame and young ladies sitting at breakfast ; Newhaven fish wife, passing outside, shouts, "Caller Haddies, Haddies, Caller Haddies.")

Madame—Now, ladies, what should that vulgar woman have called, if she had spoken properly, can any of you tell me ?

Exceedingly Genteel Miss (after a long pause)—Hades, Madame.

[Baptism of said young lady as "Hades" for the remainder of her school life.]

TRUE.

Jock—Ye're selfish, Wull.

Wull—Because I hae whit ye want ?

A CONTRAST.

Jack—Look, Bill, there's an awfully bandy-legged man.

Bill—Yes, and (pointing to a beggar)—there's a man awfully in (k)need.

A TRUE YIN !

Wife (anxiously)—Whit's wrang wi' ye the nicht, Jock ?

Jock (shortly)—I'm (hic) seek !

Wife (coaxingly)—Try yer finger doon yer throat an' pit it up !

Jock (angrily)—No, I'll no pit it up (hic). It's whusky !

DUGALD'S ORDER.

(Scene—Well-known clothing establishment ; Enter Dugald, a deck-hand on a steamer at the Broomielaw.)

Dugald (in a hurry)—Here you ! I want a pair o' preeks to fit a steamboat !

TUGAL' M'TAVISH.

(Scene—Grocer's shop in Highland village.)

Smart Servant Maid (to grocer)—I want a pun o' fresh butter.

Grocer—Do ye shurely you'll got that. To whom iss it from ?

Smart Servant Maid—From you, of course.

Grocer—Och gosh ay. What a jig fool was I, hersel', Tugal' M'Tavish, was not know tat.

THAT'S THE TICKET !

(Scene—Highland Hotel : Travellers walk into coffee-room hung with bills of the "trade," the most prominent of which is an "Allsopp.")

Tourist (to hostess)—Give us some bread and cheese and beer. And, look here, be sure to bring Allsopp's beer.

Hostess—Oh, we'll not hafe no Allsopp's peer whatever. We'll shust hafe ta tickett.

LACHIE AND HIS COO.

Lachie—I'm goin' ta die my coo, minister !

Minister—Indeed, Lachie ! What colour !

Lachie—No colour avar ! I'm jist goin' ta deid un ! deid un !!

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says :—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia : Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

THE HAND BOOK OF AMATEUR GARDENING.

(By an experienced sufferer.)

ESSAY No. I.

THE CURCULIO.

This is an insect of the genus *Pestiferous Goldarnationtakum*.

Any one who takes exception to this classification is respectfully but firmly requested to communicate with me if he really knows a worse name for it, which it would be proper to put in print.

Scientific research is all right enough in its place ; but I leave it to any healthy-minded young orchardist if, in diagnosing the curculio, it is not more satisfactory to throw science to one side and fall back on your feelings and the vernacular of your earlier years when you spent your holidays chiefly along the docks.

The curculio is only a fly, although I feel I am safe in saying that no one who has had a pretty decent experience of it would find it difficult to reconcile it in his mind with the idea of an animal standing eighteen feet high on the bare ground, and presenting a more terrifying aspect than a couple of female book pedlars.

This interesting insect has a partiality for plum trees—or more properly, for the plums they bear. It has never as yet been known to devour the plum tree itself, although there is no telling to what extremes it might be driven in the case of a favorite plum tree not realizing its expectations in the matter of quality and quantity of plums. At all events, I don't propose to end the curculio desperate as an experiment in this direction. I shall go on planting and cultivating plum trees, and feeling that I ought to be thankful they bear fruit and thus keep down the fierce passions of the curculio and divert his thoughts from possible schemes against the inoffensive trees. It is, after all, something of a satisfaction even to have the trees in your garden and see them growing and blossoming and forming great big plums and giving you an opportunity to blow to you neighbor about the heavy crop you'll have, and hear him blow back to you about the enormous yield he is going to have. Of course the curculio attends to all your neighbor's plums, as well as yours, and so neither of you ever resumes the discussion that season because honors are even and you don't care to wound the sensibilities of the curculio, not to mention the other's feelings.

As to the *modus operandi* of the curculio, I have the word of an honest man and a journalist that operations are started early in the spring by the insects who divide up into gangs, according to the size and variety of the trees, and proceed to carefully dig around and manure the roots. If true, this will account for the mysterious shortage so often noticed in the loads of manure you buy for your vegetable plot. The curculio steals it on the road up, and afterwards makes raids on it when it has been dumped into your yard. You can, therefore, throw the blame for small loads on the curculio and cheerfully acquit the honest teamster.

If you don't pick the superfluous bloom from your tree, the curculio is careful not to neglect it. His object is a good crop, no matter what yours is.

Pending the formation of the fruit, the curculio pays regular visits nightly to the neighboring blacksmith shop, and tempers up and sharpens his boring machine.

Then, with a sweet sad smile, he gets to work at the plums. He bores every blessed one on the tree. The curculio is too careful and frugal to miss even one plum ; and, anyway, he knows you would scarcely care to go to work and preserve one plum even if he did leave it. Perhaps he does not give much