

"Weel, oor Assembly tak's the Confession o' Faith as an en' o' a' contraaversion on a' Scriptural p'int, dinna they?"

"Well—n-no, hardly. It's not really inspired, you know. It is only a Standard, you understand," carefully explained the pastor.

"Weel, it seems they thocht it was clean wrang aboot this maitter, or they wouldna hae passet yon moation Aw handit ye. It juist means on *this* p'int ye needna accep' the Confession. In ither words, the Confession is repealet on this p'int."

"No, not repealed," explained the minister, "as Dr. McKnight says, they didn't mutilate the great historical document, they simply modified the formula. Don't you catch the distinction?"

"They didna cut it oot the doak'ment wi' a scissors, but they cut it oot, metaphorically speakin'—is that it?"

"No, they didn't cut it out at all, they only modified it, don't you see?"

"It's no' bindin' i' the Kirk the noo, then?" concluded Mr. MacTavish.

"Oh, yes, it is. Such a marriage is regarded as unchristian in most, if not all, our sessions."

"Then, whit div they mean by 'moadifyin' it?'" asked the much puzzled man.

"Why, that means that you can enjoy liberty of opinion on the point," answered the minister.

"But whit good diz ma opeenion do me if Aw mustna ac' on it, hooever soond Aw may think it?"

"That I really cannot undertake to answer. I hope, however, that the whole matter is perfectly clear to you now, Mr. MacTavish."

Mr. MacTavish deliberately reached for his hat, and slowly rose from his chair, with his eye pitcously fixed on the minister.

"Clear tae me?" he repeated. "Aye, meenister, its e'en as clear as mud. Aw'm gaun awa hame tae see whit the Scriptures themsels hae tae say o' the subjec', an' gin Aw can no' fin' mair against siccan a mairrage than Aw've aye been able tae fin' heretoforc, Aw'll mairry Jessie the morn'ow's morn', an' jine the Salvation Airmy Kirk, whilk has nae 'auld historical doak'ments' tae mak' a fool o' common sense people!"

So saying he testily departed. J.W.B.

BOUND TO HAVE HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

HIS appearance denoted that he had come in from the back townships to see the Carnival. He had the unmistakable look of the tiller of the soil, and he gazed about him on the sights of the crowded metropolis with something of a dazed and bewildered expression. Hailing a Queen Street car near the corner of Yonge Street he enquired of the conductor:

"Say, boss, does this here car go to Spadina Avenue?"

"Yes; jump on."

"What do yer charge a feller for the ride?"

"Five cents."

"I thought mebbe bein' you was goin' that road anyway you wouldn't charge me nuthin'."

"Don't do business that way," replied the conductor; "get on if you're going."

He climbed up and took his seat, remarking to a lady who sat next him that if he had five cents for every time he'd given a neighbor a lift in his wagon he'd have more'n a thousand dollars, be gosh.

Spadina Avenue was reached in a few minutes.

"Yer don't mean ter say we've got there already," said the ruralist. "Five cents for that short ride!"



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

"The very newest costumes will be elaborately trimmed with feathers, those of one species alone being used, the ostrich by preference."—*Queen.*

Acting upon this hint, Our Own Idiot has, by a process of ornithological logic, evolved the Ostrich Costume, the Pelican (Club) Toilette, the "Pet Pigeon," the "Pretty Polly," and various other Bird of Paradise frocks.—*Funny Folks.*

"It would be just the same if you'd only ridden ten yards," was the reply.

"These cars goes on further, does they?"

"Oh, yes—right on to High Park."

"How fur is that?"

"Oh, more than three miles."

"And you don't have to pay no more to ride out there?"

"Just the same—you ride as far as the car goes for one fare."

"Then I'm jiggered if I'm goin' ter git out here. Drive ahead Mr. carman. I'll set here an' git the worth of my money an' walk back agin."

And he did.

TURF NOTES.

(BY OUR OWN HORSEY SPORT.)

MR. RYKERT'S "Cheek" is in tip-top condition, and is freely backed to beat anything likely to come against it.

Mr. Mercier's "Liberality" is used up, and has been sent to grass. This enterprising owner's hopes are now centred on "Nationality," the promising colt by "Priestcraft" out of "Prejudice."

Mr. Mowat's "Majority" has gone off a trifle in weight, but is still good for the work ahead of him.

Sir Richard Cartwright's "Free Trade" is in the trainer's hands for the great Dominion steeplechase a couple of years hence. The horse has been seen so little, however, that nothing can be said about his points.

Sir John Macdonald's "Taxation" is, we hear, doing wonders in the way of speed. He was lately run against "Common Sense," and had no difficulty in shutting out the latter animal. Foster, the jockey, displays no judgment in his riding, and the knowing ones predict that there will be a terrible tumble some of these days.

Mr. Meredith's colt, "Opposition," which showed such bad preparation when peeled for the Assembly Plate lately, is down with the epizoo. Mr. M. talks of retiring from the turf.

Mr. Bunting's "Daily Mail" will carry extra weight in the forthcoming race with Jaffray's "Globe." The latter owner has stolen "Mail's" clever rider, Farrer.