

was vera sure I was hatchin' the sma'pox, an' wanted tae ken if ever I had been noclilated. I speired at her gin she tulk me for a benighted French-Canadian, an' I telt her I thoct they were far waur than the rebellious Israelites i' the wilderness, for they had the sense tae luck at the brazen serpent when they fand themsel's bitten, but thae Montrealers were sae blinded wi' ignorance and superstition they wadna tak advantage o' the remedy o' vaccination that Science had set up, but wad rather see themsel's an' their freens deein', deoin' by hunders, or gaun through life wi' their faces like the back o' a porous plaster or a section o' coral reef. Mrs. McClutch, puir creature, thoct that was a' the mair reason I should get noclilated, for fear o' gettin' ma gude looks spoilt, for if there was a'e thing mair than anither she liket tae see it was a weel-faured face. The justice o' her remarks an' her kindly concern for the appearance o' ma countenance commended itself tae ma common sense, an' I just gaed at ance an' got masel' noclilated. Eh! little did I think that bein' noclilated wi' the coo pock wad hae the effect o' infectin' me wi' a far waur disease—the terrible affliction o' love an' matrimony. If I was sick afore I was ten times waur noo. I cudna sleep a wink wi' the stounds in ma airm, an' I can safely swear that I never afore kent sic a kindly thing a woman can be till I was laid up an' nursed an' poulticed by Mrs. McClutch. It wasna in human natur' no tae be affectet at the way she dalkered aboot me, an' aye she wad remark, sic a helpless orctur a man was without a wife—it was maist as bad as bein' a widow, an' no a man body in the hoose tae frichten awa burglars. Noo, a' the like o' this set me a-thinkin': first o' a', Mrs. McClutch was a weel-faured woman an' a splendid nurse for a man when he happened tae be sick; second, she was comfortable an' cud mak a gude livin' ony time I might happen tae be oot o' wark; third, the winter was comin' on, an' it wad be sic a comfort tae come in an' dad the snaw aff ma feet again' ma ain hall stove, an' Mrs. McClutch soopin' me doon an' makin' me comfortable; an' then she really needet a man body aboot the hoose. Sae, takin' a'thing in consideration, I thoct I nicht dae waur than marry Mrs. McClutch. But hoo tae manage the business was mair than I could tell. My airm was mendin' brawly, but I cudna get up my speerits, ava, for hoo tae brooch the subject I didna ken. A'e day, hoover, (losh! I'll never forget it) we were a' sittin' at oor tea. Mrs. McClutch was lookin' oncommon weel wi' a new goon (she maks them a' hersel', an' that's a savin') an' a white apron on. A' at ance ane o' the boarders raxes ower tae the butter an' taks a tremendous clash o't on till his plate. I lucket at Mrs. McClutch, an' she lucks at me, as muckle as tae say, "D'ye see that?" I cudna stand it. "Maister Henderson, are ye aware that that butter is twenty-five cents the pund?" says I, fixin' ma e'e on him sternly. "It's weel worth't, Mr. Airlie," says the impident rascal, raxin' ower an' takin' anither slap o't wi' his knife, "It's weel worth twenty-five cents, I'm shure, an' he taks anither an' anither out, remarkin' every time that it was splendid butter. I wasna gaun till submit tae siccan extravagance as that, sae I telt him that he had better understand that, for the future, I—Maister Airlie—was gaun tae rin this boardin' hoose, an' I wad request them a' tae eat butter tae their bread instead o' bread tae their butter, an' tae tak baith in moderation. Losh sake! ye wad think a thunderbolt had fa'en amang them, an' as for Mrs. McClutch, she got up frae the table and ran intae the pawrlor, an' me after her. She hadna the sma'cat notion o' sic a thing, she said, but no tae mak me oot a lecar afore the boarders, she thoct she nicht as weel marry me as onybody else. Sae, dear Wullie, that's hoo it happened, an' noo, in addition to bein' boss o' the base-

ment in Tamson an' Tamson's, I hae a weel-furnished hoose o' ma ain, a gude wife tae tak care o' me, an' a cheerie lookoot for the approachin' winter. Wi' respects frae Mrs. Airlie, I am,
Yer brither,
HUGH, AIRLIE.

HIGHEST PRAISE.

The well-known drug firm of N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has long been considered the best remedy for summer complaints in the market, and adds that their customers speak in the highest terms of its merits. Wild Strawberry is the best known remedy for cholera morbus, dysentery, and all bowel complaints.



STARTLING!

Bad Boy.—Hi, mister! Look out!
Old Gent (greatly frightened).—Wh-where? Wh-what?
Bad Boy.—Why don't you let one finish. I was about to say, look out for GRIP'S ALMANAC, to be ready in November, price 10 cents per copy!

THE BANQUET AT GUELPH.

Here's success to each jolly old minister,
Who stuck to his colors that day up in Guelph!
Anti-Scoot Act decanters looked crooked and sinister,
When placed there amid the school's innocent delf.
Some folks have sneered at them, others have jeered at them.
"Leaving the table," they say, "in a pet."
If they wore persistent, they were also consistent,
And all will be brought to acknowledge it yet.
Here is the fun of it, the Gov. he'd have none of it,
He drank all the toasts, but in coffee, himself,
And so all the boozers and wine-bibbling sneezers,
Had it all for themselves at the Banquet at Guelph. —B.

RURAL FELICITIES.

"How well I remember the scenes of my childhood."
"Hullo, Perkins, is that you? What's the matter with you? You look all broke up. Where have you been lately?" asked I yesterday forenoon of Samuel Perkins, wholesale grocer, and an old and valued friend of mine—Perkins the rotund, Perkins the jolly, who kept the table of our modest club in a roar on all festive occasions. Yes, there was Perkins, but what a Perkins! His clothes hung upon his person, like the fabled pursor's shirt on the historic handspike. His face had grown long and thin, his hair grayer, and he had a moody and abstracted look that I never once observed on my Perkins of yore. "Where on earth

have you been to, old fellow?" I asked again. "To the country," he replied, in sepulchral tones.

"Country, hey? Enjoyed yourself, I suppose?"

"No!"

"See here, Brown," said he, "let's go and have lunch together and I'll tell you all about it. I'm half starved anyway, so let's hurry up." We went to a convenient restaurant, where Perkins called forth and ate very nearly everything in the menu. "Now, my boy, listen," said he, "and I'll tell you my story, which may be of service to you, and act as a warning should you be tempted to do as, alas! I have done.

"You are aware that my wife comes from (I won't mention the exact locality) what is known as the Country. Early in the summer, after I had concluded to go to the Thousand Islands to fish for bass, she said to me, 'Samuel, it's a long time since I've been out to the old homestead (she called it *humbsted*), so let's take our holidays there. The nice country air will agree with you and the children. There's lots of trout-fishing and squirrel-shooting to amuse you, and besides it won't cost nothin'.' (My wife generally forgets her grammar when she speaks of the home of her childhood.) 'All right, Hannah,' I said, the monetary consideration, I must confess, influencing me not a little. So we packed up, and next morning took the Northern for—but, no matter—where, at the station, we found the hired man with a rickety and almost springless wagon to take us up to the farm. The boss (Hannah's father), he said, was laid up with *roomatiz* and couldn't come.

"Well, off we jolted on a side line till we got 'home,' where we were regaled with a cup of what might be called the ghost, but not the spirit, of tea, baked sweet apples, sodden 'hum-made bread,' and last year's tub-butter. After tea I thought I'd have a smoke. I commenced, but the old woman wheezed and the old man coughed to such an extent that I replaced my pipe in my pocket. About eight o'clock we mustered for family prayers, which chiefly consisted of pious and rather incoherent ejaculations of the old man. We were then served out with a tallow candle and candlestick of great age, a green old age it might be assumed from the color of the verdigris enamel, as a hint to go to bed. We had only one room, dismal and musty, with a ghostly four-post bed and funeral curtains. The chamber was suggestive of a vault, and it had evidently not been used for years. It was the *deadly spare room*, if you know what that is. A shake-down was made for the two children on the floor. They bawled and scratched and slapped all night, devoured by the mosquitoes. I had just got into a quiet doze in the morning when I was awakened by such a pandemonium of discordant croaks and screams, that I awoke in a cold perspiration of terror. 'What's that?' I shudderingly asked.

"Oh! them's only the hens and roosters; that's nuthin'," said my wife, and calmly went to sleep again. Oh! my dear Brown, I have not the heart to tell you what I endured at that wretched Country place. No fresh butter, not even milk, everything sent off to market. Fresh pork swimming in grease, potatoes do.; a beef steak was out of the question. It would be all the same, however, for they'd spoil it. Bad bread, worse butter, sweltering pork and insipid apple-sass, was the fare we had during our sojourn. So Brown, my boy," said Perkins rising, "just look at me now and think what I was, and now make a vow without any mental reservation that when you take your holidays don't go to the Country." B.

De Jumbo nil nisi Barnum.—Springfield Globe.