

that ye wad think I was disrespeckfu'. Sae I thought it was ma duty tae say that sae far frae bein' disrespeckfu'—it was clean the opposite—in fact, I hae an' extraordinary respect for Tam—Maister Tamson, I mean—because he is a self-made man—an' likk maseel', risen frae naething. I kent his grannie weel—she made potted-head, an' sellt bread in a little auld hoosie, an' keepit a wee drap on the sly likk for special customers. Tammie was a little toozle headed creature in a lang blue daidlie, an' strippit blue cotton breekees in thae days, an' when his mither gae oot washin' he used to come doon an' hide wi' his grannie till his mither came hame at e'en. We lived next door tae Tam's—I mean Maister Tamson's, grannie, an' Tam an' me wad gang harryin' birds' nests, an' playin' truant frae the schule, an' sometimes Tam's grannie wad come oot after him wi' a stick an' wallop him hame afor her, an' tell him he wad come tae the gallows yet. Tam had a sister an' she workit in the cotton mill an' marrit a drucken neer-do-well, an' his brither, weel, he was little gude, little ill, in fact Tam was the only decent one o' the hale lot, an' I daur say the grannie left him a well-filled stockin' when she de-ed, sae ye see I canna but respect Maister Tamson—an' what I want tae say tae ye a' is this, that gin any time I should mak a slip an' say Tam instead o' Maister Tamson, ye maunna be followin' ma example, because, bein' an auld freen I'm a kind o' preevileged like—an' tho' I ca' him Tam it's oot o' nae disrespeck. Frae this day oot I'll try tae ca' him Maister Tamson just as ye dao, but I thoct it better tae gie ye ma reasons for respeckin' him the way I dae."

Wi' that I maiched oot wi' an air o' great dignity, an' began soopin' up the warchoose flure. I'll tell ye mair belyve.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

RURAL DELL.

Dear Mr. GRIP,—Can you give two interesting but perplexed girls any idea how to get a sort of general synthesis—no, that's not the word, syn—syn—oh, now I've got it, synopsis of the politics of the day, so that we could learn something without reading through miles of newspaper columns. Can you mention any paper that would give us a sort of general smatter which we could skim over while we were curling our hair or dressing for dinner—not that we like politics, far from it, though strange to say we've often been told we are considered very politic girls. We must inherit that from Pa who is member for Rural Dell. The fact is we want him to take us to Ottawa this winter, we had such a lovely time last year—and if we could show him that we knew something about his business affairs he mightn't be so hard to coax into taking us. Pa does get so mad when we ask questions, and says he can't see any return for the money he spent on us at Madame Letour's finishing school. He quite forgets all the friends we made, it is horrid of him; besides, if he'd only look at us with any other man's eyes he'd discover that we're two as stylish girls as you'll find anywhere, and I am sure it's nicer to have stylo than politics, but as we're sure to meet politicians we really ought to know what they're about; it's so awkward to find out of an evening that you've been flattering up an M.P. on the wrong side, who's been calling Pa names the night before. No, we don't like politicians, though you wouldn't believe how complimentary some of even the quite old ones can be. We do like the clerks in the mail service. They are awfully nice, almost—yes quite as nice as bank clerks, only there are not so many of them; and it would be just too smart for Mary and I to know how to get round the powerful old political heads and make

them advance some of those nice young fellows who find it so difficult to live on their incomes. Such a nice womanly way to influence their lives unseen and unknown, and without a trace of those horrid women's rights and blue-stockings ways. Mary and I wouldn't be blues for anything, but it is quite "chic" to talk as if you had an idea of what other people's ideas are. So, please, Mr. GRIP do be kind enough to help us, and say in a few words what politics are, the difference between a Tory and Grit, and if they are all villains, and which is likely to be in power longest; and in the shortest possible space tell us all about everything—and if you know if there will be many dances at Rideau Hall and whether it would be better to have trains or wear short dresses, for Mary and I are determined to be up in it all, and in all the slang phrases like "brawling brood of bribers," etc.

Yours with respect,
A politician's daughter,
JANE PENCHERMAN.

P. S.—Is there any chance of your coming to Rural Dell. Pa would be sure to ask you up to the house. He is always so polite to newspaper gentlemen. It's a wonder to me he gets so abused. I suppose that's one of the political mysteries girls can't understand. Can you solve it for us?



NO DANGER.

Mrs. Mulligan—Yes, it's quite true, Mrs. Johnson, that some boys turn out fast young men, but my Tommy is safe.

Mrs. Johnson—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Mulligan—Why, he's a telegraph messenger boy!

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANANIAS.

When I happen to be in the sacred precincts of civilization and society, I invariably make it a rule to attend the morning service at "St. Ananias" every Sunday. This is owing not to my religious zeal—which is not great—but to the fact that it is correct and fashionable to listen to the Rev. Mr. Blatant's sermons.

From my rather regular attendance at this synagogue I have got to know a number of the flock, and in my thirst for details of other people's affairs I have acquired considerable insight into their private lives. For instance, I know that Mr. and Mrs. Nero have their eldest daughter for sale to the highest bidder. Some day Miss Nero, who is very pretty, will be sold at the very altar where she and her parents worship each Sunday. I admire Mr. and Mrs. Nero's good, sensible, business ideas, and respect their abject veneration of wealth.

Mrs. Flaunting is a matron who comes into church each Sunday with either a new bonnet or some marked alteration in an old one. Mrs. Flaunting's arrival is always accompanied by a subdued whispering among the females who have the happiness to view her passage up the aisle. Can I accuse any of the ladies of jealousy or envy? Are those whisperings, which always take place when Mrs. Flaunting arrives, about her bonnet? No, I say, they cannot be. Remember "St. Ananias" is a church, and these good ladies always come to worship, so it must be positively ridiculous to accuse them of thinking of such a thing as a bonnet. You don't agree with me? Well, all I can say is that my insight into the female mind is greater than yours, and I know that ladies are above such vulgar feelings as curiosity.

One character in St. Ananias is that white-haired old reprobate, Rakely. His very presence in the place is a slur on its character. See how the odious old wretch ogles every pretty girl that passes his seat. The old villain wears a wig and dyes his mustache, and at the last dinner he was at, they say his front teeth fell out at dessert. What does he go to St. Ananias' for, I wonder. Does he want spiritual comfort? I am afraid not.

There is a young girl who sits in a pew in front of mine. She giggles at everything from the beginning to the end of the service. Rev. Mr. Blatant sometimes looks at her with a most severe expression on his saintly countenance, but it does no good; she is totally devoid of reverence.

I would sooner look at the giggling damsel, however, than I would at the Venoms. Mr. and Mrs. Venom are all sweetness and holiness itself, when the eyes of the congregation are directed on Mrs. Venom's bonnet or new sacque, but I have heard sad tales of their happiness at home. One morning Mrs. Venom came to church with a red scar on her forehead; it has always stayed there, and so has an ugly tale about Mr. and Mrs. Venom stayed in people's remembrances. The good Christian people of St. Ananias are too severely and consistently religious to let scandal die out.

Miss Enavey, who sits directly under the commandment "Thou shalt not covet," turns green whenever any of her friends appears to a better advantage than she does. She is not poor, but she is ugly, and she hates every pretty girl whom she sees, that is, in secret. She is very lavish in her terms of endearment whenever she addresses one of her pet aversions.

Our dear rector, Mr. Blatant, what can I say of him? Of course there is only one answer to that question. Is it possible that a minister of the Church of England can be anything but good and holy? Of course not. But then again people will talk. I have heard from some malicious person that Mr. Blatant is an ass, a conceited and dogmatic ass, this evil being said. Also I have heard that Mr. Blatant has vices. Of course I don't believe it. Can that story about his college days be true? Perhaps one had better not answer questions like that. They involve too much. Some discontented people say that Mr. Blatant never visits the poor in his parish. Don't say anything about the poor; the curate can look after them. It is his work. Mr. Blatant has higher missions. Rev. Mr. Blatant is truly a meek man. He has never been known to contradict anyone, when out of the pulpit. But for all this he is a good business man, and there is nothing he likes better than to get hold of the executorship of a rich estate.

The curate is a dear little creature, with a beautiful smile and lip. He is very clean and neat, and parts his hair beautifully in the middle. I know of no other distinguishing characteristic of the curate of St. Ananias.

A. C. M.