



### A JOKE, DONCHERKNOW!

MISS FASHIN—"Oh, Mr. Singleglass, I'm so glad I've met you. I am looking for Cecil street,—can you tell me where it is?"

MR. SINGLEGLASS—"Aw—don't know, doncherknow, sorry to say. But—aw—I should think you could easily find your way about when you're in a Directory costume."

### SCOTTIE AIRLIE HEARD FROM AT LAST.

BACKO'BEYONT, SCOTLAND,

*March* (railly I forget the date) but its '89.

MY DEAR GRIP,—I think I maun be a lineal descendant o' the Heilanter that didna ken hoo to play a retreat, or afore this time I wad hae sent an apology for my absence. But, as ye may weel believe, the meenit I got oot o' quarantine I made a beeline for the Atlantic, tae mak sure work that ony infection I got in the smallpox hospital wad be weel blown awa frae me; for I can tell ye, a rin across there in the teeth o' a strong nor'-easter, blaws a' the cobwabs an' stoor clean oot o' a man. Tell that billie frae Preston that I'm aye i' the body as yet, but for hoo lang I'm sure I dinna ken. Hooever, I'm muckle obliged till him for speirin'. I've that muckle to tell ye, Maister GRIP, that I feel like a bottle o' ale whummed end up, wi' the cork new oot; bubblin' an' gurglin' awa without ony steady stream o' information whatever, but sin' the ale pits me in mind o' temperance, I'll e'en lay the bottle doon sideways an' let the ale slide oot cannily an' to edification.

Last Sunday nicht I gaed to a temperance meetin' conducted by twa-rec o' oor prominent toonsmen. They are, like mysel, no sae young as they ance were, an' their grammar bein' oot o' date, it may soond a kind o' ootlandish in a land o' sic extreme polish an' culture as Canada; but seein' they hae spellin' an' pronunciation tae match, the onkingrooty o' the thing 'll may be no be noticed sae muckle. There's a certain harmony atween ill pronunciation an' ill grammar even.

I needna tell ye that the lecture just bristled wi' illustrations frae Scripture, an' the three patriarchs bein' brocht in and shewn up, I began tae get interested, being a patriarchally inclined sort o' a man mysel. There's naething I wad like better than to be a patriarch, wi' nae end o' flocks an' herds an' pasture for them to feed on, an'

plenty servants to dae my work, an' me to sit in my tent door in the heat o' the day, richt in the city o' Toronto, an' write for GRIP.

"An' noo," said the speaker, "crackin' aboot temperance, just luck at the history o' thae three pairtridges. Luck at the way that puir auld pairtridge Aubrahawm was persecutit an' tormentit aff the face o' the earth wi' Sawra's ill-scrapit tongue! Did she no deave the puir auld body near daft, an' did he not take an' fling oot the puir bit lassie an' her bairn, tae beg their bread, or sell papers in the street; an' didna the puir Airabs, their lawfu' descendants, sell papers in the streets to this gude day? An' as if we hadna enough Airabs in the coorse o' nateral descent—naething 'll dae but folk maun tak to manufacturin' them oot o' hail claith by sellin' whuskey!

"Then there was anither pairtridge that nottyras leear Jaucob, that pat on a pair o' bearskin mittens to deceive his puir auld blind faithier, Isek, an' wadna sae muckle as gie his ain brither Easy a spunefu' o' parritch when he was starvin', athoot he made ower his share o' the property tae the greedy sinner. Weel, what does he no dae but manage to get the feck o' puir auld Lauban's strippit cattle intill his possession, to say naething o' the man's twa dochters, as if anc wasna gude enough for the auld robber. No, ma freends, the moral o' a' this is, dinna gie in to greed; for if greed o' gear ance gets haud o' ye in ye go intae the whuskey bisness, an' ye'll get that hardened, that though ye saw yer fellow-brither starvin' ye wad aye keep on takin', takin' the last bawbee he had, an' the next thing ye'll be gettin' a' the strippit cattle o' yer Uncle Lauban o' the three balls.—Aye, an' deed I wouldna warrant ye *no* tae hae twa wives, tae, like the auld tarryfingered pairtridge himsel.

"Then luck at auld Noy! Kent ye ever sic a perseverin' auld body as he was, noo? Tuk nae less than twa thoosan' five hunder year tae build that ark o' his, an' he built, an' built, an' better built; an' that slowsterin' an' drinkin' generation a' grumlin' aboot him, but there was nae grumylation in Noy's head. Na! when the rain cam on, he just cannily steppit in bye an' steekit the door on them. But wait a wee, my freens, we're no dunc wi' Noy yet. Na! mair's the peety.

"The auld body, noo when a' the world but himsel was drowned, thocht he micht venture to tak a wee drappie, when there was naebody to be ruined by his bad example, an' what was the result? He never built anither solitary ark! Oh my freens an' fellow-brithers! tak warnin', for as sure as ye've death to meet wi' if ye touch, taste, or handle the accursed brew, ye'll never build the first ark, faur less the second! To the young present I've just a'e word—an' that is—get eddication! For athoot eddication ye're like a blin' man gropin' aboot an' gettin' yer nose aye peeled, wi' rinnin' ramstam up again a dry dyke. Get eddication, for if I had haen eddication i' my youth I wad never ance stoppit till ye wad hae seen me sittin' on the throne wi' Queen Victoria, aye, an' as crouse as a bantam on a midden head."

I was formally introduced to the lecturer at the close o' the meetin'. He was a bit teelyor bodie, wi' bow legs, a wee lithe body, a muckle head, an' twa restless black e'en that gaed rowin' aboot like liberated quicksilver. He speired at me gin I kent a chap they ca'ed Tam Laing, that gaed oot tae Ameriky a while syne. I telled him that I cam frae Canada, an' then he said he kent that, but seein' Canada was a ceety in the United States, he thocht it wad be a gude chance to send oot a letter to Tam to tell him that his mither's auntie was dead; an' if I wad just drap the letter into the post-office in Canada, he had nae doot the post-office folk wad find