

openion o' him," says I, "what kin' o' impression d'ye think he'll mak' the nicht?"

"That depends altogether on circumstances," says Mr. Miller. "If he takes a particular stand, he'll be all right, but if he doesn't he'll be all wrong."

"That's correct," says Mr. Jaffray, "for you perceive, Mr. Calder, that these are very ticklish times, and the subject he has to handle is a very difficult one, comprising, as it does, Provincial Rights, Equal Rights, Church and State, Commercial Reciprocity, Secular Education, and so on, and so on."

"Vera true," says I, "an' I houp he'll ding the stoor oot o' a' thae abominable Tory craturts that are makin' sae muckle o' acollieshangie aboot papal aggression." Jist then the Honorable Mr. Mowat cam' in sicht, wearin' the vera breeks I made for him afore he gaed awa to Europe, an' ayont the fac' that they were a wee humplocky at the knees, an' worn gey an' smooth ahin', they didna look muckle the waur. They were cheap troosers at sax dollars an' a hauf. He gied me a nod, an' my twa friens gaed aff wi' him. I thoct they micht hae askit me to gang on the plaitform wi' them, but I jaloose that ower mony o' the Young Leeberals had to be providit for in places o' conspescuity. Hoosomever, that was the next place I saw them.

Weel, I heard Laurier, an' I heard Fisher, whaever he may be, an' I heard Mowat, an' although Laurier lookit at me twa 'r three times in the coorse o' his speech, as gin he wad like to hae my approval, I maun say that, takin' ae thing wi' anither, I dinna think we hae to gang sae faur awa as Quebec to get a guid speaker. Me an' Dalton McCarthy quite agree wi' a guid deal that the Laurier body said, but we dinna fa' in wi' the hale o' it. The fac' o' the maitter is, that I canna see ony moral reason for a Frenchman bein' the leader o' the Opposition, as lang's we hae a rowth o' guid Scotchmen.

I 'etled to grip a haud o' Mr. Jaffray an' Mr. Miller on the wye hame, but I didna. They baith walkit sae fast I had nac chance ava, sae I had to walk hame wi' my neebor, William McKee. William hails frae the Coonty o' Ankrum, i' the north o' Irelan', an' is Grand, Richt Worthy, Past Royal an' Worshipful, Deputy Mace Bearer, o' L.O.L. Enniskillen, No. 29,987.

Says I, "Hoo did you like Laurier?" says I. Man, he jist gaed aff like poother.

"Hoo did I like um?" says he. "Hoo did I like um, eh? hoo did I like um? Was that what ye sed? Hoo did I like um?" An' frae that moment till I got to my ain door-step, William gaed on wi' sic a turryvee o' abuse on the heid o' the puir Frenchman, that I was glad to win inside aff the street. He ca'd him a' the ill names he could lay his tongue till—said he was nae orator as Brutus was, or as Jim Hughes; that he hadna sense eneuch to cut neeps for a toothless coo, or to feed a sick cuddy; that he was a paid agent o' the Pope; that he was a Jesuit in disguise, an' Guid kens what a'.

For my ain part, I maun say, that takin' ae thing wi' anither, an' on accoont o' the defeckulties that surroond the subject, an' the audience the cratur had till address, an' him a stranger in a muckle bigger ceety than he often sees, an' sae mony o' thae upstart Young Leeberals on the plaitform wi' him, he micht hae dune faur waur. I'm sure it was eneuch to pit me aff my pins a'thegither.

JOHN CALDER.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

MISS BUGGE.—"Oh, but mine *is* such a horrid name."

YOUNG BROWN.—"Ah—a—um—I'm afraid it's too late to alter it now."

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE.

ALL summer all our people have been going o'er the sea. And they come back parleyvooving and mosswooving. But the thing which most perplexing has this season been to me Is the name of that tall tower they've been viewing. Bartholdi's statue, they aver, to it is but a trifle. And the pilgrims say, in accents gay, "What a great man is that Eiffel." And others come, and shoulders shrug (French manners are so playful), And say, "Of all the heads on earth, the greatest has that Eiffel." And others ask, "Though this seems quicer, pray don't consider me full, If I remark that Solomon is discounted by Eiffel." And Jedge Canoot says "It's a bute, its height is something drefle. I wouldn't call the Queen my aunt, if I could be that Eiffel." And so they go, from high to low, throughout all permutations. How battered will be Eiffel's name, when uttered by all nations.

HE KNEW A THING OR TWO.

GROWLER—"I don't know why it is, but it always rains when I forget to bring my umbrella with me. PROWLER—"Oh, pshaw! You have no reason to complain 'ntil other people begin forgetting theirs. too."

AT THE THEATRE.

CLARA—"Why, there are tears in your eyes! You are surely not crying over that acting, are you?" MAUD—"No; but the gum-drop you gave me has got stuck in my tooth, and I have the toothache."