



JUST TO GIVE COLOR TO IT.

*Dog-fancier.*—WELL, MUM, HAVE YOU COME TO BUY ANOTHER PUP?

*Miss Plantagenet.*—NO, SIR, NOT EXACTLY. MAMMA WISHED TO KNOW IF YOU WOULD EXCHANGE THIS DOG FOR A BLACK-AND-WHITE ONE. HE IS JUST AS GOOD AS NEW, AND WE ARE GOING INTO HALF-MOURNING NEXT WEEK.—*Rambler.*

### SCOTTIE ON THE TWO SAMs.

THE WAREHOUSE,

October the 13th, 1886.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Ha'en a kind o' rebulous notion that some day I micht be rinnin' for Alderman (ye ken ma wife had a bit o' property when I marrit her), I thoct it wad be gude policy tae tak a kind o' a stravaig roon' a wheen acquaintances an' hae a bit crack on municipal affairs an' sic like. Sae on a bonny moonlicht e'enin' I set oot an' chappit at the door o' a freen', but gettin' nae answer, I gaed on tae the next an' he was oot, an' sae was the next, an' the next after that. "Losh bless me!" says I tae a bit lassie that cam' tae the door o' the last hoose, "a' the folk in the toon are oot the nicht, surely."

"Yes," says she, "the boss is gone to hear Sam Jones."

"Sam Jones! an' wha's Sam Jones, gin I may speir?"

"Oh, he's the man what converted Sam Small!"

"Sam wha?"

"Sam Small."

"Sam Sma'? an' wha is Sam Sma'?"

"Oh, he's the man what preaches at the rink."

"Lassie," says I, "d'ye ken whaur leears gang tae when they dee? D'ye mean tae say that a' thae langheaded, canny, worldly, cock-tail imbibers hae gané tae hear a preachin'? Hech! sirs! the millenium maun be comin'

helter-skelter, an' deil tak the hindmaist when sic money-grabbers as ma worthy freens gang tae listen tae Sam Jones an' Sam Sma!" I couldna believe sic a thing possible till I had ockler demonstration o' the fack, an' sae I set oot for the rink. Waes me! when I gat there I saw naethin' but closed doors an' twa burly policemen staunin' coolin' their heels on the sidewalk. For twa wearifu' oors I waited, an' then the doors opened an' the leevin' cataract o' human bein's cam' poorin' oot. I think "Sam" maun hae been reddin' up the morals o' everybody but his audience—for I could hear them sayin', "Didn't he pitch into old Blank though!" "Say, didn't he give that fellow Higgs a piece of his mind!" "John Thomas must have wriggled round under that sermon, I tell you, he didn't spare him." "Terrible down on Snaggs, wasn't he?" "I don't see how old Gripfast could standit." "Didn't Snooks get it hot though." No ae single word seemed tae be directit tae the hearer himsel', it was a' intended for his neebor. Thinks I—I maun hear Maister Samivel an' judge for masel', Accordin'ly, doon I gaed the next nicht, an' though I was a wee late I got in. The place was crammed; an' just when I pat ma head in at the door the hale ocean o' faces brak oot intil a unanimous giggle, an' I could see nae preacher ava, only a rather spare built Yankee chappie stannin' strakin', an' straikin' an' strakin' awa' at his moustache just for a' the world as gin it had been a pussy cat. I didna see anything particklar to lauch at in that, indeed I thoct it very ceevil in him tae stand an' wait till I got comfortably settled doon. But eh, man! wha wad think noo that the hearin' o' what ye kent perfectly weel already wad affeck ye sae! Sam Jones didna tell me a single word that I didna ken tae be the truth lang-syne, but somehow or ither he's a trick o' shootin' it at ye like an arrow frae a bow—an' there it sticks willy-nilly, an' gin ye're in the habit o' livin' a wee aff the square—ye leave that preachin' wi' a maist oncomfortable flea in yer lug. Its like the snaw in winter, the truth he preaches—its quite familiar tae ye—there it is, white an' beautifu'—an' ye look at it every day, an' ye tramp on it, an' drive ower't, an' think naething aboot it—till Sam Jones comes along an' taks up twa-ree handfu's o' that same snaw, an' maks a snawba' o't as hard as a brick, an' he aims it straucht at yer head, an' yer head maun be made o' hard-wud gin it disna' crack yer skull an' let day-light in on yer benichted veesion. The fack is, I've clean gein' up the notion o' bein' an Alderman noo. That's ane result o' Sam's visit, whatever.

Yours in gude faith,

HUGH AIRLIE.

"WHO," said a member of the Canadian House of Commons to the members who were trying to choke him off, "who brayed there?" "It was an echo," retorted a member.

A MAN at the telephone the other day shouted, "Hello, there; why in thunder don't you speak louder?" An angelic voice replied, "What did you say?" "O," exclaimed he, recognizing the voice of the daisy at the central office; "excuse me; I thought I was talking with my wife."