

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BURGESS

GRIP ENG.



THE ENGINE AND THE "COO."

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

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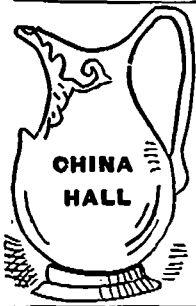
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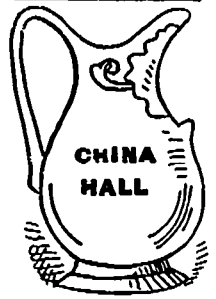
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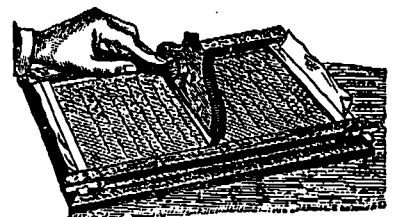
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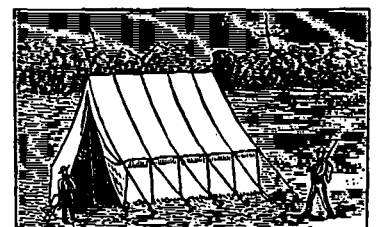
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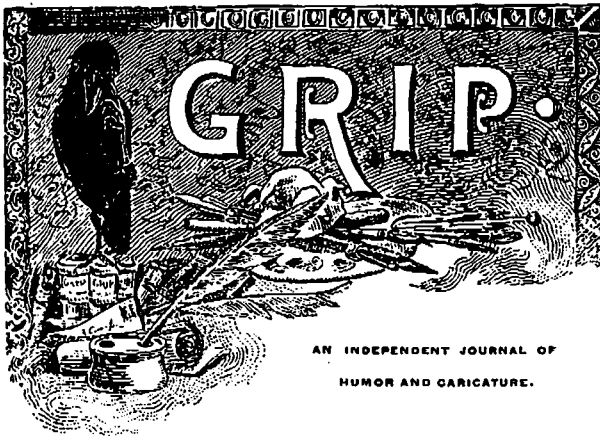
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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE PROVINCIAL DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION.—Hon. Mr. Chapleau, who is by no means the least intelligent of our public men, professes that he cannot understand the object of the Inter-provincial conference. For want of a better explanation of it, we suppose, the hon. gentleman proceeds to allege that it is a conspiracy of the provinces to overturn the present Federal government. Absence in Europe must be accepted as an excuse for this remarkable want of information on the part of the Secretary of State; for it is safe to assume that every other intelligent citizen of Canada comprehends quite well the general object of the conference now sitting at Quebec. For Mr. Chapleau's special benefit we may state that the provincial premiers, — amongst whom is the Conservative leader of Manitoba—are met to discuss some weaknesses which have been developed in Canada's constitution, and which must bespeddily remedied if Confederation is to continue. This object must strike every candid person as highly commendable, and we are at a loss to know why any statesman of either party should not be both willing and anxious to further it. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Chapleau is not so much in the dark as he pretends, but being conscious that the Cabinet of which he is an ornament has done a good deal to bring these constitutional weaknesses to public attention, he regards any discussion of them as an affront to himself and his colleagues. It is a great pity this important business could not have been carried out in a strictly non-party spirit. We are all equally interested in the welfare of the country, and it might have been supposed that the Act of Confederation could at least have been discussed in a patriotic and friendly manner by all. Of course, nothing more than discussion is proposed by the conference, though,

if the outcome be some suggestions of practical usefulness in the direction of strengthening the union and settling existing difficulties, both political parties will owe Mr. Mercier thanks for having brought about the meeting.

THE ENGINE AND THE "COO."—The Manitobans are doing honor to Davy Crockett's maxim—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead!" There being no doubt as to the rightness—moral and constitutional—of building a railway within the provincial limits, they are going ahead "for all they are worth," and the Dominion Government, with a fatuous disregard of consequences truly surprising, are still pursuing obstructionist tactics. When George Stephenson appeared before a committee of the British House of Commons, in connection with the earliest of railway projects, one of the members enquired what the consequence would be if a cow should get on the track in front of this, er—this, ah—what dye-call it—engine? The committee paused for reply. "Well," responded Stephenson, in his ponderous fashion,—“it would be all the worse for the coo!" There is matter for thought in this, esteemed Sir John.



A GROWING MONOPOLY.

Uncle Sam—Looks to me, Jay Gould, as tho' you were having a deal too much!

JOHNNY'S OBEDIENCE.

THE family were sitting together in the evening, when Johnny, aged 11, came in from the street with his hands covered with dirt and his clothes torn.

"Johnny," said his mother, "how do you expect me to keep you looking clean and nice, if you behave as you do? You should try to be more of a little gentleman than you are. You should take more pains."

"Yes, Johnny," said his father, "if you don't want me to give you a sound spanking rather suddenly, you'll take more pains with yourself, and try to be a better boy."

And Johnny went out to the pantry,—he had often before found the gloaming the best time for his depredations,—and reached for the preserved peaches. That was the way he took more pains.

It is not so very extraordinary that the most learned men of the day seem to believe in the Darwinian theory; æons ago their primæval ancestors, the monkeys, were educated in the higher branches themselves.

Sarah Machree.

TO AN OLD IRISH AIR.

FOOL that I was, my love, ever to doubt thee !
 Thou who did'st carry the sunshine about thee,
 Oh ! I am lonely and weary without thee
 My dearly beloved ! my Sarah Machree !

Ah, thou hast gone o'er the dark dreary river !
 I can behold thee, ah never, ah never !
 There's no lifting up of the veil that doth sever,
 Nor never the light of thy countenance sec.

All the day long, love, the past I'm recalling,
 All the day long, love, my hot tears are falling,
 The one thought forever my bosom is galling—
 The word of unkindness that I gave to thee.

Could I recall that one word rashly spoken,
 Could I unite but that link rashly broken ;
 O from thy home canst thou give me no token
 That word is forgiven, forgotten by thee ?

Oh with a spell thy pure spirit has bound me !
 Still in my dreams thou dost hover around me !
 The thought of unkindness deep, deeply doth wound me
 To think that I ever gave anguish to thee.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S DIMES.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE BY A HAGGARD WRITER,
 AUTHOR OF "HE-SHE-IT," "ALLAN DOLLARMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SNOW STORM AND THE FIGHT.

NEXT day all the President's army, called the army of the Potomac, was drawn up in front of the White House. In conversation with some of the Generals, the night before, we formed the conspiracy to revolt, and, unseating the President, to place Um-slope-the-glass in his place. "Now, men from the stars," said the President, "just let's see if you kin do what you say you kin." I looked up at the sky, waved my hand, and recited those touching lines, "Beautiful snow." Bully-boy and Sir 'Arry did the same. By a happy coincidence it began to snow like mad. The army woke up in confusion. Half of it followed us to the opposite hill and began to prepare for battle. Next day at sunrise we were in motion, and met the President army half way. Both sides charged, but ours charged the most—about 100 per cent. more. If they charged 50cts. we charged a dollar, so that we beat them all to pieces, and made Um-slope-the-glass president.

CHAPTER V.

WE FIND THE DIMES.

Bully-boy took Maud by the hand and I dragged Mother Barnes to find the dimes. Sir 'Arry followed behind. When we got to the mint we passed the old nigger at the door. I made Mother Barnes open the inner door, but while we were filling our pockets with dimes, she tried to escape. Almost got through the spring door, which closing, caught her and crushed her to death. What were we to do ! The door was closed ! Death stared us in the face ! After groping about I found the elevator. "All right boys," I said, "sit down here." I pulled the wire, and we descended gently to the ground floor, where the door was open.

Having got all the dimes we wanted, we struck across the mountains and desert. Found a camp—two men in it—turned out to be Murray and Knox. They said they'd left their yacht at Niagara, and had come across country. Sir 'Arry embraced his brother and generously gave him two and a half dimes, value, twenty-five cents. He said it was the largest sum he ever saw, and that we were mighty smart to get brother Jonathan's dimes so easily. Bully-boy married Maud, and the ceremony was performed at St. James' Cathedral. The bride looked, etc., etc.

(THE END.)

ECHOES OF THE RACE.

NEW YORK *Life* seems to be sublimely unconscious of the bad taste of "kicking a man when he's down." Witness the following flashes of "wit" under the head of "Echoes of the Race":—

"There's many a fizzle
 'Twixt the cup and the *Thistle*."
 * * *

"Britons are proverbially dull of comprehension, and Messrs. Bell and Watson are no exception to the rule. 'They don't understand it. The *Thistle* was designed to win the cup and didn't. The plans were all right, but—something was wrong.'

"We are forced to the conclusion that the *Thistle* is more of a paper cutter than a fleet-winged child of the sea."
 * * *

"The *Thistle* is to challenge an Erie canal boat to a race to Liverpool, stern first; for a silver bottle."
 * * *

"Now we think the New York Yacht Club should get up a testimonial to Boston for producing two such men as General Paine and Mr. Burgess.

"How would it do to turn over the *America's* cup to those who have won it ?"
 * * *

"The race between the *Thistle* and *Volunteer* is not at all satisfactory. It is by no means certain that in a dash down a toboggan chute the Boston boat could compete with her defeated rival."
 * * *

"The *Thistle* isn't much of a boat. Captain Barr even had difficulty in keeping ahead of the excursion barges."
 * * *

"The Scotchmen complain that they were blanketed. Well, why not ? It was a cold day and they needed it."
 * * *

MY WIFE'S GHOST.

I.

"AND, Jack, just think of it—it's *haunted* !"

Mrs. Jones had finished her last house-hunting round that day, and had found a place that would "do" admirably.

"Haunted my dear ? What's haunted ?"

"Why the house of course ?" then my face still betraying scant comprehension, she added, "The house I've taken ? How stupid you are, Jack !"

I never dispute the last assertion. Mrs. Jones has said it so often she has got to believe it, but the first *has* something tangible about it.

"The house *you've* taken ?" I questioned mildly.

"Well ! you know very well what I mean !" she answered coming round to where I have wheeled my chair

to the fire, "taken it of course on condition that you approve and agree with me that it will "do." By this time she had smuggled a stool under my feet and leaning against the arm of my chair was passing her tapered mesmeric fingers through my hair. I confess I have a cat-like fondness for the fireside comfort and having my head rubbed, so I said no more. But Mrs. Jones did. The house "is in one of the best localities" "on one of the broadest avenues in the town," "there are more rooms in it than we actually need at present," "the carpets can be made to fit without much trouble," "every room has a cupboard!"

This last item is conclusive, as "rented houses never do have half enough cupboards in them," and "then, Jack, we may see the ghost!"

"Of rats!" I murmur drowsily.

"No indeed. The house has only been vacant because it is said to be haunted and people generally are so afraid of that sort of thing. Then—Jack, are you listening to me?"

"Yes, I hear!"

"The rent is next to nothing!"

"Where is it—this house?" I ask, roused by the expectant cessation of Mrs. Jones' voice.

"On Spadina avenue. A large stone house—"

"Just above Queen street, on the west side?"

"Yes, the very one," cried Mrs. Jones, delighted at having at last succeeded in rousing a proper amount of interest. "Do you know it?"

"Dare say I do if its the house a lot of medical students roomed in some years ago. There was a long shed at the back which they used as a dissecting room whenever they could get a private subject," I replied reluctantly.

I didn't want Mrs. Jones ferreting out any ghosts of those wild days, but she was so intent upon *her* ghost, that I need have had no fears about mine.

"The very house! They say it is haunted by the poor things those horrid men cut up. Strange noises are certainly heard which no one can account for and there is sure to be *one* ghost."

I could not see clearly how that followed, but as Mrs. Jones is fond of asserting that I never do see anything beyond my nose, I wisely let the subject drop, heedless of her keen pleasure in the pursuit of an argument. There is nothing like letting a woman get the better of you in an argument, nothing else puts her in such a good humor with *herself* or makes her attentive to *you*.

The house is taken and nothing short of positive proof will satisfy Mrs. Jones that she has not taken the ghost as well, at so many dollars a year.

* * * * *

Mrs. Jones has a theory that winter is the best time to move. Dragging the carpets in the snow cleans them so well and then there is no mud to be tramped in by the carter's feet.

I lunch at the club. Dine with Thompson who has one or two good fellows with him, and it is close upon midnight when upon that eventful night I reach the door of my new abode.

Mrs. Jones has, of course, forgotten to give me the latch key. I pull the bell, listen while the clanging sound echoes through the carpetless halls, and wait.

It is a lovely night, the ground is covered deep with snow, rows of icicles glittering in the moonlight, fringe the eaves of the houses and scattered street lamps with diamonds; the distant strains of a brass band sounding

clearly on the frosty air; the scrunch of the heel upon the frozen snow of some late home comer like myself and the merry tuneful jangle of sleigh-bells breaks the stillness.

I pull the door bell again. Still no answer. Perhaps I have hit upon the wrong house.

I step back on the pavement and scan it from roof to road with rapid glance. No, I am all right. I appeal again to the bell and knocker, the latter rusty from long disuse.

(To be continued.)



BACK FROM EUROPE.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF M. CHAPLEAU ON HIS RETURN IN ROBUST HEALTH.

SUKSESSFUL PREECHERS.

BY THE REVEREND PETER PUFFER, METHOD-IST PARSEN. PUFFERVILLE, ONT., Sept. 28—87.

To GRIP, I hev often bin entreated, espeshilly by mi poor week brethren in the ministry and the young preachers generally, to write a book a setting forth the sekrets of mi wonderfull suksess and a showing how to bekum populer and to get the best kalls. "How is it" ive been asked a 1000 times "you have riz to the top of the lader in a few yeez?"

"Do tell us" hundreds are writing to me every week, "how to get the best places, in short, the most money with the least work."

Now I suppose I could rite a book that wood meet this demand—every preacher would buy it—and make a forchin out of it. But the Reverend Peter Puffer is entirely unselfish and so I've resolved to give to the world thro' GRIP—and a preacher that dont read GRIP is a predestinated faleyure anyway—the sekrets of my great popularity and unparealed suksess.

And it kant be denide that mi kareer hez bin amazinly suksessful. Starting with \$300 on a back-wood sirket in less than 20 yeez Ive got the biggest plum in our Conferense Pudding—\$2000, a free hous, and two months vakashin. I menshin this—not to blow mi own horn—

but to inspire the young preachers with konfidence in mi advise wich is to follow.

Mi letters will be entitled

SUKSESS IN THE MINISTRY

OR HOW TO GET THE BEST KALLS,

and will be Kopyrited in Canady and the U.S. (Any other Journal besides GRIP wanting to publish will enkløze \$100 to the Reverend Peter Puffer, Parsen at the Top-not church in Pufferville, Ont.)

Sekret No. 1.—A singel aim. Every preecher who wants to rize in his business ought to have a singel aim. When I entered the itineracy I set mi eyes on this Top-not church in Pufferville and I never lost sight of it for 15 yearz till mi name was red off to this apointment. I knew. I was adapted to this work—I felt it in mi bones—and what is more, I knew the salary was adapted to me and to mi sirkumstances in life. Its all nonsense supposing the apointment with \$2000 salary is coming to you—you must *go for* the apointment.

Lots of poor coots of preechers who might work their way to the best apointments are held back by konshienshus skruples—they have too high motives of this ministerial business and are aiming to be preechers after the Pauline stamp.

You hear them say occasionally “Paul wood never do this nor that to get the best apointments.” Now Paul was undoubtedly a very good man—for his age. But he wood make a bad failure in our time—unless he looked out a little sharper for No. 1 than he appears to have done in his own day. The fact is if he were in one of our konferences now he’d get about a fourth rate country sirket. Paul stood high and made quite a prominent figure in the ministry in his own time—there wasent much kompetition then.

The fact is I dont altogether agree with Paul in his views about ministerial work. He had too much konshiense and too little takt and too mean an opinion of himself—so that he would stand no chance whatever for the best apointments now. Now the preechers that take him for a model will never get up ahead. Ive known some ministers—a few—so carried away with these high noshuns of duty and infatuated with Paul’s views that they never sought for the best salaries at all—were perkely willing to go anywhere if they could get lots of work.

How kan such men ever rise—in this day of ministerial kompetition—to the \$2000 sirkets?

No, bretherin, if you want the tony churches and the big salaries, you must religusly cultivate a *good opinion of yourselves*; you must remember this is an age of progress and keen kompetition in ministerial merchandise; you must set your eyes on the mark and *press yourself forward in the race*, having a singel aim; you must bekum all things to all men using “takt, push and prinipel” and not be too squeamish about *methods*.

YANKEE CUSTOMS.

It’s the traty wid the Amirikins yer talkin’ about, is it? said Terence Rooney. Faith thin, thim Yankees ’ll have to trate us betther nor they trated me on me visit to me childer, Barney and Kate, in Boshton the other week, av they expect to get a traty from the Canady Government. I tuk it into me head to go an’ see the childer, for they haven’t been home since the last time they wint away, ye see, and the woman sez to me, sez she, “Terry, I have yer valase there ready and packed for ye. There’s

yer best boiled shirt, there’s an illigant bit of silk for Kate for a new pollonase, and there’s a butiful bit of Halifax tweed for Barney for a shute of clothes. An’ mind, Terry, avick, there’s some frish mackerel rowled up in paper and put on wan side of the valase, be way av a lunch loike.”

All wint well, as they say on board ship, till we come to Poortland. Bedad, sez I, whin I saw the kars, that’s your style, Terry, from here to Boshton. Takin’ me valase I stipt upon the warruf, and I sez to meself, now Terence, I belave yer in the land av fradom, an’ sure enough there right forninst me, on the top of a big shtick was the bird av fradom, wid her wings stritched out, an’ a purty bird she was.

At that minit, who comes up to me but a fellow wid a blue coat and brass buttons on him.

Sez he, “have you kay of that valase?” “Who else wud have it,” sez I.

“Hand me over the kay of that valase thin.” “Faith, its too much fradom ye have, misther, in this country, at least wid Terence Rooney,” sez I.

“Its the cushtoms,” he sez. “Oh, I know yer cushtoms,” sez I. “You want to work that sahdusht racket on me. You’ll take everything that’s in the valase, and lave yer sahdusht, or mebbe its a brick you’ll be afther laving in its place. Oh no, none o’ yer thricks upon travellers,” sez I to him.

Wid that he sez, “Av ye don’t give me the kay of that valase I’ll bust the whole show.”

“Faith I’ll hould an to the kay, up or down, pro or con,” sez I, “an’ just mind yer own business and layme to mind mine.”

Wid that he tuk hould of the valase and wrinched it from me. “Hould on there,” sez I, “there’s nothin’ in the valase but a shute of clothes that’s not made up, shure that ’ud be no good to the likes of ye, for they wudn’t fit ye.”

While I was spakin’ he tuk hould of the valase and bruk it open and run his hand through it, till me Halifax tweed and illigant bit of silk was all mixed up. At last, findin’ the mackerel on wan side he held them up befor the crowd, an’ sez he to me, sez he, “Be the powers I’ll lave you see you’re outside av the three mile limit now, me laddy buck. Come wid me!” and wid that I was tuck to his office, and had to pay dearly for me kind intintions. I for wan don’t like the custhoms av that country.

TERENCE ROONEY.

THE PR—M—ER.

O, THERE once was a knowing old man—
A clever old fellow was he,
Who lived on the fat of the land
On the uppermost branch of the tree—
O, a knowing old fellow was he.

There were many who envied his lot,
And tried hard to force him away;
They declared that the old man must go,
But he rather hankered to stay,
For a clever old fellow was he.

So he stayed, and he smiled quite serene
At the impotent rage of his foes;
And he winked a sly wink as he laid
His finger aside of his nose;
O, a knowing old fellow was he.

When some tried to climb up to his perch,
He bribed hungry people below,
By a choice bit of fruit of the tree,
To down them. O, he wasn’t slow,
This clever old fellow, not he!

Just before they gave way to despair,
They chanced to remember a boon
Still left them :—Death comes to us all,
'Twill sure, they think, come to him soon ;
Though a knowing old fellow he be !

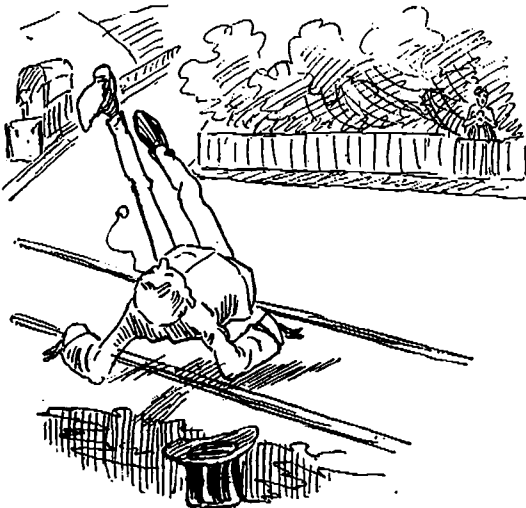
But he stayed there, and smiled quite serene,
And he stays and he smiles there to-day ;
His foes fear he'll *never* come down ;
And it really is looking that way—
Such a staying old fellow is he !

It may seem rash to say that Shakespeare was a speculator in stocks, and familiar with the workings of a bucket-shop. It is surely not rasher, however, than the assertion that Bacon (observe the concealed joke) wrote Shakespeare ; because Hamlet, for instance, doesn't seem able to make a remark that isn't a stock quotation.

A PARKDALE ROMANCE.



1. This is Mr. Fittles, the rising young tailor of Parkdale, taking leave of *Her* after a most enjoyable evening.



2. If one *will* walk backwards while he throws kisses to the girl of his heart, one must not be surprised if accidents occur. There's many a trip 'twixt the kiss and the lip.



3. It is highly unromantic to have to go back (after taking a most gallant leave) to the girl of one's heart to be scraped and generally repaired by her.

MASCULINE, FEMININE, NEUTER.

JOCK—"I'm sayin', Sandy, dae ye ken ocht about this Wong Chin Foo cratur that's gaun tae lectur i' the city?"

Sandy—"I'm thinkin', Jock, that, gin he's a chin fu' cratur, he'll no' be in guid condeetion tae address onybody."

Jock—"Hoots man, that's what they ca' him, Wong Chin Foo, an' I was wonnerin' gin ye kent onything anent the Chinee buddy's demagogue palaiver."

Sandy—"I never heard tell afore o' a Chinee Buddhist demi-god palaiverin', but what's he gaun tae lectur about?"

Jock—"Oh, he's jist gaun tae expawtiate on hoo it is that he's a Heathen."

Sandy—"Humph, is that a'? I'm sure I ken that muckle mysel'."

Jock—"I'm a' lugs, Sandy, my frien'."

Sandy—"Weel, is the chiel no' a man?"

Jock—"Nae doot, Sandy, nae doot."

Sandy—"Hoo the deevil could he be onything else than a He-then, gin the bit eeten-an'-spewt thing had been a woman it would hae been a she-then, would it no'?"

Jock—"I'm rale ill, Sandy—rax the bottle."

FLASHES.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from Europe is our authority for the statement that the Strasburg clock is a far more reliable timepiece than the celebrated watch on the Rhine.

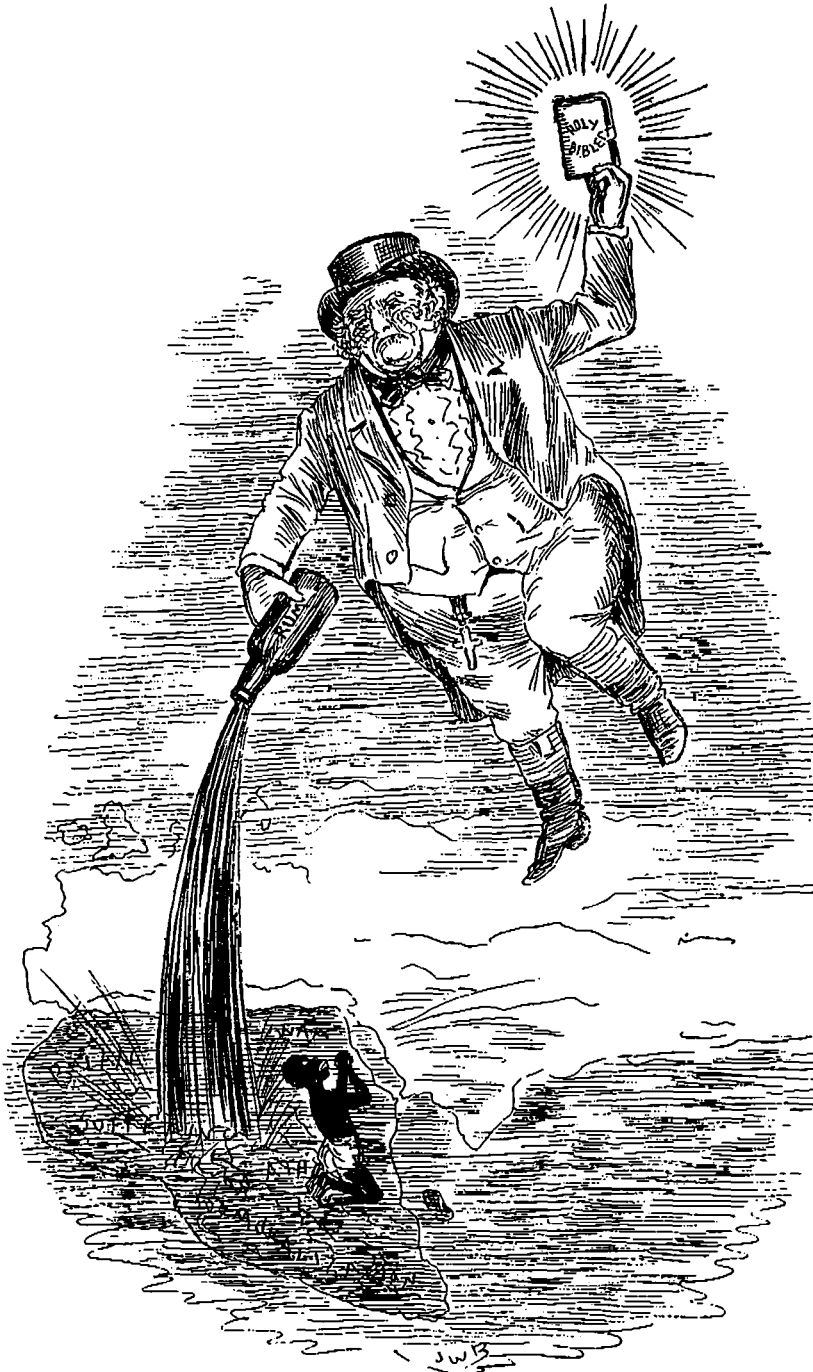
* * *

In order that convicts may have the pleasure of noting the flight of time, the Government kindly supplies them during their term of imprisonment with a watch and chain.

* * *

"What is so rare as a day in June?" asks Lowell in a well-known poem. Just now we are having some days that are positively raw.

TRISTRAM S.



CHRISTIAN ENGLAND "ENLIGHTENING" AFRICA.

A NATION may for a time sin in ignorance. It may be for a time unaware of the nefarious trade to which its least worthy representatives offer a holocaust of tribes and nations, passing them through the fire to a demon even viler than Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon. But England can plead ignorance no longer. If she continue to dabble her hand in blood, if she continue to be liable to the "deep damnation" of taking off these dark races, does she think to be acquitted at the awful bar of God by mumbling the shibboleths of "free trade" or "vested interest"? If so, let her not be deceived. The "sword bathed in heaven" is not in haste to strike; but when the hour for just retribution has come, it is apt "to smite once, and smite no more." *—Canon Farrar, D.D.

* Africa and the Drink Trade, by Canon Farrar. Just published.

OBVIOUS OBSERVATIONS.

WHEN a milkmaid flees in terror across the autumn fields, with an enraged bull in her wake, may she not be described as a flying buttress?

* * *

The following notice, we have been informed, appears regularly in a Western paper: "Funeral notices must be accompanied by the address of the corpse, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of prompt payment."

* * *

During the heated term the flies seek anxiously for bald heads. Now that the summer is over and the theatre season begun, the bald heads sit in the front row, as near as they can get to the flies.

* * *

The silken corn-tassels that erstwhile tossed in the idle summer breeze are now probably in the silk factories, being made into gros grain.

* * *

It has been quite recently discovered that the most striking resemblance between a man and an umbrella lies in the fact that both wear their ribs on the inside.

* * *

The reason the moon is always referred to as "she" is probably because there is no way of finding out her age.

* * *

It is said that the Jews do not put much faith in Mr. Donnelly's ideas about Shakespeare.

* * *

The wise man can generally afford to go slow; but the fool has to keep running so as not to get left.

* * *

A son of sunny Italy was observed on Yonge Street the other day pensively gazing at a sign which bore this legend — "Count Oysters." He seemed saddened by the tidings that there was one more exiled nobleman in Toronto. TRISTRAM S.



THE PROVINCIAL DOCTORS IN CONSULTATION
 ON THE CASE OF MISS CANADA, WHO HAS DEVELOPED SOME ALARMING WEAKNESSES OF "CONSTITUTION."

MY ULSTER

AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE GOLD BALLS.

I.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That Levi Isaacstein gave loans
On overcoats and other things.

And I bethought me—hence these tears !—
There is a loss in gain to match ;
But who may stretch a hand to snatch
The far-off interest of years ?

In April did we too disband,
I spouted thee, O ulster mine,—
Ah, better to be drunk with wine,
To dance with death, ay, or pound sand,

Than that the boys should point in scorn
What time October's red and gold
Have fallen from all the hills, " Behold,
His ulster is not overworn ! "

II.

Old Jew, whose sole thought is to hoard,
Whose clutch is ever on thy pelf,
My ulster lieth on thy shelf,
Wrapped round with paper, tied with cord.

The seasons bring the flowers again,
And bring the firstling to the flock ;
And many things to swell thy stock
They bring to thee from needy men.

And still the months steal on by stealth
Till winter comes,—ah, ne'er, I fear,
Shall I before thy face appear,
And slap thee down the needful wealth !

With words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these enfold
Weeps for the ulster once I wore.

H.

AIRLIE AT THE GAELIC SOCIETY'S MEETING.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—What for was I no born a Hielander? That was the verra question I keepit pittin' tae masel as I sat in the Victoria hall the ither nicht an' listened tae the wild music o' the bagpipes playin' a pebroch. Hech! hech! is there onything in the history o' this world mair pathetic than the onselfish devotion, the perfect idolatry o' thae auld Jacobites tae that unworthy yellow-headed pretender? Whaur was the world-famed "canniness" o' the Scotch character then? Cauld an' kalkilatin'! Hooever we got that character I dinna ken, unless it be that we dinna wear oor hearts on oor sleeves for daws to pick at. A' the same, let me warn ye that a genuine Scotchman, sae faur frae bein' cauld, is naething mair or less than a smoulderin' volcano. He's made up something like this auld earth hersel—pretty rough ootside—lots o' warts on his character may be—here a layer o' fun, there a strong strata o' common sense, nae end o' gude red sand—an' so forth—but a' enclosin' a glowin' centre o' fire, that preserves an' tempers the hale machine. But Lord bless me, I'm clean aff the track a'thegither! The craw I had tae pluck wi' fate was in no gettin' me born a Hielander! Eh man! the Gaelic is just beautifu'—though I dinna think I'll ever find it in ma heart to forgie Sheriff McKellar for the sly trick he played me that nicht. When I saw the

Sheriff gettin' up tae speak, I just gae Mrs. Airlie a nudge i' the ribs wi' ma elbow, an' says I, "noo we'll get something worth while," an' immediately baith o' us set tae wark an' hoastit a' the cobwebs oot o' oor throats, just as we were wont tae dae in the kirk at hame, after layin' doon oor Bibles on the book-brood an' straughtenin' oorsels up wi' cockit lugs tae hear a gude sermon frae a strange minister. An' there we were, a' lugs an' een, when the Sheriff got up—an' pittin' his twa hands on the back o' a chair, an' rasin' forrit, began his speech in Gaelic. Mrs. Airlie was sae mad that she got up an' gaed oot—he wasna gaun tae stand up there an' mak a fule o' her, she said—an' here I had tae gang a' that lang road hame at eleven a clock at nicht without ma wife tae tak care o' me! Weel, there I sat like a born idiot, as sober as an owl, an' a' the folk in the hall shriekin' an' laughin' like mad at the Sheriff's droll jokes. An' the warst o't was, a smairt young halflin', wi' black hair an' blue een, an' a most beautifu' bucket o' floores preened intill his buttonhole (by his sweetheart nae doot), he wad gie me aye the 'tither prod tae emphaseeze the fine pints o' the speech, an' me no kennin' a blessed word o't, but sittin' there like a cuif that had been brocht intae this world without either hearin' or horns! At first I thocht when he began tae gie me a dig here an' there in the exoobrance o' his Hielan' speerits (I dinna mean tae here insiniwate onything connectit wi' the Scott Act), that possibly he micht hae an e'e tae ma watch an' chain—but a'e squint o' his weeltaured coontenance dispelled that idea, an' then I had heard that he was a *Mail* reporter, an' a representative o' the clan Fraser tae boot. Anither thing, I hadna ma watch on me, but just wore the chain tae please Mrs. Airlie.

But oh, thae Gaelic sangs! They keep hummin' an' hummin' in ma very dreams—that bonnie ane whaur a' the congregation joins in the chorus, an' gangs this way:

" Oh Ailie you're hunky doree! doree!
Oh Ailie you're hunky doree! doree! "

Of course I dinna pretend tae say thae were the exack words, but that's what they soounded like tae me awa back whaur I was sittin'. But I fairly lost my heart tae the lassie (Mrs. Airlie had gaun hame by this time) wha sang that last Hielan' sang. The Gaelic music is sae tender an' sweet an' waefu', sae wierd an' sae far awa; its the trill o' the laivrock in a dewy simmer mornin'; the saft murmur o' the tide creepin' up oot owre the dulce-covered rocks; the sad sough o' the wind through strings o' harps Eolian. Its the music o' the mist when it bursts intae flame at the mornin' kiss o' the sun—an' oh, waes me! the music o' a leal an' warm-hearted people driven oot frae their native hills an' glens tae mak room for — game!

Ye see, somehow I had gotten a most extraordinar' notion o' the Gaelic. I aye thocht it had to be croakit instead o' spoken. This impression, nae doot, was deepened by me ha'en tae read that Gaelic column in the *Mail* every week tae Mistress Airlie. It's like tae break ilka tooth in my head every time I tackle it, an' sometimes I tak the cramp in ma tongue, but Mrs. Airlie aye insists that its a pity no tae encourage ony weel-meant effort, sae I manage tae warsle through the fearfu' ordeal, an' after moppin' the sweat aff ma throbbin' broo' I generally tak a thimblefu' o' beef, iron and wine, tae bring me tae again. But Gaelic, as I heard it spoken an' sang at the Gaelic society was a maist delightfu' an' ever tae be remembered revelation. Sae why—an' what for was I no born a Hielander? HUGH AIRLIE.

LITTLE JOHNNY : Papa, what are growin' pains? Papa : All pains are groan pains, Johnny.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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MRS. POTTER is not exactly a vagrant, but she has been an inmate of poor houses ever since she took to the stage.—*S. F. Wasp.*

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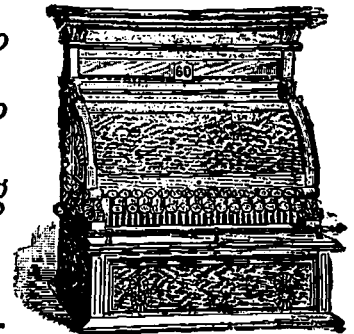
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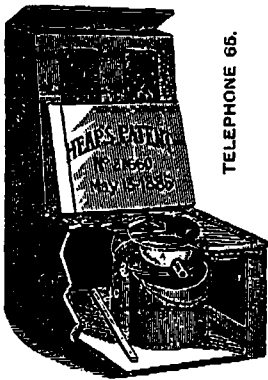
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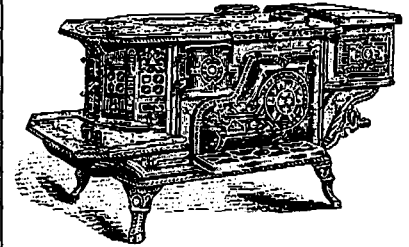
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