

IRISH YARNS.

Pat and Mike had been celebrating and were to sleep together. Before turning in they bought a bottle and had the cork drawn.

Several times during the night Pat got out of bed half awaking Mike who drowsily enquired what he was doing. Invariably the answer came « Oh ! nothing ». Eventually Mike was awake enough to feel dry, so he slipped out of bed, meanwhile Pat had moved the bottle. Groping around in the dark Mike began muttering : « What be ye looking for » said Pat, « Oh ! nothing » sez Mike. And its in the bottle that used to have whiskey in you'll find it » said Pat !!!

Peter O'Finnigan's brother James left the rural home and found employment at the gas works of a large English town. After awhile, having made good progress, he sent for Peter to come on a visit of invitation to the glories of a busy town.

He showed Peter round, but even the gas works failed to arouse enthusiasm.

« Do you not think it wonderful Peter » said James « that we give light to this big town with this one gas plant » ? « Not at all Jamesy me bhoy » said Peter. « Faith an its yerself has forgotten that, at home, we've a thing we call the moon, and it gives light to the whole of Ireland » !!

In the little old farm out at rest
 There are perfumes that greet every guest
 There's a different bouquet
 For each hour of the day
 To which nightly aromas give zest ;
 In the yards, and the barns, and the wells,
 And the sheds there are dozens of smells.
 Oh ! of stinks any where
 There are none that compare
 With the ones at the farm out at rest.

FROM A LOCAL ADVERT.

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 Beer Pressure.
 Rooms for Society.*