



A STATE SECRET.

John A.—It was I who started the great Fair Trade agitation in England. Don't give it away, old fellow!



ERINGHAM TERRACE, Sept. 7th, 1881.

DEAR SUR,—Mo mattoo at the present moment is, bad cess to everybody and everything. Shure an' where's the wander, with the thar-mameter gone up, nothing to breathe but bush smoke, the perspiration rowlin' aff ny the bridge av me nose, like wather aff a duck's back, an' me sittin' tryin' to write with wan oye bunged up an' divil a wink to be seen out of the other. None av your base insinuations, Mister Garr. Its a purty thing a man can't have a bit av a black oye but you must be after thiukin' he's attendin' election meetins in Montreal, where they wind up with a game av Canadian Dounybrook. No sur! Me misfortune cum to mo when walkin'—is it walkin' I'm after sayin'? Nary a walk, but *gropin'* in the hot cimmerin' darkness that livered up the Quane City av Taranta on the very first night av the Exhibition. Now the divil fly away wid the Alderman, or the man in the moon, whichever av them it was that left us widout light av any kind, not even the tail av a comet to "cheer the vale wid a solitary ray." Troth then its yourself I was just writin' a letter to afther supper, when I hears a great howlin' outside. "Och! Millia murder, luk at that shikoy will yez?" says wan. "May-be, perhaps, now it is the lasht day comin' after all" says another. "Oh how sweet,—too, too lovely, o-oh!" The wan that said this was a limp, lankey winch av about fercenteen. "How do you account for it?" says a pompous fellow wid a white wesket buttoned tight acrasht a very large corporation. "Is it me yer askin'

sur?" says I. "Yes," says he wid a leer, "can you account for it?" "I can" says I, for I saw it was meself he was tryin' to come paddy over. So says I, "Its the atmosphere, sur; the atmosphere av the present day is esthatic; that's to say, its the fashion to have green jaundice, an' to be kind av loose in the joints an' morals, suitin' sundowners an' lilics, an' readin' wild poems about blue mould, an' other kinds av human corruption, an' the clouds there bein' light weight an' damp like themselves, very wisly take the impression, consequently instead av 'an awful rose of dawn,' an' the owl-fashioned sunsets av crimson an' purple an' burnished gold, behold suspensid betune us an' the shtars the esthatic phenomenon ov a celestial sunflower!" An' wid that I winks an' walks off, he starin' after me kind av like as he couldn't make me out at all, at all. It was me intintion to attend a meetin' for the consideration av the "ameloration av the condition ov the suboeracy," exposed as they are to all the evils consequent on the possession av riches, so I set out on me way to Adelaide St., about 8 o'clock p. m., an' shtapt in on me way to see Andy (that's Nora's brother be her fother's fursht wife). Well, after talkin' a while we comes out, but bedad I couldn't see me finger when I held it up afore me. "Holy Moses! Barney," says Andy, "sure its lost ye'll be in the thick darkness, howid on till I get yez a lanthrin." Now there's no doubt whativir that Andy's lanthrin wud uv bin uv grate sarvice to me, but sur me patriotism was up in arrums at the notion av me, Barney O'Hea, a plungin' down Yonge street in the nineteenth century, wid a lanthrin in me hand like a modern Diagenes, makin' believe honest men were awful scarce, an' good men no: to be had scen! I was takin' such good care av wan av them. No, Mister Gur, whether I'm honest is best known to meself, but I'm no Diagenes to go braggin' about that an' the economy av the city officials at wan an' the same time. So says I, "No thank yez Andy," an' thin I grapped me way down to where there was a row av trees, sur I knew them to be trees be the whispiering av the leaves, an' the bumpin' av me nose agin the bark av them. All at once I hears a whis-

per "Is that you Barry?" Sure I thought she meant Barney, so says I "whist!" Wid that I feels meself fowlded in the soft arrums av a woman, an' she a kissin' ov me all over me face an' me neck. Me first impulse was to say "Yer mistaken, mam," but it was a kind av pleasant after all, so "whist!" says I agin. "I fooled the ould fellow," sez she, "we'll go off on the four o'clock train, an' then won't we have a good time," an' she gives me another hug an' lays her head on me buzzum, wan arrum round me neck. Just thin up comes a man an' right fornust us he shtaps an' strikes a match, an' there was a coloured winch wid her arrums round me neck, her black face lyin' on the beautiful shirt buzzum that Nora was after ironin', an' the whites in her eyes a rowlin' up to mine. "Mother o' Moses!" says I, shakin' her off, an' wid a wild howl I plunged headlong into the darkness, the man wid the match yelled "Ha! hu! ho!" after me like a demoralized hyena. Well, I run agin walls, posts, an' sines, widout number, till at last clane worn out I came to me own gate in Eringham Terrace. The moment I opens the gate "Be out ov that ye prowlin' vagabond," growls a gruff voice, an' the next moment I saw such a display of fireworks as wud uv tuk the tucker clane out of Professor Hand. Ye may believe I struck back right and left, but nary a thing could I hit but the brick wall an' the posts av the verandah. Thin I thought av the matches—in me pocket, an' I strikes two or three at wanst, an' diskivers that it wasn't me own dure after all. I disremember now how I happened to land home, anyway as soon as I can see out uv me oye, I'll be after sendin' yez an account av the meetin', an' the coffee-house we're gettin' up on the Stpartin principle, an' so on. Yours paispirin'ly,
BARNEY O'HEA.

The Toronto Peelers' Chorus.

When a Toronto policeman tells a mob to "move on," the mob moves, for they see mischief in the policeman's eye if they refuse.—*Montreal Star*.

When the loafers hang around,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to,
And the burglars abound,
To-ron-to!
They all quail beneath our eye
To-ron-to, To-ron-to!
For we catch them on the fly
To-ron-to,
We are fresh from Donegal,
We're a sight for Montreal,
Yes, our force it beats them all
To-ron-to, To-ron-to, To-ron-to!

When we spake the word "Move on,"
To-ron-to, To-ron-to:
Sure, the beats are quickly gone,
To-ron-to,
For we know the power we wield,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to,
And we'd never, never yield,
To-ron-to!
We respond to every call,
As they don't in Montreal,
We're the envy of them all,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to, To-ron-to!

Major Draper is our chief,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to!
May he never come to grief,
To-ron-to,
We can use our batons free
To-ron-to, To-ron-to,
And we do that same wid glee
To-ron-to,
For whin we make a haul
We like to hear them howl
To astonish Montreal,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to, To-ron-to!

We have station cells galore,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to:
An' we've prisoners by the score,
To-ron-to,
Our detectives are so fat,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to;
They can only sit and chat,
To-ron-to!
Yes, our Force is number one,
Far ahead of Hamilton,
Guelph or any other town,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to, To-ron-to