

Letter from Bridget O'Flanagan to Kitty Mulligan.

My dear KITTY,

Shure it's longin' I am to be back wid ye all. This is a quare counthry intirely, and if I'd iver set foot intil it before lavin' ould Oireland they'd niver have seen me here. It's a sorry time I've been havin' lately, an' yestherday I got meself intil a peck of troubles. MARY JANE, the table-maid, bein' ill, Mrs. ROBINSON sez to me, "Bridy," says she, "ye may wait on the table in MARY JANE's place." "On which table, Ma'am," sez I. "At dinner, this avenin'" sez she, "we're expectin' company."

"Arrah," sez I to PATRICK PINNEGAN, whin I wint down stairs intil the kitchen, "they have some quare customs in this country. The missus sez that MARY JANE always waits on the table whin they have company, and she wants to sit me up there in her place. I cant see the sence of it meself," sez I.

I thought he would have burst his sides wid laughin' and thin he explained to me that it was to sarve round the vittles to the company that she was manin'.

"Then she ought to have better ways of expressin' herself," sez I, and "bad luck to ye, MAGGIE O'HALLORAN," I sez to meself, "for gettin' me this place by represintin' that I had lived in ginteel families in ould Oireland, and be the same token I had niver lived annywhere but on me father's place in Tipperary, and its little I know about the ways av ginteel families." Howiver I had often seen MARY JANE puttin' the things on the table, an' though feelin' confused in me mind wid their big glasses and their little glasses, I thought it was all set right, when the missus came in to see. She jest threw up her hands looked the very pietier of consarnment and misery. Well, I jist had to unset it all, and set it over agin under her directions, and thin she gave me so many ordhers about how I was to wait on the company that me head was ready to burst wid the confusion in it. At last the avenin' came, and all the company was set down to dinner except three that was not prisint.

KITTY MULLIGAN, I couldn't begin to tell ye all the misfortunes that befell me. Everything I did seemed to turn out in a conthrary way, and the missis looked ready to dhop through the floor wid confusion. But the worst av me troubles isn't over. I was obsarvin' the company in general whin my attintion was caught by a young lady who seemed to be wearin' a wig, for her hair had got right over to one side. "Lost her hair in a fever," thinks I to meself, "otherwise she wouldn't have had any need for wearin' a wig at her age." I had in me mind a story I had heard about old Squire MORPHY, in Tipperary. One Sunday, whin the old gentleman was at church, his wig slipped round till the partin' was just over his left ear, and Mr. O'CONNOR's little boy, havin' a way of investigatin' everything he didn't understand, leaned over the pew while the ould Squire was kneelin' at his prayers, and seizin' the wig hild it up in view av the whole church, exposin' the ould gentleman's bald head. I have been told he niver spoke to Mr. O'CONNOR afterwards. Havin' that story in me mind, and not wishin' the young lady's feelin's to be hurted, "Ma'am," sez I, leavin' over her, "yer hair has got a little crooked, shall I put it straight for ye?" "Oh, no," sez she, and puts her hand to the back of her head, thinkin' it was them plait I was manin'. Jest thin me attintion was called away, but comin' around to that side of the table agin, sez I to meself, "I'll jist fix it straight unbeknownst to anny one." So I seizes it an' gives it a pull. The young lady screamed, and iverybody looked up, and she nearly choked through her ice-cream goin' the wrong way, and the Masther, lookin' black as a thunder cloud, sez, "The woman must be mad," and he commands me to lave the room that instant. I was willin' enuff to do that, bein' covered wid shame and confusion; but I jist stayed to ex-

plain me actions to the company, through fear of bein' taken for a mad woman and put in the Asilom. I thought one young gentleman would go into a fit wid laughin' when I told them I was only puttin' the young lady's wig shtaight, and then it appeared that it was only a new-fangled way the young ladies have of partin' their hair on one side. However, the missis wouldn't listen to anny explanations, and dismissed me that same avenin'. I'm goin' away in a day or two, wid-out a character, so, if ye niver resave me nixt letter, ye needn't be surprisid if I tell ye that I've immigrated to another part of the counthry.

Yer sorrowful frind,

BRIDGET O'FLANAGAN.

Doc. Shephard.

A LEGEND OF THE QUEEN CITY.

DOC. SHEPHARD was one
Who was fond of his fun,
And descended from NOAH's factious son,
So the tint of his phiz
Was exactly like his
Who once, I have heard,
Called the saintly Medard,
In the desert, "a snuff-coloured son of a gun."

But yet, though his face
Was as black as the acc
Of the spades that, I take it, were ne'er for use meant,
(Except in such games
As are known by the names
Of "seven-up" or "poker,")
He was a great joker,
In fact quite *au fait* in all kinds of amusement.

Still, life has his cares,
Trouble nobody spares,
And the Doc. got too "mixed" in domestic affairs,
"White trash" came around,
And the Doctor was found,
By "cops," heaving bricks
And brandishing sticks
While he raised 'merry—Hades' with tables and chairs.

Brought in front of "his wushup,"
Doc. prayed him to hush up
The case, and his "cracter" he henceforth would brush
up,—

Never throw his wife out;
Knock the "fixin's" about;
Never give any "hops,"
To annoy the good "cops,"
In short he'd give liquor (that's often called *lush*) up.

But although he got bail,
Poor Doc. did not fail
In a brief week or two to appear in the *Mail*
As having been "tight,"
On the preceding night,
And raising "great Cain,"
In his homestead again—
So his case seemed a *black* one in every detail.

The Doc. gave a groan,
He felt he was "gone,"
Since the "cops" and the *Mail* would not leave him
alone.—

With "his wushup's" consent
To retirement he went,
Far from causes disturbin'
In that palace suburbian,
Known as "Emerald Castle" that smiles o'er the Don.
A. G.

* See Ignodsky's Ledgens.

Mrs. Lapsusling's Syllabub of Currant Events.

I am very sorry to see that the exclusive, equestrian walk in Universal Park, which Mr. HAGUE says is attractive to lovers and convenient to pedestals, has been presented to a Baptist body. Who is this Baptist body?

I see that there has been a great corruption through the equator of a volcano in Sentinel America. My nephew, TED, says that when the *crust* of the earth breaks out in corruptions, it shows that it is very *badly bred*. He says that the whole inferior of the earth is in a state of confusion by heat, and that we are just subsisting on the internal covering of a molten mask. It makes me feel very uneasy.

Professor EPISON has had an engine made that can make 600 resolutions in a minute. (I know some people that can do that, but they don't keep them.) Then he hopes to succeed with his election light. Has his election light anything to do with the election of a President? I should like to have some light thrown on that matter, for the more I read about it the more I feel puzzled. Why will they talk about Erratic

and Repugnant parties? They ought to stick to our good old names of Grips and Preservatives.

I observe that the crickets are still making comets on Mr. TENNYSON's latest confusions. They show very little consideration for his feelings, but that is a way crickets have.

TED says that sharks are going to be present at every race with professional oarsmen, and that they will take a turn with the *skulls*. I think it is a disgrace to a civilized immunity. We might as well go back to that area in the history of Rome when the unfortunate glad editors were rooflessly analyzed by wild beasts. I hope that such sports will never become popular in this country.

What a fuss they are making about that Sentinel Committee. The first thing I read was that Dr. McLELLAN, wishing to imply with the deprecations of teachers, imposed an Algebra. And that when it came into the hands of the teachers it was quite detective and of very inferior tripe. In fact, Dr. McLELLAN had jist gobbled up the whole thing and then laughed in his sleeve.

33d SEM-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1880.

PAID-UP CASH CAPITAL \$600,000.

ASSETS.

Real estate.....	\$ 846,172 00
Cash on hand and in bank.....	253,912 58
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate.....	1,924,397 87
Interest on loans, accrued but not due.....	47,712 26
Loans on collateral security.....	63,600 00
Deferred Life premiums.....	61,001 26
Premiums due and unreported on Life policies.....	37,992 94
United States Government bonds.....	280,150 00
State, county and municipal bonds.....	366,411 00
Railroad stocks and bonds.....	602,785 00
Bank stocks.....	663,234 00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. stock.....	19,200 00
Total assets.....	\$5,171,875 01

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent. Life Department.....	\$3,501,525 22
Reserve for re-insurance, Ac'td. Depart.....	310,351 22
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities.....	210,996 00
Total liabilities.....	\$3,842,023 40

Surplus as regards policy holders, \$1,329,851 61

STATISTICS TO JULY 1, 1880.

Whole number of Accident Policies written.....	605,000
Who's number of Accident Claims paid.....	46,893
Total Amount Accident Claims paid.....	\$3,690,000
Total claims paid in Life Department.....	\$1,525,000

A GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICY, which any agent will furnish at short notice and trifling cost, covers the risk of such disasters as those on the

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RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Secretary

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