

So he shpits in his fisht, an' quite aisy an' whist  
He wint for that shtable wid moight and wid main,  
An' the mane dirty crew, out of that quickly flew,  
An' left him to finish the 'ob nate and clane.

Then a thunderin' schrame woke me out av me dhrame ;  
'Twas the cats in the yard yellin' "Murther ! Whirr-roo !"  
I lucked up astonished, the gods were all vanished,  
An' here was meself in the bed long 'sed you !

But ivir since wakin', me heart it is quakin',  
To think what the devil that dhrame now could mane ;  
The durt in the shtable, the owld haythen fable,  
About Herculaye making iviryrthing clane,

Be jabers, I have it ! Meself, too, can pruve it.  
It manes them big coal frauds piled ivir so high ;  
The stalin', and chatin, and prayvaricatin',  
I've mind, now ! so 'anestly done on the sly.

But musha, how nately, how clane and complately,  
An' onwilcome hand shtapped their innoshent play,  
Me dhrame is no fable—Toronty's the shtable,  
An' bowld Billy Howland's me brave Herculaye.

BARNEY O'HEA.

## PERSONAGES OF THE PAST.

### II. THE HERMIT.



It is not within the scope of these highly inspiring articles to particularize upon the subject under attention; at best we can but generalize. With this fact in view, we venture to breathe the hope that the discriminatè reader will not overstep the bounds of criticism and set down all that follows as general lies. The hermit was unquestionably the good moral man of his day. In

his earlier years he had meandered through life as a dude and first grade masher, but some flirt of a girl, with less brains than he, gave him the go-by, and he forthwith determined to flee from the wiles and whims of woman and lead a hermit's life. With this purpose in view he repented of his sins, left his tailor's bills unpaid, and hied him to a cave on a squatter lot to which was attached the indispensable purling brook. He gave up wearing light spring suits, leonine collars, gaiters and patent leather shoes, and bedecked himself in an A 1 sugar bag with extension sleeves, sat down beside the purling brook, cast carking care from him and felt contented and happy. Wherein lay the contentment and happiness?

Well may the men of this day envy the hermit. What are the advantages of civilization compared with the comfort and ease of the hermit's life?

But we have looked at but one phase of his life. Consider him as a property owner. Think how easily he acquired his possessions. No Sir John to interview, no dirty political work to do before the favor was bestowed, he just walked in, chalked his name over the door of the cave, and took possession whenever he felt like doing so. The lawyer of that day reaped no harvest. There were

no deeds, at so much a word, to draw up; no mortgage to settle; no property tax; no water rates. How blessed was he! But chiefest of all the hermit was not called upon to pay an income assessment. Ah! He was not asked to state the amount of his personal income and thus reveal his dire poverty. There are people now-a-days, who have the greatest distaste for "appearance" in any form, and carry it so far that they even dislike to make the public acquainted with a tithe of their riches. For this reason they state their personal income at \$4,000 when \$40,000 is nearer the figures. It would make them so uncomfortable, something so "loud" about it, to write down for the public gaze \$40,000; they blush at the very thought. Not so the hermit. He could place his income at the top notch and calmly wait for the taxpayer to come along.

Mr. Hermit your memory is dear to us.

TITUS A. DRUM.

"MAMMA, did you say the angles soar?" asked little Jennie Caution. "Yes, dear." "Well, what makes 'em sore? Is it because they fly so much?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*



August 30, '86.

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