



AN IRISH BOY-CAUGHT.

The Stern Parent.—BEGORRA, DINNIS, AV YE MARRY THAT GYURI, I WILL CUT VEZ OFF WIDOUT A CINT, AN' LAVE' ALL ME RALE ISTATE TO THE CITY, SO I WILL!

MR. O'ARNPRIRE'S OBJECTIONS.

WHEN the promoters of the new cemetery came to Dennis O'Arnpriore to know if he wouldn't take stock in it, Mr. O'Arnpriore, who, besides being a bit of a capitalist, is also a trifle of an orator when his temper is roused, walked around from behind the bar and thus addressed the delegation:—

"An it's for me to take stock in a grave-yard, yer after, gentlemen, is it? To buy shares in a human bone-garden, do I undherstand? To invist me little savin's in shkiliton beds, I belave? To make mesilf wan av the syndicate av a corpse farm, eh? To put me shmall surplus av hard-arned money into coffin mor'gages, so to shpake? Troth, gentlemen, yez hev come to

the wrong cushtomer, widout a doubt or a ha'porth. To make a short story long I'll say no, point blank, first, and give yez me raysons after. D'yez think I'm the man to sink money into a sckame that'll thrive me only be the death av me friends an' neighbors? Am I the sort av citizen to sit out on the dure-shtep an' be waitin' wid anxiety for the cholera to give us a call? Do I luk like a chap that 'ud dance wid glee whin the doctors an' undhertakers shtruck a lively run av thrade? Does me face or me coorse av life bethray e'er a sign that its intherest aff the dust av me fellows I'm achin' for? Was I ivir known to grin wid delight whin tould that the fayver was in town? an' would I be wantin' to, ayther? Shure, av I bought a shlice av yer cimitory on shpcc, there isn't a man who tuk a plot but 'ud be sayin' to himsilf as he kim up till the bar, 'Luk at O'Arnpriore, the ghoul, hopin' iviry day he sees me 'll be the lasht until I'm carted to his siction av the grave-yard! Oh, the miserable dealer in dead mins dishposal! Luk at him!! Luk at him, would ye!!! Shlap, is it? It's nivir a dacint wink I'd enjoy, what wid dhramas av me pathrons' ghosts huntin' me an' beratin' me for a polthron, an' the thoughts that iviry cint av per cintage I dhrew shmitt av the tomb! No, gentlemen, I may dale in liquid shpirits, but I'll nivir have it said agin me that for part av me profits I was be-houldin to the shpirits av the dead an' gore. I'll not aven buy a lot for mesilf to live in whin I die. Let me heirs do that for me, or the town will. D'yez all mind?"

SATAN is the Father of Lies—on the Mormon principle.

BRAG is a great dog, Ho'd-fast is a greater, and Lay-low watches chances and walks off with the bone.

TIME & TIDE weigh it for no man. You have either to take their word for it, or buy your coal from another firm.

ATTACHMENT is both subjective and objective. For instance, a dog attached to his pan of milk, and a milk pan attached to a dog, are very different. In the first case the strength of attachment varies with the quantity of milk, in the second with the quality of the string. The second is subjective, great sport to the boys; but objective, great panic to the dog. It annoys the dog. First the dog, second the pan, third the boys, so forth.