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## Mick Murphy's Varns.

"Hoyld hir tight, Tammy, me boy, sez I.

It wuz a fine mornin' when we stharterd aff wid the tools. O'Neill bein' a smal' man, tuck the knife. I kerried the hatchet.

"Tammy, are ye ready?" sez I.

"Troth, an' it's meself is that, Mick Murphy. Now Biddy, me darlint, jist take yerself out iv that doohr till we make Irish bacon iv ye."

"Give hir some elbow-grace, Tammy," sez I. "That's betther nor coixin'."

"Don't let the smal' wans out, Paddy, there."

"Back, ye villain, ye," sez I, givin' wan iv thim a skite that knocked it over the tap iv another slip iv a pig thryin' to hoke a hole in the flure wid its snout.

Then begun the squealin'.

"Stap yer noise, ye vipers, ye!" roared Tam.

"Now Tammy, me hearty," sez I, "yon howld a howlt iv the tail, an' I'll luck offther the head."

"Thrust me fur that," sez Tammy.

As I was sayin', O'Neill wuz a smal' man at hez best, an' at hez wurst, divil the hayporth iv a man wu he at al', at al'. Anyway, Tam didn't stan' fur much in gettin' the body to folly the tail at this thrial.

"Howld hir tight, Tammy, me boy, sez I.

"H—owld hir, d'ye say? I'll engage ye, I'll"—Wid that the tail slipped frum Tammy's fingers. Tammy thripped over wan iv the smal' pigs, an' rowled as far as the wal' wud let him.

"I'm ashamed iv ye, Tammy," sez I, "lyin' down while thir's work to bay done."

"Tarnation to ye fur a dhurty thrallup," sez Tam, makin' a keek at Biddy. "I'll tache ye till hev more respect fur yer mesther, afore I'm done wid ye, so I will."

"I'm sayin', Tammy," sez I. "Throth an' I'm thinkin' we'd beather kill hir jist where she stan's; fur divil a fut will she sthur at al', at al'."

"Tave that to me," sez Tammy, saizin howlt iv the tail again. "We'll kill hir bay himself fur fear iv searin' the wufs out iv t'other craythurs, save their sowls!"

"Tammy," sez I. "I know a thrick wurth two iv that."

"What's that, Murphy, me boy?"

"Listen to me, Tammy," sez I. "Jist get a good sthrong wax-en, an' tie waa en' iv it roun' hir tail, an' wind t'other roun' yer wrist, an' then we'll see what's the matther, widout axin' Biddy's lave."

"Divil a bit but ye're right there, Mickey," sez he. Then aff he stharterd like steam to fetch the wax-en. Tammy, you see, bein' a shoemaker, giner'ly hed a stout wax-en' or two hangin' on the nail ready fur the needle.

Bay this time, Tammy rached the house, an' threw hez weight against the doohr. As bad luck wud hev it, the doohr happened to bay aff the latch, an' who shud bay behin' it but Mrs. O'Neill herself, an' got it thump on the nose.

"Oh sow! 'Tare-an-ownties! Why, murder an' thurf! Me—Oh ye've—Orra tarnation to ye fur a maizly bit iv a whupper-snapper! Ye dhurty houn'! How dar ye, I say"—(takin' Tam bay the throth an' shakin' him, Tam roared fur marey) "How dar ye kill a dacent woman, ye athercap? How dar ye—ye smal' whelp iv the devil? I say, how dar ye?"

"Marey! Marey!" cried O'Neill.

"Marey, in throth? I'll tache ye till twist the nose on me face wid the doohr." (Shakin' Tam.)

"I didn't—didn't—see—ee—ye."

"See me, in feth! Ye niver see nuthin', ye dhurty, smal' quadhraped, ye." (Still shakin' an' cuffin' Tam.)

Now Tam thried to hide undher hir waist, fur he only rached up to hir arumpits, an' she wuz as big as hir husband wuz smal'.

I got up in time to save Tam's life. I sez, "Mrs. O'Neill," sez I, "an' if ye plaze ma'am, Tam onty wanted a wax-en'?"

"A wax what?"

"A wax-en' to tie hir tail wid," speaks up Tam, beginnin' to feel howld agin.

"An' may I axe ye, Misther Murphy, whose tail is ye goin' to tie wid a waxen'?"

"Why, Biddy's, the big pig," sez Tammy, seein' matthers wuz gettin' smoother. "She wont tave the sthyc dacently to bay killed."

"Then kill her in the sthyc, ye spalkeen ye," sez Mrs. O'Neill.

"What?" sez Tam, "kill her in the prisence iv t'other poor craythurs? Troth, an' I wont, an' sear the wits out iv thim, poor souls!"

"Then dhrive the smal' pigs out."

"Begorra," sez Tam, skappin' hez leg. "Ye're right there, Sally. That diz the thrick shure enough. Och, Sally, ye're a darlint," an' Tammy rached up hez finger-tips till the tap iv hir showlders. Sally pursaved the difficulty, an' stooped down till Tammy got hez two arams roun' hir neck. Then he planted a kiss on hir gob that fairly shuck the raffthers.

"Now," sez Tammy, dhrippin' down frum hez tip-toes, "now fur Biddy, Mickey, I'm at yer sarvice."

"Here, take yer hatchet along wid ye, Misther Murphy, sez Mrs. O'Neill (fur I hed dhrapped it in the melec, in savin' Tammy). "Sow! man! Ye're shurely not goin' to kill the craythur widout the hatchet, are ye?"

"Sorra the bit, but it's yerself, Mrs. O'Neill," sez I. "knows betther nor Tammy or me how to kill pigs, so it is."

"Ye're not far asthray, Mick Murphy, an' al though it's meself is sayin' it, barrin' Harry the Rat, divil a bit but I can kill pigs as well as the nixt man so I can, an' no mistake."

"D'ye hear me, Mrs. O'Neill?" sez I, "an' it's yerself is spakin' the gospel thruth there."