



### "GHOSTS."

(*Apropos of Col. Ingersoll's lecture.*)

SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE—"Well spoke, good Bob; but prithee, if mine was 'the giant intellect of mankind'—'an ocean touching every continent of human thought'—'a mountain mind, beside which every other were an ant-hill,' doth it not puzzle you to consider that I accepted the Christian faith and died therein?"

creature is no what ye would ca' *compus mentis*, I'll go an' fix my e'e on that spot in the wa' wi' the greatest o' pleasure." Yours in precipitate, HUGH AIRLIE.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"FWHAT's in a name?" did yez say? The owld Nicks in it, an' so he is—at laste he's in moine. O'Toole ez me name—Timothy O'Toole—good enough for the Queen whin Oi wuz in owld Oireland. But fwhat's in it now? "Nothing," sez you, "but litters, an' only thirteen av thim"—Thirteen! Begorra! That's the throuble! It's the devil's own number, an' so it is! But whisht! O'Toole's me name no more. It'll be Murphy av Oi choke on it—Timothy Murphy—nuthin' unlucky about that.

Oi'm an agent—so Oi am. Me frins sed as Oi'd make a great lawyer, but Oi'm an agent, an' that's the next best thing till it. Misther Prunem, av Taranty, towld me as Oi cud make a fortune in six months asellin' av his nurshery shtock—but he's a loiar, an' Oi kin prove it.

Oi wuz in the coorse av me bizness in the town av St. Petersville 'tuther day an' fwhat does Oi see in the day's paper but a notice that Timothy O'Toole wud be thried next day at the coort fur sittin' fire till the back ind av a farmer's load av sthraw an' scorchin' the tails av the

horses, not to mintion the burnin' av the sthraw an' waggon, an' the owld man's breakin' av a leg an' an arm whin he jump-ed aff the load.

"You niver did that same, Tim," sez Oi, "sure an you've been moighty dhrunk, Tim, me darlint, till do that same thrick. But sure an' it's in the front room av the Royal Dominion Hotel, Nicky Hogan, proprietor, with males at all hours, an' not in the cooler that Oi am. They must trate their prisoners loike gintlemen in this town—or mebbe some wan has bailed me out, or bedad! its acquitted on foorst offence Oi've been. Sure an' its mane it wud be not till appear at the coort to-morry av that's the shtate av affairs."

Nixt marnin' at the coort, wud ye belave it, the joodge calls 'Timothy O'Toole.'

"Here sor," sez Oi.

"Silence in the coort," roared a long-faced spalpeen with a six-foot pole.

"Be aisy byes," sez Oi till the lads in the back, "devil a bit will they scare me. Yer honor, its mesilf that's spakin' till yez."

An' sure an' didn't that spalpeen saze me be the back av me coat an' he lifted me clane down sthairs, fur only answerin' till me own unlucky name. Be the howly jumpin' gimcracks! av he had only come at me face—be the tinder mercy av Cromwell! Oi'd have—but afor Oi cud get me coat aff Misther Hogan ov the Royal Dominion stepped up an' towld me as Tim O'Toole wuz the wurst young vagabone as grew in St. Petersville, an' Oi was the wrong man entoirely, wid the right name.

Oi thin went aff till sell sthrawberry trees till a farmer. Oi talked till him in a way that was raly deservin' av the fortune

Misther Prunem promised me an' he was gittin' in foine trim for buyin', an' so he was, whin fwhat does he do but ax me me name.

"It's Tim O'Toole, plaze yer honor," sez Oi.

Did yez iver see a Scotchman git mad an' scared? "Deil tak ye," he yelled, "Feer! Murther! git oot o' the place! Collie! Collie! Hist Collie!"

An' sure didn't the baste grab me be the unimintionables. "Lord presarve me an' me breeches!" Oi yelled; but the brute thought they'd kape better in small pieces. He was tarin' away whin Oi laped the fince an' he knocked his wind out on the tap rail. Its a quare dog that Oi can't manage, an' so it is.

But Oi thried agin' an' thin wanst moore aroun' that town, an' as sure as Oi said "Tim O'Toole," a grady cur had a piece of my flesh an' Oi was in fur a pair av—av nither garmints. Sure an' Oi belave it was the tailor that put thim up till it. So Oi've leff' St. Petersville an' me name's Murphy an' if it's anything in moi loine yez wants, just dhrop a loine to Mr. Timothy Murphy, 13 Toolihan St., Taranty. HUGH KENNEDY.

THE Beaverton correspondent of the *Orillia Packet* begins one of his paragraphs "Next Friday evening being the anniversary of leap-year," etc., etc.