



AN IRISH PATRIOT.

*Paddy (a tenant).—*The tap av the mornin', Misther McGrath, sur; shure this foine weather is doin' a power av good to the the soil, so it is. We'll have no more famines and the loikes av that av it kapes on this way a little longer!

*Mr. McGrath (Land League Orator).—*Yis, bad luck to it! But it's graved I am entoirely to see wan loike you, that I've always respicted as a thrue Oirishman, spakin' a good wurd for the foine weather, whin ye know right well it is playin' ould hob wid the policy av the Lague, an' helpin' that ould villian, Gladstone, to kerry out his Land Bill that will lave poor Erin widout a smitch av a gruviance!!

An Embarrassing Mistake.

It's no use talking, I can't go anywhere or do anything, without getting into some mull or other. There I've been working hard for the cause of Temperance by drinking moderately, and I must go and make another nunny of myself.

Now, I was just too awfully pleased to endorse Mr. Macdonnell's statements concerning the temperance question, and quite agreed with him in thinking that the only way to stop the increase of drunkenness was to drink a little one's self, and not to treat other people. We fellows at once started a society, founded on his opinions and by his advice, which we call *Advanced or Better Templars*, and according to the by-laws we go out every night and drink a little in the cause of Temperance. Of course the Gov. ridiculed my noble object, and sneeringly said, "Damon, the way you talk, one would think that the only sure cure for a burn is to apply a red-hot poker to the scorched spot." Notwithstanding the persecutions I meet with I persevere in the work, and every evening I indulge in some light liquor.

Until the other night I managed to get home safely every time, and only suffered a few headaches in the good cause. But that night I met with a misfortune. Twenty cents worth of drink was all that entered my mouth, and yet, when I started for home at twelve o'clock, I had a dizzy feeling, and my toes stubbed continually.

When I got to the door I tried to find the key-hole, but though I scratched up and down over every inch of it, it was no go. Then I tried the door and to my relief found it unfastened. I sat down on the hall floor and took off my boots, and when I went to get up I found that by some unaccountable means I could not; so I had to crawl up stairs, and the noise I made was alarming, though I tried to go easy. I managed to get on my feet at the top, and then I ran full tilt against a rocking-chair, which, when I went to grasp it went back with me, and threw me a complete summersault. In getting up a door seemed to run against me with a fearful thump that nearly brained me. Then, for-

getful of my early training, I used words better not repeated.

It was comparatively clear sailing after that, only nothing seemed in its right place. I could find neither match-safe nor gas-jet, so I undressed in the dark. The table had been moved to the other side of the room, and the bed to the middle. I will say nothing as to the knocks my shins and ankles got—it is hardly polite even to mention having such articles. They did get hurt anyhow, and I was glad when I was ready to plunge into bed. I was feeling around to find which was the head, when I found to my horror that some one was there. "Get out, you fool," a gruff, sleepy voice said, "don't be pawing my face over like that!"

I immediately concluded that I had got into father's room in mistake, so I lit out as soon as possible without speaking. I stumbled over the chair again, and threw the next door open quickly, with a bang. There was a light burning faintly, and as I came in a female head popped up out of the bed, and a female voice yelled, "Murder! thieves!" (I knew at once it wasn't a man by the curl-papers.) With a sudden spring and a fearful shriek she jumped out and seized me, and I could not get away from her, until we reached the head of the stairs, when she let go her hold and I fell to the bottom. Half dead with fright and other causes, I rushed out into the street, and my faculties now returning I saw that I had gone into the wrong house, three doors this side of ours.

It was not long before I reached our door, and went to get the latch-key from my pants pocket, when I found, what had not till that moment struck me, that I had left my clothing in the other house. A cold perspiration broke out all over me, and I crouched close to the door, fearing some one might see me before the gov. came down to let me in. He came near kicking me down the steps when he opened the door, not expecting to see me so lightly clad. When I said, "It's only Augustus," he stormed on me in the most vile manner. I explained my embarrassing position as best I could, and crept into bed half frozen, but with my mind made up as to how I should recover my clothing.

When morning came I went to No. 684, as brave as a lion. I saw the same lady who had clung to me so the night before, and I explained to her that my father, returning late from a dinner, had mistaken the house, and entered unconsciously, and had sent me to apologize for him. He was quite ill, I remarked, and so could not come in person, but if she would give me the things he had left I would be pleased.

She smiled on me, and said she had not been the least alarmed, and asked me to call in any time. She's a splendid girl, and if I thought the gov. would not let out on me, I'd call and see her often.

"Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die!"

The many and undefined rumors with reference to Sunday, 19th ult., which have been floating around for some months past, seem to have had quite an influence on a large proportion of our population; and an Irish labourer's remark, "It's a foine day afther the ind of the world" (accidentally overheard by Mr. Gurr on the Monday following), conveys a fair idea of what some of the more ignorantly superstitious had long believed to be about to transpire. It was not alone among the utterly unlettered of the know-nothings, however, that the dread of calamity seems to have prevailed. Tidings have just reached us of a professional man in a semi-remote district, who, fearing the threatened disasters of the long-talked-of 19th, gathered his family around him and put "off" to, and "up" for the night at the house of his wife's nearest and dearest relations, so that his and her people might be all together if anything dreadful occurred. This incident would seem to show one thing (if it does not clearly establish the professional's soundness of mind), and that is, that much as we are inclined to throw mud at our mother-in-law in times of peace or prosperity, we may sometime or other be glad to seek the company of the old lady when thunderings, lightnings, earthquakes, yea death itself, are talked of, and doubts and misgivings harass our minds!



ON BEHALF OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Mr. Gurr, on behalf of the Volunteers and public of the Dominion, has much pleasure in presenting Major-General Luard with a little volume on good manners, as a slight expression of their sense of his great want of something in that way. He hopes the distinguished parlor warrior will deign to accept of the present, and study the volume thoroughly before he again appears in the presence of a body of Canadian gentlemen wearing the volunteer uniform. If it should so happen that the gallant General's stay in Canada shall not be long enough to enable him to master the rudiments taught in this book—and it is possible Her Majesty may want to send him on a mission to the other Boors before long, neither Mr. Gurr, the volunteers, nor the country will feel very bad about it.