

Our Irishman Heard From.

ERINGOBRAUGH TERRACE,

May 15th, 1882.

Me dear an' respected Misther Gnr,--Arrah but it's the proud man I am to be afther sittin' down writin' to yourself once more, it makes me feel like owld times. Sure an' wher's the wonder, whin its through' great thribulations an' firean' water meself has come since writin' me last lethtir to yez. Musha! but it was the sorra day for me when I was afther bein' tuk wid the North-West fayer, and sorra a thing cud cure me av it but gettin' half drowned, an' every hair av me head singed off into the bargain.

"Suro it's a fortin yez'll be afther makin', whin yez come up here, yez jist bring all yer available capital wid yez, an' buy a few lots; in a few days yez can sell them over again at 17 times more than yez paid for them." Them's the very words the schemin' villian in Winnipeg wrote to me in a lethtir, an' no matter what me poor wife, wid the tears shramin' down her cheeks, would say, it's off to Winnipeg meself would go. "Och, Barney dear, stay at home wid meself an' the little bye," she'd say, "sure we've enough to ate and dhrink, an' dacent clothes besides, sure, what more does a Christian want?" says she, "they that baste to be rich, repint at lei-ure," says she, "an' don't be followin' the multitude like that," says she again. Now atune you an' meself, private, Misther Gnr, if she had jist said to me then, "Yes Barney, do, let's go quick, sure it's ridin' in our carriage we'll be up in Winnipeg," the divil a sthlep I'd be afther takin', north or south. But the idea av a man bein' advised an' guided by his wife, naterally goes agin' the grain, an' if it was for nothin' else than to show the shuppiority of the male over the faymale sex in the matter av buyin' North-West lots I'd go, no matth'r how much I'd want to stay home. So I said good-bye to me wife an' child, an' I tell you, sur, the partin' atune Hectir an' Andrew Mickey, wasn't a fleabite compared to the scene at the back av our front door, in Eringobrough Terrace, that day. Well, "All aboard!" cried the conductor on the train. "All aboard," sez I, wavin' me hat out av the window, "an' farewell Toranty, farewell for evermore!" but nary a tear was in me oie, for it was fixed on the "Sntar of Empire, glitterin' in the (nor') west." Thin I tuk wan av Nora's hair pins an' pinned the owld stockin' I held me money in to me pocket, right through, takin' a good howld av me shirt, so no thavin' pickpocket could rob me uubeknownst. Thin I pulled me hat over me eyes an' wint to slape. I didn't slape wan wink all the night before, because I sat up makin' me last will an' testament, bequeathin' all me property an' lands in the North-West, together wid me dwellin' house in Toranty, to me beloved wife, a life interest therein, for her own use, her airs an' asinines aforesaid (taking care to make it out in legal terms), an' to my son, Timothy Bernard Francis O'fica, his airs an' asinines, with freicish an' entry thereto forever and a day. Ye see, Misther Gnr, life is oucertain, and I thought it might be disagreeable for meself to see thim wranglin' over me dead corpse about thim lots I was goin' to buy. I saled it up wid sailin' wax, an' left the print av me thumb on it, as plain as St. Peter's on the back av a bilin' haddock, an' thin I stuck it up in a hole in the chimney, so no one cud find it, an' maybe make away wid it; an' more be token, it would be handy to lay me hand on when I cum back rich an' prosperous, for my wife an' ohild. The lake was blue, an' the banks comin' green, whin I closed me eyes on Ontario, an' I think I musht have shlept two days an' a night, whin all av a sudden I woke up cowl'd an' stiff an' trimblin' all over, an' there behowld ye, the train was standin' stook still, an' nary a thing to be seen out av the windows but shnow. To make free wid the words av the poet: "Shnow to the right av us, shnow to the left av us, Shnow back an' front

av us, Shtnck in a shnow-drift, for hours—divil mind us." Yes sur, there we were, shtuck for a whole week in the bleak, inhospitable wilderness av froisht an' shnow. Me sphaice wint not allow me a description av our sufferin's—but relief came at la-hit, an' we were finally landed in Winnipeg. I made a bee-line for the market place, where Misthress O'Mega keeps a dacent, respectable boordin' house. Misthress O'Mega is the half aunt av me shtep-mother, be her grandfather's frst wife. Misthress O'Mega was very civil. "It's very glad I am to see wan av the family," says she, "but yez'll have to shleep on the fure. There's four in ivery bed in the house already, not to mention the babbys packed in atune, an' sleepin' in the burean drawers. Me lounge there is riuted to a land speckleator for \$1 a week, but maybe yez wouldn't like to lie down on the fure, an' him there," says she. "The very man I want," says I, "it's land meself is afther comin' to buy, an' this is a shplendid chance to have a quiet talk over it—quite providential Mrs. O'Mega," says I. An' begorra afore we shlept that night I bought no less than seven magnificent town lots in the city av Gladstone. I shlept pretty sound till about 3 o'clock in the mornin', whin the whole house, meself included, was awakened wid a horrible yell, which came from nobody but meself intirely. Sure what wid the sufferin' I was afther undergoin', an' the draft comin' in on me lyin' on the fure, the toothache cum to me, an' it's the very roof av me skull it was tartin' off av me. Millia murder! I hopped, an' danced, an' screeched, an' whirled around, like any howlin' dervish, an' nary a morsel av relief could I get till wan av the boorders cum upstairs wid a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil in his hand, an' the very sight of it gave me such a turn av the horrors, the toothache left me instantan—teotally an' forivir. Next night, Misthress O'Mega she says to me, says she, "It'll nivir do for yez to be shlapin' on the fure an' gettin' the tooth-

ache like that, whisper," sez she "how would yez like to shlape on top av the planny, down shtairs?"

(Concluded Next Week.)

The Prorogation.

The House has riz, the session's done,
With all its trouble, toil and fun;
The Tories pack their trunks with glee,
And home the Grits less joyful flee.
But not to rest these members go,
The big election's on they know:
Their party pipes they now must tute
To catch the public ear in June;
The hustings soon will echo back
The howling of the party pack,
And honest yeomanry, I wot
Will listen to no end of rot.
They'll hear the great N. P. extolled,
As having proved as good as gold;
They'll hear it cursed as hollow fraud,
Deserving of a pickled rod:
Grit orators will crack their lungs,
And strain the muscles of their tongues,
Denouncing all the flagrant sins
Of that corrupt old pack—the ins.
And Tory bawlers, just as loud,
Will howl about the clear Grit crowd;
The honest yeomanry, I wot,
Will hear no end of blatant rot.
But never once 'mid all the din
Of party wrangling—out and in,
They'll hear a Grit or Tory say
A loyal word for Canada,—
A word of pure, unselfish truth
To stir the blood of noble youth;
'Twill all be Party, Power and Place,
And Righteousness must hide her face.

King Humbert has conferred the collar of the order of the annunciation on the King of Wurtemberg. This is timely charity, for the king had about worn out his box of paper collars his subjects gave him for his Christmas, and but for his bequest he would have had nothing to wear but his sword-belt and a patch of court-plaster.—*Rome Sentinel.*



AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.