

pulpy mass to *my* mouth, 'You gie 'un a lickin, and stick 'un on for me.' 'No, no!' I exclaimed, 'the sticker is of no use now. You must buy another, and don't suck all the sticky off again.' 'What, pay another penny? Nowt o' th' sort. That was a bad 'un, and you know it. You'll jist gie me a good 'un.' That, of course, I refused. 'Then I'll just go an' tell passon (parson), and he'll write and tell the Queen about yer sellin' bad stickers.'"

Mr. Smith tells another humorous story of a gentleman riding through Dublin in a jaunting car. Noticing the General Post Office, he inquired, "And what are those three figures at the top?" "Och, and shure they are the twelve Apostles, yer honour," replied the driver. "Twelve Apostles! but there are only three." "Thru for ye, yer honour, but indade they are all there." "But I only see three," persisted the mystified gentleman. "Well, sor, I'll just tell ye. The fact is they're in a muddle inside, all in arrairs, so they got nine of the Apostles to come down and help 'em; and they're inside now sorten the letters. Indade ye may take my word for it."

In regard to returned letters and packets containing value, it is necessary for those making claims to give some tangible proof of their eligibility. On one occasion a gentleman came into the office and claimed a letter containing a cheque. He had no communication bearing his name, and for some reason or other he had come away without his handkerchief. Much irritated, the gentleman retired. In a few minutes, however, he returned with a radiant smile on his face. "If I can show you," said he, "my name on the tail of my 'Eureka,' will that satisfy you?" Mr. Smith laughingly pointed out that the Post Office was scarcely a place for dressing and undressing in. However, the caller's ingenuity was rewarded, and he went away with the desired possession. How curious that the garment

on which the proof of his identity was in hiding should be called, "*I have found it!*"

A brave little French lady was likewise at first unable to supply sufficient proof in order that she might reclaim a valuable letter. After some perplexity she said sweetly, "Pardon, monsieur," and scuttled away to a corner. A moment later she came back and placed on the astonished Mr. Smith's blotting-pad a purple elastic band, with pretty clasps. Upon this dainty object of femininity was discovered the French lady's name, beautifully embroidered. "*Voilà!*" was all the little lady said. It was a very triumphant *voilà*. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

Mr. Rowland, the founder of the penny post, once gave a lecture on "Astronomy" before members of the Post Office. As an illustration of an eclipse of the sun, the lecturer suggested the passing of a shilling between the eye and the lamp. His listeners fumbled in their pockets for "moons," then shook their heads and began to titter. At length, in a jocular voice, someone said, "I beg to explain, sir, that we were all very anxious to try the experiment which you suggested, but, unfortunately, we cannot find a shilling amongst us." This was a gentle hint for increased remuneration!

When the Parcel Post was inaugurated in 1883, the Dead Letter Office made arrangements for a larder where, especially just before Christmas, turkeys, geese, pheasants, rabbits, &c., hung from beams in sufficient array to make even a poulterer's mouth water. Mr. Smith once discovered a hare stuffed with tea, sweets, tobacco, comb, &c! Live animals frequently turned up at the office. Two snakes were once put to bed for the night, awaiting to be claimed on the morrow. In the morning one snake had vanished, and the other presented a sorry sight. He had eaten his son, and