

SAD DETERIORATION OF A GRAND OLD WAR HORSE

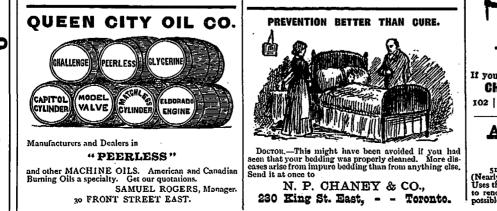
a descendant of the ancient Irish kings won't wash, and even if it did there are so many thousands of your countrymen who would be prepared to contest your claim to the imagin-ary throne, that I would advise you, by all means, to say nothing more to anybody on that point.

There is one thing, however, that I really must caution you against in earnest, and to which your regal claim is but a bagatelle, and that is your continually pitching into every thing British or English as you call it. Everything good, bad, or indifferent done by the British authorities you condemn. Now, Mul-larky, notwithstanding your talk of British tyranny, and the cruelty of the hated Saxon, do you ever (save and excepting the United States) pitch your tent in any country other than where the Union Jack waves?

Do you, my patriotic friend, un'ess under very exceptionable circumstances, such as blowing up a building or so, even think of settling in rance to make your living? I wot not, good Mullarky. Does Germany strike you as a good place to emigrate? Not much—or Italy, or Austria, or Spain? No, my wise Mullarky, you know a trick worth two of that. In these countries you would have to represent your district in the army and carry a rifle, living on liquors, sausage, and sour wine the best part

of your life. You would not be allowed to leave your adopted country even if you wanted to, and had the means to go, except you were prepared to give bonds for your appearance when required for the ranks. In fact you would be in an almost complete state of serfdom.

Now, let us look at the situation in down-trodden Ireland. Having the wherewithal, you can travel from Cork to the Giant's Causeyou can travel from Cork to the Giant's Cause-way unmolested by *Mouchards* or *Gens d'Armes.* You may say and write what you like even to the verge of high treason ! You are free from conscription, with all that the name implies, and in short "if you havn't got shoes you can go barefoot," and you and your compatriots do acts there, that were it under that bald headed eld write core Binmarch or that bald-headed old swine coop, Bismarck, or Prince Son of Awich, of Russia, they would dragoon you with fire and sword, and leave the country sacred to the cats and the badgers. So reflect, Martin Malloy Mullarky, Gent., so reuect, Martin Malloy Mullarky, Gent., and don't shoot off your mouth so much about "British Tyranny," and by the way if you would reduce your own rents a trifle in these hard times, and give your poor tenants a chance, you would show a good example to the tyrant landlords of Ireland you so delight to nitch into So lay this lesson to your soul to pitch into. So lay this lesson to your soul. Mullarky, Adieu! Adieu ! DANGER.



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MAPLE,

'Twas an illigant mornin' in summer, The boardin' house bell had just rung, And misilf and O'Nayro, the bummer, Fur eggs and peraties had sung.

The waither, sweet Biddy O'Remus Muldoon, With a dexterous twisht o' her hand, Two lovely biled eggs, some salt and a sphoon, Right quickly forninst us did land.

- O'Nayro, with surprisin' precision, One minute aloft houlds his knife, And then in the egg makes an incision The natest I've seen in my life.
- × * *
- And now all deuse grows the atmosfare, And O'Nayro with raco does foam— Sez I tull the bunner, " Dear bye, don't shware, Shure its a 'lay' of Ancient Rome."

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