



PADDY DOHERTY.

PAPER NO. I.

"Are ye comin' down to the matin'," queried Paddy Doherty of Ted Connelly last night.

"Phwhere is id?"

"In Kelly's yard."

"An' pwhat do yez do be doin' down dare?"

"We does be debatin' on de constitootun.

We have formed ourselves into a Czar Extermination society, so we have, wid a 'termach to do away wid de bloated minopolists. Shure all de boys will be down dare. Will 'oo come?"

"Oi will faith, wait till I get a club; Katey, hand me out Johnny's base ball bat, dat'll do."

Let me introduce Paddy Doherty to you, my friends. He has a commanding figure. He wears a plug hat, a tweed suit with a large pattern, a floated chain and a dollar diamond in his scarf. He is partial to beef-steak and onions, whiskey and cigars. He is a dangerous man. He has come no one knows from where, to pollute the minds of the quiet denizens of Lombard street. He is an anarchist, that's what he is. He has an eye in his head, oh, he has an eye in his head—and just one. He is an Anarchist from Anarchy. He sticks to his purpose with the tenacity of an advertising agent to an up-town merchant. You can subdue a blood-hound, you can paralyse a bull, you can terrify a book agent, you can frighten a grizzly, you can astound a thunder-bolt, but you can't scare Paddy Doherty, no, sir!

The forest fire dies out, the tornado passes, the locomotive is laid up for repairs, a cannon ball gets stuck in the mud, stocks go down with a crash, a reporter sleeps, the temperance lecture comes to an end, the bull-dog lets go his hold, but Paddy Doherty never gives up, you bet.

He is eloquent as Cicero, dumb as the everlasting hills, deaf as the tomb, pitiless as the sea, stubborn as a mule, sassy as a house pig, funny as a pet ox, savage as a tiger, lazy as a hired man, and seductive as a saloon.

That's the kind of a man Paddy Doherty is. Nature has bestowed upon him a sinister eye and a mouth like a turnip pit. You can't kill him. He is dead! Yet he is the liveliest corpse you ever saw in all your life.

He can roar like a bull, he can sing like a gorilla, he can yell like a grit politician, he can whisper like the summer seas.

He is a noble drinker.

"Will 'oo have something," said Ted Connelly softly, as the pair past McBost's."

"I'll take a taste," said Paddy Doherty. He took four finger fulls and as he went out on the street in the gathering gloom a tear dropped from his eye. He had put no water in it.

"Hi sissy," screeched an urchin, "dare' de head ob de new gubermunt!"

An exultant flash kindled his eye.

"Aha!" he said, "blud, blud."

They strolled into Kelly's back yard. The place was full of anarchists, ash barrels, potato peelings and a bad smell. As Paddy Doherty mounted the cask a wild shout of welcome rose from the crowd. Pig face Murphy and Reddy Burke led them on. Bull Pup Regon continued to shout. He wouldn't let up. Some one hit him a dreadful kick. The pound of dynamite in his pistol pocket went off with a fearful explosion.

Paddy Doherty came down through a neighboring roof and lit in the midst of a surprised family.

"The matin' is adjourned," said Paddy Doherty, as he dusted his pants and walked out.

CENTENNIAL EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, ETC.

Boarding-house Keeper.—Here Jackie! look here, I want you to go down to that old second-hand on Queen, and tell him to send up them four bedsteads right off. And say, Jackie, go to Misses Jenkins and tell her to lend me three sheets till the day after to-morrow; and get two from Misses Marksee, and four pillow cases and a tablecloth from Misses Crookses.—I'll send them all home after the centennial—but you just say, mother'll be sure to send them home day after to-morrow.

COULDN'T POSSIBLY.

Overworked Shoemaker.—Can't do it sir. Couldn't possibly take another measure. 'Ave more work ordered than I can peg into. 'Fraid you'll 'ave to go to Hamilton to get 'em done.

ECONOMICAL.

Old Schoolmate.—And when is the wedding to come off?

Blushing Rural Bride prospective.—Oh well I've everything ready now, but Jake says we've got to spend money at the Toronto Centennial anyhow, and we might as well make it all one funeral.

OH! THE DARLING!

Young Lady kissing the week-old baby.—Oh! oh! such a lovely wee tootsey wootsey as it is to be sure. When is it to be christened?

Proud young Mamma.—Oh! first of July, of course. We are going to call him "Centennial Francis Angelico Small."

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

Misthress O'Hara.—"Lind me the loan av five dollars acushla, an' its meself ud be afther payin' yez whin the Cintaynnial's over.

Misther O'Toole—first cousin.—An' phwat wud yez be afther doin' wid foive dollars, Misthress O'Hara.

Misthress O'Hara.—"Och sure thin an' isn't it Tim and Barney I want to be afther settin' up in business, agin the Cintaynnial. It's a couple av baskets I'd be afther buyin' aich av em, an' arranges an' nuts an' candies galore. Musha man! it's a farchune they'll be afther makin' wid the bit of dirty money ye're goin' to lind me. Faith an' its proud yez ought to be Mick O'Toole, to write home to Ould Oireland an' tell how Misthress O'Hara yer own fursht cousin, was in a foine business wid two branches no less at tother ind av the city, superintinded be me two byes, Arrah now! blessin's down on yez an' thank yez kindly; Suro I knew all I had to do was to ax yez—(sotto voce). An' Mick O'Toole dear, may ye live till I pay ye!

GETTING OUT OF IT.

Mrs. McHaffie's horrified comment on a letter she has been reading.

Seeven o' them! Lord forgie me, but I dinna

want them. Seoven! nae less! gudesake! they'll eat me oot o' house an' ha', forbyo land-in' me up tae the lugs in debt. Whaur dao they think I'm gawn to get beds for them a? Tam an' Jock, an' Hugh and Jamie in a'e bed, heads an' thraws; Jess an' Meg an' Shusy an' me in anither ane; the gudeman an' the four bairns on a shake-doon i' the flure; an' then the twa lodgers? Na, na! I like to be oblcagin' especially ance in a hunder year; but when it comes to seeven able-bodied country staimachs quartered on me for a fortnight—Tam! Riz up this minit tae the landlord an' tell him I'm gawn to flit. I'll just gie them twa-ree lines tellin' them hoo glad I'll be to see them an' I'll clean forget to send them oor new address. Seeven o' them! Humph!

TWO LOVES AND NEARLY A LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The pale moon slept in a snug corner of the heavens, bathing with its refulgent beams the garden in which our hero, Randolph Devereaux, walked, making him appear for the nonce a perfect Adonis. He was, indeed, elegant to look upon as he walked, with head uncovered, his long hair gently moved and kissed by the zephyrs which lingered around him. Ever and anon he cast his lack-lustre eye in the direction of a group of cottages, and a sigh escaped his lips. He was thinking of his Araminta. He had travelled night and day from the neighboring village to meet his loved one and join with her in the holy bonds of matrimony. Was she true to him after his many years of absence? Alas, women are fickle! perhaps she had got some other fellow. The thought caused him to raise his right optic to the shimmering light, and throw his long, lank arms to the moon in the attitude of invocation. A smothered cur—groan quivered on his upper lip, disturbing the pomaded serenity of his silken moustache. Why this attitude, and why this quivering groan? He had swallowed two teeth and broken his left suspender.

CHAPTER II.

Araminta had wandered by the seashore until she was weary, and had laid her down to rest on the south side of a sunny rock. As she thus reposed, the latest novel in her queenly hand, she was a sight for the "gods and little fishes." At times she cast her eyes from her book along the sands as if looking for some one, and then replaced them in their proper receptacles. The day crept along, and the sun had already taken forty winks, in anticipation of leaving for awhile this portion of the wicked world, when a step was heard and Randolph Devereaux flung himself into a pool of water at her feet. The curtain is drawn over the scene which followed. The even was drawing nigh when they awoke from their dream of love and kisses, and they arose and journeyed homeward. When they had walked five miles Araminta discovered she had left on the erstwhile sunny rock her charming novel, and despatched Randolph to recover it. On the wings of love he speeded and returned with the precious book to the spot he had left two minutes ago, but Araminta was gone. Randolph's brain began to whirl. Had a quicksand swallowed her up? He cried aloud to the winds and the waves: "Araminta, where shall I find her?" But the taunting echo only answered: "Find her." Maddened, infuriated, he dashed away in search. After fruitless searching for three hours and twenty minutes, a lucky turn around the corner of a rock presented the object of his search. But not alone. There she sat, chatting in loving tones with another fellow. Randolph swooned right away. Araminta and the other fellow, finding the mantle of night was beginning to be thrown around them, and their