

"Jamesie"



COMPETITION--SECOND PRIZE.

THERE were three in the family; Mr. Googan, Mrs. Googan, and the pride and joy of the house, and the terror of the neighborhood, Jamesie Googan, whose sole occupation as general disturber of the peace fitted him like the much-talked-of glove, "kid" as he was. When Dan and Mary Ellen were not engaged in hypnotizing the Noble Ward policeman into letting Jamesie go, for some trifling offence against law and order, they were shielding his body or reputation against the over-worked wrath of the neighbors.

"Och, Danny, dear, Jamesie's been batin' thim Hoolihan byes again, and they'll have him to coort in the mornin', and Shausenheimer the Dootchman, says Jamesie broke his windy, yet already, and Spitzer says his dog's tag's lost, and—"

"Bad luck to the triflin' gossoon—he's worse nor sickness and costs twice as much," cried Dan.

"I don't belave a word av it," said Mrs. Googan; "our Jamesie, barrin' his triflin' rascality, is the peace-fullest angel alive. Bad luck to thim Hoolihans—they're the talk of the neighborhood. I'll tell thim—why don't they pay their rint? Why don't they, tell me that, will you?" she cried, shaking her fist at Dan.

"How should I know?—are you crazy, Mary Ellen? Sure, they might ask us the same question, and we'd have a harder time answerin' that same."

"That's right; stick up fer the Hoolihan's, do; blaguard your wife too, ye'd better!"

"Mary Ellen, don't I always trate you as a lady?"

"No, indade, Danny."

"You're a liar, Mary Ellen, I do. Ah, there you are, me bold bucko," said Dan, as Jamesie entered. "What fer did ye bate thim Hoolihans?"



lookin' baboon that ever wore Donegal whiskers, and I

just tought I'd give dem a lickin'—dey're bummin' round ter de neighbors fer *stickin'* plaster and arnica, and dere funeral's to-morrer, see?"

"Arrah, Jamesie, me jewel, when I get a copper I have no use for ye can buy cakes and candies, and apples and oranges fer yerself," said Mrs. Googan promptly.

"Say, mudder, dat's a hoodoo, dat copper business; you should promise me five cents, and I'll wait till bargain day at Eaton's and buy dem out, den I won't miss anything, see?"

"I think they abuse you, Jamesie, me innocent bye; sit down ter yer tay, avic."

"Say, fadder, is der 'lectricity in cats?" queried Jamesie, as he gave the cat a sly kick under the table.

"I believe so, darlin'," said Dan; "why?"

"I wuz tinkin' dey might get some scheme ter work de cats fer electricity, den we'd have de street cars, and dey'd come cheap, see," said Jamesie, as he pushed a piece of water-soaked sole leather into the old man's soup.

"The cars are like the coort house and drill shed, son, we get them after a long time," said Dan, with a sigh that betokened a tired feeling. "Ate your soup, Jamesie, and sup your mate last, darlin'; you must have etiquette wid your manners," as he struggled with the piece of leather. "Tear and ages, but that's tough mate, mother," he added.

The conversation was cut short by Jamesie jumping from his seat and making for the door, while Dan made a bound at him, upsetting Mrs. Googan, the tables, dishes, soup and all. Here he fell to the floor, getting the contents of the soup-dish down his back, while Jamesie made his way to the corner, that he might tell "de gang" the latest joke on the old man, leaving his loving but much-abused parents to untangle themselves as best they could, little caring to hear the maledictions that were heaped upon his unkempt pate—and Jamesie kept clear of the house as much as possible until the "old man" had a chance to forget the past.

T. COCKBURN.



THE FEE SYSTEM MUST GO.

MUNICIPAL REFORMER—"This Ashbridge's Bay deal is a shameful piece of business. Whatever is done in the matter the fee should be retained by the public."

CITIZEN—"That's so! I always did say it was outrageous to give these lawyers such big fees for doing the city's work."

IT was only a woman's hair
Of a slightly carmine tinge,
Then why did he lose all self-control,
And madness seem to have seized his soul
As though 'twould his mind unhinge?

It was only a woman's hair,
Yet his feelings he scarce could utter,
As he frowned and roared with a maniac yell,
When his casual glance on that relic fell,
As he helped himself to butter.