



VERY "NEAT."

*Customer.*—What's the matter with this ale, it seems all muddy, like city water?

*Bar Tender.*—Oh, it's all right, only it's like your score—not settled yet.

### Barney's Penance.

ME DEAR SUR,

Be the powers thin, its milted I am cntoirely, an' its myself that aither sayin' that its a revoiced addition av this hot weather we ought to be afther havin'. Be the same token, its meself has done great p'rance in sufferin's, bodily and mintally, for that same Sunday gallivantin' av mine. Och wirra! wirra! me blood runs cold whiniver I'm afther thiukin' av it. Ye'll rimbir now how I towld you about thim poor infatuayted craythers that were tuck at the church dure with the new faymle brain disease. (Æstheticism thay call it.) Well, sur, I comes home, an' the next mornin' I ups and tells Nora all about thim, but its moighty shmall shympathy sho had for thim anyway. "Faix thin," says she, a rowlin' up her sleeves, "the devil a thing ails thim but idleness, an' if thay'd do just wau half av the work that's waitin' to be done in this wuruld, shure its moighty little toime they'd have to be hainin' up agin a post an' countin' the sades av an owld sunflower." An' wid that out she goes to milk the cow, an' feed the hins, an' wather the goslins, afore she'd begin to wash the dishes, an' churn, an' bake, an' wash, an' swape, an' dush, an' do her ordinary work. I was fulin' very wakenly myself, for, loiko owld Adam, I ate a green apple me wife gi' me, an' me sin had found me out in the night. Nora (God bless her!), she says to me, says she, "Barney," says she, "will I burn yez a sup av brandy?" "Nary a burn," says I, "give me the shpirts, an' whin I dhrink thim down I'll lile me pipe an' be afther burnin' it that way." It did me a power o' good, but shtill I felt wake. So I goes out an' sits down on the settle outside av the dure, an' I fell a-thinkin' about that ashtatic brain disease the wimmin were all takin', an' was wonderin' whether it was catchin', an' I was afther sittin' maybe half an hour or so when, "Barney," says I, "we'll go in," an' shure enough in I goes, an' och! wirra! wirra, why didn't the eyesight lave me eyes I dunno. There was Nora, me own wife, an' the mother av little Tim, in an owld saygreen gown, her black hair hangin' loike tangles down her back, an' she a-lanin' slantindayklyerly up agin the shlove-pipe in the shanty, glowerin' loike an idiot at an owld orange lily she had in her hand. "The saints be about us, Nora," says I, "is it gone naud ye aro cntoirely, or is it only foolin'?" "Maybe, perhaps now it's some av her tricks she's up to," I says to meself. Nary a trick! There she stud wid a quare, far away luk in her eyes that would milt the heart av a shtone. "Nora," says I, goin' up to her

slow, for I was scared loike, "Nora, me darlint, tell me asthore whativir ails yez? Have yez any pain at all?" She sighed an' said somethin' about "butther, two butther." "Nora," says I, "if its butther yez want, I'll be afther gettin' it out on the market for yez if I have to pay 40cts. a pound for it!" But she sighed again an' put her forefinger up to her cheek an' kept lanin' slantin' loike as if she was too wake cntoirely to shtand up. "Nora, dear," says I, for me heart was breakin', "cau't yez shtand up, perpuendayklyer I mane? What's come to yer back, anyway? an' who's to moind the house, an' do the work, an' luk afther little Tim, an'—?" But I moight as well shpake to the shtone wall. Wisia! wisia! it was no use, she was dead shtruck. Just wance she sidled up to me wid a shwate, sad amoile, an' wid a voice loike the keenin' av the wind in the chimbley she whispered, "Are you intinse?" "In tins! No," says I. "Nora, yez know very well its number eights I take, but I'll wear tins or ilivins ayther, if it will do yez any good." But she only sighed an' glided slantindayklyerly across the dure. I thought av sendin' for the doctor, only he wouldn't be in. "I wonder, Barney, is it an evil shpirt shes hus," says I, an' thim I tuk an inspiration. All at wauit I rimirbered how the shwate singer druv the dumb devil out av Saul, an' bedad whants been done afore can be done agin, says I, an' I raches down me fiddle, a raie kremony, from the wall, an', says I, "I will thry the power av moosic." An' I begins:

"Attintion pay, both young an' owld, unto those lines I now unfold,

"Concernin' brave Napoleon, I'm going far to relate.  
"He was as gallant a hayro as evir stud on Uripe's land,  
"I am inclined to sing his praise, for noble was his heart,  
"An' to the wurld a terror was, Napoleon Bonypart."

"Uripe will long rimbir, how Moskow it did blaze,  
"But fatal June at Waterloo, it caused Napoleon for to die,

"To see their deeds of butchery, struck terror to his heart

"Alas! he cried, 'I am undone,' for he could nayther fight nor run,

"Loike a bullock sowld in Smithfield, was Napoleon Bonypart."

Shure I moight as well have sung to the cat. An' anyhow I might have known the shtrains av martial moosic were too shtirrin' for the loikes av her, but I thought if I could only git her to shcd tares av rale pity over a poor fay-male woman loike herself it moight help to bring her to. An' the shwatest thing av the kind was this:—

"He turned his pale face to the wall,  
"For death was creepin' on him,  
"An' every sigh it seemed to say,  
"Hard hearted Barbara Allan!  
"As she was goin' down the street,  
"She met his corpse a-comin',  
"Lay down, lay down, that corpse," she cried,  
"An' let me shmoile upon him."

Mishter Grip, the way I sung that ud have brought tares to the eyes av any wan but an assthae. But you see its wan av the symptoms av the disease that the poor craythurs are intoirely taken up wid themselves, an' their attitoods, an' the woes av other pable don't trouble thim at all. Whin I saw she was gittin' no better, I threw down me fiddle an' kiverin' up me face wid me hands, I burst out a-cryin'. "Bad luck to yez, is it shlapin' ye are yet? If its sick ye are, go an' lie down on yer own dacent goose feather bed widin."  
"Och! Nora! Nora!" says I, "shure an' was it the moosic fetched yez to afther all?" says I, jumpin' up and grabbin' her in me arms.  
"Barney O'Hea," says she, "don't ye see yer Anty Melvor lukiin' at yez going on?" An' shure enough there was I sittin' on the settle rubbin' me eyes, an' says I, "Nora," says I, "I had a dhrame which was not at all a dhrame—to shhape, porchance to dhrame, aye! there's the rub." "Barney, the next toime I give you a green apple, or brandy widout burnin', would yez kindly let me know av it?" Comminit its nadeless.

Yours soberly,  
BARNEY O'HEA.

### The Missionary Trunk.

How to protect trunks against the ravages of the professional baggage-smasher is a problem which has engaged the thoughts of our wisest and noblest men. They have tried every material of which a trunk can be made. Some have imagined the heavier and stronger the trunk the more difficult it will be to smash it, and hence trunks have been made of oak, zinc, and iron, and have been built so large that in many cases it would be easier to put a country cottage into the trunk than the trunk into the cottage. Others, again, have conceived the idea that safety lies in the lightness of a trunk, and have provided themselves with trunks made of basket-work or canvas. In neither case has the fiendish purposo of the baggage-smasher been thwarted. In the touching language of the New-England Premier, he smashes all both great and small, and at the end of a railway journey there is nothing to choose between the wreck of the big iron trunk and the small basket-work trunk.

The truth is, the inventor of trunks have shown an unscientific want of grasp of their subject. They have failed to notice the peculiar method in which the baggage-smasher works. He does not, as many persons imagine, smash trunks in pieces with an axo or crow-bar. Neither does he break the locks with a hammer or dance on the lids until they collapse. All his smashing is done by the simple process of throwing trunks from one place to another. He throws them from the baggage car to the platform, and when moving them from one place on the platform to another he has a peculiar way of giving them a rotary motion on their corners which infallibly breaks lock and hinges and tears all the joints asunder. What is wanted in trunk-making is not a material such as iron, which will for a time resist the blows of an axo, neither do we want to build trunks of excessively large size, inasmuch as they will fall the more heavily when they are pitched from the baggage car. We need to build in such a way as to counteract the plan pursued by the baggage-smasher; that is to say, to build trunks that cannot be thrown about or whirled around on their corners. This is the scientific way of setting about the solution of the problem, and it was in this way that the inventor of the "missionary trunk" arrived at the result which must sooner or later make him famous.

This benefactor of mankind has devised a trunk which is practically incapable of being smashed, and which at the same time teaches a most useful lesson to the baggage-smasher. The "missionary trunk" is built upon a framework of half-inch iron bars, which extend along each of its twelve edges. This gives enormous strength just where it is most need, and enables the inventor to use light wood as the material for the sides, ends, top, and bottom of the trunk. At each of the eight corners of the trunk an end of one of the iron bars is prolonged, so that it projects four inches beyond the trunk and terminates in a sharp point. It is this system of spikes which is the chief merit of the "missionary trunk," and which constitutes its usefulness.

It is evident that if this trunk is drawn from a baggage car it must strike the platform with at least one of its spikes. This, of course, injures the platform, and brings the baggage-smasher into conflict with the railroad company. Or, if the trunk is thrown into a baggage car, or on the deck of a steamer, the iron spikes at once cut, tear, and destroy the wood with which they come in contact. Moreover, if the baggage-smasher tries to roll the "missionary trunk" on its corners, he not only tears the platform, but he infallibly lacerates either either his legs or his wrists, and is thus forcibly taught the wickedness of baggage-smashing.

A grand musical service will take place in Boud St. Church on Sunday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. John Lawson, organist.