LITERARY

Don't Stop My Paper.

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollars hard to get;
But tug a little harder,
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to stop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may.
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me their's on loan
They don't just say but mean it.
Why don't you have your own?

You can,t tell how we miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late;
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer, if you're married,
You know the reason why.

The children want their stories,
And wife is anxious too,
At first to glance it over,
And then to read it through,
And I to read the leaders,
And con the book reviews,
And scan the correspondence,
And every scrap of news.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try.
For other people take it,
And, printer, so must I;
I, too, must keep me posted
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted,
A foggy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know.
But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather dock my sugar,
And go with my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown,
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down.
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly
It's welcomed benison.

"BOREEN."

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

'Mamie, I cannot.'

'He says he wooso-oosn't cosco-cosome,' boohooed the little maid; and it was only through diplomatic phraseology that Walter Nugent was permitted to depart.

'I'll move into a cheap hotel to-night,' he said to himself as he walked up Whitehall,' 'that five pound note was too much to spend, and I must send that exquisite child a bouquet that will cost me half a sovereign. What I could give to be of that party to Bulleyne! What a day for a poor fellow like me! Heigh-ho! I couldn't accept little Ethel's invitation, and Miss Branscombe could do nothing less than back it up, and yet I do think she intended it. She seems a sort of girl who wouldn't allow herself to be cornered by any contretemps. I wonder if Sir Jasper Jyvecote is to be of the party? Of course he will be—it's a family affair. Imagine passing them on the river in a steam launch of my own! I wish I was back amongst the Dublin Mountains. There is no place a man feels the want of a lot of money so much as here,' glancing at the magnificently-appointed equipages that flashed past him to and from the park, their occupants reclining with aristocratic ease and indifference on the silken cushions. 'Yes, here a fellow is something less than nobody; his latitude is simply nowhere. Fancy if I could keep up with the Pamfrets, ride in Rotten Row, meet this girl in society from a garden party at Marborough House to a dinner at the Orleans. Jah! what a gulf yarns between a briefless barrister and the Right Honorable the Most Noble the Marquis of Pomfret, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War; and yet, aye, such gulfs have been bridged over, not by a single effort it is true, but by a succession of efforts. Have I the stuff in me to win name and fame? That is the question. I do not think I have. A man requires to be moulded after a certain pattern to win in the great race of to-day.'

He passed into Hyde Park by Apsley House, and, crossing the roadway, seated himself upon the railing, his feet twisted round a post. Now at a snail's pace now at a spreading trot, flowed the carriage tide in the Row, bearing the high and the mighty of Merrie Engl and Family chariots such as our great grandmothers used to elope to Gretna Green in, with coroneted panels, landaus swinging sensuously upon C springs, broughams resembling opera boxes on wheels, phaetons low, open, inviting, wagonettes of quaint form, basket carriages about the size of wine hampers—what an endless procession, what a type of the wealth of modern Babylon!

A clarence, attached to a pair of chestnuts that would have fetched a thousand guineas at Tattersall's, and driven by a coachman in a powdered wig and plum-colored livery slashed with gold, two foots men in similar livery seated behind, drew slowly towards where Walter Nugent sat perched upon a rail.

'What a swell turn out!' he muttered. 'How how those horses would have delighted poor Andy Gavin!'

He was gazing wtth such intense admiration on the cattle as totally to disregard the occupants of the vehicle, and it was only when he heard his name called in a childish voice that he looked upwards to find little Ethel kissing a dainty-gloved, fat hand to him, while at the same moment a mounted policeman dashed onwards, waving his hand in the air, a notification to all coachmen to pull up, as the Princess of Wales was coming along the Row.

Miss Branscombe lay back in the carriage beside a haughty, aristocratic-looking lady who wore *pince nez*. Nugent at once recognized the Marshioness of Pomsfret, the likeness between the two sisters being remarkable.

Ethel, delighted to meet her friend, joyously clapped her hands as she cried:

'Mamma, mamma, look there on the top of the rail. That's Walter—Estelle's papa.'

As the marshioness turned in the direction indicated the barrister suddenly recollected the ungracefulness of his pose, that he wore low, heavy shoes, and that his gray stockings, knitted by his sister were darned at the heels. Sliding from his coigne of vantage, Nugent glided into the crowd of gaping foot passengers, his face very red, and with a feeling of intense irritation.

'She wouldn't look at me—pah!' And giving a vigorous shake to his blackthorn he strode towards Piccadilly at the rate of six miles an hour.

CHAPTER IV.

The following day brought a letter from Kate Nugent to her brother. It contained a lot of that small gossip which is worth grains of gold when we are away from home.

'Mr. O'Meara was here,' she went on to say, 'and he says that your being specially retained before a committee of the House of Commons, is certain to get you briefs. He ought to know. He told mamma that a Mr. Waish, solicitor, told him that he intended to retain you in a Westmeath fishing case. God be praised for all this! What a splendid career you have before you! Mr. O'Meara sent us a salmon that Mr. Heron caught at Connemara, Of course we invited him to come and dine tosmorrow. At first he hemmed and hawed and said he preferred coming in the evening; but mamma insisted, so he will be with us. What a charming person Mr. O'Meara's sister is—'

'Why,' exclaimed Walter, 'this letter is all O'Meara. Oho! Miss Kate, sets the hearts breeze in the quarter? You might do worse, my sister. O'Meara 'takes silk' next term and is making a cool thousand a year.'

The letter gushed a good deal over a Mrs. Byseg, the sister alluded to, and wound up by a devout prayer for the young 'barrister's' success on his forthscoming maiden effort. The poscript was as follows:

'I open this to give you a piece of startling but not unpleasant news. Who do you think has turned up? You will never guess—Andy Garvin! Dear old Andy looks just as poor as when he left. He says he will never go back to America again; that he will die as near Kilternan as ever he can The poor fellow cried and laughed and seemed strangely effected on seeing us again. His manner was curious. Mamma was afraid that he had boen drinking; but no, he was as sober as a judge. I fear that disappointment has unsettled him. I asked him if he had made money on horses or farming and he said, 'Not a cent'; then he laughed boisterously. His clothes which are very good were given him by a friend. We wanted him to take a little room at the back of the kitchen, but he refused point blank. Poor fellow! it was as much as we could do to get him to eat some cold mutton. He amused Mr. O'Meara very much by his adventures out West. Mr. O'Meara and Andy started together to catch the tram car from Roundtown. I hope O'Meara can do something for him I spoke to him about it, and he said he would. When I told Andy of what I had he began to laugh. I'm terribly afraid that the climate of America has affected his understanding.'

K. N.

'Poor Andy!' exclaimed Nugent, an intense sadness in his tone. 'Something must be done for the dear, faithful old fellow. I've got to work for my mother my sister, and Andy Gavin; and now for it.' And snatching up the papers that lay on the breakfast-table beside him, he hurried on foot in the direction of the House of Commons.

The Committee rooms at St. Stephen's are situated on the river side of the house. The apartments are large lofty, and fitted up after the mediaeval. The members of the committee sit horse-shoe fashion, facing the bar and the public, the former being provided with seats inside a railing. Walter Nugent, who looked very handsome in his horse-hair wig and stuff gown, proudly bustled to his place, and his senior, Mr. Calvert Sommerset, Q. C., being engaged on another case before 'm'luds,' the duty not only of stating but of making the case devolved upon the young barrister.

'I have my mother, and Kate, and Andy Gavin to work for,' was the thought that flashed through Walter Nugent's mind, as, flinging his gown a little back and jerking his wig a little forward, he rose to lay the foundation-stone of the edifice of his future career. There were two Irish members on the committee, one of them Isaac Butt, who, Triton that he was, smiled encouragement and modded approval toward the minnow who was commencing to swim in the trouble and eddying currents of the law; the other Mr. Mitchell Henry, the 'man for Galway'

Nugent stuttered and stammered at first, the room seemed inclined to move round him while the faces of the committee appeared as on white line, but by degrees the individual countenances, especially those of Mr Butt and Mr. Henry, assumed the outlines of graven images. The young barrister, never warming always cold, clear, concise, argumentative, held himself well in hand and when after a prolonged intellectual effort of nearly two hours during which he had shivered lances with three of the most experienced counsel of the Parliamentary bar without receiving a dint in his armor he sat down there was a very distinct murmur of approbation not only from the public but from the committee.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wit and Humor.

A gentleman met a stranger on the street, grasped his hand and cordially exclaimed in tones of polite, but uncertain recognition: 'Mr. Brown, I believe?' 'If you believe that,' calmly replied the stranger, whose name was Hamilton, 'you'll believe anything.'

A man has opened a cafe just opposite a cemetery in Paris. He dedicates his house 'to those coming from funerals,' and announces on his private sign 'Private rooms for all who wish by themselves. Wine and liquor of the very best.'

Snipkins refused to get his wife a new hat! soon after his little girl came in and said 'Mamma won't you buy me a monkey to play with when you go to town?' 'No darling—wait till you are older and then marry one, as I did' replied the grief-stricken wife, her tears bursting forth afresh.

A Romeo one night last week went to serenade his best girl, choosing a selection from 'Pinafore' as an opening piece. In a voice trembling with emotion and a tendency to spit on the high notes, he began: 'Farewell, mi-i love, light of m—' when a four pound brick wafted through the air from the old man's bedroom, lodged in the very vitals of his guitar, and the concert stood adjourned.

Once, in travelling, the Rev. Dr. Bledsoe was exceedingly annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him, and made a great parade of his shallow learning. The doctor bore it as long as he could and at length looking at him gravely, said: 'My friend you and I know all that is to be known.' 'How is that?' said the said man, pleased with what he thought a very complimentary association. 'Why' said the doctor 'You know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that.'

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The Trade Marks of these Medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, any one throughout the British Possessions, who may keep the American Counterfeits for sale, will be prosecuted.

Signed THOS HOLLOWAY
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