



WIPED OUT BY THE BOUNDARY AWARD.

Attorney-General Miller.—Have you seen the constituency I represent? It used to be around here, somewhere.

DAN DOODY OFFICIATES AS AN UMPIRE.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Hamilton Clippers.)

"THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.—Napoleon."*

Throth I've had enough av it. I waz re-kushted to adjewdicate an mortal collusion bechuxt the "Goslines" an' the "Sloggers" av Doody's Corners, for 50 cints an' a tarrier pup. I felt onasy. I'm not on spakin' tarms wid the shport, but thought a Justiss av the Peace end decide annythin'.

I waz mistuk. But I consaled no suspishions from meself, an' hoired Julius Sayer Parkins (a naygur) to give me a pointher, an' insinse me intil the trigonometry av the rakryashun. The nagur finished moy cjew-cashun an' three bottles of "Hennessy's" rejewvonathur, at 4 p.m. An' I snatcht a snooze an' sallied forth like a pup afther a butherfly, at hap-pasht tin. To tell the tretw Parkins an' me had tummelt intill a bar'l to await the ivint. I shlep the shleep av the onjust, I drempt I wuz Shporty-cuss, the Roman glud-i-ate-her, proddin' Forepawse black-an'-tau elephant wid a darnin' needle. It purty nigh came trew. I towld Parkins, for the sake of me karakther, to shtick to me, for the reshponsyibilities av the office was thrumenjis. I opened the game wid a speech, an' eulogised skill over soyanse in all physical phenomena. (We pled the Markiss or Koonsbery rules.) I waz invesheted with the insignia of office, a wire muzzle an' a green gingham umbrella and felt like a flyin' fish.

The gatherin' waz enormous (46 all towld). Barney Google's daughters waz got up in de most expensive tashte. The Fogarty gurl's waz no where. A freckel-nosed imitashun av a human jackass, called Shlatthery, waz prothrudin' his ignorance to the purty Luney Google.

I roored play, and the Goslin' pitcher shtruv to luk like an' idiot, an' succeeded. He loked at the ball till I thought he wuz meshmerized. Thin he loked at the shky till the tears cum in

me eyes. Suddenly he waz ketcht be a spasm and Parkins an' me did some very quick dodgin'. Call "one ball," sez me tuthor, as soon as we got up. I folly'd instructions.

The Googles and the Fogarty's giggled. "Luk out," sez Parkins. The pitchin' contortionist waz loaded up. Faix he unloaded too suddint for us, me an' Parkins waz prostrated, the Dimocracy waz plased. I thought I had the collyer-marbles, but I waz pumped an' fetched round.

"Is there much more of this," sez I. "Call a strike," telephoned Parkins. "There's no occashin'," sez I. "Call it," sez he. The Shlogger's boss disputed the decision. I offered to bet him even and leave it to Parkins. He treatened to write to the sakretary. I boor the tret wid complaysense, sorra a Shlogger can write a shstroke. I boor it loik a mud turtle, but I beseeched them to resign me—they wuddent, they were an impackable lot of cannybills. Faith twaz prekarious, but I had me revinge, I gev the Goslin' boss out an three strikes, the rusht three balls that waz pitcht. The Shloggers sid I waz a jaynius, the sharpest empire ever pransht an a goose pashter. Throth Parkins waz proud av his poopil. Fwthin I seen I euddent get out av it I resoygned meself to the un-dodge-able like a Faynian and a marthyr. I called time, an' Parkins and me fortyfised ourselves at the grocery, at the Shloggers' expense. The Goslines thought this waz unusual—faix it is, sich generosity ought to be immortalised.

I barrykadid me prowessenium wid a couple of ironin' boards an' we renewed the voluptuis amusement. Musha! the afthernune waz warum. The boards gev out, an' tho timper av the Goslines folly'd shuit. Me an' Parkins waz the victims av mob law. Fwbat is Ameriky cummin' to, at all? The bombardmint of Alexander waz a fool to it. They attacked uz frint an' rare and an both flanks. We fought like manyacts and striv like sarpints. 'Twas all no use. We thridd prsawashin', an' bribery, an' corruption, but 'twaz all

up. We wint out an' fowls and shstroykes. I had half the flock of Goslines to contind wid. Parkins had a game of fut-ball wid the remayndher. Parkins waz the fut-ball. The constable failed to reshthrain order. He arrested a three-year old child an' dhragged him to injusticc. Fwthin the Goslines got trew wid us me an' Perkins waz principally rags an' bottles. I'm shut an baste ball. Sose Parkins. We're goin' to emport a Spanish bull foightner for the empire.

POM'RY.

Oh Baste Ball, an' fwere is the charruns

Fwch the Clippers has seen in thy face?

I dinounce in onquollyfied tarmins

The game av the Ball and the Baste. (I do so!)

D. DOODY, *Ex Empire.*

[Address me owld apple orchard, I'm re-cruitin' at the seaside.]

*NOTE A REAN.—I'm towld they has'nt a base ball empire in France.—D.D.



Aw—Wrecka! our Goldwin has discovered it. Inland is—aw—saved! With one stwoke of his pen he simplifies this vexatious and—aw—time wavn pvoblem, and he has—aw—done it in his own complete and masthely style. Aw—Paddy must go—"git"—out of his own country, bag and baggage—not the trace of an owld dudheen left behind. Then afther the pooh devils have been shipped to—aw—aw—by the by—where to? Goldwin pwoposes to turn the whole land into past-chaw. That, he says, is all Inland is fit fa—aw—if a fellow might speak and live—he—aw—would suggest vewy humbly to Goldwin—that to cwown this happy picthaw—he ought, in poetical justice, to tuhnn out the land-laws, like Nebuchadnczzah, to eat the gwass. Aw—ya-as—whatevaw happens to Paddy, the—aw—landlaws will manage to be in clovah. Having disposed of this twifing mattaw, he takes unto himself the wings of a fly and once moah alights on Gladstone's nose, evidently with the intention of waking him up to the fact that Bismahk is fwovning at him, Fwance looking askance, while the pots in Egypt and elsewhere are simmewing and stewing—at a time when, in Goldwin's opinion, the dinnsh ought to be dishd and on the table. Aw—let the old man alone—he knows the value of masthely inactivity—when the houah stwikes he will be there, wight side up, and exceed-ingly obliged to Goldwin for all his sage advices—ya-as—aw—by Jawve you know. Aw—when we send our wewpewsentative to the House of Lawds—his name must be Goldwin—aw—he'd stwaighten evewything out slick in no time—aw—no doubt.

Aw—the Gweely palty—ya-as—poah fel-laws—aw—too bad. I faw one woldn't pwe-sume to pass judgment on them. Aw—"put yourself in his place," is a vewy good motto to beah in mind in listening to all such stowies. Cihcunstances altaw cases—man is animal aftaw all, when it comes to eat or be eaten, aw—only those who have been through the mill know—aw—how it feels—and—aw—no one else can possibly pwonounce a wighteous judgment—aw—pooh fellows—aw—guess they won't want to go back any way, aw—no—I should think not.