



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

P. O. INSPECTOR—"I'm sorry to hear this of you, Hooper. The evidence in my hands clearly convicts you of stealing letters. What have you to say?"

HOOPER—"Yes, sir; I stole 'em and handed 'em over to cabinet ministers for use in the campaign."

P. O. INSPECTOR—"Ah, in that case, let's say no more about it."

AN EPISODE OF THE 17th.

MR. MICHAEL O'DOOLAN, a rising young professional man, who, as may be supposed from his name, was of Hibernian extraction, thought himself particularly fortunate in being waited upon a couple of weeks before the 17th by a delegation from the Shan Van Vocht Association, with the request that he would deliver an address at the annual celebration of that patriotic organization upon the national anniversary. Mr. O'Doolan was ambitious and clever, and was naturally glad to avail himself of the opportunity thus presented to display his talents and add to his reputation. Accordingly he devoted all his spare time during the interval to preparing a speech calculated to fire the Celtic heart, interspersed with such well worn quotations as, "Let no man write my epitaph until Ireland be free," and

Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.

His fellow-boarders at the Widow Mulrooney's hashery complained that his midnight rehearsals of his rounded and glowing periods in the endeavor to commit his speech to memory seriously disturbed their slumbers as he paced his room, addressing an imaginary chairman and asserting Ireland's right to be free and stand upright before the nations "in the words, sir, of one of her grandest orators and noblest patriots [he had forgotten the name] redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled."

The eventful evening at length arrived, and the Shan Van Vocht Association and their friends turned out in large numbers. Mr. O'Doolan was in excellent form, and made an exceedingly favorable impression by his opening remarks. Warming up with his subject, he proceeded to dilate upon the advances made by the cause of Home Rule, (applause) which, after many years of

struggle and adversity, was now upon the threshold of victory. (Renewed applause.) "Yes, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, that cause is going forward triumphantly under the brilliant leadership of that noble and sagacious patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell—(Hisses, howls and groans from half of the audience)—that is—I mean that—up to a certain point, as it were—('Oh, come off!')—when, unfortunately for the cause he represented, he diverged, so to speak, from the path of rectitude, and was justly superseded in the leadership by that true and fearless upholder of Irish nationality, Justin McCarthy. (Hisses from the other section of the audience.) But not to dwell upon an unpleasant episode—(Hisses from the Parnellites, and cries of 'Mr. Fox!' 'Katie O'Shea!' and 'Fire-escape!' from the anti-Parnellite crowd.)

"Really, gentlemen," resumed the orator, "I cannot continue if I am to be subjected to these interruptions."

"Are yez wid Parnell or agin him, anyhow?" asked a gentleman who occupied a front seat.

"I—I—that is—I think that Mr. Parnell is a great man (hisses) but in some respects perhaps another leader might be preferable—one who would be acceptable to Mr. Gladstone." (Cheers, hisses and cries of "The ould shpider!" "No English dictation!" etc.)

By this time Mr. O'Doolan was thoroughly rattled, and the confusion had put the remainder of his carefully-prepared speech completely out of his head, so while the two factions were excitedly endeavoring to see which could shout down the other he seized the opportunity and his overcoat and fled by a side door, leaving the disputants to settle the question of leadership.

Next time he makes a patriotic Irish speech he says he will confine himself to glittering generalities, and if he mentions individuals at all it will only be those who have been dead a long time.

THE PATRIOT.

I MET a patriotic one
Soon after the election,
His countenance was woe-begone,
The picture of dejection.

"Cheer up," I said, "my downcast friend,
'Tis not, in my opinion,
Even the beginning of the end
Of this our fair Dominion.

"For though your party's hopes are low,
And free trade dreams are over,
The sun will shine, and harvests grow
From Gaspé to Vancouver."

Yet all my consolations failed
To rouse him from his fretting,
"Tis not the country's loss," he wailed,
"Tis what I've lost at betting."

WILLIAM MCGILL.

IN THE READING-ROOM.

A—"The Duke of Argyle, in the *Nineteenth Century*, shows that Huxley is as unsound in his geology as in his theology."

B—"Well, that shows him to be a consistent agnostic, you see—one who knows nothing."

WHY are candidates the greatest cowards? Because they run before they are beaten.