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(Continued from page 2.)

The absconding Hardy spluttered and protested, but another policeman hurried up now, and decided that the best thing for them all to do would be to adjourn to the police-office.

Half an hour later George was sending off the following wire:

"Franklin, Sandwich Street, London.—Have caught Hardy with the cash on him. All safe. Coming by 2.17 train. Terrell."

And it was a very happy George Terrell that travelled back to London by the 2.17. He was overjoyed at catching Hardy and saving the firm, but he found even more pleasure in contemplating the appointment which he had made for the following Wednesday at Magani's. And you may be perfectly sure that he kept that appointment, and several more of a similar nature with pretty Miss Clydesdale.

Old Peter Franklin's joy when he heard the full story was pathetic.

"It's a pity about that watch," he said; "but isn't it wonderful how all things seem to work for the best. Heaven bless you, my boy! I'll buy you another watch."

But when George reached his lodgings that evening, he was met by a smiling landlady.

"You left in a hurry this morning, Mr Terrell," she said, holding out something towards him, "and you left something behind you. But I've took care of it for you."

It was the presentation watch.

THE END.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

Pat O'Brien gave a dinner, to which he invited three or four of his neighbours. Pat had allowed his wife to cook only one chicken. When dinner was served, Pat took possession of the carving knife, and, in a hospitable tone, said to Mrs Dugan: "What part of the fowl will you have?"

"A leg if you please," was the answer. "An' what part will yez have? Would you loike some of the white?" Pat inquired of Mrs O'Hooligan.

"An' a leg will do me," she answered. As each answered the part of the fowl she desired was given her.

"What part will yez have, Moike Walsh?" Pat blandly inquired of his neighbour.

"Oi belave Oi will have a leg too," said Mike in his most modest way, wishing to follow in the footsteps of the rest of the company.

"Begorra," said Pat to Mickey, "what does yez think Oi'm carving—a spider?"

"What I like about the Irish is that they are so modest and unassuming."

"Holy smoke!"

"Fact. When an Irishman does anything great he does not go bragging of his ability as another man would. He merely brags about Ireland."

A bull is sometimes produced by the false use of a word, as in the case of an Irish watchman giving evidence at a police office:

"What is this man's offence?"

"He was disorderly, your worship, in the strates, last night."

"And did you give him warning before you took him into custody?"

"I did, your honour, I said to him Dis-parse!"

"They say its electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street lamp; "but I'll be hanged if I can see how it is they make the hair pin burn in the bottle."

Magistrate O'Brien is an Irishman, and intensely proud of his lineage. It is one point upon which it was not safe to chaff him. Recently a number of boys who had been arrested for some petty offence were taken before His Honour. Among them was one whose speech and general appearance stamped him as Italian. Somebody had told the boy to give an Irish name and tell His Honour he was Irish.

The Magistrate questioned the boys until he came to the young Italian.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Mickey da Casey," replied the youngster, amid a roar of laughter. "I'm Irish."

"Oh, it's Irish you are, are you?" smilingly replied His Honour. "Well, so am I, and I'll just fine you ten dollars for insulting an honourable race."

Pat: "I came near selling my boots yesterday." "You did, sir! Well it's lucky you didn't sell 'em. How did you come near doing it. I had 'em half-soled."

Outraged Irishman: "Gintlemen, I w'd loike to ask thim Amerikins wan thing: Who dug the canals of the country, but furriners? Who built the railruds ov the country but furriners? Who works the mines ov the country, but furriners? Who does the votin' fur the coontry, but furriners? And who the divil discovered the coontry, but furriners?"

MATAURA ISLAND NOTES.

After a week's fine weather a sudden change was experienced to-day, when a cold south wind was blowing with occasional showers of rain.

The Farm.—Team work is well forward, many acres of oats having been sown during the past week. The fields are beginning to look green again, and some fine young grass can be seen in this district.

Dairying.—The Island Factory re-opened on 31st August,—much earlier than previous years. The annual meeting of suppliers was held last week. The two retiring directors were re-elected. It has been decided to consign half the output of cheese, the remaining portion is at present under offer to a local buyer.

Presentation.—Last week a very pleasant evening was spent at Pine Bush, when a large number of residents gathered to farewell Mr and Mrs Gilkison and family, who are leaving the district for Queens-town, where they intend spending a few months' holiday, before leaving on a trip to the Old Country. Mr Cowser on behalf of the residents presented Mr Gilkison with a handsome liquor stand, Mrs Gilkison, a set of carvers, and Miss Gilkison a beautiful gold brooch set with pearls. The concert programme was supplied by Mrs and Miss Christie, piano duet; Mr Diaek, song; Mr Andrews, recitation; Mr Duerden, piano selection; Miss Golden, song; Mr Silke, step dance; Mrs Christie, song; Mr Harley, song; Mr Christie, recitation; and the music for the dance was contributed by Mrs A. Christie and Miss C. Scott (piano), and Mr G. Duthie (violin). The chairman, Mr Cowser, remarked that Mr Gilkison has resided in the district for 25 years, and had always taken a keen interest in public affairs, and always willing to do anything towards the progress of the district. Messrs R. Dunlop, Holmes, Carmichael, Fleming, Golden, Crampton, Christie and Jas. Dunlop supported the Chairman's remarks. Mr Gilkison then thanked them for the handsome gifts both to himself, Mrs Gilkison and family. The singing of 'Auld Lang Syne' brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

Personal.—Miss Gray, the local school-mistress, returned home after spending a week's holiday with her friends.

Mr and Mrs Howden, very old residents of the district, leave about the end of this week for their new home at Wyndham.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

AS SEEN BY MR DOOLEY.

"It was different when I wuz a young man, Hinnisy. In thim days capital an' labour was frindly, or labour was. Capital was like a father to labour; givin it its board an' lodgin's. Nayther intrifered with th' other. Capital wint on capitalisin, an' labour wint on labourin'. In thim golden days a workin' man was an honest artisan. That's what he was proud to be called. Th' week before iliction he had his picther in th' funny papers. He wore a square paper cap an' a leather apron, an' he had his ar-rm around Capital—a rosy, binivulent, ol' guy with a plug hat an' eyeglassa. They was goin' to th' polls together to vote f'r simple ol' Capital."

"Capital an' Labour walked ar-rm in ar-rm, instead of havin' both hands free, as at present. Capital came ar-round an' felt th' ar-rm iv Labour wafist in awhile, an' ivery year Mrs Capital called on Mrs Labour an' congratulated her on her score. The pride iv ivery artisan was to wur-ruk as long at his task as th' boss cud afford to pay th' gas bill. In return f'r his fidelity he got a turkey iv'ry year."

"At Christmas time, Capital gathered his happy family ar-round him, an' in the prisance if th' ladies if th' neighbourhood give thim a short oration. 'Me brave la-ads,' says he, 'we've had a good year. (Cheers). I have made a million dollars. (Sinsation). I attribute this to me supeer-yer skill, aided by ye'er arnest efforts at th' bench an' at th' forge. (Sobs). Ye have done so well that we won't need so many iv us as we did. (Long and continuous cheering). Those iv us who can do two men's wur-ruk will remain, an', if possible, do four. Our other faithful sar-vints,' he says, 'can come in th' spring,' he says, 'if alive,' he says."

"An' th' bold artysans tossed their paa-per caps in th' air an' give three cheers f'r Capital. They wur-ruked till ol' age crept on thim, an' thim retired to live on th' wish-bones an' kind wur-ruds they had accumulated."—Mr Dooley (Peter Finley Dunne).

The case of Messrs J. G. Ward and Co. v. the men, Duthie, Holland and Lyons, a claim for £700 value of petrol alleged to have been stolen by them, has been adjourned to the next sitting of the Supreme Court to enable a settlement to be arrived at.

DIGGERS!

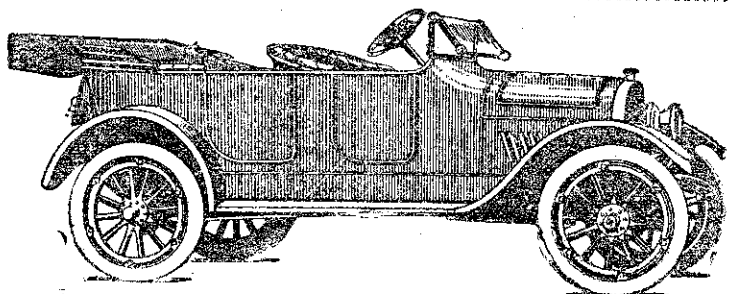
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