



BASE INGRATITUDE.

MRS. BASKLEY—"What's the matter, Henry? You look disgusted."

BASKLEY—"Why, I gave a poor widow ten dollars on the sly to buy coal with, and she didn't tell anybody."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

HIS FIRST CANADIAN EXPERIENCE.

"OT? Why, I should just think it was 'ot! Never was as bloomin' 'ot as this in Hingland! You don't often 'ave it like this, do yer? Wy, I was told Canada was a cold country, and, don't yer know, when I left Liverpool in May I just bought the very 'eaviest clothes and wraps I could get. Wy, I hexpected I'd 'ave 'ad my ears and nose frozen afore this arf-a-dozen times over, and lo and be'old, 'ere it's as 'ot as Central Africar, and Bass' ale about heightpence a pint, that you can get for a bloomin' tuppence in the Hold Country. Yes, they tell me you can get good Canadian beer cheap, but, Lor' bless ye, it's nothink like Bass', don't you know, and as for the old rye, as you call it, it's rank poison. It's pure extortion, an' nothink else, to charge heightpence a pint for Bass, and I've arf a mind to write to *Reynolds* about it. They'll take it up in no time, and warn people against comin' to this bloomin' country to be swindled. If I'd only 'ave known arf as much about it as I do now I'd 'ave stopped at 'ome, instead of comin' ere to be made a fool of.

"Wy, there isn't hanythink to do in this blarsted city of yours, though I've tramped up an' down for weeks lookin' for a job. The emigration agent 'e told us as 'ow hany man, who was willin' and hable, wouldn't be twenty-four hours out of a job. Wy, such men has 'im ought to be in jail, that's w're 'e ought to be. If I 'ad 'im here wouldn't I punch 'is 'ead for 'im? Wy, 'e told me that nobody ever worked 'ere for less than a bloomin' pound a day, an' the place is full of poor chaps that would be glad to get five shillings. Well they shall 'ear of this in Hingland, by Jove! Went after a job I saw advertised yesterday, and they wouldn't give me it because they said I was a green'orn—didn't know the ways of the country. Hisn't this a British colony, I'd like to know? And, if so, wot call 'ave they to tell me I'm a green'orn, an' me a Hinglishman? An' wot right 'ave they got to 'ave different ways to wot we've got at 'ome, I'd like to

know? You talk a great deal about your 'loyalty' 'ere, but hit's all talk an' nothink else.

"Oh, yes, I could 'ave 'ad a job at farming if I'd 'ave liked. But you don't catch me workin' on a farm. There was a bloomin' old Scotchman came to the sheds, 'e did, an' said as how 'e wanted a man to 'elp on 'is farm in the township of Markham. Well I arsked 'im about the pay an' the hours, an' 'e said 'e'd give me sixteen dollars a month—that's a little more than three pun, ain't it?—but I'd 'ave to work from four o'clock in the mornin' till sundown. Wy, I call that nothink but slavery! Oh, no, I don't work on no Canadian farm, not if I know it.

"Well, I shall just stop 'ere a week longer, and then if I cawn't get some kind of a job 'ere in Toronto I'm hoff to Buffalo or Chicago. I don't much care about the Yankees, but, hafter all, you Canadians is a sort of arf-Yankces, neither the one thing nor the hother, an' you 'aven't got the go about you that the real Yankees 'ave, so I've about made up my mind to try the States. The hold flag is hall very fine, but a man must go w're 'e can get 'is bread an' butter, and I cawn't see much chance of it 'ere."

THE LATE C——L.

O H, no we never mention it
Its name is never heard,
There's no one wishes now to speak
That once familiar word.
When friends forgather in the street
Or meet for social chat,
They gossip of a hundred things.
But no one speaks of that.

We praise Toronto's enterprise
And sound aloud her fame,
To heights of eloquence some rise
When Mowat's course they blame.
The weather, crops and real estate,
The latest game of ball,
Of these we speak, but no one cares
Its memory to recall.



HE WEIGHED 250.

BASHFUL MAIDEN—"I want a hammock, please."

CLERK—"Yes, Miss. Here's one that I can recommend; it is guaranteed to bear a weight of two hundred pounds."

BASHFUL MAIDEN—"Let me see; I weigh one hundred and twenty-five, and—Oh, no, that one will not do. Give me a hammock that will bear at least three hundred and seventy-five pounds."