

A BAD "GIVE AWAY."

It was in a Muskoka printing office. They were working off the edition of the local paper on a time-honored Washington press, the local immigration agent, who was also editor and general *factotum* was in his shirt sleeves performing the function of "rolling." The door casually opened and enter a formidable crowd of immigrants, who had called to see the newspaper man in his Governmental capacity. Dropping the roller, the gentlemanly agent entered into pleasant converse with the visitors, leaning meanwhile in an attitude of unstudied grace upon the bed of the press, not noting the fact that he had just inked the form. He was soon in the midst of an eloquent extempore oration on the glorious prospects of the Muskoka settlement, and meanwhile his recumbent elbow was making an excellent impression of a displayed headline from one of the ads. on his shirt sleeves. "And 'ow be toimes 'ere, now?" asked one of the leaders of the immigrant party. "Well, sir," replied the agent, "times never were better. The crops last season were—" and here the agent raised his arm to make a graceful gesture to emphasize his speech, when he was suddenly interrupted by the remark. "Good toimes? Thy shirt doan't say so!" followed by a general laugh. The explanation was that in the act of leaning upon the type he had picked up the unlucky words "Hard times!" in staring black letters from the advertisement. It was what the boys call a "dead give away."

If I rest I rust, is a German proverb.
If I trust I bust, is the Canadian version.

[From Toronto Evening Star.]



NURSERY BALLAD UP TO DATE.

Simple(?) Simon met a P.I.-man going to the Fair,
Said Simple(?) Simon to the P.I.-man, "Let me taste
your ware!"

CURRENT EVENTS.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN MCCOY.
Gentlemen an' Ladies:



I have been axed till make a few unprompted remarks about thengs that's goin' on at the prasant toime, an' I'll do et. En the first place allow me till obsarve that Oul Mon Gladstone has quit the Governmint in the ould country. I suppose you hard about it. For won I'm well plazed wuth the news. Yez'll hear no more about Home Rule, an the Impoire is safe. Sure the Ould Man ef he kep on leike he was goin for sixty years more wud have smashed the Bretish Impoire in-till smithereens, so he wud. Do you know why he got out? Some sez it was on account av his eye-soight goin' back on him, but that's jist an optical delusion, so it es. That raison is all in his eye. The rale truth is that he was frightened when he hard that the Unionists was sindin' for me till come over an' countermand the infloonce av Blake. I wud have wint, too, an did me best to save Cevel an Religious liberty in Ulster, at a reasonable charge, but it'll not be needed now. The very wind av the rumor was enough; that done the business. An' now I suppose Blake'll be comin' home agin to lade the rear rank av the Reform party here. An that brings me till the price av gas, an I ax what are yez goin' till do abeabout it? Sure, this ez a subject that makes me heart blaze wid eloquence an imagination. Ai'm down on dear gas, an' that's why I have always used coal ile an' candles in me own house. An' I appail till yez, an' I ax yez are yiz goin' till stan' it; are yez willin' till be robbed in the dark behind yer back bc a monopoly right before yer eyes in the full blaze av gas light? Niver! An' spakin av light, I'm towld the prisint city council isn't very heavy. It's all at sixes and sevens on the salary question; the Lamb won't folley the Sheppard, an they all say "Shaw!" whin Hewitt brings up the canal schame. Spakin' about schames agin brings me till the openin' av Parlymint at Ottaway an' the shindy they're goin' to have down there wid thim Frinchmen about the Manitoby Schule Bill. It's a parcel av blatherskites thim fellys is, whatever. I dunno fwhat Sir John Thompson intends to do at all, but ef I was in his place I'd purty quick bring thim to their senses so I wud. What wud I do? Well, I'll tell yez. I'd give them fair warnin' till simmer down an' come aff the roof, an' av they didn't do et in fifteen minutes be the clock, be the memory av the Boyne av I wudn't call out the resarves av the P.P.A. harse, fut an' artillery and sweep the whole box an' dice av thim out av existance. It's a strong han' yez wants at the hellum this minute. I'm afearad Thompson isn't the man. The country calls for a McCoy, an' I'm ready to go ef yez say so!

MATRIMONIAL GRAMMAR.

LADY TEACHER.—"What is the future of the verb 'to love,' Mary?"
PUPIL (after a pause).—"To marry, Miss Jones."

BUSINESS PICKING UP.

"Your business is picking up, I see," said the cobbler to the rag-picker.
"Yes, and I see yours is mending," was the quick reply.