



AH SIN'S LITTLE TRICK.

Newspaper shoutee "Chinaman mustee go." Allee samee him notice go. Chinaman play ticko: Pointee commission 'vestigate Chinese Question. Sitee couple years; Chinaman comee in allee same, makee Pacific Laiload. Commission gettee big pay; Chinaman gettee big work; Pa'lliament shuttee mouthee, Sabc?



MRS. McFAGIN GOES TO THE ISLAND.

"Now, Mrs. Neeligan, don't be throublin' yerself to sit down an' listen to me—not that I mane phwat I say isn't worth the listenin' av it, but if ye'll just go on wid yer washin', which, by-the-bye, I see is siventeen times clanner than that long-tongued Mrs. Maloney's across the way, I'll sate myself forinst the stove, and put in a word now an' thin just to kapo ye from feelin' lonely. Ah, me darlint, but ye shud hav been wid me yisterday! Where was I, is it? Shure, an' it was on a sailin' on the beuytiful bay I was, an' was out a steamer, the loike of which I've sildom seen.

I scrubbed me flures in the mornin' till they shone so bright that I'd take me oath on the biggest tistymant in Asgoode Hall there beyant, that there wasn't another flure to equal it in the whole av St. John's ward; an' by the same token I've seen some pretty dirty flures in the same ward. There isn't a blissid woman in all Harry Piper's domain that can kape house like meself, they're all sich outidy dirty trollops—wid the single exception of yerself, Mrs. Neeligan. Well, as I was sayin', I'd scrubbed me flures till they were as white as the sand on the shores of the beuytiful bay, whin all of a suddint it shtruck me—no, Mrs. Neeligan, ye're wrong, Michael didn't shtrike me. It was a thought shtruck me, an' the thought was to go across to the island that lies across boyant the beuytiful bay. Did I go? Of coorse I did go. I put on me bonnet, the same as I won at the raffle at Ballymagragduff Fair some thirty years ago, an' me best shawl—the one wid the beuytiful crimson fringe—besides bein' otherwise retired in me best duds. An' thin I wint down Yonge-Street as proud as a paycock wid the noonday sun shinin' on it. An' next I wint along King, towards Yorruck—ah, Mrs. Neeligan, if ye culd have seen me "doin' King," as they call it, wid the othor Judes and Judeens! Well, me darlint, I reached the fut av Yorruck-Street, an' there I was bewildered. Sich crushin', an' crouchin', an' pushin'! I paid me tin cints for a ticket and shtrode out upon the warruf. There I was in a diilimny, for which of the three steamers to go on I couldn't for the life of me tell. There was the Jinnyza, a good-sized, dacont-lookin' machine, as was also the—oh, but Mrs. Neeligan, I fear I can't say it, but I'll thry—it was the Stee Jane Baptisty, which latter you may be sure I didn't set an

inch of me fut on. An' why? Becas it was a Pagan boat. Baptist, indade! Am I a Baptist? Not much, Mrs. Neeligan, an' its yerself as knows it well. I take it as an insult to me creed to have that haythen vessel floatin' there forinst the eyes of sich as moself. I think there was a Baptist picnic that day, for when the Stee Jane Baptisty left the wharruf she was loaded down wid om'. I'm sure they had a foine time. Why? Becas they had gallons of wather, an' more than they needed. But there was a little darlint av a thing that sat on the wather an' hugged close to the wharruf like a day old goslin' benayth the old goose's wing. It was named the Luellyaw, an' on that I tuk me passage. We sharted, but thank me stars and the ingine which didn't break up, we soon rached land. In fact the land wasn't out of me sight durin' the whole voyage, which greatly aised me, for I knew that if we were wrecked we'd be washed up on the shore of some dessert country whence we could be aially riskud. At last we rached the island, and sich goin' ons I niver saw in all me born days. There was a band, the "Quane's Own" they call it, though for the life o' me I can't see why her Brittany Magistrate lets them bugle the life out of thim in this country. Why doesn't she kape them wid her to play "God Save the Quane" whin she has a headache, or whin her knee gets out of workin' order? But hist, Mrs. Neeligan—the greatest thing av all was to see a man an' his wife shwimmn' in the wather in a purty glass case like a pair of ducks wid their feathers off. An' thin to see that faymale craytcher of a woman dive under the wather an' turn summer salts, or Epsim salts, or whatever they call—sure the wather we got through the pipes ain't salty at all—made me wonder. An' Mrs. Neeligan, if you could only catch on to the expression av their close whin they kem out av the wather! Oh my! But the beuytifullest things av all were two little spalpeens av cub bears that was tied to posts to kape thim from runnin' around seekin' whom they might devour. Ah, the little darlints, how they lucked at me wid a shmile that 'ud turn a funeral into a Sinny-Siintinnyal celebration. A fine big buildin' was there, an' whin I axed phwat it might be I was reformed that it was the Hotel de Hanlan, which is the Frinch for Hanlan's Hotel. I was furthermore towld that in France ivery wan's house is called a hotel de this an' a hotel de that. Now, I'm as Frinch as the rest av thim, so, Mrs. Milligan whin ye got through wid yer washin' just come over an see me at the Hotel de McFagin, where I'll show ye through me boodwore, an' me sally-manger, an' me salons, an' me kitchen, an' me sphare bedroom where Dinnis lay sick av a fever sivin weeks, the time he was attended by Doether Smith, the same as tinded Honora Maloney whin she was laid up wid a crick in her back, caused by fallin' down the front sthairs at that illigant house where she worruked, I mane the one up on Jarvis-Street wid the beautiful porticho overmounted by the balcony with the Virginy crapers runnin'—the Island, is it? Sure, me darlint, I was gettin' away from me subject, as the spakers say. But come over to the Hotel de McFagin to-night an' I'll finish, an' tell ye all about the othor beuytiful things includin' the beuytiful big man wid the grey an' whito suit an' the pearrol plug hat."

C. M. R.

"Is it correct to say have went?" was asked of a young man. "I don't know," he replied. "Why, I thought that you graduated from a university?" "So I did, but you see we never had anything to do with the English language. I hear that it admits of great possibilities." —Arkansaw Traveler.