



WE'RE IN THE SWIM.

[Our London contemporary, *Funny Folks*, depicts, as above, the chronic state of the London streets at the opening of the "season." This ought to reconcile us to the uptearing of Yonge Street just as our summer visitors are arriving. "It's English, you know!"]

A POINT FOR THE COMMENTATORS.

REV. DR. GRONER preached a strong sermon at the church of St. Athanasius the other Sunday on the killing of Agag by the prophet Samuel. Old Podgers, the contractor, was noticed to be listening to the discourse with such unusual interest that he kept awake during the entire service instead of taking a comfortable nap in the corner of his pew, as he was wont to do on ordinary occasions. At the close he waited until the parson emerged from the vestry, and wrung his hand enthusiastically.

"Begosh, doctor," he exclaimed, "that's the best sermon I've heard in a dog's age. Right to the p'int, doctor. It's just the kind of preaching we want. The way Sam'l went for that ellow Agag had order be an example to all these here agitators an' demigogs. You just want to keep right on sockin' it to 'em in that style and I'll double my subscription."

"I am glad you like the sermon," replied the doctor. "But I do not remember that I said anything bearing on the labor question."

"Didn't you say that old Agag was a agitator? Why of course you did. 'How did he approach the prophet,' says you. 'Was it with fearless and haughty stride? No, he came walking delegately.' Them was your very words, and you made out as how Sam'l got so mad at the airs this here walking delegate put on that he went for him and cut him up. Serve him right, too, I say, an' if some walkin' delegates in this town could be served the same way it would be a mighty good thing an' put a

stop to these ridiculous strikes. But if you're goin' to weaken an' say you didn't mean it, just for fear that it might get into the papers and bring the Trades and Labor Council down on you, why, you ain't the man I've always took you to be, that's all."

And Podgers strode out of the sacred edifice with emphatic disgust depicted on his features.

"HANDS OFF."

AIR—"RULE BRITANNIA."

WHEN T'ronto first her sense displayed
And took in charge the street-car line,
This was the motion Hallam made,
And everybody called it fine:

Rule unfettered, Superintendent Gunn,
"Hands off," every blessed alderman!

When tenders all are voted down,
(On that the Council will agree),
And 'tis decided that the town
Will keep it, let the watchword be:

Rule unfettered, Superintendent Gunn,
"Hands off," every blessed alderman!

To work the railway well, it seems
The heeler must be kept at bay
With all his crooked wiles and schemes,
So let the city firmly say:

Rule unfettered, Superintendent Gunn,
"Hands off," every blessed alderman!