

MRS. MCFAGIN DISCOURSES ON SLANG.

"Ah, thin, Mrs. Nelligan, sure an' but it's me own silf as has a sorry life av it. My son Mickey and my daughter Hanora have me heart almost broken an' me moind all in a whirral wid the quare now langwidge which they introjuce into their remarks now. I asked Hanora pwhat she did mean, pwhat langwidge it all was. She said it was shlaug, tho' for the life of me I can't say where that country is. It was only the other day that I was jawin' Mickey for not wipin' his dirty fate before he kem into me clanc kitchen. 'Oh,' says he 'wipe off yer chin.' An' wid that I, thinkin' that some of the sthove blackin' had got on me face, dipped a towel into the wather and comminced rubbin' me chin. Howy Moses, but how the young gossoon laughed at me. He squirmed an' twisted an' shook like a cat in a fit. Jut thin Hanora kem in an' whin she found out pwhat was the mather she set up a screeching on her own hook. 'Oh,' says the brazen-faced thing, 'mother, yer too fresh—yev jist kem off the ice.' An' wid that I turned around and let her have the wet towel right betchune the eyes. 'Aff the ice is it? I've jist kem aff the ice have I? D'ye mane to say that whin the weather's onfernally hot I'm in the habit av squattin' meself on a chunk of ice to get cooled aff?' An' I can assure you Mrs. Nelligan that I med it so hot fer that sassy girral that she'd loike to sit in an ice house fer a month to come, an' more. 'This very mornin' Mickey towld his father to 'pull down his vest.' An' the owld man wid a look on his face as innocent as a plaster av Paris angel, caught howld av his vest wid both fists an' gev it sich a jerk down as nearly dislocated his shoulder bone. 'Is it all right now?' asked Michael, the owld man. 'Ye betcher socks it is,' said Mickey, an' I'm givin' ye the straight tip, too—can't ye



take a tumble?' The owld man lucked at him, and when he saw the young spalpeen roarin' wid laughter, he med a dash at him an' grabbed him by the nape av the neck and the sate of the pants, and atther moppin' the lure wid him, he rowld him heels over head down the back steps, an' he settled down in a tub av soap suds below. The owld man was wild, he was that mad. 'Will ye howld yer whist, ye squalin' spalpeen?' he cried, as Mickey set up a roar and a hullabaloo that sounded like the brayin' of an ass that belonged to Andy Magillucuddy who used to kape the grane grocer's store in Ballynahinch, in the County Down, Ireland. 'Ye foul-mouthed young rascal, will ye plase bear it in moind that yer daddy's just given the straight tip an' that yev jist taken a tumble! An' if I iver catch ye talkin' any more av yer Jude Jargon or yer bar-room lingo around this shebeen, I'll skin yez alive!' Aftther Michael had gone out, Mickey kem crapin' in at the back dure as meek as a dead lamb. 'Ah, ye blackgurdy young omadhaun, sez I, 'but it takes yer father to give ye yer just

deserts.' Well, Mrs. Nelligan, it's a wondher I didn't expire on the spoth, for I was slure that atther the lambastin' he'd got he'd kape a civil tongue in his mouth, but divil a bit av it, ma'am. He simply towld me to 'let up an' quit shooting aff me mouth at him.' Pwhat did I do, is it? I doubled up me fist—me right wan—and in me left I grabbed the poker; an' the way that I shot aff that right fist so that it sthruck the brat betchune the eyes, an' the iligant manner in which I directed the motion av that wrought-iron poker so that it caught him across the small av the back as he made a dodge under the table, would make ye think that I was brought up in a boardin' school an' larned kellystenioks. 'Come out of that, Mickey,' says I, for tho—what'll I call him?—was beneath the table diggin' into a pie which I put there to cool. Jut thin a big rat, of which I was mortally scared, ran out av the corner, an' I, wid a lady's timidly, jumped onto a chair, kapin' wan eye on Mickey an' the other on the rat. 'Mickey McFagin,' says I, 'come out av that an' let that razberry pie alone!' 'I can't lave it alone, fer it's in me.' Says I, 'I ask you, Mickey McFagin, to come out from benayth that kitchen table.' 'Oh,' says he, 'come aff, pwhat are ye givin' me?' So takin' him at his word I kem aff the chair an' gave him the best trouncin' he had since his father gave his wan an hour before. An' Hanora's just as bad. The other night when the two av us were comin' up Yonge Street in the cars she towld me whin the conductor kem along that I'd better 'shove up the rocks.' An' I, thinkin' she moant the windy, turned around an' thried to raise it. She snickered an' towld me that she meant the spondoolicks, the dust, the tin, the fare. She told me the other day that she and her 'mash' as she call Larry Hooligan, as dacent a young man as iver broke bread, went into an ice-cream shop, and whin they'd aten some av the sthuff Larry had to 'run his face' fer it. 'Pwhat d'ye mane?' says I, 'why,' says she, 'he had to stand off the ice-cream man.' 'Blood an' 'ouns!' says I, 'fer why did he stand on the man?' An' thin she snickered 'Oh, ma,' says she, 'yer too awfly verdant. Why don't ye catch on?' 'Verdant!' says I, 'an' isn't it ardent ye mane? Oh, Hanora, how ignorant yez are. If I was as green as you I'd be a cow pasture. An' ye want me to catch on do ye?' Mrs. Nelligan, wid that I med a grab and the way I caught on to that huzzy's hair ud make a statue tremble. I say, Mrs. Nelligan, can ye tell me the manin' av a 'chum an' a snide? No? I don't know it meself, but that's pwhat Hanora called Mickey this mornin'. Mickey towld her to take a walk around the block where she might hire a hall in which she could slide off on her car, for she was already off her base. Dear me it's a quarter past five an' it was jist four o'clock whin I kem in an' comminced to tell ye of the pair of divils that call me mother. Indade I didn't think I'd been talkin' more than tin minutes. I'm very sorry, but I can't sthaye to tell ye the rest, as I must be off. As that impudent Hanora says I must 'skip the gutter, with a tra-la-la,' Mrs. Nelligan."

A CLEVER FELLOW.

"Here waiter," exclaimed an angry old fellow in a restaurant, "here's a hair in this butter."
"Did you fin' it, boss?"
"Of course I found it, you black scoundrel."
"I graduates yer, sah. Yer see, dat putty widder 'cross de street said dat yer coul' see well ernuff ter fine a ha'r in de butter, but er ugly ole 'oman said yer couldn', so dey got me ter put a ha'r in de butter, sah. Glad ter see dat yer's gained a pint."
"Ah, you are a clever fellow. Here's a quartor for you."



Mr. J. W. Bengough's Comic Operatic Medley "Bunthorne A broad," was produced for the first time in its revised shape on Monday evening, by the St. Quinten Opera Co. at the Summer Pavilion. Miss St. Quinten

as Ethel, scored an immediate success. This young lady is, indeed, the most capable prima donna, both as an actress and singer, that the amusement public of Toronto has seen for many a day. The support accorded by Mr. Wm. Wolf as Bunthorne; Miss Kitty Marcellus as the Pirate Cook; Mr. Harry Rich as Pirate King; Mr. Wm. Redstone as Frederick, and Mr. S. Halle as Lieut. Dead-eye, was excellent, and the chorus sang in a sprightly manner. The costumes were brilliant, and the stage setting better than on the former production of the piece. The St. Quinten Company will probably visit the larger cities and towns of Canada after the conclusion of their engagement here, Mr. Bengough having granted to Mr. Harry J. Norman, the manager, the exclusive stage right of the piece in Canada.

In this week's issue will be found an advertisement of the forthcoming Provincial Exhibition, which is to take place at Ottawa this year, lasting from the 22nd to the 27th September. This fair is an old established institution of the Province, and has long since made a reputation for excellence as an exhibition of the progress and prosperity of our people, a fame which it is not likely to lose while Mr. Henry Wade continues in the office of secretary.



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Boy.—I want a quart of milk.
Shopkeeper.—Fresh country milk?
Boy.—No, cow's milk.

"Gentlemen," said the doomed man on the scaffold, "you all must admit that I have worked my way up in the world."—Scissors.