



NO TRUE FRIEND.

BUZER—"I've (hic) jush been spendin' even'n wiz a fren'."

STEADIMAN—"Judging from the load he gave you to carry he must have been an enemy."

VERY INNOCENT.

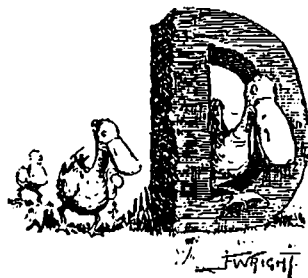
SHE broke my heart, she broke my purse,
She broke our sworn engagement,
And yet she said, this artless maid,
She knew not what my rage meant.

A TRUE FRIEND OF LABOUR.

O'HARA—"It's the foine politician O'Toole is. It really do one good to shake hands wid him."

FLANNAGAN—"It do indeed, ispecially at election toimes. He always laves a two dollar bill in the workin' man's fist then."

AIRLIE SUPPORTS SHEPPARD FOR MAYOR.



DECLARATION.—*Whereas*, some envious, licht wuttit, an' ill pretit gon-eril, anxious to get into print an' tell a'budy hoo there were hoofs as well as horns at St. Andrew's ball; an' *whereas* they've ta'en it upon them to haud me up to public ridicule as a drunkard,

an' a haveril, in a letter purportin' to be written by my wife; We therefore, Mr. an' Mrs. Hugh Airlie, hereby declare the hale thing to be the decoction o' some unknown bletherskite; an' we hereby declare our joint intention to treat the hale thing as we would treat a flee

blister; namely, wi' silent contempt; poorin' mortification on the head of the writer by disdainin' to tak the smallest notice o' sic a manifest lee.

Signed,

HUGH AIRLIE, Esquire.

MRS. HUGH AIRLIE × Her Mark.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP:—Havin' hereby discharged the above duty to mysel', the public an' posterity, I noo proceed to say that though it was my intention to rin for Mayor this year mysel', I immediately tore up the manifesto I had prepared, (it took me three weeks an' I lost seven pounds five ounces an' a half in the time) an' took a back seat in favour o' the chap wi' the hair, and the nose, an' the coo-boy hat. I hold it as a solemn article o' faith that the man wha can start a newspaper like the *Saturday Night* an' build it up, an' keep it up on the vanity o' human nature, makin' the concern stand on a'e leg, as it were, that leg hein' the society column; inscribed wi' the names o' folk, whase hale ambition in life is to see their names in print as "people in society;" I say that the man wi' the wit to see, and the darin' to lay hold o' human vanity an' convert it into the current coin o' this Dominion is a man eminently fitted to sit at the helm an' steer the coorse o' municipal affairs. An' if ye can bring forrit any man that kens mair aboot city affairs than a journalist that maks a paper pay in a country whaur literature, except at second hand, is a drug in the market, an' art is recognized only as affordin' a certain class o' lawyers an opportunity of shavin' Canadian genius, as close to the epidermis as the razor o' a shylock will alloo thereby gien the puir victims and chance a' deein' o' inanition, or cardiac, is capable o' bringin' ocean ships up the Don, makin' lazy ruffians support their families in the doin' o't—an' gude kens a' what else. I hae onlimited faith in a man wha can start a paper an' I'm gawn to start ane mysel, but this is a secret as yet. It's to be christened wi' saut watter frae the Forth Bridge an' the name is to be THE AIRLIE BIRD AND FIRST WORM. The person sendin' in one hundred names o' subscribers will be entitled to receive one volume of the Epistles o' Airlie, handsomely bound in Morocco, five thoosan' copies bein' noo *en route* for Tangier to be bound there. To the pairty sendin' in twa hunder names a stuffed solan goose, frae the Bass Rock; it's a wee dusty wi' kickin' aboot in the garrett, an' the feathers are rubbit off its back whaur the laddie used to ride on't for a hobby horse, but itherwise it's a great curiosity. To the little boy wha sends in fifty names I will present a fine mongrel, collar an' a'. He's an' ill-natured snappin' way wi' him, sair gien to bitin', but no bad itherwise. An' to the person sendin' in a thoosan' names, a free deed o' a hoose, garden an' pigstye with freeish and entry thereto, pleasantly situated in the Orkney Islands, within five minutes walk o' the light-house, an' left to me an' my heirs by my respectit grannie. Sic offers canna fail to mak the AIRLIE BIRD a welcome visitor to every hoose in Canada, an' the morality o' the scheme bein' onquestionable, we expect to retire on a wheen thoosan' a year afore very lang. A' this, of coorse, is in enter noo, sub-rosy confidence—frae.—HUGH AIRLIE.

UNACCOUNTABLE.

TROLLICAR—"What's the trouble between you and Snarler? He was abusing you like a pick-pocket yesterday."

GAFFICK—"Was he though? That's strange. I never did the fellow a good turn in my life."