

**THE CROOKS ACT.**

FACTS AS TO ITS WORKING:


YEAR	TOTAL APPLICATIONS FOR LICENSES.	FROM TORIES.	FROM GRITS.
1880-1.	4,562	2,978	1,266.

LICENSES TORIES: 2,704  
GRANTED: GRITS. 1,102  
*Belleville Ontario.*

*Facts be giggered - I'm paid to yell,  
and I mean to earn my wages.  
Editor of the Mail.*

*WANT THE  
OFFICES!*

The Crooks Act  
is worked in favor  
of the Grit Party!!



**DEDICATED TO THE "MAIL" MAN.**

THERE WAS A LOUD-LUNGED EDITOR, AND YELLING WAS HIS GAME,  
BUT NOTWITHSTANDING ALL HIS WIND, THE FACTS REMAINED THE SAME.

And they passed a resolution that such steps should be erected, but that no more patients should be admitted to the city hospital till said steps were paid for. And it came to be a byword amongst vulgar people to say, "Is the hospital full?" and the response would be, "Yea, as full as the alderman who fell down the mountain." And so the steps were erected, and stand as monuments to the wisdom of the council even unto this day. And on the spot where the alderman fell was placed a stone slab like those you may see in country churchyards where people write elegies and loaf round, and on it was engraved the following poem composed by the two poetical and most classical of the aldermen, to wit:

*"Here Alderman Jubbs fel on his hed,  
But was not killed neer fately ded."*

And people read it and wonder and pass on, but bad boys throw used-up quids of tobacco at it, and jeer and laugh most consumedly.

**CHAP. II.**

Another feature of Bayville and the opposite boundary of the city to the mountain is the bay (from which the place takes its name), in whose pellucid waters float dogs and cats in every stage of decomposition, and in whose congenial society the small boy sports, *in puris naturalibus* (this is Latin, but no Bachelor of Arts will let it down him), much to the horror of the fastidious citizens, who prefer unwashed, dirty, small boys, to seeing them as nature made them. All the vegetable refuse of the city finds its way to this branch of Lake—(Chorus now, please).—Ontayreeo! Ontayreeo! and on a calm, still, summer night, when the water is low, the atmosphere near the bay vividly recalls to the mind of the Oriental traveller that fair country, Ceylon, o'er whose luxuriant isle the spicy breezes forever softly blow. Reader, I was in Ceylon myself once for some years. I investigated these spicy breezes, and found them to be cocoanut oil and dead fish, fish that had been caught for weeks. But it is not with the bay that I have to deal, but with the city itself and some of the people in it, and I wish to tell you of some of its institutions, so that you may be duly impressed with a sense of the sagacity and farsightedness of its council and ratepayers. Far away to the eastward, as far as the eye could reach, lies—(Grit chorusers to the front, please; now

then)—Ontayrooo, Ontayreeo! and yet, though vast amounts of the people's money have been lavished on the erection of expensive waterworks, and though the city boasts of a fire brigade, second to none—it must be so, for the members say so themselves)—in hitching up and turning out in an incredibly short space of time, when representatives of the press and other magnates from afar are in the city, still it has become a byword and a reproach that these waterworks are N. G. in case of a fire of any magnitude at all. Ah! me, but it would thrill the bosom, and often has done mine, to see the gallant fellows, in the faded shirts of blue, dash past, with clanging bell, their faces wearing a set determination to do or die, their horses goaded to a 10.50 gait, to a chimney burning itself out and diffusing a perceptible odor of soot for yards around. It has, I repeat, "thrilled me, filled me with emotions mortal never felt before," as I gazed on the daring lads, and reflected that I helped to pay for the gorgeous paraphernalia of which they appeared so reckless. And now I must try to tell you all about a fire that occurred in Bayville. 'Twas Sabbath in the city: A still calm pervaded all the streets, broken only by the click clinking of some saloon back door, as the proprietor stealthily gave ingress and egress to the drouthy tipplers. Peaceful citizens were taking their quiet afternoon stroll, permeating the Sunday atmosphere with a mingled scent of bad cigar smoke and hair oil. From neighboring churches came the drowsy hum of the preacher's voice and the muffled snore of the worshippers. All was peace, when, hark! it is, it is the dread, hoarse cry, at first faint and indistinct, but quickly increasing in volume, till the words "fire! fire!" strike on the throbbing tympana of the startled listeners. Yes, a fire has broken out, and one of the city's finest buildings is wrapped in the scorching embraces of the fiery demon. Round the corner dashes the fire brigade. The spot is reached. The hose is affixed, all is in readiness. Why, oh! why this delay? Hark! From the brazen throat of the speaking tube come the words, "Hold on a minute, boys; it's no use wasting water. Don't squirt. It looks like rain." Good, careful official! Full well he knew that, let them squirt and squirt, the water pressure could never throw a stream as high as the second storey of the burning

building. So it came to pass that the fire went out, but not before a fine new edifice was reduced to ashes. Will those sapient city fathers now lock the stable doors in time to prevent the theft of another horse? Will they? Time will reveal.

**A PASTORAL SKETCH.**

He leans upon the handles of his plough—  
A sickly man, though seeming strong and rough—  
And, while he coughs and wipes his heated brow,  
He rests within the shadow of the plough,  
Near which the heifer and the brindled cough  
Are making havoc with his garden-stough.

He sees not; but his wife who kneads the dough  
Looks out of window when she hears his cough.  
And, catching glimpses of the bovine fough,  
Hurries her apron and her cap to dough,  
Then, rushing forth, with many a sounding blough  
She drives, at last, the greedy spoilers ough.

The farmer gazes on his horse's hough  
Whose bleeding skin the flies have bitten through.  
And sorrows that his tail he e'er did dough,  
With which erstwhile the winged pests he slough,  
Leaving him wretched as the bob-tailed cough  
Who, ere his tail was lost, so proudly cough.

Why is this yeoman sad and gruff, although  
His orchard droops with fruit on every bough,  
And all the corn that he may chance to sough  
Yields plenteous crops for his capacious mough?  
Ah—there's another corn upon his tough—  
Its crop is sure—you know his secret ough!

He says, "I'm tired, and I have ploughed enough."  
Then homewards leads his horses through the slough—  
A dreary waste where wriggling serpents slough  
Their scaly hides—and sadly wouder's hough  
He can afford to buy his wife a mough,  
And fears that he must sell his choicest ough.

At length the weary toiler passes through  
The barnyard entrance, where the mud's so tough.  
Upon the roof the mating pigeons cough,  
And strut about in blue and white and bough,  
"E'en so," he thinks, "long since I used to ough."  
And sighs while taking his consoling ough.

D'ERE KNOUGES NOUGH.

Beecher thinks no torment can surpass that of hay fever. Mr. Boecher is evidently coming round to Bob Ingersoll's idea.—*Lowell Citizen.*



**STUDIES IN GOTHAM.**

By WM. BRNGOUGH.

No. 1.—"ONE OF THE FINEST."