

Mickey and three strong min. 'D'ye want to go home?' says Mickey. 'Home?' says I. 'No I don't, I want to skhate. I'm not done out yet.' So I got all right on me fate again and consented to Mickey's plan to shove me all along the ice, I not liftin' ayther fut from the ice. Whew! how I shot along! But that little devil, Mickey, let go av me, an' left me to sthoph meself, which I couldn't. I was steered sthiraigh for a crowd av about three dozen, an' would have wrought ruin an' desolation among them, only a young man yelled out to me to sthick the heel av wan skhate in the ice an' come to a full sthoph, I sthuck me heel in as instructed, an' kem to a full sthoph—an' so did that young couple that were unakin' fun av me whin I first sthatched out. Whin I sthuck in me heel I kind av cavoured around sideways an' ran right in the sassy things, who were going along slowly, all unknowin' av the disaster that was comin' upon them. I well remember sthikin' them, but that's all. Mickey told me two days after that, that I was picked up an' taken home in the ambulance.

Everything was a blank, but I've a feelin' in me bones an' six bumps on me head, that tell me that I must have met that young couple in no uncertain manner.

"No, Mrs. Nelligan, I won't do any more skhatin' this sayson. I've shworn off any further enjoyment in the skhatatorial art, an' will hinceforth confine meself to some milder sport, sich as tobogganin'."

#### A NEW AND "BETTER" WAY.



HE City of St. Thomas is progressive. The last thing they have undertaken to reform there is the procedure in criminal investigations. A young Englishman was up before the P.M. the other day for passing a bogus £5 note. According to the *Times*' report

"He pleaded not guilty, and was defended by T. W. Crothers. \* \* \* Witness (a bank cashier) said he was willing to swear that the note was spurious, which caused the counsel to offer a wager of \$50 that such was not the case, and that it was genuine. Remanded till to-morrow."

No doubt the remand was for the purpose of allowing the witness, or County Attorney, or private prosecutor, or somebody, to raise cash enough to take up the bet offered by prisoner's counsel.

Future police reports in St. Thomas will read something like this:

Reg. vs. Sykes, Burglary of Jones' Grocery.

County Attorney.—"Your Worship, we expect to prove that prisoner was seen to leave the burglarized premises about 3 a.m. with a bundle."

P.M.—"Are you prepared to back your opinion?"

C.A.—"Yes, your Worship?"

P.M.—"How much?"

C.A.—"One hundred."

(Hands up the money to P.M.)

John Doe, sworn, said he saw prisoner on the sidewalk beside front door of Jones' grocery. He wore a red muffler.

Prisoner's Counsel.—"A red muffler did you say?"

P.M.—"You mustn't interfere in this case unless you cover the C.A.'s deposit."

(P.C. consults with prisoner and finally hands up the cash.)

P.C.—"Well, how about that muffler?"

Doe.—"He wore a red one."

P.C.—"I'll bet you ten dollars he didn't," (shakes bill in witness' face.)

Doe.—"But I'll swear—"

P.M.—(To witness) "Your evidence cannot be taken unless you put up."

(Witness produces \$5 bill and handful of silver.)

Doe.—(Continuing) "And he had a bundle under his arm that looked like—"

P.C.—"I'll bet you \$50 he hadn't," (shakes bills as before.)

Doe.—(Vory surly) "I ain't got no fifty dollars."

P.M. to C.A.—"Can you put up for him, then?"

C.A.—(Angrily) "No, I can't, but this is very important evidence, and I insist—"

P.M.—"Put up or shut up!"

C.A.—"Well, I'll shut up," (gathers up papers and leaves in a passion.)

P.C.—"Very well, your Worship, as the prosecution has broken down so completely I suppose you will discharge my client at once?"

P.M.—"Certainly, certainly, I'm tired of these frivolous charges made by people who won't back 'em up. Here's your \$220—next case."

It is understood that in future a commission of 5 per cent. is to be allowed to the P.M. as stakeholder, and that a similar percentage of all bets won is to go to the funds of the Law Society.

THE deserved success of the *Current* is now everywhere conceded; and in point of circulation and popularity it bids fair to out-rival all other literary and review publications. The prompt and generous support received by the *Current* in all portions of Canada, is remarkable. No more emphatic illustration of this fact can be given than to indicate the predominance of Canadian writers whose 10. The writers and their works are as follows:—W. Philip Robinson, "The Promise in Canadian Literature;" W. E. Maclellan, "The Decadence of the Red River Cart;" A. Werner, "Paschiarello;" Thos. C. B. Fraser, "Let us Converse;" Dagald McMurchy, "Lines to Death;" Robert Elliott, "Twilight Fields;" John George Bourinot, "A Visible Apparition;" Chas. G. D. Roberts, "Echoes From Old Acadia;" John W. Daffoe, "Sometime;" James M. Oxley, "An Unappreciated Work;" T. B. P. Stewart, "Alone;" Sydney Smith, "The Charns of Literature;" W. H. Withrow, F.R.S., "Cromwell;" S. Francis Harrison, "The Poet as a Camper;" R. E. Gosnel, "A Young Lover's Love;" A. Werner, "Prometheus;" J. Almon Ritchie, "Love's Wane;" or the remarkable showing of seventeen out of twenty contributors.

#### RUNNING FOR MAYOR.

"Ah! ha! popularity is a great thing after all. It is pleasant to feel that one is beloved and respected by his fellow men, and though this article here, in the *Universe*, is certainly flattering, I think I deserve all the praise it gives me."

Thus I spoke as I sat down to breakfast, opposite to Mrs. Snoogles, and picked up the paper alluded to and glanced over an editorial on The Mayoralty candidates, of whom I, "at the earnest solicitation of a large number of influential ratepayers," was one. I was, in my own opinion, the one who was *par excellence*, the most perfectly fitted for the position of chief magistrate, and the article in the *Universe* did not tend to diminish this opinion.

"Listen, Mrs. Snoogles," I said, "just hear what the *Universe*, the best and most able paper in the world, says about your husband," and I read as follows: "A reign of municipal purity is at hand. No longer will the civic chair be disgraced; no more will the honor of our fair city be trampled under foot by ruthless myrmidons of a corrupt political party. Mr. Snoogles has announced his intention of offering himself as a candidate for the highest position in the gift of our rate-payers, and when it becomes known that this loyal gentleman, who has ever had the best interests of the city at heart, is in the field, we feel that his election is a foregone conclusion. As a man, as a husband, as a father, as a Christian gentleman, honorable and upright, Mr. Snoogles stands proudly pre-eminent. His immense stake in the city proclaims him as the one man of all others who should occupy the civic chair. Wealthy, yet unostentatious; laden with worldly goods, yet ever charitable; exposed to all the temptations that surround the rich, he walks amongst his fellow men with the consciousness of modest moral rectitude. His able advocacy of the use of carbolic acid as a disinfectant for the police station cells; his determined opposition to chloride of lime as a substitute, stamp him as man of no ordinary talent and perseverance. Truly Mr. Snoogles can say with the bard 'An honest man's the noblest work of God?' He can say more; he can proclaim from the house-tops 'I am that man,'" and so on for a column and a half.

"What do you think of that, my dear?" I asked as I concluded; "you should feel proud as I do," and I smiled blandly yet modestly.

"I do feel proud, Josiah,"—my name is Josiah—"I do indeed, and I am sure all the papers will agree with the *Universe*; here is the *Black-mail*, of course it will have something to say in your favor; ah! here it is; 'THE MAYORALTY CONTEST; Citizens! to arms! A viper is in your midst. A crawling, sneaking, loathsome reptile is creeping and squirming amongst you, seeking, in a cut-throat, snake-in-the-grass, underhand and dishonourable manner to foist himself upon you as your chief magistrate. Josiah Snoogles has offered himself as a candidate for the position of mayor of this city! With unblushing effrontery and an arrogance which is the certain outcome of a depraved and immoral nature he stands before you and asks you to vote for him! Citizens! voters! ratepayers! will you tamely submit to this insult? Will you not rise as one man, and by your votes for Elias Gungleby, Esquire, consign the ill-advised mongrel to the oblivion he deserves? What has this man, this Snoogles, done for our fair city, that we should, even for one brief instant, tolerate his abhorrent presence in our midst? What, we ask? What has he *not* done to ruin the fair fame of our beloved city, and to cover her and you with obloquy and contempt? A person of narrow-minded views: a man (heaven save the mark!) utterly devoid of principle; a creature to whom the words honor and fair-dealing are unknown, Snoogles crawls before you; abject, contemptible, repulsive. Do you wish your mayor for the ensuing year to be the companion of sluggers and bull-pups; of greasy republicans and tobacco-chewing rowdies? If so, then vote for Snoogles. He is all these and far worse besides. In his acceptance of the requisition to come forth as a candidate for the position he seeks but will never obtain—a requisition signed by a few keepers of illicit grogeries and such *canaille*, he boasts of his 'large stake in the city!' How was it, fellow-men, that shortly after the burglary of the Buncombe Bank, the cash box of that institution was found half-a-block from the miserable shanty occupied by this Snoogles? How was it, we ask, that within two months after that burglary, this creature Snoogles commenced to invest heavily in real estate and to build