

## SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.

NO. 1. RICHARD STORK, CORPORATION "HEXCAVATOR."



A LIFE on the hocean wave is nothink to one as a street navy. I've hexcavated in railways and in canawls, I've blawsted in quarries, and I've mined hunderground, but for a hunadulterated 'appy life give me a job on the civic staff as a member of the street force.

Some of the fellows talks about the life of policemen, and their 'ole hambition is to be one, but I says, "no policeman for me, thank you." When I'm in a good place I knows it, and means to 'ang on to it.

I hoften thinks to myself—thinks I, 'ow hever does them fellows in stores get on? I can hunderstand being a banker, or a heditor, or a hengineer, or a locomotive,

where there's a reg'lar bit of wages a-coming' in hevery week or two, but no business for me, thank you. Hall my trouble is with the gang boss if he 'appens to be a Scotchman, and with the men in the gang if they 'appen to be furringers, especially Hirish or Hitalians. I mortally 'ates 'em both and they knows it, too, the bloomingk truck as they are.

I can't make no side money 'ere as I used to make at 'ome, when I could sing along o' my mates,

"I'm a navy, I'm a navy,  
I'm a navy on the line;  
I've five and twenty shillings,  
Besides my hovertime."

Them was the times when a man could 'ave 'is noggin o' gin of a morning, his gallon of hale reg'ler hevery day, with a good bit o' roast beef, or a pork chop at hevery bloomingk meal as he hate.

This 'ere blawsted colony haint fit for no w'ite man. It's either too blawsted 'ot or too infurnal cold 'arf the year. We've honly a month or two like hold Hinglish weather.

Yes, I'm married—worse luck, and 'ave three bloomingk responsibilities I has, and I mean as they shall 'ave a better heddication as I 'ad, though I can read fairish and do a bit of 'arf-text writing—I never got so far as small 'and.

This house? W'y I howns it myself—bought and paid for it—and I defy hany man to say as I howes 'im a cent.

I vote just as I pleases, and I don't hask hanybody to tell me 'ow. No; of course I didn't in Hingland, cos I adn't no vote, and if I 'ad, hold squire Colding'am would 'ave interfered—the bloomingk hold haristocrat as he was, and I howes 'im a grudge too, for he once nailed me with an 'are I'd knocked hover, and got me in quod for six weeks, blawst 'im.

No farm work for me, thank you. No sir, I worked on a farm for two days haster I come 'ere, but I'd a 'anged sight sooner be a nigger slave. It's hup at five o'clock morning, and work till 'arf past height or nine at night.

On the 'ole there hain't no sich life, for easy work and sure pay, 'aving hemployment on the city staff. Hall as I 'ave to grumble hat is 'aving to serve hunder a Scotch boss. Honly for this I think I would be quite 'appy.

## TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

I.

"WELL, what's the news?" said the Fakir, as he entered the office, dropped into a chair and picked up an exchange.

"The *News*," remarked the assistant editor, "is an evening paper published in this city."

As he works off this repartee about three times a week on the average, no one felt it incumbent on him to laugh.

"Humph!" said the Fakir, "you're too fresh. 'Tain't a bit funny." And he lit his pipe and glanced carelessly over the columns of the *Globe*.

"Anti-Poverty Society!" he presently remarked. "Pshaw! I tell you those fellows are barking up the wrong tree. They haven't got hold of the thing yet. I've a better scheme than that. Why, do you know that if they worked it right this city and every other city in the country could be now without either landowners or anybody else having to pay any taxes? Fact! It just struck me this morning. Abolish all taxes, I say!"



## RESIGNATION.

*Physician* (to patient).—"Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held."

*Patient* (too sick for anything).—"Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like."

The staff, long accustomed to the Fakir's magnificent schemes, didn't manifest the astonishment and enthusiasm which the importance of the discovery might have been expected to excite.

"And how would you do it?" enquired the literary editor.

"Listen and I'll tell you. You know those new granolithic pavements lately put down on Yonge street? Well, some of the storekeepers have got their signs in brass letters worked into the sidewalk in front of their establishments. It was that which gave me the idea. Why shouldn't the city utilize the sidewalks for advertising purposes? I'd reduce the thing to a system. Lay down new sidewalks everywhere. Mark 'em off in sections and sell the privilege of having neat advertisements worked in, to the highest bidder. Don't you suppose that our big dry goods firms would pay liberally for the chance of advertising all over a block of sidewalk on King or Yonge street? I tell you it's an immense scheme. It would revolutionize advertising and munici-