

OUR DEADLIEST ENEMY.

It is blood I want—Blood of the darkest that washerwomen can produce. Gore will alone satisfy my cravings for revenge. Revenge is sweet, so say the poets, let me than drink of it to the very lees. Ah! Ah! She shall be mine! I will worry, tear and scarify her! Who, Who! Why that smug faced, innocent looking, long suffering individual yept our Washerwoman. This estimable lady has not up to the present time taken any unscemnly liberties with with me personally, but my shirts do cry out aloud, not only for repairs but also for reparation. My own opinion is that the shirts in crying out in such distressful tones are within their rights, for there is no doubt but that washing has descended to an infernal art, brought to a height of excellence by professed teachers, and experimentalists. I presume that if any printer could be found to print it, a curriculum after this fashion would emanate from the sordid brains of these same professors.

1.—How to put the largest amount of starch in the nether end of the shirt, whilst leaving the chest part limp and unsatisfactory.

2.—How to crush the buttons properly.

3.—How to tear the button holes to perfection.

4.—How to measure the vitriol to put in the wash-tub, so that the clothes may arrive home without falling to pieces. Other instructions might be quoted but space will not permit.

We all know that if a shirt maker can't make a Duchess of his daughter or marry her to a Bishop, he immediately makes a washerwoman of her, naturally, its good for trade. This is a mere trifle, and it is needless to dwell upon, it has been so for years, and has no doubt become a standing institution. By way of digression I would ask a conundrum. Why is it that washerwomen as a rule are inflicted, with more babies, and more useless kind of husbands than any other section of society? You owe your washerwoman \$3, the chances are, you have an application for the amount from a dirty faced little girl, prefaced with the remark, "mother's took sick, and Dr. F. says as how she wont be out again far a fortnight; it's a boy this time." Now I am fairly credulous, but this has happened—I mean the remark—four times in the last year! Can such things be so? Washerwomen are indeed a wonderful race, compared with them Hermann, Houdin, Maskelyne and Cooke, in the front rank of conjurers, are but pigmies.

How on earth these washlists achieve the wonders with collars that they do, is a perfect mystery. I have never had a collar go to the wash yet but that it has come back in such an incongruous shape; as to make one fancy it had assumed fancy dress for the occasion. Collars that are a part and parcel of shirts come back metamorphosed into the strangest of shapes, turned down ones, *turn up* the most ridiculous of "stuck-ups," and *vice-versa*.

Yesterday being Sunday, I put on a clean (?) shirt, which came from Freeman Elliotts but a few weeks since, but on putting it on, its appearance suggested its having been first in a Tug-of-War, and then been relegated to the tub in which the coffee grounds are deposited. The front of this article of attire was fairly stiff, principal with dirt carefully ironed in, and the skirts—if I am not modest I am nothing—were just like boards.

Being a married man, I have the advantage of taking feminine opinion on this subject. Ladies' lingerie is rather a delicate subject to touch, even with the pen, but when "duty calls" I must be to the front, and though I may blush unseen, still the fact remains I do blush. Do I not hear my better half swearing, at

least making use of as strong language as is permissible for the female sex to indulge in, as to the wilful mangling and ruination of laces, wholesale conglomerating with starch pudding of frills and ruffles, rupture of strings, sinashing of buttons, and general going to Hades of all that tends to cover and beautify lovely woman beneath her peignoir.

Brethern and sisteren, I appeal to you. Are we to stand this any longer? Are we to suffer without one word? Are we to be handed down to posterity as martyrs? No, my brother electors, let it not be so; let us not be subservient to a small minority! Remember, there may be an election coming on soon, therefore let us make a combine, and vote only for these candidates who will promise that the present state of things shall be rectified, and that they will see the foul shirt destroyer is blotted from the land.

UNIQUE.

[DEAR UNIQUE,—Why not try Ungar's stean laundry? It comes rather steep for a large family, but it puts the starch on the right place.—ED

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