



TRIFLERS.

AGENT—"Another advantage in our machine, ladies, is that the work is always in sight."
 CHORUS OF GIRLS—"Then it's no good. We prefer our work to be always 'out of sight.'"

THE re-election of Mayor Fleming was a foregone conclusion from the outset of the campaign. He had in his favor the second term tradition as well as the weakness of his opponent who, with many fine personal qualities in his favor, was handicapped at the outset by his association with the worst elements of the old municipal ring. The most satisfactory feature of the result is the evidence it affords of the decay of the power of partyism in municipal contests. It was in vain that the followers of Mr. Sheppard attempted to introduce political issues, and avail themselves of the Tory machine. The failure of these discreditable tactics is a sign of growing popular intelligence.

DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE.

EDITOR GRIP,—In a report of a women's meeting held in support of Mayor Fleming which appears in the *Globe* of the 28th, Mrs. McDonell of the Public School Board is reported as giving her experience on nomination day. She stated that many of the men smoked, and went on to say:

"She felt very sorry for some of the men who did not smoke. They coughed and ran out every once in a while to get a mouthful of fresh air."

And yet, Mr. Editor, there are people who say that women are fit to occupy public offices, requiring a knowledge of practical affairs. Mrs. McDonell is decidedly above the average in point of capacity, but fancy the amazing ignorance displayed in the above quotation. "Fresh air," indeed! Just imagine the average voter on a day when the taverns are open and the amenities of the season induce a spirit of hospitality, contenting himself with draughts of fresh air! It's really too absurd to imagine that mere oxygen would adequately refresh exhausted nature after listening for several hours to the harangues of municipal aspirants. It takes something much stronger.

I'm afraid, sir, that woman will never be a success in practical politics: "Fresh air!" Oh, this is too much! A HE-VOTER.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

WHEN the morn of light and liberty
 Drives out both doubt and fear,
 And the dawn of truth that we hope to see
 Lights the toiler's path in the 'is to be,'
 Then we'll get a glad New Year.

When the banker's stocks and the broker's shares
 Will be terms scarce known and queer,
 And the earh for the toiler only bears,
 And childhood's brow is not scarred with cares—
 Then cometh the glad New Year.

When the law of rent will be known no more,
 And the mortgage bonds grown sere;
 And there are no tramps from door to door,
 And the prisoner's wail is hushed and o'er—
 We'll have a glad New Year.

When "cast-off clothing" will be a sound
 The giver will blush to hear;
 Nor sweater's margin he made the ground
 For fame to build on like Babel's mound—
 We'll ring in a glad New Year.

It may come like a lion or gentle bird,
 It's coming be far or near;
 But clad in home-spun or sable furred,
 Each heart with a noble impulse stirred,
 Is bringing the glad New Year.

D. S. MACORQUODALE.

"ANOTHER victim of the Trolley"—E. E. Sheppard.

It is often the man who sleeps soundest in church
 who is widest awake in a political meeting.