



I SEE by the *Tribune* that Mr. Reilly is being advised to contest the election in Alberta. We can scarcely believe that any real friend of that gentleman would be so weak as to advise anything of the kind. Let Mr. Reilly take his defeat like a man, and this he always does, for his bitterest enemy cannot but say, that he always bobs up serenely after every rebuff.

ALBERTA'S defeated candidate may yet find a big field for usefulness in the Northwest Legislative Assembly, for which he will undoubtedly run, and the *eclet* attending his recent contest will no doubt go a long way to helping him in his candidature for that body.

I SEE that M. F. Davin was returned by a big majority in his constituency, and I cannot say I am sorry. Having myself several little weaknesses, I do not feel inclined to lift up my hands in holy horror, and give forth a virtuous howl of indignation, when I see a fellow sinner "making a break." Mr. Davin certainly showed little respect to his constituents by appearing before them in the condition he did—but he has received a lesson which should last him for life. The public will probably find him a better servant in every way, than heretofore, and I sincerely trust he will act up to his promises.

TOWN is once more getting back to its normal condition and the fun of the fair is now over, and paying election expenses is the order of the day and what a disagreeable task paying bills is, especially when you've nothing to show for your money, but a sore head!

AS I WRITE grave fears are felt for the safety of the various energetic agents who went north in the interests of their respective candidates and amongst those who went were, Messrs Padmore, A. McPherson W. Burland, G. K. Leeson, P. J. Nolan and J. J. McHugh, and the fate of these festive gents is anxiously awaited. Have they fallen out by the way and slaughtered each other? Have they got snowed up, with nothing to eat but rye. Have they thrown off the ties which bind them to civilization, and cast in their lots with the halfbreeds?

All these surmises present themselves to the public mind and the friends and relatives of the various

hardy travellers anxiously await news of their safety.

SINCE writing the above paragraph I learn that the energetic agents, or most of them, have returned home safe and sound, after their terrible exertions to save their country after their several lights. Several of them look rather down-cast about something, but no matter.

SINCE the elections a certain gentleman in town has given a large number of people the "cut direct." How very, very silly, and what a childish and unstatesmanlike spirit it shows.

THE flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, will soon be here, and thank God for it. I am sick of snow, snow, beautiful snow, I am sick of being frozen in my bed, I am sick of having to cut butter with an axe, I am sick paying \$8.00 a week for coal, in fact in winter, I am sick of life.

AN INVITATION for a dance is out from the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the N. W. M. P. One, although his dancing days are past, who will grace the ball with his portly presence will be

TATLER.

N.B.—Especially as Mrs. T. is laid up with a piece of red flannel round her throat.

Baboony—Me good fellow, I won't give you any money, but if you call at my house I'll let you have some old clothes. Jack Tatters—Thank you kindly, Mister; but your mode is rather too extreme for me. You haven't got a kind hearted friend who dresses more quietly, have you?



PAGE FROM A PENNY DREADFUL.

CAPTAIN—Pull silently to der shore, creep upon ter der house widout disturbin the old man and woman—then carry orf the gurl and wallyblies. Be but faithful and name yer own reward.

PILOT—Speak not of reward to me, it is revenge I seek R-e-v-e-n-g-e!!! Ha! Ha! Ha!!!