



SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.

DENIS MACGEOGHAN OF THE CIVIC CORPORATION.



It's little indeed that the ladies and gentlemen of the city knows how we're killed and starved intirely with so much hard work, and very little for it, without a word av a lie, for countin' wet days, an' days whin it's too cowl'd, and days whin the rheumatism prevints ye from takin' hould of a shovel, we sometimes don't make more nor three or four dollars a week, an' whin ye take a dollar out for rint, tin cints for tobaccy, an' tin cints more for a couple of glasses of beer with your chum, it doesn't leave much to come an' go on in supportin' a wife and eight or nine children.

If I could save an' lay by about twinty or thirty dollars I could make my fortune in the whole-sale fish an' orange, or ould iron business. But the rich min take mighty good care never to give a poor boy any chance to rise in the worruld, at all, at all.

The property that belonged to my forefathers in the Ould Country, an' that was tuk away from thim distraudently, would qualifyme for an alderman, fit to rai-prisint any ward in thiscity: so it would, d'ye moind, now? But here I am, with not a ha'porth tocall me own beyant the shmall shticks o' furniture ye can see, and three

bids in theroomforne st ye. Sure, in the Ould Country the likes of me could keep a slip of a pig, but here, in Taranto, nivr a pig can a fellow have beside him at all, at all, barrin' the boss of our gang, an' it's an Englishman he is.

It's a quare worruld, all the same, sorr, an' hivin be praised for His mercies! for if there was no work for a poor man like me to do, how would a poor man git any work to earn his daily bread at all, at all?

Oh, yis, indeed! the children go to school ivery day in the blissid week, barrin' the first and the last, and it's proud of thim I am, too, ye may be sure, for ye wouldn't be after comin' across six foiner gos-soons in the three counties than the same half-dozen young Macgeoghans, by the same token.

Roight for you, sorr, the rint is too hoigh considherin' all things, but still, an' it's in this Canady I'd be tin times over, before I'd go back to the ould place, though I do be lovin' ivery fut of the beautiful green' turf that covers the blissid isle.

Betwixt yerself an' me, an' the dure-post, I've a shmall account for the matther of mebbe a hundred, an' mebbe two hundred dollars in the savings' bank, but there's many a raison for a man not to thravel among his fri'nds whusperings so that they may all know he's wealthy, eh, d'ye moind?

No thanks at all, sorr, I'm obliged to ye for callin' and may ye niver die by foul manes, without the binift of the clargy. Good evening, sorr, an' the saints make yer bid.

NO POLICY.

"And the mask of hypocrisy stript from them, what other policy have they?"

Thus endeth the reading of the lesson of the election trials, in the *Empire*. Of course the writer's conundrum refers to the pestilent Grits. It is easily answered. They have none. And the *Empire* ought to know how to sympathise with them, for the Tories are in the same lamentable plight. From the organ's own columns we learn that Sir John made a public application to the Manufacturers' Insurance Co. for a policy—which shows that he is conscious of his present lack.

WHY was the moon on the 28th ult. like an editor? He clips.

GOVERNOR SEMPLE has signed the bill giving women the ballot in Washington Territory.—Woman's rights is a Semple matter there.