



Ashamed of His Father.

The Rag Baby.—Avaunt and quit my sight, you miserable vote shirker! If you were opposed to the Contract why didn't you vote against it like a man? Be no longer father of mine—I'm ashamed of you!

What we Would Like to See.

The Sergeant-at-Arms tumble over his sword. The *Telegram* get off the "rail" and be really independent.

A portrait of the *Mail* editor, taken immediately after the Mayoralty election.

The Inst of the Woodside property conspiracy in the City Council.

Another ring—around the ankles, ball and chain attached—for the members of the coal ring and other rings of that metal.

The *Telegram* recognises the fact that there is such a paper in existance as the *Toronto World*.

The man who hasn't forgotten that he "swore off" on New Year's Day.

The Pacific Railway built without costing the country a cent. Ah! wouldn't we!



A Business Boom.

First Ottawa Carter.—Begorra, Frinohy, the boom has rached our business at last! There's a bonanza in store for the carters av Ottawa!

Second Ottawa Carter.—Vat boom! Bonanza? Je n' comprenez vous; I not know ze gentleman.

First Ottawa Carter.—Why, didn't yez hear that the Government is on the pint av bein' moved to St. Paul, in the Shtates? Sure we'll get all the furniture to cart to the station!

Practical Geography.

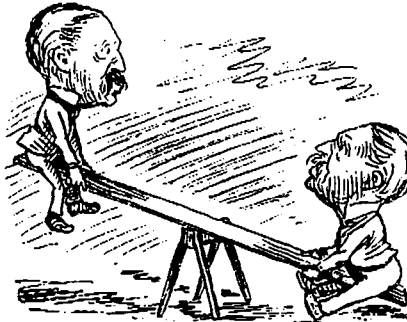
Young Son.—Papa, how far is it round the the world?

Stern Parent.—Consult your geography. It's a long way.

Young Son.—Well, papa, is it as far round the world as it is round Ald. Baxter?

Stern Parent.—I don't know anything about it. Just put your cap on and run away and ask the proprietor of the Street Railway, he will able to give you all the information you require, for he has got round him well enough.

A Fraactical Politician's Ups and Downs.



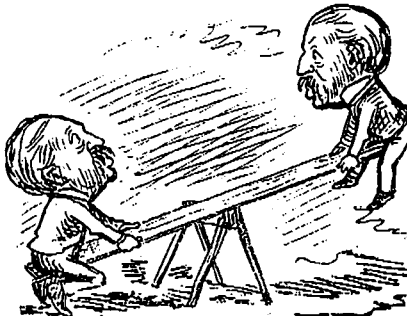
BEFORE THE VOTE

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TORY PRESS.

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A capital thing—money.

Is Syndicate Bill a contractor?

A rising place—Mount Vesuvius.

A chance acquaintance—a gambler.

Dufferin's three F's—fat, fair, and forty.

The age the French like best—vintage.

A Fopian (s)care—his wife and children generally.



A Noise Annoys Him.

From a Prince Edward Island exchange we clip the following extraordinary statement:—

Judge Peters, on the 28th Dec., made an order for the committal of Messrs. Albert and Edmund Ducheman to Queen's County gaol, for working at their trade as block-makers, in the old homestead of their father.

They had been previously driven from their shop, erected on the site of the old factory in which their father and themselves worked as good citizens for upwards of thirty years, and were compelled to turn their dwelling-house into a workshop.

Now they are driven from it to gaol.

This commitment was made, it appears, at the instance of one Mr. Thomas Alley, who alleged that he was disturbed by the noise of the Duchemans, who were his next door neighbors. This Mr. Alley is no doubt a Grit, who abhors the "hum of industry." By the judicious use of an ear trumpet he could no doubt secure the conviction of all the noise-making workmen within a block of his residence. We give his portrait as a natural curiosity.

Life in Ottawa.

Scene.—Russell House, Ottawa.

Miss Host.—"Why are you always abusing Mr. Blake, eh! Mr. Bunster?"

Mr. Bunster.—"Because he is always abusing me!"

The Mayor of Hull meets the future Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia.

Mayor.—"How did Blake speak last night?"

Mr. Bunster.—"Not well."

Mayor.—"Not well, eh? Why, how was that? Was he out of sorts?"

Mr. Bunster.—"Yes, he was out of sorts, and his heart wasn't in it. He knew I was coming after him!"



The Three F's.

FWHISKY, FUN, AND FROLIC!