



A HAMILTON SKETCH.

BY OULETTE.

The man with a "God-granted prerogative," a powerful motive in the Hamilton Labor Political Machine.

## WHISKEY SYRICK.

BY OUR OWN SALOONATIO.

It's as clear as the sunlight of noon  
That the brilliantly-lighted saloon  
Is the principal cause  
Of the breaking of laws,  
And "go" they all must and that soon.

A tavern is right in its way,  
For if you've the money to pay,  
There's your grub and a bed  
For to rest your tired head  
If it be your desire there to stay.

But why, oh! good gentlemen, why  
Don't you close up the place where old rye  
And brandy and beer  
Is the only "good cheer,"  
Except a stale sandwich or pie?

For they only lead straight on to vice  
The youth who'd be otherwise "nice,"  
And one would be a fool  
To think playing pin pool  
Or rattling the ivories in dice,

Will ever bring good to them. So  
Let the barkeep see his own row  
In some other employ  
That the callow young boy  
Won't get dragged down below. He must go.

## THE STRICKEN BRIDEGROOM.

A fashionable church. A church where only wealth, beauty, and consequently society of the most exclusive kind, is wont to congregate for prayer. Across the heads of those superbly-clad people who occupy every seat, there falls the rays of the sun, whose brightness, filtered, as it were, through windows of many-colored glass, lends a soft and seductive charm to the scene. The assemblage sits uneasy in expectancy; now and then they turn their heads and gaze towards the entrance where marble angels form an archway rising high above the carpeted floor. Suddenly a slight noise is heard, heads are turned towards the door, a silence prevails, which in the next instant gives way to a murmur that is taken up by all. In stately time and fall chords the organ peals forth Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," as a lovely procession of beauteous women and noble-looking men wends its way slowly up the aisle, which is strewn with choice and fragrant exotics by a bevy of lovely children who seem to be fairies come to live among mortals. Arrived at the altar rail the gay procession halts, for there in all the dignity and beauty of full-blown manhood stands Arthur Montmayne, who is there to wed Eleanor Vantatoune.

Ah, what a scene for a painter, what a theme for a heaven-inspired poet! Eleanor stands there clad in filmy laces like a goddess shrouded in white clouds. The diamonds that hang in clusters about her faultlessly-shaped throat, and her eyes, that dart forth bright flashes of love and happiness, seem to contend with each other as to which is the fit rival of stars that twinkle in the firmament in frosty winter. Her mouth, the habitation of loving words; her cherry lips, that kiss these words ere they go to cheer another's heart; her glistening teeth, like strings of pure white pearls placed to hold in check the tongue should evil spirits tempt it to speak in aught but kindness; the fair, fair hair, woven by dextrous hands into a golden aureole that crowns her with more splendor than if she wore a jewel-studded emblem of royalty—all these charms drew the eyes of the vast throng towards her with a magnetic power. As for Arthur Montmayne, he was the envy of less-fortunate men and the object of the love of numberless fair ladies, as he glanced proudly at his bride, who returned with equal love the fond look of her noble

lover, standing there an Apollo in face and form, a Romeo and a Hero in his devotion to her he loved.

The ceremony was commenced. The holy man who was to join two lives in one, stood before them, and with upraised arms called blessings down upon their heads. Two hearts throbbed violently as that part was reached where plurality becomes unity. Suddenly Arthur Montmayne's face grew pale, he gasped, clutched for support, and, failing that, fell to the floor with his hands to his sides as one dead. Those comprising the assemblage were terror-stricken and started to their feet. With a wild scream of anguish Eleanor Vantatoune flung herself upon what seemed the lifeless body of her love. With pathetic appeals and endearing words, surpassing in tenderness those used by Venus to Adonis, did she beseech him to return to life and say what had blighted his nuptial hour.

Restoratives were applied, and in a short time the stricken bridegroom, whose head was supported by his bride, opened his eyes and gazed about him in a wild manner. Both his hands were pressed to his sides, as though the disease which had struck him down was there located. With a look of unutterable despair and sorrow did he look into her eyes as she again and again called his name, the tears dropping from her eyes like raindrops from the violets in summer showers.

"Arthur, O my own beloved Arthur!" she cried. "Tell me, love, what is it ails thee? Are thy senses gone? Is thy love for me so great that thou hast weakened under the burden of it? or oh, Heaven! it cannot be! has some terrible calamity laid its withering hand upon thee, blasting our love, peace and happiness for all eternity? Arthur, my jewel, my protector, my only adored one, tell me what ails thee?"

With a look that shot straight to his bride's heart, Arthur Montmayne drew a deep breath, raised his head and faintly murmured, "I've left the parson's fee in my other clothes!"

C. M. R.

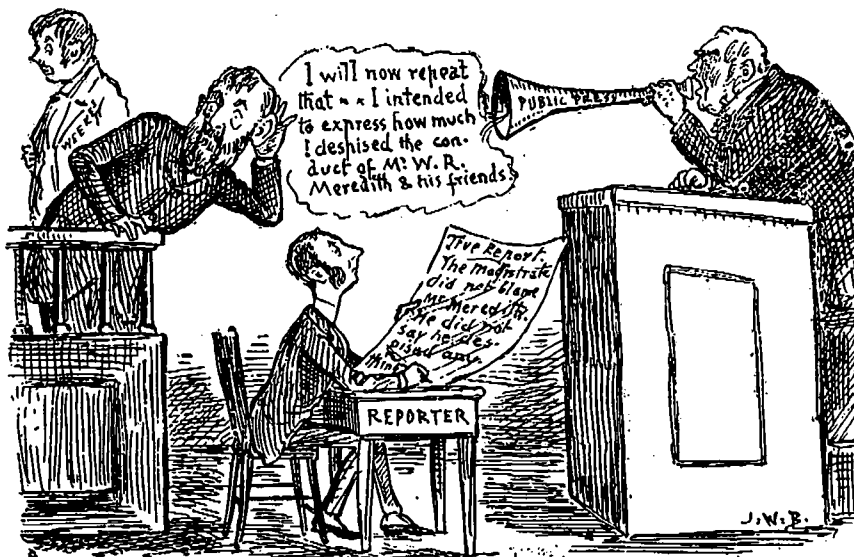
## BOTTLED BEANS.

"Riddle me riddle me re."

Three Judges of the H. C. J.  
Sat on the Bench the other day,  
Learned Judges they were all three,  
Cameron, Armour, and Hagarty.  
The Lawyers sat packed just like sardines,  
To hear the judgment re Dods' beans.  
Frederick Fenton was there for the Crown,  
And Murdoch, *counsel*, in a long black gown;  
Then judgment was read by the learned C. J.,  
And this is about what he did say:  
"Whereas, whereby, and nevertheless  
And notwithstanding you try to guess  
The number of beans that amount to five,  
And guess aright, but can't contrive,  
To master a far more difficult task—  
In judging the number in a brandy flask;  
Myself and my learned brothers agree  
That the beans don't amount to a lotteroo;  
Some points in evidence are not quite clear,  
Yet I'll but barely touch on them here!  
It has not been shown if the beans of Dods'  
Were shelled or exhibited in their pods;  
Nor the kind or color of those on view—  
Were they string beans, horse beans, 'butter' or 'blue'?"  
So, inasmuch as heretofore  
I've searched the Statutes o'er and o'er,  
Yet I could not find by any means  
A precedent for this case of beans.  
Now had the flask been filled with rye,  
A whiskey head, with half an eye,  
Could tell at once to a single drain  
How much the bottle would contain.  
But rye is rye. A bean's a bean,  
Which does not hardly count a one  
The statoot made in that behalf,  
And the C. J. gave a silent laugh.  
"I may add it don't, by a big long odds,  
So we rule in favor of Bean King Dods."

It is only an old corps that can properly execute skeleton drill.

An old wha'er.—The superannuated school-master.



A LITTLE HARD OF HEARING!