

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POPULAR MAYOR.

PUBLIC OPINION (*voiced by one cent newspapers*)—The city is in a bad way and getting worse. Taxes high, water bad, sewage ditto, not enough parks, extravagance, jobbery and corruption supreme at City Hall. Must have a change. Above all we want a good Mayor—one who will make a clean sweep, improve the public service, increase efficiency, suppress jobbery—sit on the wrangling, incapable, corrupt, etc., etc., imbeciles in the Council, and above all cut down taxation. Where can we find such a man? Wanted, a Mayor! Wanted a Mayor!! We will have the right kind of a Mayor this time. Show us the man. We will find him—we must find him.

A week later.—Eh? What? Clemhow? Did somebody say Clemhow? Why, of course! He's the man. How absurd not to have thought of him before! He's been right here all the time too—what a remarkable oversight. He's a model of all the virtues—honesty, sagacity, ability, industry, perseverance, suavity, tact, amiability, and some day when business is not so pressing we'll try and think of a few more! In fact, he's a work of supererogation. His only fault is that he's a little too good and likely to die on our hands—Eureka! Hoopla! Hurrah for Clemhow! Clemhow for Mayor! Clemhow for Mayor—Clemhow! Clemhow!! Clemhow!!!

After Election.—Hurrah! Clemhow elected by big majority. Knew he would be as soon as we mentioned his name. Now let the corruptionists and incapables hunt their holes! Just watch him spit on his hands and pull Toronto out of the mud.

Six months later.—Um—Clemhow is doing well—that is, considering the obstacles in the way. He did sit on Alderman Pillager in great shape—good for him! But how about parks? How about sewage? How about pure water? Above all, how about taxation, which is higher than ever? Get a move on, Clemhow! You mean well but you're just a little slow.

Four months later.—We must give Clemhow another term. He's done well—upon the whole. Can't expect a man to perform impossibilities. Takes about a year to get the hang of the City Hall and learn the tricks of aldermen and ward heelers. Give the man a fair show. He'll do great things next year if the people will only stand by him. Second term! Second term!! Carried unanimously!

About Midsummer.—Can it be possible! Rate of assessment increased—and nothing to show for it! No pure water! No improved sewerage system! No parks! No more industries! No, nothing but increased



FOOLHARDY SPEECH.

MR. SEYMOUR—"Odd about the marriage service, isn't it? I had to say to you—'With all worldly goods I thee endow'—and I didn't have a cent."

MRS. SEYMOUR—"But you had your splendid talents."

MR. SEYMOUR—"Hm! I didn't endow *you* with any of them."

salaries! Corruption, jobbery and incapacity running riot in every department. And this fatuous and besotted imbecile, Clemhow is the man that was going to reform everything! And he's done nothing but draw his salary! Hypocrite! Fraud! Humbug! Oh, shame where is thy blush?

A month before election.—Is it possible that the man Clemhow has the audacity to imagine that the people will re-elect him? He has broken every pledge! He is the ally of boodlers and jobbers. Out upon him! Away with him! He's N. G.! Clemhow, thy name is mud. Harkling's the man! Hurrah for Harkling! Harkling!! He'll straighten things out! Rah for Harkling!

WHAT BILLIE SAW.

My sister Annie had a beau,
Who lived in Montreal;
He came to see her last July
She met him in the hall.
Our hall, it had a portico,
With glass doors hung by pa;
I peeped through them upon the sly
And this is what I saw:
He had a hat upon his head,
A wide-brimmed one of straw—
She threw her arms around his neck
And *that* was what I saw.
But just then she came in the door
And hit me on the jaw.
I couldn't watch them any more,
And so no more I saw,

BILLIE ROZON.