



THE NEW MAYOR OF WINNIPEG
DRINKING PROSPERITY TO ARCHIE
McMICKEN.

THE STOCK EDITOR AGAIN.

FRIEND GRIP.—Your publication of my friend and partner McPhinegan's stock editorial, after the mean and abject *Globe* management refusing the same, even at the ridiculously low figure placed upon it by self and partner, clearly shows to me that you are a free and independent bird, free as the great American Ea—but, as I was going to remark, you are free from and untrammelled by the Demon of Partizanship that roosts over the editorial chair of the daily prints, even as the Old Man of the Sea sat upon the shoulders of the long suffering Siehad the Sailor. It is needless to say that we are no partizans, far from it. We have established our editorial bureau simply to fill a long-felt want of the community, for we despise the Grits, abhor the Tories, and laugh contemptuously at the puerile efforts of the few imbeciles who have taken upon themselves the Herculean task of organizing what they are pleased to call a third party, but appears to partake in a milk and water way of all the soon-to-be-exploded superstitions of both the old ones. I enclose sample editorial, to be used at the right time by whatever paper takes up the cause of a real live new party, which I think will about "fill the bill," for a start at least.

MUSSEY & McPHINEGAN,
Professional Editors.

P.S.—Here goes.

THE NEW PARTY.

In taking upon ourselves the onerous and responsible task of discharging the editorial duties of this journal, we have done so advisedly, being fully aware of the difficulties involved in the undertaking, through the stumbling blocks and pitfalls placed in our path by each and every of the miserable caiffis and hirelings, both Grit and Tory, who, seated in their noisome, so-called sanctims, perform their nauseating task of upholding, extenuating and smoothing over the political acts of the pettifogging shysters, covert contractors, cheating clothoppers, and mendacious mullet-heads, who, by whatever name they choose to call themselves, have so long trodden on our rights as freemen, and crushed with their ponderous hoofs the life-blood out of our young and long-suffering country. It will perhaps not be out of place at this, the very offset of

our career, to give our readers a gentle synopsis of the character of a few of the men who have for so many years wielded their almost despotic power in this misguided land. We do not make these statements rashly, or upon our own responsibility, but merely give the gist of the leading articles appearing from time to time in the partizan organs. We will commence, of course, with "John A.," as being the head and front of everything politically vile. Now who is John A., anyway? We don't know. Nobody does! Some say he is a "heilanman" who came here in the early part of the century, a veritable *sans culotte*, who shocked the modest *habitans* with the scantiness of his attire, and whose Lares and Penates consisted of a skean dhu (whatever that may be), a cairngorm, spleuchan and tattered phillibeg, with a pendant cousin in front, filled with doubtful baybees and pack-ages of villainous Scotch snuff, a Lochaber axe with which he felled the "giants of the forest," and afterwards cut down the tree of Canadian liberty, after the manner of that other wretched old humbug, "the people's William," when "invited out" in the effete and tottering chalky Albion. Others maintain that he was born somewhere in the "Bay of Kanty" region, and used to pole himself down to Kingston on a raft of saw-logs with a cargo of suckers and sassafras bark in the spring, to barter for "Morton's proof," which he would bring back and trade to the Indians for mink skins and so forth, and so on, until he became the plutocrat he is now. Others say that he is a sort of duplicated Irishman, half orange and half green. These things we don't know, but we do know this, that he has repeatedly sold us to pea-soup swilling French, to railway speculators, to the Syndicate, and to Downing Street, and that the chief object of his policy is to utterly subvert us to the Quebec *Bleus*, and demolish, in short, all the sacred rights of On-tay-ree-O! Oh, my countrymen! how does he strike you as a political ruler?

Now let us turn our attention to another gentleman, who is supposed by a great portion of our deluded people to be the pink and perfection of everything that is elevated and fine. We allude to that pompous popinjay, Ed. Blakk. Ed. Blakk, indeed! Now who is he? We'll tell you who and what Ed. Blakk is. He is a vain-glorious, verbose visionary, who disguises his lack of knowledge of political subjects by firing off at the unkempt heads of ignorant rustic hayseeds a ceaseless torrent of verbiage about "Confederation of Empire," "elevation of political standards," and other things that they have not the slightest idea about, and throws a glamour over the poor wretches that gains them to his own unscrupulous ends. By his profession he is a compiler of lengthy briefs, and it is no trouble to him to hold forth to any extent. He is also a tamperer with the enemy, a betrayer of his colleagues, and a haughty and supercilious aristocrat, who in vain tries to assume the role of a "people's man" under a sardonic superficial smile. Fellow-sufferers, what think you of the reform leader? Of poor old Mac., we will say nothing—he is politically defunct; let him go back to his mallet and stone chisel. As for the Mowats, Hardys, Pardees, Lardys, Frasers and Dardys, the Merediths, Morris, Merricks, and the rest of the local incapables, they would not be worthy of mention, were it not that they are in a position to perhaps lower us further in the scale of humanity through their ignorance and imbecility. Canadians, are we Irishmen? are we Poles? are we heathen Chinese to submit longer to the ruling of these petty tyrants (who are after all but the echo of the bloated Colonial office in England)? No! a thousand times, no! It is now that we must look for men fit and capable to extricate the country from its thralldom, men of honest purpose, and sincere. Such

men, for instance, as Mr. ——— and Mr. ———, (Here insert your coming candidates for honors) whose records can bear the light of day, and the breath of calumny has not dared to reproach! Let us then show the hordes of vampires who have so long sucked the blood of our country that we will have no more of them, by putting at the head of the poll the gentlemen like those we have named above, and carry on our banners the glorious motto—

Vox Populi Vox Dei.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

OR, MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST WEEP.

A Plaintive Poem in Mixed Metre.

DESCRIPTIVE.

The fair young wife, but newly wed,
Wandered away on the sandy shore,
As the sun in the west was sinking red,
Oh! the heart of that woman was heavy as lead,
Or as a fresh batch of charity bread,
And her face a wistful expression wore.
And why did she look and feel so sad?
Her husband, a fisherman bold and free,
Like all the sons of the surging sea,
Was away with his nets for herring and shad,
Or that was where he was supposed to be.

For at early dawn on the day before
He had shoved his boat from the shelving shore;
He had started away with the first grey light,
And—hadn't been home at all last night!

No wonder the young wife's heart was sad,
When she thought she had lost her fisher lad.
A terrible storm she could see was *bruin*,
And that was more than his boat could bear,
For it meant—what? widowhood, poverty, ruin,
A lonely hearth and an empty chair.

The gulls wheeled round in their circling flight,
And braved the gale on their pinions white:
And those birds, on the sea, not aves raree,
And known as the chickens of old Dame Carey,
Were sitting about on the billows' top,
And that was a sign of a storm—sure pop.

COLLOQUIAL.

"Oh! snowy gull," the young wife cried,
"Can't tell me where my husband is?"
And the gull replied as he glanced aside,
And a little nearer to the woman fled (3):
"I really cawn't, and it ain't my 'biz,'"
And he flew away and was seen no more
By the wife as she wandered along the shore.

"Oh! waves!" she said, "as ye break, break, break
On the cold, grey crags, can ye tell me true,
For the love of Heaven and pity's sake,
What has become of my boy in blue?"
And the wave replied as it dashed its brine, "Oh!
Give us a rest please: dem it! if I know."

"Oh! winds," she cried from her anguished soul,
"Ye winds who sweep o'er the salt sea foam,
Who over the whole wide ocean roam,
And wherever the thundering billows roll,
In thy wanderings far didst thou chance to rub
'Gainst my fisherman true, my own, own hub?"
And the wind replied as it whistled shrill,
"I know where he is. Tell? Hanged if I will."

"Oh! const guard man, you wander far,
And you scan the sea with your telescope,
Hast seen of my husband's boat a spar,
Jib-boom or bowsprit, oar or rope?"
On you angry ocean he sailed away,
And hasn't been back since yesterday.

At home the fire on the hearth burns low,
The coal's run out and I'm short of grub,
And what I'm to do I scarcely know
If the sea has swallowed my own dear hub."
Then the old hardy coastman rolled his quid
In his cheek and closed his left ocular's lid.

"Now don't take on," he cheerily spoke,
"Your man ain't lost: he's all right, I swear;
He sailed, it is true, as the daylight broke
On yester morn when the wind was fair:
But he did it go fishing; he went to soak—
And to find him I'll tell you exactly where.
He's over at Shaughnessy's, heastly drunk,
And sleepin' it off in the old man's bunk!"

SWIZ.

"No editorial written, and the paper just going to press!" demanded the Proprietor, storming into the sanctum. "Never mind, we'll just put this in," said the editor, producing a packet of Li-Quor Tea. "What do you mean, you scoundrel?" roared the Proprietor. "Why—ain't this what they call the *Leading Article*?" The Proprietor dropped.