

PLAIN WORDS FROM A TRUTHFUL MAYOR.

(Vide Report of last City Council Meeting.)



HIGH I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
The *Globe's* stabs in the dark
Cause me infinite pain,
Tho' the *Globe* for that thing is peculiar,
Which the same, with the kind inaulgence of
the Council, I would rise to explain.

You elected me Mayor,
And I shall not deny,
With regard to The Chair
What you gained, s^{rs}, thereby.
I promised to do my whole duty.

And I think I can say without boasting that no person who has occupied the position before me has done the work better than I.

Notwithstanding which fact,
My innocent robe
Suffers frequent attack,
From that virulent *Globe*.

And I can't move a peg for reporters, who into my business—if I hadn't the spunk to snub them by putting on my overcoat and leaving the room—would pebo.

Now these "Licensing" cries
'Gainst the Board of Police
Are a tissue of lies—

(Call them what else you please),
I can prove it by OGLE R. GOWAN.

And I'd like the *Globe* or anybody else who has any charges to make against me to submit them to a public and thorough investigation, or else, for the sake of the City of Toronto, let the slandering cease!

BWARE of entering into conversation with the man who "only wishes to detain you a moment."

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—Kissing a pretty confectioner's girl.

THE *Sun*, the other day, speaking of a balloon, said "it attained an attitude of two miles." What an attitude that must have been—beat the Straddling Colossus all to bits!

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE following, which appeared editorially in the London *Free Press* a few days ago, is fairly open to the suspicion of being allegorical, and in view of the fact that the formation of a Liberal-Conservative Association in the Forest City is announced in the same issue, it seems reasonable to interpret the paragraph—notwithstanding its commonplace heading—as a Receipt for Raising Political Enthusiasm. With the aid of the few annotations we have taken the liberty to make below, the meaning of the facetious Editor will be made clear to the dullest of our readers:

HOW TO START A FIRE.—Many persons have often noticed the extreme difficulty encountered in lighting the fire (a) in a stove, (b) especially on a still, damp morning (c). The stove won't draw; even vigorous "blowing" will not suffice; and then, when it does start, it is with a sort of explosion or outward rush of air which fills the room with smoke and gas, oftentimes puffing the unpleasant fumes in the face of the operator (d). The trouble is caused by the difficulty encountered in overcoming the inertia of the long column of air in the pipe or chimney (e) by the small column of air that can be forced up through the interstices of wood and coal, (f) at the bottom of which the fire is kindled. All this may be remedied by simply putting a few shavings or bits of paper (g) on the top of the wood or coal, and first lighting that; it immediately bursts into a blaze, because the air (h) has perfectly free access to it from all sides, the heated air forces its way into the chimney, and establishes there an upward current. The match can then be applied to the kindling under the fuel, which will readily light and if dry, (i) burst into a brisk flame.

- (a) Supply the words—"Of enthusiasm."
(b) For "stone" read "Liberal Conservative Association."
(c) For "on a still, damp morning," read "After disgraceful defeat."
(d) The usual effect of buncombe spouting.
(e) For "long column of air in the pipe or chimney," read "innate intelligence and respectability in the voters."
(f) For "interstices of wood and coal" read "lungs of stump orators and whips."
(g) For "shavings and bits of paper" read "reasonable and honourable sentiments."
(h) For "air" read "moral assent."
(i) For "dry" of course understand "sober."

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

NOTE BY A GLAZIER.—Worthless material—Gritty Glass.

A WORD TO A BEGINNER.—Elora has hoisted *The Standard* of Union and Progress. It describes itself as a high-class paper, but already evinces a disposition most discreditably to such professions. We extend our hand to the new journal and hope that, for Canada's sake, it may at once either eschew scurrility or smash up.

ON DIT.—That it was in emulation of Hon. EDWARD BLAKE that so many promising young men of the city entered the new Reform Ministry of Premier BLAIN at the Canadian Literary Society without portfolio or emolument. By the way, the debate on the address is to be resumed at that House this evening, and no doubt Mr. MACKENZIE, if in town, will keep his eye open for hints.

MYSTERIOUS NOTE.—(Accidentally dislodged from a Swell's pocket by the hasty removal of his handkerchief, on King Street this week.) "Personal Memorandum.—From this date Police Court fines are to be \$2 and costs or 30 days, instead of \$1 and 30 days, for each offence."

QUESTIONS FOR OUR HERMANE SOCIETY.—Is a man amenable to your laws for putting his calves in pain by attending assemblies? Isn't the City Commissioner infringing when he *pou-its* cattle? Is the *Angel* represented in your coat of arms the same benignant person who lectured here this week? Do Irishmen's *bulls* come under your care? How about a cow that gives her calf a severe and uncalled for *licking*?

A SPECIFIC FOR TURNING HEADS.

We are requested by a fair young correspondent to explain the meaning of the annexed advertisement, found in the "Specific Articles" column of *The Globe*:—

TURNED HEADING—A QUANTITY OF FIRST-CLASS AND seasoned. "Harriston Factory." Orders promptly filled. WATT & WALKER, Ingersoll.

Frankly, we are not prepared to say, on the spur of the moment, precisely what it does mean. It may be, dear, that WATT & WALKER deal in ladies' hats and new-fashioned Fall jackets; or, perhaps, the "Harriston Factory" is a chignon factory; in either case their commodities might fairly be called Turned Heading, for certainly these things are potent turners of silly girls' heads. Or it is just as likely that the specific article thus advertised is the gents' overcoat of the season—the one with the plucked otter lapels and cuffs. Or, possibly, the Ingersoll firm have for sale some copies of the epistle sent by Lord DUFFERIN to the Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE on the 6th inst., requesting that gentleman to form a Ministry. These are all honest and reasonable guesses, but they do not claim to be more than guesses, and our fair enquirer must just take them for what they are worth.

"HONEST OLD SQUARE-TOES" TO THE ELECTORS.

Dear friends and fellow citizens, I herewith send my card, which asks your vote and interest—your olden-time regard, in the struggle that is pending for Toronto's civic chair, and I merely now remind you that old MEDCALF'S toes are square.

In this day of speculation, of progression, wealth and steam, I'm neither sharp nor witty, but I try to do what's right; and in municipal places 'tis a thing extremely rare To find a man whose "hands are clean," whose moral toes are square.

When Water Works are being built, and the funds the people pay, are sunk in "filtering basins," and filtered all away, To shield you from all schemers you ought to have a MAYOR Whose boot-toes (made to fit his feet) are cut upon the square.

Now, friends, I'm not a blower, that ain't the way I fight— I'm neither sharp nor witty, but I try to do what's right; You know I'm *physically* built to fill a good sized Chair, But better still, you know of old my *toes* are always square!

THEATRICAL NOTE.—It is satisfactory to our friends, TANNEHILL & GLENN, that AMY STONE'S "Cigarette" at the Lyceum this week did not, financially, "end in smoke."

QUERY.—How comes it that none of our Liberal Editors have printed the Pacific Scandal telegrams under the head of Cabal News?

EPIGOURAN BLISS.—A roll in bed after a domestic broil.