

"Some Mistakes of Ingersoll."

To imagine that he is a profound reasoner, and an authority on matters that are "spiritually discerned."

To imagine that he would be allowed to deliver his lecture in the Holman Opera House, London.

To lecture for two hundred dollars a night, when he might be serving his country by stumping against TILDEN.

The Voice of the People.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE ?

To the Editor of the Evening Telegram :

Sir,—I would like, through the medium of your valuable columns, to draw attention to the disgraceful practice of throwing tin tobacco-stamps on the sidewalks. Several times I and the members of my family have been most heartlessly sold by mistaking these stamps for five cent pieces, and our feelings of humiliation and indignation have been augmented by the boorish laughter of bystanders, who have been witnesses of our mistake. Sir, I appeal to the *Telegram*, as the true friend of the people, to see to it that this outrage is no longer indulged in, and that the parties who perpetrate it are forthwith brought to justice and punished, as they so richly deserve. I enclose my card and remain,

Yours, &c.,

A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN.

City Hall, Toronto.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

To be given by the

CITY MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY,

In aid of the City Streets, on

MONDAY, 5th APRIL, 1880.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Drum Solo.....ALD. DEARING.
He having been a "Drummer" for many years, a great treat is expected.

Hints on "How to get a free Lunch".....ALD. BAXTER.
This gentleman is thoroughly familiar with his subject, and will doubtless treat it ably.

Song—"The Dear Cedar Pavement".....ALD. McMURRICH
This exquisite song begins,

"Where the dear cedar pavement isn't wearing,
Or being cut to pieces by each dray,
You can bet your bottom dollar it's preparing
To make the City pretty steeply pay."

Song....."Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut".....ALD. WALKER.
Song....."Darkies come up".....ALD. PIPER.

INTERMISSION.

During intermission the audience will be allowed to examine the many curiosities of the Council Chamber, among them Auditor HUGHES.

PART II.

Quartette....."Heimrod's little Bill."
Messrs. HARMAN, CLOSE, MORRISON, TURNER.

Chemical Experiments with fire water and gas (especially gas).....ALD. FARLEY.

After an exhibition of scientific aerobic tumbling, in which some of the members of the Council will show how easily and gracefully they can vault over election promises and vote for the Frontage Tax.

BRO. HALLAM will pass around the hat. BRO. LOVE will hold the door till the hat's full.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

JOHN TENNIEL, the celebrated cartoon artist of London *Punch* is 60 years old. He created his own style, and is considered self-educated.

Globular Reform.

Air.—The Meeting of the Waters.

Oh, there's not in this land a journal so near
As issues each morn from our long busy street :
'Tis the boast of the country, the toast of the town,
So brilliant its staff—and its studies so known.

How white is its paper, how glossy and tough !
Nor ever will tear though the handling be rough ;
And to students of Nature its pages are feasts,
For the sketches they bear of the rarest of beasts.

Of the themes it discourses so vast is the range
That still there is novelty, still there is change ;
Full six are in stock, and what more could ye seek ?
There's one topic at least for each day in the week !

And what are the six ? I shall tell you no myth ;
There's "The Scandal," "Sir Dolus" and "Bystander
SMITH,"
"The Hum" and "Rag Baby," but still you may see
That nothing can match the eternal "N. P."

How harmless, how courteous, how polished the wit
That flows from the pen of the CHESTERFIELD Grit !
Though fomen in thousands upon him should fall,
He never will tarnish his weapon with gall.

Yet with all its perfections, absurdly he dreams,
"Still better that sheet may be made than this :
"If money and brains can illumine its page
"It shall shine above all the bright orbs of the age."

As the year just departed its terminus neared
A mighty and strange manifesto appeared :—
"Oh, promise of joy ! When the new year comes round
"More dear to your hearts shall that journal be found.

"The sheet shall be quarto, and doubled in size ;
"So pasted and trimmed as to gladden your eyes."
But we feared lest its columns no longer should show
Those Christian epistles by LANGTRY & Co.

Yet bright were our hopes, and we said with a laugh,
"Can this fancied improvement extend to the staff ?
On this earth are there scribes still more skilled to debate,
Who, instead of six topics can write upon eight ?"

Vain, vain our surmises, the year rolled away ;
All remained as before, but the luckless delay
Was blandly explained, and subscribers assured
That March shouldn't come ere Reform was secured.

Now the Ides and the Nones of rough March have gone by :
Can it be that the promise is all in my eye ?
The "quarto enlargement"—"improvement" ?—Oh, say
Can these be but phantoms to lead us astray ?

An Intercepted Letter.

The following letter was recently picked up—not in a spittoon—and sent to us for publication. It is evidently written by a good Reformer at Ottawa. We suppress all names not necessary to the proper understanding of the letter.

DEAR—,

Do you remember that day in Ottawa when we went into MACKENZIE'S office together, I to use the influence which a Reform member should have had with the Premier for the purpose of getting you the contract we wore after ? Well, well, our revenge is near at hand, we're going to cut him to the heart at last. Little he cared for the loss of office, though I must say he seemed to feel hurt by the people going against him. And now we're going to leave him *en masse* and stick up BLAKE in his stead. I rejoice to have revenge after all. Let me go back to that day—recollection of the past will sustain the present.

He was sitting, you remember, writing, like a clerk ; slaving, I may say, as he always would do, when it would have been better for the party had he been seeing people and winning, dining and poking bartenders in the ribs, jovially, like JOHN A. But he never could be taught these little arts—do you know I fear BLAKE never will poke a bartender in the ribs or play billiards in his shirt sleeves with a horse jockey ? Oh, there is sad lack of generalship in our leaders—I often wish I had chosen the other side. But it did seem then that reason must tell in the long run, and it was certainly with the Grits then as now. But I digress. Lot me see—I was talking about that day—yes—in his office. "This," said I, "is my particular friend, and a strong supporter of the party." And I mentioned your name. Do you remember his face ?

"Mr.—, did you say ? Mr.—, who tenders for the iron work ?" said he.

"The same," I answered. "He would like to get that contract."

"His tender is too high," said he.

"They are all Tories underme," you remarked.

"I don't know any Tories in my official capacity, sir," said SAWNEY. Always that touchy he was—no *savoir faire* when approached. Dash me—he was like a girl of sixteen, ready to take offence at a little loose talk. Gruff and unsocial !—ah, yes, we may well complain and depose him ! "But you know good Reformers in your official capacity, don't you ?" said you. JACK.—that was a mistake. "I have the sorrow to know that some scoundrels call themselves good Reformers," said he.

Now how could he have known that we wore in partnership ? He must have had reason to believe that you were connected with me and I with you, else why should he have used the word "scoundrels." It was unmannerly—very—we are going to depose him on account of his bad manners. How many of his old followers have been insulted by him in the same way and for the same reason that we were !

Well, you remember he would not talk contract and we went out and got drunk on the six as all reputable Grits must. Great inconvenience not to be a Tory and do the thing like men in public. So deuced hard to get a soda and brandy next day ! I swore to be revenged in the morning for my splitting headache—he was responsible for it, most assuredly. And now we are going to depose him—because he didn't make friends ! It does me good to repeat it. BLAKE is a great and good man—that's a subsidiary reason—and he will help us to raise the standard of purity to some practical purpose. There were never men more justified in making their public leader a scape-goat.

There was no gin and talk about Mac—, no gin to his friends and talk for himself. He wouldn't turn out BLOOMERT to give M.'s uncle a Postmastership ; he wouldn't buy land for canal purposes from LAFLAMME, he don't dress well enough to suit. But what's the use of going over the reasons why we wish to get rid of him ? The next time we get in we want to make something by it—that's the fact, and Mac is not the man to wink hard. You have no hopes that BLAKE will be better ? Neither have I, but he will run off the track with some impracticable project, we shall get rid of him too, and sample round till we get the sort of leader we want. Will write again next week.

Always yours in purity,
X—.

To the Hon. George Brown.

Of times with pen or pencil we assail,
In harmless play, some one whose "triple mail"
Guards like a tower a brave and noble heart
That never quailed at envy's venom'd dart.

When prospering breezes on his course may blow
Our steams of satire on his head may flow ;
These may the cares of home or state beguile,
At these the man of generous soul will smile.

Limner nor scribe would open here his breast
To hate or malice as a welcome guest :
The public action such may haply scan,
Whilst he can love and venerate the man.

Thou hast been taught with Reason's earliest light
To own the hand that guides the planet's flight.
With thee we join to thank the guardian Power
That wrought escape in peril's darkest hour.

This is the moment when each petty spite
Will cover abash'd and vanish into night :
All creeds, all races and all parties pray
For thee a lengthened and a happy day. T.

The gloomy and disappointed ice man will be glad to learn that VENNOR has the measles.

CHRISTOPHER WEIDENHEIMER, of Listowel, fell into a tank of boiling water, and the local papers allude to him as "our esteemed citizen."

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S, 287 YONGE ST.
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.
See T. & B. on each plug.