



THE VAN GUARD.—A SUBJECT FOR REFLECTION.

MAYOR BEAUDRY.—EXCELLENT IDEA OF MINE ; NOT A HOWDY TO BE SEEN.

BILL (in the distance)—THAT LAMP O'HIS 'N GIVES A BULLY LIGHT, DON'T IT, JIM ?

JIM.—YES, AND THEM WHEELS MAKES AS MUCH HOW AS A SALVAGE WAGGON. BEAUDRY'S SMART, AINT HE ?

OUR COMPLAINT COLUMN.

Out of respect to that large number of persons who are continually seeking a remedy for their troubles and finding none we have opened a "Complaint Column" which is open to everybody.

CHARLES F.—Is it fashionable to applaud at a concert? Ans.—Yes, that is if you personally know the singers. If not, you may remain silent.

FANNY.—My switch is continually coming down at parties. How shall I secure it? Ans.—Raise your own crop and then there will be no falling off.

F. B.—What is a "modern Symposium." My girl is always bothering me and I can't tell her. Ans.—Ask the Editor of the *Spectator*. Our Dictionary says it is a drinking party.

P. B.—A lamp is badly needed in our street. It is often enveloped in darkness, and a big hole opposite my house renders it exceedingly dangerous at night. Please find a remedy. Ans.—Run for alderman next year and if elected you can get your lamp.

w. s.—I ham a kocheman in a private famly. I wos to ave Forty pound a year and a livry. But all the livry they giv me is a hovercoat three times too big full of oles. Two other kochemen worn it hout and one giv warnin. What shall I do? Ans.—Take the wages and tear another hole in the coat.

MERCHANT.—A man stole some goods out of my store. I prosecuted him; had the goods returned. The thief got two years and I had to pay \$200 for costs. How can I collect my costs? Ans.—We don't know. The more a man steals the more expensive it is to convict him. Better thrash him and let him go. He will be grateful to you in the end, and you will have saved \$200.

TRIAL BY JURY.

Twelve petit jurymen sitting in a row,
Half of 'em divided, so the case will go—
All the lawyer's eloquence there possibly could be
Wont lead to a conviction, they'll be sure to disagree.

Two burly ruffians standing in the dock
The evidence against them any modest mind would shock;
Notice how they wagger, 'tis plain that you can see
The Jury wont convict them, they'd be sure to disagree.

That impartial Judge there, sitting on the Bench,
Is the only man among 'em with any common sense,
Notwith-standing evlence, he knows very well
Our boasted trial by Jury is oftentimes a sell.

One melancholy victim—saddest case of all,
Nearly killed by rowdies in a midnight brawl,
'Tis the same old story, satisfaction cannot find,
Justice cannot help him, sine Justice she is blind.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

The *Quebec Constitution* is dead. This puts an end to the matter.

THEY HAVE a Temperance Association at Chatham known as the Dutchers' Temperance Reformers. Their members are known as the people committed to the "D. T's."

THAT enterprising paper the *Hamilton Times* has enlarged itself. This power of increase is an evidence of self-expansion very commendable. There are few papers that come up to the "Times" either in size or intellect—especially on Saturday, when it gets "two sheets in the wind," and still remains sober and reliable.