

be necessary to continue the barbarity of robbing people of the results of their labor. Land value does not come under that head.

SOME of our exchanges have erroneously credited the utterances of Mr. Van Courtland Wright on annexation to Mr. Alonzo Wright, the well-known M.P. The latter gentleman does not at all share the sentiments of his relative, though we are not aware that he has felt it necessary to denounce the latter as necessarily a traitor, scoundrel, etc., etc., for expressing such views. An Ottawa correspondent triumphantly sends us a memo. to the effect that Mr. V. C. Wright is an American and not a Canadian Conservative. We congratulate Sir John that, this being so, he has one annexationist less in the Grand old Party.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

ENGLISHMAN—"Christmas in this country, yah know, isn't the real thing at all. Nothing like a good hold Hinglish Christmas. Why, yer don't 'ave no Christmas waits."

CANUCK—"Don't, eh? That's all you know about it. Just go shopping Christmas Eve and you'll have all the waits you care about."

SPEECH OF ALD. BOLLIVER.

To the Free and Independent Electors of St. Absalom's Ward:

Asking your votes which I do so again,
I reckon it's well to be honest and plain,
And with no highfalutin' nor pompous array
Of words to conceal what I'm wishing to say.
To convey my ideas upon civic affairs,
Though perhaps there's some here which my views isn't theirs,
In which case I'd state without any restriction
When I'm wrong why I'm open of course to conviction.

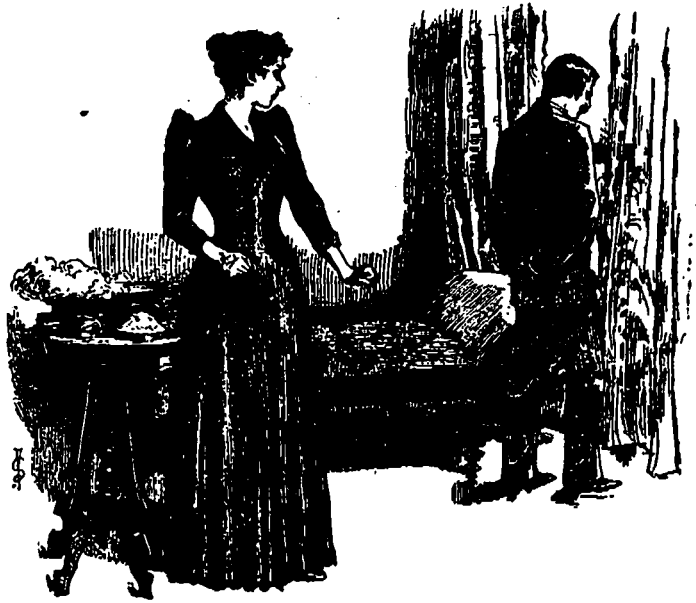
In the first place, I hope it will pleasure afford
To learn that I done what I could for the ward;
For sidewalks, lights, crossings—whatever was going,
Just look at my record—I've made a good showing
For St. Absalom's Ward. I put in my best licks
And got in my graft—for I'm up to the tricks,
On that point I guess you'll approve of my attitude
And send me right back—if you've got any gratitude.

On this here street car question I made a good fight
And stood up for what was judicious and right,
I need hardly remark that it seems to me plain
That the citizens' loss is monopoly's gain,
And that if to advantage the road could be run
By the city itself the thing ought to be done,
I provided, of course, that the risk don't deter
From a course in which hasty decision might err.
So therefore—I think on the whole 'twould be wise
To discount all dangers before they arise,
And if leasing the road would our income enhance,
Of which I don't think there is very much chance.
To follow the lines I have tried to suggest
As the plan which will suit my constituents best.

(Aside)

There! I've mixed up and muddled the question so neatly,
Those who'd use it against me are flummoxed completely.

As to this reconstruction proposed by McDougall
I'm in for what's safe, economic and frugal,
Providing that always efficiency goes
With them schemes that the civic reformers propose,
And I'll gladly support any plan in accord
With the duty I owe to St. Absalom's Ward,



A GOOD REASON.

HUSBAND (*hastily*)—"Here comes Miss Mullins, Effie; put all your presents away."

WIFE—"No, I want her to see how generous you are."

HUSBAND—"But most of them are things I gave her when I was engaged to her and got back when it was broken off."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Still I cannot but think that a method is crude
Which would cut us in two and annex to St. Jude
And part of St. Crispin's our westerly section.
Say who would you look to for local protection?
Who'll hustle for gas lamps and sidewalks like thunder
If Bolliver ain't there to do it, I wonder?

These few brief remarks which I've ventured to state
With men of intelligence ought to have weight.
Now I can't stand the drinks for it isn't allowed,
Though gladly I'd treat every man in the crowd,
But if I'm elected—why later we'll meet
And you know I don't often go back on a treat—
I'll stick to you bravely if you'll do your part,
Guess I've struck the right chord in the popular heart.

SANTA CLAUS IN TROUBLE.

"DID you hang up your sock Crismas eve?" asked our neighbor's small boy. "I didn't; it's played out. Las' time I hung up my sock, my young brother Jimmy he went an' changed the socks, he did, an' hung up one of Mary's, our hired girl—a great big jelly bag of a sock. An' 't had a hole 'n the heel, an' when pa he come round in bare soles 'bout four p.m. in the night time an' dropped some little groceries in, the whole bizness went through the girl's sock an' struck the floor an' woke Valetta Anna Jane Gray, the baby. An' jest then pa he got his thumb caught in the mouse trap, and he yelled like 's if he'd been stung an' jumped up just as Mary came in. An' pa felled against Mary, an' the candlegreas went all over his head. An' when ma came in with a lamp an' saw Mary prayin' with one sock on an' pa with the mouse trap on his thumb I guess there was a tragedy in 't. I was sorry, 'cos they broke most o' my things that had fell through the sock hole. An' this Crismus I didn't hang none up, 'cause I'm getting too big, anyway."

C. G. ROGERS.