

I wad specially request the votes an' influence o' the women. (What mair delightfu' than the sweet vote an' influence o' womankind!)

"O, woman! thou in oors o' ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When the Mayoralty is in tig-tow
A ministering angel thou!"

I'm vera fond o' poetry, it has a very saftenin' effect, an' ane o' the reforms I wad introduce in the City Cooncil wad be selections frae the poets tae be read whenever the Aldermen were particularly obstroperous. I'm a great admirer o' women—my mither was a woman, and so was ma grannie, an' ma wife's a woman—so ye see I have, as it were, a kind o' a claim on yer votes on account o' bein' sae closely connectit wi' women folk. It's true I'm a marrit man—but it's hard tae tell what may happen in a year, an' if durin' the year o' ma mayoralty I should happen in the coorse o' Providence tae hae the misfortune tae become a late lamented widower—why, of coorse, there'll be a chance for some o' ye tae become Lady Airlie—for of coorse a' the mayors are gaun tae be knighted in honor o' the Queen's jubilee. I maun warn ye, hooever, no tae depend on this—for there's mony a slip atween the cup an' the lip—an' the present Mrs. Airlie is a stoot, healthy woman; still, accidents *will* happen, an' some o' ye *might* be Lady Airlie after a'.

There's anither consideration that presents itself tae me wi' great force, an' the mair I think aboot it the mair I'm impressed wi' the fact that there's very few men in this ceety capable o' bein' a decent Mayor—no' ane in ten hunder fit tae fill the ceevic chair, an' keep, as it were, the whip hand o' a' the Aldermen, withoot upsettin' the Cooncil coach. But if eleckit, I wad just sit in ma chair, an' when they were a' gabblin' like a when geese, an' ca'in' ane anither great leears, an' exchanging aldermanic ceevilities generally, I wad just whistle "The Miller o' the Dee," or "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," an' gin that wadna settle them, I wad send for ma bagpipes an' skirl them doon. *Nil desperandum!*

Aboot the prohibition question I wad prefer tae tell ye a' aboot that in ma maiden speech after I'm eleckit an' get time tae see hoo the laund lies. There's a great deal I wad like tae say in addition to a' this—an' though I dunna pit it in words ye ken that it's a' in ma heid like a horn; but a'e thing I maun say, the contractor that paved the streets wi' rotten cedar wad hae tae whistle for his siller.

An' noo I think that's aboot a' that has tae be said; at least, a' you womenfolk wad be able tae understand aboot municipal maitters. It only remains for every weedy woman an' auld maid amang ye tae mak for the polls helter-skelter, and deil tak the hindmost. As Mr. Milton sensibly remarks,

"Grace is in all her steps, heaven in her eye
In every gesture dignity and love"

as she boldly comes forrit an' votes for your humble servant.

HUGH AIRLIE.

ONTARIO with no Parliament, conceive,
The want must sure our rising hopes all smother,
And yet each party thinks 'twould better be
To have no government than have the other.

BUFFALO claims to be more free of crooks than any other city in the United States. There are days when she gets so lonesome that it would be a great relief to learn that some one of her aldermen had accepted a bribe.—
Detroit Free Press.

A BONEYFIED BOY ON BOYCOTTING A CAT.



DEAR EDITOR:—My name's Charlie an' I'm thirteen an' I get lots of magazines an' things with stories in, what was wrote by bad boys an' I think they're most all rot for I don't believe enny boy wrote them, an' the man that did he didn't know enny too much about boys. Now I aint a bad boy an' so perhaps I don't count for much, but I just want to tell you sum things as duz happen to a real boneyfied boy. I've looked up most all these words in the dickshnary

cept boneyfied, wich there was no use a lookin' for in a English dickshnary, coz its latten—but I aint goin to bother with no more dickshnary spellin.

Our teacher sez all words had orter be spelt fonnetick, just like they sound. He gets a paper cald the "fonetick nuz" all speld real sensibel just like enny boyd spel, an' thats the way I'm goin to do in this letter when I cant just think how groan fokes spels a word, so dont you go for to think its ignorants. No its fonnetick spellin'. An' as for punkshashin, I want you just to punkshate for me, gess you hafto do it for most chaps what rites you letters.

That Jimmy brown in Harpers yung Peple he thot he dun wonders when he sent a kitten tide to a fire baloon, though it seems to me it was lots of work for little fun. Me and jim Donelly cud give him sum points on cats. Jimmies a home Ruler by distrackshun he sez, an' he works for us, an' hes sum oldern me, an' hes a dazy on larks.

Wun day he cum an' sez thers the quarest cat at the barn its got a maltee tale an' black spots all over it, an' its a white cat. An' its killing all the chickens sezee, an' whatl we do to boycott it? An' I sez sick sir Fredrick middleton on er, Sir fredrick hes the yung coley. An' he saiz hes no use, sure hes only a puppy, hes no good to ketch anything. What duz yez think ov making a commick uv her sezee. A commick sezi. Yes sezec, like thim commicks that flies aroun in the sky with blasin talc, just giv me tin sinse, an' wate till dark sezee.

So soons twuz dark he cot the cat an' giv her to me to hold, an' tuk a bunsh of fier crakkers out of his pocket an' begun to tie them to her tale clost up, an' she begun to spit an' scratch. An' I sez poor pussie, but I had to take off my cap an' hold her with that. So then he lit a matsh an' tucht off the first crakker, an' I let her rip, an' she tuk out on the sidewauk an' strate up town. Evry time a crakker went off she let a yowl and jumped, an' every time she jumpt hier and swore and scritchd shriller, sose it seemd she wuz in the air all the time with a regular blue streke of fire an' skweles an' cats cusses a trailin behind her. Now aint she a dazy commick sez Jim, an' I had to giv in that she wuz.

Well al the fokes wuz goin to prermetin an' twasnt long till the commick was in amungst em or ruther on top of em. Fur she wuz just off of wun fellers sholder onto anuther gerls hat, an' away agin usin ample langwidge an' lettin off crakers in ther eyes with her tale.