

CIVIC REFORM.

THE spirit of Civic Reform, aroused by the boodle revelations, has sprung up in this city and is now going through our wards with the noise, fury and dust of an electric street sweeper. It is a glorious movement, and if it had the result of giving us a new and better set of aldermanic candidates it would call for our unqualified blessing. But we are greatly afraid that when the noise ceases and the dust clears away we will find ourselves very much in the same hole, for we observe that amongst the names recommended to the Citizen's Association are those of many aldermen and ex-aldermen whose records are far from satisfactory. How do these people secure the recommendation? In nearly every case we venture to assert they are suggested as fit and proper candidates by themselves, and at the present juncture it will be a safe plan for the citizens to vote against every man who is anxious to get into the council.

THE SONG OF THE BACH.

I'LL be a bachelor—gay or grim,
Just as it suits the passing whim.
Gay—I'll doff my hat to the ladies fair,
And drop little compliments here and there;
And I'll be so nice (as a bachelor can)
They will say: "Mr. Bluff's quite a ladies' man."
Grim—I'll grumble and snarl and growl,
And always wear a threatening scowl;
And I'll chuckle and laugh in my bachelor's heart
When the women are shocked by my manner tart.
But I'll be a bachelor, anyway,
With no one to boss me or to say
That I must do this, or I must do that,
Or that I must wear the latest cravat.
I'll stick my feet on the highest chair,
I'll cook my own meals and comb my own hair,
I'll tread the earth with a careless mien,
That my free estate may by all be seen.

W. H. R.



ABSENT-MINDED.

THE CLERGYMAN (having completed the ceremony)—"It is—er—usual for the groom to mark the occasion by—er—giving the officiating minister—"

BRIDEGROOM (interrupting) — "A drink! Why, of course, I was forgetting about that. Come along—I suppose there's a bar somewhere near by?"

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

H EIGHT after height achieved,
And each new step well won,
Now by his Sovereign royally received,
He stands before the throne.

And gazing from that height
Down the far slope to youth,
He sees with kindling eye a pathway bright
Of honor and of truth.

A course of fifty years,
With many a scene of strife,
Yet through it all, its work, its hopes, its tears,
A good and worthy life.

Yonder's a trampled space
Where he has met his foes
In politics' fierce war, but face to face,
With no unmanly blows.

And yonder is the spot,
More sacred and more dear,
Where the stern battle of his soul he fought,
A warrior sincere.

A goodly record this—
And yet more good in store,
More work, more fame, more honor—Peace,
He's dead; it's o'er—it's o'er.

J. W. B.



THE HOME MARKET.

INCIPIENT CRIMINAL—"I had intended stealin' some goods, but at them prices it would be cheaper to buy 'em!"

"You make me tired," said the road to the bicycle.
"Yes, but you have cut me all up," replied the machine.