



UNITED WE STAND, ETC.

GRIP (to the Opposition Leader)—“Never mind hitting Sir John just now. The gentleman across the way needs our undivided attention at present.”

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

A LITTLE IRISH DIVERSION PERFORMED IN THE  
AMBITIOUS CITY.

CHARACTERS :—ALD. MISTER MARTIN MALOON, of  
Muldoon Mansion; ALD. TIM. BROCK, of Corktown Castle.

SCENE :—A lawyer's office. Mister Maloon discovered  
gnawing his moustaches.

MALOON (*loc.*)—“Be me sowl, I didn't even drame  
that being an alderman was such foine fun. I'd rather  
be in the Council blocking resolutions and by-laws than  
be the mimber for Haldimand. And to kick about the  
expinses too; and the city being in debt; and the way  
the Council blows in the money, and then take a hand in  
meself when I can get a chance. Champagne's a foine  
drink. Pity it is that Patsy can't share wid me. Now,  
if—” (*Knock at door. Enter Ald. Tim. Brock.*)

BROCK—(*heartily*)—“An' how are yez to-day, Mr. Ma-  
loon? I hear ye have a gran' scheme for us to work.”

M.—“So I have, Tim. Sit down and listen.”  
(*Draws out a brief several inches thick.*)

B.—“Hould on; what I want to know is, are yez  
goin' to shove all that down me throat at once?”

M.—“Well, I want a—h, to give you a—h, the  
principal points, anyway.”

B.—“O, no, yez don't, Mr. Maloon, yez can't  
practice on me. I'm not the City Council. Can't have  
three readings in one meeting, me boy; rule 22. Do  
yez tumble, Maloon?”

M.—“All right, Tim. I'll not give ye all, then.  
To begin, your Worship—excuse me, Ald. Tim., I mane.  
I have a scheme, a—h, for more effectually sitting  
on the Council, a—h, and benefiting the city at large,  
a—h.”

B.—“Yer right, Martin, go on.”

M.—“This ring business must be cleaned out—”

B.—“That's so, me boy!”

M.—“And we are the boys to do it!”

B.—“Correct, Maloon. I'll work wid yez through

thick an' thin. What I want to know is, what's  
yer scheme?”

M.—“Well, you know, I've said I will not run  
for Alderman again, and I won't; but I mane to run for  
Mayor.”

B.—(*With a whistle loud enough to call a carter from  
his stand.*) “No bamboozling about this, Martin Maloon,  
eh?”

M.—“No, I mane it.”

B.—“It's kinder strong, but I'm wid yez, and will  
back yez wid all Corktown. Shake!” (*They shake.*)

M.—“You back me solid, Tim, and I'll get there  
O. K., and then wont we make the ringsters quake, and  
the riotous livers tremble, and the reckless spenders of the  
city's money mournful?”

B.—“Yer right, Maloon, we'll settle their hash,  
and get what I've allus wanted—fair play.”

M.—“Now, if I get in, Tim. I'll appoint you to  
some soft snap—say the Commissioner of Carters, or Su-  
perintendent of Soda-water Fountains, wid a big salary;  
just to see fair play, you know.” (*The curtain falls on a  
scene of tears and caresses upon which the Damon and  
Pythias incident was not a patch.*)

“S.”

A GOOD ONE.

I HEARD a good story about Prof. Clark, of Trinity  
College, the other day, from an English Church clergy-  
man, who enjoys an intimate acquaintance with the able  
and original divine.

“The Professor,” he said to me, “who, by the way, is  
a broad Churchman, thus defined the three great divi-  
sions of the Church :

“‘Low Church, Plitudinarian.

Broad Church, Latitudinarian.

High Church, Attitudinarian.’

“This is good—better even than that other epigramma-  
tic distinction: Low Church, lazy; Broad Church, hazy;  
High Church, crazy.”

T. T.