



### OVER GOES THE SHOW.

"'A Model Husband Show' has recently been held in New York, three ladies occupying influential positions in society being appointed as judges."—*Ex.*

We understand that a "Wife Show" having been instituted in this country, everything went most successfully until the time arrived for the awarding of the first prize, when, owing to the diverse opinions held by the judges appointed, the affair ended in a complete disagreement.—*Funny Folks.*

### THE COLORED GATHERING IN LONDON THE LITTLE.

THE colored electorate of London was corralled in the Waterloo Street school on the night previous to the election, by the sturdy Reformers of said city. There were brass band, beer and cheap cigars galore, supplied in all probability by the School Trustees. Hyman and others orated powerfully until three o'clock next morning, but the speech of the evening, and of the morning, too, was made by Billy Brown, the mahogany-colored free and independent citizen, who was called to the chair, an article of furniture he held tenaciously until seven o'clock on the a.m. of the election.

"Gen'men," he remarked. "Gen'men an' fellah sinners—citizens, I mean, you'll 'scuze me, I'se use ter 'dressin' 'ligious congagashins. Mistah Cha'man—oh, 'scuze me 'gin, foh I'se de Cha'man hisself. Yah, yah! But wot I want ter get at is dis yeah, dat we, de free an' 'dependen' citizens ob dis immonstruous an' onimparaleled centah ob intillegince, am invited yeah by Mistah Hynam ter dispress ou' views an' 'speancis on de great an' solumm polikital question ob Onrespected Resphsty. Now, gen'men, wot am dis yeah Onrespected Resphsty? Wot am de inward philosity dat lays at de bottom ob dis momentuous problem, an' wot am a tanglin up all de reminiscences ob de To'y pahty, so dey can't extinguish daylight f'om a fiah-bug, an' wot am now perdoocin' a wave ob iggerance an' felicity dat will some day in de neah futu', bust up de whole ob dis Dominion ontill dar ain't lef' a bit big nuff to knock down a spring chicken? Lemme tell you, fellah sinners—citizens, I mean—all 'bout Onrespected Resphsty in de twinkin' ob a bed-post. Onrespected Resphsty, gen'men, am de kin' ob Resphsty dat will bring down de price ob co'n an' bac'n to de horizontal ob a poo' man's equalibrium, an' h'ist his wages outer de spinnacle ob prosperity, untill he kin lib an' die jes as comf'able as de mos' highest in de hull ob dis atmosphere on de Canajan pole ob de worl'. Yes, gen'men, an' Onrespected Resphsty am agoin' to help a poo' man ter ejicate his chillun, though I'm obleeged not ter prevaricate agin my own ejication, for my chances

was fust class, an' I kin stan' ter be examined by de mos' ejicatitest purfishers in de Weste'n Collig ob de London Univahsity, an' wot's mo', I ain't too stuck up to distend my fist ter a saw-buck fellah crittur, or to a artist in de calsomine line if he can pay a hundred cents in de dollah.

"Onrespected Resphsty am like de grease on a waggin axle—it'll make things perambulate as easy as a cullad gen'man kin foller a punkin condescendin' down a hill—it will superinduce back to Canady all dem juvenile young men wot have been expatiated from de lan' ob de ole man, de ole policy an' de ole flag—de flag ob ou' fo'fathers dat fowt at Watahloo an' oder ingagemen's in de wah ob 1812, an' de Mormon Conkist.

"Jes' let de free an' 'dependen' sinners ob dis congagashin ma'ch up ter de poles an' cas' dar votes foh Mistah Hynam, who is de epistle of Onrespected Resphsty, an' you'll see de To'y pahty to-mo' night, or to-night, if I ain't a-laborin' onder a hellhousination as ter de flight ob time. I say, you'll see de To'y pahty agoin' froo des yeah thorofares, wid dar anunder lips a hingin' so low doun dat if dey don't step mighty circumspectiously, dar boun' ter trip on 'em, an' frackcher so many bones dat dey'll hev ter monopriate all de beds in de hospital, an' I guess dat'll be dar las' oppertoonty ter fo'm a combine. Brudder Washington Simpson will now countertain the aujence wid a song, an' nex' we shall have some melliflooty from de brass ban'. Sam, han' me dat ar box ob cigahs."

### IT CAME IN HANDY.

REPORTER—"Say, Blēwpencille, 'twould be a good scheme to give a portrait of Larry the Tough, in connection with that Centre Street murder, wouldn't it?"

EDITOR—"You bet it would, but there ain't no time to have one made."

REPORTER—"What's the matter with using this cut of W. F. Maclean, left over from the election campaign?"

EDITOR—"Let's see it. That'll do first rate. In she goes!"