

wasn't speaking to my constituents—of the people of Ireland to-day, but that unfortunate and wholly unreliable esculent? Briefly I put the case thus. Potatoes are a national calamity—parks are a public benefit. Shall we then defer a public benefit to promote a national calamity? Never!"

There was some hitch over the absence of a surveyor's certificate, but it was got over somehow and the by-law passed.

The Crematory question gave Ald. Moses a chance to use unparliamentary language in accusing Ald. Carlyle of St. Andrew's of falsehood, and afforded Ald. Hallam an opportunity to ring in a quotation from Sheridan in charging the gentleman of patriarchal nomenclature with being indebted to his memory for his wit and to his imagination for his facts. After the interchange of some other pleasing amenities it was referred back.

The consideration of the Street Railway question was deferred to a special meeting on Tuesday p.m.

A DEMORALIZING SUGGESTION.

THE other day a tall, angular-looking female, with a countenance homely enough to stop a clock entered the office of the London *Free Press* and enquired for the editor.

"Well, madam, what can I do for you?" enquired that personage, pausing in the middle of an editorial he was writing on the wickedness of Erastus Wiman.

"You can't do anything for me," snapped out the visitor savagely. "Not a thing except to stop your contemptible rag of a paper. It shan't come into my house any more. It's not fit for a decent person to read."

"But, madam, what have you to complain of?"

"What have I to complain of? Oh, how innocent you are, to be sure! Look as though butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, while you set there, you sneakin', deceitful wretch, laying plans to ruin the peace of families, and put the men folks up to all kinds of sly devilment, though, to be sure, it's little enough you kin tell 'em in the way of underhand hypocrisy as they don't know already. And then you turn round just as cool and sassy-like an' ask what have I to complain of. If I wasn't a lady, I'd—I'd—"

"But, indeed, ma'am," said the editor hastily, "I—I—"



THE DEAR GIRLS.

ETHEL—"How do I look in this dress?"

MAUD—"Charming. Isn't it wonderful how much a dress can do for one?"—*Munsey's Weekly*.



CATTLE-BYRE SENTIMENTS.

"I don't see what good it's going to do Toronto to be overrun by a lot of Yankees."

Such was Ald. Frankland's "loyal" expression when the subject of the prospective visit of some thousands of the leading educationists of the United States to this city was discussed at the last meeting of the Council. If some of the visitors can find time to give this worthy alderman a lesson in the rudiments of good manners the "good" will be apparent to all.

don't know what you refer to. I assure you that our paper is conducted as a model family journal, and nothing of an objectionable character is ever allowed to appear in its columns."

"Well, of all the impudent brazen-faced liars!—I wonder the roof don't fall in and crush you. There, look at that!" she said, thrusting a copy of the *Free Press* under the editor's nose and indicating the following paragraph:

"A man of taste who likes a good dinner and keeps a female cook," said a man of that kind, "should go down to the kitchen once in a while and see how she does her work. Let him give a glance at her fires, take a look at her cupboard, and cast an eye upon her sink, her wash cloths and other things. Let him, once in a while, watch her operations in cookery, her method of preparing soup, her ways of broiling or roasting, and her knack of making the dessert dishes. If he is an epicure, he can give her lots of hints, and, if she is a sensible cook, she will take advantage of them."

"Well, and what's the matter with that?" asked the editor.

"Matter with it? If the man isn't actually tryin' to brazen it out an' deny his own villainy? Maybe you think it's just good fun to be starting all the old bald-headed, snag toothed galoots of men foolin' round the hired girls. Maybe you think a wife ain't got no right to kick when a ridiculous, squint-eyed, rheumatic, old idiot like Josiah Peasley, with a wart on his nose, keeps a-hanging round the kitchen from mornin' till night just to see 'how Hannah does her work'? Call it the business of a model family journal to put a husband and a father of a family up to them kind of tricks, and to find him excuses for philanderin' with a red-headed no-account hussy that can't cook no more'n she can fly? He was just 'givin' her a few hints' he said. I hinted 'em pretty quick, I tell you, an' it'll be a mighty long time before Josiah Peasley goes watchin' cookery operations and casting his eye round—the deceitful old reprobate. And you, mister, may be mighty glad I worked off some of my mad on him afore I come down to give you a piece of my mind about this business. Now, I just want you to stop Josiah Peasley's paper right off. I don't care if it's paid for in advance—an' I'm a goin' to hire an old colored woman of sixty to do the chores round the house and do the cooking myself—You hear me!"