





HE NEW YEAR 1912









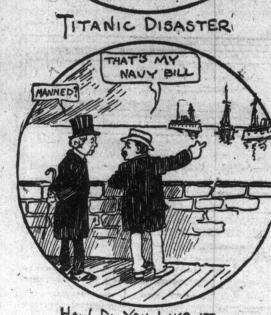






















The Review in Rhyme.

As the artist perceives—the year that has passed has been one when the Maid might propose, there was friction enough in the Flowery Land to wake Ah Sin up from his doze. In England the miners decided that they were receiving the worst kind o' luck, so they had a few meets and in very short order they passed up a notice "WE'VE STRUCK!" And while the world wonders how they will succeed it is pondering a little, too, how'il the Temperance Tactics be taken by people who don't altogether back Rowell. His project is almost as wildly ideal, like sending grown people to School, as that of the Irish (shown in the next sketch), who are making a bid for Home Rule. Whitney's "NO TREAT," when you meet on the street, seems likely to turn out a teaser—not jess than the "learning" that Uncle Sam's turning on his little rebel Mex greaser. You will note with what awful ease grim Mephistopheles fills lifs headquarters with ramblers, who stroll to the tracks to risk money on "gracks," which bring but "blue ruin" to gamblers. That is a "slide" on which any may glide to the deepest of bottomless pits, but the logide on Sunday—tho all right on Monday—is still closed and barred to the "cits." Steamers go faster and, courting disaster, bring death to a many thru panic, as was shown by the moan that arose with the groan from the drowning on board the Titanic, Almost as bad is the War which has had its effect upon Greek and on Turk, but what the effect of the Pres. who's elect can't be told till he starts in to work. The Premier's brave 'e projects a small Navy—Canadian—to help, and he claims, 'twill make just as good as young Jack Canuck stood at the Stockholm Olymplan games. Crimes kept the Cop in New York on the hop, while sports of all sorts came to cheer, and well hope you'll have sport, and to spare, as you ought in the Year which is very near here.

"THE WAIF."





TORONTO WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The Sunday World on this page presents its readers with a comic review, in cartoon, of the events of the year, now fast ebbing away, from the pen oil of its pictorial humorist and illuminating verses morals than will be contained in any of the grave and ponderous records which dignify the pages of our serious contemporaries. Our artist has not torgotten the tragical, having perhaps in mind that old Egyptian custom of drawing a mummy, that sad relic of humanity, round the banqueting hall as a solemn reminder that joy and revelry is not everything. But humor and tears are never far apart and

Glancing over these vignettes shows the variety of happenings that come with each passing year. The world is no longer a large world. Puck, that tricksy spirit, boasted of putting a girdle round the world in forty minutes, but the telegraph cable and the wireless can beat even the speed of Robin Goodfellow. Mankind are linked together as never before and the earth holds few dark places that are not open to the play of modern invention. Our artist has used his latitude with discretion and his fancy has brightened up the dry facts and condensed each to tabloid dimensions. There in the right hand corner he sits, depicted by Mr. N. McConnell, a brother of the pencil, busily engaged in delineating an excited female, who is clearly remonstrating in vigorous fashion at her own caricature. Mr.