



### STATE OF TRADE IN ONTARIO.

THE Canadian axehandle manufacturer—his transportation facilities.

(The "facilities" are to be seen following with a grist of axe handles.)

### THE POLITICAL HOODOO.

"IS this Sheppard's Committee Room?" asked a seedy-looking stranger arrayed in a frayed frock-coat and a tall hat that had seen hard usage.

"It is, sir!" was the reply.

"Are you him?"

"No. My name is Summerhayes—I'm managing his campaign."

"Well, I reckon you're the man I want to see. Look here, now between ourselves, is E. E. into this thing fur blood or is he just making a bluff?"

"Mr. Sheppard certainly expects to get elected."

"Good. That's just what I wanted to get at. Ef that's the game him and me can likely do business. Victory! Mr. Summergrass, victory! sits onto his banner like a turkey gobbler on a rail fence. I can do the business for him. For a matter of, say, fifty dollars, I'll undertake to carry dismay and confusion into the camp of the enemy."

"Will you kindly state your business, Mr. —"

"Blooker, sir," said the dilapidated one, going the motions of feeling in various pockets as though for a card. "I find I've no cards on me. Never mind—Tiglath P. Blooker is my name. My business in brief is that of political hoodoo, and for the trifling sum of fifty dollars I will effectually do up Mr. Fleming—knock him out, sir—my system was never known to fail."

"But how do you expect to accomplish that?"

"Don't I tell you I'm a hoodoo? I shall, in case the inducements are sufficient, lend him my fatal and withering support, sir. Owing to the opprobrium which I shall attach to his cause it will shrivel and wilt before the heat of public indignation. Are you on?"

"I don't quite see how —"

"For instance, Mr. Summergrass, supposing that a report were to appear in the papers of a speech by Tiglath P. Blooker—which, is me—in which I say I heartily support Fleming, because I know he believes in in annexation. Catch on? Or else if I strike a teinperance

crowd I give him away on the head of his saloon support. Or I congratulate the electors onto the chance of electing a liberal, broad-minded man that don't take no stock in the hypocrisy and superstition of the churches, and is only laying low for an opportunity to give it 'em in the neck. Wouldn't that settle his hash?"

"Um I don't think so."

"What! you don't think so? Why, my dear sir, I have had a lengthened experience in politics. I have brought disaster and confusion to the Grits in several elections by my method. Who defeated McKinley over in Ohio, last fall? He was hoodooed, sir, by Tiglath P. Blooker. I championed the cause of high tariff in a series of able speeches pointing out that farmers and workingmen were too well-off; and he fell to rise no more. Let me crush the opprobrious Fleming in the grasp of my insidious support."

"Certainly, you are free to support who you please."

"Yes. But the \$50? Does the deal go?"

"Hardly. We are not paying for campaign services."

"You couldn't even say twenty?"

"No."

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THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The joyful crowd rush on with shouts of glee,  
Don Sheppard homeward plods his weary way  
And damns the whole Municipality.