

than ever saw it before, that the existing system *won't do*. This I have accomplished through Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Henry George and a number of other able men. Then there's the Irish question—"

"Yes, I have heard of that," interrupted the spry Young Year; "they want Home Rule, I understand. I'll let 'em have it, so you may consider *that* question settled."

"Ah, to be sure," returned old Ninety, with fine sarcasm. "I forgot you were so clever. Still, if you manage in your twelve months to patch up the present internecine ruction, and get the Irish Parliamentary party into working order, you will be entitled to rank among the smartest years of the century. And there's ever so many more mighty problems waiting for you, but there! that's the whistle of my train and I must be off." So saying, old Ninety jumped up and buttoned his overcoat and grabbed his valise.

"But isn't there any wise counsellor on whom I may depend for help in the solution of these great problems, and in the work of making the world better and happier during my term?"

"There is, I am happy to say," responded Ninety—"and by good luck here he comes now." As these words were uttered up stepped MR. GRIP, carrying a parcel daintily tied and addressed to Eighteen-Ninety. The latter greeted him cordially.

"Just in time!" said Ninety, as he grasped GRIP's hand. "I haven't a moment. Here's the train. I just want to thank you for all the assistance you gave me in my work, and to introduce to you my successor, master Ninety-one. Be as faithful to him."

MR. GRIP was too much affected at the parting to reply in words, but he presented the parcel, which contained his XXXVth volume, to the Departing Year, while at the same time he presented the new comer with an advance proof of this—the first number of volume Thirty-six!

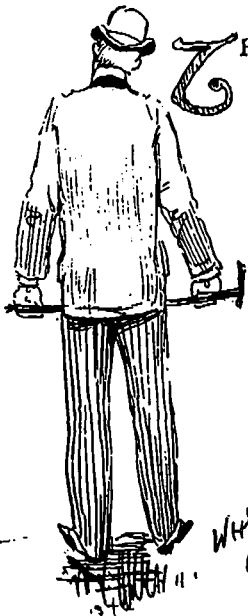


CHOKING HIM OFF.

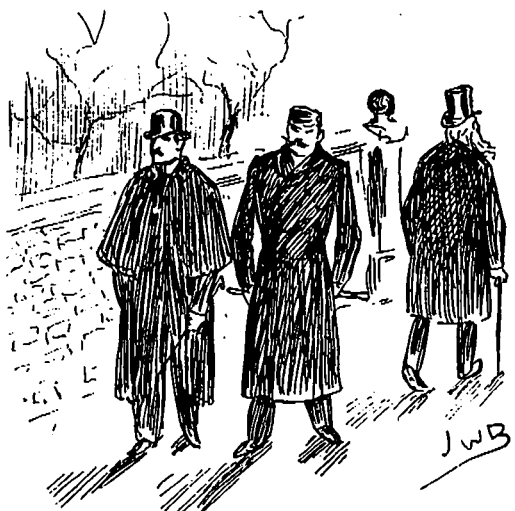
CASSIDY—"Good mornin', Mистер Foley— (Foley, who is struggling with a contrary pipe, goes on "pulling" without noticing the civility)—It's a foine mornin', Mистер Foley."

FOLEY (continuing the struggle)—"Go to the devil—ye want to argy!"

The citizens should cast their votes to authorize the prosecution of the work at the expense of the community, and thereby put snug fortunes in the pockets of a favored few. It may be asked by pestilent Single Taxers and others, who have more brains than generosity, why the public should go out of its way to make the fortunes of these landlords. Our reply is, gratitude should inspire them to do so. Have not these landlords toiled, lo, these many years at owning land? Have they ever been adequately rewarded for this faithful and irksome service to their fellow-citizens? No! The land has had very little,



THE sneaking attempt of certain superfine people to superannuate old Father Christmas has signally failed for this time at all events. The old gentleman never looked younger, heartier or merrier than he did on his 1890 visit, and it may be put down as certain that he will keep on coming and being enthusiastically received for many a year yet. This time he brought with him a complete outfit of old-time Xmas accessories—a dash of snow, a sharp frost and a clear atmosphere, all of which he had strangely overlooked the year before, coming, as it will be remembered, amid mud and mugginess. The cranks who would abolish the Christmas festival are no friends of humanity, whatever their pretensions may be, and it is satisfactory to know that they are likely to remain in the "overwhelming minority" in which they find themselves to-day.



STRAINED RELATIONS.

BROWN (referring to old gentleman who has just passed)—"Wasn't that your —?"

JONES—"Yes; distant relative of mine."

BROWN—"Your father, wasn't it?"

JONES—"Precisely, but we had a row and don't speak, you know."

THIS Ashbridge Bay reclamation scheme will be a splendid thing—for the landowners of that section.