

## THE MOOSE JAW POST OFFICE.



NOW that the long agony is over, and the appointment made of postmaster at Moose Jaw, the following letters, selected from less than a hundred found near the *Leader* office, can do no harm, and will show that office-seekers are not confined to any known locality nor nationality: -

"RESPECTED SOR,—Oive niver asked yez fur a favor before, an bein a dacint koind of a jintleman, yez'll be sure to give me instant attintion. I am afther the phost office, shure. Phost-offices run in our family, so they do. Moi wife's uncle's father's brother was phostmaster in Killarney fifty years ago, so he was. Oi ken rade the worst koind av writin, an' Mrs. O'Brien is an illigant spheller, so she is. Yez will remimber phat yez towld me. Step loively now, an' sind the dokimints. O'BRIEN."

"DEAR SIR,—I understand that W—— H—— is trying to get in postmaster in this toun. I don't want it myself, as I am looking forrard to Senator; but I want to warn you that W—— is an oneddicated man. He may be abel to rite, but he can't spell worth a sent.

"J. S."

"DEAR MR. D.,—When are you coming to see us again? I have finished reading the book you so kindly loaned me, 'Carlyle's Essays,' and I read all your marginal notes—they are far, far better than the Essays, though I wouldn't like you to tell Mr. Carlyle that I said so. Now, I am going to ask a great favor—Will you, dear Mr. D., get papa appointed postmaster, he thinks so much of you?

NELLIE."

"N. F. D., M.P.—I enclose petition re post office. Am selling off stock, and will be ready to assume position at once. Yours, etc.

W. B. H."

"DEAR SIR,—I have done as you advised—married a poor girl. So far we have lived on love and oatmeal, but I am hankering after a few loaves and fishes. I lent you a pony when you canvassed our section. 'One good turn deserves another.' I would like the Moose Jaw office.

T. P."

"DEAR SIR,—It is time we had an Englishman in the position of postmaster. I am tired of the blundering way that Canadians hand out letters. Kindly use your patronage in my interest.

J. B."

"MY DEAR MR. D.,—I have been reading 'Eos' all the morning and wishing that the hand that penned it was near enough for me to grasp, and thank you for giving to the world such beautiful thoughts, clothed in imagery and grandeur, such as no mortal can comprehend. Whenever the storms of life beat too peltingly upon my golden head, and I feel too utter for anything earthly, I read 'Eos' and soar away into the nowhere. As I fly to your poetry when I sigh after the ungraspable,

so do I turn to you when the poor body lacks sustenance, for something graspable. My father, through his Arabella, asks you for the Moose Jaw post office."

"DEAR OLD BOY,—When I bet on a winning horse, I want my money. In other words, when I help a man to win an election, I expect to be paid. You know I told you that *Yankees* didn't run elections for nothing, and you said that the first vacant office that you could control, you'd flop me into it. Now flop. I have sixty-five millions of free citizens ready to back my claim to the Moose Jaw office.

JONATHAN."

"DEAR MR. D.,—I am in very poor circumstances, having lost all my property since I came to this measely country. You are aware that my first wife's mother and my present wife's mother live with me, and you told me when you canvassed my vote that you were sorry to see me in such a position, and would do anything within your power to help me. Either take one of my mothers-in-law (you can have the youngest) or secure my appointment as postmaster at Moose Jaw. I am not particular which you do. Yours, etc.

JIM."

"MY DEAR MR. DAVIN,—When you were here you read some of my poetry, and told me to cultivate my talent and in a short time I would become another Mrs. Browning. I have, thanks to your encouragement, improved greatly, as the following will prove:

'My brother demands this office from you  
And says it is fairly and justly his due—  
As you owe your election entirely to him,  
The boy who stuck to you through thick and through thin,  
So give this office to my brother Dick,  
And I'll never forget thee, Nicholas, my Nick.

"Now, if in this matter my brother gets left,  
Of future support you will be quite bereft;  
For when you again ask for votes at Moose Jaw,  
If you don't see the Devil, you'll feel his old claw—  
So, unless you appoint my dear brother Dick  
You'll be a dead politician, O Nicholas, my Nick!

"Yours, etc., HANNAH."



DR. WILD'S POSITION ON THE JESUIT QUESTION.

"I TOLD YOU SO!"