



Waiting for Hanlan.

Hanlan seized a piece of paper and a lead pencil just before going on board the steamer at Liverpool, and wrote to the *Sportsman* to take back all he had, under mis-information, written against "his old friend Dave Ward," and to express the hope that Dave's hand would be the first he would shake on his arrival. In the interests of peace and good will amongst men, Genr hopes Mr. Ward will be on the pier at New York in the attitude pictured above, and he feels sure the Atlanta fellows will be only too glad to let him be the first to grasp the champion's extended and victorious hand, ere they whirl him off to Delmonicos.

A Modern Psalm of David.



In those days there reigned at Rediaw, that is in Autowah, a mighty king, Jon-Lorn, the son of Anguile.

2. And he gave a great feast and called together all his people from far and near, that he might decide who was the greatest amongst them at the game of Teuys.

3. And he said unto his chief steward, take thy pen and write quickly, even unto Flori, the son of David, and bid him come with his captain and his people, and their sons and their daughters, that they also may take part in the games.

4. Now, Flori hardened his heart, and heeded not the words of the king, Jon-Lorn, nor did he bid Arma-Geddon, his captain, nor the young men, nor the maidens, to the feast prepared by the king.

5. And it came to pass that Arma-Geddon, (who was a Brokah, and a man of peace, albeit a centurion in the milishah,) chided Flori for having withholden from him the command of Jon-Lorn, the king.

6. Now, Flori, the son of David, was a mighty man of war, a valiant man, comely in person, a cunning player on the harp, but prudent with his shekels.

7. And he liked not the words of Arma-Geddon, his captain, but rose up early in the morning and took himself to the street of the Saint, which is called *Xavier*, where congregated the moneylenders and the usurers, and the brokahs.

8. And he covered his face with his armour, which was brass, and girded on his umbrallah, a weapon which mon borrow but return not,) and his sling was in his hand.

9. For he said, have I not often bragged of the lion and the bear which I slew, and this Philistine, being afraid, will fly from before my face.

10. But Arma-Geddon went his way to the temple of mammon, selling 'short' and 'long,'

scooping both ways, (after the manner of the brokahs) even until the hour when Flori awaited him at the gate.

11. And as he went forth, he took only his staff in his hand, and his scrip.

12. Now Flori, the son of David, met him, saying unto him, I wager thee fifty pieces of silver that I smite thee, and, moreover, fifty pieces that I slay thee either here or in the court, which is called *Rackitt*. And he poked him with his umbrallah.

13. But Arma-Geddon, the brokah, waxed exceeding wrath, and struck him with his staff and smote him hip and thigh, even until the blood ran down his face.

14. And Flori bethought him of his sling, and he slugged him in the vernacular, and even with chunks of ice.

15. And he said, I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the field, —but he did not.

16. And it came to pass that when the Philistines, and the brokahs, and the moneylenders saw that their champion had prevailed, they raised a great cry of joy, and they ordered many bottles of wine amongst them.

17. For they said, Lo! our champion, a man of peace, has beaten the man of war, the sculpter of images, and player on the harp and sackbut, even the *bozah*.

18. And Flori, the son of David, retired to his tent, and bound up his wounds, and cursed Arma-Geddon, but he tore not his hair, for he had none.

The Montreal Mayoralty Election.

BOSS BEAUDRY SOLIQUIZES.

Eh bien! Monsieur Nelson, pouf! by gar! you tink you be ze *Maire*? I tell you Sar you make one grand meestake, what for you dare contest wish me ze honaire of ze chaire? You have mooch plenty impudence, I tink, I snuff you out more quick as one small wink. What! you not know I am ze chief, ze Bo. s? I lift my hand *mes enfants* they you toss out in ze cool—oui—eh? You tink I care mooch plenty people ask you run for *Maire*, and none ask me? non! not one leetle pin, I am ze Tweed, ze Boss, *me foi*, I win. You bring out Rivard one—two—year ago—Bon! you offend me—I sall tell you so—and now I have ze—*quel*?—ze teet for tat. I knock you higher zan one beeg cooked hat. You be ze *Maire*? at! bah! *je pense que oui* when our beeg mountain jumps into ze sea. You no speak French, Sar—*horreur*—yet you dare tink such an *ignorant* sall have my Chair? Non! non! *rieuse garcon* wait, *attendez*, zen I send you where I send ze Orangemen—*Chez vous, oui*, home, juste like one leetle dog with tail between his leg when he be flog. There you sall learn that I great Beaudry claim ze right to choose *le Maire* or be ze *Maire* moi-meme.

GARDE.

Out on the Loaf.



The bakers are going out on strike and the employers feel rather crusty about it. That the men should like to take a little loaf once in a while is only natural. Discontent has been bred in their minds by harsh treatment, and although we do not say *well done*, donghy blame them for striking? Not at all. We only hope the bread will not rise too much, and seeing that the price of flour has gone down we fail to perceive why the masters can't give better wages without raising the price of the staff of life. It is not likely the strike will assume the dimensions oven national demonstration, as the employers will no doubt be able to get a fresh batch of workmen.



"What Will He Do With It?"

Scene.—Office of *Bystander*.

Little Journalist.—Mr. Smith, I hear you are going abroad to England for a year, and that *Bystander* is to be dropped until your return. Now, this would be a misfortune, and I just dropped in to say that I am prepared to carry it on for you, if you will give me reasonable inducements.

A St. John Fog.



Senator Boyd, being an Irishman, has a silver tongue, and his speech on the Syndicate bargain was characterized by wit and eloquence accordingly, but he has also a clear head, and therefore it is easily seen that he supported the bill under tremendous disadvantages. In his opening sentences he said pathetically that they, "the simple ones from down by the sea" were "almost lost in the mist of debate." Now a St. John man ought to be able to see through a fog without any trouble, and it is only too evident that the "mist" that bothered the worthy Senator on the occasion was the sophistry he was compelled to use throughout his address. To prove this it is only necessary to quote the reason given by Senator Boyd why the atrocious bargain should be satisfied—words which formed the keynote of the speech.

"That this road must be carried out to the end at some time is granted on all sides. Our liability is undoubted. 'It's in the bond'; this agreement must be cancelled by all parties, or the promises carried out, or we must stand before the world branded as covenant breakers."

Are we to understand Senator Boyd to hold that the Senate has no independent function, but is simply a registering machine for the Lower House?

Rev. Dr. Wild's next sermon is to be on "The Men who lived under Water." It is not true that the rev. gentleman will use a diving bell in investigating this subject, though it is one that will naturally carry him beyond his depth.

"Your little birdie has been very, very sick," she wrote to the young man. "It was some sort of a nervous trouble, and the doctor said I must have perfect rest and quiet, and that I must think of nothing. And all the time, dear George, I thought constantly of you." The young man read it over, and then read it through again very slow, and put it in his pocket, and went out under the silent stars, and kept on thinking and thinking and thinking. He only kept on thinking.—*Rockland Courier*.

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