

Dec 28—It's shameful, infamous! Here are the papers attacking me in the most scurrilous fashion. The *Evening Sewer-rat* alludes to me as an "upstart whose utter ignorance of public affairs is only equalled by his presumption," and the *Scalliwag* calls me a "pretentious and inflated boobhy." Never heard of anything so outrageous in my life. No wonder gentlemen are reluctant to come forward when subjected to malignant abuse of this sort. I'll not stand it. I'll instruct my solicitor to bring actions for libel at once. Have been so upset by the affair that I have not been able to canvass much. Bolliver has hired a dozen men to distribute cards at three dollars a day each. Rather high, but he says they have influence, so I suppose it's all right.

Dec 29—Solicitor says libel suit won't lie, as the papers only used the offensive language in a political sense.



**MEMORIES OF MUSLIN.**

SILAS—"Gosh, mother, that's just like some places I seen when was to Toronto."

MRS. S—"What is, Silas?"

SILAS—"Ther front seat thar."

It's infamous that because a man is actuated by a sense of public duty he should become a target for every foul-minded scribbler. Papers continue their abuse. The *Scalliwag* wants to know how I propose to abolish Ashbridge's Bay, and characterizes me a "moonstruck and platitudinous imbecile." Bolliver has silenced the *Sewer-rat* by a fifty-dollar advertisement. Had no idea I should be put to expenses of this sort or I'd never have run.

Dec 29—Thank Heaven it's nearly over. Canvassing all day. Have promised positions to about two dozen people, who will all vote for me and get their friends to do so. I will do my best for them of course, but—well, it's no use being too scrupulous, to get elected is the main thing. Bolliver said he must have another twenty dollars for incidentals. Let him have it, but I really can't think it necessary to spend so much money.

Dec 30—All going well. Everybody says the *Scalliwag's* coarse and brutal attacks will help rather than hurt my cause. By actual count 154 people out of 160 I



**HE ENJOYED IT.**

TRAGEDIAN—"Well, me friend, how liked you me performance of Othello last night?"

HIS FRIEND—"Immense, old boy. Laughed till I thought I'd die. You gave the best nigger show I ever saw in my life!"

canvassed promised to vote for me. My attitude on Ashbridge's Bay universally commended. Success certain.

Dec 31—New Year's Eve. Not much to be done. Bolliver wanted more money, which I positively refused, as it was unnecessary. He said my election entirely depended on it. Don't believe him. Can he have been playing me false?

Jan. 1—Sunday. Preacher alluded to need of electing good men. Put a V on plate, and told Deacon Rackstraw that I intended to give liberal subscription to the church next week. That ought to help.

Jan. 2—Election Day. Voted early for myself. Plumper of course. Saw nothing of Bolliver. Was told he was hustling for Grimshaw, one of my opponents. The scoundrel! Would start in and hustle myself but don't know how. Nobody seems to take much interest. But most of electors have promised to vote for me, so I'll be all right. Better go home and wait the result.

7.30 p.m.—It's all over and I am at the foot of the poll with 261 votes, while the others run up into the thousands. Who could have imagined that men could be such infernal, brazen-faced liars! I've been fooled and swindled all through by that blackguard Bolliver! He has pocketed nearly all the money I gave him for the campaign, and left me with the bills to pay! Of all the corrupt, rotten, pestilential sinks of iniquity our municipal system is the vilest. Abolish Ashbridge's Bay, indeed! It's the City Council and the voters' list I'd abolish if I'd my way!

SWEPT away by the financial deluge — Ark-less Rundle.