



THE MISSES McM. RECEIVING THEIR LAST BATCH OF NEW YEAR'S VISITORS. TIME 11.55 P. M.

Mr. Bacchus.—I shay, Fred, can't you hold your—hic—head up, when you talk to—hic—ladies?

#### THE COUNCILLOR WHO PUFFS.

George was a good boy. All the other boys in the Cit-y Hall did wrong things. One sold i-ron to it; one mend-ed the roofs. One had his broth-er o-ver the men who did work on the drill shed, and got pay for him from the Cit-y. But George did none of these naught-y things. He joined a club to put an end to such bad acts, and said to every one to see how good he was. But good boys should take care not to go with bad boys. George learned to smoke, and as it was d-ear to smoke nice ci-gars, and he did not like bad ones, he sent to a far off place called Cu-ba to see if he could have any cheap, and they told him he must buy a great lot. But George did not need them all and he got a man who had a large shop, to try to sell some for him, and to charge him for do-ing that. So George, who had been so good, got some bad men to help him, and he told the man in the big shop to send down ci-gars to the Cit-y Hall, and he would make the Cit-y pay for them, and he would smoke them. And he did this three times be-fore it was found out. And all the time he was call-ing other boys thieves and bad names. But it was found out, and George did not like it. And some of the boys said that the law was, that no one should have a seat in the Cit-y Hall who sold things to the Cit-y. So be-cause George sold things to the Cit-y, through the man that he gave the ci-gars to, and smoked the ci-gars he had got from Cu-ba for no-thing, and made mon-ey on the price be-sides, he was put out and went cry-ing to his pa-pa, who whipt him for be-ing found out, and then turned out.

Lit-tle boys should not smoke, or if they do, they should pay for the ci-gars with the pence their pa-pas give them, and not make the Cit-y pay for them.

#### NEW YEAR'S NOTES.

Mr. Timothy Snubbins, having fortified himself with a substantial breakfast, set out on his complimentary tour, accompanied by his bosom friend, Jim Clark. Being of methodical habits, Mr S., of course, keeps a diary, thanks to which we are able to give our readers a summary of the day's doings:

Called on Mrs. Simpkins.—Five daughters, all apparently the same age—simultaneous, I may say. Suspect I have commenced a little too early, as they had to bring in the wine; almost certain I heard the cork drawn in the next room. Sherry.

Mrs. Thompson.—Catch a glimpse of my tailor as I go in; fortunately he doesn't know me; probably knows me by name. Hope they won't announce me—hang it! I never heard a name announced so distinctly. Feel hot. Thinking of my tailor I forget myself, and promise Mrs. F. to settle with her next week. She looks astonished.

Miss Jones.—New aquarium. What's that—a tad-pole, as I'm alive! Some wouldn't touch it to save their lives. If I were sure Miss J. wouldn't come in I'd take it up and examine it. I will. Ah! Miss J., compliments of the season. [Dear me! what shall I do with the beast? Put it into my coat pocket]. Port.

Mrs. Figgins.—Objectionable woman. Suggested that I might have wiped my boots in coming in. I'll take care to shake off the dust when I go out. That last glass of Port disagreed with me; take brandy to put me straight. Will keep to Sherry in future.

Mrs. McGonner.—Keeps a Scotch terrier, with a decided antipathy to trousers. I had to give back-kicks while Clark did the compliments. My right trouser leg is torn into fringe. Mrs. McG. says the animal is playful. I give a ghastly smile. Coffee.

Mrs. Smith.—My darling Emily hasn't got down yet. Forget myself, and call Mrs. Smith "love." Clark guffaws like a hippopotamus in convulsions. Could wring his neck. For the first time in my life I'm in a hurry to get out of the house. Ginger Wine. Yes, there's my angel at the window. I'll throw her a kiss. Do it from the top of the step. Suddenly find myself on my back at the bottom. Painful conviction that Emily is sniggering.

Here follow about forty names of ladies, on whom, to judge from the liquor memoranda, Mr. S. called. The handwriting gradually becomes indistinct, and at length almost illegible.

Mrs. Henderson.—What a cur'us way Clark has of saying comp'men's of seas'n. I feel ashamed of him. Do comp'ments myself. Wish my necktie wouldn't slip round. Queer habit, isn't it? Oh, thankee—yes; I thought my hat had slipped off. Does sometimes.

Well, one call more. Let's see.

Mrs. Pompous.—C'men's of—brandy hot and lem'n. Think I'd better go home, do you? Hap-new-ears to you. Queer furniture. Clark—all goes—let me see—yes—goes round.

Jan. 2.—"O, horrible! most horrible!" To think of having slept in my boots, and finding my hat under the bed! To the end of my days I shall be harassed with the vague recollection of having insisted on fighting the carter for refusing to pay his fare. A Happy New Year! Ha! ha!