

Speak for themselves it is so noble to see the strong and the clever stand up for the sufferin and the weak like you do and want to know how wether were going to have a chance to live or not. its a black shame for mo and undreds more to be "kept in doubt" whether were to have a livelihood—wich the same a pore womans never sure of so longs them man traps are kept open for our usbands and soss to drop into and spend their money—they do tell me that gamblin houses are shut up by law for fear the rich men lose all their money, so now we want the whiskey houses shut up by the same law. its all umbug for to say theyll get the liquor all the same—workin men going and comin omo from work hoint no time and be too tired to go prowlun round for liquor. its the hopen door as does it oh deer i do wish youd urry hup that Scott's Act and close em up sos id be sure of my livelihood fur so long as there's a hopen saloon door John my usband will go in with the rest of his mates, and hout they comes with hempty ands, and hempty pockets and a stomach full o wiskey and beer, and him like a ragin polar bear out of his mind with drink—fine folks talk about makin a mans ome nice and comfortable—but ow i hasks can you make a ome appy hif you ave to go out chorin to make up for the money yore usband spends in the saloon? ow can you cook nice meals if youve got nothing to cook—all gone to the saloon keepers thats ow he and him gets a livelihood wich id sweep the streets afore id make my livin a takin the bread out of little childrens mouths. wen saloons are shut up John my usband will go with is pay into the grocery store and the dry goods and the shoe store and he'll come like he used to with his harms full—lots to heat an wear for me and the children and a bit o change to the good in his pocket. i cant tell you ow thankful i ham to you a man as is so powerful and learned to take the side of the weak and helpless against the strong and the wealthy and to come right hout and urry up the Scott Act so undreds of pore weak tempted creatures will know wether or no theyre goin to ave a livelihood—wich we cant hever be sure of as long as them man traps wich i calls saloon doors are left open. you will be like the good patient Job—wich the blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him. and my little children wen they says their prayers wont forget to mention the man wot was so clever and learned and urryd up the Scott Act sos their father and undreds of hother fathers might come home sober and we be sure of a livelihood

Yores truly  
A PORE SALOONGOER'S WIFE.

A HORRID DREAM.

"Bring me another horse!  
Bind up my wounds."

—Rich. III.

"Well," said Dr. Colchicum, as he approached the bedside of old Mr. Pewtermugger, ex-alderman, etc., etc., "what appears to be your trouble this morning? Ah! I see—too much thought. Yes, yes, too much brain work. We must be careful, my dear sir. We must be careful! I would advise a change of scene, my dear sir; a change of scene," continued the man of science, and he felt his patient's pulse.

"Oh, doctor, how on earth can I get a change of scene now just when I'm expecting of a good fat job? Oh, dear! oh, dear! Oh, doctor, I've had such a fearful dream," and the old man glared at the physician with a wild and terror-stricken look.

"Pooh! my dear sir, dreams! Oh, pshaw! a few grains of mercury will set you all right. The liver, my dear sir, the liver, that's all," and the doctor smiled a wicely smole.

"But oh, doctor! my dream was 'orrid, it was hominous, it was fearful. I dreamed that

Howland was a sittin' in full power in the civic chair, that he was mayor—oh! oh!"

"Well, my dear friend, why should that affright you. What the deuce do you care for Mr. Howland. If a man is sitting in a chair of any sort, civic or otherwise, he can't be very dangerous. Nonsense, my dear sir! You are a little nervous, that's all. A few doses of bromide of potash will fix you."

"Well, but see here, doctor. Supposin' my dream would come out true. You see I've a sort of interest in brewing."

"Well, what the deuce has the mayor got to do with your brewing? Besides, Howland's a teetotaler, and don't indulge. Do you think he would drink you out of house and home?"

"Well; but I've got an interest in several saloon properties!"

"My dear sir, calm yourself. Although Howland's a temperance man, he's pretty square, and if he even got in as mayor, it would likely be to your benefit, for he would very likely go for the unlicensed places, and see that the 'dives' were cleaned out. That would be his duty. Calm yourself, my dear sir."

"Yes, that might be true enough. We do want somebody to 'tend to the dives, but—but ye see, doctor, I'm sort of mixed up like in—in—well, several little contracts, and sich, which, perhaps—perhaps mightn't sort of look square if the true state of things came before tho—hum—people."

"My dear Mr. Pewtermugger, then if that be the case, permit me to give you a little gratuitous and non-professional advice: Get out of all your doubtful contracts as quickly as possible, for if Howland goes in, which I believe myself he will, you'll get scooped, sir—scooped for certain. But calm yourself, my dear sir, calm yourself," and the man of medicine smilingly and noiselessly glode from the sick chamber.

B.



THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM.

Aunt Martha (looking up from her paper).—Where does this quotation, "What's in a name?" come from, Jennie. I meet it so often.

Jennie (a graduate of Toronto).—Why, goodness, Aunty, don't you know? Surely you've read "Romeo and Juliet?"

Aunt Martha.—I daresay I've read "Juliet," but I don't remember reading "Romeo!"

"Shure, and cudn't yez be afther shthrainin a pint this mornin', Mr. Lackless, to be lettin' me have an ethry quahrt."

"Oh! mam, I strained the whole can before I left home, and I'm sure you'll find it all very clean."

THE MAYORALTY AND THE MUSES.

BALLAD.—I cannot Love Young Howland.  
[As sung with unbounded applause nightly, at the Facade Opera House, by the charming young cantatrice, Miss WINETTA MOSCELLETTA.]

I.  
O-o-h! I cannot love young Howland,  
My heart can ne'er be his;  
Say, fond heart, could'st'er thou land  
On one who'll buy no "flzzz"?  
Nor stands the cigaretta,  
Nor buys the ruby wine?  
This fond heart of Winetta  
It never can-an be thino!

II.  
'Tis true, thou'rt tall and handsome,  
But what care I for that?  
I would not, for king's ransom,  
E'er wed with such a flat!  
A young man who puts in his time  
At eve, in drinking tea,  
And never once sets up the wine,  
He'll never do for me!

III.  
They say he often helps the poor,  
The needy and distressed,  
But that is naught to me; I'm sure,  
The rich are far the best.  
They never want a helping hand,  
Then why seek pov-er-ty?  
Its ragged miserable band!  
No young How-ow-ow-land for me!

—B.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Ned Farrah now says that it was right to hang L. D. Riel; that he incited the Injuus, captured the clergy, and raised particular Hamilton generally. But who is Ned Farrah? Ned Farrah is sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity.

Deacon Camoron says that, although L. D. R. ought to be scrapped, still it was all the fault of the self-expatriated John A. But who in thunder is the Deacon? The Deacon is an unsophisticated metaphysician conglomerated with the pomposity of his own mendacity!

Alick Perie says, that the "few hungry Grits around the Globe Office" do not represent the Reform party and denies the allegation, as the Globe averred, that L. D. R. "had a cause." But who is Alick Perie? Alick Perie is a contumacious logician conglomerated with the protuberance of his own pertinacity!

Bill McLean says that L. D. R. was a dufer who wanted to sell out the rights of the Batoches, ergo, etc., and so forth. But who is Bill McLean? Bill is a mendacious superposition elongated with the melliflucence of his own consequentiality!

Ted Shep says that he would not for \$200 the rebellion took place; but that on general principles, being a dirty Fr—m—n, he ought to suffer. Now who is Ted Shep? Ted Shep is a pertinacious politician excoriated with the vehemence of his old-time Democracy!

B.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

- Dentist—"Teeth extracted without payin'."
- Restaurant—"A good place to die in, try it."
- Shoemaker—"Everybody gets soled here."
- Bookseller—"Our books are bound to sell."
- Tailor—"The place for fits."
- Blacksmith—"All hands are on the strike."
- Butcher—"We make ends meat."
- Grocer—"Lying in weight for customers."
- Printer—"Our business is pressing."
- Carpenter—"Plain board-shaving free."
- Baker—"We knead your support."
- Lawyer—"Pleas be brief."
- Student—"We study to please."
- Barber—"Notes shaved here. D.H."
- Liveryman—"We do a driving business."
- Editor—"We copy others' mistakes."