



THE MISUSE OF ALCOHOL.

SQUIFFERS (to total stranger)--"Wycarsher Wythedoocce carnshe--girrur an' look jol--jolly? Awrer be shamed--sirr'n' lookin' s' dismal! It's 'shgraceful? You're not fit t' be 'ntoshcated!"
--Pick-me-up.

VILLENEUVE, THE VALIANT.

M. VILLENEUVE, the new Mayor of Montreal, is, it would seem, a dealer in Wines and Liquors, and thinks it, as he says, no dishonour to be so engaged. Mr. McShane, his late opponent, is also well known as an opponent of "temperance fanatics." During the campaign the *Witness*, as in duty bound, opposed both of these gentlemen, and called in the aid of caricature to help out the cold type. The Artist represented M. Villeneuve with a bottle in his hand, and, strange as it may seem, this incidental reference to his honourable business, so enraged M. Villeneuve, that he has given peremptory orders that the *Witness* reporter is to be excluded from his official apartments at the City Hall during his term. It would be scarcely reasonable to expect Mr. Mayor to exhibit a gushing love for the *Witness* under the circumstances, but there is no reason why he should thus raise the laugh on himself. He seems to forget that he is not exactly the owner of the City Hall, and he has been in public life long enough, one would think, to learn the futility of such a method of fighting a newspaper.

MUSEUM CONTRIBUTIONS.

- A skein of street yarn.
- A tooth from the mouth of the river,
- A leaf from a branch of the St. Lawrence.
- A hair from the forelock of time.
- A photograph of the night-mare.
- A petal from the "flower of the family."

CAPTAIN JIMJAM'S TROUBLES.

I.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE a grievance. Like other persons, from whom you doubtless hear, I am determined to advertise my grievance in 'your very valuable paper'. However, if space be 'not available; please don't publish my letter in the waste-paper basket. Enclosed, find stamps.

As introductory, I may state without egotism, we are thorough-bred, well-bred, English people, - Mrs. Jimjam and I: which statement I can prove. Why! I am Captain W. D. G. Jimjam, formly in active service. Because the young Jimjams were so numerous, (though not so numerous as some ancient accounts against us,) we came to Canada.

In the North-West Territories, I secured land enough to leave an estate to each of my youngsters. Our farming was more romantic in the beginning thereof, than afterwards. Jimjam Park,--you Canadians would called 'the farm', was thirty miles from a railway and one hundred miles from any town in which it would not be necessary to enroll the cows and dogs and cats, to stretch the number of inhabitants up to a western figure. Consequently, during five years, Mrs. Jimjam and I did'nt once go to town for tailor-made garments and new fangled gowns. We often looked over a railway map, trying to find the town, marked on 'a projected line,' which was to pass just outside our barb-wire fence. At the end of five years, leaving the boys in the country, we brought our six girls to the nearest city. Those girls never took kindly to farming. At milking time, they invariably had sick head-aches or organized a strike. Churning, washing and scrubbing were always put off till Cree squaws came begging round; after which, mendicant visits we enjoyed fresh butter, clean clothes and visible floors. As the girls seemed more addicted to reading young ladies' Journals than doing country housework, my wife and I agreed we had better settle them on city chaps.

Once in the city, we moved into a spanking, fine terrace, on a most aristocratic square. As we had brought enough clothing from the old country to last a hundred years, I suppose, at first we did look a little seedy in creased, old fashioned clothes. Anyway, not one of the neighbors called on my family. Now, Sir, I'm Captain Jimjam, and don't need to care for that harmless slight; though I am sorry those people deprive themselves of good company. But, Mr. Editor, it was when we moved into that terrace, that a system of persecution set in upon us, which is unendurable. Though I'm enraged, I'm perfectly reasonable. Surely people too stylish to visit us by the front door should be too independent to sneak round and borrow at the back door. That whole terrace length of cads borrows everything in my house, from eggs and frying-pans and rolling



KENNEDY'S BULL CALF.