

ing, and at the last council meeting, was in process of cutting no less than four teeth at the same time, and he was unable to smoke or even sit down, the child kicked and screamed so hard, and Dame Jennette positively refused to allow him to hand the youngster over to one of his subordinates. He felt sure that this was the cause of his being called in the *Cyclone* "an old woman," and he positively refused in future to nurse any more babies or other non-combatants for the ladies.

Mrs. Jennette was on her feet in a moment, and requested that the council should at once dismiss this fiend who found her darling a nuisance. The mayoress, however, promptly sat upon her, and told her she must get her husband to stay at home or else hire a nurse. Mrs. Jennette at once had a severe attack of hysterics and was removed from the council-room by her friends, shrieking she would resign or else fix Paradise. "Will she resign?" I asked my friend. "Resign! not much; they all swear they will resign when they can't get their own way, but they never do; but, between you and me, nursing babies is about all Paradise is good for."

#### COAL COMBINATION.

Miss Alderwoman Brownholland next rose as chairwoman of the general supply committee and requested that the tender of Mr. Geo. Cameo for 300 tons of coal be accepted.

Mayoress—"Is his tender the lowest?"

Brownholland—"There is a 'combine' among the coal men, and their tenders are all the same, but Mr. Cameo gave such good reasons in his tender, that the committee thought he ought to get it."

"Where is the tender? Place it on the table," said the mayoress.

"Is that necessary?" asked Brownholland.

"Certainly," said the mayoress.

Then Miss Brownholland, a rather rawboned, flatfooted single lady, with spectacles, drew forth from the bosom of her dress Mr. Cameo's tender, to the great amusement of the reporters and married ladies of the council; the single females sighing sympathetically.

"You thought it was so 'tender' you'd give it a soft place to repose upon," said the mayoress.

This caused a general laugh, and Miss Brownholland blushed rosy red.

The city clerk then read the tender of Geo. Cameo. It was in the usual form, but as he was addressing ladies, he knew the value of a postscript, and reminded the committee that last year he was the lowest tenderer and made nothing, and this year he ought to get a chance.

He also remarked that he was a young single man, and doing a fair business, and enclosed his photograph, and hoped he would some day soon be better acquainted with the ladies of the committee.

"Where's the photograph?" said the mayoress.

Again Miss Brownholland dived into her bosom, and produced from the left side a cabinet portrait of Mr. Cameo.

The mayoress scanned the picture. "Well, Brownholland, he is nice looking; have you met him since his tender?"

"Yes," simpered Brownholland.

The mayoress smiled, and said, "Well, I, for one, don't blame you for voting for him, and he is enterprising and knows the value of a postscript, which so few men do. What do you say, ladies? Who is in favor of Brownholland's dash?"

The vote was unanimous, and Miss Brownholland said they were real sweet, and she'd never forget them.

#### MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT.

Mrs. Stormville wished to know if any action would be taken by the council to persuade the Right Honorable Mr. Gladstone to visit their city, if he came to America this winter; it would be pleasant indeed to hear the voice which had been likened to that of the silver-toned lyre.

Here Bridget Mahone, from Dragontown Ward, jumped to her feet: "What's that ye say? Do you call him a liar?"

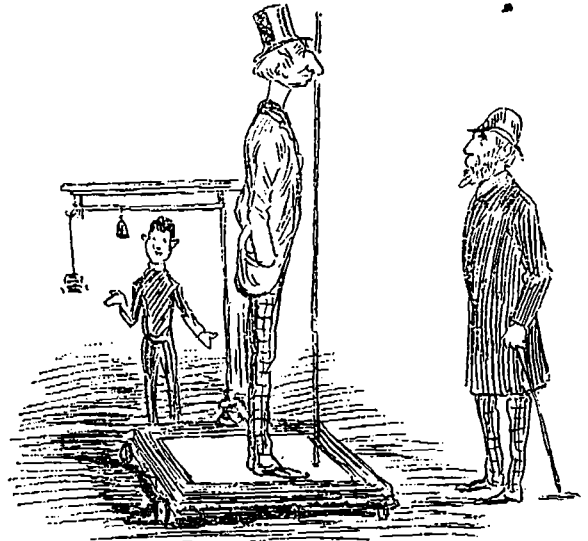
Here Mrs. Stormville explained that it was the musical instrument, "l-y-r-e," she referred to, and this word she would now in case of mistake change to "clarion."

This appeased Bridget.

The mayoress said they had better wait until they were sure he was coming before taking action.

#### PRIVILEGE.

Miss Bellelune rose to a personal complaint against the *Cyclone*, which in its last week's number stated she presented a "false front" on a certain occasion, and she desired to inform that "rag" that all the hair on her head was her own. The mayoress here quietly remarked, "Of



#### SUSPICIOUS.

Sir John Macdonald was weighed and measured in the Gurney building on the anthropometer, and the figures are, height 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 180 lbs.—a surprisingly good weight, say all who know him.—*Mail, Monday.*

Mac—Aye, I'm amazed. Did he no hae some o' the weights in his pockets, I wuaner? It wad be vera like him!

course it is, dear, when you paid for it," and then added, "but this is another unfortunate figure of speech, and I feel sure the *Cyclone* never meant to hint that you were bald, Miss Bellelune."

Miss Bellelune said she was glad to hear it, but those newspaper men had better not make any more figures of speech about her. The matter then dropped.

#### NOTICE OF MOTION.

Alderwoman Stephenson gave notice that she would move at the next meeting of council that a by-law be passed making a married man liable to arrest on complaint of his wife if he is absent from his domicile after 10 p.m. unaccompanied by his consort. Unmarried men