



### A THANKSGIVING IDYL.

"DO I LOOK LIKE A MAN AS WOULD STEAL A TURKEY?"

### CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY,

TALKS ON MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES AND MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

GRIP, ould man, "Im wid you wance agin!" which is a humorous bit o' remark the bailiff does be indulgin' in whin he dhrops into a shmall houldin' at home, wid his pocket full o' prociss papers, a gun across his should-hers, and a devil-take-the-whole-o'-you look on his hay-thenish mug.

And the silf-same remark suggests the priscence wid us wance agin av the municipal candydate—bad cess till him!

It's not me, GRIP, that 'ud be afther beratin' the wise men that invinted municipal govrnment for Canaday. Rist their bones, sez Denis Rafferty! And may they nivir rise up from their graves an' set eyes on the digin-erate, ondacent, murtherin', muddled shtate av affairs that in these modern days is shown by the prostitution of their patent.

It's us that's misconstrued an' pervarted and mur-dhered the wance illigant system. An', bad scan to it all, there's but few av us willin' to rache out our hands an' raise our vices to privint thricksters from puttin' the koshapooka on it intirely!

It's too hivvy our taxes are, an' too little we get for him!

It's too many *crashers* we put into affis, an' too few MIN—dacent, honest, sensible min.

It's too much ward polytics we have, an' too shmall an amount av ginuine municipal growth an' improvement.

It's too big excitement we create iviry iliction time over matthers beyant the quistion, an' not enough rale, intelligen-ther in the things that ought to consarn us most.

Why do we lit ourselves favor the aisy-goin', good-natured, iviry-man's-frind, at the expinse av the man wid more to dimonshtrate his force o' charackther than an ivir-lastin' grin?

How, in the name o' common sinse, do we go on re-licitin' dummies an' do-nothings to seats at the Council Board, when their places would be taken be min who could criditably fill the bill, av proper manes were used to bring them into the field.

Why the devil do we so much sympathize wid log-rollin', an' humbug, an' extravagance, an' tom-foolery that we, *the payple*, have to shtand the cost av, an' refuse to back up the mimbir wid sand enough in his crop to thry to expose all these shortcomin's an' clane out the Augean stables o' civic abuses?

GRIP, I'm workin' mesilf up into a rage, bedad I am, at the thoughts av how the "ladies an' gintlemin"—the "indipindint electors," d'ye mind—are, year after year, givin' more play to the ringsters, the ructionists, the wire-pullers, the slatherin' blackguards, the useless bum-mers, an' Ould Nick knows how many others, who 'are no more fit, ayther be eddication or inshtinct, to manage our civic affairs than was me ould gran'-father, who fought in the ranks undher Wellin'ton, to take that Gin-iral's command.

I'll shtop now, darlin', for fear av a fit. But lit me say to iviry man an' woman who has a vote at the nixt municipal elictions—no matter whether in city, town or country, for I've had knowledge av all kinds—whin the would-be councillor comes to you wid a shmile on his face an' his hat in his hand, as iviry will-manin candydate ought to—don't promise your ballot widout honest, clear conviction that the man is, in most rispicts, anyway able to sit in his sate, talk little but say something, vote according to an enlightened conscience, an' have no more fear av "the gang" or its newspapers than me father had of an ould bull that wance undhertook to chase him across a five-acre field, but found itself, in a blissid minute, on the broad av its back, wie me father grippin' it be the horns an' its hoofs playing ta-too on nothin', till it owned up it was bate an' was at last let go wid its tale betune its legs an' not so much as a luk at the roguish face av the sire av

DENIS RAFFERTY.

### THE BARROW-WHEELER AND THE THIEF.

A MAN in a certain small village earned his living by taking parcels from shops to customers in a barrow. One day he was robbed of a large bundle of flannel; on the thief being caught by a constable, the representative of justice said:

"Make that rascal wheel your barrow to the Court House."

"Nay," said the other, "rather bind him thereon that I may wheel him thither myself. No competition between prison labor and honest toil for me."

Moral.—Better is it to maintain a criminal in idleness, than to diminish public burdens by making him work for his living. Also, much can be done for national wealth when any three or four per cent. of the working population can be securely prevented from competing with the remainder.

### AT THE GRAND CENTRAL FAIR.

OBLIGING DIRECTOR (*pointing out to party under his escort the strong features of the show*)—"Here we have the Manitoba exhibit, and immediately opposite is the exhibit from the Regina District, er—(*playfully*)—the land of Davin!"

FAIR ONE OF THE PARTY (*eagerly*)—"What! Is that Mr. Davin's exhibit—the manual products of the tender-souled Nicholas, who writes such exquisite verses and delivers such amusing speeches? How interesting! But what immense potatoes he has produced! Oh! papa, we must certainly buy some of Mr. Davin's vegetables. Suppose we order a quart of each!"