

WHO'LL GET WIDDY MAGRUDER'S VOTE?

"Good evenin' Mrs. Malone."

"Good evenin' to yez ma'am."

Them were the very words Mrs. Malone an' Mrs. Magruder used to one another on Toos-day evenin' last, Mrs. Magruder havin' been in as usual to get a bit o' butter an' a few eggs.

Me a settin' on a ould herrin' case warm and comfortable-like at the back of the shovoe heard thin very wurds an' knowed there was daggers drawn atune 'em from that toime.

"But it's a quare wuman ye are intoirely, Mrs. Malone," says I, Mrs. Magruder bein' gone.

"An' pray, Biddy, what may ye be manin' by that ixpreshun," says Mrs. Malone to me wid her head trown back an' her eyes shtuck-up-like. "It's a dale" says she, "I'll take from ye Biddy widout offense for the sake of old toimes, but as the Alderman says, we must draw a line somehow, an' so ye'll plaze ixplain, Biddy."

"I says, ma'am," says I, as high as herself, for didn't I know her when her father used to push an old truck and buy rags an' bones an' old bottles, an' she was afraid if she angered me I'd let out on her, but divil a one I, onless, indade, she went too far—"I says ma'am," says I, "ye're a quare wuman intoirely," and with that I looked her shtrate in the face as bold as ye plaze. I seen her eyes wink an' her nateral speckledy-red colour get speckledier, an' I know'd thin she wudn't dare to give me the contrary wurd let me say what I wud.

"An' fur why wud I be quare, Biddy," says she, wid a little short laff.

"Mrs. Malone ma'am," says I, "ye've set Mrs. Magruder agin' ye by yer pride an' yer settin' up ways."

"Biddy Casey," says she, solum in reply, "Toimes is different, an' as the Alderman says 'manners is different accordin'."

"Thru for ye, ma'am," says I, "but I never seen a toime whin good manners was out o' place, an' you an' Mrs. Magruder used to be more intimit nor at present," says I.

"That's so, Biddy Casey, but I'd have ye know that my manners is gen'ly considered mighty ginteel, and it isn't to be supposed that in the upper clawsses the wife of an Alderman can be intimit wid the widdy of a ward foreman, and that's all Mrs. Magruder's man was."

"Thru for ye agin ma'am," says I, "but poor Sam Magruder left his widdy moighty well off; thim houses, where her son lives is hers, an' the row next to yours is hers too, an' yez used to be mighty perlite to Sam, an' the Alderman too, specially comin' on to the Noo' Ear."

"The Alderman all has to be perlite to the min as has property an' influence in the Ward, Biddy Casey, it's yerself knows it too."

"Sure an' I do, an' if," says I, "if the Alderman don't get in next 'leckshin it may be for want av Sam Magruder's vote for I heard as he was only one a head last time."

"I'll not deny the votin' was close, Biddy, but may be twasn't Sam Magruder's vote as put the Alderman in, and now he's gone, poor man, nobody won't be the betther for it."

"Ma'am," says I, "that was allright laast 'leckshun, but next one at iver comes the widdy has a vote, an' who'll getit, ma'am?"

"Biddy Casey," says she, in a tone o' the highest indigrashin, "don't talk to me about women havin' votes, don't," says she. "An' as to pollin' 'em, the woman as cud go among a pack o' min and mark a bit o' card and put it in a box isn't to be shpoke of by dacent people. Let her sthup at home and mind her fam'ly and lave the min to do the votin'."

"But," says I, "the Widdy Magruder's family is all growed up, an' she aint the one to shtop at home for fear av the min at the

pollin' place, any more 'n she'd shtay at home from payin' her taxes when there's a crowd a pushin' and a scrudgin' all the time in the city offices, as she says is not quite agreeable to the temper an' feelin's of a dacent woman in a hurry, but as the min is mostly neighbors they do be often a helpin' her to get her bill looked at first, an' raly make it more agreeable to a lone widdy than it might otherwise be, seein' as taxes is taxes whether ye've got the property at the back of 'em or not. An'," says I, for I aint one to be beat, "who'll get the Widdy Magruder's vote, Mrs. Malone, do ye be thinkin'?"

A little gossoon cummin' in fur a large loaf av bread tuk Mrs. Malone's attention from the queschin just thin, an' as she did not seem to wish for any furder talk when the boy was gone, I jist indulged her, but I don't think the Widdy Magruder's vote, nor that of her sister-in-law, Miss Magruder, nor yet that of her son Patsy Magruder, will put in Mr. Malone as Alderman for St. Kit's ward next 'leckshun, though it aint right to shpake positive, I do allow.

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

SONG OF THE PENNY-LINER.

(With Disturbing Dialoguc.)

Fly your bunting, make a show;
Free let loose your every streamer;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go,
In our brand new penny steamer.

[Captain—Will we back for that man that's rinnin', Malcolm?

Malcolm—Na na; he's too late to be ower soon for this boat, but he'll be too soon to be ower late for the next wan.]

Blow your horn and go it slow
When you pass beneath the bridges;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go—
To Anchor-liners we're but midges.

[Captain—Why you'll sleep in this mornin', Malcolm?

Malcolm—She'll no ken; maybe becass she's no in the habit o' sleepin' oot. Just you'll sit aff that companion there, and go and sit on some o' your freens.]

Stop at stages; to and fro,
In and out, pass all the people;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go,
Bound beyond the Govan steeple.

[Captain—Malcolm see whaur that man's smoking.

Malcolm—Just you'll put that pipe oot now, or she'll very soon put you oot too, moreover. There's places to smoke and there's places no to smoke, and this is a place to smoke whaur you're no to smoke; now!]

Skim the waters black as sloo,
Well to centre always steer her;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go
And the river gets no clearer.

[Captain—Mind that wee ferry boat, Malcolm.

Malcolm—Hey! ship your oars there! What you'll say? Maybe we'll think the whole river belongs to orsels? Perhaps it does to, forbye; but if she has to tell you two times wance more to come oot the road she'll tumble your boyne upside doun.]

Ready now your ropes to throw,
See we're past the Patrick ferry;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go,
And the sail is pleasant-very.

[Malcolm—Just you'll no be in no hurry now with your squeezin'; and if you are droont or kilt don't you be going home saying its Malcolm's faut.]—Glasgow Bailie.

A Paris young lady, who is engaged to a gambler, calls him her beau high-deal.—Paris Beacon.

AYTOUN'S MODESTY.

At the outset of his career Professor Aytoun was uncommonly diffident. When, in her father's drawing-room, he was making proposals of marriage to Miss Jane Emily Wilson, who afterwards became his wife, the lady reminded him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval.

"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself."

"Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher, "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."—Ex.

RECLAIMED HERSELF.

Women are skilful. "Who is that horrid whiskey bloat?" asked a lady of an acquaintance, while they stood viewing the guests at a fashionable reception.

"Which one?"

"That one with the red[moustache and awful nose. Don't you see?"

"He is my husband."

"Oh," laughed the lady, "I see that you are not sensitive," although she saw vengeance in the eyes of the insulted lady. "Several nights ago a friend made a similar remark about my husband and I became very angry. I declared it would anger any woman, but my friend said that you, having the best husband in the world, would not care, and I wagered a pair of gloves that you would, but you see I have lost. I hear that your husband is spoken of as an available candidate for governor. How clever he must be."

An obituary notice contains the touching intelligence that the deceased "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

A Chicago man got hold of the wrong jug the other day and took a drink of a mixture of kerosene oil and muriatic acid. Then he accused the servant girl of stealing his whiskey and pouring water in the jug to conceal the theft.—Exchange.

A crowded horse car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated, facetiously—"Wud I hould the whiskey for yez, Mithreas Mulcahey?" Mrs. M. (with withering sarcasm)—"Thank yez kindly, sor; but yer have all ye can hould now, I'm thinkin'."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

An English physician apprehensively asks, "Are our girls becoming too muscular?" That's just what is beginning to bother us a little in this country. The general prevalence of bald-headed men would seem to indicate that there is a dangerous tendency in this direction.—Burlington Free Press.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.