



Illustrated

HE NEVER WOULD GET THERE.

WIFE—"Why are you looking so downcast, dear?"

HUSBAND—"I got angry at a messenger boy and told him to go to the devil."

WIFE—"That was very wrong; but never mind. If he is like the ordinary messenger boy he will never get there."

MR. PODWINKLE'S ALDERMANIC CAMPAIGN.

DEC 23—I have made up my mind to run for alderman. Everybody says a better class of men are needed in the Council—men of wealth and leisure and public spirit, and really I think it is only right that those of superior position and culture should take their part in public affairs, and not leave them to be managed entirely by the vulgar, ignorant and self-seeking. If I'm successful it will be a stepping stone to Parliament, and in the meantime I hope I can accomplish something to bring up the value of that property of mine on Hogwallow avenue that I was let in for during the boom. Man like myself can't be reasonably expected to give his time to the public for nothing.

Dec 24—Begun canvassing in earnest. Spoke to about a hundred people nearly all of whom promised to support me. I really had no idea that public sentiment was so unanimous. Almost sorry I bothered with City Council at all. Would have been better to have entered the parliamentary field at once. People talk a good deal about Ashbridge's Bay affair, and some asked me what I thought about it. Told them it was disgraceful. Everybody says it's disgraceful, but I don't exactly know what or why.

Dec 25—Christmas Day, also Sunday, but I mustn't lose any time as I've entered the field so late. It seems I shall have to get somebody to go to a meeting somewhere and nominate me to-morrow, and another to second the nomination. Bolliver who knows all about these things was surprised I hadn't attended to it before.

Asked him to see about it. He says Tupkins the grocer would be a good man as he has influence in the ward. Don't like Tupkins—he is a vulgar person and offensively familiar, also apt to be unduly troublesome about his bill. By the way I owe him forty dollars or so now, and if he nominates me of course he'll expect the money shortly. Fancy an uneducated common person like Tupkins having influence; it's disgusting. However I'll let Bolliver manage the campaign and make all arrangements. Good fellow Bolliver. Gave him the money to settle Tupkins' account. Also lent him ten dollars.

Dec 26—Well, the nomination is over thank Heaven! I felt positively ashamed of myself when Tupkins nominated me in a most ungrammatical speech in which he dropped all his "h's." But a number of people applauded. The fellow really does seem to have some influence. Somehow my speech didn't seem to take as well. When I spoke of the need of men of superior standing and education taking part in public affairs some brutal and insolent ruffians who looked like common workingmen actually laughed and made insulting remarks. It is a shame that such people should have votes. One of them put some impertinent questions to me—wanted to know whether I was in favor of having questions submitted to the people. Told him I could not think of it for a moment, as the people were too ignorant. Then some of the mob hissed. Tried to explain that I didn't exactly mean that, but was only partially successful. Then another rascal with patches on his clothing wanted to know about Ashbridge's Bay. Told him I thought it was disgraceful, which seemed to strike a sympathetic chord as it were. Then he asked me what I proposed to do about it. "I'm prepared to abolish it at once," I replied—whereupon cheers and laughter. Fancy I scored a point there. I wonder though why a man with patches on his knees should concern himself about Ashbridge's Bay. Can't say I'm altogether satisfied with results of nomination day.

Dec 27—Canvassing all day. Hard work, but the result most encouraging. Fully nine-tenths of those I have asked will vote for me. Bolliver says I've a sure thing. Gave him forty dollars to pay for some cards he ordered. Rather steep price for five thousand cards, but he says printers charge outrageously election time, and he ought to know.



HE WILL BE THERE.

LIMPING WILLIAM—"Goin' ter the World's Fair this year Watkins?"

WAYWARD WATKINS—"Bet yer game leg I am."

LIMPING WILLIAM—"Palace car or steam yacht?"

WAYWARD WATKINS—"Naw, walkin' delegate."