



Our own cockatoo does not know "as 'ow it matters as long as they don't make it Saturday, or else the missus 'll 'ave a lot to say."



The Prohibitionist shopkeeper objects strongly to be compelled to close and leave the field entirely at the mercy of the publican.



To find the real cause of the cry for Saturday among shop assistants "il faut chercher la femme." "Why can't you have your holiday on the same day as other people, Tom dear? we can never go anywhere with anyone."

Mrs. Tiptopper remarks to Mr. Bigshop that she "really does not know why Saturday afternoon can not be universal; no lady could think of shopping on Saturday afternoon or evening!"

What may be expected in towns where the holiday, not being Saturday afternoon, becomes a mere class affair. The preponderance of lady assistants is very marked.



"Well," says the loafer, "that's a lick! why them lazy beggars does nothing at all to need a 'arf 'oliday. They don't know what work is, they don't."



"THE SHOP ASSISTANTS' HALF HOLIDAY."