

The next moment a dull sickening thud, followed by a hollow groan, indicated that the enterprising journalist had met his doom.

"I rather think we could give a few pointers on the secret conclave act to the Toronto Street Railway Committee," said Ald. Tillinghast. "Nothing like doing things thoroughly."

"And now to business," said the President. "Marco Bentivoglio, the peanut vendor, waits without. From him have I learned of the infamy of one in whom hitherto we had reposed every confidence. Eugenio H. Witherspoon is a traitor! After for several years partaking of the unparalleled benefits afforded by Mimico as a manufacturing centre he is preparing to move his factory to the Junction. And the miscreant has had the insolence to aspire to the hand of my daughter and seek to drag her down to his own depth of degradation. What does the traitor deserve?"

"Death!" answered the others.

"What ho, without!" cried the President. "Admit the peanut vendor."

Marco Bentivoglio was introduced with his eyes tightly bandaged.

"Marco Bentivoglio," said the President, "you know Eugenio H. Witherspoon?"

"Cospetto!" exclaimed the Italian. "He owe me quarter for peanutta. He no pay me. He call me 'Dago,' and he ground his teeth in rage."

"Tis well," said McCully. "Hast thy trusty stilletto concealed about thy person?"

"Si signor," replied Marco.

"Good! Then hesitate not to use it. This very night has the traitor Witherspoon gone over to the Junction to consummate the details of his nefarious scheme to depreciate the value of real estate in this community. I need hardly remark to this intelligent audience that the Junction cannot begin to offer the advantages possessed by this city—and that the baseness of the attempt to decoy manufacturers there by bonuses is only equalled by its futility. (Applause.) Consider the unparalleled growth of our population. [A speech of about two pages, setting forth the charms of Mimico and ridiculing the pretensions of the rival town, is here omitted.] But I digress. You will await the miscreant's return and bury your stilletto in his treacherous bosom!"

"And what-a you giba me?" asked Marco.

"How, minion? Give, saidst thou? Wilt not have revenge? Ha! ha!"

"No. You givea me money, too. Me wanta fifty dollar."

"Fifty dollars," said Ald. McCully thoughtfully. "I'm afraid that would lead to an unwarrantable increase in the rate of taxation. We can't do it. But I'll tell you what I will do. I've fifty feet of land on Goosetrack Avenue that's cheap at \$30 a foot—and it's only mortgaged for \$20. I'll give you a deed of it and take a second mortgage for \$5 a foot. Five times fifty is 250. So you'll make \$250 by the deal. Sec?"

"Corpo di Baccho. I will do it," said the peanut vendor. And at a sign from the President he was conducted from the chamber, and clutching his glittering poinard sped forth upon his fiendish mission.

HE—"Are all J. Millionaire Crawford's daughters married?"

SHE—"Yes—all five of them."

HE—"Married some English syndicate, I suppose?"

—*The Fury*



THE RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

TANGLE—"Do you know how it feels to be kicked by a mule?"

BRONSON—"No—and I hope you don't want to show me!"

HE WAS OSTRACIZED.

PROFESSOR—"What is the origin and signification of the term ostracism?"

STUDENT—"Ostracism, sir, is derived from the Greek word *ostrakon*—an oyster shell—for balloting at elections. The man who got left was ostracized."

PROFESSOR—"Can you give an instance?"

STUDENT—"Um—um. I can give a modern instance, sir. It's generally admitted that Bristol was knocked out by the oysters."

AN UNKIND SUSPICION.

ALGERNON—"Believe me, my idol! your lovely picture is engraved on my heart and brain!"

ADELAIDE—"Are you quite sure you mean that, and are not saying it because you know I dote on steel engravings and wood-cuts?"

HE WAS WILLING TO RISK IT.

DOLLY WELOFF—"No, Jack, I cannot marry you. I love you too dearly to run the risk of ruining you."

JACK HARDUP—"What do you mean?"

DOLLY WELOFF—"You know what the maxim says: 'Many a man is ruined by suddenly becoming rich.'"

AFTER A VISIT TO THE SEASIDE.

BANKS—"Did you go among the breakers?"

CUMSO—"Yes. I went to see everything that was to be seen and am dead broke."

AMOUNT TO THE SAME THING.

BROWN—"Did Jones go into the country this summer?"

SMITH—"No. He went into bankruptcy instead."