

SAMJONES ON THE STUMP.

SAMJONES—our own and only Samjones—than whom none others are genuine, took an unaccountable notion to stump for E. E. Sheppard during the late lamented Mayoralty campaign. He appeared among the flock who are seeking to be led into green pastures and beside the *still* waters at a meeting held at Eureka Hall, Parliament Street, on the 27th ult. As was only to be expected Bro. Samjones' oration was interspersed by those subtle and poignant humorisms, which have made his name a household word wherever the English language and GRIP prevail. It was soon apparent, however, that the intellectual capacity of the audience was not sufficiently receptive and cultured to enable them to appreciate the delicate *nuances*, as it were, of Samjones' chaste and elusive wit. As has been previously observed, it is an acquired taste, and the crowd lacked the insight and mental grasp necessary to a full realization of Samjones.

When he threw off in his usual jaunty and careless style a brilliant epigram to the effect that "The Pope does not rule Canada," his dull and stolid auditors totally failed to catch the spirit of ironical persiflage involved, and insisted on taking the observation as literal and as therefore calculated to alienate the Catholic vote. We grieve to state that not only R. L. Patterson the chairman, but E. E. Sheppard himself

felt called upon personally to disclaim, repudiate, disavow and call down Bro. Samjones on the spot.

Now, a moment's reflection ought to have been enough to convince any person of ordinary intelligence that Samjones' remark was a fine and elaborate sarcasm, inasmuch as it is perfectly evident that the Pope does rule Canada. It was simply one of Samjones' jokes, and if Sheppard didn't expect the only and original to get off jokes, why on earth did he ask him to speak?

Is a man without enough sense of humor to realize the irony embodied in the remark, "The Pope don't rule Canada" fit to be mayor anyway?

THE KIND THAT GIVE THEM.

BBROWN—"Smith is only casually acquainted with Mr. Greatman."

JONES—"How do you know?"

BROWN—"He offered me a letter of introduction to him."

HE REQUIRED ASSISTANCE.

"I AM told that Soffed never does anything without first consulting his wife."

"I thought as much. He couldn't make such a perpetual fool of himself without assistance."



WHAT HE MISSED.

O'HARA—"Sure, an' its a beautif'ul wake yer poor husband is havin'."

WIDOW MCGUGAN—"Indade an' it is that same. If poor Moike were aloive this blessed noight it is proud he'd be that he is dead."

AFRO-AMERICAN APHORISMS.

WEN you stumble 'gin er hen-roost, you had bettah 'fore you go,
Twirl your thumb aroun' de jug'lar ob de cock dat want ter crow.

Wen you heah de rooster crowin' in de centre ob de night,
Den you know de roost am handy an' you' instinc's tole you right.

Ef you's caught around de barn-yard w'en de stars dar vigil keep,
Doan start ter run an' den purtend you's walkin' in you' sleep.

Wen you start to hunt de coon secure you' pocket wid a nail,
So 'quisitiveness folks kaint see de fedders in his tail.

W'en you' aunty cooks de possum wat you ketched de night befo',
Tell her shua doan let de fedders fly around de kitchen do'.

Doan blow you's trained you' possum dog an' bet they's none to lick un,

Kase wen you show him tree de coon he'll likely tree a chicken.

Wen you's a-gwine to de ball an' war you' Sunday suit,
Doan you forgit ter place you' Sunday razor in you' boot.

Doan fret becase you' neighbor's wife shows off a silken skirt,
Dars mokes w'ars cuffs an' collahs too dat doesn't w'ar no shirt.

Wen de candidates am buyin' votes an' gibin folkses guff,
Doan nebbber frow you' vote away widout you gits de stuff.

Ef de mule seems kinder playful hitch you' wagon up wid car',
But ef he's meek an' quiet bettah keep away from dar'!

R. H. E.