



CALLLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

LAST APPEARANCE ON THE PUBLIC STAGE OF ALONZO WRIGHT AND JOS. RYMAL, M. P'S.

Brantfordica, where he spent the remainder of his days seated in a little chair, cutting anti-N. P. editorials out of his pension-composing Globes, with his little scissors.

The Directors of the Universal Museum are busy in organizing an expedition to go in search of the scissors and remains of Artus Sturgus Hardus, and will spare no expense or trouble to find them. If the expedition is successful, and we are confident that it will be, the historical relics will be embalmed and placed in the museum, alongside of those priceless antiques, Courtenagus, and his little saw.



A Crow Chief—A rooster.  
Beautiful in death—skeleton leaves.  
A spyey paper—A Detective Journal.  
Fast Englishmen should live on Fleet-street.  
"What lady's name describes the lady?"—Isabel.  
Judged by her dress, the future man is wo-man.  
An M. P. who should be poetical—Mr. Rhyme-al.  
"Like angel's visits, few, and far between."  
—Spadina-avenue cars.  
"Letter rip," as the thief said when he tore open a registered one.  
A bookseller in Port Hope advertises "Friendship Cards." They are badly needed down there.

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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
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Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet  
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Directions in Eleven Languages.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.  
**A. VOEGLER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Woman Suffrage—having to put up with a drunken husband.

The most popular conundrum with coal consumers—Who pays the duty?

In the London (Eng'and) theatres the plays are very affecting, the audience is all in *liers*.

The sun is of all things in nature the most personally offensive, as it casts reflections on everybody.

From the way building and lending societies are flourishing in Manitoba, it is well-named "the great loan land."

When a tramp gets away without a flaking he makes unbeaten tracks. How much does not the paragrapher owe to the tramp?

A returned East Indian was complimented on his genial disposition and large-heartedness. "Yes," he replied, "I need less heart, but more liver."

The sick poet belongs to the muse-ill-age. Bread was discovered in the dough-t-age, and dogs in the cur-age.—*Whitehall Times*. These jokes are an out-rage.

Never put off till to-morrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day.—*Kingston Freeman*. We are obliged to put off till some future day the laugh at this joke.

Victor Hugo wrote: "I could live forever on the invisible." Then he went out and ordered a dozen raw oysters and a whole mince pie.—*Detroit Free Press*.

There was a young man named Mooney,  
Who grew most alarmingly spooney,  
He decided one night,  
To quit the world bright,  
And the "Crown's quest" brought him in looney.



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