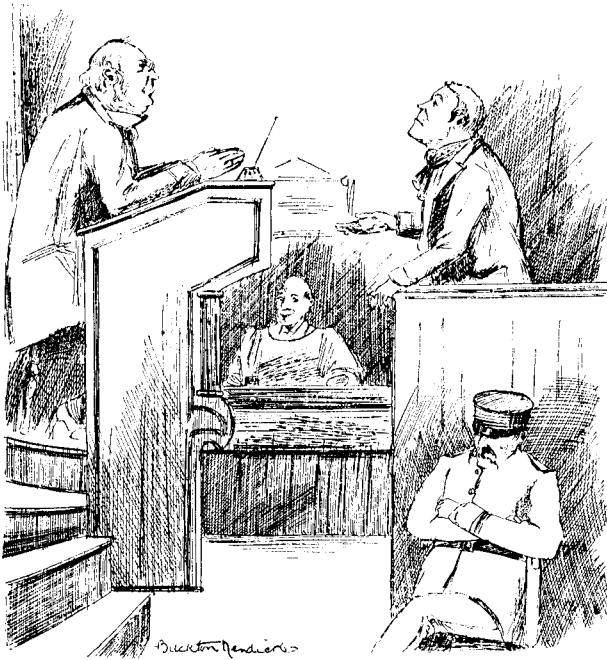


JUSTICE ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

(In Three Scenes.)

"Mr. Bourbonnais, M.L.A. for Soulages, has confessed to the misappropriation of \$1,700 from the treasury, which sum he will repay in monthly instalments of \$200."—*World*.



I.

PRISONER—"Look-a-here, judge, I doesn't mind gittin' a long sentence fur crackin' the bloomin' crib, but I'd like to serve my term by instalments. That's 'cordin' to law, ain't it?"



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II.

TOUGH—"In course I swiped the ticker an' gold chain, but s'elp me Jiminy I meanter return it to the windy ole snoozer a link at a time."

POLICEMAN—"Certainly, my dear sir. That is your privilege." *(And he proceeds to club the watch owner gently about the cranium.)*

SAMJONES SAYINGS.

THAT civic proclamation ordering the citizens to clean the snow from their gutters was rather harsh in its tone—a sort of guttur-al tone, as it were.

CORPORATIONS they say have no souls. In which respect they resemble masks—which also have nose-holes.

BEFORE entering upon the legislative fight Dr. Ryerson prudently followed the scriptural advice—"Physician heel thyself."

THE dismissal of Dr. Allen was not unexpected. Where there is so much smoke there is generally some fire.

I HAVE not seen "The Pulse of New York," but I should think it must be pretty high. There are so many beats there.



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III.

MURDERER—"Guess you'd better take the rope orf now. Jedge said I might be hanged by instalments, and that's as far as I care to go to-day."

HIS LAST CHANCE.

"IS there any hope of his recovery?"

"O, yes. He has forbidden all doctors to enter his house."

"THE FIRST FINE CARELESS RAPTURE."

A LOVER never enjoys the the kisses that he gets square from a girl's lips, like those he snatched from her ear and the end of her nose when the flirtation began.

PIOUS BY PROXY.

CHOLLY—"You look very solemn to-day."

CHAPPIE—"Ya as. A minister called and had a talk with my man about his soul."