



### THESE IGNORANT FOREIGNERS.

ITALIAN VENDOR—"B'nenas, sigga for fiore cent!"  
 \*FIRST CITIZEN—"Blawst an' blind my heyes, why in bloomin' thunder don't he learn to hexpress 'isself in proper IInglish, yer know?"

SECOND DITTO—"Hear the hathen dago. F'what do they fur-riners come to Amerikay for? Sure oi don't know at all, at all. Say, John, yez want ter lave out the I-Italian accint, do yez moind that now?"

### SUSPICIOUS CONDUCT.

JACKSON—"Why did you close on Hardup?"

CREDITOR—"He excited my suspicions by joining a church."



### CREDIT BEFORE STYLE

CHAPPIE—"Who is your tailaw, deah boy?"

CHOLLY—"Why? Do you like my clothes so much?"

CHAPPIE—"Oh, no; but I thought I might get trust at the same place."

### THE TORY KICKER.

I'VE vote'd for the great N.P.  
 For years, but now new light I see,  
 For some constituents of mine  
 Kick at the tax on binder twine.

I am disposed to think it would  
 Contribute to the public good,  
 To put coal oil on the free list,  
 In spite of the monopolist.

Tariff reform is what we need,  
 Reform in many things indeed;  
 My eldest son in vain seeks work,  
 He should be a Department clerk.

How long upon the people's backs  
 Must lie the farm machinery tax?  
 And must O'Reilly seek in vain  
 A contract that will bring him gain?

O'Reilly is my dearest friend,  
 And at elections he will spend



### THAT LET HIM OUT.

HE—"I dreamed of you last night."

SHE—"Dreams go by contraries."

HE—"I dreamed that I took you out to the opera and to a supper afterwards."

To put me in—'tis only fair  
 That I should help him now I'm there.

A government provokes my scorn  
 That will maintain a tax on corn—  
 And won't in spite of prayers of mine  
 Bonus the Wayback Hardup line.

'Tis time to take them by the throat  
 And give an independent vote,  
 'Tis time their doom was sealed—but stay,  
 There is no hurry for to-day.

My wrath awhile I'll gently nurse,  
 The Grits would certainly do worse,  
 They'd take the tax off binder twine,  
 But how about the Wayback line?

To put them in would not advance  
 Perceptibly O'Reilly's chance;  
 And hungry Grits who want the earth,  
 Would leave my son no vacant berth.

And so the only chance I see  
 Is still to cling to the N.P.,  
 Kick like a steer—but still vote straight,  
 All things come round to those who wait.