



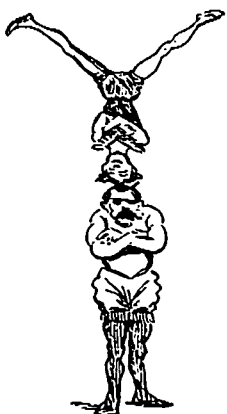
NOT TO BE "BUNCOED."

RYERSON—"Why, Mr. Patron, how do you do. I'm so glad to see you! How are all the folks up at Patronville?"

OWAT—"Delighted to see you in town, Mr. Industry. You remember me, don't you? I'm an old friend of yours."

THE FARMER PARTY—"It won't work, gentlemen. I don't know either of you, and I'm not so green as I used to be!"

DOMINICK'S DILEMMA.



OU should have been down at New York, so you should,
At the gallant reception to Dominick Blake,
Whin at Lenox Lyceum majestic he stood
Forninst a big crowd for ould Ireland to spake.

Sure they cheered and they stamped an' they pounded the floor
Wid shsticks an' umbrellas whin first he came out;
And thin, whin the chairman jist mentioned his name
They near riz the roof aff they gev such a shout.

An' Dominick bowed, an' smiled a grim smile,
An' looked through his glasses all over the hall,

To see was McCarthy an' Murphy an' Flynn
An' the rest av thim there, and sure they were—all.

Thin he started to spake an' soon warmed to his task,
An' told how Ould Ireland is trod in the dust,
But somebody hissed, an' another wan groaned,
An' it seemed loike the meetin' was goin' to be bust.

Thin out av a box right forninst Mистер Blake,
A wreath av blue smoke commenced for to rise,
"It's a bomb!" some one said, and we rushed for the dure
Before we'd be every wan blown to the skies!

But a peeler jumped into the box, so he did,
And bravely he squelched out the bomb wid his fut,
An' Dominick Blake shtood his ground loike a man
An' niver a word from his speech did he cut.

But, I'm very much feared that the cause av Home Rule
Betwixt the two factions is barren av hope,
Loike contrhary pigs they are pullin' two ways,
An' Blake's tangled helplessly up wid the rope.

THE man who rides a hobby pays well for his transportation.



THE JOURNALIST GRIND.

This is the season of the year when the editor begins to pester the artist for a design for the Xmas supplement.