



A SNAP FOR OTHERS.

REV. J. STAINGLAS (*who carries his Ritualistic ideas so far as to part his hair in the shape of a cross*)—"Well, William, I'm glad to have seen you, and I hope, my boy, as it is Lent, that you have given up at least one of your wordly pleasures."

WILLIAM—"Oh, yes sir, I have."

REV. STAINGLAS—"That's right; and now may I ask what you have given up?"

WILLIAM—"I've given up going to church till Lent is over."

A GREAT SCHEME.

JAGGERS—"Say, partner, how's things?"

BUDGER—"Oh, kind of stow. Nothin' doin' till after election."

JAGGERS—"Can't us fellers catch on an' make somethin' out of these elections? We used to in old times."

BUDGER—"Dunno. They ought to be lots of boodle goin', but it don't seem to come our way."

JAGGERS—"No, things ain't as they used to was. An' yet—(*suddenly an idea strikes him*). Say, pard—which was you last, Grit or Tory? I forget."

BUDGER—"Why, Grit—Grittier nor blazes."

JAGGERS—"Good. An' yer done some hustlin' too for the party, didn't yer?"

BUDGER—"Hustlin', you bet! Why I was scrutineer, committee man and all the rest of it. I should say I did hustle—especially if there was money into it."

JAGGERS—"Well, then, catch right on. Go to some of the Grit committees an' get a canvassing book. Attend all the meetings and holler for all you're worth an' interrupt Tory speakers. Pitch in good."

BUDGER—"Oh, come off. They ain't no money into it, I tell you. Yer don't catch me doin' no hollerin' nor nothin' 'thout I git paid fur it. 'Lecture promises don't go with me no more. I've had enough of 'em that never come to nothin'."

JAGGERS—"Never you mind. Do just as I tell you. I got a big scheme. After you git solid with the gang an' kinder conspicuous-like, sit right down an' write a letter to Jim Blaine—(Blaine of Maine, of course, not the

Fakir of Galt)—or to Ras Wiman, givin' him a stiff about how the cause of annexation is comin' on. Let on as you've had a talk with Cartwright or Laurier and as how they's both red-hot fur annexation, only they don't just want to talk right out in meetin' till 'lection is over."

BUDGER—"Well, what's to be made out of that?"

JAGGERS—"Made? Lots of boodle, man! You write the letters an' then I do the truly loyal sneak act and take 'em up to the *Empire* office an' sell 'em to Creighton for a roorback to come out daybeforeelection: 'Another Traitor Exposed'—'Grit Conspiracy to sell Canada to the Yankees'—'The Party Leaders Implicated.' Why, the *Empire* would come down with a couple of hundred dollars as easy as rolling off a log—an' of course we'll whack up. Do yer catch on?"

BUDGER—"Well, by thunder, old man, you have a great head. You'd ought to have made your mark in politics long since. I'm in with you on that racket, you bet. Let's have somethin' an' then I'll start right away an' git onto Mowat's committee."

CONSOLATION.

"AH! Smith, old man! how do you do?
A Why, what's the matter? Something up?
I scarcely should have thought 'twas you.
And where's the dog—your prize bull-pup?"

"Well, Jones, you see, I'm feeling bad.
Last week I lost my darling wife,
And when she died my dog went mad,
We had to take his precious life."

"By Jove! too bad; but don't take on,
I know such grief the bosom rends.
Don't stay with misery alone;
Go out and visit all your friends."

"They'll all be glad to see you, Smith,
And offer you a welcome kind,
They'll give you consolation with
A balm to ease your troubled mind."

"Yes, Jones, that's just the thing I do.
They give me cheer across the cup,
They give me sympathy; but who
Can give me such another pup?"



A LIFE STUDY.

THE facial expression of the young lady who got two proposals at once.—*Pick-me-up.*