

The Little Joker.

Vol. I.

KAMLOOPS, B.C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1898.

No. I.

FOR SALE

At the Provincial Polling Booths
on the 9th July,

Three Marten Skins

James Martin—Skin slightly damaged; refused once on the Vernon market; offered without alteration at Rossland. Will sell at any price.

Joe "Yellow" Martin—Skin badly damaged; this is a second-hand skin which was offered for sale in Winnipeg two years ago but had to be bid in. Must be sold in Vancouver; price no object.

G. B. Martin—This is the only sound pelt offered. Has been placed on the market in North Yale five times and always sold at an advance. Will be offered in the same place. For particulars and terms apply at the office of *The Little Joker*.

SAVED BY A HEAD.

An almost miraculous escape from serious injury if not death occurred the other day to a young man as he was journeying from Kamloops to Salmon Arm on a railway velocipede. Being somewhat unaccustomed to this mode of travelling he soon became tired, and got off the machine for a walk just to vary the exercise. While crossing one of the small trestle bridges, with chin high in the air and hands deep in his pants pockets, musing sadly on the question of his next year's salary which was already mortgaged, his foot slipped on one of the treacherous ties and he fell, feet foremost, through the trestles. Fortunately for him he possesses a head of very unusual dimensions, and it would not follow the rest of his body, so he was brought up with a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck. For a few brief seconds he underwent all the sensations of death by hanging, and the sins of his past youth arose vividly before his mind. Just then his companions came along and soon released him from his painful position, none the worse for the accident excepting a little soreness round the jaw and the breaking of an eye glass.

A cure for premature political ambition fever—Recipe:

G. B. Martin 3 weeks
Result on 9th 1 dose
Aqua pura frigid. ad lib.
Mixit—Take when paroxysms are severe or on symptoms of swelling of the head.

E. L. ECTOR, M.D.

TRY IT.

My first is what the opposition may expect on the 9th.

My second, the condition of the New Vancouver Coal Co.'s political cash box after the campaign.

My third, the ultimate position of the opposition.

My fourth, the policy of the Cotton-Martin combination, when discoverable at all.

My last, its usual policy.

The initials of my whole form the name of a beaten candidate.

Give it up, it's too easy.

Defeat
Empty
Awful
Negative
Enigma.

THE GOVERNMENT.

Trusted
Useful
Representative
National
Enterprising
Resourceful.

Francis Joseph Deane, M. — —
Ha! ha! ha!

Hit it and take it!

It is said that the price of New Vancouver Company's coal will experience a rise after the elections.

The money that is being wasted on the opposition has got to be made up somehow.

Well, elections DO cost money.

Once a keen Government supporter, now a deane oppositionist—like Kellie is.

Like h— he is!

Politics is like a coat, you can change it as often as you get the money to buy a new one.

"Blue rain" is a poor cry to bring into North Yale; it usually winds up blue—for the "calamity howler."

J. C. Brown's "Winchester" will require a peep sight to draw a bead on the opposition vote in North Yale on the 9th.

"Johnnie get your gun."

An old and respected resident of the North Riding of Yale came into Kamloops a short time ago, and expressed a wish to become acquainted with F. J. Deane, having heard that a person by that name was presenting HIMSELF as a candidate in opposition to his old friend the Hon. G. B. Martin, and being of an inquisitive disposition he asked where he could find that same F. J. Deane. Upon receiving the desired information the old gentleman went to the

Sentinel office, introduced himself, and in the very warmest terms complimented F. J. Deane upon his cool, unadulterated gall in nominating himself as a candidate. This seemed to please F. J. D., for when he was bidding the old gentleman good bye he found that the double doors of the Sentinel office were not large enough to admit his head to pass through in a final nod of adieu.

I haven't got any property in the North Riding of Yale except personal property (and that consists of myself), but you can just bet that after I am elected I will attend to F. J. D.

You don't think I am going to throw up a good job for nothing, do you?

Swellheadicitus is the name of the new disease with which we are now threatened, but at present it seems to be confining its attacks principally to embryo politicians.

It may be Deane now but soon it will be Dennis.

How about those blackberries that Frank Allingham has been promising some ladies? Wouldn't it have been safer to have promised rhubarb?

The self appointed candidate's days are now numbered, a fact which none know better than himself. That the strain is beginning to tell on him is apparent to all, and no one would be surprised if he broke down utterly before the 9th. Morbid, nervous and excitable, with palpitating heart and strained vision he is still feebly pottering around trying to entrap a few of the electors with false promises.

The Coster-Martin combination tried to corner corn on the Board of Trade in Chicago in 1893, and great was the fall of their "Futures." The Cotton-Martin combination are trying to corner votes in the electoral market and great will be the fall of their ambitions. Thus history repeats itself.

So there is going to be two bands in town. That's first rate—just as it should be. One will be able to play "See the Conquering Hero Comes" for Mr. Martin, and the other can practise up the "Dead March in Saul" for F. J. Deane.

The Province Publishing Company ran up against the "libel law" machine and dropped their "Nichol" in the slot. They may not get it back in a hurry.

"Negative" Semlin,
"Positive" McKay.
The two poles of the West Yale battery are making fire fly.

It takes more than two swallows to make a summer, but only one Martin to win an election. (N.B. This is not a "yellow" Martin.)

A fellow called Francis J. Deane, Whose "gall" is a sight to be seen, Is stumping North Yale With a "blue ruin" tale, And tactics exceedingly mean.

Graham might be elected in East Yale if it were not for the "Price."

"Slide Kellie, slide!" White's on 1st base.

The other day a young man crawled feebly into a certain restaurant in town and ordered a light meal. Judging from his preoccupied air he had evidently some weighty matters on his mind. Taking his hat from his head he deposited it on the table and ran his fingers slowly through his curling locks. Just then a newspaper caught his double-barrelled eye. Picking it up—the newspaper, not the eye—he read an account of the enormous success of G. B. Martin at Salmon Arm and other places. Something in the article evidently did not please him for he commenced to sigh and groan and to curse in a manner which was heard all over the room. Thinking it was the pangs of hunger the waiter hurried up to serve the young man's meal, but on bringing it to the table could find no room to deposit the plate on account of the hat, which entirely covered the table. The poor young fellow had evidently no appetite left, for he got up and, leaving his hat on the table, started down the street with his locks flowing in the breeze. Someone called him back, and the waiter told him that if he wished to leave his hat there—he would have to charge him for the room it was taking up. Flushing a rosy red, slowly and sheepishly the young man uncovered the table, placed his hat on one of the projections of his cranium and walked sadly away amid the laughter of the other occupants of the room.

"More work for the undertaker."

Railways and roads bring revenue. That's what the people are after.

Can J. C. Brown's "Winchester" hit a Marten? Not much!

Baker is solid in South Kootenay. We'll go (bail he) has a good majority at every poll. Poor Bailey?

The opposition candidate in Kaslo is too "Green" for Brother Lowery to swallow. The *Ledge* must be afraid of colic.

"Daisy" Deane's day is done, and he knows it. He cannot even look his old acquaintances in the face. With downcast eye, haggard cheeks and shambling gait he is slouching round the country looking for votes in vain, a terrible example to all political schemers.

When "Daisy" Deane is defeated he is going to get the Attorney-General to inquire into the matter.

Vote for G. B. Martin, progress and honesty.