

THE BALLAD OF THE HORSEWHIP.

A BERLIN DITTY.

IT was an editor right bold,
A man of Lib.-Con. views,
Well known abroad as Peter X.,
Who ran the Berlin *News*.

Who loved his party and its ways
And shared its every fate,
And hated Grits of every sort
With deep and bitter hate.

And over and above them all
The recent Registrar,
'Gainst whom the Berlin Daily *News*
Waged a relentless war.

Impaling him from day to day
Upon a gall-tipped pen,
And holding him aloft to scorn
As the very worst of men.

At last the Registrar that was
Grew weary of this game,
And deemed that it was now high time
To vindicate his name.

"I'm blowed if I will longer stand,"
Says he, "this fellow's lip,"
So forthwith he went out and got
A heavy riding whip.

And when the *News* man came along,
As usual, looking spruce,
The Registrar that was jumped out
And whaled him like the deuce!

The whip-lash whistled in the air,
And twined round Peter X.,
A-scattering of his walking cane,
And Christy hat, and specs.

And causing that astonished man
To hustle under cover,
And stay there, paralyzed and sore,
Until the storm was over.

"The pen is mightier than the sword,"
And gives a galling nip,
But Peter isn't very sure
It hurts more than the whip.

THEY WENT BY INVITATION.

SHORTY—"Say, Snoozer, le's take in Rotten Row."
SNOOZER—"Aw, come off the roof! Yer talkin'
through yer hat. Wy, they'd run us in first thing."

SHORTY—"Run in nawthin! We're in it, pardner!
Jest listen to this outer the *Mail*—(reads):

The second drive of the season will be held to day in Queen's
park from 4 to six p.m. The full band of the Q.O.R. will be in
attendance. Hundreds of citizens who prefer for purely health pur-
poses to walk round are invited to be present, as special arrange-
ments have been made for their comfort.

"That's jest our style ain't it? We do our walkin' fur
purely health purposes—see?"

SNOOZER—"By Jiminy I guess your right, cully. We're
in it sure 'nuff. Special arrangements fur our comfort.
Why, that means some kind of a lay out. Git a move on
pard, afore the lunch is all gone. This is a picnic for us."

THE ORIGINAL MAN OF STRAW.

JASPAR—"That speaker does nothing but hammer at
men of straw.

HAYSEED—"That's the way. Everyone hammers at
the poor farmer."

CHATTER.

JACK—"It seems to me that there is nothing cold
about Ethel."

TOM—"That's the impression she gives all the fel-
lows when she wishes them to buy ice-cream for her."

* * *

WHY the bards call springtime "gentle,"
Is a puzzle, I declare;
For we then have bills, house-cleaning,
Carpet-beating—loads of care.

* * *

MAUD—"I sometimes have the strangest dreams."

JACK—"Do you ever dream of me?"

MAUD—"O, no. Though my dreams are sometimes
strange they are never absurd."

* * *

RECENT GRADUATE—"Do you think I am suffering
from swelled head?"

SANSO—"O, no. You do not seem to be at all
pained by it. On the contrary you appear to enjoy it."

* * *

BEFORE her brand new bathing suit,
She in her purse had laid away,
She musing asked "When I wear this
I wonder what will the wild waves say?"

* * *

"BRIDGET, darlint, I have come to larn me fate."
"Sure an' I think if yez don't be aff wid yez moighty
suddint, it's me father's fate yez'll git acquainted wid."

* * *

"Grandeur is in little things," sang the poet, and a microb
that heard him immediately became so puffed up with
vanity that it became visible to the naked eye.

* * *

My lady love is kind as fair
And vows that she'll be mine,
Because I swear her golden hair
Is eighteen carats fine.

* * *

HAMLET (in *Chicago*)—"Now could I drink hot
blood."

VOICE—"All right, old man. Come out to my stock-
yards and I'll give you all you want of it."

* * *

WHEN a man feathers his nest he does so with feathers
taken from the historic wings of riches.

* * *

SHE tripped along the crowded street;
Her form I can't forget;
Methinks she somehow tipped my heart,
Because it's all upset.

* * *

JASPAR—"What do you think of this system of acting
plays in the open air?"

JUMPUPPE—"Well, if the actors are fleet-footed it at
least gives them a chance for their lives."

* * *

ONCE I was a bare-footed boy,
And oftentimes I long to feel
The boastful joy that thrilled me when
I had a stone-bruise on my heel.

* * *

JACK—"They say that that fellow has loads of dust."

TOM—"I wonder if we can induce him to blow some
of it in."

* * *

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and
colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in
the market. For sale everywhere.