



TREMENDOUS BLOW-OUT!

(The Local Government, carried away by the exuberance of its joy over the latest Privy Council victory, determines to celebrate the occasion with characteristic prodigality.)

A PARCEL OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS FROM FAR MUSKOKA.

STUDIES IN COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY.

"Say, uncle, explain this: before I took to racing I was a good man, but afterwards, I was a better."

"Your logic wont hold water, Jack; but I'll fix it for you right, and right away. You were a thoroughgoing scamp while you betted, and even after you gave up this vile habit you were no better. That is what's the matter with you."

MECHANICAL.

A feather is a light thing on the water, but some folks assert that a 30-ton barge is a lighter.

A MORAL PARADOX.

Although one who habitually indulges at table may be, and very probably is, a fast man, nevertheless it is an undoubted fact that he who abstains altogether is a faster.

PROOFS ON DEMAND.

Julius Caesar, Pompey, Jack the Giant Killer, and Jack Shephard are universally allowed to be some of the boldest men who ever lived, but I dare affirm that since my arrival in Muskoka I've seen many a boulder.

A COUPLE OF SHARP BLADES.

"I say, Tom, my razor is the sharpest blade you ever saw. You bet!"

"Don't believe a word of it, Dick; I saw a sharper with the policeman not five minutes ago. You bet!"

ARITHMETICAL.

If seven days make one week, how many days are required to make two weaker?

Sportsmen say that a dirty gun is foul; humanitarians declare that he who employs it against little dicky birds is a fowler.

STATISTICAL.

It is the opinion of some that ever since their great Revolution the French people have

been, politically speaking, a little mad. "Our own reporter," who has made many enquiries on this subject, and whose sources of information are exceptionally reliable, writes to inform us that for more than a generation past the rural population has been growing much madder every year.

THE WHEEL SPOKE.

"I'm quite tired already," as the new coach wheel said, when it was trundled out of the blacksmith's shop.

The Dime Sweepstake Riddle—The winner takes the pool.

WHO'S TO BE MAYOR?

A FARUCIAL FANCY SUITED TO THE TIMES.

Characters: Mr. Farlington, Mr. Snickerton, and Mr. Dickerby, worthy citizens, aspirants for the mayoral chair. Electors and election agents.

ACT I.—SCENE FIRST—Mr. Farlington's private sanctum. Mr. F. discovered reading imposing document.

Mr. F. (loquitor).—Hem! this is really enjoyable. (reads): "Knowing fully your splendid financial ability, your great aptitude in matters municipal, and your generous and sympathetic nature, we, the undersigned, beg that you will allow yourself to be nominated as a candidate for the mayoral chair." (Log.) That is really delightful. Of course I must accept. I can run on the respectable Tory ticket. (Dances a Highland fling.)

SCENE SECOND—Parlor in Mr. Snickerton's villa. M. S. is discovered surrounded by a crowd of anxious and hungry looking ratepayers.

Principal Ratepayer.—Mr. Snickerton, the intelligent citizens you see before you are here scorning the usual requisition form. They have come to beg of you to stand as a candidate for the mayoralty. In you they recognize a gentleman every way fitted for that most responsible position, and you may depend upon their votes and interest.

Mr. S.—My respected fellow-citizens, your thoughtfulness has gone deep down into my heart (blows nose violently). If I can be of any service to the city and its most intelligent residents, such as I see before me now, you may command my services. (Bows. Much shaking of hands and other demonstrations of satisfaction. Exeunt crowd.)

Mr. S.—The dream of my life is about to be realized. I will go straight in. I can run on the Reform ticket. (Fires Locke's Logic at a portrait of Sir John Macdonald and waltzes out.)

SCENE THIRD—Mr. Dickerby's office. Enter a deputation who present a bulky letter to Mr. D. He opens and reads.

Mr. D.—Gentlemen, this is indeed a surprise! I had no idea that so many of our enlightened temperance electors had a desire to see me seated in the mayoral chair. I count more than seventy signatures. Surprising! Their wishes must not be passed lightly by. I am willing, gentleman. You may carry back my sincere thanks and say that Daniel Dickerby is not the man to shirk a responsibility when it is placed upon him. Good day. (Deputation retire. Mr. D. takes a long breath.)

Mr. D.—I see my way into the chair. Daniel, catch the temperance and independent votes and all will be well.

ACT II.—SCENE—A private room in So-and-so's Hotel. Several leading wire-pullers are seen in close consultation.

First W. P.—I represent Mr. Snickerton. He is strongly supported by the Reformers. He must go to the poll. I am authorized to stand out to the last. We mean fight.

Second Ditto.—Well, you know, this three-cornered contest will never do. Our man, Mr. Farlington, is certainly the best for the position, and he is going right in. We have the support of the Tories, who are mighty and must prevail.

Third Ditto.—Tut! tut! gentlemen. One of three must give way. I am advised by a high authority, no less than a Government official, that this election must not be fought out on party lines, because it will expose the weakness of the party, you understand, gentlemen. Now, under the circumstances, would it not be better for one of the candidates running on a party ticket to buck down and allow the fight to lie between our candidate, Mr. Dickerby, a worthy gentleman running the independent and temperance ticket, and the one chosen to remain? (The three W. P.'s scratch their heads and ruminate several minutes.)

First W. P.—We go to the poll.

Second Ditto.—We shall not back down.

Third Ditto.—We cannot desert the interests of our party.

Omnes.—That is business. (Tableau.)

ACT III.

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Curtain.

TITUS A. DRUM.

IN COURT.

Sam was accused of theft.
"Now, Sam, you are accused of taking these chickens off the roost of Mr. Jones. Are you guilty?"

"No, boss, I'se not; I didn't take no chickens off Mr. Jones' roosts."

"Are you sure?"

"Dead shur, boss."

"But it can be proved."

"Den, boss, I'se guilty, but I didn't take 'em off de roost."

"What! you did not take them off Mr. Jones' roost?"

"No, ash. I took 'em on de roosts."