

BAS-RELIEF IN HONOR OF THE VISIT OF THE STRAUSS ORCHESTRA.

THE JOKERS' CLUB.

"NOW, gents, come to order," said the President. "The subject of our deliberations this evening is the Office Hog. Hurry up with your remarks, and remember our rule, that the man who speaks a sentence without a palpable joke in it stands the drinks for the gang. Now, then, go!"

"The Office Hog will be *World* away in a tempest of popular indignation," remarked Baskerville. (Applause.)

"Leaving the honorable gent who has just spoken to bask-a-while ('Oh!') in the smile of your approbation, I would briefly but emphatically remark that there is an excellent reason why the Office Hog should not go, for who is better qualified for office than one accustomed to the pen?" said Popenjoy. (Applause, followed by prolonged interval for meditation.)

"Hoop-la! Now I got her!" cried Binkerton suddenly, slapping his leg. "Steady, now—this is a corker. I am quite of Popenjoy's opinion. Hoggishness in an official is rather commendable than otherwise, inasmuch as a hog has a talent for rootin' (routine)."

Another interval devoted to profound thought.

"Awful pause," sighed McGuffy.

"The beverages are on you, Mc," said the President blandly. "Gently tintinnulate the indicator, please."

"Not muchly, Mr. President," said McGuffy, "that was a joke. Ain't a hog got paws?"

"That really ought not to pass, Brother McGuffy, but I suppose we must call it a joke if it's the best you can do. Next!"

"The papers pourtray the Office Hog in dark colors," said Snorkey, "but who knows what the pig-ment?"

"Public sentiment is growing more enlightened on the question every day," said Borax. "How so? you would perchance enquire. Why, by the light of this scandal." (Cheers, but not inebrates.)

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"This s' will not do,"

sighed Popenjoy, after a five minutes' interval of profound silence.

"No, indeed, it won't," said the presiding genius briskly. "That don't go. Ordinarily it might, but it's getting dry work, so I'll rule you out. Agitate the annunciator, somebody. That's right. Now we'll suspend the rule for ten minutes or so, and give your think-machines a rest till we start another subject."

A RASH ACT.

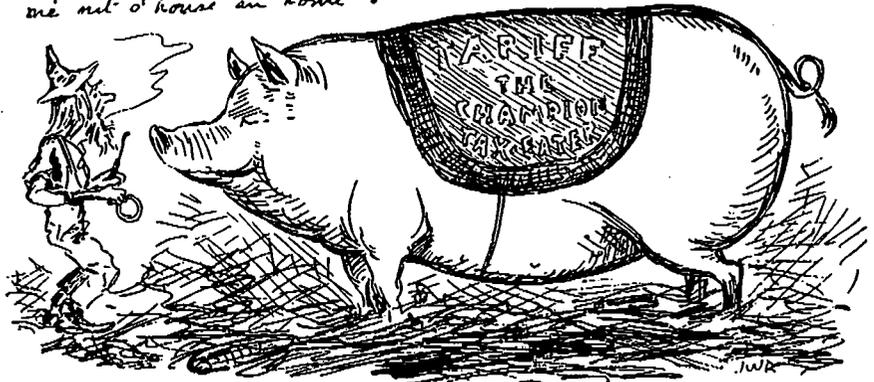
WHY did you kick that hat?
 Why did you kick that tile?
 What makes the urchins shout?
 Why do the people smile?
 Always before you hit
 Hats on the street a kick
 Raise up the rim a bit—
 Look for the hidden brick.

USUAL.

ETHEL—"How sarcastic Smallwit is!"

MAUD—"And, oh, how sarcastic he thinks he is!"

*By Gum! I'd like to put a
 Ring in his snoot - He's eatin'
 me out o' house an' home !!*



THE TARIFF HOG.

Talk about The Office Hog as an offender against public morals, but he is not a circumstance to the Tariff Hog. The former is generally content with the emoluments of his office, but the latter is never satisfied. Thirty, forty or fifty per cent. profits extracted from the pockets of the people who are forced to deal with him, only whet his appetite for more. Year after year his cry is Give, Give; and his slave, the Government, is compelled to yield to his demands. Of all the Hogs this country is afflicted with, there is no Hog so hoggishly hoggish as The Tariff Hog.—*Sarnia Observer.*