

THE REJECTED LOVER

OF ROMANCE.

"SO, Esmeralda," said Ferdinand, bitterly, "you slight my proffered love and blight with the icy glance of scorn a heart that for years has beat only for thee alone." And the strong man buried his forehead in his hands, while his quivering frame disclosed the intensity of his emotion.

"Little did I dream," he continued, "when I enshrined your image in my inmost bosom and vowed that henceforth my life should be devoted to your happiness, that I should live to hear you avow your preference for another! Oh, woman, false, fickle, deceitful woman! Canst forget the delightful dawning of the dream of first love, when we were all in all to each other, and the future seemed radiant with a promise which, alas, is but like the mirage of the desert that by its delusive attractions adds to the torture of the perishing traveller."

"I have told you that I love you no longer," she said, in a stern, relentless tone. "There is no occasion to protract the interview."

"No," he said, "I will no longer reproach by my presence the woman who has crushed and broken my life and left me a mere simulacrum of my former self, without an aim or hope in existence. Farewell, and may you never realize the pangs that rend my bosom at this moment."

OF REALITY.

"Well, Bella," he said, "I was in hopes you'd have looked at the matter differently, as you seemed to kind of like me. I tell you straight, I thought more of you than of any girl I know, and I've given you the first chance, but if you won't have me I guess that settles it."

"My mind is fully made up," replied Bella. "But I have a high respect for you, and hope we shall always remain good friends."

"Why, certainly, and seeing I can't have you as I hoped to, I guess I'll try some of the other girls, for I've been wanting to get married for this long time. Nothing like keeping on trying, is there? Ta ta. As soon as it comes off I'll send you a piece of the wedding cake."

A LEADING QUESTION.

DEEP in logic I've dug,
But my head's in a whirl.
Did the girl lead the pug?
Did the pug lead the girl? —Puck.

Before we endeavor the doubts to disperse
Which trouble the brain of this writer,
We must know if the pug to which he refers
Is a dog or a nose or a fighter.

ON KING STREET.

PIGSNUFFLE—"How much more smoothly than usual the car is running to-day."

BLIVINS—"Yes, we have been off the rails for the last few minutes."

AT LONDONDERRY.

FIRST IRISHMAN—"Musha, but it's a cowl day fur July, an' it come on so suddint like, too."

SECOND IRISHMAN (who has lived in Canada)—"Sure 'tis aisy explained. Ned Blake's jist landed."



THE INVALID.

TRAMP—"Madam, won't you please help a poor sick man?"

WOMAN OF HOUSE—"Why, you don't look sick."

TRAMP—"Yes I be, too, madam."

WOMAN OF HOUSE—"What are you sick of?"

TRAMP—"Work."

TWO CENTS A MILE.

HOW IT STRIKES THE AVERAGE M.P.

FOR your two cents a mile
It is hardly worth while
For us who make laws for the nation
The railroads to fight,
Just because it is right,
And offend every large corporation.

"The popular rights"
In electoral fights
Sounds well as a cry that is taking,
But once in it is best
For our own interest
Our pile to keep quietly making

And the very best plan
Is to help the rich man,
Subservient as spaniel or poodle.
Corporations, you know,
Always give *quid pro quo*,
And afford us a whack at the boodle.

A man with the brain
Of William Maclean
Would he thus put his talents at rental,
Has an excellent chance
His career to advance,
But he seems to be two-cent-imental.

No; I'm not such a fool
As to go by the rule
Of promoting the good of the masses,
I'm afraid if I did
That farewell I might bid
To my annual free railroad passes.

THOUGHT IT WAS A NEW FISH.

FISH PEDDLER—"Fish, all alive! Fresh fish—all alive!"

HOUSEKEEPER—"Have you any bollards?"

FISH PEDDLER—"No'm—never heard of 'em. Fine salmon—white-fish."

HOUSEKEEPER—"I'm sorry you haven't any bollards—I want to try some of them."

FISH PEDDLER—"There ain't no such a fish, ma'am."

HOUSEKEEPER—"Oh, yes, there is. 'Alive Bollards.' I seen them advertised up town."