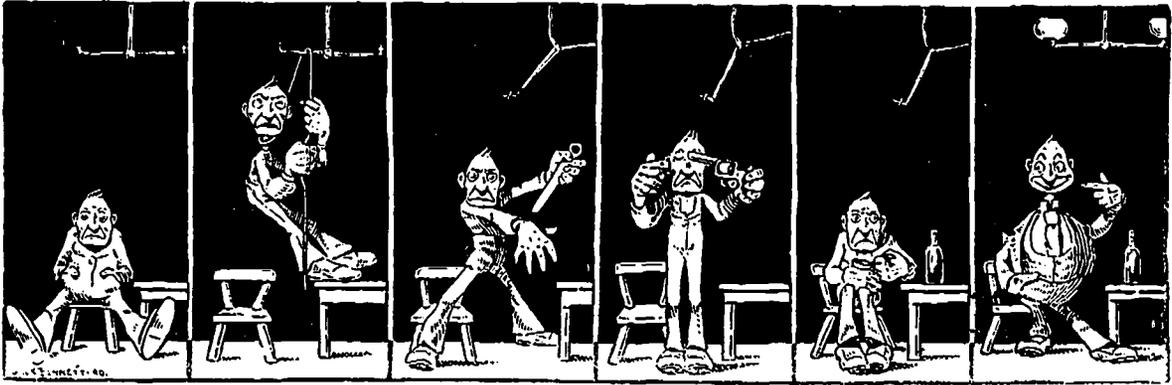


GRIGGS' SUICIDE.—A PATENT MEDICINE ADVERTISEMENT.



DEAR SIR:—I became despondent.
—Chicago Light.

And attempted to hang myself;

But the gas jet bent. Tried the paper-cutter;

It broke. Attempted to blow out my brains—

Had none. Intended to take poison, but

Took a dose of your tonic by mistake. In five minutes I was a new man. Ever yours, J. GRIGGS.

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



"HA! What's this? James I. Hughes nominated for the Local Legislature by the Peel Conservatives in place of ex-Mayor Campbell, who declines the honor. Let me reflect awhile—there is food for thought in this. Steady—brace up, now. I've got her. If Peel should return Jim Hughes it would be Orange Peel, wouldn't it?"

"But it won't, mon," replied the Scotchman, dogmatically.

"You bet she does," asserted the Heeler, emphatically.

"Now, please don't diverge into a political discussion just yet. I hadn't exhausted the subject. Methinks I see another joke vaguely floating in a kind of a nebulous form, as it were, before my mental vision. In a minute or so it may materialize. S-s-s-h—Silence, now. Ah, let me clutch thee! Now then. The Tories having substituted Hughes for Campbell will have to change their tune from 'The Campbells are Coming' to 'Protestant Boys.' But it won't be much of a change after all, because it will still mark the advance of the *drum o' Derry (dromedary)*. Do I make myself clear?"

"Gosh," remarked Smart Aleck. "That's an old hc-one. Make yourself clear? Somebody ought to make you clear."

The rest of the company appeared lost in thought, and several shook their heads despondently.

"I will attempt," I said, "to place the various phases of this somewhat elaborate jest before you in their logical sequence, till the beauty and symmetry of the whole dawns upon you—'Campbells are coming'—camels are coming—camel is the same as a dromedary—'Protestant Boys'—drum o' Derry—catch on?"

A faint glimmer of intelligence seemed to irradiate the features of two or three—but the remainder gave no sign of appreciation.

"I fear," I continued, "that the refinements of classic humor are largely thrown away upon this assemblage.

The crude and familiar witticisms of the circus clown or the end man of a minstrel troupe would doubtless be more on a level with your intellectual capacities."

And then I resumed consideration of my steak. Meanwhile, the political prospects of Jim Hughes continued to be the subject of conversation.

"He is such a nice good-looking man, and so very polite," said the saleslady. "I'm sure all the girls in the store would vote for him if they had votes."

"The weight of priestly influence will be against him," said the Portly Plutocrat.

"Ah, so it will," I replied. "Now, can anybody tell me exactly how much the weight of priestly influence amounts to?"

"It cannot be precisely estimated," said the Portly Plutocrat.

"Oh, yes it can. It's a *ton sure*."

Just then the postman arrived and brought me a letter, the contents of which I speedily communicated to the company.

"You remember that little epigram of mine on Gladstone and the Athanasian creed, don't you? Well, here's a fellow who signs himself 'Fairplay Radical'—probably because he is the rankest kind of a Tory and given to striking below the belt—who sends me an answer to it as follows, viz.:

You say that Mr. Gladstone with much emphasis must read The damn-a-tory clauses of the Athanasian creed, Methinks that he would know if he were not a traitorous fool That the Athanasian principle is dead against Home Rule; A measure which so dearly tends towards disintegration, Ought not to be the creed of any one who *hath-a-nation* (Athanasian.)

"How sad," exclaimed the law student, in a lugubrious tone. "I have often wondered if Scephenhaur, the founder of the pessimistic school of thought, was the victim of a pun fiend. 'Tis such things that cast a gloom over existence."

THE OFFICIAL LANGUAGE.

BUMMERSON—"What makes you always tote around with that lean slim umberreller, hey?"

DUNSHUNNER—"Really, you know, one dewives a moral support from it. Lends confidence to a fell'. So English, too. But it isn't a numbrell, you don't know. It's a paraploo."