



BREAKING IT TO HIM GENTLY.

WIFE—"George, a man who came this morning said he had an attachment for me."

HUSBAND—"What did I tell you? Now you see what your flirting ways have brought you to."

WIFE—"You great goose. It was the sheriff's officer." (Col-lapse of George.)

HIS TASTES HAD CHANGED.

DEALER—"Now, here is some beautiful Pompeian ware that was recently dug up—"

COHEN (*the millionaire, buying house-furnishings*)—"Ogskuse me. Ve haf gone oud of de second-hant pizness."

BURDOCK'S TRANSFIGURATION.

HOW THE SIMPLE ACT OF DYING ENHANCED HIS REPUTATION.

(From the Terracottaville Times, Nov. 7th.)

WE understand that Mr. Bartholomew J. Burdock, M.P.P. for this unfortunate constituency is likely to be re-nominated for the position. It is a positive disgrace to the electors to be represented by such a man. Entirely lacking in the mental qualifications necessary to fit him for the post. Mr. Burdock has systematically pandered to the worst elements of the corrupt party with which he is associated, and only succeeded in maintaining a fictitious popularity by descending to the lowest depths of corruption. There is no single redeeming feature in his character. His career is a shameful example that the most glaring evidences of political and personal delin-

quency will be condoned by the electorate when misled by *ad captandum* appeals to their prejudices and swayed by sordid considerations. But we trust that the scandal will not be longer endured, and that very shortly this insolent and ignorant trickster will be relegated to the obscurity from which he should never have emerged.

(From the Terracottaville Times, Nov. 14th.)

This community has never sustained a greater shock than that inflicted by the sudden death of one of our most respected and influential citizens, Mr. Bartholomew J. Burdock, M.P.P., which occurred last Saturday. Mr. Burdock has grown up in our midst from boyhood and always identified himself with the interests of the locality which now mourns his loss. Some years since he was elected to the Local Legislature, where he proved a faithful and efficient representative. Though unable to agree with his course in politics, we heartily unite with those of all shades of political opinion in expressing our sense of the value of his public services, and our sincere sorrow at the loss of so worthy and consistent a public man. Mr. Burdock was the soul of honor, and even in the most embittered political contests set an excellent example to his party, as he was never guilty of indulging in those discreditable and unworthy manoeuvres too often resorted to by less scrupulous partizans among our opponents. It will be long, we fear, ere we shall look upon his like again. Peace to his ashes.

RATHER SUBTLE.

JAGGS—"The biggest bill I have to meet in the whole year is always the gas bill."

SNAGG—"Oh, I see, your burden is *light*, eh?" and it took him over two hours to explain the pun, and even then he had to stand the drinks or lose Jagg's friendship.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR—"An' vat you call ze national anthem of Amerique?"

PRESIDENT HARRISON (*involuntarily looking at his grandfather's file*)—"Where did you get that hat?"



GRATITUDE.

MRS. HOMESPUN—"I'll tell you where you can find a job sawng five cords of wood, poor man."

TRAMP (*eagerly*)—"Where, mum?"

MRS. H.—"Just round the corner of the next street."

TRAMP—"Thank ye, mum, much obliged. I might have run right into it, if it hadn't been for you."