



EGOISM.

MISS A.—“I wouldn't marry the best man on earth.”

MR. B.—“Then there is no hope even for me!”

A WASTE OF WIND.

CANVASSER (*calling at house in suburbs*)—“Is Mr. Beeswax in?”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Yes that's me.”

CANVASSER—“I called, sir, to solicit your vote for Ald. Bolliver. Here is one of his cards. His record in the Council speaks for itself. He has always voted in favor of economy so far as consistent with efficiency in the public service, etc., etc.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Yes, that's all right. How's he on Sunday street cars?”

CANVASSER—“While he would not for the world do anything to impair the sanctity of the Sabbath, Ald. Bolliver has always recognized the right of people to decide the matter for themselves.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Just so. How is he on the temperance question?”

CANVASSER—“Oh, he is a staunch temperance man; never touches liquor himself—but not a fanatic, not a fanatic by any means. A temperance man in the broad liberal sense of the word—doesn't want to dictate to other people because his views happen to differ from theirs, you know.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Good enough. And what does he think about this Ashbridge's Bay scheme?”

CANVASSER—“Ah, Ashbridge's Bay scheme. Mr. Bolliver is heartily in favor of any improvement by which the sanitary condition of the city will be benefited—without, of course, entailing undue expense or putting too much power in the hands of any monopoly. He is disposed to favor the reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay under proper conditions, while objecting to many of the details in the scheme hitherto propounded.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Well, I guess he seems to be a pretty good sort of a man. He ain't one of these fellers

with the big head, is he, that'll be as nice as pie before election an' give yer the cold shake after they git yer vote?”

CANVASSER—“Not in the least, my dear sir. He is a man of the people—affable, genial and approachable all year round. Anybody'll tell you that knows Bill Bolliver.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Ah, glad to hear it—that's the kind of a man I like.”

CANVASSER—“Ah, then I trust my dear sir, we may count upon your vote and influence for Mr. Bolliver in the contest.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“W-e-l-l no, I guess not.”

CANVASSER—“Why not, my dear sir? What objection have you either to him or his policy?”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Oh, I ain't any objection—not the least—but ye-see I ain't got no vote and don't know a soul in the neighborhood. Only come to town last week.”

CANVASSER—“——!! —— * * *? —— (*Walks off rapidly.*)

HOUSEHOLDER—“Hold on, I forgot to ask you something. Is this man Bolliver in favor of——”

But the canvasser was out of hearing.

NEW YEAH WESOLUTION.

ALGY—“I am not going in society at all this yeah.”

HAWWY—“Deah me, Algy, why?”

ALGY—“I am weally afwaid. It is leap yeah, you know, and some howwid giwl might pwopose to me. I am suah that would shattaw my newves so howwibly that I should nevah wecovah.”

HAWWY—“Deah me, it would be wather embawwas-ing.”

R. R.



BANKING NEWS.

MR. SEEDY—“Here, pard, I've picked up a bit of a financial journal, an' it says times is so hard that the banks will soon be seekin' borrowers.”

MR. TROLLOP—“So? Then, I'll tell you what; we'd better drop 'round and leave them our address, so they'll know where to find us when they start out.”