

A CONSERVATIVE TORY.

I AM FOR THINGS AS THEY ARE. —



LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

POWDER FOR KILLING FLEAS.

"Gentlemen and Ladies, (bawled Timothy) I have here a newly invented, but an infallible powder for killing fleas. Only six-pence a powder, ladies, and a sovereign remedy, upon my honour."

"Pray, sir," asked a by-stander, "how did you hit upon the invention?"

"Sir, I discovered it in my sleep, by accident; but I have proved it, and I will say, if properly administered, it is quite infallible. Ladies and gentlemen, I pledge you my honour that it will have the effect desired, and all I ask is six-pence a powder."

"But how is it to be used, sir?"

"Used — why, like all other powders; but I won't give the directions till I have sold some; promising, however, if my method does not succeed, to return the money."

"Well, that is fair," said another, "and I will take care that you keep your bargain. Will any body purchase the fool's powder for killing fleas?"

"Yes, I will," replied a man on the broad grin, "here's sixpence. Now, then, fool, how am I to use it?"

"Use it?" said Timothy, putting the sixpence in his pocket; "I'll explain to you. You must first catch the flea, hold him so tight between the forefinger and thumb as to force him to open his mouth: when his mouth is open, you must put a very little of this powder into it, and it will kill him directly."

"Why, when I have the flea so tight as you state, I may as well kill him myself."

"Very true, so you may, if you prefer it; but if you do not, you may use this powder, which, upon my honour, is infallible."

QUAKER WIT. — A quaker and a baptist travelling in a stage coach, the latter took every opportunity of ridiculing the former on account of his religious profession. At length they came to a heath, where the body of a malefactor, lately executed, was hanging in chains upon a gibbet. "I wonder now," said the baptist, "what religion that man was of?" "Perhaps," replied the quaker, "he was a baptist, and they have hung him up to dry."