

LOCAL VERDICTS.

A stinging letter—B.
 Christian Visitor—A minister.
 Always on the "move"—Cops.
 Sold again—Second-hand articles.
 Past redemption—Canada.—[Extract *Globe*.
 It costs sixteen cents for the smallest "say."
 One thing that requires proper time—Music.
 We wonder if the whisk-ers on the moon do much "dusting?"

A "Colonial exhibit"—The dressing in Hall's bookstore window.

Taxpayers not allowed to vote under the new franchise act—Dogs.

They tell us a barber thoroughly understands the Whig (wig) party.

A thrashing schoolmaster should take out a liquor (licker) license.

Why are the victims of highwaymen like letter carriers? Because they "stand and deliver."

The new Railway Co. will find considerable "up-hill work" in running a street car in St. John.

A printer's devil makes it decidedly warm for himself sometimes, especially if he is inclined to be pious.

Why is a good curve pitcher like the K. of Labor organization? Because they both put out on "strikes."

There is supposed to be a limit to everything, and many bad debtors find a "limit" to the city in which they reside.

Persons using our goods are very much attached to them, is the advertisement of a prominent porous plaster company.

"Why did my husband leave me?" is the heading of a popular song. We don't know, unless it was the dread of meeting future spring bonnets and sealskin saques.

Have you got a *Globe* about you, Pittakus? Yes, Charley, and so have you, said Pittakus, indicating the universe with a majestic wave of his hand. Charley fainted.

THE INVISIBLE BLUE.—Dog Tax Collector—"Do you live around here?"

Stranger to Locality—"No. Why?"

D. T. C.—"Do you know anything of the dogs about here?"

S. T. L.—"No! nor do I want to; bad season of the year; dog days!"

D. T. C.—"I am looking for dogs."

S. T. L.—"And I guess they are looking for you; skip!"

And the two flew around the corner, followed by a bull terrier, that in the license month was fed on prison diet, ready for emergencies. The stranger shot into a hallway and closed the door, but the tax collector continued on a short distance—faded from view almost immediately. He was a St. John policeman.

The latest foreign acquisition to the Salvation Army proved quite a Hindoo-sment."

Miss O'Brogan, who says she never sang in her life on being coaxed by her "Cholley" to sing, favored him with "The lover who wouldn't propose." He, strange to say, has not called since.

That motto on the memorial drinking fountain, King square, which says "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again," we admit the truth of the motto, but also notice we thirst again, and again, before our "cup is filled."



JOHN B.—: "Yes, Buntz, that *Globe* does like to hack at me and my letters whenever it gets a chance."

MR. —: "You have my sympathy, my gigantic sympathy, John!"

A Raw Spot.

He knocked on the front door, but as there was no response he passed around to the rear and found the woman of the house wiping off a bedstead in the wood-shed. The man sniffed the air in a suspicious manner, and the woman flushed scarlet.

"Corrosive sublimate is a capital thing," he blandly observed, "but there is great danger in using it. I have known instances —"

"What do you want, sir!" she demanded as she came forward.

"Madame, I am selling a preparation to —"

"Don't want it!"

"A preparation which I warrant to knock —"

"I told you I didn't want it!"

"Please do not misunderstand me, madam. My preparation is to remove corns."

"Oh! it is! I thought it was to—to —"

"While corrosive sublimate is good for corns, madame, it doesn't begin with my preparation. Full directions accompany each box—price twenty-five cents."

"Well, I'll take a box. I am sorry if I hurt your feelings, but I thought you meant the—the bedstead."

"Never! although, madam, if you ever discover that the bedstead is troubled with corns or bunions use this salve freely. I warrant it to remove 'em."

BITS OF FUN.

Noah was an ark-itect.

A coach and four—Courtney and the Cornell crew.

A skillful horse-woman is able to hold her roan with the best of them.

One need not be a brilliant writer to express himself in glowing terms.

If you wish to communicate with finny tribes of the sea first drop them a line.

Young man, never say to your sire: "You might go, father, and fare worse."

It may be true that wretched puns never die, but you will occasionally find one on the cyclist.

Hears a pretty how-do-you-do—He who listens to the unaffected greeting of a country maiden.

It is a sure sign that the fools are not all dead when a fat man tries to be a dude and wear tight pantaloons.

Now that the funnyisms of the Lord High Executioner in "The Mikado" are becoming stale don't style them chestnuts. Call 'em Ko-ko-nuts.

If mystic signs are in vogue among the drummers' association, it may safely be assumed that the new member experiences little difficulty in "catching on" to the grip.

Of course Mr. Powderly and his associates would look to Jay Gould for assistance in settling the Southern difficulty, as there were good and sufficient reasons for he'd a system.

BY NO MEANS.—Smoker—"Look here, Isaac, this cigar that I just bought of you won't draw."

Isaac—"Won't draw? Well, do you suppose I've givin' away suction bumps mit dem five cent Victorias?"

If ever a corpulent man becomes almost weary with living it is when he mistakes the first warning of the gong for the last, and rushes puffing and blowing through the station to board a train which doesn't leave for five minutes.

The lady who owns a dog that is to large too be carried about in her arms should either leave him at home or learn to whistle. She is liable to be mistaken for a car starter if she clings to her present method of signaling to him on the street.

Oysters. Fresh Fish.



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