



SAVING THE FEE.

MR. SMALLBORE—"I understand that you sometimes give advice as a friend, and not as a lawyer; do you?"

MR. LUNAH—"Yes, certainly; I sometimes do."

MR. SMALLBORE—"That's all right then. I want to know if I can sue Jones?"

[Proceeds to state particulars of the case.]

bein' jest such folks as they wuz up to very recent. That lookin down of folks standin' around your old shoes is pretty mean, but it's one of the things you hev to fight agin'. Seem's ef it wuz dreadful human nater to do it.

SUSANNAH.

"DON'TS" FOR VISITORS.

EVERY one of our thousands of country visitors to the Exhibition is admonished to cut out the following and paste it in his or her hat for constant reference:

Don't get on a street car where there isn't room for another passenger.

Don't expect your family party to be heartily welcomed at your city cousin's residence just because you heartily welcomed him and his to the farm this summer.

Don't get into the habit of going into the Exhibition without paying the entrance fee.

Don't say anything disrespectful about Ireland to any Toronto policeman.

Don't exclaim, "Gee, whizz! don't she jest skite!" when you take your first ride in the trolley.

Don't (you single young bucks) cast your killing glances at the girls you meet on King street. They are very susceptible and really can't stand it, you know.

Don't (this for the visiting ladies) expect to find any of those wonderful bargains you read of this morning when you call at the store. They will have been just sold out, but there will be something rather better in stock, though of course, a trifle higher in price, etc.

Don't try to understand the genuflections of shape in the hats you see on the heads of our city women. 'Twill give your brain a fatal twist.

Don't say you ever expect to see a finer Exhibition on earth than this one.

"YE MAUN be o' Scottish extraction, aw'm thinkin' maybe a distant relation o' my ain. Ma name's Laurie," said a burly Manitoba settler to the distinguished leader of the Opposition.

"Scotch, certainly," replied Wilfrid, "more so even than yourself. You're Laurie, but I'm Laurier."

THE POOR LITTLE PRINCELING.

THE attention of Mr. Kelso is directed to the statement made in the public prints that Master Edward Albert Christian George David Patrick Andrew whose other name is York is being shamefully neglected by his parents, grandparents and great-grandma. Her Majesty hasn't so much as seen the little chap since the christening, and his dad and mam have scarcely been more worried over him. Isn't it about time for Mr. Kelso to step in, or is this melancholy case outside of his beat?

ROSEBERY'S SHORTCOMINGS.

A WITTY writer in the Montreal Star is responsible for this:

"Lord Roschbery does not seem to be taking the responsibilities of his Premiership seriously enough to suit some of his followers. Apparently the sin is that he is enjoying his vacation in too enjoyable a way. He has gone off hunting with a party of "chums"—i. e. of Peers; and from the nature of things a good many of them must be Tory Peers. But this sounds badly in Radical circles, where they would like a staid Premier like Mr. Gladstone until they are strong enough to put a Radical there. Writing theological polemics, taking sober walks in the balmy air of Southern France at a pace warranted not to jostle the massive brain, breaking out into frisky debauches of tree chopping, are the recreations that Whigs and Radicals would prescribe for the holidays of their leaders. But then what could they expect when they selected a Premier from among the belted Earls? It is a cruel contrast that Mr. Gladstone has put before the country by subscribing to the Home Rule fund and writing in defence of orthodoxy, while Roschbery is rollicking with Tory "bloods" in the Highlands.

WHEN Old Probs says "Fair to-day," he refers to the great Industrial. Don't forget to take your umbrella.



APOLOGETIC.

MR. HOOLIGAN—"Ye'll excuse me, Fing Wing, for radin' over yer shoulder, but its mighty interested I am in the news from the sate av war."