



TEA LEAVES.

HUSBAND—"Why did the cook leave?"

WIFE—"Her relatives didn't like the tea we use."

upon. Which country has the best government? The statistics of the two countries prove beyond a doubt that we are in a state of political corruption and financial ruin, while across the boundary reigns peace and the greatest commercial success and—"

MRS. OLEFLAGG—"A great deal you know about it! I tell you—we deserve plagues and pestilences if we talk so—so—so rebelliously. If it were not for England, where would we be to-day? Why, we—we—we wouldn't belong to the British nation at all."

—MISS SISTERLEY—"Fred says he's got along just splendidly in Chicago. He only sends home for money three or four times a year, and that's ever so good—for Fred."

MISS BEAUGIRL—"I don't care, Charlie says he wouldn't live in the States for anything. He says nobody's anybody over there unless he's English, or got a million dollars."

MRS. STAYHOME—"I think we're more comfortable here than we would be driven off to the States."

MISS SNOOPER—"Good gracious! I suppose they would make us go over there. Dear me, what would they do with Canada—burn up all the cities and everything?"

MISS WANTACHANGE—"Let 'em take us over there—I just wish they would! I'd like to be able to ride on the trolley Sundays, and buy things when I want them, and get divorces, and be a regular Yankee."

MRS. SERIOUS—"Oh—oh, mercy! Let's not get annexed. I'm going to tell Mr. Serious not to let us belong to the States at all. Let us go home right off now."

CHORUS OF LADIES—"But—but—let's talk——"
"Well, it's late, anyway." "Wouldn't the men be surprised if they could hear how sensibly we talked. Eh?"

— ROLY ROWAN.

SUPERFLUOUS.

CLASSICUS—"Jove gave a box of plagues to Pandora, a woman he created."

CYNICUS—"Mehercule! Wasn't it a sufficient plague to create a woman without giving her plagues to let loose?"

WHAT SIR THOMPSON THINKS.

LINES STARTED AFTER J. R. LOWELL, BUT TURNED ASIDE AFTER SMALLER GAME.

PREMIER G.'s an experienced man;
For wise legislation he's known far and wide,
He seems to believe in the doctrine of "Can,"
When his trusty advisers he calls to his side.
But Sir John D.
Thompson, he
Has a different opinion from Premier G.

Premier G. seems to choose men of brain;
You know the old saw about "Birds of a feather,"
Ability's rated 'bove par, that is plain,
And uselessness given the shake altogether.
But Sir John D.
Thompson, he
Has no use for statesmen, as far's we can see.

Premier G. runs a bigger machine;
And his eighty-three years in the school of John Bull
Have taught him to value a record that's clean,
Instead of a dirty political "pull."
But Sir John D.
Thompson, he
Says they're not up to everything "over the sea."

We thought that the Gospel had given us light,
To show that all men have the same loving Father;
That the right of Free Trade is a God-given right,
And that tariffs are hardest on poor men—well, rather.
But Sir John D.
Thompson, he
Says the tariff has got to stay 'way up in G.

When the wagon of State comes to miry places,
And the horses won't start under Hierarchy bud,
They get down-east lawyers and other cute cases
To start Orange tandems that balk in the mud.
And Sir John D.
Thompson, he
Says the leaders'll start if he hollers out "Fee!"

NER.

TREEING A COON.

MRS. UPPERTEHN.—"I have discovered that there is a strain of negro blood in the Snapperjaws."
MR. UPPERTEHN.—"In other words you have treed a coon in their family tree."

SELF-MADE.

HE.—"It is wonderful how easy it is for a man to make a fool of himself."
SHE.—"Then I judge from that that you are self-made."

WHAT MADE IT HEAVY.

PROPRIETOR.—"He has gone for good, eh? Is that his valise? Well, it seems heavy. Open it and see what is in it."
(The Porter breaks the lock.)
PROPRIETOR.—"Well, what is in it?"
PORTER.—"The bill you sent in to him."

BUT IT DIDN'T COME OFF.

WHILE all the other scappers
Are looking round for gore,
That is—for bigger purses
Than ever seen before—
Our Jimmy, just for glory,
Without thought of filthy gain,
Proceeds to put a head upon
The lordly Prefontaine.

MONTREAL.

A. M. ULE.