



ADVICE GRATIS.

DR. GLOBE—"Madam, the prevalence of annexation sentiments is merely the symptom of your disease. Instead of treating you for it I shall diagnose your case and endeavor to discover and remove the cause of your ailment. If that can be done the symptoms will disappear."

FEEL, FELT, FAULT.

A SAD-EYED corner grocery man on Yonge Street says:—"I don't feel that there's a heap of difference between this here paving they're laying down, and the cost of it, because the paving is asphalt and the taxes will be as felt, and felt heavy, too."

A POLITICAL STRAW.

BORAX—"I wonder how the Presidential election will go. Will Cleveland or Harrison be elected, do you think?"

SMILAX—"Oh, what's the odds?"

BORAX—"Generally about three to two on Cleveland, but I heard of one even bet yesterday."

TROUBLESOME CHINS.



DESPATCH from Calcutta says that "Trouble has again broken out with the Chins." It seems hardly worth while to send such a piece of information all that distance. Chins are

always causing trouble somewhere. However great the irritation over the outbreak, it is to be hoped that these particular Chins will not be treated barbarously, though it may be necessary to razor force to suppress them and give them a lathering.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

O'RAFFERTY.—"That contemptible renegade Goldwin Smith ought to be hanged."

LOYAL OFFICE HOLDER.—"You are right sir! I'd pull the rope myself. Any man who'd try to dismember the Empire—"

O'RAFFERTY.—"The devil take the Empire! I'd hang him because he's agin Home Rule."

LOYAL OFFICE-HOLDER.—"You miserable ruffian, you ought to be in the Penitentiary. I never heard such atrocious utterances! Shows what a brutal lot of cut-throats the Irish are."