



INEBRIATED INDIVIDUAL COLLIDES WITH PEDESTRIAN.

PEDESTRIAN (*indignantly*).—"Now then, where are your eyes? Couldn't you see me?"

INEBRIATE.—"Yesh, allrr'; I shaw you—shaw you double."

PEDESTRIAN.—"Then, confound you, why didn't you keep clear of me?"

INEBRIATE.—"Cause I thought I'd pass between you. See?"

THE THREE-ACRE SWINDLE.—The *Sporting and Dramatic News* says that an excellent story of how appreciation of the three-acre swindle was brought home to a certain bucolic elector is going the rounds. Having voted for the Radical, he began to inquire where his new property lay, and was referred to a neighbouring lawyer, who, besides a knowledge of law, possessed a sense of humour. The man made known the nature of his request. He had one acre already at the back of his cottage, and thought it would be very convenient if three acres of an adjoining field belonging to a neighbouring farmer were added to it; so he made application for these. The lawyer took in the situation, and reached down a plan of the estate which he had in his office, a plan which showed the farm in question and the rustic's cottage. "Let me see," the lawyer said. "Here is your cottage. Your land is here, I suppose, and you want three acres here." "Well, zur, I don't understand drawing loike; but it's them three acres of turnips I want just at the back of my house." "Yes, quite so. That must be here," the man of law replied, studying

the plan. "I'll see if that can be arranged for you." He left the room, leaving the new voter blessing the name of the good Mr. Chamberlain he had been told about. After a short time the lawyer returned. "I'm very sorry," he said; "but I'm afraid that can't be done. You are a little late, you see. One of your neighbours has taken his three acres there, and he has included your acre in his selection." The rustic was aghast. "My acre? But what be oi to do?" "I'm afraid I can't advise you. I expect all the land has been appropriated here, and you'll have to go somewhere else. You see the man has just as much right to your land as you have to another man's." The yokel was too much knocked over to ask the question he intended, as to where he should find his cow.

WHEN is a fawning "toady" like cinders?—When he falls in the dust before the great (grate).

LITTLE Johnny, on being asked by his school-teacher if he knew what was meant by "at par," replied, "Ma is always at pa when he comes home late."