

Chips and Shavings.



HE SHAVES HIMSELF AND SAVES A DIME.



WITH WHICH TO BUY CIGARS AND SHINE.

* * *

A Doctor writes, asking the renewal of a bill, and says, "We are in a horrible crisis, there is not a sick man in the district."

* * *

There is a policeman named Moon. Quite appropriately, he is on the night force: and, like the other one, he is about half the time invisible.

* * *

Their Admission-tickets first.--Bridget: "Miss, there's two ladies wants to see you."

Miss: "I hope you asked them into the drawing-room?"

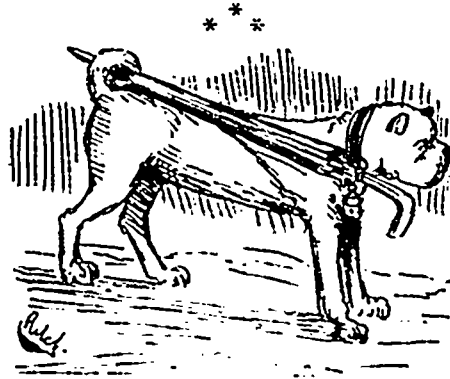
Bridget: "No, miss: I thought I'd better bring you the tickets first."

* * *

Judge: "You were detected in the act of stealing your neighbour's silk handkerchief at the theatre! What have you to say in your defence?"

Prisoner: "It is a very curious story. They were playing a most affecting piece; each of the spectators felt himself overpowered, and pulled out a handkerchief. With me, it was just the reverse. I pulled out a handkerchief, and then felt myself overpowered."

Jones, who is rather a tippler, for some time has been taking all his beverages with the aid of a straw. When one of his friends asked the reason, he replied: "It is only because I have solemnly promised my wife that I would never again let my lips touch a glass of liquor."



THE JURY'S PATENT UMBRELLA PROTECTOR.

Infringements will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

* * *

"The car is full of alumni," whispered Miss Beekonstreet to her friend from the West, as they both journeyed Cambridgeward in the horse car.

"Yes" said the Chicago girl, "and how it chokes one up, don't it? I wonder they don't open the ventilators."--*London Bulletin.*

* * *

The great Duke of Wellington once lost the services of a good *chef* for no other reason than that he was careless regarding the quality of his meals. "I cannot stay vit him," said the wounded artist. "I cook him a dinner fit for the king; he say nothing! I go out, and leave ze dinner to ze stupid cook-maid--again he say nothing!"

* * *

CONSIDERATE.—A bright St. John boy on being shown his new baby sister was asked: "Well, Charley, how do you like her?" "Oh, I don't know," said he; "I suppose we will have to keep it till it dies."



BALANCING THE BOOKS.