



NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

Always nappy to meet friends—bitchers.

There is a man up town so fond of "flash" literature that he won't read anything but a powder magazine.

An Ohio postmistress has resigned to get married. Poor thing! She'll have often to wait for a delayed mail.

Says Hans, the barber, "Shust sit down—I gif you one clean shaft, mine friend."
"I've just been getting one," said Brown, "Quite clean, at twenty-five per cent."

A Toronto man waited until he was eighty-three years old before he got married. That's like running three miles to get a good start for a fourteen inch jump.

First Railroad Man.—"How many children have you now?" Second R.M.—"Thirteen." First R.M. "Goodness! I think it is about time you put on the heir brakes."

The director of a matrimonial agency in Paris says the young girls ask only, "Who is he?" the young widows, "What is his position?" the old widows, "Where is he?"

His Mattie was a pretty girl,
As fair as one could be;
And every time he made a call
He had a Nat on knee.

"Don't go too much on show, my son," remarked Mrs. Yeast to her boy. "The drum-major of a band, to be sure, is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish any of the music."

"I was chatting," writes a lady, "with a bright young girl, the other evening, at a small friendly gathering, when our attention was directed to a tall and handsome woman who had just entered the room. 'Who is she?' asked my companion; and I, wishing to be poetical, answered: 'A daughter of the gods.' 'I don't know her,' my companion replied, critically examining the new comer through her glasses; 'the gods are not in our set.'"

Bass, who has been abroad, describes his experience of shipboard as follows: "You see it was very rough. The steamer kept going up, up, up, and then down, down, down; so that after a while my stomach staid up and the steamer went down."

"Which had you rather hear, Beethoven or Wagner?" asked Miss Matilda Greenbottle, who is a musical celebrity. "Why, I'd rather hear one of Wagner's pauses all day long than listen to Beethoven sing a single verse of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Mister," said a long, lanky young chap, as he entered a business place in Marathon, "do you want any help? I want to be hired." "Goodness! Is that so? I should think you was high enough already. If I was as tall as you I should want to be lowered instead."

A gentleman said to one of his friends that for some years his wife had persisted in saying that she was only twenty years old. "Mine is more reasonable," replied his friend. "I have succeeded in making her enter the thirties, but I have failed to make her come out of them."

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



LADY.—Oh, Doctor, my little boy is so ill, do tell me what ails him?

DOCTOR.—It's a bad case of fever, Madam.

L.—How can he have caught it; we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.

D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?

L.—No, we have never thought of that, though we have used it several years.

D.—Then send it to N. P. CHANEY & Co.'s at once, they will clean it thoroughly. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else.

"Why do you not invite Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Smith to your reception? They are very nice ladies." "Yes, but you see my husband don't want to associate with them." "Indeed, what have they done?" "Why, they got divorces from him, and such actions, you know, are very insulting to a sensitive man."

"How long have you been married?" asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered. "Two weeks," replied the happy man. "Front!" cried the clerk; "show the gentleman to parlor B. fifteen dollars a day, sir." "Third wife," calmly said the guest. "Oh! excuse me. Front! show the gentleman to 824, back. Take the elevator; four dollars a week, sir."

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