

HEAD OF FIRM—"Mr. Travers, while you were at lunch, your tailor called to collect a bill. I am surprised and pained, sir, to learn that you are in arrears. Isn't it possible for you to live on your salary?"

TRAVERS—"Certainly it is, sir; but you don't expect me to support my creditors, too?"—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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THE SOCIALISTIC QUESTION—Anar-Key.
THE BOURBON QUESTION—Kentuc-Key.
THE RUSSIAN QUESTION—Vitz-Key.
MRS. TYNLACK—"I hear your daughter has married a capital young man?"
MRS. WANTROCKS—"Yes, forty thousand in his own name."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

FACT I assure you. Nothing to equal Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses for chapped hands. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

DEACON DEWGOOD—"You remember Tom Davis, who used to say there wasn't any hell? Well, he's changed now—thinks differently."

REV. SANDPATE—"When was he converted?"

DEACON DEWGOOD—"About two weeks after he married that fiery Smith girl."

AN actor must feel quite friendless when he can not get anybody to take his part. —*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

"HULLO, Mithter Ithaacath, whot ever are you doin' of?"

"Why, Mithter Motheth, my daughter Rachael vos married thith mornin', an' they chucked enough rice at her to make a pudden. It theemth a pity to vathte it." (*Works away in the snow in front of his house.*)—*Funny Folks.*

MR. LONELY VILLERS (*turning suddenly to Suspicious Character, who has been following him home*)—"Please, sir, gimme a dime to tigt a cup of coffee; I've just walked all the way from Albany. I don't want it to buy whiskey with—indeed, I don't."

UNSUSPICIOUS CHARACTER—"Blast my soul! To think I've been shadowing a blamed old pauper for over three-quarters of a mile!"

THEY'VE ALL GOT IT!

Bishop Cleary:

Arrah, oft when the evening hour is still,
 I drop loike a saint on my knees
 To pray for the sowl of Meredith Bill
 But the prayer is spoilt by a sneeze,
 Kerchoo!
 Bad scan to the Bill and the sneeze!

Now isn't it quare whin oi'm kneelin' there,
 Big Archbishop down on his knees,
 That Meredith's sowl should be out in the cowl,
 Bekase it was bust by a sneeze?
 Kerchoo, whoop!
 Arrah, bad luck to the cowl and the sneeze!

Wm. Meredith:

While a cold in my head—and pains in my back,
 And the cough is in all of our throats,
 It's pleasant to think that the Archbishop's smack
 Is filling my pockets with votes
 Kerchoo-o-o!
 Is filling my pockets with votes.

The Protestant horse he is fattening up,
 He has cured him of ringbone and totter;
 I hope to good luck he'll get rily again
 And write me a thundering letter,
 Kerchoo-whoop!
 Yes, a thundering, blundering letter.

The Ladies:

Our noses are swelled, and our eyes are red,
 And our throats are aching and sore,
 Oh, we shed bitter tears as we're tucked in our beds,
 When our lovers are turned from the door,
 Kerchoo-oo!
 When excuses are made at the door.

Ald. Irwin:

I entered the Council this year with a sneeze,
 And will do my work as of ould,
 When Oim asked how I caught the disase,
 I reply,
 Sure I sat for a year in the cowl—
 Kerchoo-oo!
 Yes, a long, long year in the cowl.

Ald. Baxter:

When I sneeze the echoes go rolling away
 Where the city of Brampton doth rest;
 When I sneeze real hard—if I'm permitted to say—
 The buttons are bust from my vest,
 Kerchoo-oo!
 The buttons are bust from my vest.
 —*The Khan, in the Telegram.*

EPOCAL JOKES.

ELLA—"I fell in love for fun. And you?"
BELLA—"For money."

LADY (*to servant*)—"What is your name?"
SERVANT—"Marie Antoinette de Latour, but I calls mesilf Brigetta because it's more iligant."

WIFE (*looking up from paper*)—"I always told you that beer would be the death of Mr. Sliver."

HUSBAND—"Does the paper say that beer killed him?"

WIFE—"Yes; he was run over by a brewery wagon."

REFORMER (*to convict*)—"My dear friend, hy did you break into that bank?"
CONVICT—"Cause there was money in it."

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