

"HUSBAND—"Did you have a good time at the five o'clock tea?"

"WIFE—"Not at all—it was very tiresome. Everybody that was invited came. There was nobody absent to talk about."

At the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street, you will find, this week, some excellent water color sketches of Niagara river by Mr. W. Hannaford. Artists' materials, picture frames. Studies rented.

"Got to be imprisoned again for three days? What for?"

"Because I—well, for head-shaking."

"But it is impossible to punish anyone for shaking the head."

"Yes, but you know—it was not my own head!"

#### SIG. TORRINGTONI.

HARK! it is the tum-tum of the festive piano, the tiddle-tum-tee of the classic violin, and the rumble-de-rumble of the dignified organ. These sounds of sweet harmony assail the cultured ear as said ear perambulates lower Pembroke street. They tell that Father Torrington has returned from catching black bass and mosquito bites at Peake's Island, and got down to hard work for another season. From now until next midsummer the young man with pompadoured hair and the young lady with eye-glasses—the musicians of the future—will be seen in this vicinity with hope upon their marble brows and the fire of noble ambition in their eyes. For why? The Toronto College of Music is re-opened, and they are students thereof.

#### A PUNSTER'S QUERIES.

Upon what did the "carriage-spring?"

From whence did the "lemon-drop?"

Oh, what did the "apron-string?"

And who did the "Accordion-stop?"

How far did the "roller-skate?"

And whom did the "watch-charm?"

How long did the "paper-weight?"

And who did the "burglar-alarm?"

Whose path did the "iron-bar?"

And how long was the "ink-well?"

Against whom did the "glass-jar?"

And what did the "prison-cell?"

What did the "pastry-cook?"

And what property did the "carpet-tacks?"

Oh, what did the "cotton-hook?"

And who did the "ceiling-wax?"

What did the "clam-bake?"

And why did the "water-fall?"

Who did the "milk-shake?"

And how loudly did the "base-ball?"

What conspiracy did the "grass-plot?"

And whose brain did the "hat-rack?"

When was the "grape-shot?"

And what person did the "car-track?"

DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER (of Chicago and New York), the well-known specialists in throat and lung diseases, have opened a branch office for Canada at 73 Bay St., Toronto. Dr. Robert Hunter is here in person, and during his stay can be consulted on consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Their treatment is by medicated air applied directly to the tubes and cells of the lungs. A pamphlet, giving all particulars, will be sent on application.

CUSTOMER—"The last cigars you gave me were wretched—the deeper I went down in the box the worse they become."

DEALER—"You could have helped that. Turn the box upside down and begin from the bottom, then they would prove always better."

"How do you like that young man I recommended to you for a clerk?"

"You said he would be satisfied with very little."

"Yes. Isn't that so?"

"More than that, I find that nothing satisfies him."

#### DR. HUNTER ON THE EARLY SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

You may know that your lungs are becoming diseased by certain symptoms which precede the development of tubercles.

A hacking morning cough is a sign of local irritation is some part of the respiratory passages. The seat of the cough may be in the throat or larynx or windpipe, but wherever it is, it shows that the lungs are in peril, because every breath you draw has a tendency to carry that irritation lower and deeper into the chest. If the cough is the result of a recent cold it may not be of much consequence, but if it has lasted for months, that shows it to be firmly seated. If it be attended by the expectoration of a thick, bluish-colored jelly-like mucous in the morning, or after meals, it is caused by chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane. Chronic inflammation thickens this membrane, causes it to secrete the glutinous sputa referred to, and diminishes the calibre of the bronchial tubes. This injures the freedom of respiration, and shortens the breath. Now, if with the hacking cough and expectoration you find that your breath is shorter than formerly; if you cannot run upstairs or walk uphill without being more out of breath than usual, you know that your breathing space has become lessened by some cause. No matter what that cause may be, or in what part of the breathing organs it is seated, it impairs the function of the lungs, and is a source of danger which must instantly be removed. Lastly, if with the cough, and expectoration, and shortness of breath, you are beginning to lose flesh, you have a combination of symptoms which, taken together, indicate either the existence of tubercles or that condition of the lungs which invariably leads to their development. If you would save yourself from consumption you have not a moment to lose. Your worst enemy is one who would persuade you to disregard the danger. You cannot afford to take the risk. Consumption comes from just that condition which produces these symptoms. To believe that it will not come to you when it comes to others in this way is simply folly. The howling of a wolf outside a fold is no stronger evidence of danger to the flock than are these symptoms of danger to the lungs.

ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.

73 Bay street, Toronto, July 26.

NOTE—Dr. Hunter's pamphlet explaining his treatment by medicated air and giving the wonderful results which attend it in all forms of throat and lung complaints, will be sent free on application—with a lot of questions to be answered by those desiring advice. Dr. H. can be consulted personally, or by letter, by all afflicted, at his rooms, 73 Bay street, Toronto.

THE Professor is always steeping himself in learning, much to the awe of the maid-servant. One night the lamp bursts with a fearful noise.

NANNY—(rushing, horrified, into the library); "Lord! Lord! what has happened?"

PROFESSOR'S WIFE—"The lamp exploded."

NANNY—"Thank God! I thought it was the Professor."

HE—"Oh, Miss Grace! If I might hope for a place in your heart!"

SHE—"Now, you are the very last person I would allow there!"

HE—"The last? All the better, Miss Grace."

WITHOUT a doubt, Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine will give immediate relief in cases of Neuralgic Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"No, ma!" said Madge, putting her foot down firmly. "I shall not wear my blue dress to be married in. I shall wear white for my wedding dress or nothing?"

"W-h-a-t! nothing!" and paterfamilias threw his evening paper in the air and fell off the chair in amazement. Ma ran up into the garret and hid behind a trunk, while the young man jumped over the parlor sofa and crawled under the piano to hide his blushes. —Cleveland Union.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. SWINLOW'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.

At dusk a letter is brought to an absent-minded man. "A light!" he cries. Things not going quick enough for his taste he exclaims, "Give me that!" tearing the lamp from the servant's hands. He rapidly makes a twist of paper and lights it. The whole room is illuminated but now where is the note? "By jove!" With that very note he has procured the light he needed by which to read it.

JUDGE—"Samuel Jones, you are charged with robbing Widow Green's chicken roost. What have you to say to the charge?"

SAMUEL—"Not guilty, Judge, to my knowledge."

JUDGE—"Explain yourself."

SAMUEL—"Judge, if I took them chicken I did it unconsciously. It am hereditary. Judge: I walks in my sleep." —Texas Siftings.

#### FIRSTBROOK BROS.

BOX MANUFACTURERS,  
KING ST. EAST. TORONTO.

#### MUSIC.

For You Waltz, Ostlere, 60c.

Fiddle and I, Roeder, 60c.

Little Gleaners' Waltz, Roeder, 60c.

Of all music dealers, or mailed by

Edwin Ashdown, 13 Richmond St. W., Toronto

Grip the Opportunity Instantly.

Messrs. WOODWARD & CO., Electricians, are waiting your orders to give you light and comfort. Cost less than gas. 11 King Street West and 314 Yonge Street, Toronto.