

MRS. WORTHWAITE, of Murray Hill, has just moved into a new house. The parlor is beautifully fitted with the most expensive specimens of the upholsterer's art, and has a polished oak floor, only partly concealed by a few choice eastern rugs. She is entertaining a mercantile guest of her husband's.

"We think we are looking very fine in our new house, Mr. Wabash," she remarked, casually.

"Yes, indeed," responds Mr. Wabash, politely; "but it'll look a good deal finer when you come to get your carpets down."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

**THEATRE GOER** (*indignantly*)—"The idea of a baby yelling like that at a theatre. Why don't you have the youngster put out?"

**MANAGER** (*helplessly*)—"I don't dare. It's the pet grandchild of the little actress you threw that bouquet to."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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**UNCLE PETE**—"Manda, is yo' got dem chickens shut up in de smoke house, like I tote yer?"

**AUNT MANDA**—"No, an' I'd like ter know what's de matter wid yo', dat you so tickler 'bout dem chickens all 'tonce."

**UNCLE PETE**—"Neber yo mind. I know what's de matter, and dat's nuff till dem chickens is housed. When I hear dem niggas ober dar in de next yard is gwine to hab a party to-morra night, I wants to be surc my chickens doesn't tend it."—*Town Topics*.

"BAH Jove, old chappy, you don't mean to tell me you ah going to travel in this country?"

"Yes. The gov'nah give me the money to go akwoss, don't you knowah, so I am going to take a run up to London, Ontario, for a day or two. Savvy?"—*New York World*.

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"How did the party come off at Underman's last night?"

"Splendid! a model party."

"Did good order prevail?"

"The best of order. Only three men were maimed during the entire evening. I never saw a more pleasant affair."—*Lincoln State Journal*.

THIS week at the Toronto Opera House, that popular play, the "White Slave," is being revived. A recent issue of the *New York Democrat* says of the production by this company:—"The scenery is very beautiful. The tropical picture of 'Red Devil's Island' is a faithful rendition of the spot, and awakens much enthusiasm. The cast is first-class in every respect. All the parts were well sustained."

## A JUNIOR STATESMAN.

"No, Tommy," said his sister, "I'll not give you 50 cents to see the football match; you have seen a number of baseball games during the summer, and I think that is enough."

Tommy was dejected for a while and kept quiet, and his 23-year old sister began to congratulate herself that she had silenced him for a time at least, and she would not be bothered by his teasing. Suddenly Tommy's face brightened and he turned toward his sister, but she was busy with some needle-work, and was all unconscious of the thoughts that were running through his mind. After a while he went over and stood beside her and watched her fingers as they dexterously knitted the bright colored yarn into fancy mats and things without names for a church fair to be held in a short time.

There was silence for awhile, only broken by the far away notes of a harsh hand organ as it ground out, in spasmodic time, the "Boulanger March," in the next block. At last Tommy broke the silence and said softly: "Do you remember Mr. Niccellow who used to talk to you so much at the hotel in Saratoga?"

"Yes, Tommy. Why?"

"I guess you haven't seen him recently, have you?"

"No Tommy. When we moved last spring I believe he was in Europe, and I did not know his address, so did not send him a card. What makes you ask the question?"

"Oh, nothin' much; only the last time I went to the Polo Grounds to see the New Yorks beat the Chicagos, he was there in the grand stand and talked to me. He said he attended nearly every game. He had a lady with him."

"A lady, Tommy?"

"Yes; I guess it was his mother."

"Oh! (relieved). You say he talked to you, Tommy?"

"Yes; he said he thought I had grown a great deal since he saw me in Saratoga, and wanted to know how that good looking sister of mine was."

"Go on, Tommy."

"And then he said: 'Let me see, your sister is about 19 now, isn't she?' And I said I guessed that was about your age."

"Well," (softly).

"Then he turned to the lady who was with him and asked her if she didn't remember the lady who looked so pretty that night at the hop; the one, he said, who had brown hair and wore a lovely pale blue silk dress, that became her so well and made the Rogers' girls so jealous—I guess he said the Misses Rogers. And she said she remembered her quite well; and then she turned to me and said: 'Are you the young lady's brother?' An' I said I was; and she said: 'You ought to be proud of having such a nice sister.' an' I said I was, an' it made me feel good when I see how all the young ladies in the block were jealous of her."

"Tommy!" (*severely*).

"Well, I couldn't help it, 'cause I know it's so."

"Tommy" (*mildly*).

"An' then Mr. Niccellow told the waiter to bring me a glass of soda-water, an' asked me if I didn't want some peanuts, and I said I didn't mind, an' he brought me some, an' just then Buck Ewing made a home run, an' Mr. Niccellow said he guessed the Chicagos couldn't play ball, and he'd rather see a game of football any

day, especially between the college elevens, and he said he hoped I would be at the football games this fall, an' wanted to know if you liked athletic sports, an' I said I guessed you did, but you had so many other things to attend to, visiting sick people an' making things for the poor heathens in Africa, an'—"

"When did you say the football game was to be played, Tommy?"

"On Saturday, an'—"

"Tommy (*hesitatingly*), would you like to take me to see the game if I buy the tickets?"

"Why, cert."

"Then she kissed him and told him he needn't say anything about their going, and Tommy moved toward the door. When he got outside he drew a long breath and exclaimed to himself: "Gee! What a whopper! But it worked."—*New York Tribune*.

"GEORGE, my dear." "Well, what is it?" "Bring me home a tube of Jelly of Cucumber and Roses for my chapped hands,—it is the only thing that will cure them." "All right—any druggist keeps it I suppose." Wm. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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