

CUSTOMER (to grocer at Watkins's Corners)—"Mr. Letlive, I hear you ain't goin' to cut the second crop o' grass off your medder lot; that so?"

GROCER—"Had n't thought much about it, either way."

CUSTOMER—"Cause if you ain't, I would not mind havin' it."

GROCER—"Well, I guess you can have it, Jabe."

CUSTOMER—"I guess you've got a scythe somewhere 'round that I can take; or have yer?"

GROCER—"Yes, I guess so."

CUSTOMER—"I s'pose I can have your hoe to cart the hay with, can't I?"

GROCER—"Yes, I s'pose so. (Exit customer.)"

OLD MAN ON THE BARREL—"Seems to me, Jabe's ridin' a free horse pretty hard, ain't he?"

GROCER—"He come in an' paid me four dollars yesterday on that bar'l o' flour he had last fall. I expected he'd be askin' for somethin' or other to-day."—Puck.

TO AMATEUR ARTISTS.

You will find at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street, this week, a choice lot of studies just received. Artists' materials—plaques and other articles for decorating. Pictures framed.

"I AM at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing her silverware.

MARRIAGE certificates with divorce coupons are being introduced in Chicago, and are becoming very popular.—*Tid Bits*.

"WHO is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?"

Johnny—"I dunno."

"I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

"The teacher."

No sympathy is given to sufferers from neuralgia, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, etc., who will not give Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine a trial. Its efficacy is beyond question. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

YOUNG MAN—"Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir?"

OLD MAN (firmly)—"No sir, not a cent."

TEACHER (to class)—"Why is procrastination called the thief of time?" Boy (at foot of class)—"Because it takes a person so long to say it."

A ROSE by any other name would cost as much.

"ARISTOCRAT, pauper, debtor. Papa, what do they mean?" "An aristocrat, my son, is supported by his ancestors!" "Oh, I see!" "A pauper by his contemporaries." "Yes, sir; and a debtor?" "By posterity."—*Chicago Ledger*.

HUSBAND (a literary man)—"I wish you would stop watching little Dick for awhile." WIFE—"But if I don't watch him he'll be in mischief." HUSBAND—"Yes, that's what I mean. When he's in mischief he's quiet, and I want to write."

GEORGE WASHINGTON was a grand father for a country. In this case the office sought the man.

MISS SWEETLIPS—"Ever since I was a little girl my papa has sent me a valentine, and I've saved them all?" Mr. BLUNDERBY—"By Jove? what a lot you must have." Then he was sorry for what he said.

FIRST CITIZEN—"What was the last measure passed by the Legislature; do you know?" SECOND CITIZEN—"Yes, I do. Happened to be in the gallery at the time. It was a quart measure filled with beer."

THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES CURED BY MEDICATED AIR.

DR. ROBERT HUNTER, of New York and Chicago, the founder of this practice, has made a specialty of these complaints for over forty years, and in association with Dr. E. W. Hunter, has opened a branch for Canada at 73 Bay St., where all forms of catarrhal, bronchial and tubercular disease can now be treated as successfully as in New York or London.

The success of this treatment is so great that it has been adopted in all hospitals for the cure of lung diseases in England and on the continent of Europe, where Dr. Hunter introduced it in person, as he is now doing in Canada.

The diseases which are cured by breathing volatilized medicines are consumption in all its forms. Thousands of cases have been recovered under Dr. Hunter's care, after all hope of saving them by other means had been abandoned.

Chronic bronchitis, which is almost as fatal as consumption when treated in the usual way, is rapidly and radically cured by this treatment.

Asthma, both spasmodic and bronchial, is broken up and cured by medicated air inhalations.

Chronic pneumonia, which results from inflammation of the lungs and ends in abscess if neglected, and catarrh of the nose, head, eustachian tubes, glands of the throat, windpipe, larynx and lungs, can be cured only by treatment applied to the parts affected, and this can be done only by breathing them.

Heart disease is also more directly under the control of medicated air than of any other possible administration. Whatever is breathed acts on the lungs and blood in the pulmonary capillaries, and is carried directly to the heart before it reaches any other organ of the body. We can make a direct application to the heart through the lungs, and arrest and cure diseases which could not be reached or cured in any other way.

Those afflicted can be treated successfully at home. A list of questions will be sent, on the return of which Dr. Hunter will give his opinion of the case and point out what is necessary for the treatment. Those who come to the city for a first examination can return home and carry out the treatment, reporting by letter once a week.

Remember, Dr. Robert Hunter, the founder of this practice, is now in Canada to give personal attention to all cases submitted, and that his experience and success in all throat and lung troubles is probably greater than that of any other living physician.

A pamphlet, giving Dr. Hunter's views and the results of this treatment, can be obtained free at 73 Bay street, Toronto.

ST. PETER (kindly)—"Enter." FAIR SPIRIT (hesitating)—"Did Mrs. De Fashion go in here?" ST. PETER—"No. She went to the other place." FAIR SPIRIT—"Oh! beg pardon for troubling you. Which way is it?"

"OH, doctor," she said across the dinner-table, "have you read this new book that's made so much stir?" "What book, madam?" "This new book of Amelia Rives, 'The Quack and the Dead.'"

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.

TOM—"I am quite certain that Mr. Smythe is a foreign nobleman in disguise." JACK—"How do you know?" TOM—"He has such a dignified way of asking you to loan him \$10."

FRIEND—"I suppose you write when the spirit moves?" POET—"Well, yes, that is about the way with me. I write when the spectre moves." FRIEND—"The spectre?" POET—"Yes; the spectre of want."

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.

CHALMERS—"Love you? Why, I'd jump off the bridge for you."

MISS ROMANTIQUE—"Oh, how lovely that would be."

FOGG says that some of the girls on the theatrical stage remind him of his liver, because they don't act worth a cent.

THE people who "come early to avoid the crowd" find that they make a crowd by doing so.

ALL this anxiety about the elevation of the stage is quite unnecessary. The stage can elevate itself very well, because it has wings and flies.

MISS RITTA—"Aren't you fond of dialect poetry, Mr. Drestbeeph?"

MR. DRESTBEEPH (of the Chicago Browning Society)—"Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well; but I came across some poems by a fellow named Chaucer the other day, and he carries it too far."

MRS. HIGHFEATHER—"Has the Browning cult reached your town yet, Mr. Bascom?"

MR. BASCOM—"No, he hain't yet, but we've got a young hoss by the name of Fetlocks that'll beat him to shucks, I'll bet."

"WHAT is the greatest watering place, papa?"

"Jay Gould's office, my son."