

"ARE YOU the editor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you give me employment?"

"I am afraid not. I have a large force of writers. What were you doing last?"

"I was writing advertisements for a baking powder company, but the war in that line is over."

"Well, you might try your hand at a circulation affidavit, and I will see what I can do for you."—*Lincoln Journal*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

"Go with me, Miss Laura," said the Professor, glowingly, "to the vineclad hills of France."

"Do you mean it, Professor?" exclaimed the delighted girl, preparing to throw herself into his arms.

"In imagination. Walk, as I have walked, among the simple-hearted peasantry of Normandy. Converse with them in their native tongue, and then argue, if you can, that poverty is in itself a curse!"

"It is all quite charming, no doubt," asserted Miss Laura, relapsing into dreary apathy.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"WHICH is the aching tooth?" inquired the dentist.

"This one," said the sufferer, as he pointed out the offender.

"Ah, yes, I see. Bicuspid."

"What?"

"Bicuspid."

"I'll buy anything, doctor, if you'll only jerk the tooth out; though it looks a little mean to take advantage of a man in this fix. What are your cuspid's worth?"

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.

TRAMP—"Can you give me a place to sleep, ma'am?"

WOMAN—"You can sleep in the barn if you like."

TRAMP—"Couldn't you give me a bed in the house? I'm a heavy sleeper myself, ma'am, and I wouldn't feel right if I should keep you waiting for breakfast."—*The Epoch*.

ENRAGED HUSBAND—"Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out!"

WIFE (calmly)—"Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"WELL, Janet," asked a facetious husband, whose wife had just discharged the hired girl, "are you going to bravely breast the waves of the domestic sea of troubles?"

"No," she answered demurely, "I'm only going to stem the currants."

"HUSH!" he whispered, with a warning gesture. "Isn't that the nightwatchman's rattle?"

"No, Mr. Simpson," replied the girl, suppressing a yawn, "that is the cook grinding the coffee for breakfast."

THE hammock is a dangerous place for a young man, particularly if it doesn't break down.—*Somerville Journal*.

A TELEGRAPH cable has been laid to the Fiji Islands. The inhabitants will use it for a clothes line.—*Philadelphia Call*.

MY son, this life is the chrysalis state of man. Be sure there are no butterflies on you then go ahead.—*Duluth Paraphraser*.

EVERY one who would like to know something about *Montreal*, should secure a copy of *Murray's New Guide*. Price, 15 cents. For sale by the booksellers, also by the author, N. Murray, 498 St. James Street, *Montreal*, agent for Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

NO man signs his name with more boldness and flourish than the individual who steps into a fashionable seaside hotel and registers—for a dinner.—*Puck*.

TEMPERANCE—No. We have never heard the superintendent of the Washingtonian Home called a "corn" doctor before.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

IT has been estimated that the moon gives as much light as 134,000,000,000,000 candles. This is probably why the baby finds it so difficult to blow it out.—*Somerville Journal*.

CANADA'S GREAT FAIR.

THE Toronto Industrial Exhibition for the present year, to be held from the 10th to the 22nd of September, promises to surpass in every respect those that have preceded it. Already applications for space in all departments are more numerous than ever before. The special attractions already contracted for are the best that money can secure, and there will be plenty to see, both to instruct and amuse every day of the Fair. The people of Ontario seem to have set down the time of the Toronto Fair as the occasion of their annual holiday outing, and the railway companies recognizing this fact have decided on giving cheaper rates than ever before for this great exhibition, which is so popular with all. It will be opened on the 11th Sept. by Lord Stanley, the new Governor-General.

MEASURELESS ENMITY.

FRIEND—"Say, vot you goin' oud so soon for, Spritzenheimer? Dot vater vas just elegant!"

SPRITZENHEIMER—"I see dot feller Isaacstein coming dis vay, mit his bathing suit on, und mit dot mean cuss I vill not bathe in der same ocean."—*Puck*.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MR. F. H. TORRINGTON has organized a college of music and orchestral and organ school which will be located at 12 and 14 Pembroke Street, where new and commodious premises are being erected for its use. It will open in September and will embrace every department of music, vocal, instrumental and theoretical, and will be conducted on the most practical principles. There will be a large music room containing a fine three-manual organ for lessons and practice, and in the orchestral department students may have the advantage of a connection with Mr. Torrington's orchestra for practical experience. We welcome this latest addition to Toronto's academic institutions, and venture to prophecy its complete success.

ROBERT BROWNING's poems are being translated into Russian. American readers who have been unable to grasp his meaning, will hail this attempt at elucidation with joy.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

SHE (well up in yachting terms)—"Do you think it is safe to jibe?"

HE (who doesn't know a jibboom from a tiller)—"Depends on whom you jibe at."—*Burlington Free Press*.

A MAN in Indiana has just buried his eighth wife. He says his ventures have been equally divided between good and bad, realizing his acceptance of the marriage sentence, "four better and four worse."—*Yonker's Gazette*.

THE Toronto Conservatory of Music has provided generously for the teachers of the country who devote their vacation to musical studies, a special summer course having been arranged. GRIP is glad to note that the Conservatory continues to flourish, fully over six hundred pupils having been in attendance during the first session. It has already taken its place as one of Toronto's "attractions," and is by no means the least noteworthy of our educational institutions. We hope ere long to see it snugly established in the fine building which is to be the future centre of musical culture in this province. Mr. Edward Fisher continues to act as Director, and he has shown himself to be the right man for this responsible position.

A WOMAN escaped from prison in Illinois a few days ago. It is supposed she quarried a hole in the stone wall with a hair-pin. A woman uses a hair-pin for nearly every other purpose under the sun.—*Norristown Herald*.

A MAN in Carson, N.C., has taught his cat to play on the piano. He is still living, but his neighbors are holding indignation meetings. Should the cat attempt to play and sing "Rock-a-Bye" at the same time, blood will flow.—*Norristown Herald*.

IN Germany a man recently secured a divorce from his wife on the ground that she didn't know how to cook. If we required all our citizens for soldiers in this country we have no doubt but that similar divorces could be obtained here.—*New Haven News*.

"I HAD nothing for you to eat, my good man," said the young wife, "but if you need any clothes here is a garment of my husband's that you may have. He has several others like it and doesn't need this."

The tramp looked at the elaborate yellow and green dressing gown, embroidered with blue roses and red humming-birds, and walked off slowly, scratching his head in a dazed manner.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I WONDER why they arrested those horses this morning?" remarked Mr. Snaggs.

"Arrested horses!" replied his wife.

"You must be mistaken."

"Oh, no. I saw them going down street in a patrol wagon."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

NAOMI—"George, I believe that love brings us anguish as well as bliss."

"So do I."

"Did you ever experience that restlessness, that anxiety, that positive pain, that—"

"Certainly, love."

"And what, think you, caused it all?"

"Chiggers."—*Lincoln Journal*.