

A BOOTIFUL POEM.

Her manner was so pensive,
So sober was her air,
That I began to wonder
What grief she had to bear.

She was not dressed in mourning,
But in the latest style;
She wore a Paris costume,
But she did not wear a smile.

She looked quite chic and dainty;
Her hands were neatly gloved;
But, somehow, she looked just as if
She never had been loved.

And so at last I asked her if
She'd lost her next of kin.
"Oh, no!" she sighed, "it's only
These boots I'm breaking in."

—*Somerville Journal*.

MANY a sufferer from Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, etc., will be glad to find that Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine is strongly recommended for such cases. It is easily assimilated, prepared with great care, and is an admirable tonic. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

THE greatest art of an able man is to know how to conceal his ability.—*La Rochefoucauld*. Judged by this test what a number of able men we must have in Canadian politics, eh?

NOT THE SAME.

LISPING WILLIE.—"Mithter Smiff, me Papa sendth you thith five dollath he ow'th you."

MR. SMITH.—"Ah, that's a good boy, Willie. Tell Papa he's a trump."

PAPA (*in the gloaming*).—"Well, Willie, what did Mr. Smith say?"

LISPING WILLIE.—"He collared the 'V,' and thaid I wath a good boy and you wath a chump."

(*Notice of funeral hereafter.*—*Puck*.)

"EXHIBITION."—Ladies and Gentlemen visiting the city during Exhibition week, if you want some choice pictures at moderate prices, for your homes; paints, brushes, palettes, canvases, or other artists' materials for members of your families, plaques—opal, or tiles, for decorating; bamboo easels, photograph holders, etc., call at The Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street.

CITY DAME (*who has bought a little farm*).—"Mary, all those fresh eggs are soft; go out in the barn and see if some of the chickens haven't laid some hard-boiled eggs; I'm going to make a salad."

MARY.—"Yes, mum."—*Time*.

ANOTHER SORT OF THING.

MISS ARABELLA LEIPYER.—"I do not mind your poverty, George. Until your fortunes mend, I could be happy in your wealth of affection, and in some vine-clad cottage—"

MR. WARDOFF.—"Pardon me, dear; you know I am only a poor city clerk, and cottages are out of the question. Do you think you could be happy in a third-floor-back furnished room, with a sewing-machine buzzing overhead and some fiend below cooking cabbage?"

MISS ARABELLA.—"May be, George, dear, we'd better wait, after all."—*Puck*.

A PROFESSIONAL PANIC.

"You don't mean to say you are going to leave the stage, Miss Montmorency?" said one leading lady to the other on Union Square.

"Yes, indeed. It's no use; I've stood bad engagements, and losing business on the road, without a murmur. I've paid as high as a hundred dollars to have my diamonds stolen, and for two divorces in one year, and still didn't complain. But this Brown-Sequard rejuvenating business lets me out."

"But I don't understand."

"Why, haven't you read the cablegrams? Lotta's going to be rejuvenated, and Maggie Mitchell and Lydia Thompson—what chance is there going to be for 'rising young artists' then?"

"Great heavens! And I've just ordered nineteen new dresses for 'The Dude's Revenge!'"

"It's simply awful. I tell you, when the Bernhardt comes over here again, just hypodermed full of that tiger cat of hers, it's going to be a cold evening for the emotional stand-bys. I'm going to elope with a millionaire's son, and retire. That's what!"—*Derrick Dodd, in Puck*.

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.

THE CHEWERS THAT CHEW.

CHEWING, forever chewing!

Sometimes I think I dream.

And in visions wild am reviewing

This never-ending stream

Of chewers, that chew forever—

On pavement, and pier, and stair.

In trains and crossing the river—

These chewers, that everywhere

Still chew, and continue chewing.

Till I'm weary of moving jaws.

Of the grind that is still renewing

With never a stop nor pause.

Oh, were I a robber fearless.

A brigand of outlawed birth.

This chewing gum, called the "Peerless,"

I'd hustle from off the earth!

I'd clutch, as my dearest booty,

Wherever the prize might be,

This horrible tutti frutti.

And dump it into the sea!

—*M. S. B., in Puck*.

AND now a diamond trust is reported. What have the hotel clerks done to deserve this?—*Philadelphia Call*. Don't you worry about the hotel clerks. They couldn't get up any diamond trust and leave them out.

THE art of putting the right men in the right places is first in the science of government; but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult.—*Talleyrand*. And Boss Talleyrand never lived in Ottawa, either.

DOWN ON THE ISMS.

INDIANA GIRL.—"No; I don't believe in these isms. I once knew a man who was sent to prison for devoting his time to one of them."

BOSTON GIRL.—"What terrible laws you must have out in Indiana! What was the ism?"

INDIANA GIRL.—"Incendiarism, I believe."—*Judge*.

THE summer boarder now returns
In most unhappy pickle,
His beardless throat with dryness burns,
He hasn't e'en a nickel.

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.

CHICAGO POLICE MOTTO.

COUNT that day lost whose low-descending
sun
Views at thy hand no new "suspect" in-
run.—*Puck*.

JUST at present many doctors are in a Brown-Sequard study.

HAD the King of Italy monkeyed with Edison's telephone instead of his phonograph the chances are that we should be short on the count. Just imagine him calling up the royal hand organ grinder and hearing a woman five miles away shout, "Well, I tried it on last night and it is entirely too short in the basque." And then comes the roar of a butcher: "Can't fill that order 'smorning; we're all out of pigs' feet."—*New York Herald*.

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