

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

If you think there's no use trying
To do anything of worth;
If you think you're but a cipher
In the multitudes of earth;
Just remember Mother's doughnuts
And press onward to the goal—
Finest doughnuts in creation,
They were made around a hole.

If the patch is on your garment
Where it never was before;
If your pocketbook is empty
Of its hoarded little store;
Just remember Mother's doughnuts
When the clouds of trouble roll—
Sweetest doughnuts manufactured,
All were built around a hole.

If you think your next door neighbor
Had a better start than you;
If perhaps you made a failure
And success is hard to woo;
Set your teeth the way you used to,
Lay the comfort to your soul—
Recollect the grand perfection
That was circled round a hole.—Puck.

A HARD CASE.

The doctor's telephone bell rang.
"Hello!" he said, applying the
phone to his ear.
"Hello! Is that Dr. Kewram?"
"Yes."

"This is Mrs. Ollerzill. Oh, doctor.
I have such a tickling in my throat, I
just can't endure it. I wish you'd
come over as quick as you can and see
what is the cause of it."

"The old hypochondria!" he muttered.
"There is nothing on earth the
matter with her, but I suppose I'll have
to go, as usual. Madam," he contin-
ued, raising his voice, "what did you
have for dinner?"

"Chicken potpie."
"All right. I'll be there in a few
minutes."

When he visited his patient a quarter
of an hour later he found her coughing
and wheezing and apparently in great
pain.

"No relief yet, madam?" he asked.
"Not a (cough) bit, doctor! It's
(cough) getting worse (cough) every
(cough) minute!"

"Well," he said, opening his case
and taking out a small steel instrument
with a long handle, "we'll soon remove
the cause. People are often troubled in
this way after eating chicken potpie.
May I ask you to suspend your cough-
ing for a moment and open your
mouth."

"Will it hurt, doctor?"
"Not a particle. Now, close your
eyes, please."

She complied, and he inserted the
instrument.

"I see what it is, madam. Hold
still. There—that's all."

"Is it over, doctor?"
"Yes. You may open your eyes."

"Did you find anything?"
"I should say I did. Do you see
this?"

Hereupon he showed her a chicken
feather, which appeared to be in a re-
markable state of preservation, every-
thing considered.

"Is the tickling all gone, madam?"

"Yes, it's all gone, doctor. I don't
feel it a bit now. I just happened
to think, though, that I've made a mis-

take. It wasn't a chicken I had for
dinner, doctor. It was roast pork. Oh,
dear! I can feel it coming on (cough,
cough) again!"

Then the doctor's patience gave way.
"Confound it, madam," he exclaimed.
"Why didn't you say so earlier? If
you'd told me that at first I would
have extracted a bristle."—Chicago Tri-
bune.

The following transcript of certain
reading matter on a gravestone in a little
burial ground at Greenwich, England,
has been received. It is in words fol-
lowing:—

Here lies Clarinda,
Wife of Joseph Grant,
Who Keeps a Chemist Shop
At No. 21 Berkley Road,
And Deals Only in the Purest
of Drugs.

New York is not competing with old-
er England in the way of ancient queer-
iosities, yet it might hope to make a re-
spectable showing. For instance, Green-
wich street, one of the historic thor-
oughfares of the west side down-town
district, in the near neighborhood of
Cortlandt street, has a butcher shop
bearing the sign:—

ROSENBAUM & EINSTEIN,
IRISH MEAT MARKET.

To the Times, which has a sense of
humor and some of the best editorial
writing one runs across in New York,
not to mention its aggressive and telling
campaign against the piratical practice
of exacting tips, I am indebted for the
information, which I have personally con-
firmed, that a building at Houston and
Mulberry streets displays this one:—

HANDS WANTED ON
ALL PARTS OF
LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

Certain uptown folk have long been
wondering what is the exact idea in-
tended to be conveyed by a firm of job-
bers in Sixty-ninth street, whose sign
is in these words:—

FRAZER & SIMMONS,
CARPENTERS AND DUMB
WAITERS.

WITH THE WITS.

An Alternative.—"Poor fellow! His
doctor tells him the only thing that will
cure him is a course of mud baths, and
he can't afford to go to the mud
springs."

"But surely he can go into politics
and let the mud come to him."

Table Talk.—"He's quite wealthy
and prominent now," said Mrs. Star-
vem, "and they say he rose practically
from nothing."

"Well, well," remarked Mr. Star-
bord, "that's just what I rose from—
at the breakfast table this morning."

A Sprinter.—"Yes," said the bank
official, "we need a runner for the bank.
Have you had any experience?"

"Well, sir," replied the applicant,
"I've lived at Lonesomhurst for years
and I've caught the 7.39 train to the
city regularly each day."

Her Scheme.—Hicks—He's very
wealthy.

Mrs. Hicks—Yes, and very stingy and
economical.

Hicks—Don't be sure of that. You
can't judge a man by his clothes.

Mrs. Hicks—I don't; I'm judging him
by his wife's clothes.

"Seasonin's what he'll git," inter-
of mine," said the country editor, "is
a little wild, I admit, but he's young
yet. He needs a little seasoning—

"Seasonin's what he'll git," inter-
rupted Farmer Hardgrane, "ef he don't
keep outer my orchard. I'll pepper him
with rocksalt."

Luck or Good Management.—"I heard
Crane say he had never had such luck
in his business as he's having now, but
I didn't understand whether it was good
luck or bad."

"Oh, he meant bad luck, of course.
If it was good luck he wouldn't speak
of it as 'luck' at all."

The Mean Thing.—Miss Passay—It
seems so funny to me now when I think
how terribly afraid of the dark I was
when I was a child.

Miss Speitz—But you're not afraid of
it now?

Miss Passay—Of course not!
Miss Speitz—No, the dark must be
so much more becoming to you than the
light now.

TOO INDEFINITE.

General Linevitch had just received a
dispatch from the Czar. "He tells me
to make a stand at Sungari River," re-
marked the general.

"His excellency is too brief," spoke
up the army buffoon.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, he does not say if you should
make a peanut stand, a fruit stand or
a grand stand."

FORGETFULNESS.

Stern Parent—Freddie, didn't you
promise me not to play marbles again?
Small Freddie—Yes, sir.

Stern Parent—And didn't I promise
to whip you if you did?

Small Freddie—Yes, sir; but as I
forgot to keep my promise, I won't
hold you to yours.

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the business of the town; it, therefore,
confidently solicits the Patronage of every
business man in the city.**

Chas. Bush

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