

MR. TICK—"How long will it take you to make me a suit of clothes?"

TAILOR—"Three days."

MR. TICK—"All right; and I'll settle the bill in just sixty days from to-day. You'll have 'em ready on time, now, won't you?"

TAILOR—"Yes, sir; they'll be ready in just sixty-three days."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

WHAT lovely teeth. Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste is the best thing in the world to keep them so. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

MRS. MC TOOLE—"Are yez gowin' t' buy misfits, I'helim?"

MR. MC TOOLE—"Indade Oi'm not. Phin Oi want misfits, Oi'll go t' Casey, the Tailor on the rocks. He makes foine misfits t' ordher."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

BURDOCK Blood Bitters enter the circulation immediately to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, thus renovating and invigorating all the organs and tissues of the body.

MR. FAINWED—"Then you refuse to marry me?"

MRS. MAINCHANCE—"For the present I must. My husband is in good health, and we are the best of friends."

MR. FAINWED—"And you can give me no encouragement?"

MRS. MAINCHANCE—"I will keep your address and if a vacancy should occur I will drop you a line."

(N. B. This happened in Chicago, of course.)

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.

"I HAVE only one last request to make," said the dying man, as he painfully raised his head from the pillow and surveyed the weeping group around his bedside.

"What is it, my good friend?" asked the clergyman. "Anything you ask will be done."

"Then see that the newspapers don't refer to me as 'another old landmark gone.'"—*Lippincott's Magazine for March.*

"I WISH to say to the congregation," said the minister, "that the pulpit is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for the concert in the Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit of the Arch Fund, not the Arch Fiend. We will now sing hymn six, 'To err is human, to forgive divine.'"—*New York Sun.*

ALONZO HOWE, of Tweed, suffered thirty-five years with a bad fever sore. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, which he considers almost a miracle.

PHILADELPHIA YOUNG LADY (to Mother, who is giving a dinner)—"Heavens, mother, what are we to do?"

MOTHER (frightened)—"Why, what is the matter, Lulu?"

DAUGHTER—"It is near the hour set for dinner, and the scrapple hasn't come yet."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

MR. TUFFCASE—"There's no use in your chasing me up all the time with that bill of yours. You can't get blood out of a turnip."

SNIP (the tailor)—"I thought I might get a little out of a beet."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

MISS REDINGOTE—"No, Aunt Brindle, I am *not* engaged. When I marry it will be a great man."

MRS. BRINDLE (doubtfully)—"Well, I dunno. You can't always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there's Josiah—"

MISS REDINGOTE—"You don't mean to say Uncle Brindle has ever distinguished himself!"

MRS. BRINDLE—"Well, I'll tell you what he did. I sent him down to the store with a ribbon the other day and he matched it!"—*Lippincott's Magazine for March.*

LOTTIE HOWARD, of Buffalo, N. Y., was cured of sick headache, biliousness and general debility by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, which she praises highly.

"You don't seem to tumble, my friend, to my joke."

Thus sadly and glumly a humorist spoke, From his pride in his wit greatly humbled;

But fate had decided the point to reveal, For the solemn old duffer came down with his heel

On a piece of ripe fruit and a part of the peel.

And then you may wager he tumbled.

—*Lippincott's Magazine for March.*

"Do you ever receive contributions written on both sides of the paper?" asked a gentleman, entering a newspaper office. "No, sir, never," emphatically replied the editor. "All right; I was going to endorse this check to your order, but I don't want you to break your rules." Then he went out leaving the editor in a deep green study.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

JUST at this season of the year Boeckh's Boot and Shoe Wiper will be found an indispensable piece of furniture. The crowning merit of the patent is that in one operation the boots are cleaned, sides, soles and uppers. The frame is of metal and so built that the matting can be replaced when worn out. The Wiper is not unattractive in appearance, but better still, it saves the housekeeper a deal of labor and the carpets from destruction. The Wiper is for sale at all the leading House Furnishing and Hardware establishments.

MAUDE—"Oh, Daisy, I saw your new little poodle the other day."

DAISY (ecstatically)—"Did you? Isn't he just too sweet for anything?"

MAUDE—"Yes; but I thought you said some of his pretty curly hair had been burned off."

DAISY—"Oh, it had; but I just patched him up with one of grandma's new 'waves'; it's a splendid match; you'd never know the difference."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

MRS. FRASER BLACKSTOCK'S "Starry Night" waltz has made a very pronounced hit. Messrs. Nordheimer have had some difficulty in filling the orders for it, and a second edition, which was printed a few days ago to supply the demand, is nearly exhausted. The composition is in three movements, each of which is exceedingly catching. It is sure to become as popular on the band-stand as in the ball-room, and we trust it is only the forerunner of many more good things from the same pen.

SICK Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, etc., are the results of disordered Stomach and Biliary organs—regulate the trouble at once by a few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters.

WEARY RAGGLES—"I'm very hungry, sir, an' if you'd give me a dime fer ter git—"

MUSEUM PROPRIETOR—"Hungry, eh? You're just the man I want. There's a pie-eating contest going on inside, but in order to keep up the excitement we must change the eaters every now and then, when the room is cleared. You look like one of them, and you can take his place in a few moments. I'll pay you two dollars an hour for the work."

WEARY RAGGLES (reluctantly backing off)—"I'd 'av' accepted that offer if yer hadn't called it wor-r-rk."—*Puck.*

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

MRS. GROSGRAIN—"I wish I could find a first-class French maid."

MRS. BONTON—"I think I know of one who would suit you."

MRS. GROSGRAIN—"Does she speak Parisian French?"

MRS. BONTON—"The most Parisian kind of French."

MRS. GROSGRAIN—"Does she speak any English at all?"

MRS. BONTON—"A little, I believe."

MRS. GROSGRAIN—"Ah, well, if she speaks any English, you know, that would be an insuperable objection."

PANTS Send three-cent stamp for samples and self-measurement blanks. Will include linen tape measure if you mention this paper.

\$3

DOMINION PANTS CO.
362 and 364 St. James Street, Montreal.

FREE **THE NEW AMERICAN MUSIC BOX** **FREE**

HEIGHT 16 IN. LENGTH 30 IN. WILL PLAY 100 TUNES.

FREE

To introduce them, one in every County or Town, furnished reliable persons (either sex) who will promise to show it. Borden Music Box Co., 7 Murray St., N. Y.