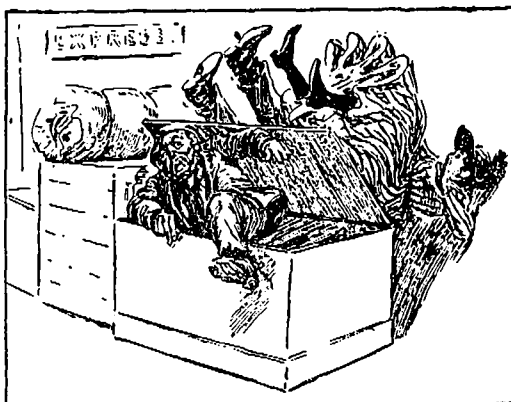
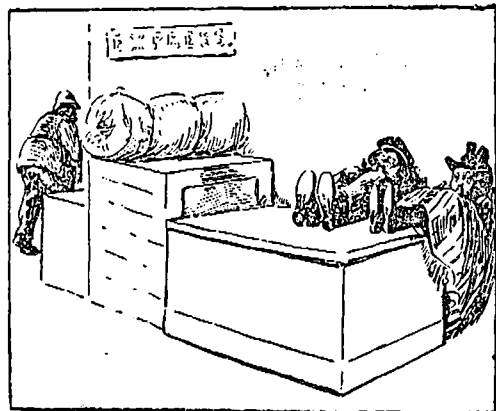




TOM RUSSELL (the porter).—Mary, I love you, I love you. One word from you can make me the happiest of men. Say that one sweet word, and raise me—



BON HUSTLE (the tramp).—Holy Moses!—this is gettin' too hot for me!



MARY.—Oh, Tom; this is so unexpected! But—yes!

THAT'S THE WAY OF IT.

He pitched his white tent in the wilds,
Far from the human "set";
And with a faith just like a child's
He said: "I'll get there yet."

He put him up a case of type,
A hand-press and a "stick,"
And there, where screamed the owl and snipe,
He made the letters "click."

They wondered what he was about
When in the woods they found him;
But when he got his paper out
They built a town around him.

KNEW HIS PLACE.

Harper's Magazine publishes a story of an old Revolutionary soldier, a resident of Vermont, who never wearied of relating his own adventures, and who, as he grew older, seemed to grow more and more imaginative. One "yarn," of which he was particularly fond, had to do with a time when General Washington needed, for some reason, to send a despatch to General Lafayette. The trip was so peculiarly hazardous that Washington hesitated to order any one to undertake it. He stepped out in front of a line of men and asked for a volunteer. For a moment or two no one moved. "Then," the veteran Vermonters used to say, "I just stepped

cut three paces and tipped my hat, and said I, 'I'm your man, Mr. Washington.'"

He set out at once, and after many hair-breadth escapes, found General Lafayette and returned safely to camp. There he hastened to the "Mr. Washington's" tent and reported his errand accomplished. At this point in his story the old gentleman always waxed eloquent:

"The general he said he thought as how I was as plucky, and as able a man as he'd ever see; and then he took off his sword and his belt, and he handed 'em to me, sayin' as how I was so much braver than him I'd earned the right to wear 'em instead of him. He thought as how I was so much more fitten for sich honor than him, an' he wanted me to take his place."

At this interesting point the narrator would stop and wait till some one asked, as some one always did:

"What did you say, Mr. L.—?"
Then he would draw himself up to his full height and reply: "I says to him, says I, 'Mr. Washington, you're a better edicated man than I am; you keep 'em yourself.'"

After all, a man cannot contract a bad habit too much.

The value of a farm product is not always declining when it is on the wain.

"There's nothing like poached eggs," as the man said when he robbed his neighbor's hen house.

A petrified ham has been found in an Indiana field. This is the first supply of material for World's Fair sandwiches.

Clara—"Do you ever look under the bed for burglars?"
Laura—"Not since I found a mouse there once."

Mother—"What does my little boy mean by telling a lie?"
Bobby—"I didn't mean to tell a lie, but I couldn't think of the truth."

A Thieving storm—"This is a highway robbery," said Morrison Essex, as the heavy rains washed the road away from in front of his place.

"What's your son Josiah doin'?" said a neighbor to Farmer Begosh. "Wall," was the reply, "he thinks he's diggin' bait but he's makin' a garden."

Inquiring child—"Why do the papers call office-holders public servants?" Mother—"Because they are paid so much and do so little."

The Latest Intensifier—Wool: "I hear Bronson's marriage was a failure; is it true?" Van Pelt: "A failure? It was a regular peach crop."

Jasper—"Why did the Rev. Dr. Poundtext come east?" Jumpup—"He was chased out of the west for teaching the golden rule in a silver state."

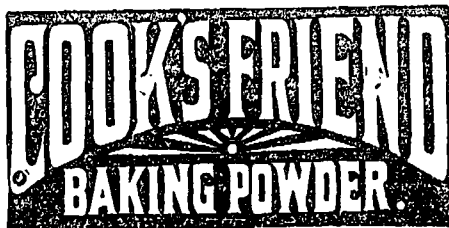
In Sunday School—"Why should we say to Satan 'Get thee behind me!'" asked the teacher. "So that we shall get ahead of him," returned the bright boy.

There are people who seem to have an idea that they attract attention in heaven for their piety every time they buy a dish of ice cream at a church festival.

The Boom was Over.—Capitalist: "How is that town you spoke to me about some months ago; is it laid out yet?" The Boomer: "Yes, indeed; stiffer than a mackerel."

First Drummer—"What noble animal do you think best represents our business?" Second Drummer—"Give it up." First Drummer—"Why the lie-on, of course."

McLAREN'S Celebrated



is best value to the purchaser.

It has high leavening power for its cost and contains no alum, or other dangerous ingredient
Buy only

McLAREN'S
GENUINE

COOK'S FRIEND.

THE CHATHAM FANNING MILL

1000 sold in 1884
1830 sold in 1885
2000 sold in 1886
2300 sold in 1887
2500 sold in 1888
3600 sold in 1889
4000 sold in 1890
4500 sold in 1891

More than have
been sold by any
ten factories in
Canada put to-
gether.

STRATHROY—CARADOCK, Sept. 25, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I am well pleased with the Mill, especially the Bagger, which is grand.
Yours truly, JOHN ANDERSON.

29,000 Chatham Mills now in use.

Over 7,000 Bagging Attachments now in use.

Bagging Attachment is run with a Chain Belt that cannot slip. The Elevator Cups are also attached to Endless Chain Belt that cannot slip nor clog.

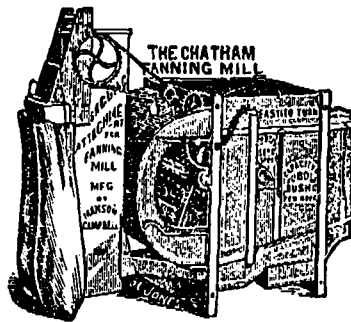
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE CLEANING OF ALSAC CLOVER SEED.

The Mill is fitted with Screens and Riddles to clean and separate all kinds of Grain and Seed, and is sold with or without a Bagger.

For prices and full information apply to

MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.

For Sale by all Agents of MASSEY-HARRIS Co. LTD. in Manitoba, N.W.T., and Province of Quebec.



"George, dear, don't you think it's rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love; economical. Same piece of bread does for both."

Vicar's wife—"Willie Smith, how is it you do not take off your hat when you meet me?" Willie—"Well, mum, if I take off my hat to you, what be I do when I meet t' parson?"

Giglamp—"The cardinals wear red cloaks, do they not?" Knowitall—"Yes." "Well, suppose they have to keep the Papal bulls tied up when the cardinals are at the Vatican."

First Girl Graduate—"What did you think of my essay?" Second Girl Graduate—"Why, Margie, you looked just too sweet for anything." First Girl Graduate—"Oh, you dear!" They embrace on the spot.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove!"—Helen: "Just listen to that soprano! What good would the 'wings of a dove' do her? She must weigh 200 pounds." Jack: "Probably she wants them to trim a hat with."

Spacer—I believe that if Shakespeare were alive at the present time, and trying to live by his pen in New York, the comic papers would reject many of his best jokes.

Paragraphic Serf—I know it. I have tried 'em all.

A Special Make—New Amanuensis: "I can't understand how it is, sir: I thought I had written this letter correctly; but I find it full of misspelled words." Great Author—"Ah! I see; you used the wrong typewriter. That one is for dialect stories only."

Better Unsaid—Friend (after tea): "Your little wife is a brilliantly handsome woman. I should think you'd be jealous of her." Host (confidentially): "To tell the truth, Simpkins, I am. I never invite anybody here that any sane woman would take a fancy to."

Advertising in England, European Continent, Etc.

SELL'S ADVERTISING AGENCY, LTD.

Capital \$250,000. Henry Sell, Manager (editor and founder of "Sell's World's Press.")

Full particulars regarding British or European Advertising, sample papers, rates, etc., at the London Office, 167-168 Fleet Street, or at

NEW YORK OFFICE, 21 Park Row, Ground Floor.

BUNTIN, REID & CO.

29 WELLINGTON STREET WEST,
TORONTO,

Wholesale Stationers.

Envelope and Blank Book Manufacturers.

PAPER MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

Mills at Valleyfield, on the River St. Lawrence.

Toronto Lithographing Co.

GLOBE BUILDING.

Show Cards, Labels, Calendars,

Advertising Cards, etc.

also, FINE WOOD ENGRAVING.

DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.,

Patent Experts.

SOLICITORS OF HOME AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

22 King St. E., Toronto, Ont