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# MR. JOHN. NICHOLSON

the Photographer, of

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in prepared to make views at your own home of Wedding Parties, Receptions, Theatrical Groups, Society Entertainments, and Individual Portraits just as well as if done in a well-appointed Studio, with the additional advantage of home sur-

The apparatus used is cleanly in the extreme, causes neither strangling smoke, obnoxious fumes, nor disagreeable dust, which facts Mr. Nicholson will be pleased to demonstrate to all who honor him with a call at the above address.

Little Ethel—Johnny took my banana. Mother—Johnny, what do you mean—Little Johnny—It was all in the game, mamma. I said, "Let's play Broadway," and she said, "All wight," and so she got a table for a banana stand, and then I was a policeman.

### A MODERN MIRACLE.

"Speaking of miraculous escapes," said Smith, "young Brown was shot full in the chest the other day, and yet was unharmed."

"Mother's Bible in his pocket?" said Rob-"Pack of cards, more likely," remarked

16.

"You are not up-to-date," said Smith. "The bullet struck him in the chrysanthenum!"

#### THEIR GREAT AMBITION.

Citticus-How do you account for this craze among women for riding bicycles? Witticus

—It gives them another chance for wearing the pants.

### ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Romley—I thought you were going on a business trip this week, Jephson?

Jephson—I was, but the new trate is taking special interest in my wife's salvation, so I'm not going.

#### A CHANGE OF HUE.

(From Judge.)

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Sweet Alice, with hair so brown? She has used a new bleach and now she wears The yellowest hair in town.

#### TOMMY'S BREAK.

(From Puck.)

I got fired from Sunday-school Week before last. I don't care! Never liked it, anyhow-Wasn't any fun down there.

Teacher asked who Samson was-S'pose I made a bad mistake-But I told her what I thought: Samson was a bloomin' fake

Judge—Name? Prisoner—Smith. Judge Occupation? Prisoner—Locksmith. Judge -Officer, locksmith up.

#### SHE OUGHT TO.

Tagleigh—That girl dresses out of sight, doesn't she?

Wagleigh-Of course she does. Where would you have her dress?

Flossie - Mamma, tan I have a new dollie? Mamma-No! Your doll is just as good

Flossie-Well I'se dest as dood as new, but Dod dave 'oo another little dirl.

First horse—"Well, they took poor old Dobbin to the slaughter-house to-day." Second horse—"That's too bad." First horse— "It is bad, but worse remains. They mean to make his hide into bicycle-saddles.

We never knew a man who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

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