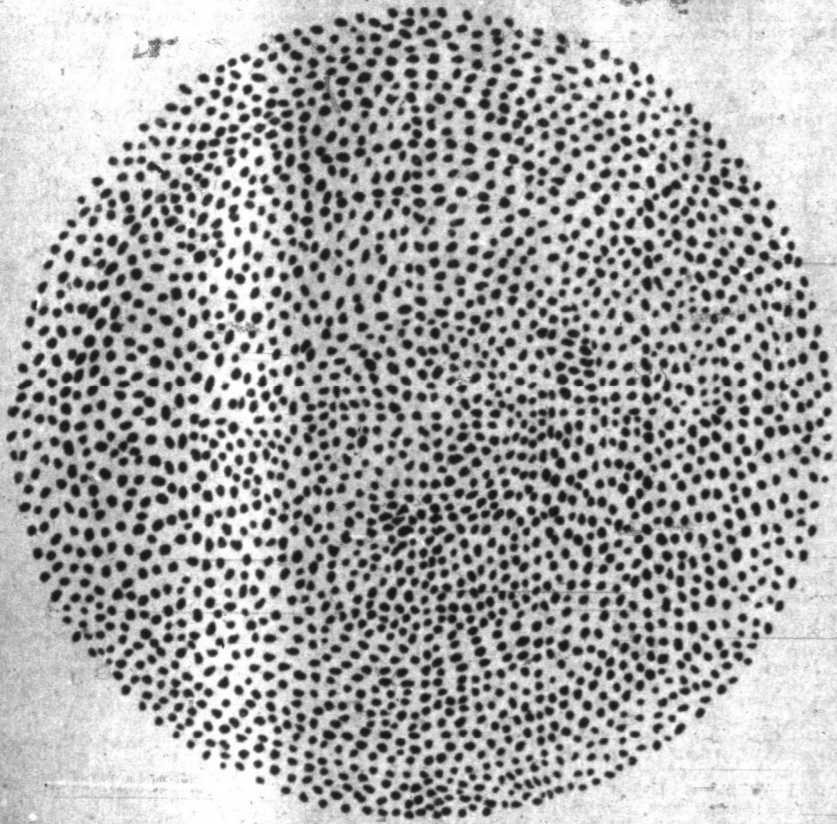


OUR PRIZE PICTURE



COUNT THE DOTS

A prize of ONE DOLLAR will be awarded to the sender of the first correct answer opened. Write on the following form:

I make the number to be

Address all attempts to THE TRIBUNE, 106-108 Adelaide St. W., before Wednesday, Jan. 17. Each attempt must be on a separate form. The Editor's decision will be final.

A STATELY WALK

The woman who walks gracefully must learn how to use her feet. In walking the feet should move forward, the toes should turn out, and the feet should be set down squarely, striking the heel or the toe, just as you prefer.

The woman who moves about the house with her hands on her hips makes a sad mistake. She robs herself of every graceful outline. The hands should not be on the hips, for it is awkward, uncomfortable, and makes the gown set badly. Stout women look best with the hands at rest at the sides.

The woman who walks a crack in the floor or a plank in the garden will be more graceful for her efforts. Many women cannot walk straight; they bump into you as they walk, not knowing how to steer straight ahead.

Hold the shoulders back, don't try to draw them down; merely hold them back, and the result will be an erect carriage. Try to execute simple movements gracefully and thus observe the poetry of motion.

Utica, Jan. 13.—A woman living in the village of Milford, N.Y., who lost her husband by death one week ago, sent the following communication to an Otsego county newspaper:

Mr. Editor: I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily, in this manner, for the united aid and co-operation during the illness and death of my late husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death on Friday last while eating breakfast. To the friends and all who contributed so willingly toward making the late moments and funeral of my husband a success, I desire to remember most kindly, hoping these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I have also a good milk cow and roan gelding horse, eight years old, which I will sell cheap. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He plants his footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm"; also a black and white shote very low.

THE HUMORS OF LIFE.

"No, Reginald," she said gently but firmly, "I could never marry a man with red hair."

"But, Gwendolyn," he protested, "did I not say I would even dye for you?"

The doctor bent apprehensively over the patient and gravely shook his head. "The heart is weak, and the circulation poor," he said, seriously.

The sick editor opened his eyes and feebly shook his head. "It's all right," he muttered; "best in the city—six hundred thousand daily," and here lapsed again into unconsciousness.

Brown—"What do you think of that chair? I made it all myself, and it looks like regular Mission."

Smith—"Well—er—Home Mission."

Jonas Hoptoad—"It does beat all, Marjar, how lazy the city folks are getting!"

Mrs. Hoptoad—"How do you mean, Jonas?"

Post's Wife—"Was there a returned poem in that envelope you just opened?"

Post, dejectedly scanning a bill—"Well, it might be called 'Owed to the Grocer.'"

Park Policeman—"Here you, don't drive ther with that buggy! That's a bridle path."

Jonas Hoptoad—"Well, Mister, we warn't calculatin' to tell everyone, but me and Amelia was just married last week, and I guess we've got a right on any bridal path in this here park."

District Visitor—"I wish you could come to our meetings, Mrs. Rafferty; I'm sure the Mothers' Club would help you in training your children."

Mrs. Rafferty, with dignity—"I adade, mum; the old man bate, the childher wid a strap when nicesary, and we don't need anyone's club for them."

The following dialogue actually occurred in a Toronto Public school: Teacher (to small boy)—"What's your father's name?"

Small Boy—"Please, mam, I don't know."

Teacher—"Yes, yes, I know. What's your father's first name?"

Small Boy—"Please, mam, I don't know."

Teacher—"Well, what does your mother call him?"

Small Boy—"Please, mam, an old fool."

She—"Please, sir, have you a match?"

He—"No, I haven't."

She—"Then, let's make one."

What is the most amusing letter in the alphabet? "S," because it makes a mile smile.

Teacher—Johnny, why are you so often late?

Johnny—Becuz I heard pa say, "Punctuality is the thief of time."

Mr. Lean—Eliza, what in the world is the good of our hired boy?

"Could Not Afford It."

When your child gets ill, what do you do? Wait until "you can afford it" to call in a Doctor, or do you send for him at once?

When your rent becomes due, do you wait until "you can afford it" or do you pay it when due?

If you are a property owner, do you pay your taxes when they fall due, or do you wait until "you can afford it."

3c. A WEEK UPWARD and we call for it.

You meet those obligations promptly, we know, because you HAVE TO. Don't you HAVE to provide for the welfare of your children after your death?

Perhaps your idea of the Value of INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE, as a method of saving money, and when to take it, need tuning. In that eventuality, drop us a card or call on our Dist. Manager and he will explain why our

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AGENTS WANTED—Apply, R. M. GIFFORD,

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A rather humorous incident occurred lately in a Toronto High School. The teacher, Miss Blank, was dictating sentences in connection with the grammar lesson, when she was disturbed by a boy at the back of the room. She reprimanded him, and bade him come to her at four o'clock. She resumed dictation of the two next sentences, which were: I shall be expecting you. May God help you.

It was a case of love on first sight. The vessel was rolling heavily, and the two young persons in question sat on settees opposite each other. They continually stole glances at each other, and tried to look their best. Sometimes their eyes met, and each blushed. But the young man was a bashful young man, and the young girl was a modest young girl. Neither ventured to speak. No one was there to give them an introduction. But Dame Nature, ever kind, slyly arranged the matter. She gave the boat a sudden lurch, and the two mute lovers were thrown into each other's arms. Matters were quickly arranged, and the next port was the scene of a happy union.

Teacher—Now, children, I am going to tell you a fairy story. But first of all, have any of you ever seen a fairy? Strange to say, the biggest dunce in the class had. He raised his hand and shook it violently. "Please, teacher, I have. It takes my pa across the river every morning, and sometimes me and baby, too."

Caller (to dressed-up host)—You were not going out, were you?

Host—Why, no; I'm so glad you came. Little Clara (bounding down the stairs)—Mammy, mammy, are you ready for the party yet?

A University professor posted the following notice on the door of his lecture room: Prof. Blank is engaged on committee work, and will be unable to meet his class to-day. A wag passing shortly after erased "on committee work" and the "C" of classes, leaving: "Professor Blank is engaged, and will be unable to meet his lassies to-day."

If the Irish cannot earn a farthing by growing potatoes, they can surely do so by their wit, as the following story will show: A shopkeeper was plagued by a lot of loafers about his corner, but one day, when feeling more than usually good-natured, he said to them: "You're the laziest lot of beggars I ever saw. There's a quarter for the laziest one in the bunch. Line yourselves alongside the wall, and let the laziest claim the quarter." They lined up. "Now," he said, "whoever thinks himself the laziest, come here." They all did, except Mike.

"Hey, Mike," said the shopman, "don't you want the quarter?" "To be sure," said Mike, "but I'm too lazy to go after it."

Needless to say, Mike got the quarter.

When demanding the union label on any purchase be sure you get the genuine article. Many bogus labels are in the market, particularly in the clothing line. Beware of imitations!

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 following:—

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 older England in the way of ancient queeriosities, yet it might hope to make a respectable showing. For instance, Greenwich street, one of the historic thoroughfares 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 confirmed, 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 intended to be conveyed by a firm of jobbers in Sixty-ninth street, whose sign is in these words:—

FRAZER & SIMMONS, CARPENTERS AND DUMB WAITERS.

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