have no ready cash.

more money.

a tight rope figured.

5

one thing till it gets there.

ncket as a ten-year-old minor.

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

There are a great many men of note who

A drum-major can't get up half as big a

Teacher: What is a passive mood of the Yerb to work ? Johnny: To loaf.

A hypocrite feels better satisfied with himelf every time he sees a good man make a mis-

Every man longs to get rich, and then puts off until next month his determination to save

The best way to down an opponent in an

A paper advertises for "a first class riding A paper advertises for "a first class from horse for a lady that is young and gentle and easy to manage."

A Kansas Prohibitionist is so radical that

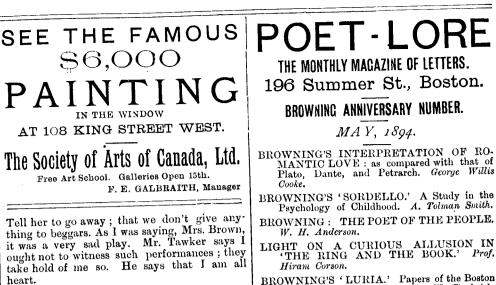
he refused to attend an entertainment in which

My son, observe the postage stamp—its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to

Sometimes it is well to keep in ruts. I would rather ride in an old lumber waggon in an old rut than in a palace car off the track

"Banks, how are "-" Rivers, do you know of any cure for a bad cold?" "None." (With fervent gratitude) "Rivers, your

argument is to let him get through and then yell "Rata."



BROWNING'S 'LURIA.' Papers of the Boston Browning Society. Rev. John W. Chadwick. BROWNING RARITIES. William G. Kings-

land. RELIGIO POETÆ. P.

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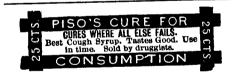
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What would this man? Now upward will he soar, and little less than angel, would be more.-Pope.

"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters," said George Herbert. Men are what their mothers make them. But if ed to the earth with "weakness" peculiar to their sex, try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-scription. They will find the little ones a delight instead of a torment.

To those about to become mothers it is

A beggar in Duoini had been a long time besieging an old gouty, testy, limping gentle-man, who refused his mite with much irrita-bility; on which the mendicant said: "Ah, plase your honour's honour, I wish your heart were as tender as your toes."

A Slave to Courtesy.-He: Do you mind

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\$6,000

Teacher: What is a right angle? Boy: Two straight lines around a corner. The Society of Arts of Canada, Ltd. Boarder : Is this genuine vegetable soup ? Waiter : Yes, sir ; fourteen carrots fine. Free Art School. Galleries Open 15th.

F. E. GALBRAITH, Manager

Tell her to go away; that we don't give any-thing to beggars. As I was saying, Mrs. Brown, it was a very sad play. Mr. Tawker says I ought not to witness such performances; they take hold of me so. He says that I am all heart heart.

"Say, Tom," remarked Jenkins, as he coil-ed lazily on a lounge; "if a man were asleep under this lounge, why would he resemble a prisoner in a police station? Tom: Give it up. Jenkins: Because they would both be under a rest.

MOTHERS.

the mothers are peevish and irritable, through irregularities, "female weakness," and kindred ailments, they find no pleasure, no beauty in the care of their babes. All effort is torture. Let all such, who feel weigh-

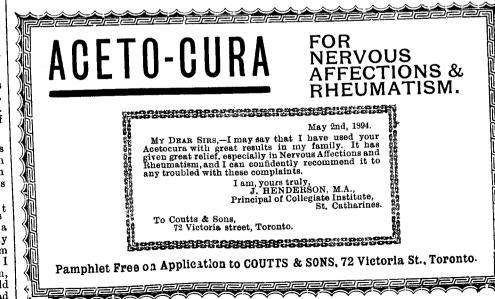
a priceless boon. It lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labor and promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

Celebrated Lawyer: Now tell me honestly did you rob that bank ? Client (in disgust): fcourse I did. Do yer s'pose I d be able to retain you if I didn't? At the Salon.—"Can you tell me what that picture represents?" "That is Queen Cleo-patra. How and of her?" "Never A beggar in Dublin had been a long time patra. Have you never heard of her?" "Never in my life. I seldom read the papers." The Hon. Bertie : Aw, tell me, Miss Elliot,

A Puny and Fretful Baby.

This is now quite unnecessary! Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

A Slave to Courtesy.—He: Do you mind ' stoppin' a bit now. I get rather giddy, don't cherknow. She: But if you get giddy, why do you come to dances? He: Well, I'm a bachelor, and that sort of thing, and it's the only way I can see of repayin' hospitality.



The Hon. Bertie : Aw, tell me, Miss Entry, I've-aw-long been intending to ask you-aw-are you related to the Sir George Elliot who-aw-writes novels, don't yer-know? A blue-stocking in Boston recently said that she thought Mr. Aldrich, the American Mr. Aldrich. The remark was repeated to with her ?"

Things one would rather have expressed differently. Sir Pompey (so much in earnest that he forgets him many). Well, all I can that he forgets his grammar) : Well, all I can may is this that make in charity is nothing to port what I give in charity is nothing to nobody !

Barber : Hair's very thin sir. Customer : It It was thinner than that thirty years ago. Barber: Indeed, sir; you surprise me. Why (brusquely). Thirt unterlay (brusquely): Thirty yesterday.

Customer: Among the other items on this you've got four and a half hour's work. Paper hanger: Yes, sir, but it took me half hour to make out the bill an hour to make out the bill.

"Jack said he was going to propose to Miss snow last night and wouldn't take 'no' for an her." How did he come out?" "He won Snow for an answer, after all."

Mrs. Tawker : I was at the theatre las evening. Tawker: I was at the theatre has man being. It was an awfully sad play about a dying from store the bound of work and his family dying from store the bound of keep from dying from starvation. I couldn't keep from crying, to save my life. I don't know when I there's a woman at the door as wants some cold it. She do my har shildren haven't had bit nor sup for two days. Mrs. Tawker: Mrs. Tawker :