



I-deal life—That of a gambler.
Seal hunters—Monogram collectors.

The State of Ireland—By no means a United State.

Vested Interests—Your watch, toothpick, penknife, etc.

The Orange Sentinel is said to be sleeping on the ramparts. O'Donohoe said so.

The best joke of the season—John A. promising to find a seat for Mr. Plumb.

A Mammoth undertaking—Mr. Thompson trying to be elected in East Toronto.

If the Conservative Candidate in East Toronto is elected it will be by a Small majority.

Mr. Edgar, though a lawyer, is engaged just now in quite another business, viz., that of pressing Hay.

The Orange difficulty—Slipping on the peel of one, and while picking yourself up trying to look unconcerned.

Zola has written "Nana," "Nana's Mother," and "Nana's Daughter;" it is now in order for some one to write "Nana's Grandmother."

Our Funny Contributor's face beamed with satisfaction, when, lately, a man in Lindsay complimented him on his improved appearance—getting stout, etc.; but when the man added a request for a quarter to treat a crowd, our Contributor's lack of faith in human nature returned, and he remarked that he was a political agent and couldn't do it.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Mistress—"Forgot it? Why, I told you to impress it on your mind." Bridget—"It was on me moind I put it, mum, an' me moind went astray wid it."

They talk of changing the name of Green Tree, Pa., to Duffryn Mawr. Why not simply alter the spelling thus: (Grwyn Trwye?—*Philadelphia News*.

"I want a little change," said Mr. B. to her husband yesterday. "Well," was the heartless response, "just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."

Of a miserly man, who died of softening of the brain, a local paper says: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

"A fellow must sow his wild oats, you know," exclaimed the adolescent John. "Yes," replied Annie, "but one shouldn't begin sowing so soon after cradling."

An esteemed exchange says there are seventeen red-headed girls in a neighboring town, and lets himself out of trouble by remarking that they are all belles.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Polydipsia is the Boston name for thirst. When suffering from polydipsia the Boston man calls for spiritus frumenti and then washes it down with protoxide of hydrogen.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

Daniel Webster used to say that the great interests of this country were united and inseparable. He doubtless had reference to the corn crop and whiskey manufacture.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"Some men are fortunate in their friends," remarked young Brown; "now there's Smith; he never has any trouble in borrowing \$5, and I couldn't raise a loan of fifty cents if I tried."—*Boston Star*.

A Boston man has paid Mr. Gaugengigl \$500 for his picture, "La Refugie," and the last two syllables of the painter's name represent his method of expressing his satisfaction at the sale.—*Lowell Courier*.

"My dear son," exclaimed old Mrs. Jenkins last evening, "I wouldn't go out without something over me. Put on your overcoat or your cardamon jacket, or you'll catch your death of ammonia."—*Lowell Citizen*.

It is understood that Eli Perkins rode Apollo, the horse that won the Derby at Louisville on Tuesday. In the pictures and statues Apollo is always represented as carrying a lyre.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Secretary Chandler paid \$100 for a cup of coffee at the recent Garfield Memorial Fair in the rotunda at the National Capitol. The coffee was excellent, but the Secretary of the Navy didn't pass his cup a second time.

There is some talk of making Gen. Robert C. Schenck a candidate for Congress, in the new Third District of Ohio. He is a good man to have in Congress, he so thoroughly understands the value of a pair.—*Boston Post*.

"Violet, dearest, do you play that tune very often?" asked Hugh Montessor of his affianced. "Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time." Then Hugh went out and shuddered himself to death.—*Stuebenville Republican*.

Mr. Kreuger, the inventor of an alleged flying machine, recently committed suicide, and if he was a Christian he knows more about flying now than when on this earth. The difficulty is, he can't return to utilize his newly acquired knowledge.—*Norristown Herald*.

HE'S LEFT WHO COMES TOO LATE.

The train departs at half-past eight;
The traveller runs apace;
He yet may reach the station gate—
It closes in his face!
He sees the train slide down the track;
He curses frax his fate,
And mutters as he wanders back—
"He's left who comes too late!"

At 6 the dinner's smoking hot;
The wine foams in the glass;
The soup is boiling from the pot,
Which deftest waiters pass.
The wine is flat; the soup is cold;
The diner comes at eight—
You see the old, old story's told—
"He's left who comes too late!"

A maiden holds a heart in thrall—
He cherishes a glove,
And sighs to gain her, that is all!
He does not tell his love,
And some fine day the cruel mail
Bears as a dreadful fate,
Her wedding cards—then let him wail—
"I'm left, who came too late!"

—*Boston Advertiser*.

A PAIR FROM MARK TWAIN.

We submit the following pair of jokes make the best brace to be found in Mark Twain's sayings or writings. If any one can offer better ones we shall be glad to publish them:

Speaking of Ingersoll's lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses," he said:

"I wouldn't give a cent to hear Ingersoll on Moses, but I'd give \$10 to hear Moses on Ingersoll."

In the preface of his "Tramp Abroad" he says: "I'm going to try to keep statistics out of this book, but I doubt if I succeed. Figures stew out of me just as naturally as the otter of roses out of the otter."

DISCOURAGED HER.

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down by the Fairmount dam, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterward married? He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square 47, with false teeth, and said: "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim."—*Philadelphia News*.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

"Well, Belle, how are you fixed for the college championship?"

"I've got fifty on Harvard, Amy, but I do hope Princeton will win!"

"Why?"

"O, they've such a sweet little fellow that plays back-stop."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE REASON HE WROTE IT.

"I write this," says Mr. Nelson de Pew, of Napiersville, Quebec, Canada, "to say that, after suffering six years with rheumatism—accompanied with the most intense pain with which anyone could be afflicted—I have been completely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. I thus write because I consider it my duty so to do, and because I wish to publish to suffering humanity the wonderful efficacy of the Great German Remedy. When I remember that during the six years in which I was bedridden with this awful disease, I tried all kinds of remedies, and expended a large amount of money with doctors of all schools, and underwent all kinds of treatment, the feeling of gratitude at my marvellous recovery impresses me to give the widest publicity to my case."

A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

HAS OPENED AN
OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do FIRST-CLASS WORK, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8-30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.