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FRESH FUN.

HARD ON THE KILTIES.—The pretty girl was looking at the gay French soldiers as they marched about the stage before the storming of the Bastille.

"I suppose they are plain citizens engaged for the occasion. Our infantry or volunteers would hardly be permitted to wear foreign uniforms—even in fun, would they?" she asked.

Then in naive after thought: "Well, of course, they may be semi-military, sort of play soldiers like the societies or the Kilties."

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.—Seven-year brother and four-year sister in a trolley approaching the King Street subway. Boy eagerly pointing out the novelties of the trip.

"Look, Olive, now we're coming to the place where the cars run over you. Down in that dark place there. Run *smush* right over you they do. Now, we're going down: Now, they're comin'!"

An agonized wail from four-year-old: "I don't want ze cars to run over me. Let me off. Mam-ma!"

Boy looks considerably surprised, trolley man turns sharply, and passengers are generally amused.

A Toronto youngster, looking out of car window:

"What's that, papa?"

"That's a bridge, my son."

Youngster (after a second wondering look): "What did they stand on, when they built it?"

A tired woman, at the entrance to the W. C. T. U. tent on the Fair grounds, glanced up at the lettering and slowly spelled the words, "Woman,—Christian." She waited to go no further, but threw up her hands with a gesture of relief.

"Come on, Lucy; we're safe here; there's Christian women inside."

"Do you know what they mean by a Stradivarius?" inquired the amateur.

"Yes," answered the professional promptly, "Stradivarius is the Latin name for a fiddle."

A HINT.—He—"Would you marry a one-eyed man?"

She—"Why, mercy, no."

He—"Then let me carry your umbrella."

It was the day and hour of Li Hung Chang's expected visit at the Industrial Fair. Two men, evidently respectable mechanics of English nationality, were standing among the throng that surged about the Main building waiting for a glimpse of his yellow lordship. They whiled away the time discussing how often and under what circumstances each had seen the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and various members of royalty, then returned to the discussion of Li.

"They say," said one, "that the policemen h'objected to carryin' him around in

his chair; that they had to get some Chinese fellers to do it."

"Well," said the other thoughtfully, "H'I don't wonder. A H'Inglishman carryin' a Chinaman; h'it don't seem right."

"No," answered the first, "that's what H'I think. H'it ought to be the other way round."

UP-TO-DATE.—"I don't think I am really any cheaper than I used to be," argued the horse. "I am worth just as much as I ever was. The bicycle has appreciated. That's all."

DEDUCTIVE REASONING.—An amusing incident occurred in a city Sunday school last Sunday. The lesson of the day was found in the text, "For He shall gird you about with great strength." As the superintendent passed among the classes, he finally stopped at one composed of half a dozen pickaninnies, who were doing their best to absorb the explanations of their teacher.

"Well, Mrs. —," he remarked, "are you getting along nicely to-day with the lesson?"

"Well, no," she replied. "I find it rather difficult to make the class understand it."

"Why, it shouldn't be so difficult," said the superintendent. "You understand what the word gird means, don't you, children?"

There were many dubious shakes of the head, but no replies in the affirmative.

"Why, now," he continued, as he moved his hands in front of him in imitation of a man tightening a belt, "supposing you were going to run a race, why would you tighten your belt?"

"To hold your pants up," squawked two of the youngsters in concert, and the superintendent turned his face to hide the smile that the conclusive deduction had produced.

Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., recently organized an entertainment company from among successful graduates of the Conservatory Elocution Department, to make a three weeks' concert tour through the provinces. Before starting out members of the press were invited to a rehearsal of the varied and most enjoyable program. Mr. Shaw, assisted by Miss Ida Wingfield, Mrs. Reta Ross, and Mr. C. Leroy Kenney, make a splendid combination, and their recitals and dramatic work would do credit to any stage. Mr. Shaw's rendering of "Clarence's Dream" gives conception of his dramatic, musical, and emotional strength. Miss Wingfield, as an emotional actress, and Mr. Kenney in dramatic action are of high merit, while Mrs. Ross plays an excellent ingenue role.

The U. S. Health Reports for December, 1895, say of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers and Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap: "They clear the skin, purify the blood, develop the form and clear the complexion thoroughly; for rough skin and for expelling blackheads and pimples they are invaluable. They are put up in attractive forms, and have demonstrated to thousands of ladies who have tested the same that nothing better has ever been compounded for the purpose of beautifying the face and features."

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