



MILLIONS FOR THE PRIVILEGE !

WHAT WILL SHE GAIN BY THE PACIFIC RAILWAY? MERELY, AS IT WOULD SEEM, THE GRATIFICATION OF STARING LIKE A COW AT THE PASSING TRAIN.-BYSTANDER, in The Week, Fob. 23.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

NO DANGER.

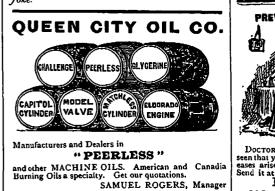
Fire Marshal-I very much fear sir, that additional means of egress will have to be ordered for your church.

Pastor—And why so, my dear sir? Fire Marshal—In case of fire it would be

impossible to get the congregation out alive. Pastor-Oh ! You are mistaken-very much mistaken, I could empty this church in three minutes.

Fire Marshal-In three minutes ! How ? Pastor-By taking up a collection. -Philadelphia Call.

Corporal (instructing company)—"If you capture a man while on duty you should pon him in the sentry-box. Now, Private Wach-huber, what would you do if the prisoner would not go in?" Wachhuber (with a self-satisfied smile)—"Oh, but he would go in." Corporal—"Yes, but if he would not go in, what then?" Wachhuber—"Why, the sentry-box would have to be enlarged."—German Joke. Joke.



30 FRONT STREET EAST.

IN THE KITCHEN.

" Mamma, where's the lead you put in those biscuits ?'

"Where is the what ?"

"The lead, mamma."

"What do you mean by asking such a question ?

"Ob, nothin', only papa said he was goin' fishin' this mornin' and wanted some of your biscuits for sinkers."—New York Journal.

Henry Clay, the American statesman, never liked to see dumb animals worried, and once, passing down an avenue, he descried a crowd, at sport with a billygoat. Mr. Clay drove at sport with a billygoat. Mr. Clay drove them away, and, as they scampered, Billy, see-ing nobody but Mr. Clay within reach, made a charge at him. Clay dropped his cane, and caught his goatship by the horns. The goat then took to rearing up, being nearly as high as the tall Kentuckian himself, and he had to pull him down again. This soon became tire-Clay could conceive of no way to clear some. himself, so in desperation he sang out to know what to do. One of the smallest of the crowd shouted, "Let go and run you fool!" Clay Clay always maintained that, though he signed the Treaty of Ghent, yet that ragged boy knew more than he did.

Munitin

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DOCTOR.

230 King St. East,

"Yes," said Byenesmonkey, "I've gone and made an ass of myself. I've watched my girl and caught her flirting with young Mr. Tawmus when I might have gone along in blissful ignorance of her falsity."-Boston Post.

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Baron Platt once visited a penal institution, inspected the treadmil! with the rest, and being practically disposed, the learned judge trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warder to set it in motion. The machine was adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes he had had quite enough of it, and called to be released; but this was not so easy, "Please, my lord," said the man, " you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; and that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

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