

WORTH YOUR ATTENTION.

MARK this! Don't lose it! It will bring you gold! We will send you free something new, that just costs money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. \$5 a day and upwards easily earned by any worker; many are making several hundred dollars a month. You can do it. No special ability required. We bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash right away, than anything else in the world. Any one anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why, no harm is done. Address Sinson & Co., Portland, Me.

A SPECIMEN DUDE.

FIRST Young Lady—"Have you ever seen that wretched dude, Gus Snobberly?"

Second Young Lady—"Yes, I have been introduced to him."

"What do you think of him?"

"My opinion is that if the monkeys in Central Park see him it will make them egotistical."—*Texas Siftings.*

HER ONLY DEFECT.

GILHOOLY—"Mrs. Stiggins is certainly a beautiful woman."

Gus De Smith—"Yes, I admire her very much. In fact there is only one thing about her that I don't like."

"What's that?"

"Her husband."—*Texas Siftings.*

REAL AND IMITATION BABIES.

A BOSTON woman comes out in print to denounce "that lingual dish wash, popularly known as baby talk." Oh, well, that's to be expected in Beantown, where Joseph Cook is regarded as a model child's nurse and primary kindergarten teacher. We believe, firmly believe, that a baby who? which? that? is born with eye glasses and a theory should be called a babe at birth and addressed as sir or madam.

Out upon your machine made babe! I knew one long ago. His name was Henderson Ingraham Stillweather, and his parents called him that when he was in his cradle. He was but 5 years old when first I met him, down by the Illinois river. He said to me: "Excuse me, sir, but could you kindly enlighten me as to the character of this strange looking craft toward which our steps are tending and, also, can you tell me to whom does it belong?" I clutched the little monster by the neck and held him under the dredge boat for an hour. I expected a scene with his mother, but she only said that "Henderson was very far advanced; his Uncle Dennison did not drown until he was 49." They didn't bury Henderson. They pressed him between the pages of a Colton's Atlas, and he flattened out and dried just like a fern. That's what becomes of that sort of children. I am glad I drowned him. I am looking around for more like him. People who wean their infants on dictionaries will do well to keep them under glass until I lose my towahawk. Wagh!—*R. T. Burdette.*

"Is that a valuable ring you've got on, Gus?" asked a John street salesman. Gus—"I've hung it up for \$75." Jack—"You don't say so." Gus—"Yes. Seventy-five times. Dollar each time"—*Jewelry News.*

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.

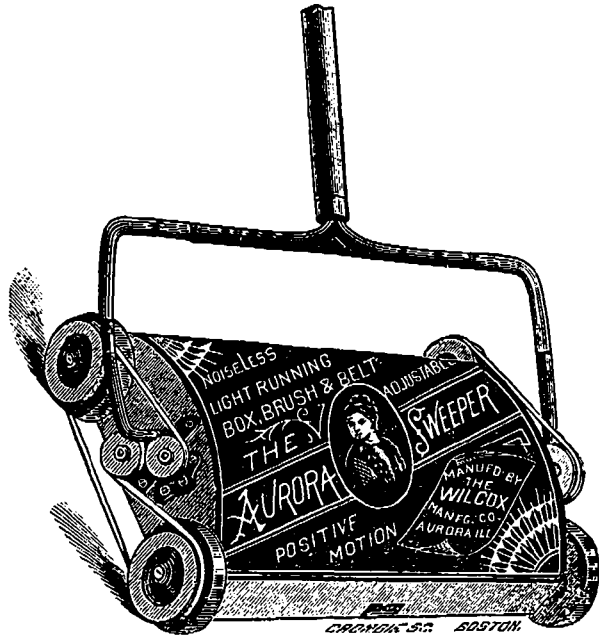
JOHN KAY will, on MONDAY, 13th NOVEMBER, commence a Grand Cash Sale of CARPET SWEEPERS.

"THE DELIGHT" Grand Rapids Manufacture, \$1.25

"THE QUEEN" " " " 2.15

"THE FAMED AURORA" 2.75

Every householder should have one, but cannot, as there are only something over 300 to dispose of. To be sold singly. No wholesale buyers need apply.



JOHN KAY, - - 34 King Street West.

A BUSINESS ITEM.

The old established firm of John Macdonald & Co., of Toronto, has been reconstructed, by the admission of Mr. J. K. Macdonald and Mr. Paul Campbell, as partners. Mr. J. K. Macdonald is a son of the Hon. John Macdonald, while Mr. Paul Campbell has been the general manager of the great business for some years; and both being practical business men, their promotion as partners shows a determination to keep the House fully up to the great reputation it has already attained.

SOMEWHAT SINISTER.

The five-year old son of the wealthy Mrs. Bondclipper, of Fifth avenue, is left-handed, and his mother has made an earnest but heretofore unsuccessful effort to cure him of this defect.

A few days ago, in a fit of anger he struck his French governess square in the face and made her nose bleed.

"Tommy, you little wretch!" screamed Mrs. Bondclipper, "don't you ever do that again as long as you live. Will I never be able to make you use your right hand?"—*Texas Siftings.*

SHE WAS ABOVE SHOP GIRLS.

COMING down in a Sixth avenue elevated train lately, the writer sat opposite a young lady, neatly dressed in black. She was talking to a young man, and was struggling to get a pair of undressed kids on her hands.

"Oh, dear!" said she, "how I do detest gloves. It takes me a good half hour to get my gloves on."

"Why do you wear them, then?" he asked.

"Oh, my! I wouldn't go barehanded for the world. I'm afraid somebody will take me for a shop girl."

Upon inquiry the writer learned that the young woman was the engineer of a type-writer in a wholesale house at a salary of \$5 a week.—*New York Evening Sun.*

A NEW INVENTION
NO BACKACHE.
RUNS EASY

1 1/2 cords of Beech have been sawed by one man in nine hours. Hundreds have saved 6 and 6 cords daily. "Exactly" what every Farmer and Wood Chopper wants. First order from your vicinity secures the Agency. No Duty to pay, we manufacture in Canada. Write for Illustrated Catalogue sent FREE to all. Address **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 303 to 311 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.**