

**The Torn Leaf.**

A witching charm pervades the things beyond our eager grasp. We'd throw away the prizes won for those we can not grasp: All day we wait for sunset and all night we watch for dawn: The best part of life's story is the leaf that's torn and gone.

The past is shadowed with regret, the future has its doubt, And every rose that we would pluck with thorns is healed about. The dream, the song, the hope, the prayer, the things we loved were on The page for which we all despair, the leaf that's torn and gone. —Chicago Post.

**Comic Cuttings.**

Wh. holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

Time is an unpopular poet when he writes lines on a lady's brow.

It requires no selfdenial for a pawnbroker to keep the pledge.

What interest does distance get for lending enchantment to the view?

When a man forswears cards, does he keep his oath if he cuts them?

"I am not in it," said the poor woman, as she gazed fondly at a seal skin jacket in the shop window.

A very celebrated Nimrod of the jungle tells us that it is impossible for a leopard to conceal itself. It is always "spotted."

The force of habit.—Captain: "All hands to the pumps." Milkman (to sailor): "Are they going to serve out the milk."

A boy whose leg was repaired in New York by grafting some skin from a dog, complains now that his skin barks easily.

If you will get up a club of ten subscribers for our paper, we will send you the "Home Cook Book." Subscription rate only 25 cents a year.

Smiley.—"Now, remember, I don't want a very large picture." Photographer.—"All right, sir; then, please close your mouth."

Isaac (instructing his son).—"Ven you zell a coat to a man vot wants a coat, dots nothing; but ven you zell a coat to to-a man vot don't vant a coat, dot is pee-zness, my poy."

City Maiden (a summer boarder).—"How savagely that cow looks at me." Farmer Hayseed.—"It's your red parasol, mum." City Maiden.—"Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I did not suppose the country cow would..."

The following novel advertisement recently appeared in a down south weekly. "If John Jones, who twenty years ago, deserted his wife and babe will return said babe will lick the stuffin' out of him."

"Which side do you lie on?" asked the Physician in attendance on an Editor who was very ill. "Neither," replied the Editor, rallying at once, "my paper is published on strictly upright principles."

"How to keep books," an advertisement of an American firm, attracted the attention of a Brockville young man, who, desirous of securing the information, forwarded 25 cents. The answer he received was "do not lend them."

"What is this country coming to," shouted the prohibitionist orator, "when we see the rumseller and his minions in places of trust?" "I ain't found none of 'em runnin' no places of trust yet, and I been in this town more'n a year," mused the seedy man near the door.

"See here, my friend, that dog of yours killed three sheep of mine last night, and I want to know what you propose to do about it?" "Are you sure it was my dog?" "Yes." "Well, I hardly know what to do. I guess I had better sell him. You don't want to buy a good dog, do you?"

**Notice.**

The Executive Committee of the Western Dairymen's Association are determined that the work of the Dairy Inspectors shall be thorough this season, and that any patron found delivering milk which has in any way been tampered with shall be exposed and punished. The next meeting of the Inspectors with Mr. McLaren will be held at Tavistock on July 13.

Miss Emma Steiner, the only woman operatic conductor in America, has read, composed, and executed music of a high order ever since she was a child. She travels with operatic companies as conductor, and is now engaged in the completion of two operettas of her own composing.

**JAMES MILLER,**  
(Late of Richmond street),  
**BARBER,**  
has moved into the commodious  
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**AT THE WESTERN HOTEL,**  
where he hopes his old friends will give him a continuance of their patronage.  
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