

WHEN piercing rays  
Of noonday's blaze  
On every side salute you,  
You're sadly tasked  
To then be asked  
"How does this weather suit you?"  
—*Boston Budget.*

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact that, however dangerous the profession of a bank burglar may be, he is unquestionably a safe man.—*Boston Budget.*

JACK—What! Are you smoking cigarettes? Harry—Yes, dash it all! Cora refused my offer of marriage last night, and I don't care what becomes of me.—*Tid-Bits.*

HAROLD—Humph! you needn't boast. My father's got a house that cost twice as much as your father's. Bertie—Well, my father's been an alderman only six months so far.—*Tid-Bits.*

"I ALWAYS prefer to be on the safe side when I speculate," remarked the trusted treasurer, as he alighted from the train at Montreal.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"You girls want the earth," said a State street father when one of his daughters asked him for six dollars for a new jacket. "No, papa," said the ingenious child of twenty, "not the earth—only a new jersey."—*Trenton Emporium.*

A GOOD many people thank the Lord that they don't understand Henry George's works. If they really do feel thankful to the Lord for their ignorance they have much to be thankful for.—*Rev. Dr. Pentecost.*

"It looks as if there was a row between Snobley and his wife." "There is." "Anything serious?" "I guess not. Snob read that the Prince and Princess of Wales had had a falling out, and he had to follow suit, you know. He's watching the papers now to find out when to make up."—*Ex.*

IGNORANT FOREIGNER—You have agricultural fairs in this country, I hear. American Farmer—Yes; every fall. I'm getting ready for the next one now. I. F.—Rather early to make selections of agricultural fair exhibits, I should fancy. A. F.—No sir-ee; takes a good while to train trotting hosses, mister.—*Tid-Bits.*

"WHERE shall we go this summer, dear?" asked Mrs. Flyaway. "Well, let's see," replied her husband, "last winter we got malaria in Florida?" "Yes, and the alligators got your pointer dog." "And the preceding summer we got the rheumatism in the mountains?" "We did, and the bears got my little Skye terrier." "And the summer before that we went to the seashore and got bled by the mosquitoes and the landlord?" "Yes." "And the summer before that, we went into the country and the children were laid up all summer with ivy poison?" "I remember." "Well, if I felt as strong as I used to, I'd like first-rate to take a vacation this summer, but I'm feeling kind of weak and listless, and I'm afraid I couldn't stand it. Let's stay home and rest this year."—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

#### THE BOOK AGENT.

"THE stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth."  
—*Addison.*

LITTLE Tommy:—"Mother, what part of heaven do people go to who are good, but not agreeable?"

"I LIKE cold weather," she said—"there's no danger of perspiration taking the powder off your face when you're hugging."

LITTLE Johnny (in re the latest baby):—"His face is just the color of Uncle George's. My word, but he must be a hard drinker!"

THE daily papers tell us of prisoners being "fully committed for trial." But we never hear of any criminal being partially committed.

KATE: "Louise dear, there's crape on the Van Brisket's front door. Some one must have died!" Louise: "Impossible! I'm positive the doctor hasn't been there for several weeks."—*N. Y. Life.*

A LEARNED man doesn't need a learned wife. He needs a nice little woman to look after his house and see that he has his necktie on when he goes out.

"WHO is the god of battles?" "Mar," answered little Johnny Henpeck. "Mars," you mean, Johnny," corrected the teacher. "No, I don't, neither. I only got one mar."

AT Divine Service: Miss Molly—"Come into our pew, Kate." Kate—"Oh, no; come into ours. We've got such nice, comfortable, high kneeling cushions. They don't strain your polonaise a bit."

INFURIATED subscriber (to editor):—"What does this mean, sir: In that obituary notice of my respected wife's mother, you have said that she was 'consigned to her last roasting place.'"

MAUD—I hate that fellow De Johnson. He never knows what to do with his hands. Maria—You are mistaken, my dear. In that respect he is one of the most accomplished young men I ever went out in a buggy with.

CHAMBERNAID—"Wait, Mary, it isn't time to lock up the house yet." Miss Ethel's young man is in the parlor." Kitchen girl—"He's gone, Sarah." "Did you hear the front-door shut?" "No, but the drawing-room gas is turned up again."

YOUNG Man (whispering to jeweller)—"That engagement ring I bought of you yesterday—" Jeweller—"What's the matter with it; didn't it fit?" Young man (cautiously)—"Sh! It didn't have a chance. Gimme collar buttons for it."

"It is wrong," remarked Bernhardt's manager to a reporter, "to think that the great artiste came here to get American dollars." "Indeed?" "Yes, I can prove it to you very easily." "Tell me about it." "You can see how little she cares for American money when I tell you that before sailing she had it all changed into French money."

COURT officer (to Queen Victoria)—There's an Hamerican gent houtside as what wants to see your majesty. The Queen—It's Mr. Phelps, I suppose. Tell him I've gone over to the tower to see if the Kohinoor is all right. Court officer—It's not Mr. Phelps; it's Buffalo Bill. The Queen—Oh, show him in at once.—*Ex.*

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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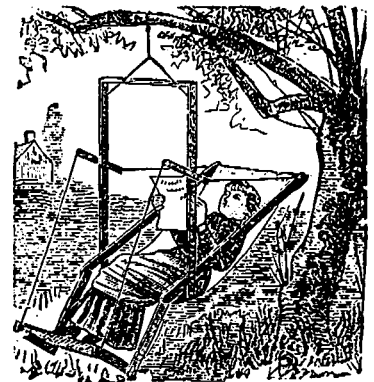
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