



“OUT IN THE COLD WORLD!”

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.

“Freddie, have you been to school to-day?”
“Yes’m.” “Did you learn anything new?”
“Yes’m.” “What was it, my boy?” “I got on to a sure way of getting out for an hour by stuffin’ red ink up my nose.”—*Ex.*

In the ruins of Pompeii the remains of a man with a satisfied smile on his face and four jacks grasped in his dried-up hand have been unearthed. The workmen are now digging away vigorously for the other fellow, to see what he held.

Exactness may sometimes be carried to excess. We fancy it was so in a recent case, where a disconsolate widower wrote to announce the death of his wife thus: “Her wearied spirit sank to rest at twenty minutes to three—railroad time.”—*Ex.*

“What is a sockdolager?” asked a little Pittsburg damsel of her older and more hardened brother. “Don’t you know? Why don’t you listen to our preacher? Don’t he get up when it’s time to quit, an’ say, ‘Let us sing the sockdolager?’”—*Ex.*

There seems to be a very strong impression in the community that the Metropolitan Museum was extensively swindled when it purchased the Cesnola collection, but it certainly got its money’s worth in the Venus with eleven toes, when it only paid for ten of them.

The scarcity of gentlemen at a neighboring Summer resort was so apparent that a Boston lady telegraphed her husband: “George, bring down a lot of beans for the hop this evening.” Thanks to the telegraph manipulator who mistook two words, George arrived with a “pot of beans.”—*Ex.*

A good citizen was about to hire a country house. “Oh, monsieur,” said the proprietor, the view is charming from here, and besides, as the place is near the railroad station, it’s very amusing.” “You think so?” “Yes, indeed; you can divert yourself by looking at the faces of the people who miss the trains!”—*Ex.*

Most of the eggs used in the east are imported from Germany. Are American hens lost to all shame that they stand around on one foot, doing nothing, except peck at eggs shells that lie around and that have been brought 3,000 miles?—*Ex.*

“Ethel,” said the teacher, “whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulders?” “Atlas, sir.” “You’re quite right,” said the teacher. “Atlas supported the world. Now who supported Atlas?” “I suppose,” said Ethel, softly, “I suppose he married a rich wife.”—*Ex.*

Gould—I can not understand how folks can be so grasping. Some people want the earth. Vanderbilt—Yes, there are plenty who are just that selfish. Now, I am entirely different. I don’t want the earth. I would be satisfied with half of it. Gould—And I—why, I would be satisfied with the other half.—*Ex.*

“I could leave this world to-morrow without a pang; the future has no terrors for me,” said Mulberry in one of his melancholy moments. “Very likely,” said Brown, who is a brute; “seems to me that an everlasting season of fire and brimstone would be a picnic to a man who has lived twenty years with your wife.”—*Ex.*

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



LADY.—Oh, Doctor, my little boy is so ill, do tell me what ails him?
DOCTOR.—It’s a bad case of ever, Madam.
L.—How can he have caught it; we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.
D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?
L.—No, we have never thought of that, though we have used it several years.
D.—Then send it to N. P. CHANEY & Co.’s at once, they will clean it thoroughly. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else.

A shabbily dressed woman called upon one of our citizens for aid, claiming that she was in a starving condition. The citizen looked upon her plethoric form, estimating the avoirdupois of the surplus fat, and answered, “You don’t look like a starving woman.” “I know it,” she whiningly answered, “I’m bloated with grief.”—*Ex.*

“How long have you been married?” asked the clerk at the hotel desk, as the elderly bridegroom registered. “Two weeks,” replied the happy man. “Front!” cried the clerk; “show the gentleman to parlor B; \$15 a day, sir.” “Third wife,” calmly said the guest. “Oh, excuse me. Front, show the gentleman to 824 back. Take the elevator; \$4 a week, sir.”—*Ex.*

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