

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME.

Christmas Day is almost here.
The small boy fairly crows
To think of all the things to eat
That he will soon inclose.

He dreams about the turkey big
And eke the hot mince pie.
And other things that will within
His little stomach lie.

But when beneath his little vest
Those goodly things have sped
And he bids Pa and Ma good-night
And trundles off to bed,

Oh, what a difference there will be,
And likewise what a row;
For then he'll have some other dreams
He does not dream of now.

Harry McKenna,

DEALER IN

Choice TOBACCONIST'S Goods.

ALWAYS OPEN AFTER THE OPERA.

225 DUNDAS ST. RETAIL AND WHOLESALE.

THE BOSS BLOWER.

When Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show were in England, one of the musicians put up at a prominent hotel. When signing the register he noticed that most names had such handles as M. P., J. P., D. D., L. L. D., and so on. His curiosity being aroused, he asked the clerk for an explanation of these mysterious initials. The clerk told his inquirer faithfully what they meant, to which he replied: "Oh, that's it, eh?" He then signed so: Jack Smith, B. B. B. B. B. B. B. B. It was now the clerk's time to be curious and he sought an explanation of the many B's, to which the Wild West man, with an unmistakable look of pity for the clerk's ignorance, remarked: "That stands for Best Bloody Blooming Blower of Buffalo Bill's Brass Band."—The Great Divide.

Do not judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one and the tailor the other. Do not judge him by his family, for Cain belonged to a good family.

Each Malagasy noble has a dye color of his own, which nobody else is allowed to wear.

HIS BOAST.

Laura—While Jack was calling the other evening he made the statement that he would kiss me or die in the attempt. Belle—Yes? (After a pause). Well, did he kiss you?

Laura—You haven't read any account of Jack's death in the paper, have you?

Line, McDonald & Co.

... MANUFACTURERS ...

The Report ^{Extra Value} for ... 5c.

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El-Cielo, 10c.

UNEQUALLED

CIGARS.

THANKS ALL THE SAME.

One of those women who are always willing to tell people that they are losing their side-combs, or hairpins, or other belongings, sat behind a young lady, who had a large velvet bow attached to the back of her neck. It had become loose, but was in no danger of falling, but the good dame could not resist the opportunity:

"You're losing your bow, Miss," she whispered in her ear.

The girl grabbed the arm of the young man next to her, and instantly retorted:

"Not much I ain't; I've kept steady company with him for a year now, and if that Susie Holmes thinks she's going to get him away by making eyes at him, I lost my guess. Thank you all the same, ma'am," and she took another reef in the young man's arm.

Sixteen million children were found to be enrolled in the schools of this country in June of this year.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive to their faults; when we have lost them we see only their virtues.

W. T. STRONG,

Dispensing Chemist

184 DUNDAS STREET.