

## ON THE BIAS.

## MY PUPIL IN PAINTING.

She cannot draw. Of art there lacks  
No notion in her pretty noddle.  
With strange distortions, ghastly smirks,  
She travesties her helpless model;  
Remorselessly she vilifies  
Inspiring types, artistic poses;  
Gives guileless cherubs squinting eyes;  
Makes patriarchs with twisted noses.  
She cannot paint. Her reds and blues  
She mixes in a style amazing;  
Does human flesh in startling hues.  
Aesthetic garbs in colors crazing;  
Gives to her daubs no shade nor light,  
Her victims put to base subjections;  
Makes guileless cherubs wailing wretches;  
Gives patriarchs with twisted noses.

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It is not a sign that a woman is homely  
when she wants to do her courting with  
the lamp turned down.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Wednesday is said to be the luckiest day  
in the week to get married on. We sup-  
pose that is why it is generally written  
"Wed."

In five minutes a woman can clean up a  
man's room in such a way that it will take  
him five weeks to find out where she put  
things.

"Why not embrace woman suffrage?"  
asks an exchange. Amend to strike out  
the last word and we're with you.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Ellet—"Here comes a man that's killed  
thirteen men in his time." Pellet—"Who  
is he—a duelist?" Ellet—"No, he's a  
faith-cure doctor."

Census-taker (to middle-aged female)—  
"How old are you, madam?" Female—  
"I have—ahem—seen nineteen summers."  
Census-taker—"Have you always lived in  
the tropics?"

Similia Similibus.—Mrs. Hardhead—  
"That's our milkman's wife." Mr. Hard-  
head—"She's very becomingly attired."  
Mrs. Hardhead—"How so?" Mr. Hard-  
head—"She wears a watered silk."

Mr. Goode-Catch! I guess you don't get  
as nice presents on your birthday as your  
sister Elsie does on hers. Little  
Fannie—"No, but I have a birthday  
every year, while sister Elsie only has one  
once in three years."

In the Tower of London.—Beefeater—  
"That's a block and axe of the sixteenth  
century." Mr. Duffell (pork, Cincinnati)—  
"They must have had terrible small hogs  
in them days. They ain't room enough on  
it to crack a spare-rib."

"Man, know thyself!" they say;  
And yet it is allowed.  
Such an acquaintance  
Not always makes us proud.

Willits—"So Pauline Gushington, the  
poetess, is your wife, eh? You're a lucky  
dog, to be married to a woman who is so  
loving as she must be." Millets—"I don't  
know about that. You see, she writes  
that kind of truck for money. And she is  
not in the habit of talking shop around  
home."

Book Agent: Yes, madam, this is what  
is termed an encyclopedia. It is filled with  
information, and will tell you anything you  
want to know. Victim: Anything I want  
to know, eh? Book Agent: Yes, madam.  
Victim: Well, just make it tell where my  
husband was until half-past three o'clock  
this morning and I'll buy it.

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly,  
"I cannot be your wife. We are too com-  
patible." "Compatible?" he exclaimed;  
"isn't that the very reason why?" "Not in  
your case. I should probably insist from  
motives of economy on dispensing with a  
servant and in doing my own housework,  
and you would probably let me do it,  
Hiram."

## SOOTHING.

If you're not pretty when you're young,  
This consolation hold:  
That in some fifty years or so  
You will be pretty old.

## AN ECLIPSE.

Mother—I'm afraid your husband is go-  
ing to be ill. How did he look this morn-  
ing at breakfast?  
Young Wife—I didn't see him. He was  
reading the paper.

## HOW IT BEGAN.

Fashion met Death at a dance one day.  
He with his sickle, she with her fan,  
He clumsily slashed her dress, they say,  
That's how the décolleté style began.

## NOT WORTH A TEAR.

Young Wife: Oh, John, the rats have  
eaten all my angel cake!  
Husband: What! All of it?  
Young Wife: Every piece. I feel like  
crying.

Husband: Oh, pshaw! Don't cry over  
a few rats.

## A TRIOTLET.

It fell on the stair.  
And I stole it—how shocking!  
A gaudy most rare,  
It fell on the stair.  
'Twas one of a pair  
And it fastened her stocking.

It fell on the stair  
And I stole it—how shocking!  
OLD CHOCOLATE'S JOGGEROUS CHAT.

Befo' yo' hiah a man toe hoe, see him  
eat.  
Yo' doan' git but one ca'cass outen a coon  
skin.  
De cudgel stops ez many quar'ls ez hit  
takes pat'in.  
Keep yo' tempah an' yo' gwine toe git a-  
many t'ings.

## WHY HE DOESN'T.

He's meddlesome and impudent, and struts about  
with pride  
That would shame a turkey gobbler till in the  
grass he'd hide;  
He's told to mind his business, but he's not that  
way inclined—  
He hasn't any business and he hasn't any mind.

## CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Der fundamental qualities of true  
friendships was constancy and fidelity.  
We don't did desert a good much in dis  
world, but how much we was enchoy en-  
fow.

Put stock in your mind of bully knowl-  
edge, goot principles and virtues det was  
vet mit der rain trop of buridly, and they  
shucked on you ven der worldt was so  
placker as plue.

## REMEMBERED ONE WHO HAD.

Enamored youth (to comic opera fairy)—  
"Cried Pozzolini! Has no man ever  
made an impression on your flinty heart?"  
Fair Enslaver (with a sigh)—"Yes, I loved  
your grandfather. Ah, he was a noble  
man."

## PERHAPS SHE DOES.

Sue—"Oh, Mamie, I've a big secret for  
you. Fred and I are going to elope."  
Mamie—"Does your mother know your  
route?"

## LOVE IS BLIND.

Her praises told he used to sing:  
Now he is jilted.  
He wonders how he loved a thing  
Whose nose is tilted.

There is talk in France of utilizing  
watercourses as a railway motive power.  
It is proposed that the track shall be laid  
on an embankment in the middle of the  
current, and that the locomotives shall  
have two paddle wheels dipping into the  
water and revolved by it.



SCRIPTURAL CONSOLATION.

Severe Adorer (about to enter the ministry):—I trust you find a great deal of comfort in think-  
ing of Scripture verses.  
Interesting Invalid:—Yes, indeed! That text, "Gird and Bear It," does me a heap of good.

REJECTED SUITOR.—For de lan's sake! everybody seems to know dere's been an unpleasantness  
between me an' Dinah, an' it on'y happened twenty minutes ago. I wonder how it is?PARK-KEEPER (travels).—Now, ol' un, can't you see this path is only for pedestrians?  
YOKEL.—Well, what do you call the old sow? Hur's twice as much a pedestrian as you be.

## A MARVELLOUS MACHINE.

An Apparatus That Works Accord-  
ing to the Director's Will.

The visit of a certain French count to  
London has given us much to think of be-  
yond the limits of the disease, both mental  
and bodily, by which we have been as-  
sailed. This Count P., who, strange to  
say, seeks no publicity, is one of the most  
learned men of the century. His studies  
have been followed in participation with  
the experiments of the great experimental  
ist, the late Rumborff. The latter was  
generous enough to own that it was under  
the direction of Count P. that he ac-  
complished most of his greatest inven-  
tions. The wondrous reel invented by the  
count is still considered the most marvel-  
lous conquest of science.

Upon this reel is wound a length of  
silver wire measuring 75,000 meters. The  
magnetic needles crossing each other in a  
contrary direction are fixed upon the reel  
and suspended upon a slender thread. The  
direction of Count P. that he ac-  
complished most of his greatest inven-  
tions. The wondrous reel invented by the  
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lous conquest of science.

Without speech, without touch, by the  
mere mental influence alone, will the ma-  
chine move in obedience to the unexpressed  
command. But not in all cases does the  
machine answer unreservedly. It is to the  
powerful will alone—the concentrated and  
fixed determination—that it can be made to  
reply. Rumborff used to laugh im-  
moderately at the vacillating movement of  
Count P.'s machine when the savants of  
the Academy were induced to try the ex-  
periment. With some the wire would  
tremble and vibrate, then start to one side,  
then move toward the other; while with  
others it would refuse to move at all, but  
confine its vibration to one spot. The ex-  
periments made by Count P. in London  
have all been exhibited strictly in private.

His object in coming is merely to obtain  
wire more finely spun than any he has  
hitherto been able to get in Paris.  
They say that, contrary to the general  
rule, the count, from having been all his  
life a confirmed materialist, has been con-  
verted to the highest degree of religious  
faith, to conviction of the lofty destinies of  
man, and his connection with the divinity;  
man has abused his gifts, and delivered  
himself to evil, but the divine essence is  
still within him. So fearful has the  
philosopher been of the pursuit of the  
fashionable coteries who, under pretext of  
scientific inquiry, merely seek to derive  
amusement from the most serious experi-  
ments in science, that he sought a retreat  
in a convent near London, and his excuse  
of being compelled to return thither by 8  
o'clock is made to reply to all invitations to  
dinner or to "select parties" or the "small  
and-earlies," with which the ladies of Lon-  
don would seek to overwhelm him.

At the annual meeting of the Michigan  
Grand Lodge, held at Lansing during the  
week, it was decided to donate \$3,000 of  
the \$15,000 necessary for the completion of  
the Masonic Home at Grand Rapids. In  
the course of an able address G. M.  
Rabcock said:—"Three hundred and sixty  
four lodges now exist within our juris-  
diction, from whose altars Masonic incense  
ascends, and at whose shrines more than  
30,000 Masons are wont to congregate and  
worship. Each succeeding communication  
records an increase in membership, and a  
steadily growing interest in our beloved  
order. This imposing assembly demon-  
strates the utility, evidences the bounty,  
marks the progress and bespeaks the per-  
petuity of an order whose vociferous  
clashed hands along the pathway of cen-  
turies, and whose altars have survived wars  
and rumors of wars, the decline of empires  
and the fall of republics." The Grand  
Master stated that three lodges had been  
organized during the year, and sixteen lodges  
had dedicated new halls. He had laid  
corner stones for six public buildings, and  
rendered seventy decisions, covering nearly  
every phase of Masonic law. M. W.  
Bro. J. S. Cross, of Bangor, was chosen  
Grand Master and W. P. Innes Grand  
Secretary. It was decided to hold the next  
annual meeting of the Grand Lodge in  
Grand Rapids, and by that date, it is ex-  
pected, the home will be ready for dedica-  
tion to the purposes of Masonry.

## Fashions for Gentlemen.

The elaboration of the night robes of  
the sterner sex just stops short of fur  
trimmings nowadays.

The spring top-coats will soon be made  
shorter than last season, and the cut will  
be somewhat fuller.

The dress suit undervest is a useful  
article for daytime, as well as evening  
wear, this changeable weather.

Gloves are positively essential at all  
social functions wherever ladies are to be  
attired in full evening dress.

A heavy black dogskin driving glove is  
now upon the market, and a useful and  
stylish article of mourning it is.

In the confusing multiplicity of styles of  
fancy metal-treated handles, the plain  
natural stick umbrella is near enough the  
correct article.

The darker shades in heavy diagonals,  
wide wales and other quiet textures—the  
invisible green being the novelty, of  
course—will take the lead.

You ask your man's furnisher now for  
a white cravat, gloves, etc., to be worn at  
an important social "function," and he will  
know what you want.

Under these exploitative conditions the  
swagger young man will have to have an  
assortment of cuff buttons that will vie with  
his repertoire of scarf pins.

By the bye, everything is swaggar just at  
present. A scarf pin, umbrella, Mackintosh,  
negligé shirt, scarfing is no longer au fait,  
swell or distinctive. It is swaggar.

In trouserings the flamboyant stripes  
and plaids will be eschewed, and the pat-  
terns offered, in their generally subdued  
tone, will leave but little scope to err in  
selection.

The well dressed man who espouses the  
plain white bosomed shirt front with full  
dress will never be found with a highly  
polished expanse of starched linen framed  
within his waistcoat.

The bark tan walking gloves are of  
lighter shade than the craven, but of about  
the same weight, and are meant to be worn  
in easy sizes. The "bark" tan is, of  
course, a "dog" skin glove.

Another advantage of the home-done  
laundry scheme is the domestic dull finish,  
the result of hand work, as distinct from  
the glazed shiny surface of the regulation  
laundry machinery processes.

There was a flourish of trumpets early  
in the fall over the advent of a new  
coat that was to supersede the Tuxedo  
sack. The idea was not credited in this  
column at the time, and the serviceable  
little informal-formal jacket is worn at  
present more than ever before.

The genteel, subdued character of the  
average spring suit following in the wake  
of the quiet topcoats and trouserings is all  
in all enough to arouse apprehension of a  
reversion of feeling culminating in an  
outgoing season of even wider vermillion lat-  
itude than that of last year.

There is not an enthusiastic feeling about  
fancy waistcoatings. There will be a cer-  
tain number sold—there always is—but the  
absence of any great encouragement this  
past season, considering the unusual effort  
made to make the gay waistcoat a "go,"  
has occasioned a lack of faith among its  
whilom advocates.

The chin-high band shake, which has  
developed in an alarming degree, through-  
out swelled since McAllister's ball,  
should create a veritable boom in cuffs.

When the chappies exchange greetings in  
this upper story fashion there is by the  
action a considerable display of shirt cuff  
that, of course, must be immaculate in its  
spotlessness.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

## In the Deep Sea.

Animal life is ultimately dependent upon  
the vegetable kingdom, and that kingdom  
in turn is dependent upon the light of the  
sun. Miles below the ocean surface the  
sunlight cannot penetrate, or, at all events,  
vegetation, with all its powers of bottling  
up the solar rays, cannot there, so far as at  
present known, maintain an existence. The  
water at very great depths is in most parts  
of the world near the freezing point.  
Further, the pressure upon every square  
inch of the surface of a body under three  
miles of sea water, instead of being about  
fifteen pounds, as in atmospheric air, is  
three tons, or in other words, six thousand  
seven hundred and twenty pounds. It was  
not perhaps irrational to suppose that a  
sponge or a delicate fish would be crushed  
into nothingness if each square inch of its  
surface was subjected to such a weight as a  
score of the strongest coal heavers in the  
world would stagger under. It rather  
humbles one's pride in the prowess of  
human reason to see how sometimes its ap-  
parently most cogent and most readily  
accepted arguments suddenly lose all their  
force when unexpectedly confronted with  
facts.

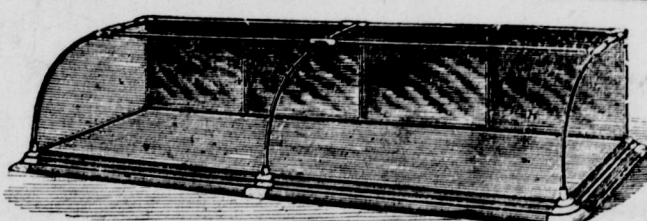
The skilled ornithologist, after pointing  
out that the owl in the barber's shop was  
so badly stuffed that it could not be taken  
to represent either an owl or any possible  
member of the bird creation, might well be  
disconcerted when the impossibility stepped  
down from its perch, and proved to be not  
a stuffed owl, but a live one. Even lawyers  
and logicians, theologians, and political  
economists have occasionally made mis-  
takes, and the votaries of natural science  
are also human. Now that we know that  
animal life can be and is supported under  
enormous pressure in the cold, dark depths,  
where even kelp and sea moss take no foot-  
hold, reason is equal to the task of explain-  
ing how the difficulties of the position may  
be encountered. Though plants cannot  
grow without sunlight, yet, when their  
life is in the upper regions of the sea is over,  
they may sink, as diatoms undoubtedly do,  
through all depths to the bottom. Ever  
if the deepest-living animals had no access  
to vegetation they might derive the benefit  
of it through a chain of consumers, ending  
with themselves, but beginning with veg-  
etable feeders.

Many of the dwellers in the deep sea  
have no eyes, and are therefore comparatively  
unaffected by the absence of light; for  
others that have eyes the gloom is relieving  
by the luminous organs which they or their  
neighbors possess. The temperature, we  
may be assured, is well suited to the per-  
manent inhabitants of each region, so that  
those surrounded by water nearly at the  
freezing point would not thank us for  
warning if for them, any more than the  
Esquimaux is pleased when a rise of tem-  
perature sets everything adrift in his  
pavilion of ice. The pressure, too, how-  
ever stupendous to our imagination, is  
evidently borne without concern by  
creatures which are themselves permeated  
by fluids of the same density as the sur-  
rounding medium. Though also to our  
taste the chemistry of sea water is unpalat-  
able, we know that most marine animals  
cannot live without it, and while terrestrial  
life is limited in its distribution, and often  
put to sore straits by the scanty supply of  
fresh water, to the denizens of the sea the  
resources for the quenching of thirst are  
always at hand, never-failing and practi-  
cally infinite.—*The Edinburgh Review.*

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from a large stock of your Granulated Sugar,  
"REDPATH" brand, and carefully tested them  
by the Polaroscope, and I find these samples to  
be as near to absolute purity as can be obtained  
by any process of Sugar Refining.  
The test by the Polaroscope showed in yester-  
day's yield 99.30 per cent of Pure Cane Sugar,  
which may be considered commercially as ABSO-  
LUTELY PURE SUGAR.  
JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,  
P. L. D., D. C. L., F. G. S.  
Public Analyst for the District of Montreal and  
Professor of Chemistry.

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sample can be made.

Yours truly,

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