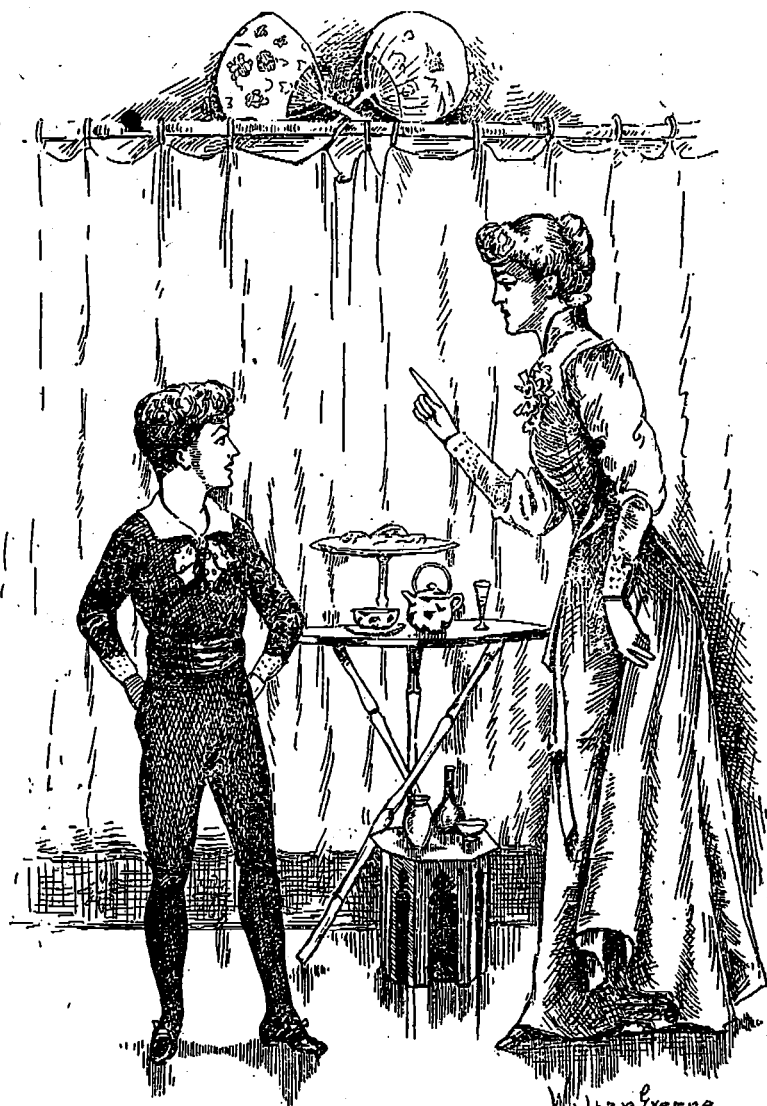


MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON SPIRITUALISM.

"N'O, Mrs. Dewsbury, I didn't go and see Miss Fay or whatever her name is," said Mrs. Jimpsecute indignantly. "Oh, yes, I know the papers said it was very wonderful and all that, but you know the newspapers will say anything, and really these days you can't believe a single word you read, and indeed if you knew the good-for-nothing set that write for them you wouldn't wonder at it. Mrs. Hasherly can tell you all about it, for only last week there was a man who had worked on a paper as an editor or printer or something ran away to Hamilton owing her over six weeks board, and he was drunk nearly every night too, so you needn't be surprised when such worthless characters as those get up the papers that they print nothing but lies. No, *indeed*, Mrs. Dewsbury, I wouldn't think for a moment of encouraging a creature like that, for I don't care what the newspapers say, everybody of any common sense knows that it must be just trickery, and that all this talk about spirits is all nonsense—and I think the people of Toronto who would go and sit there and look on at such ridiculous tomfoolery ought to be ashamed of themselves, and if I had gone I know I should have got right up and told her plainly what I thought of her and thrown something at her, for I cannot stand such absurdity.

"Do people think spirits have nothing better to do than to come back and thump on tambourines and play banjos and scribble on sheets of paper and go through such like monkey tricks to amuse a lot of gaping fools and put money in the pockets of a smarty like that Fay woman who ought to be making an honest living by sewing shirts or taking in washing instead of going round the country deceiving people, though, thank Heaven, I'm not one of the kind that can be so easily duped.

"Oh yes! They had a committee appointed to go up on the platform and see that there wasn't any trickery and a great deal of good that did. I suppose they went poking in every direction but the right one, making no end of fuss and blow about it and couldn't see what was right under their noses. Men, of course they were, and all men are alike when there's a woman in the business, and all that she had to do was just to smile and look sweet at them—the deceitful thing—and, bless you, they wouldn't have found out anything for the world for fear it might hurt her feelings. Oh, she knows how to get on the blind side of the men. Why didn't they appoint a committee of women? They'd have found out her tricks in no time. She wouldn't fool me. If I'd been on that platform while all those monkey shines were going on I'd have found out how it was done if I had to take an axe and chop the cabinet into kindling wood to do it. But people have no spirit and let themselves be imposed on



NOT A COMMON BOODLER.

YOUNGSTER OF THE PERIOD—"I admit the defalcation of cash; but when you say I stole it, it's too much for the feelings of a gentleman to stand."

shamefully by any artful, smooth-tongued schemer that comes along, especially if she's a woman, but it's really beyond everything when they try to make us believe that spirits go through such performances, and it's high time that the thing was put a stop to. People who are fools enough to believe that ought to be sent to the Asylum, for really it's not safe to have such people at liberty, for you don't know what they might take it into their heads to do. Can you lend me a drawing of tea, for the grocer hasn't sent the things yet?"

MR. O'KEEFE, the successful brewer, has turned his business into a joint-stock company. The kind of stock they deal in is not one which will bear much watering.

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