

Barchard & Co.,
97 to 107 Duke St.,
Toronto.

Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES
of every description.
All Work Guaranteed.

Pioneer Packing Case Factory



THE INDEPENDENT PARTY MAKING A "STRIKE" ON MISS CANADA.

"Oh! that detestable Clara Gimfunks," almost screamed the fair young damsel, "seems't I not her and thou together often of late. Oh! the hateful thing. And it is her," (faulty grammar, but that's what she said, for this historian doesn't lie, no, sirree) who done this? it's her what has weaned thy love away from me. Ugh! I could pull her hair for her. Will you not escort me? for the third and last time I say, will you escort me?"

It would seem as though a voice from the dark, gloomy realms of Ghouldom replied, "No, it cannot be."

It was the youth speaking, however. "And why cannot it be? An' ye tell me not oftsoon I will e'en lug ye away from that fence and make ye come along." Strange words to come from youthful maidenly lips: Strange but true: truth is a stranger to fiction.

"Jemimarjaneanne, I do love you," replied the youth "but—it cannot be."

A musquito buzzed cheerily along and, alighting on the young girl's snoot, appeared to renew her energy: a terrier-pup ambled by and, as he went, snapped at the young man's front calves: though he squirmed he clung to that fence for dear life.

"Then I leave you for ever," at length said the maiden.

"Nay," implored to'ther, "not for ever: I will meet you anon: say in an hour, but leave me now: leave me now. I implore you leave me."

"Why? Art ill? Tell me all. If in grief, let me solace thee. When pain and anguish wring the brow, ministerial angels succour us," said the Jemimarjaneanne, who had read Goldsmith and could quote as correctly as M. J.G. without his quotation dictionary.

"I cannot tell."
"You must."

"Well then be it so: this day in my race with Boodie of Habiltod I fell from my wheel-ed horse."

"Aye! go on," almost gasped the maiden. "I fell: As I fell one of the spokes of my machine broke: the sharp point caught my—my—my—"

"Your what," fairly screamed the girl, with an oldritch shriek that caused an old man on the other side of the street to yell "police," "murder," "give me a beer," and so on. "Your what?"

"These," was the reply, as the young man indicated his nether garments—very tight—"these—they are all rent behind."

"Oh! you rude thing," was the reply, as the girl passed: "meet me by and by."

So they parted and the poor young man proceeded on his way, by all the side-streets, but it was funny to observe how he assumed that back-to-the-fence "posish" whenever he saw anyone coming.

Reader; hast ever been in the same fix? It is very unpleasant.

SWIZ.

"Can you give me ten cents for a drink?" asked a seedy-looking chap of a reporter. "Certainly," replied the reporter; "bring in your drink."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A charitable lady—Jennyrosity.—*Ex.*

CATARRE.—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & Son, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

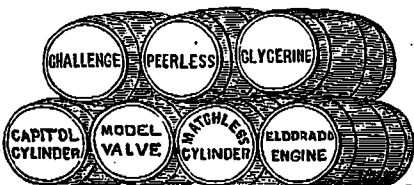


CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,
106 | KING : STREET : WEST. | 106
TORONTO.

A. W. SPAULDING,
DENTIST,

57 King Street East,
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



Manufacturers and Dealers in

"PEERLESS"

and other MACHINE OILS. American and Canadian Burning Oils a speciality. Get our quotations.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.

30 FRONT STREET EAST.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



Doctor.—This might have been avoided if you had seen that your bedding was properly cleaned. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else. Send it at once to

N. P. CHANEY & CO.,
230 King St. East, - - Toronto.

P. BURNS

Great Reduction in Prices,
Direct from Carls,
FOR ONE WEEK.

WOOD

Best BEECH and MAPLE, Dry,
Delivered to any part of the City.

Orders left at Offices:

51 King St. E.,
and 532 Queen St. West.

P. BURNS