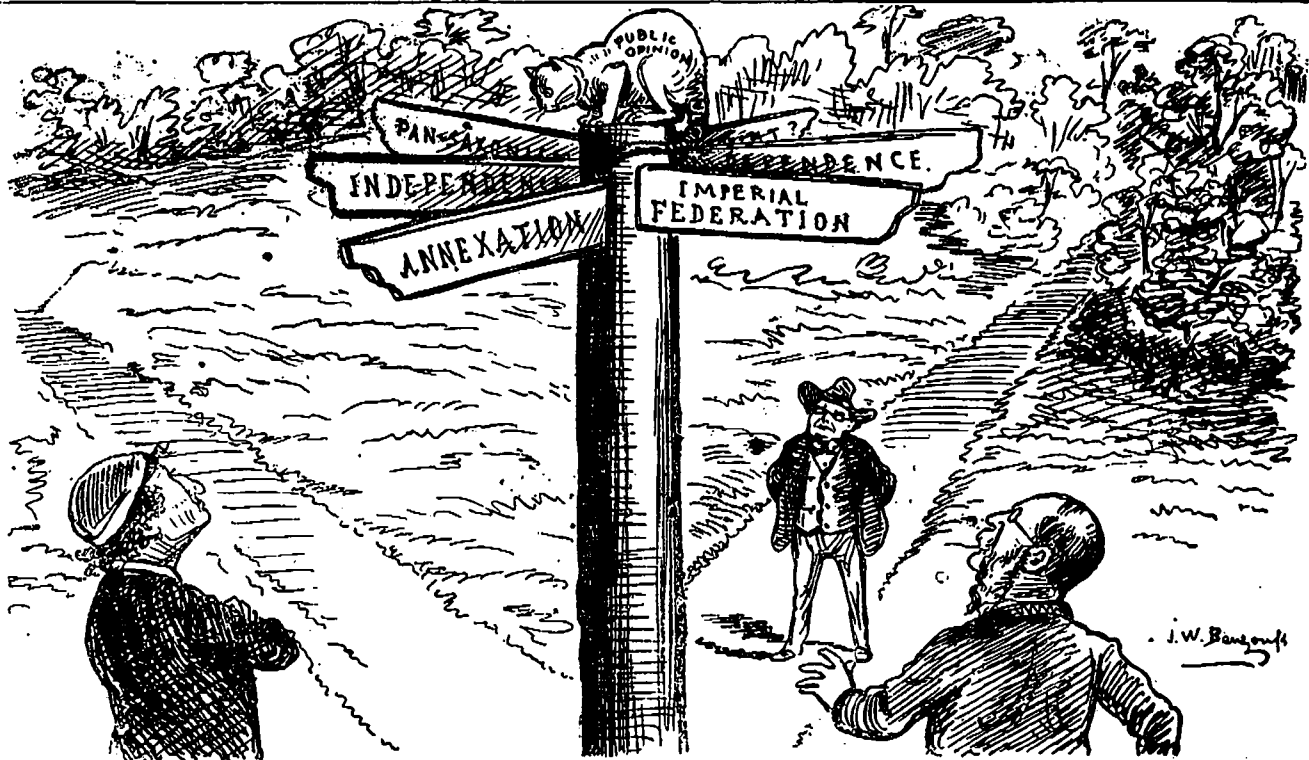


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Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES of every Description. All Work Guaranteed.

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WAITING TO SEE WHICH WAY THE CAT WILL JUMP.

digestive organs were crying out "we've got no work to do," arose and went, utterly unconscious of poor Randolph laying on the damp sand, with the cold, cold sea lapping his luxurious curls, and the shrimps inquisitively peeping into his carholes.

CHAPTER III.

Randolph lay upon his couch in a raging fever. Some honest fishermen had discovered him and, through the medium of several pawn tickets, ensconced in his vest pocket, had found his address, and taken him home. For weeks he hovered between life and death, raging of Araminta and crawling shrimps. During this time a faithful nurse was ever near him, administering his every spoonful of medicine, and directing the taking of every pill. One day he awoke a new man, and discovered in the ministering angel his faithless Araminta. Explanations ensued. The "other fellow" was her long-lost brother, returned from foreign climes with wealth galore. Randolph recovered rapidly after this. In two hours he was convalescent, in three restored to health, and in two weeks a poor married man.

And now as they sit in their armchairs with their grandchildren hanging around their

knees, they love to tell of the time when two loves were endangered, and a life nearly lost.

TITUS A. DRUM.

MADAME D'ARCY—Why do you weep, my poor woman?

WEeping WOMAN—My son has just been hung.

MADAME D'ARCY—Happy mother!

WEeping WOMAN—Happy?

MADAME D'ARCY—Yes. My son is alive, but he is a dude.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A ZEALOUS CHAMPION.

[Intercepted letter published under protest.]

Toronto, Monday.

MY DEAR SHEP,—We made a grand mistake when we didn't work up this holiday racket earlier in the season. People were so chock full of the idea of a big Semi-Centennial Blow-Out that if the thing had been written about good and strong we'd have got the folks to give up Christmas, shut down on New Year's Day, choke off Good Friday, side-track the Queen's birthday, and maybe drop out every other Sunday or so, on purpose to reserve and combine forces for the solidest, undilutedest, over-protectedest old flare-up they

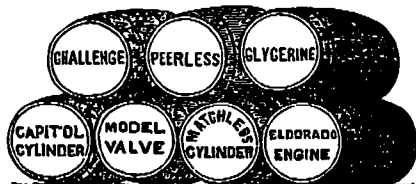
ever had in all their born days. I am glad to see you've started even at this late day to hold up our "Semmy" on a long pole. No holidays, no half-time, no lay-off, no nothing between now and the Memorable Anniversary next month, when we'll all go off with a fizz and a bang and a boom-m-m-m! that'll make this old world fairly get up on its hind legs and paw the air. Organize! organize! organize! Enthuse! Enthuse! enthuse! Hang the monkey-wrench on the safety valve, while you pile in the fat pine!

Ever of thee,
JACK.

A charitable lady—Jennyrosaity.—*Ex.*

CATARRH.—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.

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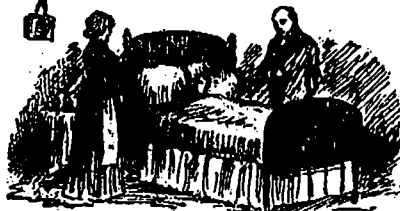
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SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.

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PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



Docron.—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

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