

freed from her father's authority.—To retain a child on religious grounds from its lawful guardian, whether Catholic or Protestant, savors considerably of interfering with our religious liberties, of which we are all so rightly jealous.

The black-balling of two prominent citizens of Ottawa, by the Ottawa Club, has caused considerable commotion in the social circles of the city. The parties rejected being no less than the mayor of the town, and a medical gentleman, who, unfortunately for his chances of membership, is also connected with a druggist establishment. The objection to the mayor, was owing to his connection with a furniture store.—The dissenting votes were traced to the civil service members of the club, who are known for their exclusiveness in the matter of membership.—As the Montreal GAZETTE witheringly puts it, they likely wished the club to remain a perfect refuge against creditors naturally found among trades people. Whatever may be the proper reasons be, too much cannot be said against those who rejected these two gentlemen, whose commercial connections were their only crime. In face of the fact that the feeling against trade is even dying out in England, where one can now find the sons of gentlemen and noblemen profitably engaged in commercial pursuits, it seems late in the day for such objections to be raised in this democratic Canada of ours. One would be surprised, nevertheless, to witness the exclusiveness of the so called society people of our Capital. The far off scent of Royalty they sniff in imagination in the presence of the Governor General and suit, has entirely turned their heads. It is amusing, however, to notice the erratic curves of the line that is drawn in these social matters. While the merchant prince, with his honorable wealth, the backbone of the country, is rejected by the *crème de la crème*, of the civil service official on the other hand, whose occupation may be that of licking the gummed edged envelopes of his chief, is welcomed with open arms. That people of education and culture should wish to associate together, is quite natural, and feelings of snobbery should not be attributed to those who confine their social relationship to those of equal education and refinement among whom a kindred feeling so essential to domestic, as well as social enjoyment, is naturally engendered. But when persons possessing these qualifications are objected to wholly upon the grounds of their occupation and calling, then the spirit of pure, unadulterated snobbery can be said to manifest itself, as in the case above alluded to.

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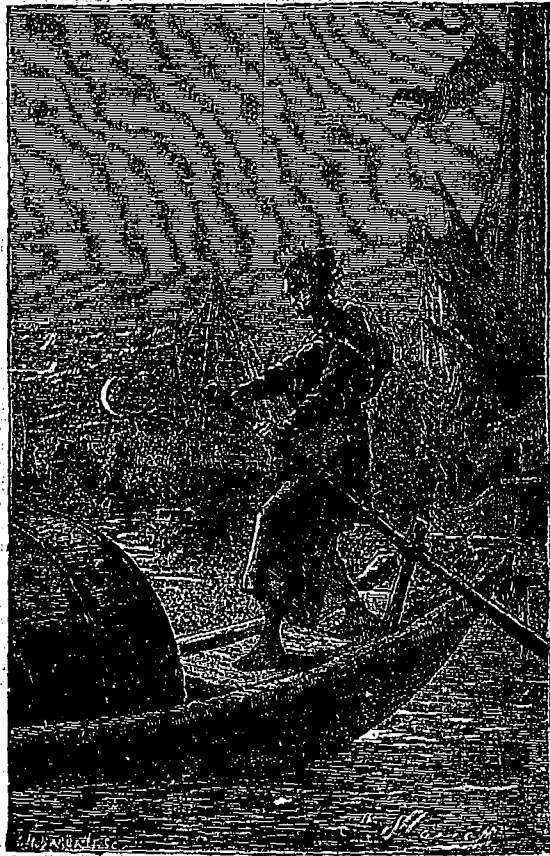
"A MAN OF SAMPLES," (Something about the men he met 'On the Road,') is a very humorous book written by Wm. H. Maher, of Maher & Grosh, the well known cutlery firm of Toledo, Ohio, and published by L. E. Crandall & Co., Chicago, at 75 cents a copy. It should be in the hands of every merchant, trader, agent and Commercial traveller. We can supply the book by mail, postpaid, at publishers price.

Market Sketches



'Well, Major Stevens, how are you? First rate, how goes it with yourself? I was just waiting to see you. You know that book I got from you as a tenth subscriber? One of Capt. Farrar's, that one 'From Lake to Lake.' I don't know when I enjoyed anything as much as I did that. If all his books are as well written as that, I'm going to have some more of 'em. I'm very glad you liked it Major, I know I've always derived a good deal of pleasure and amusement from reading Capt. Farrar's books. He was up here the other day but only stayed a short time. 'By jove, I should liked to have seen him. He

her, up a little more, there! a little higher, there! just a little more, hold on now, but just then the bearers being a little unsteady, as a result of the wake, jerked the coffin a bit, the old lady, slewed to one side, the bandage under her jaw broke, the jaw dropped and the whole expression of her features was too much for Presby. He shouldered his camera and as he made tracks for the street, he sung out: 'Next time you want me to take a photograph of a corpse, don't wake it till I get through.' Who in thunder told you that yarn? By dad! if that isn't the biggest whopper I ever heered, on! By Gosh! I guess you must have been a twittin' on facts the way he's started. 'Hi! Hold on! M'seer Frosby? Say! ah! I got 'heem some longe, belle poison, you'll don't wan' to see 'heem, aint it? Sacre tonner, M'seer Frosby she'll be go, comme le diable. Honi tam, ah! I don't see M'seer Frosby, she'll don't tak' le longe le poisson, le foesh, le truite de Key Pond, on certain, vraiment, Monsieur. 'Never mind, Diddee, Presby's in a hurry, he's got a post mortem to attend to, I'll take one instead, how much are they? 'Quinze sous le livre M'seer Tuck, sam' you call 'york sheel', dem trente sous suppose, quatre



The young Tankadere.

(FROM "ADVENTURES OF A CHINAMAN")

must be a nice fellow to talk to if he talks as well as he writes. 'Hello! Major, what's you and Didymus up to now? I'll bet the Major's postin' you on some yarn or other, eh? Too bad, Major, he can pick up lies enough without you a helpin' him. 'No, he wasn't Presby, but I did pick up a story about you that I thought was a pretty good one on you. Hold on, Major, and I'll tell you. You see there was an old Irish lady over in the East Ward that died, and her daughter who had been working down in the States, came up, and she was in an awful stew because they hadn't got a likeness of her mother, so she sent for Presby to take her photo. Presby got there in the morning and found that some of the friends who had attended the old lady's wake the night before, were still there, so he got them to help place the coffin in a sloping position while he got the proper focus. Then he got the black velvet over his head, and commenced operations. 'Hold

live. 'Feefty cent. 'Merci! M'seer Frosby she'll go a post mortem, she'll not go mor queeck, she'll have deod lettre for sure she'll speck somebody die, oui. 'Och! thin, the sorra a thing a Frinchman ud think fit to ate if it wasn't fish, an onions, an pay soap, an bedad, the more bones in the fish, the better, the more solid it is. They'll sell decent fish an' ate suckers, the spalpeens. Now if yo want something that'll stick to yer ribs just thry a bit of this elegant shape. Faith that's mutton for you. Its the makin's of the nate Irish stew that's in that. Divil a joke, or a jest, but just the trooth, and no lie. An' here's the praties to go wid it, no less an' the turnmuts too. That's better for ye, Mr. Tuck, than buyin' fish that wor only intinded to mortify the flesh wid on Fridays an' fasht days. Be me aowl, the town of Compton beyant raises the best mutton in the whole province of Quaybec, so it does, an' the best men, too, but by the same token there's nothin' sheepish

about the men. Didn't Mr. McIntosh give them a bit of his mind in the Quaybec parlymint the other day? I was readin' it in the Sherbrooke Gazette. I wonder what Mr. Gaginon thinks of Compton now, bad scan to him. 'Bravo! Barney! its an orator you are, no less, if Mr. McIntosh don't look out, you'll be taking his seat in parliament, and they'll be pairin' you off with the Peoples Jimmy, when it comes to choosing partners for an Irish row. 'Niver fear, Capt. Parker, I know what I'm best fit for. I'm botther raisin' mutton than discourain' wid mutton heads, like some of them Bonyparte men. 'Oh! Jack, I wish you'd see those cuts set up so as to give a good impression, when you print my February issue. Excuse me for not calling you Wilcox, but its not safe to mention any name now, that's got a Cox attachment to it. 'No, that's so, especially if you put Peter in as the Coxswain. 'Here's a shin plaster for one of those Dr. Ordway's plasterers. They tell me they're a master thing to remove pain. What'll yer take for a dozen of them? I'll let you have a dozen for two dollars. 'Will yer take yer pay in butter? I've got some tip top at twenty cents, and that's lower than you'll get it anywhere else. If yer do, I'll take a dozen, cos I've heern tell that they're a good thing and my old 'ooman's got lumbager so bad that I've got to do the churnin' myself. 'All right! fetch along yer butter and tell the old lady to send down some of her own churnin' for the next lot. 'An' say! if ye'll take some of this sassidgo meat I'll take a bottle of that Roomatiz Cure. Its fast rate, some of our own raisin', an' I guess I got roomatiz cuttin' it up in the sullen. That'd be a kinder fair trade, Mister, you'd take what giv me roomatiz, for what'd cure it. 'Fetch it along then. Hello! Mr. Goddard, did you find the road drifted? 'Not much, I managed to pull through all right, I was just agoin' up to your office. I want to see you about makin' out some papers. I'll be up as soon as I put up the horse. 'I say, Mr. Couture, can you tell me where they keep that 'ero consecrated Soup they had over at the Exhibition last fall. I tell yer it was mighty nice soup. 'You mean that desecrated soup, don't you? 'No he don't, Peter, he means that desecrated soup, Edwards'. It isn't consecrated, but the wafer you to get it is to go across to W. H. Fuller's store, I saw some there, or if you want it by the dozen D. Thomas & Co. are the Agents for it. They say its a tip-top soup, and it only takes fifteen minutes to prepare it.

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The use of 'Cuss' words is frequently restrained by the presence of one of the fair sex. The other morning an individual slipped and nearly came to grief, as he was in the act of raising his hat to a lady. He got out of it with a "D—n—good morning, Miss Sutton!"

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