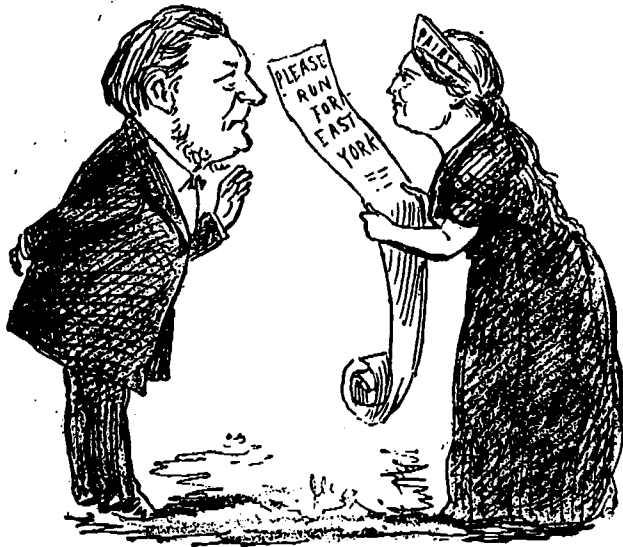
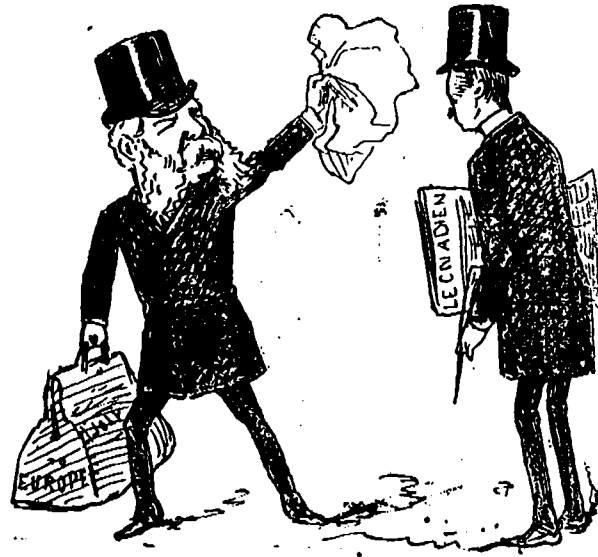


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DECLINED WITH THANKS.

HON. S. H. BLAKE TO EAST YORK.—“Not this evening; some other evening; good evening!”



A FOND FAREWELL.

(Joly's parting song on retiring from publ'c life.)

HON. MR. JOLY TO MONS. TARTE, editor of the *Canadien*.—“Good bye, sweet Tarte; good bye.”

A Boston Schoolboy's Composition on the Oyster.

The oyster is a fortunate creature, if it be fortunate to be much mentioned in history. People who have swallowed an enormous number of oysters figure in anecdotes, and are considered to have done something meritorious. The Roman who first formed oyster beds, which he did at Baie, is known to have been named Sergius Orato, who had the happiness to live in the time of Augustus, and who is known to have made a great deal of money by the exercise of his ingenuity. To-day it is mentioned in the encyclopedias that Apicius, a contemporary of Trajan, was the first who taught the world to pickle oysters. His fame rests upon that fact. There was another Apicius distinguished for his love of lobsters; there was another who set up a school of cookery; but the oyster pickling Apicius has a distinct fame, and survives freshly in classical dictionaries. When George I. came to England from Hanover, the royal cooks could not please the royal palate in the matter of oysters until it was discovered that his Majesty liked them stale, as he had always been in the habit of eating them. When Mr. Thackeray came first to Boston certain of his admirers asked him to supper. There were among other delicacies gigantic oysters. The novelist could not comprehend that he was to swallow one in an undivided state, but being shown the way, and having accomplished the feat, he observed that he felt as if he had swallowed a baby.

Newspaper Circulation.
(From the *Babington Independent*.)

There is a contest among the city newspapers, as to their circulations. The *Toronto Mail* declared it had the largest circulation of any paper in Canada. Upon this the *Montreal Star* offers to bet \$5000 that the circulation of the *Star* is the largest by some thousands; the *Mail* offers to bet about something else, and the *Telegram* runs around with a \$1000 bill in its hand wanting to bet that neither *Mail* or *Star* is equal to the *Telegram*. In fact the moment has apparently arrived for the leading papers to bet on their circulations and of course

we do not wish to ignore any duty which devolves upon us. Therefore we now offer to bet the sum of \$10,000, the whole amount to be given to the nearest nunnatic asylum, that

THIS JOURNAL HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY JOURNAL IN EXISTENCE.

And we appoint the Bishop of Ontario, Mr. Oscar Wilde, and Mr. Forepangh, a committee to examine our publisher's books and the paper mill vouchers. The area of circulation is to be confined to Nogey's Creek. The Ten Thousand Dollars are now in the Bank, and are in no way under our control.

A Social Fraud.

A subscriber at Racine writes to know if it would be proper for him to speak to a lady that he has never been introduced to. He says he has met her on the street, in places of business, and at parties for two years, that he knows all her family, and she knows his, and that she looks as though she wished he would speak, but he has never been introduced to her, and doesn't speak. No, you must not speak to her. You may go along meeting her till Gabriel blows his trumpet, and she may look as familiar to you as your sister, and yet till some mutual acquaintance says, “Mr. So-and-so,” you cannot speak to her without society will say you are an impudent thing. She may wish she knew you, and yet if you should speak to her she would feel it her duty to society to say, “Sir!” and look greatly offended and then you would be all broke up. If she should drop her pocket-book and you should pick it up and hand it to her, she would say thank you, with a sweet smile, but you would have no right to speak to her next time you met. If she should meet you some day and say, “How do you do, Mr. So-and-so? I have known you since you have lived in this town, though we were never introduced formally, and it has got so embarrassing to pass you half a dozen times a day without speaking, while I speak to those who may be with you, that I have concluded not to wait for an introduction,” some nice spot with a number 6 hat would say, “Oh, my, what a flirt that lady is. She actually spoke to a man without

being introduced.” If you should frankly offer her your hand and say, “Thank you, madam, for suspending the rule of etiquette, and speaking. I have seen you so many times that your pleasant face is as welcome a sight as that of my sister, and I have wanted to know you, but had given up all idea that I ever would,” some simpering female idiot would say, “Only to think, that bold, awful man has actually flirted with Miss So-and-so until he has got acquainted without a formal introduction.” No, young man go right along about your business, and don't try to hurry the cattle. Society must be consulted, though in some respects society may be a confounded fool.—*Peck's Sun*.

The man who took a seat in the orchestra when his ticket was for the second balcony fell badly in having to change. In fact, he was moved two tiers.

BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU.—Reporting, teaching, securing situations for shorthand writers—these are the features of this Bureau, which deserves the attention of public companies, professional men, shorthand writers, and those desiring to learn. Full particulars on application to this office.

A WORTHY REPRESENTATIVE.—Mr. Harry Emerson, formerly of Brantford, now of Grip, Toronto, is in the city on business connected with that journal. Harry is heartily welcomed on all sides, as his host of friends here are pleased to see him.—*Brantford Telegram*.

Answer to Many Correspondents.

In reply to numerous inquiries from our readers, concerning the wonderful qualities of the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, mentioned in our last issue, we would inform them that the article may be obtained from our retail druggists, or by their aid. Ask for St. Jacobs Oil, and if the dealer does not keep it in stock, he will be able to procure it in a few days from the wholesale houses. We understand there is existing an immense demand for the remedy, which is not so very surprising when it is considered what it is daily accomplishing in the way of relief and cures, bordering, in some instances, on the miraculous.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.