



GEMS FROM THE ONTARIO SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

(Now open at the Art Gallery, Academy of Music, King Street West.)

No. 1. "Busy Toronto Bay," H. Martin; 7. "Trouble in the Harvest Field," T. H. Wilkinson; 9. "By Bubbling Streams," W. Revell; 16. "Early Summer," R. F. Gagen; 17. "Soft Stillness," W. D. Blatchly; 21. "On the Coast of Maine," R. F. Gagen; 48. "The Blacksmith," H. Spiers; 49. "A Glimpse of the Fraser," M. Matthews; 52. Group of Canadian "Dead Game," D. Fowler; 60. "Parting," A. C. Williamson; 66. "Candle-Light Study," G. Leclerc; 67. "Afternoon in Quebec," C. H. Jefferys; 68. "After the Rain," W. Cantwell; 105. "Out from the City's Strife," C. M. Manly; 111. "Night Fall," A. C. Williamson; 18. "A Son Gout," Miss S. B. Holden; 124. "The Goose Girl," O. P. Staples; 144. "The Gray Matyohre," P. Wickson.

"THE BACON CIPHER"

DR. ORVILLE W. OWEN, of Detroit, calmly asks the world to believe that Sir Francis Bacon not only wrote his own voluminous works and those heretofore attributed to Shakespeare, but also those of Edmund Spenser and Robt. Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*) as well as the plays and poems of Marlow, Green, and several other Elizabethan authors. What's more, the doctor purposes to leave the world no alternative to swallowing this amazing pill, for he has discovered and is now transcribing a story written in cipher which runs consecutively throughout all these works. He has already printed and published two volumes of this story and a third volume appears this month. He rests his case on the existence of the cipher, which he promises to disclose, and which will then be readable by anybody, and on the literary quality of the story he has transcribed, which is pronounced by good critics to be fully up to the Shakespearean level in many parts. Detroit can fairly claim to have given the world the greatest literary sensation of the age.

MIMICO residents complain of the heavy winds out there. Probably they are the same breezes that burst the real estate bubble some time ago.

BLOSSOM'S PUZZLE.

LITTLE Blossom and her mother were spending the afternoon with Mrs. Simpkins, who hates children, but for reasons of her own, was making quite a fuss over the little one.

After receiving various attentions from her hostess, Blossom clutched her mother's dress and said in a loud whisper, "Mamma, is Mrs. Simpkins trying to be nice?"

FIN DE SEICL FOLLY.

THERE is no law to prevent private persons from making public fools of themselves by preparing the carcass of a dog for burial with more sumptuousness than is sometimes accorded to a deceased human being, but the ghastly tom-foolery should not be abetted by the authorities of a public cemetery in permitting the "body" to be taken into the consecrated ground, even to be deposited in a private vault. An incident of this kind has lately disgusted the sensible people of Toronto.

YOUTHFUL FISHERMAN—"Run Boh, er the dog'll git you!"

ROBERT (*sauntering with reckless slowness*)—"I don't care! We've been fishin' all day and never got nothink. Let him chew—it'd be a comfort to get a bite of any kind!"