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Being a Concise Account of Every Species of Bird known to have been found in Ontario, with a

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BY  
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- TO THE TRACE -

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Next week we will show a selection of General Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishings in New Shipments and Clearing Lines, that will be of special interest to buyers visiting Toronto.

We extend to the Trade a cordial invitation to visit our warehouse.

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In Popularity,  
Its Tonal  
Qualities  
Command It  
To the Artist.  
Its moderate  
Price,

**\$350.00**

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It to all.  
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Before purchasing  
Elsewhere.

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Guinea  
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- B Premo - - 15.00
- C Premo - - 20.00

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All the above are **first-class in every respect.**

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Comfort and security assured  
So-called "Hopeless Cases"  
solicited. Children positively  
cured in a few weeks. If you  
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Over twenty years in business in Toronto  
in this one line exclusively. J. Y.  
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21 ADELAIDE STREET WEST  
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**Freehold Loan and Savings**  
**COMPANY.**

DIVIDEND - No. 69.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend  
of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the  
company has been declared for the cur-  
rent half-year, payable on and after

The First Day of June Next,

at the office of the company, corner of  
Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.  
The Transfer Books will be closed from  
the 17th to the 31st May inclusive.

Notice is also given that the General  
Annual Meeting of the Company will be  
held at 2 p.m., Tuesday, June the 5th, at  
the office of the Company, for the purpose  
of receiving the annual report, the elec-  
tion of Directors, etc.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD,  
Managing Director

Toronto, 19th April, 1901.

**HERBERT LAKE, L.D.S.**  
SURGEON DENTIST.

COR. McCAUL AND QUEEN STS.



Nothing like the  
accompanying  
black record of  
olden times, but  
all work and appli-  
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Teeth extracted without pain. First-  
class work in all departments.



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FOR TREATMENT OF ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE DISEASES  
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Patients treated at their residence when required. Correspondence strictly  
confidential.

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Reducing expenses is just the same as increasing your income. Cleaning  
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otherwise be thrown aside.

It is the worst of extravagance to buy new when proper treatment will  
make the old as good as new.

Our pamphlet gives prices and a lot of useful information about Dyeing  
and Cleaning.

**R. PARKER & CO., Steam Dyers and Cleaners.**

787 and 209 Yonge Street. 59 King Street West. 475 and 1267 Queen Street  
West. 277 Queen Street East. Telephones 3037, 2143, 1004 and 3640.

**BE SURE** and send your parcels to Parker's; they will be **PARKER'S**  
done right if done at . . . . .

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With large and sinewy hands,  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands."

Sinewy hands and muscles, like iron  
bands, are what athletes are trying  
to develop.

**Johnston's**

The  
Best  
Athletes  
of to-day  
use

**Fluid**

**Beef**

When training, and acknowledge it to  
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strength-giving food.

**PILES** and Rectal Diseases radi-  
cally cured. New Treat-  
ment. Positive Results.

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Consulting Physician and Specialist in  
the Original method of treating Chronic,  
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The Popular Science Monthly is  
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It is not a technical magazine.  
It stands alone as an educator, and  
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think.

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practical acquaintance with their sub-  
jects, and are written in such a manner  
as to be readily understood.

It deals particularly with those gen-  
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the greatest interest and importance to  
the people at large.

Besides this, it keeps its readers fully  
informed of all that is being done in the  
broad field of science.

A reference to the contents of any of  
the late numbers will more than con-  
firm the foregoing statement.

\$5.00 per annum; specimen copy, 25c.

**D. APPLETON & Co.,** - Publishers,

1, 3, and 5 BOND ST. NEW YORK



EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1066

*The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cats is Prohibited in the Dominion.*

No. 18.



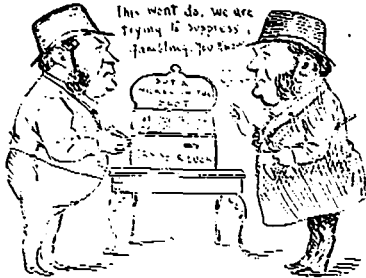
**A STRAIGHTFORWARD COURSE.**

SIR JOHN PURSUES THE EVEN TENOR OF HIS WAY ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION, REGARDLESS OF WHAT HE STEPS ON.

QUERIES.

WE read in an Ottawa despatch that the Banking and Commerce Committee has passed the Dominion Burglars' Guarantee Co's. Bill. We want more light on this queer statement. Is the other name of the Bill—Sikes? And are we to understand that the business of this company will be to guarantee burglars against interference on the part of the police?

TEN MINUTES IN MONTREAL.  
BY OUR UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.



As a matter of fact I was a little more than ten minutes in the commercial metropolis—but not much. I went down and returned on what we call the unconscious method—a plan that completely obviates "that tired feeling," which the journey is calculated to give if

you take it by day light. That is to say, I went aboard the C.P.R. sleeper here about 10 p.m., and turned in; awaking in Montreal about 7 a.m.; then, having finished my day's business, I took the G.T.R. sleeper about 10.30, and woke up next morning in Toronto in nice time for breakfast. It's a great scheme; much better, I couldn't help thinking, than that of our noble old great grandfathers in this country say sixty years ago. It would have taken them about a year more or less to do what can now be done as neatly and pleasantly as I have indicated in two nights and a day. The weather was magnificent in Montreal, but no better than we have lately enjoyed up here—which my Montreal friends seemed a little disgusted to be told. Being close to the first of May the streets were alive with moving vans, loaded with furniture. On May day itself the sight is really unique, and it is the lucky possessor of a moving wagon down there who can really sing with exuberance,



"I'm the Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm the Queen of the May!"

(overlooking the detail of sex), for these gentry have everything their own way, and charge pretty much as they please. Everybody in the city moves on May 1st. excepting Sir Donald Smith, Senator Drummond, Hugh Graham and a few other chaps who "don't have to." The near advent of the queen month also



means the opening of the athletic season, and it happened to be my good fortune to be the guest of the M.A.A.A. boys. The initials are translated with a ease; they mean Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The organization is well known everywhere as one of the strongest and best in existence. It seems to embrace in its membership all the fine young fellows of Montreal, and membership is an honor justly to be prized. The Association has a pleasant and well equipped club house and gymnasium (which is also a theatre) on Mansfield street, and a "country house" at the grounds out at Cote St Antoine. Under the genial guidance of Messrs. Geraghty and Sheppard I went out to inspect the field, track, grandstand and



club house, all of which had my distinguished approval.

We also inspected Mr. Gentleman, the erstwhile champion Walkist of England, who is, as he says himself, "troyner" for the Club. He is quite a character, and regaled us with reminiscences of the jolly toimes 'e used to 'ave at 'ome. Here you have a bird's eye view of this characteristic Londoner. Returning to the city behind Mr. Sheppard's showy animal—which could not get itself on terms of friendship with the trolley cars, but "cut up awful" whenever we met one of those mysteries,—we next examined into the workings of the Headquarters on Mansfield street. Here we found Mr. Weldon, the capable—not to say handsome and polite—Secretary-Treasurer busy as a nailer, getting up his Budget of Dues and Fees payable on the first of May. "Yes, and we'll have 'em all paid up promptly, too," said he. "The number of those who get far in arrears or fail to pay is not worth mentioning. In fact we never do mention 'em—we just cut 'em off."



Most of the members are pretty well fixed financially; Mr. "Jim" Paton, for example, is rich enough to own a white horse with a docked tail, which is always in evidence on the streets. Besides being useful as a roadster and run-away, this equine is valuable as a signal of its owner's whereabouts. Whenever anybody in Montreal wants to find Mr. Paton, he just goes out and looks for the white horse standing by some street curb, knowing that in the neighborhood he will find the rotund proprietor. This gentleman is such an enthusiast at the sports and games that it is almost dangerous to be with him. In his excitement he not unfrequently knocks the wind out of the man alongside of him with a tremendous thump on the back, when any turn in the game particularly strikes his fancy. Long flourish the M.A.A.A., and may victory perch upon its banners this summer!



I found an air of hopefulness pervading business circles in Montreal. The newspapers are all doing splendidly. The four English dailies are now bunched within a block at Bleury and Craig streets, and have handsomely appointed offices. Two fine new Presbyterian churches are approaching the finishing point, which rejoices the heart of Grip's good friend Mr. Walter Paul; but even this, I'm afraid, will not radically change the character of the City Council for the better. Mayor Villeneuve is having the finger of scorn pointed at him because while at the head of a corporation that is endeavoring to suppress gambling he is in his private business capacity acting as agent for a patent slot machine which is regarded as a gambling tool. It would also appear that the City Milk Inspectors make their examinations of the lacteal fluid through bank bills supplied by the milk dealers. However, Jimmie McShane is still to the fore, so there is no occasion for Montreal to despair.



AS-THE-CROW-FLIES.

"PRETTY muddy day. Eh?"  
"Oh! It's muddy enough—but where the dickens you can see the beauty in slush like this, beats me out!"

GRIP'S CALENDAR.



PAT AFTER A PUP.

‘THE top of the mornin’ to ye, sir, an’ have ye seen a pup go by at all recently?’

The man to whom Pat puts this important question is a young farmer who is working near a ditch in front of his garden. At the sound of Pat’s voice he looks up, rests on his spade and asks by way of reply:

“What sort of a pup?”

“Sure, sir, an’ ’t’s a stray pup what run off with itself last avenin’ goin’ on to nine o’clock, an’ begorra, sir, master puts this in me hand this mornin’ fur to buy me me dinner with, (here Pat produces a brand-new silver quarter of a dollar,) an’ he sez, sez he as I’m niver to show meself to home any more savin’ I find the pup. Have ye seen it? It’s intircly obleeged to ye I’d be, sir.”

“How large is it?”

“Sure sir, an’ it ain’t large at all, at all. It’s a young crature just come out from the owld country on one of thim beg steamers; though the rason they iver named one of thim mail boats Polly Neshun, I’ll niver for the life of me make out. Throth, sir, an’ ’t’s the boat the pup came over the sea on. An’ ’t’s a small baist indade an’ ’t is.”

“What color is it?”

“God bliss ye, sir, an’ ’t’s the livin’ color of me wife’s hair. That’s whin she bleached it with the bakin’ powder. She sez, sez she, that the stuff ’d make it fluffy like, sir, an’ the soda what’s in it ’d blach it—arrah! sir, an’ ye jest should see me wife’s hair. An’ mind ye, sir, an’ don’t ever brathe a word, me wife might hear tell of it, an’ she’d be angry, that she’d be sir. An’ now if ye saw the pup ye’d know it at once, sir. Did ye?”

“I—I reckon I did. A yellowish fellow went by up the road early this —”

“O, begorra! that’s him. Good mornin’ to ye’ an God save ye.”

Pat is off immediately and soon out of sight round a

bend in the road. Pat at home is mediocre. Pat riding abroad is worthy of note. He resembles somewhat a western hangman, if you like, for he carries in one hand a loose coil of rope, and looks desperate. This is of course all on account of the pup.

“The Colonel” is a small horse, his education deficient in the double-quick. In due season, however, Pat arrives at the next farm-house, and the next, and the next, until finally he chances to discover the truant worrying some sheep in a barn yard. He is off his horse in a hurry and in hot pursuit of the belligerent pup, which he soon secures, and remounting, takes in tow.

Presently, however, there promises to be trouble. If he gives the collic the rope he plays for awhile in the road but sooner or later rushes about under the horse, tangling the rope about his feet, so that Pat perforce is obliged to dismount and set things right again. On the other hand if he holds him close, he worries the horse. After dismounting half a dozen times, by chance it occurs to him to ride backward. In this position he can keep his eye on the collic and very likely prevent him getting again into mischief. Straightway he adopts this plan. Things now run smoothly for awhile until the pup will no longer be kept off by either gesture or command but makes a determined rush for the horse. Pat ever watchful quickly hauls in the rope, and the collic is alongside all right, when at this precise moment “The Colonel” stumbles, causing Pat to lunge suddenly backward. Naturally his feet go up, he loses his balance and topples off; and as he falls face downwards, still retaining a tight grasp of the rope, the pup comes flying over “The Colonel” and falls heavily upon Pat just as he reaches the ground. Poor Pat!

Sometime late in the afternoon a weary and subdued-looking individual is seen entering town leading on one side of him a horse, on the other a young collic. The new silver quarter of a dollar in his breast pocket is for the time being the one bright spot in his life.

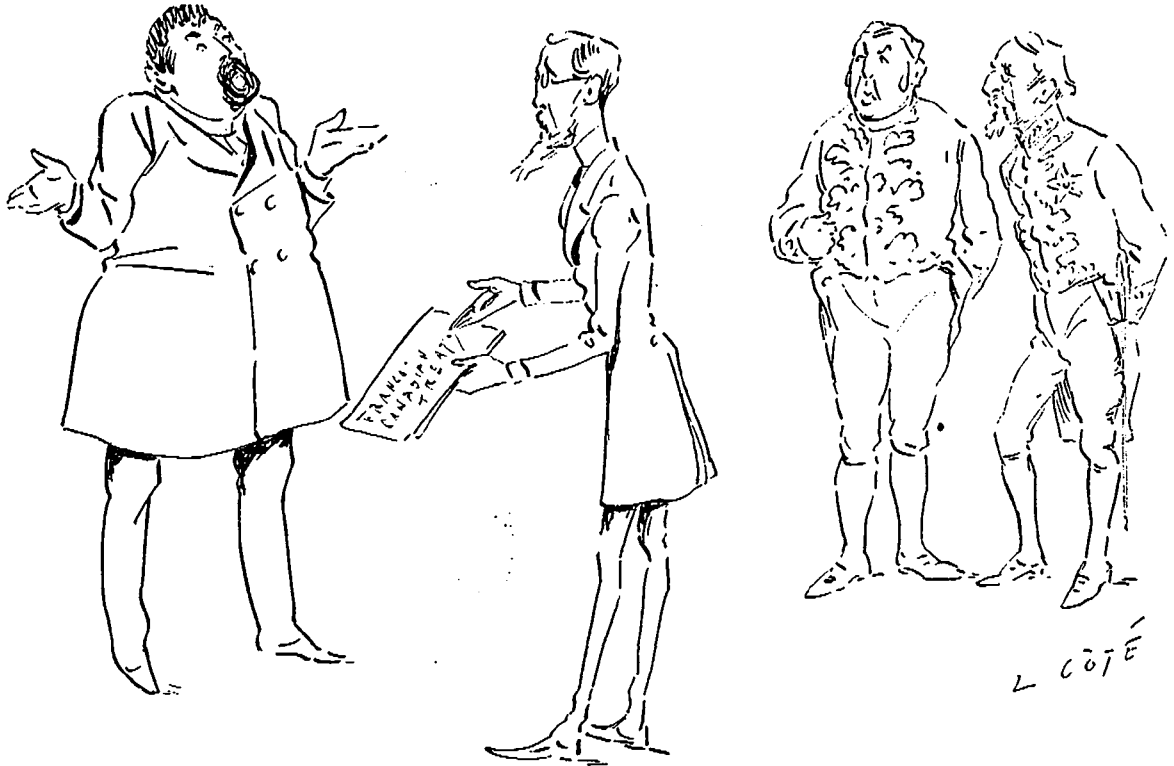
*Don Carlos.*

MR. BOODLER LOHMAN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., found that this city was not a good place To-ron-to.



A HOT JOB FOR THE DOCTOR.

DR. RYERSON—“Jove! I thought I could carry this hive without any trouble, but the constituents don’t seem to take kindly to me!”



**LET US BE FAIR AND SQUARE.**

FOSTER : (*to France*) "M'sieur, let us have a fair understanding about this treaty. If you were influenced in signing it by the understanding that Canada will establish a direct steamship line to France, I want you to understand now that we have no intention of doing any such thing, and that nobody was authorized to make any such promise."

**SHE GAVE HIM ONE.**

HE (*after being refused*)—"And you gave me an idea that you loved me all this time and filled me with false hope."—(*passionately*)—"Oh, why did you do that?"

SHE. (*ingeniously*)—"Well, you see I couldn't bear to have a fellow hanging around after me that the other girls said hadn't an idea in his head."

THE great cordage combine is before a Parliamentary committee asking permission to divide its present capital stock of \$3,000,000 in 10,000 cumulative preference shares, and 20,000 ordinary shares of \$100 each. The Cordage Co. want to get somebody on a string.



**'CYCLE LOCOMOTION.**

WAGGE—"Why don't you get a bicycle, Pat?"

PAT—"Bicycle nothin', whin I want to walk I prefer to do it stannin' up!"

**EXPECTED A TOM THUMB.**

MOTHER.—"Come and speak to Mr. Mcenest, Bobby."

INDIGNANT CHILD.—"That ain't him!"

MOTHER.—"Why, of course it is! "Don't you remember papa telling us to expect him?"

BOBBY (*weeping disappointedly*)—"You know well enough pa said he was going to bring home the smallest man he had ever met—and look at that big thing!" (*But Mr. Mcenest saw the point.*)

**THE NEWSPAPER SQUABBLE.**

*Montreal Star*:—" 'Tis the people's clear will That Foster should cut from the new tariff bill All duties specific—they've proven a fraud; If he does so all sensible men will applaud."

*Toronto World*:—"Nonsense, thou twinkling *Star*, In talking like that you're astray very far; The backbone of Protection—it's essence and life Are these same specific duties you'd knife!"

*London 'Tiser*:—"Specific duties must go; From such only wrong and injustice can flow. They burden the poor, and they favor the rich, We want a square deal; we have no use for sich!"

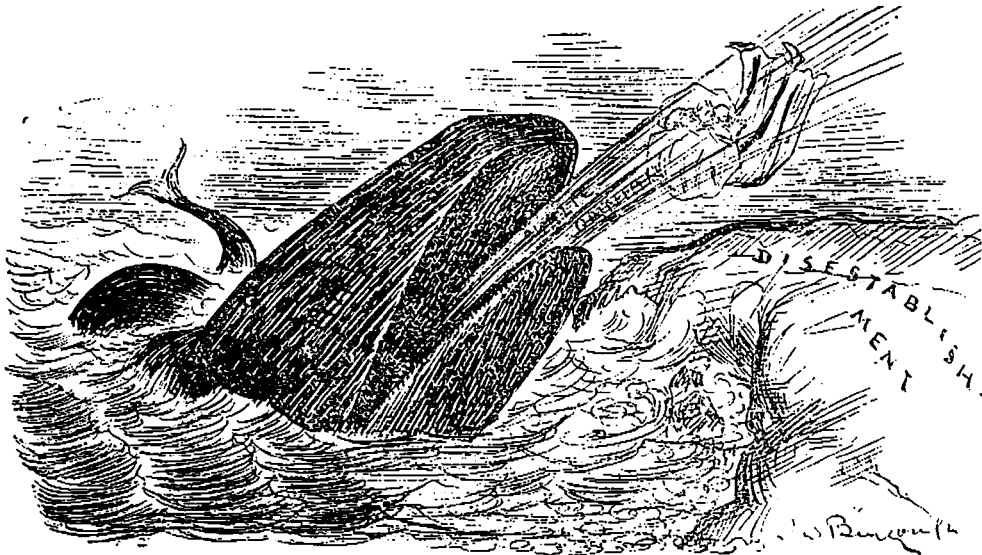
*Toronto World*:—" 'Tiser thy talk is great rot, You don't know as much as I've long since forgot; I tell you Protection is not worth a fig If you don't have the duties specific and big."

*Ham. Times*:—"Now you're shouting, oh, sapient *World*, Thy thunderbolt, too, is most earnestly hurled; The duty on boiler-plate, Mister Maclean, You've specific and personal wish to retain!"

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN thinks that the Coxe movement means the greatest revolution the world has ever seen. George is right. "Gen." Coxe's example has certainly been followed by a "General" uprising.







### CHURCH DISESTABLISHMENT IN WALES.

When the Established Jonah is cast up by the Wales he will be a better Prophet and perform his mission more faithfully.

### FUN IN THE WEST.

(A WAIL FROM THE BOBCAYGEON INDEPENDENT.)

THERE is no mistake about it they do have fun in the West. Life in this moss grown east is getting to be too quiet and respectable to be any use at all. Take Bobcaygeon, for instance, there's no fun now. Why, on the slightest approach to anything humorous, a fellow is yanked down by some uniformed pelican and taken before a solemn old Magistrate who has no more appreciation of fun than a cow has of mythology, when he gets stuck for \$2 and costs, and has his name in the paper. Five and twenty years ago we did have a little fun occasionally, and the hostelry with the little stone bar was the scene of many a frolic. When the humorists had a bit of a lark, a few yards of diachylum pulled a fellow into shape, and there was nothing more about it till you got the drop again on the other chump. It makes one lonesome, weary and dejected now to hear of the fun they have in the west. The Chicago 'Times' of Saturday, says that Henry H. Slaughton, a cowboy with long hair and a gun, created consternation in a gambling house on Friday by shooting out the lights because he had lost \$20. Slaughton entered Fred Finley's place, at 54 Fourth avenue, with the intention of beating the crap game. After a few "passes" he found his money disappearing. Becoming angry he demanded his money back. Being refused he drew a working model of a Krupp cannon and made a second demand. A second refusal riled the man from Colorado and he began firing his weapon. The first shot sent the main light into obscurity and a majority of the players out into the street. The second extinguished another light, and other players concluded the game was too hot and vamoosed. A third followed and Slaughton had the house to himself. Concluding that he had plenty of fun for his money he then decamped.

Hank, dear boy, you are a daisy. Have another fling on our account. Charge it up to us and send us a full description of the little hoot. That's about the nearest we can get to a bit of fun in this mummified moth-eaten old East.

ETHEL—"Why in the world doesn't that old maid, Miss Iastope, cut her finger nails?—they're far too long."

MAUD—"Hush, dear! Don't you see that there is a true love on one of them—and I suppose the poor thing couldn't bear to part with it."

### THE NEW SLICK.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH IS NOT A CHAPTER AT ALL—A LETTER FROM MR. SLICK WHICH EXPLAINS WHY.

I WAS anticipating another confab with the interesting Mr. Slick, which I might have reported for the present issue of *Grip*, when I found in my mail the other morning a postal card which ran as follows:

Halifax 28 Apr. 94

MR. QUILLER,

Sir, Leave by boat this eve for Boston on pressing biz. Expect to be back in Province in a week or ten days and will

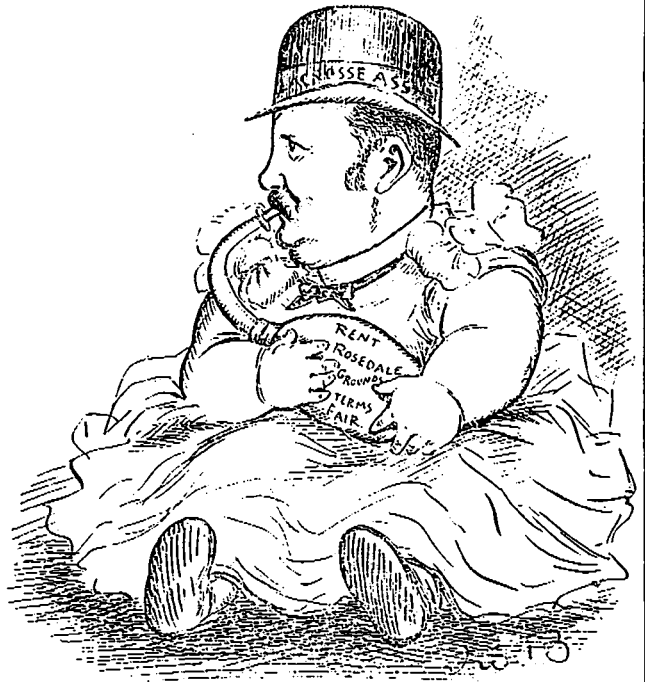
look you up. Till then, so long. Yours, etc.,

RHEUB SLICK.

Until the return of my Yankee friend therefore this interesting work will have to be suspended.

### QUEER GEOGRAPHICAL EFFECT.

STRANGE, that the advent of the Commonweal army in *Washington* should make *Cleveland* quake.



### PRESIDENT SUCKLING.

(Dedicated in a spirit of peace-making to the Bicycle Clubs of Toronto.)

"How do you suppose we can thrive if we don't get a fair amount of sustenance out of the bottle?"



FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



THE PARSON(S) OF OLD KNOX.

HOW COULD HE ?

“WHAT is your favourite flower?” she asked:—  
 She was young, and sweet and fair,  
 With a tender face and fetching ways,  
 And her name was Daisy Mair.  
 And she spoke to a tall and stalwart youth,  
 Who looked brave to do and dare.  
 “My favourite flower,”—and he softly gazed  
 In her eyes of deepest blue,  
 “Is the marguerite daisy, because”—she felt  
 He would say “because of you,”—  
 “Because it’s so like an egg,” he said,  
 “Hard boiled, and cut in two!”

A “CANADIAN” ABROAD.

BOULDER COLORADO, May wan, 94-

MR. GRIP, SORR :

THINKIN’ yez wud be intherested in the thravels av a Canadian gossoon (though from Cork in the first place) I sind yez these few lioness: I am now here in Colorado beyant, an’ a queer country it is, be me sowkins.

Whin I got to Dinvcr I went to a hotel at noight, an’ the next mornin’ I was up bright an’ arly. Whin I looked out the windy to the west, sure there I seen the great Rocky Mountains wid their white night-caps, sittin’ out in the cowl’d frosty air not more nor a mile away. “Bedad,” sey I to meself, “its a walk I’ll have to the top of them purty hills to give me an appetite fur brakefast,” an’ aff I stharterd across the fields. Whin I had gone a good mile, bedad, them mountains had slipped back wan more mile an’ divil the bit nearer I was. Begob, I soon persaved them mountains to be av the nature of a rainfow which the nearer you come the furder away it is, *ad infinitum* as Father Brady would say. It moight have been five hours I was walkin’, them mountains all the time walkin’ the other way, whin I came to what I would call a ditch in Canada or Ireland, wan that you could lep across in thim counthries, but I dursent thry it fur fear I wud light in the middle of a river, to judge by the thrick the mountains

played on me. So I tuk off me clothes wan by wan an’ tied them in a hape on me shoulders an’ howldly waded in ready fur swimmin’ an’ all emargincies. Wud ye belave it, the river was a ditch afther all, wan I could have lepped across! I was mad, fur I couldn’t foind order nor uniformity av nathure anywhere in the queer counthry. Its a funny place, Colorado! An’ the impudent bartender, whin I towld him av me expayrience said it was an owld sthory, wan that moight be named a peanut or chestnut,—but I disremember what he said. I wud have given him a bit av my moind an’ a taste av me black thorn but I saw a pistol peepin’ out av his pants pocket and deturmined to wait fur a more convanient sayson.

No more at prisint, Misther Grip, but maybe yez will hear from me later av I don’t write before thim.

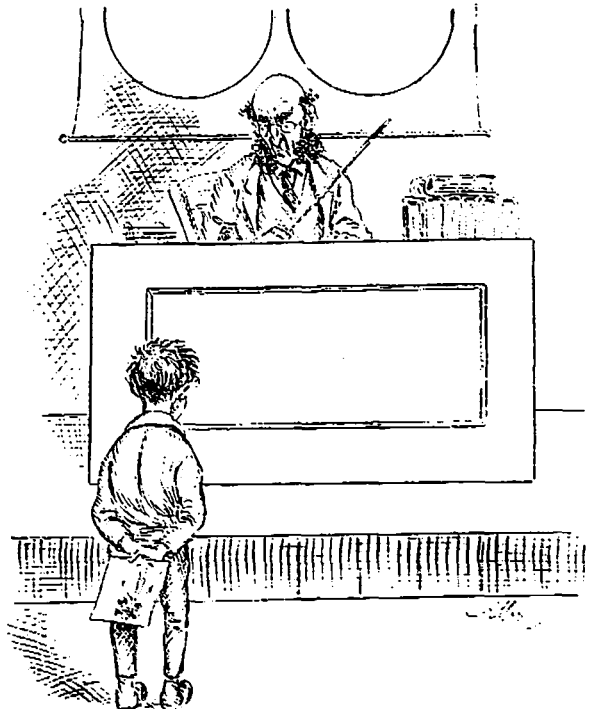
Your humble sarvint.

MIKE FOGARTY.

GOOD ADVICE TO CANADIAN AUTHORS.

THE chap who got up the alleged History of Cape Breton which is reviewed in the last number of the *Wick* will have no use for Dr. J. G. Bourinot hereafter. Dr. B. is the party who did the reviewing, and his treatment of the buncombe and plagiarism of which the work is composed is a fine example of floor-wiping. The article concludes with these wise and witty sentences:

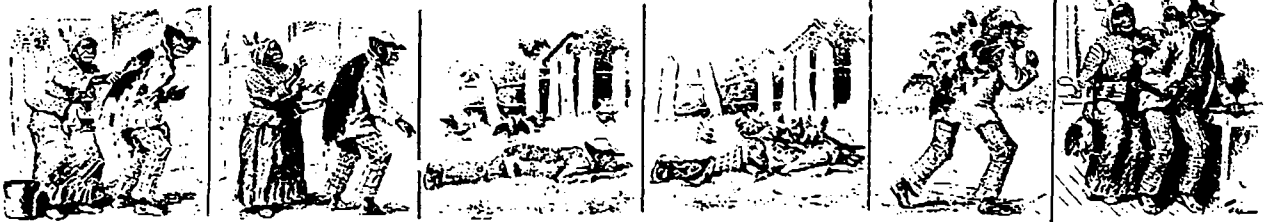
Let our Canadian writers in this, the infancy of our literature, be always honest, and if they have no graces of style, at least tell their story with simplicity and fidelity. It is Cervantes who says there are “many who think that books may be written and tossed into the world like fritters.” But fritters are a delicacy beyond the taste of our cook. The writer in question is obviously one of those who think that all that is necessary, even in this critical century, is to take a number of well-known writers like Brown, Parkman, Neal, Parsons and Belknap, toss them for a while in a slovenly frying pan over the dull simmuring fire of his mind, and then throw them before the public as a sort of historic “flapjacks,” smoky, doughy and decidedly indigestible.



“ARS EST CELARE ARTEM.”

(Art is to conceal Art.)

"BLACK ART,"



OR, THE BIRD LIME AND CORN METHOD OF CHICKEN STEALING.

N. Y. Hello.

ON FATHERS.

(BEING A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF SOME OF THE COMMONER TYPES OF PATERNITY.)

I.—THE PATERFAMILIAS.

THE well-known type of Paterfamilias may best be studied out of doors on a bright spring day. He is in later middle life. His face is smooth shaven except for little grey side whiskers; his mouth is slightly puckered and his eye meek. As a young husband of twenty-two, his face was probably highly coloured and his expression bland but boobyish; after forty it has subsided into a chastened imbecility. He is generally dressed in grey, and by rights the top end of his back has an elbow in it. On the whole, Paterfamilias presents a strikingly insignificant appearance. He is most commonly found in parks and public gardens, attached to a perambulator and two or three small children. Properly, one of these should have a large grey india-rubber ball. The duty of familias is to impart animus and direction to the sports of his progeny. He is heard by passers-by to call in a tone of simulated excitement, "Now, Milly, throw the ball to Jack, and papa and baby will try to stop it." If he is of the true type he is base enough to take as keen an interest in the game of ball as the children do themselves. For this depravity let us hope that in a better world a fitting punishment will be meted out to him. The wife of familias is never seen to join in this open hilarity. She is always either ill in a peculiarly interesting manner, or has just been so, or shortly will be. It is probable that apart from his family life the p.f. has a down town business; it may be that he has friends; but it is difficult to conceive him abstracted from the perambulator and the india-rubber ball.

II. - DAD; THE DEMI-DIPSOMANIAC.

From the depravity of "Paterfamilias" one turns with pleasure to the noble type called "Dad." Dad is a dear old soul and a thorough gentleman,—but he drinks. He has been in the army, most likely spent a long time in India or some other hot but aristocratic country. It was there that he first learned to use alcohol to success. All women who know him are so sorry for him and so fond of letting you know about his weakness. As a matter of fact they would feel awfully hurt if Dad were to stop it. But the main thing about Dad is that he has a grown-up daughter, awfully pretty and so fond of him; she calls him "dad" or "daddie" in the sweetest way imaginable. She may have a little brother or sister whom she looks after with all a mother's care; this however is not essential, provided she is her father's mainstay generally. Of course Dad's drinking is a terrible thing for her, but she bears it as bravely as she can. And the beautiful part of it is that Dad knows this and tries on that account to stop drinking,—and still can't. Of course Dad's wife is dead, or the situation is spoilt. She was called "Mamma" and was very pretty, but dad's drinking killed her. With practice most men can become Paterfamilias; but only a few can hope to be "Dad." There is no use in trying unless you have a special gift that way, and the daughter for it.

III.—THE OLD MAN.

A third notable genus is the small boy's father whose

professional name is "The Old Man." He is a muscular man in the prime of life, and still goes in for such athletic exercise as involves the use of the cane, the riding whip and the hairbrush. His mind is firmly set against the mirth of youth and unduly bent upon the promotion of industry. His chief functions in life are to put down all harmless amusements, to confiscate marbles, catapults and other weapons of the chase, to drown puppies and kittens and shoot pet toads, and in general to lower the dignity and curtail the privileges of boyhood. Absolute power has impaired his mind in such a way as to give him erroneous views on pocket money, early rising and indoor air-guns. To judge from the Old Man's account, the condition of the young has been much ameliorated since the days of his boyhood. "When I was a boy," he often cries, "we weren't allowed candy and marbles, and we didn't go careering round on Saturday afternoon. My poor old father used to make us saw wood all day and then go to bed in the dark on bread and water." The memory of his "poor old father" as handed down by him is that of a ruthless savage. "If I had done that when I was a boy," the old man is wont to exclaim, "my poor old father would have thrashed me within an inch of my life." It is impossible for his offspring to doubt his veracity, yet he looks remarkably robust for one brought up on a one inch limit of vitality.



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(Drawn for Once-a-Week, N. Y., by Wm. Bengough.)

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"About six years ago I was stricken with sciatica rheumatism, which first made its appearance in my left knee, but gradually took possession of all my limbs. Within three months I was unable to leave my bed, and day and night suffered excruciating pain. My limbs were swollen to twice their natural size, and drawn out of shape. My feet were also badly swollen, and my right arm was in the shape of a semi-circle. For three long years I suffered in this manner, being unable to put a foot to the floor. I could only be moved around by being wheeled in a chair. During all this time I kept doctoring with medical practitioners, which cost my husband much money, but I am unable to say that I received any benefit. My agony kept increasing and my system growing weaker, till many times death would have been a welcome relief. After reading in the newspapers about the many cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to try them. I had taken half a dozen boxes of the pills before I began to feel an improvement. I continued taking the pills, however, and never had a relapse, and to day I am as hearty and healthy as I was before the rheumatism came on. I am now able to knit and sew as fast as any young person, while for years my fingers were as stiff as needles. I owe my recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

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THERE'S a good deal in clothes, as gruff old Tom Carlyle has amply illustrated in his classic work, "Sartor Resartus." Wm. E. Gladstone, had he made a habit of attending the house of Commons without a collar and minus a coat, could never have been the great personage he is to-day. A man may be known by the cut and fit of his clothes as well as by the company he keeps, and so it is a matter of importance where you get yourself clad, young man. If you really want to score with the admirers of good clothing, go to Score, of King street for your tailoring. Get a pair of those guinea trousers, or an outfit of that worsted suiting, and you'll have to explain to everybody that you are not a swell fresh from Belgravia. These splendid goods are being supplied at low prices, too, for spot cash.

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By order of the Board.

(Signed), D. COULSON, General Manager.

The Bank of Toronto, Toronto, 25th April, 1894.

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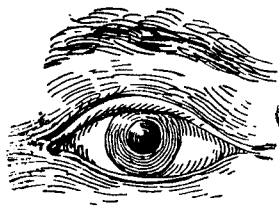
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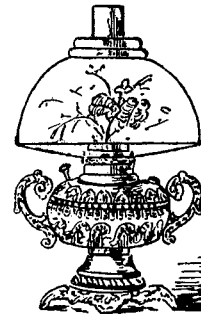
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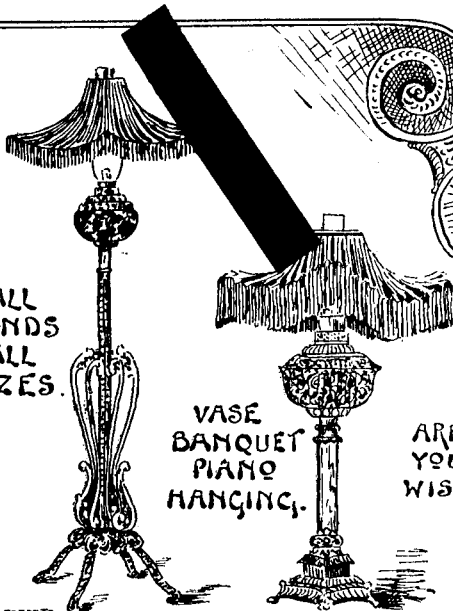
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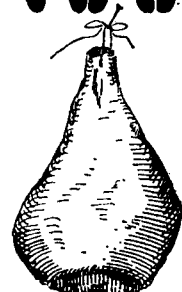


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