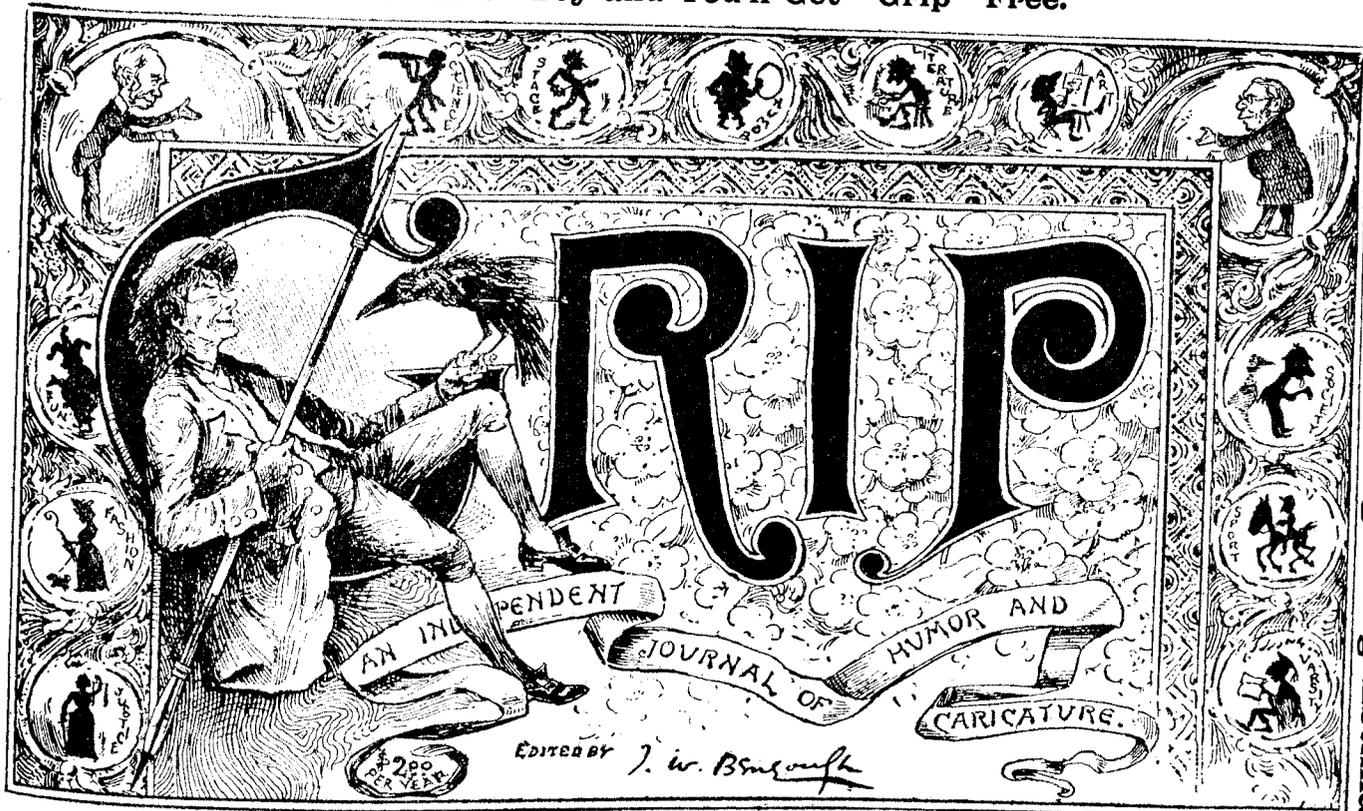


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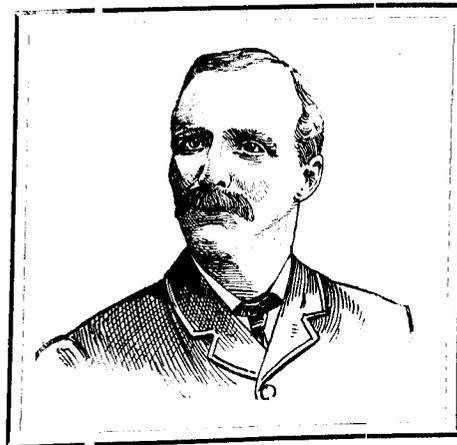
TORONTO, MAY 7, 1892.

No. 986.

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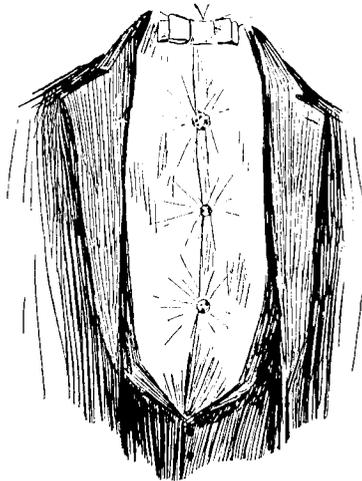
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GRIP

VOL. XXXVIII.

TORONTO, MAY 8, 1892.

No. 19.
Whole No. 986.



A LETTER FROM 'OME.

The Imperial authorities have, through Lord Knutsford, declined to exempt Canada from the operation of the "most favored nation" clause of existing treaties with Germany and Belgium. This means good-bye to Differential Trade with Britain, and farewell to Reciprocity (unrestricted or otherwise) with the States.



The greatest beast is the Bear; the greatest bird is the Owl;
The greatest fish is the Oyster; the greatest man is the Fool.

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T. G. WILSON, General Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH - - - - - Editor.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON - - - - - Associate Editor.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



"WE'VE GOT HIM ON A STRING."
—The project of Unrestricted Reciprocity is now pretty well given up. Our present Government never did favor it; and the Oppositionists who, a short time ago, were vigorously advocating the scheme, are one by one coming to the conclusion that the boon cannot be obtained except on a basis of political union. Public attention is now turned in another direction—that of a free trade policy for Canada without reference to the attitude of the United States. The

open letters of Mr. Crerar and Senator Boulton to Mr. Laurier, urging that leader to declare for free trade with the world as the policy of the Liberal party, have been widely read and must have been as widely approved. The step is too bold, however, to command the assent of the vast majority, and another idea has come to the surface of late, which seems more likely to strike the popular taste, viz., free trade with Great Britain. To accomplish this nothing is required but action on the part of Canada—a single sentence abolishing the tariff duties on British goods. There can be no question that this would be a glorious thing for the Dominion from every point of view. It would, for one thing, bring us much needed prosperity; it would also give us a comforting feeling that our exuberant loyalty had at last found practical expression. Its effect on the United States would be such as to flatter our national pride, too: It would do in half a jiffy what our N.P. has not begun to do after thirteen years—bring down Uncle Sam's tariff wall on the run. With Canada a free trade country even to this extent, no human power could guard the three thousand miles of frontier from the army of smugglers, and our proud neighbor would be compelled by the logic of the situation to abolish his line of custom houses. The advisability of this policy, to be sure, does not commend itself to our Government, which has just voted down a motion for a mere reduction on British

goods. But in this—as in several other matters—it is quite possible that the Conservatives in Parliament do not represent the feeling of the country.

A LETTER FROM 'OME.—The despatch from the Imperial Government laid before the House of Commons last week, gives us due notice that in the event of our going in for either a reduction of duties or free trade with Britain, we will have to extend the same advantages to all countries having the "favored nation" clause in their treaties with Great Britain, while, of course, on the other hand, we enjoy from those countries all advantages they may extend to the mother country. The despatch in question was in response to a request from our Government to have Canada exempted from the effect of the favored nation clause in the existing treaties with Germany and Belgium. This request is politely but firmly declined, and we are consequently estopped from making a reciprocity deal with any country which will not be open also to several other "favored nations." If anything were needed to gain the final *coup de grace* to the Unrestricted Reciprocity scheme, this would do it.



R. B. B. OSLER, the eminent barrister, has had the great social question presented to him, but in the multiplicity of retainers and briefs he has evidently had no time to apply his powerful mind to its proper consideration. In a speech in support of Mr. Bigelow's candidature a few evenings ago, referring

to the succession duties, he said: "The great evil of modern days is the accumulation of wealth in the few hands, as it has been unduly extracted from the laboring classes." This is a correct statement of the problem, but this evil can never be set right by simply taxing inheritances. Mr. Osler is aware of this, for he says he considers it only a step in the right direction. Then what is the radical cure for the evil? Could the great lawyer do better than devote some of his time to an investigation of it? It is right in his line, for we can give him this pointer: He will find the root of the matter in the land laws as they now exist.

* * *
If some get wealth they do not earn,
Then you may safely bet
That others, by a logic stern,
Earn wealth they do not get!
* * *

MR. ADAM BROWN has come out as a lecturer on Jamaica. He illustrates his subject with "magnificent lime-light views," and it is announced that the lecture is calculated to "amuse both old and young, and to give to the merchant splendid ideas of the commerce that may be carried on and exchanged this season with that prosperous country." Yes, with the accent on the *may*. If Mr. Brown has failed to provide some lime-light views of the Canadian tariff wall, which is admirably adapted to the keeping out of Jamaican goods, and which as a politician he helps to maintain, he cannot possibly hope to do justice to his theme.

* * *
SIR RICHARD sought to shame the Government
With keen invective and with scornful wit,
But all in vain his virtuous breath was spent.
On their brass brows shame seems ashamed to sit!
* * *

WE can't imagine what Father Huntington hopes to accomplish by the project he is said to have in



BACK-ACTION LOYALTY.

[Mr. Davies' motion favoring a reduction of duties on goods imported from Great Britain was voted down by the Government party.]

hand at present—a personally conducted “slumming” tour among the abodes of the rich in New York by a party from the poorest quarters. The chasm between Dives and Lazarus must be sufficiently apparent to members of both classes without going to this trouble, even if it may be assumed that the millionaires will be willing to throw open their palaces to the invaders. The only result such a tour could have would be the intensifying of the discontent of the “submerged tenth.” Perhaps the good Father thinks something would be gained by riling them up to fighting pitch.

THE WOODS ARE FULL OF THEM.

“NO, sir, I shall not vote for Bigelow,” he said with a very defiant and dogmatic air.

“And why not? You’ve always been a Liberal, haven’t you?” said the canvasser in a bland and soothing tone.

“Well now, I tell you it’s no use. I won’t do it.”

“But I don’t see how you can consistently with your principles cast a vote for Kent.”

“Who said I was going to vote for Kent?” replied the citizen, angrily.

“Then I suppose you mean to throw away your vote on Thompson or Macdonald.”

“Nothing of the kind, sir. I shan’t vote at all—not at all.”

“I don’t think any good citizen ought to take that position. It’s a duty you owe to your country. What reason have you for staying away from the poll?”

“Well, you see the principal reason I have for staying away is that my name doesn’t happen to be on the voters’ list.”

“Oh! Good morning.”

SEE THAT HIS GRAVE IS KEPT GREEN.

AMATEUR HUMORIST—“Say Mr. Editor, I’ve just thought of a good one. Doesn’t it strike you that the dynamiting of that Paris restaurant man was a very inhuman affair—Very you know?”

EDITOR—“Just so. Bouncer, attend to this man!”
Funeral on Thursday. No flowers.

INCONSISTENT.

BORAX—“I see that the Baptist ministers have condemned the Highland regiment for parading Sunday.”

SAMJONES—“Which is very inconsistent on their part.”

BORAX—“How so?”

SAMJONES—“Because I’ll bet all of them p’rayed themselves.”

[And they relapsed into the most contiguous budge-mill.]

AN UNWISE SELECTION.

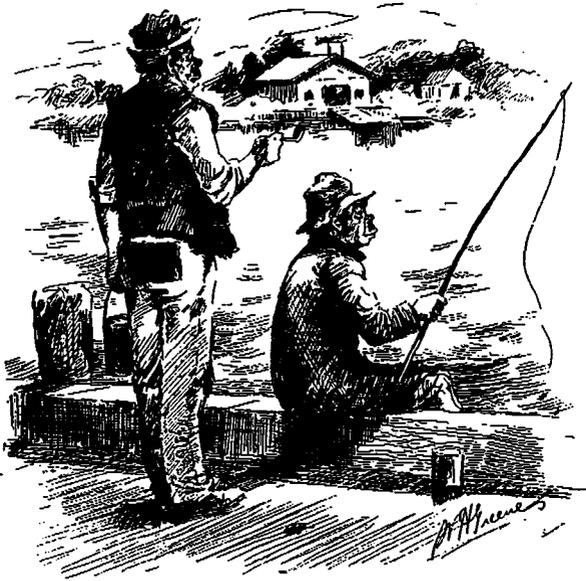
COLONEL DOODS has been appointed to the supreme command of the French expedition in Dahomey.—*Cable Despatch.*

The omen’s a bad one for Gallic success,
Of the business he’s likely to make a bad mess;
When a force into savage dominions intrudes
It should certainly not be commanded by dudes.

OLD OCEAN—“I had a swell breakfast this morning.”

WANDERING WIND—“What did you have?”

OLD OCEAN—“Rolls.”



ARITHMETICAL.

TERRY—"How many fish hav ye hooked th' day, Pat?"
PAT—"Whin Oi've got the wan Oi'm afther now, an' two more, Oi'll hav three."

THE CLARINET'S WIDOW.

AND I must say, dear, that a better man than my husband, John Thomas Somers, there never was in this world anywhere. We had our little cross words, of course, but you know, Mrs. Brown, being as you are a married woman yourself, and perhaps had your own little words with Mr.—Of course not! I didn't mean to be personal—Mr. Brown is a paragon of the male sex for kindness to his wife, which I am sure he has good reason for, because you are the amiablest wife I ever knew, though I say it to your face, for the truth must be told.

"But about my poor man—I hope he is in heaven! The first time I knew Mr. Somers was about twenty years ago—I was just twenty-six years old. *That would make me forty-six!* Gracious sakes, Mrs. Brown, I'm mistaken, sure—what with them fits and starts of headache my brain gets puzzled up like, and fogs my memory as you'd hardly believe of! No—it can't be so long ago, cause I'm only barely thirty-eight, and nobody can say as how I hide my age the same as if it was a thing to be ashamed of, which I never was, as some people I know isn't so precise, to say nothing of their paint and powder trying to look young and handsome, which nobody as knows them can say they're either the one or the other—it's positive audacious and downright sinful, in my opinion.

"As I was saying, I never can forget the time I first knew Mr. Somers. Mother and me was keeping the boarding-house then—from one time to another, there's always been boarders in this house since I was a child, these forty odd years past.

"I liked John Thomas from the very first day he came to board with us—he was so genteel and gentlemanlike in his ways, and considering he was so young then—he was only nineteen—he was what you might call a temperate man, though he took a friendly glass of ale with a friend of nights, to be sure, but we all have our faults, Mrs. Brown, and John Thomas had so much night work,

for he played clarinet in the Grand Opera House then, and he often told me he blowed himself out so much in the orchester he really had to have something to keep himself up—poor fellow!

"I have often seen him, with my own eyes, a-coming home after the opera, when he would be so fatigued he would have to be helped up to his room, being as he was so exhausted from blowing himself out, as it were, Mrs. Brown! And, after we was married, often at night when he would come in, dear, his legs would be so weak and helpful that he would actually have to lay himself down on the bed with his boots on! Yes, actually!—fiscal prostration is what the doctor called it. The doctor told me, in confidence, that this blowing out every night continuously was a great strain on any man's strength, even if he was Sampson, which everybody knows that Mr. Somers was anything but a strong constitution.

"Speaking of John Thomas reminds me of the night he proposed to me. It was just twelve years ago last Easter Monday—it was just a week or so after Aunt Badgley died—you've heard of her often, dear, as lived in Buffalo; her as what left me the legacy of \$1,500, which was such a surprise.

"Mother and me was a-sitting up in the library, when who comes in but Mr. Somers! And he says to me, looking me right in the face, 'Mary,' he says, 'can I see you in the drawing-room for a few moments, with Mrs. Badgley's permission?' says he, bowing politely to mother at the same time.

"You may be sure my heart fluctuated when I went into the parlor all alone with Mr. Somers. 'Mary, my dear,' says he, 'I am going to ask you an important question,' he says, taking me by the hand, and a regular trill went through me. Says he, 'Mary, dear, I am twenty-four years old, and it's about time for me to look for a wife. Will you have me, Mary, dear?' He said this so swift and sudden, all at once, unexpected like, that I was



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

MR. SUMBODY (to N.S.W. squatteress, who with her husband has been "Ome to Hingland")—"Were you presented at Court, Mrs. Wetherbell?"

MRS. WETHERBELL—"Well, the hold man was, but 'e got horff with a light fine, 'cos, you see, hit was on'y a plain drunk, and 'e warn't knowed to the perleece!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*



ANOTHER QUEER SPECIMEN OF "LOYALTY."

The proposal to put binder twine on the free list, and thus rescue the Canadian farmer from the clutches of a Yankee Monopoly, which controls all the cordage factories in the Dominion, was voted down last week in the House on a party division.

struck dumbfounded for a spell, which my breath was taken away and I couldn't speak.

"No, Mrs. Brown, I can't help a-crying! It overcomes me when I think of how happy I was that night after I gave my consent, and the happy times that is past and gone!

"Well, we was married in a fortnight, and we lived happy until the day he died, five years afterwards—poor fellow! What between blowing out and night work it told on him so much that at last he got the fever—how he did rave and dream! Even with his eyes open he would imagine he saw snakes on the floor and snakes in his boots, snakes everywhere—oh, dear, it was something terrible! But at last the fever left him, and he got his senses back again, and then he spoke so kindly to me. 'Mary, dear,' he would say, 'I have been a careless, good-for-nothing fellow. If I get better I will settle down to work and be steady—but I'm afraid I'm going

to leave you. I know you will be always kind to little Mollie.' These is the words he used to say, and sure enough, Mrs. Brown, he was a prophet, for he did *not* get better. One night, just after he had got me to help him to say his prayers, he called to me faintly, in a whisper, 'Mary, my dear,' he says, 'I am going—kiss me good-bye—good-bye, Mollie—until—we—all—meet—in—heaven. I—hope—God—will—be—good—to—me—and—give—me—a—place—in—His—grand—orchester.' And then he fell asleep forever! * * *

"Yes, John Thomas was a good man! He had no enemies to forgive when he was dying—everybody liked him, and he was always so generous and charitable. Many's the time he used to say to me, 'Mary, dear, the big bass is hard up—he has a large family—could you spare me \$5 to lend him?' And oftentimes he would lend money to the pickloo and the violing and other players—musicianers is always hard up, Mrs. Brown. I

never could refuse to give John Thomas the money to assist them, for I knew it made him feel good to help others, although he never got the money back, and I don't think really he ever expected it.

"But there will always be slanderers, Mrs. Brown, in this wicked world, and we must forgive them, as is sometimes a hard thing to do. Would you believe it that some parties is reported as saying how my husband was a drunkard and an idler, who had a little fool for a wife and a big fool for a mother-in-law? Mother and me didn't mind about ourselves, but to hear such perjury about poor John Thomas often made us downhearted.

"And Letitia Smith also remarked, when I was married, as how I was too old for Mr. Somers, but I was only thirty, and that was just six years older than him. You often see a man of forty get married to a girl of twenty—there's twenty years difference for you, and nothing ever said about it! So that six years wasn't much to speak of, in my opinion, especially as he loved me for my own self, as he told me the very night he proposed.

"Let slanderers say what they like, they never have no luck nohow. There's Letitia on the shelf yet, and likely to stay there!

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, that is the very clarinet hanging on the wall as belonged to poor John Thomas. No more music comes out of it now, since he died.

"Oh! how I loved to hear John Thomas a-playing away in the band-room! And when he would take this instrument just so, and put it to his mouth, it would sound sweet as a martingale, dear—perfect angelic!—tootely-toot-toot-toot, tootely-toot!—so grand as you would think you was in heaven that instant!

* * * * *

"But you're not a-going, Mrs. Brown? Really, is it so late? Well, well, the time do pass by so quickly when I am enjoying your conversation! 'Tempus fuget,' (as John Thomas used to say when he looked at his watch), which is Latin, my dear. I was going to tell you all about the orchester John Thomas started after he was married, which practised in this very house—such delicious music as you never heard! from the chello and the cornick, but nothing so magnanimous as the clarinet,

because everybody said as how Mr. Somers was a real artistic. But the boarders is a-coming in, dear—I'll tell you all about the band the next time. All my money was spent on the orchester while it lasted, but mother and me never minded spending the money, so long as John Thomas was happy."

MY GIRL.

BEAUTY of figure, form and face,
Bedecked in homespun or in lace,
And witchery of fairy grace,

This is my girl.

That wavy mass of tumbled hair,
Of dark brown hue; that face so fair;
Those eyes and lips beyond compare,
Make my head whirl.

Ah! subtle charmer! At whose word
My every wish must be deferred;
Altho' it's really quite absurd

The way you act.

The wild caprices of your dress,
Artistic, yet I must confess,
With vague forebodings fill my breast;
Now that's a fact!

Well versed in all those tricks of art,
That ease and gracefulness impart,
You've calmly stolen away my heart,
You wicked flirt.

The dreamy darkness of your eyes,
'Neath their thick lids, in feigned surprise
To see my love, what power there lies
To do me hurt!



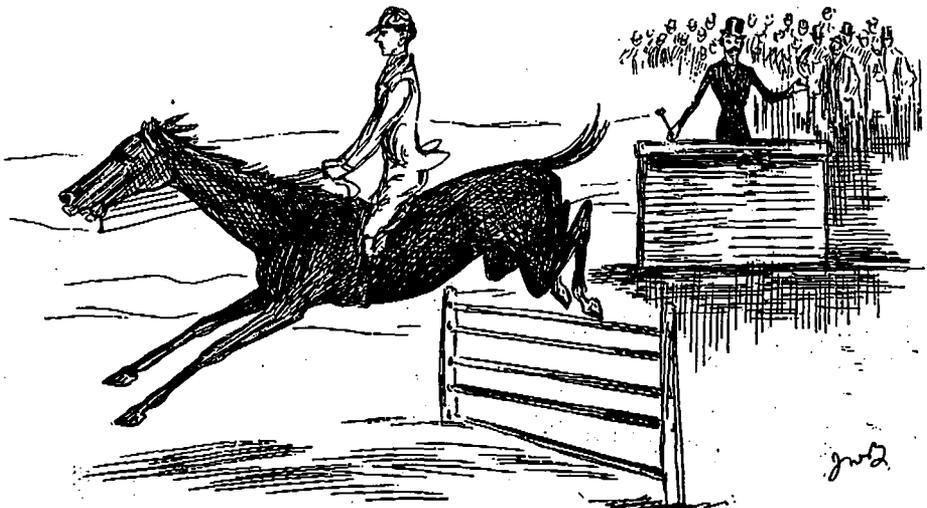
My arguments must brook defeat.
Why, hang it all! you're just as sweet,
From crown of head to sole of feet,
As you can be.

I love you wildly, madly, Sue,
And spite your scorning, looking through
Your flimsy veil, you love me too;
That I can see.

In short, you fill my every thought;
A priceless treasure dearly bought;
To share my good or evil lot
Throughout this life.

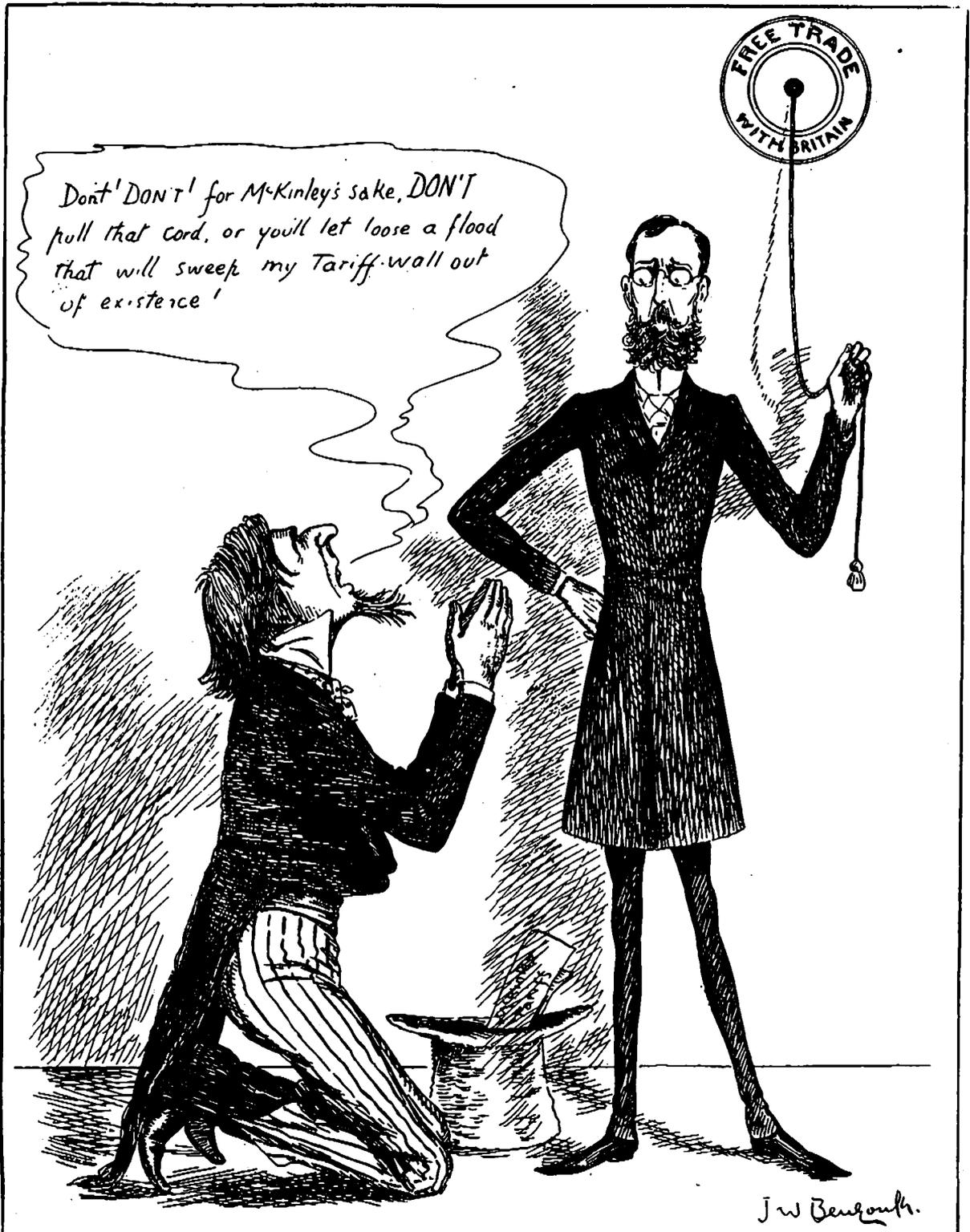
But though it doubtless may seem odd,
You rule me now with wink or nod;
Just wait, you scheming little fraud,
Till you're my wife!

HENRI B. SULLY.



AT THE HORSE SALE.

AUCTIONEER—"Now, gentlemen, send up your bids for the jumper. Well bred animal; good points; fine action; extraordinary hurdle ability—just the thing for saddle exercise over the pitfalls in our principal block-paved streets."



"WE'VE GOT HIM ON A STRING."

**REJECTED.**

SOFT-HEADED WOOGER (*proposing*)—"I wish you would look favorably on my suit."

SHE (*avoiding the point*)—"I'm really no judge of men's clothes. Can't you ask somebody else?"—*Pick-me-up.*

ON ELECTION DAY.

SPONGER—"Hello, Boozey. Have a drink, old man?"

BOOZEY—"Thanks; don't care if I do. Where shall we go?"

SPONGER—"Let's step across to Bierzlinger's. Hello! what's this? Closed up! Ah, yes. Election day, of course. I quite forgot. Too bad, ain't it? (*Aside.*) That's the sixth treat I've returned to-day without its costing me a cent."

THE REASON WHY.

O FAIR maid, if thou should'st espy
In suit of plaid me sailing by,
All spick and span like any charm,
With hugeous stick beneath my arm.

With limbs outspread like acrobat,
And on my head a little bat,
And on my gifted Roman nose
A pince-nez placed in proud repose;

And on my face, as type of race,
A moustache o'er the eating-place,
And on mine phiz the vacuous smile
And ape-like traits that girls beguile,

Then ask thyself: "O why should he—
This glorious elf—make love to me?
Who have but one sole stingy father,
Although he will cut up, well—rather."

I would reply: "Child, this is truth.
'Tis not thine eyes, thy hair, thy youth,
Nor yet thy gaily painted cheeks,
Nor thy desire to wear the breeks;

"For, sad to say, thou can'st not bake
Nor fry the humble johnny-cake;
Thou art not yet a judge of mutton,
And know'st not to sew on a button.

"But this is why thy hand I seek—
My screw is but 6 dolls. a week."

A UNIQUE PRIZE COMPETITION.

IT is understood that the *Empire* intends offering a premium to the subscriber forwarding the greatest number of reasons why Kent was defeated by Bigelow last Friday. A large and varied assortment have already been given, including over-confidence, the new franchise law, sarcastically called "Manhood Suffrage;" personation, fraud, general apathy, divisions in the party ranks, the suddenness with which the contest was brought on, the shortness of the polling day, etc., but with a little ingenuity the list could be indefinitely extended so as to afford some consolation to the stricken Tories in their hour of mourning. It may be as well, however, to give a word of warning to intending competitors. They should be careful to avoid suggesting that the people are fairly well satisfied with the Mowat Government, which would tend to excite a prejudice against them and imperil their chances. Moreover, it would not be true. With the majority of citizens it is merely a choice of evils between the Mowat Government and one which might be a good deal worse.

The only drawback about this competition is that competitors are compelled to take the *Empire*—but as there is no stipulation binding them to read it, this condition is not so onerous as might appear at first sight.

IT LETS HIM OUT.

JOSEPH TAIT is much elate
Since the Grits elected their candidate,
And the day he will long remember.
"Ha, ha!" says he, "they sneered at me,
But everybody must now agree
'Tis Clarke who's 'minority member.'"

A BAD BREAK.

Joseph Tait, M.L.A., to-day has a faint idea of the feelings of the late Mr. Nebuchadnezzar when that royal boozier read the handwriting on the wall. Joseph will have to arrange for a well-organized series of plumpers if he hopes to down at next general election the popular barrister who was the people's favorite yesterday.—*World.*

THE *World's* knowledge of Scripture is slightly at fault. The gentleman's name who was razzle-dazzled by a display of electric stenography at a political banquet was Belshazzar. Neb. was the fellow who did the Wild Man of Borneo act in the vacant lots around Babylon. If the *World* makes any more bad breaks of this sort W. F. will imperil his chances with the Sunday school vote in East York.

THE KIND OF PARTY IT IS.

DISFRANCHISED TORY—"What kind of a party are you Grits, anyway?"

JUBILANT GRIT—"Don't it strike you just now that we are a good deal of a surprise party."

AN AWREY ABUSE.

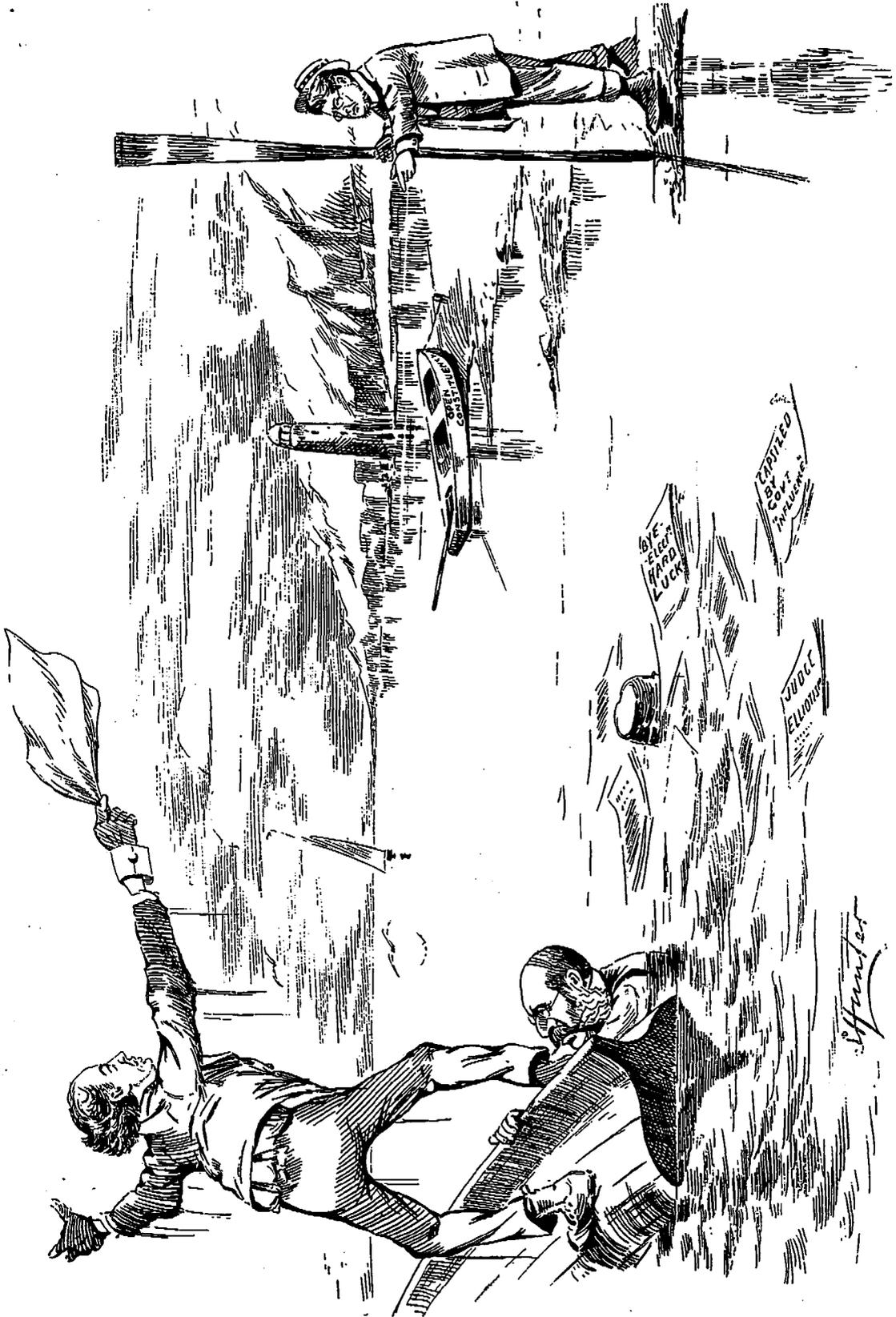
GRIT STUMPER—"Let me direct your attention my friends, to the enlightened and progressive course of the Mowat Government (applause) as contrasted with the hoary abuses fostered by Toryism (more applause)."

SAMJONES—"There's one hoary abuse for which the Grits are responsible."

GRIT STUMPER—"Name it."

SAMJONES—"Awrey's bill abolishing tenants' exemptions."

Audience fired with indignation—Samjones ditto.



HIS DUTY IS PLAIN.

LAURIER—"WE'VE HAD A LITTLE BIT OF A TURN-OVER, EDWARD. COME OUT AND HELP RIGHT THE BOAT AGAIN."

S. Hunter

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

HANK, THE BULL-WHACKER, VISITS HIS OLD HOME.



EE-UP, you long-horned, slab-sided, prairie-perambulating fun'ral marches! Gee up, or I'll knock every hair off your measly hides!!"

Such an expression, with more forcible and less polite adjectives, escaped the lips of Old Hank, the Bull-whacker, as his team of twenty oxen drew three heavily laden "prairie schooners" from the ford-bed of the Old Man's River.

"Hello, Hank! back again? I thought you'd have remained East, seeing you hadn't been home for thirty years."

"Diff'rent here, pardner, the West's good enough for me, though the East's pretty lucky fur a blow-out—Who-o-a, Rowdy, who-o-a!—all the rot-gut and red-eye you could drink fur five cents a glass, and stuff you could dn't get for four bits out here. Jes' wait till I turn out these bulls and I'll tell yez all about it."

* * * * *

"Well, we pulled out from Macleod a lectle after sun-up, Polly holdin' the ribbons—same old four-in-hand as he allus drives—Buck and Baldy on the lead, Pizen and the old swayback on the wheel. We forded the Old Man's all right, but Buck balked in Willow Creek; Polly swore plenty; crawled out on the tongue, got off into the warter up to his middle, and jumped on the buzzard-head's neck till he squirmed like a rattler on a hot fryin'-pan. When Polly got off the brute pulled the hull waggon hisself.

"Camped first night at Muskitter Creek at Joe Trolinger's—Joe and his squaw is the sassiety there;—next mornin' got new outfit—Sliver Johnson, of the old Spitzee Cavalry, drivin'. We yarned it to beat four-of-a-kind all day.

"Struck Calgary comin' dark, and, blow me, if they hain't got a considerable town. Why, they've heaps of two-storey buildin's, scarce any log shacks left to make a feller feel to hum. I bunked with Sliver and about fourteen other fellers in a small room in Sawed-off's hash joint, and I'd a mighty sight sooner camped under a *Perlice Gazette* outside on the prairie."

* * * * *

"Geewhittaker! didn't we scoot along on the keers!—beats the overland coach to blazes, and we didn't have to drop trail on the hills, nuther. Why, the best cayuse in Poker's bunch would be choked to death with a mile o' rope in a minit. I was a little skeery first, but some fellers sed I'd get right soon; they sed we wasn't goin' half—guess they took me fur a tenderfoot, and I was, too, respectin' railroads.

"Winnipeg has growed powerful; they've got the streets lit with lectric light—makes night look sick. Some slick-lookin' dude with brass buttons and peaked hat at the stoppin'-house axed me fur my gunny-sack—the leather one the boys gave me. I axed him if he thought I weren't big enough to pack it myself.

* * * * *

"Gettin' nigh hum nobody seemed to know me. As I went down to the old spring fur a drink, saw one of my sisters comin' on the full jump. She pulled up as she got nigh. I sed, 'How, Mary!' She says, 'Ye

don't fool me, you ain't my brother Hank—go 'way!' I sed, 'Different here, I've come from the Rockies to see you, and I ain't goin' back awhile, nuther.' I corraled and kissed her; she broke 'way and stamped fur the ranch, and scared the natives. The hull outfit came and sized me up. 'Is that Hank?' they sed. 'Why, no, he's got whiskers.' I laffed. 'Do ye s'pose I'd be a bald-faced kid as I was when I left more'n thirty years ago?' 'That's Hank all right. Come and make yerself to hum, Hank!' 'You bet,' said I, 'and camp awhile, too, 'specially if grazin's good.'

"They had a general round-up of the hul range. Old grizzlies, kids and kip-a-tacks came. I wuz 'a curio,' they sed, 'from the Rocky Mountains.'

* * * * *

"While chewin' the rag, I might tell ye 'bout a confidence-man who took me fur a tenderfoot. He struck me on the train and camped on my trail. At last I ran across a perliceman—not like our mounted perlice, the Easterners wear blue coats and 'pack' clubs 'stead of six-shooters, like our red-coats. What use 's a club on a varmint of an Injin at two hundred yards?—Well, as I was sayin' when we got nigh the perliceman, I sed, at same time seezin' Mr. Man by the neck: 'Say, pardner, take this blankety-blank confidence chump and put him where the coyotes won't bark at him, or I'll pump his hide so full of holes that ye couldn't pack hay in it.' So I did, so help me Jimminy Johnson. My name is Hank, and I'm done talkin'."

JOHN D. HIGINBOTHAM.

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.

SOL. RECKER'S BEE TREE.

SOL. RECKER was Dutch, and strange to say, he was a lean Dutchman.

My grandfather used to remark that it was safer to trade horses with a corpulent Teuton in the dark than with a lean Dutchman in broad daylight. He came into possession of these sentiments after holding some business intercourse with Sol.

Once, in late autumn, Recker was offered a bargain in some old beehives.

"Dey ish chuck full mit deadt bees," growled the purchaser.

But he took them nevertheless.

Now, Sol had a clump of trees, about a dozen in number, in one of his fields, which he had neglected to clear off on account of their enormous size.

A bright thought struck him. Taking a basket, he carefully collected the deceased bees, and waiting until the first fall of snow had been packed down by a few sunny days, he proceeded to the vicinity of the trees to be cut, and settling himself in a favorable position to leeward, soon had the satisfaction of seeing the snow-clad surface for some rods around nicely sprinkled with dead bees.

Then he waited. As the trees were near the roadside his patience was shortly rewarded by the appearance of a neighbor.

"Hullo, thar," vigorously waving his arms like a shipwrecked mariner on a raft in mid-ocean. "Hello, Chon Finch! You vash shust der veller dot I vosh hopin' to zee. Shust come ofer here a leedle und see all der bees on dot snow. Mein gracious, dere must pe a hive into von auf-dose drees so pig as nefer vas."

"Blamed unlucky they're in these durned big trees, too," said Finch. "I reckon you'd hardly keer to cut 'em."

"Dot is so," replied Recker. "I likes me dose drees. I wouldn't haf dem cut down for efer so mooch, by shiminy, und Katrina she say shust der same already."

"Thar's dead loads of hon-ey thar, sure pop," replied Finch. "Well, I must git on down to the corners."

"Hold on a leedle. I guess I go mit you."

At the Corners little else was talked of but the big bee tree at Recker's, and great was the speculation among the loungers as to the volume of honey stored away. "I allow they's more nor a barrel," said Finch, and his dictum went a long way with the boys.

"Vell, id ish too pad to lose id—but ve don'd could help dot ennerhow," said Recker. "Ich would not dook me a feesty dollar bill for von of dem oldt drees." He gave no sign that he knew of the grimaces that followed him, but had he been told that within ten minutes plans had been perfected for securing the honey, he would have evinced no surprise.

That night Recker showed no disposition to hurry to his couch, but instead, took his shotgun and sauntered off to the bee tree. Ere reaching his destination his practised ear caught the muffled sound of a cross-cut saw, and gliding stealthily along in the shadow of the fence, he soon had the pleasure of seeing one of his trees come down with a crash. A hurried investigation showing no honey, the poachers set to work upon another tree, and as each successive effort revealed a barrenness of results, they continued with renewed vigor, feeling sure that the reward of their labor would not be long deferred. The last tree had scarcely struck the ground when Recker rushed from concealment, and as the crowd broke and fled, he discharged his gun, shouting, "shtop! shtop!" in stentorian tones. So sudden was the onslaught, that within three minutes they were all meekly standing around the wreck of fallen trees, their humble apologies alternating with Recker's threats and maledictions.

The terms of settlement came out next day, when Mrs. Recker was surprised to learn that a number of the neighbors were coming to assist the old man to cut his winter's supply of stovewood.

"Dey vash pooty goot neighbors, I dink," he explained.

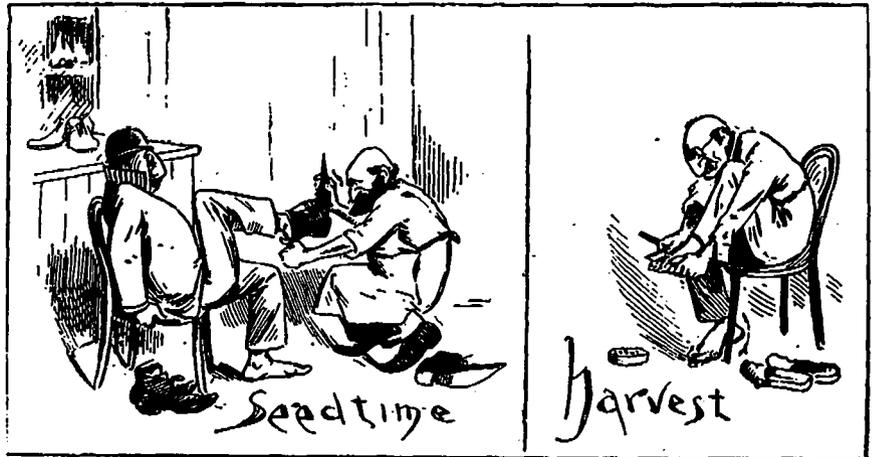
The wood was all cut and safely housed before Sol gave the joke away; but to this day it is dangerous in that locality to ask a denizen if he likes honey.

W. B. CHASE.

MATHEMATICS AND MUSIC.

AT the meeting of the Teachers' Association Mr. W. J. Loudon, of University College, read a very interesting paper on "Musical Scales," showing the intimate connection between Mathematics and Music. There must be such a connection, for we constantly hear of Mrs. Caldwell, Harold Jarvis and other singists "figuring" at concerts.

It is hard to make a lazy man truthful, for he is always happiest when lying.



THE BOOG OF THE PERIOD.

CANADIAN CITIES.

THERE was an old man of Quebec,
Whose city was almost a wreck.
Then they said, "You old noodle,
This all comes of boodle,
You foolish old man of Quebec."

A dweller in old Montreal
Would never use vaccine at all.
But though saving gains wealth,
It by no means gives health,
So he soon bought a coffin and pall.

There was an old man of Toronto,
And they wouldn't do what he did want, oh!
When he said "Make it flat,"
They all answered quite pat,
"That no one could flatter Toronto."

A man who in Ottawa dwelt,
Used language that cannot be spelt,
When he clearly did see
That the famous N.P.
Like the snow in the spring time would melt.

A man who to Halifax came,
Found the people were always the same;
And for business repose,
With blueness of nose,
The city maintained its fair fame.

A man of St. John, near the sea,
Wondered where all the grain crop could be,
While the shortest short line
Through the Maine hills did twine,
As straight as an old apple tree.

A man who in Winnipeg stayed,
Said of cold he was never afraid;
But when mercury froze,
And Jack Frost nipped his nose,
His courage was poorly repaid.

A Charlottetown man shook his head,
It is very annoying, he said,
That a country like ours,
With such borrowing powers,
Should view a small tunnel with dread.

A Vancouver man sadly did say:
"I must go from this Province away,
Now the land-grabbing band
Have mines, forests and land,
I am simply a slave if I stay."

ED. HARPER WADE.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

GOOD COOKING

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Direction on the label Sold by your grocer and druggist.

We understand that R. H. Lear & Co., of the well known gas and electric fixture emporium, are holding a special discount sale to clear a purchase of over \$9,000 bought at a low figure. Get their quotations. They are still at the old stand, 19 and 21 Richmond St. West.

"SINCE I made a practice of using B. B. B. my children have got rid of Pimples, Head-aches, etc." R. McConnell, 28 Henderson ave., Toronto.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address: HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S. E., Eng.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Difficulty of Breathing. Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

"I HAVE used one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and am cured of Liver Complaint completely." Mrs. J. Peck, Jarratt's Corners, Ont.

THE Superiress of the House of Bethlehem, Ottawa, says of Dyer's Improved Food for Infants: "We have made use of Dyer's Improved Food for Infants, and certify that it has been a most beneficial nourishment to the infants under our charge."

TEN years ago all our fine manufactured tobacco came from the United States. But month after month and year after year the superior quality of the "Myrtle Navy" brand has been driving the American article out of the Canadian market. The "Myrtle Navy" is now to be found in every village in the Dominion, and is as familiar to the smokers upon the Atlantic and Pacific coasts as to those of the city in which it is manufactured.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

WHAT a commodity! is the exclamation of everybody who uses our kindling wood. Sent to any address, six crates for a dollar. Pay on delivery. Send post card. Harvie & Co., 20 Sheppard street, or telephone 1570.

FROM disordered Liver a whole train of diseases may result. Regulate the Liver with Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's remedy for Liver troubles.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC.

A FIRM in this city other than ourselves undertakes in a public announcement to supply the Swift Bicycle, manufactured by The Coventry Machinists Company, of Coventry, Eng. We would give notice that we have a signed agreement giving us the sole agency for Canada for this famous make of wheels for three years, dating from January, 1802. We would further state that no first class wheels, such as we deal in only, can be legitimately laid down and re-tailed at \$50, the price quoted by the firm in question. We supply bicycles, as we do all things else in our line, at the lowest possible price consistent with fair dealing. We have proved this, not only to our customers, but at the present time are preparing to prove it in a court of law, certain people who object to our method of selling at but a small margin above cost, having given us a most gratifying opportunity so to do. We are often asked why we can sell articles in the jewelry, artistic and sporting line so much cheaper than other dealers. Our simple answer is that we make contracts directly with the manufacturers, as in the case of the Swift wheel, and thus avert the profit that middle-men or agents must of necessity make. There is no other firm in Canada holding a direct contract with the Swift Manufacturing Company. Hence no other firm can legitimately sell this world-celebrated make of wheels at so low a price as Frank Taggart & Co., 89 King street west, Toronto, Ont.

SKIN diseases depending on bad blood are promptly removed by Burdock Blood Bitters, the best blood purifier extant.

LIVE men wanted on salary who won't lose their heads while making big money. For full particulars address Brown Brothers Company, Toronto.

GOOD ADVICE.

ACTRESS—"I've eloped, had my diamonds stolen, had one hundred thousand dollars left me by a relative, secured a divorce, played in several popular pieces, and yet I am not famous. What can I do to become popular?" FRIEND—"Retire from the stage."—*judge*



The Anchor of Hope

THERE IS HOPE FOR THE DYSPEPTIC IN THE USE OF

Diamond 25c. a Box Vera-Cura

PURIFIES THE BREATH REGULATES THE BOWELS NO PURGATIVE A SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO

CURES

- Dyspepsia
- Bad Breath
- Sour Stomach
- Giddiness
- Heartburn
- Nervousness
- Nausea
- Indigestion
- Food Rising
- Low Spirits

If your Druggist does not keep it, send 25 cts. for a box, or \$1.00 for five boxes free by Post.

ADDRESS CANADIAN DEPOT, 44 & 46 LOMBARD ST. TORONTO, ONT.

LUBY'S

FOR THE HAIR

Restores the color, strength, beauty and softness to Gray Hair and is not a dye.

At all Chemists 50 cts. a Bot.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a Delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the Throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliouness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS

A Drink That Cheers and Strengthens

THERE IS

IN A CUP

— OF —

Real Enjoyment

AS WELL AS

Solid Benefit



Johnston's

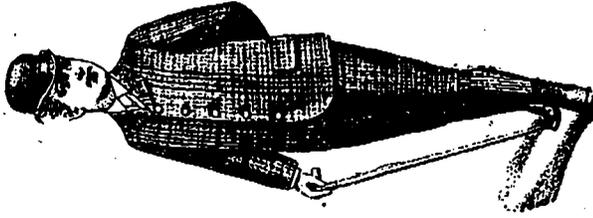
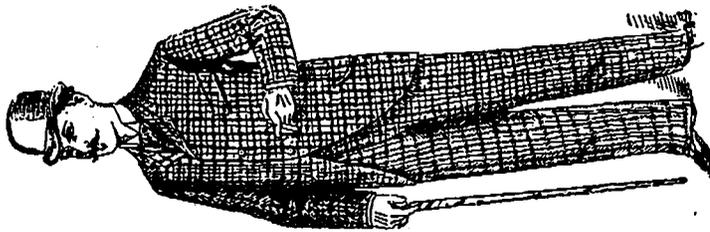
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210 pairs, size 30 to 34 waist, \$1.00, worth \$1.50
150 pairs, size 30 to 42 waist, \$1.75, worth \$2.50

Odd Tweed Coats For Men

100 garments, 34 to 42 breast, \$2.25, worth \$5.00
75 garments, 34 to 42 breast, \$3.00, worth \$6.00
300 Barbers' and Waiters' Jackets at 90c.

Men's Spring Overcoats

200—35 to 42 breast, at \$5.00, worth \$7.00
100—35 to 42 breast, at \$6.00, worth \$8.00
150—35 to 42 breast, at \$7.00, worth \$10.00

Youths' 3-Piece Long Pant Suits

In Tweed, Serge, and Halifax
300 suits, 32 to 35 chest, at \$5.00, worth \$6.50
200 suits, 32 to 35 chest, at \$6.00, worth \$8.00

Youths' 3-Piece Knicker Suits

In Tweed, Serge, and Halifax
200 suits, 24 to 32 chest, at \$4.00, worth \$5.00
100 suits, 24 to 32 chest, at \$5.00, worth \$6.00

Youths' Spring Overcoats

From 5.00 to \$8.00, regular price, \$7.00 to \$10

Men's Christy Hats

Odd sizes clearing at 30c. Odd sizes clearing at 50c. Odd sizes clearing at 75c.

Boys' 2-Piece Suits

Boys' Drawing Room Sailor Suits, with cap to match, at 50c., worth \$2.50.

Boys' Serge Suits at 50c., worth \$2.00.

Boys' Tweed Suits, age 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, at 75c., worth \$1.50.

Boys' Tweed Suits, age 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, at \$1.00, worth \$1.75.

Boys' Tweed Suits, age 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, at \$1.25, worth \$2.00.

Boys' Tweed Suits, age 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, at \$1.50, worth \$2.50.

Boys' Tweed Suits at \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, worth \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50.

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It is certainly not pleasant to be compelled to refer to the indisputable fact that medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. We venture the assertion that although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined. Some of our leading physicians, recognizing this fact, are availing themselves of this most potent of nature's forces.

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THE

Bank of Toronto

DIVIDEND NO. 72

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Five per cent. for the current half-year, being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank, and its branches on and after WEDNESDAY, the FIRST DAY OF JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May, both days included. The Annual General Meeting of Shareholders will be held at the Banking House of the institution on Wednesday, the 15th day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board,
D. COULSON, General Manager.

The Bank of Toronto,
Toronto, April 27, 1892.

Freehold Loan and Savings Co.

DIVIDEND NO. 165.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Four per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the FIRST DAY OF JUNE next, at the Office of the Company, in the city of Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st May, inclusive.

Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at 2 o'clock p.m. on TUESDAY, JUNE 7th, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of Directors, etc.

By order of the Board
S. C. WOOD, Manager.

TORONTO, April 20, 1892.

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