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The Greatest Bird is The Owl.  
The Greatest Man is The Fool.

GLOVER HARRISON,  
CHINA HALL.  
IMPORTER.  
40 KING-ST EAST, TORONTO.

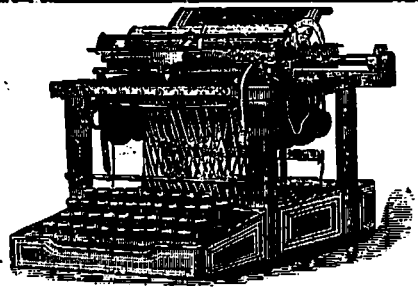
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mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new  
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be  
particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir John A. Macdonald  
has come forward openly to lend what aid he  
can to oust Mr Mowat and his cabinet at the  
coming election, though this action is hardly  
consistent with the claim that it is only Grit  
Dominion Ministers who interfere in local  
affairs, yet the *Mail* does not condemn it. It  
must therefore be right, judicious, and con-  
stitutional. Mr. Mowat may be defeated—  
there is no telling—but one thing is certain,  
that at the present moment not one charge  
worthy of any consideration is brought against  
him. We doubt if a Conservative Ministry  
in Ontario would do better than the present  
has done.

FIRST PAGE.—Every Canadian will feel a pec-  
uliar pleasure in the brilliant success which  
continue to attend Lord Dufferin. When in  
this country he so thoroughly and sincerely  
identified himself with us that we have ever  
since regarded himself as a Canadian, and his  
splendid career since leaving our shores is a  
matter of pardonable pride to us. In Lord

Dufferin John Bull has found a veritable  
"Mascot"—and one who seems peculiarly  
adapted to manage Turkeys.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is reported that the Pro-  
vince of Quebec is about to apply for an in-  
crease of subsidy, the amount now demanded  
being \$1 per head of the population. We  
hope our Finance Minister will emphatically  
refuse to countenance this scheme. It is well  
known that the surest way to make a con-  
firmed mendicant is to save an individual from  
the trouble of thinking and working for him-  
self. Quebec is in a bad plight, but it is her  
own fault, and she deserves to suffer the pun-  
ishment due to the spendthrift.

JONAYE AND EDDI:

A HISTORY.

Behold the writings of this book that they  
are true and faithful, even as the writings of  
the *Globe*. Ponder well the words that thou  
readest for they are sweet as the honey of  
Jonsi the Beetonman.

And it came to pass in the days of the great  
caliph, Blankibus, even in the year of the  
infidels, 1887, that a great noise and commo-  
tion arose in the land of Kanada, and much of  
the wind which is called gas floated about.

For were there not two pashas in the land,  
even Jonaye and Eddi, and did not Jonaye  
rule over the land and hold the shekels there-  
of? And he was glad and ruled well, so that  
the people loved him and called him "the old  
man." But Eddi was vexed in spirit, and  
his lip hung down, yea, even below his chin,  
and he longed for the slippers of Jonaye. But  
the people cared not for him, for he was like  
the wind which bloweth from the north in the  
morning and from the south at the close of the  
day, and peradventure from some other quar-  
ter at noonday.

So Eddi called about him his chief men,  
even Rongartas, and Millsa, and Makenzi,  
and many more, and he lifted up his voice and  
spake unto them saying: "Are we not heart-  
sore with waiting for the slippers of our  
enemies? Is it not many days since our hands  
were on the shekels?"

And they answered and said unto him:  
"Inshallah! It is even so."

"Have we not used all our weapons against  
them without avail?"

And again they lifted up their voices and  
said: "It is even so."

Then Eddi spake unto them words of com-  
fort, and he told them his plans. And behold  
their countenances became bright, and they  
cried out with joy when they heard him, for  
his plans were great. So they communed  
much together, and when the proper time was  
come, even the time of the election, they hung  
out a great banner upon which was inscribed  
these words: "ALLAH KERIM! INDEPEND-  
ENCE FOR EVER! MEN OF KANADA ARISE AND  
MAKE OF YOURSELVES A NATION; YEA, CUT  
YOURSELVES LOOSE FROM BRITANNIA! VOTE  
FOR EDDI AND FREEDOM!" And Eddi and  
his chief men went about, and the land was  
filled with the sound of much talking; yea,  
from morning until night the air resounded  
with their shouting. Then the people looked  
one another in the face and said: "Verily we  
are as the dirt, and have been groping in dark-  
ness. Is not this Jonaye a rogue and his  
chief men with him? Are we to go down to  
our graves without a name? When the  
stranger asks: 'Who lieth here? Of what  
country is he?' verily we remain dumb and  
cannot answer, for we have none." And they  
shouted: "Long live Eddi! and great is in-

dependence!" And the noise of their shout-  
ing was very great.

When Jonaye heard it he smiled a loud  
smile. "Go to," said he, "ye men of Kan-  
ada, and shout, for the sound of Eddi's voice  
is sweet and his story is as the singing of the  
bulbul. Yea, it is even so, but it shall  
become bitter as the wormwood." And  
he called together his followers, even  
Plumba, and Tupperi, and Tillus, and  
Makarti, and all the rest, and he sent them  
forth to the four winds with a banner upon  
which was inscribed: "BISMILLAH! MEN OF  
KANADA YOU ARE ALREADY A NATION! ARE  
YE NOT BRITONS? AND IS NOT BRITANNIA THE  
GREATEST NATION IN THE WORLD? VOTE FOR  
JONAYE AND UNITED EMPIRE!" And behold  
Jonaye came out to the people, and he spake  
unto them saying: "Men of Kanada, listen  
not to the words of Eddi, for though they  
seem sweet as the honey yet are they full of  
gall. If ye hearken unto him, and do even as  
he desireth, what will befall ye? Ye will  
have your shekels taken from ye for the  
soldiers and the ships of war, and the guns of  
great size, and ye will become poor and will  
cry aloud for rags to cover your nakedness,  
and for food for your little ones. Or, perad-  
venture, if ye do not keep these things what  
will happen to ye? The Yank will come, and  
he will gobble up your goods, yea, even as the  
simoon of the desert gobbleth up the caravan."  
This and much more spake he unto them, and  
their eyes were opened, and they cried with a  
loud voice: "Jonaye for ever! Down with  
Eddi and Independence!"

Then went they to the polls and voted early  
and often, and when the ballots were counted  
behold Eddi was as those that are not. And  
he rent his clothes and cried: "Dannah!  
this is bad." But he and his men girded on  
their armor, and swore to have the shekels or  
perish. Then was the land filled with woe  
and lamentation, for Jonaye called his men  
together and they smote Eddi and his fol-  
lowers and entreated them roughly; yea, they  
knocked their heads together, and the sound  
thereof was exceeding hollow, for were they not  
empty? Then Eddi covered himself with  
sackcloth and put ashes on his head, and re-  
tired for a season. And behold when he came  
forth again he was in his right mind and saw  
clearly. Then the people marvelled much,  
and inquired of one another: "How is this?"  
And the wise man lifted up his voice and said:  
"Behold he has been reading the *Mail*."



"ENGAGED!"

OUR HANDSOME MAYOR, (with passion).—  
Dear one, we have been courting a long time;  
both my folks and yours are in favor of our  
union, then why, oh why doesn't somebody  
name the day?

MISS YORKVILLE.—Yes darling! I am long-  
ing to have the matter settled, so that I may  
have a good square drink of city water.



A SUITABLE TESTIMONIAL.

It is announced that the Reform Party of East York purpose making a presentation to Mr. Mackenzie, as a recognition of his sterling character and valuable services. The question as to what form the present should take has not as yet been decided, but GRIP is inclined to believe with the *Bobcaygeon Independent* that Mr. Mackenzie should get something at once plain and of solid worth.

## BARNEY AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

AROUKIR, Aug. 14th, 1882.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Accordin' to your instructions, an' he manes av the funds so liberally contributed for me expinzes, behowld your war correspondent at lasht in Egypt. As soon as the owld country government got wind av me intinded expedition from the colony, as they call our Canada over there, Mither Gladstone sent orders to take possession av all the different telegraphs, so that the government could be instantly informed av me safe arrival at the seat av war, an' make all possible provisions for me comfort an' safety. Accordin'ly, to me great surprise an' delight, the moment I set down me fut on Egyptian sod, Admiral Seymour ordered the whole fleet to fire a salute, an' jist as I was openin' up me bundle to get out a clane paper collar, so I would luk dacent, up marches three brass bands playin' "See the conquerin' hero comes," an' behowld ye, what does they do but presents arms an' the following letter from Sir Garnet himself:

MY DEAR O'HEA,—*Ceud mille failthe* to the land of the pyramids, the scene of bygone victories, the land of the Pharaohs, (by the way that suggests a conundrum, so have at you, old fellow—why is Egypt like Ireland?—give it up. Because it is the land of the fairies—Pharaohs—how's that for a pun?) the land in which once more we unfurl to the orient zephyr the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. Come right on to head quarters. I have herewith sent three kettle drums and an escort, to bring you thither. Impatient to see you,

Ever yours immortally,  
WOLSELY.

Well sur, meself was mighty flattered, to have a guard of honor consistin' av three brass bands an' a gun carriage to ride on, so I gets on, an' lights me pipe an' we marches away, the band playin' "Good-by John, don't stay long," whin there riz up the most terrible huroosh in the streets, the people flyin' in all directions, like frightened cattle, an' clouds av dust risin' up in the air, as a coach an' four came tarin' down the shtrcet like owld Pharaoh hot-foot afther the Israelites.

Bedad, sez I to meself, Barney it's all over wid yez, this must surely be Arabi Bey himself, heard av yer arrival an' cum to demand yer extradition there and thin. I declare to yez, I felt ivery hair on me head get up on its hind legs whin the carriage drew up in front av us an' stud there. But I screwed up me courage, an' sez I to meself aguin, well, considerin' how all the particulars av me horrible assassination will luk whin its printed in the *Globe* an' *Mail*, an' all the poetry that will be written about me, bedad, I'll die game anyhow. So whin the gntleman in the carriage steps out, an' moppin' his forehead says to me, "Hev I the honner av addressin' Mr. O'Hea, the war correspondent of the immortal GRIP?" I straightens meself up, an' sez I (wid a feelin' av grate relief, fur I saw it wasn't Arabi afther all), "Faith thin ye have, for it's meself happens to be that same individooal at prisint." "Wa-al thin," sez he, takin' off his hat an' makin' a low bow, "I have orders to escort you to the American Consulate, in my carriage under the pertection av the American flag. We 'ave' all Americans," sez he wid a smile. "Arrah! be off wid yez," says I, "Is it me ye'd be afther annexin' like that, Mither Long?" Sez I, "Fai' thin it's the tail av the wrong pig yez have a howld av this time, fur the devil fly away wid me if ivir I lave the owld flag. Much obliged to yez. Mither Long, an' give me compliments to the President, an' thank ye kindly all the same, but it's mighty comfortable meself is here intoirly." "Tarnation thunder!" sez he. "Wa-al now, it's tew bad! tew bad! Here's me a-run over more'n a dozen Egyptians, a-tryin' to get here afore them tarnation Britishers, just to show the affection that Uncle Sam has fur Kenady, an' now I spose there'll be the doose to pay. I believe I'll do as Moses did when he killed the Egyptian, I'll go home the other way. Haw! gee up!" sez he. "So Long," sez I, an' away he went, but I've heard since that the black devils tuk it out av him on his way home, an' that he was pretty much knocked about afore he got rid av them. The Gintiral was mighty glad to see meself, an' afther we had a comfortable cup av coffee, he sez to me, sez he, "O'Hea, my boy, if ould England thinks she can tie the legs av this chicken wid red tape, she is much mistaken. Arabi is going to get left. You think I'm going to wait for them blacks to come from India, afore I smash his face for him? Not much, Mary-Anne! Don't you think you see me gettin' the rheumatism, wadin' knee-deep in Nile water afore I get to work at demolishin' his earthworks. No siree! I'm going to have Arabi down on his narrow bones a-prayin' Arabi-aisy-will-ye, afore the slow-coaches in the owld country get settled down in their chairs to take into solemn consideration what's best to be done."

"More power to your elbow" sez I, slappin' him on the shoulder "sure an' aren't you the very man to do that same Garnet me boy? an' its proud meself is av ye this blissed day."

"Now," sez he, "Barney its meself will give yez a lethar av recommendation to the Admiral, an' yez can stay on board an' see the bombardment tomorrow. An' whin yez 'il be a-talkin' about meself, yez can let on that yez know all about it an' that I'm going to attack Arabi from the front tomorrow, that's all in me eye, but I want to get even with that Arabi. If he thinks to bluff me by piling up earthworks, he'd better get behind pyramids at wanst. Whispher! Afore I lave this, I'm goin' to put a helmet on the head av that owld sphinx, an' English gown on her back, and a trident for a sceptre in her hand, and I'm goin' to christen her Britannia-Pasha, and make a christian av her, an' see if that don't waken up the old lady from her long reverie away out there in the desert. Now be off wid yez Barney, good-day and good luck to yez,"

sez he wringing me hand wid grate affection. The land av Egypt sur, is the land av dhrames, and who doesn't know about owld Pharaoh's dhrames, an' whoivir hears av the name av Egypt without dhramin' himself? Sure thin an' where's the wonder if its dhramin' I was meself as soon as me two eyes went together that night. It was owld Mrs. Sphinx I was afther talkin' to, iv ye plaze! The owld lady was sittin' dozin' away there as usual, whin I walks up to her an' sez I "Good-mornin' ma'un," sez I, "mornin'!" sez she, liftin' her calm eyes to the sky in great surprise. "Is it really morning at last?" "Av course it is," sez I, "A fine morning," sez she, "It will be a glorious day by and by, how long the night has been!" sez she again wid a sigh, lookin' round to see if any av the neighbors were up. "Who's that?" sez she, turmin' her eyes on a foime, good-luckin' colleen, who was washing the cobwebs off av her face an' doin' up her back hair. "That's your next neighbor Mrs. Greece," sez I, she slept so long and so shtill that Mr. Byron thought she was laid out, an' waked her wid, "He who hath bent him o'er the dead, h'er the first day of death hath fled," &c. But bedad she's woke up at last, an' its Mither Gladstone 'il be the happy man to congratulate her whin she gets dressed and comes down to breakfast." Wid that, a phantom horse, wid a phantom rider cum gollopin' noiselessly past an' disappeared in the desert. It was the ghost av Arabi! "The black devil!" sez I, "Hush!" sez she, "His mission is accomplished, welcome morning and England!" Next week will send you an account av the bombardment. Your war correspondent,

BARNEY O'HEA.

## STORY OF AN ORANGE.

A FACT.

An orange grew in a tropical grove,  
Near to the cinnamon, lemon and clove,  
Where the Eastern zephyrs the foliage move,  
It thrrove.

An orange at first of an emerald hue,  
Till, warmed by the sun and bathed by the dew,  
To a golden sphere to greet the view,  
It grew.

A stately ship on the Ocean's breast,  
Sailed with a cargo for Canada west,  
The golden orange amongst the rest,  
In a chest.

The shore is reached and from down below,  
The sailors haul that vast cargo,  
And some of it goes to Ontario,  
Ontayreco.

A fat man eating an orange passed  
Along the pavement, walking fast,  
And down on the boards the peel at last,  
He cast.

A peeler prances along the street  
With his martial tread and his great big feet,  
And takes, as the French would say, *loute suite*,  
His seat.

The slippery peel on the slippery pave,  
A sudden hoist to the peeler gave,  
And he fell without an effort to save,  
So grave.

But he sat and he swore till all was blue,  
He cursed the land where the oranges grew,  
And he cursed the people who ate them, too,  
Mon Dieu!

And there on the seat of his trousers blue,  
Is a patch of greenery gallery hue,  
Presenting a truly aesthetic view,  
Too-too.

But what of the orange of golden hue,  
Warmed by the sun and bathed by the dew?  
Ah! well, its mission on earth is through,  
Adieu.  
Swiz.

While gadding about in our sulky the other day we saw a gad annoying our horse, took our gad in hand, and egad! you should have seen that gad fly!



## AND NO WONDER!

General appearance of Mr. Chapleau upon reading in the chief organ of his party an editorial to the effect that "Mr. Mousseau has inaugurated an era of economy in Quebec." "Sacre! zis mus' be ze *Globe!*" exclaims the offended statesman—"it is une libel scandalous to say zat Quebec knows not anything of economy while I an Premier! I shall see Griffeen, and if he takes it not back I shall slap his ears!"

## THE STORY OF A BELL(E).

Within a place not far from here  
A pretty church doth stand;  
It is a calm and sacred spot  
As any in the land.

And yet not long ago did sound  
In its vicinity,  
Some very strange occurrences  
Of strong affinity.

'Twas on a night in budding May—  
The air was soft and mild  
As temp'rance drinks, with which so oft  
Perhaps you've been beguiled,

That on the church door steps did sit  
A man and maiden fair,  
A fair-haired Saxon tall was he,  
While she had jet black hair.

They talked and sat, and sat and talked,  
About we can't say what;  
When out upon the air there rang  
One single pistol shot.

"Who fired that shot?" you quickly ask;  
You need not quiz in vain;  
In confidence I'll tell you here—  
It was the bashful swain.

But *why* he did I cannot say,  
For 'tis unknown to me;  
Of one thing, though, I am quite sure,  
He was not on a spree.

Perhaps he wished to show his love,  
How brave he'd be for her;  
And thinking he was in the ranks  
He pulled the trig-gi-er.

Maybe he wished to try her nerve,  
And fired all suddenly  
To notice whethershe would faint  
And fall in arms of he.

But no such feint was useful here;  
The maiden bore the shock;  
And still she sat right on those steps,  
As firm as any rock.

So still they talked, and sat and talked,  
As lovers will, you know;  
Nor till the moon rose o'er the hill,  
'Thought it was time to go.

Again, as time rolled on that night,  
The pistol's voice was heard;  
And far and near among the hills  
Old Echo's voice was stirred.

Now, in the village at the time,  
A man was lying sick;  
Quite old was he and full of days,  
His breath came hard and thick.

And while he wrestled there with Death,  
That enemy so fell,  
There floated out upon the air  
One knell of the church bell.

Alas? for some good folks' "ideas  
Of ghostly warnings sent;  
They thought the sick man's hour had come,  
And Heaven an angel sent

To "sound the tocsin's loud alarm,"  
And crossed themselves in fear,  
Already thinking that poor man  
As good as on his bier.

Oh, if they did but know the truth  
Of this, and blessed Knock,  
I think in miracles like *these*  
They would not "take much stock."

The pistol shot—that's number one—  
Dill reach a member's ear,  
And he to church did quickly hie  
Because he thought it queer.

So as he reached the churchyard fence  
He saw these lovers true,  
And in a trice was in the church  
By climbing window thro'.

He hurried to the belfry tower,  
And as he mounted stair  
He smiled within, as then he thought  
Of yon unlucky pair.

He paused, and as the second shot  
On startled night went "bang!"  
He grasped the rope that sway'd the bell  
And gave one mighty clang.

Ah! what unearthly sounds are those,  
Those dire and dreadful groans,  
As if a grave had just heeled forth  
A horrid mass of bones?

The lovers sitting by the porch  
Had benefit of these,  
And scarce could move, for in *their* bones  
The marrow 'gan to freeze.

Then with a shriek the maiden fled.  
The swain, "oh! where was he?"  
Go ask the member in the porch,  
All boiling o'er with glee.

Adown the road the lovers ran  
As fast as they could fly;  
That they were "badly shaken up"  
You could see by their eye.

But "mum's the word" within that place,  
And few there are who know  
The lovers sat upon those steps  
Or how fast they did go.

Oh! bashful men and maidens sweet  
Be careful where you court,  
Or you may give to other folks  
The richest sort of sport.

And people who are "superstish,"  
Don't grow pale with alarm  
When church bells sound at oddish times,  
They do not portend harm.

A. P. W.

JULY 31, 1882.

## BILLY THE KIDNAPPED.

A NOVELLETTE FOR BOYS—AND PARENTS.

William Kid, known to his boy-friends as Billy the Kid, was brought up in purple and fine linen, or at least in the enjoyment of every luxury of raiment and surroundings, of which these are the symbol. He read all sorts of dime novels, and revelled in the history of Jesse, not the Jessie who raised David in Judaea, but he who raised Cain in the Western States; and he delighted in the *Illustrated New York Boys Weekly Horror*, with pictures of boy brigands and juvenile Jesse Jameses, and boys leaping with beautiful young ladies in their arms out of burning steamers, into boats belonging to the smart crews of pirates, of whom the boys were the bold captains. And Billy was his dear mamma's pet, who denied him nothing, and his pa gave him everything he cried for, and he cried very frequently, and he had a glass of port wine every day after dinner, and plenty of pocket money in order that he might never have an ungratified wish. And Bill never saw a

minister, for his mamma and his pa were too great people to visit any one under the rank of a bishop. And when this grand gentleman came to dinner, he would drink a glass of port wine with Bill, and say "how do, little man!" And this was the only religious instruction Bill ever had, as yet, from any minister. And Bill learned to smoke cigarettes, though they made him sick, and began to like a "pony" of spirits with one of the big boys, who was quite an old hand. In short, Bill was in a fair way to be ruined. He read no good or wise book, he fed his mind with the vile trash which set every bad example before him, he was beginning to haunt bar-rooms; there was no one to teach, guide, or correct him.

Just then he met one day a forbidding-looking man, who observed him reading a story called "The Boy Robber-King;" the man informed Bill that he was the Chief of a gang of burglars, and asked if Bill would like to join their band. And Bill was delighted, and was easily persuaded to share his money with the Chief, who was in reality only a New York sneak-thief who had lately served a term in Toronto Central Prison. And Bill got drugged as well as robbed, and the sneak-thief carried him to his den in a New York slum, and made him his servant. Every day the thief would get drunk and beat Bill, so that he learned to hate drink and drinking men, and would never touch wine or spirits for the rest of his life. At last the thief was taken to prison again, and Bill ran away, glad to be free. A good city missionary took pity on him and got him work, and taught him his duty. He was introduced by the missionary to a printer, who was also an editor, and after ten happy years, got an offer of work in Toronto. One Sunday he was walking in the Queen's Park, when a splendid carriage passed him. In it was a lady whose face he could not see—she was bending over a newly-purchased copy of *Gripsack*. The young girl was the loveliest Bill had ever seen. She had hazel eyes full of fun and tenderness, beautiful light-brown hair worn low down in waves on her brow; her face was like a flower. She wore a charming dress of grey-green with an underonic of yellow and a suggestion of gold, from the folds of which peeped little bronze hued boots with a faint suggestion of sky-colored stockings. Bill fell in love with her at first sight, and for the first time for many years regretted that he was only a poor typo. His life at home had been so unwholesome that he had never felt the wish to renew it, and the letters the missionary had written to his parents had never been replied to, as, soon after the misfortune of losing their son they had gone to Winnipeg; the missionary's letter may have been, no doubt, forwarded thither by our careful and trustworthy Toronto postal service, but at Winnipeg it is a standing rule to throw all letters addressed to strangers into the waste-paper basket. The young lady was also reading *Gripsack*, which so much amused her that she laughed so loudly as to frighten the horses, who ran away, and some terrible accident would have occurred but for Bill. To rush up and stop the infuriated animals was, of course, the work of a moment. The lady was Bill's mamma, as she immediately discovered by a strawberry-mark on his left arm. She had thought him as much lost as Charlie Ross, and she and her husband had become much more serious, sensible people since their trouble. The young lady fell in love with Bill for his gallant conduct, they were married at the Metropolitan Methodist Church by the city missionary, and Bill never forgot the lesson he had learned by having the good fortune to become "Billy the Kidnapped."

C. P. M.



### THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

THE MAGISTRATE.—WHAT'S THE CHARGE AGAINST THIS MAN? WHO'S PROSECUTING?  
LAWYER MEREDITH.—I'M HERE TO PROSECUTE, YOUR HONOR, BUT HANG ME IF I  
KNOW WHAT CHARGE THERE IS AGAINST HIM.

THE MAGISTRATE.—IN THAT CASE, I WILL ASSIST YOU TO TRUMP SOMETHING UP.  
WE *MUST* ADMINSTRATE JUSTICE, YOU KNOW!

## The Joker Club.

**"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."**

A Wedding Ring—Match-making mamas.

BOARDING HOUSE-LOGIC.—Whom the gods love die young. The gods do not love spring chickens.—*Puck*.

One hundred women are on trial in Hungary for poisoning their husbands. They probably gave them fried beefsteak.

Can a woman keep a secret? Yes, until she meets a neighbor. That's better than some men can do.—*Cambridge Tribune*.

"Ants, Bees, and Wasps," is the title of a new book, and we observe that our literary editor didn't sit upon it.—*Independent*.

"How to travel," is the title of a little book just out. How to get the money to travel with is the most serious question of the fitting season.—*Picayune*.

When a boy gets a big hole torn in his pants, he may weep over it, but the average mother is not the sort of person to kiss away the tear.—*Richmond Baton*.

A race between a carrier pigeon and a man kicked by a mule would be very close if the pigeon had half a mile the start.—*Texas Siftings*.

London is complaining of homeless cats, left to wander about the streets, while their owners are out of the city. Shades of Dick Whittington, can such things be?—*Boston Post*.

A Chicago man, who was sleeping with a brace of revolvers under his pillow, was robbed the other night. He has thrown the weapons down a well and married a woman who snores.—*New York Commercial*.

It is about time that that white pocket-handkerchief, used by Arabi Bey to swab up his tears after the bombardment of Alexandria, was dry; it has been hoisted long enough on the forts of Aboukir.—*Puck*.

Everybody is at the seashore or mountains, and hundreds of houses in the city are deserted by their owners, while the only moving creatures left behind are the rats and the ever-registering gas-meter.—*Newark Call*.

The reporter of a Boston paper went to see the panorama of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." The man at the door refused to admit him without paying, and the reporter said: "Send Mr. Bunyan out here, he will let me in."—*Syracuse Times*.

Carrie (to Gipsy): "But you said you would show us our husbands faces in the water for a shilling, and we only see our own." Gipsy: "And wont they be your husbands faces when you get married?"—*Chicago Indicator*.

LOVE IS NOT FASHIONABLE.—Julia Ward Howe says that falling in love has entirely gone out of fashion. A woman generally makes this discovery when she reaches the age of Mrs. Howe. And there is nothing very marvellous about it either.

A new vegetable love song begins with these passionate words:

The cucumber sat on the back-yard fence,  
And sang to its blue-eyed mate.

Which is probably a companion to the one beginning:

The carrot swayed around serene  
And fondly kissed the Lima bean,  
Who murmured to the apricot:  
"Oh, Marguerite, forget me not!"

Calino's wife goes out to work. The other day, as she reproached him for getting up so late, he replied, "Ah, madam, I sleep very slowly, and I need in consequence much more time for repose than you."

"Mamma, what makes angels?" asked a little boy who had been reading of the heavenly inhabitants. The mother glanced out into the orchard, and with a warning look, solemnly replied: "Unripe fruit, my dear."—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A little kiss,  
A little bliss,  
A little ring—'tis ended.  
A little jaw,  
A little law—  
And lo! the bonds are rended.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edward, of Wales, (England,) recently gave a garden party at Marlborough House at which there were three thousand people present. Just 2,998 more than were at the first garden party on record—that at Eden. The extraordinary progress of the age takes our breath away.—*Puck*.

It was a warm Sunday night and some of the congregation in the little church were slumbering languidly, except one man who snored in a manner not at all languid. The preacher observing this, left his notes and said to one of the deacons in the front row: "Will you please ask that brother to stop snoring, or he will keep the other brethren awake." The rest of the sermon was listened to.—*Chicago Check*.

Mr. Barnum was at Block Island recently with a party of English people and other friends, and, as usual, P. T. had made many friends with the children. "Do you know who I am?" said he to a lad in knee-breeches. "No, sir," said the little fellow. "Well, I'll tell you. I am P. T. Barnum, the great showman." "Oh," shouted the juvenile, "then you are Jimbo's papa!"

Twelve persons will go out yachting, and each one will afterwards tell you privately that "every one was sick but me." We begin to think that yachting is immoral.

"Who was the wise man mentioned in the Scriptures?" asked Miss Goodenough of one of her Sunday-school class on a recent Sabbath:

"Paul!" exclaimed the little fellow, confidently.

"Oh, no, Johnnie; Paul was a very good man, but Solomon is mentioned as the wisest man."

"Well, my father says Paul was the wisest man, because he never married, and I guess father ought to know!" replied the boy rather emphatically.

And Miss Goodenough, who has reached the sunless side of forty, did not contradict him.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

### DEAR ME!

Latif Effendi, returning from Arabi's lines, says that Arabi asked Mr. Midshipman De-Chain—

"Would you rather remain with me or return to Alexandria?"

To which our Canadian representative (for the gentle youth comes from On-tay-ri-o), replied,

"I wish to return"

Arabi—"Why?"

De Chain—"My duty is with the guns at Alexandria."

The *Herald* man who is responsible for this important bit of news, says that Arabi then (addressing his officers) said:—"This boy is an example to you all, do not allow a hair of his head to be harmed. I only wish he was born an Egyptian instead of an Englishman" Now

the young intercepted reefer is no doubt a clever young fellow, but his anxiety to get back to his guns is nothing very strange, for notwithstanding the highly complimentary language of the Bey when the Effendi left his quarters, he may change his mind, and our young friend may come to grief.

### ARABI BEY.

I am flying, Egypt, flying, and it's likely I shall fly  
Till I can't fly any further for I do not care to die.  
I am so stifled by the desert sand, my lungs can hardly  
wheeze.  
And I in feeling mighty shaky in my stomach and my  
knees;  
Not a bit of camel's sirlon, not a drop of camel's whey—  
Not an orange nor banana has passed my lips to-day,  
For I'm flying, Egypt, flying, and my present purpose  
is  
To keep on flying till I know I'm safely out of this!

From Katapoul to Bag-el-Dad I've wound my weary  
way—  
From Alexandria's marble halls to Bing Whang's cot of  
clay—  
From Snicker Ell's sandy plains to Cairo's tufted walls—  
From Thump-el-Hitten's lowly site to Sneezza's royal  
halls—  
And still the bloody Britisher comes prancing up behind,  
With a threat to tear my inwards out and strew them to  
the wind!  
Do you wonder, Egypt—wonder, with my army 'round  
me dying,  
That I'm flying, Egypt, flying, and I propose to keep on  
flying?  
—*Engene Field, in Denver Tribune*.

### A WELL "CURED" EDITOR.

At No. 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont., are the editorial rooms of the *Sunday School Manual*, edited by Mr. Withrow, of 240 Jarvis-street, in the same city. Conversing recently with several gentlemen,—one of them the representative of the largest advertisers in the world,—Mr. Withrow remarked: "As to advertising, I consider St. Jacobs Oil the best advertised article by far. It is a splendid remedy too. Besides the many cases of rheumatism it has cured right amongst us, it has rendered me most efficient service in curing a severe soreness of the chest and an obstinate headache. It does its work satisfactorily."

Some people are celebrated for their great memories. This is especially true of one's creditors.

...Dumb Belle Exercises—Those indulged in by the female inmates at the Belleville Asylum for mutes.

## RUPTURE CURED.



BY four months' use of Charles Clutho's Great Spiral Truss. Patented in U. S. and Canada. POINTS OF EXCELLENCE: 1st, Weighs only one ounce. 2d, Perfect ventilation, air circulates freely under it. 3d, Constant pressure. In speaking the tongue acts as a valve in the mouth, which causes a corresponding pressure immediately on the hernia. The pad is so perfect that it instantly imitates the motion of the tongue when speaking. 4th, It will give to the slightest motion of the body. It is made of best brass, therefore rusting is impossible. The pad when pressed (as above shown) has a clamping pressure, the same as by placing the hand upon the leg, extending the thumb and drawing together. This truss is the result of a life's study and 18 years' material experience. Twenty-four thousand adjusted in the last seven years by the inventor. Recommended by leading physicians. I defy the rupture I cannot hold with ease. Spinal instruments, most improved. A new apparatus for straightening Curved Feet, without cutting or pain. Send 6 ct. stamp for book on Rupture and the Human Frame (registered, by Chas. Clutho), valuable information. Address: CHAS. CLUTHO, Surgical Machinist, 113 King Street West, TORONTO, Ont., and corner Main and Huron Streets, BUFFALO, N. Y.



"AULD HAWKIE."

(Copied for the special delectation of our Scottish readers from the original photograph in the possession of James L. Morrison, Toronto.)

William Cameron, *alias* "Auld Hawkie," was a celebrated street orator in the city of Glasgow. His queer dreams and witticisms have become household words in every town and village in Scotland. He figures largely in the "Laird of Logan" and in all the other familiar illustrations of Scottish life and character. Hawkie was a great favorite with the citizens in general, but more particularly with the wags of the city, who were very liberal with their donations, and often tested his power at retort. "Hae, Hawkie, there's a penny tae ye," said a gentleman to him one day, "an' go an' get your beard shaved, for ye hae a grouse-look this morning." "Thank you kindly," said Hawkie, "but dinna ye ken that it disna do for beggars tae be owre bare-faced."

## ODE TO MY OLD HAT.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

O! faithful headgear!—although not quite my size—  
Oh! battered tile! how my regretful eyes  
Run bitter tears, in torrents gushing out  
Like water running down a waterspout  
Whene'er I see thy form, no longer smart,  
And think of what thou wert and what thou art!  
Ah, now, the cobwebs swept from my poor brain,  
I live the days of two years back, again;  
I feel me taken back by Old Time's hand,  
And live again the day I bought thee, and  
With much precision placed thee on my head,  
And walked along the way, and truly read  
Upon the faces of the throngs, the great  
Respect for those who crowned my humble pate.  
And ah, my superannuated hat!  
I must confess in honest sorrow, that  
For thy poor sake, I fell into temptation,  
And did a wrong by base prevarication:  
For when my bosom friends insinuated  
Their deep desire to know the estimated  
Or real cost of thee, I gave a laugh,  
And said, "It cost four dollars and a half,"  
Although my conscience told me 'twas a lie  
Because it knew the price I named too high  
By dollars three, but then I hope to be  
Absolved for telling such a lie of thee.  
Ah, ill-used hat! if thou could'st only speak,  
Thou'd tell a tale would make me rather weak;  
For thou, besides being conscious of the good  
That I diffused and e'er did—when I could,  
Wert also witness to the very few  
Small faults and failings that I'm subject to,  
Thou'd tell of nights when kept on rather late,  
I reached my room in a tremendous state  
Of joy, and cast thee underneath the bed  
As though I loathed thy presence on my head.  
Although I love thee as a well-tried friend,  
And, if I could, thy fractures all would mend,  
And though I would delight if thou wert flesh,  
Could know the difference 'twixt salt meat and fresh,  
Could walk about, and think and understand,  
Still would I wish thee dumb, because my hand  
Might then be known to the entire world,  
My inmost secrets—all might be unfurled.

And thou hast been insulted—hooted at  
By heartless urchins crying "shoot the hat";  
But did I as these urchins said? ah, no,  
A careful look at thy bruised form will show  
That I did not inflict thy feeling soul  
With pain inserted through a bullet hole.  
And now, oh, mute companion of my walks!  
Thy form must lie within the rubbish box  
Until some Jew shall hang thee at the door  
Of his "Exchange" or "Cast-off garment store";  
Such is thy fate, and yet 'tis not so sad  
As that of the most gullible, poor cad  
Who may yet buy thee for a sum just twice  
What was, two years ago, thy real price.  
E'en if thou wert in thy primeval beauty,  
I could nor wear thee, although it is man's duty  
To wear o' t' one hat ere he buys another;  
Thy well-known shape I'd surely have to smother,  
Because—ah, knew you not?—the ruling style  
Is a flat-bottomed, wide-brimmed tile.  
And thou must have an end!—Well, as we all  
Must come to that—as even nations fall  
And are annihilated, it is right  
That I should view thy ending in a light  
That's logical. Old Time's deep-seating rust  
Has caused full many a pile to fall to dust,  
Demosthenes and Cicero, the men  
Who'd talk a dead man into life again,  
And Julius Caesar, Adam and King John  
Out of this sorry mundane sphere have gone;  
To speak more plain, I mean they had an end,  
And thou must have that, too, my banged-up friend!  
'Tis well. I am content. Perhaps, I may  
Get just as good a hat some future day.

A lamp lighter.—When you remove the chimney.

From the fact of our Funny Contributor acquiring in a store in Lindsay for a wife, it is presumed he sets store on such an article.

Our Funny Contributor returns thanks to many newspapers for copying his joke on "pink eye," but will feel under greater obligations to them if they will give his advertisement for a wife as great a publicity as possible.



The present attraction at the Royal is Miss Julia A Hunt, a distinguished society star in Rosenfeldt's play, "Florinel." The entertainment is charming and will well repay a visit. Miss Hunt will be followed on Sept. 4th by Miss Ada Gray, who will appear in her great dramatization of East Lynne. Miss Gray's talents are too well known in Toronto to require comment. She is considered the best *Isabel* and *Madame Vine* on the stage.

## "DE SECRET PLACE OB DE THUNDER."

(A comprehensive synopsis of the lecture lately delivered by the Rev. Astronomical Johnston, by our special colored reporter—JAY KAVELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.)

Yo' correspondent, sah, was berry much impressed wid de dignity and *ebon* point ob de revern' gent'man as he rose to address de vast audience ob over seventeen an' mo'. Yo' correspondent, sah, an' furder ob de opinion dat de solibated and lately deceased poet, Milton, must hab seen de revern' lecturer in pophetic vision when he wrote de following lines:—

— "Black it stood as night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful dart."

Dat ar "dart" I take to be de fo'-finger ob de revern' gent, kase he uses dat to p'int out de "secret place ob de thunder," also to show how de sun he do move, and finally de British Lion, how he do roar—at Alexandria de oder day. On rising, de rev. gent'man remarked dat he'd have liked to see some passon occupy-

ing de chair; however, as it was allays de chair, and not de passon in it, dat was addressed, he would continue de time-honored custom ob addressin' de chair. To de chair, derefore, as representing dis audience, he would address de following remarks on de subject ob de eboning, "De secret place ob de thunder." He guessed, from de fact ob so many floential citizens being present, dat de public were mighty anxious to find out what were dat secret place, and as he was an unchallenged authority on all cloudy subjects, he had come all de way from Hamilton to show dem just whar to put dar finger on de right spot every time. An oroneous belief purvails dat it am de lightning dat am dangerous. It aint. It am de thunder. Fur instance, two niggalls am flying lickety-slip one down, de oder up, street. Course dey collide, and de two heads run smack-a-bunt together wid a werry loud report, and dere am consid'ble damage done under de wood. Dore eyes flash as dey spring apart. Now which did de damage, de bunt wid de loud report, or de squirt out de eye at each other?—de bunt, ob course, at de time ob de collusion, was de secret place ob de thunder dar, and de lightning from de eyes was only a consequential succumbance. It is de thunder, den, dat am dangerous. De small boy am de secret place ob a great deal ob unexplained thunder in dis yer world; dere am thunder, mo' or less, in de heels ob a small boy, 'cording to de actual amount ob electricity he hab bottled up in his skin, and de aggregate damage he can accomplish in de course of de knicker-bocker stage ob his brobation, am something mo' astonishin'. (Hear, hear.) Dere am various locations fur de secret place ob de thunder. Observe de calm and tranquil air, de rapture ob repose dat's dar in dat big maltese sleeping in de noontide sun. Mark wid what artless innocence he tucks dat ar long tail in round his feet, sech a lovely soft purr, butter couldn't melt in his mouth, no how. All de same, dat ar slumbering animile am de secret place ob de thunder, dat will cause de organization ob a first-class row on de shingles ob de roof to-night, an' break in upon yo' dreams like de groans ob de dead an' dying on de battle fields ob an antiddiluvian age. (Great applause.) When you am gettin' up an article on de "Filosophy ob sound," and dere am two boys oberhead in de garret, grindin' down stovepipes on yo' grandfather's ole grindstone, de secret place ob dat thunder am de garret, and dere will be mo' thunder when you get up dar, in de peculiar state ob mind you am in at dat moment. (Hear, hear.) When you owe de *Times* fur a fortnight's superscription, Kit, de collector, he cum along but you aint in, kase de do's locked on de inside. Den, though there aint a cloud in de sky, de neighbors hear no end ob thunder, and day tell you dat de mos' wonderful thing has happened, peals ob thunder in a clear sky. But when you see yo' newly-painted street do' all dinted wid de kicks ob a gigantic hoof, den you find dat de secret place ob dat thunder am de toe ob dat ar collector's boot. Den dere am de Boanerges or clerical thunder. Yo' own steady-going pastor am off fur de holidays, and you am afraid dat he hab hurt his influence by bringing such a clever yung preacher in his place. Sech sparklin' sermons, sech sinaitic thunder-ins' and lightning's, rebervoratin' through de roof ob de church, you want to bust out into clappin' yo' hands an' shoutin' *encore*, only you am in de church an' hab got to behave yo'self. Befo' de year am out, however, you get an ole copy ob Spurgeon's or Talmage's sermons, and find out dat yo' talented fellow was a sneak thief, dat 'propriated de work ob another man's brain, and passed it off as his own, and dat de secret place ob his thunder lay in dis ole volume ob sermons. Den dere am olfactory thunder. It am a warn night, an' all through yo' sleep you hear de mutterin's ob distant thunder, dat pulls up ebery now and



**QUEBEC AGAIN ON THE BEG.**

TILLY.—RAISE YOUR SUBSIDY TO A DOLLAR PER HEAD OF THE POPULATION? WHY, MAN, THERE ARE SOME HEADS IN YOUR PROVINCE—IN HIGH PLACES, TOO,—THAT ARE NOT WORTH A DOLLAR!

again wid a sound like de pullin' ob a hoss's hoof out ob de mud, and you hab serious intentions ob gettin' up to shet up de windows fear de lightning cum in. Don't you go fur to do it. De secret place ob dat thunder am de air rushin' into de vacuum ob yo' next neighbor's olfactory organ, an' it am perfectly harmless. Finally, my brethren, dere am de thunder matrimonial. When you am awakened out ob yo' beauty sleep by somebody a-pawin' and clawin' all over de front do' wid a latch key, and you get 'up and find it am Miatah Brown, ob de next house, in a high state of hiecup, don't be alarmed if, when he gets inside his own do', you hear thunder ob de dullest kind a-shakin' de house to its foundation, it am only Missis Brown a-poundin' his head agin de partition to cure hier lawd and mastah ob de hiecup. I shall not attempt to go ober de thousand and one kinds ob thunder dat I could p'int out de secret places, but I purpose to handle de clouds in my next lecture, when I hope to have an audience as appreciative as am here to listen to me to-night.



**THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK!**

JOHN BULL.—What do you mean by this conduct, you scoundrel. Why haven't you proclaimed Arabi a rebel, as you agreed?  
SULTAN.—I'm waiting for the Nile to rise!

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