

LOOK AT
YOUR
LABEL
AND SEE
IF YOU
OWE FOR
GRIP
AND IF
YOU DO
PAY
WITHOUT
DELAY



CONDUCTED BY
J. W. Bismough.

EVERYBODY
SHOULD SEE
GRIP'S
CARTOONS
DURING THE
COMING
ELECTION
CAMPAIGN
SEND \$2
AND GET
GRIP
FOR A YEAR

PHOENIX PUBLISHING CO.
OFFICE: 81 ADELAIDE STREET WEST

"Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—SHAKESPEARE.

\$2 PER YEAR. 5c. PER COPY.
SOLD BY NEWSDEALERS.

"The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

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

Johnston's

Fluid

Beef

CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to
avert it, it is *often cured* and
always relieved, by

**Scott's
Emulsion**

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil.
Cures Coughs, Colds and
Weak Lungs. *Physicians*, the
world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists.
50c. and \$1.



The flowers that bloom in the Spring,
tra la,
Will come and the snow won't be missed
To sell property, the right thing, tra la
Is to put it on Williams' new list.
24 King St. East.

Send \$2.00 and Get

GRIP

For One Year.

Hart & Riddell

WHOLESALE AND
COMMERCIAL
STATIONERS

27 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

RETAIL DEPARTMENT:

12 King Street West.

THERE'S
NO
MATCH
FOR 'EM!

EDDY'S

TELEGRAPH

MATCHES.

SEE THAT
YOU
GET THEM.



**STAMMERING . . .
Permanently Cured**

System, Educational. Fee, payable
when cure effected. Send for
Circulars. Cure Guaranteed.

LINTON'S INSTITUTE
ROOM 64, YONGE ST. ARCADE, TORONTO
G. W. LINTON, PRINCIPAL.

**Canada
Paper
Company**

PAPER MAKERS AND WHOLESALE
STATIONERS.

MILLS :
Windsor Mills
Springvale Mills
Riviere du Loup Mills

OFFICE AND WAREROOMS
578 to 582 Craig St. Montreal.
15 Front St. West, Toronto.



Elias Rogers & Co.

A. B. Mitchell's Rubberine and Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs

are the finest goods made as a substitute for Linen. Once used you will always use them. Give them a trial and be convinced. None like them.

MAX. JOHNSON & CO.

The . .
Printers

78 WELLINGTON ST. WEST

. . TORONTO . .

TELEPHONE 2672

The Best Equipped Job Printing House
in Canada.

THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

J. E. WELLS, M.A., Editor and Prop'r

It Pays Advertisers

BECAUSE it possesses the cardinal features that make it profitable to Advertisers: Brightness, Reliability, Honesty, Purity of Tone, Circulation, and the Confidence of its Readers. These are the characteristics that give a paper that **QUALITY** that shrewd Advertisers seek.

Write for rates to

THE POOLE PRINTING Co.,
(Limited.)

8 and 10 Lombard St., Toronto.

GRIP

Still Wants a few

Good Boys to

Sell Papers

Wherever he is

Not Represented

SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES

Terms on Application.



THE MAN - -

Who has no time to lose in the morning sifting clinkers experiences a great deal of downright pleasure by using coal supplied by

THE PEOPLE'S COAL CO. . .

◆◆◆◆◆
HARD COAL \$5.50
◆◆◆◆◆

Delivered in bags at \$5.50 a ton

PEOPLE'S COAL CO.

TEL. 2246.

Head Office: Cor. Queen and Spadina.

What is Biz ?

It is the only paper in Canada devoted to such an important subject as advertising.

It is a little paper, but everything in it counts.

It tells you what sort of advertising pays best.

It publishes samples of clever advertising work.

It gives you clear and practical information about writing advertisements.

It contains articles on advertising by wide-awake people - articles that embody a host of useful ideas for everyday work.

Every advertiser in Canada should read it. Published monthly. \$1.00 a year. Specimen copy on application.

S. C. TRETHERWEY, PUBLISHER
57 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

North American

Life Assurance Company.

Head Office, - Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT

J. L. BLAIRKIE, Esq., President Canada Landed & National Invest. Co.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

HON. G. W. ALLAN and
J. K. KERR, Esq., Q.C.

The Compound Investment and Investment Annuity Policies of the North American Life Assurance Company contain specially advantageous features for intending insurers.

Write or make personal application for full particulars,

WM. McCABE, Managing Director



The Wilkinson Truss,

The only Perfect-Fitting Truss in the World.

Leading Physicians say it is the Best. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded.

B. LINDMAN,
CORNER YONGE & KING, ROOM 15.

THE NEW WEBSTER JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now **Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged**, and bears the name of **Webster's International Dictionary.**

Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over **10 Years.**

Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it.

Over **\$300,000** expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed.

Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. **GET THE BEST.**

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

LEADING ENGLISH PERFUMES

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

Perfume Toilette

Crown Lavender Salts
MADE ONLY BY THE
CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
177, New Bond Street, LONDON.



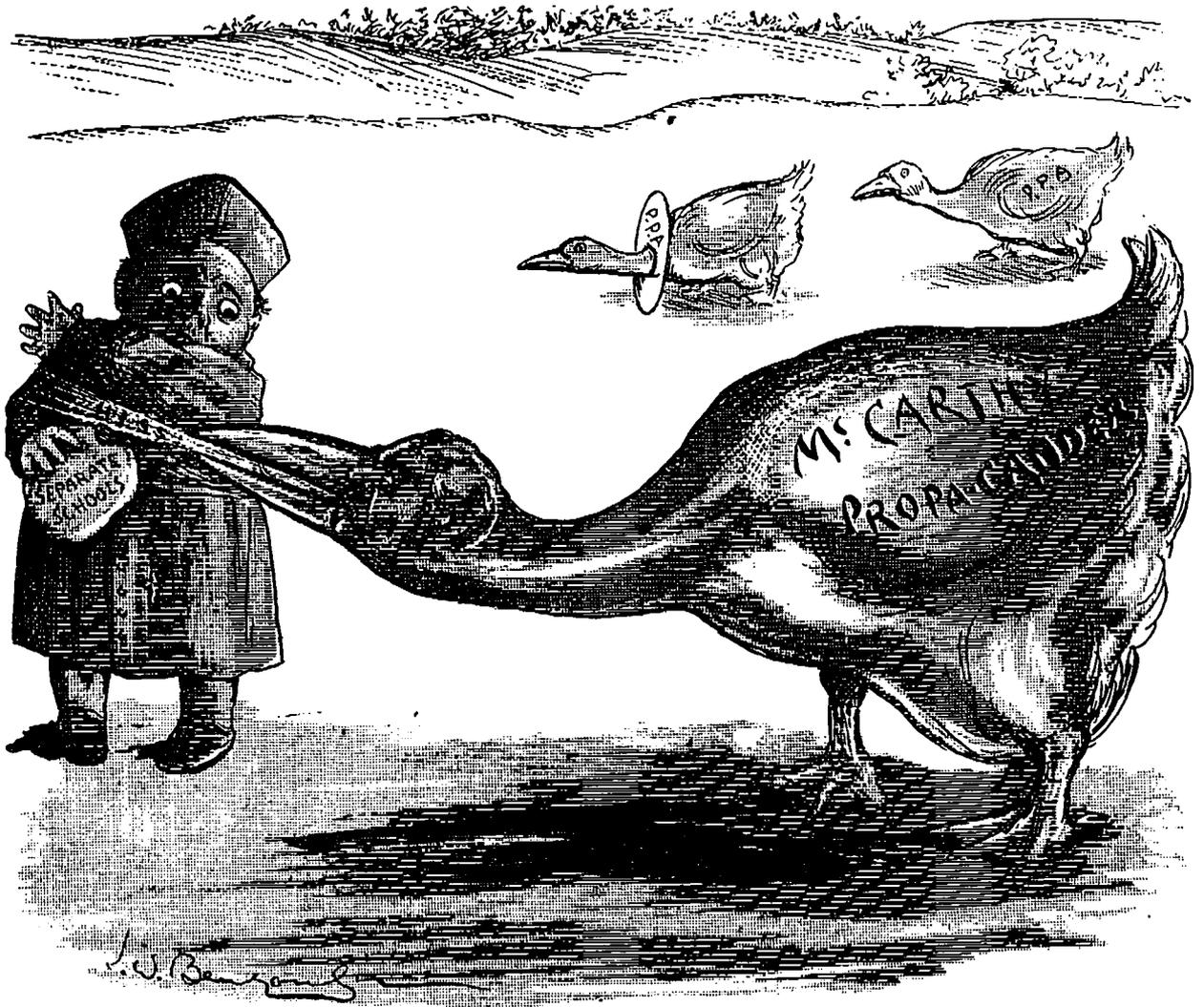
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1058

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

No. 10.



A TERRIFYING BIRD!



THE PATRONS PATRONIZED.

PATRON.—“How is it I can't come to town to hold a convention without having my life pestered out of me by all sorts of critters?”

BUSINESS DIFFICULTIES.

(BY OUR OWN FINANCIAL REPORTER.)

THE principal event of the week in business circles was the suspension of Mr. Wm. Gladstone, the well known dealer in Politics. The occurrence was not unexpected, as it has been generally known for some time that the firm was in difficulties. The immediate cause of the suspension is believed to have been the unfriendly pressure of certain parties whose motives can not be very well understood if they are really any better than mere personal hatred and malice. But the secondary cause was undoubtedly the fact that the firm had invested heavily in Home Rule securities, which were rendered unsaleable by the Lords, who beared the market unmercifully. Mr. Gladstone was a merchant of remarkable enthusiasm, and recent events on Political 'Change had led him to place unlimited confidence in Irish investments. He believed that he could successfully pull off the Home Rule Bill, and thereby at one stroke make a gigantic fortune of fame and glory. The Lords, however, blocked his game, and his gallant effort at the last moment to checkmate them by running House of Lords stock away below par was a failure. The Grand Old Man was defeated, and he has confessed the fact and given up the fight. The Irish creditors are of course in a state of mind over the whole affair, and nobody can yet see clearly how the matter will finally shape. In the meantime an extension has been granted to the failed firm, and Rosebery and Harcourt, who have long been partners in the business, have undertaken to carry it on and realize on the assets. Most of the assets, however, seem to be in the shape of I. O. U.'s held by Irish Home Rule and English Radical investors. We may mention that Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, while of course deeply regretting the failure, has borne up wonderfully, and managed to refrain from tears.

CHRISTOPHER FINLAY FRASER.

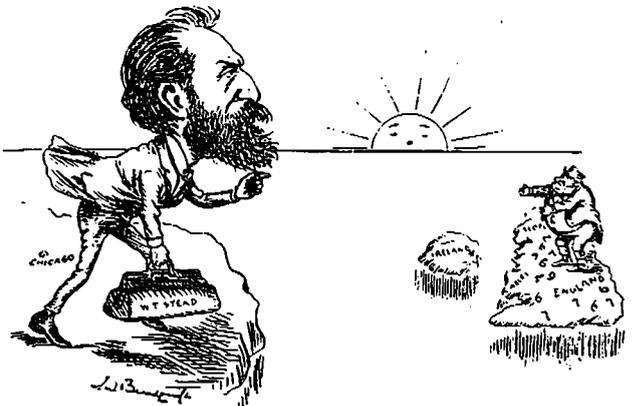
FRASER'S retired—GRIP knows not truly why—
Some say the Cabinet's Prohibition turn
Quite turned his stomach—others say he's ill,
And must have rest from all official grind;
Perhaps both are right in part, or both are wrong,—
GRIP cannot say, he only knows that Chris.,
Timing his step to Gladstone's, has retired,
Feeling it meet that “grand old men” should go
From public life in couples; and tho' Chris
Is not, like Father William, very old,
Yet has he sober claim to be called “Grand,”
If by that word we'd indicate a Man
Who nobly, simply, ably does his work,
Sincerely serves his country, and preserves
His name unspotted in an age of shams!
No dandy was he, with his soft felt hat
Pulled slanting o'er his eye, and rarely off
Excepting when 'twas tossed upon his desk
To lie and listen while it's owner scored
In phrase sarcastic some unhappy wight
Across the House, whose “facts” were all astray.
No carpet knight; not strictly “popular,”
Not known at all in dainty social courts,
And rarely seen where votes are cheaply got;
In short, to know the style of man he was,
Look at the House he builded in the Park—
Square, shapely, sound, good value for the cash;
No frills nor nonsense, and no scamping frauds,
No fashionable “extras,” but throughout
From top to toe, a good and wholesome job,—
'Tis Fraser's self translated into stone!
And GRIP now joins with men of every creed
To wish its builder many quiet years
In which he may enjoy in “home, sweet home,”
The honor of the People he has served.

A SHORT, SEASONABLE SERMON.

“HE who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.”
This was the text taken by Dean Swift when
preaching a charity sermon. “Now beloved
brethren, if you like the terms, and approve the security,
down with the dust,” he added, and left the pulpit. The
collection was large. GRIP throws out this hint, in view of
the steps that are now being taken by the religious and
charitable to relieve the prevailing distress amongst the
unemployed poor of Toronto. “Down with the dust,” and
no long palavers.

THE OLDEST SETTLER IN THE WEST.—The sun.

A HOST IN HIMSELF.—The cannibal who devoured his
entertainer.



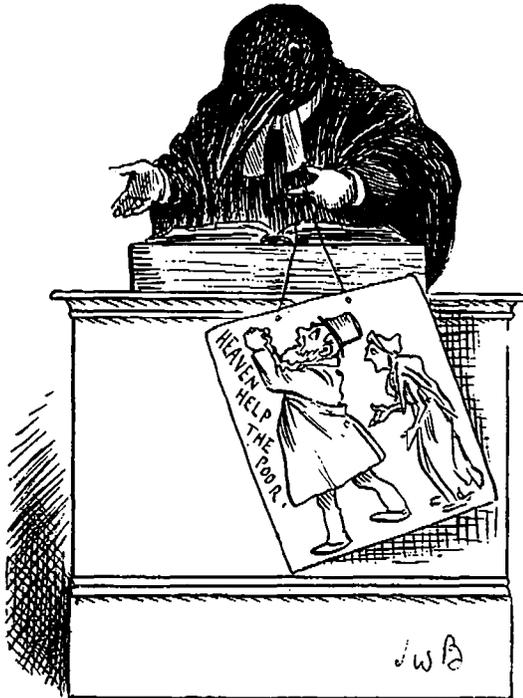
STEAD TO THE RESCUE!

THE ONLY STEAD.—“Don't despair, Mr. Bull—try and
keep the island afloat till I get there and take charge of
things!”

[Mr. Stead sailed for England on March 8th. He said he felt compelled to go immediately owing to Gladstone's resignation having put public affairs at “sixes and sevens.”]

GRIP'S PICTORIAL PULPIT.

III.



SHORT SERMONS ON THINGS THAT MAKE THE ANGELS WEEP.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To His Excellency, the Right Honorable the Earl of Aberdeen,
Governor General, etc., etc., etc.

MY DEAR LORD ABERDEEN:

I GRATELY rejoice over your excellency's climiny t'wards Connolly an' McGravy. An' so does Alderman John Hallam, (who don't b'lieve in a "skin game," where there's no profit in it), an' almost everybody else av any account here. It is well known that those misguided min were made to suffer vicariously in the place av the grater culprits, (the Lord pardon all sinners), who timpted 'em into mischief, an' got all the benefit av the wrongdoin'. Connolly an' McGravy have got free. But there is a heavy reckonin' yet for the Ministers of whom they were but the tools. An now—

Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Are looking down in blame—

an' mark me, my lord, will administher punishmint to the parties who so richly deserve it, by an'-bye.

It was just the right thing to keep back yer signature, as ye did, until fully asshured of the result of the medical examinashun. It was quite a sthroke of policy. A show of careful hesitation, as you well know, has a mighty good effect upon outsiders. It "tells" widh the public. An' it takes a wise man to do sich widh tact. For, ye needn't be reminded, some min are wise and some are *other*-wise, like those that shall be nameless. Not but that you an' I, my lord, (bethune ourselves), undherstand the little by play that was carried on to projuce the right effect, an' inspire the *popularis aura*, while the suspinsse lasted.

Poor Tom McGravy! I knew him well, a good many years ago—longer indeed than I would care to own to Mrs. O'Day—an' a dacin't boy he was then, before he hobnobbed widh the titled ginthry, who have left him in the soup, afther squeezin all the rich Gravy out av him, in the shape av fat conthribushuns to corrupshun funds. Mock Soup, he thinks he shud now be ra-named insted of MocGravy.

"But what av Gladstone?" I hear ye ax. By my sowkins, his resignation has placed more than myself in a

quandary. I can only repate what hunders av thousands are sayin'—The crisis is a sayrious wan. Widh Gladstone, the Man av Min, out of public life, how will the affairs av the world be carried on at all at all? In Liberalism he was—

"The leader of the world's wide host guiding our aspirations," and in him were centhred the faith an' hope an' love av millions. He discarded injustice an' oppression, and inspired trust and confidence in the people av Ireland—just as you had nobly done yourself, my lord, permit me to bear humble testimony.

The Future's close gates are now on their ponderous hinges jarring,
And there comes a sound as of winds and waves each with the other warring:

And forward bends the list'ning world, as to their eager ken,
When to that dark and mystic land departs the Man of Men!

My Lord, the sayrious sintments which these thoughts inspire have put all the good jokes I had intinded out av me head. I had thought there wur only two rale, good jokers in these parts, an' that the *other* wan was GRIP. But, as yez will have seen from the proceedings of the Legislative Assimbly, there is another. The motion of a mumber of the House for a return av the *male* votes an' *female* votes cast at the late plebiscite, shews that votes are av both sexes, an' like men an' women, are of the male an' female gender. It reminds one av Sir Boyle Roche's remark, when he held up to the ridicule of the Irish House of Commons, "the man who had turned his back on himself."

With grate respect,

Your Excellency's obedient sarvant,

TIM O'DAY.

[From Toronto Evening Star.]



"AT LIBERTY."

MCGREEVEY.—"Now that we're out, Sir John, what have you got for us?—seats in the Cabinet, or what?"



THESE OAKS ARE TOO TOUGH FOR THE GRAND OLD FELLER.

GLADSTONE.—“IT’S TOO MUCH FOR ME, PADDY, MY BOY, TOO MUCH; MY STRENGTH HAS GIVEN OUT AT LAST!”

BALLAD OF WORSTED SOCKS.

WITH a patriotic desire to doubly encourage home industry and get my mother to knit and send to me socks from Canada.

No lay troll I to cloth of gold
 Kings wear when mummung stiff in state,
 Nor purflewed kerchief's fleecy fold,
 No e'en the mystic web of fate
 We poets sing of soon or late
 Nor flaunting fabric-fad that mocks
 Sweet comfort; no, I here dilate
 On warm, substantial, worsted socks.

My mother, bless her, growing old,
 Still clicks the needles at a rate
 'Twould shame most maidens to behold,
 The while she shares a *tele-a-tele*;
 Idlers may giggle, smirk, and prate,
 Her busy finger nimbly knocks
 The stitches that amplifycate
 My warm, substantial, worsted socks.

What care I, prithee, that the cold
 World colder grows, and ultimate
 Defeat is to my fears foretold
 As wants and debts accumulate,
 No whit my pipings I'll abate
 Tho' Fortune still my striving blocks,
 She's welcome so I can but mate
 My warm, substantial, worsted socks.

ENVOY.

Prince, were a crown to deck my pate,
 Nor pride of place nor fawn of gawks,
 Could tempt me to evacuate
 My warm, substantial, worsted socks.

London, England.

James Barr.

A BOSS DOCTOR.

MR. McCOLL he is not dull,—
 His record that discloses—
 He is a Vet. and can, you bet,
 Perform a diagnosis:
 Vet can't, somehow, tell when a cow
 Has the tuberculosis!

DEFINITIONS.

(BY OUR OWN DOUGLAS JERROLD.)

BEE.—A labourer, partner and outdoor collector in an extensive sugar factory. A travelling bagman in the sweet-meat line.

CHILD.—The ever renewed hope of the world. God's problem waiting man's solution.

DINNER.—The breakfast of the poor and the supper of the rich.

FAME.—The draft of genius upon society, payable either at sight or by posterity.

HOME.—The magnet of positive or negative happiness. A place where the world seeks your character. The place where a man's character *should* be sought.

JOKE.—A child of wit, nourished on laughter. A shining balloon filled with intellectual gas.

LUXURY.—War's deputy in time of peace. The hectic flush of a consumptive nation.

MARRIAGE.—Love brought to trial. Going home by daylight after courtship's masquerade.

WINE.—Bottled fever. Spurs to make the brain gallop.



KING BEER DESERTED BY HIS DAUGHTERS.

"I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription; then let fall

Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despis'd old man;—
But yet I call you servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!"

—King Lear, Act III., Sc. ii.

["By his deal with the Prohibitionists, Sir Oliver deliberately threw it (the liquor interest) overboard. Naturally the tendency would be to turn to the Opposition. But what comfort is there? Mr. Meredith went out of his way last Session to declare in favor of Prohibition."—*The Advocate, new Liquor Trade organ*].



OUR FACETIOUS BUTCHER.

HOUSEHOLDER "The wife told me to call and order something for dinner, but I'm blowed if I haven't forgotten what it was she wanted. I fancy she said steak."

BUTCHER—"Zactly so, sir, that's allus safe. If its steak, it can't be mis-steak, see, sir?"

CAPTAIN JIMJAM'S TROUBLES.

11.

MR. EDITOR:

RESUMING the tale of my grievances from last week, I want to tell you of Mackmorrow, the handsome bachelor who roomed in the house to our right. He was a dashing fellow, a prime favorite, and greatly in demand among all the fashionables. As both he and I were English, we readily became well acquainted; and we enjoyed many a smoke together. I generally supplied the tobacco, his not being to my taste. He seemed to take quite a fancy to our Mary; and Mrs. Jimjam saw nothing unsuitable in a match. He generally dined with us on Sunday evenings; then, he came to dinner on Wednesdays and Sundays; then he got to coming three times a week, and used, in his jovial way, to declare he boarded at our house, at which we all said we wished he did. He at once glanced slyly at Mary, who blushed unutterables, and I winked pretty hard at Mrs. Jimjam. He used my desk when writing letters, and helped himself liberally to paper and stamps. Twenty times a day he would say: "By Jove! Gwreatly indebted, Cap! Pon my honoh! Thanks awfully!"

I specially liked the refined, sympathetic way he shared our indignation against those bold, borrowing, upstart neighbors. He had often been to Mariar's parties, and to hear him make fun of her was perfectly killing. He knew for a fact, for the night of that party, she had ordered a twenty dollar fan, to be sent on approbation, from a swell down town store. Though he saw her languishing behind it, he knows she returned it next morning, telling the clerk it was "unsuitable." He says she gets her handsome opera cloaks in the same way, also new bodices for afternoon teas. He knew Mrs. Van, too, and laughed at her swelling pretensions. Oh! he was a fine fellow, was young Mackmorrow! Having much leisure for reading, he borrowed all Mary's novels. He confidentially told my daughter that Mrs. Van, herself, always wrote the descriptions of her ball dresses for the aforementioned Saturday Night paper,

and that she described them as Worth dresses, when, they were not, whatever that means, I don't know, for Mrs. Van isn't worth much.

With soft side looks at Mary, Mackmorrow often said, though we loaned him so much, it was not borrowing; because wasn't it all in the same family? Could intentions be more plainly indicated?

Nevertheless, he had never squarely stated what were his intentions toward Mary. I was not at all surprised, therefore, (in fact I knew very well what the young man was about) when he familiarly buttonholed me one evening, and giving me a hearty clap with the other hand, commenced:

"Cap., I say, now, Cap., got a twemendous favah to ask of you."

"Go on, my dear boy, fire away! Charge!" I answered, showing only half the satisfaction I felt.

"You know," continued he, "you know you are the best fellah in the whole, wide world," with that he nearly embraced me.

"I'm the best fellow in the world, ch? come now, you mean Mary is, don't you?" I wanted to help him out of his embarrassment. He didn't answer just as I expected.

"Right you are, there, Cap., but I say, we're getting away from the subject." It's impossible to orthographically represent that young Anglicized Canadian's pronunciation of "r."

"The subject," thought I to myself, "Confound him! Why doesn't he mention it?"

"I say, Jimjam," he at length burst out, "what are you good foh?"

"Good for?" says I, "I don't see the point."

Thereupon, he grew pathetically condescending. Even for a few seconds, to feel yourself the object of such sublime, graceful patronage, is an honor never to be forgotten.

"Help a fellah out!" he exclaimed, "I'm dead bwoke. Pon my word, I haven't enough for the old hag of a washah woman, nor the tailah, the fiend, he's been aftah me, foh a yeah. Livin' is so ducid expensive foh a man with my tastes aud in my position. It cawn't cost you nearly so much, you,—are—ah—ah—so contented. Help me out, now, Cap., what are you good foh?" All the time he was nodding, and coaxing and smiling benignly within an inch of my nose.

"Help you out!" I roared at him, "you miserable little

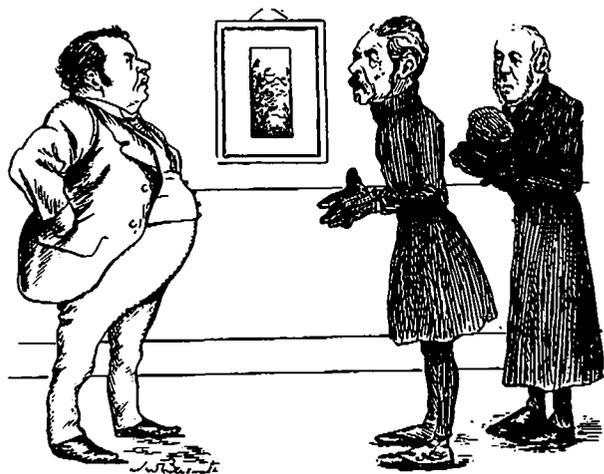


TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

SEEDY ONE. — "Yessir, I found that the drink made my nerves so unsteady that I couldn't work, so I had to give it up."

T'OTHER. — "Which, the drink?"

SEEDY ONE. — "No, the work."



THE CONSIDERATE UNDERTAKERS.

SIR JOHN.—“To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit, gentlemen?”

MCCARTHY.—“Self and Partner called to offer our services in arranging for the decent burial of the Conservative Party, which, as you may have learned from my Collingwood speech, having fulfilled its mission, is now dead as a door nail.”

dude, you monacle-eyed, wax-made, bandy-legged, high-collared doll! Help you out!”

Mr. Editor, I am not violent, neither do I swear, but I helped him out; and between you and me, I think he thought he was attacked most ungentlemanly like.

Now, I swear publicly, I'll loan no more. I declare myself an enemy to the peacock nonentities, who would strut in borrowed feathers; to the dead-beat duffers, who pretend a monopoly over what they call “sah-ci-ety.” The Jimjams will neither surrender nor retreat. We'll have it out with these people. We'll wage a war, figuratively speaking, on the borrowing fraternity, that the Metabele wars can't be a patch to.

Thanking you for your space, Mr. Editor, and hoping the Protestant Protective Association will exterminate the aggressive borrower, and that the Patrons of Industry will embody anti-swelling as one of their principles,

I am, Sir, most respectfully,
(Capt.) W. D. G. JIMJAM.

SIR OLIVER'S SOLILOQUY.

SIR OLIVER donn'd his considering cap,
And to himself said:—“I am thinking
Some government officers have a 'soft snap'—
The fact there is no use in blinking.

“Should that be a cause for political strife—
P. P. A's and P. I's, vexatious?—
Why no, for in all conditions of life
The same inequalities face us.

“The system of payment by fees is as old—
Far older than Confederation—
To curtail and revise the same I've made bold
After due consideration!

“By my Governments' plan a percentage comes back,
And strict account's kept in the telling,
So that every official must pay his whack,
The amount in the Treasury swelling!

“Appointments to office?—Why, I am surprised!—
The Patrons shall have full permission
To appoint themselves, if so I'm advised!
By report of the Royal Commission!”

HUMORS OF THE MAJOR.

BY OUR SPECIAL CIVIL SERVICE REPORTER.

SUGGESTIO FALSI. Looking up from his plate at the lunch table, Mr. Smith addressed the Major:—“Major, you said you once officiated in the pulpit.—Did you mean to say that you preached?”

“No, sir,” answered the Major, after his brusque manner, —“I held the light to the man that did preach.” “Ah, I understood you differently. I supposed that the discourse came directly from you.”

“No, sir,” rejoined the Major shortly, “I only threw light on the subject.”

FURTHER DAMAGES. “Strange,” said the Major, “some people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law, and try to get further damages!”

GONE TO SEE. “That talkative young man in the Crown Lands Department has just gone to see”——

Mr. J. —, interrupting,—“Gone to sea! Gone to be a sailor?”——

The Major,—“You are anticipating, sir, I was about to say that he had gone to see what o'clock it was.”

A JILTED SNOB. Mr. L.—, who claims to be related to a noble lord, is always talking about his friends, Lord Viscount This, and Baron That. A stranger at the lunch table, a day or two ago, hearing him talk so familiarly about “his noble friends,” whispered—“Is he a gentleman of title?” “He is said to be *Barren of Intellect*,” was the reply.

“I HAVE received an invitation to a wedding,” said a bumptious young fellow in the Treasury Department, producing the invitation card and reading—“request the favor of your presence,”——

“I thought so,” observed the Major, ““your presents” they want.”

“MAJOR,” asked the young gentleman from the Crown Lands, in a loud tone, so as to be heard by the whole room, “don't you think that the young ladies who refuse good offers of marriage are too *No-ing* by half?”

“Young man,” replied the veteran, “an empty vessel sounds loud. There are just three creatures who act without rule—a woman, a pig, and a fool.” And the young gent subsided and hastened to his desk.



ANOTHER NELSON MONUMENT CASE.

The public overlooked the school-boy folly of Mercier jr. and his chums in conspiring to blow up the Nelson Monument, but here we have Mercier sr. and his crony, Tarte, engaged in a still more foolish enterprise in the same line.



NECK OR NOTHING!

SIR OLIVER.—“ I tell you I'm going to wait for a legal decision as to whether I have the right to cut the animal's head off, and I've given you my word that if I *have* the right, off comes the head!”

BUCHANAN.—“ That's all very good ; but as the legal decision may not come for two years yet, what's the matter with your *cur-tailing* the dog a little in the meantime, up to the limit of your known powers?”

THE SLEIGH FROM CANADAY.

THE farmer's views on Canada's present to a certain May, believed to be a princess, and said to reside in the foreign land of England.

Cheer up, Mariar ! Get a grin
 Across your wrinkled phiz, and smiles.
 O' course the times has rather bin
 A bit agin ;
 But laws ! although the mortgage riles
 Us when the interest it comes due ;
 And interest on a mortgages biles
 Hotter than iles—
 We shouldn't feel so drefful blue—
 'Cause see the gracious Princess May
 Has bin and gone and got a sleigh
 From Canaday !

I know that what you say is true.
 Craps bad, and prices bad ; and wuss
 Then all, things dear. And each kid's shoe
 Toes stickin' through.
 And that there lawyer he has us,
 His claws clutched tight around our throat ;
 If we can't pay he'll raise a fuss
 And cuss.
 We'll have to mosey, sink or float
 And leave our farm. But think to-day
 The furreign princess got a sleigh
 From Canaday !

I wonder what has made 'em go
 And buy a sleigh and hosses too ?
 It must be 'cause her cash is low
 Like ours, you know.
 She must be pore, and times is blue ;

With kids like ourn whose clothes is rags.
 Don't cry, Mariar. Things may slew
 Around a few,
 And save us from the lawyer's snags.
 One pore princess has got to-day
 A handsome team o' naggs and sleigh
 From Canaday.

I tell you folks is good and kind—
 In Canaday there ain't no snobs ,
 But all's unselfish.—Sets their mind
 On temperin' wind
 To folks that moneylenders robs.
 I reckon they jist heerd a-tell
 That May, like us, was full o' sobs
 A lackin' cobs.
 And thinkin' it might help a spell
 To keep the hungry wolves at bay
 They ups and buys and ships a sleigh
 From Canaday.

I hear the man who holds our note,
 When he heard o' the fix May's in,
 Without a squeal he up and wrote
 A big cheque. So't
 Peers like to me he'll hardly pin
 Us to the day if we can't scrape
 The hull amount. He'll think it sin
 To peel our skin.
 He'll do as much for us who gape
 Like fish a-land. 'Cause we're to-day
 In most as bad a fix as May
 In Canaday.

London, Eng.

James Barr.

WHAT is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat and the other eats too long.

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A MIRACLE IN OREGON.

A Former Brockville Man Suddenly Stricken With Paralysis—Doctors Pronounced His Case Hopeless—Help Comes From His Old Home—He is Again Enjoying Good Health.

Mr. W. H. Henderson, now living in Holly, Oregon, was until a few years ago, a life long resident of Brockville, Ont. Mr. Henderson graphically describes a terrible experience, through which he has passed. He says:—"In the summer of 1889 I felt far from well, my knees, elbows and shoulders ached badly. One day, after reaching home, I felt my knees getting weak. I went into the house and fell on the floor. That night I had another stroke of paralysis. The torture that I went through is too horrible to describe. Dr. Henry was sent for, and put plasters on my neck, and down my back and down the side of my right leg, and on the bottom of my feet. I was soon covered with sores from head to foot. I had to be lifted up in bed and it took two or three men to do it. My wife had to move my legs when they were moved. Weeks and months went by, and I lay in bed helpless. When my bed was changed another bed had to be brought alongside and I slid across onto it. They used a galvanic battery, but it gave me no relief. In reading my Brockville paper I saw the miracles that a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were performing, but that itself would not have induced me to try them, had I not seen the name of Mr. G. T. Fulford, of Brockville, Ont., connected with them. That gave me hope. I had known him from a little boy, and I knew that money would not induce him to deceive his fellow men. I wrote Mr. Fulford to send me some Pink Pills, and before I had used the first lot I noticed the improvement. I sent for more, and in a little time I was on my crutches and walking around the house. I sent for another lot and they did the business. The pains left my head, and it is now as clear as a bell. The sores healed up. I can get around now without any assistance, and am heavier than I ever was in my life. There are a hundred people around here who will testify to my cure.

Mr. Henderson's case is certainly a remarkable one, but not more so than hundreds of other cures that have been effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, many of the sufferers being restored to health and strength after medical specialists had said there was no hope. Pink Pills rank among the most remarkable discoveries in the annals of medicine, and there is no disease resulting from a vitiated condition of the blood, or a shattered state of the nerves, which these pills will not cure. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Or sent post-paid by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations.

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