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TORONTO, February 19, 1891.

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GENTLEMEN,—I have been using your Microbe Killer, with simply wonderful results, since last July. At that time I was very badly run down from consumption; I could hardly speak five words at a time without severe coughing spells, and so weak that it was with difficulty I walked about the house. Previous to commencing the use of Microbe Killer, I had exhausted all other means to obtain a cure, or even relief, and my doctor said I could not be cured. It was then that Radam's Microbe Killer was brought to my notice and being counselled to try its merits, I finally consented to do so, although but with little hope. It is now about six months since first taking the Microbe Killer, and the results have shown my lungs growing stronger continually, am troubled very little now with coughing, and then in the morning only; my appetite, which I had entirely lost, is and has been splendid for several months now; and whereas formerly I always had coughing spells continually at night, I now sleep very soundly and no coughing occurs to interrupt sleep. I have also gained so much in strength that I have been able to attend to my duties here at the Institute regularly of late; and can take long walks and other exercise without much fatigue whatever. I can safely recommend the Microbe Killer as a boon for consumptives if they will but exercise a little patience and give it time to work. I remain, yours truly,  
BRO. NEOPOLUS.

**N.B.—At the present time, July, '91, Brother Neopolus stands entirely cured, and able to attend to all his duties in connection with this Institute of learning, as a teacher. The above facts will be vouched for by all the Brothers residing there.**

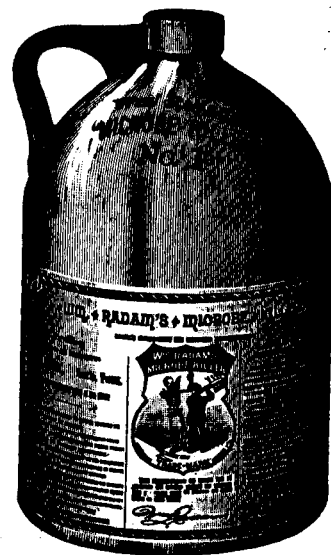
A well-known Catholic clergyman, of Toronto, whose name can be furnished to anyone desiring it, has given us permission to refer sufferers from Bronchitis or other Lung Troubles to him, should they desire it, as Microbe Killer has done more for him than all else together. **"Procrastination is the thief of time;" It is also the main cause for the loss of life from disease.** If your physician cannot produce living evidence of having cured just such cases as yours, previous, with his method of treatment, then do not allow experiments in your case at perhaps **the cost of your life.**

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GRIP

## SIR JOHN'S BIOGRAPHY

A statement from the author regarding the work. How he came to write it and who assisted him

In the dark days of '73, '78, when it was thought that Sir John's sun had forever set, I proposed to him to write the story of his life. He concurred, and gave me letters to the proprietors of the *Kingston Daily News* and the *Kingston Whig*, and other papers, asking for the use of their old files, and to the late Dr. Todd, parliamentary librarian, requesting the use of such books as I might require. Mr. Hugh Macdonald also made search through the house in Toronto for papers that might be of assistance, and wrote me that he "could not find any of an earlier date than '49 but if I had any idea of who, in Toronto, would be likely to have them, and would let him know, he would try and borrow them, for he would like to see the work I had undertaken brought to a satisfactory conclusion." It was Sir John's intention to revise my manuscript, but he came back to power before I had accomplished much, and afterwards the demands upon his time were too great to admit of it. Of the first part sent to him he wrote to me on December 11, 1879: "I really have not had time to read your manuscript, Bernard has done so and thinks highly of it. I shall read it on Monday. I shall look up the newspapers and send them." At another time he wrote me: "It is my busiest time in the year, and I cannot go into the revising of your M.S. till I go to the seaside." The first 250 pages were submitted to Mr. Hugh Macdonald, who wrote me that he "had read it carefully several times, and, as far as the introduction was concerned, did not think that I could improve it in any way and that, in other respects, he could honestly congratulate me on the success of my work," and concluded with "a hope that I would bring the biography to a successful conclusion." Some months ago I again saw Sir John about the work, and expressed my regret that he had not revised it. He promised to do so, and I had a part of it run off on a typewriter. This he read, and corrected some clerical errors in his well-known handwriting. Part was also submitted to Sir John's brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Williamson, of Queen's College, who has written me that "I may rely upon his warm recommendation, both from what he has read of the manuscript and what he knows of my ability."

After his last great fight I again saw Sir John, and expressed a regret that I had not written of events as they occurred instead of always working from a distance of time, and showed him a synopsis of what I was preparing respecting the election of 1891. He was greatly interested, and asked me to finish it with all possible speed. Almost to the last time he was at Council I met him at the door to talk about it, and went to Earncliffe the morning of the day he was struck down to tell him that it was finished.

I have also submitted part of the work to the criticism of Mr. George Johnston, Dominion Statistician, and a great admirer of the late premier, who is good enough to say that "the manuscript passed through his hands previous to its being sent to Sir John, that he had read it carefully, and that it appeared to him well executed, both as to the matter and manner." Finally: The preface to the book which gives a full statement of how I came to write it and of what it contains, has been submitted to Mr. Hugh Macdonald, who considers it in accordance with the facts.

My work is but a humble tribute of love and admiration to the memory of one whom I knew from my infancy, and represents my own conception of his career.

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Onaping Lake, north of.....	18,000,000 " "
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Township of Moneriff.....	2,000,000 " "
Township of Hess.....	1,500,000 " "
Total.....	\$1,000,000 feet B.M.

Having been damaged by fire during the past summer the undersigned hereby calls for tenders for the right to cut the damaged timber. There is also some green pine estimated at 2,000,000 feet in the vicinity south of Onaping Lake, for which tenders are also invited. Tenders will be received up to and including the 15th day of October next and may be for any parcel or for the whole, and must state the amount per thousand feet board measure the tenderer is willing to pay for the burnt and green timber separately in addition to the regular Crown dues of one dollar per thousand feet board measure. For conditions and further particulars application should be made to the Crown Lands Department.

Mr. John Regan, forest ranger under the Department, will be at Carrier Station on or after the 15th September to give information to parties desirous of examining the timber.

The above figures represent only the Department's estimate, and intending purchasers must satisfy themselves as to quantities, etc.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

A. S. HARDY,  
Commissioner Crown Lands

September 1, 1897.

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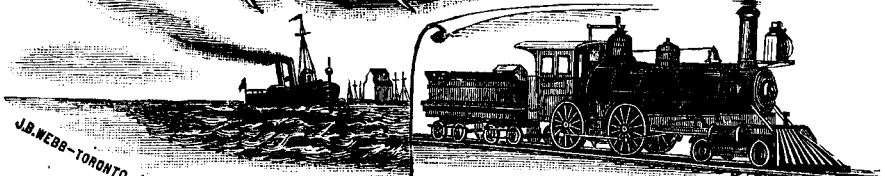
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In Interest Income	4,601 00
In Total Income	55,168 00
In Cash Surplus	68,648 00
In Dividends to Policyholders	7,153 00
In Assets	417,141 00
In New Business	706,967 00
In Insurance in Force	1,600,376 00

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# GRIP

VOL. XXXVII.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

No. 15.  
Whole No. 956.



### BY TELEPHONE TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

His EXCELLENCY—"Quite so, Your Majesty. . . . Er—I've been away fishing the whole time, but I believe the reports Your Majesty refers to are true enough— . . . Which? Your Crown and Dignity? Why, certainly; I'm keeping them up ever so much, don't you know!"



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BY THE

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President  
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.  
T. G. WILSON.

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As many people, either thoughtlessly or carelessly, take papers from the Post Office regularly for some time, and then notify the publishers that they do not wish to take them, thus subjecting the publishers to considerable loss, inasmuch as the papers are sent regularly to the addresses in good faith, on the supposition that those removing them from the Post Office wish to receive them regularly, it is right that we should state what is the LAW in the matter.

1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.

2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid.

Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.

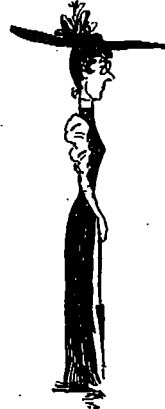


**FAGIN'S OTTAWA ACADEMY.**—Readers of Dickens will perhaps be shocked at the comparison instituted in our cartoon. They know *Fagin* as a rascally old "fence," and his boys *Charley Bates* and the *Artful Dodger* as low-down young London pickpockets. It may seem at first sight rather unfeeling to dress up Premier Abbott, Sir Hector Langevin and Sir John Thompson in the characters of these malodorous personages. A little reflection, however, will show that we have not overstepped the bounds of poetic justice. In a recent sermon, a Hamilton clergyman (Rev. Mr. Bovell) declared that the influence of our public men affected every family in the Dominion. This being so, the attitude of

the three public men above named toward the moral question involved in the McGreevy business is calculated to have the same effect on Young Canada that the teachings of *The Dodger* and his pals were intended to have on little *Oliver Twist*. The *Dodger's* very words (as quoted) seem to fit the lips of Sir John Thompson, for his report whitewashing Langevin in the face of the evidence given on the trial, says as plainly as any words could say—"If you do this sort of thing for the benefit of your party, what's the odds where the boodle comes from?" And Mr. Abbott, being at the head of the House, and having declared his determination to punish the guilty, high or low, deserves to be set forth as *Fagin*, because he has done nothing to show that he was in earnest. His conduct has simply confirmed the bad example of the Minister of Justice. In short, to sum up the "work" of the session, Young Canada is given to understand that if only you are a minister of the Crown, and do your boodling for the

benefit of your party, there is, in the bright lexicon of politics, no such word as "steal." Nothing worse than this in the way of ethics was taught at *Fagin's* establishment in London.

BY TELEPHONE TO WINDSOR.—Lord Stanley was personally present and prorogued Parliament with a remarkable degree of success, considering his want of practice at the work for which he draws his salary. He was dressed in a gorgeous uniform, and looked real pretty. We take this opportunity of mentioning that Lord Stanley is residing in Canada just now as the representative of "our Sovereign lady the Queen, her crown and dignity." How well he is guarding these high interests, and the good name of the Canadian people, by the use of the prerogative with which he is invested, the whole world knows.



HE *Globe* has the proud distinction of being at present the chosen organ of Mr. Rykert, the eminent retired statesman. The whirligig of time has brought around few queerer things than this. It seems to show either that Charley has a forgiving disposition, or that he finds the *Globe* unusually convenient for his purpose, which is the amiable one of punching Sir John Thompson's political head. When the *Globe* gives up two of its columns to the late member's "open letter," it is not, possibly, that it loves Rykert more than in other days, but that it is well pleased to have the head of Sir

John punched, by what fist soever.

"COME now, MR. GRIP, tell us how you are going to remove the Yankee wall, and how you are going to get rid of McKinley with his gatling at the other end of the tunnel." This touching appeal concludes a leading article in the *World*, of Friday 1st, in which the National Policy arrangement is supported as sound and sensible statesmanship. We reply without hesitation that the McKinley tariff wall can be abolished, so far as Canada is concerned, by the negotiation of a treaty of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. This can be secured, we believe, if it is gone about in a business-like manner, though nothing short of it can be got.

BUT without reference to our neighbors' wall, it would be wisdom in us to remove our own, and to raise our revenue by direct taxation, levying that taxation chiefly, if not entirely, on monopolies, such as land ownership, etc. Let us have the deluge of cheap goods the *World* apprehends: cheapness will not offend the pockets of consumers. With cheaper living we can certainly produce more cheaply, and the American tariff will obstruct us no more than it does now.

IT has been well pointed out that, granting protection to native industry to be sound policy, there are ways of giving that protection other than by a tariff—and much cheaper and fairer ways. If our native manufactures must be coddled, let us coddle them with bounties. We will then know just what we are doing, and how much we are making out of the operation. By the tariff scheme, some of them are filled to the throat with pap, and others, equally deserving, are positively injured. GRIP is against protection in any shape or form, as a violent interference with the plan of nature, and an injury of the many for the benefit of the few. He is opposed to a tariff even for revenue, because it is the most unjust and uncertain method in which a revenue can be raised. If the people



#### A VERY MOVING ACTOR.

JONES—"That's Skaggs, the tragedian. I saw him last night in *Hamlet*."

BROWN—"How does he act?"

JONES—"A good deal like an emetic."

were not steeped in superstition (thanks to such muddled teachers as the *World*), they would demand direct taxation, instead of regarding it with childish dread.

\* \* \*

THE kettle is dancing on the hob in Quebec. We are to have a gory revolution or something of that sort. "Our liberties are in danger!" shriek the volatile editors of the *Mercier* organs. We have our ear to the ground in expectation of hearing the blood-curdling strains of the *Marseillaise*. And what in the world is it all about? After an earnest investigation we are only able to discover that an alleged boodler named Pacaud is to be brought to trial—a boodler, mark you, of whose operations Mr. *Mercier* professes to know nothing. Is this really what excites the "Liberals" of Quebec? If not, for goodness sake let us know what is the matter!

\* \* \*

MR. SOL WHITE, of Windsor, who, if we mistake not, toured around in the west with Sir John and Sir Charles on their last "old flag" campaign, has been making another annexation speech. The annexers mean business this time, as they have organized themselves into a regular league to carry out their views. We feel easy about Sol White now, since he has been held up to execration in the *Empire* as a traitor and general all round scoundrel, just the same as if he had been a Grit.

\* \* \*

GRIP dissents most emphatically from the annexation part of the programme. Our institutions are, on the whole, better than those of our Republican neighbors. All we want—and we want it badly—is an outfit of decent men in charge of them. There are no advantages of any kind to be gained by political union with the States, which

would not be as fully secured by the mere removal of the tariff walls. Let us go for that without any further delay.

\* \* \*

IT would be interesting to hear from the leaders of the Grit party as to their position on the great trade issue. We know, of course, they favor free trade with the United States—which is good as far as it goes. But they have never yet stated clearly whether they favor free trade as a matter of principle, and are deliberately heading for free trade with the world. Do they believe in a tariff for revenue, or are they real free traders, and consequently against tariffs of every sort? When it is quite convenient, we would like to have some definite deliverance, if you please, gentlemen.

\* \* \*

WE don't approve of the Russian persecution of the Jews, but we would like to see an uprising of the 'Torontonians against the Poles—those belonging to the telephone and telegraph companies which are being planted to the disfigurement of our residence streets.

#### REV. PERSIMMONS WHITE ON THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

BREDDERN, for de past few Sundays de contents of dis yar basket am not been up to de finanshul standin ob dis congregashun, so dis mornin' I draws yo' 'tenshun to de text 'bout de Lawd lubben de cheerful gibber. Does you coons fink dat de cheerful gibber means de culle'd man wot limits his contrabushin down to one little mean, stingy cent, den goes home an' plays five-cent ante wid no limit? Does you fink dere is any lub for dat man? I fink not. De man wot fumbles round in his old clothes as ef he was 'bout to make a donashun of five dollars, and ends up by drop'n in a button dat his coon wife forgot to sew on his Sunday breeches, am 'bout as fit to ride along in de gospel chariot as dat Foster am to make a tariff wot is fair all round. I fink I hear some pusson say dat de cents all counts. Well, wat's de mattah wid you coons anyhow? does you fink I ain't got nuffen else to do but count over your plebeian coppah money? Some you people am gettin so mean dat you put a combinashun lock on yo' chicken-coops ebery night, and never ask yo' pastor to dinner for fear yo' wife might want you to kill de Shanghai ruster dat you been saven to line your own ribs wid. Why don't you look around you wid half an eye, and see what cheerfulness dere am all around you. Now, dere am Mr. Sullivan. I hab not de honor ob be gennelman's acquaintance, but dey say he will comidate all comers wid all de cheerfulness dey want in less dan two rounds, while all de cheerfulness we get in one round wid de contrabushin hat am enough buttons to start a button trust. An' when de next circus comes to town, how willingly you lay aside de buck, saw an' whitewash brush to folter a brass band around in de sun for two hours, not to menshun about de money yo' spend in de shadder of a lem-nenade stand run by white trash, and den jes' look at de long faces you coons put on when yo' pooh ole past'r asks for a colexhion dat he won't have to give up holden de Sunday afternoon meetin' to stay at home sorten out de coppers from de buttens and tobacco stamps! We got to have refawn in dis yar congregashun right away!

F. WRIGHT.

#### PARADOXICAL.

IT is peculiar, but at the present time the town is alive with dead-beats.







**JEKYLL AND HYDE IN QUEBEC.**

(From the Witness).



DR. MERCIER JEKYLL.

EVERY politician as portrayed by his admirers and by his critics in the humorous press, appears before the world in two roles as diverse as those of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The Premier of Quebec seems to rejoice in such versatility. To-day, in writing to "His Honor," the Lieutenant-Governor is treated with that respect which is due to the representative of majesty in whose person the principle of government is enthroned above the dust of conflict. Noble self-control and withering calmness and dignity sit upon the brow and rule the expressions of the writer of these letters.

Once they have left his hands, the benevolent Dr. Jekyll begins to contract and contort into the truculent Mr. Hyde, and as morning dawns, the public is surprised at the scurrilous abuse and *lese majesté* which rave in the columns of Mr. Mercier's confidential organ. When Mr. Hyde has got off all his feelings in this way Dr. Jekyll is again in a position to put on his dignity and address His Honor with punctilious propriety. The purpose of all Mr. Mercier's organs seems to be to arouse the race feeling of the French against any kind of interference or control from the federal centre. Mr. Mercier, who is a vastly cleverer politician than any now able to control conservative movements, knows that in the presence of such a race issue, questions of mere morality would count for nothing at all with the average voter. These papers, therefore, are full of the most ominous hints of what Mr. Mercier will do. Every morning we are told how extremely dangerous it is to cross him. Like Samson he is going to pull the tottering fabric of Confederation down about our ears. It is not hinted, however, that he is, like Samson, prepared to sacrifice himself to his country in this grand crash. How the Confederation is to be smashed is left a mystery. One hint says Mr. Mercier is going to annex the province of Quebec to the United States. The United States might be willing to take it—certainly not for its own sake but because by so doing it would take the keystone out of the Canadian arch and lay the other provinces at its feet. For the same reason, however, it must be obvious to Mr. Mercier that he cannot be permitted to do any such thing, and that he could bring nothing but disaster upon all whom he should wile into such a movement as that. For the same reason too, it must be obvious to him that any movement towards the independence of the French province or even any demand under such circumstances for further autonomy to this province than it now possesses could only be regarded at Ottawa and at London with extreme suspicion and would probably tend to an opposite result. Whatever Mr. Mercier's clerical allies, whose only desire is to weaken and bring into subjection every governmental fabric with which they have to do, may hope to accomplish, we feel sure that Mr. Mercier is too astute to hope to serve more than a present purpose by these mysterious outpourings.



MR. MERCIER HYDE.



**ABSENT MINDED.**

IKEY—"Ven it ish hot, fader, does the silver go up or down?"  
 RUBENSTEIN—"Down, mine love."  
 IKEY—"How moch, fader?"  
 RUBENSTEIN—"Aabout dwendy per cent."

**AN OPEN LETTER TO RYKERT.**

*J. C. Rykert.*

SIR,—Your letter came to hand in Wednesday's *Globe*. It has been duly read and contents noted. In reply I beg to assure you by my most distinguished consideration, though I would prefer hereafter that you send any letters intended for me to my address, House of Commons, P.O., Ottawa. By so doing you will save postage, which is worth considering. If you persist in your present extravagant course, the competency which you so prudently laid by for your old age may be frittered away. I would be sorry to be the indirect cause of such a misfortune to you.

You complain that in the recent matter of my colleague Haggart I acted upon principles entirely opposed to those I laid down in your case. This is a mistake. You are an old enough politician to know that Principle is something which no Cabinet Minister can afford to bother with. It is true, that in your case I held that it was competent for Parliament to go into the "private" affairs of members when charges of crookedness were made against them in the House, and in Haggart's case I held that it wasn't. There is a seeming contradiction here, I admit, but it is only a legitimate change of policy. You see, you were merely a back-bench member, and of comparatively little importance to the Government. I thought it was a good opportunity to make a record as a stern upholder of Parliamentary purity, without really doing any harm, as I knew you could be re-elected easily enough if you cared to be. In Haggart's case, the circumstances were quite different. He is a member of the Ministry, and everything is so shaky with us at present that we can't afford to take any risks. Besides, we knew that Haggart was innocent of the offence charged, because he said so. And it isn't a gentlemanly thing to tell



### OUR ROTTEN ROW.

Bou (*the butcher's young man, to his best girl*)—"Hello, Marthy Jane! Say, jump in, an' we'll go up to de Park an' drive round wid de other swells!"

a man you don't believe him. You, of course, declared your innocence too, but that is a different matter, and need not be gone into here. You have declared pretty plainly that *my* statements are not to be relied upon, and if I seemed to reciprocate the opinion in advance we may consider ourselves at quits. I hope, however, that if you have occasion hereafter to refer to what you consider misstatements on my part, you will not call them "deliberate falsehoods." The term is not Parliamentary, and although you are now out of the House (for good as I hope) you should not forget that we belong to the same Party, and that I happen to be the virtual leader thereof. I am glad that the Haggart decision has your approval, as conserving the glorious liberties we enjoy under the British Constitution, and I trust you will take every opportunity of impressing that view upon the public, as the matter is likely to be an awkward one for us to handle on the trustings by and bye. In conclusion, let me point out to you as a friend, that it is imprudent of you to cultivate the acquaintance of the *Globe* people for any purpose whatever. They are very disloyal and corrupt, and would be only too glad to seduce you from your allegiance to the Pure and Upright Party of which you are now so conspicuous an ornament. Yours, etc.,

J—N TH—MPS—N.

### "WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?"

THE *Pictou Times* has felt called upon to submit GRIP'S English to a microscopical examination, by way of punishing us for our recent strictures on Mr. Martin J. Griffin's article in *Blackwood*. The learned editor scores a few points against us, there is no doubt of that. But in at least one case, he is hypercritical—if not, indeed, unscriptural. That is where he objects to our sentence, "Nothing else will restore to us the good opinion of our neighbors near and far." Upon this the erudite gentleman says:

"Demurring to the proposition that the 'good opinion'

in this case would not be restored to our neighbors, but that their good opinion would be restored to us, which is not easily understandable —"

We interrupt just here to observe that our critic has certainly twisted a plain statement into something rather difficult of comprehension —

"We pass on to remark that 'far neighbor' must be dispensed with. The 'near neighbor' we scarcely know what to do with, since all neighbors must be more or less near; but the 'far neighbor' is a monstrosity that makes us feel uncomfortable."

This seems to raise the old question, "Who is my neighbor?" a question which we had supposed long since set at rest by a Teacher from whose decision there can be no appeal. Geographical distance did not enter into the definition of a neighbor—the spirit of humanity was the one thing needful. Our fellow Britons in Australia are as much our neighbors as the people across our border, and we are sorry to learn that the *Times* man regards them as a lot of "monstrosities," who make him "feel uncomfortable." He should try and get over such narrowness.

### R. S. V. P.

A MODEST POET SEEKS INFORMATION

I WONDER if in by-gone days  
There e'er lived anybody  
Who knew Longfellow well enough  
To speak of him as "Waddy?"

Was ever man so well acquaint  
With Bryant that he'd sully  
The laurels of that poet-soul  
By calling William "Cully?"

Hath Shakspeare e'er been known as "Shake"  
To neighbors fresh and gally?  
Did Emerson e'er hear himself  
Alluded to as "Wally?"

I ask this question feelingly,  
Because my friends, b'gosh!  
Whene'er they chance to speak of me,  
Abbreviate me "Wash!"

—George Washington Me, in Puck:

Dear Poet, don't allow this thing  
Your soaring soul to vex;  
The Poet Moyer of Berlin  
Is known as "Peter X."

And other high and mighty men  
(By those with whom they're chummy)  
Are shortened down—the Prince of Wales  
Is commonly called "Tummy."

Then Gladstone's known as G.O.M.,  
Macdougall's "Wandering Willie,"  
And Bell, the famous Alderman,  
Is always called "King Billy."

### OUR BREEKS.

IT will take about \$30,000, they say, to put the new Highland regiment on a satisfactory footing. The Dominion Government have granted \$5,000, and the city Council may vote an equal sum. For the balance the members of the regiment will have to go down into their own breeches pockets, and the great question is, how can they do it?

### LOVE'S CROWN.

TEARS are the jewels of Love's crown,  
And smiles the light that makes them glow,  
And love that hath not smiles and tears  
Its regal wealth can never show.



### FAGIN'S OTTAWA ACADEMY.

"Look here!" said the Dodger, drawing forth a handful of shillings and half-pence, "Here's a jolly life! What's the odds where it comes from? \* \* \* If you don't take pocket-handkerchers and watches, some other cove will; so that the coves that lose 'em will be all the worse, and you'll be all the worse, too, and nobody half a hap'orth better, except the chaps wot gets them—and you've just as good a right to them as they have."

"To be sure, to be sure!" said the Jew, who had entered unseen by Oliver. "It all lies in a nutshell, my dear; in a nutshell, take the Dodger's word for it."—*Oliver Twist.*

"I believe the influence of our public men affects every family in the Dominion."—*Rev. R. G. Bovell, Hamilton.*



### "DOWN WENT MCCARTHY"

FROM THE HIGH PEDESTAL OF STATESMANSHIP.

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

ALEXANDER the Great once visited the philosopher Pleonax of Mitylene, and found him musing by the sea shore, as was his wont. "I am Alexander," said the monarch, striking an attitude. "Objective influences," said the sage, "seem to dominate the trend of our vision with a potency which enthral, though it may not permeate. Man's consciousness grasps the absolute by means of the formulation of innate ideas. The real is merely subjective. The limitation of our conceptions is wholly dependent upon the correlation of force with matter. Only the intangible exists. Thought projects itself in proportion to the equipoise of the vital centres. I could keep on talking like this all day just as easy."

"You make me tired," ungraciously responded the monarch.

Pleonax thought for a moment, and then a dreamy far away look came into his eyes, and he murmured. "I thought, O, Alexander, that thou hadst conquered Tyre."

The conquerer wiped away an unbidden tear and strode off moodfully into his tent. "If I were not Alexander," sighed he to himself, "I would be somebody else. But perhaps I might not be anybody. How is this? Let me reflect. Yet why should I, when I can hire a man to do it for me so cheap."

CARDINAL RICHELIEU was one day proceeding from Versailles to Paris, when he was accosted by the Chevalier De Cochonyvert, who was at that time in disfavor at court.

"Ou vas tu, mon cher Cardinal?" said the Chevalier.

"A Paris, was the reply.

"Eh bien!"

"Et vous?"

"Je ne vais pas."

"Pourquoi mon ami?"

"Parceque je reste ici."

"Est il possible?"

"Oui."

The Cardinal maintained his composure, and flinging a purse of gold to the coachman bade him drive on at full speed. The next day war was declared. Thus, we see, how seemingly trivial circumstances may produce the most important results.

ONE day as King Henry VIII. was discussing affairs of state at Windsor Castle, and making up the daily list of victims for the headsman, a noise in the antechamber attracted his attention. "What ho without!" roared the monarch. "I really do not know, sire, but methinks your majesty had better ask the gardener," replied Cardinal Wolsey. "Perhaps you think this is a nigger minstrel show or something," replied King Hal., reprovingly—"and that's just where you're away off. If I hear any more such observations as that from you, down goes your name on the list." Mr. W. shortly afterwards had his resignation tendered to him, on which occasion he is reported to have observed—"If I had been fortunate enough to live in the nineteenth century I would not have been a member of the Government without making provision for my old age."

HENRY V., while besieging Harfleur with an English army, addressed the troops in a neat and appropriate speech commencing, "Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more," when he was interrupted with shouts of disapprobation from a Highland regiment. "How now, villains!" he exclaimed. "Do you refuse to follow me?" "Na, na, we're aye ready tac fecht, but ta Hielan'man will no put on ta preeches," replied The Mac-Tavish.

#### WHO'S GOING TO BE MAYOR?

ALREADY this question is going the rounds, And the quidnuncs are busy with plot and with plan: There would seem to be solid and sensible grounds For believing that Alderman Boustead's the man.

There's one little obstacle set in his path, Which perhaps may prevent gentle James getting there— That is that McMillan—yes, tell it in Gath— Is certainly going to be our next mayor.

And yet Honest John may be, so to speak, left. "There's many a slip," says the time-honored saw; For it's certain as fate that St. Paul's man of heft, Is as good as elected—that's Alderman Shaw.

But—although Shaw is certain—there's this to be said— Bold Baron Macdonald will be in the fun, And has made all arrangements to stand at the head Of the poll on that day, whoever may run.

But Mac. may fall short of the votes that he needs, On account of John Ross—he of *Telegram* fame— For so (with addendum of Robertson) reads The sure-pop victorious candidate's name!

So you see it's all fixed as to who's to be mayor. If you're betting, put up on the horse that is dark, For the man for next year is the one who's now there, The perennial, perpetual, never-quit Clarke!

#### THEY HAD NO USE FOR HIM.

VOLUNTEER—"I wish to join the new Highland regiment. Ever since my boyhood I have panted for a military career."

RECRUITING OFFICER—"What's thon? Haud awa laddie, we canna take ye. The Highlanders canna be fashed w' pants!"



THE SPREAD OF AGRICULTURAL KNOWLEDGE.

ONTARIO YEOMAN (after gazing with profound interest and admiration at the operations of the Travelling Dairy)—“Mr. Dryden, sir, might I ax you one question?”

HON. JOHN D.—“Most certainly, my friend. The Government is anxious to give all the information in its power on everything pertaining to the farming industry.”

YEOMAN—“I was only goin’ to ax when the Ontario Government proposes to teach us to suck eggs!”

THE COCHRANE RECEPTION.

WE feel convinced that the reports of the reception of Mr. Edward Cochrane, M.P., at Brighton the other day, as published in the Toronto papers, were more than usually defective. A careful investigation will show, no doubt, that the facts were more as stated here:

A large deputation of the supporters of Mr. Cochrane occupied the station platform at Brighton awaiting the arrival of the train from Ottawa on the last day of September. All wore emblems in the form of miniature whitewash brushes, and much enthusiasm prevailed. As the train steamed in, the air was rent with loud shouts of “Long live Boodle!” “Long flourish office peddling!” “God save the Queen!” etc., etc. Mr. Cochrane, whose look of proud triumph could be plainly discerned beneath the splashes of whitewash which decorated his handsome countenance, stepped off the train, accompanied by Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, M.P., and Dr. Sproule, M.P., and all three gentlemen, in acknowledgement of the cheers, smiled and winked in a knowing manner. The distinguished arrivals were at once conducted to a conveyance specially prepared for their accommodation. It was a large whitewash barrel on wheels, drawn by the famous cow, contributed to the Conservative Association in lieu of cash, and in exchange for one of the offices. For particulars consult the evidence taken by the Committee. A

procession was formed behind this unique vehicle of honor, and in great state, headed by the band (a very brass one), playing the “Rogues’ March,” the statesmen were conveyed to the town hall, which was soon filled with admirers of the Truly British Policy, so ably represented by Mr. Cochrane. Representatives of the London *Free Press* and other Conservative journals, which had so far forgotten themselves as to condemn trafficking in offices as reprehensible, were of course refused admittance. The hall was tastefully decorated with mottoes, executed in kalsomine of various tints, and the chairman’s table was tastefully set off with whitewash brushes of many patterns. Amongst the mottoes were the following: “Can the Ethiopian Change his Skin? Yes—with Whitewash.” “God Save the Queen—from such a gang.” “We Stand by the National Policy of Whitewash.” “East Northumberland Glories in her Shame.” “Offices for Boodle. Live Stock taken in Exchange. Apply to Ned Cochrane.” “Cochrane’s skirts are not clean, but they’re clean enough for the present Parliament.—Skinner,” etc., etc.

The chairman, having called the meeting to order, in a few neat whitewashy sentences introduced Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, who was received with cheers.

Mr. Wallace congratulated the constituency on having achieved world-wide notoriety—he might even say



### NEARLY GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

ANGEL WIFE—"Henry, dear, what in the world were you dreaming about last night? You were talking of chips, and poker, and I don't know what."

ANGEL HUSBAND—"Eh—h—hm, I must have been thinking of my having to—er—r get up and light the fire in the morning."

infamy. That was better than not being known at all. He regarded Mr. Cochrane as an ideal representative of such a constituency, and thought the chances of that gentleman for a Cabinet position were excellent. He had observed that some so-called Conservatives were opposed to the policy of corruption and whitewash. Such people were traitors—Grits in disguise, and ought to be shown no quarter. (Hear, hear). He was proud to have a hand in the honors extended to his friend Cochrane, who could undoubtedly hold his own with the worst scallawags now in public life in Canada, which was saying a good deal. (Loud cheers) He did not wish to be egotistical, but might venture to call attention to the excellence of his own work as chairman of the Public Accounts Committee during the session. He did not think any man could have suppressed dangerous evidence, and generally stood in with the boodlers better than he had done. (Cheers). After a strong denunciation of Lister, McMullen and other wretches who had done their best to thwart the white washers, Mr. Wallace resumed his seat.

Dr. Sproul was next introduced. After a few introductory remarks of a patriotic description about the old flag, the honor of the British throne, and the dignity of Parliament, he went into a most interesting technical dissertation on the chemical ingredients of whitewash, and concluded with an eloquent panegyric of Mr. Cochrane, whom he regarded as a personification of Conservatism, as he understood that term—a man fit to stand alongside of Langevin, McGreevy, Senecal, Rykert, Pacaud—the grandest names in Canadian history. (Tremendous applause).

Mr. Cochrane was the last speaker. He said he was so overcome by the totally unexpected demonstration in his honor that he was quite unfitted for speaking. He had feared, when he saw the crowd at the station, that they had brought a rail to convey him up town, but he begged their pardon for having supposed them capable of taking such a correct view of his deserts. Instead of a speech, he would ask them to listen to a little song, which he had

composed on the way up from Ottawa. He then rendered the following, in a most feeling manner:

#### KALSOMINE.

AIK—"Baby Minc."

It's a pigment I admire,  
Kalsomine, kalsomine!  
Put it on with plenty dryer,  
Kalsomine, kalsomine!  
No matter what you do,  
If your colleagues good and true  
Will but thickly whitewash you!  
Kalsomine!

Observe my glistening coat—  
Kalsomine, kalsomine!  
That's the party's solid vote,  
Kalsomine, kalsomine!  
I sold offices, you know,  
In a manner mean and low,  
But my party said pooh, pooh!  
Kalsomine!

Then we sang "God Save the Queen,"  
Kalsomine, kalsomine!  
'Twas a most inspiring scene!  
Kalsomine, kalsomine!  
And the public keeps quite cool,  
For the public is a fool,  
And long may whitewash rule!  
Kalsomine!

(Great cheers and applause, and cries of "Encore," amid which the meeting broke up).

#### TORONTO VOCALISTS IN CHICAGO.

THE Chicago dailies come to hand with portraits of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson, and letter press accounts which convey the idea that this musical couple have made a very pronounced hit in the big western town. Some of these journals go so far as to speak of our Aggie as one of the great singers of the day—which is a good deal for a Chicago newspaper man to say. If it were not that Mrs. Thomson couldn't afford to drop "Home, Sweet Home" from her repertoire, there would be great danger of the exodus gobbling up both herself and her energetic husband, after such honied words from the American tempter.

#### AN ORIGINAL HEADING.

"LITERARY NOSES" is the somewhat peculiar heading of a book review column in Saturday's *Globe*. A literary nose in these days will have to encounter some very rank odors in poking itself among the garbage of modern fiction, while it must be an organ of very keen scent to detect any savor of originality or genius. It is a common expression that a reporter has a good "nose for news." Why not a nose for literature? The credit for this bit of originality, however, is due to the compositor who put an s for a t in the heading.

#### LEFT.

WHY did I wander from her waiting side?  
Careless, heed not her voice that bade me come  
Back to her; straying from right path aside,  
Until I find myself at last alone?

Had I but faithful by her still stayed fast,  
She would have borne me o'er the troubled sea,  
Have safely brought me to my home at last,  
To that fair city where I long to be!

Alas! I wander lone upon the shore,  
And think of her now vanished with deep woe;  
And 'mid my sighs I turn the message o'er—  
"Your boat, sir? Why, she left an hour ago!"

**CARDINAL LANGEVIN'S FAREWELL.**

"NAY then—farewell.  
 In two official languages, farewell,  
 And from this razzle-dazzle of investigation  
 I haste now up Salt river. I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 But I'll get up again.  
 Farewell—a long farewell to my Department.  
 This is the state of man: To-day he does  
 His duty ably; to-morrow knows  
 The details of each job he has in charge;  
 The third day he's a chump—an imbecile.  
 And when the facts come out,  
 'Gainst Osler's will—  
 Why, all the country sickens with the stench  
 Of rank and foul corruption,  
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
 With Uncle Tom and Mick, and Nick & Co.,  
 These many summers on a sea of boodle,  
 But far beyond my depth; my crooked schemes  
 At length broke under me, and now I'm left  
 Busted, kicked out, and truly in the soup—  
 The scalding soup that must a season hide me.  
 Vain pomp and glory of the whitewash brush, I hate ye!  
 I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched  
 Is that poor man who monkeyes with McGreevy.  
 There is, betwixt the Cross wall and the Dock,  
 The Harbor Works and all the other jobs,  
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have,  
 And, when he falls, he falls like old Boss Tweed,  
 Never to hope again.

Clemow, I charge thee, keep away from boodle;  
 'Tis pizen when found out; but how can we,  
 Who must protect the country, do without it?  
 Uphold the grand old flag; be truly loyal;  
 Keep the Red Parlor and the great N. P.;  
 Still cherish all the arts of bribery  
 To hold the country true. Dab whitewash on;  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Party's,  
 Thy pals, the spoils. Then, if thou fall'st,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

Call the cabs  
 And see me off on the departing train.  
 Remember I'm a chump. O, Mackintosh!  
 Had I but served the state with half the zeal  
 I served McGreevy's gang, I would not now  
 Been leaving Ottawa so very full  
 Of honor and renown!

**CHATTER.**

LINER—"Hello, Spacer, what are you looking so broken up about?"

SPACER—"I'm suffering with writer's cramp."

LINER—"Does your wrist pain you?"

SPACER—"No. It is my pocket that does."

HOUSTON—"Shakespeare considered woman braver than man."

MCCARTHY—"Indeed?"

HOUSTON—"Yes. He makes *Macbeth* say:

I dare do all that may become a man,  
 Who dares do more is none.

"That undoubtedly refers to woman."

OLDUN—"You graduated this year, eh? I suppose you know it all now."

NEWGRAD—"Well, I make a bluff at it."

TOM—"What are you so angry about?"

COUSIN JACK (*from the west*)—"That 'ar Boston gal called me a captivating development of unconventional environments. If a man had called me that I'd 'a gunned him."

MISS FROSTIQUE—"I have many social engagements this season."

MISS CAUSTIQUE—"As a chaperone, I presume."

"I SEE that the sword has made an opening in that young fellow's cheek for you," remarked the liniment bottle to the plaster, while the students' duel was in progress.

"I shall apply as soon as the row is over," replied the adhesive remedy.

VISITOR—"You are having all the watercourses on your farm cleaned out and having things drained generally, I see."

FARMER—"Yes."

VISITOR (*waxing poetical*)—"What are you going to do with the stream that ripples by your door?"

FARMER (*waxing humorous*)—"I'll let it rip."

"YOU are always out in the cold," remarked the sash to the shutter.

"Yes," replied the shutter; "but I have a rattling time."

THE doctor who heals many usually gets well heeled.

HE—"I always mind my own business."

SHE—"What an easy time you must have."

WIFE—"It is two o'clock. See how late you have kept me up waiting for you."

HUSBAND—"Well, dear, you knew before you married me that I was in the habit of staying out late; but you didn't seem to mind then."

HE—"Yes. I suppose I am selfish. I live solely for myself."

SHE—"For yourself? And do you consider life worth living?"

SANSO—"Here is an advertisement that says, 'None but Irish need apply.'"

RODD—"Huh. I wonder what new political scheme is on foot now?"

ETHEL—"Hasn't Miss Oldgirl become very angular?"

MAUD—"Yes. It is doubtless owing to the amount of angling she is doing to catch a husband."

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

**QUOTATIONS FROM THE POETS.**



"A HIDROUS PEAL."

*Milton, Par. Lost, Book II.*



"DEAR George," said a young woman, "I am willing to marry you if we have to live on bread and water." "Well," said the enthusiastic George, "you furnish the bread, and I'll skirmish around and find the water."

ANYONE furnishing their homes and requiring anything in the way of gas or electric fixtures and globes should call on R. H. Lear & Co., 19 and 21 Richmond Street West. This firm is headquarters for goods in these lines. We would advise you to go direct to them and get their quotations.

MRS. A.—"Is it true, as I've been told, that your husband proposed to you by telephone?"

MRS. B.—"Why, no. That's a silly story; he only asked papa's consent that way."

OH, WHAT A DELICIOUS CIGAR!

YES, it is an Invincible, one of the best made. Try it. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

A SMALL girl of three years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner-table. "Why, Mabel," said her mother, "what is the matter?" "Oh," whined Mabel, "my teeth trod on my tongue!"

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.

WHEN a lady of uncertain age tells you coyly that she has seen twenty-seven Summers it is altogether impolite to ask her if she remembers how the last one of the twenty-seven looked.—*Somerville Journal.*

*Armour's*  
**Extract of BEEF.**

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

**ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.**

BURLEIGH,— "I tell you, it costs a man to dress his wife well these days."

TUBBS—"Yes; dress goods are high, especially on the shoulders."—*Texas Siftings.*

IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THAT all the institutions for children who have used it speak in the highest terms of its beneficial effects upon the infants in their charge. 25 cents per package, sold everywhere. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

SHE—"Whew! if I had known you'd smoke a horrid pipe I never would have married you."

HE—"If I'd known I couldn't smoke cigars and support a woman, too, I never would have married you."—*New York Weekly.*

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you are Feeble and Emaciated. Use it. For sale by all druggists.

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS**

**CURES**  
Impure Blood,  
Dyspepsia,  
Liver Complaint,  
Biliousness,  
Kidney Complaint,  
Scrofula.

**LADIES**

Requiring any fashionable and modern Hair Goods in Bangs, Waves, Switches—all long hair—no cord inside. Toupees or Wigs for ladies and gentlemen, ready made, or made to order on short notice.

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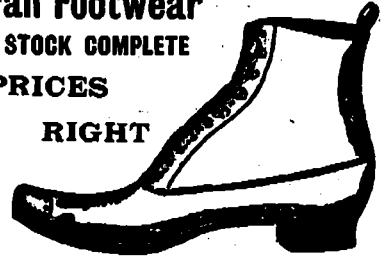
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