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# THE TORONTO SCHOOL JOURNAL.

FORTNIGHTLY.  
EDITED BY TORONTO SCHOOL BOYS.

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We cannot undertake to reply to correspondents through the post, but will endeavor to answer all questions through the columns of this journal.

All manuscript should be sent in, written on one side of the paper only.

## THE Toronto School Journal

EDITOR, - - G. W. ROY.

SUB-EDITOR..... E. LAWSON.  
SECRETARY..... E. G. SHIPMAN.  
TREASURER..... W. B. CALDWELL

### TERMS.

3 Cents per Copy, . . . . . 75 Cents per Annum.

ISSUED FORTNIGHTLY.

### Editorial Items.

Although the question of the study of the Bible in the Public Schools is looked upon by many as a political one, which should not be tolerated, yet we think that in the interests of the young, and the advancement of the knowledge of sacred history, that it ought to be resumed and carefully scrutinized by the teachers and their pupils. It is a question in which we are all interested, and it would implant in the minds of the young a greater interest in the reading of that which at some future day might be the turning point of many a young man's career. What is there in the Scriptures that would not tend to refine and elevate the mind, or why is it discarded by our School Board from being read and taught to the pupils? Simply a political party question to please a Government that hoped to gain a few votes by it. In a Christian country like this with all its religious and educational privileges, the Bible can only be looked upon by those

who are interested in the question of Right and Wrong, to be a book authorized by divine, and not by human authority, as fit and capable to be entered in our schools as one of the books of study.

We are glad to see that the Ontario Government has encouraged the motion made, that a new Collegiate Institute be established in Toronto, also that that building is being planned for erection. It is now high time for the citizens of Toronto to come to their senses and realize the situation of the pupils who pass out of the Public Schools into higher institutions. As for that establishment on Jarvis street we really do not believe it deserves the name it has at present. The pupils of the Public Schools are taught to be ambitious as far as education is concerned, but when they enter the Toronto Collegiate Institute, that thirst for higher education is quenched by the slow-clock-work manner in which that institute is, and has been, working, for the last twenty years.

We trust that this new institute will be a great improvement on the present and that a man who encourages education, be made principal.—SUB ED.

One of the boys attending Rose Avenue School has the habit of "accidentally on purpose" running home with certain girls' hats. Why he does this we do not know, but rumor has it, that this interesting little boy has a smitten big brother who finds it very convenient to bring little Fannie's hat home, as an excuse to bring—he arrives home rather late. Let this fascinating young man beware lest there be a wasp in the hat. We also extend this warning to the "interesting" little brother and to others similarly occupied.

Boys! Girls! Teachers! Parents! Bachelors! Spinsters! and Business Men, don't forget our "Holiday Number," it will interest you all, and be

much larger than our ordinary one (which, by the way, will be enlarged after the holidays). It will contain a series of stories, poems, news, etc., "At Crosby School" being continued in it. Business Men! We give special space and easy terms for advertising in this number.

### Composition on School Days.

Our school days are the most important part of our lives; the foundation stones on which all our after life is built. If the foundation of a house is badly laid, the house will be badly built; and if our school days are badly spent, our lives are not likely to be spent much better. An unlearned lesson is like a stone left out of the foundation. One stone does not make much difference, but when a boy or girl goes through school, wasting his time and leaving hundreds of lessons unlearned, he lays a bad foundation; and in after years he will wish that he had a chance to lay it over again. If those idle boys and girls who spend their school days in reading novels, or some such nonsense, would only consider the value of the time they are wasting, surely they would not dare to sit there and fritter away those opportunities, which, once lost, will never return.

HELEN ARBUTHNOT,  
Ryerson School.

A newly married couple had settled down, on returning from their honeymoon, in a lovely house with all the modern improvements among which was a telephone. Daily over the wires passed epithets of love between him at the office and her at the house. But soon he saw that his business required more of his time, and he would not have his wife know for the world that he could not give his full time to her. He struck a plan. In his employment was a man, who worked around the office doing general work, and whose voice was remarkably like his employer, the husband. The plan was to have him take his place at the telephone in the morning and talk to his employer's wife in the same strains as his master. It worked well, and all the business required was well attended to. The day the husband had to go within a few doors of his house on a message to a customer, he went on and looked through the shutter, when to his surprise and horror what should he see but his wife coolly reclining on the sofa reading a novel, and the girl, Bridget at the telephone.

The following is published at the request of the author:—"In a country school was a trustee who

had a very small and thin mustache, about the boys would mercilessly tease him. One day the trustee was passing through the school-yard when he heard a boy say to his chum:—"Why is Mr. L.'s mustache like a baseball match?" "Because, three out all out," was the sarcastic reply.

H. D. McMAHON.

### School News.

A Jesse Ketchum boy says that their school company is not going to compete for the drill prize.

Ex-Mayor Howland has offered two prizes in the Jesse Ketchum school, for the two best compositions, one in the junior fourth book class and the other between the senior fourth and junior fifth book classes.

A baseball match played April 18th, between Church street school and the St. Simon's church choir resulted in favor of the latter. Score, 27 to 8 runs.

The broom drill and calisthenics by the girls of Victoria street school, was a complete success and was appreciated accordingly.

We understand that the managers of Loretta Abbey intend giving a silver medal at the midsummer examination for general proficiency.

To the writers of the second and third best compositions we will give a year's subscription besides publishing the leading three. We will also publish the names of all those who write. Full particulars on page 7.

The drill company in Wellesley school devote a half-hour twice a week to practise, besides the regular drill on Thursday. Their head master says "they must and will win the prize this year."

Why is it that a match is not fixed between any two of the large schools.

Two matches were played on Saturday, May 5th: Oaklands vs. Albions and Wellingtons vs. Cass Club. Score as follows: Oaklands, 16 runs; Albions, 13 runs; Wellingtons, 11; Cass, 0.

It was amusing to see the principal of that large school in the "Noble Ward" enter one of his rooms with his fists clenched, his eyes protruding, and pale with rage as he assured the class that he was *angry*. I wonder would they have known if he had not told them.

The Dufferin school boys stand a good chance of getting the drill prize this year.

On Saturday, April 28th, the Eastern Stars defeated the Poplars by a score of 15 to 8. Lyons and Rosenfeldt were the battery for the victors, while Newberry and Smith performed that part for the vanquished.

The Eastern Stars and Eureka baseball clubs played a match on Saturday, May 5th, the result being that the Eureka were defeated by a score of 32 to 8. The batteries were McEwan and Rosenfeldt for the Stars, and Shea and Leslie for the Eureka. The Eastern Stars are open for challenges from clubs whose members average sixteen years.

A match was played between the Ryerson and Diamond Baseball Clubs, resulting in favor of the latter. Score 25 to 20 runs.

At a recent fire drill in Church Street school, one of the scholars, George Brown, fell down the stairs and broke his arm.

The Wellesley School Baseball Club claim the match arranged between the Dufferin street school baseball club and themselves, as that club did not show up after accepting a challenge.

A Lacrosse match was played May 5th, between the Victorias and Rosedales, resulting five to one in favor of the Victorias.

The conquerors in the preceding report played another match one week later with the second twelve, Primroses, and again came off victorious by two games, their adversaries scoring none.

A match played May 12th, between Maitlands and Young Torontos, resulted in four straight in favor of the Maitlands.

The Primrose lacrosse club has arranged to play in Barrie on the "24th."

### An Elephant's Devotion.

The following is a story related to me by a British soldier who served in the Army for twenty-one years:—

During the Indian mutiny a little boy, the son of a British soldier, became greatly attached to an elephant, and regularly fed him with small portions of food, which care and kindly consideration were at a future time opportunely rewarded.

A party of Sepoys having been ordered to massacre all the English residents they could find, surrounded the cottage at Cawnpore wherein were the little boy, his nurse, and father. Two of the Sepoys lost their lives in attempting to burst open the door, while the others set a light to the roof of the cottage and awaited the result with savage glee. But, amid the yells and screams of the nurse, a strange combatant, in the shape of an elephant, appeared, who, recognizing the voice of his little friend, fiercely attacked the Sepoys, scattering them in all directions. The boy's father seeing such a favorable opportunity rushed out with his child to take shelter by his redoubtable deliverer, while the

superstitious Sepoys, struck with awe on seeing (to them) a sacred animal interposing on behalf of their intended victims, fell upon their faces, thus affording an opportunity to escape, which was successfully made. The elephant was sent to the English garrison and afterwards sent to England.

KENO.

An Illinois editor, conversing with an intelligent farmer expressed a desire to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him \$10 for it.

It is not always a mark of kindness to possess an open countenance. An alligator is a deceitful creature, and yet it presents an open countenance when in the very act of taking you in.

"No," said an old maid, "I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have a tailor's dummy that I can scold when I feel like it."

"They may talk as much as they like about old Money-bags," said Poplins, "but he's certainly a man of principle." "Yes," responded Poplins, "but you can't see his principle unless you put up a pretty stiff interest."

### What we Would like to See:

The coming examinations "good and easy."

Better attendance at the Public School Board meetings, in order that they may be able to vote.

The Public School site in Seaton Village to be ornamented soon with a magnificent building.

Everybody to try for the prizes we offer on page 7.

Our subscription list to swell into the millions.

### A Shower-Bath.

Dr. Aqueus was a hydropath. He believed that a proper application of water, external and internal, would cure nearly all the diseases to which flesh is heir. One day he was called to visit Mrs. Sam. Noogles, who had a touch of the rheumatics. He examined the case, and prescribed the shower-bath. But Mrs. Noogles had no shower bath, and she didn't know how to get one. The doctor, anxious to build up a reputation, offered to send his own bath for her use, if her husband would come and get it.

Accordingly Sam went to the doctor's with his cart and got the bath, Aqueus having first explained to him how the revolving pan at the top was to be filled with cold water, and how the shower was

to be produced. "And be sure," he added, "that your wife gives herself a thorough rubbing when she comes out."

Two days thereafter, Dr. Aqueus, met Sam. on the street, and asked him if his wife had tried the bath.

"Yaas—she's tried it," said Sam.

"And how did it work?"

"Waal—pooty fair, considerin'. It spattered her clothes some."

"Spattered her clothes?"

"Yaas—ye see, the box was so narrow she couldn't open the umbrilly jest as she wanted to."

"An umbrella! What in the world was she doing with an umbrella?"

"Why, bless yer soul doctor, she know'd 'at when she tipped up that ere pan full of water it must come down kerslosh; so she took her umbril in to hold over her head. But she rayther liked it on the whole. It was jest like an April shower—kind o' coolin' like. And when she come out she took off her clothes, and gin herself a good rubbin' with rum and yaller dock; and she says she feels more comfortable. D'ye think she'd better try the thing agin?"

The doctor thought not. He said he had no doubt that rum and yellow dock, with a liberal supply of "elbow grease," would answer every purpose.

S. C., JR.

The new quadruple press of the New York *World* prints the largest number of papers per hour yet attained in printing press manufacture, namely 70,000.

At a recent gathering of commercial college students, Hon. John Macdonald said:—"Your own right arm, your own health, your business training, your own determination, is capital to you vastly more valuable than any chance bequest. Use these diligently in achieving success. \* \* Be patient. You cannot all go into business; you cannot all be merchants. But you can all rise to positions of trust and responsibility. The man who occupies a confidential position in any house occupies a proud position, one preferred by many, because it is in many respects freed from responsibilities which attach to large business obligations."

### School-yard Conversation.

Robert Sh—w is all right only he ought not to roll around the floor so much during school hours. The same can be said of F—y Rob—ts.

There is nothing wrong with Teddy Ga-i-r-s only he occasionally gives vent to the intensity of his feelings in a discontented grunt.

Percy K—ys and Wm. McC—ll—m have lain their two heads together for the purpose of tormenting one of the larger boys, who is subjected to "delirium tremens?" but they had better beware lest while their heads are together they might get bumped, (by the other fellows).

If all the boys of Wellesley school were as enthusiastic as is Arthur Douglas that school would be the chief baseball centre.

There will be quite a number try for a 'third' this year. Among them will be Mr. Edward Ham-bly, Miss E. Johnson, Miss Tennant, and others.

We are sorry to announce that Mr. Perry Bag-nall, a pupil in the third division, Ryerson School, has left that institution with the intention of grappling with some of the harder duties of life. He was a good companion and his pleasant face will be missed. We wish him hearty success.

We learn also with regret that it is the intention of Charlton Baily, a pupil in the same division as the person mentioned above, to embark for California, in the near future. Although Charlton will be a long way off, yet we hope to hear from him often, and get his description of that sunny retreat, which we will place before our readers with pleasure.

### Accidental.



Brown.—Hello, Jones! How's your wife?

Jones (a little deaf).—Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning.

## AT CROSBY SCHOOL.

BY MAUD L. BRADFORD,  
LATE OF RYERSON SCHOOL.

## CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

"Then here," said Frank, leading forward a grey-eyed, curly brown-haired lad who seemed the very essence of good humor, "here is Wilber Burton, commonly known as 'Berry B.,' my brother Allan, Berry."

"How de do?" said the boy, nearly shaking Allan's arm off, "I'm glad you're here. If you are the right sort you'll have plenty of fun."

Allan hoped he would prove the "right sort," and Berry said he was sure of it.

"Here," said Frank, pointing to two slender, fair-haired boys; "here are our twins, Mac and Jack Gilroy. They are one in everything."

The brothers cordially greeted the new comer.

"This is Edgar Thornton," said Frank, and a pale, intellectual, reserved looking boy politely bowed to Allan; "and, hallo! here is some one I don't know."

"I can introduce the lad," put in Harry Wilder, "made his acquaintance on train. Name is Dick Daly. Frank, and Allan Elden, Dick."

After shaking hands with him, Frank looked keenly at the new boy. Dick seemed to be about thirteen years of age, or perhaps younger. He was dark and short, with a merry but determined expression of face. "Determined" was hardly strong enough, Frank thought. He looked as if he would carry all before him.

"Come on, Frank," called Harry. "Gong'll soon ring. Too late then. Hurry."

Frank moved off with his friend.

## CHAPTER II.

Silence ensued for a moment among the remaining boys.

Berry B. broke it. "Do you know what your form is Elden, junior?"

"No, not yet. Mr. Broughton will examine me to-morrow, I think."

"I hope you'll be in our form. We're all in the same here, except Daly. He's like you, and, I suppose will be examined with you."

"What form are you all in?" asked Allan.

"In the fourth. We all expect to be promoted to the third next term, though. Mr. Leslie is our teacher. He is very nice if you study well, and he's a little short sighted, which is good for some of us. Were you ever at school before?"

"No, I always studied at home till now."

"Oh, we're all old boys, except Daly of course. Listen! there's the tea bell."

A rush was immediately made towards the basement.

"Come on!" shouted Berry B. "I'll show you the way."

As he and Allan, at the end of the crowd, hurried along, Berry said:

"We have to go in the back way to the dining room, but it's the first day so it won't matter if you and I break rules, and cut down the servant's entrance. If we do that we won't have the long passage to walk, and the narrow back stairs to jump." Before he had finished talking, they had reached the servants' entrance, and as they flew down the stairs, Berry gasped: "There's always a fight for places the first day, and I want to get my old chair. You know the jam is at one end of the table, and those nearest it are helped first, and sometimes, if there's enough jam you get a second helping, while the fellows at the other end have only begun their share, see? Here we are. Sit here. Now, see how much we're ahead of the others, and—"

Allan's loquacious companion suddenly paused. Before them stood a tall, thin, keen looking lady of about thirty-five years. Her nose, face, expression and manner were sharp, and she reminded one very forcibly of a file. When she spoke, her voice, hard and rasping as it was, added to the impression. Such was Miss Broughton, and her grim expression told Berry that she had heard part of his speech, and guessed the rest.

"Gr-racious," muttered Berry B. Then he rose and made an elaborate bow. "How do you do, Miss Broughton. I hope you have enjoyed your holidays," he said genially.

"How do you do, sir," responded the lady icily. "I had hoped to see an improvement in your character this term, but you have not begun well. Susan" (calling to a maid) "Susan, move the jam to the other end of the table," and the lady sailed away as the boys walked soberly in.

"Isn't she an old Tartar? I suppose, Elden junior, that you'll think we're a greedy set to fight over jam, but you'll understand it after you've been here a while. Oh! I say? Don't take that away."

"I have to obey orders, Mr. Berry," said Susan.

"Well, if that's not mean."

The rest of the boys were seated by this time, and the masters were coming in. There were seven tables in the dining room, with a master presiding over each. Mr. Leslie came in, and took the head of

the table at which our friends sat, and the boys greeted him warmly.

Then grace was said, and Allan looked to see what was for tea—bread and butter, jam, small light buns, and tea or milk.

"Oh! I say," whispered Berry B., "watch Mr. Leslie. He's after the jam."

The short-sighted master was looking all over the table, as if for something missing. Presently he beckoned to the dining-room girl.

"Susan, where is the jam," he said.

"At the other end of the table sir."

"Bring it here, then please." The girl hesitatingly brought the large dish.

Mr. Leslie gave each boy a small portion of jam in tiny square jam dishes. There was little left by the time all were served, but Berry and a few others got a second helping. Every one had all the bread they wanted, and one bun each.

"You see," said Berry, "we never get more jam than this, and only one cup of tea, or, or mind you, a glass of milk. I call it beastly mean."

Mr. Leslie who heard the boy, said, "no whispering is allowed, Burton, if you please."

"Yes, sir. Oh! goodness, here she comes."

She was Miss Broughton, who advanced to where Susan was pouring tea. "Susan, I directed that the jam was to be placed at the other end of the table," she said.

Mr. Leslie looked wonderingly at the lady, while the boys at the "other end," gazed hungrily at the jam dish.

Miss Broughton actually looked confused for a moment. Why had she not moved the boy instead of the jam, she should have remembered that the light was far the strongest over Mr. Leslie's head in his present place. "That end is really the head of the table, Mr. Leslie, and I had forgotten that the gas is at this end, and that you require light. I'm sure I beg your pardon, but I have so many things to remember, that—"

Of course Mr. Leslie, like Dickins' Mr. Toots, protested that "it was of no consequence, whatever." Several boys tittered, and as Miss Broughton walked off, she darted an angry glance at Berry B.

"My goodness!" he said ruefully. "Now she'll be down on me all this term," and the prospect so damped his spirits, that his busy tongue was silent till supper was over.

At seven o'clock, the boys, save those in the first form, were sent upstairs to their different dormitories to unpack their trunks. Mr. Broughton, in the dining room, read the boys names who were to occupy the different apartments.

Allan knew he was to go in number three, and Berry B. who had kept with him all evening exclaimed, "Goodness me, you're in the same dormitory as I am, and the Gilroys, and Thornton and Daly are with us. Is it not jolly? We'll have lots of fun," he explained as they went up stairs. "Miss Broughton turns the gas off at half-past nine, though, so we can't read or anything like that. Here we are. I'm going to have that corner bed, and you take the next. Hurry!" and Berry dragged him along.

Allan saw a large room, carpeted with matting, containing ten single iron bedsteads, with white hangings. There were five on each side of the room. The beds were about five feet apart, and between them stood the boys' trunks. There was four wash-stands in the room and four mirrors. The walls were papered with light paper, and pictureless. Beside each boys' bed was a double row of pegs, and a shelf on which some of his clothes were placed.

Allan, following Berry's example, soon unpacked his trunk, and neatly arranged all his possessions.

"We have a porter here who comes around to see that we're all in bed at half-past nine," said Berry; "So you see we're kept pretty strictly. How did you like your supper?"

"Oh,—well—I,—you see—," stammered Allan.

"Don't be afraid to say you didn't like it. Neither do I. When a boy's fed on raspberry tarts, mince pie, and cake all holidays, it's bad to come back to bread, flabby buns, and an egg cup full of jam. The worst is we're not allowed to have eatables in our trunks, and we can't buy them in the village, for a master always goes with us. That rule was made by The Scrapper."

"The Scrapper?"

"Yes. Miss Broughton she reminds one when she speaks of a squeaky slate pencil being scratched over a slate, so we call her The Scrapper."

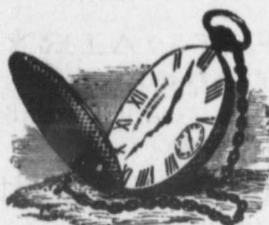
Allan privately thought it was a good name if rather disrespectful.

Berry continued, "The organ of veneration is very imperfectly developed in this school as you'll find out before you're much older. By the way, would you like to know the weekly bill-of-fare here?"

"Wouldn't I though?"

(To be Continued.)

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In order to increase our steadily growing subscription list, and to make our popular paper still more pleasing to the public, we have resolved to make this extraordinary offer to all the pupils of the public schools in the City and Parkdale. Here goes:—To any or every pupil sending us in a composition on or before July 21, on THE CAT, not to exceed 300 words, and enclosing the sum of (25c.) twenty-five cents, with name and address, we will send the TORONTO SCHOOL JOURNAL for four months (4). And to the author (as considered by a competent Judge) of the BEST composition we will give a handsome watch, beside sending the TORONTO SCHOOL JOURNAL for one year to his or her address. (Stamps accepted.) Mr. HUGHES has kindly consented to act as critic in this competition. Address

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