

# THE KHAN'S WEEKLY.



## THE BUSINESS END OF IT.

This paper will be published weekly. It will be sold for 5 cents a copy—subscription price \$2.00 a year. No dead heads. I haven't got any friends. My grandmother will be the only person who will get a copy for nothing. Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE KHAN,  
18 King Street East,  
TORONTO.

## I MAKE MY BOW.

Concluding that I had hung my offspring to the Newspaper Crocodiles of this city about long enough, I decided to go it alone, and here I am. After seven or eight years experience writing for the newspapers I found that I was taking it out in glory and I can recommend it as the very best anti-fat on the market to-day. My journalist employers, however, lived somewhat better than I did, as it was a case of dog eat dog with them, but even that is not a fancy dish and it becomes monotonous, but worse than all it gives the boarder a lean and hungry look. Of course they hadn't the money and you can't take breaks off a highlander, and as most of them were frowsy and a few of them in a condition which rhymes with drowsy, I talked the matter over with my grandmother and it is chiefly on her advice that I have made the venture. I don't know whether you all know me or not but you soon will. I am not going to follow the lead of some of my journalistic brethren. Instead of trying to run the country, I will run this paper. If I make any money out of this venture I won't build an hospital or buy a seat in parliament with it, but I will generously increase the salary of the sporting editor (who is myself), the dramatic editor (who is also myself), the woman's kingdom editor (me also), the religious editor (same party), the type-writer girl (also myself), in short I will spend it freely on my employees so that the whole staff (which is myself) can have better clothes, eat at the Rossin House and smoke a better brand of cigars. You see I am perfectly fair and above board in this matter, and you are at liberty to inspect my books at any time if you can find out where my office is. I am going to try and get along without a circulation liar. Several gifted and experienced

was offered to enter my employ, but I couldn't think of depriving the other papers of their invaluable services. To the long-suffering business man or merchant I have this to say, that if anybody, no matter in what disguise, should come into your store and claim that this paper has a larger circulation than all the other papers in town combined, you will oblige me by killing him at my expense; he never will be missed.

My grandmother—she still retains all her faculties, the Lord be praised—has advised me to take over the Empire building and plant, and I think I will as soon as they get the Hoodoo out of that unfortunate building. This will enable me to break down semi-annually with more eclat.

My grandmother—she is a sensible old soul—has advised me to let politics and religion alone.

My grandmother is right.

There is not a feud in any family, community, society, hamlet, village, town, city, district or territory—I repeat it, there is not a feud but had its beginning in political rancour or religious hate. I am not going to ask you what church you belong to, it isn't any of my business; I won't ask you which way you vote, that isn't any business either; I simply want you to laugh and cry with me—laugh when I hang a calf skin on the rear-end limbs of some people you wot of—weep when the jack-ass lames the lion. The Old Man of the Sea is riding this city

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to death, he is riding this country to death, and if we could make him drunk enough to fall off, even the most advanced temperance men could find no fault in that.

My grandmother, she is troubled with religion and wind like Charles Lever's heroine, wanted me to start this paper at Hamilton—she thinks that Toronto is an awful bad city. Arch-Bishop Archibald to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed she goes so far as to say that saintly gentleman 'taks thro' his hat. While I am willing to admit that this city is not exactly modelled on the New Jerusalem, still it is the best city in the world, admitting at the same time that it is not half as good or half as bad as its friends or enemies claim. The only thing that's wrong with Toronto is that it appears to be the thrashing floor for the whole crop of hypocrites, swindlers, hoodlers, gamblers and professional hars raised in Canada.

My religion teaches me to hate the Devil and all his works. Now as a hypocrite is the Devil him-self and swindlers, hoodlers, gamblers, and professional hars are all his works, I will make war on them from the start and before I quit I will capture Port Arthur, take Wei-hai-wea, burn Peking, and blow their protested paper fleet out of the water.

I had a dog once that was no good for anything but coons. He couldn't trail a hide-wagon, but he would tree a coon if he had to follow it all the way to Ireland, and then he would camp under that tree and hunt for fleas and amuse himself generally—he had a streak of humour in him—till that coon came down.

There are several hypocrites in Miss Toronto's corn patch, and we will endeavour to make them take to the woods.

I never received as much advice in my life as I got this week. There are thirty or forty people in the outer sanctum now, waiting till I get through with this article, all of them eager to give some advice, but when I find myself running short of horse sense I will go to my grandmother, on whom I have depended for advice and socks during the past decade.

I will make this paper aggressive and agreeable, bold, breezy and bright, cool, collected and concise, daring, deliberate and defiant, earnest and essential to the man of the world.

I went up to the newspaper graveyard the other day and found it full, in one corner was a fresh made mound. The tombstones over the graves made profitable reading. Here are a few of the inscriptions—"I bit off more than I could chew," "I had too much to say and didn't know what I was talking 'bout," "Corporations have no souls," "I didn't attend to my business," "I couldn't stand prosperity," "I got the swelled head," "I should have started a saw-mill, not a newspaper, etc."

It was a sad visit and there will be more of them up there before long, but this paper will be alive and always in evidence. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, with these few remarks, ladies and gentlemen, I will take my seat.

Said he: "Yes, Khan, I've quit drinking. There are so many blundered amateurs at it now it makes me tired. I went into Cocktail's saloon the other day and it was full of young fellows havin' what they call a big time, and I went out disgusted and swore off for a fact. I felt lonesome when I went in to have a snifter. I don't meet any of the old gang any more. Some of them are up in Mount Pleasant with their toes turned up, and I often wonder if they don't think its a long time between drinks. One of them got up and come down town the other night. He hid his coffin behind the Mossey monument and as he had been laid out in his best clothes instead of a shroud, he looked pretty presentable only he had no hat. I lent him one. When I first met him he was prancing along in front of the old Yorkville town hall. He was glad to see me, poor old chap.

"Says he, 'I wish't I'd a died a chinaman,' says he." "Why," says I. "Because," says he, "then they would have put some money in any clothes, but I've been all thro' all my pockets and I can't find a son." I lent him a bill. All at once he took up a side street as fast as his legs would carry him. He rattled as he ran. I overtook him at last and pinned him up against a wall.

"What's the matter with you," says I.

"Oh, Swapsy," says he, "I've got 'em again"

"Nonsense," says I, "you're all right, you're as sober as a deacon.

"No, I ain't," says he tremblin' all over, "I saw a street car buzzin' past and it had no horses on it.

I thought I'd have a fit it sounded so funny. When I explained the trolley system to him he shook his head sadly and said times was changed. We went down town and his spirits went down as fast as we did.

He didn't know anybody—the big new buildings dazed him. We went into half a dozen places, but he didn't know the bar keeps. He looked sadly round in search of a familiar face.

"I wonder where we would find Fred," says he.

"In the penitentiary," says I.

That staggered him a little, but he pulled himself together and wondered where Frank was, I told him if he would come down early in the morning he would see him scrubbing out Mc-Sooker's bar-room. He changed the subject hastily and enquired after Ted. I told him that Ted had skipped the country suddenly and was dying of snake bites and a change of diet somewhere in Mexico. The corpse seemed considerably moved at this and muttered a refrain of Auld Lang Syne, "The whiskey head must go." He looked very sad and asked me who the young squirts were who were drinking brandy and marachino at the far end of the bar. When I told him he was sadder still.

"Why," says he, "I uster dance that nearest one on my knee. I went to school with his mother. She was a pretty girl. I was best man at her wedding. I will speak to this young man."

Corpse laid down his glass and I went up to Chappie and I laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Don't you know that the whiskey head must go," he said in sepulchral tones.

Chappie's eyes bugged out like tompons, the cold sweat broke upon him, his knees knocked together, his teeth chattered.

"Up to Mount Pleasant cemetery," said my friend, "it's nice and quiet up there. It's cool in summer and warm in winter. You don't wake up every morning with a splitting headache, fur on your teeth, and Vesuvius inside. You'll miss a lot of fun I'll admit. You never see any of the boys or girls, but you never miss them. There you lie undisturbed and it gives you a long time to do some solid sensible thinking. You will have to pay no more board, compliments, regards, bar bills, tailor bills, attention, or anything like that. Come along with me. There is a nice grave next to mine with a sunny exposure, and it will be just the thing for you—come along."

The Chappie uttered a maniacal laugh and rushed wildly into the night. The rest fled in different directions. The bar keep politely requested me to take my friend out and fumigate him, "fill his pockets with chloride of lime," says he, "and let the wind blow through his whiskers." I took him back to Mount Pleasant, shook the snow out of his coffin and tucked him in. Do you know that he was as happy as a clam. Says he, "I'm real glad to get back. A feller never knows when he is well off.

"It's so quiet and peaceful here—I am content to stay," he rolled over on his side. "I wouldn't go back—and live—down town again—" he yawned, "not fer—not fer a good deal. This is solid comfort—bah—that was rotten whiskey—oo—oo—ough! What time is it—bah, as late as that—time everybody was in bed. Shut the door—I mean the gate after you—and wake me early—wake me early—early—early in the morning—I want to—see—Somebody."

And he fell asleep.

The city wants a first-class palace hotel and there is no place in the city so suitable as Government House grounds. They are the right size, convenient, beautiful and central. There is one thing in favor of this site, it is covered with trees. An architect and a builder may erect a building, but they can't grow a tree. It looks as if this handsome property was intended from the very first to be the site of a grand hotel, to give this city a world wide reputation.

#### The Why and the Wherefore.

It is contrary to the law and order of a perfected universe that any person should die young. The death of a child is a slur on our civilization, and should be looked on as a crime. When a child dies an inquest should be held and a searching investigation made, and the cause or causes of that death traced back, till it was discovered what drunkenness, vice, laziness, gluttony, foul air, bad food, oppression, neglect, envy, hatred, malice and a uncharitableness had to do with it. There is no good reason why a child should die—there is no good reason why a young man or a young woman should die just at the time when after vast expense they have been reared to the age of manhood and womanhood. If every child born unto the world is worth two thousand dollars to the country, then every young man of twenty-one years is worth \$100,000 to the country, and a girl of eighteen is worth, say half a million.

Therefore you will see that if a child, a young man and a young woman die every week in Toronto this city loses directly and the nation indirectly the sum of \$602,000. This is sufficient to make the judicious grieve. And yet the dullest of us know that the fields and swamps, the mountain sides and forests, the jungles and sea shores are covered with plants which were placed there for the healing of the nations. The man dying of some baffling disease daily treads on the plant which would cure him in a day if he only knew it. The medicine may lie in the petal of its modest flower or in the lobe of its unconscious leaf, but that petal or that leaf is the healing finger of God. And why are these secrets not divulged to us? For this reason—that for ages, almost since the dawn of time we have been in the habit of turning the blessing and the gift of God into a curse. That's the reason.

If the curtain were lifted to-morrow and the plant pointed out which would check consumption all the plants of that species would be bought up by a wealthy syndicate, they would patent the medicine, they would forbid any person from planting, cultivating, harvesting, marketing, or in any way using that plant without first buying from them a patent, and they would get out an injunction against some dying wretch to prevent him from drinking a decoction made by his heart-broken mother from a few plants secretly gathered in the fence corner by his crippled sister.

The Lord kept the great North-west hid for centuries hoping that when we did find it out that we would use it wisely. No people on earth ever had such a chance as we had—such a glorious gift. What did we do with it? We filled it with debt, disorder and discontent; with mortgages and meanness; with

railways and rascals; with cities and suffering, and the devil simply shifted his quarters from happy Ireland and holy Russia, and settled in our great North-west, where every day he walks up and down seeking whom he may devour.

I am under the impression that the Lord will not give us any more big chances until such time as we know how to use them. Medicine shouldn't cost a cent, and as soon as we know how to use it for the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow men then and not till then will the flower and leaf and seed pod speak with tongues. When that time comes nineteen-twentieths of the doctors in this city will have to go and work for a living, and thus swell the ranks of producers, and our young men instead of being converted into cock robin doctors will learn to plow a straight furrow and lay a good line drain.

#### A Family Resemblance.

Young nephew—Recently a father, exhibiting the lid to rich but crusty uncle. "Don't you think he resembles me?"

Rich but Crusty Uncle—"Yes, very much indeed—I see that he has a soft spot in his head."

#### Ye Grandmother Is Sympathetic.

My Grandmother, she always liked the boys, and she was a gay old girl in her time—sympathetic with the University students, and so do I. My grandmother says this is not Russia. While there are a few abledodied jays in the University, still the body of them represent the young idea and modern thought of our country, and wish them success with their tilt with the Holy Inquisition in Queen's Park. Tearing down old sixteenth century monstrosities is better work than ripping up old sheds or disreputable fences here and there in the city. My grandmother thinks they will win their point if they don't get gay.

#### A Young Man's City.

This is a young man's city if there is one on top of the earth. It is full of young men of the best calibre, aggressive, enthusiastic, irresistible. Whether it is the very best thing for the nation at large is hard to say, but there is no doubt that the Queen City is sucking the brains of every village and town in the country. They are here from London, Strathroy, Windsor, Goderich, Mitchell, Seaforth, Clinton, Wingham and Kincardine from St. Thomas, Ingersoll, Woodstock, Princeton; from Hamilton, Dundas, Gait, Brantford, Guelph, Berlin, Milton, Peterboro', Whitby, Ottawa, Cobourg, Port Hope, yea, verily, from every hamlet and village and town in Ontario has contributed its quota of brains, energy, hustle, and go to this city.

#### The Green Goods Victim.

It is all very well for the law to protect the imbecile, the weak-minded and the mentally blind, but it looks like prostituting the courts to use them for the purpose of avenging the cause of the half-witted would-be crooks who fall victims to hay fork and green goods men. The courts are not expected to furnish greedy Yahoos from the country with brains. I sat in the Police Court the other day and heard a youth from the country coolly admit that he had come to the city to buy green goods; that he had paid \$190 of good money for \$1,000 worth of bad, and then wanted the court to punish the bad bad men who had fleeced him. This downy duck should be locked up for safe keeping. If the fool-killer would make a tour of this country, all the crooks would have to go to work and earn their living by honest labor. Any blackleg in the city will tell you that there is a fool born every minute, and without them the lawyer, doctor, bailiff and blackleg would starve to death.

## THE KHAN'S PAPER

On the street I hear the people shout,  
The Khan's again' to get a paper out.

Some say "stop," and others "go ahead,"  
Some say 'twil live—some say 'twil soon be dead.

To tell the truth, my friends are very nice,  
They flock around me and they give advice.

I call to mind when they all talk en masse,  
That fable true, "the old man and his ass."

And wonder if I got a paper out,  
Just like the one my comrades talk about,

The complex press would give a paper birth,  
Like nought in heaven, the earth beneath or the waters  
under the earth.

I do not hark as I the croakers pass,  
Remembering what befell the old man and his ass.

**A Nut to Crack.** Suppose there are three snakes, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, all of the same size, and six inches long. No. 1 takes No. 2 by the tail, No. 2 takes No. 3 by the tail and No. 3 takes No. 1 by the tail, and each swallows one inch of the other every hour for six hours. What will be the consequence at the end of six hours?

Send in your answers to "The Snake Editor," The Khan's Paper, 18 King street east, Toronto.

**Give Us Warm Houses.** The present cold snap demonstrated one thing and that is that there are thousands of houses in the city of Toronto that are not fit habitation for white men after the mercury drops below zero. Balls of brick and colored mud, warped lumber and rubble stone and held together with shingle nails and paint they are fair to look upon but within they are filled with shivering mortals who can't keep warm. I know a house which rents for \$40 a month and you could riddle bull dogs through it and the inmates had to stay in bed a whole week to keep from freezing to death. Further if that house were moved bodily into the middle of a ten acre field the first good wind would blow it down and great would be the fall thereof. Nothing in the world prevents it from tumbling down and burying a worthy family in its wreck but the fact that it is sheltered from the wind by surrounding houses and thus escapes. To sit near the window means pneumonia, to sit near the door means congestion of the lungs and to sit with one's feet on the floor means sudden death.

I firmly believe that people have died and others will die in stylish houses of draughts and cold who would have been alive and well to-day had they been in an Indian tepee. Their lives were sacrificed at the altar of selfishness and greed by hungry and soulless speculators who ought to be relegated to Dante's favorite inferno which was ribbed with ice. Most of these houses are only fit to live in during warm or moderate weather. There are rows of houses in Toronto which are death traps in more ways than one, but the chiefest of their faults is that they are cold and full of draughts. of the thermometer were to drop to 40 degrees below zero some night half the population would freeze to death in their beds. There ought to be an inspector of dwelling houses in the interest of the many who pay rent.

Next week E. H. Sothen at the Grand, a high class performance, "1492" to-night. Don't let it out of the city without seeing it.

**Wedding in High Life.**

She was poor but proud. She was born in the Eclipse, and she was rigged in an Empire gown. She was not pretty, but she was big—that is there was a lot of her. She was always going to a Party, and she invariably cast a Georgian Bay, smoked whitefish and buckwheat pancake halo over the scene. The Mail, a gay old Buck, never liked her, and after a waltz with her he would confide to his set that she had had porterhouse steak and onions for supper. He was always turning up his nose at her anyway. And now he has gone and married her. I was at the wedding, and they played the Dead March in Saul as the couple came up the aisle. My grandmother says that he won't be good to her, This is sad. She says that he will relegate her to the back kitchen, and that she will never be permitted to show her good-natured old nose in sassety. She will make over her Empire gown and wear it at the wash tub, while the gay old Buck will figure as a single man and break her fond old heart with his gongs on. It is not the first time that the gay old Buck has kicked over the traces and smashed the dashboard, and the old lady will have many an anxious night of it. Still she was lucky; she was like old Mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. The larder was empty and her dog was hungry. As it is now the one has a kitchen and the other a kennel.

**Jimmy Stephens.**

In order for the readers to fully appreciate the remarks that I am going to make it would be well for him to read the following excerpt from the Toronto World always a reliable paper, of Thursday morning, published in the christian city of Toronto, February 7, in the year of our Lord 1894, in the 58th year of Her Most Gracious Majesty's reign and when the thermometer was 20 degrees below zero:—

**"Discipline with a Vengeance.**

A great deal of unfavorable comment was heard in police circles yesterday on the action of Inspector Stephen in respect to P. C. Redford. Shortly after noon yesterday Redford was leaving his home in Elliott street to report at No. 1 station for duty, when the premises adjoining his dwelling caught fire. As the officer's wife was seriously ill with typhoid fever, he waited a few moments to see the outcome of the blaze. His fears were soon justified when the fire communicated to his own dwelling. He at once telephoned to the station the state of affairs, and though his wife was dangerously ill, and the house in which she lay was in flames, Inspector Stephen ordered him to report for duty at once. Redford did so, but his fellow-officers think he would have been justified in disobeying his superior's orders in remaining where he was to look to the safety of his wife."—World.

Jimmy Stephens is gradually giving this city a pain. His fides acetates, Mr. Archibald, who won eternal glory and renown a few weeks ago, by having a poor old woman fined \$10 and costs for selling a cigaret, is an angel of intelligence and mercy compared to this merciless martinet, a man without a smile, but nevertheless with a high imperious soul, he hath a soul, which may possibly wear the stripes of provost major in the Archangel Michael's Imperial guard. The above extract from the World is the hardest piece of reading I have had to do for a long time. My grandmother is sadly puzzled over it, as she has always looked upon Jimmy Stephens as a saint of the first magnitude. I am afraid that Jimmy takes after the order of good people who used to burn folks at the stake, burn their eyes out, pull out their toe nails and trifles like that. That policeman's wife might burn in her bed, but Jimmy Stephen would do his duty. This exaggerated sense of duty is what led astray two other wise estimable people, namely, John Calvin and Bloody Mary. The policeman's wife escaped a roast, but Jimmy Stephens hasn't.

## CONCERNING KISSES.

*In order to make this world purer, better, brighter and sweeter, the same as the Creator intended it should be I have compiled the following good advice: A kiss is a coin which is always worth its face value and will always pass current.*

**Kiss Her**      Reader, have you got a wife?  
**Every Day.**      Kiss her every day.

'Tis the duty of your life  
To kiss her every day.

Tell her that the world is greaced  
By such as she—the true, the chaste—  
Then put your arm around her waist  
And kiss her every day.

Tell her that she's growing prettier  
Every dawning day,

Dearer, nearer, wiser, wittier,  
Kiss her every day.

Many lives are graveyard carried,  
Wounded, bruised and hurt and harried,  
They stopped their sparking when they married,  
Often that's the way.

Tell your wife how much you'd miss her  
If she went away;

Take her in your arms and kiss her  
Forty times a day.

Tell her she's your life and crown;  
Never leave her with a frown;

Keep your ugly temper down,  
And kiss her every day.

Winter, summer, rain or shine,  
Never sulk and blame;

Spring or autumn, never whine  
For your own good name.

Sometimes she'll be cross and cold,  
Never mind—she's good as gold;

Let her have her little scold,  
And kiss her just the same.

When there's something wrong with baby,  
Kiss her every day.

'Twill help to soothe her worry, maybe,  
Kiss her every day.

Kiss her when her soul is sad,  
Kiss her when her heart is glad,

Be your fortune good or bad,  
Kiss her every day.

**Horse**      Lady, have you got a hubby?  
**and**      Kiss him every day;

**Horse.**      Even if his chin be stubby,  
Kiss him every day.

Remember he hath got a bump  
Of self-conceit you mustn't thump;

And even if he is a chump,  
Kiss him every day.

Make the gilly think he's wise,  
Kiss him every day;

Could lick a man of twice his size,  
Kiss him every day.

Make him think he's pretty, too;  
Never raise a hulla-balloo;

But, my dear, whate'er you do,  
Kiss him every day.

Make your cuckoo think he's smart,  
Kiss him every day;

The idol of your wifely heart,  
Kiss him every day.

Tell him he's a perfect bate,  
Make him think he's mighty cute;

And tho' he's but a big galoot,  
Kiss him every day.

Tell him that you pray for him,  
Kiss him every day;

And something always say for him,  
Kiss him every day.

Praise his nose, his ears, his feet;  
Tell him that he's quite complete;

God forgive you—say he's sweet—  
Kiss him every day.

Try and be his guiding star,  
Kiss him every day;

You know not what his troubles are,  
Kiss him every day.

Once in every little while  
He'll meet with trouble—spare his pile—

Always meet him with a smile,  
Kiss him every day.

**Dineen.**      Dineen is making a big sacrifice sale of furs.

Now is the time to buy a fur overcoat, cap or anything in that line. There is a long winter before us yet and Dineen has the best stock of furs this side of the Arctic circle. Go and look at the bargains.

**They Don't**      There is a class of people in this country who  
**Know When**      get very indignant if you talk about Canada  
**They Are**      as a nation, and who clutch you frantically  
**Well Off.**      and beg of you, for goodness sake, not to

ruffle the feelings of our big and overgrown cousin across the line. They talk vaguely about the Monroe doctrine. Now I have carefully studied up the Monroe doctrine and I see nothing in it which prevents us from being loyal to ourselves, our country and our flag. There are people who would like to apply the Monroe doctrine to Col. Denison and gag him on the principle that no person has a right to talk about loyalty and patriotism on this side of the Atlantic, save those people who are citizens of the big republic. The Yankees may ram their Monroe doctrine down the throats of the Mexicans, but they will never succeed in making Canadians swallow it. More power to Col. Denison and the like of him. The Denison doctrine is a healthier tonic than the Monroe quack medicine any day. Talking about loyalty reminds me of a wealthy old chap who was holding forth to me about the iron heel of British despotism. "Sure," says he "they turned out me poor old fother and modther on a blake hill side and we had to lave old Ireland an' cross the sea to this country widout a pinny in in our pockets. Bad luck to thim."

Says I, "Its the best thing that ever happened to you, you old croaker. If they hadn't fired you out of Ireland you would have been a bog trotter there yet, pealing a pratie wid your tun nail an' atin' it wid a lock of salt an' a noggin of buttermilk. To-day you own two hundred acres of land and live in a house which is all stone but the roof, and you eat meat three times a day. What are you growting about anyway? Your son Billy keeps a saloon, and Dan has got a block-paving contract—what are you kicking about?"

A Scotchman came in this morning and told me a long yarn about how he was hunted out of Scotland to make room for deer.

"Ye auld fule," said I, "it was the best thing that ever happened ye. Here you are in the County Council, ye're no longer a man but a magistrate, ye own three humner acres of land, and they want to run you for Parliament. If ye had staid in bonny Scotland ye would have been supping your brose on a bleak hill side herding another man's sheep. G'long wi' ye, an' dimma talk to me about the i-r-ron heel of despotism. Ye'd look well stuck in the middle of a bunch of heather with a hunk of haggis in your pocket and a collie dog at your heels. The subscription of this paper is two dollars a year. Whack up." He whacked up.

The Khan's Paper will always be found for sale at Mc-Kenna's, Yonge street.

## THE HOME SICK PUP.

Ye puppe Last night all night I lay awake,  
is sad. In a sad and weary mood;  
My heart was sad for the old times' sake,  
And the tears my pillow bedewed.  
What was the cause of my tear-stained eyes  
That were wet till the sun was up?  
I listened all night to the plaintive cries,  
The cries of a home-sick pup.

I have been The poor little chap was shut in a shed,  
there myself. Oh, lonely and sad was he;  
And his mournful cries would stir the dead.  
His mother—oh, where was she?  
He wept all night with a tearful eye,  
The little chap never let up;  
And I thought of the days long past when I  
Felt just like that home-sick pup.

I sympathise I remember the time in by gone years,  
with ye puppe. When first I started to roam;  
I lay all night with the starting tears,  
And longed for a breath of home.  
And so when I heard the orphan's cries  
I knew he was tasting the cup,  
So I stole to the shed to sympathise  
With that poor little home-sick pup.

On the I got a letter the other day from a man in  
Dead. Hamilton who wished he was dead. He  
said that though he was a perfect stranger  
to me he admired me very much, and red my writings when  
ever he got the chance. He wound up by saying that he  
wished he was dead. I don't know what he meant by this  
except it was a broad hint for me to go up to Hamilton  
and kill him. This ambition to be dead is a characteristic of  
too many people in this country. Your blood would run cold  
with horror if you know how many people every hour of the day  
most earnestly wish and pray that they were dead. Your wife  
wished she was dead when you came home head first last night,  
and you yourself wished you were dead when you woke up this  
morning. No live man should wish he was dead. What good  
is a man after he is dead—only a bill of expense and a trouble  
to his friends. People who wish they were dead never die, but  
worry to death better people than they are.

The graveyards are full of people who lost their health  
taking care of people who wished they were dead. You can  
rest assured that the man who wishes he was dead is no good  
on top of the earth. This is on the dead.

Bob Dandy. There are some papers in this town who  
make a great fuss over the news-boys, not  
from any missionary motive, I'll be bound, but for purely  
business reasons. The chief fakir, and he is mean enough  
to steal buckwheat from a blind game cock, is fast develop-  
ing into a local preacher. He has got all the symptoms,  
indigestion, impertinence and a whime, and I expect him to  
stop me on the street some day and ask me if I'm a follower  
of the Lord. The movement in its self is a good one and  
the glory of it is being reaped by everybody but the one who  
inaugurated the movement. I speak of Bob Dandy. There is  
not a news-boy in the city but knows Bob Dandy, and for the  
past ten years he has been working steadily and faithfully for his  
little friends and now when the association is formed, which he  
ever had in his mind's eye, we don't hear a word about Bob  
Dandy. Men who don't know a solitary news-boy in the city by  
name are wearing the laurels that Bob Dandy earned by good  
hard missionary work. Ask the boys if they know Bob Dandy  
and they will tell you he is the best friend they ever had.

The Girl who Some years ago I wrote verses entitled "The  
Giggles in the girl who giggles in the choir," and those  
the Choir. verses are travelling around yet. It was  
generally admitted, however, that there was  
a great deal more truth than poetry in them as they dealt  
rather rudely with a privileged class. I say it advisedly, a  
privileged class. A class who appear to think that they,  
because they sit in the choir, have a license to grin, giggle,  
snicker, snuffle, sneer, whisper smirk and make a holy show of  
themselves generally.

The way I came to write those verses was this: I had a dear  
little sweetheart as pretty as a peach, with a face like a Johnny  
Jumpup peeping up at you from the grass. She pounded on a  
type-writer for a living and the newspaper hog who employed  
her gave her four dollars (\$4.00) a week for her services. Never-  
theless she was a perfect little lady—and my grandmother  
approved of her very much. Indeed when grandmother brought  
me down my dinner when the whistles blew for noon, she always  
had a piece of pie or a dough nut concealed about her person  
which she fed to the little type-writer girl in the secret recesses  
of the gun room. They became great friends, but they would  
cease speaking and look absently out of the window when I came  
upon them suddenly. Now this little girl, I will call her Birdie,  
for convenience, sang in a choir. Now she couldn't sing—none  
of them can—she had a cracked china, bric-a-brac, egg beater  
sort of a voice with a buzz in it as if it leaked some where, and  
this accomplishment gained her admission to a big mixed choir.  
In an evil moment I brought grandmother to that church.  
Birdie sat away up on a high seat behind the preacher, very  
much in evidence. She was very much dressed, and all thro'  
the service or whatever they call it she kept up an animated  
conversation behind her fan with a lanky galoot who sang bass.  
He wore a low necked dress in order to show his Adam's apple  
which was as big as a hen's nest and looked like a tumor.  
When he sang it moved up and down his neck like a doomed bat  
in a bran bag, and he had a voice like a fog-horn. She wasn't the  
dear little Birdie of the working days. Surely this girl with the  
smirk and grin, the loud ribbons and the picture hat, the con-  
spicuous rings and locket, the manifold bangs and crinps was  
not the Birdie, the sweet, flower-faced Birdie of the week before.  
Surely this ill-bred lussy in the choir, who scowled down on the  
congregation as if they were inferior cattle, and blossomed into  
a smile when the yahoo with the Adam's apple gabbed some-  
thing into her ear, was not my Birdie! No, a thousand times  
no! And that is why my grandmother is still keeping house for  
me, and that is why no little Khan or Khanette carries me my  
dinner pail when the whistle blows.

These painful memories were awakened in my mind on read-  
ing the account of the snubbing that General Booth gave a gang  
of gigglers in the choir gallery of Wesley church, Hamilton,  
some days ago. He said he was not accustomed to such exhibi-  
tion of vulgarity and low breeding in the slums of London, or  
the purlieus of Glasgow or Belfast. To borrow a mixed choir  
expression, he gave it to them in the neck. The ministerial  
association of this city should get General Booth to come here  
right away. A giggling alto, a smirking soprano, a grinning  
tenor and a yahoo basso, detract from the dignity of the preacher,  
distract attention from his discourse, lend a vaudeville and  
variety show air to the proceedings and gives one the impression  
that the next act will be a skirt dance a la Carmancita. Not  
that the choir should be blamed for all this, for the preachers  
themselves have borrowed largely from Barry Sullivan and Tony  
Pastor, and the ministerial clown and pantaloon, and the evan-  
gelical contortionist and mountebank are not unknown to the  
pulpit.

Academy of Music, the grand old actress Ada Gray to-night

**Here's a Corker.** It either isn't raining or it is raining. Very well, it isn't raining; therefore it must be raining. How do you make that out? Explain this to the Rain Barrel Editor, 18 King street east.

**Daddy Downs.** Every time I see Daddy Downs on the street reminds me of Guelph, one of the best towns in summer a man ever lived in. I wouldn't be surprised to see the Guelph team beat some of the International teams next summer as everybody in Guelph plays ball from Jim Innes down to the new baby.

**Wilfred Laurier.** The young men's movement in this country is coming to a head. The reception of Wilfred Laurier the other night was essentially a

young men's movement, and the Young Liberals are lucky in having a young man at their head. He is young in ideas, he is young in spirit, and he is old in nothing but the high bred scorn of things low and mean, which mark the caste of the old noblesse of the ancient regime. The Young Conservatives are not so fortunate. They are led by an old man, frosty but kindly, who is tottering close to the border land of old fogyism, and who is already beginning to babble of green fields. He is, I admit, surrounded by a few young men—but they are nineteenth century young men with 2,000 B.C. ideas. If the Conservative Government is not strengthened the Young Liberals will have a picnic at the next election. They have a magnetic man to lead them, they believe their cause is sacred, their party has not done much bungling lately, they are full of fight, and they have the old man at Ottawa pretty well rattled already. There is one place where the Conservative party has made a chronic blunder. Toronto should have been represented in the cabinet from the start. They were too sure of Toronto—but they may find out that Toronto is no longer a pocket constituency. What's the matter with Billy McLean? He has plenty of energy, he has undoubted courage, unlimited gall, plenty of self-conceit, he is aggressive and able, and is a long way ahead of some of the stoughton bottles in the cabinet to-day. Give Billy a chance.

**Educated to Death.** This country is being educated to death. This controversy at the University has brought this prominently before the public.

Talk about parting church and state, it is more necessary to divide education and the state. State aided education is not an unmix'd blessing. The people are being heavily taxed to educate a lot of jays who come in here from the country and who are no use to the country when they are educated. What good are they to a country that want farmers and hired men. They leave the cow stable for the lecture room, and when they get through they are no earthly use to the farm, and they are not wanted here. A cock robin Bachelor of Arts never lifted a mortgage in his life, and never will. Agriculture first, last, and all the time. If most of these fellows would learn to read, write and figure, take a daily paper and a monthly magazine, keep up to date, plow straight, kill his pigs in the full of the moon, learn to milk, etc., they might be country gentlemen. The man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is of more use to this country than an L.L.D.

The girls are to be blamed for most of this—the country girls especially. They won't marry a farmer, and the young sons of the soil see the prettiest girls picked up by Pee-wee lawyers, cock robin doctors and Bob-o-link preachers. As long as the girls prefer that kind of cattle to the horny-handed sons of toil they will never be allowed to vote if I can help it.

**The Only Son.** If you are a little boy and know what is good for you, pray for a little brother. A little brother will prevent you growing up a selfish, impatient, domineering upstart. The only son has a hard road to hoe to save himself from being a general nuisance. Every man I know who is a quarrelsome, peevish, nuisance with a grievance is an only son. He had it all his own way when a boy. He got everything he wanted; his mother could refuse him nothing, his father ditto; he bullied his sisters and tyrannized over everybody generally. When he grew up he undertook to bully his comrades and the public at large, and the consequence is that he is always running to me with a broken nose or a shattered rib or something, and wanting me to go out and lick somebody for him. When a boy has a little brother he has to divide the pie with Bobby but otherwise he gets the whole pie. He has to fight for Bobby, look after Bobby, and if he is younger than Bobby he has to wear Bobby's cast off clothes, and that takes the conceit out of him. If I were to be born over again I would like to be about seventh on the list, and have to give up my pie to the baby. As it is my grandmother is bound to spoil me in spite of the fact that I am the modestest man in town. Don't be an only son.

**How Do They Do It.** There is a man in this town who keeps a wife and family on his wages—seven dollars a week. I would like to know how he does it. I felt him the other day and he is pretty fat, I looked at him and he was rosy, contented looking, and I observed that he was pretty well dressed. My grandmother, who is a saving old body herself, says it can be done, but it is a mystery to most of us. There are plenty of men who raise large families on small salaries in this city, and save money. I saw a comfortable looking matron buy a pig's head the other day for two cents a pound and in my mind's eye I saw her go home and make that into a large and toothsome headcheese which would be the crowning glory of her humble board for the rest of the week. The man with a wife like that will never find that marriage is a failure.

NOTES.

All the latest novels and all the best magazines and periodicals at McKenna's.

Toronto Opera House "Sport McAllister" to-night. "Hot Tamales" next week.

Remember the concert by St. Simon's Choir in Association Hall on Tuesday evening the 12th.

The Trinity Dramatic Club will produce "The Magistrate" at the Academy of Music on Monday evening. This will be the event of the week in society circles.

Ernest Barnes of 18 King street east has the neatest cigar store and the best selection of tobacco goods in the city. Call and see him.

The front page engraving is by a clever young artist recently located in this city Mr. J. C. Jones. His sketches in black and white will appear regularly in this paper.

The rumor that Don is about to leave the city is not good news for his many admirers. However, *Saturday Night* will not suffer so long as Joe Clark writes as good matter as we are accustomed to read over the signature of "Mack."

People who are drinking themselves to death should read the advertisement of the Gold Cure Institute, 258 Wellesley street, in another column. Ladies with drunken husbands, mothers with drunken sons, and sisters with drunken brothers should make inquiries.



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