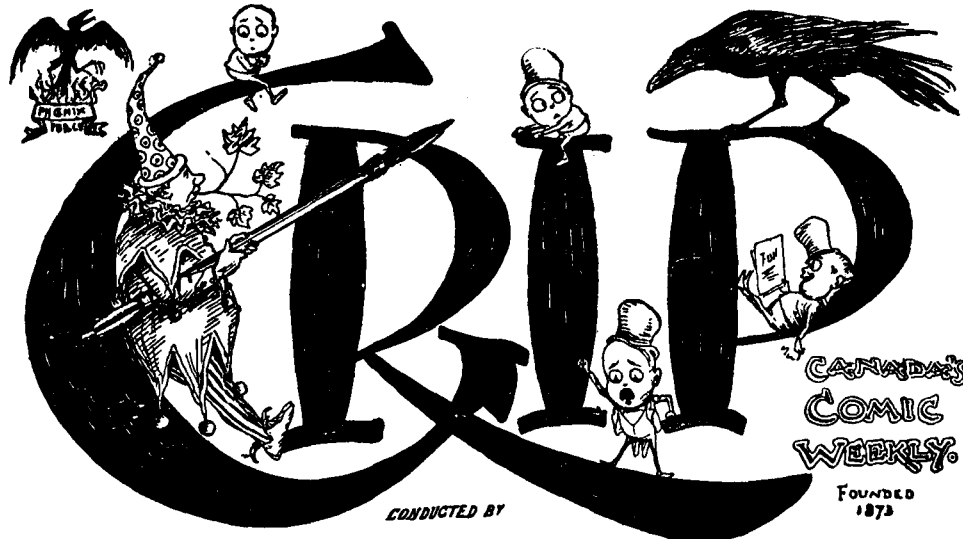


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To loving hearts most dear ;
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The mem'ries sweet of life's spring-day
Keep fresh and green forever,
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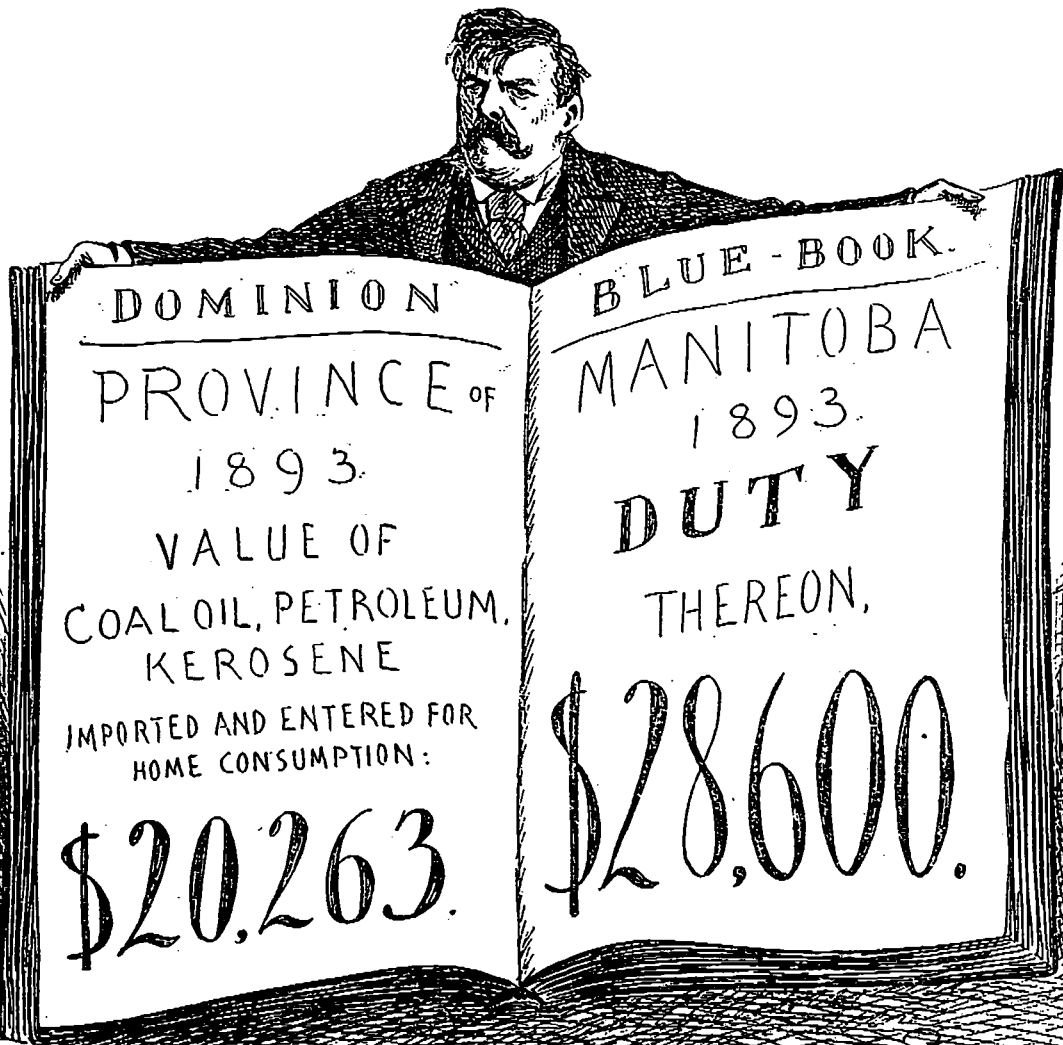
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 42. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1090

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No. 16.



WHY COAL OIL IS COSTLY.

"The coal oil tax, on the testimony of the Trade and Navigation Report, was an atrocity. There has been a slight reduction, and we might now be content with calling it an outrage."—*Montreal Star.*



FASHION'S LABOR LOST!

GRIGLEY (to Jinkson, who has spent the last hour an a half in doing his scarf-knot)—“Oh, I say, what are you wearing that style of thing for? It's quite gone out, my boy. This is the proper caper!”

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

XI.

TIME'S moved hisself on into the yaller leaf part o' his life. Folkses emotions git pretty mixed about now. Sometimes they go yelpin' poetry through the avenues, an' then take a turn at stormin' bout coal havin' to be burned. Havin' to buy everythin' with money makes city folks git purty tight 'round their pockets sometimes, and rocky on the way to their hearts an' whatever other place they keep their feelin's in. Farmer folks git plenty o' big wood fires an' apple sass an' pork an' bread, but they don't run much on olives an' salted almonds an' oyster stews. And they ain't no worse fur it. It just makes me mad when I see folks turning up their noses at people what ain't used to all their city ways. No one set o' people can know all about all sorts o' other people, an' it's jest as much ignorance not to know farm ways as 'tis not to know city didoes. Folks forgit that sometimes, an' there don't seem to be enough people what'll own they've been brung up on farms an' could teach 'em.

Seems to me there's a most awful lot of running folks into corners an' then takin' the high hand with 'em' an' awful lot o' conditionin', an' hagglin' an' sech forbiddin' things. Makes a body most believe they've got sumpin' up their sleeves what'll take a trick when it gits to be worth while. I don't know how Mr. Tolstoi gits along livin' up to the sermon on the mount. I guess he gits little taters in the bottom o' the bar'l. an' gits down - trodden, an' sassed back. Ef he don't, Russia's better'n that man Kennan says. Some men take a good deal o' pains makin' their wills so their wives kin git a miserable little mite o' interest



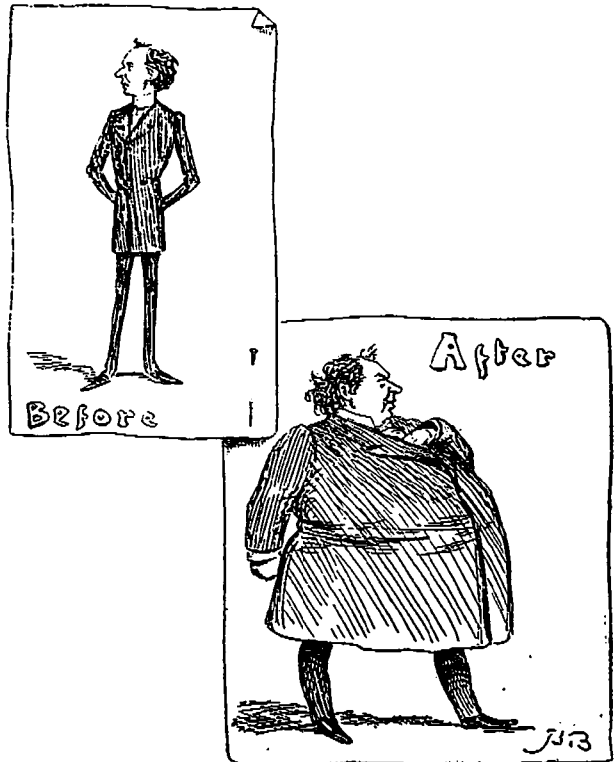
“THE KHAN'S CORNER.”

for theirselves out an' out, an' so an' sech, so long as they stay “my widow.” There's some things makes me kinder lean to wimmen's rights, an' that's one. A woman skimps, an' saves an' helps a lazy old drinkin' scamp to git somethin'. Then when he dies, an' she's on the way to havin' some comfort in life, his miserly old will ties her up to livin' in one house. or on some int'rest or wearin' widdy's caps fur him. Why can't she do as she's a mind to with the dollars she's helped him earn? It ain't fair.

They say this city's a pretty much Tory place. I know the men in Ottawa Parliament is Tories, but it ain't safe to jedge pop'lar thinkin by 'lections, ef Gov' has got any interest in them 'lections. Anyway this city what's so sot on duties on things from other countries has had to pay somethin' like \$14 on some swans. I'm goin' over to the island special to see 'em soon's next summer comes, an' I ain't worryin' 'bout their winterin', for ef the city takes 'em, the city's got to plant new ones in the pond s'posin these git winter killed or anything. Seems to me the city's got its hands full o' checks what kin turn into I.O.U.'s quicker'n lightnin'. In bookkeepin' I mind, checks in was cash Dr., but I've had some what wasn't that kind, an' I guess big corporations size o' this has found things go likewise every little spell or so. It's quite a heft on the managers o' the city to look after things, an' I don't b'lieve common folks help to lift as much's they ort to. They like to push and shove other folks for doin' their best, an' mostly think free and ekal means grumble at everybody else, an' fan that perfect critter what stands in your own shoes.

SUSANNAH.

We observe that “a whip has been sent out to all the Conservative members of the Local House to meet in the city shortly to elect a leader.” These gentlemen can take but little interest in their Party if it is necessary to resort to physical force to make them attend to business.



BEFORE AND AFTER HIS NORTH-WEST TOUR.

The public will be gratified to know that Mr. Laurier's western tour has greatly benefited his health, whatever it may have done for his political prospects.



A SPECIALTY.

BOARDING HOUSE MISSUS (to Boarder, a learned Phrenologist)—“What do you think my boy would be best fitted for?”

PHRENOLOGIST (who knows her ways)—“Er—well, ma'am, if he inherits your talents, he ought to make an excellent kleptomaniac.”

THE DINNER PARTY.

THE intellectual end of a Dinner Party—the feast of reason and flow of soul—is of course the part of that social function which is most appreciated by people of culture, though a person of culture, if he happens to have a good appetite, does not entirely ignore the exercises which begin with soup and go through the various courses to coffee. It would not be true to say that the post prandial exercises of a dinner party are always interesting—any more than to assert that the cooking is always good, but, generally speaking, to the student of human nature, there are some things worthy of attention. To the ladies—whom a barbarous custom still excludes from seats at the table on such occasions, and who have too much spirit to accept places in the gallery where they are permitted to see the lions feed—a dinner party may be something of a mystery. It is, therefore, for the benefit of the excluded sex that we undertake to give a sketch of one of these affairs.

The gulging and guzzling being over, and the wine and cigars being brought on, the intellectual exercises are formally introduced by a vigorous tattoo played upon the table by the chairman with the handle of his knife. This brings the company to attention (more or less) and the chairman—usually a gentleman of some girth and dignity, rises and says: “We will open the toast list with—er—the first toast, which of course is that of Her Majesty the Queen. I need not say a single word about the Queen, before this loyal and intelligent—er—assembly. I ask you to honor the toast of ‘The Queen.’”

And if her Majesty, in the seculsion of Windsor, could be made conscious by some telepathic message, her heart would palpitate with pride at the tremendous clattering of dishes and shuffling of feet as the company rises with confused mutterings and shoutings of “The Queen,” “er Majesty,” “Queen,” “Queen,” with perhaps the suggestion from some exuberant vocalist of, “She’s a jolly good fellow.”

This may be considered the formal religious opening, and when our Gracious Sovereign has been duly toasted and the company is reseated, the chairman announces the Army and Navy, coupled with the name of some gallant veteran—say Maj-Gen. Pompers, late of the Home Guards, This distinguished officer is a person with a red face and

thick neck. He has lost an arm in the wars, and wears an artificial member which appears to be constructed with a special view to oratory. His speech is about to this effect:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—I thank you for the hearty way you have drunk the toast of the Army and Navy. The Army is a great and glorious institution, Mr. Chairman, and if the Army is a great and glorious institution, what shall I say of the Navy? I shall say the Navy is, er—so is the Navy. What would the world do without armies and navies, if our country was attacked? We would be licked, Mr. Chairman, disgracefully licked. It is a glorious thing to die for your country—to go to the front at duty’s call and foremost fighting fall. I know it, Mr. Chairman, for I have often done it. As the poet says, sir:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own my native land?
Who would be a traitor knave,
Who would fill a coward’s grave,
Who so base as be a slave,
Let him follow me!

Gentlemen, I thank you for the toast.

The next toast announced is that of “Commercial Interests.” It is responded to by Mr. Sniffles, a prominent merchant, whose fort is not oratory. In fact it is pretty difficult to catch what the gentleman says, and while he is on his legs his speech is punctured by cries of “louder” from various parts of the room. The effect is about like this:

Mr. Chairman, I thank you for
trade of the country (louder!). Whether we
. (louder!) I say, Mr. Chairman,
. (louder) I repeat that (louder).
It is not my intention (louder)
thank you (louder) commercial inter-
ests (louder) (louder) thank you
gentlemen commercial interests (louder)
. take my seat.

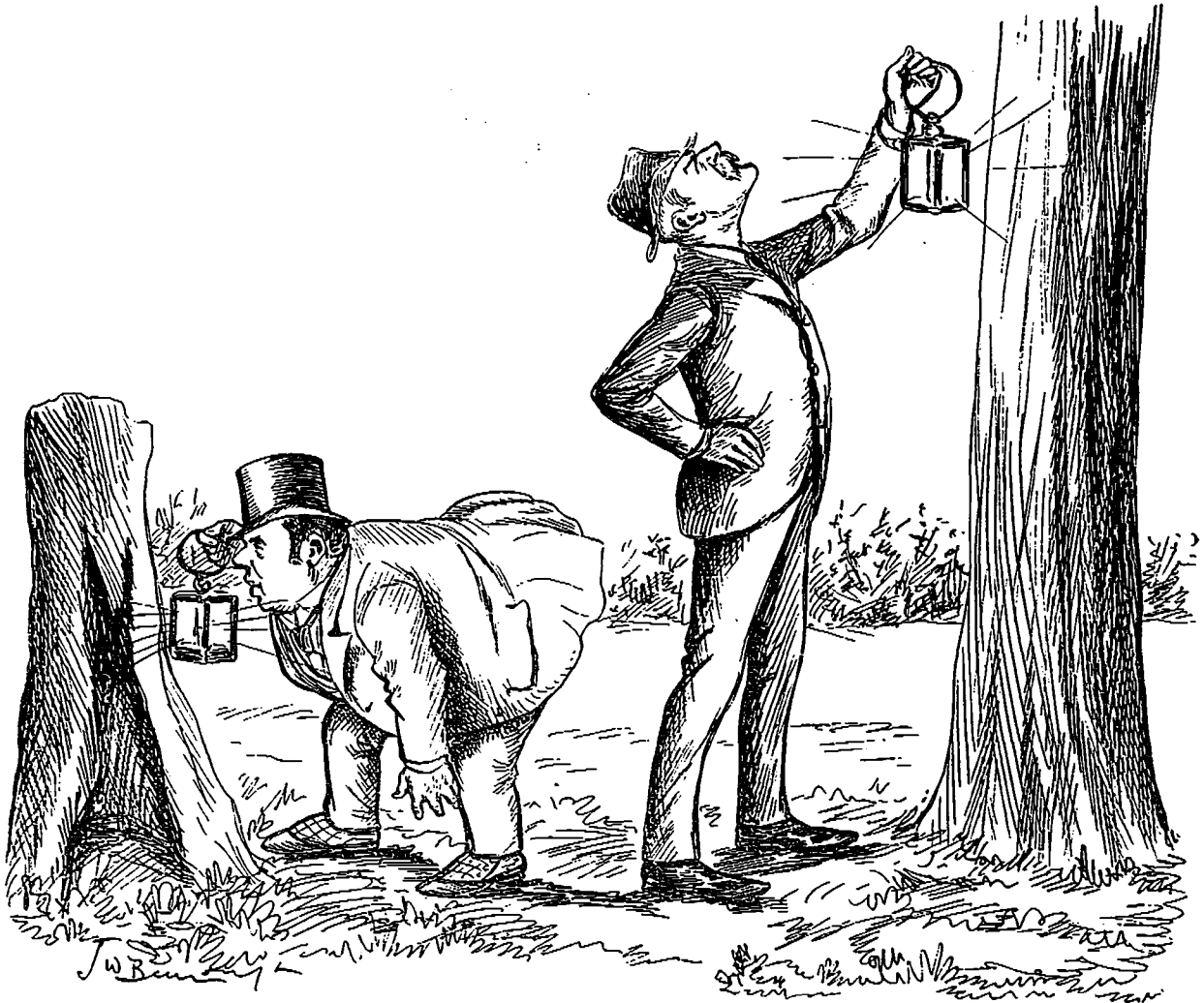
[Tremendous applause.]

The Chairman next announces the toast of the evening—“Our Distinguished Guest.” The distinguished guest is Demosthenes G. T. Greene, of Ohio, known as the golden



SUMMER IS ENDED.

And the summer girl, in the privacy of her boudoir, exults over her numberless conquests.



STILL HUNTING FOR THOSE CURRAN BRIDGE BOODLERS.

tongued orator of America. He is a very forcible orator, with what is known as a florid style. He responds to this effect:

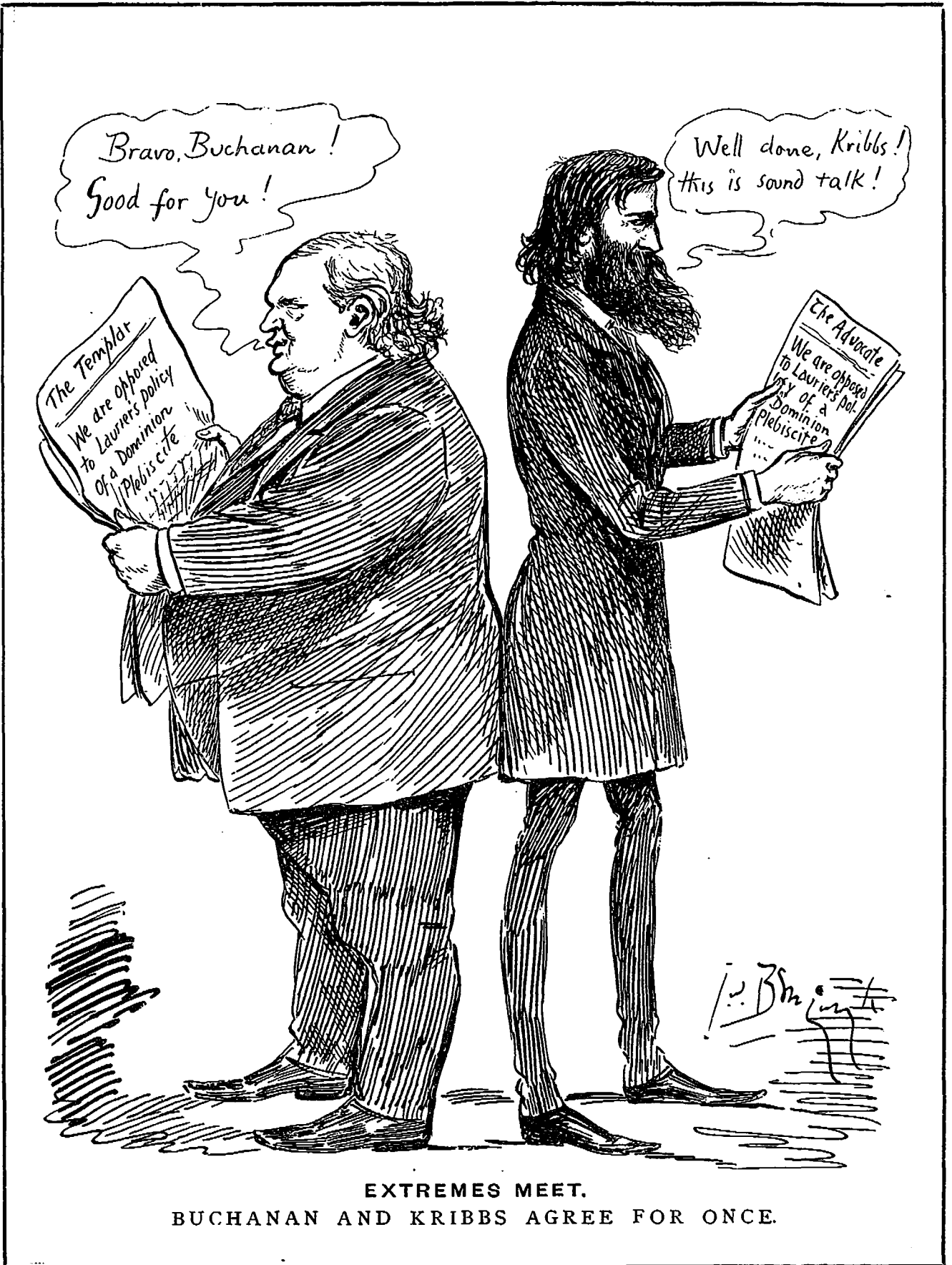
Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: It were vain, sir, for me to attempt in the poor halting phraseology of an impotent tongue, to express the emotion which at this moment wells up in my heart like a fountain of golden gratitude. but sir, although I cannot hope to give expression to my thanks for the honor you have done me on this occasion, I can at least assure you that never at any moment of my life—not while I stood upon the topmost peak of the heaven touching mountain of Colorado, where the setting sun diademed the flashing granite, and kissed its forehead into the glory of a sea of diamonds—not when I stood upon the field of battle and felt the thunders of whirlwinds of cavalry sweeping in cyclones of glory into the very jaws of death; not when I bared my throbbing forehead and bent my trembling knee in the presence of the ancient pyramids of Egypt, upon whose hoary summits the sun had blazed and the moon had beamed through long and silent centuries—not at any moment of a life which has known many great and soul stirring moments; never, never, have I felt so honored, so exalted, so glorified as I do now! Say not, gentlemen, that this is the language of exaggeration; say not that these are the effusive words of a too exuberant and ornate oratory. 'Twere more just of you to chide Niagara because her waters are not the stagnant and slime-covered waters of yon motionless pool; or to rebuke the hurricane because its devastating sweep is not the

zephyr that scarce lifts the amber tress from the snowy forehead of yon little child! Be just, gentlemen, and believe me when I say that never, never in a long and brilliant career have I ever felt—and so on for half an hour.)

The applause having at length subsided (for it is generally of the "long and continued" variety after such exhibitions of grandiloquent and meaningless verbosity) the chairman proposes, "The Ladies," and calls upon a "ladies' man" to reply. The result is often such as does the fair sex no great honor, as when, for example, Mr. FitzDudeson of the Stranded Bank undertakes the task of replying for them:

Mr. Chairman, on behalf of the ladies I return thanks. The ladies are very nice; some of them are even nicer. I like the way they do their hair, and I think they are rather superior to men in other respects as well. They don't smoke, nor dwink. Of course they dwink tea and that sort of thing, but I mean they don't dwink the cup which inebriates but does not cheer, as the poet says. And I think they ought to vote, don't you know. We allow men to vote whether they have any brains or not, and if I vote I don't see why ladies shouldn't. They wear men's collars and shirt fronts, and why shouldn't female dickies have the ballot as well as male Dickies?

FitzDudeson's speech goes on thus brilliantly for a time, and is followed by others equally inspiring, but as the hour is rather late and the affair, after all, a trifle monotonous, we will take advantage of the round of applause to retire.



EXTREMES MEET.
BUCHANAN AND KRIBBS AGREE FOR ONCE.



A DETERMINED SUITOR.

EARNEST ALBERT (to Miss Toronto)—“Now, my dear, it's just like this—and you may as well understand it first as last—I want your heart, and I'm going to stay here till I get it!”

A GREAT WORK.

IN the 28th Annual Report of “Dr. Barnardo's Homes” a neat little volume of 112 pages, just issued, a detailed account is given of each of the 51 branches which are now comprised in the Homes, and a series of most interesting case-histories, and of letters from former inmates attest at once the real necessity for the work and the great success which has attended it. In the second part of the Report the Committee of the Homes dwells on the financial aspect of the work, and supplies an audited statement of accounts. It appears that last year the sum of £132,054 was received in no fewer than 87,709 separate gifts. Sixty-six per cent of the donations were individually under £1 each, showing that the institutions are really widely supported by the general public. Donations in aid of the Homes are urgently needed and are at all times welcome. We commend this little volume to our readers as a wonderful record of organized Christian philanthropy. A copy will be sent to any one on application to the General Secretary of the Homes, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

THE HIGHLAND GAMES.

E H, Mon, Jock, ye suld hae gaen
Up tae the Rosedal' Groon's,
An' seen the ploy that was gatten up
By a wheen wild Hieland loons;
Whaur the laddies louped, and the pipers blaw
Intae their fearsome pipes,
And garred sic a din 'twas enough tae gie
An honest lad the gripes.

An' ye suld hae seen ta Fraser thaur,
Weel kenned for a kindly Scot,
Wi' his lang bare shanks, an' a plaid sae reid
T'wad fleish a Hieland stot;
Wi' his goatskin sporrان hinged before,
An' his whinger hinged behind;
Noo here, noo thaur, noo everywhaur,
Like a strae in a gale o' windt.

An' had ye seen ta Currie thaur,
I wis ye had hae thoct

Ye could na find a prattier man
I' the ranks o' the forty aucht;
Wi' a muckle bonnet on his broo,
An' gatten up sae gran'
Wi' three guid feet o' Scottish steel
Slung at his hinderlan'.

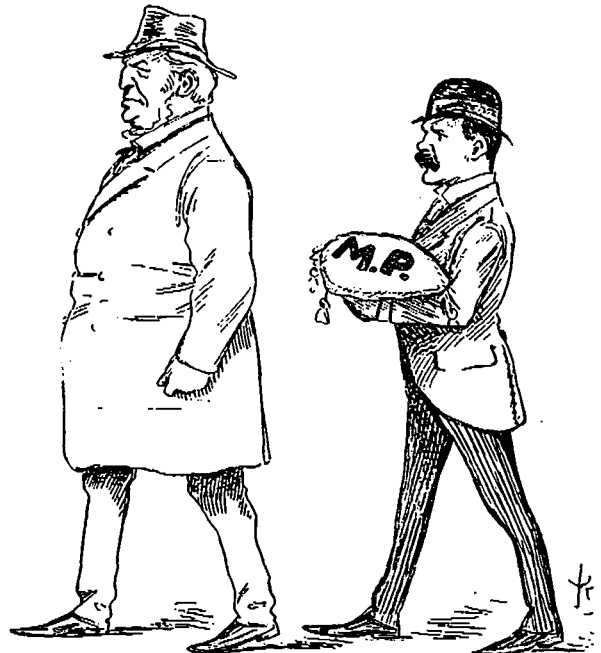
An' William Galt, o' ta *Daily Mail*
Was thaur in an abfu' swither,
Wi' a penshil grippit in ae han',
An' a notebuik i' the ither;
Takin' notes while the draps o' swat
Were rinnin' doon his cheeks,
An' wussun' that he was Hielan' born,
To gang wi'oot his brecks!

Mony a sonsie lad was thaur,
An ilka Hielan'man
Frae east an' west, was brawly dressed,
I' the tartan o' his clan:
An' whiles they'd bide wi' their lugs spread wide
The lippen the pipers blaw,
An' whiles they'd awa' tae a wee bit room
Tae drink the usquebaugh.

HOW PA' LOOKED.

MR. J. Macdonald Oxley, the well-known Canadian writer, has a bright family. One member thereof, a little tot of a girl, is an especially “old-fashioned” youngster, and her sayings frequently cause laughter in the household. On one occasion she came to her mother with a very thoughtful face, and said, “Ma, I went and looked into pa's room just now, where he is writing. He didn't see me, but he was sitting there, and oh! he looked so innocent!”

THEY call this season “Fall,”
'Cause things now take a tumble,
If those things were the price of coal—
The people wouldn't grumble.



A UNIQUE ARRANGEMENT.

It greatly adds to the dignity of Sir John Carling on all public occasions, to have his title M.P. borne by Mr. Hyman, to whom it rightfully belongs.



THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

FALLEN MAN—"Ours, my dear, by all means!"
[Sydney Bulletin.]

THE STATUE'S SOLOQUY.

MR. HAMILTON McCARTHY, the sculptor of the splendid statue of Sir John Macdonald, which was unveiled in the presence of enthusiastic thousands last Saturday, will no doubt be as much surprised as anybody to learn that this great work of art is endowed with the power of speech, though he of course endeavored to make it a "speaking likeness." That, at all events is the startling intelligence brought to this office by our perambulating Raven. This knowing bird alleges that, while enjoying a flutter amongst the trees of the Queen's Park the other afternoon, he happened to be passing in the close vicinity of the Statue's head, when his sharp ear detected a murmur as of words proceeding from the bronze mouth. Instantly he wheeled and alighted on the shoulder of the figure, and there he sat and listened, for sure enough Sir John was soliloquizing. Our Raven assures us that he whipped out his note book and took down the sentences as accurately as possible, and here they are:

"Ha, quite a commanding position they've given me here. A very pretty view, upon my word. I feel quite at home, too, as I was for so many years accustomed to a commanding position, and the near vicinity of the Legislative halls will greatly add to the home-like feeling. I will make it my business to keep an eye on the politicians and their doings, and I trust my presence here will have the effect of inspiring the Opposition with new hope and energy. It wouldn't be half a bad idea for them to elect me leader in the room and stead of Meredith, whose promotion to the Bench I am glad to hear of. To be sure, I couldn't very conveniently take my seat in the House, but that wouldn't be necessary. My name and prestige would

be enough, and the details of leadership could easily be carried out by a lieutenant, Howland, Marter, Whitney, or almost any of the men they are talking of. Said lieutenant could come and sit at my feet here periodically and get inspiration. Matters have certainly reached a very interesting condition in the Assembly, and, with a little shrewd management, Mowat could be made to "go," I verily believe. Everything depends on the Patrons, of course, and how they are "worked," though I see they have taken a cast iron oath not to allow anybody to "work" them. That only increases the pleasure of the game to a fine old Parliamentary hand, and whether I am appointed leader or not. I will watch the moves with much interest. There goes Mowat now, if I'm not mistaken, crossing the avenue on the way to his office. Remarkably hearty he looks, too, as I'm glad to see. Fine old chap, Sir Oliver, and as smart as any politician I know of. I always had a sneaking regard for him, and I believe he fully reciprocated the feeling. I was never quite so sure about George Brown. By the way, he stands somewhere hereabouts, doesn't he? Of course; over there near the University gate. Wonder if I couldn't establish a sort of telepathic connection with him? Happy thought! 'Twould enable us both to wile away may a pleasant half hour discussing the doings of our successors."



USING THE LOUD PEDDLE.

With this the Statue relapsed into silence.

CRAWLEY puts in his time loafing round town, turning up regularly for his meals, which are provided by his wife, who takes in washing. He calls himself a "Patron of Industry."



TIME WORKS CHANGES.

I.
 SWELL of 1889—"Say, just look at the style of that coat! A man may be excusable for being poor, but there is no excuse for a civilized being putting on such a coat as that!"



II.

SWELL OF 1894—"Ah, Charley, there's nothing like these long box-coats for style and dress!"

[S. G. & Co's. Monthly.]

COCK-A'DOODLE-DOO.

A GENTLEMAN in Montreal kept some poultry in his yard, said poultry being presided over, as is usual, by roosters. How many roosters there were is not stated, but they appeared to be as fond of exercising their lungs as birds of their feather generally are. They developed, in fact, into a public nuisance, and the owner was indicted by his neighbors and tried before a judge and jury, with a full and regular assortment of lawyers, court criers and all the other fixings. A verdict of guilty was ultimately rendered, and the defendant had a fine inflicted upon him. The case has established an important principle, to wit, that roosters may not legally exercise their vocal organs within the bounds of civilization, if their owners' neighbors object. It would, we should think, be a fair corollary from this decision to lay it down that those newspaper roosters which are set up at the top of election returns to crow defiantly over vanquished opponents are actionable. They are certainly regarded as a nuisance by the defeated party.

THE NEW MAN.

HE isn't making quite such a splutter in the papers as the New Woman or the Old Gentleman that hypersensitive people speak of with unnecessary respect. He's about, all the same, an individual evolved from past tyrannies and present experiments, who doesn't thrust himself forward on every occasion, although he's in every new thing and nothing progressive gets on without him. There are many reasons for his comparative obscurity. It is not so much from an excess of masculine modesty* that he is so little talked of, as from the fact that he has no mother, wife or sister to push his interests, and that he really has no idea how to set off his natural charms by dress. He has, to be sure, for sometime worn tailor-made clothes, but only those of the severest cut, and sombre colorings, and with no regard to suiting his complexion. As far as outward appearances go he looks like any other fellow. No Worth thinks out original coats for him. In a word he is one of those beings of whom it may be said, "he wears no frills."

At the same time he has quite romantic and fin-de-siecle ideas about most things, especially women. His friends say "he likes the New Woman." but he doesn't, although he gives her all the help he can. His conduct towards her

is chiefly remarkable for a sort of let-her-go policy. He can't make out where she wants to go, and what, short of the moon, she's trying to get, but he believes in letting her find out for herself. He has grave doubts if she knows what sort of a hand in the game of life she holds, but if she wants to "play it alone" he'll let her. He's not obliged to follow her lead when they're not partners, that's no man's business. What she'll do in the end is an enigma he's given up, but experience makes him hope that as usual she'll play trumps at the last.

The New Man doesn't believe in beauty unadorned etc., etc., the beauty he calls his own has taught him otherwise. If there is one thing he pays more for than anything else it is her elegant simplicity. He's more afraid of a gown with unpretentious draperies, than his father was of flounces. Bitter experience has taught him that natural roses in her cheeks, put on by sea-breezes and summer jaunts, cost more than the most expensive rouge, and that they have to be renewed every year. His father would have let her go without them, but the new man of this just passing century is sometimes chivalrous enough to take the colour out of his own face working to keep it on his wife's.

Neither he nor she see that he's anything out of the way in the masculine world, that he's unique—A New Man.

J. M. Loes.

STEEL TO STEEL.

"Is this a gent's furnishing establishment?" she asked, as she came in with another scrawney damsel.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk.

"Then will you please furnish a couple of gentlemen to escort us to the concert at Massey Hall," says she.

"Yes, you bring 'em right in, and we'll furnish 'em from top to toe," says he.



SIR CHARLES HIBBERT'S EGG-DANCE.

The skill with which this clever gentlemen executed a variety of difficult steps without damaging any of the eggs, was a marvel to his audience at North Bay a few evenings ago.

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A POSTMASTER'S STORY.

A Strange Attack and the Dire Results That Followed.

Mr. Robert Sharp, of Starkville, Tells of His Sufferings—Lost the Use of Both Hands and Feet and was Forced to Give up Business—The Timely Action of a Friend Pointed the Way to Renewed Activity.

From the Bowmanville News.

Mr. Robert Sharpe is a well known resident of Starkville, Durham County, who has been living in Canada for about thirteen years. He is by trade a blacksmith, and on coming to this country located in the township of Haldimand, in the county of Northumberland. After working there for a time he purchased a residence and shop at Starkville, where he worked at his trade and established a nice business. Being both courteous and obliging he was well liked and was appointed postmaster for the place. He was in the best of health and with the exception of a slight asthma trouble had no complaint of any kind. In the month of March, 1892, he attended an auction sale in the neighborhood and came home in the evening apparently all right, but during the night was taken with a chill, accompanied with a violent pain which gradually grew worse and before morning he went into convulsions and became unconscious. A doctor was summoned who bled him freely, which seemed to relieve him for a time, and next day he seemed better, and the doctor told him he would be all right in a few days. This, however, was not verified, and although he could go around he was fast falling in health and at times would be in an agony of pain. One doctor said he had sciatica, and another told him that his trouble was rheumatism of the spine and that he would never be better. He tried many medicines but all failed to do him any good. At this time he was so weak that he could only hobble around with the assistance of two sticks, and had to give up work. The pain continued day and night and he often longed for death to relieve him of his sufferings. About this time Mrs. Sharpe wrote a letter for him to a friend for whom he had worked when he first came out to the country, and this friend sent him a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urging him to give them a fair trial. Before the second box was done he felt somewhat better and purchased another supply. To hasten the story, Mr. Sharp continued the use of the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, by which time he had completely recovered and is now as well as ever he was, and has lost all the asthma trouble as well. He is now able to do a hard day's work, and is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' wonderful Pink Pills. As the reporter was leaving a Mr. Stark, an intelligent farmer who lives close by, called, and verified all that Mr. Sharp had said, and referred the reporter to others in the neighborhood who knew the circumstances as well. One who had never seen Mr. Sharp before would not think, looking at him to-day, that he has come through the ordeal he has, as he seems the very picture of health and both he and Mrs. Sharpe attribute the whole cure to Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the

system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, serofulous troubles, etc., these are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

FUN AND ENTERTAINMENT.

"THE PEOPLE'S COURSE."

The people of this city will not lack amusement the coming season, and that of the very best, as owing to the vast size of the new Massey Music Hall, courses of entertainments have been arranged that will do much to amuse and educate our people. The "People's Course," however, is composed of the best talent available, as given below, and the price within the reach of all. For \$1 a course ticket can be secured admitting holder to the top gallery, \$1.50 to the floor of the hall and \$2.50 secures the best reserved seat in the house. This course will be opened on November 20th, by a concert by the Torbett Concert Co., Miss Ollie Torbett, violinist, late from Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's Concert Co., whom Major Pond took from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Mr. Rudolph von Scarpa, the great piano virtuoso from Vienna, and the world famous and unrivalled Lutteman Sextette, from Stockholm, Sweden.

November 24th, Illustrated Lecture by Mrs. French-Sheldon, F.R.G.S., a woman who, unattended save by her caravan of native blacks, has penetrated into the very heart of heathen and savage Africa, a skilful physician, a well-known authoress, a successful publisher and a fellow in petticoat, for she was the first woman honored with membership of the Royal Geographical Society. Subject, "Mrs. French-Sheldon's Thrilling Experience in Africa."

December 1st, Entertainment by Mr. and Mrs. Wallis A. Wallis of London, Eng.) Recitals, entertainments and Costume Impersonations, the same as given before the Queen and royal family at Windsor, England.

December 8th, Lecture by Hon. J. Wight Giddings, (Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan.) Subject, "The Evolution of the Demagogue."

December 15th, Humorist Frank Lincoln, known around the world as "Lincoln and Laughter."

December 22nd, Lecture by Rev. Jos. Cook, (of Boston, Mass.) Subject, "Use and Abuse of Sunday." (New.)

January 5th—Illustrated lecture by Miss Olof Krarer, a native Esquimaux, 35 years of age, 40 inches high, 77 times in Philadelphia the past four years and recalled several times in other cities. Subject, "Greenland, or Life in the Frozen North."

January 12th—Lecture by C.H. Fraser, a brilliant orator, humorous and instructive, powerful and striking. Subject, "The World's To-morrow," or a "Dream of Destiny."

January 19th—Concert by the Chicago Rivals; Miss Gertrude Sprague, phenomenal contralto; Miss Fanny Losey, great violinist; Miss Jenny Shoemaker, singing reader and Delsarteian; Mr. Francis L. Rollins, Humorist and Dialect Impersonator.

March 23rd—Lecture by Rev. Robt. McIntyre, (of Denver, Col.) Ten thousand people attended his great lecture at Grimsby Park, August last. He is more popular than ever. Subject "Thirty Hours in the Sunless World, or a Trip Through Wyandotte Caverns."

Mr. Thos J. Wilkie, 30 Bank of Commerce Building, is the Manager of the "People's Course."

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. The e has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an excellent mustache in six weeks. Ladies, if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and as white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitening for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this Whitening, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cts. per bottle and the "Face Whitening" 50 cts. per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

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"AT LAST"

By Mrs. Maria Elise Lauder.

This interesting story, by the widow of the late W.A. Lauder, M.P.P., the plot of which is laid partly in Toronto and partly abroad, is now going through the American and Canadian press, and will be issued toward the end of November. The Canadian publisher will be

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