



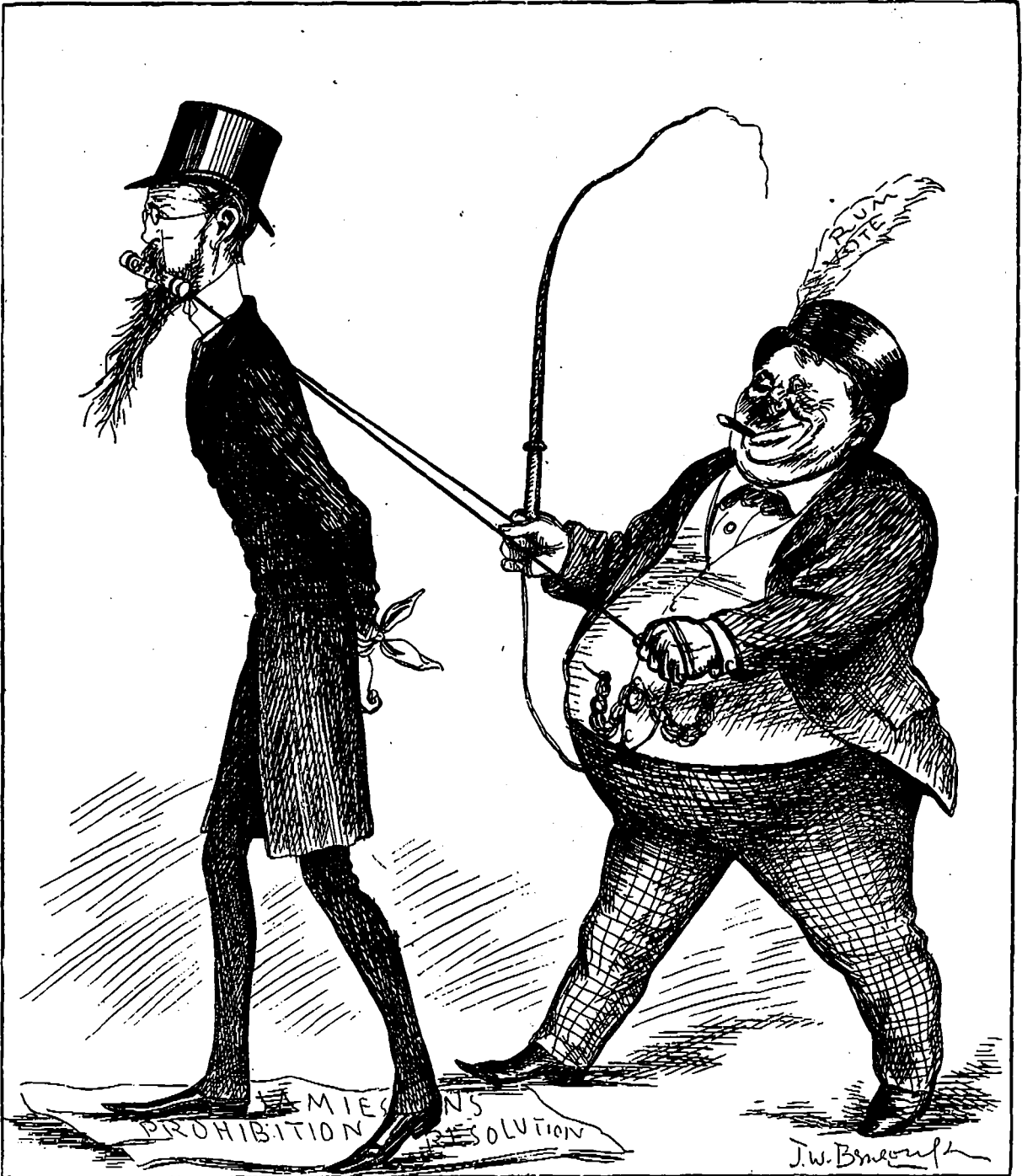
# GRIP



VOL. XXXVI

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1891.

No. 24.  
Whole No. 939.



### "GAGGED."

"Prohibition is a great moral issue. Considerations of revenue should not be permitted to stand in the way of abolishing the liquor crime."—*Foster, the citizen.*

"I believe in the principle of prohibition, but the great practical question confronts us—how can the loss of the revenue be made up?"—*Foster, the minister.*

## Sir John A. Macdonald.

*Born at Glasgow, Jan. 11, 1815; Died at Ottawa, June 6, 1891.*

DEAD! Dead! And now before  
The threshold of bereaved Earncliffe stand  
In spirit, all who dwell within our land  
From shore to shore!

Before that black-draped gate,  
Men, women, children mourn the Premier gone,  
For many loved and worshipped old Sir John,  
And none could hate.

And he is dead, they say!  
The words confuse and mock the general ear—  
What! can there yet be House and Members here  
And no John A.?

So long he lived and reigned  
Like merry monarch of some olden line,  
Whose subjects questioned not his right divine,  
But just obeyed

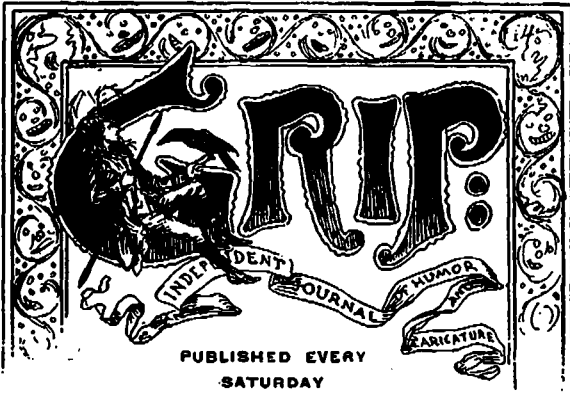
His will's e'en faintest breath,  
We had forgotten—'midst affairs of State,  
'Midst Hansard, Second Readings and Debate,  
Such things as Death!

Swift came the dread eclipse  
Of faculty, and limb and life at last,  
Ere to the Judge of all the earth he passed  
With silent lips,

But not insensate heart!  
He was no harsh, self-righteous Pharisee—  
The tender Christ compassioned such as he,  
And took their part.

As to his Statesman-fame,  
Let History calm his wondrous record read,  
And write the Truth, and give him honest meed  
Of praise or blame!

J. W. B.



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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE EMPTY SADDLE.—The great chieftain of the Conservative party has gone the way all flesh, and although he is succeeded he can have no successor. The face and form which for many years have endeared these pages have departed for ever. It is a satisfaction to feel,

as we do, that although few numbers of GRIP have appeared without "John A." being depicted in some shape, we have never treated him with less than justice. This he was not slow to admit himself on the occasion of the only interview we ever had with him, and which took place at Ottawa a few years ago. "GRIP has been conducted most fairly and impartially so far," said he. "I hope you will never let it get into the control of either party." It was not the least of Sir John's gifts as a public man (from GRIP's standpoint) that he had a face

supremely good for caricature purposes. In that respect, as well as in others, we may say with Hamlet, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again." This journal, however, like Her Majesty's Government, must be carried on. May he rest in peace.

GAGGED.—Hon. Geo. E. Foster used to be a professional lecturer, and one of the themes he dealt with most eloquently and effectively was Prohibition. His views on this great subject were clear and firm, for he had thought it out thoroughly. Whenever a pettifogging "anti" in his audience had the temerity to propose the hackneyed revenue difficulty, the orator made short work of him. He was ready to show that the loss of the money paid for licenses would be really a gain, and a great gain. And he was equally prepared to answer the question of what was to become of the farmers' surplus corn when the distilleries were shut up, in the words of the Hoosier yeoman, "We propose to raise more hogs and less hell." These views he carried into Parliament with him, and as a private member he urged them ably on the attention of the House. But now Hon. Geo. E. Foster is a member of the Government, and it unfortunately happens that the Government has no sympathy at all with the Prohibition. Mr. Foster must accordingly forego his feelings on the subject, or drop the honors and emoluments of a Cabinet seat. Under the circumstances it is not strange, perhaps, that the revenue argument now comes before his mind as something very formidable indeed—so formidable that it simply puts Prohibition out of the list of practical questions. In short, the hon. gentleman has been gagged by the liquor vote.



WE must do ourselves proud, fellow-citizens, on the occasion of the big meeting of the pedagogues in this city next month. It only requires that each one of us shall do his part, whether it be something officially important that is entrusted to our hands, or merely the exhibition of good nature and courtesy to the visitors in a private way, to make this meeting of the Educational Association the best that important body has ever held. We have the prettiest city they have ever

honored with their meeting; let us show them that it is also the most genial and hospitable. The visitors are well worthy of all the attention we can bestow upon them, representing as they do the noblest profession in existence. We are fortunate in having Mr. James L. Hughes as chief engineer of the event, for a more consummate hustler could not be found. He is being splendidly aided by Secretary Hill and the various committees, and the prospects for a magnificent success are looking bright. Let every public-spirited citizen come forward and take a hand in the good work.

ON the day that Sir John, with trembling steps, retired from the House of Commons never again to enter its portals, the Dominion of Canada arrived at the turning point in its history. From the date of Confederation down to that day, with but a momentary interruption, Sir John Macdonald was the absolute autocrat of our destiny. Whatever we are to-day as a people politically he made us. Never more shall we see one-man government in this land, and the prospect is not an unpleasant one, for the concentration of practically unlimited power in the hands of one man however great is not best for the nation. We make a new departure now; but the great question is, What shape will it take? The signs of the time point to the disruption of the Conservative party, now that the wonderful Old Man is gone, but they do not as plainly indicate that we are soon to have a straight-out Grit Government.



### HE WASN'T AFRAID.

■ ROSALAND—"If you loiter thus, Mr. Funniman, you'll be late to rehearsal, and the manager will deduct five dollars from your next week's salary."

■ TOUCHSTONE—"He'll be a clever man to do that, Miss Montmorency, for my salary only amounts to four dollars per week."

IT looks as though something in the way of a coalition might be the end of it. And why not? There are good and able men in both parties who have no vital principle dividing them. Ontario is not fairly represented in the present Government as it is now reconstructed. The leading Province is relegated distinctly to a second place. This situation cannot endure. There are whispers of the possibility of Edward Blake returning to public life, and that is where he ought to be at this critical juncture. His would be a splendid figure around which to gather a Cabinet of the choice spirits of both parties, and once more we ask, Why not? It would be a blessed day for Canada, if with the departure of Sir John we might also see the departure of the mad partyism which has so long blighted the country.

A LOVER of the Horse writes to the *Telegram* calling the attention of the Humane Society to the cruel use of spurs at the late Woodbine races. The complaint was a little belated, but we trust the Society will have a man on the ground at all similar events in the future. Some of the horses, as we happen to know, were most brutally used, not infrequently coming to the stables with great gaping wounds torn in their sides by their unfeeling riders. The wonder is that such barbarous implements of torture are tolerated by the authorities of jockey clubs here or elsewhere, for these gentlemen profess to be *par excellence* the friends and patrons of the Horse.

MR. DAVIN wants the Government to act in good faith toward certain North-West settlers who are legally entitled to second pre-emptions, which (by subsequent action of the Department of the Interior) they are now refused. To this demand, the Hon. Mr. Dewdney conclusively replies by alleging that Davin has broken through his temperance pledge since his arrival in Ottawa. We scarcely see the connection, though it is no doubt plain, looked at through Mr. Dewdney's eye-glass. One thing is tolerably clear, however, and that is, Dewdney and some other alleged ministers will have to go pretty soon.

THE following picturesque passage is from one of Premier Mercier's characteristic orations recently delivered in France:

We have long years since laid the foundation of a Canadian nationality, in which all can find place, and where there is, gentlemen, only recognized the aristocracy of talent and honesty. (Applause.) This aristocracy grows. It rests firmly on our solid rocks. It is developed in our immense lands, and when it feels weary it goes and rests on the peaks of our high mountains.

This is strikingly original, to say the least. The Canadian aristocracy is graphically set forth under the similitude of a bird—possibly a crow or a jackdaw—which, "when it feels weary, goes and rests on the peaks of our high mountains." Can it be that the orator intended this as a compliment to the new peer, Lord Mount Stephen?

GLADSTONE has intimated to the Tory Government of England that it is about time for Great Britain to have something to say about the persecution of the Jews in Russia. We should say so! But a few more thousands of unfortunate victims will be allowed to perish before the Lion will interfere. There is just one thing to be done with the Russian "Government" as it now exists, and that is to wipe it out of existence. The civilized powers of Europe ought to get up a syndicate and do the job.

IT makes us sick to be told that all this immeasurable brutality is Russia's own affair, with which outsiders have no concern. It is an outrage on the human race, and a sufficient *causus belli*, if there ever was such a thing. Meanwhile why, in the name of humanity, is that hideous brute, the Bear, recognized by civilized Governments?



### EXPLANATION

Of the living mermaid recently seen at our summer resort.

## QUINTESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(BY OUR VERY SHORTHANDER.)

OTTAWA, June 1st.

**M**R. DAVIN moved that certain settlers in the North-West be granted the privilege of second home-steading, they having fulfilled the conditions in good faith under the law subsequently repealed. Incidentally he got in a good one on the smeller of the Hon. Mr. Dewdney, Minister of Interior.

Hon. Mr. Dewdney countered by referring to Davin's anti-prohibition conduct since coming down to the session.

Other members took a hand in. Question of vested interests debated. House divided on motion to adjourn. Adjourned.

June 2nd.

Debate on Tupper resumed. Grit orators wearing 4 oz. gloves. Defence of Tupper left to his dutiful son, unaided by any other Minister. House adjourned, lest Sir John's death might happen while the unpleasantness was going on.

June 3rd.

House met and spent the time frying very small fish. Chief interest centred in McGreevey investigation, where



## JOURNALISM A LA MODE.

MANAGING EDITOR OF "SCREAMER"—"Did you interview Jumbleton?"

NEW REPORTER—"Couldn't do it."

MAN. ED.—"Couldn't do it? Why not, I should like to know?"

NEW REPORTER—"Jumbleton died half an hour before I got to the house."

MAN. ED.—"What's that got to do with it? You were ordered to get an interview, and it's your business to get it. Sit down and write it, and make a column of it, d'ye hear?"

Conolly the Contumacious made a sensation by refusing to give up the books of his firm.

June 4th.

Mr. Charlton's Sunday Observance Bill debated and referred to select Committee.

Mr. Edgar's One Man One Vote Bill discussed. Motion for second reading defeated by majority of 32.

Sitting noteworthy for Sir John Thompson's maiden witticism. "Shall this motion be adopted?" said the Speaker. "I do not think it will," said Sir J, as he got up to speak against it.

June 5th.

Tupper debate resumed. More hard hitting by Opposition: gallant defence from ministerial back benches. No voice from Cabinet seats. Vote taken. Laurier's motion of censure defeated by majority of 21.

Contumacious Conolly ordered to appear before bar of House for not giving up the firm's books in McGreevey case.

## EDISON, HELP US!

**E**DISON will put a climax on his achievements when he invents something that will enable an editor to get satisfaction for a stupid typographical blunder which he discovers in his paper after the whole edition is printed, and which he failed to see when he carefully read the proof. At present the editor can only kick himself, which is a poor contrivance. These remarks are called out by a "misprint" which (of course) robbed a sentence in last week's GRIP of all its point. It was where Painter Forster explained that he was doing Prof. Caven's portrait from an "Armenian point of view, and toning down the Calvinistic lines." The compositor put it "American point of view." And we never noticed the thing till it was too late, too late!!



## "THE CHIEF MOURNER."

MISS BROWNE—"I was very sorry to hear of your uncle's death, Mr. Jolliby, but I know you will bear up bravely—think how much better off the old gentleman now is."

MR. JOLLIBY—"Hm! I don't know about the old gentleman, but I know *I'm* better off. He left me all his property."

[And then she congratulated him.]



THE NEW PEER.

GRIP, as the organ of the people of Canada, seizes this, the earliest opportunity, of expressing to the Imperial Government the profound thanks of the colonists of this Dominion for the great honor done them in the elevation of their fellow-citizen, Mr. George Stephen, to the dizzy heights of the Peerage, as Lord Mount Stephen.

This mark of maternal affection on the part of the mother country has touched our hearts, and cannot fail to deepen our veneration for the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

We feel that what is most needed to transform this raw, rough and democratic country into a land of true culture and standing is the establishment in our midst of an Upper Class, enjoying privileges and immunities beyond the reach of the people at large. In the absence of live lords to whom on all occasions the common people may take off their hats and before whom our middle classes may cringe and grovel, the community is liable to be permeated with a most unhealthy independence of spirit.

Our proximity to the United States of America, a country in which the abhorrent doctrine of the equality of men finds favor, affords an additional reason for the establishment here of an Aristocracy, because we are at all times subject to the influence of the larger community beside us, and that influence is in the direction of democracy. There is good reason to believe that the existence of Canadian Lords in our midst would not only counteract Yankee influence, but might in time inoculate the Yankees themselves with sound views. It is a proved fact that no man surpasses the American citizen in his love for a live lord.

We are under obligations for the outfit of knights and baronets which we have long possessed, but these titles



TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE?

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower?

If you would really like to know  
Go to Clarke's College, Guelph.  
He'll teach you how the busy bee  
Can make you piles of pelf.

have not been strong enough to effectively counteract the growing democracy of the people. Lord Mount Stephen himself did not inspire absolute awe so long as he was merely Sir George.

It adds to our sense of the honor done us to know that the new Peer has personally earned the great reward which has been given him. We presume it has been bestowed on account of his distinguished service to Canada in accumulating some millions of money. Considering that no Canadian has hitherto ever earned one million in a lifetime of work of whatever kind, and that no man in any country is capable of doing so, some signal recognition of the achievement was certainly in order.

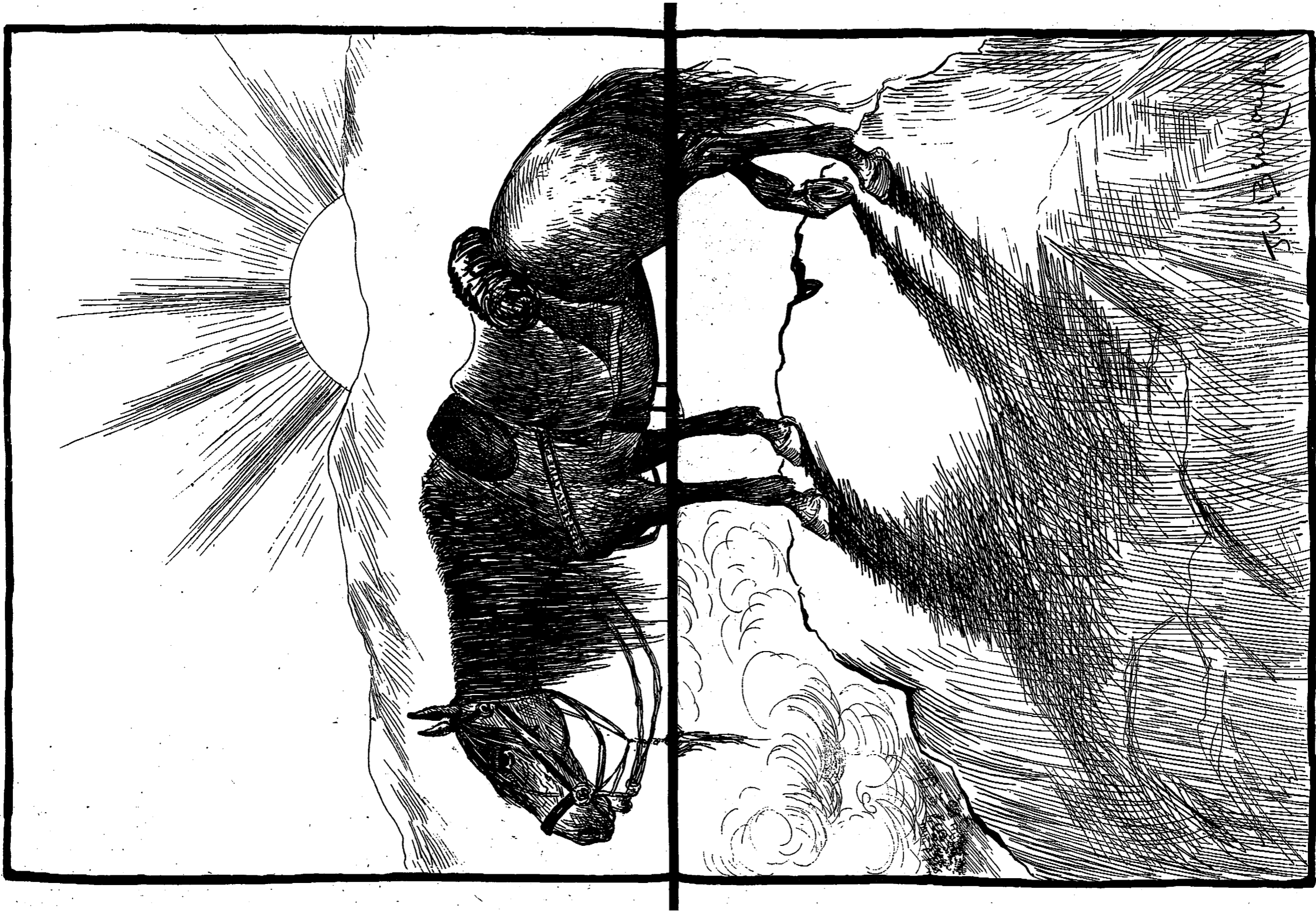
SIGNOR EARLO.

THAT oft-abused individual, the Intelligent Composer, occasionally has an eye for the fitness of things in the little liberties he takes with the "copy." A case in point is his Italianizing of the name of the Philharmonic Society's energetic President, which appears in the circular announcing the Theodore Thomas concerts as John Earlo. Considering that the great conductor and most of the members of his famous orchestra are foreign born, and that Herr Joseffy, the pianist, and Signor Campanini, the tenor, are from abroad, Earlo seems more appropriate than plain-English Earls in this connection. The concert takes place at the Pavilion on Thursday evening of this week, and will be a brilliant wind-up of the musical season. Thomas, Joseffy and Campanini—not to mention Miss Katherine Fleming, contralto, who wouldn't be with these Titans if she wasn't first-class—the attraction is simply overwhelming.



TOO RIDICULOUS ALTOGETHER.

CHOLLY—"Aw—have you heard the vewy latest fad in our set?"  
CHAPPIE—"No, deah boy, what is it?"  
CHOLLY—"They pwopose to go in for common sense, don't you know."  
CHAPPIE—"Oh, come, I say—these fads are a bore when they carry them to such widiculous extwemes as that!"





### SIR ANTOINE AIME DORION.

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE QUEEN'S BENCH, QUEBEC  
(Born Jan. 17, 1818. Died May 31, 1891).

WHILE Canada, with anxious eyes and heart,  
Stands by the bed at Earncliffe, scarce she hears  
The tolling bell in distant Montreal  
That tells her she has lost another son  
Who well may claim her tears.

Sir Antoine Dorion has passed away!  
Born to a noble name,  
He made it nobler by a stainless life.  
Man, Lawyer, Statesman, Judge,  
Each higher step but serving to display  
More widely his deep worth.  
His intellect, like an electric star,  
Compelled attention; when the man was seen  
Then admiration was eclipsed by love.  
He died as he had lived,  
In quiet dignity, without acclaim,  
And o'er him, now at rest, we grave the line,  
*Sans peur et sans reproche.*

J. W. B.



### UNCLE SAM VISITS ANCIENT GREECE.

"Hello, mister! What'll yeou take fur that air hoss?"

### PRETTY "SMALL" POTATOES.

THERE was no end to absurd means people adopted to attain cures. People bought 200,000 of Henry George's book on "Progress and Poverty"—poor devils who were ill able to afford it—all to find out how to get rich without working.—*Rev. Sam Small as reported in Brantford Expositor.*

Mr. Sam Small ought to study some scheme to help the temperance cause without lying about other moral reformers. No man ever bought or read Henry George's book on "Progress and Poverty" in order to find out how to get rich without working. The book does not teach, and does not profess to teach, any such lesson. On the other hand, it teaches how to prevent people from getting rich without working, and how to enable those who work to keep for their own use and enjoyment what they earn. If Mr. Sam Small read "Progress and Poverty" before he made his Brantford speech, he lied wilfully about its contents. If he never read the book, he was little less to blame. A man has no business to stand before a public audience and talk about what he does not understand, and what he has never taken the trouble to study. Mr. Small ought to know that there are other vices besides drunkenness, and he had better get rid of the rest of them.—*Hamilton Times.*

This is pretty severe, but we are afraid the Rev. Doc-



### BOTH WERE STRONG ATTRACTIONS, TOO.

COMEDIAN—"I got run down so weak that I couldn't raise a laugh."

TRAGEDIAN—"And I became so feeble that I couldn't heave a sigh."

tor deserves it. We happen to have had a private conversation with him on his late visit to Toronto, the Henry George question being the subject thereof. Dr. Small not only exhibited a clear knowledge of George's teachings, but expressed himself as an enthusiastic believer in the single tax. In view of this his Brantford utterances seem to call for some explanation.

### SAMJONES' SAYINGS.

I AM naturally of a retiring disposition, but I have never been able to make enough money to retire on.

The telephone is undoubtedly a great aid to the cultivation of the voice. With a little practice at it one can become a proficient "Hello"-cutionist.

The land question is keeping well to the front in England. There is a good deal of interest being taken just now in the Tranby-Crofters.

I notice that a gentleman named Boas has been lecturing on Socialism. His views, I presume, are moderate, as Boas would hardly be a Ruth-less demagogue.

The reason why milk is called the lacteal fluid is because some people drink it when they lack tea.

### TIGHT AND SOBER.

MAUD—"I wonder why people call that pretty Miss Feegur so flighty? To me her face has rather a sober look."

ETHEL—"Yes! Her face looks sober enough—but—dear me! Her waist is frightfully tight! Perhaps that affects her conduct."

### IN THE VINEYARD.

"I FANCY you will make good wine," remarked the husbandman to the grape.

"Certainly, if you press me," replied the luscious morsel.



TUPPER DEFENDING HIS "AWFUL DAD."

WALES AS A BAD MAN.

**M**OKELY—"Mistah Johnsing, did you notice in de perusal ob de papahs dat de Prince ob Wales had cut Col. Cumming kase he detected him in workin' a skin game on him?"

**JOHNSING**—"Yes, sah. De fac' hab percolated frew my intelligence. De cullud population am to be congratulated dat dar example ob availin' darselves ob de obvious conveniency ob de razor for pupposes of polemical disputation has penetrated de highest circles ob de aristocracy."

CAUGHT FROM THE PASSING CROWD.

**"B**AD business this Tranby-Croft scandai, you know. Just got a letter from the Dook of Westmoreland, and he says—"Canada will never see his like again" "Them street railway conductors has a soft snap. I guess they knock down half the money now"—"Yes, he took her over to the Island Saturday and her ma was awful mad"—"No, sban't go to Europe this summer—Real Estate too flat—Muskoka's good enough for me."—"Vote for this Ashbridge Bay scheme?—not much—got no property down there."—"Holy Moses! Peter Ryan,

the idea av you goin' back on your country an' claimin to be an Englishman."—"Those labor fellows have no end of gall wanting the city to run the street cars."—"Going to board four Yankee teachers at our house"—"And she's given him the cold shake since he lost all his money"—"Her last season's hat retrimmed—I always knew her husband was as close as they make 'em."—"A party led by Thompson don't get my vote—I'll join the Equal Righters"—"I'm off to Scarboro Junction—guess there's money in that scheme."

HOW HE FETCHED HIM.

**T**AILOR—"Ah! you collected Slimdood's account. Well done! I never expected to get that. How did you fetch him?"  
**COLLECTOR**—"He was very airy and insolent about it at first—said I might whistle for the money."  
**TAILOR**—"And then what did you do?"  
**COLLECTOR**—"Oh, I took him at his word. I began whistling and gave him a stave or two of 'Little Annie Rooney,' and then he weakened—pulled out his wad and paid me every cent."



### NOMENCLATURE.

SAMBO—"Ain't it funny, Uncle Pete, how many ob de United States an name after folks? Now dar's *Miss Soori*, an' *Mrs. Sippi*, an' *Georgie*, an'—"

UNCLE PETE—"Yes, an' *Massa Chusetts*, too."

### ALD. BOLLIVER'S REMARKS.

TO THE STREET RAILWAY COMMITTEE, ON THE QUESTION OF LEASING THE ROAD.

SEEMS to me, Mr. Chairman, we'd better surrender the franchise to some of these fellows who tender; 'Taint much matter which—for the thing to be done is just to unload—that's as sure as a gun—(Excuse me, my friends, I intended no pun, I ain't no Samjones nor Smart Alick, I spoke as usual quite serious, and meaning no joke.) But the way that it strikes me from my point of view is, just quit this here fooling and rush the thing through.

Some says that the city should manage the line And make all the profits—which sounds very fine, But you needn't tell me—I'm a practical man, Where's the city which ever a railroad has ran? Does New York, or Chicago, or Boston incline To manage for profit a street railway line? And if nobody never has done it before 'Twould be unprecedented—sir, need I say more? Now, everyone knows that a city exists Because it's built up by big capitalists; We must have millionaires who will spend what they gain Or else our position we'll never retain— Allowing that we might such profits extract As would pay half our taxes—which isn't the fact, Would it not be far better the chance to forego, And give speculators some kind of a show? Then, when they get rich at the public expense, We can point with due pride to each fine residence And each splendid turn-out on the street as they pass, As showing the wealth of our opulent class. Isn't every man proud of the glory he shares When our country produces such big millionaires? Don't we worship Frank Smith—Donald Smith—Lord Mount Stephen?

If we hadn't rich men 'twould be just cause for grievin' Don't they spend money here and so build up our trade,  
(Aside)

[On this point I have made a bad break, I'm afraid, Some spent it in England.] But, sir, to resume, I hope I've convinced every man in the room That the duty which right in our faces now stares Is to give up the franchise to make millionaires.

There's another strong point that I wish to enforce, You and I are dishonest, as matter of course; I hardly need tell you that often I feel If you gave me the chance I would certainly steal; That's an alderman's nature—he's built on that plan, He could not if he wished be a trustworthy man, And everyone serving the city will rob His employers, the public, or put up some job. There's Gunn now, for instance, a gentleman who While serving Frank Smith was both honest and true, And capable, also—kept everything straight. Now he works for the city, and certain as fate He will learn to be crooked, and tricky, and sly, And to plunder the public of course he will try. He'll develop at once an abnormal rapacity, And suddenly lose all his business capacity, He'll mismanage the railway—that goes without saying, And on the receipts be incessantly preying, And if anything's left that should go to the city 'Twill be divvied among the Street Railway Committee; That's the way it would work—they will steal every time, Now I don't go in for encouraging crime. And to keep us all out of the way of temptation Let's hand the thing over to some corporation On such terms as they offer. Let's meet their demands If we pay them for taking it out of our hands. For we're such a dishonest, incapable crew, That municipal management never would do!

### IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION.

THE secretary of the Toronto Fencing Club was much surprised the other day to receive the following communication:

LOT 14 SIXT CON., WAWANOSH TOWNSHIP,  
May the 25—191.

DEER SIR,—I noatis by the papers that you have a fencin club down to Tronto so I thort Ide rite you an git some informasion onto the subjct. We have been mostly usin rale fences in our section butt ceder is gittin kind of scarce an anyhow its-two valuble these days to put inter fences. Sum of the farmers here is puttin up barbed wire but I never took to it. Its cheap butt the stock are apt to get themselves hurt. I have a matter of 10 acers or so to fence it this season & I was jest wondering if I'd put up barb wire or try sum of these here noo stiles of fencin wen I come acrost a notis of your club into 1 of the papers an so I allowed Ide ax your advice about it.

I don't want nothin stylish you know sech as the big bugs in Tronto put up to cost more'n a house woud—just a good plain ordernary kind of a fence about five or maybe 5 an a half foot high, strong enough to keep the stock from strayin an one as wont want fixin' up every year. Please rite as soon as convenient an give me yure advice.

Yours\_trewly,

JACOB H. WAYBACK.

### "WANTS."

FROM the *Telegram*:

WANTED.—Coachman, one who can milk and understands gardening. Apply P. J., Toronto.

What we expect to see next is something like this:

WANTED.—Dry goods clerk; one who can saw wood and understands Political Economy. Address, etc.

"I THINK," said the business man, "that I will for a time retire and take a rest." "Are you overworked?" asked a friend. "Yes," he replied, "that's it. I have been worked by three tramps, a book agent and several other people within the last three days, and I don't think I can stand any more."—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a man makes up his mind that he will never run to catch a train again so long as he lives, he has taken the first step toward becoming a real philosopher.—*Somerville Journal.*

MOTHERS! READ THIS:—"Dyer's Improved Food for Infants is the best food I ever used for my babies." Price twenty-five cents. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

TWELVE million dollars' worth of diamonds were imported into the United States last year. It looks as if the trade was in advance of the growth of hotel clerks.—*Leadville Herald.*

"I HAVE never sold a remedy that has given such entire satisfaction as Burdock Blood Bitters; I sell more of it than of any other dollar preparation," says J. E. McGarvin, druggist, Acton.

If the stomach becomes weak and fails to perform its digestive functions, Dyspepsia with its long train of distressing symptoms will follow. Cure it with Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I FIND in looking over your bills, my son, almost all the charges are for beer and wine, scarce anything for kerosene. It seems to me that you are—" "But, dear father, a fellow can't drink kerosene."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"My customers say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best blood purifier in the market," thus writes Wm. Lock, of McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the secretions, give strength to the debilitated, eradicate all humors of the blood and give excellent satisfaction to all.

The Review of Reviews for June is an exceptionally large number, profusely illustrated, chiefly with portraits of contemporary celebrities. It reviews thoroughly all the current movements of the day, and summarizes the important contents of current periodicals of the whole world. The editorial discussions in the popular department, "The Progress of the World," deal largely with questions of American international relations and diplomacy.

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THE average man, woman and child, who would really like to save money, fails to do so because there is no place to put the pennies which go to make up the pounds. The savings departments of our chartered banks will not look at any deposit short of a dollar, and the small change slips away generally before the dollar is made up. The Traders' Bank has come to the rescue, notwithstanding the sneers and jeers of the Dude Banks, who don't care about doing business in a small way. For this the Traders' Bank deserves the thanks of the would-be thrifty. The plan is simply this: a tastefully constructed "Bank" is supplied free to any person applying for one, and once a month an agent of the institution visits the houses of the depositors and collects the savings, which are taken to the bank and deposited at four per cent. This enables every person who cares to do so to deposit the very smallest sums, and that without the expenditure of any time or trouble. It is a splendid idea.

C. L. EASTON, of Hamilton, Ont., speaks in terms of gratitude and praise of the great benefit he derived from Burdock Blood Bitters, taken for Dyspepsia.

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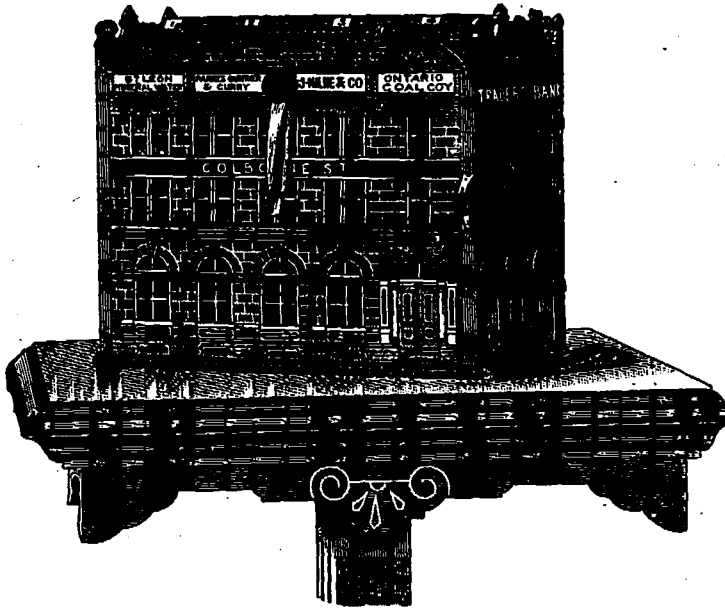
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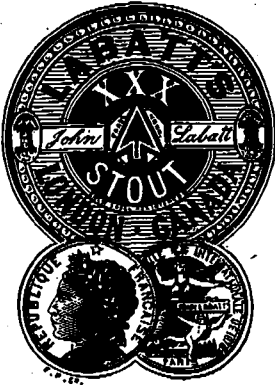
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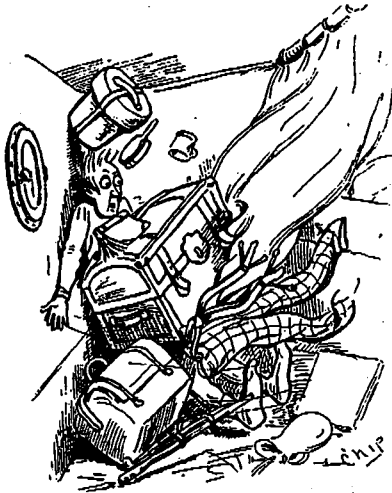
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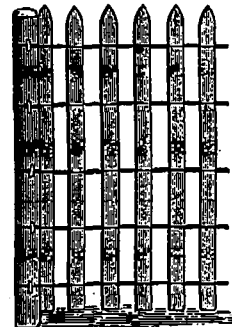
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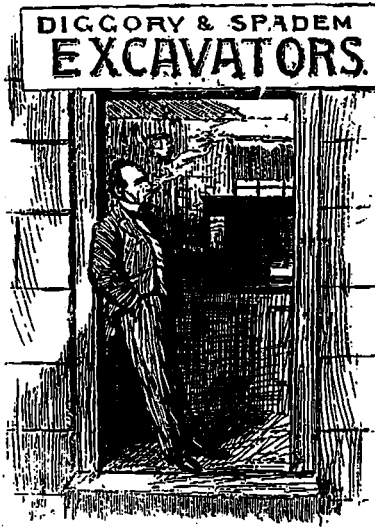
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