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TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1893.

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NEGLECTED.



The gravest beast is the Ass; The gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; The gravest man is the Fool.

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TORONTO SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1893



OT MANY books dealing with social or political questions have had a wider influence in forming public opinion than Mr. J. W. Sullivan's valuable work on the Initiative and Referendum entitled, "Direct Legislation." To jits influence the growing movement for the adoption of the referendum principle

in politics is almost entirely due. Every one interested in real politics as distinct from partyism, should read it. The True Nationalist Publishing Company, of New York, have issued a new edition in neat paper binding, price 25 cents.

THE Golden Legend—The fiction that our currency has a metallic basis.

A ND now the Street Railway Company want the agreement modified so as to give them the control of the streets. The City Council affect to deliberate about it, but no doubt the monopolists will have overything their own way in the end. With a wealthy and not over-scrupulous corporation ready to use the powerful financial argument to promote a deal likely to prove very profitable to them, and a body of aldermen, many of whom have no conceivable motive for giving half their time to public affair; other than such pickings as may fall in their way, it is not difficult to forecast the result. Why not make them a present of the whole town at once and have done with it?

THERE is one species of human microbe who ought to be promptly and effectively squelched by the public. We allude to the money-grubbing tradesman who stands in the way of the half-holiday movement by stubbornly refusing to join with his neighbors in the same line of business in shutting up shop, so as to give over-worked clerks and drivers a weekly afternoon off. The public have the remedy in their own hands and ought to bring such sordid obstructionists to reason by doing their trading elsewhere.



UCH harm has been done to Canada by the curse of sectionalism in politics, and the evil seems to increase rather than to diminish. Now the Methodists, throug' Rev. Drs. Douglas and Potts, are clamoring for representation in the governments and on the judicial bench. No doubt we shall

hear from the Congregationalists, Baptists, Reformed Episcopalians, Unitarians, Salvationists, Jews and Secularists in due time. Once recognize the principle that the adherents of a particular creed are entitled to special representation in the cabinet or among the noble army of office-holders, and where are you going to stop? Obviously, the smaller and less influential sects have proportionately the same rights as the larger, and must not be ignored.

THE whole principle is wrong and rotten, and so far as it has been admitted has invariably worked badly. The men who are pushed forward into government places solely because some sect or faction insist on representation, are invariably the least useful and most narrowminded of politicians. The Methodists are a numerous, wealthy and influential denomination, and it is absurd to imagine that there is any disposition to discriminate against members of their body as such in filling government positions. Probably the true reason why so comparatively few Methodists are found in high places is to be found in the fact that so many people leave the Methodist Church as soon as they begin to rise in the world But snobbery is and hanker after social advancement. not a thing that can be eradicated by acts of Parliament, or even by offering premiums in the way of cabinet offices and judgeships as a bribe to those who remain Methodists.

THE Prize List for the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which will begin on September 4th and last until the 16th, is received. In spite of the counter-attraction of the World's Fair, our own Exhibition promises to be fully up to the mark, and there will no doubt be the usual influx of visitors, including many foreigners, who will take it in on their way to or from Chicago. The inducements offered to exhibitors are liberal, and the enterprising management may be depended on to see that the spectacular features are of a novel and attractive character.

THE STRONGEST INDUCEMENT.

DAUGHTER—" I would not marry that man for love or money."

MOTHER—" But he is heir to a title."

DAUGHTER -- " That alters the case. I'll consider his proposal."

THE volume of business-the ledger.



A STAYING TRADE. HE—"How is it that you see so many fat women across the street there?" SHE—"Oh, that's the store where a thirty-eight corset is numbered twenty-feven."

SITTING ON THE FENCE.

WHEN women get the franchise, And that's not far away, We'll all have to turn out and vote Just like the men to-day.

And so to campaign meetings I vowed that I would go, To learn the public rights and wrongs, Which voters ought to know.

I thought 'twould be an easy thing The arguments to weigh, And so my party side to choose Thus early in the day.

So to a Liberal meeting I went with open mind, My only care to know the truth And the righteous cause to find.

The candidate himself was there, As smiling-like and sweet As one could be, who must expose The Tories' vile deceit. Those Tories, as I quickly learned, Were a boasting boodling crew, Who never would by any chance That which they promised do.

The ashes of the hygone years, He raked them o'er and o'er, He searched each blackened einder out And still he raked for more.

IIe elamored loud and very long Until he grew quite warm; IIe said the tariff was all wrong, And shouted for reform.

Then built a moral platform With planks, all second-hand, On which he said his party would Unanimously stand.

And when his speech was over-I own it wasn't bad, The Grits were all delighted, And the Tories they were mad.



SMALL HORSE.

JAGSTER-" What kind of a soldier is that fellow, now? Heavy

> Next day there was a meeting Upon the other side, And people to attend it Came in from far and wide.

And when an office-seeker Arose to take the floor, Such words of burning eloquence I never heard before.

Such a grand and glowing patriot The world has seldom seen ; Such a lover of his country, And so loyal to his Queen.

He talked of vast resources, Our country great and wide, Its rich and boundless prairies, And dear knows what beside.

His tongue was oiled, and smoothly The words came flowing forth ; And then I knew Reformers Were men of little worth;

A band of treason-mongers Who wanted annexation, And soon would have the Yankees rule Our free Canadian nation.

And then he waved the Union Jack Till almost rent in twain-I hope some loyal woman soon Will patch it up again.

He shouted loud for "Freedom," But Freedom was not there; I caught myself reflecting If she were anywhere.

" Free independent voters !" Yet I, without my " specs," Could see the slavish party chains Which dangled round their necks,

No party now will I embrace, They're but a vain pretence; There's nothing left for me to do But climb upon the fence.

I mused as up I clambered Would ever Right prevail? But wonders! Here was Freedom Upon the topmost rail,

"How long," I said "O Freedom Will you bestride the fence?" She sighed and murmured softly : "Till men get common sense.

MRS. HAYSEED.

A CHICAGO PUBLISHERS SCHEME.

"I'VE just hit on a big scheme," said the Chicago newspaper fakir. "There's heaps of money in it, I'm going to start a new daily, and advertise it as having positively the smallest circulation of any in town."

"Where's the money in that?"

"Why it will attract a large and lucrative class of advertising."

"What rot ! Who'd want to advertise in a paper without circulation?"

"Thats' all you know about journalism. Who'll advertise in it ? Why, applicants for divorce, finders of lost articles, and executors of estates trying to find the next of kin. They've no use for a circulation."

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

ETHEL—"I shall never marry him. He is so many years older than I am."

MAUD-" What a pity you didn't meet him a few years ago ! You would then have been the same age."



TOO GREAT A MENTAL STRAIN.

"Heah you, George Wash'n'ton Crabtree, dis am de fohteenth time Ise cotched you a-loafin' dis mawnin'." "Well, Ise a weary pop." "Weary ! what foh you weary 'bout 'n you sittin' 'round doin' nothin'?"

"Well, Ise got weary tinkin' what a soft snap you's been havin' watchin' me all mawnin'.'

SNOOKS tells me that housekeepin' is not my spear. I've often thought that I've missed my callin', and am of a literary turn of

nd.

"I believe I'll begin a story an' get up somthin' tragic an' make a fortune," soliquised Mrs. Snooks, as she sat in her untidy sitting-room with uncombed hair and a button here and there on her wrapper.

Procuring a pencil and a paper she began to write :

"Once upon a time there was a pare of lovers strollin throu the magniffacint woods an they comes to a rapid rollin river an seein a bote, gets in an goes for a sale.

"That sounds splendid – Sophrony didn't I tell you to take those children away," called she, as their voices sounded near.

'Now I'll have the bote upset an the young man drownded.

" I'll soon have a story writ, an won't Snooks be proud -an just to think how I've ben a-wastin' of all them precious years a-tidyin' up an cookin'an mindin' babies.

"I might of made my fortun long ago an ben a lady of note Sophrony!" And springing up she took the broomstick and

rushed in a rage to the door-to meet Mr. Snooks, and two men with him.

"Why! What's the matter?" said he, trying to hide his chagrin.

"Susan, my dear, these are two men I knew when boys. and have brought them home to dinner.

"The roast came in time, I hope, and have you a pudding to-day ?" said he, following her to the kitchen.

"What ! No dinner ? Writing a story ? Great Scott ! Susan Jane Snooks, if this means bein litrary, I say don't try it again till you are a widow-d'ye hear?" " Whenhe thundered after her retreating figure. well, here's a go," as he wiped the persperation from his brow and glancing around the comfortless kitchen, murmured," I wonder when that woman will find her vocation." EVANGELINE.

HONESTY may be the best policy, but it doesn't insure success.



A POSER.

WIFE—" Oh ! Tom, here we've only been married three weeks and you're drunk again." TOM—" That'sh all right m' love (hic). Only followin' dictate shnature. Moon getsh full, (hic) why shouldn't honey-moonsh?

A GROWL FROM BRUIN.

see aldermanic capers And the Council styled a "bear garden "-now this I hardly think is fair To a self-respecting bear You can't wonder if we take it much amiss.

Bears are not so immoral As to wrangle, swear and quarrel, And call each other epithets profane ; So I trust that you will see That some other simile Is employed when such a scene occurs again.

We simple ursine folk Cannot take it as a joke To be ranked with civic bullies in a rage, or Our peaceful cool retreat Made a byword of the street. Please to drop it. From yours truly,

URSA MAJOR.



MISUNDERSTOOD.

DOCTOR-"With your complaint I must strongly advise avoidance of all headwork.

PATIENT-" Then doctor I must go begging." DOCTOR-" Why, what's your business?" PATIENT-" Hairdresser.

SAM JONES ON POOL ROOMS.

SEE by the papers, Borax, that they are closing up the pool rooms. What's the odds ? Why should a man back the favorite anyway when there's a jockey specially hired for the purpose ?

But I should have thought that the sports had more of a pool, so to speak, with the police.

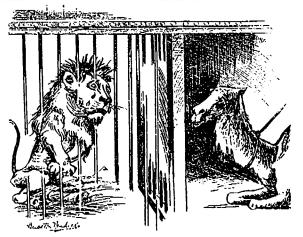
The fellows that used to hang around there were a pretty turf lot, it's a fact. It's not a business that should be encouraged. Many a man who has gone into it has completely exhausted his race-horses.

I take it there will be no difficulty in proving acts of commission against the proprietors while their customers will be indicted for aiding and a-betting.

Conviction will follow as a matter of course-race course. Methinks were I a judge I wood-bind them over to keep the peace. But after all 'twould be superfluous. Those who have "made a piece" out of the business will not be apt to give up.

I have noticed that the man who tries to increase his day's wage by making it a wager, is apt to go 'way jest a little poorer than he came.

That's all that occurs to me at present. Yes, though J shun the pool, I will take a drink.



FIVE TO ONE.

LION-(on an ocean trip) "Ow ow ! but I am seasick !" CAMEL-"Seasick ! Ugh. If you had five stomachs as I have and all of them turned, you might complain. Ugh !

FROM A SUBTERRANEAN STANDPOINT.

BEELZEBUB-"Well, my faithful messenger, what news from Toronto the Good?"

IMP-" Bad, your sulphurous Majesty. The pool rooms have been closed up."

BEELZEBUB-"H'm-that's unfortunate, but it might be worse. Most of the people who frequent them are mine already, and its not likely to make a great deal of difference. Are the Stock and Produce Exchanges abolished too?"

IMP-" Oh, no, your Majesty, they were doing business as usual when I left."

BEELZERUB-" Any movement among the religious people and moral reformers to close them up ?"

IMP-" Not the faintest sign of it, Prince of Darkness. In fact its out of the question, as the operators are generally church members.

BEELZEBUB—" Ha ! ha ! Good. The situation is



HOW DOES IT STRIKE YOU ?

BADUN-" The choir of our church sang a funny anthem at the social, Thursday evening." GOODUN -- "What was it !"

BADUN—" The preacher had just been telling of his experiences in the dives, and the choir got up and sang 'We've all been there before, many a time."

not so bad after all. These pious decoys will rope in hundreds to engage in respectable gambling, who would be horrified at the idea of entering a pool room. We'll get them all the same in the end. The work goes on bravely. Now you'd better sit down and warm yourself. You must be cold coming from such a frigid, virtuous atmosphere as that of Toronto."

IMP-" Oh, not at all, your Supreme Malignity. Fact is I've come straight from a loyal and patriotic meeting where it was delightfully hot and there was such a beautiful atmosphere of hatred, falsehood, malice and bigotry that I

never was more comfortable in my life—not even here." BEELZEBUB—"Excellent. I was thinking of sending a special commissioner or two to Toronto to counteract the moral reform wave, but I guess it would be superfluous trouble."



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THE RIVAL LINES.

TICKET AGENT FOSTER—" Take the N. P. line, latest improved tariff reform vestibuled cars, best accommodations." ELECTOR—" Yes on private cars—but I am going on the McCarthy line, accommodations for the public."

2



COURAGE BEYOND DOUBT.

ANGLE-" So America is the home of the brave, eh?" FANGLE-"Well, our American girls have the nerve to marry foreign noblemen. What more proof do you want?"

A PREVIOUS QUESTION.

"HELLO, Jim. 'Tatur crop lookin' well, eh ?" "Naw; 'taint lookin' at all !" "How d'ye mean, anyway?" "Why, ther eyes ain't formed yit-haw ! haw !--that's

one on you."

WOMAN'S-SPHERE-a mouse.



IT SHRINKS UP.

JACK-" I hate to see a man wearing a sash." CHOLLY-" Ya-as, but what is a fellah to do aftah he has had his flannel outing-shirt washed once ?"

A DISSERTATION ON TROLLIFICATION.

IS the speed of the trolley," I heard him complain, " It is running too fast, I have missed

it again; I loved the old horse cars with jubilant pitch, but who trusts to the trolley will never get rich." "Where's the sound of the trolley," I heard her com-

plain, "what the mischief can keep it, I'm waiting in vain; if something goes wrong they can't run 'em at all. I'm sure I'll be late for the charity ball."

"'Tis the sound of the trolley, how pleasant to think, if we now wish to travel, we go in a wink. The horse cars were worse than a well driven stage, but the trolley just suits me, the motor's the rage."

"Oh! the noise of the trolley, I cannot abide," she



GREAT LUCK.

SNOOZER-""Well, begosh, I think I'd sooner be any durned thing nor a fish-swimmin' around in water all the time-ugh !"

BOOZER - 'Well, I dunno. Ef ye was a fish ye might hev big luck of they wuz ter ketch yer an' put yer into alcohol for a museum.'

said, and looked worried, while holding her side, "This roar, rush and rattle upon me does jar; the noise of the bullfrogs sounds better by far."

"Yes, this wreck's by a trolley," I heard him ex-plain. Said the motorman, "Sounding the gong was in vain." "Do you think," said the milkman, now high in a rage, "I would answer your gong like a lackey or page?" "Tis the need of the city," the people reply, "to lack it were pity, so then mind your eye; " in coming or roing don't slip or you'll err, and upless that you gre ere

going don't slip or you'll err, and unless that you are one, don't claim a transfer.

O. G. WHITTAKER.

P.S.-I wanted to make poetry out of the above, but after several attempts I gave up the darned thing in disgust.-0. G. W.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POPULAR MAYOR.

DUBLIC OPINION (voiced by one cent newspapers)-The city is in a bad way and getting worse. Taxes high, water bad, sewage ditto, not enough parks, extravagance, jobbery and corruption supreme at City Hall. Must have a change. Above all we want a good Mayorone who will make a clean sweep, improve the public service, increase efficiency, suppress jobbery - sit on the wrangling, incapable, corrupt, etc., etc., imbeciles in the Council, and above all cut down taxation. Where can we find such a man? Wanted, a Mayor! Wanted a Mayor!! We will have the right kind of a Mayor this time. Show us the man. We will find himwe must find him.

A week later.-Eh? What? Clemhow ? Did somebody say Clembow ? Why, of course! He's the man. How absurd not to have thought of him before ! He's been right here all the time too - what a remarkable oversight. He's a model of all the virtues-honesty, sagacity, ability, industry, perseverance, suavity, tact.

amiability, and some day when business is not so pressing we'll try and think of a few more! In fact, he's a work of supererogation. His only fault is that he's a little too good and likely to die on our hands-Eureka ! Hoopla ! Hurrah for Clemhow !! Clemhow for Mayor ! Clemhow for Mayor-Clemhow! Clemhow! ! Clemhow!!!

After Election-Hurrah! Clemhow elected by big majority. Knew he would be as soon as we mentioned his name. Now let the corruptionists and incapables hunt their holes ! Just watch him spit on his hands and pull Toronto out of the mud.

Six months later-Um-Clemhow is doing wellthat is, considering the obstacles in the way. He did sit on Alderman Pillager in great shape—good for him ! But how about parks? How about sewage? How about pure water? Above all, how about taxation, which is higher than ever? Get a move on, Clemhow ! You mean well but you're just a little slow.

Four months later-We must give Clemhow another term. He's done well-upon the whole. Can't expect a man to perform impossibilities. Takes about a year to get the hang of the City Hall and learn the tricks of aldermen and ward heelers. Give the man a fair show. He'll do great things next year if the people will only stand by him. Second term ! . Second term ! ! Carried unanimously !

About Midsummer-Can it be possible! Rate of assessment increased—and nothing to show for it! No pure water ! No improved sewerage system ! No parks! No more industries! No, nothing but increased



FOOLHARDY SPEECH.

MR. SEYMOUR-" Odd about the marriage service, isn't it? I had to say to you-" With all wordly goods I thee endow '- and I didn't have a cent." Mrs. SEYMOUR—" But you had your splendid talents." Mr. SEYMOUR—" Hm! I didn't endow *you* with any of them."

salaries! Corruption, jobbery and incapacity running riot in every department. And this fatuous and besotted imbecile, Clemhow is the man that was going to reform everything ! And he's done nothing but draw his salary! Hypocrite! Fraud! Humbug! Oh, shame where is thy blush?

A month before election-Is it possible that the man Clemhow has the audacity to imagine that the people will re-elect him? He has broken every pledge ! He is the ally of boodlers and jobbers. Out upon him ! Away with him ! He's N. G. ! Clemhow, thy name is mud. Harkling's the man! Hurrah for Harkling! Harkling !! He'll straighten things out ! Rah for Harkling !

WHAT BILLIE SAW.

Y sister Annie had a beau, Who lived in Montreal ; He came to see her last July She met him in the ball. Our hall, it had a portico, With glass doors hung by pa; I peeped through them upon the sly And this is what I saw : He had a hat upon his head, A wide-brimmed one of straw-She threw her arms around his neck And that was what I saw. But just then she came in the door And bit me on the jaw. I couldn't watch them any more, And so no more I saw,

BILLIE ROZON.



HAD EVERYTHING ELSE.

SAMBO-"I moves dat we plays a round of closing jack-pols." DEACON BLACKLY-"Why?" SAMBO-"I doan't think dat de shirts of de company would fit me."

PROPRIETY.

H E, a bachelor bold of seventy-three, She, a coy maiden of fifty-four-"Shall we walk in a garden a while?" asked he; "If my chaperon doesn't object," lisped she, And he fell then and there in a fit on the floor.

THEY ALL HAVE ONE.

PLUGWINCH—"Wigmore is very ambitious. evidently expects to be Premier some day." He PIGSNUFFLE—"What makes you think so?" PLUGWINCH—"Why, he keeps telling everybody that the tulip is his favorite flower."

THE SPANISH CHEVALIER.

TORONTO VERSION.

SPANISH Chevalier sat in his retreat, With tax-papers scattered around him, He thought of the mayor, and loud did he swear, " He's fooled us completely, confound him !"

CHORUS-

"Say, Fleming say! how can we pay Taxes which surely mean ruin? The rate's far too steep; at nights I can't sleep, Your wastefulness proves our undoing."

"I will not submit, I'll seek for redress, I'll rally the public about me ;

I'll write to the press, I cannot do less, Though ringsters and boodlers may flout me.

" My wealth is at stake, impoverished I feel, While tax-eaters squander and revel,

I'd cut down their pay, or bounce them, I say, Or else things will go to the devil."

CHORUS-

"Say Fleming say ! How can we pay, Taxes which surely mean ruin? The rate's far too steep, at nights I can't sleep, Your wastefulness proves our undoing."

A SHOCK.

WIFEY-"I have a little surprise for you." HUBBY—" What is it ?" WIFEY—"A new bonnet." HUBBY—"That is not a surprise. It is a shock."

HE KNEW FEMININE NATURE.

ACK-"She has broken off many engagements with other fellows, but I know how to make her keep her engagement with me."

Tom-" How will you manage it ?"

JACK-" By constantly pretending that I want to break it.³

A GRATEFUL FLOCK.

JARVIS—" Does Rev. Dryasdust's salary go on while he is away during the summer ?"

JESSUP-" Why, yes. Its actually increased during that period."



IN THE RAIN.

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IN THE SUNSHINE.

AT THE THEATRE.



ÆSOP TO DATE.

No. 10.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE BUNCO STEERER.

A PHILOSOPHER who had almost lost all Faith in Humanity, once Set Forth with the Intention of finding an Honest Man. The Market at that Time not being Glutted with such an Article, however, he grew Despondent and was About to Relinquish the search when he encountered a Brisk Young Gentleman, attired in an Inconspicuous, Checker-Board Suit, with Face to Match.

"Hello, Whiskers," exclaimed this Individual, "Let's go and Lubricate."

Nothing Loath, the Philosopher accompanied him to a Caravansery and called for "Lightning Straight." Then the Young Man carelessly revealed a wad of Greenbacks,

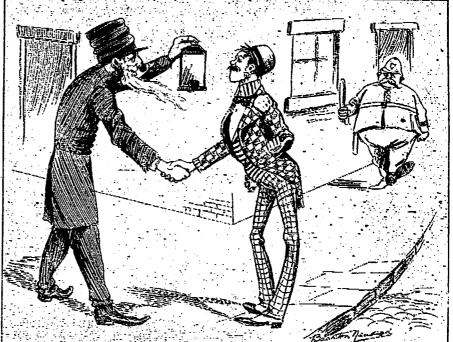
saying, " Dat's all right ; I'll settle up."

Amazed and delighted the Philosopher grasped His Hand and shook it Cordially



THOUGHT THEY WERE ALONE.

CLARENCE-"Yes, darling, and nothing shall ever come between us. How happy and joyous, etc., etc.,"



"Eureka ! An honest man at last !" he Shrieked ! "He didn't ask *Me* to Set 'em up."

Then he Proceeded on His Way rejoicing, but had He beheld that Young Man five minutes later a Cloud would have o'ercast the Ethereal Radiance of his Physiognomy.

"Dat ain'ta Square Deal," his Quondam Acquaintance was saying to an Interesting Friend, Attired in a like Sombre Suit. "I went de Swig for de Old Yap, an' Kick Me in de Gutter if dere was more dan a nickel in His Dip."

MORAL.

It's out of Date to be Diogenes nowadays; Business Principles won't admit it.

SUMMER SYMPTOMS.

THAT summer's here we all may know By one unfailing sign, The parson's health goes now into Its annual decline.

SHE FLIRTS EVERYWHERE.

ONE day the shade of a summer girl, Went fluttering up to the gates of pearl, And the good St. Peter opened them wide, And she blew him a kiss as she stepped inside.

AN OBVIOUS EXCEPTION.

OAKSMITH—"Call that an immodest picture? Nonsense! To the pure all things are pure." McRobe—"How about city water?"

A BAD KIND TO FOOL WITH.

BINBY-" Never kick a man when he's down." MORIARTY-" Thrue fur you, me frind. Sure it's the foinest county in Oireland, an' the saints help yez av ye thry any fool thricks wid a Down man."



MCFAGAN-(on the other side of the bank) "Begobs, a big wan be the bite av him. I'll pull him so quick that I'll take the head aff av him or trow him a mile an shore."

THE TRANSIT OF VERONICA.

FIRST CONTACT, JUNE 2ND.

THE McSwacker family at tea. Enter Mabel, half an hour late, hastily occupies her chair hoping that Mr. McSwacker is too much engaged to notice.

MRS. MCSWACKER—"How is this, Mabel ; where have you been?"

MABEL—"Oh, mother, Veronica and I went for a walk and we didn't notice what time it was till we heard the bells ringing six."

MR. MCSWACKER-" It is an extraordinary thing that a girl of your age can't be home in time for tea."

TOM-" Cracky! What do you get to talk about ? I saw you with your arms round each other, talking enough to make a switchback tired. What do you see in that new snub nosed girl, anyway?"

MABEL---- "Kindly do not speak of my friends in that rude way, Veronica may not be as good-looking as some girls, but she is a lady and would scorn to judge a person by outward appearances."

TOM—" Oh my ! Ain't we grand, and what will Susan Brown say?"

MABEL---- "Susan Brown is no friend of mine. Veronica is my dearest, my only friend."

TOM-" How long will it last ? Next lady, please."

MABEL---- 'I don't know what you mean. It is going to last for ever. What other friends have I ever had ?"

TOM---"Tilly Dumble, Katie Laws and Susan Brown, my Susan Brown."

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

MABEL-" I do think boys are the meanest things. I never really cared for these girls, not as I care for Veronica."

Great derision and extensive pantomime on the part of Tom; Mabel dignified but indignant. Mrs. McSwacker hastily allows her offspring a second piece of cake, quelling the disturbance.

LAST CONTACT, JUNE 9TH.

Mabel, pale and pensive, yet with a trace of hauteur about her firm lips, is sitting under the only apple tree. Tom appears at the dining-room window endeavouring to repair the waste of nature.—

Tom—"What, do my eyes deceive me? It is my sister. Is it possible? Can it be true? Has Veronica gone the way of all flesh, the way of Tilly Dumble, gone the way of Susan Brown?"

MABEL—" Never mention her name again to me. I never really loved her. She has betrayed my sacred con fidence."

Finishing his pie, Tom spreads his handkerchief over his face, sobbing hysterically. "The beloved, the truehearted came to visit us no more."

Penny.

LONE MAIDENS.

WHERE the everlasting surges break upon the shelving shore, There the comely maidens gather at Dame Nature's beauty store,

And they wander lonely, lonely, and they wonder oh, how soon, They will see some other man besides that fellow in the moon.

A VERY SMALL AFFAIR.

MURILLA-" What do you think of my bathing suit?"

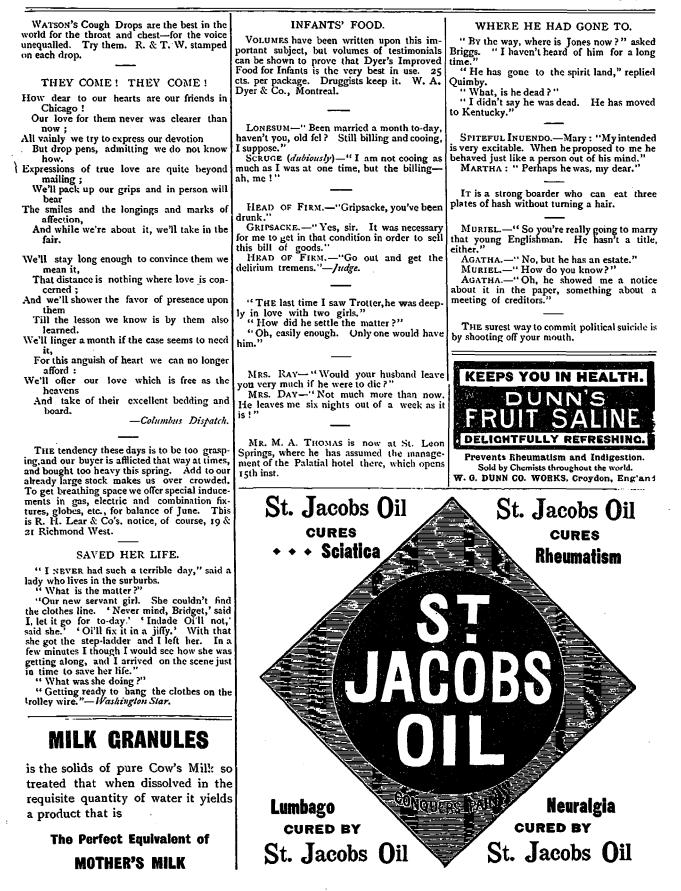
PURITAN AUNT—"O, I never trouble my mind with trifles."



MCFAGAN-" Whoop ! begorry I've got him."

GRIP

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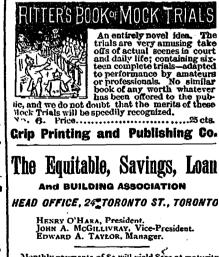
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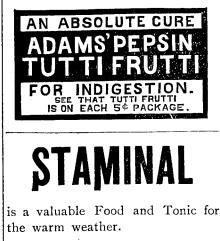
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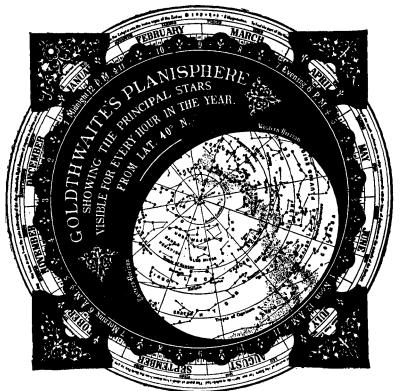
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