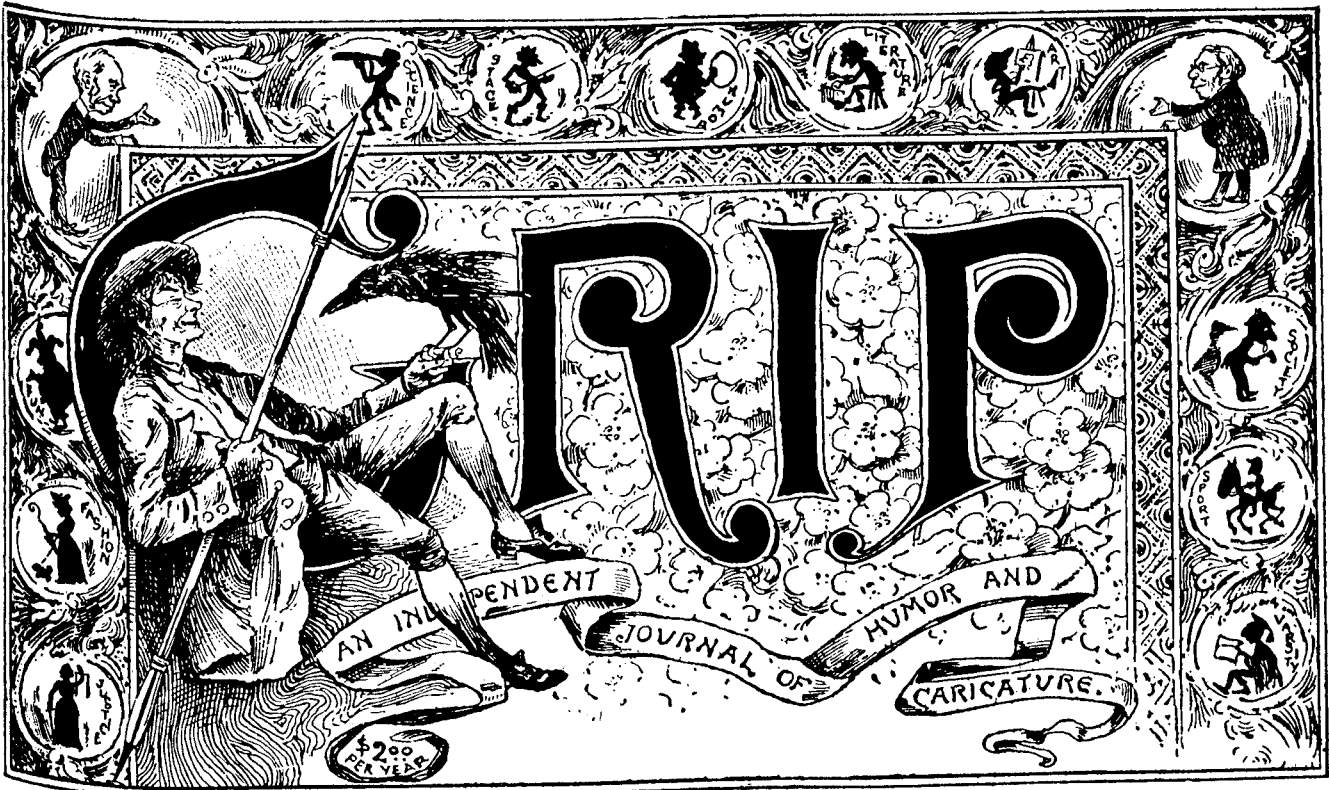


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VOL. XL.—No. 16.

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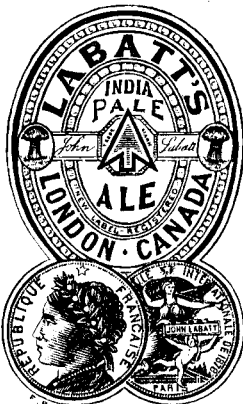
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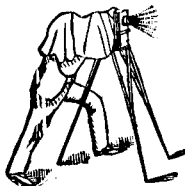
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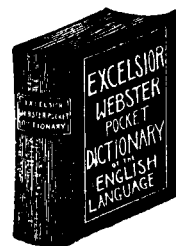
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TORONTO.

GRIP

VOL. XL.

TORONTO, APRIL 22, 1893.

No. 16.
Whole No. 1036.



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ELECTOR—"You're all right on Separate Schools and all that, D'Alton, but if you want my support you must raise this banner and not the one you now carry."



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The gravest fish is the Oyster; The gravest man is the Fool.*

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893

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Woman's Work. A literary and domestic magazine—deservedly one of the most popular published. It is pure, entertaining and helpful in every department. Its pages are filled with high-class original reading matter and illustrations suited to all ages: it is published to satisfy the great need for good home literature, and no other periodical meets it so well.

The Home Maker. A handsome 200 page illustrated magazine edited by Mrs. Croly (Jenny June.) *The Home-Maker* is, without doubt, in quality and quantity of reading matter, the lowest-priced magazine published. It is a wonder at \$2.00 a year, the subscription price, and as it only costs our subscribers 50c. we feel sure they will appreciate this offer and take advantage of it in large numbers.

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HE Ashbridge Baysyndicate grab, shorn somewhat of its original proportions, is to be submitted to a vote of the property-owners. It ought to be snowed under, though no doubt the syndicate will spend money freely and buy up every purchasable influence, including some of the newspapers, to secure a verdict. It will be worth while to take particular notice of the course of

the *Globe*, which is opposed to civic steals, bonuses and special privileges as a general thing. Will it make an exception of this particular deal, because some of its friends happen to be interested? We shall see.

THE reception tendered to Dalton McCarthy in this city last week was all that its most sanguine promoters could have desired in point of numbers and enthusiasm. When sized up in cold blood, however, it is very doubtful whether the movement will have any permanent effect on politics. Mr. McCarthy is a considerably over-rated man. He must be credited with having shown commendable independence and courage in breaking away from party trammels, but he has not the calibre for successful leadership. There is altogether too much of the lawyer about him, and it is very rarely that a great lawyer—as Mr. McCarthy undoubtedly is—ever makes a brilliant success in politics. His Auditorium speech afforded an instance in point. Instead of taking a broad and comprehensive view of the questions of the day, he dealt in narrow technicalities and fine legal subtleties. He made a grand mistake, moreover, in laying the principal stress on the issues connected with race and religion, on which he has antagonized his party, rather than on the questions bearing on the material prosperity of the country.



SO far as the tariff is concerned Mr. McCarthy, in opposing the N.P., goes far enough to alienate his late political allies, but stops considerably short of the point that might gain him the support of economic reformers. If he did not mean to go the length of absolute free trade he might just as well, so far as his own chances of political advancement are concerned, have remained within the Tory camp. The question as to which of the rotten branches of the Protection upas that is blighting Canadian prosperity are to be cut away, and which spared, is altogether too narrow and pettifogging an issue to be worth fighting over. The time for trimming and temporizing has gone by, and what the country wants is a bold, clear avowal that the whole thing is a monstrous fraud, imposture and delusion to be swept away just as quickly as possible. And speaking of economic reforms with the object of combating monopolies and combines, no man in these days is worthy the name of statesman who does not realize that the tariff is only one of many fruitful sources of injustice and spoliation, and that much more drastic and far-reaching measures than any mere readjustment of taxation are needed to secure equal industrial rights. Mr.

McCarthy has apparently never given the matter a thought.

* * *

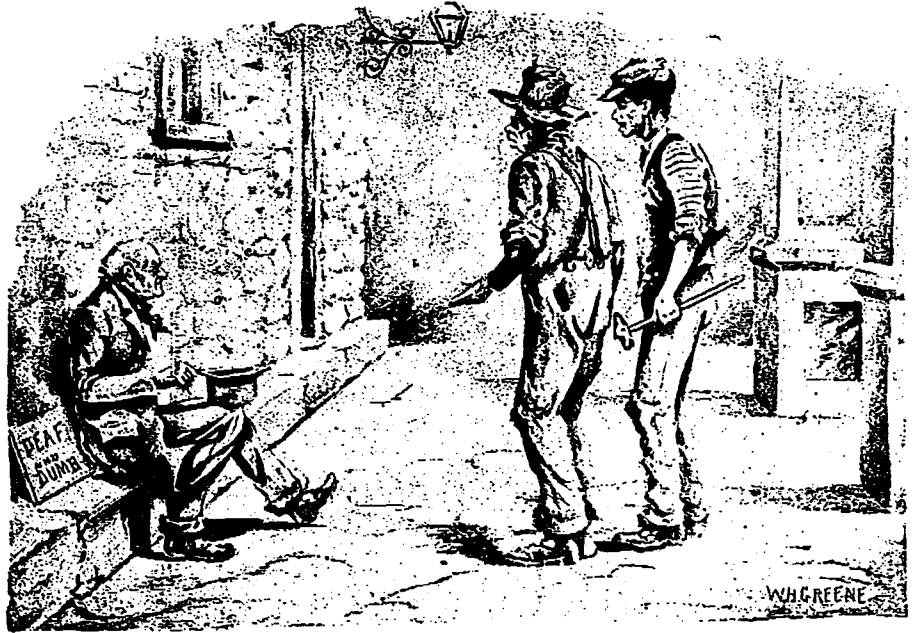
"AMONG the blind the one eyed man is king," says the proverb, and the enthusiasm aroused over Mr. McCarthy's new departure is a testimony rather to the low standard of intelligence and uprightness among Canadian politicians generally, than to any special qualifications for leadership on his part. It is questionable, however, whether any man, no matter how enlightened or progressive, could make any headway against the party in power. The mass of the electors are slaves to party prejudice, and the power of the machine, though often broken theoretically, is apt to re-assert itself at election times as vigorously as ever. If the forces of corruption are ever routed it will require a more capable leader and a vastly more radical policy than represented by McCarthyism.

* * *

THE Patrons of Industry doubtless mean well, but they don't know very much. They are asking the Provincial Government to relieve the burdens of the farmer by taxing mortgages, the only effect of which would be that the usurer would simply add the amount of the tax to the interest charged. Nothing will permanently relieve the farmer from the incubus of usury but a national currency sufficient in volume to bring down the rate of interest. They might reasonably ask the Legislature for relief from present burdens by a measure similar in principle to the Irish Land Act. Farm mortgages ought to be scaled down in proportion to the decreased value of the land. The money-lender, like the landlord, ought to be regarded as virtually a partner with the farmer and made to bear his fair proportion of the loss sustained by agricultural depression. But so long as legislation is mainly in the hands of the privileged class no such reform can be expected.



many of them than the desire to carry Prohibition.



NO NATIONALITY.

PAT CROAK—"Fwhat nationality wud ye take that mon to be, Dinnie?"

DINNIS DUFFY—"Why, no nationality at all. Can't ye see he's *deef* and *doomb*?"

WHICH SHOULD DIE?

"WITHOUT Protection," so the Tories cry,
 "Our infant industries would droop and die."
 Far better die than almost every line
 Live but to rob us through some foul combine.
 And die they must, unless our statesmen give
 Some change by which the people, too, may live.
 Must we support them? Then we may be sure
 That we shall die, long, long ere they mature.

G. C.

BOUND TO GET A HEARING.

PENNIBS—"O, I assure you Dreamone's poems are well known."

SPACER—"Why, I thought you just said that no one ever reads them."

PENNIBS—"Neither they do. Dreamone recites them to them."

AN UNNATURAL HEROINE.

"EMILY, what are you reading?"

"My Sunday school library book, pa, 'Gwendolen Grabster, or the Millionaire's Daughter.'"

"Is it a good story?"

"Oh, lovely, pa. It's about a young lady who wanted to help the poor and give money to the missionaries, and her father allowed her a thousand dollars to buy her some new clothes at Easter, but she gave it all away in charity and said she could trim up her old bonnets and dresses so as to make them last a while longer. Do you think it's true, pa?"

"No, Emily," said he, shaking his head sadly. "It is not true, and it is too glaring and outrageous a departure from probability to be good fiction. I am surprised at the Sunday school sending forth rank and lurid sensationalism of that kind. I must remonstrate with the pastor about it."



PHILOSOPHY.

MICHAEL (*ruefully contemplating his socks*)—"Bogorra, now it's a foine thing holes take up no room—or it's a divil av a time I'd have gittin' me feet into thim boots."

THE SCOFFER REBUKED.

JAGSTER—"What do you think, fellows? I hear that old Tuffnut actually has family prayers! Just fancy! Never heard of anything so funny. Ha, ha!"

ROUNDER—"Pon my soul you're a cad, Jagster. Family prayers are awfully good form. Quite English, you know."



THE LATEST THING OUT.

SESSIONAL NOTES.

BY OUR OWN M.P.P.

WE'RE getting along finely this session. We've had the Budget speech already. Harcourt give it us Tuesday, and she was a corker I tell you. There ain't many men what can hold their end up better nor what Harcourt can. He talked about millions and surpluses and interest and funds and so on till you couldn't rest, and let on that the Province never was more prosperous and wealthy nor what it is now, and all owing to the good and pure and integritous administration of Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C.M.G., or words to that effect.

I guess I took in about two-thirds of it like a little man, and then feeling a trifle sleepy I made my sneak to the library to get something more lively to read. I asked Preston if he had any good pirate stories and he give me a book called "Peavick on Copyright Law," that he allowed was mostly about pirates. Then

we begun chinning a spell about the Budget speech.

"She was just a daisy," says I.

"Hum," says he.

"Warn't it immense where he showed how the country was prospering under Mowat."

"That's just where I don't agree with you, Mr. Guffy," says Preston. "Trouble with Harcourt, like so many of these local ministers, is he can't take a broad view of the subject and bear in mind that the Dominion Opposition has a durned hard row to hoe these times. If he'd been a party organizer as long's I have he'd know better nor to give the party away in that fashion."

"Excuse me," says I, "but I don't seem to catch on."

"Why," says he, "the true doctrine of the party is that the country is going to the devil. That's what we give 'em when there's a Dominion election on. Now, how in thunder can the Province be prosperous under Mowat or anybody else, and at the same time as a part of the country be going to blazes and ruination under Sir John? You must take one horn—"

"Certainly, Mr. Preston, with great pleasure," says I.

But he went on talking about a dilemma or something and never produced the stuff. I haven't much use for a man like that. And the pirate book he loaned me was no good either. It was actually duller nor the Budget speech.

Wednesday was mostly took up with moving for returns about timber limits and such. Meredith is a holy terror when it comes to moving for returns. I managed to get a job for the young feller I was telling ye about as sessional writer, on the head of the big extra staff that'll be needed to get up all them statements, and if that don't make me everlastingly solid with old man Baker and the whole crowd on the Eleventh Concession it's a caution.

I had a idea while I was a-setting listening to Meredith and them fellers making enquiries and moving for

returns. You see I ain't had much to say in the Legislature so far, and I ain't been able to get any laws placed onto the Statue Book to embalm my memory into the hearts of a gratefool public. I did last session get up a act to amend the Municipal Act, but Hardy sat onto it and nipped it in the bud.

Now I got to do something before election besides franking about a wagon load of documents to my constituents which never reads 'em and wouldn't understand 'em if they did, to let them see I'm a live man.

So it struck me that I'd move for a grist of returns myself. I thought and thought about what I'd ask for for I didn't want to have Mowat or Fraser jump on my neck and say "the honorable gent will find all them figures in a return as was brought down last session"

But all of a sudden the idea come to me to ask for a return of the number of returns asked for by members since Confederation, showing the average number of words in each, and the average time elapsing between the time the return was asked for and the time it was brought down, the average number of returns asked for by each member, and the respective proportions of such afore-said returns in each and every year as above specified asked for by the members of the Government and Opposition parties respectively, or if not then otherwise to any appreciable extent.

There was more of it than this, but that will give a general notion of the thing. Well, I got up and fired it in. Mowat squirmed some and allowed it was going to need a lot more extra writers and cost a pile of money, but he let it go.

Mowat's no slouch. He sees that us fellows has got to do something to let the people see that we earn our money.



ASININE.

POLITICAL ORATOR—"I have a will of my own! I cannot be driven."

VOICE—"Just like my jackass"

Gosh! Here comes a page with about fourteen bushels more of documents which I got to frank. I've only done four concessions of one township yet, and there's eight townships in my riding to be supplied. It's a durned nuisance.

ORLANDO Q. GUFFY, M.P.P.



AN EXCEPTION:

TEDDY (quoting Emerson)—"All the world loves a lover."
CLARE—"Except the girl in most cases."

THE MASHER'S EXPERIENCE.

LOVE AT SIGHT.

IN early youth I simply looked,
And if she looked likewise
I went and asked her father—
A course I found unwise.

THE OPPOSITION PLAN.

I quarrelled with each relative
The maid I worshipped had,
Then scarcely had to ask of her
If she'd consent to wed.

THE PRETTY MISS.

Her cheeks were plump, were very plump,
And downy as a peach;
And they were plump because she had
A wad of gum in each.

THE WIDOW.

The widows, I have always found,
Are kind, but also wary;
They want your love yet want to know
The bank account you carry.

THE RESULT OF IT ALL.

But I am still a bachelor,
No trace of love disclosing,
And dodging spinsters who themselves
Almost do the proposing.

AN EASY ONE.

THERE are some people who see no good in their fellows. Take away all faith in mankind and what is left?—*News.*

THAT'S not much of a conundrum. Faith in woman-kind. Ask us a harder one.



IN ASHBRIDGE'S BAY.

CHASING WILL-O'-THE-WISPS.



OUR FOREFATHERS' BEQUEST

THE PUBLIC'S QUESTION — "WHAT'S THE USE OF ALL THIS SOCIAL AND POLITICAL POMP AND PAGEANTRY?"

Brewster Perdicke

GET
YOUR PAY
HERE

PUBLIC
TREASURY



HAND PAINTED CHINA.

BARLEY'S FIANCEE.

BARLEY heard Coles coming up stairs, and groaned. It was the two hundred and seventy-fifth night since Cole's engagement to the Sum of Earthly Bliss. Barley knew that he was going to hear about it again. He was a thin and cadaverous individual without visible attachments, and he hated to hear Coles expatiate on the Sum of Earthly Bliss.

Before the door opened, however, Barley had an inspiration, and he greeted Coles with ghoulish glee, remembering how Coles had once greeted him. "Congratulate me, old boy; I'm engaged to the dearest girl in the world."

Coles struck out wildly with both arms. "You engaged, Barley?" he gasped, with vain unbelief.

"Yes, and I'm so happy, oh, I'm so happy, Coles." Barley grinned horribly, a ghastly smile. "I'm so happy!"

"When, Barley?"

"To-day. She's like a willow by the brook; she's a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair. She's like a star when only one is shining in the sky."

Barley was drawing on all the poetry he had ever known.

"She's a tulip by a river-brink. Oh, Coles," Barley cried convulsively, "I'm so happy!"

Coles clung to the door-handle. "I just came to say that I couldn't stay to-night. Emmie is expecting me. I'm awfully glad you're so happy, Barley."

"She has sixty thousand dollars, and she's the only son of her mother. I'm so happy Coles."

But Coles was hastening down stairs in a maze that lasted till Emmie thought perhaps after all they had made a mistake, which woke Coles as effectually as a jab from her hat pin.

Barley arose and embraced the emptiness of his room like a lover.

"Wasn't it worth a few lies?" he cried. "No man can listen to a lunatic for ever."

But, oh, my! what will happen to Barley when the woman who is sure to come hears from Mrs. Emmie Coles that he was once engaged to sixty thousand dollars?
PENNY.

WHY NOT ON EARTH?

SPEAKING of Heaven, the Churches all declare
No high, no low, no rich, no poor are there;
No rank or caste defiles that blest abode,
All men are equal in the sight of God.
Would it displease Him, I should like to know,
Were men all equal in the world below?

G.C.

CHAIR-Y OF APPROVAL.

PLUGWINCH—"McCarthy will find very few Conservatives prepared to stand on his platform."

BOSTWICK—"No, they seem rather more disposed to sit on it."

THE DANGEROUS TRAILER.

BORAX—"What put O'Doolan's nose out of shape?"
SMILAX—"Don't you know? He had his head smashed by a trailer in Ireland thirty years ago."

BORAX—"Nonsense. Why, there were no trailers then."

SMILAX—"That's all you know about it. This one was trailing his coat at Donnybrook Fair and O'Doolan stepped on it"



BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

TRAMP—"I tell you what, it's kind of tough to be in a strange place without money and friends."

FARMER—"Yes, I know it is."

TRAMP—"Why, you were never a tramp, surely?"

FARMER—"No, not just exactly. But you see I woz up ter Ter-onto onct 'nd got buncoed out ov every cent I had, 'nd I woz three days walkin' back tew Pumpkin Plains again."

ÆSOP TO DATE.

No. 2.

THE GOAT AND THE LAW.

A BEDRAGGLED and hungry William Goat, while Travelling through a Certain Country, observed a Tomato Can by the Roadside, and, in order to Appease his Appetite, swallowed It. The Landlord, who had Advertised the Can as a desirable Residence for Summer Boarders, had him Arrested and brought before the Beak—of an officiating Eagle. Here his Plea of Hunger was declared Ridiculous, the worthy Magistrate observing sententiously that the Law required Him to Die of Starvation in preference to Stealing. After serving a Long Term in Jail, the Persecuted Goat meandered with Celerity across the Boundary Line of that Country, and on Arriving in a New Land lay Down to rest Himself. But his Troubles did not End Here, for the Custom House Authorities of the New Country arrested him on the Charge of Smuggling Tin in his Interior, into the Country, with Intent to Defraud the Revenue, and once More the Law got in some fine Work. "What have I done to Merit



this Persecution?" he Queried of a Turnkey, on leaving Sing Twice Prison. "Yer ain't done nothin', an' dat's de reason youse want ter Git off de Earth!" replied that Astute Official. Then he Took a Tumble—over Niagara Falls.

MORAL.

Don't be too innocent; so many church treasurers have worked that racket already, you know.



HER DOWRY.

CHOLLY—"What is her father going to give you and Maud when you marry?"
 CHAPPIE—"Only assent."

THE PROHIBITION PLEBISCITE.

A STUDY IN PRONUNCIATION.

A STIFF Prohibitory law
 Is that for which we fight,
 We cannot close the demon's maw
 By any plebiscite.

Look at that Manitoba vote
 That didn't help a bit,
 A lack of brains it must denote
 To urge a plebiscite.

That temperance men uphold the scheme
 Appears to me a pity,
 It is a mere Utopian dream,
 This useless plebiscite.

The members want to shirk their task,
 It always is the way,
 And so they put folks up to ask
 For a plebiscite.

The thing won't go, it means defeat,
 And wherefore should we risk it?
 We'll oust the member from his seat
 Who votes for a plebiscite.

SAMJONES says that Chinese actors have a great advantage over white players. They never lose their queues.



NOT A CHESTNUT.

This Man is not looking for his Dog. He is only waiting for a Trolley.

SIDEWALK COMPOSITION.

HE was a son of sunny Italy, and he wrote his first ad. when he set up his bootblack stand at an up-town corner. It ran :

FOOTS BLACKED INSIDE.

His first customer talked to him like a schoolmaster, and then went away. The next day the sign read :

BOOTS BLACKED OUTSIDE.

A big, fat man stopped, ran his eye over it, and said : "You don't suppose that we suppose that you are expected to black them on the *inside*, do you? Change that."

The next day the sign read :

INSIDE BOOTS BLACKED OUTSIDE.

That nearly caused a riot. Scores of people gathered around it, and casual remarks were made about lynching. The Italian became alarmed and pulled in the sign. The next day this appeared :

BOOTS OUTSIDE BLACKED INSIDE.

There was a rumbling sound heard, as of an earthquake in the throes of composition, in the vicinity of that stand. It swelled into a roar. that seemed as if it were about to sweep everything before it, when the Italian ran for his life. When next he appeared, he proudly pointed to his new sign :

ON RAINY DAYS OUTSIDE BOOTS SHINED INSIDE.

That Italian says that "this is one great country for making the mon, but one dam country for the crank," for the police made him take that sign in.

The newest sign reads :

Within The Store, On Tempestuous Days, Boots will Be Cleaned, Blackened and Polished, by the Brush Manipulator, without Extra Charge.

It has been allowed to stand. It was composed by a wandering Boston man.—*Art in Advertising.*

THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

WHEN I think of the ten lost tribes of Jews;
Do I wish they were found again?
No, sir; but I wish the remaining two
Had been lost with the blooming ten.

G.C.



DOG WON'T EAT DOG.

CHOLLY—"Haw, Miss Maud, the dawg didn't bite me aftah all, you know."

MAUD—"Really! Well, that merely goes to show he's not a cannibal."

THE WORST KIND OF REBELS.

IN other times men have rebelled
At right or justice long withheld,
Or freedom interdicted,
But modern rebels would reverse
The practice, and, what seems far worse,
Have freedom more restricted;
For see the bigots of Belfast
Ignore the teachings of the past,
Grow sulky and offended,
With threats of bloodshed rend the air,
And in rebellious mood prepare
To spill the blood of those who dare
Wish liberty extended.

G.C.

TO COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

YES, Colonel, you're an orator,
Your words have power men's minds to sway,
They listen spellbound by your power
When you your eloquence display.
You make us laugh and weep by turns,
As wit or pathos you invoke,
Your sarcasm and invective burns
Like lightning-flash that rends the oak.

You speak of freedom, justice, right,
Men hang upon your every word,
And, rising to a loftier height,
They feel their inmost being stirred.
If words were everything indeed
Among the grand and noble-souled,
Regardless of time, race or creed,
Your name would ever be enrolled.

But "talk is cheap," although your fee
For each discourse is far from small;
Unless by deeds enforced they be,
Words have slight value after all.
Vain are your glowing periods grand
To urge mankind to nobler life,
Unless you take a manly stand
To aid the weaker in the strife.

How reads your record? Have you stood
For right and justice 'gainst the throng?
Risked fame and wealth—not mentioning blood—
To fight entrenched, triumphant wrong?
Garlands of rhetoric on the tomb
Of freedom's martyrs you bestow;
'Tis easy, for they met their doom
From tyrannies of long ago.

But when Chicago's howl for blood
Clamored for victims, and you saw
Where, frowning grim, the gallows stood,
A lynching under forms of law,



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

SCHNITZEL—"Who vas dot man McCarthy, ennerhow? Id don't vas Jusdin McCarthy, I dinks, eh?"

GROGAN—"No, begorra; he's just out wid everybody. It's that thief Dalton."

SCHNITZEL—"Oh, dot vas id—von auf dose Dalton vellers vat holdts you up ven dey knocks you down. I don'd haf me nix to do mit dot growd. Dey vash no goot."

Where were you then? And did you throw
Your influence to stem the tide,
Denounce the wrong, avert the blow?
No! you kept silence, and they died.

And when the Homestead workmen fought
Against Carnegie's cut-throat crew,
And were in deadly peril brought,
Say, sleek phrase-monger, where were you?
They risked their lives—such never can
The lesson learn you teach so well,
That "freedom," "justice," "rights of man,"
Are simply phrases coined to sell.

Against the tyranny of gold
The toilers strive, thus far in vain,
By scheming tricksters bought and sold,
You help to forge, not break their chain.
A henchman of the millionaire,
The corporations' willing tool,
You've ever done a dastard's share
To prop a rotten party's rule.

At your unfaith let others rail,
I have no care for forms or creeds;
The point at which you always fail
Is when you pass from words to deeds.
I mete you by no Christian test,
But by the standard of your choice;
Your sympathy for the oppressed
Extends no farther than your voice.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

CHOLLY—"Is your sister in?"

JOHNNIE—"Yes, sir. Say, mister?"

CHOLLY—"What is it, my little man?"

JOHNNIE—"If you make it worth my while I'll hide pa's boots and take the dog up to my room where pa can't find him. Is it a go?"

TOO FLY.

BORNSO—"Who was Icarus?"

GRUSO—"He was a mythological young man who was drowned because he got too fly."



THROWN ON THE SHORE.

MAUD—"Miss Frostique is coming out this season."

ETHEL—"Surely you are joking. She has been in the swim for years."

MAUD—"Exactly; she is coming out. In fact, she is not in it any more."

MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON THE WORLD'S FAIR.

"NO, Mrs. Dewsbury, I'm not going to the World's Fair, though Henry has been talking about it, for I don't think it's safe to go to a place like Chicago, where they have such awful fires, and the Anarchists are all the time throwing bombs, and any man that's tired of his wife, or any hussy of a woman that wants to marry another man and leave her children to take care of themselves can get a divorce in about fifteen minutes, and they say that about half the people you meet there have been divorced and married again, some of them half a dozen times over, and I call it perfectly scandalous to think of, and I don't see why they should choose a place like that for holding the Fair. Why, there was a woman, I forget her name now, one of our near neighbors, a few years since, and she was always running in to borrow tea or sugar or a washboard or something, though dear knows, I never gave her any encouragement, for I always had my opinion of her, and she never would return half the things, and the way she neglected her family and let the children go about in rags, poor little things, though her husband had a very good situation, too, and come to think of it, their name was Gilderson, was a perfect scandal to the neighborhood, and the landlord used to tell me they was always behind in their rent, and indeed, I don't doubt it, for she used to put every cent on her own back, and the jewelry she used to buy.

"And one day she took a trip to Chicago, and the next thing we heard was that she had got a divorce, though a nicer, kinder man than her poor husband was I never saw, and a good provider, too, and it nearly broke his heart and drove him to drinking, and he got to be quite a politician, and then two days afterwards she married a tree-peddler and went off to British Columbia. Now I call that shameful, Mrs. Dewsbury, and they say the prices the hotels and boarding houses charge will be something frightful, and I never did like to be squeezed and jammed in a big crowd like I was at

McCarthy's lecture last week, where I had to stand all the time crushed up so I couldn't hardly breathe, and not one of the men was gentleman enough to offer you a seat, but Mr. McCarthy spoke very nicely, and he's quite a good-looking man, too, but it was nothing to what it'll be in Chicago if all they say is true about the number of people that are going there, and I got my foot so badly tramped on that I've been quite lame ever since, only if they get to striking and throwing dynamite bombs, as they are so fond of doing, it will be ever so much worse, and as I told Henry, I think we'd far better take the money he's been putting by to go and get some new carpets and curtains before the house gets perfectly shabby.

"Now they've elected Mr. Cleveland President, which appears to be a respectable family man, and so fond of his wife and baby, and all the time getting their pictures put in the papers, and it must cost him a good deal of money, too, to get it done, I should think he'd interfere and prevent people getting divorces for nothing at all, and leaving their lawful wives and husbands, and unless he does, people oughtn't to go to a place like Chicago and encourage such goings-on, and I couldn't stand being crushed in a crowd, anyway, let alone the smell of the pigs, which Ashbridge's Bay is quite had enough, and I'm glad the City Council is trying to abolish it.

"Is Henry going? Oh, dear, no, Mrs. Dewsbury! If I stop at home he stops too. I wouldn't think of trusting him there alone."



TO MAINTAIN THE GOOD FEELING.

MRS. NEWED—"I believe our cook drinks."

MR. NEWED—"What makes you think so?"

MRS. NEWED—"I went into the kitchen this afternoon and she was so good-natured she couldn't do enough for me."

MR. NEWED—"In that case I had better order a couple of cases of wine for her use."

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

COMFORT FOR MOTHERS.

DYER'S Improved Food for Infants is the best food you can use for sick or healthy infants. It is endorsed by physicians, nurseries and mothers all over the Dominion. Price 25c. per package. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

HICK'S OPINION.

"WHAT a sense of exhilaration a man must feel when he walks into the White House for the first time after his inauguration and realizes that he is President of the United States. What do you suppose a man thinks about on his first night there?" said Hawley.

"His second term," replied Hicks.—*Life*.

If a great lawyer is a legal light, is a great electrician an electric light?

MRS. YOUNGHUSBAND—"Why can't you stay at home this evening, George. Your employer can get along without you?"

GEORGE—"I know it, but I don't want him to find it out."—*Life*.

MR. SHORT—"I tell you, I was simply astounded; I was rooted to the ground with surprise."

MR. LONG—"A good job. Now you've taken root perhaps you'll grow a bit."

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S. E., Eng.

A RESOLUTION THAT COULD BE KEPT.

THEY say that a wise little boy whose Sunday school teacher distributed slips of paper to her scholars and asked each to write thereon a New Year's resolution, decided to make a resolve which he would be able to keep, and to secure the prize offered to the boy who, at the beginning of another year, should have come the nearest to keeping it. He wrote: "Resolve, that I will tri too be a year older by next noo years."

MODERN HISTORY.

TEACHER—"Who won the Battle of New Orleans?"

SMALL BOY—"Jim Corbett."

THE great auk is an extinct bird. Undoubtedly its great auk-wadness proved fatal.

WATSON'S Cough Drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest—for the voice unequalled. Try them. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

DRAWS BETTER.

SOLICITOUS PASTOR—"Ah! my friend; what is more valuable than a good reputation?"

CARELESS PARISHIONER—"Well, if you are a woman of fashion about to go upon the stage, a bad one."—*Puck*.

A PRECIOUS JEWEL.

AUNTY—"Has your mama a good girl now?"

LITTLE MISS DE FLATT—"I desso. Mama won't let her clean zee front windows, for fear she'll fall out."

LOVE MUST GO.

Now women educate
With motive unconcealed;
With men, however great,
They vie in every field.
They learn the most abstruse
Of sciences and arts,
And train in constant use
Their highest mental parts.
We cannot see the end,
But this we know, that then
They will not condescend
To fall in love with men.

IT LOOKS LIKE IT.

THE champion pugilist's so bright,
So crafty and so cute,
That soon to go and fight his fight
He'll pay a substitute.

—*Puck*.

MAKES no difference what artificial light you use, gas or electric, R. H. Lear & Co. can meet your wants. Their assortment is well selected. Their terms are special for December. In a word, Large Stock, Designs New, Prices Low. Same old place, 19 and 21 Richmond west.

ONE FOR THEM.

IN a village not far from Edinburgh there are barracks. One day some of the soldiers from the barracks met the village wag, who was famous for his old badly-patched coat. "Man, that is a fine coat of yours," said one. "Aye," replied he, "an' it might be better if I hadna to help you to buy yours." The soldiers moved on in silence.—F. A., Lochgelly.

A DIFFERENCE.

MANAGER (to popular leading man)—"What salary do you expect?"

LEADING MAN—"I must have a contract for \$700 a week."

MANAGER—"That's understood; but how much actual cash do you want for your services?"

LEADING MAN—"Thirty dollars a week."—*N. Y. Herald*.

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DUNN'S
FRUIT SALINE
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.
Prevents Rheumatism and Indigestion.
Sold by Chemists throughout the world.
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WITHOUT AN EQUAL.
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Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.
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Is a common expression. Do your shoes fit you? That is where the trouble lies. Your shoes don't fit. Let us suggest a remedy.

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McCOLL BROS & CO. - TORONTO



FINANCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

"PAPA, what is Wall Street?"
 "WALL STREET is a place where they raise lambs in the spring, shear them in the fall, and then turn them loose to hustle for themselves in the winter.

Art.

J. W. L. FORSTER

Pupil of Mons. Bouguereau

Portraits a specialty.

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IF SURE OF THIS

THEN PASS THIS BY

As all our bodily ailments are brought upon us through the active manifestations of swarms of Bacilli, Bateria, or Fungus animalculae, we should know that whatever is DEATH to them is LIFE to ourselves.

To rid our systems from, doctors use all manner of fearful concoctions and poisonous drugs, which, while harmful to the microbes, also prove injurious to the body, as it certainly must be injured with poison medication. How different the use of **Radam's Microbe Killer**. It is nature's most wonderful tonic; as refreshing to the feverish system as is the dew to fragile plants. It is certain destruction to all microbial swarms in the system, and at the same time revivifying to all the cells and tissues not yet destroyed through the ravages of restless, hungry germs.

If not free from microbes, try Microbe Killer.

For sale at all Druggists.

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"No more of this, young man."

Our machines are doing the work. We take up, clean, sew, lay, or store carpets; renovate feathers, and repair furniture. **PFEIFFER & HOUGH,** 44 Lombard Street.

Burdett's New Comic Recitations

and humorous readings, compiled by the celebrated humorist, James S. Burdett. In addition to the new and original pieces here contained, this book has the advantage of bringing together into one volume all of the very best selections of a comic nature which have hitherto attained a wide popularity through the public representations of the most renowned humorists of the day. It is the newest, handsomest and choicest of its kind.



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CARPETS, RUGS

Curtains, Draperies

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

Have pleasure in announcing the arrival of their Importation of

Spring Goods

Having last year devoted their attention to the **Reduction of their Stock**, they are now in a position to show almost an entirely new range of goods in all departments. These will be found on examination to be the freshest they have ever shown. In no preceding season have they had colours and designs so carefully selected, many of the ideas having been got up expressly for the firm after a great deal of time, thought and trouble. But the results repay them for all this. Being the largest importers of first-class Carpets and Curtains in the Dominion, purchasers will find no better value anywhere. The stock consists of:—

Curtains	{	Brussels Point	Carpets	{	Axminster	Draperies	{	Velours
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LACE	{	Colbert Point	{	{	Velvets	{	{	Art Silks
		Egyptian Point			Brussels			Cretonnes
Curtains	{	Marie Antoinette	{	{	Tapestries	{	{	Art Muslins
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