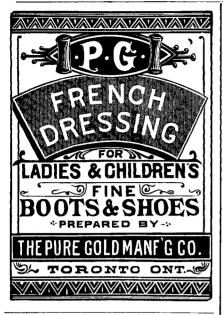


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This testimony is from PROF. ELLIS, the distinguished Analyst of Toronto.

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TORONTO, May 10, 1892.

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VOL. XL.

#### TURONTU, JUNE 10, 1893.

No. #3. Whole No. 1043



WAITING TILL IT RIPENS.

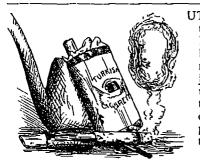


The gravest beast is the Ass; The gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster: The gravest man is the Fool.

#### PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK BY THE Grip Printing and Publishing Co. T. G. WILSON, Manager. GEO A. HOWELL, Business Manager. Offices:-201 and 203 Yonge Street.

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TORONTO SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1893



UTCRIES of indignation against Mayor Fleming, because he has not reduced the rate of taxation, are just as stupid and unreasonable as was the professed belief of his friends in his power and intention to do so.

THE Loyalists of Toronto are rejoicing over the grand opportunity afforded them by Decoration Day last week of instilling into the minds of the public school pupils lessons of hatred and prejudice against the people among whom a very large proportion of them will have to earn their bread. By the way, how can bitter Yankeephobists like Militia Col.-Denison and Jim Hughes reconcile themselves to the adoption of such a purely Yankee institution as Decoration Day.

THE principle which ought to settle the Behring Sea difficulty—Fiat justitia ruat scal-um.

\*

THE *Empire* announces that the big Tory gathering in Cardwell last week was "an unqualified success, both in point of numbers and enthusiasm, showing that the hold which patriotic leaders and a sound policy possess upon the country is as unshaken as ever." All the same we notice that the Government does not seem to be in any hurry to open the constituency.

**F**ROM the annual report of the Inspector of Division Courts for 1892 it appears that during the year suits were entered for claims amounting to \$2,121,631, and the total amount of money collected was \$696,467. It is noteworthy that while the report, after the fashion of Government reports generally, gives any quantity of information of little or no practical value, it does not give the amount of the costs incurred in these proceedings. Probably a truthful statement would show that every dollar collected has cost at least another in the process. The existence of such a wasteful and oppressive engine of extortion as the Division Court would be endangered if all the facts were known, and the Inspector acts prudently in suppressing this portion of the record.



= GRIP

\* \* \*

HE vexed question of whether or not the World's Fair should be open on Sunday has, after much controversy, been settled in the affirmative. The case for the restrictionists would have been much stronger but for the fact that the saloons, theatres and places of questionable resort are all open on Sunday, and that the effect of closing the Fair would undoubtedly have been to drive a large

proportion of the visitors to seek pleasure and entertainment in demoralizing ways. Moreover, Sunday is the only day when the majority of resident working people have an opportunity of visiting the Fair. There is, of course, much to be said on both sides, on social as well as religious grounds; but there is little doubt that on the whole the best interests of morality have been served by the course pursued. It certainly seems inconsistent for a community which regards with complacency the running of street cars and the opening of bar-rooms and concerthalls on Sunday, to raise the question in regard to so very innocent and instructive a mode of enjoyment as viewing the wonders of the great Exposition.

A LL is fair in love, war and Chicago.

THERE is a heap of sound common sense in the proverb that you may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, which is respectfully commended to Dalton Mc-Carthy's consideration.

THE feeling of the Prohibitionists against the Government for their inaction in refusing to take up

the question is intense and bound to make itself felt at the polls. We have no hesitation in stating that the Prohibitionists heretofore identified with the Grit party will vote to a man against the insidious Foster and his corrupt and incapable colleagues, while the whilom Tories of Prohibition principles will do their utmost to oust the tricky and delusive Mowat and his wicked partners.

**B**RAVO! Here's a Tory editor who actually dares to do some thinking on his own account. The Stratford *Herald* remarks concerning the Princess May testimonial: "There is more flunkeyism than anything else about the *Empire's* bosh that it is the duty of Canadians to subscribe towards such objects."

#### WHY THEY DRINK.

" THE Germans are the greatest people in the world for following up dry studies."

"Ah! Now I understand why there is so much drinking among the students in the German universities."



#### SHE STOPPED THE CLOCK.

MISTRESS-"See, Marie, the clock has stopped at three, and it is already after five. Have you been touching it?" MARIE-"No, ma'am. Nobody has been here except Miss Oldun." MISTRESS-",Oh, well, that accounts for it."

#### McCARTHY'S N. P.

**HOUGH** Dalton McCarthy Has quitted his party, A question on which they agree, Is that both still uphold In or out of the fold The ever-victorious N. P.

That symbol still stands For McCarthy's demands, And round it his followers rally. Though he may but as folly see National Policy N-0 P-opery seeks he for ally.

#### EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

'HOLLY—"What would you do if a girl gave you a chawnce to kiss heh?"

CHAPPIE—"Call foh the police, bah Jove !"

#### AN OLD PROVERB ILLUSTRATED.

UTWILER-" It is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

PETERS-" That's true enough. For instance, I kissed my best girl on the doorstep when we parted last evening -that was sublime. Then the old man came out and hoisted me with his boot-that was ridiculous'

#### KILL HIM.

HE "regular old-fashioned winter" fiend, Who a few weeks since would bore you, Is just laying low for the summer campaign, When he'll say, "Is it hot enough for you?"

#### NOT DANGEROUS.

DILGARIC-"I see they have an armless whittler at Moore's Musce,"

TEMPERANCE MAN-"Well, he can't be a licensed victualler. That kind is never harmless."

#### APPEARANCES NOT ALWAYS DECEITFUL.

THEL-" Do you think Clara is as young as she claims ?"

MAUD-" No. She is as old as she looks."

#### THOSE LOW CUT DRESSES.

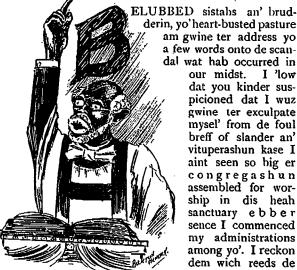
YNICUS-" Each debutante that comes out should have 'For Sale 'pinned on her back."

Socius-"Surely you would not be so cruel as to pin the placard to her tender flesh."



#### SCANDAL IN DE CHURCH.

VERY REV. ARCHDEACON DIAPHONOUS DINIE, D.D., THE VICTIM OF A WIDOW'S WILES.



derin, yo'heart-busted pasture am gwine ter address yo a few words onto de scandal wat hab occurred in our midst. I 'low dat you kinder suspicioned dat I wuz gwine ter exculpate mysel' from de foul breff of slander an' vituperashun kase I aint seen so hig er congregashun assembled for worship in dis heah sanctuary ebber sence I commenced my administrations among yo'. I reckon dem wich reeds de daily papahs know

dat dat ar widder woman wid a complexion 'bout de color ob sole leather wich calls herself Madame Dudley-Fortescue hab brung a action for breach ob promise of marriage agin yo' pasture an' lows dat I dun damaged her to de extent ob fibe tousand dollahs. It am a outrage brudderin, an I look fur yo' sympathies in dis hour ob trial. Dey aint nuffin to it. I nebber tole de widder nuffin erbout marriage. De hole bu iness hab arose frum de reg'lar archdiaconal functions ob visitin' de widder an' de orphan in dar infliction an' tryin' fur ter console dem.

Madame Dudley Fortescue come heah erbout a year ergo from Chicago or somewheres. She allowed dat she wuz de widder ob a English lord wich had married her fur her wealth an' blowed it in at Monte Carlo tryin' to bust de bank. Dat mout be so an' den agin it moutn't. Anyway she was fin de sickle an' distingue an' moved in de rankest society. She wuz gwine ter get a libin by gibin lessons in de Delsarte system. Now brudderin could anythin' hab bin mo' spectabler an' calculated to



expire confidence nor dat ? How was yo' guileless pasture gwineter know dat below de surface lurked de yawnin' pitfall ob a suit fur breach ob promise? Well ercordin' ter de Scriptur I started in fur ter con-

sole de widder an'de orphan an' de orphaner I went de mo' de widder waz consoled. I seen from de fust dat it waz gwine ter be a heaby contrac' fur de Madame weighs ober two hundred pounds. 'Cose it stands ter reason dat er woman ob dat size requires a heap mo' consolation nor what would do fur a thin, peaked-lookin' critter erbout half her heft. So I let patience hab her perfec' work an' I done wat I could fur to help her 'long. I recommended all dem wich wanted to mobe in fashionable circles to take de Delsarte lessons. I gib her notes ob introduction to de Lieutenant Gubernor, an' Sir Mowat an' Mistah Hardy an' Inspector Hughes an' E. A.



#### ON THE CAMPANIA.

PASSENGER-" What was that terrible crash I heard last night? I thought something was broken." DECK HAND-"' Yis sorr, we broke the record."

Macdonald an' udder leaders ob s'iety, an' ef she didn't work dem fur all dey's wurf wy dats her own fault, kase dey was a election loomin' up erbout dat time.

Time flewed on an' de Delsarte system did'nt pan out, so de widder wanted mo' consolement. I done gib her my shirts to wash an' cose I had to call dar frequent fur to git 'em. She was sometimes feelin' kinder lonesome an' it war my bounden duty fur to try an' cheer her up. I sometimes brung erlong some caramels in my pocket and I mout have stood de ice-cream two or free times. But I clar to grashius brudderin I nebber promised to marry her. Ef I eber spoke ob lub to her it wuz de pastorial, sacerdotal kin' ob lub wat I had reference to. Doan de psalmist say, "Let lub froo all yo' actions run?" an' he doan' mean actions for breach obpromise by dat expression.

Now my fellow sinnahs I recon dat's erbout all l've

got ter say exceptin dis, dat if I eber held her onto my knee as she says I done, she just sot down dar herself. Was dat my fault? Was I gwine ter be so ungentlemanly as to frow her onto de flo' or jab a pin into her? I've been badly deceibed in dat woman but de trufe am mighty an' will prevail. Ef she thinks she's agwine to git fibe tousand dollahs or eben fibe dollahs outen me 'cause I done de duty ob a faithful pasture, she am mightly mistooken. My son, ef widders entice thee consent thou not! Selah.

De choir will warble a selection from Handel's Ontario after wich de collection will be tooken up.

#### BOUND TO FETCH THEM.

REGRET to say, ladies," said the President of the Ladies' Committee for the presentation of a testimonial to the Princess May, "that the subscriptions to the funds are not flowing in as rapidly as we could wish."

"Have circulars been sent to all the ladies in town?" asked a member.

"Yes; to all the ladies," said the Secretary-Treasurer, with emphasis.

"Well, suppose you try the dressmakers, shop-girls and servants," suggested the other, at which suggestion there was a flutter of indignation.

"It was understood, said the Presi dent, freezingly, "that this testimonial was to come from the ladies of Toronto."

"Precisely so !" said the offending member, "but we have to raise the money somehow, and you may depend upon it that the-the persons I have mentioned will be so delighted to find themselves included under that designation that they will contribute liberally."

The motion was carried unanimously, and the testimonial scheme bids fair to be a complete success.

#### UNAPPRECIATED CANDOR.

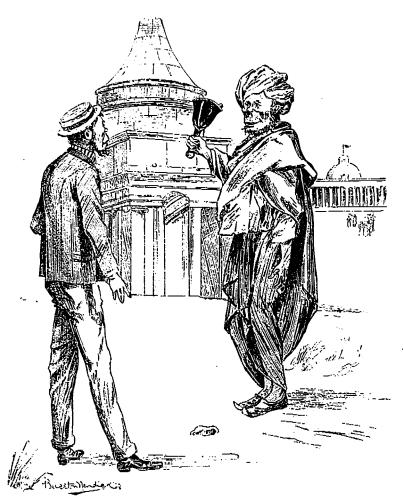
S HE'S plain Molly O," sang the lover enraptured, In praise of the girl whom he thought he had captured; But as soon as she heard him her plainness announce, She fired up quickly and gave him the bounce.

#### WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

MRS. BIXLEY-"And, John, don't forget to call at Simton's Universal Emporium and order a joint of beef, and some asparagus, and a ton of coal.

MR. BIXLEY-"No, Maria ; I shall be sure to remember, for I have to call there anyway to have a tooth filled and pay my life insurance policy, and buy a box of cigars, and I might as well get my watch cleaned there too, and have them send a man around to repair the roof."

SOME light may be thrown upon the momentous question "Does Death end all?" by the fact that a "Dyeing and Finishing Co." is doing business in the West end.



#### THE ORIENT IN THE OCCIDENT.

"Hello, Mike, fwhat have ye been doin' to yerself? I t'ought ye was a pisant at the Oirish village. Fwhat rig is that ye have on?" "Fwhisht Barney, I'm a Turk now, an' me name's Mustapha Ali. It's four dollars

a week betther nor bein' an Oirishman. Aisy now-the muezzin calls to prayers. Allah akbar, bismillah, battershin nabocklish.

#### THE BANKER AND THE RECORD.

#### NOT BY LEIGH HUNT.

BANKER De Coupon, (business corner lots), Awoke one night from Awoke one night from a sweet dream of yachts, And saw Beelzebub, his gaze full bent On him whose hope of life was counting rent, And what he saw he noted in a book Ease and good living left De Coupon fat, So, turning slow he gave the shade a look, And said, "what's up?" The arch-fiend raised his hat, And, with a look at once both frank and bold : "The names of those that to our house are sold." De Coupon answered, "Mine's not of the lot." Replied the Devil, "Prithee then, why not?" "To church and state and charity I give, But then you know, a fellow's got to live. I know you'll charge us what the poor may feel, Write also this, we must not lose a deal.

The Devil wrote and vanished. The next week Returning prompt, said, "let the record speak," And showed the names whom love of gain had curst, And lo! De Coupon's name was written first.

A SKIN game—Hide-and-go-seek.

#### = GRIP



#### MORE IN HIS LINE.

MR. COOTS-" Yo' het yoah life dis yer chile doan' waste any moah time cotching fishes in de ribber."

#### THOSE DECOLLETE DRESSES.

ASPER-"Carlyle says a man should be above his clothes."

JUMPUPPE—" Well, I notice that most of our society women appear to have followed his advice."



SAD.

ETHEL-" Yes, he married a woman ever so much stouter and taller than himself." MARY-" In that case I should say his better half equals two-thirds."

#### THE PRINCESS MAY TESTIMONIAL.

A LOYAL ODE. OYAL women, without delay, Send in your gifts for the Princess May, Loyalty's call we must all obey.

True she hath jewels and gold in store, Treasures of tribute from every shore, Luxury's self could not wish for more.

Born in the purple she claims by right, Everything pleasant to touch or sight, All that can bring to the heart delight.

Far removed above toil or care, Such as we commonplace mortals share, Still to enrich her your savings spare

Worms of the dust by comparison we, Persons plebian of low degree, Proud of our privilege ought to be.

How are we blessed when she stoops to take (Rare condescension!) the gifts we make ? All we can spare for true loyalty's sake.



#### AN EVIL HABIT.

EDITOR-" Where is my pipe? I never can write well without having a pipe in my mouth." Assistant-" That is but natural, as you includge in so much

puffing."

Hard though the struggle may be for bread, Weary the over-worked hand and head, Surely your loyalty is not dead.

Surely your pittance you can divide, Laying a dollar or so aside, Offering meet for a loyal bride.

Wretches by thousands your gifts might save, Such have no claim to the help they crave, Their's but to sink to a pauper's grave.

What is their fate to a cause so grand ? Loyal women throughout the land Pour in your tribute on every hand.

From boodlers' lady and heiress gay, To working woman on scanty pay, Send in your gifts for the Princess May.



 $\approx GRIP \approx$ 

LAURDRA-" I'm afraid, Cartwright, that we'll have to leave this boat when we reach Convention Island. It's rather leaky." CARTWRIGHT-" Well, but what load will we get away from Convention Island with ?"



#### TEMPERANCE ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

TRAMP-" Misses, don't yer want'r contribute somthin' ter help suppress the rum traffic?" MRS. INACENT -- "Yes, that is a business that should be put

down—here's ten cents if that is any help." TRAMP—" Help ! why bless yer, yes, that'll just help suppress

two glasses full,'

#### THE HEROES OF THE PRESS.

JARK, 'tis the spirit of the age ! That doth in song address The heroes of the printed page-The spirits of the press " Changes are coming over things, Then hail the dawning light; A voice throughout creation rings, Arise, defend the right.

- "Then at the summons, oh awake ! And may ye live to see Ontario beside her lake, Great, glorious and free But in our time the love of gold Has grown a social blight; But be ye neither bought nor sold, But dare defend the right.
- " In moral manhood be ye strong, For ye were meant to be The friends of right, the foes of wrong, The guards of liberty. In freedom put your hope and trust, Nor envy social height ; Heroic souls upon a crust Have battled for the right,

"And no great deed was ever done In mere pursuit of pelf; The greatest battles ever won, Were triumphs over self. But caste and creed still spread abroad A mildew and a blight ; And even in the name of God, They trample on the right.

He's but a knave, a party slave, To aims heroic blind, He who doth strive to keep alive The hatreds of mankind.

Leave party slurs to hungry curs, They're paid to bark and bite : Swap not for gain your heart and brain, But dare defend the right.

" Intolerance is want of sense. Judge people by their deeds ; For Mamm n's tools make wise men fools, By playing on the creeds. And what the' mere timeservers sneer, Do ye the truth indite : For every good man must revere Defenders of the right.

CHORUS.

" Then at the summons, oh awake ! And all the world may see, Ontario, queen of the lake, Great, glorious and free." ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

AMARANTH STATION, May 19.

#### THE UN-BRITISH N.P.

HILST Britain's flag is ours, ne'er let it be Over Protection's cowardice unfulled ; With our great mother let the nations see We fear not we free trade with all the world.

G. C.

#### AN IRREPROACHABLE CHARACTER.

TOURIST-" What sort of man is Denver Dick?" NATIVE-" An irreproachable fellow."

TOURIST-" You don't say so !"

NATIVE--" He'd shoot any man who would reproach him."

#### SO DIFFERENT TO THE OTHER KIND.

- "THERE is one thing I like about the beauty of nature."
  - " Yes?"
  - "It never runs up millinery bills."



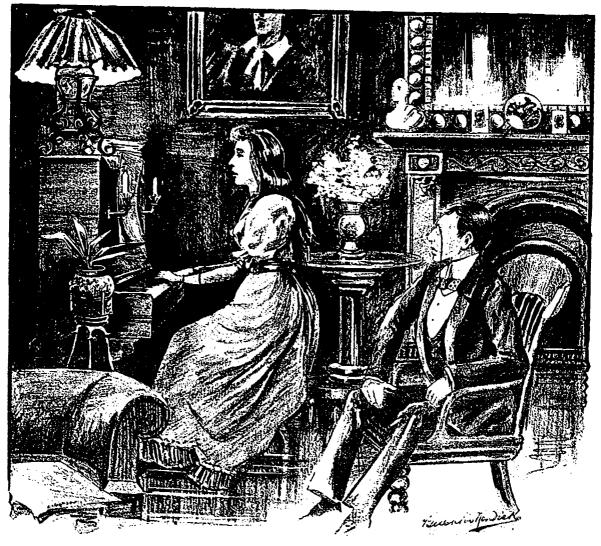
#### WELL DRESSED.

MRS. SWALLEDHEED-"Did ye see oor Jock gaun awa tae Ham-ilton wi' his kilts on the morn'?"

MRS. KENPHINE-" Och, aye: but hoo many kilts does he weer?'

MRS. S.-" I'm share I dinna ken, but he was up since fou o'clock pittin' them on."





#### GLAD TIDINGS.

AMELIA-(singing) "Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow." ALGERNON-" So glad ! I nevah did like dawgs. They teah one's clothes. May I call again next week?"

#### A FIN DE SIECLE MAIDEN.

NOW paw has made his pile at last, and sunk the shop for good. good,

And got a cook, and a great big house, and a man tosaw the wood ;

I've lots of lovely gowns, you know, have learned to dance, and yet,

I never will feel happy till I've reached the toniest set.

We've joined the Church of England, and "shook" our oldest friends,

(One's social chance so much upon that sort of thing depends),

I tell you that I've travelled, but it aint no use at all.

I've been engaged a little, before paw made his pile, To a shop-clerk, and a dentist, and a man that dealt in ile; And a chap that peddled fruit trees, and a purser on a boat, (That purser had the loveliest ways of anything afloat).

Likewise to a planist, who most divinely sang, But they couldn't toe my mark for style, so I bounced the low-down gang.

I've got a small-sized bank clerk now, I think I can make do, His voice and salary are low, his intellects are few ;

And though on many topics his wits seem quite astray, He can talk on "dawgs," and "daunces," in the cutest kind of way.

I s'pose if I wait long enough, an agents' desk he'll grace, At Slabtown, or Pig's Misery, or some such one-horse place; And I'll be stuck there in the woods, for ten long years or more, And come out with complexion gone, and a back like a kitchen door.

Still though I do the best I can, I see no better lot, Unless some wealthy strangers should visit this sweet spot, Which don't seem very likely, though they may come all the same: So I'll keep my dudelet off and on, and pray for better game. REGINALD GOURLAY.

#### A MOT BY MERCIER.

OCHONVERT-"Courage, mon ami! Vous arriverez encore. Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute."

COUNT MERCIER-" Ah oui! Mais en politique le Premier c'est le dernier pas."



#### NATURAL CURIOSITY.

SHE—" I shall never marry against my father's will." HE—" Then he has made his will. How much has he left you?"

#### SMILEY'S VIOLIN.

WHY, Jugurtha, what have you there?" asked Mrs. Smiley, as her husband brought in a coffin-shaped parcel and laid it tenderly upon a table.

"Oh-something," said Smiley, looking very knowing, as he proceeded to undo the parcel.

"It's a very odd shape anyway."

"Well, you just lend a hand here and help untie this string, then you'll see what it is.'

"Good gracious, its a violin."

"Yes, Mrs. S., its a fiddle-and what's more, I'm - agoin' to play onto it."

"Why, good land, you can't play it !"

"Can't eh-can't play onto it-that's just like you, you never give me a speek of encouragin', but I say I can play. Why I used to play for us to dance when I was a young feller."

"You did? I never knew you went to dances."

"Well, women hain't supposed to know everything. Just listen to this :"----and Smiley drew from the violin some of the most hideous noises she had ever heard.

"What is it you are trying to play?"

"It's the 'Fisher's Hornpipe,' and a plaguey good tune, too."

From that time the house was filled with the same distracting sounds, until poor Mrs. Smiley was almost crazy. But she thought the best way to manage her husband, was to let him play until he tired of his own music. That happy time did not come.

"This is the best bargain I ever made, Melissy-the very best" he would say.

Mrs. Smiley was almost glad when she was taken down with la grippe. "At least "she said to herself "he will stop playing now."

"Melissy," said he, "I believe I'd better sit up with you to night. The doctor says you're a pretty sick woman, and your medicine must be took just such times"

"Oh, never mind, Jugurtha.

"But I will too, I'd just like to set up." So the matter was settled and Smiley got into a big chair and made himself as comfortable as possible.

"Wouldn't you like a little music, Melissy, to kind of liven you up.'

"Oh, no-never mind!"

" It's plaguey lonely here. You wouldn't mind me a playin' a little, would you?"

"N-o—I suppose not."

So Jugurtha got the violin and seated himself near the bed. There was a groan from his wife as the bow crossed the strings and a more than usually horrible noise came from the instrument.

"What are you playing, Jugurtha?"

"There hain't nothing wrong with it. It hain't no dancin' tune, Melissy, its a hymn tune ' Why Should we Mourn Departed Friends.'"

" Oh, please don't play that any more."

"Well, blame it, I think you're plaguey hard to please but I can play somethin' else I s'pose.

"What is it you're playing now?

"I never seen such a woman. It's 'Hark from the Tombs a Doleful Sound.' You needn't try to make any wrong out of that, for I know its all right. You took a dislike to this fiddle the minute you seen it, and you've acted up and looked mad at it ever since. You never will let me have any comfort, anyway. Blame the blame luck, anyhow !" and Smiley slammed the violin into its box and started for bed. ROLEY ROWAN.



#### COULDN'T STAND IT.

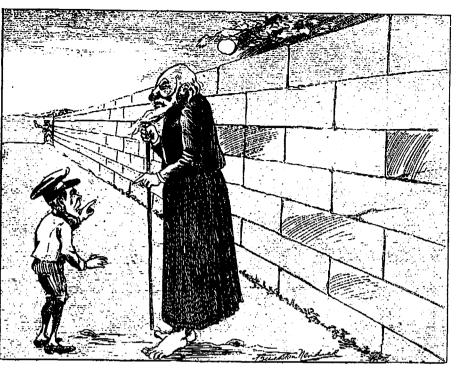
MASTER OF HOUSE-(to Cook) "I am very sorry, I must give you notice to leave although I am well satisfied with your work. But since you have been here my wife has become too exacting. She wants now the most fashionable dresses like you, regular days out, and to attend theatres and concerts, and have hot suppers just like you, and honestly the state of my affairs won't permit it."



#### ÆSOP TO DATE. No g.

#### THE BOYS AND THE APPLE.

WO Boys, one of whom was Eating a Pear, while walking to School within the Shadow of a High Wall, observed a Succulent Apple dangling Temptingly from a Long Branch right above Their Heads. "Trow up yer satchel, Jim, we're bound ter have dat, and I'll hold yer Pear for yer," said one little Boy. The Other reluctantly relinquished the Fruit, and taking off His Satchel threw it at the Sedductive Apple. Unfortunately it was Impelled with too much Force and disappeared on the other Side of The Wall. In consternation the Boy looked Round for His Chum, and discovered that He also had Evaporated and with Him the Half-" Weep not, eaten Pear.



poor Boy" exclaimed an Old Philosopher who happened along just then in the Mysterious Way that Philosophers will do, "This should serve as an Object Lesson against Greed to you. The loss of your beloved school-books will Teach you to Control Coveteousness."

"School-books be Blowed" exclaimed that Disrespectful Boy, "Dat's all Hunky; it ain't Dem I'm kickin' about, but there's the last number of 'Blood Spattered



#### A CHANCE FOR HIM.

HE--" We grow wisc as we grow older." SHE-" Then there is hope for you if you come of a long-lived family." Dick, or The Ghost's Grucsome Grave ' in Dat Satchel, an' if I catch dat Bill Spiff agin, I'll swipe Him in Der neck for Sneakin' my Pear."

#### MORAL.

Don't risk your property on an Uncertainty; Bunco one of your Friends to do it for you.

"DO AS I SAY, NOT AS I DO." RENDER to Casar, Casar's due, Was spoken but for me and you; If for the churches, then I axes Why don't the churches pay their taxes.

#### THIS IS NOT AN AD.

REGINALD—" I always stop at the Waldorf when I go to New York. It's so tony and exclusive." ALGERNON—" It ought to be—walled off, don't you know."

#### WOULD SEE HIM LATER.

BORAX—" Shall we rush the growler ? SAMJONES—" No, its surly in the morning."

#### A NATURAL INFERENCE.

"WHAT do they mean by pelagic scaling?" "Why piratical sealing, I suppose—pillaging sealing grounds that belong to other people."

#### WELL FIXED.

GLADYS—"I hear that young Chippermore has been coming to see you a good deal lately. He's pretty well fixed, isn't he?"

GWENDOLEN—"Oh, yes—exceedingly well fixed. You would think he was glued to his chair sometimes. It generally takes pa to move him." THE PRETTY STRANGER.

HOULD you meet a pretty stranger in your promenade to-day,

Should she sweetly smile upon you in a very pleasant way, Best resist her fascination, there is dan-

ger in her eye;

Don't you linger, just return her smile, then bow and pass her by.

l'ass her by, young man, and some day you will find that I am right;

Pretty Strangers make life merry, but they make the pocket light.

T. B. A. C.

#### A PROPHECY FUL-FILLED.

T was a great occasion in university annals, the Conversazione of the Literary Society, and a large and elite audience were present to participate in the function. All went well until the debate as reached which was to be opened by Mortimer Fitzhardinge, the scion of an esteemed dry-goods family in Owen Sound, the idol of his classmates, for whom a brilliant future was predicted. He had hardly uttered a few sentences when it became evident that he was laboring under an attack of nervous. ness. His sentences became hopelessly involved, he re-

peated himself, hesitated, stammered and finally broke down in utter confusion to the dismay of his friends and the ill-concealed delight of his rivals. A snicker which ran round among the occupants of the rear seats roused him to make a final effort, but it was in vain that he sought to recover the thread of his argument. Turning a look of scorn and defiance upon his adversaries, he drew himself up to his full height and said in clear and thrilling tones : "Ladies and gentlemen, I sit down now; you may laugh at me, but mark me, the time will come when you shall hear me !'

Five long and weary years have glided away into the past since the day of Mortimer Fitzhardinge's memorable failure. He had graduated in the interim and after a brief and briefless career at the bar had disappeared none knew whither. At the window of a proud and haughty suburban mansion sate two young men whiling away an hour over their cigars, and reminiscences of their college days.

"By the way, Snooper, whatever became of Fitzhardinge?"

"I really couldn't say. Always thought that fellow would make his mark, but everything is so overdone nowa days.'

"Do you remember the way he broke down at the

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

Conversazione and prophesied that the time would come when we would have to hear him."

"Oh yes-stole it from Disraeli or somebody you know. He was always quoting other people's good things and passing them off as original. Poor Fitz. I'm afraid his prophecy won't come about. What infernal racket is that ?"

"Oh nothing, only one of those beastly peddlers."

The noise came nearer. A raucous and stentorian voice bawled out until the windows rattled-

"Stror-berries! Stror-berries!! Only ten cents a box, three for a quarter! 'Ere's your fine bananas! Only five cents a dozen ! Bananas ! Bananas ! Stror berries ! !"

And strong men muttered curses between their clench ed teeth, while mothers clasped their babes closer to their shuddering bosoms as the fiend pursued his desolating path.

"Great Scott, that voice ! I should know it anywhere !" exclaimed one of the young men. "Talk of the devil! Well, well, to think he should come down to that."

The prophecy had come true.

#### ESPECIALLY POKER PLAYING.

JASPER-"Gambling is a recognized profession now."

JUMPUPPE-" Yes-or, rather, a calling.

SOME of the churches are very careless as to the character of those they admit to membership. We read the other day of a confirmed inebriate.



AN UNKIND CUT.

- HER EASTERN COUSIN-" Martin is my man, you know. HIS WESTERN COUSIN-" Your man?"
- HIS WESTERN COUSIN-" Yass." HIS WESTERN COUSIN-" Oh, I see-your substitute."



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.

THEY are coming with their wealth of Silken hose and flowing curls, And the land will soon be glad with Its perennial summer girls.

PROFESSOR-"Give me an example of a paradox.'

VASSAR MAID-" Married and happy."

#### HER LAST CHANCE.

MRS. DIX-" In what state did you marry your husband?"

MRS. SNIX (sighing)—" In a state of complete desperation !"

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GRADUATE-"To what opening, uncle, would you consider my attaiments best suited?"

OLD CRUSTY--" Opening oysters, pro-bably."

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DOES she shine in s ciety?" "Does she? Why, she begins to perspire the minute she gets into the room !"

MABEL-" What makes your left hand so cold ?"

GOLDBUGG-" Oh, that's the hand I shake my poor relations with !"

A PRUDENT LAD.

HE was reared as a child of fortune, The son of a millionaire, But he's started to work for his living now, For his father has gone to the Fair. -Town Topics.

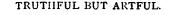
SHE -" Ah, I knew you loved me !" HE-" How did you know? SHE-" I knew my turn had to come some time."

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#### DOUBLE MISFORTUNE.

MRS. NEWED—" John, you have been play-ing poker again ?"

MR. NEWED-"How do you know?" MRS. NEWED-" I've just been through your pockets, and they are empty."



SHE-" Did you ever kiss any other girl, George ?" IIE -" None half so sweet as you, darling."

SHE THOUGHT HE WAS PAST PAYING.

BROMPTON-" Here is an article on ' Does Shakespeare Pay ?'"

MRS. BROMPTON-" I thought he was dead."

A COOLNESS BETWEEN THEM.

MAY-" Although Cholly hugs me, I am conscious of a coolness between us

MADGE-" Really ? Perhaps he carries the love letters from that Boston girl in his inside pocket !"-Town Topics.

AMY-" What are the relations between you and Harry?" MAHEL—"O, mamma and papa, brother

Jack, and all my cousins and aunts.

PECK-" How is it that you stick to one tailor ?"

DECK-" I don't. He sticks to me !"



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Pupil of Mons. Bouguereau

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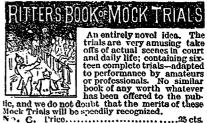
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