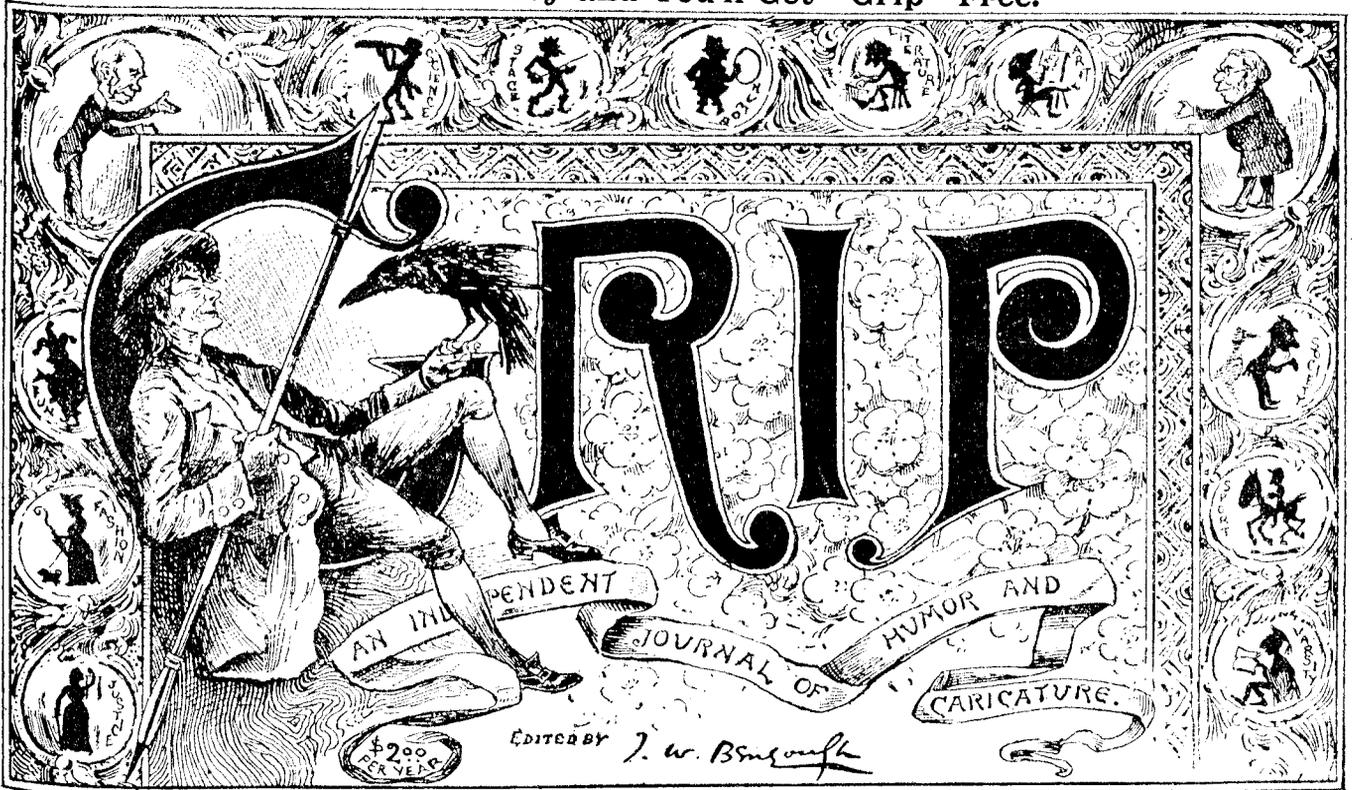


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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 15.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1892.

No. 982.

THE VOICE OF A CITY



The CITY COUNCIL of St. Joseph, Mo., brands as wholly false the vile attacks made upon the People's Remedy: Read the

ACTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

To Whom it May Concern:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that at a meeting of the Common Council of the City of St. Joseph, held at the Council Chamber, City Hall, on the 2nd of March, 1891, among other things the following business was transacted and entered on record, to wit:

[No. 14382] RESOLVED, That the City Council of the City of St. Joseph, Missouri, heartily endorses the action of the Board of Trade in denouncing as false, malicious, and wholly without foundation in fact, the reports that have been circulated derogatory to the merit of the product manufactured by the WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO., of this city, and to the character of the gentlemen composing said company.

On motion, adopted.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the official seal of said city this 3rd day of March, A.D. 1891.

(Signed),

Purd. B. Wright,

City Clerk.



For full particulars, all sensible people should investigate for themselves by writing to our head office or any of our general agencies.

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This bright looking gentleman (and he's as bright as he looks), sports the prefix to his name by virtue of having served as a member of a former Government of Prince Edward Island. He has for some years represented one of the Island constituencies in our Dominion House, where he is regarded as among the most capable of the Oppositionists. He is booked for a portfolio in the coming Liberal ministry, peradventure the infirmities of age do not in the meanwhile supervene, as seems quite possible. It need scarcely be mentioned that Mr. Davies is a lawyer by profession. The fact that he has a seat in Parliament would be almost enough to indicate this. In common with his colleagues on the left side of Mr. Speaker, he entertains sentiments of profound admiration for Mr. Laurier. He also thinks a pile of Mr. J. D. Edgar, who is one of his particular friends, and with whom he occasionally comes to Toronto, that his mind may be refreshed and expanded after the Ottawa season.

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VOL. XXXVIII.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1892.

No. 15.
Whole No. 982.



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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1892.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



DISCORD IN THE PARTY.—

Whatever Mr. Laurier's personal opinion of Mr. Dalton McCarthy's bill may be—and we are inclined to think he would instinctively favor it—he cannot afford, as leader of the Liberal Party, to openly do so, because this would turn the French vote over to the Government bodily. The bill finds a pronounced friend in the *Globe*, however, and as the *Globe*, notwithstanding its frequent disclaimers, is regarded as the organ of the Liberals, there is trouble in

the camp. The bill in question proposes to abolish French as an official language, and the Separate Schools as State institutions in Manitoba, agreeably with the wishes of the people of that Province, as expressed through the Legislature; and if the doctrine of Provincial Rights, so vociferously set forth these many years by the Liberal Party means anything, we do not understand the ground upon which they refuse to support Mr. McCarthy. The *Globe* is at least consistent. And for all the good they get from it, the Party might just as well be without the French vote, and enjoy the luxury of being consistent, too.

A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION.—*Native* industries require protection from competition no more than ducks need protection from the rain. Freedom is their natural element. Only those industries which are not *native* require the artificial support of a tariff. The matter is perfectly plain. What we want is not work but the wealth—the good things—which work will secure. It is not necessary that Canada should be a great manufacturing country, but it is necessary that all her people should have abundance of the good things of life. Now, as international trade is in the form of goods for goods, common sense admonishes us to turn our energies in those directions in which we can most easily produce tradeable things, in other words, to get the things we

want most cheaply. Canada is well adapted naturally for some lines of manufactures. That fact will be sufficient to call forth the factories, and they will grow in a healthy manner. The concerns which are not native, but tariff-born, are doomed to live on pap. They never become more than "infants." And meanwhile, the feeding of them makes living dearer all round, and does not even benefit the few workmen who are employed in them. The tariff does not pretend to protect wage-workers.



T puzzled some of our citizens to account for Mr. Sam. Blake's extraordinary action in putting a clause in the street railway agreement prohibiting the running of Sunday cars, without, as it was alleged, authority to do so. Some were inclined to refer it to an aberration

of religious zeal on Mr. Blake's part. To us it seemed easy to account for the irregularity on the hypothesis that the hon. gentleman had been of late giving too much attention to the vagaries of Emperor William of Germany. He had unconsciously absorbed something of that young man's enthusiasm, and perhaps came to believe in the divine right of Blake.

* * *

THE explanation is now forthcoming from Mr. Blake himself. He acted on what he considered plain instructions from the Council Committee, and the only difficulty has been the cowardly refusal of these gentlemen to stand by him. Mr. Blake is mad about it, as he has a perfect right to be, and has thrown up his brief, and sent in his bill.

* * *

THERE is some thinking being done on the subject of Direct Taxation in this country. The question is now in practical politics, and we may hope soon to reach the stage at which the people will get bold enough to mention the term without a superstitious shudder. Nothing but discussion will be required to bring them to the point of recognizing that direct taxation is simply honest taxation, and that in the words of the famous Prime Minister of France, the indirect scheme was invented to enable statesmen to pluck the largest amount of feathers from the geese with the least amount of squawking.

* * *

IT is too early yet to go into details, perhaps, but the following suggestion by an intelligent correspondent, is thrown out to anticipate the objection that under direct Taxation the advantage of paying taxes in instalments would be absent.

* * *

MY plan is that the Government issue and sell tax receipts; that these be drawn to bearer and issued at regular stated periods, those of one period to be worth more than those of the preceding period by the amount of a reasonable interest, and sold either before the first of the period for which they bear interest, at a fair discount when purchased in quantities, or after the first and until the close of such period at their full value. They shall begin to bear interest from the first of the fiscal year when the tax is due, and may continue to do so if desired until the end of the year, or, in other words, may be purchased at any time during the year, the land being held as security in the meantime. When presented to the collector in lieu of cash, they shall have a paying capacity of their face value. By selling receipts in advance of their period at a discount, merchants could be induced to keep them on sale for profit to themselves and for the accommodation of their customers. With



VERY MUCH AT HOME.

MR. BLOOSER—"Good morning, Mrs. Blifkins. Is the boss at home?"

MRS. BLIFKINS—"Yes, I'm here. Don't you see me? What's wanted?"

the adoption of a plan of this nature a direct tax need be no more difficult of payment than an indirect tax, for it is surely as easy to purchase goods and receipts as goods alone, even if the cost be the same in each instance; much more so, then, under direct taxation, as the goods and receipts would cost less than the goods at present by the amount which is now so generously and patriotically appropriated by the monopolist. Compared with the present method of collecting the revenue, the plan suggested is quite free from complications. In the rates of interest and discount that would be considered fair and reasonable it readily adapts itself to varying conditions. It is practicable, simple and flexible.

* * *

WHAT'S the matter with Michael Davitt—the one Irish leader in whom we had confidence as a level-headed political economist? Here we find him proposing a wild-cat scheme for the exportation of 100,000 "select colonists" to the Canadian North-West. The advent of that number of decent citizens would undoubtedly be a grand thing for Canada, but Mr. Davitt ought to know, if he doesn't, that under existing conditions it would be necessary to chain each newcomer to the Territory in order to make him stay when he got there. Is it possible that Davitt isn't aware we have a protective tariff?

* * *

BUT this isn't the wildest part of the proposition. His suggestion is that the Imperial Government should "loan £10,000,000 sterling at a low rate of interest to the Dominion and Provincial Governments, to be used for the settlement in Canada of these colonists, who are now being driven to British cities from the rural districts." This is about as cool as anything we ever heard of. Canada is to pay for relieving John Bull from the natural results of his landlord system! It would be a little more reasonable if the £10,000,000 were a free gift to us for our contemplated kindness in providing homes for these expatriated people, especially as they won't stay with us.

It would be still more business-like if Mr. Bull negotiated directly with Cousin Jonathan, who will be the final beneficiary.

* * *

THE discussion in the Montreal papers over the Boys Home business has brought to the surface as queer an assortment of religious cranks as any the logical museum could ask for. One of the greatest freaks in the lot is a writer who signs his letters "A Churchman." Here are a few characteristic bits from his pen: "Not only the interests of the Protestant sects are involved, but also those of the Church of England." "Among the Protestant sects the secession of members from one body or denomination to another is looked upon with complacency, if not with indifference. In the Church of England, on the other hand, such a dereliction is regarded as schism." "It would be well for the clergy and laity of the Church of England in future to have their own institutions for the bringing up of their own people in the Catholic Faith." Comment on this could only mar its Christian beauty!

GOUIN, GOUIN, GONE!

COUNT MERCIER, since his crushing defeat in the recent Quebec elections, has withdrawn from an active interest in politics and is devoting himself strictly to legal practice, having taken unto himself a partner of the suggestive name of Gouin. The tenacity with which the Count clung to office until fairly forced out of it is apparent. Paradoxical as it may seem, he didn't think of Gouin until he found himself gone.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

WAXLEY—"By the way, you know Bill Kildogan. Is he a flannel-mouth?"

RADSTOCK (*who reads the Mail*)—"Not at all. In fact much otherwise. He's what you might call a Flaneur-mouth."



THOSE WOMEN.

SWEET LITTLE WIFE—"John, dear, what were you dreaming about last night; you called out several times, 'Boys, show your hands.'"

HUSBAND—"Er—m—I was dreaming, you know, er—r of that professor of palmistry who examined my hands not long ago, and I've been practising a little lately, you see."



"RESTRAINING" THE MAD DOG.

THE LAW—"Hello, there! What in the world are you afraid of? Don't you see the animal has a tag on?"

"'Liver of blaspheming Jew' (jaundiced imagination).

"'Gall of goat,' and this last swollen and enshrouded in a grey coat of prudery.

"All these symbols of evil have at one time been materialized and re-embodied, and then was the human child which was born of a woman spirited away in the night and this changeling incarnation known by the name of 'Old Roman' placed in its stead. And in truth the changeling might have remained undiscovered but for the betrayal of his origin by this Shibboleth which he hath spoken in the columns of *The Varsity*. For verily unto the pure all things are pure, even as to the impure all things are impure; even the gentle and sweet speech of men and maidens, walking in the sunlight unto the Halls of Learning in company together. Neither is it possible that an incarnation such as 'Old Roman' can understand or conceive how the devotees of Learning, men and women, can together bow at the pure shrine of Minerva and not become even as he himself in their imaginings. Such sinister souls have oft-times waxed so bold in prudery as to bring the great Father of Life himself to book, for introducing such a scandalous phenomenon as difference of sex upon this

planet. At the same time, in their innermost soul there is nothing these incarnations desire more than to be favored by the smiles of the sex which they insist make monkeys of men by reverse evolution, and only too happy would they be to be made fools of by them, would the maidens but be persuaded to turn their eyes in their direction, condescend to put a ring in the nose of the scornor and so lead him about. But this kind of man the fair devotees of Minerva shrink from instinctively; hence the spite of 'Old Roman.' And now, O Scott-airlie, concentrate thine energies, fix thine eye upon yonder spot in the great white wall of Thibet, nor wink nor move until thou has precipitated this that I have told thee in a letter unto the sable bird who openeth his beak and speaketh wisdom in the far city of the Indian name of Toronto. And do thou also bestow my benison on those strong and benignant spirits who, with their faces set steadfastly toward Nirvana, have done battle in defence of sister students against the prudery of an irresponsible astral changeling."

"Eh, man!" says I, "what a relief ye've gi'en me! That 'Old Roman' maist made me ashamed o' my mankindness; but noo when ye've explained that the



"GHOSTS."

(Apropos of Col. Ingersoll's lecture.)

SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE—"Well spoke, good Bob; but prithee, if mine was 'the giant intellect of mankind'—'an ocean touching every continent of human thought'—'a mountain mind, beside which every other were an ant-hill,' doth it not puzzle you to consider that I accepted the Christian faith and died therein?"

creature is no what ye would ca' *compus mentis*, I'll go an' fix my e'e on that spot in the wa' wi' the greatest o' pleasure." Yours in precipitate, HUGH AIRLIE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"FWHAT's in a name?" did yez say? The owld Nicks in it, an' so he is—at laste he's in moine. O'Toole ez me name—Timothy O'Toole—good enough for the Queen whin Oi wuz in owld Oireland. But fwhat's in it now? "Nothing," sez you, "but litters, an' only thir-teen av thim"—Thirteen! Begorra! That's the throuble! It's the devil's own number, an' so it is! But whisht! O'Toole's me name no more. It'll be Murphy av Oi choke on it—Timothy Murphy—nuthin' unlucky about that.

Oi'm an agent—so Oi am. Me frins sed as Oi'd make a great lawyer, but Oi'm an agent, an' that's the next best thing till it. Misther Prunem, av Taranty, towld me as Oi cud make a fortune in six months asellin' av his nurshery shtock—but he's a loiar, an' Oi kin prove it.

Oi wuz in the coorse av me bizness in the town av St. Petersville 'tuther day an' fwhat does Oi see in the day's paper but a notice that Timothy O'Toole wud be thried next day at the coort fur sittin' fire till the back ind av a farmer's load av sthraw an' scorchin' the tails av the

horses, not to mintion the burnin' av the sthraw an' waggon, an' the owld man's breakin' av a leg an' an arm whin he jump-ed aff the load.

"You niver did that same, Tim," sez Oi, "sure an you've been moighty dhrunk, Tim, me darlint, till do that same thrick. But sure an' it's in the front room av the Royal Dominion Hotel, Nicky Hogan, propriator, with males at all hours, an' not in the cooler that Oi am. They must trate their prisoners loike gintlemen in this town—or mebbe some wan has bailed me out, or bedad! its acquitted on foorst offence Oi've been. Sure an' its mane it wud be not till appear at the coort to-morry av that's the shtate av affairs."

Nixt marnin' at the coort, wud ye belave it, the joodge calls 'Timothy O'Toole.'

"Here sor," sez Oi.

"Silence in the coort," roared a long-faced spalpeen with a six-foot pole.

"Be aisy byes," sez Oi till the lads in the back, "devil a bit will they scare me. Yer honor, its mesilf that's spakin' till yez."

An' sure an' didn't that spalpeen saze me be the back av me coat an' he lifted me clane down sthairs, fur only answerin' till me own unlucky name. Be the howly jumpin' gimcracks! av he had only come at me face—be the tinder mercy av Cromwell! Oi'd have—but afor Oi cud get me coat aff Misther Hogan ov the Royal Dominion stepped up an' towld me as Tim O'Toole wuz the wurst young vaga-bone as grew in St. Petersville, an' Oi was the wrong man entoirely, wid the right name.

Oi thin went aff till sell sthrawberry trees till a farmer. Oi talked till him in a way that was raly desarvin' av the fortune

Misther Prunem promised me an' he was gittin' in foine trim for buyin', an' so he was, whin fwhat does he do but ax me me name.

"It's Tim O'Toole, plaze yer honor," sez Oi.

Did yez iver see a Scotchman git mad an' scared? "Deil tak ye," he yelled, "Feer! Murder! git oot o' the place! Collie! Collie! Hist Collie!"

An' sure didn't the baste grab me be the unimintion-ables. "Lord presarve me an' me breeches!" Oi yelled; but the brute thought they'd kape better in small pieces. He was tarin' away whin Oi laped the fince an' he knock-ed his wind out on the tap rail. Its a quare dog that Oi can't manage, an' so it is.

But Oi thried agin' an' thin wanst moore aroun' that town, an' as sure as Oi said "Tim O'Toole," a grady cur had a piece of my flesh an' Oi was in fur a pair av—av—av nither garmints. Sure an' Oi belave it was the tailor that put thim up till it. So Oi've left St. Petersville an' me name's Murphy an' if it's anything in moi loine yez wants, just dhrup a loine to Mr. Timothy Murphy, 13 Toolihan St., Taranty. HUGH KENNEDY.

THE Beaverton correspondent of the *Orillia Packet* begins one of his paragraphs "Next Friday evening being the anniversary of leap-year," etc., etc.



DISCORD IN THE PAIRTY.

LAURIER—"STOP! STOP! THIS TUNE WILL GET US INTO NO END OF TROUBLE WITH THE FRENCH VOTE!"
WILLISON—"VERY PROBABLY. BUT, MOST RESPECTED SIR, DON'T FORGET TO REMEMBER THAT THIS IS NOT YOUR ORGAN!"



A DIFFERENT STANDPOINT.

FITZDOODLE—"How do you like my new overcoat, Uncle Pete?"

UNCLE PETE—"I'd like it a heap better of 'twas mine."

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

(SCENE—Court Room. Respectable confectioner in the dock.)

JUDGE—"Prisoner at the bar, you have been proved guilty by the Crown of the crime of selling to a girl under sixteen an ounce of mixed candies. It is a very flagrant case. What have you to say why the severest penalty of the law should not be imposed?"

PRISONER—"Your lordship, I never heard of such a thing! I've been in business here twenty-five years, and never thought there was any harm in selling candy to any one. Of course I sold her the candy. Why wouldn't I?"

JUDGE—"If I had had any hesitation in pronouncing an exemplary sentence, the shameless and hardened audacity with which you brazenly attempt to justify your villainy would have dispelled it. It is a melancholy sight to see a person of your years and respectable appearance so lost to all sense of shame. Are you not aware that a beneficent Legislature, in the fullness of their wisdom, have determined to put a stop to the pernicious and soul-destroying practice of eating candy, which is ruining the health and decaying the teeth and impairing the digestive functions of hundreds of thousands of the rising generation throughout our Dominion?"

PRISONER—"Well, I did hear some talk about it, but I thought it was all nonsense. To be plain with you, I didn't think that any set of men could be such fools."

JUDGE—"Prisoner, this language is outrageous! You are evidently a dangerous man, one who will not hesitate, for the paltry pennies wrung from the innocent and childish victims of your saccharine and sensuous enticements, to strike a blow at the very fabric of society and

sap the pillars of the constitution itself. (*Thrill of horror.*) I feel that, in view of your hardened and reckless demeanor, any leniency which I might otherwise be disposed to show would be misplaced. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned for the term of one year, and pay a fine of \$200, half of which goes to the informer, who deserves the thanks of society for the able manner in which he has brought such a consummate and atrocious evil-doer to justice. Remove him and call the next case."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DIPLOMAT.—Your article on the Behring Sea business reposes quietly in the waste basket. It is N.G. You haven't caught the style requisite for treating of such questions. You say nothing about the *modus vivendi* or the *embroglio* or the *mare clausam*. Take a tumble to yourself, and write on some easy subject such as the N.P. or the London election outrage.

BUDDING HUMORIST.—Yes, you can call the Bricklayers' Laborers' Union a Hod fellowship if you want to, but we wouldn't encourage you to do so.

SMART ALECK wants to know what will the professional humorists do when all the jokes have been made. Your *nom de plume* doesn't fit you, dear boy. They'll just keep right on as they are doing now, and work 'em over again.

AMBITIOUS.—The only absolutely necessary qualification for a society writer is the knowledge of a few French phrases and a wide circle of acquaintance among dress-makers, waiters and fashionable hair dressers.

T. S.—As regards the comparative merits of the trolley and storage systems, we are inclined to think that while the latter may in some respects be preferable provided the motor be proportioned to the pressure on the volts, yet the impact of the wires on a pressure such as that proposed to be furnished would involve a reduplication, and the power would consequently generate a friction. Still, if the generator were insulated so as to check the vibration, and the current passed directly along the circuit to the re-distributors, much objection to the system might be overcome, in which case the trolleys would be relieved from the danger of being overcharged. We hope we have made the point as obvious as your evidently limited knowledge of electric science will permit.

NATURE'S financial methods err;
They're certainly a blunder;
For when we pay our debt to her,
She makes us all go under.



A "SPRING LAY" THE EDITOR NEVER REFUSES.

ANTIQUITIES, CURIOSITIES AND VARIETIES.

LOANED TO THE MUSEUM LIBRARY BY THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT AND THE UNPAID CURIOSITY COLLECTORS OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

DODO bones and horn-ed frogs,
Croaking toads and five-legged dogs,
Brains of gnats and monkey's skulls,
Images of sacred bulls.
Aztec crocks and sky blue mules,
Scalping knives and rubbing tools;
Natural gas from Mimico,
Feathers of a snow-white crow.
Won't they come in crowds to stare
At this medley rich and rare?
Oh, had I the verbosity
To praise each curiosity,
There's no museum like it open anywhere.

Bain-ful emblems may be seen
Gleaming on a lurid screen,
British lion's twisted tail,
Yankee eagle made to quail.
Bones of traitors, every one
Slain by Col. Denison.
Halter twined by patriot's hand,
Which did *not* hang Charles Durand.
Boswell will boss well the show,
When the thronging myriads flow,
To view each curiosity,
Just fancy the atrocity
Of holding back the money which would make things go.

Mastodon and dolphin's fin,
Cheshire cat with broadest grin,
Chippawa squaws with painted faces,
Arrow heads and flint awl cases,
Relics wrested from the soil,
Ancient pots, which yet can Boyle;
Tomahawks of Indian braves,
Bones of dwellers in the caves.
If the public don't enthuse,
And will civic aid refuse,
A mere cursory inspection
Of this wonderful collection
Will convert a staunch opponent to more sympathetic views.

Straw-burned bricks from Babel's Tower
While away the weary hour,
Red pipe stones made up and crude
Portrait of a genuine dude.
(Not a peers-son) though high born,
Bear's tooth, stuffed snake, buffalo horn.
O'Sullivan smiles to see the crowd,
The Board at length may well be proud.
Space would fail to half repeat
The glories of this mental treat.
Do not fail to call and see 'em,
'Tis a marvellous museum.
Go early to avoid the rush that's sure to block the street.

THEN AND NOW.

THEN—(After the first ball.)

IT was perfectly delightful—such a lovely, lovely time as I had! I do think Mrs. Entertainer is the most charming person I ever met. I danced every single dance, and enjoyed myself every instant of the time.

“Such compliments as I got! Do you know *some* of them say that *I* was the *belle*—of course, that is all nonsense (there were such beautiful ladies there, and all of them so nice,) but I did have

a lovely time, and the gentlemen were very attentive to me.

“The music was just elegant, and I never saw anything like the lovely things they had to eat—and the flowers,



BUSINESS TACT.

EMILY—“What's that M in the middle of your name for, Georgie?”

GEORGIE—“Oh, I don't care to say whether it is for Aunt Mary or Aunt Matilda, for both have money and hate each other desperately.”

too, and—oh! just everything was magnificent. I never knew before what it really is to live. O, I think life is something just perfectly sweet! The gentlemen, too, are just adorable. There wasn't one there that I did not think nice.”

Now—(Some years later.)

“Well, if I were Mrs. Entertainer, I should certainly *try* to have things different, and in some kind of good taste!

“It seems to me that she delights in inviting the most horrid guests she can possibly think of. Did you notice that Mrs. Chic? The idea of asking her! She always ogles after the poor men until she carries them off by main force. I think it is perfectly frightful! But you cannot expect anything better of Mrs. Entertainer than just to invite that style of person.

“Weren't the dresses all in awfully bad taste? Miss De Pretty! Did *anyone* say that *she* was a *belle*? Good gracious, what will foolish people say next? Why, she is fading so rapidly—too bad the poor girl cannot find some one who will marry her. Well, she's just as well off! The men are the most horrid creatures, anyway. I wouldn't marry one of them for the world.

“You don't mean to say that you really liked the music? Why, they kept the most abominable time, I thought. And now, between ourselves, did you ever sit at such a supper? Mrs. Entertainer hasn't the most remote idea of how to have things served nicely.

“N—o, I did not dance much. The floors were so crowded that I just would not try to dance—and, anyway, no one that does not act perfectly horrid, can get any attention. You just have to put yourself right in the men's way to be noticed at all—and if I cannot receive attention without making myself so ridiculously conspicuous, I shall not have any, for I simply *will not* be such a goose—and I just hate the horrid men, anyway!

“I am sure I never attended such a shoddy ball. From beginning to end the whole thing was in excruciatingly bad taste.”

ROLY ROWAN.



A STAGE WHISPER.

MENIAL—"Madame, the Marquis is without and desires an audience."

STAR ACTRESS (surveying array of empty benches—aside)—"So do I!"

CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

PONSONBY—"What's matter, deah boy, what's matter? Hope you haven't howid gwip, or anything so Bohemian, don'tyeknow."

CHOLMONDELEY—"Naw. Fact is, deucedly upset, don'tyeknow—all-consuming fire of love and sympathy awowed—two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one, and that sort of thing—fevahwish—cawn't eat, cawn't sleep, cawn't even enjoy cigawettes."

P.—"Cawn't indulge in favowite dissipation? Why, deah me! tewible, tewible! What's matter, deah boy?"

C.—"Affecting tale, Ponsonby;—story in weekly peweeodical. Lucille, hewoine—angel girl, beautiful beyond compare—oh, wapture!—face divine, alabaster epidermis, eyes heavenly blue, wavy golden hair, teeth of pearl, coral lips, snowy bwow, and a figure—Ponsonby, a figure of chiselled mawble, altogether wawishingly beautiful, don'tyeknow. Such was Lucille—sweet angel—decoyed, as she was, from Coney Island in the height of the season, whither she had gone from Towonto, having purchased numerous *chiffon* bathing suits of assorted hues, for she had heard that fawtune favored the bwave, and she was cowageous, and desired to be fortunate and escape the overworked English of Toronto's pwetentious aristocwacy—decoyed, Ponsonby, to the summit of the cloud-enshwowded, snow-capped Alps by a beastly fellow—man who works, don'tyeknow—despewate stwuggle—Lucille scweams—dull, sickening thud—tewible silence

—awful! Oh, Ponsonby, if you only knew the love and sympathy I bear that divine and beauteous cweature; how her every movement, every jot and tittle that affects her fortunes, seem to have cowesponding effect on my own, you would help me. How I long to fly and wescue her! Cannot, oh, cannot you, Ponsonby, conjecture what happened to deah Lucille after being dwopped over the Alps by—by—beastly fellow?"

P.—"Come, come, calm yourself, deah boy—cheer up, Cholmondeley. Wead—wead what follows—er—dull, sickening thud, and that sort of thing; wead, deah boy, wead!"

C.—"Aye, there's the wub. Cawn't, Ponsonby, cawn't; the stowy's to be continued on Monday—next week, Ponsonby, and this is only Tuesday—and sweet Lucille is suspended between heaven and earth until next Monday evening. Oh, Ponsonby, I shall be cwazy—a waving maniac, when I see you again; be careful when next we meet, Ponsonby, for I have no wish to do you harm, besides, you belong to our set, and are permitted to wear the same neckwear and use the same perfume without waising the wath of the culchawed. Surely you don't doubt my fwriendship, deah boy. Oh, Lucille, Lucille! oh, wapture, face divine!"

P.—"Doubt fwriendship, deah boy?—quite contwawy, I assure you. Come, I say, cheer up, old chappie, Lucille shall be saved—hewoins always are, don'tyeknow. Yours is a sympathetic natchaw, Cholmondeley, but I say, you'll have to bwacc up, don'tyeknow."

C.—"Oh, do you think Lucille will be saved, Ponsonby, 'pon honor? But no, I cawn't believe it—Lucille was dwopped over the Alps, deah boy. If it had been the mountain at Hamilton there would be hope; but the Alps, Ponsonby, the Alps! Alas! all hope is pewished with Lucille in that tewible abyss—she will have reached the ground—the wocks, Ponsonby, before next Monday night. Think of that, Ponsonby, think of that! Oh, Lucille!"

P.—"Ah! I have an idea."

C.—"Weally?"

P.—"Yaas. I've wead stowy—book form—somewhere. Chawming girl—fascinating, wewy, especially in *chiffon* bathing dwess. She wead somewhere chawming neck and shoulders ought not to be concealed. She couldn't find any excuse for appeawing in full dwess. Lucille was altogether chawming, and, like some of the culchawed, did not know where to dwaw the line, natchully the *chiffon* bathing dwess is a consequence, don'tyeknow, which will become fashionable, in time, at the seaside."

C.—"And Lucille, Lucille! what of her? Was she saved—oh, tell me!"

P.—"Well, cawn't say, don'tyeknow."

C.—"Oh, Lucille! Lucille!"

P.—"Ah, yes, now I come to think—Lucille scweams—dull, sickening thud—she elevated beastly fellow far above her snowy bwow and golden hair with her finely-chiselled arms, and, assuming a Delsarte posture, gently dwopped beastly fellow into the canon below."

C.—"Oh, let me embwace you, Ponsonby—you have saved my life, and with it my weason."

T. COCKBURN.

UNDENIABLE.

"I FAIL to see that the rule of Mercier in Quebec has been favorable to the interests of the Catholic Church."

"But you can't deny that the Pope has turned him to a-Count."

A VISION OF POVERTY.

THE meeting was a long and wordy one,
 And Soles, the shoemaker, past midnight's hour,
 His arguments drawn out like wax-ends, spun
 Against the millionaire's oppressive power,
 The cocks were crowing ere the man had done,
 His speech might well have made its subject cower
 If he had been compelled to hear it through, —
 The penance sinners such as he should do.

So when at last the weary talk was o'er,
 And every speech and resolution made,
 With thankful heart I elbowed through the door,
 And felt like benison the silent shade
 Of night, regretting all her wasted store
 Of mute hours sacrificed in dull tirade,
 And wished that men would show in such a matter
 More common sense and less of vapid clatter.

From silent streets to silent fields I passed,
 Until the moonlit mist engulfed the town,
 When on a tree-crowned knoll I saw a vast,
 Dark Shape gigantically looking down
 On me, as the Arabian genii cast
 Into the sea by Solomon did frown
 Upon the fisherman who drew him thence,
 And foiled his vengeance by superior sense.

But no malignant being was this shade,
 Although at first fear shook me like a wand,
 His melancholy looks came to my aid,
 And also motions of his outstretched hand,
 Which beckoned to me not to be afraid.
 He seemed an emanation from the land,
 A peaceful spirit from mild gas created,
 With sorrow, not with anger, agitated.

From cowl to sandal like a begging friar
 Appeared this shape, but much the worse for wear
 Was every garment, and though like a spire
 In height, he walked with a meek, crouching air.
 Of all distressful souls he seemed the sire,
 Or weird impersonation of Despair.
 I felt sad pity when I heard him groan, —
 It seemed as if all Nature made a moan.

So wondering what his heavy grief might be,
 I sat me down upon a bank of sand,
 And watched him leaning on a tall pine tree
 Whose withered top he grasped with shadowy hand.
 Then he began in low tones wearily,
 Yet not so low but I could understand.

"Mortal, thy sad and sympathetic face
 Invites me to relate my piteous case.

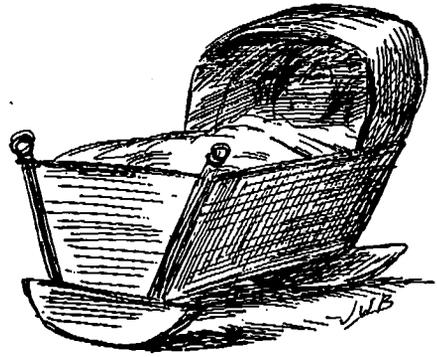
"Know, then, that I am one of ancient date,
 And long have made this rolling globe my home,
 And many an epoch story could relate
 Since first Earth cooled and left me free to roam.
 But now I have no time to dissipate,
 Telling what many a scientific tome
 Is bulged with, only you must understand
 I have a squatter's claim upon the land.

"Yes, I have squatted here for many a day,
 Far longer than your almanacs can tell,
 Nor do I yet desire to go away,
 Though agitators loudly may rebel.
 Why should I to some other planet stray,
 When I have found this one to suit so well?
 Although my feeling have been wounded sore,
 My hold on Earth is strong as heretofore.

"But tender hearts like mine it lacerates
 To hear from all the gibe, the sneer, the curse,
 To be the object of a thousand hates,
 Which daily my mild character asperse.
 I, whom sweet Charity ingratiate
 With pious off'rings, now am held as worse
 Than that fell dragon that was slain by bold
 St. George, as told in English legends old.

"Thus having by their noisy clamour raised
 Mankind against me in a grand crusade,
 I, whom of old philosophers have praised,
 At every turn must face a hostile blade.
 Some Knight of Labor with ambition crazéd
 To be a new St. George, and could a shade
 Be slain by mortal, I had long ago
 Succumbed to some wild monomaniac's blow.

"There's Henry George, the foremost candidate
 For sainthood, launches at my head a book,



A CASE OF KID-NAPPING.

And, having got the name, at any rate,
 Will have the prefix somehow, hook or crook.
 And that arch-heretic, McGlynn, of late
 Has stripped him of official robes to look
 More like the workman's champion in the fight,
 Thus laboring at my sides with all his might.

"And Most, the most bloodthirsty of them all,
 With wild anarchist rabble loudly comes
 Against me, from the platform of a pall
 He times his talk with human pendulums.
 He hopes to see me like Goliath fall
 By some brave David's giant powder bombs,
 Whose potent gases being once set free,
 Would make a sure precipitate of me.

"But if at last I am compelled to fly,
 My patron Wealth will raise a hullaballoo.
 He loves this nether world as much as I,
 And more than I he fears the other, too.
 So as his ghostly father, lest he die,
 I shrive him from his sins, which are not few.
 How could he save his sordid soul so cheap,
 Were I not here to bid his conscience sleep?

"Yet spiritual consolations less
 Than manual service would my patron miss,
 To toil and fawn in 'whispering humbleness.'
 There is no other one like me on this
 Round globe, nor Wealth alone, but all I bless,
 And every virtue, every vice that is,
 And every industry beneath the sun
 Owes me for yeoman service bravely done.

"I am the Atlas who supports the earth,
 And long have bowed my back beneath the load,
 Yet now men hoot me from my place of birth,
 And strip my wearied shoulders for the goad.
 But if at last their hate shall drive me forth,
 They soon shall overtake me on the road,
 And beg me to resume my ancient place,
 To bolster up again their fading race."

Thus far I heard sad Poverty complain,
 Till he began to shed a tear or two.
 The cloud that formed him seemed about to rain,
 Then said I to myself, "This will not do,
 I'll cheer him from this melancholy strain,
 Or verily I shall be wetted through."

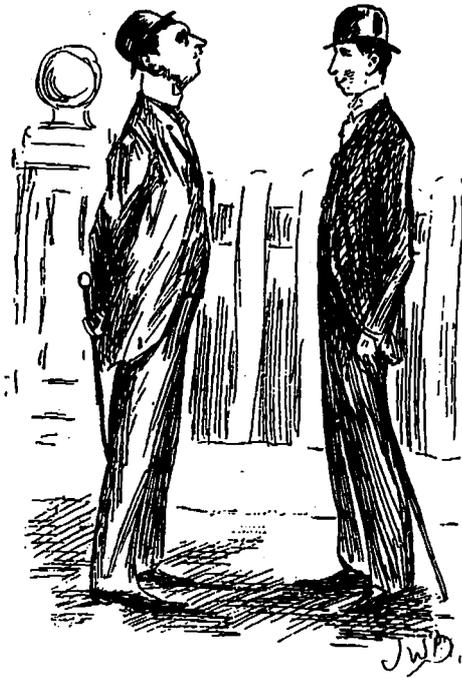
"My sorrowing friend," I said to him at length,
 "Most needlessly you overtax your strength."

"Methinks that of your burden you could spare
 From both waste poles of deadbeats, rich and poor,
 Enough to lessen so your sphere of care,
 You could with ease its girth and weight endure,
 Then might you walk erect with noble air,
 And due respect from every one secure,
 Experiencing indeed a transformation,
 No longer Poverty, but Aspiration."

While thus I spoke, and strove to kindle hope
 Within the bosom of this dolorous shade,
 He seemed to lengthen like a telescope.

His chop-fallen visage half a smile essayed,
 His cowl shone like the tiara of a pope.
 Much marvelling at the sudden change displayed,
 I ceased haranguing, and the rising sun
 Awoke me, shining through a veil of dun.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



A FALSE REPORT.

JIMSON—"I heard you had raised a moustache."
 BILLKINS—"So I have; don't you see it?"
 JIMSON—"But you haven't raised it; it's down yet!"

PHILOLOGICAL.

The Fans are the only people in equatorial Africa who have a currency, and they are strong mono-metallists. The money is of iron, wrought into pieces resembling rusty hairpins with flat heads. They are put up in bundles of ten, and one hundred bundles is the marked price of a wife.—*Ex.*

THIS, no doubt, explains the origin of the expression, "That's the kind of a hairpin I am," which has long puzzled the philologists. The woman who fetched 200 or 500 bundles of hairpins would naturally feel disposed to boast of her superior charms, and depreciate those of her cheaper sisters, and her exultation over the number of those toilet articles required for her purchase doubtless inspired the popular proverb.

HE APPROVED THE SCHEME.

CHURCHMAN—"Don't you think this Church Burial Reform Association rather a good idea?"

SECULARIST—"Why, yes. That's what I've been telling you all along. The burial of the churches would be the greatest reform we could have."

SHE HAD EVERY FACILITY.

PIDDICOMBE—"I see by *Saturday Night* that Miss Beezleton has managed to ring in with the most exclusive people."

BEESWAX—"What's to hinder? She's quite a belle, you know."

"I CAN'T sell this poem," groaned Fletcher.

"That's surprising," was Skelly's reply; "have you been to all the dime museums?"

THE DUAL LANGUAGE QUESTION.

DE Parliament, dass what she's say,
 For not talk it French no more;
 He mak' some school for Frenchman too,
 De sam' she's do it before.

Wha'ss dat 'ee's call'em,—Jew language,
 Dey's talk en Quebec Provence?
 Dat man he's know noting,—tout blague!
 Juss' mak fool speech, je pense.

Me, I know everybody
 Dans Quebec an' St. Boniface,
 Hal' ee's not talk no Jew language dere,
 But grand ole French, de bess'.

De way dey's talk en de Belle France
 You say dass not de sam'?
 Bien, not may dass good language too,
 From de ole Frank she's came.

Mais de French Canadian patois
 Dass de hol'ess speech of all,
 Before de Hingliss hiland's grow
 Dat speech he's come from Gaul.

It was mak' perfec' at de start,
 Never change—not one bit;
 You go Quebec, or St. Boniface,
 You find plenty Gaul dere yet.

Hingliss? ha! dass all robber talk,
 You hear some French sound rich,—
 Steal 'em, an' mix some Latin—Greek—
 An' brag dat for Hingliss.

Eef you want to see de pure language
 Get dat Jesuit Bill, you know.
 Dass not mix up lak Hingliss talk,
 Dass de pure Gaul clear t'rough.

Eh bien! you don't let talk de French
 He teach 'em en de school,
 Why for you keep dat words you steal?
 You laff—mais; I'm no fool.

For d' Hingliss liberty, hoorah!
 Everybody de sam' chance.
 French? ha! should have some privilege
 So far from home,—Belle France!

No? Attendez, messieurs! la petite French girl
 He's marry fourteen year ole,
 At thirty year he's gran'mother,—
 Big family en de school.

Thirty year? ha! plenty Hingliss girl
 Not yet hee's marry.
 Dass de way putty soon dees country have
 Grand French majority.

An' den de Parliament she's say
 For not talk it Hingliss no more;
 He mak' some school for Hinglissman,
 She's got he's chance before.

Habitant, for sure das loyal man,
 De sam' she always been.
 For Canada she's say, hoorah!
 Tree cheer for me,—an' de Queen.

WINNIPEG.

J. ST. L. MCGINN.

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

FALSE ECONOMY

Is practised by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

WE understand that R. H. Lear & Co., of the well known gas and electric fixture emporium, are holding a special discount sale to clear a purchase of over \$9,000 bought at a low figure. Get their quotations. They are still at the old stand, 19 and 21 Richmond St. West.

LIVE men wanted on salary who won't lose their heads while making big money. For full particulars address Brown Brothers Company, Toronto.

REGULAR action of the Bowels is the foundation of health. Secure this and remove Constipation, etc., by Burdock Blood Bitters.

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THAT all the institutions for children who have used it speak in the highest terms of its beneficial effects upon the infants in their charge. 25 cents per package, sold everywhere. —W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

It is now pretty well understood to be a dangerous practice to attempt to palm off worthless imitations of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco for the genuine article. In former years that practice was the cause of much annoyance, and Messrs. Tuckett & Son were compelled to resort to the law courts to put a stop to it. Though they have not met with any cases of the kind lately, it is always a safe precaution for the purchaser to see that the trade mark T. & B. in bronze letters is stamped upon each plug; no plug ever leaves the factory without it, and to appropriate the trade mark is a punishable offence.

THE dismal dirges of distressed Dyspeptics disappear under the curative influence of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best cure for all Stomach troubles.

AN UNLUCKY EXPERIMENT.

SMITH—"Did you reply to one of those personal advertisements?"

BROWN—"Yes, I once answered one from a 'lady who pined for congenial companionship.'"

SMITH—"With what result?"

BROWN—"She turned out to be Mrs. Brown."—*Brooklyn Life.*

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



Every Housekeeper

Should have a supply of

JOHNSTON'S Fluid Beef

As a stand-by for making Soups and Gravies.

The improvement made by its use must be experienced to be fully appreciated.

WHAT a commodity! is the exclamation of everybody who uses our kindling wood. Sent to any address, six crates for a dollar. Pay on delivery. Send post card. Harvie & Co., 20 Sheppard street, or telephone 1570.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Consumption—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

"I RECOMMEND B.B.B. for all Stomach troubles," says Mrs. Lewis, of Winnipeg, Man. It cured me of Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Weakness.

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.

MISS F. WILLIAMS, 445 Bloor Street, Toronto, writes, "Have used your B.B.B. with great success for Constipation and pain in the head. I improved from the second dose."

WILL EXPIRE MAY 1ST.

IN order to prove the superiority of their skill the staff of eminent physicians and surgeons, now permanently located at No. 271 Jarvis street, will, until May 1st, treat all curable complaints for \$5.00 per month and furnishes medicines free of cost. A more liberal offer it would be difficult to make. No extra charge for anything. \$5.00 per month and medicines free. This offer will positively not be extended beyond May 1st.

These eminent doctors treat every variety of disease and deformity, and perform all surgical operations.

Catarh in all its various forms cured by their new method, which consists in breaking up the cold-catching tendency, to which every person suffering from catarh is susceptible.

Invalids will please not take offence if they are rejected as incurable. The physicians will examine you thoroughly free of charge, and if incurable they will positively tell you so. Also caution you against spending more money for useless medicine.

Invalids who cannot visit these eminent doctors in person can write, and be treated by mail, but at least one personal interview is preferable.

All correspondents should be addressed to Mr. John Murray, Manager, 271 Jarvis street.

Office hours—From 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 7 to 8 p.m. Sundays, 2 to 4 p.m.

1,900,000 BOTTLES SOLD IN CANADA

IN TEN YEARS.

A CURE IN

Every Bottle

A { Sure Permanent Prompt } CURE

SUFFER NO LONGER

Rheumatism

Neuralgia

OR ANY OTHER PAIN

DIAMOND VERA-CURA FOR DYSPEPSIA



AND ALL

Stomach Troubles, INDIGESTION,

Nausea, Sour Stomach, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.

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II.

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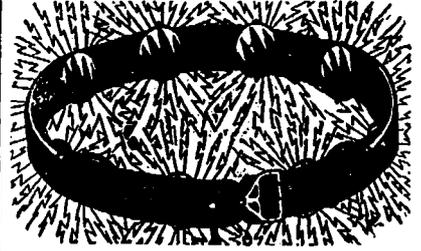
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| Sciatica | Female Complaints |
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| Dyspepsia | Lame Back |
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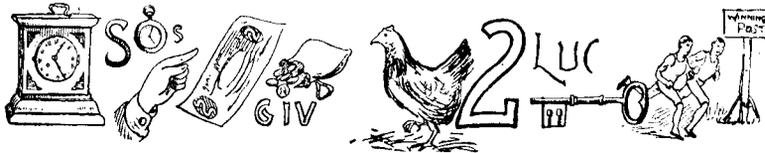
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GRIP

SPECIAL NOTICE

As it is the wish of several of the competitors to have the correct solution of the rebus of our first competition published as soon as possible, we have decided to make **Saturday, April 9th**, the last day for receiving answers to both competitions, and on **Monday, the 11th**, the correct solutions to both puzzles will be published, also the prize winners names, so that intending competitors should send in their answers at once, and win some of the handsome prizes we are offering.

WHO GUESSES IT?



The proprietors of the Glacier Window Decoration (substitute for stained glass) have received so many orders for the Glacier through their last competition, and at the urgent request of a great number of their patrons, have decided to offer another competition to further introduce the Glacier in the Dominion. We will give \$500 in prizes in this competition to those who send in correct answers to the above rebus, according to the following rules:

For the first correct answer received and opened at our office we will give a purse containing \$50, and a prize valued at \$15 to the next 10 correct answers; to the 20th, 30th, 40th, 50th, 60th, 70th and 80th correct answers a Lady's Solid Gold Watch. The 100th correct answer, an Oak Bedroom Set. To the last correct answer a Solid Silver Tea Service. To the middle correct answer a Gentleman's Solid Gold Watch, and to 25 correct answers preceding the middle answer prizes in value \$5 each.

We will give a Special Daily Prize of a Solid Gold Watch for the first correct answer received and opened at our office each day, and will present the watch on the same day.

RULES.—Every answer must be accompanied by \$1, for which we will send you a handsome design of the "Glacier" and a bottle of Glacier Cement to affix it with; the design alone is worth the money, and may be used as a panel for a window, screen, etc.

Answers to this competition must be marked Competition No. 2. Competition closes April 9th. Prize winners' names published on April 11th and prizes presented on that date.

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