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THE PROVERB



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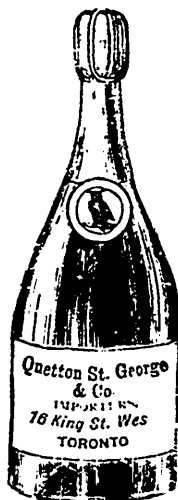
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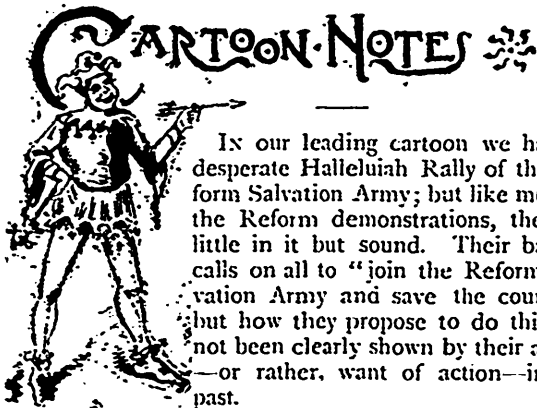
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In our leading cartoon we have a desperate Halleluiah Rally of the Reform Salvation Army; but like most of the Reform demonstrations, there is little in it but sound. Their banner calls on all to "join the Reform Salvation Army and save the country," but how they propose to do this has not been clearly shown by their action—or rather, want of action—in the past.

ROLL THE CHARIOT ALONG.

John A. is in the way, so we'll roll it over him,
 And McCarthy's in the road, so we'll bust him with our Tim,
 And McLelan (late marine), he must either sink or swim,
 As the *Globe* grinds day by day.

Chorus—"Oh, we'll roll, we'll roll the chariot along," &c.

No. 6.

Hip, hurrah! for genial Edward,
 He a fit of blues can fix,
 When he slaps us on the shoulder—
 Yanks us down to No. 6.

Ain't his intellect a great one?
 Ain't his soul serene and high?
 Ain't his speeches learned and lengthy,
 Lasting till the by and by?

Vet despite of all his greatness,
 With us he will freely mix,
 When he takes his evening "pison"
 With "the boys" at No. 6.

Blake says, "What d'ye take, old fellow?
 Whiskey, beer, cigar or wine?
 Waiter, ask them what they're having,
 Lemon pop, you know, is mine."

So he sits and swigs his lemon
 Till we all get full as ticks,
 Bet your life, great times he's having
 With the boys at No. 6.

J. A. F.

THE BOLD YACHTSMAN.

Away! away! o'er the stormy lay
 We fly like corsairs bold;
 We dash through the waves, while the feathery spray
 Makes our crew somewhat chilly and cold.

When Haulan's Point we make at night,
 We heave our good ship to,
 And with our schooners of lager bright
 We cheer our gallant crew.

And in the morn we hoist in a horn,
 And our cares and our anchors are sank;
 We'll give three cheers, take in some more beers,
 And go back to work in the bank. Brz.

THE YEOMAN.

Getting out saw-logs for the mill,
 Whacking the trees in the early morn,
 Slinging his ponderous scythe until
 He's summoned home by the big tin horn.
 Happy the life of the yeoman free,
 Peaceful his lot, and free from guile;
 Yet I don't think 'twould do for me—
 A farmer's life! Well, I should smile. Brz.

TO "THE G. O. M."

The Rose of the country in which you were born,
 I would gently remind you possesses a thorn;
 While up in the north there's a Thistle that grows
 Quite as able to pierce as its sister, the Rose.
 So when garlands of Shamrock encircle your head,
 May Roses and Thistles spring up in your bed!
 AN INDIGNANT LOYALIST.

SHORT COMMONS.

AFTER ROUTINE, CABS AND SPURS.

Mr. McCallum arose and went for the Minister of War like a Trojan, or Briton, or somebody. He up-braided Mr. Caron with having recklessly squandered \$1,500 in hack hire for himself and his department. But what the hon. member kicked against the most was the hon. gentleman's spurs. Why should a wearer of spurs require a cab? Where's his horse? Then followed more aspersions.

Hon. A. Caron, in reply, stated that the item of \$1,500 was not on account of cab hire alone, but for the travelling and bobbin' around of his staff while on duty. As for his spurs, by the Queen's Regulations he was obliged to wear them, and he assured the hon. member that they were no inconvenience to him even in a cab. He then reminded his hon. friend that on a certain occasion he (his H. F.) required no spurring to make him skip out of the Chamber.

ANOTHER GROWL.

Mr. McLelan held forth on the trifling sums, say \$2,000,000 or so, that the C. P. R. received from the Government, and spoke of paying it back in land and such; whereupon Hon. E. Blake jumped into the ring and smote him and his road, and his subsidies, and his ox, and so forth. The gist of the hon. gent's remarks was that the C. P. R. is "no good" anyway.

VERY TRAGIC.

"How are you coming on with your tragedy?"
 "Better than I expected. I've killed off all the principal characters except two, and they are not on speaking terms."

POINTERS.

THE SCOTT ACTERS are in a state of jubilation over the fact they commenced to ride their hobby-horse in a large number of stamping grounds on the 1st of May. It will be well for them to do all their hurrahing now, for, unless I am much mistaken, cold water fanaticism has reached its apotheosis in this country, and the beginning of the end is near. The disastrous effects of this Act, which, was conceived in fanaticism, gestated in ignorance, and brought forth with the assistance of several thousand prohibitionist voters, are already apparent. By the time a couple of cities and a dozen or so of towns are commercial wrecks, and some twenty counties have become depopulated, a halt will be called. In the light of our experience, can any one doubt that the Act will nowhere outlive its first lease of life?

THE old story of the boy who called "Wolf," when there was no wolf, is well exemplified by the *Globe*. For years that paper has howled "Wolf." First, to come down to easy recollection, the N. P. was to plunge the country in ruin, because there would be no revenue. Then we would be ruined because there was too much revenue. Next we were to be ruined by rings. Then we were being ruined by over production, and the manufacturers were cutting each other's throats. Then the C. P. R. was to be blue ruin, the loans to the Company were black ruin, and now the repayment of the loan is red ruin. None of these things have come to pass; and now, in the face of Mr. Edgar representing the G. T. R. in Parliament, in the face of the Grit railway pushers, in the face of the Grit syndicate which the *Globe* endorsed, and in the face of the Grit record re the Independence of Parliament Act, they are trying to raise a tempest in a tea-pot over Beatty's railway bill. They have cried "Wolf" so often that even their own friends pay no attention to their howling.

By the way, I see that the same paper hasn't had a stomachful of rebellion even yet. It advises the exhibitors at the Colonial Exhibition to rebel, as the only method of redressing the grievances which the *Globe* has provided for them. Now, they really shouldn't do this, for the idea of an army of insurrectionary exhibitors marching on Ottawa, armed with packing cases loaded to the muzzles with goods, together with hammers, screw-drivers and gimlets, led by Timothy Anglin in trousers and the Deacon in kilts, is something too truly horrid to contemplate.

SENATOR ALEXANDER, of Woodstock, having failed to make himself famous, seems to be anxious for notoriety as a nuisance. To be a nuisance is the height of his ambition. He has accomplished it; and I write deliberately that the hoary-headed Senator is a nuisance—and so is a certain little animal indigenous to this country.

THERE is some talk of indicting Contractor Godson and the inspector who did not inspect the Garrison Creek sewer. Wouldn't it be just as well to cease throwing good money after bad, insist on the sewer being put into the condition called for by the contract, bounce the City Commissioner, dock the pay of the City Engineer, and make it unwholesome generally for city servants to neglect the city's business?

THAT was a neat rejoinder of Beatty's the other day when he was badgered by some of the "unco guid" of Mr. Blake's following as to what price he had been offered for his railway charter. He said, "More than enough to buy some of the gentlemen opposite."

THE workmen employed on the Garfield monument struck work on Tuesday. But what's the good of Garfield, any way? He has no political influence now. He's dead.

THE GALLEY BOY.

SCENE ON COLBORNE STREET.

'CUTE.—Young clerk, to his employer: "Sir, there's a lady wishes to speak to you." Employer: "Good-looking?" Clerk: "Yes, sir." Employer, on returning to the office: "A nice judge of beauty you are, I must say!" Clerk: "You see, sir, I didn't know but what the lady might be your wife." Employer: "So she is."

HOW A WOMAN PAYS HER CAR FARE.

Said the conductor, "When a lady takes her seat in the car she rests her satchel on her knees, opens it and takes from it a handkerchief and closes the satchel. Suddenly she reopens it, takes from it her purse, again closes the satchel, opens the purse, takes from it a dime, then closes it and returns it to the satchel, which she again closes. As soon as she receives a nickel in change she reopens the satchel, takes out the purse, closes the satchel, opens the purse, drops in the coin, and after snapping her purse once more, opens the satchel and drops the purse into it, after which she sits back with a self-satisfied air, and rides to her destination."

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, ETC.

Mrs. Knicklehausen.—Fraulein, you remember dot poy, Yacub, of mine, vot used to pe so pat und chad mit dose dree card monte, und blay dot boker kame—und all dose tings?

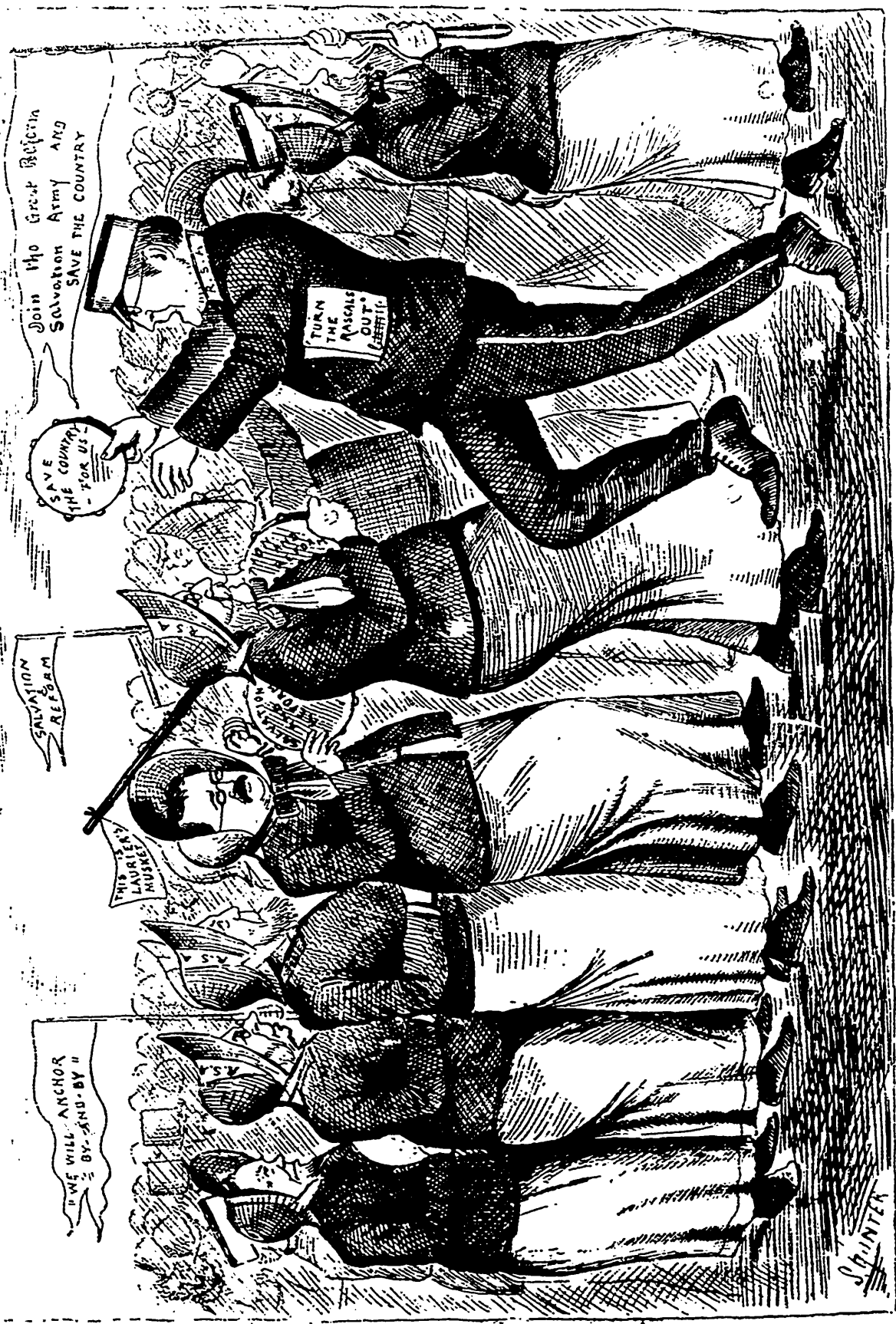
Mrs. Vanderberg.—Yes, Katrine.

Mrs. K.—Vell, he vent out vest lately, und has reformund und settled down in the fish bizness.

Mrs. V.—Indeed.

Mrs. K.—Yaw. His fader got a letter vrom him last veek saying he vas "gatching lots oof suckers." Ve vas glad he vas gif oop his olt vicket habits.—*Chicago Rambler*.

WHAT is more delicious than a light delicate apple pudding, with a slight infusion of bay-leaf? What hideous dreams and demoniacal desires have been experienced after partaking of an eighteen-pound shot of dough, dangerously seducing in the way of pleasant odours, heat, and savoury sauces? There is a true story told by one who has travelled in the Orient of an amiable dragoman who, anxious to please, manufactured an extraordinary porridge of flour containing various fruits, floating or congealed, requiring the digestion of an ostrich, as it was served, saying with an innocent smile; "What you say, my gentlemen? Here is de booding, eh? Ver good, eh? What you want, my gentlemen?"



MARSHAL B.'S GRAND RALLY.



THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The following soloists have been engaged to appear at the Musical Festival to be held at the Mutual Street Rink here, on the 15th, 16th and 17th of June: Fraulein Lilli Lehmann, the eminent German prima donna, from the Imperial Opera House, Berlin, Court singer to the Emperor of Germany, and late of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, of Philadelphia, one of the first oratorio singers of the day. Miss Agnes Huntington, of New York, the distinguished contralto, who met with such great success in concert singing in Dresden, Leipsic, and while in England, besides appearing at Stafford House (the Duke of Sutherland's), the Dudley House (Earl of Dudley's), and Grosvenor House (Duke of Westminster's), filled engagements with some of the best London societies; Miss Huntington also appeared at one of the concerts of the Gewandhaus at Leipsic, being only the second American artist ever accepted. Mrs. Gertrude Luther, of Buffalo, soprano, already introduced to Toronto through the medium of the Philharmonic Society, in the "Rose of Sharon" concert. Mr. Albert L. King, of New York, tenor, selected from a list of the best tenors in America; Mr. King is flatteringly endorsed by the press and critics wherever he has appeared. Mr. D. M. Babcock, of Boston, the only recognized peer of the great basso, Myron W. Whitney, known in Toronto and Hamilton, where his admirable art was instantly recognized. Mr. Max Heinrich, of New York, unquestionably the first baritone now before the public. Besides the above artists, Madame Chatterton Bohrer, of Chicago, harp soloist, will probably be added; and if an organ can be put up in the rink, Mr. Frederic Archer, of New York, will also appear.

GOUNOD'S "MORS ET VITA."—The Pavilion was crowded Tuesday evening last, when the Philharmonic Society produced, for the first time in Toronto, Gounod's latest oratorio, "Mors et Vita." The interpretation given by the society was highly artistic and effective. The grand chorus consisted of 250 voices, and the orchestra of 50 pieces, under the leadership of the society's able conductor, Mr. F. H. Torrington. The concert was in the highest degree creditable to both conductor and society.

"FEDORA."—Sardou's famous play, "Fedora," at the Grand, will extend over the whole of next week, owing to the unusually great demand for seats.

THE CONCERT ARTISTIQUE.—The plan for the Lehmann-Musin-Rummel concert opened Thursday morning at Nordheimer's.

SARAH BERNHARDT is said to have been surprised at prayer by her doctor. We should have thought the doctor would have been the one to be surprised.

JUDIC is going to sing in English next season. She thinks she can master the tongue in six months' time. Naughtiness expressed in six months' English will be astonishingly popular about the holidays.

LYDIA THOMPSON was born in February, 1836, and, with the trifling addition of a smile or two, has stuck to the same style of clothes ever since.

ADVICE TO O. B. S.—It might not be a bad notion for managers of theatres to present each lady as she enters with a sweet little skull cap, trimmed with 'y silk ribbons. The hint might take.

ADELINA PATTI knows forty-seven operas by heart.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S favorite American author is Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

FRAULEIN LILLI LEHMANN will be one of the attractions at the May Festival at Cleveland.

GLADSTONE AT A WHIST TABLE.

The following lines, taken from the London *Morning Post*, may amuse some of our Conservative friends:

Gladstone top.—Oft have I shuffled, oft have played the knave,
In vain attempts a losing game to save.
I've played "the deuce" with foreign politics,
And lost in "honours" what I've gained by "tricks."
"Sixes" and "sevens" in Egypt have I played,
Then in despair, I tried the rustic "spade."
I've backed my partner, "Joseph's," Aston* roughs.
"Finessed," do what I will, I meet rebuffs.
I've turned my chair and called for a new pack,
Hoping to bring my lost good fortune back.
In losing "hearts" all round I've lost the "club."
I've tried "misdealings," still I lose my rubs.
I'm quite prepared my "queen" to sacrifice,
Yet that perhaps might be too high a price.
One card I've left the Tories to befool,
To gain a point I'll play at length Home Rule!
—"Stop!" cries John Bull, with honest anger choking.
"Turn out the rascal!—William, you're revoking!"
In Birmingham.

JAFFA AND JERUSALEM R. R. TROUBLES.

Ben-Ali-Sneezer, late one afternoon,
Met Sheik Bak Gammon on old Horeb's Mount,
And thus he in the language of the East
His multifarious hardships did recount:
"Oh, Sheik, I how me in the dust and mourn,
For lo! whilst browsing on the fertile plain,
Two of my choicest heifers—fair and fat—
Were caught in limbo and were duly slain
By that infernal pest of recent birth—
The half-past eight accommodation train!"

Then quoth the Sheik: "One of my whitest lambs,
Which I did purpose soon to drive to town,
While frisking o'er the distant flowery lea
Was by that self-same fatal train run down.
Now, O Ben-Ali! by the prophet's beard,
What are we ruined shepherd folk to do?
Suppose we take our troubles into court—
You swear for me, and I will swear for you;
And so, by mutual oaths, it's possible
We may most hap'ly pull each other through."

Ben-Ali-Sneezer some months after me:
The Sheik Bak-Gammon, and, inclined to sport,
The two sat down upon a cedar stump
To talk of their experiences in court.
Ben-Ali quoth: "Them cows was thin as rails—
Now that they're gone, it's mighty glad I am!"
Bak-Gammon said: "Now that the judgment's paid,
I don't mind telling you that slaughtered lamb,
So far from being what you swore in court,
Was, by the great horn spoon, not worth a —!"



No. 6.

SPRING.

The Lambkin now is bleating
Upon the morning line ;
The Ethiop is beating
Your carpet on the line ;
The whitewasher gleans shakels
In cottage and in flat,
And with it, somehow, speckles
Your overcoat and hat ;
And then comes in the fellow
Who on the horn doth blow,
And sells, with smiles most mellow,
The shad without a roe.

SHE HAD A REAL GOOD TIME.

"Did you go to the Tibbons party the other night, Mrs. Prinkley?" inquired one woman of another in the jam at a millinery store

"Yes, indeed," she replied, with eyes fairly snapping with delight.

"Have a good time?"

"Yes, I had a splendid time. The 'Twomlay girls were there, you know, and they didn't have on a thing fit to be seen, while everybody said my new dress was just too lovely for anything. Isn't this delicious weather?"

—*Chicago Ledger.*

OPERA GLASSES are coming into use in city churches. This is a sensible move. There is no reason why a woman with weak eyes shouldn't have as much right to keep posted on the delicate shades in bonnet trimmings as anybody.

Sir Pompey Bedell (poking the fire in his new smoking room).—This wretched chimney has got into a most objectionable way of smoking. I can't cure it.

Bedell, Junior.—Just give it a couple of your cigars, Governor; it'll never smoke again.—*London Punch.*

MICACEOUS SCHIST.

I HAPPENED to be at the station when Hon. O. Mowat arrived in town from his trip to the Pacific Slope. After congratulating him on his healthy and stalwart appearance, I asked him: "Oliver, how did you like the Slope, anyway?" "I liked it so well," said the hon. gent, "that I sloped myself as soon as possible." "Sir," said I, "after all, there is no country like Ontayreco. By the way, are you pressingly in need of a clerk in any of the departments? I don't care much for salary, and less for work." "What are your politics?" "Hain't got any at present anything you like." "Just so," said the little Premier, "your case will have my deepest consideration."

WHEN walking up the noble ward yesterday, I happened to meet Mr. O'Brien and Mr. O'Keefe. They were discussing the relative merits of Blue Ribbon beer and Tangle Leg whiskey. Being a total abstainer, the subject did not interest me. "O'B.," said I, "how about Proudfoot's decision? Why, you know, my boy, you should never express contempt for anything, even Tangle Leg whiskey." He gave me a look that would freeze all the election whiskey in Muskoka, and took a lateral traverse for the Avenue.

HAPPENING to meet Mr. Ald. Harry Piper the other day, he kindly gave me an invitation to visit the Zoo. Being a somewhat celebrated natural historian, I take great interest in the manners and customs of all wild beasts, both quadruped and biped. The red squirrels, with their playful gambols and bushy tails, delighted me. The porcupine, though, is like Clara Vere de Vere, not the one to be admired. I in a playful mood proceeded to smooth down his fur, when I suddenly felt a sensation as if I had tumbled into a bower of Scotch thistles, whereupon Mr. Piper laughed, and said "Look out, cul; keep your hands off the animals." This I thought unkind of Mr. Piper.

MICA.

TO THE HONOURABLE PETER.

Since I have started writing verse,
Oh, nothing could be neeter,
Than that I write a verse to thee,
Thou Honourable Peter.

Thy voice is melody itself,
And nothing could be sweeter,
Not even note of nightingale,
Than note of thine, oh, Peter.

(Thy promissory note, perhaps,
If backed in proper manner,
In any bank in Montreal
Would carry off the banner).

Thy trouble though, perhaps, is this:
Thou sittest on a teeter;
Sometimes thou'rt up and sometimes down,
My Honourable Peter.

Thou art not steadfast, art not true,
About the bush a beater,
And that's what spoils thy paper too,
My Honourable Peter.

Thou art a party of thyself,
Which could be managed neater,
If thou'dst remain three days the same,
Oh, Honourable Peter.

J. A. F.

ANOTHER BRUTE.

The testimony in the impending divorce case of Skinderly vs. Skinderly will form another heart-sickening revelation of the disgustingly brutal treatment practised upon a long-suffering wife by the husband of the period.

Mrs. S. deposes that during the first few months of her married life her husband was kind and affectionate, and never once threw up to her any disparaging reference to his mother's style of cooking; but about three weeks ago he went on a fishing trip, and as an extra delicacy she made some sponge cake for him to carry for his lunch. When he returned she said:

"And how did the cake do, 'Gustus?'"

"First rate; I lost both sinkers the very first bite. That cake came in very handy," and then he chuckled in a repulsive manner.

About a week after this she invited her own family to tea. Her husband cast a look round the table, excused himself, and left the house for a few minutes. He returned carrying a vial and a small sponge.

"My dear," he said solemnly, as he uncorked the bottle, "I see you have made some more of that sponge-cake. When you see that I am breathing heavy and regularly, remove this sponge and ram my share of the cake down my throat with the handle of a fork—I am going to take chloroform!"

"I HEAR you are highly satisfied with your new minister, Brown?"

"Satisfied is a tame word to express our opinion of him. We are delighted with him."

"He is very eloquent, I understand."

"Eloquent! Why, sir, when he is preaching, he affects the congregation so powerfully that there is hardly any interest taken in the flirtations of the choir."

—*Boston Courier*.

"THERE were two men got into a fight in front of the store to-day," said a north-end man at the supper-table, "and I tell you it looked pretty hard for one of them. The biggest one grabbed a cart stake and drew it back. I thought sure it was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as the head paused in his narrative the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidences of a growing humorist, but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth tart, he gasped and resumed his supper.

A NEW YORKER, looking for rooms for winter quarters, struck a good-looking landlady on Shawmut Avenue, and, after terms were arranged for "board and lodging," remarked that he wanted something hot for supper, and was met with the reply they always had it. On taking his seat last evening, with a slim-looking spread before him, he remarked to the girl that he expected something hot, when Bridget said, "Pot's the matter wid the tay?"

—*Boston Globe*.

A FASHION writer speaks of something entirely new in fall dress costumes for ladies. The writer probably refers to modesty.



Mrs. Duffy.—“Indade, mum, it’s in sore distress we are entirely. I’m jest on my feet wid a pain in my back, an’ Jimmy he’s as bad off; he has a cold on him that sounds like an empty barrel. Cough for the lady, Jimmy.”

THE STAYMAKER'S STRAIN.

I will not waist my time in sighs
If from my side he longer stays,
On him my anger I'll unlace,
And bust him with a withering gaze.

Of corset's wrong to utter this;
I'll fit me to some other strain,
Ah, let me pull a stronger cord,
Come back, come back, to bonny Jean!

And she will clasp thee to her heart,
And squeeze thee to her aching chest,
Until her form more wasp-like grows,
And broken eyelets give her rest.

“LA!” said a gushing sweet girl graduate visiting in the Vale of Pochunk, as she gazed on a stretch of orchard trees in bloom: “La! how pinkly sweet and deliciously, delicately fragrant those apple-blows are! They enchant one awfully!”

“Ya-a-s,” said the honest farmer, who held the deeds to the blooming acreage: “Them blossoms is smellin’ good; but, great sprouts! ye orter git a sniff on ’em in the fall, arter they’ve been ’stilled inter juice! Yum, yum! Ten minutes with a gallon on ’em ther is wuth a hull month with an orchard on ’em now.”

CRUELTY to any living creature shows a bad heart. The boy who delights in torturing a wasp with a pin will surely come to some bad end if the wasp has a fair show in its business movements.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

“WHAT is more disagreeable than an effeminate man?” There are lots of things. The man who insists upon talking about himself when you want to be talking about yourself, for instance.

IN some of the saloons of New York the thirsty customer is presented with a quinine pill as a chromo with his dram. It has long been the custom to set out a free lunch, and give the imbiber of liquids something to wash down, but the furnishing of an antidote with the poison is something new. The barkeepers say they do it to compete with the drug stores, that taking quinine pills with a glass of brandy has become so fashionable that if they did not furnish the pill with the liquor the customer would go to a drug store and take his liquor and pill there. It looks as though the time was coming when a man can get everything he wants in a saloon. Now he can go in and pay for drink, and be furnished food and medicine free. Perhaps soon the dealer will hand out a suit of clothes with every coc’ ail, a pair of boots with a schooner of beer, a horse and buggy with a gin fizz, or a house and lot with a bottle of champagne.

A SUFFICIENT DEFENCE.

It was a case of breach of promise. The defendant was allowed to say a word in his own behalf. "Yes," he said, "I kissed her almost continually every evening I called at her house."

Lawyer for Plaintiff. Then you confess it?

Defendant.—Yes, I do confess it; but I had to do it.

Lawyer.—You had to do it? What do you mean?

Defendant. That was the only way I could keep her from singing.

The jury gave a verdict for the defendant without leaving their seats.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

THE DOMESTIC COMPROMISE.

"Bromley, I'm having a wretched time with my wife. We wrangle fearfully, and she's so wordy that she overwhelms me every time."

"Well, Darringer, these little pleasantries are not to be avoided, it seems. My wife and I have reduced them to a science. She demands but two words, and I good-naturedly let her have them. It's a small concession, you see."

"I should think it was. I envy you, Bromley, 'pon my soul I do. Oh, by the way, what are the two words?"

"The first and the last."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

AN EXPERIENCED HAND.

Macbeth Simmons, an Onion Creek farmer, has started a hog ranch. He hired Si Jackson, a coloured man, to assist him.

"I hope we will get along well together, Si."

"I knows we will get along all right, boss. I've had a heap ob sperience dealin' wid hogs."

ONE WAY TO DO IT.

A certain divine, who had wandered in the course of his travels beyond the conveniences of the railroad, was obliged to take to a horse. Being accustomed to riding, he said to his host: "I hope you are not so unregenerate in these parts that you would give me a horse who would throw a good Presbyterian minister?" "Well, I duano," was the reply, "we believe in spreadin' the gospel!"

The new reporter headed an account of a railroad accident, in which the president and directors of the road were killed, "Ten Souls Lost." The city editor substituted "persons" for "souls," telling the reporter he should be careful in making statements he couldn't prove.

An anxious inquirer says: "I have a fine pear tree that always blossoms full, but bears only a few specimens. Can anything be done to make it bear?" Yes, sir. Load your shot-gun right up to the muzzle, and "lay for" the son of the farmer who lives next door.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in Rome to Bruno, who was burned two hundred and eighty-five years ago for heresy. The inscription will, of course, be "Well done, good and faithful servant," and this is no "chestnut" either, for Bruno was more than roasted.

A MAN in New York has invented a waterproof cap for the small boy to draw over his head while in swimming, and expects to be as rich as Vanderbilt within a few years. When a boy can go home from a swimming picnic with dry hair, he will think the day of jubilee has come; but if the New Yorker can attach a contrivance to his cap that will prevent the youthful bather from getting his shirt turned inside out while climbing over a fence, his sales will increase one hundred per cent.

"Max never wins a greater victory than when he conquers his own besetting sin."—*Whitchell Times.* When he puts down whiskey, for instance?



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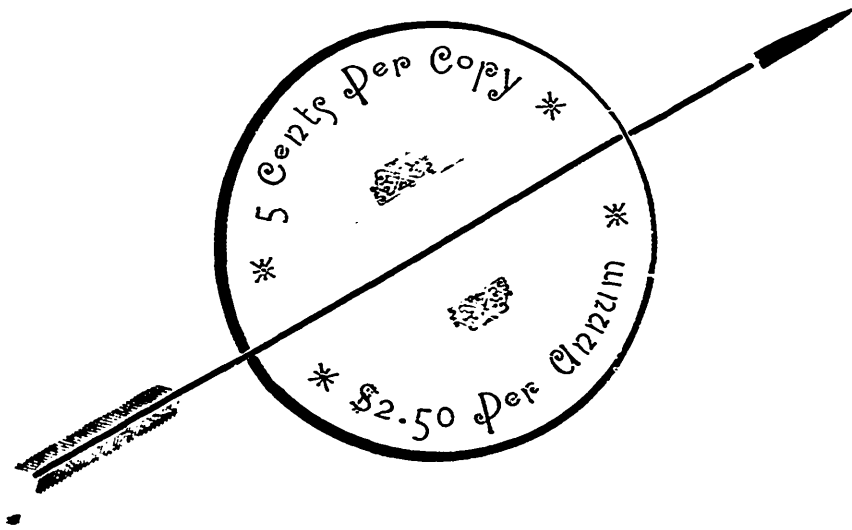
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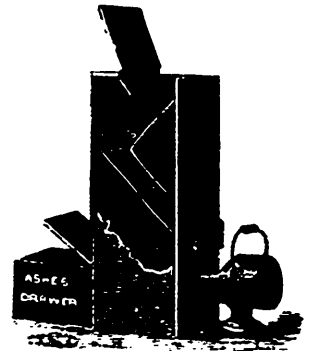
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Professor Goldwin Smith says: "I have pleasure in testifying that the Earth Closets supplied by your Company to houses occupied by members of my household, are found to work extremely well, and to be very conducive to health and comfort."

"Very Rev. Dean Boomer (London) is pleased to testify to the value and usefulness of the Bedside Commode, supplied to him by Mr. Heap. It has fulfilled all the promises made for it in the printed circular, and he strongly recommends it for the use of invalids." [We may add, it is No. 9 Pull-up Commode and stands by the Dean's bedside, he being a confirmed invalid.]



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