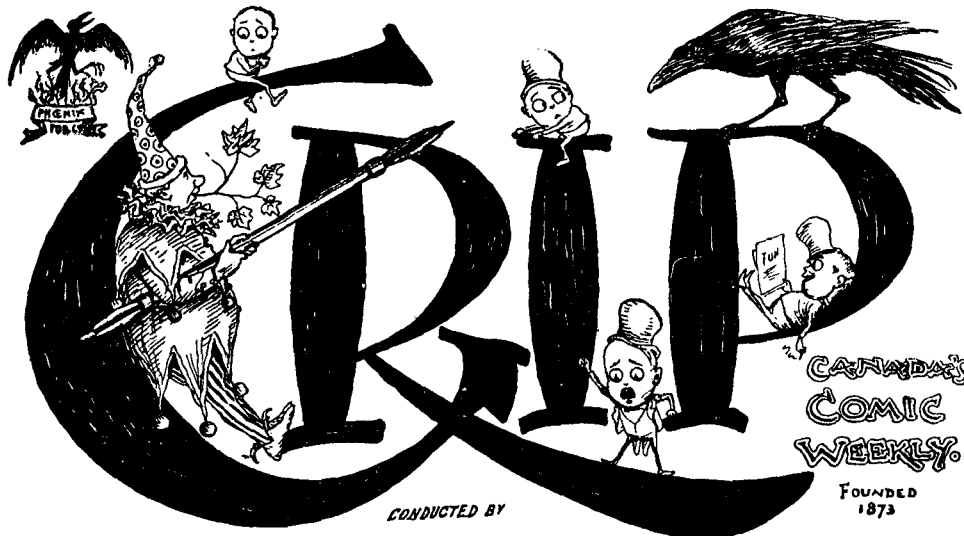


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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after
The First Day of June Next,
at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May inclusive.
Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at 2 p.m. Tuesday, June the 5th, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of Directors, etc.
By order of the Board. **S. C. WOOD,**
Managing Director
Toronto, 19th April, 1894.

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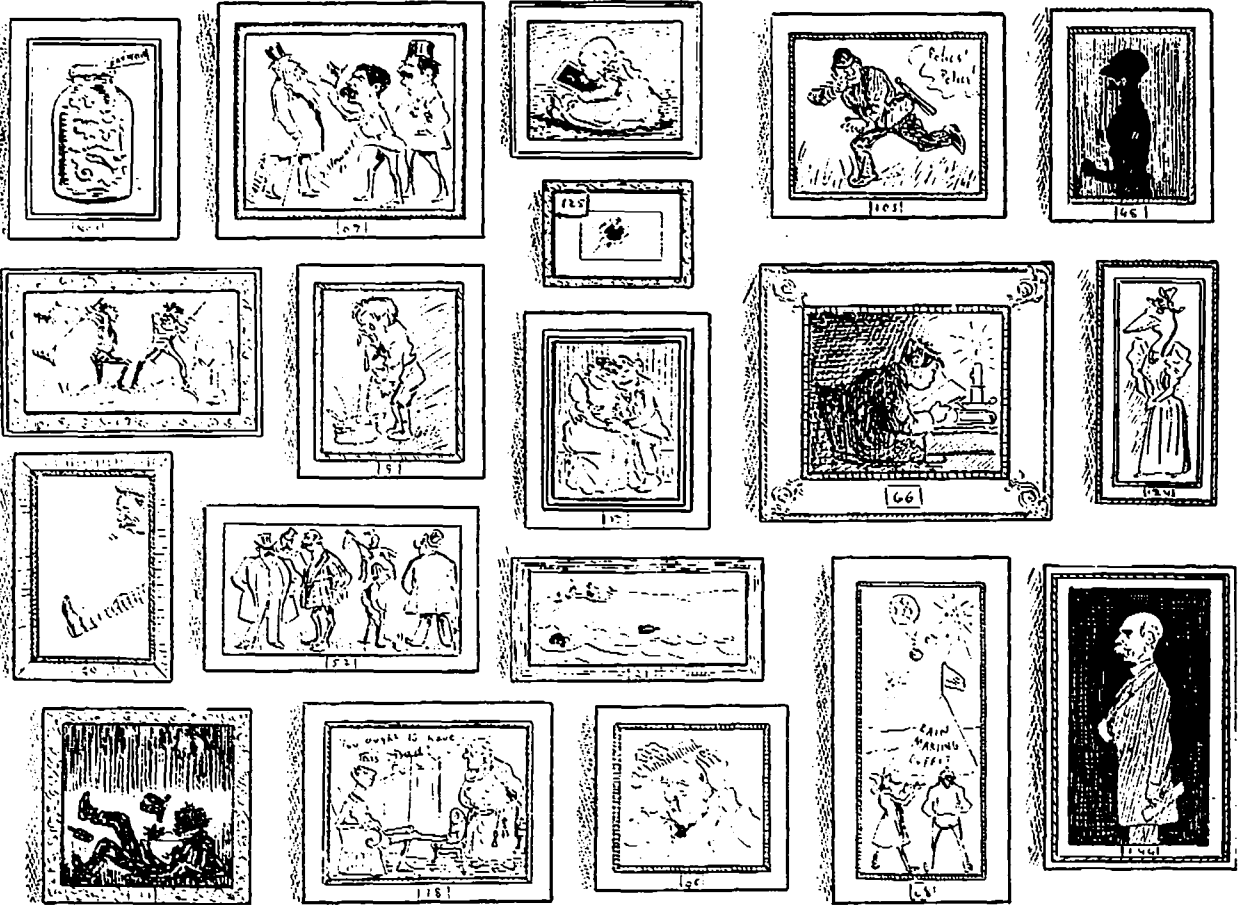
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No. 19.



YE VALIANT KNIGHT, SIR OLIVER, FARES FORTH TO VANQUISH YE FEARSOME DRAGON!



GEMS FROM THE ONTARIO SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

(Now open at the Art Gallery, Academy of Music, King Street West.)

No. 1. "Busy Toronto Bay," H. Martin; 7. "Trouble in the Harvest Field," T. H. Wilkinson; 9. "By Bubbling Streams," W. Revell; 16. "Early Summer," R. F. Gagen; 17. "Soft Stillness," W. D. Blatchly; 21. "On the Coast of Maine," R. F. Gagen; 48. "The Blacksmith," H. Spiers; 49. "A Glimpse of the Fraser," M. Matthews; 52. Group of Canadian "Dead Game," D. Fowler; 60. "Parting," A. C. Williamson; 66. "Candle-Light Study," G. Ledne; 67. "Afternoon in Quebec," C. H. Jefferys; 68. "After the Rain," W. Cantwell; 105. "Out from the City's Strife," C. M. Manly; 111. "Night Fall," A. C. Williamson; 18. "A Son Gout," Miss S. B. Holden; 124. "The Goose Girl," O. P. Staples; 144. "The Gray Matyolre," P. Wickson.

"THE BACON CIPHER"

DR. ORVILLE W. OWEN, of Detroit, calmly asks the world to believe that Sir Francis Bacon not only wrote his own voluminous works and those heretofore attributed to Shakespeare, but also those of Edmund Spenser and Robt. Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*) as well as the plays and poems of Marlow, Green, and several other Elizabethan authors. What's more, the doctor purposes to leave the world no alternative to swallowing this amazing pill, for he has discovered and is now transcribing a story written in cipher which runs consecutively throughout all these works. He has already printed and published two volumes of this story and a third volume appears this month. He rests his case on the existence of the cipher, which he promises to disclose, and which will then be readable by anybody, and on the literary quality of the story he has transcribed, which is pronounced by good critics to be fully up to the Shakespearean level in many parts. Detroit can fairly claim to have given the world the greatest literary sensation of the age.

MIMICO residents complain of the heavy winds out there. Probably they are the same breezes that burst the real estate bubble some time ago.

BLOSSOM'S PUZZLE.

LITTLE Blossom and her mother were spending the afternoon with Mrs. Simpkins, who hates children, but for reasons of her own, was making quite a fuss over the little one.

After receiving various attentions from her hostess, Blossom clutched her mother's dress and said in a loud whisper, "Mamma, is Mrs. Simpkins trying to be nice?"

FIN DE SEICLÉ FOLLY.

THERE is no law to prevent private persons from making public fools of themselves by preparing the carcass of a dog for burial with more sumptuousness than is sometimes accorded to a deceased human being, but the ghastly tom-foolery should not be abetted by the authorities of a public cemetery in permitting the "body" to be taken into the consecrated ground, even to be deposited in a private vault. An incident of this kind has lately disgusted the sensible people of Toronto.

YOUTHFUL FISHERMAN—"Run Bob, er the dog'll git you!"

ROBERT (*sauntering with reckless slowness*)—"I don't care! We've been fishin' all day and never got nothink. Let him chew—it'ud be a comfort to get a bite of any kind!"



THE FIFTH WHEEL.

CHARLTON—"Come aboard, Mr. Patron, we're going your way the whole road!"

PATRON OF INDUSTRY—"So it 'pears; but you'll excuse me; I prefer to be independent!"

\$1,000 SCHOOLING ON A HUNDRED DOLLAR BOY.

I'm not the boy, I'm just a fellow who knows him. He's a kind of a swell, he is; not that he tries any swagger airs over me—his gymnasium hasn't put enough muscle into him for that. To do him justice, if there's one thing he hates its his \$1,000 schooling. Like most other boys, he looks on his education as an evil his parents won't let him chuck overboard. It isn't his fault that his father's dollars are thrown at his tutors' heads, to make them cram his; he's dead set against the cram system. He'd rather study to be a pirate, or a Texas cattle-driver, but they expect him to lasso algebra problems instead of steers, and he only makes a poor showing at the business. He says they're keeping an office desk for him somewhere, but he'd rather try farming.

It seems hard to us \$1,000 boys, who've got to wait our chance of some miserable clerkship; and the hundred dollar boy ain't satisfied either.

He's a sort of a cynic, he is. He says, that "parents never know as much about their own sons' wants as they do about other people's boys, and that, little as you'd think it, things in this world are about even up. Boys that are worth a \$1,000 schooling aren't worth the money, and those who are worth the money aren't worth the schooling;" and it's kind of soured him, for he says, "nobody's let to be happy and have their own fancies taught them, and he believes if things go on as they are when he gets old enough to do what he likes, his ideas will have got so mixed he won't be able to tell what he does like."

Our teacher's been driving ahead lately, about "nothing being lost in the economy of nature," but I guess he wasn't thinking of human nature, and hundred dollar boys.

J. M. Loeb.

A MAX whose wife dies is something like a duellist—he generally gets his second to settle things for him and attend to all that has to be done.

MOTHER—"Tommy, were you at the cupboard where I put the Jelly and Charlotte Russe?"

TOMMY (*aged five*)—"No, Mamma."

MOTHER (*a few minutes later—on another tack*)—"When you went to the cupboard, Tommy, did you take Jelly or Charlotte Russe?"

TOMMY—"Jelly. I don't like Charlotte Russe."

HEART AND HAND.

It was while he yet loved her, though beginning to realize that her bonnets cost money, that the poet got off the following neat little verse:

When a maiden bestows on the man of her choice
Her hand and her heart—we all know it,
And experience, custom, and things all have seen
Without doubt, as a rule, ever shew it—
That her heart is to keep in *his* heart as it were,
Safe enshrined (like her face in his locket)
In the gold of true love, and the crystal of truth,
And her hand—is to put in his pocket!

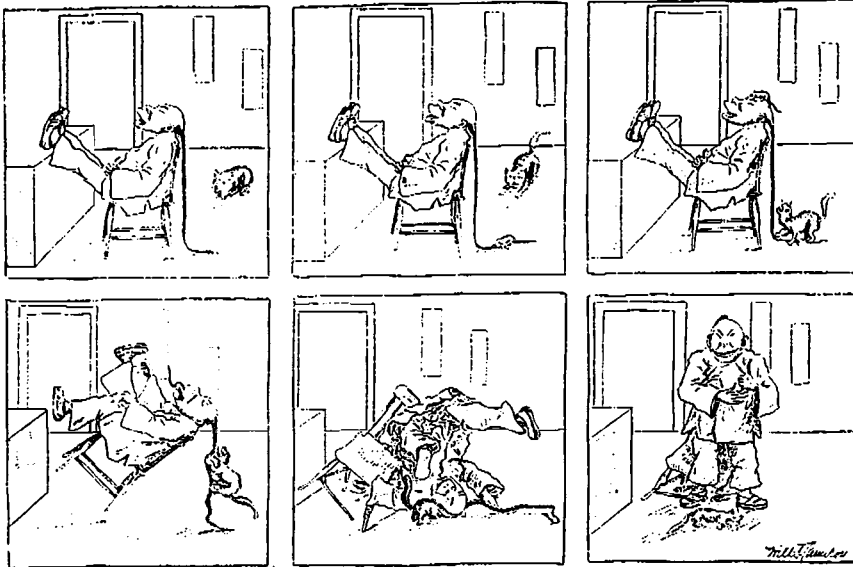
As soon as the bullet-proof coat is introduced into France, no doubt French duelling will be renewed.



A SLIGHT OMISSION.

HE.—"And now I think I've shown you everything on the farm."

SHE.—"Oh, George, you haven't done any such thing. Why, I heard papa say, before I started, that you had a mortgage on it that covered nine-tenths of the ground."



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

DIDN'T TRY IT AGAIN.

A MIMICO man who thought he knew it all, undertook to keep "bachelor's hall" for a week, a short time ago, in the absence of his wife.

He didn't know that porridge needs stirring, and what didn't stick to the dish during his first attempt, was too lumpy to eat.

He thought that an easy method to make toast would be to use the coal oil lamp, but the result was quite unsatisfactory.

He absent-mindedly boiled a nest-egg which he found in the pantry, but found it rather indigestible.

He accidentally dropped a piece of soap in the potato-pot, and, by the way, he has never eaten potatoes since.

He attempted making maccaroni soup, but from too hasty cooking, the outcome was more like chips and water.

He used too much coal-oil the second morning in putting on the fire, and a black ceiling bears evidence of the fact.

He foolishly tried to rush a four pound roast through in half an hour, with a poor fire, but after trying a slice, he generously helped the cat to all she could eat and finally allowed her to help herself to the remainder.

He didn't attempt dishwashing till the third day, and the accumulation was pretty large. Accidents will occur in the best regulated households, and so the general smash-up that ensued should be looked on in that light. Besides vowing in Capital Italics that he will never attempt house-keeping again, he has entered his vow in red ink in his account book where the cost of the little experience in black and white adds great weight to his decision.

MORE MONEY IN IT.

1ST MEDICAL GRADUATE.—"Are you going to start practice in Toronto?"

2ND M. G.—"Not much. Too many doctors here now."

1ST M. G.—"Still, they all seem to do well."

2ND M. G.—"Well, if I were going to be a Toronto doctor, I wouldn't be a doctor at all, I'd be an undertaker."

THEY HAD A SPAT.

"You miserable thing, you have no soul!" said the boot to the gaiter.

"You needn't look so black at me—I'm a good deal above you, anyway; in fact you're too much beneath me to notice," returned the gaiter scornfully.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BRICKBATS.

G RIP has from time to time hinted that there is a fundamental injustice underlying our system of society, and accounting for the phenomenon of concurrent "progress and poverty,"—the spectacle of the classes faring sumptuously without working at all, and the masses on the verge of starvation and unable to get the work they are anxious to do, to keep body and soul together. There is a radical, practicable remedy for this fundamental injustice, but it is a long labor to get it considered by our lawmakers. Meanwhile the masses see the outward demonstration of the difference in condition, and go for a remedy instinctively with the weapons that happen to be ready at hand. This is the philosophy of that incident at Jersey city the other day when the society stage-coach "Alert," laden with members of the exclusive "400," was attacked by an angry mob and almost wrecked with brickbats, stones and clubs. Such an incident would be impossible in a Republic based on really republican principles.

THEY GENERALLY DO.

R EUBEN. Reuben, I've been thinking,
Where I'll go some time this week—
To the House of Parliament, O!
For to hear the Members speak.

Cynthia, Cynthia, I've been thinking
Something sad will meet your ears,
For I'm told, what'er the joke is,
All the visitors sit in tiers!

Belle Weaver.

SURPRISED YOUTH (*to suddenly discovered budding moustache.*)—"Hello! When did you come down?"



ETIQUETTE.

AUNTIE.—"Ethel, don't you know it is very bad form to hold your fork in that manner?"

ETHEL.—"Is it very good form, auntie, to stare at folks while they're eating?"



PEACE AT EVENTIDE.

"In a few short weeks he has out-lived hatred, malice and all uncharitableness. His fame stands as high to-day as if it had been purified by half a century of the tomb. Most great men have to wait for such a vindication for the passing away of an entire generation. Their appeal is to posterity. In Mr. Gladstone's case the scales have fallen from the eyes of his opponents."—*London Daily News.*



THE NEW TRADE.

CASEY—"Well, Dolan, an' what are ye workin' at now?"
 DOLAN—"Oh, I'm still at the same job—wan av the unemployed."

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, May 10th.

I'VE been in a great stew to get down here ever sence the Queen decided Ottawa was the best place for the Parliament. I didn't agree with her majesty at the time - it seems so off in a corner, but I suppose the members with \$1,000 and pickin's are used to it. That was away back in the old farm days when I was savin' butter and egg money and takin' care of orphan lambs and the speckled hens' ducks, hoping all the time that some day I could get away and see what there was beyond the two concessions and the "corners." Higher eddication for women hadn't come in then, but it had been prophesied. It wasn't fashionable in our set to talk of it, and it didn't do to let it be known you were wasting your time reading, but I kep' thinking and thinking of it, and went on hunting the eggs. And now, land sakes! how women has riz up. Ef they don't get into parliament soon, it'll be queer to me. Not that I'm fur it, but after calmly considering their goings on in that House, it's plain something's needed, and maybe we are blind not to see how by a little self-sacrifice we might serve the "old flag," doing missionary work among the members. They say the premier is for us voting, but he hasn't seen his way clear to come out much, and of course hasn't hinted that we may ever be let go into a campaign and play grab for a chair. Being a spinster I'm more interested in these things. Married women haven't time - especially at Ottawa. Ef they're the domesticated kind, they stay at home and take proper care of their little children, and make cocoa for their husbands. Ef they're the gadding kind, they live in a snowstorm of invitations, and are out most afternoons shedding the family's visiting cards and doing a sort of merry-go-round-business for self and husband. Us spinsters are the hope of the country, though we're mostly misunderstood. People always seem to think we must feel bad because we're not married. Well, we don't. Any woman of sense who wants to settle, will see to it while her cheeks

are rosy, her eyes bright and her teeth good. We of the past-thirty kind are set in our way, (by our own will, mind) and happy in it, too. But that's off the point.

It seems real queer to see how much tomfoolery they've got left in the House, gowns and gloves and swords and the mace. They say Speaker White's gown cost \$200. My sakes, that's as much as Squire Hardy used to give his girls fur wedding clothes, and then he didn't have to do it every year. The mace is the Speaker's silent partner. It keeps the members from talking more than once in each fuss. When they're in committee, they jungle away several times, but then the mace isn't there. Neither is the Speaker. I peek down at it from the gallery and there it lies on it's little green pillow, not looking anything like worth the \$500 it cost.

From what I can see from the gallery (it's a bad place to hear from, but after my experiences I'm thankful if I've got a place to sit down) it looks as if one Speaker isn't enough to suit the opposing side. In one of Goldwin Smith's book (read in pursuing my higher eddication) he tells of an Irish Parliament where each side got a Speaker of their own and the second one was lifted up into the first one's lap. But it mightn't work here - Irish politics ain't much to go by.

There don't seem to be much going on now. Sence I've come it's been mostly tariff and religion. The tariff is pretty tiresome. I did try to keep track of it for a while, but I'm clean tuckered out now. They used to swear by the old tariff. Now they've altered and Fostered it and are ready to swear by it again as soon as they get the clerical errors all fixed. Just now there's a good deal of elastic in it - it stretches like a prunella gaiter.

I used to think in my ignorant way that the Government had all the brains and cleverness of the country, but I guess the deputation men must be smarter. It just takes them no time at all to show those finance folks where they were wrong.

The religious quarrelling doesn't ring like a good quarter. Somehow I feel as ef all this talk was like water in the



IN THE SAME BOAT.

WEALTHY LARRIKIN: "Don't you often wish you was a man, Cissy?"
 CISSY: "Sometimes—don't you?"



AN EGGS-ACT PHRASE.

CUSTOMER. — "One of the eggs in that last lot I got from you was positively rotten."

SHOPKEEPER. — "Indeed! That was too bad."

CUSTOMER. — "Yes, it was decidedly too bad for any human use!"

... frying pan—mostly sizzle and smudge. And the gravy isn't worth the fuss.

Mr. Charlton talked the other afternoon about Sabbath observance, and it was queer to see how backslidden some of those members had got in no time. The very ones I'd heard pleading so earnest for freedom, weren't in to tend to the freedom of the brakeman and the steamboat captain. Some of them stayed and listened half shyly at first, like birds on lonely islands astounded at the sight and sound of men, but the feeling of it all being so strange soon startled them off, though seem's of they hovered around

It's real "chic," as our society paper says at home, to give dinners and receipts on Sunday here. My hair most stood on end when I got asked to one—I felt that condemned. If our minister knew it he'd be real worried about me, fur he's not right easy about my higher eddication.

"Why, it's society, that," said one of the ladies, and I kep' thinking what the good old man wrote about the code of society being stronger than the code of Sinai.

There is a great difference of opinion as to who should go where, about these Parliament buildings. Policemen and other interfering men are as thick as keep-off-the-grass signs in the Toronto "gardens." I was dreadful enthusiastic about that plantation on the hill—it felt like a Mecca to me, but I'm most tuckered out with having regulations read to me, and I get afraid sometimes the street cars won't stop for me because I'm not a member of Parliament.

SUSANNAH.

HE FORGOT ABOUT HOUSE CLEANING.

HE was a drummer, travelling for a Front street firm, and had found business unusually dull. Inwardly congratulating himself, he had departed from his last customer in the town, and wended his way to the station to catch the afternoon train for the city.

"Yes, its true," he murmured to himself, when finally speeding homeward, enjoying as much of two cushioned seats as he could manage to occupy by stretching himself

out, and yawning by way of great relief,—"the old song is not far out after all, 'There's no place like home.'" Then his thoughts drifted off in a channel of pleasant anticipations, and after picturing to himself a cheerful little wife, dainty supper, cosy fire-place, warm slippers, soft easy chair and the hundred and one little comforts foreign to hotels, his countenance lost every trace of its recent worried expression and assumed that of pleasant expectancy which gradually changed into a far-away stare as the "knight of the satchel" fell into a peaceful sleep, and dreamt that he was enjoying the aforesaid comforts to his heart's satisfaction.

A couple of hours later he was hurrying up Yonge street, when he ran against a bundle of wall paper behind which he recognized Jane, the hired girl, bending beneath her load.

"Hello, Jane. That you? Where are you going?"

"Good day, sir. Missus didn't expect you back till the end of the week. I'm just agoin' to see if I can't change this wall paper, and to order a new broom an' a scrub brush, an' tack lifter, an' a pair of carpet beaters an'—"

but the dejected drummer had heard enough, and all his pleasant expectations oozed out of his boots while he hurriedly offered a quarter to an Italian organ grinder who was almost raising the pavement with the strains of "Home, sweet Home," to cease till he got out of ear-shot.

IMPOSSIBLE.

TOMMY. — "Johnnie, see if you can swallow this banana in two bites."

JOHNNIE. — "Well, lemme try."

MAMMA. — "Johnnie, if you do. I'll—I'll—take it from you."

JOHNNIE'S DUTY.

"JOHNNIE," said Mr. Wilson to his hopeful, who had left off sawing wood and was playing ball: "do you know why that wood pile resembles the tariff?"

"No, Pa," said Johnnie suspiciously.

"It will stand more reduction." And Johnnie reluctantly picked up the saw.



FASHIONS IN CANINES.

DOG DEALER. — "What breed of dog do you want to get, missus?"

MRS. BULLION. — "O, I don't know. Whatever is the most fashionable kind. Let me see one of those ocean greyhounds I read so much about."



SIR FRANCIS BACON,

The Greatest Literary Hog the World has ever seen!
(See article elsewhere on the "Bacon Cipher.")

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(With apologies to the Editor of the *Literature Department of the Educational Journal.*)

"LITTLE JACK HORNER."

THIS poem is of such exceeding merit, that wherever the English tongue is spoken, it is known and admired. Perhaps there is no poetical work which has been so extensively memorized. Its authorship is uncertain, but the use of iambic tetrameters and trimeters arranged alternately as in Shelley's "Cloud" has led some to attribute this poem to that brilliant genius, but careful investigation proves that the poem is of a much earlier date. Indeed, it may more reasonably be supposed that the music of these rhymes, familiar to Shelley from childhood, may have wrought in him an unconscious imitation.

Perhaps the greatest charm of this poem consists in the graphic description of the hero himself, his environment, occupation, endeavor and success. Our sympathy is particularly attracted by the fact, that the hero, as an individual, was not different from the ordinary type of man—he was "little,"—I hold that this comprehensive term means that in moral and mental calibre he was not gifted beyond others, and that any success he achieved was not the necessary result of unusual intellectual endowment.

Nor were his circumstances exceptional. Indeed, we may suppose that his lot was cast in some obscure place where he never came in contact with the stimulating activity of city life, with its chances of attaining to riches, honor, or at least distinction—he "sat in a corner." It may be that he was hampered by poverty, lack of education, without friends or influence, and many, while contemplating the man and the cramped sphere in which he moved, would have said, "It is impossible that this man's life-story should ever become a theme for poets, or an inspiration to others. He is, and will continue to be, what circumstances have made him."

We now come to the third division of this remarkable poem—"eating his Christmas pie,"—although our hero's lot in life is humble, nay, by some, may be deemed hard and unlovely, yet he is not without compensations; and just here he stands as a representative of common humanity, for there are none whose life is so bare, but that by him pleasure and

gratification in some degree is experienced, and here, once more, is shown the consummate genius of the poet in choosing as a type of happiness, that which is the dominant chord in the scale of man's affections—"eating his Christmas pie." Which of the poets—Shakespeare not excepted—has reached thus, with three simple words, the innermost feelings—as it were? Now note the noble directness and nervous Saxon of the following verse—"He stuck in his thumb." What a moral lesson is here! To conceive, to will, to do in this wise is not possible to all, we cannot all be Jack Horners, but we can be inspired to shake off the shackles of a hollow conventionality, and henceforth, where we have aimed at having a finger in every pie in the community, let us now stick our thumbs in also. Perchance by so doing, we may rise high in political, commercial or social status—we too may secure a plum. In the last verse of the poem, again the marvellous insight of the poet into human nature overwhelms us with astonishment,—He said, "What a good boy am I!" Here is voiced the universal mental attitude of that superior and important portion of the universe, sometimes designated, "lords of creation." It has been advanced by an eminent critic that this poem must be a modern production, as this manly conviction could only have been thus frankly expressed by a Toronto school-master, but this, we think, is wandering from the domain of true criticism into that of mere conjecture. *A. Birnie.*

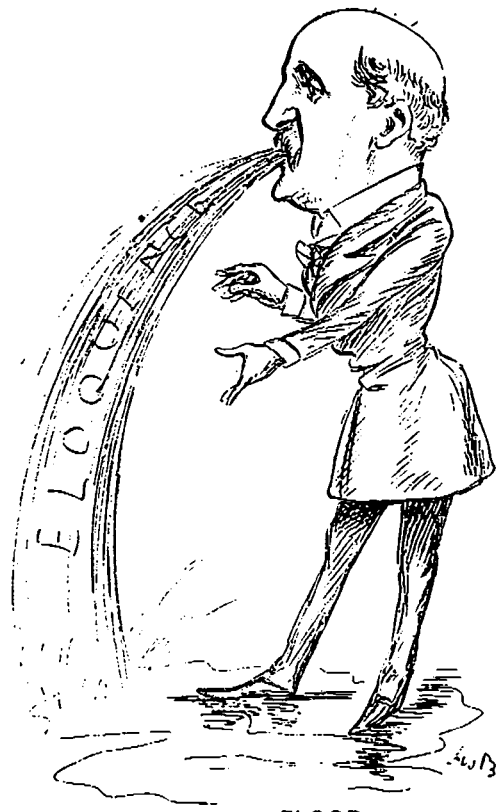
YOUNGLY.—"Well, of all nonsense, this talk of fellows always dropping on their knees when they propose is the greatest trash! I don't believe any man would make such a fool of himself!"

BEENTHAIR.—"Um—Did you ever propose to a girl?"

"No."

"Well, just you wait, old man, till you happen to have an experience of that kind and see how your knees feel! I bet they'll be so weak and shakey you'll be glad to fall on them—mine fairly rattled?"

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An amply illustrated character sketch of Louis Kossuth appears in the May REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Besides portraits of Kossuth at various stages in his career, there are several reproductions of rare prints, representing battle scenes in the Hungarian revolution, which were suppressed at the time.

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LOVE AND ELECTROLYSIS. CHAPTER I. ARABELLA DE VERE was a very pretty girl. That is to say, she would have been a very pretty girl had not an over-bounteous Nature endowed her with two or three unsightly moles on her fair cheek, and a growth of superfluous though silky hair upon her dainty upper lip. These extra endowments really went far to counteract the charm of Arabella's unquestionable beauty, and that was why the thoughtful photographer, who furnished her with a number of faithful presentments of herself in cabinet form, took pains to retouch the negative so that it was innocent of both molecular and hairite extras. One of these pictures the artist had placed proudly in the frame at the door of his studio, where it was easily queen of the collection.

CHAPTER II. Adolphus de Longuepouse was a very handsome and wealthy young man of about twenty-five. He had nothing to do but stroll upon the boulevards on fine afternoons and criticize the young ladies who passed or examine their photos at the various gallery entrances. One day said features of Miss de Vere in the aforesaid frame caught his eye, and went instantly to his heart. It was love at first sight, and Adolphus, by means of a princely bribe, secured from the photographer the name and address of his fair patron. Soon after this Arabella received a perfumed note bearing the crest and coat of arms of the Longuepouse's, and urgently imploring the honor of an interview.

CHAPTER III. Arabella de Vere's heart fluttered when she read the note, though being a prudent young lady she could not recognize it in any way. Cupid, however, managed to bring about a fortuitous meeting at a fashionable reception a few

days later, but, alas, Adolphus was disillusioned. The moles and superfluous hair did the business, and his looks at once carried the truth to Arabella's alert intellect. "O," she groaned to herself, "if I could only have them radically removed!"

CHAPTER IV. Again Fortune favored the sweet girl. That very evening she happened to glance at a copy of the MAIL, and there she read "Kit's" account of how Dr. Foster, of the Forum, Cor. Gerrard and Yonge Sts., removes all such facial blemishes by electrolysis. She had confidence in "Kit" as a wise and disinterested woman, and she went the very next day to Dr. Foster.

CHAPTER V. Arabella de Vere, radiantly beautiful, without a sign of mole or moustache upon her face, is now the happy bride of the equally happy Adolphus de Longuepouse, and she is never tired of blessing Dr. Foster.

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I remain, as ever, thankfully your,

Malvern P. O., Sept. 10, 1886.

L. D. CLOSSEN, M. D.

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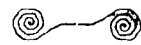
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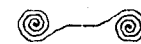
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