

Gimeral Manager Artist and Editor TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS. PAVABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. To United States and Canada. One year, \$2.00; six months To Great Britain and Ireland. One year

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Gamments on the Gattoons.



A TERRIBLE STENCH.--The recent speech by Hon. Mr. Jones, Manitoba's new Finance Minister, was perhaps the most sensational deliverance that has ever been made in connection with the bringing down of a budget. The usual dry details of balance sheet and estimated receipts and expenses, were enlivened by a series of charges, all backed up by apparently conclusive evidence, against the members of the late Norquay Government and many of the chief officials of the Departments holding office under them. Mr. Jones, in short, stated that, upon coming into office, the Greenway Government discovered that every cent of the Provincial money had been stolen, and that fraud, forgery and robbery had been systematically carried on for years under the previous administration. The rea-

son for the sudden departure across the line of Messrs. Hamilton and Wilson a few months ago was made manifest—those worthies had been boodling and were afraid of the law. Direct charges were made against other members of the late Cabinet, and it was announced that some of them will be prosecuted criminally. Mr. Norquay, who was the only representative of the accused present in the House, made an attempt to reply to Mr. Jones, but beyond protesting his personal innocence, and declaring that he had no knowledge of the wrong-doing of his colleagues and officials, he could do nothing to break the force of the tremendous revelation. It is reassuring to observe that the Conservative party of the Province does not undertake the championship of its implicated leaders—which would go to 'show that Toryism does not necessarily mean crookedness. The sentiment of decent men of all parties is with the new Government in its determination to give the accused persons a fair trial, and punish them, if declared guilty, to the full extent of the law. It is time that the outside world should understand that in Canada stealing the public money is not considered a mere error of politics. We have too long allowed the line between statescraft and criminality to be blurred, and we have suffered for it in the estimation of our neighbors.

RESTRICTION vs. FREEDOM.—It does seem very queer that it should be necessary to make pictures and write articles in this enlightened day to enforce what looks like a self-evident truth that Freedom is preferable to Imprisonment. Outside of the all-important realm of trade, the man who would deny such a proposition would be watched with concern by his anxious friends. The reasonable conviction would be that he was non compos. If his mental soundness were beyond question, his earnest arguments in favor of chains and slavery as against freedom would entitle him to the ingship of the cranks, and he would be looked upon as an amusing curiosity. But when that which most seriously affects the well-being of society, that upon which the comfort of every individual absolutely depends—business, trade, commerce—is up for discussion, we find the advocate of fetters as an aid to prosperity regarded, not as a lunatic or crank, but as a wise statesman ! He is so numerous and influential, in fact, that he has been able to have his own theory practically applied for years both in Canada and the United States. He "points with pride" to the high tariff wall which separates these two nations of alleged intelligence, and openly descants on the benefits both have derived from the system of clogging, burdening and restricting their mutual trade ! GRIP doesn't care how much other people may bow down to the Philosopher of Restriction ; in GRIP's opinion he is an illogical and absurd Ass, whose teachings wouldn't be tolerated for a moment amongst sane people, if they concerned anything but business.

THE gentleman who introduced the Bill at Ottawa for the Suppression of Frauds on Farmers strangely omitted all mention of two of the most notorious frauds from which the noble yeoman suffers, to wit. : (1.) The hired man who has a habit of murdering the farmer and running away with his wife; and (2.) The Nobody from town who goes to the farm house as a summer boarder and poses as a person of distinction.

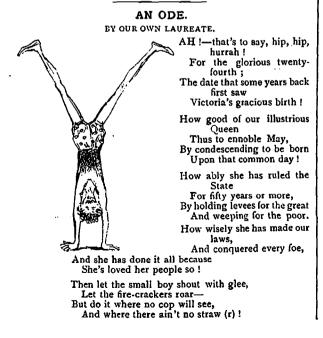
THE Session of the Dominion Parliament is over, and it is now in order to review the good work done by our legislators—the acts introduced and passed in a spirit of pure patriotism and statemanship. Well, let's see, first of all there was that Bill respecting—er—um—we refer of course to that measure introduced by—queer isn't it what freaks one's memory will play at times. We'll have to postpone this duty until we can get time to think of something useful they've done this session.

THERE'S something the matter with the editor of the Dominion Churchman. This has been known to a good many people for a long time, but nobody has thought it worth while to invesitgate the matter. Having a little leisure the other day we read one of his articles and gave a few moments to a diagnosis of his case. We had no difficulty in discovering what is wrong with the unfortunate man. He was born without brains, and nature, abhorring a vacuum, filled the cavity with sacerdotalism. This eminently fits him to be an exponent of Christianity—by which term we mean of course highchurch sectarianism.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S speech at the Ottawa banquet was his valedictory to the Canadian people, and in it he took occasion to tell the Imperial Federationists that their scheme will not work. They have been told this before by commoners, but to no purpose. The truth from the lips of a real live nobleman is different, however, and we expect to receive word by the next mail that Messrs. Denison, McCarthy & Co., have permanently retired from the business of reorganizing the British Empire.

HIS Lordship on the same occasion expressed the fear that the scheme of unrestricted Reciprocity between Canada and the United States, while it would probably prove a good thing for Canada commercially, might be regarded by Great Britain as a moral affront. We trust not. We would be sorry to give Mr. Bull any pain in his finer feelings, but really, you know, if we can get Reciprocity on reasonable and honorable terms, the old gentleman across the water will have to try and reconcile himself to it. If Lord Lansdowne will kindly call and explain to Mr. Bull, when he goes home, that we have a tremendous debt to struggle with and cannot struggle successfully unless we get a bigger market, he will understand that we *must* have Reciprocity—unless we can get what is still better, Free Trade with the world, but which is too much to hope for at present.

WE gladly welcome the Crofters to Canada, and only wish we could assure them that on coming to our shores they are in very truth coming to the land of the free-which phrase if it means anything ought to mean a land free from land-" lords." The Crofters are driven from their native Highlands because, in the eye of the law of Britain, those Highlands were made by a wise Creator for Lady Mathison and a few other superior human beings, and these "owners" of Scotland prefer sheep and deer to Crofters. When they land in our North-West will they find themselves the free tenants of the state, secure in their holding so long as they pay a fair rental value for the, land they occupy? We trust they may, and there is no reason why they should not be so accommodated, as there is an abundance of land not as yet "owned" by any individual. But we greatly fear that the poor Crofters will have no such luck. They will probably have to pay rent to some Canadian landlord, who is clothed with greater powers of ejection than Lady Mathison possesses.





(OVER THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE.) To His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne, Greeting



Hath into silence passed away, And left me floating here ! With colors faded, tattered edge,— One corner torn away,— Thy British heart is fluttering still

YOUR Excellency ! once again,

With feeble gait and slow,

To greet you ere you go.

No flimsy flag of modern day

For many a bygone year

Age lendeth weight to all I say,

I've tumbled up my tottering mast,

Now claims your listening ear ;

With loyal pride to-day.

Not first to thee, vice-regal guest ! A welcome I proclaim, How throngs my mind with memories dear With every honored name Of gov'nors, who, in days gone by, To our fair city came !

Long ere Lord Lisgar trod our shore. I floated on the breeze ; To Dufferin I greeting gave, Lorne welcomed, and Louise.

Now Stanley comes. I'll wave when he Shall shortly from us sever ; For gov'nors come and gov'nors go, But I float on for ever !

Say not : we've no antiquity ! Thy trembling tatters show it ;--The emblems of true British pluck, And-of the thrift of Mowat !

CARET.

LACTEAL.

MOTHER—He is one of nature's noblemen. He is full of the milk of human kindness.

Daughter—I knew he was full of something, but I thought it was milk punch.

A PILGRIMAGE.



PATHOS, being the twin sister of Humor and the child of Love, whose husband's ancient name was Truth, we will for this short journey let Humor walk apart, while her sister with moistened eye and faltering step leads us on a pilgrimage the people of Canada, especially the Scotch men of Canada should long ago have made.

Let Pathos speak :---

Now draw we nigh that mystic place where the waiting soul its quiet vigil keeping, may catch the soft whisperings of Pocsy's sweet spirit.

spirit. 'Tis the hour of Sunset, soon the fainting shafts of Light will mingle with the branches of the distant pines and lose themselves in their mossy boles, to be caught by fairies and used as wands and glittering spears in their tilting twilight frolics.

Ask you to what spot of earth I lead ?

Away, away back in an Ontario bush there gently falls into decay a rough board farm house which will claim a memory in the mind of this future Northern nation, and your sons shall some day seek the spot their fathers have allowed too long to rest in neglected obscurity.

At this point in Pathos' plaint, Humor cries out, Why, Sister, I guess the spot before it comes in sight. Does it not stand on the crest of a gentle brae, and does there not lie between it and the crimsoning west, a real old-fashioned cedar swamp, where, in summer night, the musical musquito's opera is operated by those airy surgeons who whistle whilst they work ?

The straw stack, the ploughed land, the burning bush, speak of earth's exhausted strength and weary muscles waiting for winter's welcome rest.

The decrepid ruins of the log barns are glorious in their rottenness, and the great mild eyes of meditative oxen gaze through the timber's gaping chinks.

An old man is standing by the clearing fire, listening to his daughter's voice, calling the evening bread to share and now after an honorable life of seventy years, the grey haired chief watches, at

BILLY'S BOOM.

MR. W. F. MACLEAN, of the Toronto *World*, is booming himself as an independent candidate for Cardwell. He contends that his articles on factory-made butter give him a claim on the gratitude of the farmers, and that Cardwell is a distinctive dairy constituency. Butter Billy may as well make up his mind to cheese it. Many moons will pass before he can hope to play that card. well.—Sarnia Observer. the end of the day, at the end of the working year, at the end of life, waiting for another summons and a brighter sunrise.

In a few years this bare board box he fondly calls his home and the barns, pressed to the earth by their own wet weight, will sink into a heap of mould; then shall a ranker verdure hide the spot where a great soul once lived; then the brae side will once more bristle with its native pine, and then,—*then*, when the locality has been lost and forgotten, and its old tenant gains in death the recognition of his genius—without its reward—then will the wiser world but all too late, ask to be shown the ingle by which Alexander McLachlan wrote the truest lyrics ever peened on Canadian soil.

Nay, sweet Sister, this shall not be; we will stir the soul of a limner true, who shall show Canada how her poet is housed. It's very truth shall touch the pride of every Scotchman, and within a year a new home shall cheer the poet's crowning years. We laugh at your prognostications that we intend to forget McLachlan; we will leave to older lands and more heartless times the disgrace of allowing merit, modesty, genius, and nobility of soul to await the reward of posterity.

of posterity. Now Prose, matter of fact, blessed, active Prose, desires to speak She makes a quaintly confident bow, and says :--"The picture, of which the above is a sketch, of the homestead

"The picture, of which the above is a sketch, of the homestead of Poet McLachlan by A., Cox, A.R.C.A. is now on view in Montreal at the store of W. Drysdale & Co. It is for sale by tender to the highest bidder, the proceeds will be placed as the purchaser's subscription to the McLachlan testimonial fund, which is being collected to surround the poet's last days with moderate comforts. The picture is sure to increase in value and prove a lasting source of pleasure to its possessor. Offers will be accepted by Ald. J. L. Morrison, Toronto, or W. Drysdale, Esq., Montreal. These offers will be open for a few months, to enable the lovers of the old poet to have an opportunity to see the picture."

to have an opportunity to see the picture." We wake from our dreamy pilgrimage and—as usual,—of the three young ladies who did the talking, we incline to Miss Prose who spoke least but said most ; we think, however, she might have added that ordinary subscriptions to the Fund may be sent to Ald. Morrison. ARC.

VERY likely. It has often oc-curd that way.—London Advertiser.

THIS fooling is all very well, but Mac. knows what he's about. Butter of the ordinary brand is strong enough to support any candidate. But can be get the nomination We're afraid when the convention ad-churns, it. will do so with the butter side down. Dairy risk it?

Is the Pope's edict the Par-knell of Home Rule?

* GRIP *



NOTES AT THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



DOWN ON MAYOR CLARKE.

DEER SIR, MISTER GRIP,

Mare Clark is a frod, an my pa aint goin to vot for him no more. he vot for him before cause mare clark sed he was down on probishin, but he has turn his cote an now he goes in for probishin. I seen a bill up on the fence sayin Fire Crackers Prohibted, an it had mare Clarks name on it. i am mad bout this cause i got a lot of fire Crackers for queens burthday, an now i cant let em of. this is interferin with the libbity of the subjeck, my pa ses so. i got a rite to let of fire Crackers, an nobody has got a rite to tell me what I must ete or drink or let of. i spose mare clark thinks places wod be set afire to an so he prohibs it. but i jest tell him i aint responsble fer my naber, an let him look out for hiself, an put the fire out if it catches on to his house. plese print this an let mare clark no he has lost my pas vot anyhow. Yures truley,

WILLY SKYLARK.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

Mr. Grip, Sir,

I am a pore man trying to make a living in a legitimit business—that is to say, I am a store-keeper in a small way, and my business is a lawful one, which I have a perfect right to carry it on so long as it is lawful. Now, sir, i carry a stock of fire crackers which represents a pretty large investment for me, and it is an outrage, sir, that the Mayor should issue a proclamation to prohibit the use of the same, as it is interfering with a legitimit traffic. Fire Crackers is good when used in moderation, an i am not responsible if anybody makes a fool of theirselves in the use of them. I am disapointed in Mayor Clark, as I did not think he belonged to them cranks the prohibitionists, but it looks very much like it so far as fire crackers is concerned. I am going to get Mr. Macdonnell to show him up in a sermon.

Yours, indignant,

A STORE-KEEPER.

LETTER FROM A CRANK.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—I observe that Queen Victoria Oliver Mowat Niagara Falls Lord Dufferin International Park— I am not sure whether any of the name has escaped is now formally open to the public, and, sir, I want to tell you that my heart fairly bounds with exultant joy to think that the magnificent domain of beauty enclosing that wonderful cataract is now the property of the PEOPLE!

> Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself bath said,

"This is the most sensible piece of legislation that has ever been accomplished in America !" Is there a spirit in all the continent—or, for that matter, in all the world —that does not rejoice that this glorious realm of nature is declared to be now and forever the heritage of mankind? No, sir ! I don't believe there is ! I tell you, sir,

the world is getting sense; it is coming round to my way of thinking. "Private ownership" of land around Niagara Falls is abolished, and the revenues collected from visitors —if any—will go into the public till instead of into the pockets of the pirates who for so many years infested that lovely spot. But I just want Oliver Mowat or somebody else to tell me why all the land on earth shouldn't be treated just as the land of this park now is ? If *this* land is a gift from the Creator to the human race, why isn't all the rest of the land on this planet? And why shouldn't the public till instead of landlord's pockets receive the revenues we call rent from those who occupy and use the land? I pause for reply. Yours,

HENRY GEORGE CRANKTON.

JOCULAR JOTTINGS.

A JAIL-BIRD-Hawke.

Geometrically speaking, isn't the imprisonment of Hawke a quod-wrangle?

Solomon says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," but, as a rule, the sluggards go to their "uncle."

Speaking of mosquita-bars, under the new license act in St. John, N.B., the bibulous quaffers must-quit-a-bar at 10 p.m.

The Sultan of Morocco has been in-sultin' Uncle Sam by imprisoning, at Rabat, parties under the protection of the American Consul.

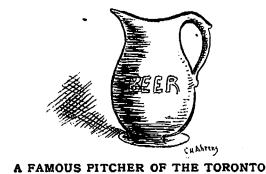
In the spring-time Mrs. Toodles goes to all the auction sales, And she fills her house with knick-knacks, spite of all her husband's wails.

Mrs. Sillibus says she had a bad attack of gumbago and was cured by an embarkation of herbs which drew out all the information, and now she is perfectly adolescent.

The proprietor of the N.Y. World may be only a Pullet, sir, now, but he is bound to be "cock of the walk," and will put up the finest newspaper building in the city.

A policeman named Reckard in New York was arrested for theft, tried, condemned and landed in Sing-Sing inside of twelve hours. That beats the Record for speedy justice.

Editor E. F. Shepard, unable to restrain himself longer has declared for Depew for President. This is bad for Chauncy.—N.Y. World. Yes, I don't see what Chauncy has. Perhaps he will Depew-tize some one else to take his place. JOE KERR.



A FAMOUS PITCHER OF THE TORONTO BASEBALL CLUB.



A DESIRABLE "PARTI."

"Mr. Sampson asked me to be his wife last night, papa."

"And what did you say?

"I told him he must give me a little time, and he said I could have the usual thirty days, or five per cent. off for cash, and then he ped and apologized. What am I to think of him papa?" stopped and apologized. What am I to think of him papa?" "THINK OF RIM?" shouted the old man. "That young fellow is full of business, and you can't say 'yes' too quick !"

AT THE EXHIBITION.

ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

COME and see the Exhibition of the brethren of the brush-Let us get there very early, and so avoid the rush-For they tell me it's a larger, better, handsomer display Than our painters have provided us for many a weary day.

Here we are ! Phew ! here is richness ! three hundred works and more !

'Twould take a half-a-day or so to simply glance 'em o'er ; Ha! "Ready for a Walk" by H. Martin ; so we'll start, And take a little ramble round the gallery of Art.

"Mount St. Dennis" (Irish subject)-T. M. Martin, R.C.A Rising grandly in its beauty by Jacobi's "Georgian Bay"; Why, we're in a sea of mountains-artists seek a fresh renown Now-a-days in painting Rockies-they have ceased to paint the town.

"Mount Sir Donald," "Mount Sir Stephen," "Mt. Cheops," " Peak Syndicate"

Glaciers, passes, peaks, and summits—water-colors all first-rate. And the bold, adventurous artists who have soared to art so high, Matthews, Martin, Day, O'Brien, Forbes, Bell-Smith, each take the pie.

In a lowlier line of subjects we find Verner, Way and Ede, Fowler, Rolph, Prowse, Manly, Revell, Millard, Spooner, Creswell, Reid ;

Homer Watson comes up smiling, so does Perre as of yore. Mrs. Schrieber, Peel and Harris, once again are to the fore;

Newton, Dignam, Hayward, Tully, Staples, Wickson, Serly, Cutts,

These are new recruits who'll lift us out of old and deep-worn rutts. But we note some other veterans -Griffiths, Hannaford and Cox, Who'display their old-time definess doing skies and trees and rocks. Here are works of Forster, Sinclair Forbes, and Sherwood in the line Of portraiture, the limning of the human face divine ; And though our stock of ngure men scems growing bigger daily We've other landscape names to note as Morrice, Rogers, Paley,

And now I think we've seen 'em all so let us now repair To ye pretty showe they have next door yclept ye olde time Faire.

A PEN PORTRAIT.

A WRITER in one of our exchanges, describing Mr. Seth Green, the famous fish culturist, says :

"Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surrounded by a head strongly resembling that of Socrates, and covered with a white silky beard and luxuriant gray hair."

This is too much to demand of the gentle reader's imagination. If Mr. Green's head surrounds his stalwart frame, and is covered with a white beard, he must be a queerer looking fish than any he has ever hatched.

INVISIBLE SILK.

GUSHING Mrs. Welloff-The dresses that the ladies had on were handsome, were they not?

Old Critic-Dressis-dressis? I was not aware that they wore any.

THE Dudes of the city held an indignation meeting on Wednesday awfternoon, and decided to boycott the Toronto Morning *World* for publishing a double-leaded article, entitled "Easy Credit the Curse of Canada." They say it was a mean attempt to injure them with their tailors.



A MECHANICAL MARVEL.

JOHN A'S PATENT AUTOMATIC SWALLOWING MACHINE.

THE PLACE FOR THE OLD FLAG.

ENTHUSIASTIC Imp. Fed—ist—Doesn't that grand old British flag look splendid on the City Hall?

Ordinary Citizen—Yes; but it would look still better up around Behring's Sea just at present. Don't you think so?

ITEMS FROM OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

"OUR bird has flown," quoted Dumley, who was carving, as the alleged duck fluttered from the dish and landed gracefully in the soup tureen.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Brown—Can I help you to a piece of bald-headed eagle, Mrs. Dooley?

Landlady-That is not bald-headed eagle, Mr. Brown ; it is chicken.

Brown—Oh, I beg pardon. I always heard that the bald-headed eagle was a bird of bone and sinew, you know; I have a *talon* for making such mistakes, but I am afraid it does not *beak*come me.

NEW IDEA.

Particular Lady Customer (who has been probing all the meat in the shop for the last fifteen minutes)—Hum ! —er—I think this beef is a little tough.

Exasperated Butcher—No, madam ; it is your finger that is tough.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

I AM waiting, darling, waiting for the day your eye will shine

With the light of love eternal as it gazes into mine; When my heart's unsated longing will at last be hushed to rest And our souls shall rush together as I clasp you to my vest !

Oh, my eye has never seen you, but I know that you are fair ! Like a halo round your temples is the glory of your hair; But what may be its color, be it auburn, red or gray, On present information, I'll not presume to say.

Your eyes, I'm sure, are glorious-like the ocean, deep, serene ;

Are they blue or brown, I wonder, or a tender hazel-green? And your nose, my sweet one 1 is it Roman, Greek, or aquiline?

But forgive the question dearest; for, what matter since 'tis thine ?

Will you be some studied damsel, rich with all the lore of time,

Talking deep of Hume and Hegel, of the beauteous and sublime?

Or some simple country maiden, blue-cyed, timid voiced and sweet,

Knowing not the strains of Wagner from the music of her fcet.

Will she be—but cease to question, impious the Chaldean scroll 1

One last word, and speak, I charge you, Sphinx of Time, reveal the whole !

O ! the doubt, and O ! the terror, that my troubled soul enthrall

As I put the awful query,—Will she ever come at all?

-Novice.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

A poet in the Week says :---

" There is a fragrance lingering round some books."

That's so, especially pocket books, when fellows carry their tobacco in the same pocket.

AN IRISH WAKE.

THE ould house is burning on us, Bridget ! Av what use is an alarm clock that don't giv' the alarm?

FOLLOWING THE PRESCRIPTION.

DOCTOR—I told you to take one of these pills every hour by the clock.

Irish Patient-How could I, whin the clock stopped ?

A WISE HINT.

HUMORIST-I like the house well enough, but there is no bell.

His Wife—Well, that ought to suit you. You won't hear it ring, you know, when you are getting up your jokes.



["AN EYE LIKE MA'S, TO THREATEN AND COMMAND.' -- Hamlet.

GRIP



A TERRIBLE STENCH.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WE call the attention of our subscribers to the dates printed with their names upon the address labels. These will intimate, in every case, the date to which the subscriber has paid; and a great many will find that they have fallen behind. We wish it understood that subscriptions in arrear are to be paid at once. We are doing our best to make the paper all that it professes to be; and while it gives manifest pleasure to its thousands of readers, we want them to bear in mind the commercial side of the arrangement, and to pay up all arrearages without obliging us to undertake anything to jeopar-dize the pleasant relationships which bind us even to our tardiest friends. Please do not mistake this as one of the humorisms of the paper,—it is the production solely of the business department.

JACOBS & SHAW'S OPERA HOUSE.

FRANKIE KEMBLE, the peerless comedy romance of Dublin lights. She appeared on Monday night to a good house. Her company has b.en materially strengthened since her last appearance here in December. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday with special matinee on Thursday (Queen's Birthday), Tony l'astor and his strong specialty company appear. The performance of Friday evening is for the benefit of Manager Chas, A. Shaw, when we trust his unvarying courtesy will be acknowledged by a bumper house. The sale of tickets is already brisk.

WE want to show every business man in Toronto the advantages of our typewriter over all others, and any merchant who will kindly let us know that he wants to see our machine, we will send one for inspection. The Hammond typewriter is fast becoming the most popular machine on the market, and all who contemplate purchasing a type-writer should not fail to examine the Hammond before purchasing. The office is located at 65 & 67 Yonge Street.

EVERY one who would like to know something about Montreal, should secure a copy of Murray's New Guide. Price, 15 cents. For sale by the bookscilers, also by the author, N. Murray, 498 St. James Street, *Montreal*, agent for Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER-A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor :--To the Editor: — Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease: By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been perma-nently cured. I shall be giad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A CASE OF ABSENTMINDEDNESS.

MERCHANT (buying a bill of goods of Chicago drummer)—" What is your usual time, thirty days?"

Chicagodrummer(absentmindedly)-"Yes, or ten dollars. I always pay the fine-oh-er -I beg pardon ; yes, thirty days, or two per cent. off for cash."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRDP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

WHEN the teacher asked, "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" the slangy boy at the foot of the class promptly responded, "Because it was built that way."-Norristown Herald.

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Granite Rink, Church Street.

YE ANCIENT MEASURE OR COURT MINUET AND ILLUSIONS.

Chorus of Bohemian Gypsies. Admission, soc. High Tea at ye Hostelric of ye Starre and Garter from 5 to 8 every evening, 25c. Ye Coffee House Concerte every night at yc Sign of ye Cat and Fiddle.

GRAND FANCY DRESS CALICO BALL Friday, May 25th, at 9 p.m.

Friday, May 25th, at 9 p.m. Tickets can be had at the Art Fair or from the following committee :--Messis. L. P. O'Brien, S. Morrison, G. Michie, E. C. Rutherford A. J. Holl-yer, W. Spratt, C. S. Dickson, R. M. Shaniy, J. Hay, B. Cronyn, R. Thomas, A. Nordheimer, Har-court Vernon, W. R. Moffatt, G. Torrance, R. Fox and M. Mackenzie. Ladies' tickets, \$1:.00; gentlemens', \$1:.50. Tickets for the gallery, soc., to be had at the Arte Faire, and at A. & S. Nordheimer's, King St. East.



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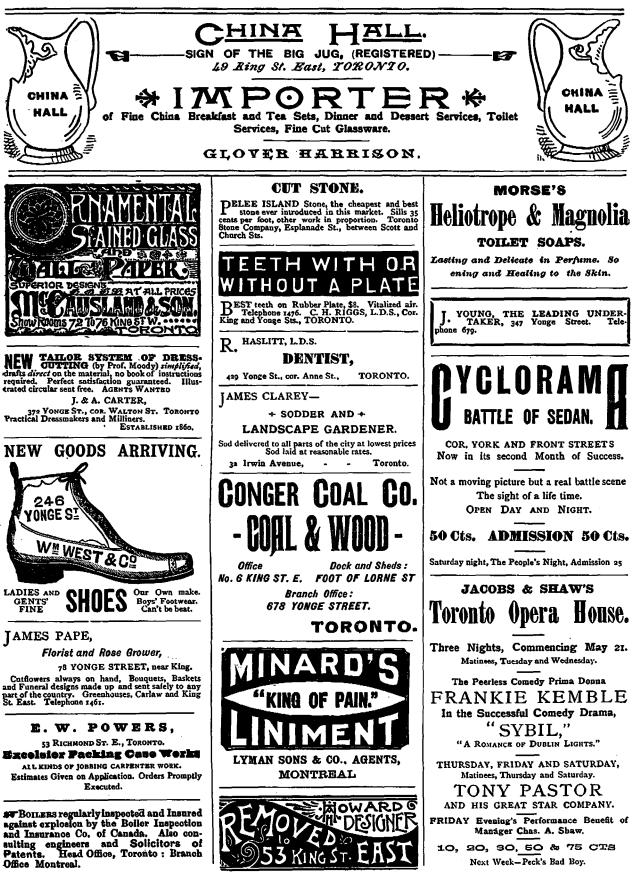
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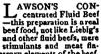


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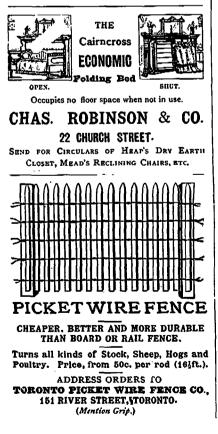




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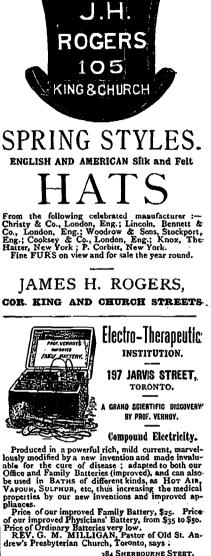
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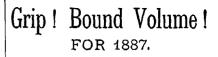




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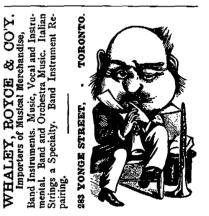
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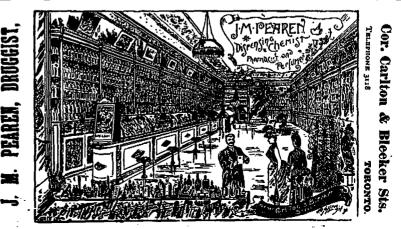
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