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Leading Surgeons of this city say it is the best. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
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Is Unrivalled
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To the Artist.
Its moderate Price,

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Score's
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\$5.25 SPOT CASH.

New Cameras
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—Night Hawk - \$ 6.50
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SOULS STOP
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Perhaps for years you have had comfortless soles. Let us interest you in your own comfort.
BUSINESS INTERESTS ALL LIE IN STUDYING OUR CUSTOMERS COMFORT.
Our long experience enables us to select with certainty those styles and qualities of footwear best adapted to give comfort and a genteel appearance, combined with durability and economy. NEWEST STYLES IN LACE BOOTS FOR SKATING. Fine American Overshoes for Ladies and Gentlemen.
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ONE BOX OF
E. B. EDDY'S
MATCHES
is worth more than three of doubtful quality
"A word to the wise is sufficient."

A. B. Mitchell's Rubberine and Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs

are the finest goods made as a substitute for Linen. Once used you will always use them. Give them a trial and be convinced. None like them



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Comfort and security assured. So-called "Hopeless Cases" solicited. Children positively cured in a few weeks. If you get any appliances, get the very best. Over twenty years in business in Toronto in this one line exclusively. J. Y. EGAN, Hernia Specialist, 286 West Queen's Street, Toronto.

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GODES-BERGER is a natural sparkling Mineral Water, which flows from a spring of this name, situated near the old Castle of Godesberg, opposite the Seven Mountains of the Rhine. This Water is exquisitely Pure, being entirely free from organic substances, and is the most pleasant water to drink, either alone, or mixed with Milk, Fruitsyrups, Wines or Spirits. Although not a medicinal water, the use of Godes-berger will be found very beneficial to those who suffer from nervous weakness, or who are in any way troubled with indigestion, gout, or rheumatism.

GODES-BERGER has been highly approved by Her Majesty the Queen of England's Medical Advisers, also by numerous leading Physicians in London and throughout the world.

Dr. C. FINKELNBURG, Professor and Member of the Imperial German Sanitary Office, writes: "The Godes-berger Natural Mineral Water may, on account of its pleasant taste, and easiness of digestion, be continuously used as a Table Water, and is a refreshing and wholesome drink. It is to be highly recommended."

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WINE MERCHANTS, FIRST-CLASS HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND CHEMISTS.

Ladies' Attention - -

We want one good lady agent in every city, town and village in Canada to sell our wonderful Fern Balm Medicine. Money can be made at home. No experience needed.

DR. PRICE MEDICINE CO.
TORONTO, - ONT.



TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES - 1895.

The undersigned will receive Tenders for Supplies up to noon on MONDAY, DECEMBER 3rd, 1894, for the supply of Butcher's Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Potatoes, Cordwood, etc., for the following institutions during the year 1895, viz.: At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Brantford.

Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the Asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,
T. F. CHAMBERLAIN,
JAMES NOXON,

Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, November 18th, 1894.



FOR THE PRESS

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You will have one of course and will want illustrations

We make a specialty of giving artistic supervision to this work

DO YOU REQUIRE

A STORY ILLUSTRATED, A SPECIAL HEADING OR COVER, BUILDINGS, VIEWS, PORTRAITS &c

write us our prices are moderate and work unexcelled

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What's More Beautiful THAN A Feather Fan?

What will add more to a handsome costume? We make fans to order equal in appearance to the finest imported goods. Send us from three to six first-class Ostrich plumes and let us show you an artistic creation.

We clean and dye old fans and get into them all the lightness and daintiness of new goods. We also dye Feather Trimming. Want your boa to match your costume? Send for Catalogue.

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Alcoholism is a Disease -

PATIENTS ARE EASILY AND THOROUGHLY CURED

AT THE
GOLD CURE INSTITUTE

253 WELLESLEY STREET

For full particulars apply to WM. HAY, Manager.

A BONA FIDE CHALLENGE

NO - CHARGE - IF - NOT SATISFIED.

The *Railway and Steamboat Times*, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

I assert positively that I possess that cure, and guarantee to produce an entire new growth of hair. Any person (extreme old age excepted) can be treated at

MME. IRELAND'S

Toilet and Shampooing Parlors,

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Subscribed Capital

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Debentures issued at four and one half per cent. Money to lend.

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An essay describing a really genuine Cure for Deafness, Singing in Ears, &c., no matter how severe or long-standing, will be sent post free.—Artificial Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely superseded. Address THOMAS KEMME, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

JOHN IMRIE'S

: POEMS :

: NIAGARA FALLS :

Naught but the hand of God could stay thy course

Or drive thee back to Erie's peaceful deep;

Then onward press with thy gigantic force,

Till in Ontario's bosom lull'd to sleep.

Emblem of Freedom! who would dare essay

To bar thy noisy progress to the sea?

Then onward press! while boarding nations pray

For strength and wisdom to be great and free.

Nearly 400 pages, neatly bound in cloth and gold, sent post free for \$1.00.

IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO.

31 CHURCH STREET
TORONTO, ONT.

Freehold Loan and Savings Company.

DIVIDEND No. 70

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable On and after the 1st day of December 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 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board.
S. C. WOOD,
Managing Director.

Toronto, 31st October, 1894.



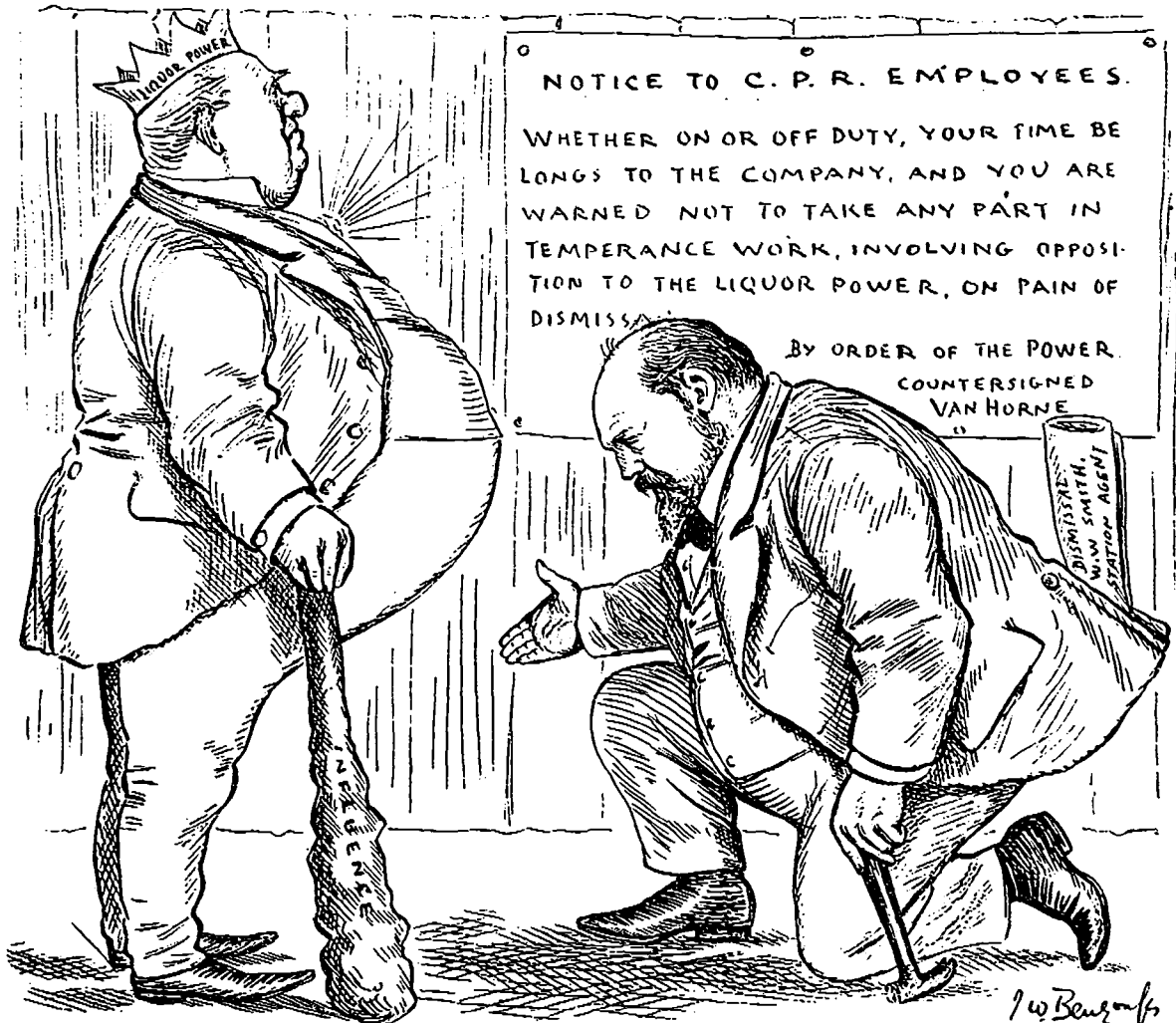
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 42. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

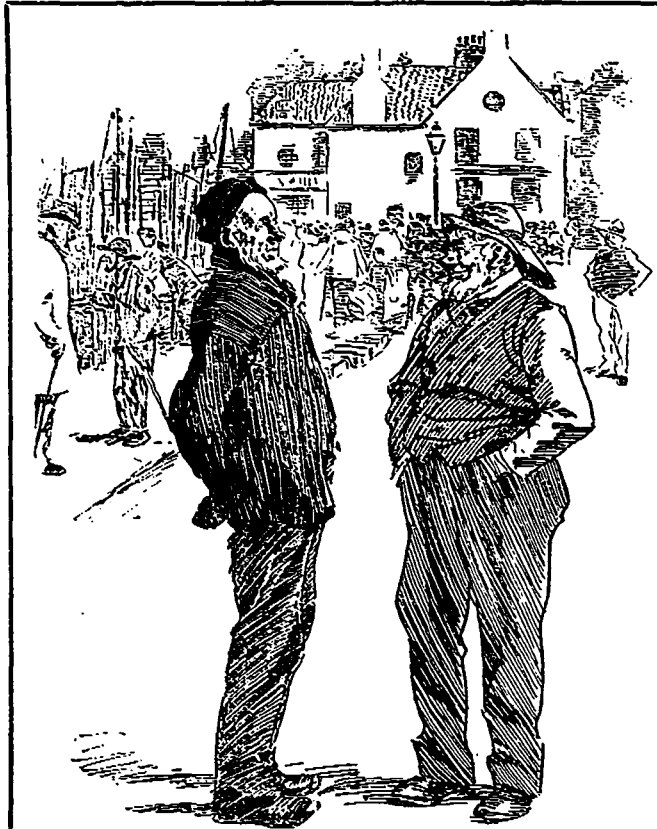
No. 1095

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 21.



THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THE GENERAL MANAGER.



THE REASON ON 'T.

"Yes, to be sure they 'ave more sodiers in France than we 'ave; but w'y? 'Cos in them furrin parts hevery young man is *obliged* to become a volunteer!"

ESSAYS ON THE PERFESSIONS.

By Little Tommy.

III. GENTLEMEN.

I HAVE rote bout doctors and lawers and i take up my pen to rite bout gentlemen, wich is the fellers that wares plug hats and sunday close every day of the week and dont have to work. i call them a perfession cos they aint a trade anyhow. they dont have to work as they have enuf munny to get along and jes walks round with a cane. but they dont all have munny neither, and it is more than i can do to tell how they make it go my dad sez they live on there cheek and i gess that is bout it. them kind of a perfession jes goes in a grocer store and gets tea and sugar and everything they want and then sez send it up please and charge it. they woodent be seen carryin' a parsel on the street by no means. and then when the grocer man sends his man round to collect the munny they tell him call agin till he is sick and finely they got to sue it but it dont do no good. my dad says they are ded beets. it is quere that pepel think thereselves fine becous they dont work sted of bein ashamed it makes me weery to see sum snips that i no i cood tell there names if ive a mine to, that turns up there nose at pepel that works and petends they dont no them when they meet them. i feel o jes let me have one good kick at such snips i dont care if they are girls or not they deserve a good kick. i think the perfession of gentelman is the softes snap of all if you got plenty of munny cos you can have a good time goin round and helpin those that is poor and then they will say god bless you and you will feel happy and that is wot i call a true gentelman. So no more at present.

TOMMY

STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

No. 13 Grand View Avenue,
TORONTO, Nov. 18th, 1894.

ED. GRIP,

DEAR Sir,—I am not a rich man as wealth is reckoned now-a-days, for my bank account is under a million, and my real estate is barely half as much more, still there is a spark of goodness in my soul—I feel it borne in on me to benefit my fellow men, and I propose to do so in quite a novel manner, viz., by offering rewards for this, that and t'other; that is to say, as a matter of course for purely meritorious purposes.

With your consent, therefore, I hereby offer a reward of \$10,000 to any man, woman, or child, who can produce, or suggest the production of an electric motor which, for combination of pound, thump, hum, screech, buzz, bump, bang, clatter, hammer, rattle and so on, will prove superior to the dynamo on Toronto Street Ry. car No. 4. This offer will remain open for fifty years. Headache and nervous proof candidates will find ample knowledge as to what is required by riding half a block on this car, anywhere between the Walker House and the General Hospital, and the nearer they get to the hospital, the better.

I will also offer \$10,000 for a suit of T. S. R. conductors' uniform which shall be lawfully proved to contain more dust, a larger number of grease spots, fewer buttons, more badly mended rents, is a worse fit, or generally looks more disreputable in a village of this size than the uniform of conductor No—— why should I mention his number? Everybody has observed it, I mean his uniform(17) shabby suit. This offer will remain open until the close of the present century.

My third offer is one of \$25,000 to the first person of either sex, young or old, who will give such information as may lead to the apprehension of knowledge relating to the existence of any town in the civilized world having such a "cribbed, cabined and confined" general post office as Toronto has, with an additional \$5,000 for information as to any similar building elsewhere having a narrower or meaner entrance—jails or poorhouses excepted.

\$50,000 is hereby offered for a design according to which the grounds in front of the legislative buildings may be laid out, and \$15,000 to any one who will suggest a plan to remove successfully the immense display of unadorned lumber in the west tower of the above so that a large Waltham watch or other timepiece may be inserted—just for the look of the thing.

Yours surely

AMOS KEAG.



PROSE AND POETRY.

DAWKINS—"What have I had? A bun and coffee, and waited on by *you*, but don't charge me what it's worth; a millionaire could'nt pay the bill!"



EMULATION.

MAYOR KENNEDY—"Ald. Hewitt, your colleague Stewart has stepped down and out because, owing to certain developments, "his usefulness is for the present gone." I trust you do not intend to let him surpass you in the—er—that is to say, in—er—doing what good manners and self respect call for."

THE OFFENDED LETTER.

ON the morning after Dean Hole's lecture at Massey Hall, there came a ring at the door-bell of the house in which the very reverend doctor was a guest. The girl who responded came to the door of the dining room where the Dean was regaling his host after breakfast with some "more memories," and said it was a person to see the visitor from Rochester. "Show the gentleman into the parlor," said the host. "One of my hearers of last night, I trust," said the Dean, "anxious to contribute something to the restoration of my Eastern front." So saying he repaired to the parlor, where a queer-looking little being, shaped like the letter G, rose and greeted him.

"You wished to see me, I believe?" said the Dean.
 "Yes, sir," replied the caller.
 "I don't think I have the pleasure of knowin' you," added the very reverend.
 "No; you are evidently a perfect stranger to me, and that is really why I have taken the liberty of calling upon you. I am puzzled to know why you should have gone out of your way last night all through your lecture to treat me with contempt," responded the little fellow somewhat warmly.
 "Really," said the Dean, nervously, "I scarcely see your meanin'. I am not aware—"
 "You're doing it again now," replied the other.
 "Doin' it again? What do you mean? I should be sorry to treat anybody with contempt, and if you will make your meanin' plan,—"
 "There you go again! I call this too bad!" and the little fellow grew quite indignant. "Let me explain at once who I am, and you will see what I mean."
 "Yes, please do let me know *who* you are," replied the Dean, "then perhaps I can tell what you're drivin' at."
 "I am the letter G, that's who I am, and I want to know why you should cut me every time you use a word in which I am the final letter? You never fail to do it, and I don't like it, sir, and I don't think it's becoming in a man who is educated, much less a clergyman."
 "My dear G," replied the Dean, "you astonish me. I

had no idea I was in the habit of ignorin' or cuttin' you; and if I have hurt you feelin's I am really very sorry. It must have been a mere oversight on my part; I certainly had no idea of bein' offensive."

"I accept your explanation, of course," said the aggrieved letter, "but it is very hard to bear all the same. I don't know how you have fallen into the vulgar habit—for it certainly *has* a vulgar sound—and I would strongly advise you to break yourself off it. I understand it is a sort of fad among the 'smart set' in England to cut me, but I expected better things of high church dignitaries, and I can tell you, sir, that your treatment of me last night simply spoiled your lecture in the opinion of many of your hearers. I will say no more just now, but I hope you will keep an eye on yourself hereafter and treat me as respectfully as any other member of the alphabet."

So saying the visitor bade the Dean good-morning and retired.

AT 1.150 P. M.

MABEL—"I like a man with some go to him."
 GOSTIN—"O—er perhaps I'd better say good night."
 BOSTON MOTHER—"Why does Priscilla blush?"
 ANNETTE—"Please, mem, she's studying improper fractions."

Kate Field's Washington.

THE windlass, or story without an end. A labourer works to get money, to get strength, to get work, to get money, to get strength, to get work, to—



MIXED.

SWIGGER.—"Is thish th' other shide of ther street?"
 OBLIGING STRANGER.—"No, you drunken idiot. It's over there, of course."
 SWIGGER.—"Cur'us! Feller over there shaid 'twere over here."



L. Coffe

THE QUEBEC LOAN—SMALL AND BONEY.

MADAME QUEBEC—"It's not worth cleaning! If that's the best you can do, Taillon, I'm simply ashamed of you!"

THE CLOAKMAKER'S STRIKE.

THERE was sorrow among the feminine half of the family. All through the hot days of summer the girls and their mother had been economizing by wearing ten-cent a yard blouses made at home. All thought of jackets, even the ever to be admired Eton, they had renounced during the heated term, and until far into the chilly autumn. They were not rich people, and being five in number they had to resort to various contrivances to keep up the fashionable appearance that made the men of their acquaintance regard them as up-to-date.

They generally bought their clothes in wholesale quantity, and it was one of their strongest economies to buy small things by the half-dozen, that allowed them one apiece, and the odd number for necessary repairs. They had made up their minds to buy cloaks this season, and by close calculation had decided that by getting five at \$10.50, the shop would knock off the fifty cents and fifty dollars would cover the entire expense. They had worn their jackets for six years and they had faded so much and so often, that there was no possibility of putting any more velveteen sleeves in them, for the colour couldn't be matched.

They didn't attend the opening days of the big shops and it was a fatal delay, for the great cloakmaker's strike came on in New York, and the price of those desirable garments went up far beyond their limit.

The girls were in despair and their mother ditto. Just

think of it, five dear, kind, economical Canadian women being left cloakless all on account of a strike in a foreign country!

Of course one or two of them might have been furnished with the necessary garments, but then the rest of them would only have looked shabbier. They couldn't afford, either, to buy cloaks of last season's cut, for as they expected to wear them for six years, it was necessary to buy the very latest fashion.

They talked and talked and talked, but they couldn't make that fifty dollars into sixty, but out of every evil comes good—to some one.

"Your pa needs clothes," said the head of the house, "if there's one thing looks more poverty-stricken than another it's to see the father of the family out-at-elbows, it stands terribly in the way of his making valuable acquaintances at his club.

"Let us make him a present of our cloak-money," said the girls.

They all, including their father, thought it a good idea, and he was presented with the fifty dollars and asked to consider it as a Xmas present. And he was glad and blessed the strike, and went down town and bought himself a suit and a hat.

He also made up his mind not to acknowledge being the author of letters to the newspapers, condemning the awful extravagance of women in dress.

J.M. Loes.



MARTER'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

MR. MARTER.—“I can see what ails you, madam. You've swallowed the Separate School System and it doesn't agree with you. A regular course of this invaluable specific will effect a complete cure!”



A RARE CHANCE.

[A young man, well educated, wishes to be adopted by a wealthy couple. Best of references given and expected. Box —, *Globe* Office. See *Globe*, Nov. 15th.]
 Frantic rush of eligible elderly couples to secure this extraordinary prize!!

OPEN LETTER TO MR. MOWAT

DEAR Sir—but not *Sir* Oliver, I don't bleeve in them titles, and once on a time you didn't nuther, but in course you're a-gettin' old—well, as I said afore, dear sur, I'm a Patron of Industry, and what's more, I'm a Reformer, which is two things you aint, fur if you hed bin a Reformer there wouldn't have bin no Patrons. I know you call yourself a Reformer, but I once planted potatoes for Early Rose as was only Cups and mighty poor Cups too—still they looked like what they claimed which is different from you agin. Do you know, sir, that there aint a man in this country as takes you for a Reformer? What did you ever reform? Can you mention jist one wrong thing you ever took up out of your own head—not out of Wm. Irving's head, or Mr. Hardy's head, or any other fellow's head, but jist out of your own, and got sot right? Blamed if I kin! Do you know that you are the true Father of the Patrons so fur as Ontario politics is consarned? Your toryism has inflicted us with Upper Canady College—a very good school in our bush-whacking days, but now taint no manner o' use—\$300,000 thrown away! Your toryism continners the fee-system that gives one man \$5,000 and another only \$1,000, instead of a true fee system as would give 'em both \$2,000 a-piece, and save \$2,000 for the province. Your toryism makes you the head of a jaunty compact consistin' of ex-members, would-be members, and members' sons, etc. what fills all the best places in the country, and works for you on the sly at election times. Your toryism made you rejek Meredith's motion to make jedges work overtime to git through—you said you thought you didn't think the jedges would like it!!!!!!! Your toryism refuses to give us women suffritch, and yit you cast a vote every time your own self! Hesn't one old woman as good a right as another, eh? Your toryism purvents you from stiddyin' the Single Tax idea, onless you have changed your mind sence you told a friend of mine, that you had no patience with Henry George, and that you couldn't read him at all! Your toryism makes you hum and ha and take things into your serious consideration until you kin find out how the wind blows—it makes your Governmint spend thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to support things as they be, the older fashioned they are the better, and it won't let you spend a cent for a new idea. Your colleg's laugh at you, and the best men all over the country is sick of you—I am. You are called the biggest Tory in the puddle. George Brown was a Reformer, so was Meredith, but you——! Oh, yes? you are Sir Oliver; your toryism made you take that too. Blake wouldn't, Brown wouldn't, Mackenzie wouldn't, and if Brown had a bin livin' he wouldn't a' let you nuther; yes and your toryism makes you appoint commissions on one thing and another to give places to fellows; to give you time to think—I mean to consider; and to take the responsibility off your shoulders. You a Reformer! I should smile!

HENRIETTA PERKINS

BRIGHTON, Oxford County, Ontarey.

POLITICAL POINTER.

The party that would strive to please
 Each race and have their strength allied,
 Should name a man who quite agrees
 With all the views of the Chinese;
 Its choice will then be rat-fed.

TERRORS OF THE NIGHT.

The fear a woman has at night
 Of burglars breaking in, no doubt,
 Is less than is the husband's fright
 Who fears the baby may break out.

ROUGH ON MAN.

Ill-fortune sends us now and then
 Things which we'd like her to withhold,
 But nothing's quite so rough on men
 As whiskers two or three days old.

A MAN who can eat buckwheat cakes and sausage, and digest them, need not worry about death.

It is bad enough to be licked by an enemy you despise, but to be made to pay him \$200,000,000 for licking you is decidedly rubbing it in. Thus reasoneth John Chinaman.

It is some relief to be assured that the Czar is buried. We had begun to fear that Mayor Kennedy's cablegram of condolence had so paralyzed the Russian authorities that they had forgotten about the funeral.

TRUTH—FOR A CHANGE.

GRIP protests against Dean Hole's lecture being described by our city press as "one of the most brilliant heard in Toronto for years." This is simple mendacity. The lecture was in truth very poor indeed, not for a single instant to be compared, for example, with that recently delivered on "Macbeth" by our own citizen, Rev. Mr. Woude. The Dean is no doubt a very amiable gentleman, and a nice man for a dinner party, but he is certainly no orator, nor was the matter of his lecture any better than might be expected from any clergyman of average ability called upon to speak without previous preparation. All this notwithstanding that no man ever rose to address an audience under more inspiring conditions,—a beautiful hall, a choice intellectual assembly, and a prelude of splendid choir-singing. And yet as an oration it was a failure—the dailies notwithstanding.



CONSOLATION.

PRINCIPAL GRANT—"Gentlemen, you have been squarely defeated at football; Ottawa has carried off the trophy. But do not despair. If you will now turn your attention from your feet to your heads, and succeed in developing *their* powers somewhat, your attendance at college may not be entirely in vain.



FLORAL MUSIC.

LITTLE EFFIE (to young Smithson, who has called for her big sister)—“You sing in the choir, don't you?”
 SMITHSON—“Yes, Effie, I do.”
 EFFIE—“Well, is that why you always wear a Christian-anthem in your button hole?”

ON TOOTHACHE.

YOU'VE been searching, Men of Learning,
 Into every nook been turning,
 Exercising your discerning,
 To find out
 What will—to prevent returning—
 Cure the gout.

Now those gentry, fat and blowing—
 Limbs in flannel you've been sewing,
 Bones in spite of all your doing
 Seemed to harden—
 Set them all to work a hoeing
 In the garden.

Come, devote yourselves to reason,
 Lazy wights desert a season,
 Seek a method of appeasing
 Real pain,
 Which my very life is teasing
 In disdain.

Toothache ! O my head is cracking,
 Nerves are wild, and jaws are racking,
 Neck and ears it is attacking,
 And my heart
 Dizzy grows as forked aching
 Grasps the part.

O, apply some mixture healing !
 O, remove the sense of feeling !
 Life's Elixir, wherefore sealing
 O ye Fates !
 While the Furies thus are dealing
 With our pates.

Can't ye stop it, ye physicians,
 If ye know some old traditions

Which reveal the cure's conditions,
 For truth's sake
 Tell, and send them on their missions
 To toothache.

“No cure,” say they, while the writhing
 Deeper grows, my tooth is seething
 In a sea of pain and breathing
 Threats of worse,
 With no hope of e'er relieving
 This, my curse.

But where drugs are unavailing,
 Steel is found to be prevailing,
 Help for this my awful ailing
 It contains—
 Clap it on—Whew ! Crash ! unailing
 Cure for pains !

Charlie Wanderson.

GUFF.

DO not pay much attention to a compliment, as a rule, but when Charley Bracke called at my office yesterday, after an absence of 10 years, and said I did not look a day older, I admit that I was pleased ; a man likes to believe that he has good stuff in him, and that he wears well. There are few men who do not look a day older, after the storms of 10 years, and I doubted if Mr. Bracke would be able to find another man in town of whom he could say as much. In the afternoon I saw him on the streets shaking hands with George Tofte, and as I went by I heard Mr. Bracke say : ‘Well, sir, you don't look a day older.’ I learned later that Mr. Bracke had said the same thing to nearly every man in town, and had been treated particularly well every where because of it.

WHEN we succeed in saving something from the fire or wastebasket we forget the next time we see it what we saved it for.

WAG—“You get better prices for your umbrellas when it rains, don't you?”
 UMBRELLA MAKER—“Why should I?”
 WAG—“Why, umbrellas go up then, don't they?”



COMPLIMENTARY.

MRS. MORIARTY (charwoman, University Coll.)—“Oh, Mr. Rush, sir, what would I not give to have a head loike yours !”
 RUSH, ('96) flattered,—“Yes, it is an advantage to be well educated.”
 MRS. M.—“I don't mane that. But what an iligant mop it wud make !”



SILENT SUFFERING.

SHE—"Ah! Men don't know what women have to bear; they suffer in silence."

HE—"I know. That's their greatest suffering."

SWEET CHINEE.

(Air—Sweet Marie.)

I'VE a secret in my heart,
Sweet Chinee.
A tale would make you start
Dreadfully.
Every Jap he knows our yell.
Knows our pass-word very well,
And yet he dare not tell
Sweet Chinee.

When I face you on the brine,
Sweet Chinee ;
Then you'll be dead in line,
Come to me ;
Ah the world is full of Sin !
Full of battle's cruel din,
And yet we will Pekin,
Sweet Chinee.

CHORUS.

Come to me, sweet Chinee, sweet Chinee, come to me,
Not because your feet are small,
Love, to see,
But your wig, so long and sleek,
Makes me think it would be neat,
As a halter for our fleet,
Sweet Chinee.

A. H. K.

SUSAN.

SWEET Susan, so sunny, so smilingly shy,
So simple, so subtle, so saucily sly,
Sings, sings so serenely ! (Such silvery sound !)
See ! Seeking such sweetness six suitors surround.
So sapient, sober, so stately, secure,
So sombre, sarcastic, sardonic, so sure.
Suppress, softly sighing so sweetly, such swains !
(Some sympathy, surely, sweet Susan sustains :
Sealed safely, such secret she shrinking should screen.)
Some suitors seem satisfied, smiling, serene ;
Some, sad, solemn, sulky, still sorrowful stray ;
Some, silently scheming, still stupidly stay.
Sweet Susan so scornful should steadily say
"No !"

A BOVINE TRAGEDY.

THE moon shone down most dutiful,
Out of an azure sky,
Full on a creature beautiful,
Who slow my hut passed by.

Her limpid eyes were glistening
As though some grief she'd hide ;
At times she halted, listening,
Anon would onward glide.

An air she had of haughtiness
(The pride of long descent),
And yet a deed of naughtiness
'Twas on which she was bent.

In state, with such celerity,
Towards the shaft she swept ;
On seeing such temerity
Strong men might well have wept.

She glanced around affrightedly,
But climbed the heap of dirt,
Then cast her eye delightedly
On my old flannel shirt !

I'd left it out unthinkingly,
When going home for tea ;
She lifted it unwinkingly,
And chewed it up with glee.

This was a find encouraging,
But more came after that—
She got, by skilful foraging,
My waistcoat, watch, and hat.

Adown her sweet oesophagus
The flannel shirt they chased,
And found a safe sarcophagus
Beyond her slender waist.

With appetite diminishing
Her ardor seemed to flag ;
But wound up all by finishing
That little canvas bag.

The whole earth shook convulsively,
Destruction reigned complete,
And down there fell, impulsively,
Great gobs of gore and meat !

The resident of China might
Have heard the fearful row :
The bag was full of dynamite,
She was Smith's poley cow !

A. Chic.

WIFE OF CRITIC—"You have been turning the pages of that book back and forth for over an hour. What on earth are you hunting for?"

CRITIC—"I am trying to find a stanza taken at random with which to wind up my notice of it."



JUST PLAIN.

UNDERTAKER (having taken order) "What trimmin's will you 'ave?"

THE WIDOW MULDOON (promptly) "None at all! Sure he died av trimmins. We'll have no more av thim!"

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ALMOST A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

The Sad Condition of a Little Girl whose Parents Feared she was Beyond Hope

Mr. Horatio N. Robinson, of Mount Pleasant, P.E.I. is one of the most prosperous and progressive farmers on the western part of the island. To a representative of the Summerside Journal Mr. Robinson related how his little daughter Bertha Mabel had been brought back to health and strength.—“Some time ago,” said Mr. Robinson, “Mabel completely lost the use of her left leg. She could not use it in any manner whatever, and had to be lifted in and out of bed. The doctor seemed at a loss to understand the cause, and although very attentive seemed not to be able to do anything for her. We were very much alarmed, and as she was not getting better we determined to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills of which we had heard so much. Before a half dozen boxes were used she could run about and play without the use of her crutches. She is now lively, eats well and sleeps well and is in the best of spirits, and we are satisfied is far on the way to complete recovery. I am convinced that if we had not used Pink Pills she would have been a cripple for life, if indeed she had survived the illness. Mr. Robinson also told the reporter that his brother, Peter W. Robinson, was last spring greatly debilitated and suffered much from rheumatism. He began taking Pink Pills and is now as well as ever. Dr. Williams Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve restorer known to medical science, and cure when all other remedies fail. If not kept by your dealer they will be sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Get the genuine; imitations and substitutes are worthless—perhaps dangerous.

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