

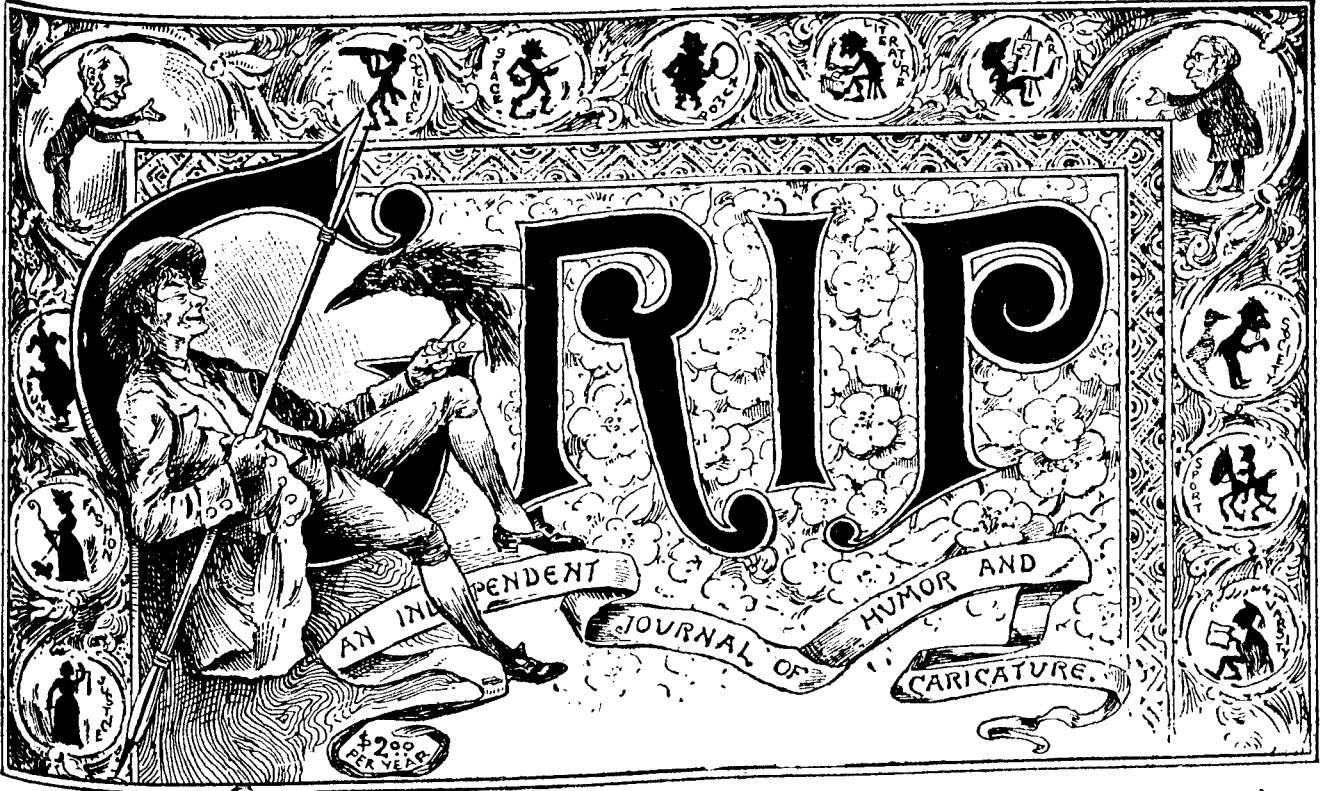
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VOL. XL.—No. 22.

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1893.

No. 1042.

WM. RADAM VINDICATED

The Radam's Microbe Killer Case Settled by a Verdict for the Plaintiff

[From the Mail and Express, New York, May 10, 1893.]

The case of William Radam, inventor of Radam's Microbe Killer, against Dr. Eccles and the "Druggist's Circular and Chemical Gazette" was decided yesterday by a jury before Judge Andrews in the Supreme Court. Mr. Radam received a verdict and a complete vindication from the charges made by Dr. Eccles in an article published in the "Druggist's Circular" in September, 1889, attacking the microbe killer. The article stated that the microbe killer was compounded of poisonous drugs, and that any patient using it would die of cumulative poisoning, but the testimony showed that it is an antiseptic gas impregnated in water and contained no drugs.

"From the day of the publication of this article," said Mr. Radam to-day, "the 'Druggists' Circular' has attacked not only myself and the microbe killer, but has assailed other members of my company and even my patients. But the attempt to injure me and my company has failed and I have won my suit."

"I had twenty witnesses in court, who testified under oath that they had been cured by the microbe killer of many diseases after long and unsuccessful treatment by prominent physicians. I had thirty other witnesses ready to bring forward, and also had special cars at Philadelphia Chicago and Baltimore ready to bring on more witnesses but they were not required. Those who did go on the stand testified that they had been cured by the microbe killer of cancer, catarrh, dyspepsia, inflammatory rheumatism, blood poisoning, asthma, consumption, pneumonia, diphtheria and many other complicated diseases.

"One of the charges made by Dr. Eccles in the 'Druggists' Circular' was that if the microbe killer were taken internally in large doses, it would be fatal, but I brought forward twenty witnesses who proved that it was not poison when taken internally even in the largest quantities. They swore that they had taken, some from 15 gallons to 160 gallons internally, in periods ranging from three months to three years. One patient, a lady, has taken 160 gallons of the microbe killer and was cured and left in perfect health. She had been bedridden nine months with inflammatory rheumatism and had nearly lost her sight. Yet she was in court completely recovered. Her case was regarded as a miracle.

"I had among my witnesses many prominent people, including railroad officials, merchants and professional men.

"The verdict of \$500," concluded Mr. Radam, "is satisfactory in view of the fact that on the trial no injury to the business of the Radam Company was shown; but the jury, convinced of the libellous character of the article attacking me personally, rendered a nominal verdict for that amount. I am gratified, for it is a complete vindication of the unjust charges and libellous attack on the microbe killer."

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HERSELF—"No, I mean my divorce."

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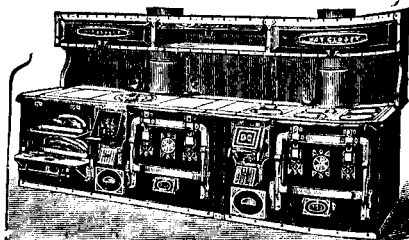
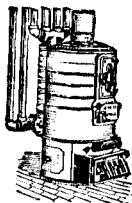
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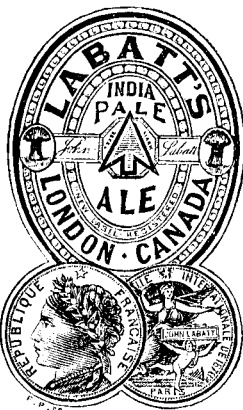
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HE—"I can't really express my feelings."
SHE—"Indeed! well, if they are as bulky as you are yourself you had better send them by freight."



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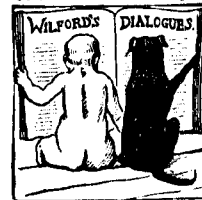
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GRIP

VOL. XL.

TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1893.

No. 22.
Whole No. 1042



TOO BIG A CONTRACT.

UNCLE SAM—"See here, John Chinaman, you ain't a going to board here if yer don't settle up about this bill, I have against you."
WASHEE-WASHEE—"Melican man one piecee dam foolee allee samee. He no likee why he no free belly slick."



*The gravest beast is the Ass; The gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; The gravest man is the Fool.*

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TORONTO SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1893

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We wish those of our subscribers who desire to take advantage of the offers given below would send in their names and the necessary funds now. The arrangements made with the publishers of these periodicals is of a temporary nature, and may be terminated at any time. If you want to make sure of getting either one of them write NOW. Every one who sends in two dollars for GRIP for one year in advance, whether new or old subscribers, will receive

"Grip" one year and the "Farm Journal" one year, \$2.50 for \$2.00.

"Grip" one year and "Woman's Work" one year, \$2.50 for \$2.00.

"Grip" one year and the Excelsior Webster Pocket Speller and Definer, \$2.50 for \$2.00.

"Grip" one year and a Revolving Planisphere, \$2.50 for \$2.00.

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Below we give fuller particulars as to these offers.

The Farm Journal. Every farmer, gardener, stock breeder, orchardist, dairyman, poultryman, their wives, and even the boys and girls will find *Farm Journal* crowded full of helpful information. It aims to be practical rather than theoretical, to be brief and to the point, in fact, to be *cream, not skim milk*. It is adapted to all parts of the country, North, South, East and West. If you are not acquainted with it, send a postal card to *Farm Journal*, Philadelphia, Pa., for a sample copy. It has already more subscribers than any other monthly agricultural paper in America.

Woman's Work. A literary and domestic magazine—deservedly one of the most popular published. Its pure, entertaining and helpful in every department. Its pages are filled with high-class original reading matter and illustrations suited to all ages; it is published to satisfy the great need for good home literature, and no other periodical meets it so well.

The Home-Maker. A handsome 200 page illustrated magazine edited by Mrs. Croly (Jenny June.) *The Home-Maker* is, without doubt, in quality and quantity of reading matter, the lowest-priced magazine published. It is a wonder at \$2.00 a year, the subscription price, and as it only costs our subscribers 50c, we feel sure they will appreciate this offer and take advantage of it in large numbers.

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STATEMENTS that the politics of applicants for liquor licenses are taken into account by Mowat's commissioners are a weak invention of the enemy. A Tory can get a license just as easily as a Grit, provided he is willing to support the Mowat Government.

IF the Mowat Ministry have not done much during this session to merit public approval, there is one act of omission for which they do deserve credit. They have refused to bonus smelting works or give any encouragement to the piratical schemers who, not satisfied with the tax levied on the Canadian consumer by the N. P., want to raid the Provincial and municipal treasuries under the plea of developing our mineral resources. It is satisfactory to see that with all their shortcomings the Provincial Government have still sense and honesty enough to resist this measure of spoliation. It is to be regretted that they yielded to the clamor of the plunder-mongers so far as to bonus a few railways intended to benefit special interests.

IF there still remain any infatuated party worshippers who expect the adoption of a bold, aggressive and truly Liberal policy as the outcome of the Liberal Convention, which meets at Ottawa this month, they are doomed to disappointment. The Liberals are cowards and trimmers and have learned nothing by their long sojourn in the wilderness of opposition. They are hungry for the fleshpots of office, but they are too much afraid of the forces of the corruption and vested interests, now ranged in solid support of Toryism, to risk offending them by a bold, straightforward appeal to the masses of the people. As a consequence the privileged classes continue to uphold the government while the people remain apathetic. They have no particular reason to interest themselves in one party more than another, and moreover defiant, courageous, rascality, which is the distinguishing feature of Toryism is certainly more attractive to many minds than timorous, half-hearted integrity, which may after all be merely a pretence.



HOULD any genuine Liberal rise in the Ottawa convention and assail the unprogressive policy of his leaders, his course would be regarded as decidedly unconventional.

THE legal machinery for the deportation of the Chinese from the United States seems to be out of gear. Even the new act is not Geary enough.

A long race meeting makes a short crowd.



HER OPPORTUNITY.

MISS OLDUN—"I want the man I marry to be a man who has never loved before."
 MISS FLIPPY—"Yes. I daresay you would stand a better chance with one who is inexperienced."

A FIRM of photographers wrote asking permission to take a group picture of the Mayor and alderman. The Council was appalled at the enormity of the offer, and passed over the matter in solemn silence.—*Mail*.
 Our new contemporary, the *Rogues Gallery*, seems to be quite an enterprising paper.

TORY LOGIC.

TORY EDITOR—"What have you got for to-morrow, Snooper?"
 ASSISTANT—"Article on Grit Convention. Hole and corner affair—everything cut and dried in advance—no publicity—press excluded so as to prevent criticism of party policy."
 EDITOR—"Hold up—that'll never do. They have decided to have the convention open to the press of all parties."
 ASSISTANT—"The deuce! That's spoils my argument completely. I guess I'd better kill it and tackle something else."
 EDITOR—"Not at all, just re-write it and say that the admission of the press is a shrewd dodge on the part of

wire-pullers to prevent free criticism of the party leaders as the delegates won't dare to speak out if they know their speeches will be published. Why it just proves our point."

OCH, WURRA! WURRA!

MULROONEY—"Thim ould ancient Greeks an' Romans was purty powerful writers."
 O'ROURKE—"Some av thim was an' agin some av thim wasn't. I think meself that ould Esop was the fablest av the lot."

WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.

BAGSTOCK—"Hello Jollick! you here? Thought you didn't go to races."
 JOLLICK—"No more I do usually; but I've an object in coming to-day."
 BAGSTOCK—"Do any betting?"
 JOLLICK—"No. But I want people to think I do. It gives me a chance to stand off my creditors. Lost a pile backing Heatherbloom for the Queen's plate. Are you on?"



THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILED.

DINKELSPIEL—"Mine crashus, Cohen, vat's ther madder mit dot neck dot you garry your heat side vays like von pilly goat?"

COHEN—"Vell, how I vas going to let mine light so shine, auf I hide him unter a pushel of viskers mit mine heat strait, eh?"

EVOLUSHUN.

DISCOURSE BY THE VERY REV. ARCHDEACON DIAPHONOUS DIXIE, D.D



ELUBBED brudderin an' sistahs de objec ob my specifcashuns dis mawnin' am gwine ter be de doctrine of evolushun. De Reberund

Misstah Hunter dun sprungdat ardoctrinc onto de Ministerial Swasheashun de udder day an' dar want cnuuff sand in de membranes ob dat body to git up and pound de stuffin' outen him fur his heterogeneous notions like I'd have done ef I'd been dar. Dey sot aroun' jest like er bump onto a log wen the fundamental trufe ob 'ligi-

on wuz a gittin it whar de chickun got de ax wen dey orter rose as one man wich sets down onto a bent pin an' went fo' him wid a razzar. Verily dey am dumb dorgs on de walls ob Zion. Ef de trumpet doan' gib de regular toot who am gwine ter know dars a fight on? Selah!

Also ordah! Sistah Gladys Trevelyan doan you tink you kin fin' some mo' opprobrious place fur to tell Maja-Pelham Clinton all about de good time what you had at de picnic—mo' particularly as you am six months be hine' wid yo' pew rent?

De doctrine of evolushun am one ob dese heah scientific notions invented by dese smart Alecks what tink dey knows eberyting an' mo' too. Dey tell us dat the human race sprung from de monkeys in de umbrageous trees of de forest, an' den dey put on a heap ob airs about it—an' low dat de hole worl' wuz alayin' in darkness fur ages fur want ob dat nollege until dey come 'long an' wuz smart enuff to fin' it out. Fac' is dey doan know nuffin erbout it. Ef any ob dose preachers at de Ministerial Swasheashun had any snap erbout dem dey could have jest shut Mistah Hunter up in erbout two seconds. Dey mout have asked him "does you say dat man am descended from de monkey?" Den he'd have said "yes." "Well den jest prove it?" Dat would have settled him. How's he gwine ter prove dat? Was he dar at de time? I doan' believe it. Did he ebber see a man descend from a monkey? No sah, nor anybody else.

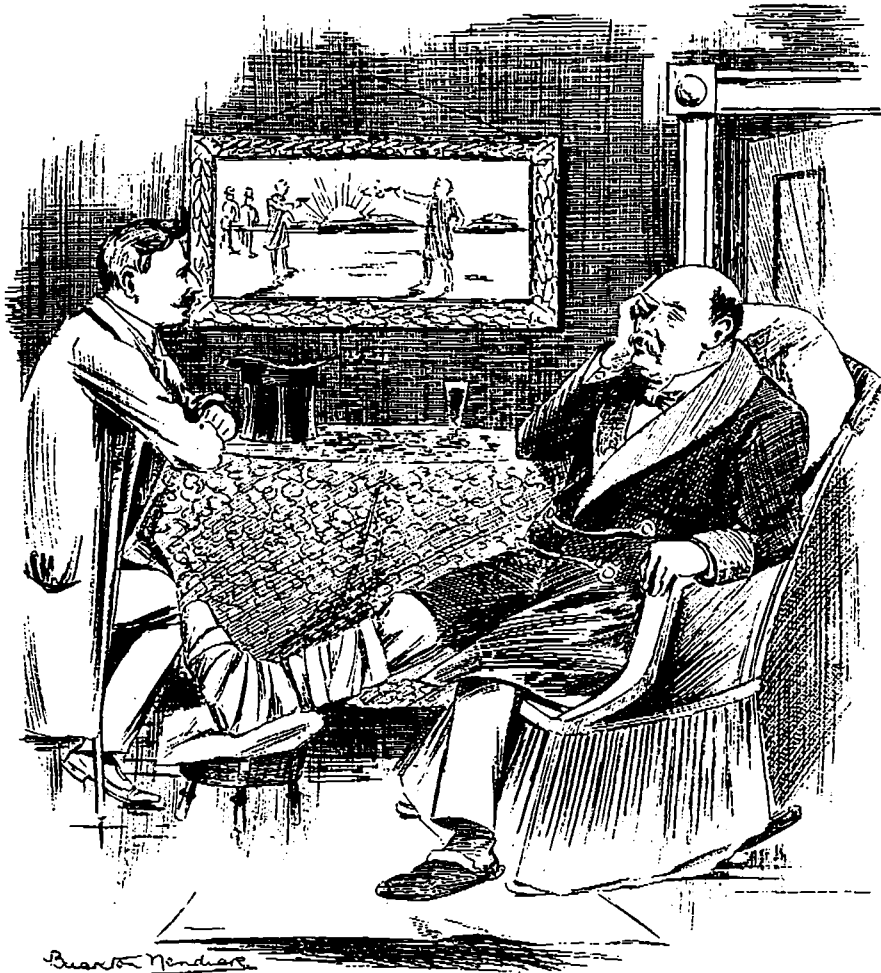
Dey aint nuffin like gettin down ter de facts brudderin an' ef Brudder Hunter an' dese heah evolushuners am so mighty anxious to prove dat de monkeys turn into men wy doan' dey jest chip in an buy a few monkeys frum de Italian organ grinders an' put dem into a big cage an see how long it takes dem to evolute? Ebber heah ob any ob dem tryin' dat ar experiment? No sah, dey know too much. Wy dey might keep dem monkeys dar fur a thousand years an' dey nebber would be nuffin but monkeys.

Anoder pint erbout dis heah evolushun business wich am still mo' ridiculous dan de monkey part ob it, am dat de scientists allow dat de earth evolves eroun' de sun. I dun showed yer de foolishness ob dat some time since, an' dar aint no needcessity fur to 'spaciate onto de pint kase, any man wat got eyes can see jest how it is fur himself. But wen people tell ye sech things it jest shows how easy it is fur men ter fool tharselves an' lose dar common sense by trying ter be too smart. Do you 'spose dat any of dese evolushuners gwine ter shoot off dar mouths whar yo belubbed pasturè would hab er chance to show dar ig'nance an' expose dem befor' a intelligence audience like dis? No brudderin. I dun wrote ter Brudder Hunter an' tole him dat I were ready to debate de question wid him befo' a public meetin' in dis sanctuary, each ob the speakers to git half ob de gate money an' de balance to go to de po.' Sir Olivah Mowat to occupy de chair an' act as de umpire an' no razzers to be allowed, but dat doan ketch him. He says he doan see wat good could be complished by de discussion, but de fac' am he's jest skeered. Selah!

De congregashun will please rise an' sing spontaneous-ly de beautiful an' touchin' psalm "Beulah Land" by School Inspector James L. Hughes, an' den Elder Pomeroy will circumferentiate in pursuit ob financial emolument.

SOCIAL TROUBLES IN EARLY TIMES.

"SOCIAL discontent," says Samjones, "which many people imagine to be a purely modern invention, as a matter of fact, dates back to remote antiquity. Cain went on strike, Noah was an-archist, Moses was a Nilè-ist, and Job was troubled with Scabs, not to mention the fact that Agag came to Samuel before the altar walking-delegately."



Burns Nendler

HE HAD BEEN GAY.

GOUTY INVALID (to Caller)—“ Say, Jim, why am I like an old fashioned bicycle ? ”
 CALLER—“ Give it up.”
 GOUTY INVALID—“ Because I'm cushion tired.”

A POPULAR ERROR EXPOSED.

JAGSTER (Reading item in *Empire*)—

Hiccough, says *Science Siftings*, is due to the spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm. This is the result of the irritation of the ends of the phrenic and pneumogastric nerves in the stomach acting reflexly upon the diaphragm.

“ There now ! and some ignorant people have got the idea that hiccough is caused by whiskey. I'll just cut that out and paste it in my hat, and next time Susan Maria tries to freeze me with a look and says, ‘ Drinking again I see, I'll read it to her and show her that she knows nothing about physiological scienc.’ ”

NATURALLY HE WOULD.

PODWINKLE—“ No man ought to be a judge in his own case.”

BEESWAX—“ And yet anyone acting in that capacity would be apt to acquit himself well.”

MANY a deadhead has become such from travelling by an Alpine pass.

STILL CRUDE.

“ THERE is lots of aluminum round Toronto.”
 “ Where ? ”
 “ Never mined.”

EVANESCENCE.

THERE is no swallow in last year's nest,
 No boodle in last year's dip.
 And where oh ! where is the bicyclist
 Who rode on the devil strip ?

AT THE DRUG STORE.

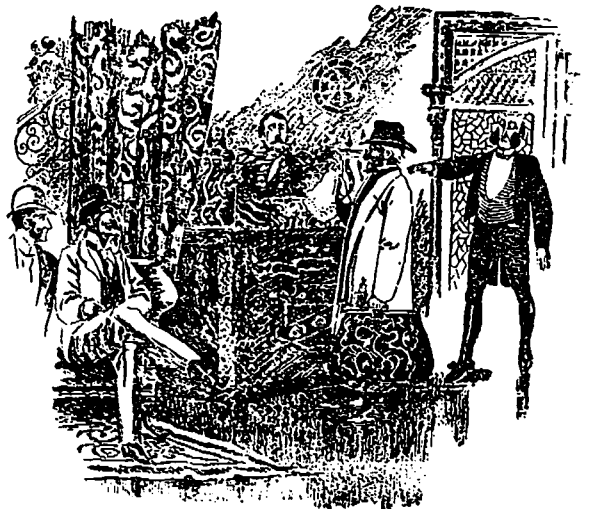
DRUGGIST—“ What can I do for you to-day, gentlemen ? ”
 BORAX—“ Porous plaster.”
 SAMJONES—“ Pour us whiskey.”

STILL LIFE.

D'AUBER—“ Call this a picture of still life ? Why it's a landscape.”
 HEESEL—“ Yes ; a scene in Chester.”
 D'AUBER—“ Is there still life there ? ”

THE *Record* is a bad name for a newspaper, because records are always being broken.

THE minute book of the Jarvis street Baptist church is missing. No doubt its minuteness was the cause of its being so easily mislaid.



AT CHICAGO, OF COURSE.

RURAL VISITOR (mistaking swell club house for a hotel)—“ If you pelicans have got a nice comfortable room you want to rent for fifty cents a day, now is your time to sing out.”—*Texas Siftings*.



IN BROOKLYN, N.Y.

MRS. FULTON FERRY—"Yes! Mrs. Bridge, it is a very novel style. I got it in Montreal. The people in Canada are very economical, and the snowshoes they wear in winter are turned into tasteful hats in the spring."

MRS. BRIDGE—"I suppose the people there are made wealthy by the tariff and so can afford vagaries of this kind in dressing."

IT WAS GENIUS.

SHE came down the crowded street like a May zephyr in all her spring garments. The mysterious and desirable murmur of hidden silk smote the air as she passed with the long plunging step which is the desire of her short sisters. Violets breathed their perfume about her. She was a hand-painted, tailor-made, wildly enchanting, wholly correct, present-day maiden. She should have been happy but she wasn't. A deep sorrow yearned in her beautiful, passionate eyes.

He saw her coming—the only she—and though he had vowed not to come near her till the day after, he couldn't bear that she should be unhappy. Taking his cane in both hands like a life-belt he whispered a word in her ear. A smile swept over her face like the flowers over a meadow in springtime, and they passed on without another word.

Ten minutes later she burst into the dim room where her dearest friend sat worshipping culture supported by chocolate creams. "Clarice Isabelle, Willie Vanable is clever; that settles it, to-morrow I say yes."

Clarice Isabelle arose and cast herself upon her friend like an Atlantic billow in an affectionate mood.

"Darling! so sweet of you to come to see me."

"Yes," continued Beatrice Maude, restoring every detail of her costume with one sweep of the hand and at the same time annexing a choice section of creams. "That was the only thing I wasn't sure about. I

couldn't marry anyone who wasn't really clever. He looks like an angel and is nice enough to make you want to die without knowing any one else. His eyelashes, and that dreamy look in his eyes—oh, Clarice—!"

"—ooo—Beatrice," responded Clarice, in a pale ecstasy. Clarice was thin with culture.

"This afternoon I went down to see about my pictures—"

"You promised me two, dearest."

"One, darling. As soon as I left the studio I felt that something was wrong somewhere. Then I met Barbara Colter and she looked away for fear I should see her smile."

"Horrid thing!"

"Hateful! There wasn't a place I could see myself in, the only big window was men's furnishings, and I couldn't look in there. I felt positively indecent and didn't know what to do when Willie came up—oh, how could I say he was *clever*, it was inspiration, genius."

"What, darling, don't stop."

"I made up my mind as soon as he spoke. He saw what I wanted at a glance and said—oh, Clarice Isabelle, he's so lovely!"

"What did he say, Beatrice Maude?"

"Yes, darling, your hat's on straight,"

"Oh, how clever! no, Beatrice Maud, you are right, that was genius."

"Wasn't it?"

PENNY.

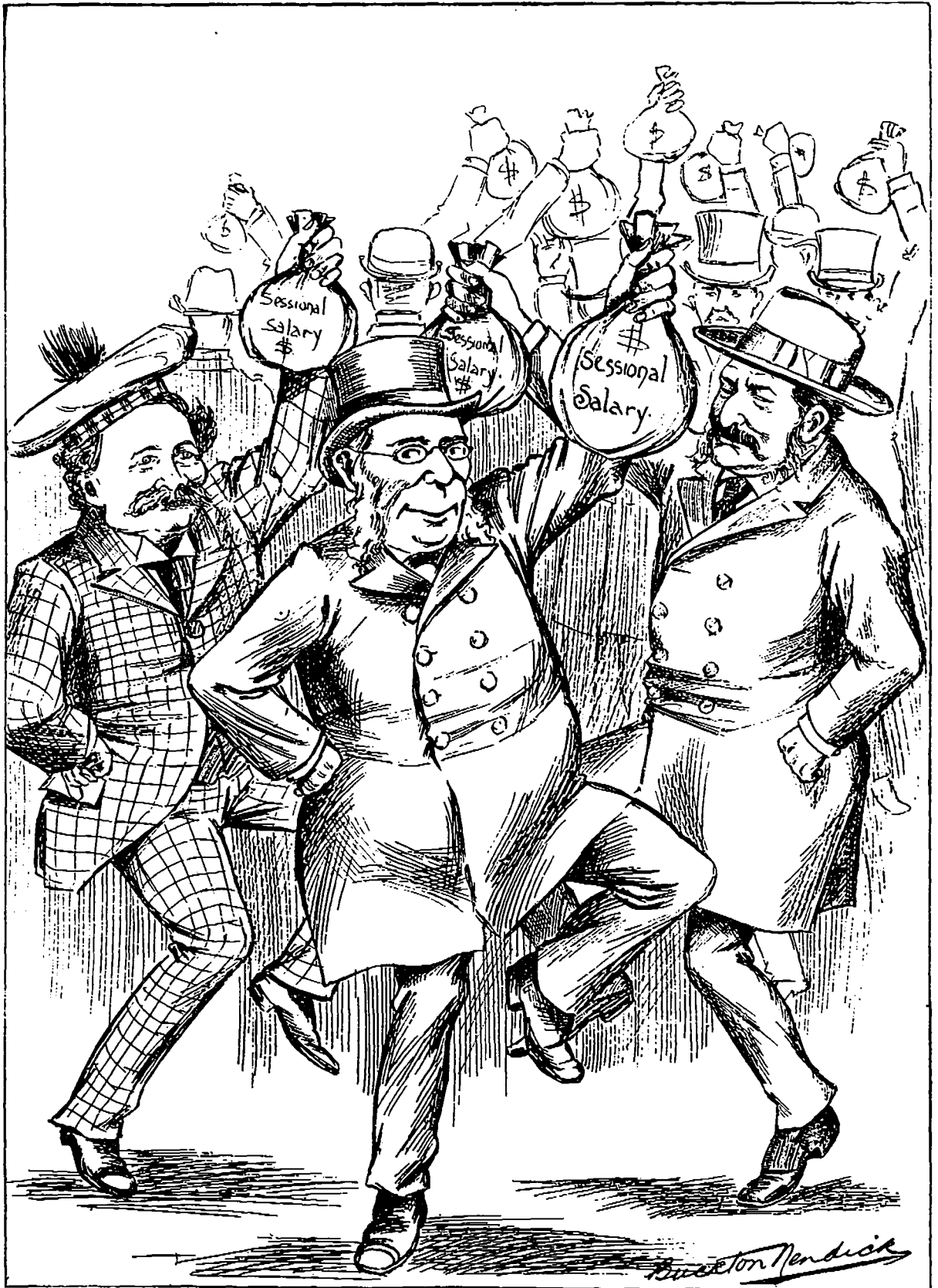
A PARLIAMENTARY candidate strives to reach the M.P.-rean heights of fame as it were.



WOULD HAVE TO KNEEL.

CHOLLY—"My deah boy, youah twousahs ah not pwessed this evening."

CHAPPIE—"What's the use? I'm going to propose to Maud."



PRO-ROGUE-ATION.
THE RESULT OF THE SESSION.



A GENUINE GROWLER.

TOM—"Have you seen Harry lately?"
 ALLY—"I saw him last night. He was working the growler."
 TOM—"But he doesn't drink, does he?"
 ALLY—"No. He was eating a sausage."

PLACATING THE PRESS.

BINKERTON—"What on earth do you suppose induced Gladstone to appoint Ruskin as poet laureate? Why, he isn't a poet."
 BRAGSHAW—"The old man knows what he's about. He wants to make himself solid with the editors."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CURE.



"I HAIN'T wan o' them thar slouches that's allus tryin' to run down some noo institooshun, but jest the same I hain't got no 'bjection to sneakin' a biff at enny institooshun as tries to take me in.

Mebbe ye've heerd tell o' the Christian Scientists? Well, sir, that's the insti tooshun thet thought I was green 'cause I walked flat-

footed. Ye see, my woman Penelope 's out o' sight 'mong society wimmen as hev thar names stuck in *Saturday Night* 'n have five 'klock teaze 'n sich. (Of course she never brings me to the front. I jes' stick up the boodle and she spends it.) Well, these people hev to hev some fad to keep thar little brains from 'vaporatin', an' thar latest fad is Christian Science.

Penelope she'd been takin' pills fur the last five years fur some stummock trouble. As a last resort she was recommended to try the Science Cure. 'Course I wan't goin' to kick agin annything she was stuck on, so we

went down together to Father Flabjohn's to be treated. The old gent smiled like a bull-toad with a bumble-bee in his mouth, and after listenin' to our statement, "Quit the pills," sez he, "quit the pills, and in wan sittin' I'll make ye hole." He placed his fist over his eyes for a minute and thunk hard. Then all of a sudden he springs up. "Yer hole!" sez he, "yer hole!" an' as he pocketed his fee bill he reminded us to "quit the pills." We went home, and Penelope she quit the pills; and sure 'nuff, she did improve. But I began to think 'bout the dang thing. It seemed jes' like 's if I'd been token in. So in 'bout a week I went down to hev a talk with the old coon.

"Ye kin cure catchin' diseases an tuberklosus?" sez I.

"Yes," sez he.

"Thet is to say, ye kin make all them microbes and bacilly fall dead by jest thinkin' hard?" sez I.

"Umph," sez he.

"Then," sez I, "what the Sam Hill's to hinder ye from goin' out into a potato field, an' jest by thinkin' hard, kill off all the potato bugs? Why can't ye make thet thar boil on ycr neck fall off like an acorn in fall?"

The old jay didn't answer a blamed word, so I proceeded:

"I see through yer scheme," sez I, "makin' people pay five dollars fur bein' told to quit takin' doctors' decoctions—"

"Stop," sez he, handing me back my bill, "yer dead on to the scheme. Here's yer boodle back again—and say, here's another V if ye don't squeal. See?"

I went home with a smile on my face and two good V's in my pocket. E.

EDITOR—"Here, this paragraph won't do. You can't work off chestnuts like that on us."

HUMORIST—"Well, all I can say is that you're mighty particular in this office. I've worked off that joke on half a dozen editors and you're the first one to kick."



Buckton Tenders

A TRADE TERM.

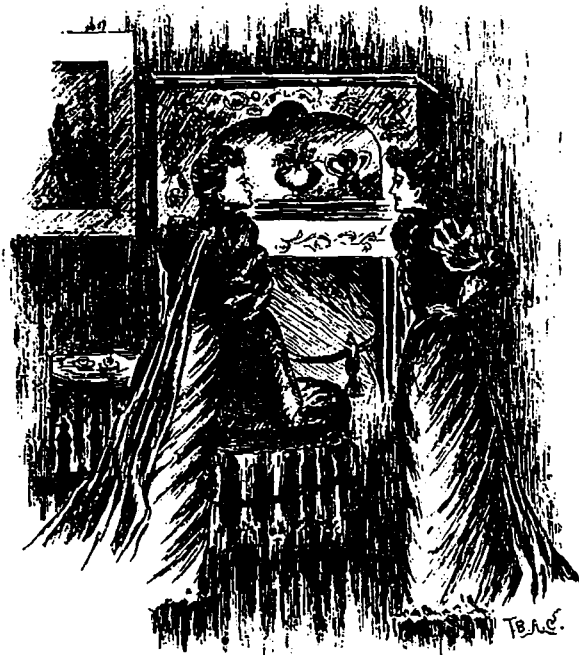
Going at a bargain.

SESSIONAL NOTES.



ANOTHER week gone begosh and we're here yet. It's too durn bad, but it's all the fault of them blamed Oppositionists. They can't do nothing, but they will keep talking again time every chance they get. I suppose the fools think they

can down Mowat at next election, but it ain't talk that counts. It's offices and boodle. Why, if fine talk and moving resolutions and dividing the house was any good wouldn't our crowd have got there at Ottawa long ago? Some people ain't got no sense. They talk about appealing to public opinion. Such rot! There ain't no public opinion in this country except the notion that the man which has a show to get a few dollars outen one party or the other is a durned idiot if he don't make a grab afore



ONE REASON FOR PROHIBITION.

MRS. LOVESTYLE—"Yes, indeed, drink is a curse. I do hope the Prohibition movement will prove a success. I, for one, will do all in my power to forward it."

MRS. WEEDLESNICK—"My, how very decided you are."

MRS. LOVESTYLE—"Decided! certainly! Why just think of the hats and bonnets I could buy with the money my husband spends for his cocktails."

it gets out of reach. Consider the fellers in office, they toil not neither dost they spin. Go thou and do likewise!

Talking about office-holders, you remember my telling ye about Eben Baker, a young galoot from our Township which I got a sit for in one of the departments, a durned lop eared, good-for nothin', loafin', lummix. Well, I kind of lost sight of him for some weeks, but last Thursday I wanted to get a grist of documents and I went to the office where he was workin', and there he was settin' into a easy chair with his feet onto the desk readin' the paper. Gosh! it just paralyzed me! I'd have passed him on the street a hundred times without knowing him. He had a collar up to his ears, an' his hair that used to



A BLUFF.

MEMBER—"Here is ten dollars for the heathen fund."
DEACON (absently)—"I raise yeh ten!"

stick out every which way, cut short an' slicked down, an' a eye-glass stuck into his North-east eye. He was growed into a regular dude. I just stood an' looked at him for about two York minutes afore I could fairly take it in.

"Hello Eben," says I, "Ain't seen ye in a dog's age. Guess ye find this a heap easier work nor feedin' a thrashing machine, hey?"

He slewed round his chair and looked at me through his eye-glass.

"Oh—aw—yaas—Mr. Guffy," says he in a offish way, "Aw, have you any business with the department?"

"See here young man," says I, for I was beginning to get mad. "Tain't no use for you to put on them dudey airs with me which has knowed ye ever since you was knee-high to a grasshopper. Why, durn ye, Eben, it was me got ye this soft job, and if I say so ye'll have to shed them swell clothes an' get up at four in the mornin' again to feed the stock. So ye needn't be so big-feelin'."

He sorter weakened when I talked to him that way an' gin me two fingers of his hand to shake. "Aw, much obliged, weally, you know, faw youah fwiendly intwest.

But, aw, too much familiawity is deduced bad sawm doncher know. I wouldn't mind standing a dwink—but—aw—"

"Look-a-here, Eben, I got the stuff with me all right an' if you ain't too stuck up to have a nip with me—"

"No—have you, though?" says he, suddenly forgetting to be a dude an' graspin' me by the arm. "You're a daisy. Just step this way."

He yanked me behind a convenient screen and produced a glass. We was both pretty dry and after Eben had got two or three drinks into him he got talking quite sensible. How true is the words of the poet: "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!" There wouldn't be no more dudes if they could be made to drink whiskey.

We had a long chat about things in our Township and afore we parted I had put up a scheme with him which may get me a few votes. I'm going to have Eben come out with his dude clothes to the Township Fair next fall, which will be a living example of what a man can do for himself by supporting the Mowat Government. Those which remember him a year or two since hangin' round with a pair of pants wore out at the knees an' a old straw hat without no crown will see that sometimes there is a soft snap goin' for them which votes for me.

Eben was tellin' me, too, that he was a great masher. He has three or four girls in Toronto on the string. Now, if he can spend a fortnight or so at home and make love to all the girls in our section an' allow that he means to get married as soon as his salary is raised, don't it stand to reason that the fathers of them girls is goin' to vote for the Government so as to improve their daughters' chances? It's a big scheme, and thinkin' it all over it's just as well that Eben has got to be a dude.

ORLANDO Q. GUFFY, M.P.P.



Theater Member

CREDITABLE.

CHAPPIE—"You'll have to pprove what you say. I take nothing on twust."

SINNICK—"Except your clothes, of course."

P.S.—We shall get through sooner nor what I thought. I just met Mowat an' he says we prorogue Saturday. Hooraw!

A POETESS OF PASSION.

"I HAD no idea that Miss Scrawney was a poetess. What kind of verses does she write?"

"Poems of passion."

"Remarkable! I didn't think that was her style at all. But can she really stir the emotions?"

"You bet! You just ought to hear the editors swear when they get them."

NOT WHOLLY UNFOUNDED.

SMILAX—"This thirteen superstition is an absurdity. You don't surely take any stock in such nonsense!"

BESWAX—"I believe there's something in it. I had the misfortune to be the thirteenth at dinner one day last week and I had cause to regret it."

SMILAX—"Well, what happened?"

BESWAX—"I was half starved. They hadn't expected more than ten."

SEND US A FREE PASS.

THE roots of the tree Igdrasil
They stretch both deep and far,
But for length they ain't a circumstance
To the routes of the C.P.R.

TENNYSON WAS RIGHT.

BORAX—"The Infanta Eulalie hesitated for some time before coming to the United States, fearing lest some slight might be put upon her."

SAMJONES—"Yes; which shows the aptness of the poet's remark about the fear-slight that beats about the throne."



Quarto Journal

THE COMING LIBERAL CONVENTION.

REPORTER—"I've got a full list of the delegates."

EDITOR—"Walking delegates?"

REPORTER—"Oh, no, these fellows don't walk, they only mark time."

ÆSOP TO DATE.

No. 8.

THE CALIPH AND HIS VIZIER.

THE Caliph, Al Raschid Jamboree, reclined upon a Gorgeous Divan and affectionately Embraced a large Demijohn labelled Monongahela. His Grand Vizier, Yussuf Ben, entered Fawningly, and gazed with Longing Eyes upon the Spirituous Receptacle.

"Wouldst thou like a Drop, Yussuf?" inquired the Potentate in his Gentle Manner.

"Yea, O favorite of the Houris," replied the official Unctuously. It was excusable in Him, poor man, as he had not had a jag on for Two Days, and was Beginning to feel Lonely.

"A large Drop or a Small One?" pursued The Caliph with his Saintly Smile.

"A large one, O Child of the Prophet," mused the



Vizier. The Caliph clapped His Hands and Two Nubian s entered.

"Take him Out," he said, Pointing to the Vizier, "and give Him an Extra Large Drop with—er—a String on the End of It." Then he Leant back and Cachinnated like a Hyena.

MORAL.

Wait for the End of a Sentence ; it will Save You lots of Inconvenience.

TROOPING THE COLOR.

MY man Friday was outing on the 24th. I call him Friday because he is generally so unfortunate in his experiences. I shall change his name unless he adds an amendment that will have the effect of raising his salary.

He was fortunate in seeing the evolutions of the Grenadiers at the trooping of the color. He assures me that in the event of an invasion of Canada by the Turks, the country is safe so long as truthful accounts of what our soldiers can do, reach them, but the stupid fellow spoiled it all by adding that we now hire so many kinds to come to Canada that there is little chance of an invasion, where the invaders would have to pay their own passage which seems to be the objectionable feature.

The performance began by a crowd gathering. Then the soldiers came with the necessary flags, officers, etc. ; to make a good show. The crowd were outside of a roped square ; the soldiers on the inside. Friday couldn't make out whether that was intended to keep the soldiers from getting at the citizens, or *vice versa*. He thinks that it was, tho' on the other hand while the commanding officer was looking at his notes to see what the next move was, the troops were marching right up to a crowd of women outside the ropes and he says on his sacred word of honor, the men never faltered, which, considering the nature of the undertaking speaks volumes for their courage.



GRANGER STATESMANSHIP.

JAKE—"Yes, they've made me a delegate onto the Convention at Ottawa, but I aint a-goin' I think."

HIRAM—"Why aint ye a-goin'?"

JAKE—"What's the use, them fellers aint goin' to put no bonus on crops, and what goods tariff reform. That don't help us farmers out."



MOST LIKELY.

STUMPY TALCOT—"Say, Festy, I wonder what dey put Ill. after Chicago on dat sign for?"

FESTIVELY SCHINZEL—"Well, by gee, youse dead slow, dat's put dere ter let der people know how dey'r goin' ter feel after dey'r to dat Fair. See."

He says the following manœuvres were carried out by the men, in answer to the word of command: "Fall in!" "Ord'r arms!" "Right, *wheel* in columns of companies!" "Present *starboard*!" "Left foot, advance, *level with the shoulder*!" "First gentleman forward and back!" "Right wheel to the left!" "Belay the bunting!" "Promenade all!" "Quick march, one *abreast*!" "Clew the lee scuppers!" "Right foot *forward and back*!" "As, y' *were*!" "Form, hollow, square, the men in the middle!" "Balance all!" "Dam it Charley, hurry up!" "Beer all round!" "Spring lamb, for the mess!" etc. Mr. Friday left them evolving confident that foreigners *who can pay their own passage* will give such warlike tactics a wide berth.

O. G. WHITTAKER.

A COMPARATIVE FREE TRADER.

FREE trade is now the masses' strong demand, The manufacturers' dread, the Tories fear; But Laurier would have us understand 'Tis not enough for him—he wants it "freer."

G. C.

THE SUPREME QUESTION.

WHAT are the crimes and sorrows caused by drink, What are the sufferings which it brings about Compared with those which Mowat seems to think Would be our lot if he should be turned out?

G. C.

A STAFFORDSHIRE LAMENT.

IT'S just tew months ter-day, mon,
Since fust Oi landed 'ere!
For yo mun know that Oi 'ave come
From daown in Stafford-sheer.

Oi felt a kinder dry-liake,
A public 'ouse was near;
Oi wanted bad, yo knowin' it,
A good old English beer.

A smarty chap steps in then,
An' give a squint at me,
An' says, wi' 'is mouth a-grinnin',
"Oolt take a glass wi' me."

"Bist thee from Stafford-sheer, lod,"
Oi says, an' goes 'im one;
'E winks 'is bloomin' eye an' says,
"No, Oi'im a Yark-sheer-mon."



"Oi 'ave tew meet a chap 'ere,
A layner-man," says 'e;
"Oi dunno wot th' tiame may be,
Oost thee just tell it me?"

"Oi 'ool," says Oi, an' pulled it
From out me corderoy;
"It's nigh tew 'arf-past-three," says Oi,
Says 'e, "Thank yo, old boy."

"Oi'll see thee pretty shortly,
Oi mun goo now," says he.
"Hast thou a 'arf-a-crown tew spare,
W'ich thou co'st lend tew me?"

Oi gid 'im one-an-tuppence
An' says, "Oi do' gi'c moore;"
'E smoled an' sneaked my watch, an' then
'E got outside the door.

Thee cossn't chate a square mon
'Ithout thee't get thy fill;
Oi bain't a bloody-minded chap
An' never worked no ill.

Oi do' bin foightin' lately
An' bain't in foightin' trian,
But if Oi catch that Yark-sheer-mon
Oi'll loose it intew 'im.

WATERLOO DICRUSNAME.

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

WATSON'S Cough Drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest—for the voice unequalled. Try them. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

"My ole man," said Auntie Chloe, "is the wast man for a chicken you ever see. If he can't git a chicken no other way he'll go an' buy one."

EXTENSIVE.

I KNOW I've a heart just as large
As e'er in the breast of man beat,
For a graceful Chicagoan maid
Got in'to it once with both feet.—*Puck.*

WOMEN are not cruel to dumb animals; no woman will wilfully step on a mouse.

ENOUGH SAID.

"Papa, what's an aldermanic board?"
"It's a deal board, my son."—*Puck.*

AMONG shopping women, a bargain is something they could not afford when they needed it, and which they get at a reduction when they have positively no use for it.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A MAN of sense may play the fool,
Without appearing over dense;
But never yet could any fool,
In triumph play the man of sense

BIZ—"What were her grounds for divorce?"
MIX—"Cruelty. Wouldn't let her have the last word."

NO MORE CRYING BABIES.

DYER'S Improved Food for Infants is acknowledged by mothers as being the best food in use for infants. It is easily digested, and babies love it. Druggists keep it. 25c. per package. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

THE less a man amounts to, the prouder he is that some of his ancestors were big people.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN MAY.

TEACHER—"Eve was beguiled by the serpent; but Adam was punished too, wasn't he?"

DICKEY BOY—"Yes ma'am; he had to help move."—*Puck.*

MAKES no difference what artificial light you use, gas or electric, R. H. Lear & Co. can meet your wants. Their assortment is well selected. Their terms are special for December. In a word, Large Stock, Designs New, Prices Low. Same old place, 19 and 21 Richmond west.

GOOD FOR THE CLERK.

A LADY went into a post-office and asked for a stamp.

When the clerk passed it to her she said, "Must I stick this on myself?"
The clerk replied, "I think it would do more good if you put it on the letter."

MISS ANTIQUE (*school teacher*)—"What does w-h-i-i-e spell?"
CLASS—No answer.

MISS ANTIQUE—"What is the color of my skin?"

CLASS (*in chorus*)—"Yellow."

A CAPABLE GIRL.

MRS. NEWWIFE—"Did you go to the intelligence office about that new girl, Jack?"

JACK—"Yes."
MRS. NEWWIFE—"Did they say she was capable?"

JACK—"Yes; capable of anything."

HE—"You don't remember me; I met you at the seashore."

SHE—"I don't seem to recall you."

HE—"Strange; maybe you lost the ring I gave you to remember me by."

SHE (*extending both hands*)—"Pick it out; it may serve to identify you."—*Truth.*

FOOLING THE BABY.

NEW GIRL—"Please, sir, the missus is out, and I can't do a thing with the baby. He cries all the time."

MR. WINKS—"Humph! Something must be done. Let-me-see. There's an idiot asylum only a few squares away. Send up for one of the female inmates to come down here at once. I'll pay all charges."

"But what do you want of such a creature as that?"

"I think, maybe, she will be able to talk baby talk to him until his mother returns."

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.

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♦ ♦ ♦ Sciatica

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SHE—“Do you know that playing tennis reminds me of a popular song?”
 HE—“How is that?”
 SHE—“Well, you see, we are “after the ball.”

Art.

J. W. L. FORSTER

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An entirely novel idea. The trials are very amusing take offs of actual scenes in court and daily life; containing sixteen complete trials—adapted to performance by amateurs or professionals. No similar book of any worth whatever has been offered to the public, and we do not doubt that the merits of these Mock Trials will be speedily recognized.

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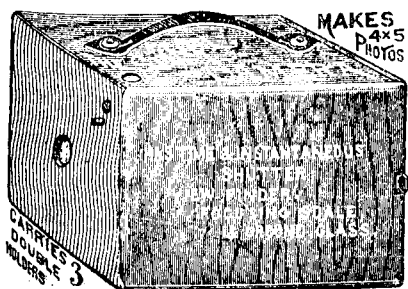
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Order at once as this offer only holds until June 1, 1893.

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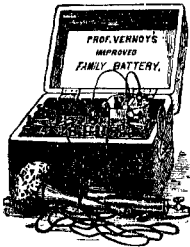
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Commenced the practice in 1869, and since 1876 in Toronto, treating **Nervous, Obscure, Chronic and Acute Diseases**, and more especially the diseases not successfully treated by others. Through our advanced system of electro-curapathy, aided with our improved Electro-Medical Batteries, in harmony with nature's laws, we naturally utilize the most potent and effective agent in the world, yet discovered for the cure of disease, and thus used, it is agreeable and soothing to the whole nervous system, producing most extraordinary cures by the radical changes made in the diseased conditions, such as have been reported at various times in the *Mail*, the *Globe* and other city papers, given to the reporters by those cured for the benefit of their fellow-sufferers, urging its publicity, as in the case of Mrs. Thompson, of St. Catharines, and Miss Vandewater, of Kingston, and others who were cured of spinal curvature and serious internal troubles; anyone is at liberty to call and see how well and straight they are now, or may write to them. Others, through similarly afflicted, have come for treatment, and were cured, and still others are now being cured of various diseases, who may (through their own wishes only) be interviewed at our Institution and those cured at their homes. However wonderful these cures may seem, diseases of various kinds that fail to be cured by other means yield kindly to this potent agent, when *properly* applied, without shocks. Anyone doubtful can easily be convinced by consulting those cured.

See copy of "The Electric Age," and call or write for particulars. **Ozone and Oxygen** liberated from the air and water transferred in their natural purity into the circulation by a new invention in the use of electricity, producing marvellous results in the cure of disease, forming red globules and destroying disease germs, etc.

MR. SWALWELL, OF SAMSON, KENNEDY & CO., SPEAKS.

TORONTO, April 23, 1892.

DEAR DR. VERNOY:

To-day I write you out of sheer exuberance of good spirits, perfect health, and thankfulness. I have not enjoyed such good health for years—your Family Battery indeed has been a great treasure. When I return home from a trip feeling out of sorts, I take a warm bath, then have half an hour's solid enjoyment with the Family Battery which has never yet failed to revive and strengthen me. The Battery and I have become warm friends. I require no doctor or medicine so long as I have my electric friend to go to. For twenty years I have not been free from rheumatism and kidney trouble. I have never enjoyed such health as I do to-day, and I am satisfied it is owing to the use of the Family Battery I got from you last fall. Wishing you every success. Yours truly,

TOM SWALWELL.

ASTOUNDING CURE BY ELECTRICITY.

Mr. H. J. Walling, of Haliburton, Ont., says:—"I would not be without one of Prof. Vernoy's Batteries for all the money in the world, as it saved my life or from the asylum.

"I had my neck almost dislocated, so that my finger nails turned black at the time; it caused chronic congestion of the nape of the neck, which also brought on indigestion, torpidity of the liver, and general debility, which I thought would end in insanity.

"I used this improved battery according to directions, and did not use any medicine of any kind.

"Am now able to do a day's work, and do not feel afraid of my old trouble while I have this battery."—*Mail*.

PROPER ELECTRICITY CURES TIC-DOULOUREUX.

RENFREW, March 15, 1892.

PROF. VERNOY:

DEAR SIR,—I feel it my duty to you and the public at large, to let them know of the great benefit I have received from your electric treatment.

My case was a very peculiar one, and baffled the skill of a great many physicians. I have been a sufferer for fifteen years with a severe pain in my face, and in that time have tried everything, was treated by a great many physicians for neuralgia, and had all my teeth taken out to try and allay the pain, but could not get anything to do any good.

The last physician I had advised me to go to Dr. Calligan, of this town, to inject morphine to allay the pain, but the doctor objected, and advised me to go to Toronto and try your electric treatment, stating at the same time that his sister had been up to Toronto for your electric treatment after having spent one thousand dollars on other physicians who had done her no good, and after three weeks of your treatment was thoroughly cured.

I took Doctor Galligan's advice, and in three weeks was completely cured; have not been troubled with any pain since, and for which I am truly thankful.

My son has also received great benefit from your treatment.

If the above should fall into the hands of some poor sufferer it might be the means of their cure by applying to you.

JOHN BRYDGE, SR

SAVED HIS LIFE.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, NEURALGIA, ETC.—A LOSS OF FORTY POUNDS OF FLESH.

September 10, 1886.

PROF. VERNOY:

DEAR SIR,—I consider it my duty to you and to the public generally, to give a short history of my case. I found myself gradually failing physically, although my mental powers, so far as I or my friends could judge, remained intact and undisturbed. Soon I began to recognize the alarming fact that I was gradually sinking into the grave, having lost forty pounds of flesh in four months. I suffered severe neuralgia in one or both temples, shooting down into the shoulders occasionally, of the most excruciating character, accompanied by morbid sensations in my extremities. After other means had failed I thought I would try electricity, knowing it was a powerful remedial agent when cautiously and skillfully applied, and having ascertained that you were the most successful electro-therapist in Ontario, I thought I would, if possible, obtain your services, and you very kindly and promptly visited me, and proved on that occasion your complete mastery of nervous diseases. Through your instructions as to the applica-

tion of the battery, and from several treatments received at your office, after I was able to visit you, I am now in very good health.

I remain, as ever, thankfully yours,

L. D. CLOSSEN, M.D.

The above is a fair sample of the numerous letters received from people in various parts of the country who have been cured and now wish other "incurables" to know what this unique system of electrical treatment as practised by Prof. Vernoy can do for them.

No kind of Electric Belts, Insoles, Etc., used at all.

There is no substitute for proper electricity in certain diseases. Dr. Apostoli, of Paris, whose reputation is world-wide, has latterly made a specialty of curing womb troubles with electricity, "*chronic endo metritis*," formerly considered incurable—but many other phases of diseases just as unyielding to the old system of treatment succumb to the electrical currents from Prof. Vernoy's Improved Machine. This system covers the whole ground—is sure and safe.

SLEEPLESSNESS AND OVER BRAIN WORK.

Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, says:

384 Sherbourne Street.

PROF. VERNOY.

DEAR SIR,—By taking your treatment last fall I am happy to tell you that I began last winter's work well. I have not slept so soundly for years as I have done since the treatment, and never have I done my work with such comfort and energy as during the past year. The tonic and alterative effects of the electrical applications have been of so great benefit to me that I believe every person, whatever his health may be, would find himself benefited by a greater or less use of electricity. It is indispensable to the health of the nerves.

Very faithfully and truly yours,

GEO. M. MILLIGAN.

Be sure and save this for future reference, you and your friends may greatly need this in the near future if not now. It has saved multitudes and many an unfortunate one for only a trifling expense. As the boy who had never before used his legs, yet he was cured. Tumors in the breast, etc., cured, and surgical operations saved. Blood poison of the most serious nature has been speedily cured again and again. Inflammatory and other kinds of Rheumatism, and Sciatica—cured as a matter of course. Spinal Diseases, Head Troubles, Nervous Diseases and Womb Troubles, etc., etc., successfully treated. Price of Prof. Vernoy's Improved Family Battery (generally used in cases cited), is \$25.00 including necessary instruction.

A FEW OF OUR REFERENCES.

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and hosts of others all over the country, enough to convince the most skeptical.
For further information call or send for testimonials, references, etc., at 231 Jar-
vis Street.

The Jarvis Street Sanatorium, in connection with Prof. Vernoy's Electro-
Therapeutic institution, is a large block over a hundred feet frontage on Jarvis,
extending through to the next street, with large lawn, shade and fruit trees; large
and commodious rooms on first floor and above; pleasant dining-room to seat
over fifty, affording a pleasant home for those who desire good health.
By the addition of his Sanatorium Pr
many more indoor patients than formerly.—
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You may never have had such an opportunity of a Cure, and if you lose it now, it may be your last

Make a note of these Important Facts and act wisely