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Weather Our stock is now fully assorted in
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PIANO :

Is well valued
In popularity,
Its quality
Qualifies it
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Its moderate Price,

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Comment
It to all.
Examine it
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\$5.25 SPOT CASH.

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... ON THIS

Neat looking feet are largely the product of neat footwear. Examine our

Gents' Double Sole Tan Laced Boots
for winter wear.
AMERICAN RUBBERS a specialty, unsurpassed for fit, style and lightness.

Ladies' Fall and Winter Boots in Tan Lace and Black Button
arriving daily
OVERGAITERS FROM 50 CENTS
H. & C. BLACHFORD
83 to 89 King St. East, Toronto.

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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



Elias Rogers & Co.

RUPTURE

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. FINKELBURG, 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."

Dr. BROCKHAUS writes: "I prefer the Godes-berger Water above all Mineral Waters of a similar character."

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

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181 YONGE ST., - - TORONTO.
Best Possible Value Always.

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CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING
Rooms C and D,
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Telephone 1846. ; TORONTO.

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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.

DRESSMAKER'S

MAGIC - SCALE

A perfect tailor system of garment cutting for ladies and children.
Also instructions in Men's and Boy's Clothing.

: MISS. K. C. MACDONALD :
General Agent, Ontario.

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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
ASPECIAL HEADING OR
COVER. BUILDINGS.
VIEWS. PORTRAITS &c

write us our prices are moderate and work unexcelled

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33 KING W. TORONTO.



Household Economy :

means saving at the point of greatest expense. If your Piano Cover or Table Cover have lost their delicate color effect, let us help you to rejuvenate them. If careful cleaning will restore them, we will do it. If they need Dyeing we will consult about the color, and then we'll create a new effect. It wouldn't surprise us if you liked the new color better than the old. This sort of work costs but little, maybe \$1.00, maybe \$2.00. Quite a difference between this and the first cost, isn't it? Shall we mail you a copy of our catalogue?

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Dyers and Cleaners

787 and 209 Yonge Street
59 King Street West
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TELEPHONES : 3037, 2143, 1004 AND 3640.

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,

Confederation Life
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Toronto Savings & Loan Co.

10 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

Subscribed Capital
\$1,000,000.

Four Per Cent. interest allowed on deposits.

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

A. E. AMES, Manager.

DEAFNESS

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 KEMPE, 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 bord'ring 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.



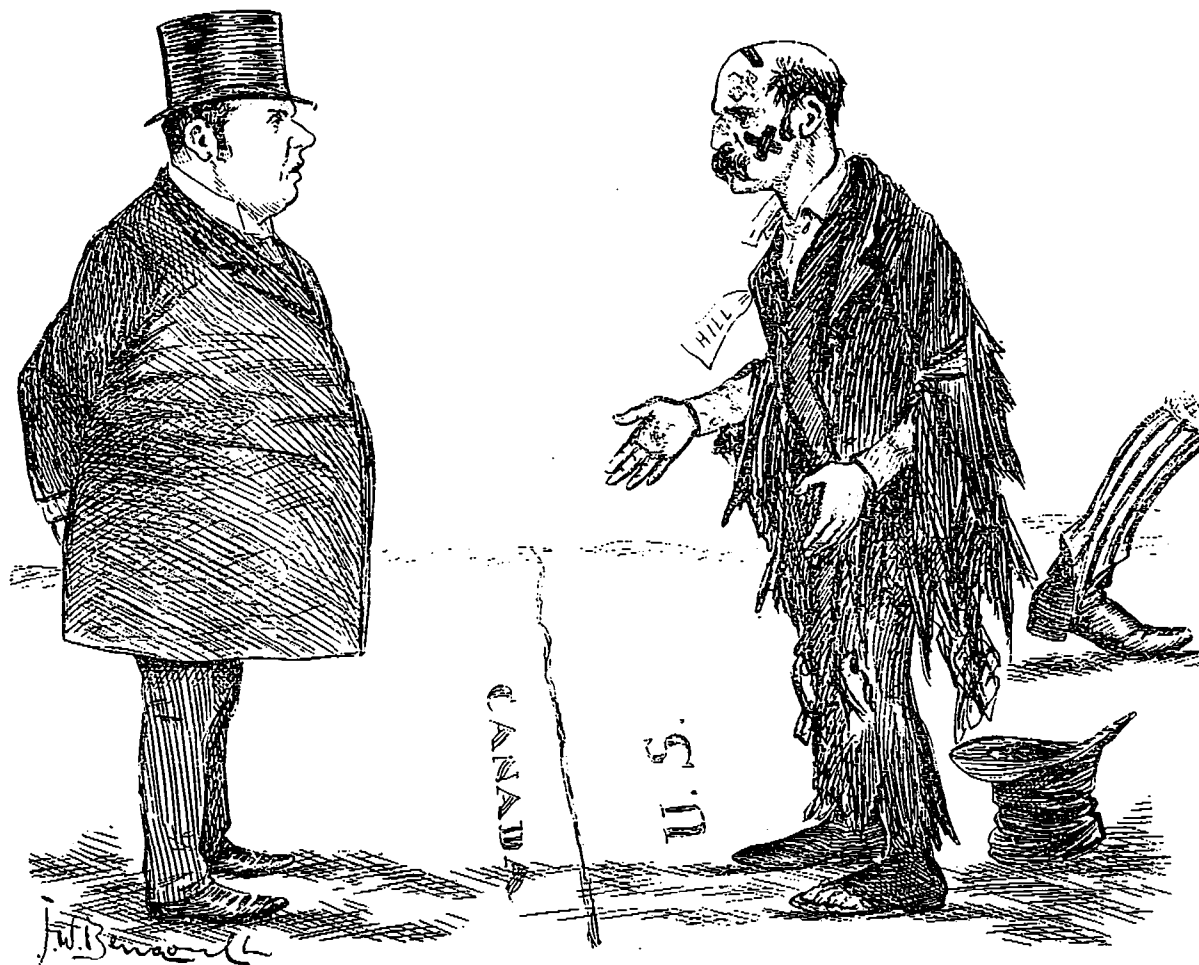
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1094

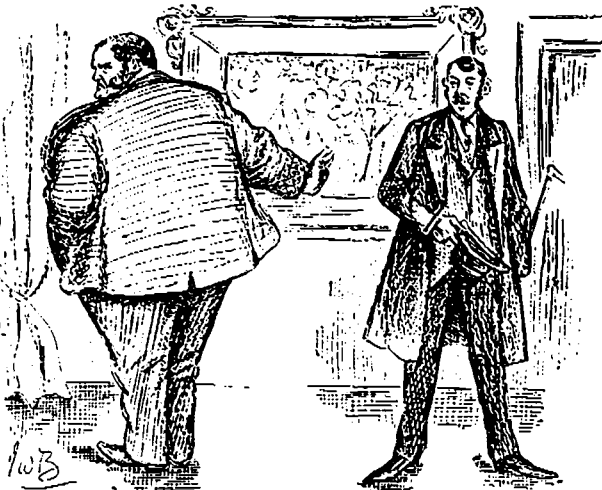
The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 20.



A NEW YORK "OBJECT" LESSON.

HILL—"Take notice, brother Thompson, that this is the result of fooling with the Tariff Issue, and being neither hot nor cold. Beware that a similar fate does not overtake you!"



A MATTER OF TIME.

[A few days ago, by some misunderstanding, Judge F. was put off a Grand Trunk train by the conductor. He reached home subsequently a very angry man—mad clean through. When a *World* reporter called on him he politely declined to say anything about the incident, and stated that he would decline to hear any explanation from the railway officials, at least until he cooled off.]

THE REPORTER (*retiring*)—"In that case, your lordship. I suppose I might call round in - er—about a week or so?"

TO EDWARD BLAKE, AS HOME RULER.

AN INTERROGATORY ODE.

GREAT Edward! First in Chancery, and eke in Common Law,
As fine forensic orator as Canada e'er saw,
Why didn't thou leave us desolate to struggle for Home Rule,
Giving the Grits a parting kick, like an indignant mule?
You must have found it rather strange, on Erin's lively shore
Where shillalehs back up sermons, and influence vastly more.
Didn't you sometimes sadly think of Osgoode's peaceful hall,
Where you could prose for hours and hours, and hear no row at all:
When round the hustings, rival mobs were fighting far and nigh,
And dead cats, stones, and brickbats, shot through the azure sky:
Even in caucus meetings, where peace should ever reign,
When you your Home Rule policy were striving to explain,
Did you not find it passing strange, and an unsettling thing,
Just as your thoughts were soaring, as on an eagle's wing,
To have some patriot arise and with an eye of fire
State loudly he considered you "a goggle-eyed ould hyre?"
How did you like the whiskey they drank at civic feasts?
And what were your sensations when consorting with the priests?
Did some pretty "colleen" ask you, with her "to take the flure?"
Did you "discourse" with any such, "behind the kitchen dure?"
What did you say when she inquired with a bewitching pout,
"Av ye'd take some hot wid shuger?" or merely "coid widout?"
How did you like the "ructions" upon election days,
Did they suit themselves exactly to all your legal ways?
When the fair sex at such times didn't esteem it shockin'
"To stretch the Tory villians wid a brick in the heel of a stockin'."
In such inspiring moments didn't you sometimes sigh
For Ottawa's fair buildings, with the river gliding by?
And don't you think, great statesman, when Erin's woes are o'er,
You could find some work to do upon your native shore?
We're not exactly perfect yet; and I'm quite sure you'd find
Something to occupy your time, that is, if you don't mind.

Reginald Gourlay.

NOTE IN ADVANCE.—Mr. David Christie Murray, whose pen is responsible for a goodly list of very readable novels, is to visit Toronto shortly with the design of lecturing us. To those who do not know the gentleman in a platform capacity we may say that he is highly recommended as a humorist. He quite captivated Boston. What higher achievement is possible to human genius?

THE more friends a business man has, the more things he sells below cost.

ESSAYS ON THE PERFESSIONS.

II. LAWYERS.

By Little Tommy.

LAWYERS is men wich goes up town at nite carrin bags full of parsels of tea, butter and things like that but they make bleeve it is books. They have an offis down town and in the day time peeple goes to them for advice about wether they can git dammiges and all that sort of thing and of corse the lawer sez yes you bet if you give me the case an then they have a trile at the corte-house and the feller genrly gets left but he has to pay the lawer jes the same. in the corte the lawers wears cloaks i don't no what good they are for ceptiu for the lawer to keep pullin up on his shoulder and so you can tell wich is the lawer and wich is the prisner at the bar. if you want to be a lawer you got to have a gif of the gab and be good at argyin. lawers is most as menny as docters and my pa sez he don't see how they all mannedge to make ends meat they allus say that lawers tells lies but some of them dont cos they are good men and a few of them preeches on Sunday and teaches in Sunday scole so i gess its jes a joke bout how they tell lies fastern a horse can run. i dont want to be a lawer but Jimmy Brown is goin to be one when he gets big and i gess he will be a good one cos he gobbles all the marbles at schole and is as smart as a steal trap the teacher says. i went for a walk one day and my pa showed me the os good hall that is where the lawers all goes to tend to busness and the studens have a dance once a yere wich is a bang up affare and my sisters gets noo dresses made to go and when they get up next day about seven oclock at nite they say o it was lovely we had a hevenly time and looked to swete for anything. i gess that will do bout lawers so i will sine my name.

TOMMY.

A GREAT many people would know more if they thought they knew less.



IS THIS YOUR CAT?

Dr. Parkhurst to Tammany after the New York city election.

(With acknowledgments to a well-known print.)



A GRASPING GANG.

MULCAHY—"Well, and how did yez finish up?"
 MULDOON—"Why, at the end of the year, there was a deficiency of twinty pounds, and I sez, 'Give it to a hospital,' and the mane skunks wouldn't."

MOODY AND THE PRESS.

MR. MOODY took several opportunities at his meetings to pay a tribute of thanks to the Toronto press. "The reports of my sermons which they publish," said he, "go to thousands upon thousands that I can never reach. God bless the press. It is a great power." These generous words will be appreciated by the Toronto editors, but apart from the commendation of the evangelist, it must be a satisfaction to a right minded man to have any share—however small—in the work of making better men and women in the community. This is what we are looking for as the "fruits" of the Moody campaign of pulpit and press. We are looking for the payment of a lot of outlawed debts, and a crop of kind words and gentle deeds in soil which has heretofore borne chiefly thorns and thistles. The religion which Moody has preached means this or it means nothing. There is no nobler work for preacher or press than the sowing of the good seed. And apropos of this, many of the ablest editors of the present as of the past are Christians. Only last week a tablet was unveiled in one of the New York churches to the memory of the late Elliott F. Shepard, Editor of the *Mail & Express*, a man who was active in the political fray, but illustrated in his busy life a noble character. "He was remarkable," said Chauncey Depew, on the occasion, "in his love for his father and his mother, and he brought them forward on all occasions as his exemplars and his guides. He was loveliest, sweetest, noblest, just where the veil fell down and hid him—in his family circle."

BOODLE.

WE are living in an age of enlightenment, and many of the mysteries that puzzled our forefathers are being cleared up. The great and puzzling problem as to how Aldermen who have no visible means of support outside the council, and no adequate salary for their services inside, can still afford to give their services year after year to the city, is in a fair way of being solved.

We all waste too much time in figuring on how to earn money without working for it.

THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

IT was very remarkable, and contradicted all the current teachings about Heredity. Little Jane's parents were both dreadfully selfish, and nobody could have expected her to develop the beautiful, generous character that made her so lovely to all who came in contact with her. It is a great wonder she did not die young, but it only goes to prove that there is an exception to every rule. She was, indeed, a lovely child, and a goodly volume could be filled with the pretty incidents in which her life abounded. We have only space to mention a few. One day, for example, a beggar came to the door while the family were at dinner, and asked in a tearful voice for something to eat. Without an instant's hesitation, or a solitary thought as to the applicant's possibly undeserving character, Little Jane jumped up, and grabbing her sister's plate full of victuals made the beggar eat every scrap.

Another time a poor woman came to the house and the sweet child gave her a brand new shawl belonging to the servant girl. When the girl discovered what had been done, we regret to say she swore frightfully, and was not consoled, even when little Jane reminded her that we are commanded to be kind to the poor. Indeed she raged and ramped still more fiercely, and nearly broke the poor child's heart.

Once, when she was about seven years old, she was sitting in one of her "brown studies." Then she spoke in a gentle voice and said, "Ma, may I give a tea party to the poor of our Sunday-School?" Of course they let her have her wish. Then the little angel went around among the church folks and asked if they would not send something. They all did, of course, for they fairly adored Little Jane. Such lots of cake and pies as were sent to the house! And when the poor children were gathered in, a large company, how happy her kind little heart was! She fed them all on bread and buns that the baker had contributed, knowing, wise child, that the pastry would be too rich for their unaccustomed stomachs. She did not wish them to be afflicted with colic, or anything like that. She was so thoughtful. Then the next evening Little Jane invited a few of her own girl friends and they had a nice little feast. Her relations almost shed tears of pride the next Sunday, when the Superintendent told of Jane's doings to the whole school, and called her a dear little philanthropist. She was a wonderful child, was Little Jane.

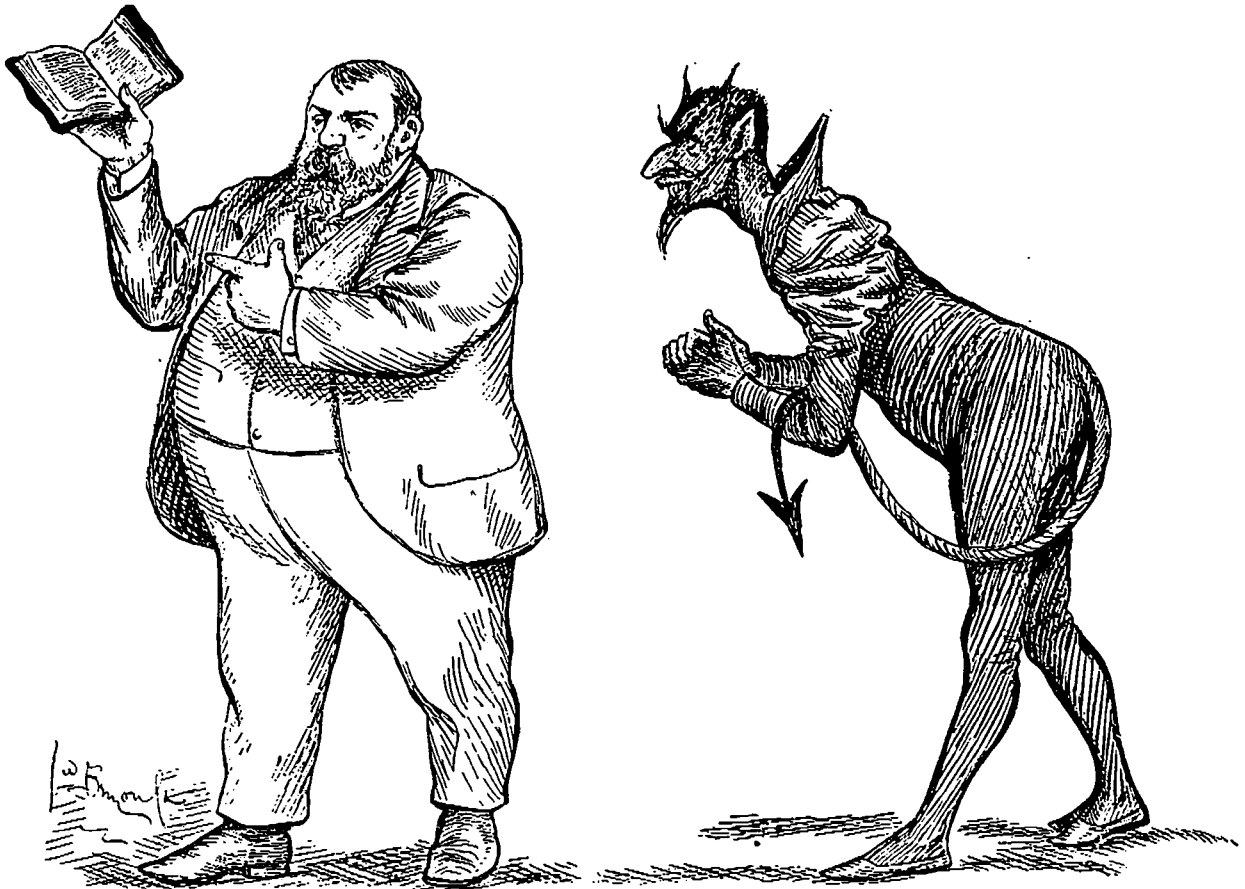
A WOMAN always has a spare pin somewhere about her clothes, and if she is a mother, she also has a handkerchief to spare for one of her children.

WHEN a young girl is asked to give an example of the undying love she professes to believe in, she tells of some couple that has been married about two weeks.

FOOT-BALL TERM.



"A full Back."



"IT IS WRITTEN."

SATAN.—"Excellent meetings, Moody, very excellent meetings; but if you would only give your hearers more cultured and scientific talk, and less of that antiquated book, you would do still more good, I'm sure! And I'm so anxious you should do good, you know!"

THE CURSE.

THE village was *en fete*, flags and bunting proudly flying, Crowds of visitors arriving by the trains from far and near, Steamers, decked in gorgeous colors, up and down the river plying, Whose shrill, triumphant whistles with the bands ashore were vying, 'Twas a gala day eclipsing any other in the year.

Splendid arches spanned the streets and beneath them, gaily prancing, Moved the gentry's polished horses with a noble, high strung gait, To the strains of lively music with a conscious beauty dancing, Their round and fiery eyes with the gay excitement glancing, Their spirits, like the spirit of the multitude, elate.

What means this splendid fete—this general celebration?
Some extra civic function? Some hero's natal day?
Some noble deed achieved by a leader of the nation?
Some triumph of the church, or the cause of education?
Some national deliverance from threatened danger? Nay!

The millionaire distiller of the town is celebrating
The enlargement of his business by a new and costly block;
All this glittering display—all this public jubilating
He has planned and carried out as a method of creating
A boom for his "Club Whiskey"—it will make the country talk.

See! the new palatial office, a very dream of splendour,
Is now "ablaze with light and breathing with perfume,"
From the flowers that sweetly blush 'neath the ferns so tall and slender,
In the stately banquet hall, where the guests now throng to tender
Their warm felicitations to the hero of the room.

The giver of the banquet has played a princely part,
(For are not *chef* and waiters from a city far away?)
Each course, each dish, a marvel of the culinary art,

And wine and spirits to delight the epicurean heart,
While anon amid the foliage orchestral artists play.

Good judges of such matters declared with glowing unction,
(They were all select *bon vivants* invited from afar.)
That for a well appointed, stylish and recherche function,
For beauty, grace and richness in elegant conjunction,
They had never seen a banquet that with it would compare.

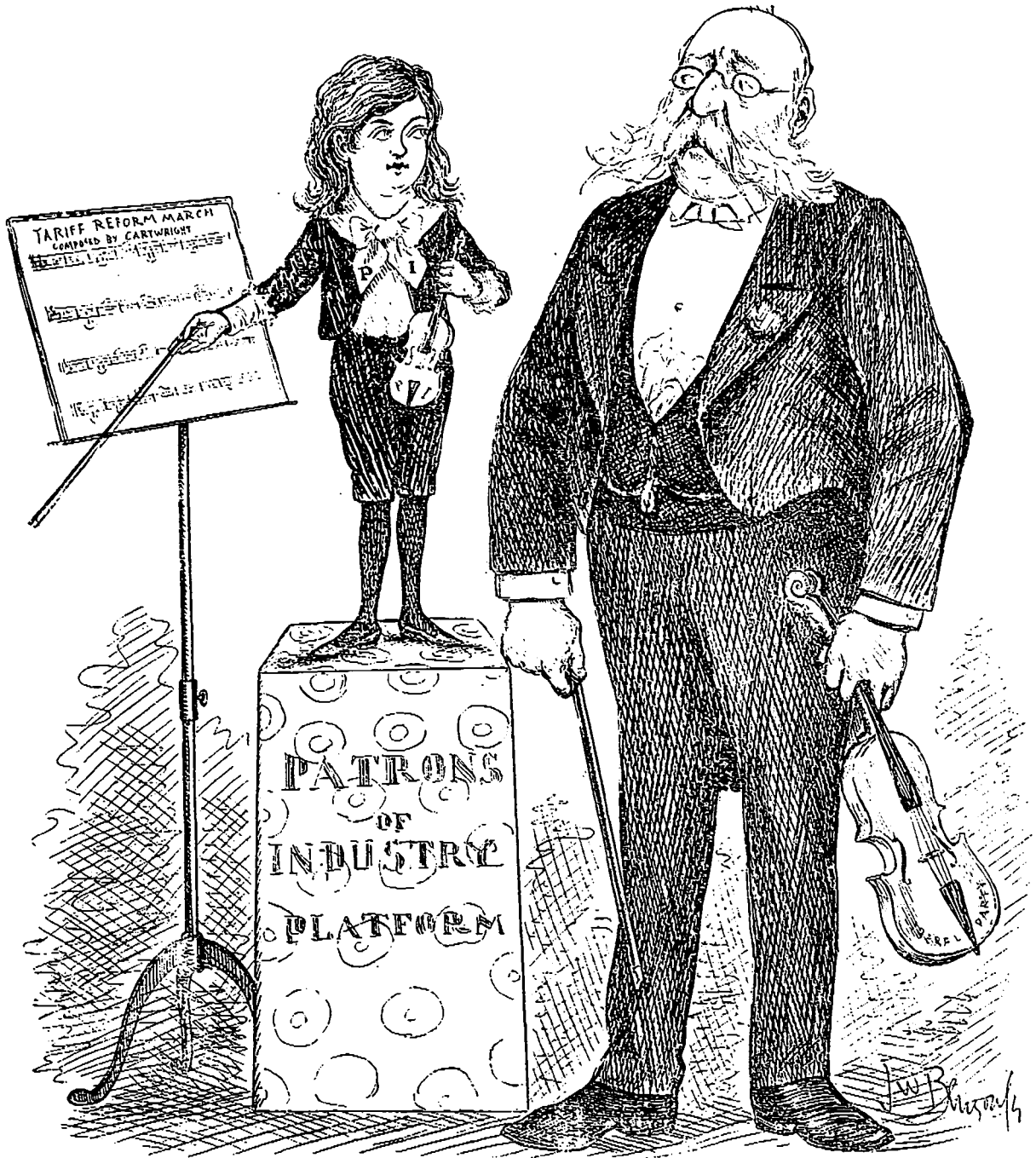
The Press was represented—the press that wins our praises—
"Unawed by wealth and influence; unbribed by sordid gain,"
And the skilled reporters lavished all their most luxurious phrases,
In describing the occasion in all its splendid phases,
Though they owned to do it justice, language was, of course, in vain.

So the night at last was ended, and the guests had all departed,
And the flowers in the banquet hall were dropping as in sleep,
The lights were burning low, and in silence lone, sad-hearted,
The distiller stood thought-wrapped—then suddenly he started,
Aflighted by a wailing cry—a groan prolonged and deep.

He trembled and turned pale, horror all his senses seizing,
He stood as one transfixed—he could neither look nor linger—
Again he heard the cry, wild and long and agonizing,
As of some lost human soul from the deep foundations rising,
While from out the shadows seemed to point a grim and ghastly
finger.

He knew it was the curse of heaven that rests forever
Upon the whiskey trade, in palace or in slum,
And the groans that smote him now would be silenced never, never,
In that temple he had built, for by no polite endeavor
Can the perfume of fair lilies subdue the stench of rum!

J. W. B.



THE POLITICAL INFANT PRODIGY.

MASTER PATRON-INDUSTRY—"If I consent to play Grit music, it is only on condition that we call it something else, and that you play second fiddle!"



A COMPROMISE.

THE MAID—"There's a ring at the door, ma'am; shall I say you're not in?"

THE MISTRESS—(Aside) "I can't make my servant tell lies any more after what Mr. Moody said at the meeting. (Aloud) Er—Lulu, please say that I don't know!"

OUTRAGEOUS DELAY.

FIVE or six men and three or four women stood on a corner waiting for a belt-line trolley car. One of the women was the last to arrive and she rushed up breathlessly, saying to one of the other women, whom she chanced to know:

"My! I was so afraid I'd miss the next car. I've been fairly racing for six blocks."

"It's about time that car was here," said one of the men, testily.

"When's it supposed to get along here?" asked another man.

"It's due at ten minutes after, but no one ever expects it to get here on time."

"Well, I think it's high time it was here now."

"Oh, I do hope it won't be late, for I have an engagement at half past," said a woman, nervously.

"Well, it's high time it was here," said one of the men.

"It's past time," said another, closing his watch with a snap.

"It won't be here for a good half hour yet, you may be sure of that," said a portly old man, stepping briskly around, thumping the sidewalk with his cane.

"So tiresome waiting for these cars," said a woman, plaintively.

"And they're always late when one is in a hurry," replied another woman in a tone of deep dejection.

"Always! I never knew it to fail in my life."

"I tell you, gentlemen, this thing's getting to be a perfect outrage!" blustered the old gentleman. "These cars don't pretend to run on time."

"No; and if one makes complaint at headquarters no notice is taken of it."

"That's a fact, and I'm in for doing something about it. I tell you it's time for the citizens of this city to make the street railway company feel that we have some rights!"

"That's it! that's it!" cried the portly old man,

savagely whacking the pavement with his cane, as if it were the "Company."

"I tell ye the people won't stand this much longer. This thing of having to wait from twenty to forty minutes for every car isn't to be put up with."

"That's what it is n't. We've stood it long enough. We've just got to rise in our might and—"

"Ah! there comes the car," shrieked out a woman, rushing madly out into the street, although the car was still three blocks distant.

"At last!" said the old man scornfully.

"Time it was here," growled out a man who looked like a preacher.

"I'm going to complain about this."

"It'll do no earthly good."

"I'm so tired waiting," said a woman who had stood patiently and calmly on her feet for an hour and a half that afternoon, matching a piece of velvet.

Every man said something ugly and threatening or murderous to the conductor, and every woman looked daggers at him while getting on to the car.

And I give you my word of honor as a gentleman, and as a Christian, and as the father of a family, that that car was just one minute and a half late!

J. L. H.

McCORKLE—"Look at that man's nose. I never saw such a big one before."

McCRACKLE—"Nor I. Its bridge is without a pier."

AN Irishman recently refused an offer of an increase in wages, saying that he would lose too much money when he laid off.

THE women pay a great deal of respectful attention to the apologies that are passed around with refreshments, but the men don't. If the coffee isn't good, an apology won't make it any better, with a man.



BREAD AND LOVE.

MISTRESS—"Mary, this bread is as bad as ever. Did you change the baker last week as I told you?"

MARY—"Well no, Mum. You see it ain't convenient just now, as I'm expecting him to declare himself any morning."

AN "OBJECT" LESSON.

TH**E**R**E** is a world of instruction for the Canadian Government in the result of the recent American elections. Senator Dave Hill, as the representative of that section of the Democratic party which was inclined to play fast and loose with the Tariff issue, has been metaphorically run through a threshing machine. The overwhelming defeat of the Democratic party does not mean that the people want to go back to McKinlyism, but that they have no use for politicians who are neither hot nor cold. Having plainly indicated their wish for a reduction of taxes, the voters of the Union have been obliged to look on while a prolonged game of shilly-shally has been played, the end whereof has been a reduction that is hardly visible to the naked eye. This sort of thing they have taken the earliest opportunity to rebuke in a forcible manner. And as Sir John Thompson's Government has followed a similar course in the face of a demand almost as definite for tariff reform, they may count upon a similar punishment, unless they make good use of the next session of Parliament to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

THE POLITICAL INFANT PRODIGY.

TO Sir Richard Cartwright's earnest plea for unity of action between the Patrons and the Liberals for the securing of the reforms upon which both are agreed, Mr. Mallory as leader of the infant party replies in effect that it will be all right on condition that the Liberals will fall into line and follow the Patrons. Considering that, as Sir Richard points out, the old party has been fighting for these things for years against "fearful odds," it is certainly a trifle galling to be thus peremptorily called upon to play second fiddle to the fledgling. But it is all a matter of form, after all. So long as the tune is played in unison and produces the required effect it matters not, to the audience, how the instruments are distributed.

PEOPLE are never surprised when they learn of a man who is not good at business, that he is very handy about the house.

SEND your invitations to a Thanksgiving dinner out early. If there is anything that provokes a man it is to be compelled to refuse a turkey Thanksgiving because he has previously accepted a chicken invitation elsewhere.

A THEOSOPHICAL DEMONSTRATION; OR, THE OPPORTUNE COAL HOLE.



1.—"There are mysteries, Ethel, which even we cannot understand."



2.—"My mind formulates the wish. Distance is obliterated. In an instant I am ---"



3.—Gone!

ELECTRICALLY HEATED.

WE'VE already got used to being electrically lighted and trolley-car-ed, but now we are to be heated by the same subtle fluid. It is not to be confined to a stove or furnace, or circulating coils that don't circulate, but to be introduced in an article used in every house—a bed-quilt. The New York *Home Journal* tries to tell us all about the new invention, and that "it is capable of producing a uniform temperature of 150 degrees F," and it adds that "the quilt may be readily attached to ordinary incandescent lamp terminals."

Simple as the announcement is, the invention is bound, if used, to up-root some of our earliest associations. We shall no longer see the patchwork cover of our grandmother or the cider-down, and it is probable that both blankets and sheets will be relegated to the rag-man and things that are no more. Imagine what dreams will be dreamt under such a bed-spread, what a joyful awakening in the morning after nine hours sleep under the invigorating touch of this fin-de-siecle electric machine. Vitality surely will become more vital, the nervous system up to any number of shocks, and life respond buoyantly to everything. The brain will no longer require stimulant, and we'll imbibe all the nerve tonic we require, by the mere power of absorption during our unconscious hours.

Grand, however, as this invention is, we feel that it is only a mere stepping-stone to what may in the future be accomplished. The quilt, it is obvious, can only be of use to us when we rest, but if it can be made to keep us warm by night, why shouldn't the principle be applied to the clothes we wear? What would prevent one from placing a similar machine, for instance in one's summer garments, and being as warm as our neighbors who can afford to wear otter and seal? The idea has a good deal to recommend it to those among us who want overcoats and can't get them. We should no longer be weighed down with heavy tweeds and tailor bills. Think of what it would be to some of our young and impecunious dudes, to be transformed as it were, into electric sparks. Of course there would be some danger of their being rendered more attractive even than they are at present, and they are not the sort of suits to wear during thunder storms. To meet this difficulty, a fuse

could be attached to the electric lining to "automatically shut off the current." Think of the boon such a frock lining would be to young girls on boating excursions, and how it would entirely do away with the wrap and opera cloak nuisance, and how soon the tiresome chaperone remark, "Take care you don't take cold," would lapse into an obsolete phrase, or be changed into the more euphonious one, "Are you electrically-heated?"

J.M. Locs.

A BIG THING EVERY WAY.

THE Second Volume of the Standard Dictionary will be ready for delivery in November. This is a tame and matter of fact statement, but there is a lot of genuine sensation in it, when you come to consider that it means the triumphant close of five years' hard labor of one hundred and forty seven editors, assisted by scholars all over the world, and the expenditure of close on one million dollars in hard cash. The pluck of the Funk & Wagnalls Company in undertaking this giant task right on the heels of the great Century Dictionary is unique in the history of even Yankee enterprise. Nothing but the production of a work which would challenge the admiration of the learned world, and inspire enthusiasm in the breasts of cold and deliberative critics, could save them from financial disaster. They have succeeded abundantly, however, and the returns both in glory and money promise to be adequate. It is estimated that the copies already ordered in advance if piled up would make a stack over three miles high, and laid end to end would reach fifteen miles!

POETIC ADAPTATIONS FOR BRITISH POLITICIANS.

Wordsworth a la Sir William Harcourt :

A Primrose as a Premier trim
A Scottish Primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.

Burns, to suit Lord Rosebery :

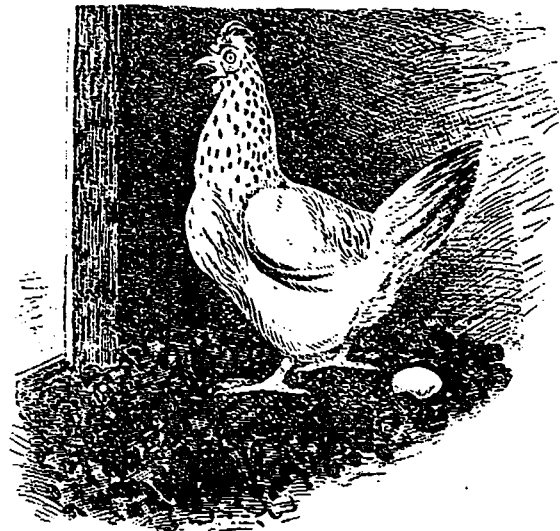
Scots, wha hae wi' Gladstone bled,
Scots, wham I in dreams have led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Tennyson, adapted for Mr. John Morley :

In the spring a livelier Irish begins to change the expectant brow,
In the spring a young man's fancy gravely turns to thoughts of row.

Shakespeare, altered for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain :

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win an election.



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To those of an observant nature it must be painfully apparent that a large percentage of the young ladies of to-day are far from the enjoyment of good health. Their pallid faces and listless demeanor bespeak an early breakdown if prompt measures are not taken to restore the wasted energies. A case in point is that of Miss Imerson, of Greenwood, Ont. The mother of the young lady says,—"My daughter was in poor health for two years, and we spent a good many dollars in doctoring with but very little good. Our family doctor said she was badly run down and that her blood had turned to water. She suffered from severe headaches, loss of appetite and her lungs pained her so much at times that it caused her to faint. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am thankful to say that after the use of nine boxes she entirely regained her health and is as strong as any in the family. Others in our household have also used Pink Pills with the same good results, and I strongly recommend them to all who are ailing." A serious responsibility devolves on mothers and they will do well to heed the advice contained in Mrs. Imerson's statements if their daughters are weak, pallid, easily tired or subject to heart palpitation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a more potent influence on the blood and nerves than any other known medicine, and speedily restore the bloom of health to pallid cheeks. Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Refuse all substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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