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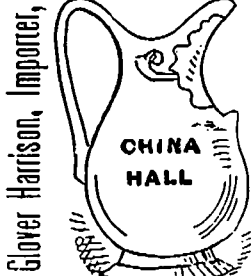
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

TO THE EDITOR



The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

"THE EMPIRE IN DANGER!"



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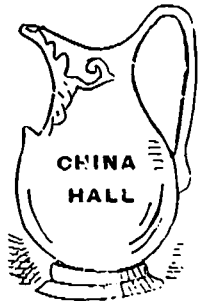
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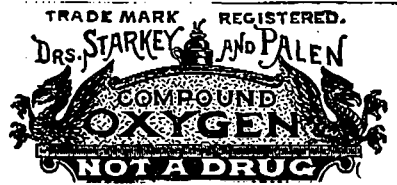
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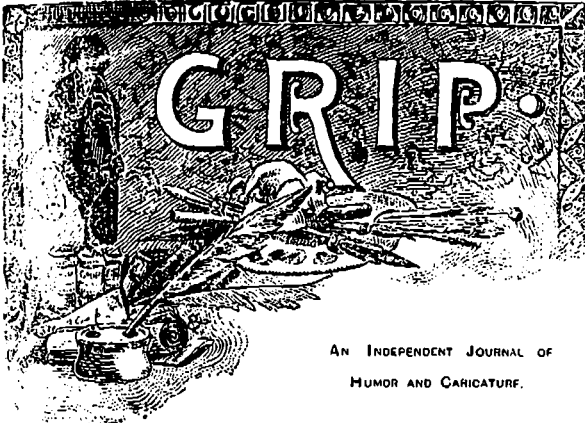


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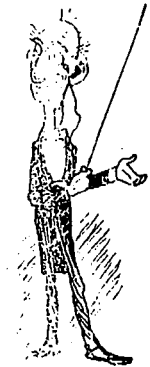
L. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

Vol. XXVI. TORONTO, MARCH 20TH, 1886. No. 11.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

Comments on the Cartoons.



WHICH HORN OF THE DILEMMA?—Mr. Blake is not addicted to the habit of taking a horn, and it may be presumed that this adds to the embarrassment of his present position. Since our last number the debate on the Landry motion has been going on *de die in diem*, to use the language of Sir John (who speaks Latin fluently), and the evidence has accumulated to prove that the said motion is the offspring of the Cabinet, and not, as was pretended, an independent expression of Bleu opinion. Sir Hector Langevin, on behalf of the Government, congratulated Mr. Landry on the moderation of his speech, and wound up his own address by moving the previous question—a trick which prevents any amendment being proposed, and compels Mr. Blake and his followers to choose one or other horn of the dilemma—to give a vote which is certain to offend the French on the one

hand and the English on the other. The resort to this "previous question" device is of course inconsistent with the idea that the Government is consciously innocent. The House is asked to condemn the Ministry for having hanged Riel, in the absence of the papers necessary to a fair understanding of the matter. Instead of insisting on fairness in this regard, the Ministry hastens to clinch the injustice by moving the previous question. The stupidest clown in this Dominion can surely see that this is just what a self-condemned person, afraid of a fair trial, would do.

"THE EMPIRE IN DANGER."—In response to a flaming poster, in which this phrase appeared appropriately in great red characters, a vast crowd assembled at Temperance Hall one evening last week. The object announced was to express Canadian sympathy with the Loyalis of Ireland, who are opposing Home Rule. Dr. Wild, Dr. Potts, Dr. Goldwin Smith, and other valiant loyalists made red-hot speeches against the project of dismembering the Empire, but care was taken not to allow anybody to say that Home Rule did not necessarily mean disunion. A genuine Irish time of it naturally ensued. If these Canadian patriots would turn their superabundant loyalty in the direction of their own country, which needs "saving" just now more than any Empire that we know of, they might do some good. Their intermeddling with the Irish question before any

measure has been announced by the Imperial Government, was simply an exhibition calculated to make John Bull laugh.

THE BATTLE ENDED.—The strike or lock-out of the Street Railway employes is happily over, Mr. Smith having withdrawn from the position he had assumed, denying the men the privilege of joining any labor organization. The strike lasted long enough to impress upon the citizens of Toronto the indispensability of the street cars, and it may have the good effect of making us appreciate the labors performed by the Company more than we have in the past. The men concerned acted like true knights throughout the trouble, and accepted their victory as manfully as Mr. Smith acknowledged his defeat.

MOWATIAN ECONOMY.—The Government in our Local House hotly opposed a motion by Mr. McIntyre looking to the reduction of the cost of "Government House," the establishment that is supposed to represent royalty in this Province. Mr. Mowat took the good Tory ground that, however unpopular the establishment was with the taxpayers, it was an "old established" affair, and therefore somewhat sacred. Of course in this view the professed Tories joined the Attorney-General. The money wasted on "pomp" will accordingly continue to be made up by penurious and mean cheese-paring in other and more harmful directions.

THE FINGER OF SCORN.—In the debate on the Landry motion Mr. M. C. Cameron made a three-hours' speech in which, according to one of the newspaper correspondents, there were several sensational epochs. One of these was when he "pointed his finger straight across at the Treasury benches" and declared "there were greater criminals than Riel yet untried!" As a dramatic scene this is worthy of the attention of the rising historical painters of our country, and we hasten to jot it down for their calm consideration.

KRAL'S RUMINATIONS.



“SUMMER will soon be here, and we presume that a short summary of coming fashions will now not be out of place. For the first time in the year some young ladies will appear in print. There will be many little puffs, doubtless, but as for most of them we shall be able to column leaders (of men, of society). Some of them will be not *non-parcail*, but *sans-parcail*.

Coats will likely be worn again, *i.e.*, last year's coats will be much worn, some of them are already much worn. Only dudes and clerks will be able to afford new suits: they will do credit to the latest fashions.

Boots will again be the sole article of apparel. Let there be no misunderstanding about this. Your great feet are often a great feature, ch men? Sole let it be.

Toothpicks will again be in vogue, as well as in mouth. You will be able to choose several kinds. The latest styles are flavored with cranberry extract, champagne essence, and a little concentrated imagination thrown in. The only other requisite is a dude or a fool.

Dusters will again cover a multitude of sinners. Lovers may be expected to again press their suits, perhaps also their sweets. If he pays his addresses in a fitting manner, we sincerely trust that she will make a suitable and satisfactory reply.

SATISFACTORY.—"John, can't you stay in with me one evening of the week? What do you always go down town after?" "My dear, don't you know what I always go down after? Why, *after dark*, my dear."

THESE ideas that the Greeks lived in low houses is all nonsense. Why, they were tip top story men; they lived and talked in the attic. The only point now worthy of dispute is as to whether they used elevators or balloons.

ROLL ON!

A LAY OF THE STRIKE.

ROLL on, thou one-hoss bobtail street car, roll!
I did not love thee once, nor do I now;
But yet, thou'st often saved the thinning sole
Of my dilapidated boots. For how
Could I walk daily home, with throbbing brow,
And back again next morn, perhaps 'mid rain,
And save my sole leather of hide of cow?
Oh! bobtail car, roll on, roll once again!

For what care I for labor's haughty Knight,
For unions, and for brotherhoods and cliques;
Nor for the tyrant bosses, nor who's right
Or wrong? Let them all growl and fight.
But one day's now far harder than were weeks
Upon my boots: that's why I come to kick,
And I don't care who'll have to eat the leeks—
The whole caboodle may go to Old Nick!

—B.

"410."

"DOCTOR, if ye please, cud ye come at wanst up till see Mr. Worstbridge? His very sick, sir—out av his moind loike."

"Where does he live?" asked the usually placid Dr. Poddypil, regarding his midnight messenger with a baleful glare in his eye. The Doctor was about to retire and the night was cold.

"At the Myrtle Leaf saloon, sor. I'll show ye the way, sor," replied the unsavory and ragged chore boy, soon, however, to be developed into a big-swelled and smiling "bar-keep."

The doctor put on his fur coat, put a hyperdermic syringe and a pocket case of medicines into his pocket and marched out into the darkness with his guide.

On arriving at the Myrtle Leaf he was shown to the sick chamber, where a man lay. He was gazing vacantly at the wall. As the doctor entered he slowly uttered these words, "Four hundred and ten." "Ah! my friend," said the medical man, "how are we? How many hours is it since you first began to feel ill?"

"410," said the sick man.

"Bless me, so long as that? Is there nobody here to attend to you? Have you not got a wife?"

"410," was the feeble answer.

"Oh! my dear sir, you are rather rambling; ah, yes, I see, feverish pulse. Now think, are there any reasons that you can assign for this attack?"

"410."

"Hum," mused the physician, "I must give his mind a rest," and immediately proceeded to give him an hyperdermic injection of morphia, as the patient painfully muttered "410." A knock came to the door and a lady with a face like the orisflamme of France glided in.

"My good woman," asked the doctor, "you are living here, I suppose. This man is very low. Can you give me any reason why he utters nothing but the words 410?"

"Feth, I can that," said the lady. "Ye see whin the parlymunt riz the licince to \$410 the ould divil there got dhrunk, and the sorra a worred he's spoke since but 410."

"Ah! I see," said the doctor. "Good night, I'll call in the morning."

"Good night"

SOUND.

WE like the tone of GRIP on all moral questions.

Kingston, Feb. 17.

E. M.

OUR CRANKY CONTRIBUTOR TO BISMARCK.

MY DEAR BISMARCK: Permit me to have a word or two with you between drinks. I take the medium of GRIP, knowing it to be the only way of at once reaching you and the masses. It may be that by the time you get your copy the masses will have been in possession of this communication, because they will have called for their papers at the bookstores, while you have to wait for the postman. In this connection I am sorry for you, Bismarck; but yet on the other hand I am gratified to see that the masses do occasionally get a show against you. As a general thing, you know, you have the masses on the barn roof with the ladder taken away—to use an original metaphor. But, say! What I was going to mention was this: I have just opened my copy of the *London Advertiser* to find staring me in the face an editorial starting out in these words:—

BISMARCK AND THE POLES.

The scheme of Prince Bismarck for rooting out the Poles is attracting a good deal of attention throughout the civilized world.

Now, without stopping to explain why, as a sensible man, I even undertook to read a *London Advertiser* editorial—as a matter of fact, it was accidental and I got no further than this opening stanza—I would gently but firmly ask you if this report is true, and if so, what the mischief you mean? I can so discipline myself as to stand quietly by and watch you bossing the Emperor, running the Reichstag, terrorizing the Vatican, or drinking beer. Happily, my interests do not lie in any of these directions—with, possibly, one exception. To tell the truth about it, Bismarck, my interests, as a party editor, are to lie in any direction that will help the cause. But, as I was saying, I can tamely submit to certain things at your hands; yet, when it comes to having the Poles rooted out, under my very nose, as it were, I object. I protest, Bismarck—really I do! The Poles have served a good purpose on this globe of ours as far back as I can remember. About the only impression my boyhood geography lessons have left on me is the knowledge that there are two Poles—the North Pole and the South Pole. They are driven in top and bottom of the earth, if I understand it aright, and somehow they manage to keep this old sphere together and in the right spot. Now, I wouldn't care to have you go to work and pull these Poles out. I aint used to it. I am satisfied something would go wrong if you yanked the Poles up. Why, we'd have the earth canting over and wobbling about all lop-sided, if it didn't actually lose its grip and fall down somewhere! What's the matter with the Poles, anyway? Think they are rotting and could stand lopping off a section and giving them a new hold? Well, they're good enough for me, as long as I'll need them; and I guess they'll last you out too. I wouldn't bother with them, Bismarck—seriously, I wouldn't! Maybe you fancy it would be an advantage to remove them so as to prevent people out driving their way running up against them on dark nights. Never mind! Even if you did remove this danger you would leave the holes, and it would be a mighty sight worse falling into one of them. Don't be a hog, Bismarck! Posterity will appreciate any little forb. arance or sacrifice on your part like this. At all events, let them remain where they are until you hear from me again. I want to go over and see you about it. The preservation of our Poles will justify the trip, and a Dominion Immigration Agentship will defray the cost. Yours remonstratively,

(In toto caelo)

THE CRANKY CONTRIBUTOR.



THE FINGER OF SCORN.

ROUGH SKETCH FOR AN HISTORICAL PAINTING, DEDICATED RESPECTFULLY TO THE RISING ARTISTS OF THE CANADIAN ACADEMY.

THE HUMBER.

Oh, dark and silent Humber, gliding down
 From banks precipitous unto the pebbly shore
 Of blue Ontario, where at the break of day,
 The fisher roweth out unto the meshy net
 There placed, to snare the fierce and bony pike.
 I love thee, Humber! and yet I love thee not,
 For, one fair day last summer—oh! fatal day!
 Oh! woeful day, oh, false, perfidious Jane!
 Jane that I loved so well! Ah! woe is me,
 That day I brought her out to Johnny Duck's
 And treated her to plum cake and to wine,
 Yet she was discontented, and would have
 Me row her up the river in a punt.
 We launched the punt out 'mid the rushy reeds'
 And noisome cat tails and pond lilies foul,
 And diving mud turtles and loud croaking frogs.
 The girl got in and sat upon a thwart;
 I followed, and with paddle did assay
 To push the punt off from the marshy weeds.
 The punt glided forth, the paddle firmly stuck
 In the foul clay, pulled me clean out the boat,
 And down I went head foremost in the muck.
 The frog spawn water rushed into my mouth,
 The slimy mud pervaded all my hair!
 A man rushed down—he'd watched us from afar,
 And with a sharpened boat-hook raked me out,
 And threw me sodden on the sandy shore.
 The heartless Jane did roar and laugh amain,
 And left me lying there upon the beach;
 She took the arm of the boat-hooking knave
 (The catiff keeps a grog shop in the Ward—
 His name is Jones), a murrain on the beast!

Jane married him, and never since that hour
 Have I seen that dark tarn, that hideous pool
 That treacherously lies at Humber's mouth!

—H.

ADVICE TO EDWARD.

LAKE, O Blake! I fear you're euchered
 By that clever scamp, John A.
 With his trick of "previous question"
 He has got you either way.

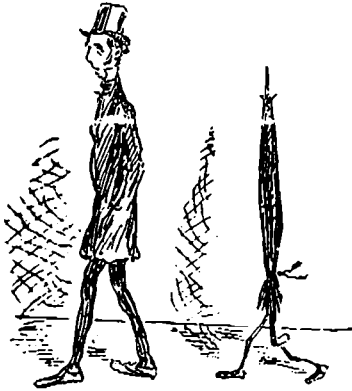
No amendment to the motion
 Can you move to express your view.
 Yes or no—was Riel a martyr?
 Here's a pretty how-dy'-do!

Rise from your recumbent posture,
 Wipe your specs and clear your throat;
 Make a furious charge upon 'em—
 Then get out and dodge the vote!

If you vote for Landry's motion
 You will catch it in the *Mait*;
 . . . don't, your French supporters
 On your party will turn tail.

Upright Edward! you can't work it
 Anyway you twist your coat;
 Shirk that Landry motion—shirk it—
 Shirk it, Edward—shirk the vote!





LOCOMOTION OF INANIMATE THINGS.

Most of the annoyances with which people are obliged to contend originate with inanimate objects. A collar button which drops from its place on a cold morning, while a man is putting on his shirt, will rebound and land thirty feet from the spot where it originally fell. It invariably seeks the furthest corner of the room, or sneaks into some hole, only to be found two or three weeks after it has been given up and forgotten.

Boot-jacks, hatchets, hammers and screw-drivers are the meanest of all utensils. They wander away to the houses of the neighbors, and the instant they chance to be left to themselves, slip off and hide some where, to escape work. A hammer had rather lie in the bottom of a well ten years than do a day's honest work driving nails. It is astonishing how a step-ladder will walk off in the night and remain away from home for weeks and weeks just at the time when it is wanted the most. The worst case of rapid transit is the pocket-knife. The old one-bladed jack-knife is not much of an excursionist, but the ivory-handled chap with four blades loves rapid changes of scenery and climate. He is a tourist of the first-class, and is continually seeking new masters. In the spring the umbrellas are very active, especially the new silk variety. Sometimes they will follow a perfect stranger out of a hallway in the dead of night and never come back to the old home again. The vigor of youth is in their bones, and they skip about from house to house and city to city, but when they get old and worn out seem to prefer to settle down in some quiet place, and pass their old age in peace. Buggy whips and carriage robes are lively fugitives and wander off to parts unknown, only to renew their pilgrimage to new localities. Lead pencils travel like the wind whenever they have the slightest chance to slope. The most perverse of all vagrants are books. No matter how carefully they are provided for at home and how comfortable are their accommodations, they will without a moment's notice forsake old associates and cling to new acquaintances. When once a book gets out of the house, no amount of coaxing or persuasion will ever induce it to return. No roof so hospitable or home so happy that a book once out of doors will ever return to. Its new master may bang it about day or night, read it at will and pull it to pieces, yet it will stay there contented. All these traits we have dwelt upon arise from pure cussedness of will and disposition, and can in no way be corrected or eradicated.

SAM DAVIS.

WHEN Bill Nye is "snuffed out," he will be happy, because he will then be a Nye clated.

ON HEN CULTURE.

I AM convinced that there is great economy in keeping hens, if there is sufficient room for them and a thorough knowledge of how to manage the fowls properly. But to the professional man who is not familiar with the habits of the hen, and whose mind does not naturally and instinctively turn henward, I would say: Shun her as you would the deadly upas tree of Piscataquis county, Maine.

Nature has endowed the hen with but a limited amount of brain force. Any one will notice that, if he will compare the skull of the average self-made hen with that of Daniel Webster; taking careful measurements directly over the top from one ear to the other, the well-informed brain student will at once notice a great falling off in the region of reverence, and an abnormal bulging out in the location of alimentiveness.

Now, take your tape-measure, and beginning at memory, pass carefully to the occipital bone to the base of the brain in the region of love of home and offspring, and you will see that, while the hen suffers much in comparison with the statesman in the relative size of sublimity, reflection, spirituality, time, tune, etc., when it comes to love of home and offspring she shines forth with great splendor.

The hen does not care for the sublime in nature. Neither does she care for music. Music hath no charms to soften her tough old breast. But she loves her home and her country. I have sought to promote the interest of the hen to some extent, but I have not been a marked success in that line.

I can write a poem in fifteen minutes. I always could dash off a poem whenever I wanted to, and a very good poem, too, for a dashed poem. I could write a speech for a friend in Congress—a speech that would be printed in the *Congressional Record*, and all over the United States, and be read by no one. I could enter the field of letters anywhere and attract attention, but when it comes to a sitting hen, I feel I am not worthy. I never feel my utter unworthiness as I do in the presence of a sitting hen.

When the adult hen in my presence expresses a desire to sit, I excuse myself and go away. This is the supreme moment when a hen desires to be alone. That is no time for me to intrude with my shallow levity. I never do it.

But it is not the hen who desires to sit for the purpose of getting out an early edition of spring chickens that I am averse to. It is the aged hen, who is in her dotage, and whose eggs also are in their second childhood. Upon this hen I shower my anathemas. Overlooked by the pruning-hook of time, shallow in her remarks, and a wall-flower in society, she deposits her quota of eggs in the catnip conservatory, far from the haunts of men, and then in August, when eggs are very low and her collection of no value to anyone but the antiquarian, she proudly calls attention to her summer's work.

This hen does not win general confidence. Shunned by good society during life, her death is regretted only by those who are called upon to assist at her obsequies. Selfish through life, her death is regarded as a calamity by those alone who are expected to eat her.—Bill Nye.

HE SAYS WE'RE HONEST.

WE congratulate you on the very marked improvement recently introduced, and wish Canada's Comic Paper a success in keeping with its honesty, ability and cleverness in the treatment of public men and measures.

Waterloo, Jan. 30.

W. H. L.



WHICH HORN OF THE DILEMMA?

AN ESSAY ON PAINTING.

PAINTING is a sort of sequel to drawing; but though sister arts, wielders of the brush make you sometimes believe they are quite separate and distinct, and not depending on each other; however, that's neither here nor there.

Painting is the craze of the day; even the masses paint cups and saucers, pictures, whisk-holders, fans, dresses and coal-scuttles. It is usual to paint with brushes, but people often paint (especially characters) with the fancy; this is amusing to the painter, but not to be considered trustworthy: there are apt to be introduced into the picture false tones, half tones, lost back-grounds and side-lights which endanger there presentation of the original aspect of the thing.

When you paint you needn't be a bit afraid of color—we're striving after oriental richness of effect now-a-days, and nobody wants sepia-tinted, brown landscapes. Above all, be original; it's old-fashioned to believe in King Solomon's discovery; all the world is struggling after new things, and everyone wants to be unique in something. Probably in no other art do people succeed in showing such original conceptions as in drawing and painting, and if you follow the bent of your own ideas, you'll be likely to do as well as other people. To gain a reputation as an artist it is positively necessary for you to converse in an artistic way; never mind if you can't half understand yourself, that's not an essential, the impression you make is what you've got to think of, so babble away of the antique, the pre-Raphaelite age. Speak of the *chef d'oeuvre* of the Greeks and Italians as being bas-relief, mezzo-tinted, immense; and the more foreign phraseology you use to interpret the designs of the masters, depend upon it the more the ignorant will think of you, and never trust to explain yourself in plain English alone, English is such an inartistic language.

There are some other things we have not mentioned necessary to know, but your teacher will attend to that, and if you know half as much as the students of the day, these hints will appeal to your understanding, and not be thrown away.
J. M. LOES.



PERFECTLY SAFE.

She.—But O, suppose the ice should break!

He.—Why, we couldn't drown, you know! The water is only just up to my chin here.

The chief corner-stone in the British House of Commons—Gladstone.

RAMBLINGS.

Is a colored sentry a black-guard?

How to crush sugar—Lay a heavy duty on it.

La fille de Regiment—A Salvation Army Lassie.

FIRST the jug at the bar, then the judge at the bar.

WE must carry out either the laws or the drunkards.

THE butter that ranks highest is not always the most rank.

WHISKEY finally becomes the Jug-or-naught of the drinker.

WHO is the equal of Shakspeare? Why, Shaks-peer, of course.

A RELATIVE of Napoleon generally found on a dinner-table—A nap-kin.

IN a cat-fight, when "time" is called, they generally "come up to the scratch."

THE lover's heart swells within him; he feels big. No wonder that he is a man of great sighs.

SOME men are always complaining about their clothes being worn out. Well, now, are coats ever worn in any other way than *out*?

CONSOLATION.—If your article does not appear in printers' ink, it will appear in printers' sink (or disappear rather), incredible though it may appear.

IF you wish to be a long and successful smoker take a long pipe and a short smoke. The longer the pipe the longer you can smoke without danger of poison.

"YE Iles of Greece, ye Iles of Greece!" The author of this memorable line evidently wrote under the infatuation and inspiration of a boarding-house. The line possesses strength and is illy entertaining.

WHEN a man's *health* is drunk, what is apt to become of his body? While we are drinking another person's health we may be drinking our own sickness. Some people drink whiskey and beer, not health: we prefer water.

THERE is one man who takes well to his business, and he is the milkman. Or perhaps it's *vice versa*. At any rate it don't make much difference to the poor mortals, although it would be better not to hide the impurities of the water in a thin emulsion of lacteal extract.

A CORRECTION.

MR. GRIP,—Sir: I see one of them fellers that writes funny things in your paper was lately croaking because there is no reading rooms open on Sunday for chaps that live in boarding houses and such like. This *was* a funny bit I thought, for I've been for the last two years having a regular good read every Sunday afternoon up at the Railway Men's rooms at 1004 Queen Street West. Your funny man don't know what is going on in town, smart as he is. Yours,

A RAILWAY MAN.

HAMILTON'S COMPLIMENT.

I AM much pleased with your new suit. It looks well. May you prosper.

Hamilton, Feb. 27th.

J. S. L.



THE BATTLE ENDED.

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The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets and 20 York Street.

FINE ORDERED CLOTHING for Spring can be had best and cheapest at R. Walker & Sons, noted Clothiers. Fine Silk-mixed Suit, \$16. Velvet Fleece Tweed, \$15 Suit. The **GOLDEN LION**, 33 to 37 King St., and 18 Colborne St.

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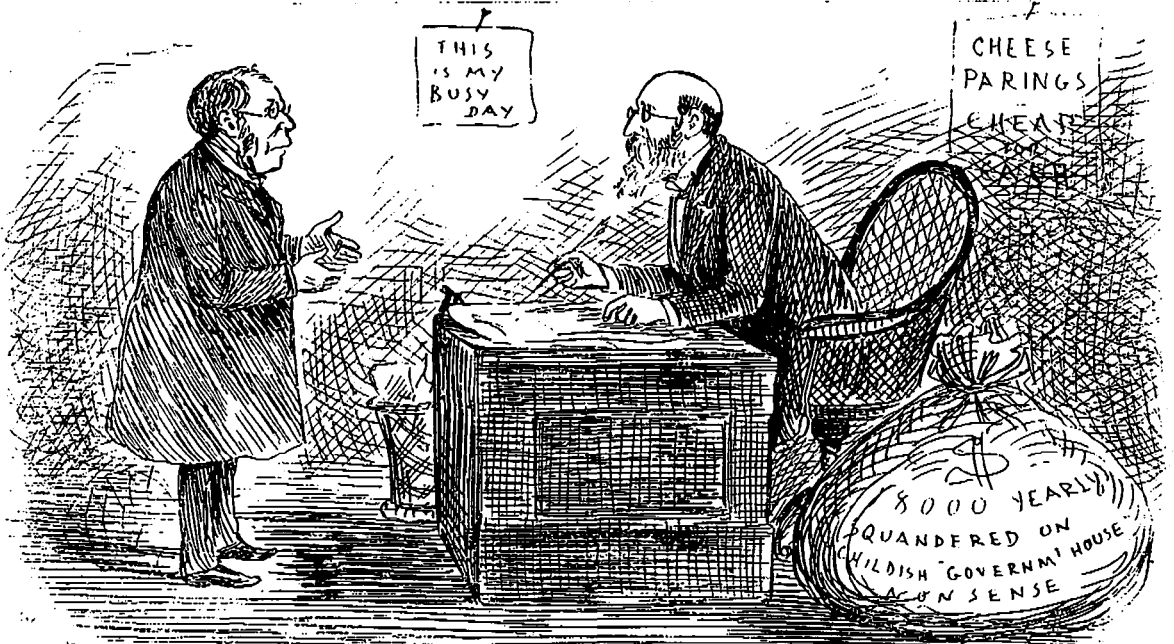
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NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM.
15 and 17 Richmond Street West. Proprietor, having
business that calls him to the Old Country in June,
has decided to offer for the next two months induc-
ements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand
Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the
golden opportunity. **R H LEAR.**



MOWATIAN ECONOMY.

Treasurer Ross.—NOW THAT WE HAVE DECIDED TO CONTINUE SQUANDERING ON "GOVERNMENT HOUSE"—
Premier Mowat.—ER—YOU MUST JUST CONTINUE TO PINCH AND SCRAPE IT OUT OF THOSE WHO DO REAL WORK FOR THE PROVINCE. CUT DOWN EVERYTHING BUT THE "POMP."

"And since you cannot see yourself so well as by reflection,
 Your glass will modestly discover to yourself,
 That of yourself which yet you know not all."
 For a perfect reflection of yourself, go to BRUCE'S STUDIO, 118 King Street West.

CATARHIT.—Sufferers are not generally aware that this curse of our country is contagious, or that it is due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet, describing this new treatment, is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 306 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*The Star.*

COOLICAN & CO., Real Estate and General Auctioneers, 38 Toronto Street, Toronto. Conduct sales of property by public auction and private sales. Loan money on mortgages at lowest rates of interest, discount commercial paper, and make a specialty of sales of furniture and effects at private residences.

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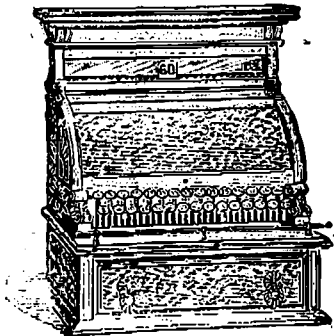
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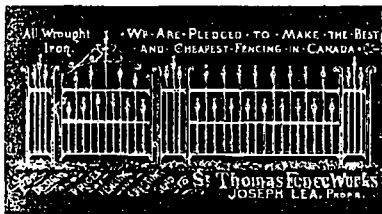


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Deacon.—Yes, sir, I believe in giving my children the best education money will buy. My father never spared no money on my education, an' I mean to do as well by my children.

Minister.—You will give them an academic education, then?

Deacon.—Of course I will. That's what I got; an' if it takes every cent I have, all my boys and girls shall be academized.

Minister.—Yes, sir, a minister should be humble and poor.

Deacon.—Yet you prayed only to be humble.

Minister.—Oh, I could trust the church for the other.

Coal dealer.—Where are you going now?

His teamster.—I am just going across the weigh.

Coal dealer.—All right, and be quick about it.

Mother.—You graduated last year, and yet you read until after midnight.

Son.—Well, mother, can't you see that I must sit up late if wish to get my A.M.?

Husband at the theatre.—Have you the opera-glass?

Wife.—Yes, but I cannot use it.

Husband.—Why not?

Wife.—Because I took the wrong pair of gloves.

BEN PERLEY POORE has the audacity to say:—"We have Miss Susan B. Anthony in Washington again, the annual precursor of shad and strawberries."

SAM SMALL, the evangelist, says Chicago people are too utterly refined. Like a silk hat, they must be brushed with soft velvet, when what they need is an old-fashioned curry-comb.

JOHN W. MACKAY, the bonanza millionaire, declares that "money is an accident." Perhaps it is. Still, it is an accident which a man can generally insure himself against by entering journalism. —*Philadelphia Press.*

OPENING THE JUGULAR VEIN



To Remove a Tumor from
its Inner Walls.

THE OPERATION A GRAND SUCCESS.

This cut represents MISS CAMPBELL, who, in the interests of other sufferers from disease, kindly permits us to use it. MISS CAMPBELL lives at Nottawa, Ont., and states the following facts to our reporter: Five years ago a small lump started on her neck below the jaw on the left side, and steadily grew to the dimensions as seen in this cut. She says: "I consulted five leading physicians and surgeons in the North and was informed that removal meant death. My general health was steadily failing and in this extremity I applied to Dr. McCully, who, after examination, promised me a cure. Under his treatment my health and strength returned rapidly; and when strong enough I came to Toronto to have the tumor removed. On January 21st of this year the Doctor operated." The sack of the tumor proved to be the walls of the jugular vein; when the sack was opened and the tumor turned out the rush of blood was terrible; but Dr. Potts seized a tenaculum, passed it through the mouth of the opened vessel and a ligature stopped further loss of blood.

This ended the first and only operation of the kind on record. A grand victory for surgical science over a dangerous disease! Miss Campbell is now home and well.

TO THE PUBLIC.

This Association have a fine collection of tumors and cancers removed by its Medical Director, Dr. McCully, and so far not a death has occurred by return of disease since removal. We have removed them in every stage, from the hard lump rapidly developing into malignant disease to the open foul cancer, with success. We offer this vast experience to our fellow beings for a fair fee; and shall be happy to answer any questions either by mail or at the Association's rooms.

There is no tumor that in its earlier stages we cannot remove. The Doctor who on finding a tumor in any part of the body advises delay in removal, except as a preparatory measure before operation, is an ignoramus, a coward, or a criminal; for if he knows anything, he knows he is trifling with life.

Reader! No unnatural growth should be permitted to remain in the body, as it must and will develop into fatal disease. A simple tumor to-day may be malignant in a week, a month, or a year! Remember! Consultation free! No charge for examination or opinions. We remove diseased bones; straighten crooked backs, crooked legs, crooked and stiff knees, and treat and cure all chronic diseases and deformities in their earlier stages. Mention this paper.

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The Earth Closet is regarded as indispensable wherever there are not stationary conveniences in the house; and in respect to smell, "modern improvements" are rarely as satisfactory. It can be placed in a bath room or any convenient place in-doors, or in a shed.

"Twenty-five of these Commodes were supplied to the Mount Royal Hospital, Montreal, and the Medical men and lady nurses in charge expressed themselves well pleased and satisfied with them."

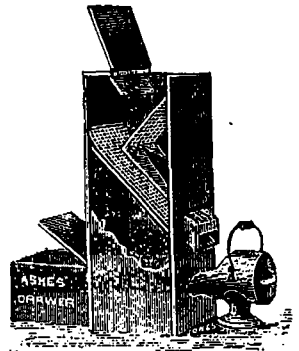
Professor Goldwin Smith says:—"I have pleasure in testifying that the Earth Closet (3) supplied by your Company to houses occupied by members of my household, are found to work extremely well and to be very conducive to health and comfort."

"Very Rev. Dean Boomer (London), is pleased to testify to the value and usefulness of the Beside Commode, supplied to him by Mr. Heap. It has fulfilled all the promises made for it in the printed circular, and he strongly recommends it for the use of invalids." [We may add, it is a No. 9 Pull-up Commode and stands by the Dean's bedside, he being a confirmed invalid.]



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