

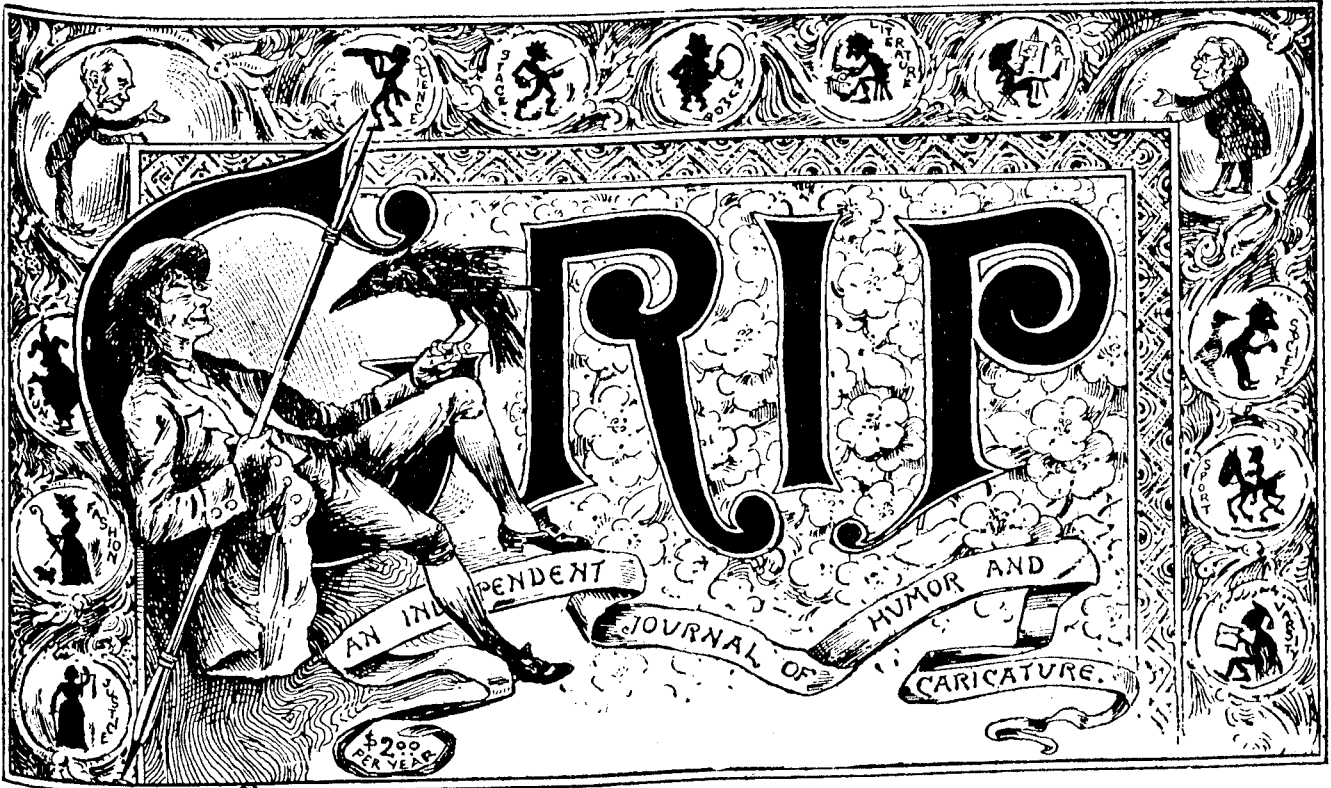
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VOL. XL.—No. 21.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1893.

No. 1041.



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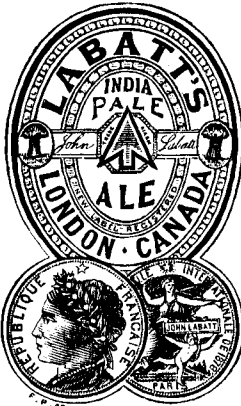
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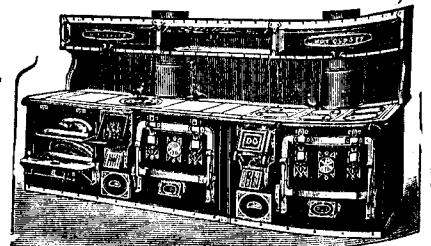
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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the First Day of June next at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the Company will be held at 2 o'clock, p.m., Tuesday, June 6th, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager

TORONTO, April 19, 1892.

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TICKETS on sale May 23rd and 24th, good to return until May 25th., between all Stations in Canada, also to Port Huron, Detroit, Buffalo, Rouse's Point, Island Pond, etc. Apply to any Ticket Agent of the Company for further particulars.

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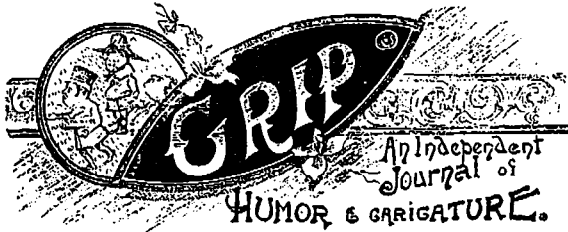
VOL. XL.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1893.

No. 27.
Whole No. 1041.



GRIP'S CONGRATULATIONS TO CHICAGO.



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

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK
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Business Communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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.

For \$2.50, “Grip” one year and the “Home-Maker” Magazine, \$4.00 for \$2.50.

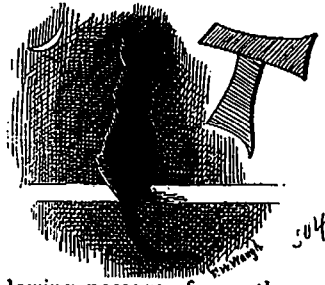
Below we give fuller particulars as to these offers.

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. It is 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. Croy (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.

THE GRIP PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.,
201-203 YONGE ST., TORONTO.



THE Provincial Legislature will be prorogued this week after a singularly barren and unprofitable session, the only noteworthy piece of Legislation accomplished being the Act embodying the Government’s forestry reserve scheme. The following passage from the writings of Artemus Ward, addressed to a similar body of self-seekers and incapables, may form a fitting valedictory:—

Gentlemen of the Senit and of the House, you’ve sot there and draw’d your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don’t you show us a statesman—somebody who can make a speech that will hit the poplar hart right under the Great Public weskit? Why don’t you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency and cave in the Emergency’s head? Congress you won’t do. Go home, you miserable devils—go home!

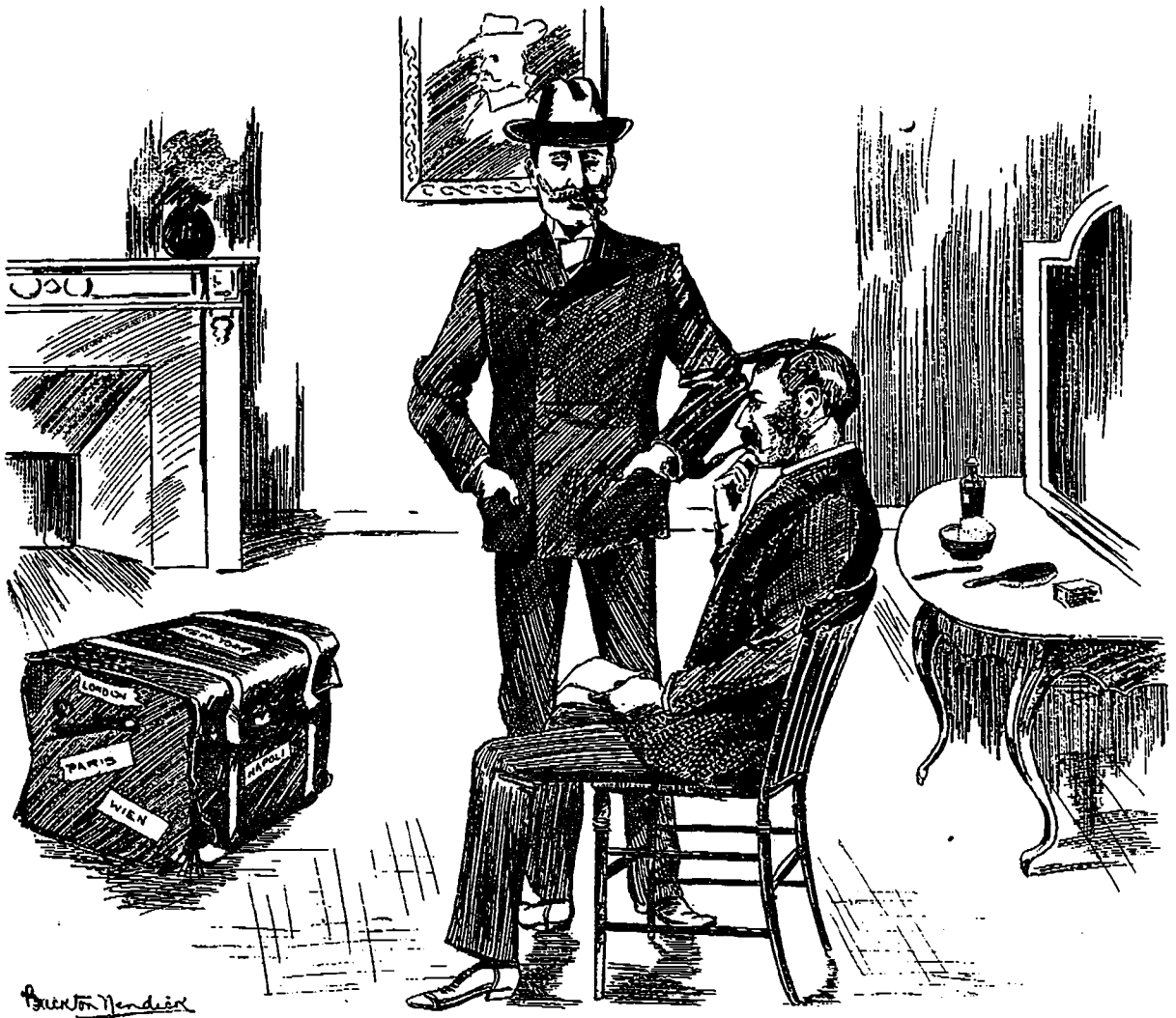
A MINISTER has to go very far these days in the direction of unorthodox opinions before he can attract a sufficient amount of attention to ensure a prosecution for heresy. Last week Rev. W. A. Hunter gave an address before the Ministerial Association of this city, in which he stated his belief in the doctrine of evolution. It did not call forth any vigorous denunciation, and the Rev. gentleman, at the close of the meeting, expressed himself surprised at the little opposition his views had met with. He was probably, also, not a little disappointed.

THE virtuous zeal displayed by some of our city contemporaries in denunciation of newspaper fakes is only rivalled by the eagerness displayed not so long since by these same journals in obtaining and giving wide circulation to the mendacious advertisements of the fakirs.



NO surprise will be occasioned by the extensive bank failures reported from Australia, Chicago and elsewhere, to anyone who reflects upon how slight and unstable a foundation the monetary system of the world rests. The only cause for astonishment is that such calamities do not occur with far greater frequency, as they will before very long. Civilization cannot go on extending the volume of its commerce and production year by year with a stationary or a diminishing gold basis for its currency without inviting a catastrophe.

THE Chinese question is again coming to the front in the United States. The Geary Act having been declared constitutional, every Chinaman in the country who has not registered in compliance with its provisions is liable to be summarily shipped back to China. As hardly any have registered it would require an enormous amount of money to carry out the law, which is not forth



A STAY-AT HOME TOURIST.

LONGEED—"I can understand about the labels; but—er how many times did you throw it down stairs to give it that travelled appearance?"

coming, so that it will have to remain unenforced for some time. Such a law is a disgrace to a civilized government, especially one pretending to be a democracy; and our restrictions on Chinese immigration are no credit to us. The proper way to deal with the admitted evils caused by the presence of a large Chinese population is the rigid enforcement of sanitary regulations and laws against the vices to which they are addicted. Western civilization, or what passes by that name, is more to blame than the Chinese, for permitting the abominations of the Chinese quarters in San Francisco and other Pacific coast cities.

* * *

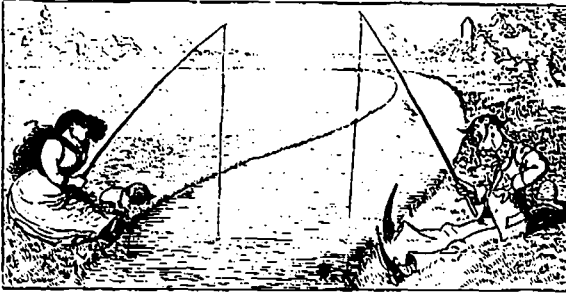
IT is highly desirable to obtain a purer source of water supply than we enjoy at present, but the people of Toronto should be on their guard against a crowd of greedy, pertinacious and unscrupulous franchise-hunters and adventurers, who are seeking to take advantage of the situation and put through some scheme by which the supplying of water will be handed over to a private corporation. One point ought always to be insisted on, that whatever is done to secure better water must be

done by the city and no set of private speculators allowed to enrich themselves out of a franchise which would place the citizens at their mercy for a long term. If it were understood that the work were to be a civic undertaking quite a number of the sharks and schemers who are now so vociferous in their demands for pure water would lose all interest in the subject. City water is not as pure as it might be, but there is every reason to believe that a great deal of exaggeration is indulged in by the agents or promoters of syndicates, having a big grab in view.

* * *

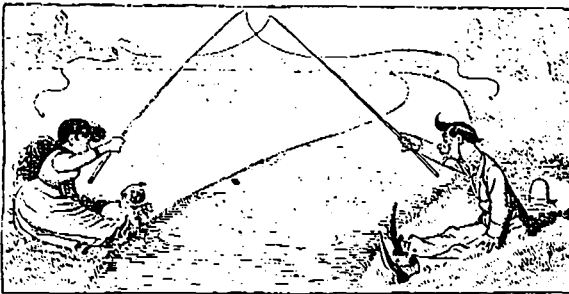
THERE is no bigger blackguard in the world than the English "gentleman" as soon as his social supremacy or special privileges are threatened. Time and again have the representatives of the aristocratic and cultivated classes in periods of political excitement, when they thought their prerogative in danger, conducted themselves after a fashion of which Whitechapel roughs might be ashamed. In hooting and hissing Mr. Gladstone on his appearance at the Imperial Institute as the

DISILLUSIONIZED.



I.

guest of the Prince of Wales, the upper classes have shown what a thin veneering of social polish conceals the boorishness and brutality always underlying the system of caste. It is noteworthy that the *Times*, the organ of British snobbery, regrets the affair only "because after all Mr. Gladstone was the guest of the Prince of Wales." Should some fanatic of the Townsend stamp succeed in taking the aged Premier's life, those really responsible for the crime will be newspapers like the *Times* and "gentlemen," such as the Imperial Institute hoodlums.



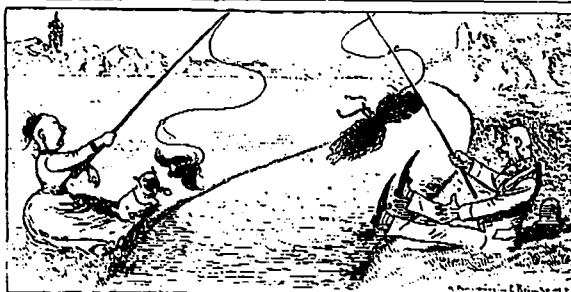
II.

A POETICAL SUB-CONTRACTOR.

WE had just put the finishing touches and professional embellishments to a crude, hand-made joke, sent in from Owen Sound by an ambitious farm laborer, who has hankering after a literary career, when we were interrupted by the entrance of one of the least obnoxious of our poetical contributors.

"I called," said he, "to see you about —"

"Here they are," we replied, handing him a bundle of manuscripts. "Lack of space unfortunately prevents our using them at present, but don't be discouraged; you might try the *N.Y. Herald*, or the Bobcaygeon *Independent*, or *Pen and Scissors*. There are many papers which would be glad to get them."



III.

Poets are a sensitive class, and we always make it a point to let them down easy, and never kick them out unless in cases of absolute necessity. Some editors do and it jars on their finer susceptibilities. It is not only harsh, but tends to intensify the evil. People thus afflicted must write something, and a man whose poetic aspirations are thus crushed out with an iron heel will probably take to writing articles on the tariff, or how to develop the industries of Toronto, as compared with which poetry is but a slight affliction.

"No," said he, "I didn't call about those. I wanted to consult you about another matter. I see that Gladstone has appointed John Ruskin poet laureate."

"So it is said."

"Well Ruskin's no poet. He used to write verses when he was at college, but hasn't done anything of that kind for years. I don't see how he can fill the bill. Supposing Queen Victoria sends in an order for a birthday ode or a poem in celebration of the marriage of a prince, he'll be in a nice fix. I don't believe he could do it."

"It is rather doubtful."

"Well, now, I wonder if he wouldn't like to let out the contract. I'd be willing to make an agreement with him



A NATIVE.

O'ROKKE—"I tell ye youse is lucky ye're not in the States now, ye'd have to go wid de Chinese."

PAOLO—"Whata fora?"

O'ROKKE—"Because the Chinese and youse is all furriners."

PAOLO—"You, forriner too."

O'ROKKE—"No! begorra, I'm Irish."

on the quiet to do all the poems he may have to furnish, at a reasonable figure. Twenty-five cents a line oughtn't to be out of the way. That would let him out of all the trouble and responsibility of the thing and give him the honor and most of the salary there is to it."

"How do I know? You'd better drop him a letter and put him onto the scheme."

"I just drew out a letter that I thought I'd show you and get your opinion." And he proceeded to read the following communication:

TORONTO, May 10, 1893.

J. RUSKIN, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I beg to tender you my sincere congratulations on your appointment as poet laureate, as I understand there is a good salary



NOT SOAP-LAIN.

SOAPMAN—"Dear me, I must get a bill passed to stop this."

ASSISTANT—"To stop what?"

SOAPMAN—"Trains running at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Why at that rate passengers can't read the signs I have along the tracks."

attached to the position, which is much better than having to sell your pieces to the newspapers and get them returned nine times out of ten. I am told that though you have written some good things, you are not much of a poet, and only write when you feel like it, which you can afford, being in affluent circumstances, and it has occurred to me that you might have trouble at times about filling your contract if called on suddenly. Having written poetry for years to order for business firms and also for the newspaper press, I have no trouble myself in producing a fair article at short notice. How would it strike you if I should agree to furnish all poems needed in your business as laureate at a cheap rate—say 25 cents per line? You could wire me as they were wanted, and I would forward by the first mail. The arrangement, of course, will be kept strictly private.

If you think favorably of the suggestion let me know. I may say that I have considerable influence with the press here, and if you accept my terms I can get the poems widely copied, which will give the laureateship quite a boom. I enclose a few specimens to show what I can do in the poetical line.

Yours for business,
ALGERNON J. SWEENIX.

"That reads straight and business-like," we observed.

"I think that ought to fetch him," continued Mr. Sweenix, "only I'm afraid some of them English poets out of a job have thought of the scheme already and got ahead of me. I suppose you will allow me to use your name as reference."

"Oh yes, if you wish."

"Thanks. I'll get that letter off by the first mail. Nothing like hustling. Some folks think that a poet hasn't any practical business ideas about him, but I'll let 'em see I ain't going to be left for want of a little push; eh."

TRIUMPHANT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO folks may well be proud,
Their fair the record breaks, they say;
They've broke the banks, they've broke the crowd,
And now they break the Sabbath day.

DEFINING HIS TERMS.

"THE most valuable philosopher," said Mr. Kneebags impressively, "is the one who can most accurately define his terms."

"That's where I shine," interrupted Weary Wiggins. "My terms for all work is cold lunches in advance, and for drunk and disorderly from ten days to three months."

THE PROOF READER AT HOME.

"THE fire is getting low, Matilda. Shall I put some coal on?"

"It's hardly worth while, John. It's almost bedtime."

"Then I'll only put a semi-colon."

CHILDISH CURIOSITY.

MOTHER—"Don't tread on that poor worm, Charlie! I didn't think you were so cruel."

CHARLIE—"But ma, I read that if you tread on a worm it will turn, and I want to see what it will turn into."



ECONOMY.

HANNAH—"Please 'm there's a tramp at the door an' he says he'd like some pie. I might give him the one you baked yesterday, mum."

MRS. LIGHTSOME—"Oh, Hannah, do you think he'd like it?"
HANNAH—"That's not the question, mam, but we'd be saving certain waste, ye see."



EXEMPLI GRATIA.

DRYDEN—"No, madam, we cannot give you womanhood suffrage. Political life deteriorates the race. Look at me for instance."



THE MODERN HOTSPUR.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON (*King Henry*)—"Sirrah, henceforth let me not hear you speak of Tariff Reform."

DALTON MCCARTHY (*Hotspur*)—"Speak of Tariff Reform? 'Zounds, I will speak of it; and let my soul want mercy if I do not join with it: In its behalf I'd conjure up my brains, and shed my honors one by one i' the dust; but I will lift the down trod Tariff Reform as high i' the air as this unthankful Premier, as this ingrate and canker'd Thompson."



AFTER THE BALL.

"Miss Pemberton yo was a puffed pichaw last evening."
 "Thank yo, Mistah Veragua; yo was a puffed chromo yo'self."

JOHN ON HIS TEACHER.

SHE'S a woman and so we can't wallop her, but I wished she were a man. When you aint learned your lessons she says, "John dear, this isn't the first time, and I must punish you." You could hit back if she were a man.

Sometimes she's mad when she comes to school and then we're all wicked. She says we like to make a noise when her head aches. Women are always having headaches. Our teacher is old, I guess; she'll soon be wore out, but she ain't a bad ort except when she tries to be

nice, cause then she's loving. Billy Evans and me can't bear to have her put us on the head. She says, boys is cruel and how'd we like to have a big giant pull our arms and legs off so's we couldn't walk. Flies can't feel. Our teacher most always laughs, she says that's because she's helped so many boys to grow up that she can see clear through one now. I guess she can too cause she always knows when a boy's got something good in his pocket.

She's always wanting to know what we're going to be when we grow up, and how many are going to be ministers, and if we don't want to be missionaries. Last week Andy Jackson said he was going to be a teacher cause then he could do what he wanted to and she laughed, then she cried. She says she don't suppose any boys ever spelled so bad as we do, and Billy Evans wanted to know hadn't we better go to the World's Fair, but she said no, she guessed we'd make good school trus'ees.

She ain't bad looking when her eyes laugh like that though she is pretty old. Holidays are the best things that is. I said to our teacher once that I supposed she didn't like holidays, she'd be lonely without us. "Oh John," she says. "I love you very much, but I can



FASHION NOTE—NO CHANGE IN PANTS THIS SPRING.



POETRY TIS' TIS TRUE.

KATY—"Why are you reading, May?"
 MAY—"Nothing you could understand. It's a poem on love."
 KATY—"I don't know what love means. It's what mamma calls papa when he comes."

manage to get on without you for a few weeks. The holidays are made short so that teachers won't get too lonely."

We don't have new lessons, not when visitors come, but us boys never let on, we ain't that kind. Our teacher says when we're larking "be gentlemen, boys," or else she says "Nelson wouldn't have done that," or some other big feller. Then when she's telling us something about herself she always begins, "when I was a boy," she thinks it's funny. Just as if she ever could have been a boy. But if she was a man wouldn't we wall p her!

PENNY.

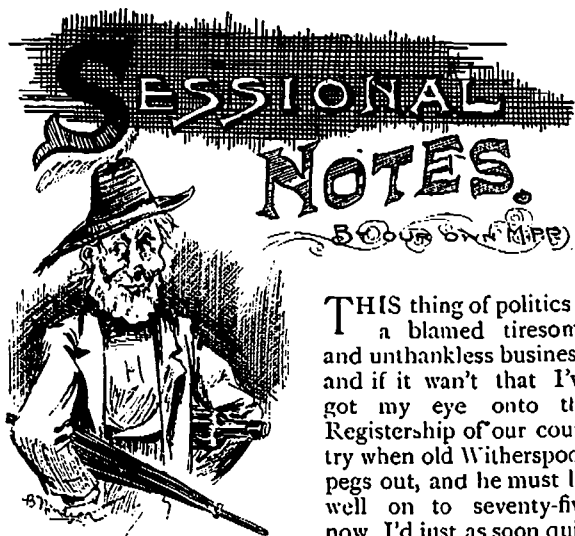
AN ANACHRONISM.

PIGSNUFFLE—"I'll bet you don't know the real meaning of the word 'idiot.'"

PLUGWINCH—"That's a matter on which you ought to be well posted. What is it anyway?"

PIGSNUFFLE—"A man who takes no part in public affairs."

PLUGWINCH—"Well, if that's so, all I've got to say is that the fellow who invented the word never attended a sitting of the Ontario Legislature."



THIS thing of politics is a blamed tiresome and unthankless business, and if it wan't that I've got my eye onto the Registership of our country when old Witherspoon pegs out, and he must be well on to seventy-five now, I'd just as soon quit.

I've worked hard for the party all my life, and it's time they was doing something for me. I don't count being a M.P.P. because it costs ye so much to get elected, and what with the time ye lose right in the busy part of the season and the price of liquor, there aint much money into it. But I did calculate that when the house bust up I'd be free of politics for the summer anyway. However, to day I got a letter from the Wayback Liberal Association saying that they'd appointed me a delegate to the Liberal Convention in Ottawa next month. Durn it all! I darsn't refuse or they'd send some other feller instead which would get a claim onto the party, and perhaps get the nomination next election and then I wouldn't have no show for the Registership. They don't say nothing about paying my expenses. No, of course they expect me to put up for the honor of the position. Well, I guess I got to stand it, but it makes me tired I tell ye.

And what's the use of it all anyway? I've been at these here conventions afore and yelled and hollered and dranked whiskey and spoke my little piece about how the party was all united and harmonious and bound to get there—but what good did it do? The leaders had the whole thing cut-and-dried, and if any feller had any amendment to spring on us, he was labored with and told to set down and not to say nothing that was going to spoil the harmony of the occasion. And you bet he done it. The convention'll be run just like Mowat runs his Government. The leaders'll get together and draw out a platform and tell the rest of us to vote for it and give no back talk. Well, I aint kicking. I want that Registership, begosh! That's what I'm after. And the rest of the delegates all has their private snaps. Some of 'em wants offices for theirselves or there friends. Some has Government contracts, or would like to get em; and some is young sprouts of lawyers that just wants to make theirselves solid with the party so's to get clients.

Well now, suppose some crank like Waters goes there and gets up to propose a amendment such as Woman Suffrage, or Free Trade, or the Single Tax, is it likely that us practical politicians is going to back him up and offend the leaders of the party? Not much. There will be a rush to see which can sit on him first, so as to please the big men which run the show.

This being so, what's the use of a convention at all? I don't see why Laurier and Cartwright and Mowat and two or three more, which really has all the say, couldn't

just meet together quietly and fix the program to suit theirselves, and let us know through the *Globe* what our policy is to be. It would save us a lot of needless bother.

I expressed this view of the case to Hardy after he had opened with a corkscrew some new brands of stationery which he wished me to examine. "This here convention business," says I "is all nonsense. Here's luck! What's the sense of taking us fellers away from our farms in the busy season—that's blamed good stuff—just to go through the motions of voting—no, I never take water in mine—on a platform that's all fixed upon already, and you won't allow us to change—Thanks I don't mind if I do!—you must take the public for durned fools."

Hardy laughed and poured himself out another four fingers straight.



"We do," says he, "Haven't you found out that before? Why, my dear Guffy, the beginning and the end of statesmanship is a thorough realization of the great truth that the public are fools and must be treated accordingly. Some must be treated to promises; some to taffy and highfalutin talk about principle; some to whiskey. Ha! ha! Nothing personal, I assure you, my dear sir."

I kind of suspicion he did mean something personal though, but I accepted his apology and let him fill up my glass, for he does keep mighty good liquor.

"And about that Registership," says I.

"Oh, that will be all right, I assure you. There will be other claimants, of course, but M.P.P.'s always have the preference—that is, those wh. like you, have always voted in accord with the wishes of the Government. By the way, I want to tell you a good joke about a vacancy we filled the other day. There were about two dozen applicants, and we'd definitely promised it to about half of them. We put it off as long as possible, but finally we had to make a choice. Wasn't there some kicking though among the men that got left? I was in Mowat's office the day after. One of the fellows came in. He was as crazy as a bed-bug.

"'Sir Oliver,' says he, 'you've treated me shamefully. Didn't you promise the place to me?' 'Oh, no, my dear sir!' said Mowat in his blandest tones, 'you must have misunderstood me. I admit that under other circumstances your claim would have been an exceedingly strong one, but on investigation we found your application was made actually before the death of the former occupant of the position, and it was the unanimous feeling of the Cabinet that we could not encourage such highly undecorous precipitancy.'

"Well, that settled him. But he hadn't been gone two minutes before another fellow came in and began to accuse us of fooling him with delusive expectations. 'Why, my dear sir,' says Mowat, 'We admit the value of your services to the party and would gladly give them practical recognition. It is really most unfortunate that your application for a position, which I'm sure you would have filled most creditably, was made too late. It was not sent in until after the decease of the previous incumbent and the reversion of the office had been disposed of some time before.' Ha! ha! ha! Pretty good joke, eh?"



AY, THERE'S THE RUB.

MISS BUDDE—"Do you not find it difficult to settle down after leading so gay a life, Mr. Chipps?"

MR. CHIPPS—"No, it's in the settling up that I find the difficulty."

It didn't seem very funny to me. The hideous thought flashed onto my slightly befuddled intellect, how if Mowat was to serve me that way when the Registership I've been promised is vacant. But there's nothing for it but to take the chances of the game.

ORLANDO Q. GUFFY, M.P.P.

REASONING FROM ANALOGY.

"DOES Rebecca Goldstein go to your Sunday School?" asked a Spadina Avenue lady of her little girl.

"Oh no ma. She's a Shebrew."

"A what, Gwendolen?"

"A Shebrew, ma. She goes to the Sinnergogue."

"Oh you mean a Hebrew."

"She told me her pa was a Hebrew, but she would be a Shebrew, wouldn't she?"



A PUSILLANIMOUS FRIEND.

W. F. MACLEAN (*mournfully*)—"Never mind Creighton, I'm sorry you are in the soup over that blanked McCarthy. (*Aside*), Now I wonder where I'll kn fe him, as I'm bound to have that certificate he's holding."

SUFFERED from a drop in cordage.—The man who was hanged.



IN CHICAGO.

FARMER HEYRUBE—"Say, Sonny, dew yew know a good safe place where I can get a night's lodgin' round here without enny fear of bein' robbed?"

NEWSBOY—"Yes, I know where dere is er jim dandy safe place."

HEYRUBE—"Where is that."

NEWSBOY—"Why down to de perlice station."

ÆSOP TO DATE.

No. 7

THE INDIAN AND THE FARMER.

A POOR Indian, yclept Lo, wearied by the Heat and Dust of a Long Journey, halted at a Log-built Farm House, and, having Exhausted his supply of Firewater, humbly craved a cup of *Aqua Pura* from the Burly Proprietor thereof.

"Not much," exclaimed the Farmer, "Doggone yer hide! go down to The Well, and git a Drink, if yer want It; I aint walked Across two Ploughed Fields with this Pail Full ter water the Fust Cuss as comes Along;" and with another Gentle Hint to the Red Man to "Git!" he went Inside and Lit his Pipe.

"The Curse of Providence will overtake you for this Inhumanity," snarled the Indian, shaking His Fist at the Retreating Form, as he strode Away.

He seated Himself on a Little Knoll, which overlooked the Farm-house, and waited for Providence to light on that Farmer. Presently a Terrific Thunder storm came on, accompanied by Thunder and Lightning, and other Scenic effects. The Red Man gloated amid The Deluge. A Forked Flash of Lightning played about the Farm Roof and immediately smoke arose. Then that Farmer came out, reached for the Pail of Water and threw it Over the Igniting Logs. With a Sputter the Incipient Blaze died out. The Indian muttered a Sulphurous Curse, and, departing, became an Atheist.

MORAL.

Don't Imagine that the Ethereal Panoply should take a Tumble to Satisfy your Personal Resentment.

A GENUINE WANDERER.

THANK yer, sir—a half a dollar! Strike me lucky! You're a brick! Pardon, boss; but what has made yer Pony up so extry slick?



Want ter hear my story, do yer?
Well, here goes—I aint no shirk:
In the fust place I'm a tellin'
That I feel too strong to work.

That's what set the folks a-chawin',
That's what made the old man wild,
When I said dead straight one day, boss,
Choring don't quite suit this child

So I quit the people's dug-out,
And the old man's watch came, too:
If I waltzed back now, I reckon,
I'd be in a pretty stew.

Water-works aint in my line, boss,
So excuse the briny tear:
Guess I'll have ter leave yer now, as
I'm inclined ter sample beer.

I'm a horrible example,
Not a-scared ter own it, too;
Ain't a goin' to swear off drinkin'
I havin' nothin' else ter do.

Bet yer neck I muke things hum, now;
When I want ter take a swig,
Just tip up a used-up keg, boss,
That's the way I work the jig.

If I'd like a bang-up, swell smoke,
Sometimes gents 'll let butts fall,
Aint so hard ter please in that line:
I don't kick because they're small.

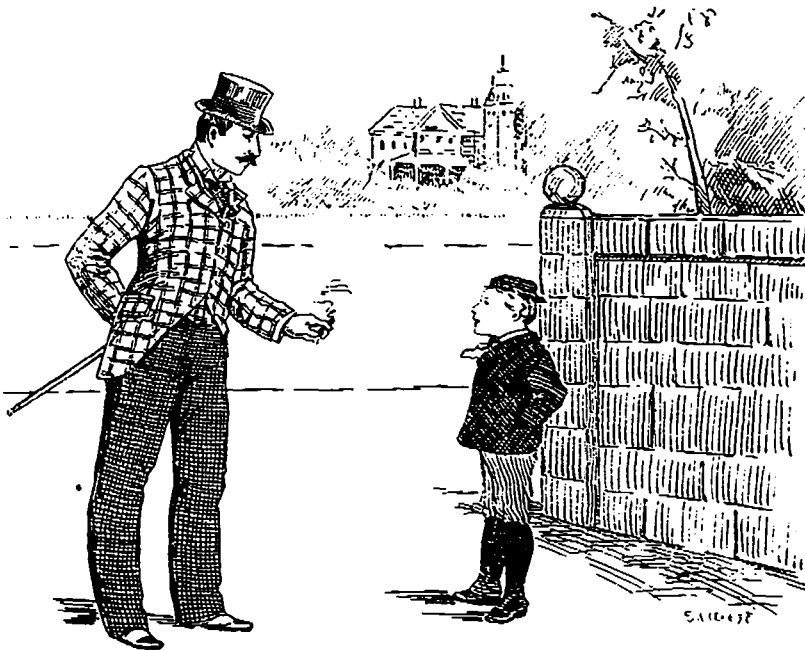
So long, boss, I'll see yer later,
You kin sign yerself white man;
I'm just bound ter git a jag on
When I start ter rush ther can.

WATERLOO DISCUSNAME

QUITE NATURAL.

PILGARLIC—"I notice that there has been a big row at the Bohemian Diet."

BOLLINGER—"I should think continuous subsistence on lager and fried liver would be sufficient to cause an outbreak."



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

PRODIGAL (*accosting an unremembered brother*)—"Young man, can you tell me where Dr. Denman lives?"

Boy—"Yes, I can. He's my dad, and I can give you a pointer, too. If you've got business with him you better let it go for awhile. He's expecting my brother Harry who has been away six years and cost him piles of money, an' there's bound to be a big row. If I was you I'd lay low for a spell."

WASTED ENTHUSIASM.

HE was a strenuous and consistent temperance man and never lost an opportunity of proclaiming the virtues of total abstinence and speaking a word in season for the cause. Going along King Street East one morning he saw in front of him two working men, who paused as they approached the door of a saloon. One of them seemed to be remonstrating with the other in low, earnest tones, but apparently to no purpose, as his comrade roughly repulsed him and disappeared behind the swinging doors. Casting a last wistful glance after his wayward friend and heaving a sigh of disappointment the remonstrant resumed his way alone just as the temperance exponent, who had been a deeply interested spectator of the scene, overtook him.

"Nobly done, my friend!" said he, seizing with effusion the toil-hardened hand of the laborer. "I honor your fidelity to principle, and though the remonstrances you have addressed to your reckless and depraved companion may for the present have failed to touch his conscience, yet in time your noble example cannot fail to have its influence, and in any event you have the proud consciousness of having done your duty."

"See here, boss," said the man with an air of stupid surprise, "what in thunder are yer givin' me? What turned business is it of yourn anyway if me and Jim had a fall out?"

"Excuse me, but as a temperance man I felt overjoyed to notice your endeavor to prevent your companion from falling into the clutches of the Demon Alcohol."

"Oh, come off! I was a-going in with him myself only I'm dead broke an' the son of a sea cook was too bloomin' mean to treat."

EUREKA!

FROM unsuccessful search returning,
Diogenes, with lamp still burning,
Came near a brook where on the sod
There lay an Angler with his rod.
Judging by his basket almost filled
He was in Walton's art well skilled.
The Cynic, with fatigue oppressed,
And feeling much in need of rest,
The beauty of the spot admired:
We'll shade, quiet, and retire,
Dropped by the Angler's side to rest,
Nor dreamed that there would end his quest.

The speckled beauties were displayed,
The Cynic's comments duly made.
He queried in a wondering way,
"And have you caught all these to-day?
You're lucky, Sir, for who could wish
For handsomer or finer fish?
But I suppose you're often looked
On larger fish than those you've hooked?
I very often hear men say:
The largest fish all get away."

"No," said the Angler, "I should deem
No larger fish are in this stream;
To think so, I have many reasons,
I've fished it now for twenty seasons,
But never have I caught or seen
A larger fish than these I ween."

The Cynic with wide open eyes,
Gazed on the Angler with surprise;
Then shouted loud like one distraught:
"Eureka! You're the man I sought."

G. C.

WOMAN'S suffer-age—when she gets too old to pass for thirty-five.



TIS HARD TO PART.

JIM—"I heard dad say as how we wuz a goin' ter move to the city."

SUSY—"Oh, dear! that would be awful. No pigs nor nothin'."

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.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

SHE—"That is an awfully clever and awfully true thing in 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' that a woman delights in taking a man who is irretrievably bad and leaving him hopelessly good."

HE—"Yes. But Oscar does not carry it all out."

SHE—"What do you mean?"

HE—"Well, how does her missionary work leave the woman?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A MINOR EPISODE.

REPORTER—"The deceased was a member of the Dominion Senate. Would you mention it in the article?"

EDITOR—"Oh, no: 'Try to get something of interest about him.'"

COMFORT FOR MOTHERS.

DYER'S Improved Food for Infants is the best food you can use for sick or healthy infants. It is endorsed by physicians, nurseries and mothers all over the Dominion. Price 25c. per package. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

AN AMPLE WARDROBE.

She's going to the ball to-night—
I heard herself declare it:
For, though she nothing has to wear,
That's just the place to wear it.

—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.

ONE of the professors in Cambridge has a little boy named Christopher. The sayings and doings of the son have passed into college history. It seems that one day the professor was lying on his sofa after a hard day's work in philosophy, and while in a state of unconscious cerebration, suddenly caught sight of Christopher on the floor. The professor gazed at the boy in deep silence. Then he said: "What would you do, Christopher' in case your father should die?"

Christopher thought for a moment. Then he lifted his eyes. "O, don't worry, father, there's time enough to think about that when you're dead."

A PNEUMATIC tire—the life insurance solicitor.

A SLIPPERY cuss—the darn things are too small.

WOMEN certainly have room enough, in these times, to laugh in their sleeves.

IN the bright lexicon of malaria, the Peruvian bark is not as bad as its bite.

THE nearer the outing season approaches, the more heads of families deplore the precedent set by Mohammed.

THE bacteriologist has taught us of many an unregarded thing that "there's millions in it?"

PHOEBE—"Are you brave and strong, and skillful?"

HAROLD—"Indeed I am."

PHOEBE—"I'm so glad, for here comes papa with the dogs."

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A TONIC**

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THE BANK OF TORONTO

DIVIDEND NO. 74

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT. for the current half-year, being at the rate of TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM, upon the paid-up capital of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after Thursday, the first day of June next.

THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the Seventeenth to the Thirty-first days of May, both days included.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS will be held at the Banking House of the institution on Wednesday, the Twenty-first day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board.

(Signed) D. COULSON,

General Manager.

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325 COLLEGE ST. Toronto
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NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

JONES—"I was a great friend of your late husband. Have you any little thing of his you could let me have to remind me of him?"

DISCONSOLATE WIDOW—"What's the matter with me?" [Exit Jones.]

Art.

J. W. L. FORSTER
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March's Original Dialogues and Speeches for Wee Tots.

—Comprising a variety of short speeches and dialogues suitable to children from three to ten years old, and adapted to public and private exhibitions, school anniversaries, and other entertainments. The aim has also been, to make the exercises of the most interesting and enlivening nature, thereby eliciting the scholars' utmost endeavor, and creating anew a desire on their part for the betterment of themselves and of the school. The exercises will be found to be brief, characterized by good taste, and pervaded throughout by a pure, moral tone.

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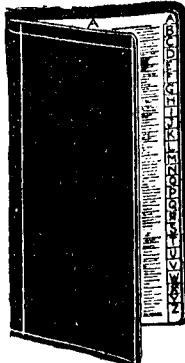
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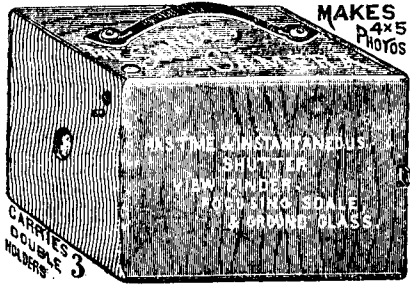
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