

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGGOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.



**HARD ON A MINISTER WHO SAYS HE IS NOT
A BREWER.**

(Apropos of an Ottawa Sign-board.)

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

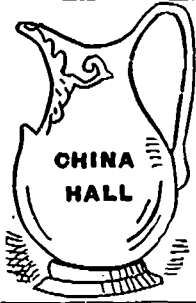
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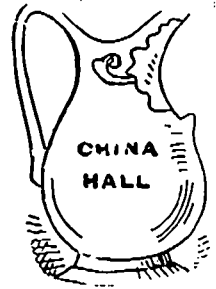
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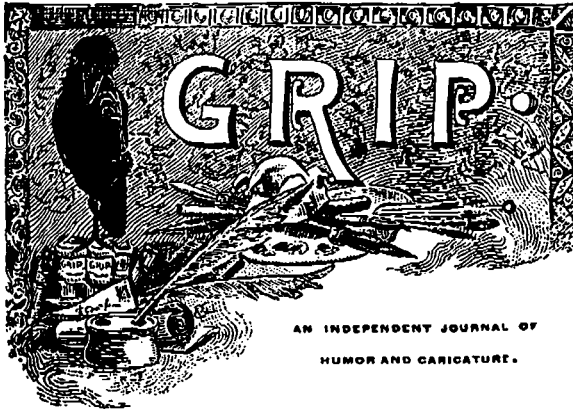
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J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

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THE ELECTION GRIP.

We have still a few copies of the Election Number of GRIP, which will be sent to any address on receipt of 10c.

Comments on the Cartoons.



SAVED—BUT ONLY JUST.—The perilous voyage of the Governmental balloon has ended without absolute disaster to the political aeronauts. They have reached *terra firma*—thanks to that trusty grappling hook, the N.P.—but they have lost most of their sand, and have had their nerves considerably shaken up. Sir John, it is said, is reckoning upon a good majority, but in this the old gentleman is certainly astray. He may consider himself lucky if he has a bare working majority—and in view of the ticklish questions that are shortly to be on the order paper, such a majority must be a large one.

PLAYFUL OPENING OF THE LOCAL HOUSE.—The Ontario Assembly opened for business on March 2nd. The debate was characterized by more than usual good humor on both sides of the House and we join the *Globe* in hoping that the good feeling will continue throughout the session. The spectator who gazed down upon the chamber, however, and marked the hopeless minority of the Opposition, could not but be impressed by the feeling that Mr. Meredith's joviality was not so much that of the late Mr. Tapley, as that of the mouse which consents to join in a little hilarity with a friendly cat and her kittens.

STRAINED "RELATIONS."—The Retaliation Bill has passed the American House and Senate, and is now ready at the President's hand to be used at that high potentate's sweet will. If we understand the position of affairs aright, Canada is expected to desist at once from all further attempts to vindicate her fishery rights, or to take the consequences which may ensue from a species of legislative bull-dozing on the part of our big neighbor. Dear old Uncle Sam, compose yourself. We don't want anything we haven't a perfect right to, but we're bound to have that, Ingalls or no Ingalls.

"SOME men are born great." Yes, but how some of them do shrink!

THE LION.

CEASE braggarts all thy silly prate,
Cease from thy strife and battle;
We brook not here within our state
Such silly infant's prattle.
Ye both are sons of brave old men
Who fought for England's glory;
Who helped to build my empire when
Each brick was red and gory.
Ye ought to have a pride to know
That though of different birth,
Our Kingdoms now, united, grow
The bravest men on earth.
Let Ireland still her shamrock hold,
Let Scotland keep its thistle,
And while each country pays her gold,
The rose will sit and whistle!

W. H. T.

FROM OUR MONTREAL MAN.

MONTREAL, Feb. 19th.—The census of the city recently completed shows the population to be in round figures 186,000. This was somewhat disappointing to many, and it is certain the figures would have been larger if the time of census-taking had been postponed till the month of April, when we usually have a very large floating population. April is our month for floods.

* * *

MR. GEORGE MURRAY tells me he has given up smoking cigarettes. He has given up writing poetry, thus breaking off two bad habits "at one fell swoop."

* * *

ARCHBISHOP TACHE is here, and is not in the best of health. It is said his eyes are troubling him. It is to be hoped the holy see will not be affected.

* * *

THE ice palace is the most prominent reminder we have of the recent carnival. It is a beautiful architectural effect, and the frieze has been very much admired.

* * *

THOSE who are not in favor of Canadians being knighted claim that the title "Sir" should be written \$ir; such as \$ir Geo. Stephen, \$ir Donald Smith, \$ir D. L. McPherson, and others.

* * *

THE abattoir question here is an important topic of discussion. It is a difficult problem to meat.

* * *

THE Montreal *Herald* is a C.P.R. organ, a Liberal organ, a Knights of Labor organ, an Independent organ, a Mitchell organ, and with the result that it is really a hurdy-gurdy and horribly out of tune. Peter Mitchell discovered Turveystone, and the latter has been discovering Peter Mitchell ever since. He says Peter is a trump. Granted, but he is a trumpeter.

* * *

A BLUE NOSE here lately speaking on the situation in Nova Scotia, said it was a coal day when they got left.

"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?" "Don't you know what a canard is?" queried Snaggs, rather sneeringly; "why the word itself conveys it own meaning." "Does it?" "Well, really I can't see it. What does it mean, dear?" "Why, a canard is something one canardly believe, of course." "Oh, to be sure! Why couldn't I think of that?"

LOVE'S WEDDINGS.

(QUOTH Love as he sharpened his darts one day,
In an indolent sort of style :

"I have too long followed the beaten way,
And wanted for fun the while ;
For loves have run very smooth of late,
And the matings have all been true ;
Those mortals who eagerly catch my bait
Seem never its taste to rue."

So Love departed, on mischief bent,
Well loaded with golden darts,
And off on its mission each weapon sent,
To the sorrow of human hearts.
Then Love laughed loud with a fiendish glee,
At the carnage which he had wrought ;
That his sport was wild, we must each agree,
For this was the game he caught :

A Polander married a Fiji wife,
And a Japanese a Finn ;
A dusky daughter of old Bad Knife,
Was wedded to one Ah Sin ;
A negress married an Englishman,
A Russian a Boston belle,
And unto a native of Hindostan
A Siberian damsel fell.

A Chilian joined to a Congo prince,
A Grit to a Tory maid,
'Twas a motley lot, nor before nor since
Were such curious antics played.
Each golden dart was a golden spell,
Naught human could well withstand,
And Lap, Moor, Spaniard, a victim fell
From equator to cold Iceland.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"LET me see," said Mr. Douglas, consulting his watch.
"H'm! half-past two, only. If we leave here at three,
that will give us ample time, for this is a ten knot breeze
at least. Now, gentlemen, if you want anything more, say
so. If not, away go dishes and remnants to the yacht.
All satisfied? Very well," and then raising his voice he
called out, "Chambers, how are you getting on over
there?"

"Jolly as sand-buoys, sir," came the cheery voice of
the handsome young sailing master.

"Very well. Tell your men to get these things on
board, and here's another bottle of champagne," con-
tinued Mr. Douglas, as Chambers came towards him, and
handing him the wine, he opened a fresh one for his own
party. "Now, Chambers, we'll be off in half an hour ;
here Bushell," to one of the crew, "take some of these
traps on board, and go into Miss Douglas' room and
bring a guitar you'll see in one of the lockers. It's open
isn't it, Elsie?"

"Oh! yes, papa, but we've no time for music. I'm
sure Bushell needn't bring the guitar."

"Tut, tut, nonsense," said her father. "We've
time for one song. Yes, cut away, Bushell, and look
alive, and bring my violin, too. I sent it off with the
hamper this morning and I think it's underneath the
table," and away went the sailor and was soon seen re-
turning with the instruments alluded to.

"Now, Elsie, my dear, please give us 'Douglas'; a
fine old song, or ballad, rather, gentlemen, the Douglas
referred to in it having been of the same stock as myself.
Now, darling."

Miss Douglas was far too sensible a young lady to plead
cold or sore throat or any of the many other excuses usu-
ally put forward by would-be fashionable young women
when requested to sing, and which are generally forerun-
ners of a wretched performance. She took her guitar,
and striking a few chords at once commenced, in a deep
rich soprano voice, that dear, sweet old ballad "Douglas,
Douglas, tender and true," which she rendered in a man-
ner so beautiful and pathetic, that even the irrepressible
Yubbits was charmed into silence, whilst Bramley gazed
on the lovely face of the singer with tears in his eyes, the
champagne he had consumed doubtless assisting to make
him doubly sensitive to the beauty of the song, and he
remained perfectly motionless till the last notes died
away when, as soon as the applause which greeted the fair
songstress had ceased, he said :—

"Miss Douglas, I am positively charmed. What a
beautiful song! Please, *do* please favor us with another.
I am very fond of music, though I am no singer—"



"FUNNY" FOR JINKS.

Little Tottie—O Mr. Jinks, when you come to our house again
will you drink funny out of my mug? I want to see you do it.

Tottie's Ma—Drink funny? Why, Tottie, what do you mean?

Tottie—Didn't you tell pa that Mr. Jinks drank like a fish? I
want to see him do it!

"No indeed, Bramley," Yubbits burst in, all the defer-
ence he usually exhibited towards his leader vanishing
under the genial influence of the generous wine, "please
don't try. I have heard you attempt to—to—well, war-
ble, but I must confess you do sing atrociously flat, yes,
flat as a love-sick flounder."

"I must say, Yubbits," remarked Bramley, evidently
annoyed at being thus 'chaffed' before Miss Douglas, "I
must say you choose some exceedingly select similies. I

was not aware that you were a judge of music at any rate."

"I know this much, I am a sufficiently good judge to know that what Miss Douglas has just sung was very beautiful," said Yubbits, looking towards the young lady. "Please, Miss Elsie, let us have another."

"Yes, darling," said Mr. Douglas, "cast some oil on these troubled waters," looking slyly at Bramley and Yubbits, "and sing us 'Aileen Aroon'; I will accompany you on my violin."

Miss Douglas immediately complied with her father's request and rendered the song demanded in tones of exquisite sweetness, during the performance of which the crew, having put the hamper and contents on board the yacht, drew near and stood, listening, at a respectful distance.

Mr. Douglas, it could easily be told, was no mean performer on that prince of instruments, the violin, playing with great feeling and delicacy, and drawing forth some very fine melody from his own.

"Oh! if Crinkle were only here with his flute," exclaimed Coddleby, as Miss Douglas ceased singing. "How it would have added to the enjoyment of all."

"That's a matter of opinion," said Yubbits. "The last time I heard him play, by ged! he nearly drove me crazy—"

"And your recovery is very slow, Yubbits," Bramley interrupted, evidently pleased to give his friend a sly dig in return for his jesting at his own expense—though that gentleman paid no attention to the remark, but rattled on:—

"Of all melancholy sounds the tootle, tootle, toot of Crinkle's dismal flute—"

"Poetry, by all that's wonderful," exclaimed Coddleby. "Miss Douglas, it must be your presence that has worked this extraordinary change in Mr. Yubbits, I don't think I ever heard him say a word of rhyme in my life before."

"I'm sure I'm most happy to hear it," said the lady.

"One more song, Elsie," pleaded Mr. Douglas.

"What shall it be papa?" enquired the obliging and amiable girl. "'The Land o' the Leal?'"

"The very one I was thinking of," said her father, whose manner had suddenly become quite grave for him. "That song, gentlemen, was my mother's favorite and the last one I ever heard her sing. Elsie's voice reminds me very much of hers, but she has long since passed away to that Land of the Leal of which Elsie is about to sing. Now, my dear."

Surely nothing could be more exquisite than the way in which the fair girl sang the beautiful old song.

"And now we must be off," cried the host, all his usual gaiety of manner returning. "I'll give you a few airs as we go home. Now, come along. Be careful, Mr. Bramley, how you get on board, I've no more dry clothes, and if you get those wet we shall have nothing left for you but an old sail to wrap you in."

Chambers, having witnessed the mishap attending the disembarkation, now held the yacht firmly against the wharf until the whole party were on board, and then, casting loose the painter and giving the *Elsie* a powerful shove, he sprang on board as lightly as a kitten, and in a few moments the graceful vessel was bowling steadily along towards Toronto at a speed of fully ten knots an hour, Mr. Douglas' violin giving out some wonderfully inspiring music as she glided along, the plashing and rippling of the waves against her bows and sides being a pleasant accompaniment to the notes of the violin.

(To be continued.)

A DITTY COMPOSED WHILE IN A RECUMBENT POSITION ON THE SIDEWALK.

Oh blessings on the man who makes
The beautiful to fly
From off his sidewalk, and with care
Doth broom and shovel ply.

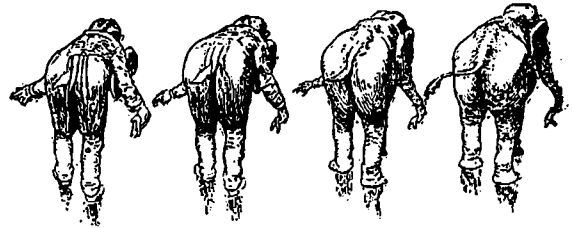
And blessings on the thoughtful soul
Who scatters, far and wide,
The ashes of his household fires—
With such may peace abide.

With foot secure and tread aye firm,
May he his path pursue;
Nor quick sit down against his will,
With heels toss'd to the blue.

Upon his tombstone, when he dies,
This crowning virtue shew:
"Here lies a man who from his door
Aye shoveled off the snow."

But for the wretch who sits inert,
And takes ignoble ease,
While snow upon the sidewalk lies
Till it doth melt and freeze.

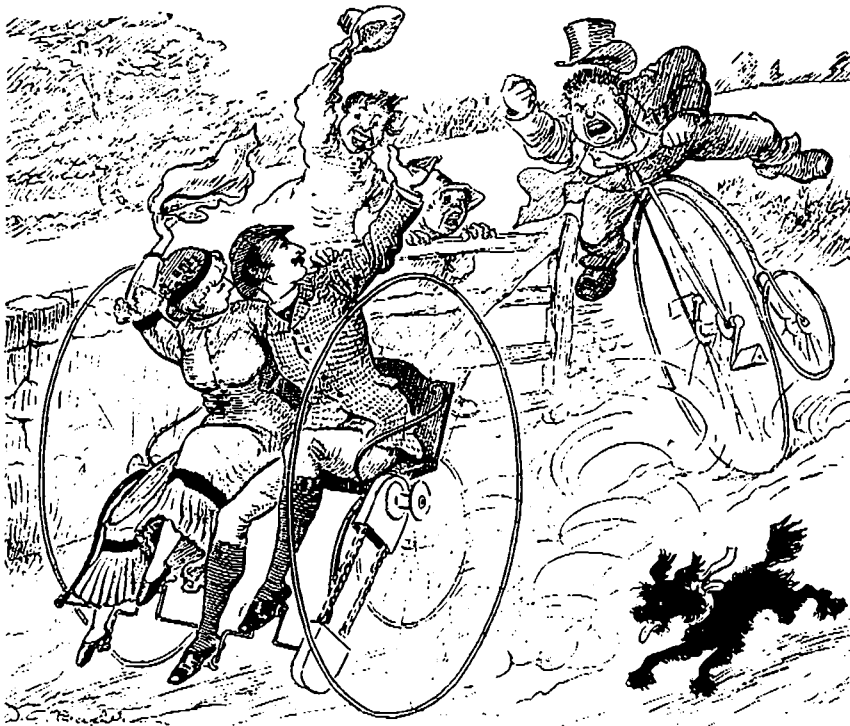
May such an one slip, slide, and fall,
And crack his worthless crown;
May chilblains blossom on his toes,
And frost-bites make him frown.



AN EVOLUTION OF POLITENESS.

A DISTURBANCE IN BLACK AND GOLD.

ALPHONSO DE BROWN had not given up all hopes of winning Araminta Van Goldstein. Night after night he had prowled around her residence in the hope of meeting her by moonlight alone, but the faithful bull-pup had frustrated his nocturnal purpose. Day after day he had jumped frantically upon street-cars, in which he had thought he had recognized her miniature race-course hat; but had been bitterly deceived. He had sat behind her pew in church, attended the meetings of the Shakespeare Club and been ejected from the Female Aid Society's rooms; but all to no purpose. Araminta had veiled herself entirely from his sight and could not be found. Once he had summoned up courage and knocked at the door of the Van Goldstein mansion only to be refused admittance. Matters were growing desperate. Alphonso had nearly given up hope, when he happened to read one night. "Woo her with gifts, if she respect not words; Dumb jewels, etc." Like the sudden coming of the electric light, an idea flashed through the deserted corridors of the lover's cranium. "Eureka!" he cried, as he flung the volume of Shakespeare at his tame parrot, who replied, in self-defence, "Take something yourself." The bird had been the gift of a deceased bar-tender. Hastily putting on his green-seal coat and snatching up his red tuque by mistake, he rushed headlong from his lodgings, followed by his landlady, who yell'd loudly "stop thief." Alphonso laugh'd wildly, for he owed her six months'



ELOPEMENT A LA MODE.

board—with a 2.15 gait he reached his favorite jeweller's store, into which he precipitated like a bolter into an Ottawa bar. "Give me the gold of Ind. barbaric pearl, rubies from Burmah, bright Golconda's gleam, silver from Cyprus"—commenced Alphonso, in his delirious anxiety for the dumb jewels, but before he could finish his original quotation, the storekeeper yelled to his boy, "Charlie, shut up the front and give Mr. Brown the store." These words of business brought Alphonso to his senses and he inspected the show-cases. He selected a pair of snake bracelets, a turquoise brooch and a mother of pearl fan, inlaid with rubies. As the storekeeper was wrapping them up, a street-car pass'd, and Alphonso, with a yell of delight, rush'd madly to the front. He jumped for the platform a moment too late; the car had started, and Alphonso nestled softly in the mud, murmuring—"There is a tide in the affairs of man which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." A policeman picked up the seal-skin coat and found Alphonso inside, unhurt. He was rewarded with a free pass to the next Poor concert and a quarter, which had rolled out of the hero's pocket. Remembering his purpose, Alphonso rushed again into the jeweller's shop, seized a parcel from the counter and dashed to the house of Araminta. The family were at supper. Nothing daunted Alphonso said he would wait, and composed himself upon the piano-stool in the drawing-room. In the course of an hour Araminta entered. She was ashy pale and held an unfinished cigarette in her taper fingers—Alphonso did not know that she smoked; but, ready for any surprise, he remarked:—

"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest."

Araminta listened in silence and then asked him to repeat it. He repeated. Drawing her pencilled brows

together, she said in chilled steel tones:

"Do you desire to insult me?"

Alphonso dropped on his left knee, which was free from rheumatism, and replied:

"Araminta, it is high time this farce should end or it will turn into a tragedy. I have brought you a souvenir of my undying love. Let the past be wiped out of your recollection when you gaze upon the tribute of my affection."

The cigarette fell from Araminta's fingers and slowly smouldered into the carpet, as she seized the packet Alphonso held out to her. With trembling anxiety she bit through the string and tore away the paper. With a shriek she threw the contents at Alphonso. It struck him on the nose and fell with a mocking jingle at his right foot. He moaned and lifted up the bauble. *It was a baby's rattle.*

"Leave this house, perfidious man," she cried, "for the third and last time," as she threw open the hall door, "you are a heartless monster." And her papa

came out hurriedly and exclaimed, "I endorse that sentiment," as he kicked Alphonso down the garden path. The bull-pup retired to his kennel with a mouthful of the seal-skin coat, and tranquility reigned once more in the house of Van Goldstein.

Alphonso repaired to the jeweller's and found he had taken away the wrong parcel.
P. QUILL.
POKEVILLE, ONT.

MRS. PENCHERMAN ON GENERAL CONVERSATION.

WHAT on earth has become of it all? I declare except at the sewing society where everyone talks at once, I haven't come across anything of it this many a day. It's all *let-à-léting*. I don't deny that the fashion has its advantages for lovers and the boys and girls skirmishing for such positions, and for balls, but for little sociable gatherings and small tea parties, these *solitudes-a-deux* give some of the company a feeling of *de drop-ness*. The old people of dear polite France must have known something of the feeling to have such very adaptive expressions. I have felt it more than once in my own drawing-room, at some of the entertainments we are so justly celebrated for in Rural Dell. Of course, as a mother, nothing gives me more pleasure than to see the girls enjoy themselves, yet I've often wished my part on these festive occasions could be more lively than that of a mere overseer, as it were. Lucius says its all rubbish my "sitting up in state," and that I'd be a deal better in the parlor, and let the young people be by themselves, but I like things to be done in 'ton, and know that it is more in keeping for the Misses Pencherman, daughters of an M.P., to have a proper chap-eron with other fashionable families, and then I like a little amusement whenever I can

get it as well as ever I did, and to know whats going on. Being observant I feel that in this everlasting talking in twos a great deal of conversational talent is lost or never brought forth. What is to prevent people chatting trash or meaningless nothings when there's only one pair of ears to listen, and the well-known gift of tongue belonging to the head of the family is only used to say "how do you do," and to mention when supper is ready. Fashion or no fashion, I say that society loses much when a Mrs. Pencherman is perforce silent. How, I ask, can I have the flashing wit, the sage argument, the new opinion and the sparkling repartee of a Lady Holland's salon in my Rural Dell drawing-room when the most original remarks must always fall lifeless on an audience of one person? Instead of catching encouragement from other lips, with the spur that rubs intellectual sparks from the friction of different minds, scintillating with the alternative brilliance of wisdom and humor that are so peculiarly the inheritance of political families. These are some of the reasons that I use to warn "society" to moderate her *tôt-à-tôtting*. How I long to revive old times, when I was a girl and they sat around of an evening and listened to father and one of the neighbors discussing books and the affairs of the nation. But things are changed, my young people don't seem to take to that sort of general conversation, Tom says "it's a long sight nicer to talk than to listen," that boy has a wonderful insight into human nature, and it's just his father's experience at Ottawa, while he pays the most polite attention to every one else in the house, he can't get any one to listen to him for five minutes, queer is not it? I spoke to Lucius about it the other day and he turned round on me with some of the suavity of manner his constituents know so well and said, "I suppose Mrs. Pencherman *you* can't understand that somebody's got to listen." I saw he was irritated, so I did not worry him, but just said softly, "Oh, yes, my dear, I do, but if I was in your place, I'd make it be the other fellows."

"I haven't a doubt of it, my love," was all the notice he took of my remark, and he walked off to the library, but as he shut the door I heard him grumble "I guess we know what we'er about when we keep women out of politics." But what has that got to do with general conversation?

J. M. LOES.

THERE was an old party in Me.
Who always had voted for Ble.,
But he bolted because
Of the fishery lause.
And he says he won't do it age.

AMONG the great moral questions one of the most difficult to answer is as to the relative sinfulness of going from church to church to avoid paying for one's preaching, or of strictly adhering to one house of worship and never paying one's pew rent.—*Boston Transcript*.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A BRONCHO.

It was just after the one hundredth performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show that a reporter of *Life* called upon one of the Bucking Ponies for the purpose of eliciting a few items of bronchial information.

The gentleman was found in his sumptuously furnished box stall smoking a cigar and toying gently with some fricasseed hay. He smiled pleasantly as he rose, and with much *empressement* extended his fore-hoof to the reporter, and stated how much he appreciated the attentions of the

dear people of the East, and how he longed for next season to come around, when he expects to appear before them in a full line of star parts.

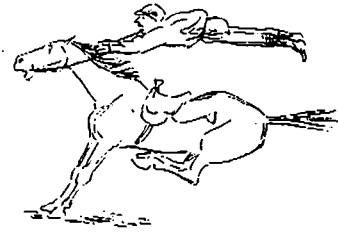
"Could you give a few points for the readers of *Life* on the science of Bucking?"

"With great pleasure," replied the affable Broncho. "It is very simple and easily learned. If you will kindly step up on my back I'll teach you the whole thing in less than a minute. You may gather your points afterward."

"You're very kind," said the reporter, climbing on his host's back.

"Oh no, not at all," replied the Broncho quickly. "Now, there are four motions. Ready?"

The correspondent reluctantly expressed his readiness.



"ONE."

"One," said the Broncho, gathering his hind legs beneath him, as the reporter assumed a horizontal position.

"Two," he continued, raising himself to an angle of forty-five degrees, as is shown in Fig. B, while the correspondent reached out to remove a large horsefly from the top of his car.



"TWO."

"Three," he ejaculated, with a sort of a rocking-chair motion that caused the interviewer to lean slightly forward and pull his stirrups up higher, so that he could see how the land lay.



"THREE."

"And four," said the Broncho, looking slyly around at his pupil, who, suddenly remembering an engagement at the hospital which demanded his immediate attention, was taking the shortest cut to the sidewalk through the second-story window on the north side of the garden.



"AND FOUR."

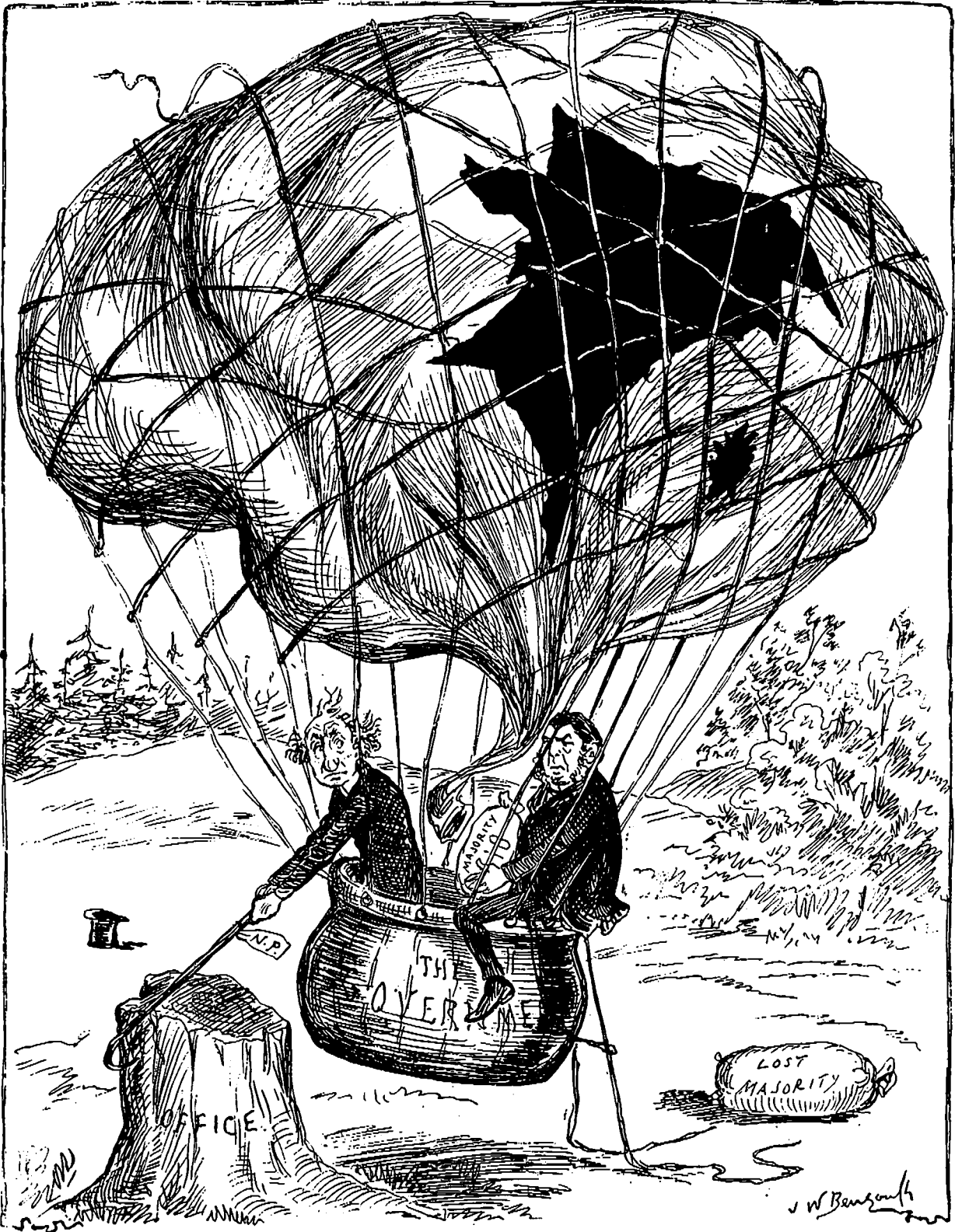
"Well," yelled the Broncho after him, "I never saw a cowboy get through the motions quicker than you did. You literary fellows are smart, and if you'll come in and rehearse to-morrow you'll be an accomplished Broncho steerer in less than a week."

But the reporter not caring for a rehearse of any kind, much less a rehearse, kept on his way, rejoicing that very little more than some of his valuable time had been killed by the interview.—*Carlyle Smith, in N. Y. Life*.



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"Martha," said her father, "William asked me for your hand last night and I consented." "Well, pa, that's the first bill of mine you haven't objected to."—*New York Sun.*

"I wish I was a public house," said a loving woman to her husband. "Why?" he inquired, with some degree of surprise. "O, because you would run in eighteen or twenty times a day to see me."

OLD LADY (suffering from hiccoughs, to drug clerk)—Young—man, I want to—get some liquor—Clerk (hastily)—Can't do it, madam. You've had enough already—Old Lady (frigidly)—Some liquorice.

"If my dog doan' bite anything," explained a Gratiot avenue saloonist, "caferypody say he vhas no good. If he bites some body, den caferypody says he must be killed. Seems to me dot dog doan' get some fair show."

FRIEND—Now, Charlie, I'd advise you to have the operation performed by Dr. Sawbones. He is a very skillful surgeon, and will perform his work in a rare manner. Patient (alarmed)—Rare: I'd rather it be well done.—*Life.*

IT is not an unfair sarcasm that is embodied in the story of an organist who was asked:—"Are you not a regular attendant of the church?" "Oh, yes," said he. "And are you a Christian?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "I'm the organist."

"How did it happen that you made such fine sausage yesterday?" asked a customer of his butcher. "Well, you see," explained the butcher, "a sporting man gave me a pointer, and—" "Say no more," said the customer, turning pale and turning quickly to go home.

"I say, Dumley," remarked Robinson, with some indignation, "I hear you have reported about that I owed you money." "You have owed me several dollars for several years." "That may be, but I don't owe you anything now. That twenty dollar debt became outlawed the first of the year. You ought not to spread damaging reports about a man," concluded the still indignant Robinson.

"THAT'S what I call a good dinner," remarked Bobby as he leaned back in his chair with an air of repletion. "Bobby," said his mother, "I am ashamed of you." The minister of the chapel, who was dining with the family, laughed heartily. "Bobby appreciates the good things of life," he said, "like all the rest of us." "Don't you think it was a good dinner?" Bobby asked of the minister. "Yes, indeed," he said; "I enjoyed it very much." "Ma said she thought you would, because she didn't suppose you got very much at home," remarked Bobby.

"How often does the ferry-boat start?" asked the lady. "I very fifteen minutes, mum." "How long is it since the boat left here?" "Tin minutes, mum." Lady waits ten minutes, and then says, "Didn't you say the boat starts every fifteen minutes?" "I d d, mum." "Well, I have waited here ten minutes since you said the boat had been gone ten minutes?" "Yes, mum." "Then how do you make out that it starts every fifteen minutes?" "Why you see, mum, it starts from this side wan fifteen minutes, and from the other side the next."

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This cut represents James Liscombe, of Toronto. He was a sufferer from catarrh and enlarged tonsils, and is now cured. Dr. McCully removed the tonsils and then cured his catarrh. As we can cure catarrh, we invite the victims of that disease to come and place their cases in our hands. We intend publishing a number of cases of catarrh we have recently cured.

Some of our work has been inspected this week by a learned oculist of this city, east end, and he did not understand how a cataract could be removed from the eye without the knife. He very much preferred placing the patient under a strong light and quizzing him to coming to us for information. If he will use little less vigorous language and ask where the information can be obtained, he shall know, as it may save some one's lights being put out, and us the trouble of after treatment. The case we refer to was a little boy Dr. McCully is now treating to save his life: he is totally blind, and his blindness is the result of reckless use of instruments—another victim of licensed quackery. Still another victim—a gentleman fell on the street and broke or tore the ligament of the knee cap, not long ago; he sent for one of the men who sneer at Dr. McCully and his "quack" between their teeth. That man diagnosed the case one of fracture of the knee cap, put the man on a modified McIntyre splint. That man became uneasy as to the condition of his knee, sent for me, and on examination I found there was no FRACTURE of the knee cap, but that the ligament that binds the knee cap to the lower leg had been severed by the fall. Now, this man would have been utterly crippled under that man's treatment, as he was dragging apart the ligament and the point of former attachment. I set and fixed the cap in its proper position, pointed out the error to the victim, with full explanations, and left the case to this learned surgeon, AS I WILL NOT DO GENERAL PRACTICE. The man explained his personal opinion, and the reason for the change of pressure and bandages, the surgeon left the leg in its new position, and no doubt has since flapped his wings and crowed over a good piece of work, as he did not discover the cuckoo. Remember, we treat chronic diseases of the blood, skin, internal organs, bone and flesh, and deformities, correct all forms of female displacements WITHOUT PAIN or ether or chloroform; cure all forms of female disease, prolapse and painful menstruation, etc., etc.; also the follies of youth and the recklessness of more mature manhood.

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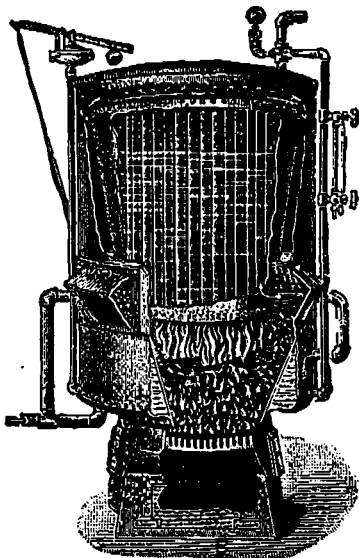
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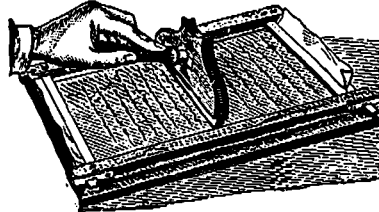
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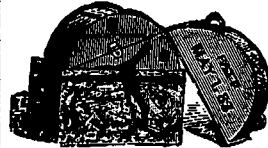
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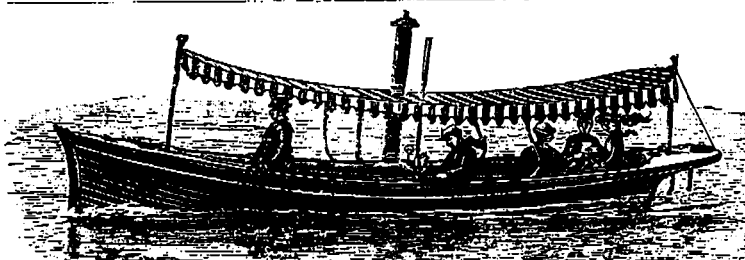
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