

FRANK CAYLEY

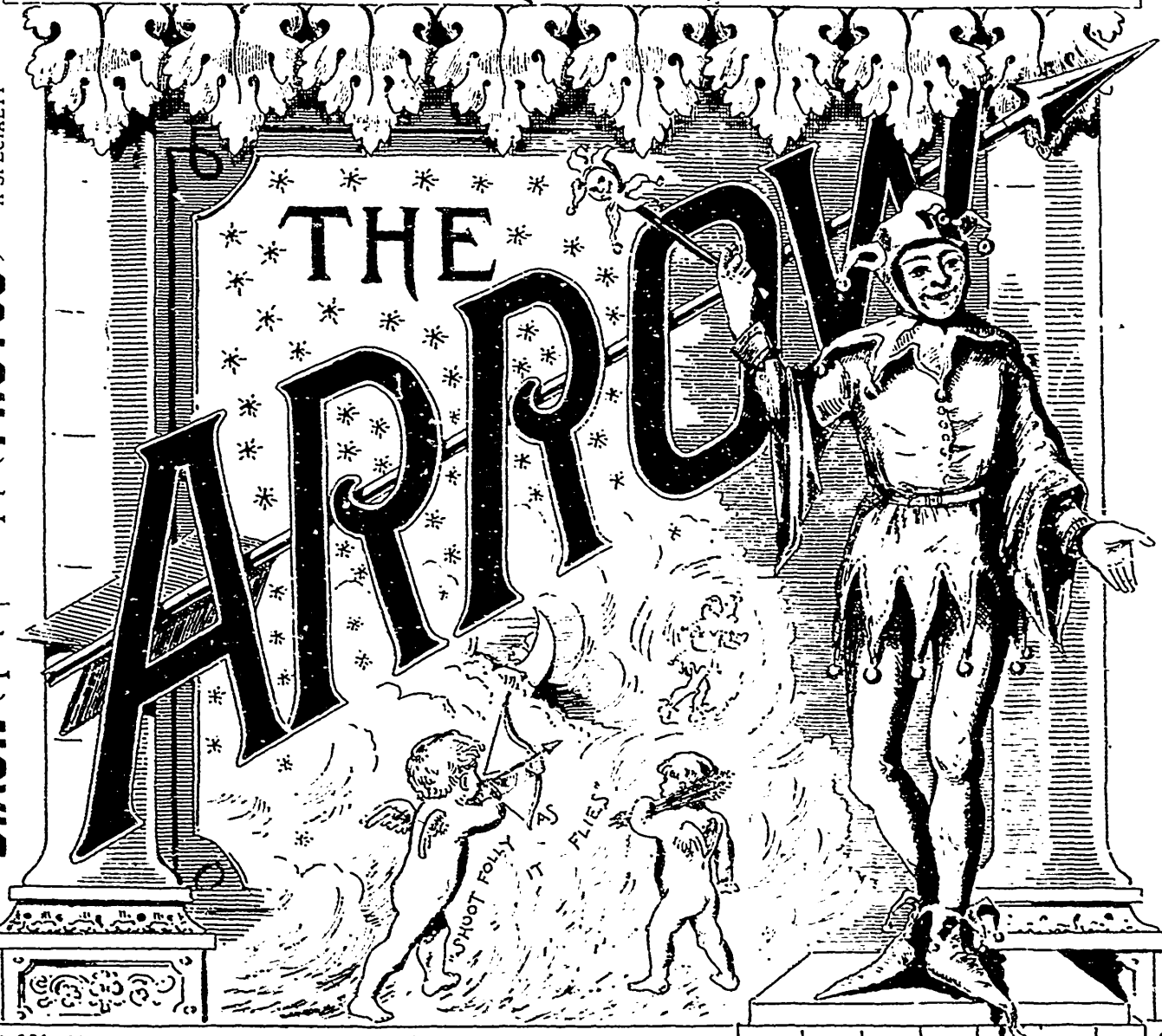
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AUGUST 21, 1886

THE ARROW



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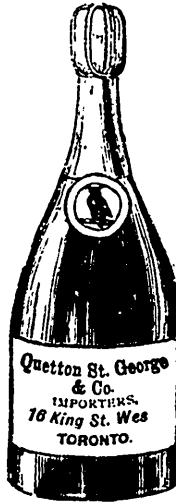
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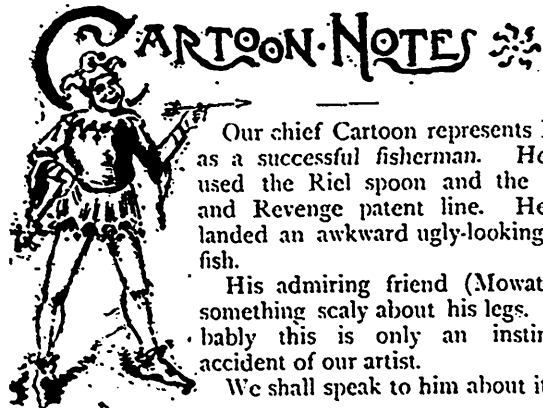
NOTICE.

THE ARROW POINT PRIZE.

Having in two weeks' publications received only a very slim number of contributions under this head, we have decided to close the matter as not suitable. We insert the Point which we consider has most merit, and forward the writer, E. Furlong, 21½ James Street South, Hamilton, a cheque for Five Dollars.

PRIZE ARROW POINT.

Why is a widow the most unselfish of mortals? Because while all the rest of the world looks out for number one, she is content to look out for number two.



Our chief Cartoon represents Blake as a successful fisherman. He has used the Riel spoon and the Race and Revenge patent line. He has landed an awkward ugly-looking dog-fish. His admiring friend (Mowat) has something scaly about his legs. Probably this is only an instinctive accident of our artist. We shall speak to him about it.

"I SEE the scoundrel in your face!" exclaimed the magistrate to the prisoner. "I reckon, yer worship," was the response, "that that cre's a personal reflection, ain't it?"

POINTERS.

THE Grit papers never get tired of telling us that Sir John is old, worn out, and can't last much longer. They undoubtedly wish it were true, and that the old gentleman, who has proved one too many for them so frequently, would be obliging enough to step down and out. But what do they think of his travelling seventy-two miles by rail, driving twenty miles in a carriage, descending a coal mine, crossing from Nanaimo to the main-land, and making five speeches in one day? I doubt if even the Gas man, on his famous Montreal trip, put in such a day's work as that. Sir John seems to be like "White Wings" which "never grow weary."

THERE are many other people who never grow weary besides Sir John. For instance, the *Globe's* special liars, who, as soon as one of their fabrications is nailed, proceed to manufacture another. They have one at New Westminster who really deserves a position on the editorial staff: He describes the people as tearing down the arches and other decorations in their disgust at Sir John's late arrival, and states that the poor old man was left "to grope his way into the city as best he could after midnight." This gentleman would be quite an acquisition to the staff as assistant to the Deacon and the other worthies, from the fact that he is a lineal descendant of Ananias and Sapphira his wife.

JUST what benefit these men think they confer on their party by lies, which cannot at the most live twenty-four hours, is difficult to see. I have a theory of my own on the subject, which is, that they stand in fear of losing their situations if they speak the truth about either the Conservative party or its leaders. Whether this be the case or not, one thing is certain—they never have done so, even by inadvertence, within the memory of man. Perhaps though, under the influence of a Serene Soul and a Profound Intellect, there is no necessity for paying attention to such a petty detail as truth.

THE *Globe* seems to be much shocked that Sir John should lay the corner-stone of a church. However, that is a "great sight better business" than stuffing ballot boxes and bolstering up murder, arson and rebellion. The fact seems to be, that Grandma *Globe* is just now so full of spleen and venom, that the very mention of Sir John's name, no matter in what connection, knocks her cross-eyed and silly, and causes her to slop over out of the fullness of her heart.

THE Scott Act is having a tough time in Guelph, according to all reports. A number of cases against hotel keepers—among them one John Bunyan, who from his name ought to keep the "Pilgrim's Progress"—fell through because a number of persons swore that they would not believe the informer Edgar on his oath. This is not the celebrated J. D., but another Edgar, though there are many who would not believe in the gas explanation of a certain trip to Montreal on his oath.

IT is no use for the friends of this infamous Act to plead for time, in which to show that local prohibition is workable. The reports are all the same. Whether the Act has been in force for months or years, free trade in whiskey is invariably the case. And remember, I am not talking from hearsay. I have gone an entire stranger

into many places where the Act is in force, and, "so fer s I'm consarned," to quote Mrs. Felder in "Dolly," I never had the least difficulty in finding how and where whiskey was to be obtained in quantities to suit purchasers.

In the meantime, alcohol in its most concentratedly drinkable form is consumed, perjury is rampant, and the revenue is decreased by the amount of the license fees. Those who drank to excess before drink to excess now. Tippling "on the dead sneak" is encouraged, the jails hold as many prisoners as ever, and not one of the thousands of benefits which were promised to follow the Act has come to hand.

ON the contrary, greater evils have followed in its wake than ever existed under the Crooks Act. Perjury of the rankest description is not confined to the side of the defence. The man who is so degraded as to earn a living by whiskey sneaking is not going to lose his daily bread for the want of such details as his imagination can supply, and if a little ornamental and picturesque perjury will help him through, nothing on top of the earth will prevent him supplying it.

THIS is a fair way to look at the whole business. The Prohibitionists promised such a decrease in crime that county jails would scarcely be needed, and drunkenness was to be entirely done away with; in fact, the saving in police and jail expenses alone was to compensate for the loss of revenue from liquor licenses. Not only that, but men were to be better dressed, little ones to be better housed and fed, and business in general was to boom, because the money that was then spent in the tavern was to go to the storekeepers. All this was to take place when the Scott Act came into force.

ON the other hand, the opponents of the Act prophesied loss of business, loss of revenue, no decrease in crime, and none in drunkenness, but only a change from light drinks, such as ale, lager and wine, to gin, brandy and whiskey.

WHO prophesied correctly? Read the daily papers; read the reports of the magistrates' courts in the very papers in Scott Act counties which promised these things and supported the Act; and from these data form your own judgment.

WHAT is to be done about it? It will be two years and a half yet before the majority of the counties can again pronounce on the question. Either one of two things must be done; either the Act must be so amended as to give the people another chance at a shorter date, or the whole villainous fabric must be wiped out.

THE amendment proposed last session was very nearly carried, and would to-day have been law, but that some members, who had pledged themselves to vote for it, at the last moment grew weak in the knees, and either shirked or voted the other way.

THESE men at any rate did not do what their reason told them was right, but they got into a blue funk at the idea of losing a few votes, which they can never count on under any circumstances.

THE GALLEY BOY.

DON'T KICK HIM WHILE HE'S DOWN.

Go on the street, go where you will,
Which ever way one turns,
The people talk of nothing else
But coal and Paddy Burns.

And most of them too ready are
To say, "I told you so;"
And, "Beggars who on horseback ride,
Straight to the devil go."

They shake their heads most knowingly,
Expressively they wink,
Men who but one short week ago
With pat were glad to drink.

A meaner spirit can't be shown
By men about the town,
Than thus evincing their desire
"To kick him while he's down."

I won't believe h'm guilty till
The jury says it's so,
No matter how much mud the "thing"
Called Symons tries to throw.

For Paddy is a decent man
As ever went on feet,
He never failed for sixty thou-
Sand dollars, up on wheat.

J. A. F.

A REFLECTION ON TRUTH.

Truth long ago died—starved to death,
But with her last expiring breath
She threw her mantle on one mortal thing
Which still remains, and 'tis of it I sing—
The looking-glass!

Flatterers commend my eyes, my nose, my hair—
Tell me its auburn shade is rich beyond compare:
Alas, they all prevaricate—more plainly, *lie*—
For one thing tells me plainly "you must dye!"—
The looking-glass!

The best friend that I have, its honest face
Will oft reflect the fairest forms of grace;
Yet still refuses not when Boreas blows
To tell me you've a smut upon your nose!"—
Dear looking-glass!

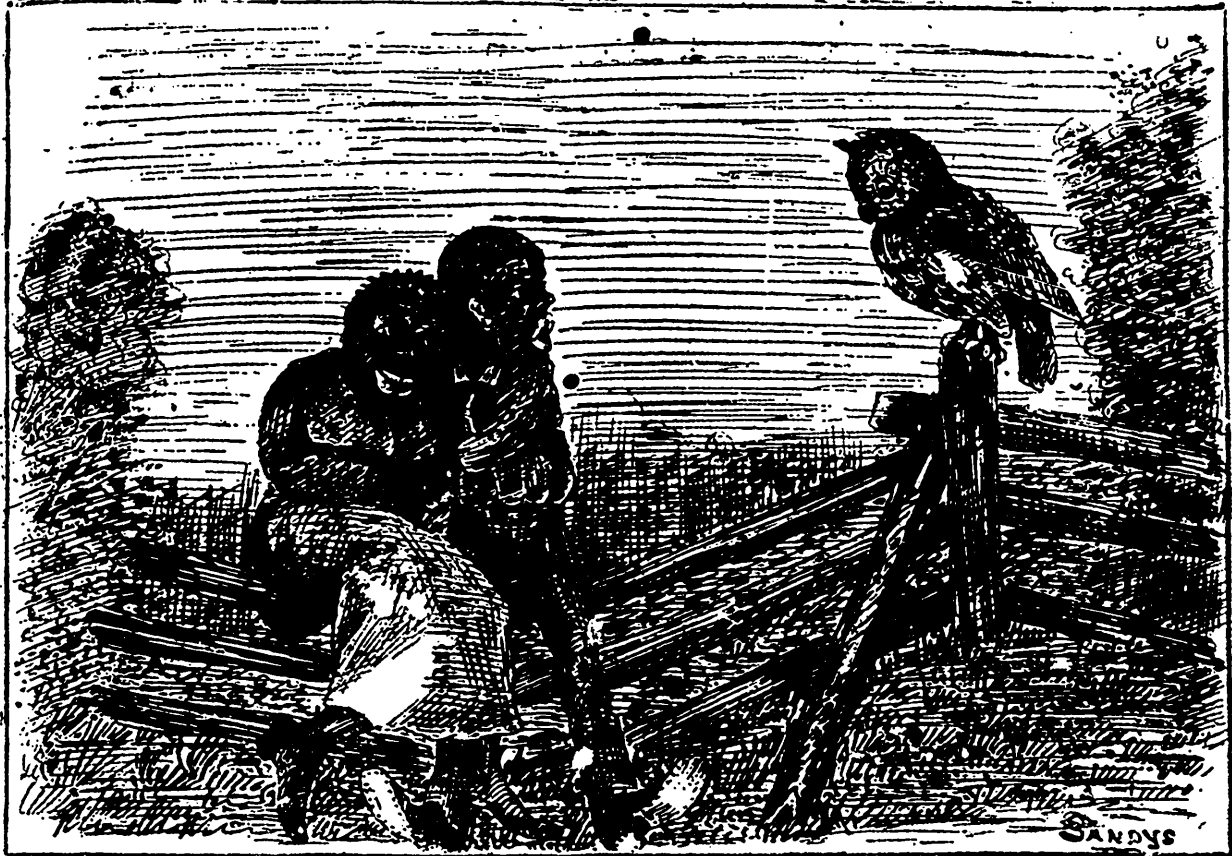
GEO. H. CANDLER.

THE MEXICAN DIFFICULTY.

Old Uncle Sam and Mexico
Are embroiled in a sort of embroglio,
And Bayard's despatches he's certainly putting
In a manner that's most undecidedly cutting.

ANOTHER EXPLANATION.

Some of our friends remonstrate—they say that last week we perpetrated a monstrosity. We spelled Gilead as Gilliad. We don't deny the soft impeachment. We were not thinking of the Gilead they had in their minds. Sacred things and names ought not to be made fun of. Besides, the name has an indirect affinity with Iliad; and then be it known to all, that Balm of Gilliad was invented in early ages by a sage and benefactor to the race of man, who signed himself Gilliad in ancient Egyptian inscriptions. An advertisement of his was found on the case, elaborate and highly ornamented, which contained the beautiful mummy of that Pharaoh who would not let the people go, recently found at Luxor, and whose benignant smile beams as brightly to-day as it did over three thousand years ago. *More antiquorum.* How was it he was not drowned in the Red Sea?



“Go 'way from dar! ye're interferin'.”

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES.

V.

Little Ned Blake
Is after the cake,
And likewise the Xmas pie ;
For a “plum” he doth feel,
And pulls out Louis Riel,
And says, “What a brave boy am I.”

VI.

Mowat had a Factory Act
Which never went in force ;
He said John A. would disallow
That little Act of course.

Quebec has too a Factory Act,
Not disallowed at all ;
So Mowat's weak excuse won't work
In Trades and Labour Hall.

VII.

By, Baby Bunting,
Sir John has gone a hunting,
To get a little gopher skin
To wrap up Chrissy Bunting in.

VIII.

Grits and Tories come out to play
The gas is burning bright as day ;
Give Edgar a whop, give Chapleau a call,
Come to Chambly, or come not at all ;
Come with revenge for the deed that was done,
Vote for Prefontaine, and capture the bun.

Georgie: “Do you know, Ethel, old Stokes had a perplexity fit the other day?” *Ethel*: “A perplexity fit? You mean a parallel stroke.”

A REMONSTRANCE.

Oh, Uncle Sam, dear Uncle Sam,
Pray, pray be warned in time,
I'm giving you some sound advice
In this my little rhyme.

Oh, do forsake your evil ways—
Nay, do not answer “Pish !”
Give up, please, Uncle Sam, give up
Your sin of stealing fish.

For if you don't, dear Uncle Sam,
Your vessels we will “nail ;”
And when we catch you, Uncle Sam,
We'll clap you into jail.

And, Uncle Sam, another thing
I pray you give up—brag ;
Don't bluster round, and blow about
Your striped and starry flag.

You know as well as I do, too,
Your bunkum's all “my eye ;”
E'en now to little Mexico
You're eating humble pie.

You know that though you're big and strong,
At fighting you're no use,
You wouldn't, if you had to fight,
Say boo ! unto a goose.

J. A. F.

Visitor (regarding the baby): “Oh, what a dear little duck of a child! He resembles you both, indeed he does. He has got his mother's handsome eyes and his father's hair.”

Father (who is baldheaded): “I guess he has; I haven't.”

PHILOSOPHY AND THE REASONS WHY.

I don't see how the girls can pinch in their waists so. They won't let me see.

"You'll come to a bad end, Johnny," said a clergyman to a little boy who was fooling round a hornet; but before he had finished speaking, a bad end, a decidedly warm end, had come to Johnny. The hornet owned the end, and it wasn't his head. This shows that some people are so stuck up, they won't take advice, and never know when they've fooled enough.

There's a certain zip about everything Bill Nye says that I find is generally absent.

Appearances are very deceitful. There's a fellow down our street who has consumption. The doctor says he's got no lungs almost. But I wish the doctor had heard him when I missed that cat he was at the back of yesterday. He'd have thought he had seven lungs.

Most of the jealousy in this world is only unjustifiable selfishness and conceit. It is like an irate boarder with a strong hankering for pie. More pie quiets it.

I always avoid Smith. There's a little matter of five dollars between us, and I shouldn't like him to think I want to hurry him, so I'll just wait until he comes and asks for it.

When patience ceases to be a virtue—as they say it will—it will be more popular with mankind.

The last blow is the worst—if from a persevering man.

DOX.

AT THE PICNIC.

"Aw you the editor of this papah?" inquired a slight young man, faultlessly attired, with a small stick and his hat in one hand, and a roll of manuscript in the other.

"Yes, sir," said the editor, looking up from a fierce editorial, wherein Bismarck was pulverized, and Cleveland ground as between millstones.

"Ah, I've been to a picnic," said the young man; "a most delightful little affair, and I endeavoured to describe it in rhyme. I haven't succeeded as I might wish, but perhaps you would assist me."

"Certainly," said the editor: "let me see it."

"Y' know," said the poet, "I get along swimmingly until I reach the last line, and, by Jove! I can't get it to come right, nohow. I promised to write something about it, and I'd like to have the verses completed. They are pwetty, I think, so far as they go. Here is the first stanza:

The sylvan shade its coolness sheds
Upon us, one and all.
The mothers dance their babies, who"—

"In a loud chorus bawi," said the editor. "I am a married man; I know how it is. Go on."

"That is not what I thought of," mildly protested the poet. "The second stanza is:

Upon a sward I heard a noise—
The boys played ball, and when
A player made a run, the boys"—

"The umpire thumped, like men." That's it exactly. Hamilton and Toronto do it, and Lindsay would often like to, so the boys would think it wasn't baseball if they didn't."

"As you like," said the poet. "I never saw baseball played. The next stanza is this:

Fine horses pranced along the drive,
Each pony drawing two;
The drivers to forget did strive"—

"When the livery bill was due," said the editor. "Not long since I was a young man myself; understand it perfectly."

"That appeahs wather pewsonal," remarked the poet as if hesitating to accept the line; "but pewhaps the twuth of the wemahk will excuse it. This is the next stanza:

Croquet upon the lawn is played,
Where expert players meet,
A group upon amusement bent"—

"Each one of whom did cheat." That rhymes, and fills the bill exactly."

"It's rawther hawder on the girls than I like," said the youth, demurely, "but it rhymes nicely. The fifth stanza is:

Liquid laughter charmed the air,
Sweeter than a rhyme;
Each one knew the maidens fair"—

"Were flirting all the time," added the editor.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled the poet. "That's vewy good. Heah's the next:

Fanned by the gentle, cooling breeze,
With faces all aglow,
Pretty girls moved through the trees"—

"Each looking for a *beau*." Just what they are always doing at a picnic—what they go there for."

"It seems to me," the poet said, "that you aw too hawd on the ladies. I don't vewy much like that line. It's too sawcastic, y' know."

"Oh, pshaw!" said the editor, "this will rhyme; and you must be truthful, you know. You have put in the fancy and polish, and I add the hard, solid facts. Just what was wanted."

"Well, the next stanza, and it is the last, is this:

There's fun at a picnic, I tell you what!
Where children trip round in glee—
A laughing, romping, merry lot"—

"It's spanked they ought to be." I never could bear"—

"It appeahs to me," interrupted the poet, with emphasis, "that you aw guying me, siw; that you mean to insult me. I—I am not accustomed to being guyed, and I don't like it, siw."

And after excitedly folding up the manuscript, and staring for a moment blankly at the surprised journalist, he stole away.

WHEN GABRIEL TOOTS.

When Gabriel toots the horn,
Will Howland, meek and lowly,
Be counted very holy,
When Gabriel toots the horn?

When Gabriel toots the horn,
Will owing people money
Be counted very funny,
When Gabriel toots the horn?

When Gabriel toots the horn,
Will preaching much and praying
Make up for honour straying,
When Gabriel toots the horn?

When Gabriel toots the horn,
Will alms, with trumpet blowing,
Make up for what is owing
When Gabriel toots the horn?

J. A. F.



THE RACE AND REVENGE SPOON—A RIEL GOOD BAIT.



A Smoking Hot Day.

TAKING HIS LIFE.

"Mr. Smith, I called to see if I could take your life. You see, I'm"— "Wh-wh-what d'you say?" exclaimed Smith in some alarm. "I say that I've come round to take your life. My name is Gunn. As soon as I heard you were unprotected, that you had nothing on your life, I thought I would just run in and settle the matter for you at once." Then Smith got up and went to the other side of the table, and said to himself, "It's a lunatic who has broken out of the asylum! He'll kill me if I halloo or run! I must humour him!" Then Gunn, fumbling in his pockets for his mortality tables, followed Smith round the room and said to him, "You can choose your own plan, you know. It's immaterial to me. Some like one way and some like another. It's a matter of taste. Which one do you prefer?" "I'd rather not die at all," said Smith in despair. "But you've got to die of course," said Gunn. "That's a thing there's no choice about. All I can do is to make death easy for you—to make you feel happy as you go. Now, which plan will you take?" "Couldn't you postpone it until to-morrow, so as to give me time to think?" "No; I prefer to take you on the spot. I might as well do it now as at any other time. You have a wife and children?" "Yes; and I think you ought to have some consideration for them, and let me off." "Well, that's a curious kind of an argument!" said Gunn. "When I take you, your family will be perfectly protected of course, and not otherwise." "But why do you want to murder me?" "Murder you—murder you! Who is talking about murdering you?" "Why, didn't you say?"—"I called to get you to take out a life insurance policy in our company, and I"— "Oh, you did, did you?" said Smith suddenly becoming fierce. "Well, I ain't agoin' to do it, and I want you to skip out of this, or I'll brain you with a poker. Come now, skip!" Then Mr. Gunn withdrew; and Smith is still uninsured.

HUMANUM EST ERRARE.

She sang of a love that would last—
Of a love that would never grow cold;
And I fancied her dark eyes sought mine
As her voice, full of sweetness untold,
Rose and fell.

The song broke the seal on my lips—
I felt that her thoughts were of me;
So I reasoned, "She loves me 'tis plain,
And a sweet little wife she would be—
I'll propose."

A mistake?—yes, a grievous mistake;
But her eyes and her voice are to blame—
For they made me conceited and blind,
And they've left in my heart a sharp pain—
She's engaged.

N. BUELL FERGUSON.

SET TO LOVE.

Some say I played too near the net
When with my love I made a bet
That I would beat her in a set
Of tennis.

For as we played she won each game,
And so the set. Was I to blame?
It was my love! It was the same
In tennis.

—Life.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN WHO WANT TO MARRY.—
Select the girl. Agree with the girl's father in politics and with her mother in religion. If you have a rival, keep an eye on him; if he is a widower, keep two eyes on him. Do not assure the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough for you to say that you never heard yourself snore in your sleep. Do not put too much sweet stuff on paper. If you do, you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man. Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Do not wait till the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she cannot cover with both hands. A little thing like that may cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game. If you sit down on some molasses-candy that little Willie has left on the chair while wearing your new summer trousers for the first time, smile sweetly, and remark that you do not mind sitting on molasses-candy at all, and that "boys will be boys." Reserve your true feelings for future reference. If, on the occasion of your first call, the girl upon whom you have placed your affections looks like an iceberg and acts like a quiet cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hours of freeze is uncertain, coy, and hard to please. In cold weather finish saying good night in the house. Do not stretch it all the way to the front gate, if there is a front gate, and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia and chronic catarrh, to help you to worry the girl to death after she has married you. Do not be too soft. Do not say "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work while they are mine," and "You shall have nothing to do in our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries"—as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away valuable time in that sort of style!—and a girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them in a cold sarcastic tone of voice.—*American Paper.*

NOT EASILY DECEIVED.

Young Physician (to patient): "Let me look at your tongue. H—m, troubled with dyspep"—

Patient: "Not a bit. I can eat sole-leather."

Y. P.: "Let me feel your pulse. H—m, wakefulness at night."

P.: "Sleep like a top."

Y. P.: "Let me see your tongue. H—m, dizziness and pains in"—

P.: "Nop."

Y. P.: "Let me feel your pulse. H—m, easily tired, with an indisposition to mental exertion of any"—

P.: "Nop."

Y. P.: "Let me see your tongue. H—m, headache and stiffness of the"—

P.: "Haven't had a headache in twenty-five years"

Y. P.: "Let me feel your pulse. H—m, you are using too much tobacco."

P.: "Never touch it in any shape."

Y. P.: "Let me see your pulse—er—I mean your tongue. H—m, too much confined to your desk. You need fresh air and"—

P.: "I'm a letter-carrier."

Y. P.: "Let me feel of your tongue—that is, I should say your pulse. H—m, you have a tired feeling come over"—

P.: "Never."

Y. P.: "Let me see your—never mind your tongue—feverish at times, with a constant desire for water."

P.: "No, beer."

Y. P.: "Do you drink beer?"

P.: "Oh, yes."

Y. P.: "To excess?"

P.: "No."

Y. P.: "Tell me, how many glasses a day?"

P.: "Sometimes more and sometimes fewer."

Y. P.: "I thought so. We members of the medical profession are seldom deceived in our diagnosis of a case."

P.: "Am I in any danger, Doctor?"

Y. P.: "No immediate danger; but it's lucky you called me."

A paragraph is running through some American papers stating that Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a poor country parson in an obscure English parish. In this case the American papers are a trifle out.

Mrs. Langtry was a Mademoiselle Le Breton, and her father is, and has been for many years, Dean of St. Helier's, Jersey, a little island in St. Michael's Bay, on the west coast of France, and one of the most charming spots in the world. The Bretons are a good family, mixing on terms of perfect equality with the best society of the island, and are by no means poor.

Madame Le Breton was a very handsome woman; she was fond of driving about the island with young curates; the Dean objected. They are separated now.

The fascinating Lily is also a grass widow. *Ainsi va la monde!*

THE EXTREME PENALTY.—"What's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" asked a man of an old lawyer. "Two mothers-in-law," was the answer.

How can a pig always build his own dwelling-place? By tying a knot in his tail, which will be a "pig's tie" (pig-sty).



The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

SWEET IS CONTENTMENT.

He looked at a man with a summer suit
And sighed: "Could I but wear
Such gorgeous raiment as that man
A smile my face would bear."

The man looked down on the other and said:
"Were I he, naught would daunt me;
Could I be only in his place,
My tailors wouldn't haunt me."

HENRY THOLENS.

AN American justice's first charge: "Gentlemen of the jury, charging a jury is a new business to me, as this is my first case. You have heard all the evidence as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but, if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But, if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them has said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do! Constable, take charge of the jury!"

"BISHOP OBERLY" many years ago was elected an Assemblyman in Illinois. When the time came for him to go to the capitol at Springfield, he feared that he would be humbled by the flashing of bright intellects all around him. He took his seat the first day in fear and trembling. "Mr. Speaker," said one Assemblyman, "there are no ink in the ink-stands." Young Oberly was amazed. Up rose another Assemblyman, since famous as "Long Jones." "Mr. Speaker," said he, "there are ink; but it are froze in the bottles." That was all young Oberly needed to put him at ease in the Legislature.

SIR WILLIAM BEATS FIVE KINGS.

"Yes," said Billy Anderson, "I was lucky in Australia—awful lucky. I had a bully time, lots of fun and pulled in lots of money. Did you hear of my little experience with Kalakaua King?"

"Well, I met the king at Honolulu, and we had a little game of poker. The king's a good boy, I tell you, and he plays to win, and don't you forget it. There ain't no cold feet in him. We had a game of poker me and the king. There was about a couple of thousand dollars, I guess, on my side."

"That's a good"—

"Yes, sir. Well, I says to the king: 'Your majesty, I guess, I'll have to raise that twenty-five.'

"'Well,' said the king, 'all right, Sir William, I'll have to see your twenty-five an' go you fifty more.'

"'Your Majesty,' says I, 'I'm sorry, but I'm compelled to see that, and put another hundred on.'

"He was game, and finally he called me. I had four aces and he had four kings.

"'Sir William,' says he, 'you can say you're the only man that ever beat five kings in a square game.'"

INFANTILE PIETY.

It had rained for three weeks, the whole country was under water, and the house itself was threatened. Little Tommy thought it was time something was done; so going upstairs, he knelt down by the bedroom window, and pointing to the floods, said: "O Lord, when you put a rainbow in the sky, you told us it meant that there should never be another flood, and we believed you. Now, how's this?"

The lady in Washington society whose "Malaprop" remarks were the wonder of the town last winter, said the other day, "I always felt interested in Mrs. Blank, because she was a post meritem child."

CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. 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 explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ISLAND FERRY SERVICE

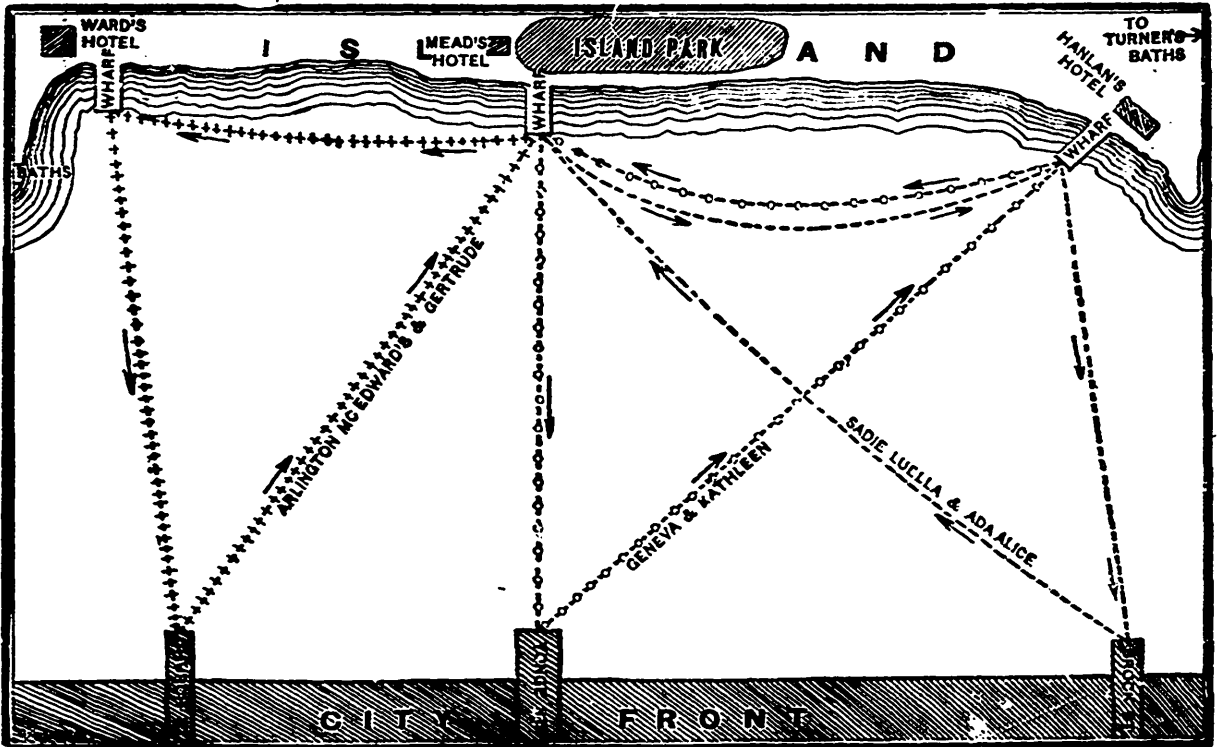


Chart of the new Route of the Turner Ferry Line in Toronto Bay, service commencing Saturday, July 31.

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Through connections from Manlian's to Island Park, Mead's and Ward's Hotels and Wiman Baths and Returns.

Buy your tickets via the Turner Ferry Line, by which you can visit all points on the Island before returning home, and at the usual fare of only 10 cents Return Tickets.

Stop-off tickets from Manlian's to City, via Island Park, only 3 cents.

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D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., November 1, 1895.

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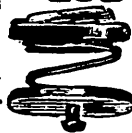
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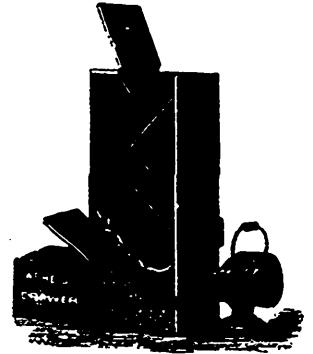
The Earth Closet is regarded as indispensable wherever there are not stationary conveniences in the house; and in respect to smell, "modern improvements" are rarely as satisfactory. It can be placed in a bath room or any convenient place in-doors, or in a shed.

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