

# RIP

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*Jwbengough*

**" WAS EVER WOMAN IN SUCH HUMOR WOODED ? "**

GLOSTER, - - SIR JOHN.

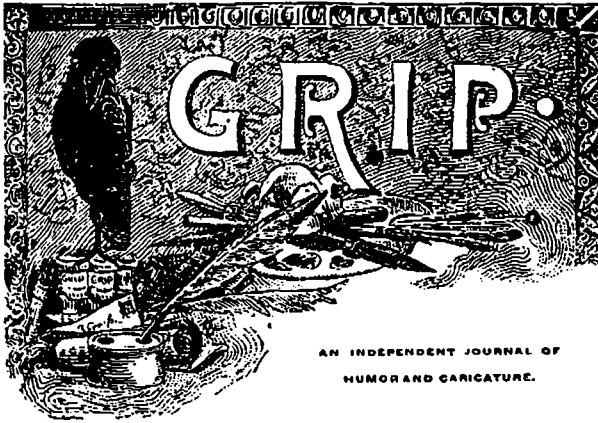
ANNE, - - THE ORANGE ORDER.

[Lady Anne is following the Corse of the O'Brien Motion, cruelly murdered by Gloster.]

LADY ANNE.— " Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,  
For these known evils but to give me leave  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self."

GLOSTER.— " Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself."

[In the original, the Queen forgives, accepts and marries him. Will history repeat itself ?]



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### Comments on the Guffoons.



DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.—The "New Party" is a source of much amusement in Grit and Tory circles, and will no doubt continue to be such for some time to come. Its total membership to date—which is reported at 300—is not calculated to cause much fear and trembling in the old parties, but on the other hand there are some considerations weighty enough to prevent the mirth of the scoffers from becoming too boisterous over the "absurdity of the thing." Firstly, it cannot be denied that the New Party has a good platform. The Grits, at all events, must admit this, as they are fond of boasting that the planks are all taken from them. If this were strictly true it would not minimise

the chances of the New Party's success, providing the public had confidence that the planks were now to be brought into active use. If they are really in the Grit platform, it is simply as ornamental lumber. But, pray, when was Prohibition or Woman Suffrage ever endorsed officially by the Liberals? The old parties stand precisely in the same attitude on these two questions—they are both non-committal; and as to their alleged principles at large, it has long been a standing conundrum as to what they are. The silly and fraudulent N. P., on the one hand, and the more or less mysterious Unrestricted Reciprocity on the other, together with a very plain desire to get and enjoy office common to both—this is a fair summing up of the platforms of the old parties, as at present apprehended throughout the country. Next, it must be noted that in every recruit the New Party

receives a voter who pledges himself by signature to the whole platform, and openly cuts his connection with his former party. This naturally makes the growth of the organization slower than it otherwise might be, but it assures solidity. Three hundred voters who have "come to stay," and who are held together by a mutual pledge ought to count for more in practical politics than double the number acting under the loose bonds of the old electoral union scheme. Again, the representatives of the old parties, by their action on the Jesuit Estates question, in Parliament have paved the way for a new departure. The New Party's strong declaration of "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none" must prove attractive to all who favor civil and religious liberty, and unless the action of the "recreants" is in due course repudiated by their own parties there will be a considerable stampede into the new fold. The wiping out of the Scott Act will also tell in favor of the New Party. It marks, not the end of Prohibition, but the failure of half-way measures, or Prohibition under the auspices of parties that do not believe in the principle. These and other points which might be referred to are worthy of attention on the part of those who are inclined to laugh at the idea of a new political party. Compared with the Brobdignags of Gritdom and Torydom, Dr. Sutherland may be a Gulliver just now, but he is a growing Gulliver—and one, moreover, who is not to be gulled.

"WAS EVER WOMAN IN SUCH HUMOR WOODED?"—If the Orangemen of Ontario were what they profess to be—simply loyal citizens who have taken under their special guardianship the doctrine of civil and religious equality—the resolutions which they have been passing of late would be somewhat differently worded. Unfortunately it is all too clear that they are (with very few exceptions) the bond slaves of party—the spiritless henchmen of a political leader who has systematically treated them as "chumps." In none of their resolutions on the Jesuit Estates question do we find a solitary word of condemnation for Sir John Macdonald, who is of course the chief offender, and whose offence is aggravated by the fact of his being himself an Orangeman. This would be bad enough if the case were one in which to blame Sir John as he deserves would be to give aid and comfort to the Grits. But such an unspeakable laceration of party feeling is not called for. Both of the leaders at Ottawa are open to condemnation, and both might be arraigned together. But no; Sir John must be spared even if, to save appearances, Laurier is left untouched too. Before the ballot boxes are next called for, we shall in all probability have heard the last of the Orange protests. The storm will have passed over, as it did in the O'Donohue affair, and John A. will be as solid with the lodges as ever he was.



INDLY mention to your neighbors that "no man in Canada need pay one penny of Dominion taxes unless so inclined." The *Hamilton Spectator* says so,—which is almost as good as a certificate to the same effect from the Government. "Most Canadians do contribute to the treasury in the shape of duties on imported goods," goes on the *Spec.*, "but the average man in moderate circumstances \* \* \* could obtain every article of absolute necessity to life and health without paying anything at all." Don't misunderstand this, oh average man. The editor doesn't mean to advise stealing; his simple, easy and obvious plan is for the consumer to buy home-made articles, in which case, of course, he would pay nothing into the Custom House. Notwithstanding the political guile in which the *Spec.* has wallowed for years, it is evidently innocent enough still to believe that the price of a home-made article is never raised by virtue of the duty upon imported goods of the same kind. The "average man" knows full well to the contrary, however, and it makes little difference to him whether he pays the taxes to the Government or to the native manufacturers. The *Spectator* will have to agitate its powerful mind some more on this question.

THE delay in fortifying Esquimaux and placing a garrison there is scandalous, and we hereby pour upon both the Imperial and Dominion Government the grossest vituperation that may be consistent with profound loyalty. That vulnerable point upon our coast should not be left unguarded for another day, as we know not the moment when the Esquimaux, or the Fiji Islanders, or the Japanese, may sweep down upon us and carry away the Rocky Mountains. We are glad to learn that Lord Salisbury has decided to send out a royal marine artillery garrison as soon as our Government has come to a definite decision, though we fear this means that the troops will not arrive for a few years yet.

\* \* \*

"I DON'T see that you millers have anything to growl about; what does all this fuss mean?" said one of our comfortable-looking cotton manufacturers to Mr. Mack, M.P.P. "Don't you?" replied the legislator. "What would you say to an alteration of the tariff by which raw cotton would be taxed higher than the finished article imported from abroad?" "Tut, tut, man; that would never do at all. We wouldn't stand it for a moment!" "No? then for cotton read wheat and flour, and you have our case exactly." "Ah!" ejaculated the cotton-king, as a ray of intelligence like a flash of electric light broke over his countenance. "Then I say, go on with your kicking!"

\* \* \*

BOULANGER has all this time been a cruelly misjudged man. He has not been the victim of a vaulting ambition; an English doctor has just diagnosed his case and pronounced his complaint diabetes.

**A CRYING GRIEVANCE.**

REGINA, May 7, 1889.

DEAR GRIP,—Will you, in the interests of—ah—of our sex, raise your voice in remonstrance—ah—against the unjust appointment of—ah—women to Government positions? Such is really—ah—the case. Now, I am a man—more, an Englishman—naturally a gentleman, and—ah—I find by the *blue book* that—ah—females are salaried as high as *we* are. Now, an instance. I am obliged to dress in keeping with my position, to board at a first-class hotel, you know; and such *parvenus* as tailor, bootmaker, etc., have the horrid habit of dunning one. We are called *Government dudes* by the shopkeepers and townspeople, and, indeed, laughed at by them. I am obliged at times to "put up" my diamond ring to raise enough to settle my board bill, and as it (I mean the ring) is an heirloom from my grandfather, who was a pawnbroker, naturally I dislike to do it. But the pay is ridiculous in comparison to expenses. Now, all the support I get is from my cane, and an occasional remittance from 'ome, and, while women are employed, this wrong on English gentlemen will continue. I spoke to His Honor the Gov. about it, but he only shrugged his shoulders, saying, "*Monsieur jay swee la serviteur de lah's Dames*"—said it in French, you know; the language of the country is becoming that. Well, I remonstrated with N. F. Davin, M.P., but he took on such a frightful look, casting a terrified glance up to the wall of his office. I looked, and saw framed the names of about 200 old maids and half as many widows—all eligible—with a fancy border of fighting-cocks, and corkscrews, and other emblems. I saw—it was the address by the "Ladies of Regina" to him—and he dassen't. He only promised

"to look into the matter," and we all know what that means.

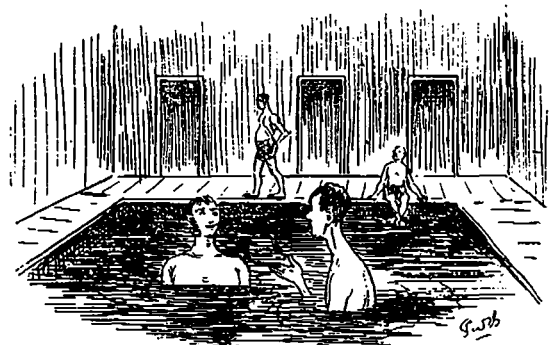
It is a shame! a disgrace! Women in Government positions! Why can't they wash, or sew, or keep on their own level? I tell you, GRIP, the Sec. don't like it either! Fine fellah, the Sec. English, you know! The old chappie often comes into my room for a chat. "Don't work too hard, Rags," says he to me. "Go easy, old fellah! Look at the Librarian; he's positively injured his 'ealth sitting looking at the dusty titles; not even his \$75 per month saved him. Go easy, old fellah!" I practice my noble initials, and write letters home "demming" the country—like Mr. Mantillina—and I am kept pretty busy dusting the Secretary's chair. Now, GRIP, I appeal to you as the leading Canadian weekly—excepting the *Regina Leader*—take this—ah—mattah up, and put the women out, making room for English gentlemen. I must close and go to work. It is ten minutes to four, and we leave at four o'clock sharp.

Yours indignantly,

A. WAG-RAGS.

P.S.—There is to be a grand banquet at the "Canteen" to-night, in honor of N. F. D., who has just returned from Ottawa. Herchmer is standing treat.

A. W.-R.



**AT THE BATHS.**

SMITH (*who has just "dropped in"*)—"Hello, Jones, you here? How do?"

JONES (*polite but absent minded*)—"Ah, Smith! glad to see you. Won't you sit down?"

**THINGS NOT FOUND IN THE MUSEUMS.**

- THE spur of a moment.  
 The horns of a dilemma.  
 A nick of time.  
 A bone of contention.  
 Parliamentary whips.  
 A man of straw.  
 A grain of truth.  
 The threads of stories.  
 A ship of state.  
 A fly on a wheel.  
 A bee in a bonnet.  
 The point of a joke.  
 The dark horse.  
 A political warming-pan.  
 A circle in which men argue.  
 The historic sword and pen.  
 The silver tongue of an orator.  
 The feathers of a plucked candidate.



#### ORAL EXAM.

SIR A. P. CARON.—“Jenkins, what is a ‘military mess?’”  
 JENKINS (*promptly*)—“The Militia Department under its present management, sir.”

#### THE CASE OF MR. COGGE.

A CANADIAN COMMOTION IN THREE PARTS AND A HIATUS.

BY W. C. NICHOL.

PART III.—(*Concluded.*)

WHEN Niagara Falls was reached one of the numerous Customs House officers who came through the train approached Mr. Cogge deferentially and said: “I am very sorry, sir, but I have received instructions from Ottawa this morning that American women passing into Canada have been added to the list of dutiable articles. I know this means considerable annoyance and inconvenience, but of course it cannot be helped.”

“But what is the reason for it?” asked Mr. Cogge.

The official briefly outlined the position of affairs. “Things had got to such a state that it was absolutely necessary to take steps to prevent the evil, and this was hit upon as the only feasible method of accomplishing it,” he added.

Mr. Cogge was bewildered for a moment, but quickly recovered. “Oh, that’s all right,” he said, smiling cheerfully. “That doesn’t bother us at all. This lady is a Canadian subject. It is true she has lived in the States for years, but she was born and brought up in Canada, and consequently the regulation you speak of does not apply to her.”

The officer seemed nonplussed for a moment, but finally said, “Your father was a Canadian, Miss?”

“Yes.”

“Was he naturalized after going to the States?”

“I think—yes, I know—he was.”

“Then that settles it. There is no help for it. This lady is the daughter of an American subject, and, consequently, is clearly dutiable. I’m sorry to detain you, but you can readily see that the value of the young lady will

have to be appraised and the duty paid before she can be permitted to proceed.”

“Oh, very well,” said Mr. Cogge, “if there’s no help for it of course there is no sense in objecting. Can it be arranged so that we can take this train and go right ahead?”

“Certainly, sir,” replied the official. “There will be no delay. The matter will not take five minutes to settle.”

Mr. Cogge and his *fiancée* left the car and were escorted to the Customs department by the official.

“On what basis is the duty fixed?” asked Mr. Cogge as they walked along.

“On the basis of weight,” replied the official.

Mr. Cogge laughed cheerfully. “What a pity it is you’re not thin, Belle,” he cried. “If you were a slim, slender girl now, as you were when I first knew you, we could save money. But,” he added, lowering his voice and speaking tenderly, “do you know, dear, I like you better the way you are.”

“Don’t be so foolish, Phil,” cried Miss Asherton, blushing both at the “we” and the concluding words. “Some one might hear you.” But she accompanied the remark with an affectionate glance from her pretty blue eyes, which made Mr. Cogge’s heart throb more ecstatically than ever.

In the Customs department everything appeared the same as usual, with the exception of the addition of a large pair of scales, which stood conveniently near the entrance. “These arrived from Ottawa this morning,” the official explained. “They were sent on purpose for determining weights in compliance with the new regulation.”

Miss Asherton stepped jauntily on the scales, blushing a little as was quite natural, and smiling sweetly at her future spouse. The Customs officer adjusted the weights and made some jocular references to his occupation, noting that the balance finally settled at 200 pounds.

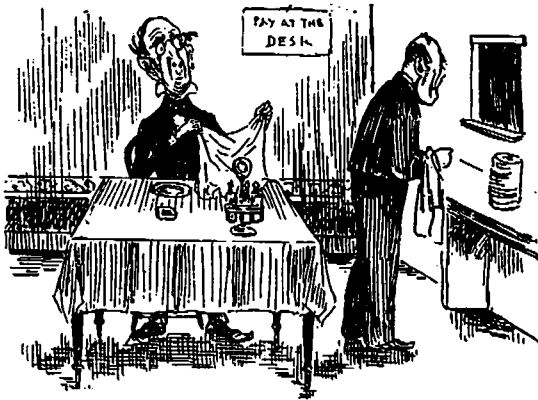


#### AN UNEQUAL MATCH.

BLOBBINS.—“So you are still a bachelor, Maulstick?”

MAULSTICK.—“Yes; I shall never marry. I am wedded to my art.”

BLOBBINS.—“Quite so. Marriage is a failure, that’s a fact.”



### THE PROFESSOR AT THE LUNCH TABLE.

SCIENTIST.—“Bring me a decoction of burnt peas, sweetened with glucose, and lightened with chalk and water.”

WAITER (*vociferously*)—“Coffee for one!”

“The duty on this young lady will be just \$20,000,” he said smilingly.

“What?”

The exclamation broke from them both simultaneously. Mr. Cogge had grown pale and his face twitched nervously. The silence that followed was dramatic in its intensity. Miss Asherton looked at her lover doubtfully; her lips quivered; she seemed on the verge of tears.

Mr. Cogge was the first to break the silence. “What does she weigh?” he asked, and his voice was weak and husky.

“Two hundred pounds,” replied the official, the smile still on his face.

“And the duty is—?”

“The duty is \$100 a pound—\$20,000.”

“Well, we’ll return to the States. We can get married there equally as well as in Canada, and—.”

“It’s too late for that, sir,” interrupted the official. “The lady was not in bond, and of course when the duty is not paid we have no recourse but to confiscate the article. That is a long-established law. You, of course, are quite free to go if you wish, but the duty on this lady must be paid or we will be compelled to confiscate her.”

Mr. Cogge staggered—reeled—against the door. In that moment his brain worked with the rapidity of lightning. He loved this girl with a love that transcended his entire being. She was all he had to love in the world—the only thing, the only being, to make his existence rounded, happy and complete. His passion had taken entire possession of him, and he knew rather than felt that life without her would be poor, joyless and worthless. If he lost her he might never look for happiness again.

On the other hand, if he paid the \$20,000 he would be bankrupt. It would leave him without one solitary cent. He could just raise it by utilizing all his funds and selling all his property. If he paid the duty it meant a poverty-stricken, wretched future; it meant that he must resign the ease and comfort he loved so dearly; it meant that he would have to begin the battle of life all over again, to fight, struggle and toil for a bare existence, how he might. It meant misery for her, and for himself worse than misery, and the thought flashed across him that even if the Government did confiscate her she would be well fed and cared for at least until the sale by auction; and when that time came, what was to prevent his buying her in for—.”

“Well, sir,” said the officer, breaking in upon his reflections, a tone of pity in his voice, for Mr. Cogge’s agonized face revealed to some extent the terrible struggle he was undergoing, “well, sir, what is it to be?”

But the strain had been too great. Mr. Cogge glared at his questioner for a moment, wildly, then collapsed suddenly and fell in a senseless heap upon the floor.

### THE HIATUS.

Whether Mr. Cogge ever recovered from that fainting fit, and, if he did recover, what reply he made to the question quoted above, the reader must determine, the author frankly admitting his inability to decide. Perhaps Mr. Cogge is there still, lying in a state of blissful unconsciousness upon the floor; perhaps the lovely but heavy Miss Asherton still lingers in the balance; perhaps Mr. Cogge’s affection was triumphant, perhaps his fondness for money and the comforts money can procure was victorious. These are things which the reader knows fully as much about as the author, if not a great deal more. That love is the greatest of human passions is a truth eternal; and when the great love of a man for a beautiful woman and his love for ease and money are of equal strength, and pull him by opposing strings, why, what the result will be, who can say?

### OPERATIC JULES.

WHEN we state that Sig. Jules Perotti is a *Faust* young man and gets very high occasionally, we want it understood that we are speaking of him in his capacity of a lyric tenor. Do you see the Juch? For full explanation apply at the Pavilion on the 31st.

### THUS DOTH THE BUSY LITTLE BEE.

A BUMBLE-BEE armed with a Gatling sting  
To his home in the timothy sod took wing,  
And lit on the ear of a sunny-eyed boy  
Who was feeding on honey with juvenile joy;  
With a yell of excitement the urchin arose:  
For the language he used see the note in prose.

NOTE: —! —! —! —!

A BOLD front—Leg before wicket.

“I see the *Mail* is pitching into the Jesuits’ Bill right and left,” remarked Mr. Oldberry, the other morning.

“Is it?” said Mrs. Oldberry absently. “What has Willie been doing, dear?”

And there was silence.



### IMPROVED CIRCUMSTANCES.

PATER.—“You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat.”

TOMMY.—“Say, pa, you’re having a much better time of it, now you are living with us, ain’t you?”



## AMPLE REWARD.

MUSCULAR AND EFFUSIVE GENTLEMAN (*grasping boy's hand and wringing it vigorously*)—"Honest lad, how can I reward you for having found and returned my pocket-book so nobly?"

BOY (*wincing*)—"Let go of my hand, mister, and we'll call it square!"

## OUR FINANCIAL AMBASSADORS ABROAD.

ON THE TRAIN.

THE MAYOR—"Well, Cody, we're off at last. I was mightily afraid for a while that they would squelch the whole scheme."

CODY—"So was I; but that little business of yours—'Gentlemen, I'd rather stay at home—please excuse me,' fetched them. Don't think I ever saw any better acting than that at the Grand. You ought to go on the stage, old boy."

THE MAYOR—"Perhaps I may. Think I'd be rather a howling success in *Virginus Slaying his own Inclinations*, hey? Yes, I may go on the stage some time, but meanwhile the railway train is good enough for me. Ha, ha!"

CODY—"Good joke! And say, this is solid comfort, isn't it? No end of plush and softness. I tell you, travelling is a luxury now-a-days."

THE MAYOR—"It is, when the masses foot the bill so handsomely. But say, Cody, don't let us forget that we are on an important mission. Have you got those \$3,000,000 bonds all right?"

CODY—"Yes, they're here in my coat-tail pocket. But hang 'important mission' just now, Ned. Here's a bully cigar; come to the smoking department and let's enjoy ourselves."

ON THE OCEAN.

THE MAYOR (*coming on deck*)—"Cody! Cody ahoy!"

CODY (*below*)—"Aye, aye, sir!"

THE MAYOR—"Come up here on the roof if you want to see water. Never saw so much in my life before,  
[*Cody comes up.*]

There, how's that for a broad expanse?"

CODY—"Immense, isn't it? Now, I wonder where the dickens all this water comes from?"

THE MAYOR—"Why, it was here. That explains the phenomenon. Do you know, I feel just like spouting poetry.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll

"I am the captain of the Pinafore!"

CODY—"And a right good captain, too!"

THE MAYOR—

"Oh, a life on the rolling wave,  
A home on the bounding deep."

That's all the sea-going stuff I can remember just now. But (*he grows pale about the gills*)—wonder what's the matter. I don't feel at all well."

CODY—"It's the motion of the vessel, I guess."

THE MAYOR—"You're right. It affects me just like the motions of E. A. Macdonald generally do. Take me down stairs, Cody; I think I'd feel better in bed."

CODY—"But we were to have had a good long talk over our important mission, you know."

THE MAYOR—"Mission be jiggered. It makes me sick to think of it. I wish they had sent Gillespie or McMillan."  
[*Rushes to side of ship.*]

CODY—"Come, Mr. Mayor, you are far from well; and I don't feel any too spry myself. Let's go to our bunks."  
[*Exeunt.*]

IN LONDON.

CODY—"Gee whilikens! Mr. Mayor, this is a buster of a town, isn't it? Talk about Toronto!!"

THE MAYOR—"Yes, this is a largeish place, Mr. Cody. But we must get to work now. This is not a junketting tour, and don't you cease to remember it."

CODY—"No; that's so. Business before pleasure. Now, let's see, what are we going to put those bonds at, 3 or 3½?"

THE MAYOR—"3½, of course. That was the understanding."

CODY—"No; Gillespie said 3."

THE MAYOR—"Gillespie be swizzled! D'ye think I'm going to run down the credit of the city by knocking off half a cent? No, sir! I say make it four or five, rather!"

CODY—"But, my dear Mr. Mayor, you don't quite understand. Don't you see—"

THE MAYOR—"Oh, what I don't understand about placing loans isn't worth bothering about. Hello, boy. (*Enter street gamin.*) Can you tell us where the market is?"

BOY—"Mawket? Does yer bloomin' wo'ship mean Covent Garden Mawket, or Blackfriars Mawket, or vitch?"

THE MAYOR—"No, 'course we don't. We mean the money market."

BOY—"Oh! (*aside*). Vot is these bloomin' coveys up to, I vonders? Vot's their little game? (*Aloud*) No, I don't know nothink 'bout no money mawket. Don't never have no shiners myself."

THE MAYOR—"Then here's a quarter for your information."  
[*Exit Boy.*]

CODY—"Here comes a peeler; let's ask him."

[*Enter policeman.*]

THE MAYOR—"Mr. Policeman, could you inform us where—" etc.

[*Left enquiring. For further information as to the results of said enquiries, keep your eye on the daily papers.*]

## STRANGE.

'TIS passing strange how men at times

The same idea strike,  
And strange how men who ne'er have met,  
Oft cherish thoughts so like.

Now, editors I often find,  
Else printed words do lie,  
Regret they cannot use my lines,  
And so in faith do I.

X.



## IN CAYUGA, ONT.

SWELLTON (from town)—“Awfully dull here, I should fancy. Dreary place to live, isn't it? Nothing ever happens, I mean.”

VILLAGER.—“Doesn't, hey! That's where you're way off. This is a pretty live place for its size. Why it ain't more'n two weeks sence we had an eclipse of the moon.”

## A GOOD SPECIFIC.

DEACON PUNKIN says that an ounce of prevention is a *sovereign* remedy, because it is worth a £ of cure.

## EXASPERATING.

TOM—“I say, boys, wen is an heir apparent unpopular?”

DICK AND HARRY—“Cawnt say. Give it up.”

TOM—“Wy, wen in the soup, you know.”

W. MCG.

## LOVE NOT BLIND.

MUGGINS—“See that old gentleman down the street with that pretty girl on his arm?”

SLUGGINS—“Yes; his grand-daughter, I suppose.”

MUGGINS—“No; that's his wife. Met her in street car one week, married her the next. Quite romantic. Love at first sight.”

SLUGGINS—“H'm. I should call it, at his age, love at second sight.”

W. MCG.

## JIGGERSON'S RUSE.

“NOW, my dear,” said Mrs. Jiggerson, as they sat at breakfast, “I see by the paper that the base ball season opened yesterday, and I mean to keep you to your promise to take me down to see some of the matches.”

“But—” began her better half.

“No 'buts' about it; you're not going to back out, you mean thing. And what I want you to do now is to give me a little information about the game, so that I can understand and enjoy it intelligently.”

“All right,” said Jiggerson, with a degree of resignation. “What is it you want to know?”

“Well,” responded Mrs. J., picking up the paper, “I have been reading the report of the opening game, and some of the expressions I don't quite comprehend. Here,

for instance, it says ‘Vickery was a puzzle to the visitors throughout.’ What does that mean?”

“Oh, that's just a delicate way of alluding to him as a ‘pig in the clover.’”

“I see. Then it goes on to say, ‘not one of the visitors purloined a bag at McGuire's expense.’ Surely they don't mean to insinuate that the London players would steal bags.”

“Wouldn't they, though!” replied Mr. J. “They're pretty loose fish, these ball players, my dear. I don't think you would care to associate—”

“Oh, you can't get out of it that way. I *am* going, and I want to know what is meant by the statement that ‘Walker was batted freely, and Dickenson allowed the ball to go through him?’”

“Well, as to the fellow being batted freely, I should think that ought to be plain enough. I suppose they got into a rough and tumble fight as usual. They're a bad lot, I tell you. You might know that by the other fact stated there, that they sent a ball through Dickenson. That means that one of the toughs used a pistol, that's what it means.”

“Good gracious!” exclaimed Mrs. J., in a horrified voice, “it must be a very ruffianly game, to be sure.”

“It is, dear,” assented Mr. J., seizing his chance. “But still, you know, if you care to go down, I'll only be too happy to take you. There's one fortunate thing about it. The ladies' stand is in a secluded place where you won't be seen, if anything nasty happens.”

“Won't be seen?” exclaimed the lady, with energy. “Do you mean to say that people will not be able to take in the effect of my new Spring suit?”

“Certainly not; but you're not going for the purpose of showing your clothes, are you?”

“No; of course I'm not, but I don't care for grand stands of that sort, and I won't go at all. I don't think the game is one suitable for ladies, anyway.”

“Just as you please, dear,” responded Jiggerson, in honeyed accents.

When time was called for the game next day Jiggerson sat among the “boys,” with a cigar in his mouth and his hat on three hairs.

## “WORDS that burn”—The Spring Poets.



## THE ROMAN STYLE.

ALGERNON.—“Say, grandpa, here's a picture of a Roman banquet, and they are all lying down to eat. They don't do that way now, do they?”

GRANDPA.—“Er—well, yes, there is more or less lying done at public dinners still.”



**SHE SEARCHED HIS POCKETS; HE WOULD SEARCH HERS!**

#### AN IDYLL.

**T**HE cow was happy—so was I—  
The milkmaid—so was she.  
Beneath the Summer evening sky  
We were a happy three.

I whispered love—the milkmaid blushed,  
And hid her glowing cheeks,  
And from the bovine's udder rushed  
The milk in fizzing streaks.

The cow grew wroth—when from my head  
I picked the empty pail,  
The wild impassioned words I said  
Would make a seaman quail.

Oh, summer boarder—I was one—  
My words of warning heed,  
When with the girl you dote upon:  
Your case you fain would plead

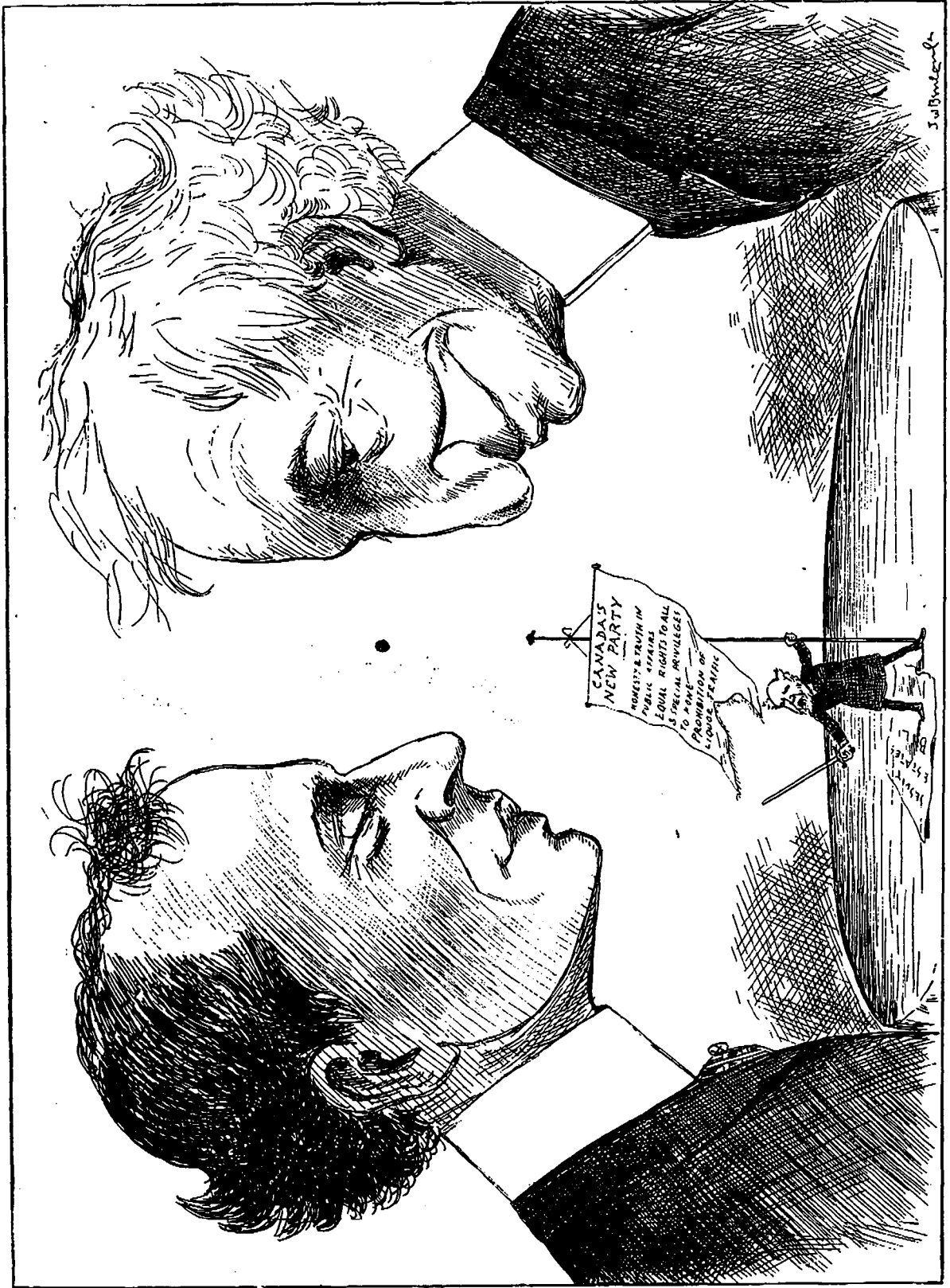
Go seek her when she doesn't sit  
Upon a milking stool,  
And you can plead with language fit  
And keep your temper cool.

#### THEN AND NOW.

**I** SAT in the study day by day  
In the month of May when the buds were bursting,  
I watched the troops of children at play,  
I followed the notes of the robin's lay,  
My books half-read were tossed away,  
In the month of May when the buds were bursting.

I sit in the hall now day by day,  
Exams. are on and my brain is bursting.  
The birds may sing their lives away,  
The children spend the day in play,  
While I curse the fellow that fiddled away,  
The month of May when the buds were bursting.





"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS!"



### A GENEROUS FOE.

FANNY.—“Why, Emma, how cordially you shook hands with Miss Frizhair at the party last night! I thought you were deadly enemies.”

EMMA.—“Oh, that is all past. I have forgiven her everything, she has grown so plain-looking.”

### ENCOURAGING.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—“There! You see how Tennyson can get such rubbish as that printed in the same magazine that returned my poems. It's all in the name. That's how these fellows get paid so well. The name is worth more than the article.”

MRS. Y. A. (*sympathetically*).—“I'm sure no one will ever be able to say that of yours.” W. McG.

### DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

PARTLY owing to the mutability of Time, partly exercising the royal prerogative of Natural Selection—scientists demand the capitals—it has been our lot to visit various portions of the terraqueous globe—small letters because not the newspaper—which places in their turn necessitate to a restless wanderer an attendant number of boarding-houses. Some minds recall faint aromas of the past by collecting advertisements, but with us this was a complete failure, as patent medicines balked us at every step with their brazen sameness—but of this anon. With us the mania took the form of collecting such odds and ends as were to be found in our rooms, left there by pristine inhabitants, most often to be discovered in the drawer of the wash-stand. These little pieces of property—dead men's shoes, as it were—we naturally stepped into as guardians of the piece; these same, however, we can't hesitate to affirm, brought with them inseparable correlatives of diseases bodily and mental, such as would make even medicine vendors blush to guarantee a cure. In an *ex pede Herculeum* style, it is our wont to conjure up dim vistas of the former possessors of such articles of vertu as a piece of suspender, half a bone stud and an inner wheel of an American alarum timepiece. In Gottingen we found a fragment of Schiller's Robbers, a well-preserved slice of bologna sausage and an unreceipted bill for a horse-pistol—which eminently portrayed that the restless student had resolved after vowing eternal freundschaft over a pint of lager, to devote the rest of his life to crime, and himself to the life of a bearded bandit.

In a “dig” in the capital of Scotland was a treatise on Progress and Poverty, a book entitled Past and Present—the landlady with tears regretted the former occupant had

been unable to bring his socialistic dreams down to a monetary transaction and had absconded, leaving a port-manteau full of unused brick bats. In Brighton we occupied the rooms of a youthful aesthete, as was evident from sundry drawings of knickerbockers, boots and silk stockings—the man of ideals having evidently well considered the adaptability of his form to perfection of art costume. There was also a much worn tennis shoe, and it is still a matter of conjecture how he reconciled a decidedly great sole with an unusually needle-like shank.

In an hotel in New York a bloodthirsty young cavalier had deposited a 48-calibre cartridge. What a picture that summons up! He was evidently an Englishman on his way to the Far, Far, Wild, Wild West, with the usual break-neck-romantic ideas of those climes. In the smoking room of a trans-Atlantic liner we found various nuclei for a work of fiction and a few copies from some illustrated papers, evidently destined to serve as illustrations in the forthcoming work. The book showed signs of being adapted especially to them, in the style of a theatre manager who telegraphs his playwright the scenes on hand and the result of the latest old clothes transaction with a view to determining the plot. In our present modest retirement we are not without handsome legacies. A comb having evidently for some time been in the habit of cutting its wisdom teeth, summons up the picture of a dark gentleman, with head somewhat on the model of an ace of clubs peering into the small looking-glass, the parting in his hair pointing vigorously from the summit of his cerebrum. Fancy how the new comer would quail before the direct imputation that parting would convey as it would single him out across the table cloth—“Thou art the man.” A much worn piece of chalk testifies to the remarkably straight shots the owner could make on the cloth of green. They must invariably have been parting shots. S. G.

### THAT NOTE OF INTRODUCTION.

WHEN in Ottawa lately, Mayor Clarke called upon Sir John Macdonald and requested a note of introduction to the financial agents of the Government, in view of his anticipated mission to London. It was of course granted. The following is alleged to be a correct copy of the note:

OTTAWA, CANADA, NORTH AMERICA.  
DEAR BARING,—This will introduce Mr. Ned Clarke, M.P.P., Mayor of Toronto. By consulting a map, you will find that Toronto is a place near the State of Michigan. Mr. Clarke wants your assistance in placing a 3 per cent. loan on the market. Whatever you do, don't let him make such a mess of it as was made with that 3 per cent. business of ours lately.

Yours, etc., JOHN A.

### DISCOVERED HIS MISTAKE.

MRS. EPSON.—“John, you haven't called me ‘a little dear’ since we we got married.”

MR. EPSON (*gloomily*).—“No.”

“Before we were married you used to do it all the time.”

“Yes.”

“Is that the way to keep up conjugal affection?”

“No.”

“Then why don't you do it now?”

“Because I've got to settle the bills. You might have been a little dear before we were married, Clariada, but there's mighty little ‘little’ about it now.”

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having 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, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, 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, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougall Street, New York.

MAKE a red mark under *Thursday and Friday, June 13 and 14*. These are the dates upon which the inimitable Gilmore and his great band, with its artillery and anvil brigade, are to delight our music lovers once again. On this occasion Gilmore brings with him eight great vocalists, namely, Clementina De Vere, Blanche Stone Barton, Helen Dudley Campbell, Signor Ferrari, Myron W. Whitney, Italo Campanini, Eugene De Dankwardt, Giuseppe del Puente, in addition to a fine philharmonic chorus. Four concerts are to be given at the Caledonia Rink, Mutual street; the prices of admission being, afternoon 50 cents, evenings \$1. Subscription lists are now open at Mason & Risch's, Suckling's, Nordheimer's and Heintzman's. Advance subscriptions will have first choice of seats.

## ONE BLOCK FROM ELEVATED.

In going to New York to stay a day, a week or a month, you want moderate prices and central location. The Sturtevant House, Broadway cor. 29th, is convenient to all amusements, and nearly 2000 cars pass its doors daily.—*Home Journal*.

SURG. GEN. WOODWARD, U. S. Army, says of the results of chronic malarial poisoning: "Disorder of the kidneys frequently complicates the condition under consideration. Scanty, more or less albuminous urine is often observed, and those cases not infrequently terminate in chronic Bright's Disease, with confirmed albuminuria, oedema or general anasarca." What at first is recognized as malaria is subsequently found to be Bright's Disease, which Warner's Safe Cure cures.

THE eagerly anticipated Juch-Perotti Festival is, we are pleased to hear, in a fair way of being realized at an early date. The plans of the Pavilion are now open to the public at Nordheimer's, and seats are being rapidly taken up.

RELATIONS between a milkman and a millionaire are naturally strained.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

ON the rear seat of an open car:  
DE GILT—"How long is that cigar you are smoking likely to last?"

OBJECTIONABLE SMOKER—"None of your business."

DE GILT—"Excuse me. I was merely going to ask you for a little of the chloride of lime that is usually sold with that brand."

## SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.

MANY of our readers have often asked, "What is Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, about which we hear so much?" To answer their question we have secured the following explanatory article, written by a competent authority.

The symptoms of Bright's Disease (which is but an advanced form of Kidney Disease) differ in different individuals, but generally the patient presents a flabby, bloodless look, is drowsy and easily fatigued, has pain in the back, vomiting and febrile disturbance. The urine is reduced in quantity, is often of dark, smoky or bloody color, and exhibits to chemical reaction the presence of a large amount of albumen, while under the microscope blood corpuscles and casts are found.

There are several forms of the malady, but their common prominent characteristic is the presence of albumen in the urine, and frequently also the co-existence of dropsy. These associated symptoms, in connection with Kidney Disease, were first described in 1827 by Dr. Richard Bright, an English physician, who first investigated them. Sometimes there is a degeneration of the tissues of the kidney into fat, thus impairing the excreting powers of the organ so that the urea is not sufficiently separated from the blood. The flow of the blood, when charged with this urea, is retarded through the minute vessels, congestion ensues, and exudation of albumen and fibrin is the result. The disease is often accompanied by eruptions on the skin, as boils, etc., and is frequently associated with enlargement of the heart.

The causes of this terrible malady are indulgence in too much ice-water as a beverage, strong drink, high living, indigestion, exposure to wet and cold, various kinds of fevers, malaria, pregnancy, and other bodily derangements, such as a complication of certain acute diseases, like erysipelas, diphtheria, and especially scarlet fever (of which it is one of the most frequent and serious after effects), diseases of bones and other scrofulous affections.

Common-sense treatment of Kidney Disease of the character referred to necessarily involves removal of the causes, rectification of other secretions and increase in the number of blood-red corpuscles, by the administration of Warner's Safe Cure. It is a specific even in the advanced stages, when the blood has poisoned the nerve centres, restoring the secretion of healthy fluids and relieving the congestion of the brain. It speedily arrests the inflammatory action, which is marked by an increased amount of urine. The albumen gradually disappears, the dropsy subsides and the patient recovers. There is no standstill in advanced Kidney Disease; those who are afflicted with it are either constantly growing better or worse. How important, therefore, that this terrible disease be taken in hand in time and treated with a known specific.

THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

## TORONTO STILL PROGRESSING.

HANDSOME premises are the rule in these days of progress, but it is seldom we see such as those now occupied for a retail seed establishment by the Steele Bros. Co., Ltd., of this city, at 130 and 132 King street east. Here are choicest seeds of every description. Bulbs, Roses, Lilies and all garden requisites. When the fountain and birds arrive it will be a perfect Paradise.

THE agony of Dyspepsia is immediately relieved by using Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine—perfectly harmless, easily assimilated and highly recommended by prominent physicians; druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

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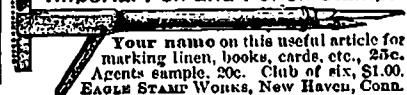
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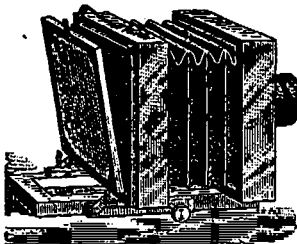


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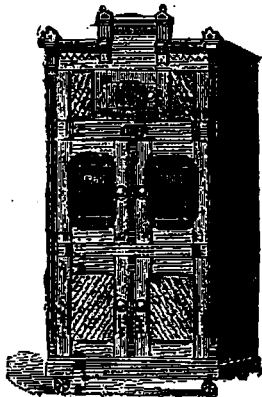
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