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 YOUR
 LABEL
 AND SEE
 IF YOU
 OWE FOR
 GRIP
 AND IF
 YOU DO
 PAY
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 FOR A YEAR

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\$2 PER YEAR. 5c. PER COPY.
 SOLD BY NEWSDEALERS.

"The smith a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands,
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands."

Sinewy hands and muscles, like iron
 hands, are what athletes are trying
 to develop.

Johnston's

Fluid

Beef

The
 Best
 Athletes
 of to-day
 use

When training, and acknowledge it to
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CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to
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Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil.
 Cures Coughs, Colds and
 Weak Lungs. *Physicians*, the
 world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
 Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists.
 50c. and \$1.

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A perfect tailor system of garment cut-
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 Also instructions in Men's and Boy's
 Clothing.
 : MISS. K. C. MACDONALD :
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 COMMERCIAL
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RETAIL DEPARTMENT:
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THERE'S
 NO
 MATCH
 FOR 'EM!

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TELEGRAPH
 MATCHES.

SEE THAT
 YOU
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51 KING ST. E.
 (Rear Entrance from Colborne St.)



51 KING ST. W. 152 YONGE ST.
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STAMMERING . . . Permanently Cured

Fee, payable when cure effected.
 Send for Circulars. Cure Guaranteed.
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OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES
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are the finest goods made as a substitute for Linen. Once used you will always use them. Give them a trial and be convinced. None like them.

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The .. Printers

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J. E. WELLS, M.A., Editor and Prop r.

It Pays Advertisers

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Good Boys to

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Terms on Application.



Always on Time.

WE MAKE it a well defined rule in our business to deliver promptly on time. If we promise COAL at a certain time, customers may depend upon getting it always on time. That is one important point when dealing with us. As to weight and quality, customers who deal here once, continue with us as long as they burn COAL. As to price, our Hard Coal is sold at \$5.50 a ton, and is delivered in bags without extra charge.

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People's Coal Co.

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It tells you what sort of advertising pays best.

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North American

Life Assurance Company.

Head Office, - Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT

J. L. BLAIKIE, Esq., President Canada Landed & National Invest. Co.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

HON. G. W. ALLAN and
J. K. KERR, Esq., Q.C.

The Compound Investment and Investment Annuity Policies of the North American Life Assurance Company contain specially advantageous features for intending insurers.

Write or make personal application for full particulars,

WM. McCABE, Managing Director



The Wilkinson Truss,

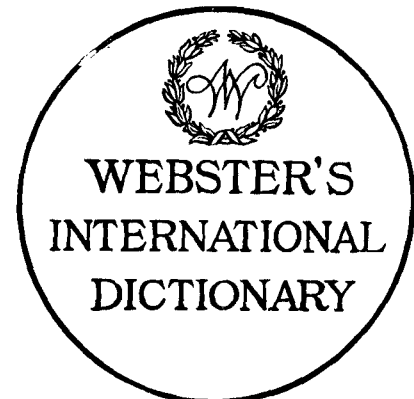
The only Perfect-Fitting Truss in the World.

Leading Physicians say it is the Best. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded.

B. LINDMAN,
CORNER YONGE & KING, ROOM 15.

THE NEW WEBSTER

JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now **Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged**, and bears the name of

Webster's International Dictionary.

Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 Years.

Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it.

Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed.

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G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.





EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1062

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion. No. 14.



A-JACK DEFYING THE LIGHTNING!

[Sir John Thompson refuses to give a pledge to the Prohibitionists, and sets at naught their threats to defeat his Government.]

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



CONDUCTOR SNYDER.

OUR SPECIAL AT OTTAWA.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA,
Press Room, April 3rd.

TARIFF, tariff—we've had nothing else to speak of since my last, and are likely to have tariff *ad nauseum*. If the speeches in the House are a safe guide for the citizen outside—and that I understand is what they are meant to be—then said citizen should have no difficulty in forming an accurate opinion of the merits of the new tariff. He has only to read the speeches of Messrs. Cartwright, Wallace, Wood, Charlton and McMullen to learn that it is a measure made in the interests of the farmers though doing no injustice to the manufacturers while it leaves the consumer in a worse plight than he was in before and sacrifices the rights of the working classes for the private benefit of the combinesters. Having got this clear and succinct opinion well settled in his mind, he can resume the even tenor of his way with the comfortable feeling that he knows it all. Sir Richard Cartwright was in his usual good fighting form and performed his customary function as chief Opposition critic effectively. He demonstrated in lucid and eloquent fashion that Foster knows nothing, and belongs to a Government that know less. He also incidentally pointed out that the members of the Cabinet are a parcel of gorged corruptionists who are owned body and soul by a few robber barons called Manufacturers, and that the so called reformed tariff was if possible a greater humbug and fraud than the one it replaces. He concluded by alluding to the fact that the country is going to the dogs—a pointer which was calculated to inspire terrier. But it didn't. Hon. Clark Wallace replied with promptness and ability. He showed that all Cartwright had said was bosh—just pure bosh, because as a matter of fact the new tariff was just what the country wanted. Then Mr. Charlton took the floor and wiped Mr. Wallace with it. He had no trouble in proving that all Wallace's statements that were not untrue were too ridiculous for serious consideration, and that, on the contrary, the statements made by Cartwright were simply irrefutable, which the House very well knew. Hon. Mr. Wood responded, letting the House see how very far out Charlton was in his ideas—if such utter rot could be dignified with the name of ideas. After which Mr. McMullen proved to the satisfaction of everybody that Wood had yet

to learn the alphabet of political economy, though he probably knew as much about it as any other member of the Government. As to the new tariff it was a miserable, sneaking fake, which pretended to be in favor of the consumer while it really looked after the stall-fed Monopolist. As already intimated we are to have more of this, and it costs the country I forget how many thousands of dollars per day.

YOUR OWN.

THE "SYMPATHETIC" LADY.

SHE is generally pretty; she is never very young;
She is seldom very clever, tho' she has a nimble tongue;
She is not devoid of kindness, but when all is said and done,
She never for a moment loses sight of "Number One."

She is so sympathetic in her quiet winning way;
She seems by intuition to know what each would say;
And so from all around her one verdict she has won,
"What a sweet, unselfish woman; and yet so fond of fun!"

Her dearest female friend will generally be seen,
To be some haughty magnate, who reigns a social queen;
Whose vanities and weaknesses by her are read and known,
Whose carriages and servants she uses as her own!

If she chances to be married, her spouse is mostly found
Working hard as fifty niggers on some far off foreign ground,
And sending home the proceeds to his loving little wife,
Who spends them like a little brick, and has a jolly life.

For men who need a helping hand she never fails to search;
She'll take some reckless club man, and guide him to the Church;
Will share with him her hymn book, and look sweetly in his face
While the choir is loudly singing in praise of love and grace.

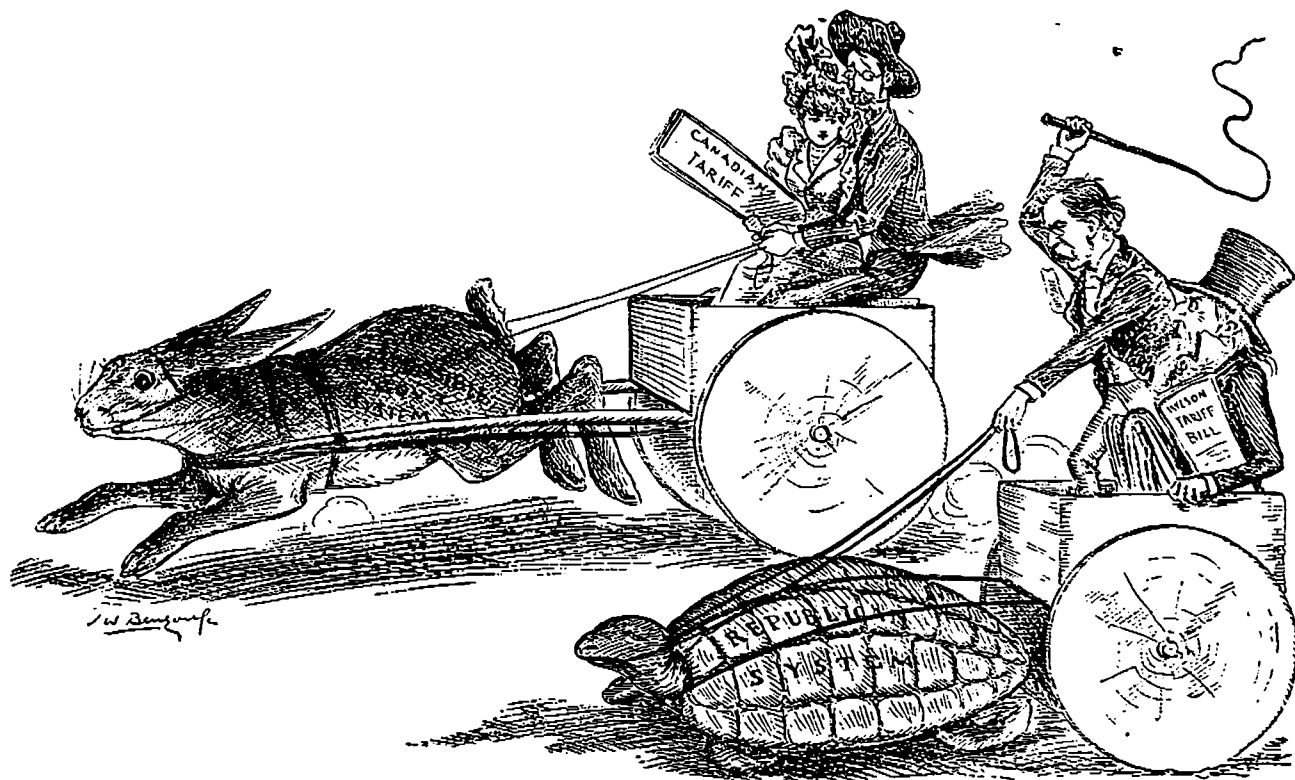
If some fast youth of fortune requires a guiding star
To beacon him to better ways, she's generally "thar";
Which gives them both occasion for conversation long
At divers times and places. (Of course there's nothing wrong!)

And so she passes on her way of sweetness and of light,
What e'er a charming woman does is certain to be right,
So, heedless of detractors, and by help of cheek sublime,
She contrives on all occasions, to have "a real good time."

Reginald Gourlay.

GRIP'S CALENDAR.





OUR SYSTEM AWAY AHEAD !

Mark the superiority of our System over Uncle Sam's in the matter of expedition. Foster accomplished his tariff revision in a day ; Wilson has been months getting his Bill through at Washington—and it isn't half through yet. 'Rah for *our* System !

ON LOOKING GLASSES.

On rising in the morning you take a glance at yourself in the bureau glass. Your eyes are heavy and your hair ruffled, but your face has a pale intellectual look which you would fain keep for all time.

The morning bath over, you take a peep in the mirror that hangs by the window in the bath room. A thrill of horror runs through you as you gaze at your own face, red, glowing, pimply. Heavens! the eyebrows are rubbed the wrong way and almost meet across the nose. Seizing the towel you train them carefully into their proper position, for you have a distinct recollection of reading somewhere, sometime, that persons whose eyebrows meet carry murder in their hearts, and you have no desire to be suspected. Another peep and you find that your nose has a shiny, greasy appearance. You do your best to adjust this and then proceed downstairs to breakfast.

The glass in the breakfast room is your favorite. (It hangs in a shady corner.) Standing before it you wonder if it is possible that that clear olive-complexioned face, with the calm, steadfast eyes, is the same pimply visage that confronted you in the bath room a short while ago. Stepping closer to the glass you picture yourself with a face always so. Just like your ideal of the features of Spanish *senors*. For a few moments you allow your fancy full sway, and imagine yourself in Sunny Spain, rigged out in the picturesque dress of a matador, dealing, amid the plaudits of a vast assemblage, the death blow to an infuriated bull.

Breakfast over, you prepare for your journey down town. Passing down the hall-way you turn instinctively to the looking glass over the hat-rack. No pale intellectual look, no olive tinted face confronts you now. Only your own ordinary, rather muddy complexioned visage with the

old faint red streak at the tip of the nose and the little colony of pimples that have clung lovingly to your cheek for many years! All your rosy-colored fancies take flight in an instant, and with the thought that after all complexion doesn't count in this world and has no influence whatever in the next, you step out onto the street.

W. B.

TAXING THE DEMOCRATS.

MR. FOSTER, by way of addendum to his budget speech, announced that a clerical error had occurred in the schedule—Democrats were to be taxed 70 per cent. instead of 25 as stated. We were prepared for this, as we thought the Democrats were getting off too lightly. But how comes it that the finance minister has not clapped a prohibition duty on Grits, which would be even more to the purpose?

BIENNIAL SESSIONS.

MEREDITH, Meredith, for a logician
 You've got yourself into a funny position :
 You roar yourself hoarse over Mowat's transgressions,
 And yet you go in for biennial sessions :
 Now if one year's expenses so high up do mount
 That you cannot keep track of the swelling account,
 And you've reason to think they're a boodling crew—
 How comes it you're willing to trust them for two ?

ENQUIRING CHILD.—"Have you gone into the poultry business yet Mr. Dair?"

MR. SUNNAN DAIR—surprisedly.—"Why, no Jack! What made you think so?"

"Oh, I heard Pa and Ma saying that, now you had come into the old man's money, you would soon make ducks and drakes of it; and I was wondering if you had begun yet!"



IDIOMATIC.

INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER—"Der town gouncil gif me order dot I baint dot sign, und now der boliceman says I don't vill got baid for him, 'cause der sbelling of English is wrong, or somedings!"

THE CIVIL SERVICE SYMPOSIUM.

Scene:—Assembly Restaurant. *Time*:—Luncheon hour.
Present:—Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson.

BROWN.—Men are content to be laughed at for their wit—

SMITH.—But not for their folly.

JONES.—Wit is folly—

BROWN.—Unless a wise man has the keeping of it.

ROBINSON.—There are many men of wit to one man of sense.

JONES.—(picking up his eyeglasses) It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

SMITH.—Apropos of the glasses, do you know the cup which neither cheers nor inebriates?—

BROWN.—I had it last night; the hic-cup.

ROBINSON.—That's as bad as the cake that disagrees with children. The stomach ache, you know.

JONES.—Now about the milk of human kindness that you were speaking of.—What is it?

SMITH.—The sugar of domestic felicity—

BROWN.—The cup of happiness being full—

JONES.—And the butter resembling an actor in a fresh part, because it appears in a new roll—

ROBINSON.—With the appropriate ballad—"Let the toast pass," cracking fresh eggs and stale jokes, simultaneously. Gentlemen, the symposium is ended.—

True Wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at length we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.—

See you again to-morrow, boys.—

SMITH.—*To-morrow!*

Live! Live to-day! *To-morrow* never yet
On any human being rose or set!

A DEMAND FROM THE TOILERS.

FRIPPERY, froppery, running up bills;
This Government House is but tinsel and frills;
A vestige that's costly, and with us still lingers—
Twenty thousand a year, from our blistered fingers!
Now hear the demand put forth by the toilers—
We'll no longer permit you to be our despoilers;
This Government House comes a trifle too high,
And why do you want it? Sir Oliver, Why?

HE KNEW THE WAYS OF THEM.

SHE had just told him with gentle decision that she was 'awfully sorry, but she couldn't marry him.' She had 'never expected such a thing' as his proposing to her—she thought they were only 'good friends and that sort of thing, you know, ; and really was awfully surprised, and wished he hadn't'—and 'why can't people be sensible and nice and just be friends!' She liked him *so much*,—but as a 'sister' might. Why couldn't he let her 'be as a dear sister to him?'

But this was too much.

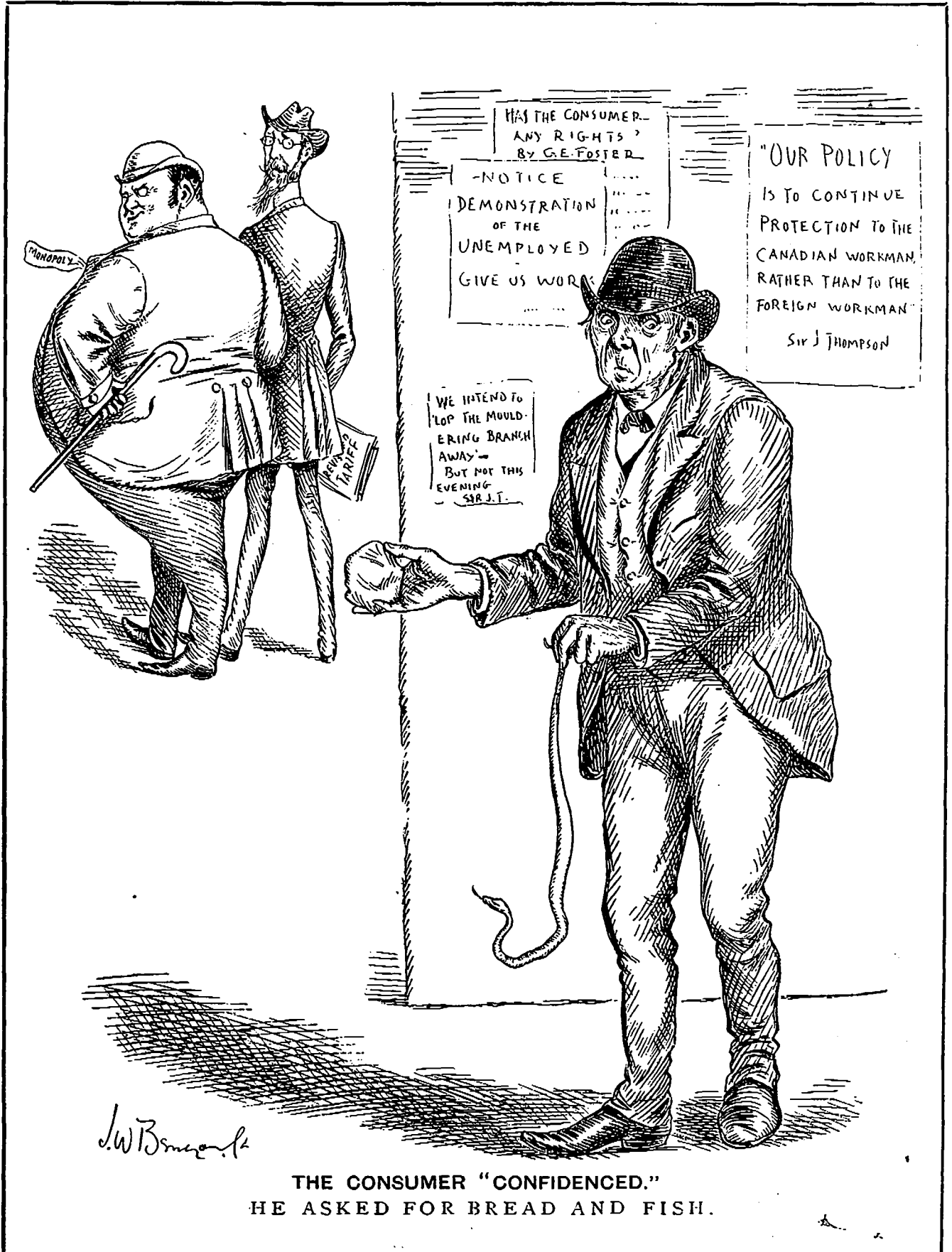
"Annie," said he, with a quiver of deep disappointment in his tender voice, "if you don't love me well enough to marry me, I suppose I must bear it as best I can, but"—and here a touch of manly firmness steadied the tremulousness of his tone, and a weary look that overspread his face added years to his appearance,— "don't try to work off the 'sister' racket on me! I didn't expect it of you! You see I have real sisters—several of them, and I know," and he sighed reproachfully, "what being a brother *is*. It means taking you here and there when we want to go somewhere else; trying to find you partners at dances—taking myself discreetly away when an eligible man comes round—being requested to flirt with the girl that's trying to cut you out, in order to distract her attention—being expected to fetch and carry, go shopping and accompany you to tea fights (not to mention being talked to *very* plainly on occasions and having one's collars and suspenders borrowed)—no," and here he paused to take breath and shake his head sadly, "another sister is a relation that does not commend herself to me! You'd probably," and here he shuddered, "let me see you some morning with your hair in curl papers, and without the stiff thing that makes a girl's dress fit nicely. Think of the want of sentiment in it all! No! No! The only kind of sister I will ever add to those I already have will be perhaps a sister-in-law. Good bye! Some other fellow may take more kindly to the sister idea"—and he was gone.



CHEAP DEATH TO SUIT THE TIMES.

HE (after heavy dinner)—"Hang volunteering, I believe I'll drop it all. This drill is an infernal nuisance—turning one out in the cold!"

SHE (consoling)—"I wouldn't do that, dearest, after all these years. Besides, think of it—when you die, they'll give you a military funeral and all you'll have to pay for will be the coffin and grave."





ON CIRCUIT.

"Know anyone about here likely to give a fellow a week or a month's work?"

"Well, I hear'd as the Judge was givin' some blokes 'ard labour yesterday in the next township."

THE NEW SLICK.

CHAPTER II.

DULL TIMES—THE WILSON BILL—I GET SOME INFORMATION AND ADVICE—MR. SLICK ON THE PLEBISCITE VOTE.

"HOW do, again, Mr. Slick?" I said politely, as that gentleman strolled into the sitting-room, toothpick in mouth, after doing justice to the supper provided by the landlady of the "Queen's." "Had a pretty good day's business?"

I may confess that this leading question was intended to draw out the interesting representative of the clock industry. I felt that there was behind the droll and whimsical-looking face a fund of humor and common sense worthy of his ancestry, and I was well pleased at the prospect of having a "chat" with him. Mr. Slick deposited himself in one of the easy chairs—a receptacle somewhat resembling a cushioned sugar kettle on four legs—and having found a pleasant resting place for his boots on an adjacent table, gave his toothpick a preliminary whirl with his tongue and replied.

"Poor, sir, very poor—that's candid. Bottom's knocked clean out o' this town. Hain't done a stroke. Folks hain't no money to buy clocks or anything else."

"Yes, things are pretty dull, that's a fact," I remarked in an obliging way.

"Dull?" he echoed with a good deal of emphasis, and a rising inflection which type cannot reproduce. "I should *murmur*. I did have some hopes of this new coal business down in Cape Breton, but I guess the bottom's knocked out o' that, too, sence the Wilson Bill don't intend to take the tax off coal."

"But don't you think that measure may be amended a good deal before it passes?"

"I don't know as it will, but 'taint but what it needs it bad enough. Do you know, sir, there's jest one right smart, level-headed member in our Congress to-day, who's got hoss sense on the tariff question?" he said very positively.

"You refer to Mr. Wilson, I presume, who is certainly—"

"Excuse me, no; not Wilson. I mean the Hon. Tom L. Johnston of Ohio. Know what his tariff idea is?"

"I'm afraid I'm not familiar with the gentleman, even by name," I confessed.

"And yit you air Editor of a paper, and a free trade paper to boot! You'd oughter be ashamed of yourself, sir, if you'll excuse my liberty. But I'll tell you. Tom L. Johnston's tariff idea is that the tariff oughter be abolished tee-totally right straight off."

"Ah, that *would* be a blessing," I said—"But of course it's a wild dream, for there's the revenue to be provided for."

"O, he don't forgit about that," said Mr. Slick; "he's got the revenue fixed neat as a whistle, by a Single Tax on land values. Henry George's scheme, you know. You've read George's books, of course?"

Again I had to confess my remissness, and again Mr. Slick regarded me with a commiserating glance.

"Hain't, eh?" he said, "then do it, afore you write another article on free trade. It'll clear up your ideas like an egg clears coffee."

"What do you think of the plebiscite vote in the



NOT "LIGHT" LITERATURE.

(Wagge's bachelor apartment in New York. Present, Inksome, the distinguished Canadian Poet.)

WAGGE—"Ah, Inky, here's bad news for you. The Canadian Tariff has been amended so as to knock out your plan of sending an edition of your latest volume of poems into the Dominion."

INKSOME—"Gracious! How is that?"

WAGGE—"Why, they've put a duty of six cents per pound on literature. That amounts to a prohibitory rate for really heavy stuff, you know!"



BRUTAL CANDOR.

SPLASH—"Well, sonny, would you like to be an artist and paint pictures like that?"

RUSIC YOUTH—"Like *that!* I should hope not; it's the worst daub I ever see."

Province, Mr. Slick?" I asked, not unwilling to change the subject.

"I liked it. Prohibition will help to make business boom," he said very positively.

"Some think it will have quite the opposite effect," I said.

"Yes. There's jest three sorts of folk that talk that way—liquor dealers, who are goin' to have their profits knocked out; drinkers, who are goin' to be deprived of their bar-room conveniences; and folks who don't know what they're talkin' about. Its jest like this. Supposin' a poor man with a big family has a certain quantity of meat—no more'n they need themselves. Now, would you say it added to that man's prosperity to keep a lot of useless dogs that he had to feed? That's the liquor business in a nutshell, without saying anything 'bout the damage the dogs might do. I tell you, sir—"

And Mr. Slick I could see was just about to launch forth eloquently, but, alas, at this minute the bus man opened the hall door and shouted, "all aboard goin' south!" And as I had to get to Pictou that evening I was obliged to shake hands hastily with my entertainer and depart.

AFROPOS of MacWherrell's poem in the *World*, wherein he asserts his innocense of the Williams murders, it is to be hoped there is more truth than poetry about it.

THE FIREMAN'S TOAST.—The ladies, — the only incendiaries who kindle a flame which water will not extinguish."

WHO ARE THEY ?

WHO is it on N. P. does dwell
And says it is an awful sell,
And that the country can't get well?
Dick Cartwright.

Who is it, though he's free from vice,
Resembles much a lump of ice,
And can no longer men entice?
John Thompson.

Who is it makes the Patrons bold,
To whom the people are not cold,
Who takes all sheep into his fold?
McCarthy.

Who is it, is so very cute
That he will not let people loot,
And so to Mercier gave the boot?
Gus Angers.

Who is it who's as eloquent,
As if he were by heaven sent,
But never says just what is meant?
Laurier.

Who is it keeps the money bags,
Who's ne'er excelled in artful gags,
Though him to tease love naughty wags?
George Foster.

Who's versed in constitutional lore,
Sends his opponents to the floor,
And says they're rotten to the core?
Mills Bothwell.
—Shadore.

NOT LOVE.

When your girl considers you a bore,
And intimates as much—or more;
When her *pater* shoots you through the door
Upon the toe of his number four,
Or with your person wipes the floor,
Then, in a far from gentle roar,
Swears if you ever come there more,
He'll literally have your gore;
You may conclude, from the above,
That this, to say the least, ain't love.
W. F. Clemesna.



THE SPIRIT WILLING, BUT THE FLESH WEAK.

STRANGER—(who has accidentally cannoned against Robinson in the street): "I beg your pardon, Sir."

ROBINSON—(glaring savagely all the while): "It's granted!!"



TO THE MANNER BORN.

ENAMORED SWAIN.—“Dearest, I love you, and I long to have you say you return my love.”
 HIS IDOL (*the daughter of an editor*)—“Then I won’t keep you in suspense. It is hereby returned—
 with thanks!”

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

II.

THE MAN WHO IS TOO HONEST TO GET ON.

MOST of us have heard of him from his female relatives. They are very proud of him, which is one of those delicate social adjustments, by which things keep their equipoise in this otherwise topsy-turvy world.

When he was a boy, he showed no signs of abnormal goodness, or badness. He was never at the top of his class at school, and not very often at the foot; it was only after he had been in business for some time that he discovered how few really good people there are, but it was very gratifying for him to feel that he himself belonged to the narrow minority. He went into partnership with the first man he met who thought as he did, and with experience as their sheet anchor they were promptly submerged by the first snag they struck in the commercial sea. His parents commiserated with him, and provided him with more money, and told him to look out for “snags” in his next partner, and he did so, and failed for the second time, for the partner got the money, and he got the experience, but it never occurred to him that a man who believed that “honesty is the best policy” wanted any other equipment for merchantile warfare.

His parents were poorer, but they said they “felt themselves fortunate to have a son whose integrity was unimpeachable.”

When he launched out into something entirely new they were confident that his virtues would be rewarded.

They weren't, though; there was not enough variety to them, and those he did possess he hadn't the napkin of common sense to wrap around them.

His third failure made him very suspicious of the success of other people. A fourth and fifth completely wrecked his belief in the truth of his favourite proverb. Perhaps you expect to hear that his sixth and seventh efforts made him drop the only prop it had ever occurred to him to raise for his own benefit? Not at all; it was just then he realized

that he was “too honest to get on.” He concluded, under these trying circumstances, that he required the sympathy of some simple soul, and he got married. In a few years there were several little unfortunates thrust into a careless world. What, should you fancy, would be the moral status of children brought up and underfed by a parent who was “too honest to get on?”

J. M. Loes.

“AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER.”

A PROSE POEM.

THEY met upon the beach one afternoon at four, In fact t'was I, I think, who introduced them. Not thinking that from it harm should arise. I left them tete-a-tete, then I slumbered.

From that time on for several weeks
 These two were well nigh inseparable,
 A red parasol and four tan feet,
 On the shore—the result, alas! of my introduction.

When the fall came round at the usual time,
 And the leaves were beginning to redden,
 They married—this couple of seekers after trouble.
 Cards for the christening arrived to-day.

ALWAYS EXCEPTED.

PAYMENT by fees—let it be understood—
 Is never wrong, when payable to W—d.

A LARK.

THE rumoured change of editorship of *The Empire* turns out to be a LARK(E).

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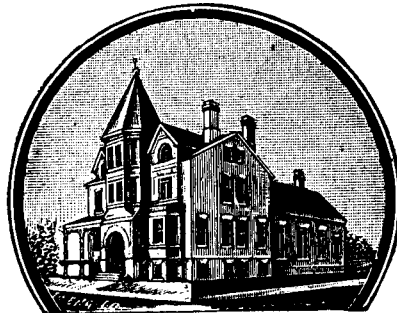
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