

THE CARAMEL GIRL.

A NEW SPECIES OF THE "LOVELY WOMAN"

A Description of Her Passage Along the Ice Street and What Happened Her—Unable to Express Her Thanks on Account of a Caramel.

We hear a great deal about the different kinds of girl which have been diffused over this arid waste of heart hunger, called the earth, by a beneficent Providence, to occupy the attention of mankind, keep him from getting lazy or lonesome and help him to get into all the mischief possible.

However, I was not going to enlarge on her peculiarities—merely to tell a little story about her.

I was strolling wearily homeward the other afternoon, when I encountered a vision of loveliness which speedily chased every thought of tiredness out of my mind, as the sun chases you know the rest, and I forget.

It was a deceptive sort of day, a gentle rain came silently down, and just as silently froze after it got down, so that the whole face of nature was one damp and polished sheet of ice, and every small hillock was enamelled with slipperiness to a frightful extent.

ing pain! And how she must have suffered in secret! I suppose she was really afraid the other lover would poison himself. By the way though, "Cheops," a thought dawns upon me—perhaps you were one of the hapless three, yourself? If so, let us shake hands across the chasm, and figuratively fall upon each others necks—I was in love with a girl of that description myself once, so I know how it feels, and I have been in love with the whole clan ever since.

That Is Where They Get Left.

"Yes, sir," said a King street merchant this week, "these peddlers will ruin all kinds of business. The town is just full of them. They are going from house to house on every street, and selling for nothing. And why not? They can afford to do it. It doesn't take much to keep such people. They live on almost nothing, and have no expenses. Just think how we could sell goods if we had no rent to pay, no clerks, no gas bill, no fuel, and a hundred other incidentals! Why, we could sell things as cheap again. Yet, we have to compete with these travelling peddlers, who are not citizens, and have nothing to hinder them. Why it's outrageous!"

"Don't they buy the goods in the city?" "No, they don't even do that. They buy them as cheap as we do, and sell them for very little more."

"And you cannot compete with them?" "Compete with them! No, certainly not. There isn't a man in town who could commence to compete with those people."

"Oh, yes there is. I know a man on this street who sells goods as low as it is possible for anyone to sell them. And his goods are of the best, too, although it's hard to understand how he does it."

"Impossible! Who is it?" "Wm. J. Fraser of the Royal Clothing Store."

"I'll admit that they couldn't compete with him."—A.

The Old Story.

The great question with the woman is how to get along without a girl. You often go to your friend's house and one of the principal topics is the girl question. Your friend does not keep a girl yet her house always looks neat, her cooking is always good. How does she get along. The secret is this, she lets Ungar call for her washing. He does her laundry rough dried and return it to her home in good order.—A.

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THE TIP-TILTED NOSE AGAIN.

"Geoffrey's" Answer to "Cheops's" Criticism of Pug-Nosed Girls.

And so my friend "Cheops" differs with me on the all important subject of the dear girl with the heavenward turning nose! Well, he does it in such a very pleasant way that it is almost a pleasure to have him disagree with me. But still, I cannot help noticing that he has only one solitary instance of innate wickedness on the part of the tip-tilted, nosed generation, to bring forward, and we know that the exceptions go to prove the rule.

Suppose that hardened little sinner whose iniquities he cites did get engaged three or four deep, it only goes to strengthen my theory, and prove how utterly irresistible she was to our sex, and what a sweet, tender heart she had, since she seems to have been incapable of inflicting pain on anybody by refusing him, or even hurting his feelings by letting him know that she intended marrying some one else, instead of him. Dear little soul! how she shrank from inflict-

ABOUT RESTLESS PEOPLE.

Johnny Mulcahey Tells of Several Little Things Tending to Restlessness.

Pa ain't broke out yet on his New Year's resolves and ma says what these are happy times. We're a happy family now and some lecturer orter come along and see us. Pa was near a backslider, though, when he sit down on our maltese cat which I put on his arm chair just afore he sit down to rest his weary limbs as he said. Gosh, didn't he jump. Ma thort he'd go right inter the burnin' coals in the grate, but his forehead struck on the fender which made such a catastrophe impossible, and ma caught hold of him and they both went down on the floor like a earthquake.

I heard the people down-stairs askin' each other what kinder people the Mulcaheys was, anyhow, 'cause they're always makin' a hullabaloo, and what you'd never know when to expect the house to fall down when we're in it. They said what they couldn't understand how some people was so restless. I guess they'd be restless



RECONCILED.

Rabbi Andrew—Well, little man, what can I do for you? Carleton Co.—Please sir, my bridge is broke. I want a new bridge like you gave to York. Rabbi Andrew—But you have been a bad little boy. You made faces at me last winter. Carleton—'Coz you scolded me and kicked my little dog, Marcus! You gimme a new bridge and I won't make no more faces at you. Rabbi Andrew—Well, my little man, you shall have your bridge.

too, if they sat on our maltese cat, 'cause she's sooner to scratch and holler, and I guess they orter see some of the trade marks she put on pa. He's a invalid now, 'cause he hadter do his forehead up in a handkerchief.

Anyhow, I guess the people down stairs is restless, too, 'cause when they're all sittin' round the fire on the cold night, they all screamed like fun when I let out the two big rats what we caught up in our attic, inter they're family circle. They run out inter the street, and I guess it I had-ent invited them inter our house they'd a caught they're death a cold. They was the dandiest rats I ever saw. They're great big sooners, and they jumped out the pianer when they're runnin' around and made a noise just like the girls does when they're playin'. I pinched one of the girls pretty hard, and she screamed and said it were a rat, and I said what rats was poison, and she cried like fun, 'cause she thort she's goin' to die, poor thing, and I said I thort so, too. So I went for a doctor, and they'll have to pay him. Anyhow, they'd no business sayin' what the Mulcaheys is restless.

I like one of the young fellars down stairs, 'cause there's some fun in him. He's ony a wee bit of a fellar, and he filled one of his tather's boots half full of molasses, and there's a orful sticky time. Some people what live in glass houses shouldn't fire stones, ma says, and they say, what no wonder the boy is what he is, when there's such a fellar as me around.

Bill Johnson's workin' in a grocery store now, cause they won't let him in school any more since he lassooed the teacher and locked him in the room, afore he could get a chance to beat him, for fallin' down when the scholars was all marchin' in, and makin' them tumble all inter a big heap. I guess the teacher wouldn't a found out though if Bill hadn't caught a fellar what didn't fall down by the leg, and give him a jerk to make it more interestin'.

Anyhow he's a grocery clerk now and he brings things to the people down stairs, and guess they'll be restless enough afore he leaves. But what's the difference so long as they don't have strickneine in his store. Some kinds a spices is pretty good for makin' people restless. JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

A Keen Sense of Humor.

Jack (on his knees)—Oh, Etzel, say the word—what on earth are you doing with that camera?

Ethel—Don't move, Jack; I want to show you something funny.—N. Y. Sun.

the use of K. D. C. is convincing proof that it is the greatest dyspepsia cure of the age. Test. For sample package send three cent stamp to

What the Season Brings.

Mr. T. B. Robinson sends three calendars, this week, of the Insurance companies represented by him. That of the Traveller's Accident is of more than ordinary interest, as it contains an excellent group of the distinguished literary men of the United States. The calendar of the Royal Canadian is as useful as that of the Norwich Union is pretty.

Hall & Fairweather issue a calendar that is at once unique and attractive.

The Intercolonial railway issues a large calendar containing a view of the new bridge at Bras d'Or, C. B.

A Good Combination. Mr. F. E. Holman has associated Mr. James Duffell with him in partnership, and the firm of Holman & Duffell has made its bow to the public. Mr. Holman has had the favor and patronage of the people since he has been in business, and his new associate, Mr. Duffell, will not only add his energy to the firm, but bring it strength and an even wider patronage, with his large circle of friends. PROGRESS wishes that 1891 may be but the first of many prosperous years for Messrs. Holman & Duffell.

A Royal Quilt.

A prize competition of especial interest to every lady who does fancy work, is just announced by THE CANADIAN QUEEN. The lady making by handwork, the handsomest block one foot square, (to be of silk, either in one piece or patchwork, and embroidered or hand-painted according to the taste of the maker) for the Royal Quilt, will be presented with a pony, cart and harness, value \$350.00. The Royal Quilt will contain forty-eight blocks, and to each of the next forty-seven ladies sending the handsomest block will be presented with either a solid gold watch or an elegant silver tea service, value \$40.00. Send four 3c. stamps for the last number of THE QUEEN, containing full instructions for the competition, and particulars as to what will be done with the Royal Quilt. Address, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, "Royal Quilt Competition," Toronto, Canada.

A Fool.

The man or woman who allows their feet to get wet, when they can prevent it. It is not only uncomfortable, but dangerous. If they will only use Wolff's Acme Blacking, which renders the leather durable, waterproof and brilliant as patent leather, their feet will be dry. For sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

The Lyttel Boy.

Sometime there ben a lyttel boy That wote not renne and play, And helplee like that little tyke Ben allwais in the way. "Gee, make you merrie with the rest," His weary moder cried; But with a frown he castit her gown And hong until her side. That boy did love his moder well, Which spake him faire, I ween; He loved to stand and hold her hand And ken her with his een; His cosset leated in the croon, His toys unneeded lay,— He wde not goe, but, tarrying soe, Ben allwais in the way.

Godde loveth children and doth giyd His throne with suchie as these, And He doth smile in plaisaunce while They cluster at His knee; And some time, when He looked on earth And watched the babies at play; He kenneed with joy a lyttel boy Ben allwais in the way. And then a moder felt her heart How that it ben to-terme,— She kissed eche day till she ben gray The shoon he use to worne; No bairn let hold untilt her gown Nor played upon the floore,— Godde's was the joy a lyttel boy Ben in the way no more! —Eugene Field.

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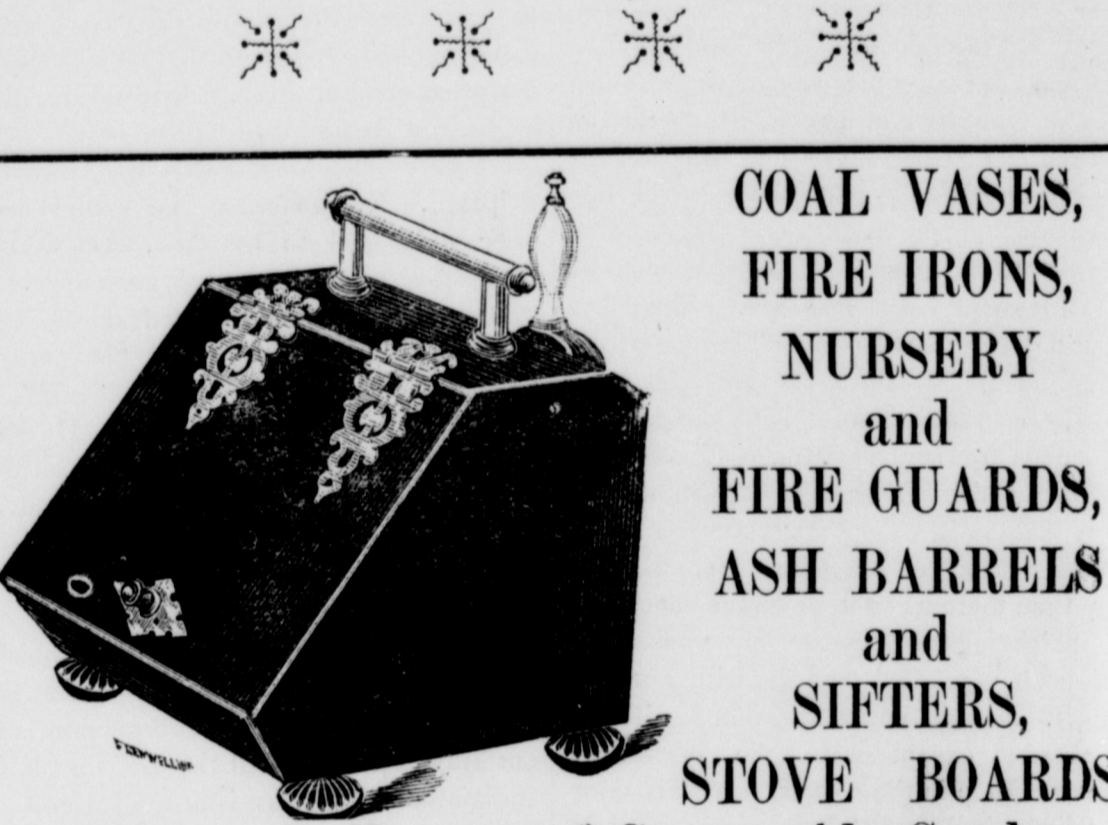
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