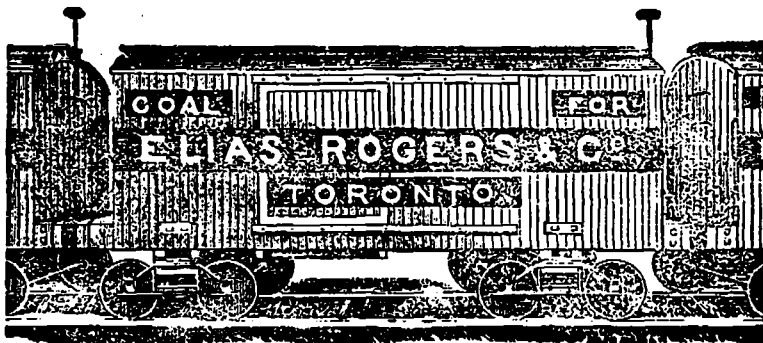


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and more popular and  
influential than ever before.

Our confidence that the Canadian Public would extend a hearty support to a humorous journal conducted upon principles of honesty and decency has been amply justified in the established success of GRIP, which, during the six years of its existence, has enjoyed the patronage and respect of a large constituency of our best people. In dealing with the public men and affairs of the country it has been the aim of the controllers of GRIP to avoid the coarseness and unfairness which too often characterize satirical public cartoons. The political Cartoons, although sometimes severe, have never been unjust and never vindictive. The attitude of *absolute independence* which the paper has maintained from the first is attested by the appreciative notices which the Cartoons constantly receive in the press of both Parties.

*Grip* has offended somebody, who is anxious to vent his spleen through our columns. Want of space, as well as want of inclination, prevents us from going into the matter. We intend to rival *Grip* all we know how, but we prefer to do it in a square way. Canada has not so many clever journals that their editors can afford to be continually snarling at each other. Long life to you, BENGOURG, "we look towards you."—*The Jester*.

Well it has come at last. *Grip's* "elephant" has been trotted out, and he has been patched up pretty nearly in the manner indicated by the sapient cartoonist.—*Cor. Lindsay Post*.

### Ode to Spring.

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY THE EDITOR.

#### First MS.

Salubrious season of the year,  
(What sloppy stuff they always send)  
How different from bleak autumn sear.  
(There in the basket find an end!)

#### Second MS.

Spring, spring, beautiful spring!  
(I think I've seen that line before)  
Of thy sweetness I cheerfully sing.  
(Plagiarist, by gosh, as well as bore!)

#### Third MS.

How dreamy, soft and balmy is the air,  
(Not softer than his head!)  
As if a spirit blest did linger there;  
(There; numbered with the dead.)

#### Fourth MS.

Athwart yon mountain cap of snow  
Doth shoot the genial ray;  
(That sounds like "shoot the hat;")  
His frosty front is all aglow  
Upon this beautiful day,  
(That's all we want of that.)

#### Fifth MS.

I'll never more thy radiance see,  
(What *never*? Hardly ever?)  
Yet I do welcome thee with glee;  
(It's gone up Saline River).

NOTICE.—There will be no more demand for Spring poetry at this office until the good times come.—ED.

### Epigram by a Stock Broker.

If this scandalous bill against us becomes  
law,  
'Twill ruin our chances for wealth at a  
stroke;  
Let us haste to the lobby at cruel Ottawa,  
If we don't we are scuttled—the Broker is  
broke!

THE *news* is deserting me, as the poet  
said when the cats fighting under his window  
decamped.

How hot is the sun? asks one of our ex-  
changes. If the editor got up at a decently  
early hour he would see that it is red hot.

### Self-"Protection" is Europe's First Law!

We may be a nation of shopkeepers, but according to the *France* we shall very soon have either to be content with buying goods of each other or to put up our shutters altogether. Our contemporary distinctly states that M. WADDINGTON considers that the latter fate will ere long be ours.

Our colonies, on the maintenance of which, as a world-wide market for our goods, the Imperial politician so proudly insists, laugh at us. Look at Victoria, for instance, with its thirty-five per cent, *ad valorem* import duty!

The other colonies, as well as Victoria, are, it seems to us, going in to be our competitors rather than our customers; and as the markets of America and Europe are closed against us, France is now, as her Premier rightly states, the only nation we have to any extent upon our books. And France, it is now said, intends henceforth to "protect" herself. Altogether a bright look out for us.

What has practically happened is that, whilst our Imperial statesman have been protecting our national honor, our colonies, our foreign interests, and other things which, like our prestige, might have been safely left to protect themselves, and dependencies and neighbours on the continent have been "protecting" their native manufactures and products to such purpose that, as the *France* confidently asserts, ere long we shall have no trade nor commerce left to "protect."

Let those who doubt this study the weekly exports. Paradoxical as it may sound, they are just now of exceptional import.—*London Funny Folks*.

### A SCOTTISH Minstrel writes in the *Hamilton Times*:

"But Scotia, the land of the mountain and misty cloud,  
By the dear ties of friendship, my heart clings to thee—  
Land of the streamlet, the fountain and torrent cloud,  
Hail me, invite me again o'er the sea."

If this bard is a shareholder in the Glasgow Bank, he may consider that he has a standing invitation "again o'er the sea."

### Reciprocity!

The *Globe* says that the St. Thomas *Journal* says that SAM DAY, (coming M. P. for East Elgin) says that he "don't care a — for England!" JOHN BRIGHT says that BEACONSFIELD says that England don't care a — for SAM DAY; so that makes it even.

### THE novel for verbose letter-writers, *Say and Seal*.

THAT's *tooth in*, as the dog said to the other, who was trying to steal his dinner.

MR. BRITTIE, who presented the newly married Prince with a large picture entitled "A Slave," deserves a seat in the "Joker Club."

ALTHOUGH no one has any faith in Heathen Mythology, a great many would-be wits try very hard to be JOVIAL. Juno how it is youself?

THE Port Hope *Guide* records the marriage of Miss BULLIED. The young lady must have been unhappy at home, as she had evidently made up her mind not to be bullied any longer.

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