



GRIP



VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1890.

No. 53.
Whole No. 913.



TOO MUCH TART(E) !!

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President Manager - - - - - J. V. WRIGHT, T. G. WILSON.

Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada. To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year, \$2.00; six months - \$1.00 One year \$2.50

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send two-cent stamps only. Messrs. JOHN HADDON & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

NOTICE

As many people, either thoughtlessly or carelessly, take papers from the Post Office regularly for some time, and then notify the publishers that they do not wish to take them, thus subjecting the publishers to considerable loss, inasmuch as the papers are sent regularly to the addresses in good faith on the supposition that those removing them from the Post Office wish to receive them regularly, it is right that we should state what is the LAW in the matter.

1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.

2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid

Artist and Editor - - - - - J. W. BENGOUGH. Associate Editor - - - - - PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE POLITICAL DR. KOCH.—It is settled beyond all controversy that the great German physician, Koch, has discovered an absolute cure for consumption, providing the remedy is applied in the earlier stages of the disease. Experiments have not

as yet demonstrated its power over the fell disorder when completely developed, but even this partial success is enough to turn the world upside down with enthusiasm, as it has done. Berlin is being stormed with all sorts and conditions of men, doctors and patients, who are clamoring for the precious fluid through whose agency this nineteenth century miracle is made possible. The hospitals are filled with consumptives, and hundreds more stand at the gates pathetically pleading for admittance. Men of high renown in scientific and medical circles elbow each other in the as yet vain struggle to get access to the great discoverer and obtain from him the knowledge that is destined to bless mankind. An anxious world is bidden to bide its time, however, as Dr. Koch is naturally anxious about the proper compounding of his prescription, and the process is a slow one. All this finds its counterpart in the political situation here in Canada. Wilfred Laurier is our Dr. Koch, whose magic lymph of Free Trade has been demonstrated to be a sovereign antidote to the consumption of the body politic, scientifically known as "Protection." Miss Canada, whose van cheek and sunken eye represents the depression which reigns over our trade and commerce from Halifax to Vancouver, eagerly awaits the application of the remedy. It is believed that the Doctor will have everything in readiness by the time the

House meets after the general election; but whether he will then be officially empowered to perform the operation it remains with the patient to say.

TOO MUCH TART(E).—We can quite believe the report which intimates that Mr. Tarte's revelations over the McGreevy business have given Sir Hector Langevin pain. It would be conceivable also that the sufferings of the worthy Knight were regarded by his colleagues, Chapleau and Caron, with a remarkable degree of complacency. Of course, Sir Hector's anguish is that of injured innocence. He must know very well that there is not a word of truth in Tarte's charges so far as they implicate the Department of Public Works in any culpability, and, of course, as soon as the House meets he will demand a Parliamentary Committee, or better still, a Commission of Judges, to sift the whole matter thoroughly and make his innocence manifest to the whole world.

MR. WM. MULOCK, M.P., has done a very princely and public-spirited thing in coming forward with an offer to pay all the expenses involved in a visit to Germany by Prof. Ramsay Wright, with a view to obtaining such information as will give Canada immediate access to Dr. Koch's consumption cure discovery. The Medical Faculty of the University very promptly and gratefully accepted the offer and granted Prof. Wright the necessary leave of absence. Mr. Mulock seems to be satisfied that our capable and famous bacteriologist will succeed in getting into Koch's laboratory without much trouble, although dispatches from Berlin assure us that crowds of eminent specialists from England, France and elsewhere are there doing the waiting act with what patience they can muster. We earnestly hope this confidence may be well founded. Canada generally manages to "get there" if you notice it, and certainly in this matter we have a representative worthy of the most distinguished consideration. It would be a thousand pities if after the expenditure of the time and money the mission should be unsuccessful, but in any case the kind and generous act of Mr. Mulock will be remembered. He is the sort of Liberal we like.

SOME "Liberals" are stingy and narrow, or worse, This Liberal's opinions reach down to his purse; So here's to you, Mulock, the workingman's friend: And Ramsay, no doubt, was the Wright man to send!

HAVE you read General Booth's book, "In Darkest England, and the Way Out"? If not, do it. As a purely literary effort it is worthy of a place among great books; but as an appeal to the human heart it is the most wonderful production of modern times. It is enough to say that the writer has proved worthy of his theme, which is nothing less than How to lift the Submerged Tenth out of the slums. With the eloquence of an evangelist General Booth sets forth the awful facts as they exist, and then with a precision of a military commander he gives his plan of relief in detail. But read the book for yourself, and after you have read it if you can refrain from contributing your mite to the fund which is pouring in from rich and poor all over the realm, do so.

"A GREATER than Stanley is here," said we, In last number of GRIP-but one, said we, That greater is Booth, We tell you the truth, Just read "Darkest England" yourself and see!

THE General doesn't raise any issue with Henry George or Edward Bellamy. He says the things they want are the very things he is after. But he wants them right away, as a great crowd of ragged humanity is at his door waiting for something to eat. His plan is, therefore cal-

culated to go into immediate operation and produce immediate results without waiting for the organic changes in the system of society which are necessary to a complete and perfect cure for Poverty. He doesn't stay to quarrel with the proposal to take land values as the sole source of public revenue. Let that be done as soon as possible but meanwhile he calls attention to the fact that there is a great deal of waste land in England which can be easily cultivated, and as one part of his scheme he proposes to establish a farm, and in connection with it brick-yards, carpenter shops, tailor shops, a soap factory, pork-packing establishments, paper mills, etc.

* * *

L EAD on, oh Booth! cries George,
We're following in your tracks;
You skim the slums
Till our movement comes
To dry 'em up—the Single Tax!

* * *

NO doubt the peculiar circumstances which have brought about the demand of Parnell's resignation of the Irish leadership are regarded by Mr. Mowat very much as they are by Mr. Gladstone, and yet our own and only Oliver must entertain a profound admiration for the persistency and obstinacy with which Parnell hangs on to his position. Like Mowat himself, the Home Rule leader "won't go."

* * *

TANLEY probably finds it more pleasant to be commanding \$1,500 per night on the platform than to be commanding an expedition on the Congo. He is a capital lecturer, too, for a man who has always been more given to deeds than words. Toronto lionized him as much as it was possible to do in the brief stay he made and a very large audience listened to his interesting condensation of the contents of *In Darkest Africa*. And yet there are some of our citizens who not only stayed away from the lecture but casually express the opinion that instead of being feted Henry ought, in strict justice, to be hanged.

* * *

DAY by day the idea of keeping the street car franchise for the exclusive benefit of the city is sinking deeper and deeper into the mind of the common sense citizen. The flippant advocates of the off-hand disposal of the lines to a lessee are puzzled to find a reply to the proposition to keep the machinery intact and simply let Mr. Franklin go on and manage it for the city. The feeling is now strong enough to make it very warm for aldermen who feel disposed to give us away on this business without discussion.



HE IS NO HOG.

GRIT—"Sir John Macdonald is always trying to usurp the powers that rightly belong to the Local Government."

TORY—"On the contrary, he's always particularly anxious not to encroach on Mowat's functions. He's perfectly willing to leave Mowat the job of arresting O'Brien and Dillon, though he might undertake it himself. Oh, the Old Man ain't no hog!"

ADDENDUM TO "IN DARKEST AFRICA."

(A scrap of manuscript picked up at the Auditorium after the Stanley reception.)

STRANGE indeed are the decrees of fate. Three times have I been in the wilds of the Dark Continent; for years I have followed its rivers and pierced its primeval forests, meeting all manners of wild tribes, and never have I been made prisoner by any. Cannibal feasts have gone on all about me, yet I have kept out of the pot; pigmies, with poisoned arrows, have lurked around my camp on all hands, yet have I escaped the deadly venom. But, though Darkest Africa perils have been braved in safety, no sooner do I touch Canadian soil than I am a goner. I, who have escaped the clutches of the Mahdi, of Kabbi Rega, of Ugarowa, of Kavelli and of Klonga Longa, am, the moment I enter Toronto, captured, gobbled up, surrounded and completely taken possession of, I and my devoted wife, by that ubiquitous and inevitable Artist. Though I may have passed safely through the African forest, I have not been able to escape the Sherwood.



S-TRAORDINARY EFFECT OF A BOA IN A HIGH WIND.

SKILLED LABOR.

FIRST GRANGER—"I never thought that new man I hired the other day would turn out such a greenhorn. He told me he had been three years in one place."

SECOND GRANGER—"So he was, and I can tell you where."

1ST. G.—"Where was it?"

2ND. G.—"In jail."

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE BOY—"Papa, the papers says the mine owners are going to coalesce. What is the meaning of coalesce?"

PAPA—"It means less coal, my son."

ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.



O debate on the question before 'em
The aldermen mustered a quorum.
The Mayor took his place
With his usual grace,
Said John Irwin, "The room is too
warrum."

As a matter of fact he didn't say so, but poetical exigencies require the rhyme. Surely if we can't always have reason from our representatives we may occasionally get rhyme. Besides, the room really was too warm. A larger number of citizens than usual were in attendance.

Ald. Saunders rose to a question of privilege in connection with the charge against the aldermen recently made by Col. Denison.

ALD. SCORE—"You must remember that Col. Denison is a soldier ardent for battle. Charges of this kind are the only ones he has a chance to make."

ALD. McMULLEN—"Except his charges for the time he is absent on holidays."

ALD. SAUNDERS—"The statement that any member of this Council has interfered with him is wholly unwarrantable."

ALD. LINDSAY—"He has misquoted my words. The means he has chosen to answer the accusation are false, cowardly, perfidious and unjust. If a dictionary were convenient I might employ a few more appropriate adjectives, but those will do in the meantime."

THE MAYOR—"We will now hear a deputation from the Nationalist Association on the Street Railway question."



ALD. FRANKLAND—"What benefit is the Council going to derive therefrom?"

THE MAYOR—"Oh, well, if you put it that way, what benefit is nine-tenths of the talk here, anyhow? Let's hear what they have to say."

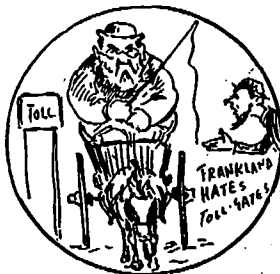
PHILLIPS THOMPSON—"The city ought to run the Street Railway themselves. Why should any corporation

make money out of a public service? 'Aldermen would steal,' say some. If that's true, the best thing you can do is to resign and let out the contract of running the city. Anyhow, if Frank Smith gets it again there'll be the biggest kind of a kick from organized labor, and don't you forget it! Moreover, the *Labor Advocate* will be out before election—but this is irrelevant, excuse me."

THE MAYOR—"But is there any city where the street-railways are operated by the municipality?"

ARNOT HEPBURN—"Why, certainly. Huddersfield, for instance."

ALD. LENNOX—"I don't know how 'udders-fiel', but for my part—"



THE MAYOR—"Order!"
ARNOT HEPBURN—"And then Glasgow is going to adopt the system. It's also adopted by the Australian cities. We'll get you some further pointers on the way the thing works."

GEORGE HOWELL—"The Nationalist Association doesn't believe in allowing monopolies to grow rich at the expense of the public. Who put value into the road? Why, the people. Then why shouldn't they own it? Talk about leasing the tracks! Why don't you lease the water-pipes?"

THE MAYOR—"Your views shall be considered, and if you can only succeed in convincing the Council of their own honesty and capacity, possibly something may be done."

Ald. Frankland—

"On this Queen Street extension I would just like to mention, Oh, fain would I harrow up your souls,
In regard to its iniquity,
That relic of antiquity,
I needn't say I've reference to tolls.

"Long years ago we tried For to get them set aside,
But however we might agitate or talk,



It was uselessly we strove
In our labors with that drove,
The pig-headed County Councillors of York.

"On my feelings how it grates
When I'm passing through the gates,
Which them fellows in their ignorance controls,
To be halted on the trip
And go down into my dip
For the change to pay those execrable tolls.

"Well, we'll sue to them no more
For the change we sought before,
They can grant it or refuse it as they please,
But I'll tell 'em just one thing,
That we'll resolutely cling
To the system of imposing market fees."

ALD. E. A. MACDONALD—"I suppose you consider it feasible." (Groans.)

The Queen Street Extension scheme was carried.



Then the Crematory project came up.
ALD. LINDSAY—"The idea is one of classic origin, and recalls to my mind the beautiful lines which Dr. Bournot will probably quote in his lecture at the National Club this evening:

"The Roman gather'd in a stately urn
The dust he honor'd—while the sacred fire,
Nourish'd by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age."

ALD. PETER MACDONALD—"Just so. But we don't want it down our way."

ALD. LINDSAY (resuming quotation):

"Let the sounding lyre—"



SEVERAL ALDERMEN—
"Order!"

ALD. LINDSAY—"No reference to Col. Denison, I assure you, gentlemen.

"Let the sounding l-y-r-e
Recount their virtues in your festal
hours,
Gather their ashes—"

ALD. LESLIE—"But we won't have 'em dumped into the Don, all the same."

The clause was voted down.

WINTRY WOOS.

A TORONTO LOVE STORY,

JARVIS Street—a
Slipp'ry slide,
Pretty girl and
Dude collide.

Girlie falls with
Graceful crash
Young man rescues—
Powerful mash!

Takes her home and
Happy he
When mamma says
"Stay to tea."

Love runs smoothly;
Shake spoke rot
When he said true
Love did not.

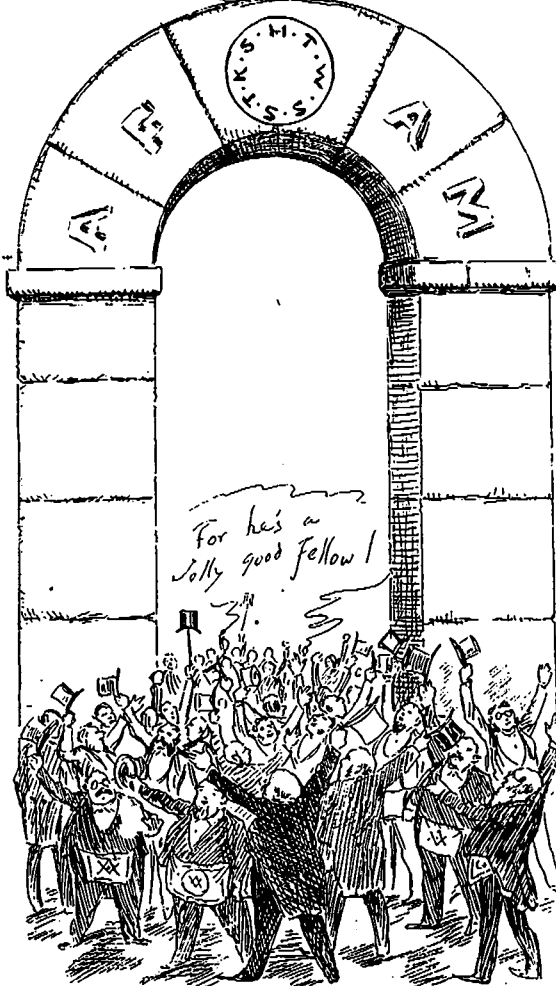
Time flies quickly,
Still more joy
When papa says
"Take her, boy."

Bond Street bells ring
Wedding tune,
Ding-dong, Dong-ding,
Funny-moon!

NORA LAUGHER.

OVER THE DISHES.

"JUST put a sup of cold wather in the pan will yez Molly, its scalded I am. An' I'm not goin' to be biled for no missis, so if the grace won't come off in a Christian manner it can jist stay on, bad luck to it. Little mather to me if I kape the place or not, sin' Pat axed me last Sunday to marry him. An' it's soon I'm to be me own missus, an' in a foine shanty intoirely, for the smart lad is Pat, an' doin' well wid his cab. But faix it was purty near he was not gittin' me at all at all, an' that was before iver I saw him, Molly. For wasn't I ingaged to Dinnis O'Whackery in the ould country, as brave a b'y as iver bruk a head in an alley. Och, it was loike to die I was whin that throuble came on me Molly dear. I'll tell yez all about it. Dinnis was a



ON THE KEYSTONE OF MASONIC HONORS.

With GRIP's compliments to Worshipful Master J. Ross Robertson.

hod-carrier, an' shure he couldn't get wurrk, so he sez to me 'Biddy, darlint,' sez he, 'I must crass over to Ameriky, an' see if I can't get wurrk there. An' whin I found it, I'll sind for you to come over, an' its thin an' there we'll git married mavourneen, for divil a blissed stroke can I git to do here.' So Dinnis lift, an' many a lonely wake I spint waitin' for news that niver came. Thin thinks I to mesilf, 'its forgittin' me Dinnis is,' for he was a bit av a flirt, an' had takin' ways wid the gurls, 'an' he'll be marryin' some wan else, but not if I knows it, Dinnis me b'y.' So I ups an' takes passage in the same ship he crassed over in, and ather a bit I begins to think how should I find him in Ameriky which I tuk to be near as big a place as Oireland itself. Thin I thought I'd ax the captin where he wint to win he landed, seein' mebbe he might know. And the captin, ather I had described Dinnis from the top av his rid head to the twist in his ankle which he got in a shindy, he calls the mate an' the two talked together in whispers loike. Thin the captin sez to me, "Hiven help yez to bear it me good gurl, for its a sad blow to yez, but ye see yer luvyer got into a bit av a scuffle wid some other Oirishmen, an' he got chucked overboard an' was dhrounded."

"Och, Molly ashore, how me heart joomped into me mouth, an' I fainted dead away. For there I was a widder afore iver I was married. But the sailors tuk an' slashed some buckets o' wather over me, an' if I hadn't come round purty suddint, I'd a been dhrounded mesilf. An' thin I hard the captin say, 'Cheer up, Miss, cheer up, its all a mistake, Shure an' it wasn't the rid-hidded chap as was dhrounded at all at all."

"Arrah but didn't thim wurds put new loife into me, Molly, an' hilp me more than all the say wather down me back. 'Tell me thin, captin dear, where is he?' I cried, gittin' up at wance, 'Where did he go to?' 'I can't tell ye that miss,' sez he, 'all I knows is that he was hanged.'"



AN UNDESERVED REPUTATION.

SMILEY—"How did you like my friend Wilkins? I understand he called on you the other evening."

MISS SHARP—"I thought you said he was an easy-going fellow."

SMILEY—"So he is."

MISS SHARP—"He wasn't when he was here."—H. B. S.

HOO THE LECTURE CAM' OFF.

HEATHER HA',
November 10, '90

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—If ye ken or hear tell o' onybody that wants a lecture delivered on "Canada as a Field for Emigrants," ye micht gie them a hint that there's a partickler freend o' your ain, a Mr. Airlie, that's a capital hand at that kind o' thing, an' wha, in fact, has a lecture a' cut an' dried an' ready for shakin' oot at a moment's notice. Ye see it's no that there's onything wrang wi' the lecture; on the contrary, I consider it's a maisterly effort an' weel worthy o' preservation as a curiosity, but it sae happened that ane or twa circumstances happened the nicht afore its delivery that I lament to say put the deliverin' o't clean oot o' the question. Ye see, the Provost o' Linkumoddy, whaur I was to gie my lecture in, invetted me to tak my supper an' spend the nicht in his hoose at his ain expense, because if he paid half-a-crown for my bed an' a shillin' for my breakfast at a hotel oot o' the public funds, he would be liable to be hauled up for misappropriation o' the taxpayers' money, an' mair than that, he would hae to summon a meetin' o' the toon council afore he could even get the grant o' the half-crown. So rather than spend twa oors o' stormy wranglin' an' abuse, an' hae nae end o' dirty linen a' washed an' hung up to dry in the local press, to say naething o' the way his wife an' dochters would be ostraceezed in society about the scandalous extravagance, he decided to be at the loss himsel if I would be content to tak pot-luck wi' him an' his family. I thankit him an' assured him he would get faur mair than the worth o' half-a-crown in the honor o' haein a distinguished man like me under his roof, an' indeed if a fair balance was struck even after three meals had been eaten, I wouldna wonder if there shouldna be something comin' to me. I let the Provost clearly see that it was *me* that was conferrin' the favor, an' no him. If a man doesna respect himsel, naeboddy else will.

Although I set oot early in the mornin' intendin' to arrive at Linkumoddy aboot the time the Provost would be sittin' doon to his denner, it was eleeven o'clock at nicht afore I arrived at my destination; a' on accoont o' the ridiclous system o' railway traivellin' they hae there. I never saw the like o't. I thoct I deteckit a blink o' devility in the clerk's e'e when he took the price o' my ticket, so I made up my mind that I would keep a' my wits about me on the journey. We hadna gotten ony farther than the first station when in comes a man wi' a band about his cap an' demands my ticket.

"But, my man," says I, "I'm no through wi't yet. I'm gaun to Linkumoddy."

"Doesn't matter—show me your ticket."

"I'll let ye see it—but ye'll no get your fingers on't," says I, an' I oot wi' my ticket. Weel! afore ye could wink, he snaps the thing oot o' my fingers, nicks a hole in't, flings it into my lap an' oot an' bangs the door right in my face! Ma certy! but I was mad.

I was that mad that I got up an' shook my fist at him oo't o' the window for an impident rascal, but he paid nae mair attention to what I was sayin' than though it had been the wind blawin' by the door.

At the next station twa-three minutes farther along, in comes anither ane, rather a ceevil spoken fellow.

"Tickets, please," says he—but I never let on.

"Your ticket, sir—show your ticket, please," he says again.

"What for?" says I.

"Tickets checked here, you know," says he quite pleasantly.

"Oo! in that case," says I, "I'm perfectly willin'." An' I takes oot my ticket. But for a' his fair tongue disn't he tak anither nick just as the ither ane had done. I didna like to tell him what I thoct o'm, so I waited till we cam' to the next station—when I had a' my speech ready if anither ootrage o' the kind was attemptit. But nae ticket was asked for there, nor yet at the next ane, but at the next, in comes anither chap an' he taks oot twa nicks richt below the ither twa. I said naething; my mind was made up; silence, ye ken, is golden. When the train drew up at the next station a brisk wee fellow staps abooad, an' says he—

"Tickets—tickets—quick! only twa minutes here." When I hears that I staps on to the platform an' mairchin' up to the office—I demandit to see the superintendent o' the railway.

"The superintendent! Why he's in London," says the man.

"I thoct that," says I. "When the cat's awa the mice may play. If he was here mindin' his business the clerks wouldna be gaun roond nick, nick, nickin' travelers' tickets till they're like a section o' a collander. What's the meanin' o' conduct like that?" I demanded. "D'ye no see that by the time I get to my journey's end if they gang on nick, nick, nickin' like that there'll be nae ticket left to show at the end an' I'll hae to pay my fare ower again. Nae doot they thoct they had a greenhorn frae the mountains to deal wi', buf I can tell ye, sir, they've made a great mistake, for I'm nae less than the man that's gaun to lecture on 'Canada as a Field for Emigration' this very night in Linkumoddy."

"Linkumoddy!" said he.

"Deed ay! Linkumoddy," says I. "What are ye glowerin' at?"

"You'll no get to Linkumoddy till eleeven o'clock at nicht now, your train's aff."

"Aff! without me? Ye dinna daur tell me to my face that ye let that train awa till I was ready?" I roared oot,

stampin' my fit in my righteous indignation—an' the muckle gomeril—lauched, actually lauched. The sequel to this I maun let lie ower till next week, the memory o't owerpowers me sae. I can write nae mair at present.
Yours till then, HUGH AIRLIE.

WHERE HE FOUND IT.

PROFESSOR BUGLEY (*excitedly*)—"Oh, help me catch it! It is a beautiful specimen. There it is, on the sugar barrel."
GROCER—"What is it?"
PROF. BUGLEY—"A superb specimen of a sand-fly."

"THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH."

THE WOULD-BE MILLIONAIRE AND HIS SCHEME OF SYSTEMATIC BENEFICENCE.

HE was a seedy looking unshaven individual, attired in a frayed and greasy black frock coat and a pair of nether garments with an irregular fringe at their termination, but he entered the merchant's office with an air of confidence and quiet dignity and removed his battered plug hat with a graceful motion.

"I desire to speak to you a minute, sir," he said, "on a matter of public importance. You are known, sir, as a patriotic and public-spirited citizen and your reputation in that respect emboldens me to lay before you a scheme fraught with the potentialities of vast future developments."

"Well, sir, be brief," said the merchant, whose first unfavorable impressions had been somewhat allayed by his visitor's urbane and dignified manner.

"I will be brief, sir. Your time I'm sure is of value—of great value. Briefly, then, have you read that admirable article by Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* on 'The Gospel of Wealth,'?"

The merchant nodded.

"An admirable and most comprehensive paper, sir," continued the visitor. "What a grasp of his subject! What subtlety of argument he displays! I am sure, then, you will agree with me my dear sir, that he has conclusively proved his case as to the desirability of accumulations of great wealth in the hands of men who are willing to devote the surplus portion to public benefactions?"

"Yes, but I really don't see—"

"One moment, my dear sir, I am coming to the point. We may consider the utility of the beneficent millionaire admitted, may we not? Such a person would fill a long felt want, if I may be allowed the expression, in this community. We have but few millionaires and they, I am sorry to say, are not munificent. On the contrary, much otherwise—grasping, in fact."

"But how does that concern your business with me?"

"Very closely, sir. A munificent public-spirited millionaire is a desideratum. You follow me, don't you? Well, I propose to fill that long neglected position—to occupy the field, carry out Mr. Gladstone's suggestion, and dispense benefits and blessings around me. There are upwards of five million people in this country—ahem—this Canada of ours—noble sentiment, patriotism is it not? That means in round numbers one million heads of families. Now if each of them would contribute the small sum of one dollar—which they would never miss—it would place me in affluence, sir—and leave me free to



"THEATRICAL EMOTION."

FIRST ACTOR—"I hear that Buskin, the star tragedian, is very ill. What's the matter with him?"

SECOND ACTOR—"Only an attack of indigestion. Last night he chewed a corner off a street in Venice and bit a piece out of the Duke's palace. Canvas doesn't agree with him as well as it used to."—H. B. S.

carry out the grand idea of devoting the entire surplus of my income—after deducting a modest pittance of a few thousands—to undertakings of public utility. Now, sir, if you will head the list I'm sure that your example—"

"Well, of all the impudent cheeky designing rascals—get out of my office—quick now—I've wasted five dollars worth of time listening to you already."

"But softly, my dear sir, you admit the force of Mr. Gladstone's argument that a beneficent mill—"

"Get out right away I tell you, or—"

"I was mistaken, I see," said the would-be millionaire rising slowly and smoothing his napless hat lovingly and tenderly with his coat sleeve before replacing it on his head. "I thought I could place dependence on your public spirit and desire to benefit humanity. But I was deceived as I have often been before, by too generous an estimate of human nature. Ah, this is a sadly selfish world and those who labor for the good of mankind must expect discouragements. Good morning, sir."

"Why cannot men carry their convictions consistently into practice," he soliloquized as he stepped outside. "I thought I had him sure, for he agreed with me at every stage of the argument till we reached the practical application. But 'tis ever thus."

FROM THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

TEACHER—"Give me the etymology of the word 'tariff.'"

SCHOLAR (*whose father is an importer*)—"I didn't know it had any. I thought it was all syntax (sin tax.)"

ASTROLOGICAL.

THE increasing numbers of combines and trusts indicate that the evil star of Saturn with its rings is now in the ascendant.



AFTER THE BALL.

HUSBAND—"You let that rake, De Courcy, kiss your hand in the conservatory."

WIFE—"It's an abominable falsehood!"

HUSBAND—"For shame; I saw it!"

WIFE (*crying*)—"Now I know you love me no longer! When you believe your own eyes rather than your poor wife's word!"

THE PLUNKTOWN ANNALS.

(Number Five.)

JONAH AND THE WHALE. (REVISED VERSION.)

BELLOWBY BLOWITT was the organist of St. Annas', of which Pompus Pullitt, D.D., was rector. The rector's warden, Lionel Longjaw, Q.C., called attention to the large bills for laundrying the choir-boys' surplices, in consequence of which Pompus Pullitt wrote a sharp note to Bellowby Blowitt, suggesting that a large saving might be effected if he (the organist) but had sufficient control of his choir-boys to prevent them using the tails of their surplices as pocket handkerchiefs during divine service. To this the indignant Bellowby replied suggesting that as the rector (who had designed the garments in question) had forgotten to insert pockets to receive handkerchiefs or anything else, he might, as the chief criminal, have held his tongue. This insolence could not, of course, be borne, and, after a hurried consultation with the churchwardens, Bellowby Blowitt was requested to resign, which he did with a month's notice.

On the very last evening of his tenure of office an entertainment took place in connection with the church. It consisted of tableaux on Bible history. A list of them had been forwarded to Blowitt, together with a request to prepare appropriate music.

The evening came, and all went well until the last tableau was reached. This was entitled on the programme, "Jonah and the Whale." It was the most elaborate scene of the lot.

The tossing sea was represented by the old stage device of a large piece of green cloth covering the stage at a distance of a foot or more from the floor, beneath which crept and crawled a dozen laboring men, whose movements gave an undulating wave-like motion to it. The whale was a marvellous construction of hoops and

black calico, kept in motion by two urchins whose bodies were inside that of the whale, and whose feet only touched the floor. The vessel was also a realistic structure, and on the deck, surrounded by the angry sailors, stood the prophet Jonah, personated by the Rev. Pompus Pullitt. The sailors struck the final attitude of the tableau as rehearsed by seizing Jonah by his arms and legs and holding him over the boiling waves. At this moment the stage manager nodded to Bellowby Blowitt for the appropriate music to commence. With a shout and a crash that shook the roof-timbers, choir and orchestra struck up:

"Down went McGinty
To the bottom of the sea."

Oh! how the choir sung! how the cornets blared! how the fiddles twanged and how the drum and the cymbals banged and crashed! Never before had such vim and energy been displayed in the musical history of Plunktown. Of course everybody yelled, including the man who should have let down the curtain, but didn't. Even the sailors roared. There was one exception, however, and that was the prophet Jonah, who shook with such fierce emotion that the sailors found an easy excuse for dropping him right on top of the whale. The whale turned over, and two pairs of small feet were exposed wildly kicking in the air, whilst a wild cry of despair escaped from the throat of the leviathan. Bill Jones, the carter, who was in the audience, excitedly called out: "Blest if the bloomin' whale ain't gone and swallowed a kid. Cut his bloomin' blubber out, Jonah!"

Those beneath the green cloth were in a great state of consternation, for Jonah, who was by no means a light man, fell first over one and then over another in his vain efforts to re-assume a standing position. Then did the wild waves rise up on their hind legs and lamm the stuffing out of Jonah and the whale.

By this time the choir had reached the end of "McGinty," and a peaceful holy calm reigned over them, and after a moment's pause two voices of beautiful child-like purity commenced unexpectedly to sing, "What are the wild waves saying?"

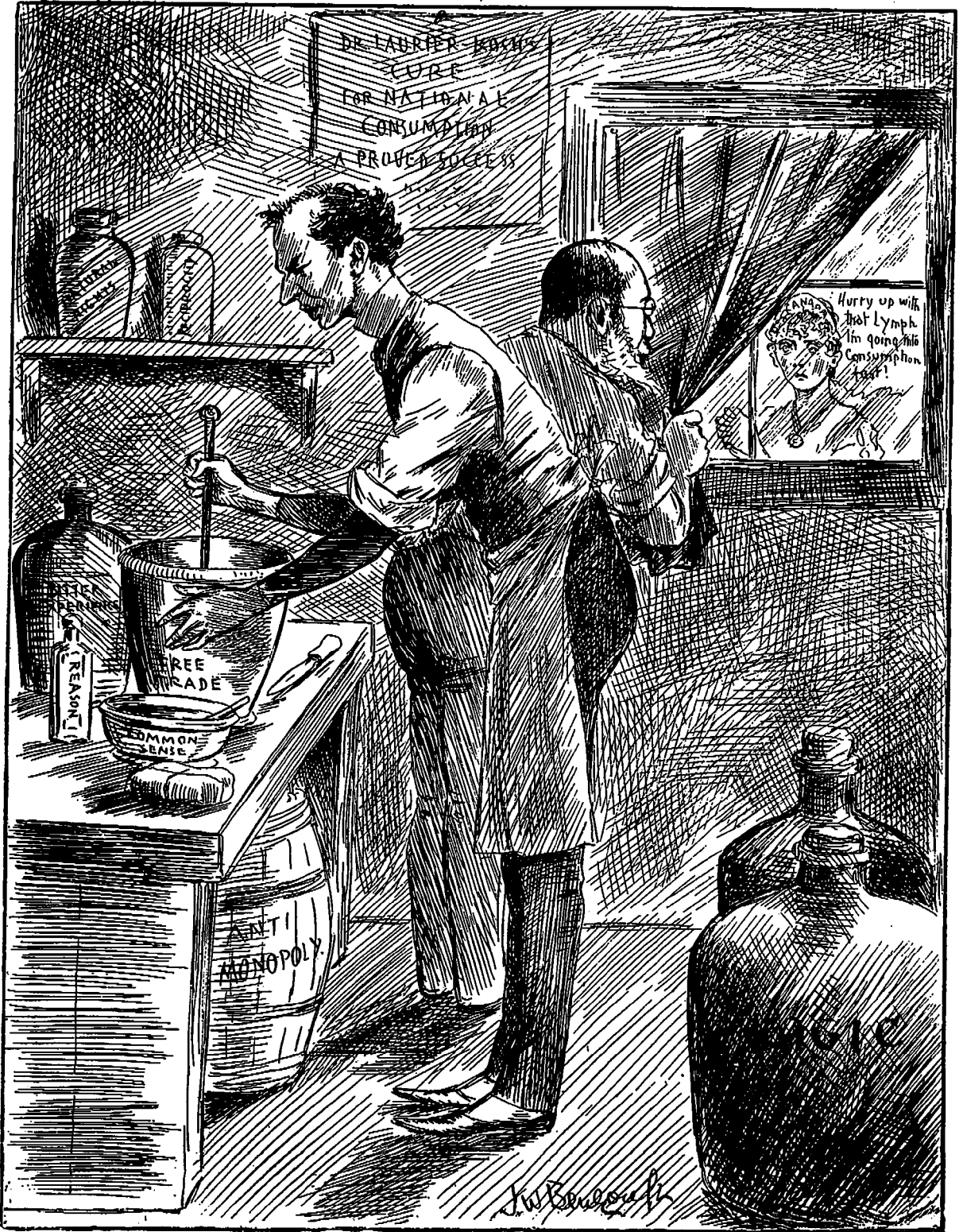
Bellowby Blowitt expressed himself as delighted with the way things went—nevertheless he has not yet been asked to withdraw his resignation.

SNIGGLESBY GODFREY.

OUR KITTEN.

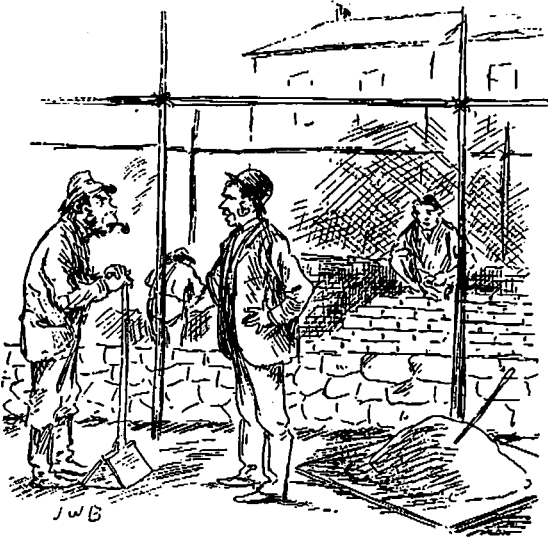
FUN quintessential,
Merriment condensed,
Mirth-moving little cuss,
Although 'gainst cats incensed
In general, yet I must
Draw the line at thee
Implet of jollity,
Didst thou but know of missiles rude
Thy ma and pa have felt,
That hurtled thro' the midnight air,
With many a furious pelt,
Thou'dst pause amid thy gambols,
Ask why so harshly dealt
Inhuman fiends with parents thine
Just forming musical combine?
Enjoy thy sports, thou feline sprite,
Investigate maternal tail,
Then chase thine own circuitous
In swift gyrations sure to fail.
Ere many months thou'lt swiftly skoot
Around the barn or up some tree
To avoid the castaway old boot
Hurled revengful at thy love and thee.

REUB RIXBY.



THE POLITICAL DR. KOCH

OR, MISS CANADA ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR THE LIFE-SAVING LYMPH.



EFFECTS OF A "HIGH" TARIFF.

FOREMAN—"Ten minutes late again this morning, Foley. It's been so every day for two weeks. What have you got to say for yourself?"

FOLEY—"It's the McKinley Bill, yer honor. I've since it kem in force, prices has got that hoigh, I've had to move up about tin floors in the tinimint, an' it's comin' down the shtairs in the mornin' makes me late, sor, so it is."

AN INQUEST ACCORDING TO LAW.

THE daily papers, in their otherwise exhaustive accounts of a recent execution, made merely formal mention of the inquest upon the body. It has been left for GRIP to publish a more detailed account of that important formality.

The jury, after viewing the body, assembled to listen to the evidence in the case, the examination of witnesses being conducted by the coroner.

Mr. Thos. Olde, night guard, was the first witness. He identified the body as that of a former prisoner o. the jail. There could be no possible mistake about this as he had known deceased intimately for several weeks past.

Mr. George Sherry was next called. He said he was sheriff of the county, and had been personally acquainted with the prisoner referred to. He fully believed the remains to be those of said prisoner. He recognized the clothing, and felt positive also about the body itself, which resembled the young man in question in every particular.

Mr. John Hammerin was the next witness. Was governor of the jail alluded to. Had known the prisoner in question for some time. Knew him quite well. Believed the body to be his. There was no doubt in his own mind as to the identity of the body. The fact of its being found in the jail yard went to strengthen this belief, as said prisoner had for some time been constantly about the jail premises, awaiting execution in accordance with the sentence of the court.

Jenkinson Fly, a reporter from Toronto, testified that he had seen a man answering to the description of deceased suspended from a gallows in the yard of the jail that morning. Had examined the body carefully, and felt quite sure it was the same as the one he had seen.

Dr. Bedroome, medical expert, was then called. Had made a *post mortem* examination and found marks

which would go to corroborate the evidence of the last witness. He had no hesitation in saying that if deceased had been suspended by the neck his death had been caused by such suspension. He cited medical authorities in support of this opinion.

Thomas Rats, club steward and public executioner, testified that in his opinion the body was that of the convict mentioned by Mr. Olde. Had known deceased but a short time. Had seen him alive that morning. Had himself placed a rope around the neck of deceased, and then released a weight of 350 pounds, which suddenly lifted deceased from the ground. Thought this had been the immediate cause of death, but in these days of legal uncertainty could not, of course, be sure.

Other witnesses gave evidence to the same effect, and the coroner summed up. He cautioned the jury against rashly coming to a conclusion without carefully weighing the testimony.

The jury, after a long and earnest consultation together, rendered a verdict that, in their opinion, deceased had come to his death by being suspended from a gallows, and that the blame, if any, attaches o the law of the land.

WHAT THEY THINK OF IT IN QUEBEC.

COCHONVERT—"Que pensez vous donc de la nomination par le parti Conservateur de North Victoria pour les Communes?"

GOBEMOUCHE—"Eh bien! Il me semble que le parti *s'amuse* (Sam Hughes)."

FIEND-DISH.

BROWNSON—"This faith cure racket is a funny business, ain't it? They say that all disease comes rom the devil attacking some section of your anatomy."

SAMJONES—"Shouldn't wonder. I've known dyspepsia brought on by devilled kidneys."



MEANT NO HARM.

THE PROFESSOR—"What paper, Patrick, is that you're lighting the fire with. Did you take it from my writing desk?"

IRISH SERVANT—"Sure an' Oi did, yer honor, an' it's all right. Twas only thim what was wrote on, sorra; not one o' the nice clean sheets have Oi tuk at all, at all!"



* THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

I'm not a common merchant, understand,
My establishment 's the finest in the land ;
I go in for advertising
In a manner so surprising
That my rivals are surmising
I am far too enterprising ;
But my motto 's " When you do it—do it grand ! "

Competition we emphatic'ly defy,
For at half the reg'lar rates we always buy ;
At the slaughtering of prices,
And profits cut in slices,
And the Bargain Day devices,
And the various artifices,
We beat 'em all, but never, never lie !

TO A STOVE-PIPE.

OFt have I marvelled musing in my mind
At cussedness of things inanimate,
For which no sort of reason could I find
Beyond the blind decrees of envious fate.
The pen which will not write—the stubborn lock
Which will not ope to the accustomed key,
Knives self-concealed the seekers' quest to mock,
But, stove-pipe, all must yield the palm to thee.
Oh had I language faintly to express
The wrath dire, deep and damning which I feel,
Oh for some cuss-words fraught with awfulness
Whose blasting force might make the planets reel !
The pipe is out of joint—Oh cursed spite—
I'll have to hire a man to set it right !

AT THE CERCLE PARISIEN.

THE announcement of the opening of the *Cercle Parisien* as a means of promoting conversational fluency in French was received with a good deal of enthusiasm by Mr. Percy Chepstow, who prided himself upon his intimate knowledge of that tongue. Percy had "learned French" as it is taught at school, and knew enough of it to pick the meaning out of a novel of Paul de Kock or Zola. He had acquired a few French phrases with which he was in the habit of interlarding his conversation, on the head of which he passed for an accomplished French scholar. Glad of the opportunity to show off his

linguistic acquirements, he applied for admission to the *Cercle*, and was duly constituted a member.

On arriving at the rooms, he found a number of his acquaintances there and conversation in full blast. Somewhat to his surprise he could not understand more than a word here and there. But concluding that some highly abstruse scientific or metaphysical question must be under discussion, he resolved to make a break on his own account at the first chance.

He had not long to wait. Noticing Miss Wilgram, a somewhat lively old maid, and her friend Mrs. McCrawley a little apart from the others, he bravely opened the talk as follows :

"Bon soir, mesdames. Je suis ravi pour vous trouver ici."

He had spent a minute or two in carefully preparing this sentence, and got it off in good shape.

"Ah, Mons. Chepstow," replied Miss Wilgram. "Comment vous portez vous ?"

"Tres bon—that is, excuse me—I mean tres bien," said Chepstow nervously relapsing into English, at which the ladies smiled.

"En Francais—toujours en Francais, vous savez," replied Mrs. McCrawley.

"Oui—certainment," said Chepstow, pulling himself together. "Ma foi, je le parle facilement. C'est une—c'est une—une—grande langue ne'st ce pas ?"

"Oui," replied Wilgram.

("I'm getting along famously," thought Chepstow.)

"Ces't tres interesant. Ces reunions ici rappelle les causeries charmant de les salons Parisien. Ah ! quelle esprit ! Quelle grace ! Quelle savoir vivre ! Mais ici —la vie est triste."

Miss Wilgram had never been in Paris in her life, and her French experience had been acquired by boarding for a few months in a French-Canadian family in Montreal.

"Er—oui—oui ! Je—le—pense —aussi," drawled Chepstow hesitatingly, without having the remotest idea of what he was assenting to.

Then ensued a long and painful pause in the conversation.

Suddenly Miss Wilgram asked : "Est ce que vous allez faire une voyage que vous venez ici perfectionner vous-meme dans la belle langue ?"

This lengthy sentence completely took poor Chepstow aback. He was afraid to answer "Oui" at a venture lest he should completely give himself away. Finally he stammered out :

"Pardon, Miss—Mademoiselle—dites moi—encore—et dites slow—trop tard !"

Hardly able to keep her countenance, the lady repeated the question word by word, but the unfortunate fellow was as much at sea as ever. He rose in desperation and glanced at his watch.

"Excusez moi mesdames. Je vais—jai un—un—important engagement which I had unfortunately quite overlooked. I must leave you. Je reviendrai—peut-etre—encore—adieu."

And he rushed hastily from the room and into the street.

"Confound the French language !" he muttered to himself. "How in thunder can any white man learn to speak such wretched gibberish ? It's a relic of barbarism. 'Pon my soul, I'll join the Equal Righters and go in for abolishing it altogether."

And next day the secretary of the *Cercle Parisien* received Mr. Chepstow's resignation, "owing to a pressure of business engagements."



THE TRIUMPH OF THE POPULAR TENOR.

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

GRIP styles itself "An Independent Journal of Humor and Caricature." It is that and more. It is a distinct and powerful moral agency. Canada is to be congratulated on having such a paper. GRIP is sound on the liquor question.—*Canadian Evangelist.*

CATARH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 months. Our Medicated Air treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

WHY suffer the torments and evils of Indigestion when Burdock Blood Bitters will regulate and tone the digestive organs and cure the worst case of Dyspepsia?

Hon. Jno. G. Gooderich, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes in terms of highest praise regarding Burdock Blood Bitters as a medicine used for two years in his family with good results.

GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP's celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send *now*.

Now is the time when chapped hands and lips are prevalent. Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is a positive cure. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

ALL the glands are secreting organs of which the Liver is the largest. Regulate the glandular secretions and open the clogged channels of circulation with Burdock Blood Bitters.

W. J. Tucker, Manitowaning, says: "Burdock Blood Bitters is a boon to the afflicted, and gives great satisfaction to all who use it. It regulates the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, 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, Asthama and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe 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, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CONSTIPATION, Indigestion, Bilioussness, all depend on improper or irregular action of the Liver. Arouse the Liver to a healthy action by taking Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Joseph Johnson, Pittsburg, Pa., suffered for years from Dyspepsia—used Burdock Blood Bitters, which cured her. She says she now feels "splendid."

AN unreserved auction sale of high-class pictures every Saturday night at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge Street. Sale begins at eight o'clock.

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.

SOFT white hands. Every lady can have soft white hands by using Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

ASSOCIATION HALL is going to be crowded on Friday evening of this week with an audience representative of the intelligence and influence of the Queen City. Mr. Bengough's programme will, no doubt, afford an evening of the most enjoyable sort. Some good seats are still available at Nordheimer's.

THE twelfth issue of *Grip's Comic Almanac* is just out and is fully equal, if not superior, to any of its predecessors in point of humorous illustrations and mirth-provoking reading matter. Mr. Bengough's inimitable pencil has lost none of its cunning, and the sketches and funny paragraphs are among the best things of the kind ever issued from the Canadian press. The calendar of remarkable events—including the future as well as the past—provokes much laughter. *Grip's Almanac* is sold by all dealers for the low price of ten cents.—*Newmarket Era*.

THERE are few influences more detrimental to health than a Constipated State of the Bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters speedily cure Constipation.

Mr. Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, says that one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters did him more good for a bad case of Salt Rheum than \$500 worth of other medicine.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, DENTIST,

325 COLLEGE ST. near Spadina, - TORONTO
Telephone 2278.

ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

The best and most economical "stock" for Soups, Sauces, Beef Tea, Etc.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.

American Fair,

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 2033.

Bargain Sale for 10 days. A few prices: Royal Canadian. Wringer, warranted fully best make white rubber rollers, \$2.99, worth \$4.50; those beautiful red chairs, 21c., worth 40c.; school bags 24c., worth 40c., and 29c., worth 50c.; handled dish-cloths 5c, worth 10c.; ash sifters 14c., worth 20c.; framed looking-glasses 2c., worth 5c.

Toilet paper, wrapped 8c., worth 15c. Books, books! Boys' Own Annual \$1.61; Boys' Own Book 74c.; Chatterbox 74c.; Gulliver's Travels 74c.; Marian Harlan's Cook Book, the best work in use 39c.; a beautiful series of illustrated books at uniform price 10c.: the Elsie Books and the Pansy Books, beautifully bound 24c. each; a splendid edition of Revised New Testament 39c., publishers' price was \$1.50; Scott's complete works, well bound, 12 volumes, \$5.98; new designs, beautiful patterns, in window shades and blinds 59c., complete with best spring rollers and pull or tassel. Space is up. Come and see us.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO



HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS

ALL HEADACHE!
They are not dangerous
stead to cure every-
thing, but simply head-
aches. Try them, 48
will cost but 25 cents
for a box and they are
harmless.
They are not a Cathartic.

TAR & TOLU

ASTHMA
BRONCHITIS
HOARSENESS

FOR
COUGHS
AND

PNEUMONIA
WHOOING
COUGH,

25
CENTS

COLDS

25
CENTS



PROVIDENT LIFE AND LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION (Incorporated).

Home Office, 43 Queen St. E., Toronto, Can.

In the Life Department this Association provides indemnity for sickness and accident, and substantial assistance to the relatives of deceased members at terms available to all. In the Live Stock Department, two-thirds indemnity for loss of Live Stock to its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid etc.

WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Palatable as Milk.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere."—Henry VI. 414 v. 1.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon. Gold Medallist in Practical Dentistry R.C.D.S
Office: N. E. Cor. Yonge and Bloor,
Over Lander's Drug Store. TORONTO.

W. H. FERGUSON, Carpenter,
81 Bay St., corner Melinda, Toronto,
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Printers and Engravers' Jobbing a Specialty.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Wine Marks (Naevi)—Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis. **DR. FOSTER, Electrician,** Yonge Street Market.

JUST THE THING.

Comfortable.

DURABLE.



Ladies, this cut represents our "Oxford Tie." Perfect in Fit, and the Latest Style.

87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto.

New Tailor System of Dresscutting.



SQUARE MEASUREMENT.

(Late Prof. Moody's.)

The leading system of the day. Drafts direct on the material. Easy to learn. **J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dress and Mantle Makers.**

379 Yonge St., Toronto.

Agents wanted.



Registered Trade Mark.

We are ready for you to select your holiday

GIFTS

From our complete stock of **SLIPPERS.**

WM. WEST & CO.
246 YONGE ST.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR instantaneously, easily, quickly and safely removed with **CAPILLERINE**, and the growth permanently destroyed without the slightest injury or discoloration to the most delicate skin. Discovered by accident. Every bottle is guaranteed by the **CAPILLERINE Mfg. Co.** to be genuine. Mailed free to any part of Canada, United States and Mexico on receipt of \$1.55, or P.O. Money Order. For sale only by our agent. **TRANCE ARMARD, Perfumer and Hair-Dresser,** 407 Yonge St., 4c7, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Telephone 2498.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE WESTWOOD, 403 SPADINA AVENUE, Canadian Florist-Weddings and Funerals a Specialty.

COAL AND WOOD.



CONGER COAL COMPANY.

Main Office—6 King Street East.

TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, Etc.
Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

O. C. POMEROY,

The White Store, 49 King Street West.

AN

Efficient

STAFF OF

TRAINED

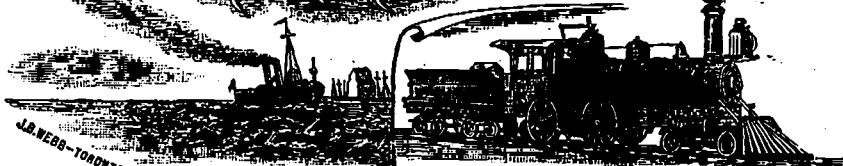
Inspectors.

Prevention of

Accident

Our Chief Aim.

THE BOILER INSPECTION and Insurance Company of Canada.



CONSULTING ENGINEERS.

G.C. ROBB, Chief Engineer. A. FRASER, Secy. Treas.

HEAD OFFICE, 2 TORONTO ST.

TORONTO.

SIR ALEX. CAMPBELL, K.C.M.G. PRES.
(Lieut. Govr. of Ontario)

JOHN L. BLAIKIE ESQ. VICE PRES.

THE

ONLY

Canadian

BOILER

Insurance

COMPANY

LICENSED

MISS YEALS'
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Young Ladies.

50 and 52 PETER ST., TORONTO.

Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Science, Literature and Elocution.

Pupils studying French and German converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes.

CANDY.

Send 50c., 75c., or \$1.00 for 1 lb., 2 lb., or 3 lb. box of best Candy to be had in Canada. Suitable for presents. EXPRESS CHARGES PAID.

CANDY.

Purity guaranteed and prompt delivery. Sample orders solicited.

H. Fysh & Co., Confectioners, LONDON, ONT.



* THE *
YOST

WRITING MACHINE.

(Latest production of G. W. N. Yost, the inventor of the "Remington" and "Caligraph" machines.)

PROOF OF SUPERIORITY.

The sale of the Yost now exceeds that of any other machine.

Challenges the world for speed. Fast work does not impair its beautiful work.

Type-arms tested to last over 30 years. No ribbons, shifts, spiral springs or safety pins. Portable, Noiseless, Perfect. Machines sent on approbation. Operators supplied.

GENERAL AGENTS

NEWSOME & CO.
46 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

Law and Commercial Stationers, Lithographers, etc., Writing Machine Papers and General Supplies.

A NICE XMAS PRESENT.

I will give a new, latest improved, No. 2 Remington Standard Typewriter inlaid with pearl to any person furnishing proof that the inventors of the Remington have since placed any other machine on the market. The superiority of the Remington over all others is attested by the fact that we are manufacturing

OVER 100 MACHINES PER DAY.

GEORGE BENGOUGH,
4 Adelaide Street West, - Toronto.



A HOME STRETCH.

PATENTS

Obtained in Canada, United States, Great Britain and all Foreign Countries. Advice on Patent Laws. Information on Patents given on application.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.,

Solicitors of Patents,

Canadian Bank of Commerce Building.
(and floor.) TORONTO.

PATENTS

Procured in Canada, England, United States, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium and in all other countries of the world.

Full information furnished.

DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.

Solicitors of Patents, 22 King St. East, Toronto.

PATENTS

W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

N.B.—Personally responsible, no fictitious "& Co."

Morse's Persian Bouquet

AND HELIOTROPE SOAPS,

Highly Perfumed, Lasting and Healing.



W. H. STONE, Always open.
UNDERTAKER,

Telephone 932. | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

Results Are What Tell

The UNIVERSAL

CHICAGO, Sept. 12th.
180 Words 1 Minute.

HAMMOND

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 1st.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Elliott Cresson, Gold Medal.

HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
45 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

QUEBEC AGENCY:

T. W. NESS, 644 Craig St., Montreal.



Every Sewing Machine bears this cut.



CURLINE

Dorenwend's Latest Invention for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair. Reason why ladies should use **CURLINE**: It is simple in application. It retains its influence for a great length of time. It adds lustre, life and beauty to the hair. It avoids excessive use of irons, etc. It is inexpensive. It is entirely free from harmful properties. It saves time and trouble. It is neither gummy nor sticky. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cts. each, or six for \$2.50. By mail, 8 cts. each extra. Manufactured only by

A. DORENWEND, 103-105 Yonge St., Toronto.



CAMERAS

For Christmas.

We have a splendid 4 x 5 outfit now with all materials necessary for a finished picture for \$7.50. Catalogue free.

J. G. Ramsey & Co.
89 BAY STREET, - TORONTO

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Cure** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to **Cure** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy**. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 188 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**



DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE

Best Tailor System of Cutting. Waist Linings cut for 25 cents. Ordered Corsets—perfect fit guaranteed.

MISS CHUBB,
426 1/2 Yonge St., just below College.
Adjustable Wire Dress Forms.

DEAFNESS!
ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

DR. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N.Y.



J. W. L. FORSTER.

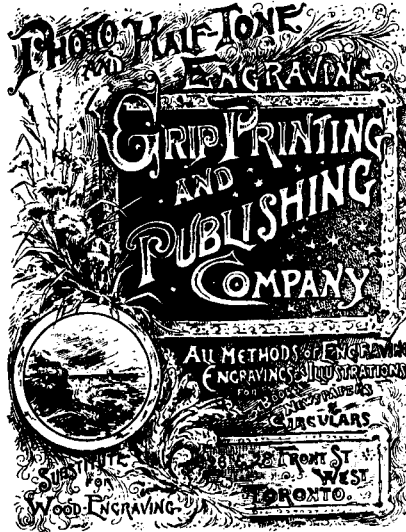
Pupil of Mons. Bogueureau.
Portraits a Specialty.

STUDIO—87 King Street East, Toronto.

MR. HAMILTON MACCARTHY, R.C.A.,
SCULPTOR, formerly of London, England,
Under Royal European Patronage. Portrait-Busts,
Statuettes and Monuments. Bronze, Marble, Terra
Cotta Studio, New Buildings, Lombard St., Toronto.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY,
ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTOR
In Stone and Wood.
38 YONGE ST. ARCADE.

J. L. JONES
Mechanical & General
WOOD ENGRAVING
10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.



The ALE and STOUT
of JOHN LABATT, LONDON.
is undoubtedly the BEST.
TRY IT

JAMES GOOD & CO.
Agents, Toronto.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.

Examinations, Oral or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 237 McCaul Street, Toronto.

TO MANUFACTURERS.

LARDINE OIL.

The famous heavy-bodied oil for all machinery. Made only by

MCCOLL BROS. & CO. TORONTO.

Those who Use it Once Use it Always.

MCCOLL'S RENOWNED CYLINDER OIL

Has few if any equals in America for engine cylinders. The finest lubricating, harness tanners' oil. **Ask for Lardine.**

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. P. SLOCUM, M.D., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

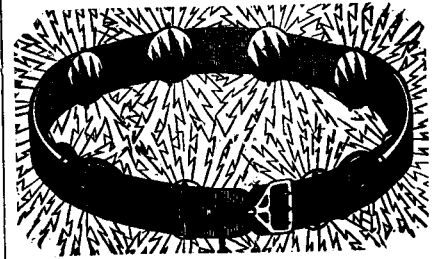
No More Rheumatism

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT
And Appliance Co.

HEAD OFFICE, CHICAGO.

Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a cash Capital of \$50,000.00.

PATENTED IN CANADA, DECEMBER, 1877.
PATENTED IN U.S., JUNE, 1877.



71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

C. C. PATTERSON, Mgr. for Canada.

Electricity as Applied by The Owen Electric Belt and Appliances

Is now recognized as the greatest boon offered to suffering humanity. IT HAS, DOES AND WILL effect cures in seemingly hopeless cases where every other known means has failed. By its steady, soothing current, that is easily felt, it will cure:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Rheumatism, | Liver Complaint, |
| Sciatica. | Female Complaints, |
| Spinal Diseases, | Impotency, |
| General Debility. | Constipation, |
| Neuralgia, | Kidney Disease, |
| Lumbago, | Varicocele, |
| Nervous Complaints, | Sexual Exhaustion, |
| Spermatorrhœa, | Epilepsy or Fits, |
| Dyspepsia, | Urinary Diseases, |
| | Lame Back. |

We Challenge the World

To show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we would on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. Ordinary belts are not so.

Beware of Imitations and Cheap Belts.

We desire to warn the public against purchasing worthless imitations of the Genuine Owen Electric Belt that has stood the test of years and has a continental reputation. The portrait of Dr. A. Owen is embossed in gold upon every Belt and Appliance manufactured by us. None genuine without it.

Geo. C. Pitzer, M.D.

Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the American Medical College, St. Louis, author of "Electricity in Medicine and Surgery," says:—

"St. Louis, Mo., June 10, 1886.

"I take pleasure in stating that I have examined and tested Dr. Owen's Electro-Galvanic Belt and Appliance, and do not hesitate to say that it is the most practical and efficient of all the galvanic belts I have used in my practice.

"Geo. C. Pitzer, M.D., 1110 Chambers St."

Dr. Pitzer is considered the best authority we have in the world on electricity.

Send 6c. for Illustrated Catalogue or Information, Testimonials, etc.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.

71 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Mention this paper.