

# \* GRIP \*

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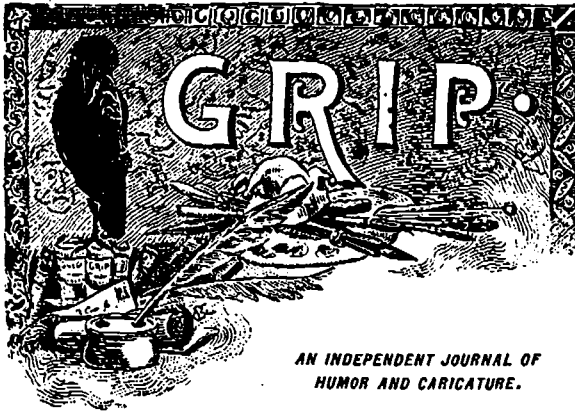
TORONTO, MAY 31, 1890.

No. 22.  
Whole No. 886.



## VINDICATED (P)

RYKERT.—“Come to my arms, my dear! See, I am vindicated—these hands are clean!!”  
 CANADA.—“Be off! This doesn't alter the stubborn facts!”



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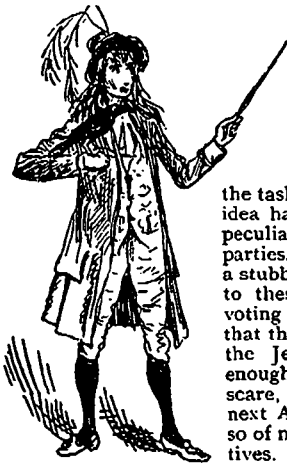
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Artist and Editor . . . . . J. W. BENGOUGH.  
 Associate Editor . . . . . PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Comments on the Cartoons.



**THE DOCTORED PARTY FLAGS.**—While the Party speakers and journals are doing their best to belittle the Equal Rights movement, they take good care not to appear to combat the principle underlying it. On the contrary, time and talent are being exclusively devoted to the task of proving that the Equal Rights idea has always been and now is the peculiar property of each of the old parties. The record of each is, however, a stubborn fact which gives a rude denial to these pretensions. As the day of voting approaches, the signs multiply that the movement which originated in the Jesuit Bill debate is formidable enough to give the politicians a thorough scare, and the probability is that the next Assembly will contain a dozen or so of members elected as its representatives. Whether Mr. Mowat and Mr. Meredith have in the past been as sound

on Equal Rights as they now claim, it is pretty certain that they will be on their good behavior in the future, whichever of them may be at the head of affairs.

**RYKERT VINDICATED.**—Rather than vote for a Grit a majority of the electors of Lincoln have deliberately chosen to disgrace themselves in the eyes of the country by re-electing J. C. Rykert. This eclipses anything in our annals as an illustration of the extent to which partyism can debase the character of individuals and communities. The responsibility for the re-election of this convicted boodler must be shared, however, by the Reformers, who persisted in putting up a candidate and

refused to join in the election of a decent Conservative; and by Sir John Macdonald, who could have secured the defeat of Rykert by simply indicating that such was his will. Indeed, in our view, Sir John is the most blameworthy of all, for the gain of an additional seat by the Opposition could have no practical effect on his Government, notwithstanding which he virtually chose to re-install Rykert as a member of the House, and thus proved himself as base a partizan as the meanest of Rykert's Lincoln henchmen. Canada is not reconciled by this alleged vindication, and it is now in order to have the new coal-lands scandal, in which the hon. gentleman figures, investigated.

GRIP BALLOT CONTEST—THE DECISION.

Is the Mowat Government worthy of a renewal of public confidence?

The seven weeks' voting on the above question closed on receipt of the noon mail on Monday, May 26th. The ballots were duly counted by Messrs. R. S. Baird and Geo. F. Bostwick, whose certificate is appended.

We certify that we have counted the ballots handed over to us by Mr. Bengough and find the result as follows:

Total number of ballots sent in.....	955
Spoiled ballots.....	9
Number voting "Yes".....	571
Number voting "No".....	375
Majority in favor of the Government.....	196

Signed R. S. BAIRD,  
 GEO. F. BOSTWICK.

THE SUCCESSFUL GUESSER.

The fifty dollar cash prize, for the nearest guess of the total number of ballots that would be sent in, is hereby divided between S. D. Shorey, of Montreal, (who guessed 956) and James Langskill, 60 Gerrard St., Toronto, (954), the winning number being 955.

Sgd. T. G. WILSON, Mgr. Grip Co.



**RULY**, if on some future field of battle Col. G. T. Denison acts with anything like the coolness and composure which mark his present attitude toward the city authorities, he will prove himself a great soldier. For performing the duties of Police Magistrate of Toronto (a job which means about three hours' work per day), the gallant Colonel gets \$4,000 per year, with an assistant J.P., who is paid out of the civic treasury \$750

per year. This assistant was appointed at the Colonel's earnest request, so that he might, if possible, avoid being killed with overwork. The assistant is no sooner in office than the P.M. calmly leaves on a holiday trip to Europe, without asking the permission of his employers, his absence involving an estimated additional cost of \$70 per day. A finer exhibition of what is vulgarly called gall we cannot call to mind. It must have been a Bailie of the Denisonian pattern who, on being accosted with "Ay, man, it's a fine day," drew himself up and replied witheringly: "I'm no a man, I'm a magistrate!"

\* \* \*

**THE** well-known tendency of great minds to think alike is shown by the following paragraph which appeared in Mr. Labouchere's *Truth*, and embodies the same idea as GRIP's cartoon on the subject last week:

"Punch should, I think, have hesitated before chaffing the Prussian Black Eagle for swooping down on Africa, considering the insatiable voracity of the British Lion in grabbing territory



### PAN-OLY OF FASHION.

"Hats stand straight up from the back of the head like frying-pans upheld by the handle. The effect is curious."

Our Simple Young Man wants to know why the big pots don't adopt cooking utensils outright.—F. P. . . .

wherever it is to be found unappropriated in every part of the world. England is certainly the last nation which can reasonably complain of this latest manifestation of German 'enterprise.'"

\* \* \*

WHILE the war-cry of "Equal Rights" fills the air in connection with the school question, the most important of all—the equal right of all men to the land—ought not to be overlooked. The Single Tax Association, with commendable persistence, has addressed to each candidate for legislative honors a list of questions bearing on the subject, and asking their support for measures looking to the assessment for purposes of taxation of land values only and the reservation for the public of the rental value of mining lands. Now, if all who believe in the supreme importance of the land question will only press the issue home upon candidates, and be guided in their choice by the answers which the nominees return to these enquiries, the cause will make a very material step in advance. In these days no movement which seeks to accomplish its aims by legislation can amount to much, unless there are votes behind it.

\* \* \*

THE Woman's Enfranchisement Association of Canada hold their Convention in Toronto on June 12th and 13th, when Rev. Annie Shaw and many distinguished speakers from the United States will be present. So far the experiment of admitting women to the franchise in municipal matters has not been attended by any such dire evils as Prof. Goldwin Smith and other pessimists of his kidney have predicted. In fact, the result has been a marked improvement in the manner of conducting our municipal elections. GRIP hopes that the ladies will soon obtain access to the Parliamentary ballot box. The only argument against it of any force is that there are too many old women in political life already—the Dominion Senate, for instance. Don't imagine, though, for a moment, that we would be mean enough to libel the Enfranchisement Association by the insinuation that any of its members are old.

\* \* \*

WHEN Ald. Boustead has a few minutes to spare, we would all be interested in hearing him explain what he means by trying to block the Summer Carnival.

### FRAE JOHN CALDER,

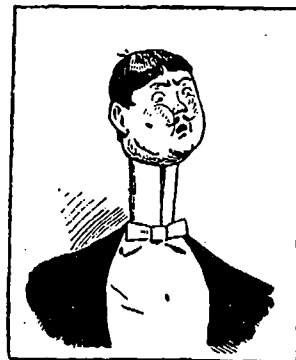
MERCHANT TAILOR.

NAE doobt ye'll be glaid to hear frae me again, an' I can tell ye that mony a time whan ayont the saut sea I thoct aboot ye. Noo that I'm hame again, hoo-soomever, I'll gie ye a bit pinter noo an' than as I come intil contact wi' my influential customers, an' they're no few. Ye min' that letter I sent ye a wee while afore I gaed hame to the "Lan' o' the heather an' the broom," "The lan' o' ilka lan' the pride," "The lan' o' cakes," "The lan' o' sang," the lan' o' patriots, the lan' o' mechanics, an' eddication, an' poets, an' ship building, an' brains, an', abunc a', o' releegion. I'm sayin', ye min' that letter whaur I spak o' my intercourse wi' the Hon. O. Mowat, giein' ye a hint that the elections wad come on in Junc. Noo, ye see what has happened. Was I no' richt? I'm thinkin' ye'll tak' tent o' what I prognosticate, sae to speak, aifter this. I kent the vera day that was appintit, but, as a maitter o' course, it wad never dae to let oot State secrets.

I haena had muckle time to gang roon amang heigh politeecians since I cam' hame, on account o' the wark connectit wi' my enormous importations o' the best Scotch tweeds an' braidclaiiths that e'er cam' into Toronto, an' that I inten' to mak' up in the maist shuperior style for cash at laigh feegures—but for cash, min', as I was sayin'—hoosomever, I had a crack wi' ane the day afore yesterday that kens a' the wec an' big wheels o' the machine better nor ony body else o' my acquaintance, an' says I till him, "D'ye think Mowat 'll gang oot this time?" an' as near as I can min' what he said was this—"Nac doobt there's a guid deal o' dissatisfaction wi' some, but on the ither han' a hantle o' the population 's weel pleased, an' I'll no' say they're no' i' the majority, an' gin this be the case, Mowat an' his friens, that is to say, Oor pairty, 'll come back as croose as ever." Noo, this is the deeleberate opecnion o' a man that kens what he says, an' in a week or twa, at the maist, it'll be seen ance mair hoo muckle reliance can be placed on what I volunteer to gie GRIP.

Man, but it's an awfu' responsible thing to be a Scotsman. I couldna realize this till I was ower the sea this last time. This is on accoont o' sae muckle mair bein' expecktit frae ane on that accoont, than gin he's naething but a common Englishman, or German, or Rooshian, or even a Yankee. Some day I'll tak' up the philosophy o' this, but no' the noo. Yours truly, JOHN CALDER.

P.S.—The photo I san' ye to copy was taen in Edinboro'.



### A GEM FROM SHAKESPEARE.

"Scarce can I speak, my cholera is so great!"—Henry VI.

—Munsey's Weekly.

## MUSICAL TORONTO—Part II.

HARRY M. BLIGHT,  
Baritone.

OUR church choirs, as schools for the study of sacred music, should not be overlooked in a summing up of Toronto's musical equipment; nor would it be right to ignore such midway organizations as the University and Knox College Glee Clubs. We have fairly good choirs in many of the churches, and a few really excellent ones. The Metropolitan, under the leadership of Mr. Torrington, stands well to the front, the magnificent organ which "backs" it—and is played in such a masterly manner—giving it an advantage over most of its rivals. The

choir of St. James' Cathedral is now conducted by Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, whose management is being attended with gratifying results. It is whispered abroad that these choristers are shortly to be supplanted—young ladies and all. This will look sweetly pretty, and will delight the hearts of old-fashioned Protestants, of course, but it will probably have little effect upon the music. One of the best known choirs is that of the Church of the Redeemer. It consists of some forty voices, and is noted for its refined and artistic phras-

FRED WARRINGTON,  
Baritone.

ing. Mr. E. W. Schuch, the choirmaster, recently conducted his twenty-first monthly "Service of Praise" at this church before the customary crowded audience. These monthly services have attained remarkable popularity, as on each occasion the choir is assisted by soloists of more or less distinction from the ranks of our local singers and organists. Carleton Street Methodist church has a choir which, though comparatively small, has no reason to fear comparison with any of its neighbors. The conductor and organist is Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge. Mr. Fred Warrington conducts

E. T. COATES,  
Basso.

the choir of the Sherbourne Street Methodist church, and Mr. Harry M. Blight that of Elm Street. The musical service at both these churches is uniformly good. At the Jarvis Street Baptist church Mr. A. S. Vogt superintends the music and conducts a choir of which the denomination is proud.

The Musical Festival which was given in the summer of '86, (and which proved a brilliant success, both artistically and financially) was the culmination up to that date of the work done in our church choirs and societies. We have made progress since then, which assures a still greater success for the forthcoming festival.

In the matter of solo singers Musical Toronto possesses an "array of talent" worthy of the most respectful consideration. Among our sopranos is Mrs. Caldwell, who possesses a voice which may be called unique. Probably no other singer in America can render a pathetic ballad with such melting effect; while in music of a florid description she is, if possible, still more wonderful, as those who have

ALEX. GORRIE,  
Tenor.TOM HURST,  
Comique.

heard her sing the "Carnival of Venice," "The Cuckoo Song," or the "Staccato Polka," can bear witness. Mrs. Caldwell's voice is bird-like in quality, and has a phenomenal compass, going up to F with no apparent effort. (No pun here.) Indeed, the ease with which she sings is one of her greatest charms. It will readily be understood that this lady is in great demand for the concert stage, both in Canada and in the principal cities across the lake. Mrs. Thomson, *née* Agnes Corlett, has for several years held a very high place as a soprano. She has a beautiful voice, pure, sweet and sympathetic, and her ballad singing is always charming. We are disposed to think that this is Mrs. Thomson's forte, though of late she has displayed a preference for operatic music. While she has proved her mastery of the technical difficulties, and found scope for the display of vocal ornamentation in this departure, she has, of course, been obliged to sing in a foreign language, which has been a great disadvantage, as her clear enunciation and expression in ballad and sacred music has always been one of the

JAMES FAX,  
Comique.

great attractions of her singing to English audiences. Madame D'Auria is a recent acquisition to Musical Toronto, and a most valued one. She has a voice which may be described as sparkling, while it has a great range and considerable power. This excellent vehicle has been thoroughly cultivated, and Mme. D'Auria never fails to arouse the "encore fiend" in the breast of her audience. Miss Marie C. Strong ranks as our leading contralto. In addition to a full, powerful voice, Miss Strong has the advantage of a fine stage presence. Her recent appearance as *Lady Jane* in the performance of "Pati-

ence" by the Harmony Club will be remembered as one of the greatest successes ever made on the amateur stage in Toronto. Miss Alice Waltz is another notable new comer to our city. This lady, who is now principal soprano at the Central Methodist church, formerly occupied a similar position in Plymouth church, Brooklyn. She has a highly cultured voice of unusual power, and as a concert singer will, no doubt, become as popular here as she was in the city of churches. Miss Nora Hillary, whose mezzo-soprano was always

A. T. CRINGAN,  
Music Master, Public Schools.

welcome upon our concert programmes, has of late been devoting herself to other musical work, chiefly to the training of her Ladies' Choral Club, and may scarcely be ranked among the soloists of the moment. She deserves to be mentioned, however, for the good service she has rendered to concert-lovers in the past. Among our singers of the sterner sex Mr. Harry M. Blight takes high rank as a baritone. His voice is of wide range, with a bright ringing quality, and his enunciation is so clear that the dullest listener can always tell "what he's singing

J. C. ARLIDGE,  
Flute Soloist.SIMS RICHARDS,  
Tenor.T. C. JEFFERS,  
Organist.

about." Mr. Blight is greatly given to the songs of the blue-jackets and the soldier-boys, and few vocalists can do them more justice ; but he has also achieved notable success as an oratorio soloist. In his ballad singing, Mr. B. has the advantage of being assisted by his accomplished wife, who is one of the very best pianists in the city, and a special expert in the difficult art of playing accompaniments. Mr. Fred Warrington is a baritone, whose name upon any programme reads "success." His voice is heavier than Mr. Blight's, and his phrasing and enunciation are in the highest degree artistic. As an oratorio singer Mr. Warrington need not fear comparison with any artist in America, and he sings ballads with remarkable sweetness and expression. Toronto is justly proud of him. The tenor is a rare bird, and we cannot boast of many genuine specimens any more than the average American city. In Mr. Sims Richards, however, we have a *tenore robusto* who has achieved success both at home and abroad by the mere force and quality of his voice. For Sims could never achieve fame by his stage "style," nor the delivery of his words. In these respects he is a little grotesque, but his voice is one of the local wonders. Mr. Alex. Gorrie has a voice of the lighter order, and a very pretty one it is. He sings "Come into the Garden, Maud," and other standard ballads in a way that leaves little to be desired, so far as quality of tone is concerned, and his method is good. Mr. George Taylor, of the Metropolitan choir, is a special *protégé* of Mr. Torrington's. He has a high register and is an excellent reader, but the "throaty" effect of his tones mars the beauty of his work, which is, however, always conscientious and musicianly. Mr. E. T. Coates, albeit far from robust in appearance, is the possessor of a bass voice—or

perhaps we should say a baritone voice with a bass annex to it. He is in constant demand at our amateur concerts, and rarely fails to treat his hearers to that wonderful low note of his in the ballad of "Big Ben." No properly constituted programme for a Toronto concert—however swell—should ignore the comedy element, if complete success is desired. The attempt has sometimes been made, but it is a mistake. Besides, it is not necessary to run any such risk so long as Mr. Tom Hurst is

available as a comique. His quiet drollery and invariable good taste supply the element which is to a serious concert what Crosse & Blackwell condiments are to a solemn dinner. On appropriate occasions, Mr. Hurst appears "in character," and if there is any other really sensible fellow who can for the nonce more completely lay aside his sense, we would much like to have his name and address. And this Tom-foolery, let us say, is really funny—which can not be said of the average attempt at buffoonery. As a rule, however, Mr. Hurst's humor takes the full-dress form, and is expressed in vocal efforts of more or less absurd-ditty. Mr. James Fax makes a regular profession of the comique business, and must have, we should suppose, at least a carload of costumes, wigs and properties. Personally, "Jimmy" is an estimable little gentleman, frank, honest and generous.



Although he is all over the country, and mingling with "jolly fellows" night after night, he is always as sober and respectable as when he is leading the psalmody in the kirk o' a Sawbeth. As a performer he enjoys great popularity with a large class, as his constant engagements attest. His work is not so acceptable to some audiences as Mr. Hurst's—though it cannot be truly said that he ever displays vulgarity in his songs. It is a matter of taste, for which proverbially there is no accounting.



J. W. F. HARRISON,  
Piano and Organ.

The piano and violin are so much in vogue that we are apt to have no keen sense of gratitude for the many excellent, or even the goodly number of first rate performers upon these instruments whom we possess. In the case of less "common" instruments we are more appreciative of our good fortune. This is what makes us so proud of Mr. J. Churchill Arldige as a townsman, for example. This gentleman is a master of the flute, and one of the few artists who are able to convey to a hearer the possibilities of that little instrument. It is a revelation to hear Arldige play. Technical difficulties, yea, the flute itself is forgotten, and we are only conscious of a melody almost impossibly beautiful, elaborately ornamented with variations of more than fairy delicacy. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke is an accomplished performer on the cornet, whose solos are always "a treat."



A. S. VOIGT,  
Organist.



ROBT. MARSHALL,  
West End Orchestra.

Mr. Clarke is young in years, and, with diligent practice (to which in his case the neighbors would not object) he may easily aspire to the position now held by Levy and Liberati. Musical Toronto is represented in the Press by two monthly periodicals, the *Musical Journal*, published by Messrs. Nördheimer and edited by Mrs. Eva Rose York; and the *Musical Herald*, published by Mr. E. T. Coates, and edited by Mr. W. E. Haslam and Mr.

Mitchell (the latter gentleman being a violin soloist recently from the Conservatoire of Brussels, Belgium.) To supply all possible wants in the way of books, sheet music and instruments, we have the retail houses of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer, Messrs. Whaley Royce & Co. Messrs. Suckling & Sons, W. F. Shaw, Thomas Claxton and the Anglo-American Music Association, (Edwin Ashdown, Manager.) Then, to supply the native instruments which these enterprising merchants handle, we have the busy factories of Messrs. Mason & Rische, Heintzman & Co. and the Dominion Organ & Piano Co., though the pianos of celebrated foreign makers, such as Steinway, Chickering, Knabe and Sohmer, each find agencies in the firms named.



I. and G. SUCKLING,  
OF SUCKLING & SONS.

{This sketch is necessarily hasty and imperfect, but it has served its end if it has impressed the reader with the potency and promise of "Musical Toronto."}

THE attention of the people of England, and, in fact, the whole civilized world, is being drawn to the wretched condition of the survivors of the "Charge of the Light Brigade." Many of them are in the workhouse and others in very destitute circumstances. Such is military glory! The veterans are now serving a much more useful purpose than when they charged the Russian batteries. Their fate is an impressive object-lesson to their fellow-countrymen of the folly of enlisting to fight the battles of a thankless and selfish upper class. The

poor man who has no more sense or principle than to hire himself out to do the dirty work of "statesmen," aristocrats and capitalists in killing people with whom he has no quarrel, has no special claim to public sympathy on that account.

MOTHS.

(A Comedy.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CONSTANCE DITH, daughter of a wealthy broker.  
MARGARET RUSSEL, her cousin.  
ALFRED HUDSON, a young practitioner.  
WILLIAM SCOT, his friend.

SCENE I.—MORNING—A bedroom at Dith's—cheerfulness, freshness and taste prevailing. On the couch to the right Margaret lies back with her hands pressed upon her forehead. The door of the closet in the left wall is ajar. Constance stands on the threshold examining the dress she has just taken down.

CONSTANCE—"Dear, dear, dear! Those abominable, wicked, contemptible, destructive—Oh! have been at my new blue!"

MARGARET—"Moths?"

CON.—"The house is infested. Mamma doesn't seem to care; nothing disturbs her—nothing. They are all over, in spite of the trouble I have taken with them. They're a perfect nightmare, they're actually in the drawing-room carpet. Monsters!"

MARG.—"Is anybody coming to-night?"

CON.—"Yes, dear, Mr. Hudson."

MARG. (raising herself on her elbows energetically)—"I am glad."

CON.—"Why, I would like to know?"

MARG.—"Every person is going out, and my head will be too bad to permit of my coming down-stairs. You will have to see him alone."

CON.—"What nonsense! Why should I see him alone?"

MARG.—"For the simple reason that you never do; that he likes you and you like him; that although you have known him for years you don't know him at all. How much would you and I know of one another

"There is a caterpillar which has a growth of fungus on the top of its head which keeps increasing and increasing while the caterpillar keeps decreasing and decreasing till eventually it disappears and the fungus takes root and becomes a plant."—Wood's *Natural History*.



LET THE GIRLS BEWARE!



## AN UNKIND REFLECTION.

GIRLETTE—"Yes, Tip isn't well just now. You know we have been very careful not to tell him that he isn't thoroughbred for fear of hurting his feelings, and Jack held him up to the glass the other day, and he yawned and saw that his mouth wasn't black inside like it ought to be, and he's been out of sorts ever since."—*Fun.*

if we had never spoken together except in the presence of half-a-dozen people?"

CON.—"Yes, but is it the thing——"

MARG.—"The 'thing' is not a nice expression. That vulgar and immoral—yes, I repeat, immoral—Mrs. Grundy influences you. Are you not a woman? is Mr. Hudson not a man? Would you consume one another if you were left alone?"

CON. (*humming softly*)—"Blue is certainly my color."

MARG.—"Constance, do stop talking! My head!—Oh!"

CON.—"Will you keep still yourself, you absurd girl!"  
[*She leaves the room humming.*]

SCENE II. — EVENING — *William Scot's apartment. Books, papers, pipes and towels in fearful and wonderful array. HUDSON enters quickly.*

HUDSON—"Do I look all right, Bill, about as usual?"

SCOT—"The devil! no. What is the matter with you?"

HUDSON—"I say, do I look as usual?"

SCOT—"And I say no; your appearance is ghastly. Miss Dith will—(*HUDSON turns to go*)—By the way. I think I'll go up there with you to-night."

HUDSON—"No, thanks."

SCOT—"I think I'll go."

HUDSON—"I am going to see Miss Dith alone."

SCOT—(*portentiously*)—"My friend, be advised by me. Go straight to the point. Don't be excited or nervous, don't——"

[*HUDSON goes, banging the door.*]

SCENE III.—SAME EVENING, (*later*)—*The drawing-room at Dith's. The curtains drawn. The soft light of the piano lamp discovers CONSTANCE and HUDSON in earnest conversation.*

HUDSON—"I have long wanted an opportunity to talk with you. As you say, we are good friends, but I think

we are something more. I regard you not merely as my friend, but as——"

CON. (*with a fixed and horrified stare she is looking over HUDSON'S head. At this instant she springs in the air with a desperate gesture and then sinks slowly back*)—"There, there! I told mamma how it would be. It is dreadful."

HUDSON—"But—but I am astonished. Surely——"

CON.—"Oh, you don't understand how annoying——"

HUDSON—"But if you will only listen——"

CON. (*She starts forward again, bringing her hands sharply together near HUDSON'S face*)—"Do excuse me—(*laughs*)—but I can't bear to——"

HUDSON—"I—I am exceedingly sorry——"

CON.—"Yes, I am, too, but——"

HUDSON (*rising*)—"If I—if you—will you——"

(*Constance swerves about and moves rapidly down the room, clasping her hands convulsively.*)

HUDSON (*to himself*)—"This is really too melodramatic. (*Aloud.*) It is getting late, I think I must go."

CON. (*ecstatically, with her back still towards him*)—"At last! (*turns and advances.*) What, are you going?"

HUDSON (*stiffly*)—"Yes, it is late."

CON. (*looking searchingly into his face*)—"I hardly know whether to ask you to——"

HUDSON—"A—thank you. Please remember me to your cousin. Good evening!"

SCENE IV. (*later*)—*MARGARET in bed. CONSTANCE enters on tip-toe.*

MARG.—"Hello, dear; did you have a good time?"

CON.—"You awake yet?"

MARG.—"Did you have a good time?"

CON.—"Do not ask me; do not speak to me!"

MARG.—"What in the world has happened?"

CON.—"Don't ask me; I am not going to say one word, not one. But if I could only describe how nice he was until just in the middle of our conversation—(*Suddenly she pauses transfixed, then rushes madly forward, clutching the air*)—Another! Ah! Caught!!"

E.A.D.



## A DEFINITION.

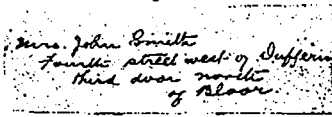
DE JINKS (*who writes the Fokelets column for the Morning Howler*)—"Mr. Solidboy, you're a scholar. Now, how would you distinguish between wit and humor?"

SOLIDBOY—"Easily. Wit is the funny stuff written by men who are dead and gone; humor is the stuff written now-a-days and supposed to be funny."

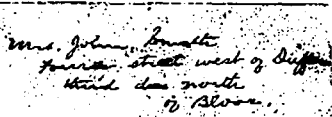
THE MESSENGER.

BY W. H. SHORTPHERSON.

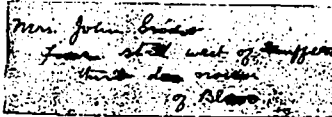
THE rain was falling hard and fast.  
As though the crowded streets there passed  
A youth who bore with-  
in his hand  
The sweetest bonnet in  
the land.  
Addressed to



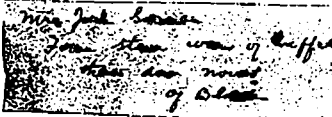
His hat was wet, his coat beneath  
Proved but an ineffect-  
ual sheath.  
The rain came through  
the paper bag,  
And soaked the name  
from off the tag.  
Addressed to



On many doors he saw the sight  
Of JOHN SMITH shining through the night  
But still he hugged that  
paper bag,  
Which now had lost most  
of its tag.  
Addressed to



"Is that my hat?" the maiden said,  
As through the door she  
stuck her head.  
A rain drop glistened in  
his eye  
And thus he answered  
with a sigh,  
"It's addressed to



"Don't try that road," the copper said,  
"You'll find the mud  
deep o'er your head.  
There is no side walk  
on that side."  
But still the gallant  
youth replied,  
"I'm looking for



At break of day as upward rose  
The milkman for to  
milk his cows,  
And then unto his pump  
repair,  
A voice came through  
the foggy air:  
"Where is



The news-boy early on his round  
Half buried in the quag-  
mire found  
The messenger, upon  
whose breast  
The remnants of that  
bonnet rest.  
Addressed to



A flower and a piece of  
rim,  
Was all the rain had left  
to him,  
And though was found  
no trace of bag,  
There was a fraction  
of the tag.  
Addressed to



LE BRAV' GENERAL.

BEAUGRAND—"Aha, mon ami Caron, dites moi le  
différence entre les deux militaires fameux, Mont-  
calm et Middleton?"

CARON—"Je ne sais pas."

BEAUGRAND—"Voici donc! avec l'un il était—mourir  
pour la patrie—avec l'autre vivre pour la pelletrie."

THE HUMBLE PETITION.

OF THE "TRULY LOYAL" SNOBS OF TORONTO TO THE DUKE OF  
CONNAUGHT.

MAY it please your royal highness, we've heard tidings which  
impart  
A pang of grief unspeakable to every loyal heart.  
Our souls are wrung with anguish when we hear you cannot stay  
In our truly loyal city any more than half a day.

We feel sure that if your highness would remain a day or two  
We could treat you to some grovelments original and new,  
While preserving the old features of prostration all intact,  
As witnessed in the great Canadian belly-crawling act.

We will demonstrate our loyalty a thousand different ways,  
We will read you long addresses full of sycophantic praise;  
We will genuflect around you with obeisances profound,  
And fall before you prostrate with our foreheads to the ground.

We have practiced till our movements in servility outdo  
The abject self-effacement of the grovelling Hindoo,  
And we pledge ourselves that nothing in a word, or look, or tone,  
Shall even hint that one of us possesses a backbone.

We will draw your royal carriage as we did when Lansdowne  
came,  
To prove that to true manhood we've no shadow of a claim,  
And further to abase ourselves to level of the brutes,  
We hope you'll let us lick the dust from off your royal boots.

Each article that you may touch, each napkin, fork or plate,  
Each bed or sheet or pillow which your use may consecrate,  
Shall all be sacredly preserved as heirlooms, which to see  
Will waken in each snobbish breast a gush of loyalty.

And haply in the after years some aged man may say:  
"Oh, well do I remember all the glories of that day.  
This is the very chair on which his royal highness sat,  
His royal highness wiped his feet upon this very mat.

"Oh blessed, hallowed door-mat which a princely foot has  
pressed!  
Oh! priceless, precious chair on which he took a minute's rest!  
These venerated relics you may be allowed to kiss,  
With the reverence and devotion due mementos such as this."

And so we trust your highness will not scorn our humble prayer.  
Oh! linger with us longer, and unitedly we swear  
All previous servile antics the obsequiousness have lacked  
That will mark our grand performance of the belly-crawling act.

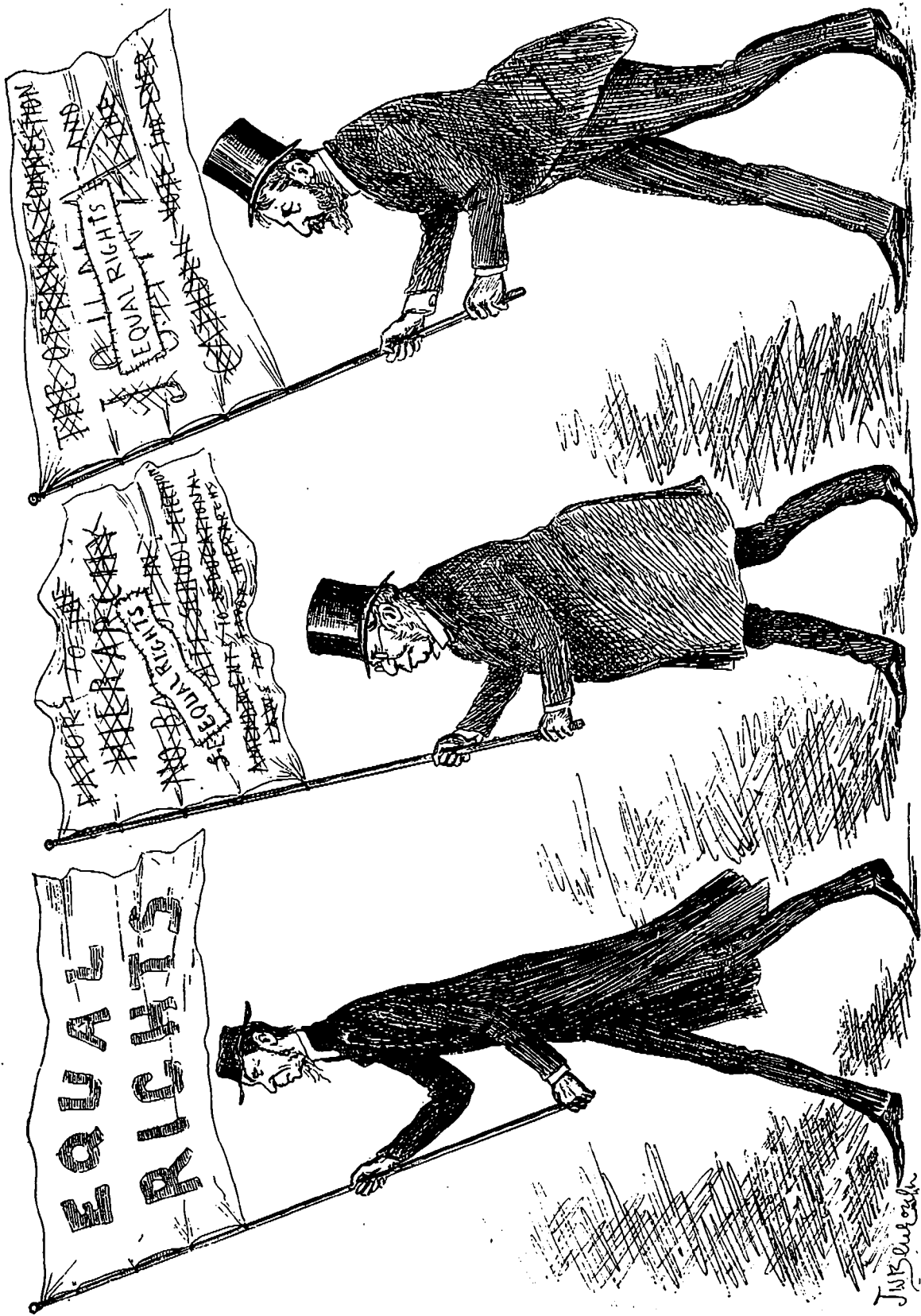
A DELIGHTFUL PLACE TO BE IN.

THE latest thing is that you cannot expel a Member of  
Parliament, whatever his offence and however much  
his lack of political morality may cause the Commons to  
offend the nostrils of the people (feugh!) *Gloria in  
excelsis! Io triumphe! evøe Bacche!* and other ejaculations  
to the like effect, what a nice sure place to be in!  
Pleasant companionship for Members who remain clean.  
What a sweet innocent thing that British North American  
Act is, that did not foresee the possibility of garbage  
getting on the floor, and hence made no provision for  
removing the offence with a pair of tongs. As Nicholas  
Flood Davin says of the House of Commons, in his Epic  
of Eos:

"... in fair Freedom's very fane swine guttle \* \* \*  
With joy the garbage bolt and gulp the swill of reeking rhetoric."

It is commented upon with much severity that the  
later editions of the *Globe* do not contain the News  
Summary. The consequence is that readers are obliged  
to wade through the whole paper—editorials, and all—in  
order to know what's o'clock in the world. It is news  
the people want, not nuisance.





THE "DOCTORED" PARTY FLAGS.



A CATCHING FASHION.

Shortsighted Professor Papilio, an enthusiastic naturalist, fancying he sees some lovely specimens, hurries home for his butterfly net. Tableau!

#### GRIP'S MODEL SPEECHES.

**D**URING the last week of the campaign the political excitement will culminate. Meetings will be so numerous and the demand for speakers so great that many who can hardly put together a sentence in public will take the platform. To save such the embarrassment of a breakdown, GRIP herewith furnishes models of brief speeches, warranted sound as to Party doctrine, which can be memorized for use at a pinch by parties unexpectedly asked to make a few remarks:

GRIT.

I am proud to have the opportunity of addressing this magnificent [if the audience is very small substitute the word "intellectual"] audience on behalf of the grandest, most talented and immaculate Administration the world has yet seen. Where, among statesmen, sir, will you find the peer of Oliver Mowat, whose integrity is stainless as the noonday sun, and whose escutcheon, whatever that means, is emblazoned with a glory which will shine evanescently throughout all coming ages? And who is it, let me ask, who seek to overthrow this Government upon which the eyes of the whole world are centred as a truly model Administration? Men, if I may so call them, destitute of a single redeeming principle of honor, conscience or virtue, the name of whose leader, Meredith, is a synonym for all that is base and contemptible in human nature. The Opposition, sir, are drivelling idiots and weak-minded simpletons, whose utter imbecility in fancying for a moment that they can prevail in this contest is only equalled by the more than Machiavellian subtlety and malicious cunning which they bring to the task. But we defy the puny onslaughts of Toryism, and confidently anticipate their utter annihilation on polling day.

TORY.

The fiat of the sovereign people has gone forth! The handwriting is on the wall, and a very few days will see the cowering and despicable recreant, the shameless, perfidious traitor to Ontario, Oliver Mowat, hur-r-ried from power. [Appropriate gesture.] In every possible way he and his infamous crew of tricksters have abused the confidence of the people. They have established Separate schools, endowed nunneries and Catholic

churches with the hard-earned money of the farmers of Ontario, and perpetrated crimes without number. Surplus? Why, they have no surplus. The Province to-day is actually bankrupt! The Grits have stolen every cent left by Sandfield Macdonald and divided it amongst themselves. Mowat is a sanctimonious hypocrite, Fraser is a Jesuit and Hardy an avowed Annexationist. The trembling and miserable wretches know that their doom is sealed and that THE PEOPLE will, by an overwhelming majority, pronounce against them—consign the Grit faction to eternal obscurity and raise to power William R. Meredith, the grandeur and consistency of whose character render him worthy to rank with the greatest statesmen of the age.

EQUAL RIGHTS.

I stand here, sir, to-night upon the platform of Equal Rights to all and special privileges to none! The Grit and Tory parties have both shamefully and scandalously betrayed their trust and vied with each other in truckling to Rome. We must absolutely and utterly abolish Separate schools and suppress the French language—and as a beginning we must punish by loss of power every single politician—Grit, Tory or Independent, who has ever at any time voted contrary to our principles. Down with Mowat and Fraser and their Cabinet of traitorous sneaks. As to Sir John and his French allies we'll attend to them later on. If the Constitution stands in the way of our programme, what's the matter with smashing up the Constitution? Who made it, anyway? We did. Well, if it don't suit us, can't we make another one that will, and if the French and the Jesuits make any kick why we'll just go down there and clean 'em out. Grits and Tories are no good. Each party is a little worse than the other and we have no use for either. Equal Rights for ever! We are the People!

#### AN OPEN QUESTION.

**A**S Smith reclined upon a knoll—  
It was a lazy day—  
One pleasant summer afternoon  
And slept the time away.

As Smith—but first I'd say, what makes  
Him famous North and South,  
Is not his intellect or worth,  
But his enormous mouth.

He slept, I said. At last he woke,  
His mouth was open wide,  
A frog upon his lower lip  
Sat, peering down inside.

And, as he viewed the mighty void,  
Cried with sardonic grin  
And husky voice, "Can such things be,  
And the world not cave in?"

JONES.

#### REMINISCENCES OF RIDEAU HALL.

**L**ORD CHUMPLEY (to Princess Louise)—"Aw, your royal highness' life in Canada must have been wather interwasting."

PRINCESS LOUISE—"Oh, so so."

LORD CHUMPLEY—"The people there are not uttah barbawians, I suppose. You had some swagger functions occasionally, hadn't you?"

PRINCESS LOUISE—"To the best of my recollection they were more like stagger functions. Oh, I really beg your pardon, Sir Charles, I hadn't noticed you. I was just telling Lord Chumpley about the splendid deer-hunting you have in Canada."

SIR TUPPER—"Just so. I noticed he seemed a moosed."

THERE'S many a man answers the name of Smith.

And ditto of Jones and Brown,  
And others respond to the various names  
The Directory-makers put down.

But there are more people answer to one little name

Than to anyone under the sun  
Yes, uncounted thousands respond to that word,

For the oft-heard name "Say" is the one.  
—Ruth Kimball.

#### 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.

MRS. FANGLE—"What is Mrs. Gadabout's reputation as a charitable woman based upon?"

FROM BEHIND THE NEWSPAPER—"Upon her willingness to attend to other people's business without charge."

We have received from Messrs. Suckling & Sons, a copy of the "Reve D'Amour Valse," by Mrs. M. A. Torrance. This composition has achieved great popularity and has found a place in the repertoire of the roth Royals' band. It is exceedingly pretty, and not beyond the reach of the average pianist.

#### THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

I.

(The Politician.)

PRACTICE and theory are hard to mix;  
The scholar is too wise for politics;  
So let him be content to teach the race  
What ought to, but what never can take place.

II.

(The Scholar.)

Water and oil are hard to mix. That's why  
Oil is poured out when angry waves run high;  
Barreled and bottled up by wise Jack Tar,  
It saves him when the water goes too far,—

L'Envoiy.

Though, right and left, the practical fishes ask  
The oil to be content to fill the cask.

—John C. Miller, in Puck.

WAG—"I say, Watty, you that's so well up in Scotch, can you tell me the exact difference in meaning between carnaptious and cantankerous?"

WATTY—"O-oh, ay. It's jist the difference atween sleepin' fou an' waukin' sober!"

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P. O. box 713.

(SCENE—School Inspection.)

TOMMY (reading)—"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, as his corpse to the ramparts we hurried."

INSPECTOR—"Well, what is meant by 'Not a funeral note?'"

TOMMY—"Please, sir, there were no invitations sent."

(Inspector looks grave.)

MEMBER OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH (to E. U. Minister)—"Man, minister, this has been a dry summer. Ma neeps are fair perishin' for drouth. D'ye no' think ye could pit up a bit prayer for rain?"

E. U. MINISTER—"Well, James, rain might be beneficial, but as you need it so much, and as you are a member of the Establishment, don't you think you might get your own minister to put up the prayer?"

MEMBER OF THE E. C.—"Ma ain minister! Him pray for rain! Man, he hasna got his hey in yet."

#### "ONTARIO, ONTARIO!"

MR. J. D. EDGAR is *not* responsible for the following. General suspicion as to the authorship points to Dineen the Hatter.

Oh, have you seen the campaign hat,  
Ontario, Ontario?  
A neat soft felt, with crease and that,  
Ontario, Ontario!

The Grits have donned them for the fray,  
The Tories wear them, too, to-day,  
And Equal Righters call them gay,  
Ontario, Ontario!

They're suitable for young or old,  
Ontario, Ontario!  
And hundreds of them have been sold,  
Ontario, Ontario!

You'll find them just the very thing  
For wearing in the balmy Spring—  
Dineen—at the corner Yonge and King—  
Ontario, Ontario!

Call and get our prices and see our special inducements in Cabinet Photographs at the Perkins Studio. J. J. Millikin, 293 Yonge Street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

ROADMAN—(who has been nearly run over by a bicyclist)—"Ca' canny, my chappie, or I'll ca' the whurliegieg stults frae ye wi' my shule!" (Bicyclist disappears.) "Diel's in um an' his spindle shanks." (Meditatively) "If I dinna keep my een about me I'll sune be in the Infirmary wi' they scoorin' sickle cycles!"

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, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

WILLIS—"Hello, Bingham. So your uncle left you \$10,000, did he? What will you do with it?"

BINGHAM (sarcastically)—"Going to turn it over to my friends. They all know better than I what should be done with it."

WHAT lovely teeth. Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste is the best thing in the world to keep them so. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

(SCENE—The home of the Caramels.)

LUCY'S PA—"I must say, my dear, young Flashey is here very frequently now. Will he be calling to-night?"

LUCY'S MA—"Why, dear, he's in now."

LUCY'S PA—"Silly young man. Wasting his time."

LUCY'S BROTHER (at ten)—"Yes, pa. An' do you know whose waist it is—?"

(The rest is lost to history, for the youngster is immediately silenced.)

MISS ANY—"The cedar of Lebanon attains to the greatest age among trees, I believe."

YOUNG DOLLY—"Oh, no; many chestnuts are much older."

TOURIST—(in Southern Missouri): "Do people have malaria here?"

NATIVE—"Yaas, most of 'em."

TOURIST—"What do they do for it?"

NATIVE—"Wal, most of 'em die."

MRS. GAZZAM—"Fred, is Mr. Snively a Christian?"

GAZZAM—"Oh, yes."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I've heard him talk through the telephone every day for six months without the assistance of profanity."

"Why are you fumbling in my overcoat pocket?" he asked, as he glanced up from his paper.

"I'm looking for a letter," replied his wife.

"Why, my dear, you don't suppose—"

"No, I don't," she interrupted. "I'm not looking for another woman's letter. I'm looking for the one I gave you to post last week."

GENTLEMEN living out of town can purchase their Toilet Articles and sundries direct from the city, through the mail, cheaper than in the local market. The list embraces, Shaving Mugs and Brushes, Bath Gloves and Brushes, Military Hair Brushes, Rubber Goods, Chest Protectors, Sponge and Sponge Bags, Hand Mirrors, and all toilet requisites. All goods guaranteed. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

DENNIS O'ROURKE—"An' phwoi did yez lave the banquet so suddint lasht noight?"

MIKE RAFFERTY—"Faith, an' I found that the wooden-headed committee had English walnuts on the bill of fare."

## American Fair,

334 Yonge St., Toronto. Telephone 2033.

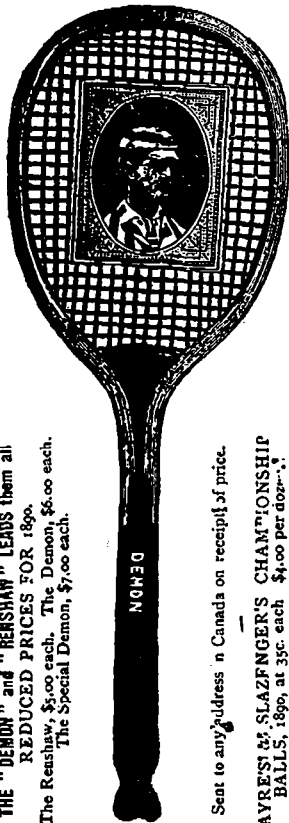
New arrival—most attractive Bird Cages. Prices—elegantly painted ones—48c., worth 55c.; 54c., worth \$1; 67c., worth \$1.25; up to \$1.48 for one worth \$3. Brass—99c., worth \$2; \$1.24, worth \$2.50; \$1.49, worth \$3; \$1.74, worth \$3.50 to \$4.00; \$1.98, worth \$4.50; \$2.48, worth \$5. We have reduced the price of Mrs. Pott's celebrated polished Irons to 95c. for full set; other polished Irons 45c. a pound. Our Wooden Room is filled with useful household articles—Finest Peeled White Willow Clothes Baskets, ordinary size 59c.; large, 75c.; an extra large one, 98c. This is but little more than half usual price. Three dozen Best Clothes Pins for 5c., or a box of 60 dozen for 75c. Sixty feet 9-ply Best Jute Clothes Line, 10c. each. Send or call for our new price list and study it. Store open Monday and Saturday evenings. Balls from "Saturday Night."

Our Book Section has added attractions. No buyer of books should be without our catalogue and price list. Costs so little to have good library now. Remember too, 1c. per doz. carries by mail any of them.

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 FLOORS, CELLARS, STABLES, WALKS, etc  
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THE "DEMON" and "RENSHAW" LEADS them all  
 REDUCED PRICES FOR 1896.  
 The Renshaw, \$5.00 each. The Demon, \$6.00 each.  
 The Special Demon, \$7.00 each.

Sent to any address in Canada on receipt of price.

AYRES & SLAZENGER'S CHAMPIONSHIP  
 BALLS, 1896, at 35c. each \$4.00 per doz.

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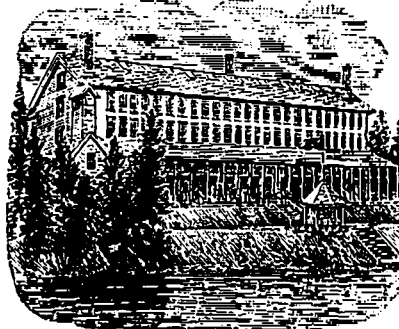
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**A. E. FAWCETT,** Dispensing Chemist,  
 67 King St. West, Toronto. Telephone No. 73.

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This Celebrated Establishment, one of the most delightful and agreeable summer resorts on the continent, will be open to the public on June 1st.  
 The numerous tourists who visit this beautiful spot annually will find it this year under the new management, more attractive than ever. The proprietors will spare no effort in catering to the comfort and enjoyment of the guests.  
 The cuisine will be under the immediate management of a leading professional cook. Special facilities will be given for all kinds of recreation such as billiards, bowling, croquet, lawn tennis, boating, etc.  
 To sufferers from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Indigestion, General Debility, etc., the Saline Springs in connection with this hotel offer a sure cure. An experienced Doctor will reside in the hotel.  
 Coaches will be in waiting for guests at Louisville on the arrival of all trains.  
 For terms apply to

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 SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
**M. A. THOMAS, Manager.**

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**GILMORE**  
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**JUNE 4 & 5.**

Four Grand Instrumental and Vocal Concerts.

Assisted by the Chorus of the Toronto Philharmonic Society. Reserved seats, Matinees, 75 cents. Evening concerts, 75 cents and \$1. General admission to all the concerts, 50 cents.  
 Plans of reserved seats now open at Nordheimers.

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE."  
**THOMSON'S**  
 GLOVE-FITTING



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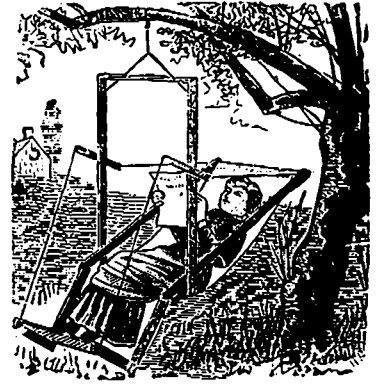
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**CURES**  
 Impure Blood,  
 Dyspepsia,  
 Liver Complaints,  
 Biliousness,  
 Kidney Complaint,  
 Scrofula.

*Automatic Swing and Hammock Chair*



This chair is the Best and Cheapest ever offered to the public for solid comfort and rest, and differs from all other chairs, being a **Chair, Swing and Hammock combined.** It is adapted to the House, Lawn, Porch, Camp, etc., and is far superior to the ordinary Hammock in every way. Price, \$3.00. Manufactured only by **C. J. DANIELS & CO.,** 221 River Street, Toronto.

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**EPPS'S**  
 (BREAKFAST)  
**COCOA**  
 Make with Boiling Water or Milk.



TEN POUNDS  
IN  
TWO WEEKS  
THINK OF IT!

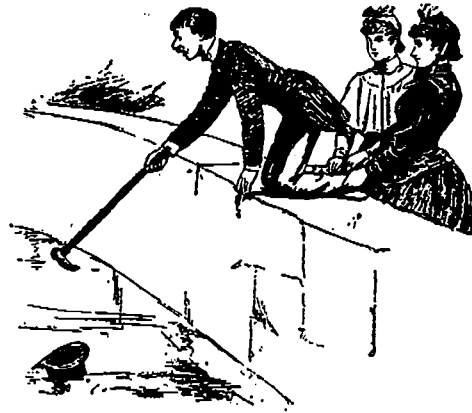
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## CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon. Wrapper: at all Druggists. 50c. and \$1.00.



"Now hold me firmly while I reach for my hat." (See page 373.)

### "Canada's High-Class Pianofortes."

**The Professional Pianiste** is extremely critical in making a selection of a piano.  
**The Accomplished Amateur** is no less careful when deciding upon a purchase.  
**The Student**, therefore, can well afford to imitate the sensible caution exercised by artists, and take time to enquire thoroughly into all the merits claimed for different instruments.

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Have an Established Reputation among Artists and Amateurs for Richness and Durability of tone, Superb Responsive Action, Exquisite Expression.

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TORONTO.



Beware of Imitations.



## 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 of its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid, etc. WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.



ALL DRUGGISTS, AGENTS.



## PATENT FLOUR

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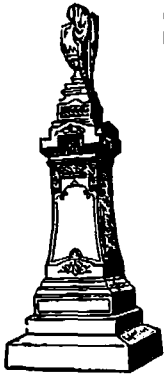
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**AIR BRUSH.**



Applies liquid color by a jet of air. Gold, Silver and special medals of Franklin and American Institutes. Saves 75 per cent. of time in shading technical drawings. The crayon, ink or water colour portrait artist finds his labor lessened, his pictures improved and his profits increased by using the Air Brush. Write for illustrated pamphlet; it tells how to earn a living. Air Brush Manufacturing Co., 107 Nassau Street Rockford, Ill.

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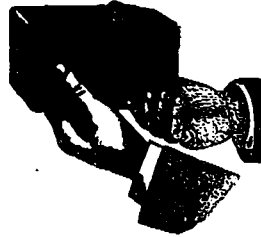
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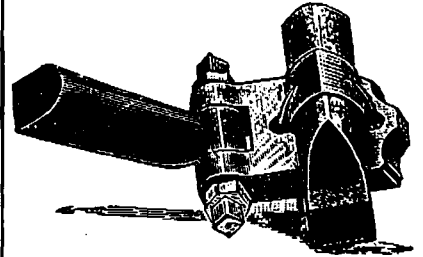
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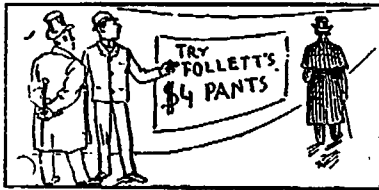
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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of JUNE next, at the office of the Company, Church Street.  
 The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive.  
 Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at two o'clock p.m., on TUESDAY, 3rd of June, for the purpose of receiving the Annual Report, the election of directors, etc.  
 By order of the Board.  
 S. C. WOOD, Manager.  
 Toronto, April 23, 1890.

**THE BANK OF TORONTO. DIVIDEND No. 68.**

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Five per cent. for the current half-year, being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum upon the paid up capital of the Bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after MONDAY, the 2nd day of JUNE next.  
 The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May, both days included.  
 The Annual General Meeting of Stockholders will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on WEDNESDAY, the 18th day of JUNE next. The chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board.  
 (Signed), D. COULSON, Cashier.  
 The Bank of Toronto, Toronto, April 23, 1890.

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