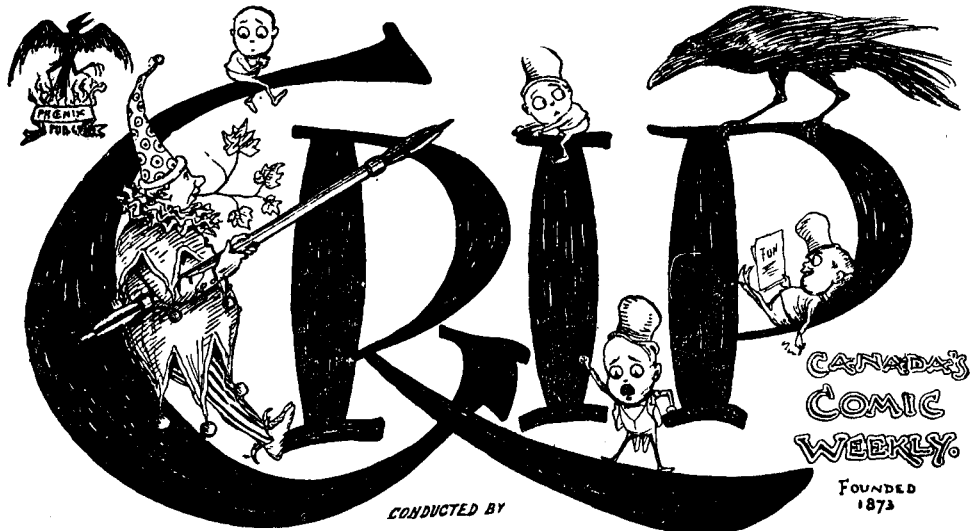


GRIP is Canada's only Journal of Wit, Humor and Caricature. Encourage Native Talent. \$2.00 a Year.



CONDUCTED BY

J. W. Brough.

There is no Advertising Medium like GRIP. Its Ads. are Unique and reach all classes of the Community.

PHOENIX PUBLISHING CO.
OFFICE: 81 ADELAIDE STREET WEST

"Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—SHAKESPEARE.

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

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

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

Johnston's

Fluid

Beef

The Best Athletes of to day use

When training, and acknowledge it to be the best muscle-forming and strength-giving food.



Elias Rogers & Co.

CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to avert it, it is often cured and always relieved, by

Scott's Emulsion

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

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.



The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la,
Will come and the snow won't be missed
To sell property, the right thing, tra la
Is to put it on Williams' new list.

Send \$2.00 and Get

GRIP

For One Year.

Hart & : :
Riddell

WHOLESALE AND
COMMERCIAL
STATIONERS

27 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

RETAIL DEPARTMENT:

12 King Street West.

THERE'S
NO
MATCH
FOR 'EM!

EDDY'S

TELEGRAPH
MATCHES.

SEE THAT
YOU
GET THEM.



STAMMERING

Permanently cured. Terms not extortionate and payable only when cure is effected. Cure guaranteed in all cases. Linton Institute, Room 64, Yonge St. Arcade. G. W. LINTON, Principal.

Canada Paper Company

PAPER MAKERS AND WHOLESALE STATIONERS.

MILLS :

Windsor Mills
Springvale Mills
Riviere du Loup Mills

OFFICE AND WAREROOMS

578 to 582 Craig St., Montreal.
15 Front St. West, Toronto.

MAX. JOHNSON & CO.

The ..
Printers

78 WELLINGTON ST. WEST

.. TORONTO ..

TELEPHONE 2672

The Best Equipped Job Printing House
in Canada.

Will it pay you
to Advertise in
Canada's Lead-
ing Educational
Periodical,

The
Educational
Journal ?

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

It has paid others,
Why not you ?

Write for rates to

THE POOLE PRINTING Co.,
(Limited.)

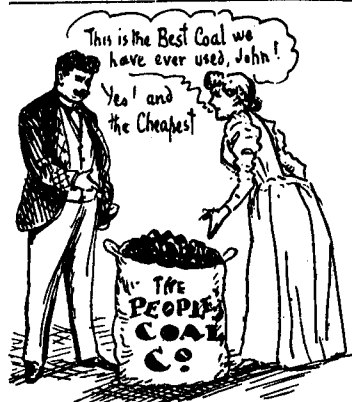
8 and 10 Lombard St., Toronto.

GRIP

Still Wants a few
Good Boys to
Sell Papers
Wherever he is
Not Represented

SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES

Terms on Application.



"THE WEEK, one of the ablest papers on the continent."—DESCRIPTIVE AMERICA.

THE WEEK

A Canadian Journal of Politics,
Literature, Science and Arts.

PUBLISHED : EVERY : FRIDAY.

\$3.00 PER YEAR.

THE WEEK, now in its eleventh year of publication, has been greatly enlarged and improved, rendering it still more worthy the cordial support of every one interested in the maintenance of a high class literary journal. Recognizing with gratitude the generous support it has received since the publication of the first number, it hopes to win the approval of a wider constituency and reach a much larger circle of readers.

The independence in politics and criticism which has characterized THE WEEK ever since its first issue will be rigidly maintained; and unceasing efforts will be made to improve its literary character and increase its value and attractiveness as a journal for the cultured home. Many new and able writers are now, or have promised to become, contributors to its columns, and the constant aim of the Publisher will be to make THE WEEK fully equal to the best literary journals in Britain and the United States.

"I regard THE WEEK as one of the most interesting and satisfying literary publications in America."—
Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, Halifax.

"There is no paper I read with the same interest as THE WEEK, and there is no other paper I read through from beginning to end."—
Frank Mackelcan, Q. C., Hamilton.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher,
5 Jordan St., TORONTO

Cadbury's Cocoa

"The typical cocoa of English manufacture, absolutely pure."—*The Analyst.*

EVERY WELL STOCKED GROCERY IN
CANADA SELLS IT.

The Thoughts
... of Men

Turn not so lightly to love, when the
COAL BIN is empty.

Have you tried our Coal yet? We furnish an excellent quality of Hard Coal, delivered in bags, at \$5.50 per ton of 2,000 lbs.

No extra charge for delivery in bags.

People's Coal Co.

Cor. Queen and Spadina.

TEL. 2246

THE NEW WEBSTER
JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY

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

Webster's International Dictionary.

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

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

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

Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. **GET THE BEST.**

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

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

LEADING ENGLISH PERFUME

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

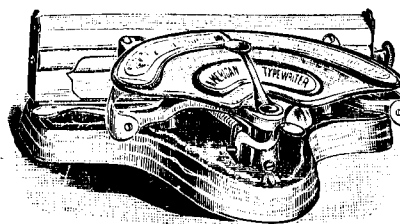
Perfume
Cologne
Toilette

Crown Lavender Salts

MADE ONLY BY THE

CROWN PERFUMERY CO.

177, New Bond Street, LONDON.



AMERICAN \$10 TYPEWRITER

Rapid, Practical, Compact, Durable. Writes Capitals, Small Letters, Numerals, Punctuation marks, &c., same as any high-priced Typewriter. Sent by Express prepaid to any address on receipt. Agents wanted throughout Ontario; send stamp for terms.

E. E. ABBOTT, GANANOQUE, ONT.



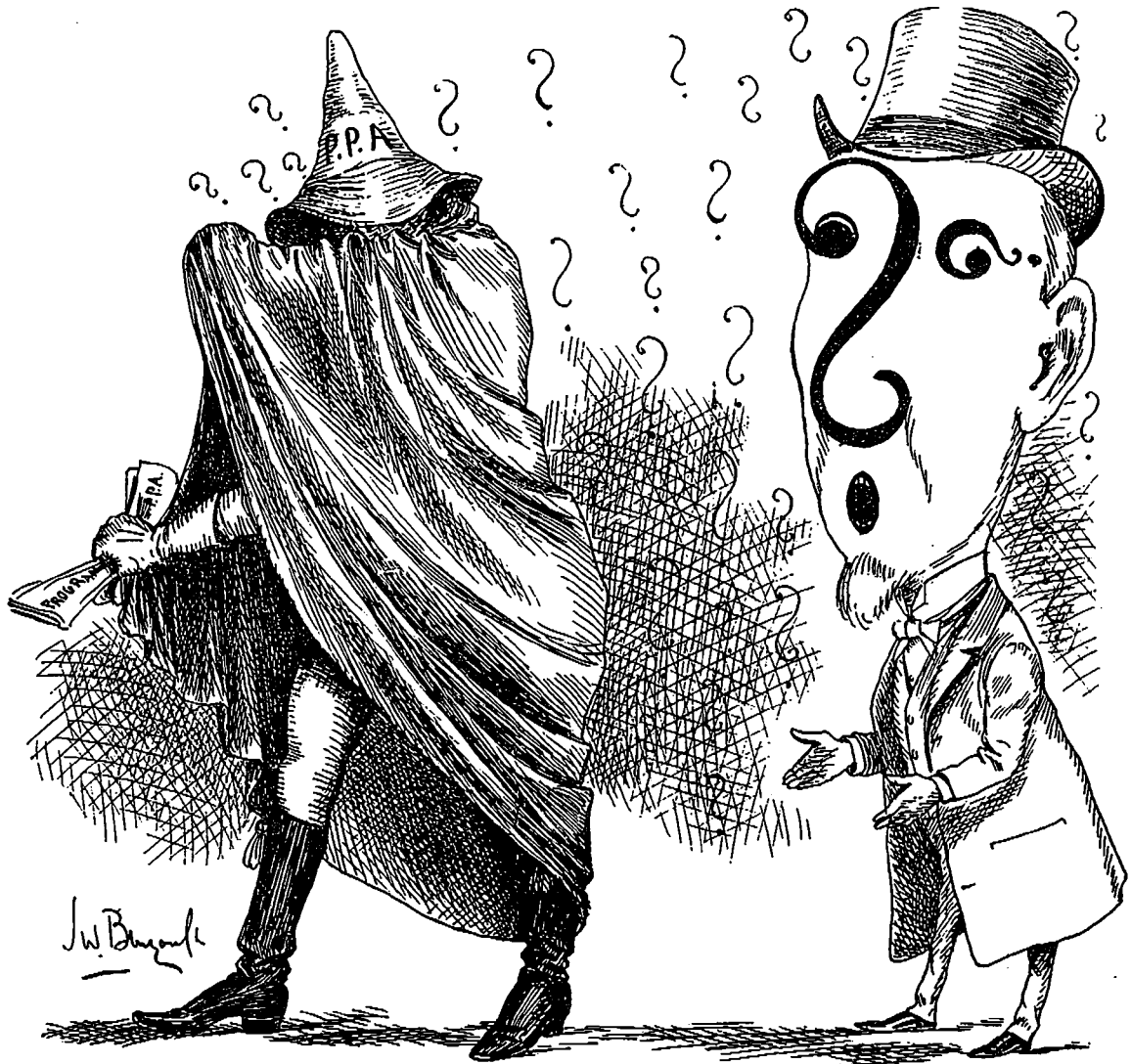
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1054

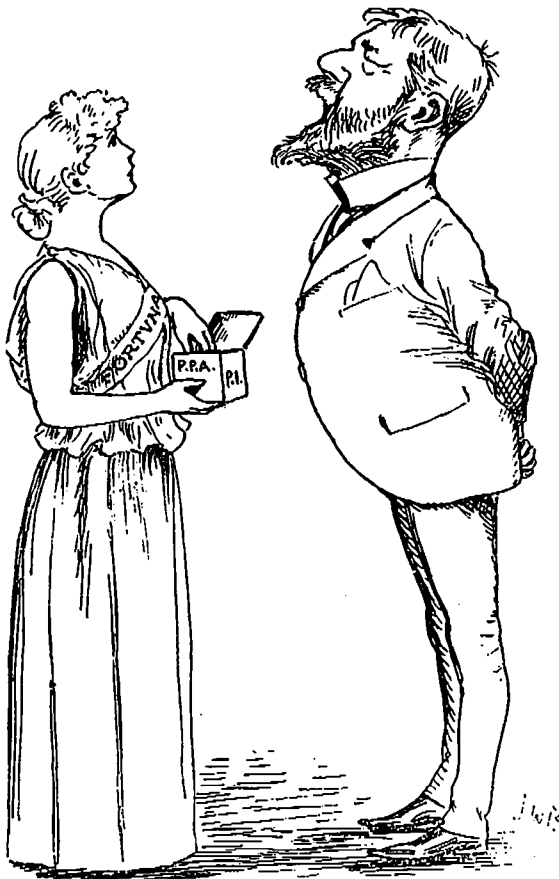
The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 6.



THE QUERY OF THE DAY.

PROTESTANT ESQUIER—"What I want to know is, what is your programme? What do you mean?"
 THE P.P.A. (MYSTERIOUSLY)—"Ha, ha! don't you wish you could find out!"



MR. MEREDITH GETTING A POLICY.

FORTUNA—"Open your mouth and shut your eyes and take what Fate may send you!"

DOWN WITH BRIBERY!

THE Patron of Industry Wolf accosted the Mowat Lamb at the stream in Middlesex the other day. "The Mowat Government must go!" roared the Wolf. "The farmers have awakened to their own interests, at last!" "Please, Mr. Wolf, do me the favor to read this marked passage," replied the Lamb, tossing over a copy of the London *Advertiser* containing a speech by Minister Ross, with a blue pencil circle around the following—"Under one Government, for every wagon or plow or harvester or harrow you use in farming operations you have to pay a substantial tax to the Dominion Treasury. Under the other Government for every advancement you make in the growth of fruit or grain and dairy products, you receive a bonus by the way of prizes at the agricultural fairs." "Humph! Well?" queried the Wolf. "Well," replied the Lamb, "that means, don't you see, that whereas the Thompson Government takes money out of your pocket, our Government puts money in." "Exactly!" cried the Wolf, with a horrible roar, "so you think I can be bribed do you? You would insult me to my very face, would you? all the more, after that, Mowat must go! Just wait till election day comes."

The "Globe" can't stomach so much Tarte.

PROLIFIC FRUIT.—Mankind descended from a pair; mankind's troubles from an apple.

NOTE BY OUR OWN ORNITHOLOGIST.—Infants delight in crows, but hate the thrush; gluttons are fond of swallows; gamblers like pigeons; fast men go in for a lark; and some lunatics go raven mad.

A CHIRURGEON SENDS HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

(TO PROF. A. C. BRYAN.)

HERE'S my picture by the sun,
For the sun has been my painter;
Here his strokes and shadows run,
Growing duski-er and fainter.

On the Crystal, silver-laid,
Softly were the outlines jotted;
Years shall fly, nor shall they fade,
Storms shall blow, nor they be blotted.

To the Hesperides, with light,
Swept the sun's gold chariot back;
Over isle and sea his flight
Traced the starry zodiac.

As he passed, a tablet blank
Was held up beneath his blazon;
So he sketched me, you may thank
Titan for the mug you gaze on.

This divine amanuensis
Did it in the finest weather;
From Chicago to St. Francis
So they rhyme and print together.

You remember how Calypso
Offered youth to King Ulysses?
Printing with her tender lips so
All the spell of woman's kisses.

So Calypso, or some goddess,
Gave me the ambrosial philtre
Of immortals—nor like Odys-
seus had I the knack to jilt her.

Thus, you see, I still look rather
Boyish—twenty-nine alack!
And my patients call out—"Ah there!
Will the doctor soon be back?"

Ezra Hurlburt Stafford.

GRIP'S QUIPS.



A CERTAIN youth of this town who tries to do the swell act on limited means, went into a barber shop one day. He was shaved, hair cutted, shingled, trimmed, ecctetry, and then the barber lowly said, "\$2.65." "Pooh," said the youth, emptying his purse to liquidate the bill. "That," said the Tonsor-ialist as the youth went out, "was a case of Sham-Pooh."

GEOGHEGAN says the only tax collectors in town are not at the city hall, and that he has two in commission every night when he takes his boots off.

WIPING out old scores—The orchestra leader destroying his band compositions.

BIGFOOT.—"Jones made a reflection on my boots to-day."
THE OTHERONE.—"What did he do,—shine them?"

TALBOT DEWITT says he is now in the market garden business, since the reception his new play got the other night.

SOOTS him right down to the ground—The chimney sweep's descent.

A MEDIUM for disposing of the silver question—The darkey waiter.

STRANGE, is it not, that a tight individual should so often be a loose character?

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



MONSIEUR VILLENEUVE,
THE NEW MAYOR OF MONTREAL.

JOSEPHUS, THE LONGHEADED. A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"NO, sir, you shall not marry my daughter!" said the old man, drawing himself up haughtily, "none but her equal in wealth and social position need aspire to her hand, so get thee gone!"

"Oh, sir, listen to me," pleaded the enamoured youth, who was a noble specimen of manhood, standing over two yards high, with lovely piccrust coloured locks falling in artistic disorder over his manly shoulders.

But the old man would not listen to him, and stamped his foot with anger as he cried, "Begone, I say."

Then the impassioned youth fell on his knees, and with the tears streaming down his classic countenance pleaded with the old man. "Oh, sir," he cried, "you cannot know me, I am an artist, a genius—I shall be famous; I am of noble blood, I am 7th cousin to a baronet; see, here is a picture—'The Boy stood on the Burning Deck'—I did it myself, I—"

Then the old man, drawing himself up scornfully, said: "Genius! nobility! what care I for these? Shall my daughter marry from sordid motives such as these? Never sir! it is money, and money alone we want."

"I will earn money," said the artist, "listen sir,—"

"I will not!" cried the old man in a tremendous voice, and catching up the artist in one hand and the 'Boy stood on the Burning Deck' in the other, he cast them both through the window.

CHAPTER II.

Sixteen long and weary years have passed away. Almira Moseley is still unmarried, and is as beautiful as ever. Her cheeks are rosier than in the old days, but she is often sad—she is almost as young as she used to be; 16 years ago she was 21; she is only 23 now. Since Josephus went away so abruptly 16 years ago, she has had plenty of suitors, dowered with beauty, genius and nobility, but they were one and all ignominiously cast into the cruel world by her father. They had no money.

Almira dresses in sombre hues, and does not bang her hair so often as she used to, but the neighbours say that she bangs the piano more than in the old days, and sings in accompaniment, "Come, love, come and fly away with me." And when anyone comes her avaricious father finds out if he has any money, and if not, an effusive dismissal follows.

CHAPTER III.

One day as Almira was sitting pensively at the piano, warbling the ditty mentioned in the foregoing chapter, the door suddenly burst open, and a figure darted into the room crying "Almira! Almira! my love!" Almira turned, and then rushed into the arms of Josephus.

Yes, Josephus returned after 16 years to reclaim his Almira! Josephus was little altered; he was still handsome, though a little stouter, perhaps, and his head was clean shaven and shiny on the top; he had on a new tie and a 15 dollar black coat; some of the blush which suffused Almira's fair cheek came off on his coat, but he did not mind, and it was a new coat, too—such is love.

When Almira's father entered the room and saw her talking to a strange man, he rushed savagely at the intruder. But Josephus, turning, faced him and cried, "Hold! I am Josephus; 16 years ago you spurned me from your window—I fell on my head—lo, I now return your equal,—your superior. I have loads of money—heaps, and I know where to get plenty more," and in proof of what he said he jerked out the fattest roll of greenbacks the old man had ever seen.

"What do you do? What is your business?" gasped the old man in a hoarse voice.

"I am an Alderman," said Josephus, sticking out his chest.

"Shake!" said the old man, "it is a good business. Where are you an alderman?"

"Montreal," said Josephus.

This was too much for the avaricious old man, he fell on his future son-in-law's neck and wept tears of joy.

Josephus and Almira were married the next day.

POETICAL GLEANINGS.



"AND THEREBY HANGS A TAIL."



ANYTHING FOR IRELAND!

DOMINICK.—Am I ashamed to beg, is it? Sure I glor-r-r-y in it, so I do. Look at the Cause I'm sarvin', will yez!

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

I. THE MAN WHO NEVER GOES IN DEBT.

HE'S an irritating prosperous person, one you hate to meet as you come out of the post-office with a handful of New Year's bills. Point him out to me and I'll show you a man who is as conceited as if "it was all his own fault." Of course he has an account book, and his wife and daughters never contract the habit of entering "sundries," like those of less fortunate people. He has always had a stated salary, and known to a cent how much he had to spend, yet is he absolutely certain that his own individual merit has made things balance. To do him justice he is always ready to help a friend to advice, and preaches a good deal on the theme of cause and effect, but he doesn't in the least understand that his clock-work system of paying bills depends on his salary being always on time, he can't conceive the possibility of a careful man being in any business that doesn't pay up-to-date. Truly one half the world doesn't understand how the other half lives. Not that we wish, for a moment, to insinuate that half the world is out of debt; we haven't got nearly so close to Utopia as that, it was a mere figure of speech to show how impossible it is for The-Man-Who-Is-Never-In-Debt, to sympathize with ordinary mortals.

He neither borrows nor lends at anything less than fifteen per cent. He is a distinct species in himself. In the year '93 he was almost as extinct as the buffalo, in fact he became so unpopular that he seems to have vanished from the haunts of men, or at least hidden his identity for fear of being despoiled of his stated salary. The financial position has taken a good deal of the aggressive conceit out of him, but curiously enough as we miss him in our daily walks and business life, we grow lenient to his faults, and envious of his standing, and sadly wonder if we shall ever tread in his footsteps. We see good in him absent that we would resent in his presence, but perhaps he is wise to keep in hiding. I

don't think just now he would dare to "strut his virtues" before our eyes, and we whose nights are haunted by unpaid bills and overdue i. o. u.'s could not stand the recital of his paid-up liabilities.
J. M. Loes.

PURE GOLD.

GRIP is not supposed to give place to anything but "funny stuff," and yet the following sentences from the lips of the author of the Wilson Bill in his closing speech on that measure in Congress, are so good, and of so rare a quality as statesmen go, that he cannot resist the temptation to republish them. Besides, he has no doubt that such Christian-like sentiments uttered out of church, and on a common week day, and by a layman, will strike some of our politicians as being decidedly funny.

Mr. Wilson said:

"We are trying an experiment whether in God's name we can establish a country where every man born into it will be born with the possibility that he can raise himself to a degree of ease and comfort and not be compelled to live a life of degrading toil for the mere necessities of existence. That is the feeling which animates all who through danger and defeat have steadily labored for tariff reform. We wish to make this a country where no man shall be taxed for the private benefit of another man, but where all the blessings of free government, of education, of the influences of the church and of the school shall be the common, untaxed heritage of all the people, adding to the comfort of all, adding to the culture of all, and adding to the happiness of all."

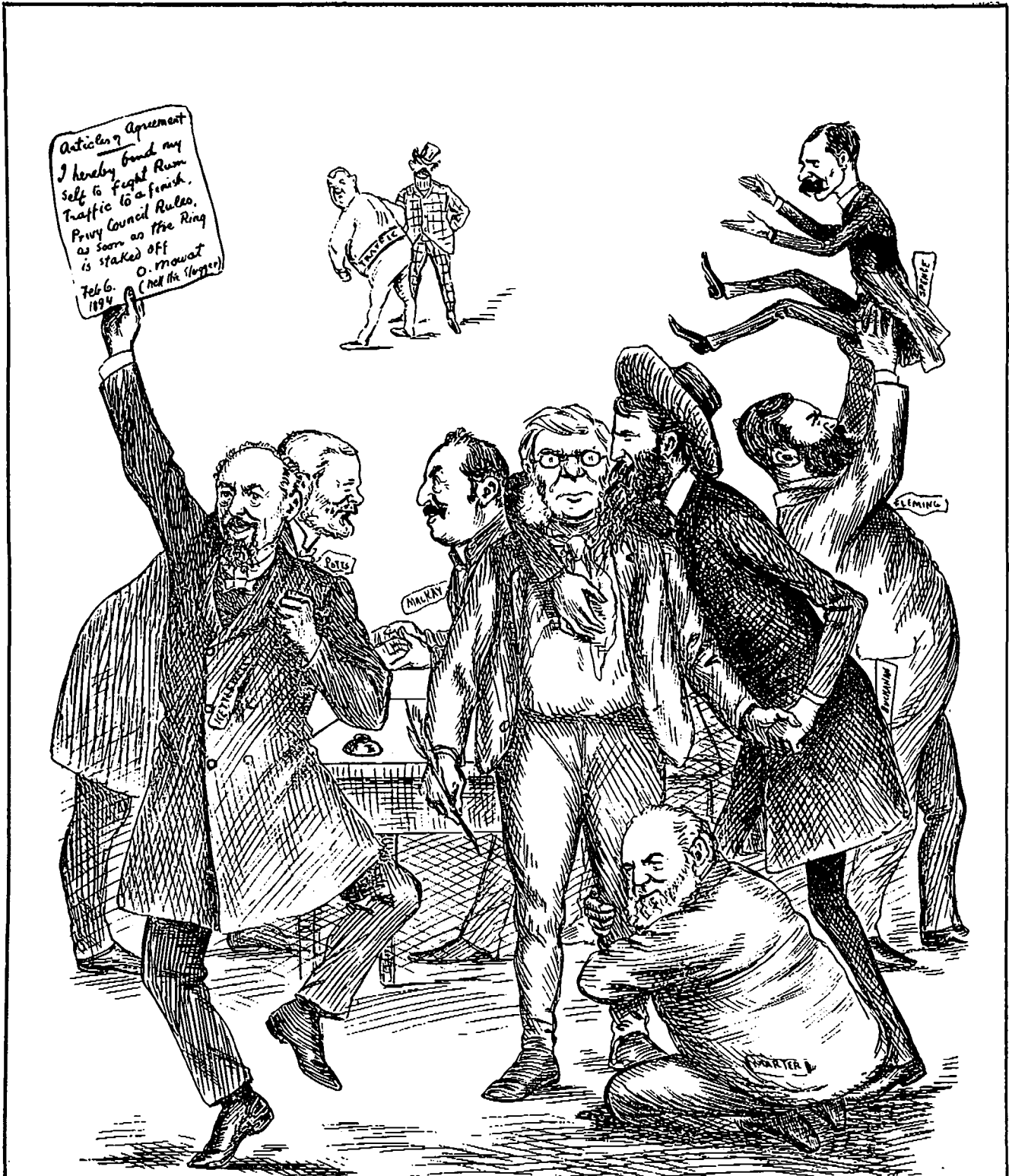
A MARTYR TO LOYALTY.

OLD Gosop wrote one of his famous Fables to illustrate the moral that it is out of the question to please everybody. GRIP comes flatteringly near to accomplishing this impossibility, but even he fails to quite get there. Once in a decade or so some great but supersensitive public man orders us to "stop his paper," and semi-occasionally we inadvertently step on the corns of some more obscure but not less esteemed reader. We are usually sorry for these mishaps, but in the very latest instance we cannot say that we feel very bad. Here is a gentleman who writes more in sorrow than in anger, to tell us that he cannot renew his subscription because he cannot support any paper that is not in favor of—Annexation! In reply we can only murmur, "'Rah for the old Flag!"



GREAT INTERNATIONAL-CALAMITY!

The downfall of Turkey; the overthrow of Greece; the destruction of China; and the humiliation of Africa, in one awful catastrophe!



"MATCHED" AT LAST!

THE BIG FIGHT IS NOW DEFINITELY ON. NOLL, THE SLUGGER, HAS SIGNED TO FIGHT RUM TRAFFIC TO A FINISH, AND THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER DODGING.

THE MODERN BELLEROPHON.



THE scene is changed, tho' not the goal,
The steed is tamed—the Gorgon's foal
Now feels his weight : the Rider's on !
The new high-souled Bellerophon !

His arm is bared, his eyes flash fire,
He rides to slay Chimera dire ;
His high soul glows, for gore he yearns—
At Mowat's evil deeds he burns !

"Say not," he cries, "my task is done,—
Nay, by the gods, it's just begun !
A sword was olden Belto's hope,
But mine's my new ophthalmoscope !



I'll slay this Dragon of the day
As champion of the P. P. A.,
His dark career I'll end, I vow,
For I'm the chap that knoweth how !



I'll use my best bi-nocular,
(A weapon new to modern war)
His race nepotic, root and branch,
I'll bury like an avalanche.

I'm scion of a fighting race,
And no foeman will give place,
Ask of the rebels of Batoche
If I'm a slouch in war, begosh !

Behold me in my coat of mail,
And let my craven foes turn pale,
No wonder Mowat's pluck doth ooze,
And Hardy's shaking in his shoes !

So forward go I to the fray,
This huge Chimera to slay ;
To-morrow he'll no longer be,
My country, keep your eye on me !

GIRLS AND POLITICS.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—

PEOPLE think that because girls like balls, pretty frocks, and chocolates, they're no good at politics. Perhaps we're not, but we're just splendid at canvassing, and it can't be harder to get votes than it is to collect dollars for bazaars and charity concerts.

Of course we don't understand much about reciprocity, Free Trade and Boodling, and haven't the faintest desire to vote, but we're awfully good judges of the nicest men, and most of us know how to get round the most disagreeable ones. We've lots of ideas, too, but out of Boston, you know, society girls don't parade them. We keep them for occasions, or the decorating of rooms, even our best young men don't get more than the fringe and accordian plaits of them, until after we marry them ; they are our reserve forces kept to prevent the weary monotony of the time when we leave off being angels. It wouldn't certainly be much use sending us round to canvas for the votes of old ladies ; they'd prefer substantial, agreeable, middle-aged gentlemen to ask them,—but we could do great things for budding aldermen and mayors if they got us to canvas the young men of their wards. It seems queer to us how little men understand women. You've only got to see all the comments of the newspapers on their not voting largely for the Plebiscite to know that.

In the first place people (that is feminine people) don't like names that are hard to spell and may mean anything, as one of the girls said she "wouldn't join the thing for anything, even if she had a vote, because it reminded her so much of Roman History." None of us blamed her, for the wags would be sure to guy us and call us Plebs, which would be a great trial to our nice patrician natures, and tend to make them disrespectful to us. Surely, too, if woman are admitted into political life, it's rather hard to set them first thing to pulling up weeds with such old roots. Whatever old ladies may like, young ones don't care for violent work, and if we can't get the easy part of political life, perhaps we're better out of it.

Polly Pencherman.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—After one of the Hon. John Dryden's successful elections in South Ontario, he was escorted to his home by an enthusiastic crowd of friends and supporters. Refreshments were abundantly served—Mr. Dryden's eldest daughter making herself a most charming and attentive hostess to the guests. In the speechmaking and cheering upon the occasion, her ears were saluted with the cry, "Miss Dryden for ever !" "Thank you, gentlemen," she replied, smiling and very demurely, "but I really cannot agree with you ; I do not wish to be Miss Dryden forever." The young lady has since become a happy wife.

About 200 dead mens names were left on the voter's list in Montreal until lately. Perhaps this is the reason Montreal so seldom returns a live Alderman.

There is a dwarf in Montreal who is said to be so small he has to get on a chair to lace his boots.

A new bicycle has been invented with runners attached for riding over ice. Johnny suggests that it be called an icicle.

WE take authority to deny that Mr. John Creran, Q. C' has accepted the Editorship of the Hamilton *Templar*.

THE prohibitionists see quite clearly the Mowat in Ontario's eye, but what about the beam in that of the Dominion ?



SIR HIBBERT, OF THE MARINES.

"HE DOTU BESTRIDE OUR HARBOR LIKE A COLOSSUS."

—Shakespeare, amended by St. John City Council, and the Tug-boat Owners.

SIR HIBBERT—"Yes! and by my Family Crest, I'll make these varlets pay to the last Sou the penalties for infringing the Masters and Mates Act for the ten years past—every Sou of \$75,000,000!"

SIR HIBBERT ON DECK.

SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER has decided to discipline the Blucnose mariners. They have not been handling marine affairs to his liking, especially at St. John, where they appear to have got the impression that the clause of the Masters and Mates Act relative to certificated officers did not apply to the ferry steamers on St. John harbor or the little tugboats that towed rafts down river and vessels around said harbor. A few months ago, just before the close of navigation, Sir Hibbert issued imperative orders that the law must be complied with at once. Seeing that the thing had been going on for over ten years without anything serious having occurred, the people thought no great harm would result if the time were extended at least till navigation closed on the river, considering that a few rafts of logs had yet to be brought down. They, as well as their three conservative representatives in the Commons, were daring enough to say so to Sir Hibbert, and talked back, both conservative and liberal papers joining in the protest. But the fiat went forth, and, not only that, but Sir Hibbert instructed the Department of Justice to proceed against the city, which owns the ferry steamers, and against all the tugboat men. The penalty is \$100 for each trip, and assuming that all the penalties for ten years infraction of the law will be collected, the St. John Sun (conservative) estimates that if Sir Hibbert wins the city will have to pay \$75,900,000 on account of the ferry steamers, which make 51 trips each way, or 102 trips or "voyages" per day; while the tugboat men will be in for from \$250,000 to \$400,000 each. The cases will come up shortly for trial in the exchequer court at St. John. As a final and master stroke of policy, Sir Hibbert stopped his subscription to the St. John Sun, conservative, because it criticised his action. That ought to settle the matter, surely.

SIR Hibbert bold his cutlass drew,
And on it vowed a knightly vow;
Those tugboat mutineers should rue
That they did not in homage bow.

"The like of it," Sir Hibbert cried,
"There never was since time began;
A MINISTER to be defied
By what?—A harbor ferry man!"

"Ay—more than that—'tis further said,
A tugboat captain me defies;
His uncertificated head
He flaunts before my very eyes."

It made him mad. It stirred his bile,
His choler rose—as well it might;
A dreadful thing it is to rile
A man who fairly aches to fight.

"I'll fine them all!" Sir Hibbert cried,
—"The ferry man, the tugboat men;
St. John itself—and woe betide
If e'er they brave my wrath again."

An awful warning this to all
Who dwell beside the sounding sea;
A fearful thing it is to fall
Afool a great man's dignity.

A. M. B.

OUR CULCHAW.

HON. GEO. W. ROSS asserts that the Public Library Act which was passed by the Mowat Government some ten years ago has had a very marked effect; it has, in short, changed the intellectual tone of the Province. "With the exception of Scotland," he says, "no other country having free libraries for which statistics are available, now shows a lower ratio of fiction reading, or a higher ration of substantial reading," though at the time the Act was passed over 60 per cent of the literature circulated by the free libraries was fiction. The statement is one which must be gratifying to every patriotic Ontarioan, and none but the very meanest of people would be capable of suggesting that it is owing to the increased culture of the masses that the popularity of the Mowat Government seems to be on the wane.



"THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE."

SOME NOTES ON THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.

THE origin of the names of places is an interesting study, and the omniverous beak of GRIP, in pursuing it as a diversion from serious thoughts, has picked up many a curious bit of local history. He has been able also to clear away many cobwebs of local misconception and error regarding the derivation of Canadian names, and has pleasure in giving the reader the benefit of these investigations, which can be absolutely relied upon.

It was supposed by some that Orillia was an unknown Indian word, and by others that it was of Spanish origin, there being a district of that name in Spain. The true derivation was this: The oldest inhabitant was a man named O'Reilly, who became ashamed of his old Irish name and changed it to O'Riella, to give the impression he was of foreign extraction. The people soon dropped the apostrophe, and O'Rielly soon dropped dead — a solemn warning to those who get ashamed of a decent, honisht Irish name and want to put on frills.

The St. Lawrence River was named after St. Lawrence Ward, Toronto. Most of the good things in Quebec are imported from Toronto. Toronto is a most importing centre.

Hamilton is so called from Fearman's Hams, of which none are genuine without his trade mark.

Pubnico, N. S. took its name from one of GRIP's most esteemed subscribers Probono Publico, who settled there many years ago. The spelling was afterwards slightly changed — for the sake of euphony.

The origin of Port Credit is interesting. Before the rebellion of '37 farmers who wanted tick went there to trade. This was the beginning of the Credit system, and Port Credit never amounted to much, while Toronto, which would have nothing to do with the Credit system went forward "by leaps and bounds." If writers in trade papers would leave off arguing on this subject and go back, to the simple historic fact, there would be some chance for the poor merchant to reform.

It is well known that Halifax was formerly spelt with two l's, and was founded by an Englishman who knew it all, and therefore assumed that he had Hall-the-fax.

A few people of the family of St. John will insist on pronouncing their name Sin-jin. It was one of these dudes who founded St. John, N. B. But nature had her revenge, and twice the city has received such a singin' as will never be forgotten. The place will be completely burnt up again

—at the end of the world. To anticipate this catastrophe the corporation have recently erected an elevator of large capacity, and at great outlay have acquired "the finest winter port in Canada," in order to have an ample supply of very cold water. Meantime they have repented so far as to call the city plain Saint John.

It was generally thought that Toronto took its name from an Indian phrase, signifying "Trees-id-the-water," but the true origin was more like "snakes-in-his-boots." The "oldest settler" once got drunk and went down King street with his legs so tangled that a man called out "he walks like a Tarantula!" The word stuck, and became corrupted to Taranty, and finally to its present more poetic form. It seems strange that Dr. Scadding and other local historians have glossed over or completely ignored this fact and its obvious deduction, yet the circumstances are fully set fourth in the old records of the License Commissioners.

When old McGouche decided to leave his native settlement in Nova Scotia and took ship for the distant harbor of Pugwash, the settlers gathered on the shore and with much emotion sobbed "Ta-ta! McGouche!" Hence the name of the charming sea-port village of Tatamagouche, N. S.

Of course there are many places the derivation of whose names is self-evident, such for instance as Antigonish from old Aunty Gonish; Merigonish, from Mary Gonish; Beeton, from the numerous beets that were found there—some are now dead—; Don, from the editor of *Saturday Night*; Pakenham, where the business of packin' ham was first started; Aurora, where Northern Lights were first discovered, but where, alas! they have not even electric lights now.

We have never been able to trace the name of Lake Erie, but it was so called long before the present Erie.



THE CRUELLEST YET.

SHE.—"Is your mother-in-law *dangerously* ill?"

HE.—"Yes; the doctor says she is quite certain to recover, now!"

MATCHED AT LAST!

THE action of the Prohibition Convention was another illustration of the adage that it is "the unexpected that happens." The Attorney General's pledge that he would bring a Bill for Prohibition if the judicial decision enabled him to do so, was received with cheers and enthusiasm. The Government is now definitely bound on the great issue, and all further dodging made impossible. That is apparently regarded as a sufficient victory for the present.

"Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—SHAKESPEARE.

PHENIX PUBLISHING COMPANY

No advertisement of any business which we regard as fraudulent or of evil tendency will be accepted at any price. It being our desire to make GRIP advertisements unique and effective, we will freely supply expert aid to advertisers in the invention, construction, writing and illustrating of their ads. Designs and terms submitted on application.



Mr. J. H. McCLELLAN of Brantford is authorized to act as travelling agent for GRIP in Western Ontario, and to make collections, take orders, and make advertising contracts.

Mr. GEO. W. LIDDELL, 40 1/2 Victoria Square, Montreal, is the duly accredited advertising agent for GRIP in Montreal, and is authorized to make contracts for us.

Very beautiful, is the comment which continues to be made on the views of the Columbian Exhibition, given away to the patrons of the Toronto Evening Star.

GRIP has to acknowledge receipt of a copy of the Canadian Almanac for 1904. This is an old and valuable publication, as full of information as GRIP is full of humour and sound sense, and, if our modesty may be excused, that is saving a great deal. If you want to know where a post office is, or what denomination a clergyman belongs to, or if there is a bank at Fincaidville, or the address of any government or municipal official, or when the next eclipse will take place, or whether the 1st of March falls on Sun- elbow. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. of Toronto.

THOUGH lighter matters than finance and insurance are more in his line, GRIP is pleased to see these important subjects and Risks," the somewhat unique but nevertheless appropriate name given to the successor of the Budget. Success to it.

GRIP is generally credited with being a wise bird, but there are certain things which cannot be expected to know. For instance, some one sent back the other day, through the St. Joseph St. post-office, several copies, marked "Ret'd, not Wanted," but without any indication as to who they came from. Result, he must continue to pay his weekly visits till something further reveals who it is that does not appreciate his wisdom.

AMUSEMENTS. By an error in this column last week, the date of the Nye-Smith entertainment at the Pavilion was given incorrectly. It is Feb. 15.

THE Undergras of our University are going to suspend their cramming of foot- curricula, dumb-bells, and other studies on the Greek play "Antigone" at the Academy of Music on the 15th, 16th and 17th. No one who speaks the language should fail to take in this show.

MR. BOB BURDETTE will be along shortly to explain to a star course audi- ence all about "Our Mission in Mars."

THE Temple Male Quartette of Boston pleased the audience immensely at As- sociation Hall last Tuesday evening.

Don't fail to make a note of Mr. Ben- gough's entertainment at Association Hall, 22nd inst. Keep that date free, as the programme will be new and original.

THOSE who saw the Greek play of the Antigone as produced by the students of Toronto University some years ago have not forgotten the excellent way in which it was rendered. That it is to be reproduced is cause for satisfaction, and as the principle of University education for women is now recognized, the additional attraction is added of having the female characters represented by lady students. The preparation of such a drama involves a vast amount of labor and expense, and it is to be hoped the people of Toronto will manifest their appreciation by full houses on each of three nights. The dates are the 19th, 20th and 21st of February and the place the Academy of Music.

PRESS COMMENTS.

It was like meeting a dear friend from the farther shore to find GRIP among the exchanges this week. Not that the merry bird had any disembodied or ghost-like look, for he is, indeed, very much alive. The publishers apologize for the first number, for a first number was never yet produced in which a score of mishaps did not occur to mar the plans of the projectors. But in this case an apology was really not needed, for it is altogether a very creditable initial issue. The letter-press, cartoons and other illustrations are quite up to the best mark of GRIP's palmy days, and doubtless a host of old friends will welcome a pleasant companion back to their homes and offices.—The Globe.

THE many lovers of Canadian wit and art will be glad to learn that GRIP has been revived and will appear as before from Toronto. Mr. J. W. Bengough, the former leading cartoonist is at the head again and his presence indicates that the little weekly will be as entertaining as ever. Mr. Bengough has many friends in all parts of Canada who will doubtless hail with delight the fact that he is again in a position to make merry with the great and wise men who live at Ottawa and elsewhere. His sketches have always abounded in humor and never give offense to the subject.—Press, Amherst, N. S.

THE first two numbers of GRIP under the new management have been received, and we must say that Mr. Bengough and his associate, Mr. Bell, are to be congratulated on the handsome appearance of the paper typographically, the excellence of the cartoons, most of which bear the imprint of Mr. Bengough, and the feast of good things making up the letter press. As a cartoonist Bengough is head and neck ahead of all competitors.—Journal, Gananoque.

GRIP is on deck again, and a hearty welcome the noble bird has received from all quarters. It did not come to fill a "long-felt want," but "an aching void," which was caused by its temporary sus-

pension. Mr. Bengough's withdrawal from the staff was undoubtedly the cause of the sudden eclipse, but it has emerged with the old hand at the helm, and its future is assured.—Templar, Hamilton.

RAREMENT, le spirituel crayon de notre artiste canadien J. W. Bengough a eu le trait plus juste que dans le croquis qui orne cette page—"Protective."

Trois personnages seulement, mais comme c'est finement touché! Un énorme policeman entre deux eccliers, l'un tout petit et l'autre redoutable. L'autre un grand handrin batti comme un colosse. Le petit gamin est la minorite catholique, le grand la majorite protestante, et le gros policeman est la "P. P. A." C'est un monstrueux non-sens, comme l'Electeur l'a deja dit et repete, et nous sommes heureux de voir un protestant liberal comme M. Bengough prendre ses crayons pour illustrer notre pensee d'une facon aussi saisissante.—L. Electeur, Quebec.

Printing - -

AT CLOSE PRICES

Imrie, Graham & Co.

31 CHURCH STREET.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

TELE. 514-PHONE

HERBERT LAKE, L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST.

COR. McCAUL AND QUEEN STS.



Teeth extracted without pain. First-class work in all departments.

Nothing like the accompanying black record of olden times, but all work and appliances up to date.

THE GOOD DYE YOUNG

That is, they don't leave an article till it's worn out and threadbare, but as soon as it shows signs of wear they take it to Parker's. He makes the old look like new. Dyeing and Cleaning of every description is done well if done at Parker's.

R. PARKER & CO., - STEAM DYERS AND CLEANERS

HEAD OFFICE: 787 TO 791 YONGE STREET.

59 King Street West. - 209 Yonge Street.

475 and 1267 Queen Street West and 277 Queen Street East.

... TORONTO ...

Branches at Hamilton Brantford. London, St. Catharines, Galt and Woodstock

OFFICE:

81 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

EDWARD STILL

LATE OF CLARKSON & CROSS

Trustee, ♦ Accountant, ♦ Auditor, ♦ Etc.
Room 21, 1 Toronto St., Toronto.

The Wilkinson Truss,

The only Perfect-Fitting Truss in the World.

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

B. LINDMAN,
N. E. COR. YONGE & KING, ROOM 15



Waterous Boilers

BRANTFORD, ONT.

BEST OF STEEL.

BEST OF WORK.

CONSEQUENTLY

BEST OF BOILERS.

Nixey's

"Silver Moonlight"

Stove Polish

Outshone all Competition at the World's Fair.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

CHAS - GYDE

AGENT.

33-51 St. Nicholas St., Montreal

North American

Life Assurance Company.

Head Office, - Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT

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

VICE-PRESIDENTS

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

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

Write or make personal application for full particulars,

WM. McCABE, Managing Director

"Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—SHAKESPEARE.

Decorative - - Art Cloth

Is the new Material for covering Fancy Stools, Chairs, Brackets, Tables, etc. Also for Screen Panels, Photo Frames, and for high-class Wall Decoration, etc.

Specially prepared for Oil Painting. Suitable for Celluloid, Luccru and all other Decorative Surfaces. Inexpensive. Get samples at once.

The Art Metropolitan,
131 YONGE ST.

Toronto
Business & SHORTHAND
College.
Ecc. Yonge & Spadina Sts.

Send for
Particulars.

It Tickes 'em!

Toronto Merchant.—"Just such a little paper has been wanted for some time in Canada."

Montreal Merchant.—"Every man who spends \$5.00 or \$5,000, will read this bright and original little paper with pleasure and profit."

Winnipeg Merchant.—"Brimful of ideas on advertising.—I want it."

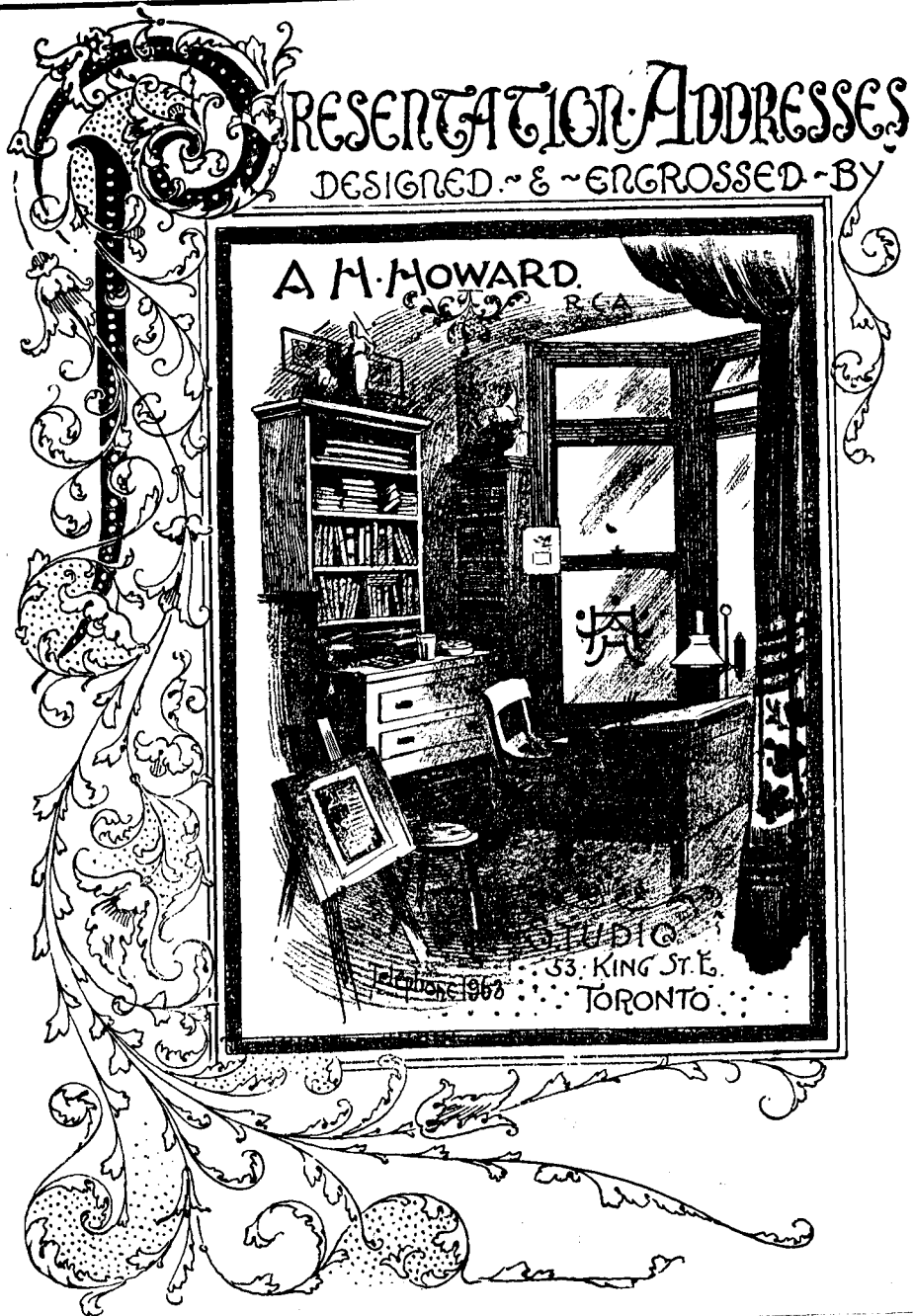
Chorus of Merchants from Ontario, Quebec and other Provinces.—"Send us BIZ for a year."

WRITE FOR IT. BIZ, a little paper for advertisers. Only \$1.00 a year Semi-monthly. Specimen copy if desired.

S. C. TRETHERWEY, PUBLISHER
57 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Remington
Standard
Typewriter

GEORGE BENGOUGH,
AGENT,
45 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.



The Great Northern Railway

Running from St. Paul or Minneapolis, and Duluth or West Superior, to

Manitoba, British Columbia
And the Pacific Coast

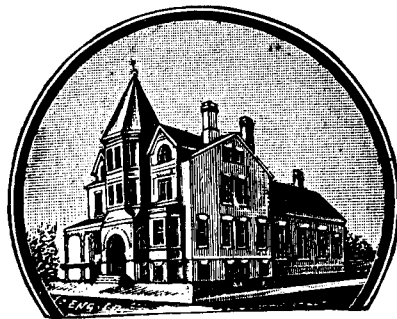
Connecting at St. Paul or Minneapolis, and Duluth or West Superior, with all Railway and Steamship Lines from the East, therefore giving the shortest and quickest Route and Best Rates to MONTANA, IDAHO, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, MANITOBA, BRITISH COLUMBIA and all points on the Pacific Coast.

It is the only correct route to the Mines of the Sloean District; Kootenai Lakes, B.C.; the Farming and Grazing Lands of Minnesota, Dakota and Montana; the Timber and Mineral Districts of the PACIFIC COAST.

Lowest through rates quoted on application. For particulars see or write to

H. G. McMICKEN, Gen'l Agent,
2 King St. East Toronto.

And consign all freight to the care of the Great Northern Railway, so as to secure the lowest rates and best despatch



The Toronto
College of
♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ Music

12 AND 14 PEMBROKE STREET

Matriculation Preparation.
Normal Classes for Teachers.

Affiliated with The University of Toronto.

MUSIC. ELOCUTION. THEORY. LANGUAGES.

This College offers unsurpassed advantages, and provides for its students the valuable collateral advantages of Pupils' Recitals, both in Music, Elocution, Faculty Concerts, Lectures on Theory and History of Music, Orchestral Rehearsals, Choral Classes, use of Musical Library, all without extra expense.

Diplomas, Scholarships, Certificates and Medals awarded.

Send for Prospectus. Pupils may enter at any time.

F. H. TORRINGTON, MUSICAL DIRECTOR, 12 and 14 Pembroke Street.