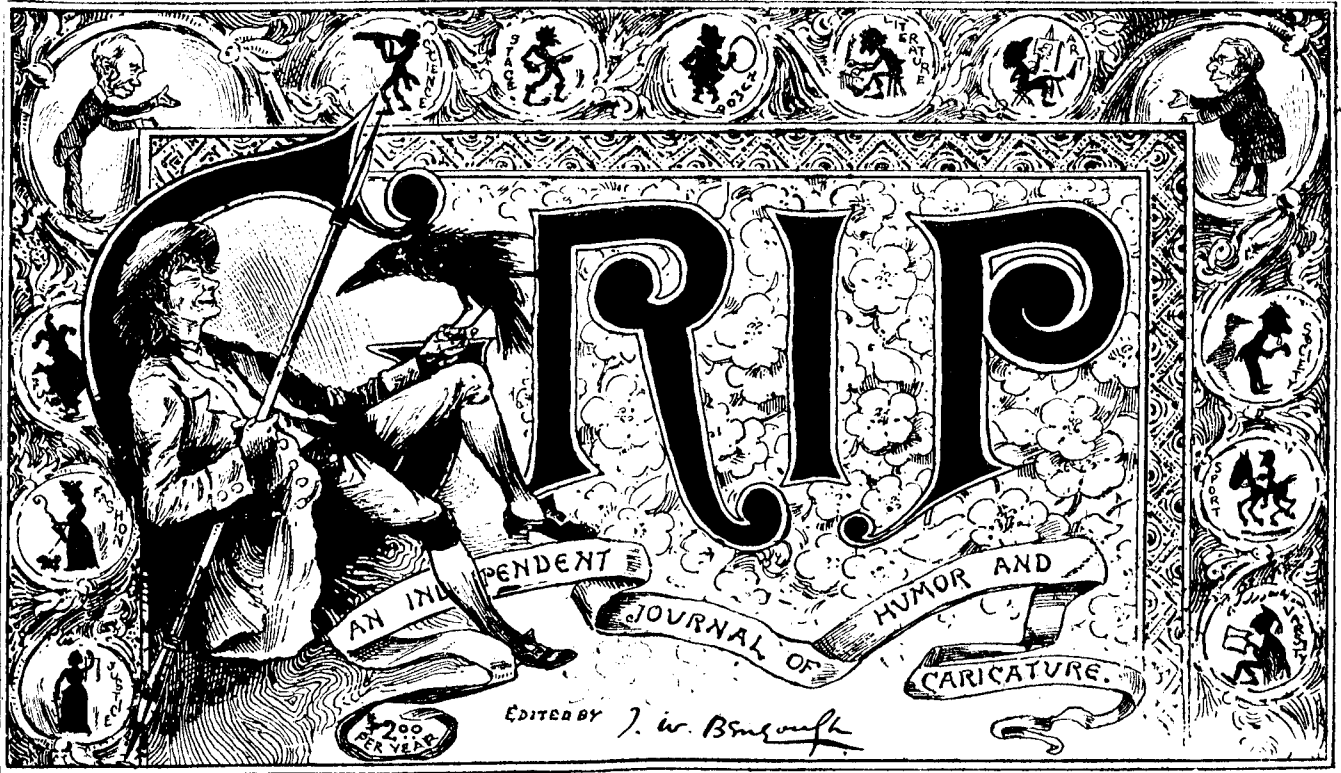


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VOL. XXXIX.—No. 2.

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

No. 995

# Of Interest to Ladies

The Benefits to be Derived Are Marvellous

No disagreeable examination is necessary  
No dangerous or harmful medicine to take  
You can treat yourselves at home

You are sure to recover of whatever ailment  
The expense is trifling  
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We need not here name diseases. Every lady knows whether she is troubled with **ANY** of the various complaints peculiar to her sex, and if she is it will cost her nothing to consult privately, and thus learn personally of the remedy that will cure her. Every irregularity and unnaturalness, all inflammations, ulcerations, and weaknesses, are completely cured and the system fully restored to a normal condition. It is worth your while to inquire into this statement either in person or by letter. As a toilet water for the complexion, it has no superior. It is most healthful and invigorating to the skin, removes pimples, blackheads, etc., and gives a fresh and youthful appearance to the complexion, with no possible injury.

## A WORD TO MOTHERS

Who have growing daughters just blossoming into mature womanhood. How often does Nature require some little aid to perfect this wonderful change! How often is a young life blighted or subjected to unnecessary sickness and inconvenience because of some obstruction, something unnatural yet unknown, which could easily be removed or regulated if given proper and timely attention! Through feelings of delicacy the patient victim suffers in silence, and allows the evil to continue without attention rather than mention it to even her mother. She thinks because not real sick that it will wear off, or Nature will soon restore strength and resume healthy functions. Mothers should be more watchful, and not keep daughters in ignorance of Nature's ways and Nature's needs. The **Microbe Killer** has power to render just the assistance needed at such times; a single gallon will cause a healthy change and remove every obstruction and irregularity. We make this matter prominent because it is of great importance. Thousands of ladies suffer without knowing the cause, and dread to place themselves under a physician's professional care. We know whereof we affirm when we say that the

## Microbe Killer Relieves all such Troubles

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It should be kept in the house at all times. Pour from the jug into quart bottles, cork tightly and keep for use. Time does not injure it. If anything ails the children—a bad cold, croup, worms, diarrhoea, a fever, or any indisposition—a few doses of the **Microbe Killer** promptly administered restores health. If the child is injured, burnt, bruised or cut, tie up the wound and saturate well with **Microbe Killer**. It is the greatest family medicine known, and should be in every household. It can be safely given in small doses to the baby. It aids digestion, helps teething, cures summer complaints, and where a child is weakly and puny, it soon gives strength and vigor, and the child becomes robust and healthy.

But there is another period in a woman's life when the **Microbe Killer** is of inestimable service, namely, that commonly called "Change of Life." Some are unable to survive this change. Many barely escape after much sickness, and all suffer more or less. The tendency of **Microbe Killer** being to assist Nature and produce healthy, normal action, it has proved to be invaluable at this period. It should be used moderately but continuously from its commencement. The change will scarcely be noticed. We desire to impress this fact upon the minds of our lady readers, and feel warranted in forcing it upon their attention, namely, you have no better friend than the **Microbe Killer**. Nothing yet discovered so completely meets your needs in the many ailments which annoy and afflict, but which so seldom receive medical treatment. It is strictly a home remedy, and can be used by yourselves. Drinking it tones up and strengthens the system. Used as injections or a compress, it positively cures any case of inflammation, ulceration, congestion or leucorrhoea.

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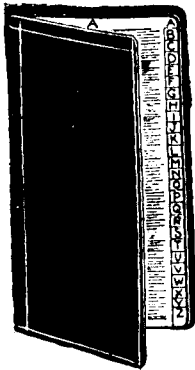
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I.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN—"Ah, what a fine specimen of the *cocularcus onitus!*"

(See page 32.)

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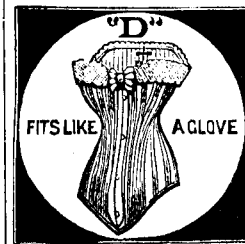
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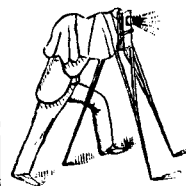
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VOL. XXXIX.

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1892.

No. 2.  
Whole No. 995.

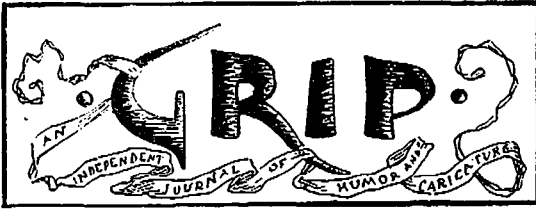


## WIND DIET; OR, PRACTICAL BULL AND POETICAL TUPPER.

JOHN BULL.—"It's all very well, but how do you propose to fill *this* bag from that one?"

SIR C. TUPPER—"Nothing easier! Make up the balance with patriotic sentiment about our Glorious Empire on which the sun never sets!"

["Even if Great Britain by a trade policy antagonized all the other food-producing countries of the world, the Mother Country need not be short of the amplest supply of food. Canada was quite capable of supplying the Empire with food."—Sir C. Tupper, at U. E. Trade League meeting. *Vide Mail*, June 24th.]



The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;  
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1892.



**THE GINGERY CAMPAIGN.**—A world-wide feeling of indignation was excited a few days ago by an assault on Mr. Gladstone in the streets of Chester. While on his way to address a meeting the venerable statesman received a blow in the face from a hard "hunk" of gingerbread thrown by an evil-tempered woman. The result was a painful injury to one of his eyes, but fortunately the effects have not been permanently serious. This event marked the opening days of the campaign, while Hon. Edward Blake was *en route* to the field of action. He has since landed in safety and gone into the fight, which promises to be one of the hottest on record.

**PRACTICAL BULL AND POETICAL TUPPER.**—The following letter, signed "L.I.," which appeared in the *Mail* of June 25th, may be quoted by way of comment on our first page cartoon :

SIR,—The *Mail* of this date contains a cable report of a meeting of the United Empire Trade League in London, at which Sir Charles Tupper is alleged to have made the following assertion:—"Even if Great Britain by a trade policy antagonized all the other food-producing countries of the world, the Mother Country need not be short of the amplest supply of food. Canada was quite capable of supplying the Empire with food." Bread being the chief necessity of life, the following figures in reference to the wheat supply of the United Kingdom may be of interest :

TOTAL IMPORTS OF WHEAT TO GREAT BRITAIN.			
	1889		1890
	58,602,271 cwt.		60 474,180 cwt.
WHEAT MEAL AND FLOUR.			
	1889		1890
	14,699,201 cwt.		15,773,336 cwt.
EXPORTS OF CANADA TO GREAT BRITAIN.			
	1889		1890
Wheat.....	1,168,320 cwt.		1,128,340 cwt.
Meal and flour.....	1,168,892 "		933,422 "

I now turn to the wheat production of Canada, having shown that the United Kingdom last year imported over eighty-two million hundredweights (1 cwt. = 112 lbs.) in the form of grain, meal and flour.

According to the Statistical Year Book for 1890 (page 279), Canada's production of wheat has exceeded the quantity required for consumption and seed in the nine years from 1881 to 1889 by 25,711,314 bushels, or an average annual excess of 2,856,812 bushels, a truly magnificent quantity with which to meet Great Britain's demand! It should be added that the crop produced in this colony has never, up to 1889, reached fifty million bushels. Later figures are not at my disposal.

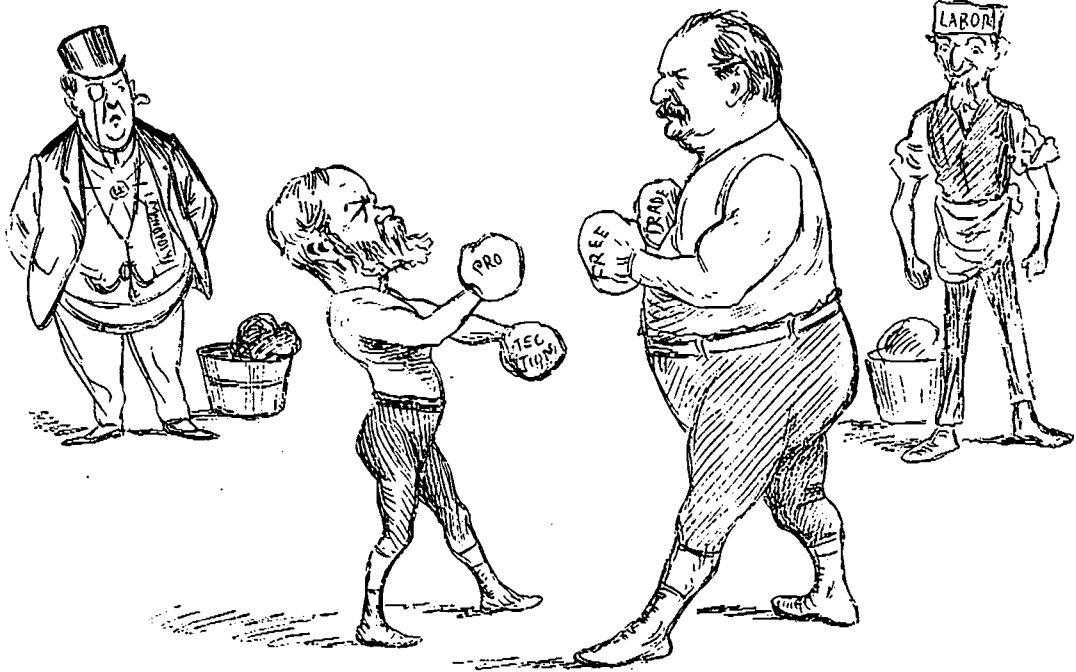
From the above statements, for which I have given the authorities, it would appear that, if Sir Charles Tupper be correctly reported, he is either woefully ignorant of the facts or else he wilfully deceived his audience. Britain admits colonial grain upon exactly the same terms as foreign grain, and if Canada is in a position to supply John Bull's wants why does she not send her wheat in something like significant quantities, instead of allowing Russia and the United States to supply almost three-fourths of the total amount required?

Perhaps some of the advocates of the latest form of resurrected protection, called "fiscal federation," will condescend to explain by what method Canada can at once increase her wheat surplus for export from four million cwt. to eighty-two millions.

We know Sir Charles to be famous as a "stretcher," but in this case he has in all probability been misreported. He must have meant to say that the colonies (not Canada alone) would be capable of supplying Great Britain with food. This would be a sufficient exaggeration.



**BUSINESS** at Ottawa proceeds but slowly under any circumstances, but when the House feels bound to rise in honor of every Saints' day in the calendar, Parliament can scarcely be said to make any progress at all. A business-like committee of half a dozen men could have done in two days all that has been accomplished so far this session in the way of useful legislation. And what we are anxious to find out is, why the



A STRAIGHT FIGHT TO A FINISH ON A PLAIN ISSUE.

Parliament of the Dominion should consider itself under obligation to observe Saints' days at all. It would be irksome enough if the Catholic Church was established by law in this country. As it is, the constant adjournments are entirely uncalled for. Besides being a wicked waste of time for which the people are paying hard-earned money, it is an exhibition of transparent hypocrisy for legislators who are engaged in "framing iniquity by a law" to suspend operations every now and then as a matter of "piety." Why doesn't that bold Orangeman, Clarke Wallace, rise up and enquire into this sectarian Catholic business?

\* \* \*

THE *New York Sun* is going to shine for Cleveland after all in this campaign. Its support will not do the candidate much good, however, as the cranky course of the paper in its Hill-booming has well-nigh robbed it of the influence it once possessed. Dana declares that the real issue in the present contest is white or black government in the South, and says it must prefer a Democratic candidate even if he be the Devil (or Cleveland) rather than the respectable Mr. Harrison with a Force bill in his pocket.

\* \* \*

THE *Worli* deserves praise for sending a special correspondent to Ireland to report the movements and speeches of our Ned in the Home Rule campaign. The gentleman selected is Mr. Howard, a regular member of the staff, who is unusually well posted on Irish affairs. It is to be hoped that both the eminent Canadians will get through the unpleasantness without fatal wounds.

\* \* \*

PRIZE-FIGHTING is against the law both in the United States and Canada, but in this case it is eminently true that prohibition fails to prohibit. Following the logic so popular in the discussion of the liquor question, the law ought long since to have been repealed, and yet nobody seems to suggest this. It can hardly be

alleged that the law against the pug business lacks the backing of public sentiment, but the pretences under which prize fights are held under the name of "glove contests" are as flimsy as the gloves themselves. In short, the authorities notoriously wink at the law-breakers. This is not really to be wondered at, considering the attitude of the press. In both countries daily papers which profess to be respectable regularly report affairs of "the ring" as a department of legitimate sport, though they should be put under the heading of criminal intelligence. As long as this goes on the prize fight will flourish.

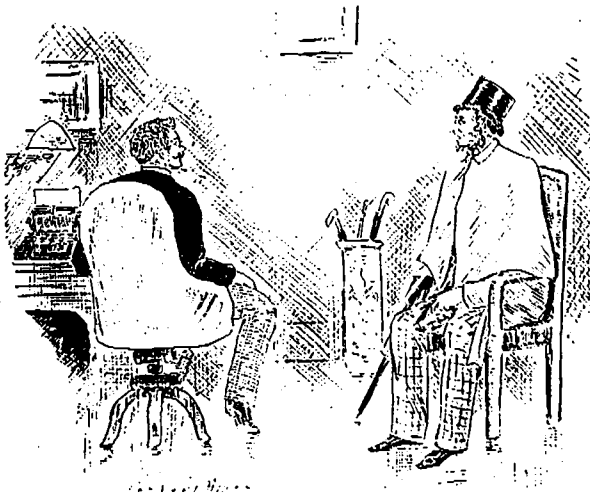
\* \* \*

THE *Globe* devoted a few lines the other day to Sir John Lubbock, who is prominent at this moment as President of the Board of Trade Congress in London. It is true, as stated, that this remarkable man has achieved world-wide fame in three distinct lines—business, science and politics, but this is not all. He is best known to the poor of London as a philanthropist, though he appears to conceal his good works from the knowledge of the general public. Every Sunday finds Sir John delighting an audience of the slum-dwellers with a friendly talk on some improving topic, and scarcely an hour of his leisure is passed in pursuit of his own pleasure. Taken all round, he is one of England's grandest men.

\* \* \*

WHERE'S Dr. Douglas, that grand old man,  
Who's swift to denounce every boodling plan;  
In vain for a worse piece of boodling he'll search  
Than Government aid for the Methodist Church!

COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE—"You say you saw a Bible on the table."  
WITNESS—"Yes, sir."  
COUNSEL—"How do you know it was a Bible? Did you open it?"  
WITNESS—"No, sir. I could tell by the dust on it."



### EASILY FOUND.

**BORE**—"When I marry, I shall choose for a wife a lady who is handsome and more intellectual than myself."

**WEARY FRIEND**—"Then I daresay you'll have no trouble in finding a lady with the desired qualifications."

### MUSQUITOES.

**T**HE mosquito is a cheerful and sagashus reptile. He always goes about humming a lively toon. Hens he haz been kalled a hum-bug.

He is fonder of blood nor Mister Ryder Haggart and them fellers into the theatre wich is allways kalling fer gore in thunder tones. But instid av makin' no end av a fuss over it he proceeds to bore fur it in a strickly business-like fashun.

He mostly seeks his victums at summer resorts an' places ware excursionists dost frequent, ware his soft and persuasive note may oftimes bee herd intersperced with phragments ov Scriptooral kotashuns.

It is a open question wether a mewl driven bi a green hired man allong a corduroy road, or a solitary mosquito in the tent of a kampin' out party, kin incite the greatest average uv profanerty.

Sum might be disposed to back the mewl, but I am open tew bet onto the mosquito. I would not back any mewl if I knew it, no, knot even in a metterforikal sense.



COUNTRY LOVERS.

The mosquito is konstruktid ov steel in front, an india rubber in the rear sektion, and has been known tew bear threw a leather boot. I do not swear to this miself, but wuz told so bi a reliable person.

His voracity (I mean that of the person knot the mosquito) is undeniable, as he is a advertisin' agent.

I hav seen a mosquito tri in vane to insert hiz bill into a boardin' house beefstake and after sevril frootless atemts crawl away to dye.

A man to wich I menshuned this fact said, "That's a blamed tuff story." "Yes," sed I, with that felicerty uv life and sparklin epigram wich marks mi konversashun, "but that is becos the beefstake wuz so tuff."

If you think is nessary you kin explain this joke bi a diegram.

One ov the most solum periods ov a person's lifetime iz wen you heer the hum ov a mosquito mid the darknes, drawin nearer an nearer bi degrease an ceep wonderin ware the beest iz goin tew lite.

There is only one plaice ware he never does lite. He never lites out. Trooth crushed to erth will rise agane, but of a mosquito is wunce farely flattened out it takes the rise out of him.



### A SUGGESTION.

Submitted, with GRIP's compliments, to the ladies who insist on wearing trains.

But mosquitose like other trubbles never kum singly. No matter how menny you sleigh you kaint seem to redoose the general average bi  $\frac{1}{2}$  per sent.

The only known remedy is to pa yure bill an go away from that section until the seesun is over.

N.B.—I have known this work satisfactorily even wen the bill waz knot pade.

### A NEW INTERPRETATION.

**TEACHER**—"What is the meaning of the passage—  
'There is a tide in the affairs of men.'"

**PUPIL**—"Means they generally get married some time."

"WHAT is the nitrate of silver?" "Oh, I guess it's the same as the day rate."





IS ANYTHING THE MATTER WITH WILFRED'S BAIT?

TWO ALLIED INDUSTRIES.

THE Ontario Factory Inspectors' Report for 1891, just issued, commenting on the existing industrial depression says :

In talking with manufacturers on the state of trade I am frequently asked "Is there any line of manufacture that has any life in it?" And I have generally replied that so far as I can form an opinion by going through factories, the piano and coffin trades seem to be as brisk as ever, having noticed continued activity in these two branches.

The relation between these two flourishing industries is evidently that of cause and effect—the more pianos, the more coffins. The prevalence of lethal music is very noticeable on our residential streets. Now that "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" has succeeded "Little Annie Rooney" and "Comrades" the mortality in piano-infested neighborhoods may be expected to increase largely. There is a fruitful field for investigation opened up in this direction, and some of our scientists might appropriately study



### IN DARKEST LAMBETH.

OR, STANLEY'S TERRIBLE JOURNEY THROUGH THE GLADSTONIAN FOREST.

the comparative fatality of different kinds of music from oratorios by Wagner and Beethoven down to the humble yet touching sonata, "Maggie Murphy's Home" and the like.

#### A REMONSTRANCE

WITH A TRULY LOYAL EDITOR WHO SOMETIMES FORGETS HIMSELF.

**S**IR OLIVER'S no longer "Mr. Mowat,"  
The *World*, methinks, by this time ought to know it.  
And if it wished to do the thing that's right would  
Be sure to always recognize his knighthood.  
Beware, Maclean, how slips like these you make,  
Your standing as a loyalist's at stake.  
The Queen conferred that title—don't ignore it!  
All loyal souls will grovel low before it.

STANLEY, the explorer, has made more discoveries during his Lambeth campaign than he ever did during years of travel in Africa.

BACKPAY (*after a hearty meal*)—"I'm afraid I've lost my appetite."

HIS LANDLADY (*aside*)—"Found a horse's, though!"

#### HOW THE KID WON.

URIOSITY craned its neck  
At Woodbine Park when that race was run.  
'Twas the steeple-chase, and we looked for fun  
When the horses filed out on the track.

For 'mongst the jockeys there was a kid,  
A little chap not more than seven,  
And he took the lead when the word was given  
And kept it right to the end—he did!

The hurdles ranged about five feet,  
But he took 'em clean and slick each time,  
And the water jumps—he did 'em prime,  
And never budged from his pig-skin seat.

And when away for home he tore  
With all the others in his wake,  
You should have seen the grand stand shake  
Beneath the wild tumultuous roar.

He passed the post in splendid style  
A winner by a rod or two,  
And then the crowd around him drew,  
And he received them with a smile.

"It's wonderful!" said the racing cracks,  
"Oh, not at all," said the gentle child,  
With a manner frank, and a voice so mild,  
"I rubbed the saddle with cobbler's wax!"





THE GINGERY CAMPAIGN.

THE G. O. M.—“WELCOME TO THE FRAY, BLAKE. AND NOW LET ME GIVE YOU A WORD OF ADVICE—MIND YOUR EYE !!”



### AT THE LACROSSE MATCH.

(Grand Stand, Reserved Section.)

MISS SPORTINGHAM—"It's a lovely, exciting game, isn't it?"

MISS INSWIM (gazing absently through the glass)—"Yes, but I would like to know who that is with her!"

### SCHNABEL, THE WOMAN HATER.

(A TRUE STORY.)

**M**OST people called him Schnabel because he had an unusually long nose. Although he had never anything in particular to say, yet he never lost an opportunity of saying it. He hated women. He hated anything feminine. And to-day he had made a great exception to his rule of action. He had traded his big bony bay horse with the hairless tail for a beautiful sleek little black mare.

"She's a pretty beast, there ain't no denyin'," he was saying to himself as he stood watching the little beauty nibbling the tender grass in a shady part of the field, "but I will assert myself—I ain't a goin' ter stand no female pranks from her," and with rising indignation at the thought he strode up to the little mare with that peculiarly majestic stride wherein indignation, a pair of bow legs and a lumpy field play a most important part.

"Come here, you," he said severely, at the same time reaching out his hand to seize her by the mane. But Dolly being in very good spirits whisked her beautiful tail high in the air, lowered her head between her fore legs, gave a little whinny and scampered across the field.

Schnabel swore. It was not often that he indulged in the soothing influence of his small but choice vocabulary of emphatic adjectives, but now—well, as I said, Schnabel swore. For a moment he stood gazing across the field where the little animal stood shining like polished ebony in the morning sun, and suddenly a horrible truth revealed itself to him. In order to catch the little brute he would be obliged to coax her, to pet her, to call her endearing names. If that mare had been a woman he could not have hated her more. Schnabel swore again.

But consoling himself with the thought that he would give her a most terrible thrashing when he did get hold of her he went back into the stable and soon returned with his shiny bald head in a state of nature and his hat full of oats. "Dolly," he said, and his voice was so husky that he was obliged to cough. "Dolly dear, come Dolly, pet," and Dolly, with the cautiousness characteristic of her sex, approached slowly, very slowly towards the hat. "Nice Dolly, good Dolly. O you ebony beauty—come dearest, sweetest—YOU BLACK SHE-DEVIL." For Dolly no sooner had gotten her tongue nicely covered with oats than she hoisted sail—or tail rather—and flew like the wind.

Schnabel was pale and his lips became thin, but with that admirable self-control of which he boasted he held himself together and walked in the direction of Dolly.

She for some reason now thought it wise to keep a certain distance between Schnabel and herself, and slowly wandered into the public street, Schnabel, of course, bringing up the rear and the oats. Now Schnabel, whose capacious brow extended back till it lost itself in the little fringe of hair that decorated the back of his neck, began to feel the effect of the sun and became doubly cross. He would catch that black witch if he died in the attempt! With this purpose firm in his mind, he cut through a lane, running all the way till he reached the corner where he expected Dolly to pass. He waited here for a moment before he heard the pit-a-pat of her little feet on the block pavement, then with wonderful quickness he sprang out and stood before the little mare. Dolly, surprised and dumbfounded by this sudden appearance of the shiny bald head in front of her when she had thought it far behind, just stood and stared, and taking advantage of her confusion Schnabel seized her by the mane and gave her a ferocious kick, then jerked her mane and kicked her again.

Suddenly he felt a dig in the side and heard a shrill voice, "O, you vile monster! How dare you ill use that poor defenceless animal? O! O! O!" And each "O" drew forth a sympathetic echo from Schnabel, who shrunk from the brass shod point of an indignant female's parasol.

Poor Schnabel! He had never come in contact with an "indignant female" before. He had been used to the submissive type and he despised them. Now he was in mortal terror.

The Woman's Rights Society had just broken up their meeting, and to think that at their very door they should find a vile man beating his poor dumb horse. "O! O! O!" Poor Schnabel! He was immediately surrounded by about a dozen indignant females, each with a pair of spectacles, a sharp tongue and, worse than all, a parasol.

Schnabel was really mad, but piteously helpless before that bristling array. To collect his thoughts he put on his hat, but in his confusion he had forgotten that it was full of oats. Poor Schnabel! The women laughed and poked him the harder; Dolly gave a little laugh that made Schnabel's blood boil, and cantered away, Schnabel distinctly repeated over every word in his vocabulary of oaths, read the sign over the door from which those terrible women had issued: "Society for the Extermination of Man, the Advancement of Woman, and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," then "right through their ranks he broke" and never stopped till he was safely home.

Next day Schnabel went over and bought back his big bony bay horse with the hairless tail.

PULLAS A. TICK.

### HOW JOURNALISM RUINED AN EPIC POET.

JASPER HORNBEAM read "Paradise Lost" in his youth and decided to devote his life to the writing of a great epic. He was working on his father's farm when the idea occurred to him, and his ambition grew faster than the rag-weeds in the pea field. By dint of hard and very commendable labor he fitted himself for his glorious undertaking. Knowing that it would be well for him to acquire ease in writing—even in prose at first—he began to contribute the Mayflower Corners items to the local paper. From that hour his progress in journalism was marvellous, until he finally became a reporter on space on a metropolitan daily.

While working as a reporter his epic advanced rapidly and abounded in the most gorgeous descriptions. During his leisure hours, while waiting for news at the police headquarters or fire halls, his soul vibrated to the sonorous melodies he had fashioned from the nasal sounds of his back concession vocabulary. But in a fatal moment he accepted a position at a night desk, and his soul immediately lost its exuberance. He learned the art of boiling down copy, and, as a matter of course, began to boil down his epic. When he began to work at the night desk he had written twelve books of six thousand lines each. After three years of conscientious and thoughtful work this was all that remained of his great epic of Cleopatra:

"The jig is up."

This was the exclamation of pretty Cleopatra, the queen of the Egyptians, when she heard of the death of her last lover, a dissolute Roman named Antony, familiarly known to the boys as 'Mark.' She immediately committed suicide in a most unconventional manner by entering the royal menagerie and letting loose the snakes.

Before meeting with Antony, Cleopatra's character was far from irreproachable. Her name had frequently been mentioned in connection with those of Cæsar and Pompey, and it is alleged that she was the real cause of the wars that disgraced that era.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of her life as the world has been made familiar with them by the efforts of Fanny Davenport, Sara Bernhardt, Sardou, Rider Haggard and others.

Joseph Hornbeam is still toiling as a night laborer on a great daily, and is vehemently hated by aspiring and verbose space writers. His weekly bill for blue pencils amounts to more than any of their salaries.

### "TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY."

YOU can read all about it in Carnegie's pages, where he tells how high tariffs result in big wages, but lock-outs and strikes as the fruits of Protection will be apt to secure Grover Cleveland's election. Carnegie perhaps by his blatant hypocrisy may thus pave the way for "Triumphant Democracy."

### A MOST AUDACIOUS THEFT.

LAST Saturday the *Evening News* informed its readers that a "young woman got sixty days for stealing another woman's shoes and stockings at the police court to-day." The police court is a queer place to steal at, and the young woman who did the stealing has only herself to blame that justice followed so swiftly on the commission of the crime. Why did she not wait until the other woman got out of doors—say on King street, or some equally secluded thoroughfare, before appropriating the pedal environments?



### ANIMAL INSTINCT.

MRS. MULCAHEY—"Phwat instinct them dumb animals do hov. Sure, Barney, this is a wonderful cat av moine; she knows as much as meself, so she does."

BARNEY—"It's a good job she can't spake thin."

### TWO OLD CROWS.

TWO old crows confabulous sat perch'd upon a tree,  
And all their talk lugubrious was overheard by me:  
Said one old crow to t'other, and dol'ful dropp'd its jaw,  
Things aren't as they us'd to be! Caw, caw, caw!

Said t'other crow to this crow, there's the devil to pay:  
Things get worse and mixed'er every mortal day!  
New corn is mouldy on the stalk, it sours in my craw:  
Alas, the world's degenerate! Caw, caw, caw!

Said this crow to t'other crow, when you and I were y. ung,  
Sweeter far than mocking birds—no crows so tuneful sung:  
But now the times are out of joint, crows' throats have got a claw,  
Bronchitis, Asthma, or La Grippe! Caw, caw, caw!

Said t'other crow to this crow, alas, aday, alack,  
We never see a white crow now, ev'ry crow is black!  
Crows as white as daisies are were plentiful as straw:  
Oh, dear, what are we coming to! Caw, caw, caw!

Said this crow to t'other crow, the great crows all are dead,  
Crow oratory, statesmanship, and virtue too have fled;  
We've fallen on an evil day; a crow's but a jack-daw!  
We have no crows of genius now! Caw, caw, caw!

Said t'other crow to this crow, suppose we take a fly:  
Ah, would that the whole race of crows were as you and I!  
Then those crows went sailing off, till I no longer saw  
The flapping of their wings, but heard, caw, caw, caw!

—R. J. Roberts, in *Jury*.

### A PRETTY BIG TREE.

A MONSTER tree to which incidental reference was recently made in the *Evening News*, should be at once secured by Commissioner Awrey for the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. The paragraph reads thus:—"Mr. James Flower, residing at Ridgetown, was killed on Tuesday by the falling of a tree near Chatham." As the distance between the two towns must be fully twelve miles, this was no sapling. Our mathematical referee estimates that the specimen must have had an area of 460 acres to stand on, and that its cubical contents would equal 950 million cords of firewood, Toronto measurement, or a little more than half that quantity, reckoning 128 cubic feet per cord.

## THE GARDEN OF ONTARIO.



HON. R. HARCOURT.

EVERYBODY has heard of the 'Fonhill Nurseries,' but comparatively few residents of this vicinity know anything of the village of Fonhill itself, beyond its name. And yet it is within a few hours' distance of Toronto. Put yourself under Mr. GRIP's guidance, gentle reader, and we'll go and see the little place, and if you don't go into raptures over it as the prettiest village in this beautiful Province, you will do well to consult your family doctor on the subject of chronic dyspepsia. This way, please. Hold: here comes a freight train. We won't be able to cross the Esplanade boatwards for a quarter of an hour or so; but never mind, the steamer doesn't leave till 3.40. . . . Now we can proceed. You have your choice of steamers—either the elegant, entirely renovated, staunch and rapid upper-cabin, side-wheel steamer *Empress of India*, or the handsome and commodious propeller *Lakeside*. Both leave at the same hour for the same destination. Port Dalhousie, and that is the first stage of our journey. All right—*Empress* be it. We will even up our patronage by coming back per *Lakeside*. All aboard, and off. Everything very comfortable here, and the officials most polite. Pleasant company of passengers, including, of course, the young lady who has had a course at the Conservatory or College of Music, and who kindly entertains us with selections on the upright piano, which, be it noted, is a good-looking instrument and not out of tune. For a steamboat or hotel piano, this is remarkable. We have no trouble putting in the time, which passes only too rapidly. Here we are running up the entrance to the Welland Canal, and gazing in reverence at the venerable village on the right bank. And now we disembark and take the train—or, to be precise, let the train take us—to the town of Welland, some sixteen miles west, where in due course we arrive. Welland is not strikingly like Chicago commercially. It is chiefly noted as the home of the



HON. C. COOK.

Hon. Richard Harcourt, Treasurer of Ontario, but it does a little business in other lines as well. This completes the second stage of our journey, and the third stage is here awaiting us—the one that runs to Fonhill, which is six miles out. The country through which we jog at a leisurely pace is, at this season of the year, delightful to look upon, but it is when we get within a mile or two of Fonhill that we begin to realize the title, "Garden of Ontario."

We are now high up on the "mountain range" to which the celebrated Hamilton mountain belongs, and in the



SQUIRE DALTON.



MR. F. KINSMAN.

heart of the fruit country.

For about five square miles, including the charming township of Pelham, the land is given up entirely to fruit farms, and the views on every side are such as to ravish the eye of poet or painter. For a mile or more the approach to the village of Fonhill is lined on both sides by magnificent maple trees, so close together as to form a continuous archway, and when we reach the village itself we find it literally nestling among trees and shrubbery. Its population of some four hundred is "well bestowed," some in prosperous looking villas, others in homesteads of venerable aspect, but all comfortably and happily, if safe conclusions may be drawn from luxurious trees and vines, and the singing of birds on every hand. An ideal spot for a quiet summer rest, you say. And so it is—if you do not insist on boating and hotel board, for there is neither lake nor public house in the vicinity. Some of the hospitable residents might be induced to take summer boarders, however, and for those who do not mind an inland situation, no prettier spot could be found for a holiday. The village and its vicinity—the whole township of Pelham, in fact—furnish innumerable choice bits for the summer holiday-maker who has a taste for landscape painting. After this introduction the beauties of Fonhill will, we trust, become known by experiment to many Toronto people. That such as take our hint may not feel quite strange in the place, we append portraits of some of the local celebrities they are pretty sure to meet. They will perhaps find Mr. Frank Kinsman and Squire Dalton putting up their historic flagpoles on the village green; or Dr. Emmett smoking an evening pipe on his lawn, or Mr. Morris bossing things around the big nursery, or Pastor Cook holding forth in the quaint old Baptist church, and any one of these may be relied upon to bid the visitor welcome and make things pleasant for him.



DR. EMMETT.



MR. MORRIS.

## STANLEY AFRICANUS.

(EXTRACTS FROM A FORTHCOMING WORK BY THE GREAT EXPLORER.)

JUNE 27TH.—I have come to the conclusion that the African forest is nothing to this that we are now going through. We are surrounded on all hands by difficulties which seem insurmountable, but I have never yet failed to carry through any task I have undertaken. I have determined to scale the heights of the Parliamentary Mountains, and must go on, whatever happens.

June 28th.—We arrived at Lambetha to-day and find the natives exceedingly hostile. I ventured out to



A CHRISTY-IAN MARTYR.

establish friendly relations with them, carrying offerings of soft sawder and Unionist trinkets, but they were proof against all my blandishments. Then I sent Dorothy, but she met with no better success. The Lambetha tribes seem to have divined my purpose, and have evidently made up their minds to prevent its accomplishment.

*June 29th.*—For the first time in my life I am in a despairing state of mind. I don't believe I can possibly "get there," and I am sorry I undertook this expedition. Crossing Africa is child's play to it. I told Dorothy so to-day, but she will not hear of my retiring. The natives are more hostile than ever. I have just returned from another attempt to win their regard. I undertook to address them in their own language, but they raised such a row that I could not hear myself think. I quite lost my patience at last, and gave them a few rounds of hot shot with my Maxim. That only made them worse. Dorothy was quite hysterical when we got back to camp.

*June 30th.*—I have sent messengers to Salis-buri, chief of the Toris, to ask for reinforcements. Our camp was attacked last night by the Dwarfs, and we barely escaped with our lives. Unless help arrives soon I'm afraid it is all up with the expedition. Glad-stona seems to have a complete influence over the wild tribes of the Lambetha country, and it is evidently his will that the expedition shall utterly perish. I have given Dorothy hail Columbia for leading me into this beastly scrape. If it hadn't been for her and her ridiculous ambition, I wouldn't be in this wretched mess.

*July 1st.*—I am anxiously awaiting the return of my couriers. The natives have surrounded our camp and are howling for blood. Dorothy is sitting on a bundle of primroses, weeping bitterly.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

## IN MEMORIAM.

LIEUTENANT STAIRS.

[Lieutenant Stairs was born at Halifax, N.S., and educated at the Royal Military College, Kingston. He died in Africa a few weeks ago, just as he had reached the East coast, after leading a successful expedition into the Interior.]

LET not this gallant spirit still in death  
Go to his grave on this dark, friendless strand  
Until upon his breast we've laid our wreath  
And proudly claimed him son of this our land.  
O cruel Death! could'st thou have found a time  
Less fitting for thy summons than this hour,  
In which, with glow of manhood's happy prime,  
He faced to'rds home and love and honor's dower?  
Yet having spoken out thy dread command,  
The soldier parleyed not nor blenched, we know,  
But breathed farewell to kin and native land,  
And calmly answered, "'Tis God's will; I go."

J.W.B.

## TO GRIP'S BOYS.

THE winner of the watch offered to the boy under 12 years of age who sold the largest number of GRIPS during the week ending June 25, 1892, was Tom Power, Orillia, who sold thirty copies. This is pretty good for a boy of twelve, and many of our older boys might well do likewise. When we receive his picture we will send him the watch.

The prize for the week ending July 9, 1892, will be a complete base ball outfit, and this will be given to the boy who sells the largest number of GRIPS in a summer resort, such as Grimsby, Niagara-on-the-Lake, etc. The winner *must* in all cases send his photo or tintype before he can receive the prize awarded; from it we will make a cut for this column. W. L. Tait, Pakenham, Ont., got the Rogers jack-knife, as his letter with remittance was opened first.

Another knife will be given to the boy whose letter with money and orders is opened first on Tuesday morning.

We shall continue the following offer until further notice: To every boy who sells 100 copies of GRIP in two weeks we will give a handsome open face, stem winding, silver watch, on these conditions: He is to remit with his order five cents per copy for all papers ordered, and if he sells one hundred in two weeks we will send him the watch free of all charge. Should he not sell one hundred in the time we will send him the usual profit in cash, crediting him with all unsold copies. This is a grand chance for every boy to get a watch for nothing which he could not by any possibility buy for less than five dollars at the very lowest estimate. Besides this, every boy can compete for the three big prizes mentioned below, and the 100 papers he sells to get the watch will be counted for him in that competition. Fred. Ursladt, of Waterloo, was the first boy to get a watch under this offer, he having sold 100 GRIPS in two weeks. If he can sell them in Waterloo, you can in your town, and you'll get a watch too. His picture appears this week.

In addition to this and the regular weekly prizes, the following will be given:—

1st.—To the boy who sells the largest number of GRIPS during the six months ending October 15, 1892, a twenty-four inch Safety Bicycle with rubber tires, ball bearings, black enamel finish, with highly nickel plated trimmings.

2nd.—To the boy who returns the smallest number of papers during the same time, a handsome open face, screw bevel GOLD WATCH, stem wind and set, warranted to keep good time.

3rd.—To the boy making the best general record for promptness in remitting cash, number of GRIPS sold, smallest proportion of returns, etc., (the size of the town or village where he is selling being taken into consideration), a breech-loading SHOR GUN with laminated barrels, back action locks, rebounding hammer, pistol grip, horn butt plate, ten or twelve gauge, weight seven to nine and a half pounds.

If you are selling GRIP, work a little harder and get a watch: if you're not, begin now. There's no reason why you shouldn't get a watch and some of the other prizes as well.



## FALSE ECONOMY

Is practised by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

GRIP wishes every success to Mr. Jas. Fax and his Concert Company in their projected North-West tour. They will give a good show.

## HAVE YOU TRIED

A Rialto Cigar? If not, get one at once; they are first-class. L. O. Grothe & Co., Montreal.

TAKING experience as the test there can be no question about the superior quality of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco. From the first year of its manufacture the demand for it has steadily grown. Even in the years which were marked by our business depression, there was no pause in the increase of the sale of it. In the dull years of 1876 '77 and '78, the sales of it were vastly greater than in the prosperous year 1873.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, S. Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Eng.

THE *Review of Reviews*, always timely in the subject-matter it presents, is especially so in the July number. Although the month covered by this issue expired less than five days after the Republican candidate for President was nominated, it contains perhaps the most complete and intelligent character sketch of Benjamin Harrison that has ever been written. In the text of the article appears a portrait of President Harrison at his desk, taken on the 15th of June—four days after the Minneapolis Convention adjourned.

DUNN'S  
FRUIT SALINE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a Delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the Throat, preventing disease. It Imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Bilioussness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS

## MAKE A NOTE OF IT!

When preparing for PICNICS, SUMMER EXCURSIONS, or CAMPING-OUT always procure some of

JOHNSTON'S  
Fluid Beef

It is compact, convenient, always ready for use. It makes delicious Sandwiches, and strengthening Beef Tea.

WHAT this warm weather suggests is something that will boil the kettle, cook an egg, or fry a beefsteak in a hurry. Harvie's kindling wood is just the thing. Try 6 crates a dollar, delivered. Harvie & Co., 20 Sheppard St. Tel. 1570.

## NO MORE CRYING BABIES.

DYER'S Improved Food for Infants is acknowledged by mothers as being the best food in use for infants. It is easily digested, and babies love it. Druggists keep it. 25c. per package. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

A BRIGHT paper of the class commonly known as comic weekly, is GRIP, published at Toronto, Canada, at \$2.00 a year. But GRIP, like the American papers of the same character, *Puck* and *Judge*, is more than a mere comic paper. It takes an active interest in the political and social questions of the day, and has made itself a great political factor in the Dominion of Canada. As the general political, and social questions of Canada and the United States are much the same, the citizens of this country can be almost as much interested in GRIP as the citizens of Canada. Single-Taxers especially will be interested in the paper, for Mr. J. W. Bengough, the editor and principal cartoonist, is an ardent Single-Taxer, and he never hesitates to illustrate with pen and pencil the justice and the advantages of the system.

WE understand that R. H. Lear & Co., of the well known gas and electric fixture emporium, are holding a special discount sale to clear a purchase of over \$9,000 bought at a low figure. Get their quotations. They are still at the old stand, 19 and 21 Richmond St. West.

LIVE men wanted on salary who won't lose their heads while making big money. For full particulars address Brown Brothers Company, Toronto.

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11.

THE BEE—"I'll teach this old person to call me names."—*Boston Jester.*

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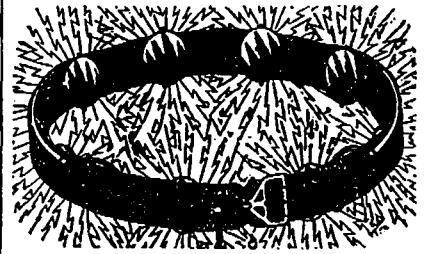
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- |                         |                          |
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TORONTO, June 27, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given, that under Order in Council, Timber Berths as hereunder in the Nipissing, Algoma, Thunder Bay, and Rainy River Districts, viz.: in Biggar, Butt, Finlayson, Hunter, McCraney, McLaughlin, Paxton, Peck, and the northerly portion of Berth Forty-nine, lying South and West of the Wahnapitae Lake, all in the Nipissing District. The Townships of Lumsden and Morgan, and a small portion of territory lying North and West of Pogomasing Lake, in the Algoma District: Berths one and seven, Thunder Bay District: and eleven, twenty-seven, thirty-six, thirty-seven, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, and sixty-nine, Rainy River District. Will be sold at Public Auction on Thursday, the Thirtieth day of October next, at 1 o'clock p.m., at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,  
Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to locality and description of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application personally or by letter to the Department of Crown Lands.

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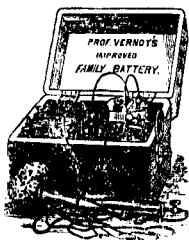
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Commenced the practice in 1869, and since 1876 in Toronto, treating **Nervous, Obscure, Chronic and Acute Diseases**, and more especially the diseases not successfully treated by others. Through our advanced system of electro-curapathy, aided with our improved Electro-Medical Batteries, in harmony with nature's laws, we naturally utilize the most potent and effective agent in the world, yet discovered, for the cure of disease, and thus used it is agreeable and soothing to the whole nervous system, producing most extraordinary cures by the radical changes made in the diseased conditions, such as have been reported at various times in the *Mail* and other city papers, given to the reporters by those cured for the benefit of their fellow-sufferers, urging its publicity, as in the case of Mrs. Thompson, of St. Catharines, and Miss Vandewater, of Kingston, and others, who were cured of spinal curvature and serious internal troubles; anyone is at liberty to call and see how well and straight they are now, or may write to them. Others, through them similarly afflicted, have come for treatment, and were cured, and still others are now being cured of various diseases, who may (through their own wishes only) be interviewed at our Institution and those cured at their homes. However wonderful these cures may seem, diseases of various kinds that fail to be cured by other means yield

kindly to this potent agent, when properly applied, without shocks. Anyone doubtful can easily be convinced by consulting those cured. See copy of *The Electric Age*.

MR. SWALWELL, OF SAMSON, KENNEDY & CO., SPEAKS.  
TORONTO, April 23, 1892.

DEAR DR. VERNOY,  
To-day I write you out of sheer exuberance of good spirits, perfect health, and thankfulness. I have not enjoyed such good health for years—your Family Battery has indeed been a great treasure. When I return home from a trip feeling out of sorts, I take a warm bath, then have half an hour's solid enjoyment with the Family Battery which has never yet failed to revive and strengthen me. The Battery and I have become warm friends. I require no doctor or medicine so long as I have my electric friend to go to. For twenty years I have not been free from rheumatism and kidney trouble. I have never enjoyed such health as I do to-day, and I am satisfied it is owing to the use of the Family Battery I got from you last fall. Wishing you every success. Yours truly,  
61 Borden St., Toronto.

TOM SWALWELL.

fully applied, and having ascertained that you were the most successful electro-therapeutist in Ontario, I thought I would, if possible, obtain your services, and you very kindly and promptly visited me, and proved on that occasion your complete mastery of nervous diseases. Through your instructions as to the application of the battery, and from several treatments received at your office, after I was able to visit Toronto, I am now in very good health.

I remain, as ever, thankfully yours,  
L. D. CLOSSEN, M.D.

The above is a fair sample of the numerous letters received from people in various parts of the country who have been cured and now wish other "incurables" to know what this unique system of electrical treatment as practised by Prof. Verney can do for them.

No kind of electric belts, insoles, etc., used at all. There is no substitute for proper electricity in certain diseases.

Dr. Apostoli, of Paris, whose reputation is world-wide, has latterly made a specialty of curing womb troubles with electricity, "chronic endo metritis," formerly considered incurable—but many other phases of diseases just as unyielding to the old system of treatment succumb to the electrical currents from Prof. Verney's Improved Machine. This system covers the whole ground—is sure and safe.

### MARVELLOUS MARVELS.

LIGHTNING DOES MORE THAN CURE.

Miss F. C. Metcalfe, of Elgin, Ont., who was treated for spinal disease, with a serious complication of internal troubles too numerous and serious to mention, and had a portion of her spine removed which is preserved in alcohol (and may be seen at our office if desired), is now enjoying good health. Miss Metcalfe's case, with her indescribable sufferings for four years, is well known to many eminent physicians of Canada and the States, and her complete cure in so short a time is a marvel to those who knew the case. Almost incredible. Some of her former physicians could not believe it possible, another marvel. This lady while under our treatment, whose life had been so uncertain, was engaged to a worthy gentleman before seeing him, was afterwards introduced to each other by Prof. Verney, and June 22nd the two were made one. We think a happier pair is hard to find even among earnest Christian workers, which they are. Long may they so live. Our marriageable patients all seem fortunate on that line. Electro-Therapy does marvellous things.

### A FEW OF OUR REFERENCES.

William Kerr, Esq., Bank of Commerce Building, King Street West. William Elliott, Esq., Wholesale Druggist, President People's Loan and Deposit Co. T. G. Foster, Esq., Wholesale Merchant, 16 Colborne Street. James Watson, Esq., Manager People's Loan and Deposit Co., Adelaide Street. James S. Fullerton, Esq., J. C. Charles Stark, Esq., Merchant and Manufacturer, 54 Church Street. Rev. G. M. Milligan, B.A., Pastor Old St. Andrew's Church, Jarvis Street. Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., Pastor St. James' Square Presbyterian Church. Rev. John Potts, D.D., R. W. Vandewater, Esq., Kingston, Ont. S. J. Moore, Grip Printing and Publishing Company, V. B. Wadsworth, Esq., Inspector Canadian Loan and Agency Co. Frank G. Morley, Esq. Belden, Publishers, Bay Street, all of Toronto, and hosts of others all over the country, enough to convince the most skeptical. For further information call or see, at 231 Jarvis Street.

Our Branch Institution at Kingston, Ont., is at 230 Front Street, in charge of R. V. FUNNELL, M.D.

The Jarvis Street Sanatorium, in connection with Prof. Verney's Electro-Therapeutic institution, is a large block over a hundred feet frontage, extending through to the next street, with large lawn, shade and fruit trees, and commodious rooms on first floor and above; pleasant dining-room over fifty, affording a pleasant home for those seeking rest and health.

By the addition of this Sanatorium Prof. Verney will be prepared to care for many more indoor patients than formerly.—*The Mail*.

### ASTOUNDING CURE BY ELECTRICITY.

Mr. H. J. Walling, of Haliburton, Ont., says:—"I would not be without one of Prof. Verney's Batteries for all the money in the world, as it saved my life or from the asylum.

"I had my neck almost dislocated, so that my finger nails turned black at the time; it caused chronic congestion of the nape of the neck, which also brought on indigestion, torpidity of the liver, and general debility, which I thought would end in insanity.

"I used this improved battery according to directions, and did not use any medicine of any kind.

"Am now able to do a day's work, and do not feel afraid of my old trouble while I have this battery."—*Mail*.

### PROPER ELECTRICITY CURES TIC-DOULOUREUX.

RENFREW, March 15, 1892.

PROF. VERNOY:  
DEAR SIR,—I feel it my duty to you and the public at large, to let them know of the great benefit I have received from your electric treatment.

My case was a very peculiar one, and baffled the skill of a great many physicians. I have been a sufferer for fifteen years with a severe pain in my face, and in that time have tried everything, was treated by a great many physicians for neuralgia, and had all my teeth taken out to try and allay the pain, but could not get anything to do any good.

The last physician I had advised me to go to Dr. Galligan of this town to inject morphine to allay the pain, but the doctor objected, and advised me to go to Toronto and try your electric treatment, stating at the same time that his sister had been up to Toronto for your electric treatment after having spent one thousand dollars on other physicians who had done her no good, and after three weeks of your treatment was thoroughly cured.

I took Doctor Galligan's advice, and in three weeks was completely cured, have not been troubled with any pain since, and for which I am truly thankful.

My son also has received great benefit from your treatment. If the above should fall into the hands of some poor sufferer it might be the means of their cure by applying to you.  
JOHN BRYDGE, SR.

### SAVED HIS LIFE

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, NEURALGIA, ETC.—A LOSS OF FORTY POUNDS OF FLESH.

September 10, 1886.

PROF. VERNOY:  
DEAR SIR,—I consider it my duty to you and to the public generally, to give a short history of my case. I found myself gradually failing physically, although my mental powers, so far as I or my friends could judge, remained intact and undisturbed. Soon I began to recognize the alarming fact that I was gradually sinking into the grave, having lost forty pounds of flesh in four months. I suffered severe neuralgia in one or both temples, shooting down into the shoulders occasionally, of the most excruciating character, accompanied by morbid sensations in my extremities. After other means had failed I thought I would try electricity, knowing it was a powerful remedial agent when cautiously and skill-

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