

# GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BURGESS

GRIP ENG

LITTER - ATUTE

MUSIC

DRAMA

WISDOM WEANER THE PAGE ON FOOT

WIZARD

FOR ADVANCE

PAYABLE IN

ADVANCE

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

— J.W. BURGESS



### NORQUAYS THAT ARE DARK!

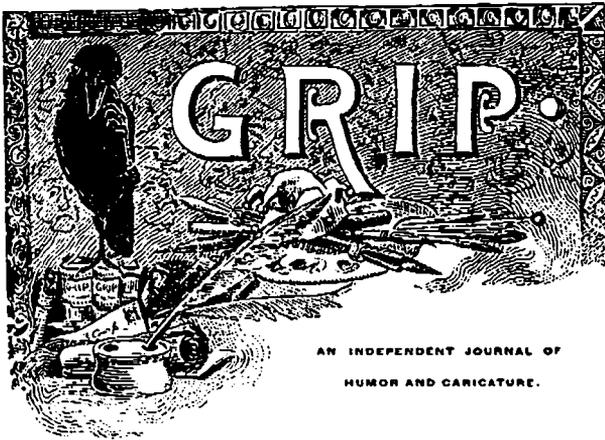
GREENWAY.—“Call yourself a statesman, and leave the Provincial Treasury in this condition!”

NORQUAY.—“I always told you, Tom, that the Premiership of Manitoba was an empty honor. Now, perhaps, you'll believe me!”

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Comments on the Customs.



JUG-HANDLED PROTECTION.—During the campaign of 1878 one of the most familiar of the stump catch-words was, "Jug-handled Free Trade." This term was used to describe the arrangement under which American goods were permitted to come into Canada, either free of duty or at revenue-tariff rates, while Canadian exports to the United States were met by protective imposts. It was asserted that the admission of free goods worked injury to Canada, for free goods meant cheap goods, and cheap goods meant small profits to our native manufacturers. It was further alleged—and this indeed was the whole case for the N. P.—that we could cure this evil by dosing Uncle Sam with his own medicine. When

the Canadian consumers, to whom cheap goods—from whatever source—did not appear in the light of an evil, asked how the N. P. would benefit them, they were told that a high tariff would make flourishing industries, and these would afford good wages for operatives and a ready home market for agricultural and other producers. Well, the scheme has been tried. It has had nine years of patient experiment, and what is the result? Just what we have set forth in our cartoon. One class of the community has become very fat financially, by virtue of the taxes they are empowered to levy for their own private use; and the other and larger class is as far from fatness as ever, if not a trifle leaner than before. And, soberly speaking, what else could have been expected? There was a grave omission in the tariff law: it failed to provide that those who were directly benefitted by the protection should divide the proceeds

equally with their fellow citizens. When Mr. GRIP goes to Parliament he will see to it that this very grave mistake is rectified. Until then we must put up with Jug-handled Protection.

NORQUAYS THAT ARE DARK.—Mr. Greenway—Hon. Mr. Greenway now and henceforth—is about to dissolve the Manitoba Legislature and appeal to the people. It is discovered that the Provincial treasury is empty, the bank account overdrawn, and the finances of the Province in a terrible mess generally. Mr. Norquay seems to have been too busy "looking to Ottawa" to be able to see what was going on behind him at home. He stated to a newspaper interviewer a few days ago that he had left office poor; but nobody supposed that he had left it quite so poor as Mr. Greenway found it.

HAVING burned down the *Mercury* offices, the Rum Anarchists of Renfrew suppose they have assured the repeal of the Scott Act. But the outrage will probably tell just the other way. The *Mercury* having fallen, it ought to be an exceedingly cold day for the Antis when the vote is taken.

MR. BUTTERWORTH has introduced his long-talked of resolution on Commercial Union in the American Senate. The result of the discussion will be awaited with interest in Canada, though there is but slight reason to hope that the resolution will be carried. Mr. Butterworth may be able to make out a very strong case, but his arguments will avail little when the Senate learns from the *Toronto World* that they are the utterances of "Ben" Butterworth, and that they are supported by "Ras" Wiman. What force can there be in any reasoning by men whose names can be thus easily rendered ridiculous!

THE Legislature of Ontario is once more in session, and the Hon. Oliver—brisk and chirpy as ever, we are glad to know—has duly, and in his statesmanlike manner, produced from that capacious pouch, his Consideration, a number of practical reforms that were deposited there in a green condition back in 1869, or thereabouts.

IT is customary for the leader of the Opposition to refer to the "meagre bill of fare." This chestnut is denied to Mr. Meredith on the present occasion, as Mr. Mowat has certainly left nothing to be desired in the matter of live questions for discussion during the session. He has rolled the following big boulders on to the floor of the House:—Manhood Suffrage; Final Settlement of the Boundary Question; Municipal Reform; Revision of the Constitution, and the Addition of a Provincial Minister of Agriculture to the Cabinet. Hon. Oliver must feel mightily relieved on getting these hefty questions off his Consideration.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Montreal Witness*, says that what Montreal most needs is a John Hallam. The good journal, you'll observe, does not covet our John, as that would be wicked. It is wrong to covet your neighbor's alderman, or anything that is your neighbor's. But Montreal wants a man just like him, and we would be glad to help our sister city to the boon. Hallams are born, not made, as a rule, but still it might be possible to manufacture one for Montreal. Try this recipe:—Take an average Montreal alderman. Carefully remove his brains and cleanse them of all foggyism, bigotry and prejudice, and replace them so that they will be perfectly level in his head. Put him into the leather business, and leave him there long enough to make a

fortune—which with his revised head-apparatus he will be sure to do. Now take him and, by a delicate process which any able doctor can explain, enlarge his heart. Let it be big enough to expel all selfishness. All that is necessary now, is to let this Hallamized alderman see the stick-in-the-mud condition of Canada's "Commercial Metropolis," and he will go for a Free Public Library straight.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Local House was opened without the customary military display! Company C received the Lt.-Governor round the corner all by themselves, without any assistance from the reserve forces. Mr. Mowat, this is too sudden! We have frequently jibed at you for your over conservatism, but we never meant that you should take such strides as this! Of course, as you say, Canadian troops are proverbially brave, and Company C unaided were quite equal to this task. Well; it so happened, fortunately; but how would you have felt had the enemy undertaken to capture the Representative of Royalty, and the brave Company C been cut to pieces in defending him? It was a dreadful risk to run. You must really be more cautious. Diminish the military force gradually, by dismissing one soldier per session, and thus abolish the nonsense, as you do our other grievances, slowly and painlessly. You must not forget that we are not as yet educated up to the point of a merely nominal bodyguard at the opening of the House.

\* \* \*

**HURRAH** for us! The longest telegraph wire in the world belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway. Vancouver can talk with London, England, over a distance of 8,100 miles! Who says Canada hasn't a place among the nations! The United States may claim the champion pugilist and England the greatest sprinter, and Australia the best oarsman, but our own beloved country (or the C.P.R.—same thing) possesses the champion long distance talker of the universe.

**AMATEUR CONCERTS.**

**W**E'VE all been to them. Probably no other form of sugar-coated entertainment pills have been so often swallowed by the public. Where's the Canadian who hasn't paid his quarter of a dollar and given his good three hours of time listening to his musical acquaintances disport themselves? You may search for him in vain, from Nova Scotia to Vancouver. Even among the aboriginals of the far Nor'-west a mitigated form may be found in the war whoops of the red man as he whirls around in the maddening war dance working for the admiration of his acquaintances. We may not grudge our quarters, we all know that the church and charities must be kept up somehow or other, but we lose our enjoyment of amateur concerts when we don't do some of the singing, playing or reciting ourselves, and when we haven't any boys or girls showing off their accomplishments. Which of us indeed in the halycon days of youth has not made an appearance on the footboards of our native village singing in a chorus, playing a piano solo or declaiming our latest school recitation during the breathless silence of our own hearts, which beat with agonised delight at the forthcoming compliments of friends and the press on our very creditable performance? Who hasn't been thrilled through and through with excitement delivering himself of "The boy stood on the burning deck," or chanting "Juanita," or the beauties of the

swan like neck of "Annie Laurie"? Who hasn't in all the innocence of an untravelled existence lulled himself into a delicious state of complacency singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"? Yes, the most of us at some bright particular moment of our lives enjoyed the intoxicating excitement of being a performer at a concert, whether we were musical or not, perhaps as a chorus or 'tableau vivant.' In those absorbing times how little we guessed at the difference of being a caterer of amusement and the catered to. In the former case, in the midst of the divine afflatus that filled our being, we may possibly have had a haunting fear that we might break down, but in the latter we have always known to a dead certainty that come what might we had to sit the performance out. That Brown would feel awfully hurt if we went out before he sang his "Minute Gun at Sea," even if he took a full quarter of an hour to do it, and that Jones will expect us to do the part of a friend and encore his comic song. Miss Smith sings her "Waiting," without any special reference to the feelings of the audience, or a trace of compunction that you are doing the same, and when in response to a vociferous call she warbles "Good Night," you know she doesn't mean anything by it and intends to give you two more songs in the second part of the programme.



**EMULATION.**

*Travelling Young Lady (to gruff conductor).*—"Excuse me, but your name is Tomkins, isn't it?"  
*Conductor.*—"No, it isn't. Why?"  
*T. Y. L.*—"Nothing—only, well, Cousin Tom told me Mr. Tomkins was the most accommodating conductor on the line, so I thought you must be he."  
*(Conductor lives up to Tomkins all the rest of the way).*

**CON AMORE.**

"You have been particularly happy in catching the likeness," said a friend of Dixon Patterson, inspecting his portrait of Sir John. "Yes;" responded the artist, "but that's not remarkable; it's very much like him because I like him very much, don't you see?"



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE PRESENT STYLE CONTINUES AT THE RINKS.

**FINICAL PHRASEOLOGY.**

THOSE who are anxious to observe the latest fashions in phraseology, will be interested in learning from an item in the *Globe*, that "It is one of the fancies to say, 'Shall I luncheon with you?' 'I luncheoned with him,' instead of saying 'I lunched with him.'" We suppose that in asking a friend to join you in a whiskey hot, the correct form of invitation would be, "Will you puncheon with me?" If not, why not? It is at all events a reasonable an-a-logical conclusion.

**PRESS CLUB-HOUSE WARMING.**

HOW-SWARMING were the rooms and corridors of the new Press Club-House, on Bay street, on the occasion of their formal opening, on the 21st Jan. "Too cold" eh? Well, rather—took hold in great shape. It was a representative gathering—proprietors, editors and reporters, dailies and weeklies, Grits, Tories, Independents, and Democrats, serious and secular, without distinction of caste, creed—color or sex we were going to add, but that would be superfluous as Toronto journalism now exists. None of our newspaper men are colored, though some of their statements may be. Well, it was an event long to be remembered—an occasion of general fraternization, and the ignoring for a few hours of the monotonous and wearisome issues over which journalists disagree and abuse each other—Grit and Tory smoked and joked together, and drank each other's health in the temperance beverages which were wisely substituted for the stronger

potations formerly indulged in by newspaper men, and Labor Reformers played billiards with the hirelings of monopoly. It was below zero outside, but within all was mirth, jollity and good fellowship. GRIP cordially joins in the wish expressed by the energetic President, Mr. John Ross Robertson, that the Club may be able to inaugurate an era of good feeling and dissipate old time misunderstanding and prejudices. You can whang away at each other in the columns of your respective papers just the same, you know, boys; but let it be understood that it's only done for political exigencies and doesn't count.

The Club has a splendid start, and now "*Laissez faire Galignani*," as they say in Paris, France.

**FUN.**

LIGHTS O' LONDON will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House all this week. The *Philadelphia Times* says:—"Over four thousand people crowded into this popular house last evening to assist at the grand opening of the season. The people were delighted with an admirable presentation and performance of the noble melodrama, 'Lights o' London,' with Marston's exquisite scenery, the picture of London Bridge being a masterpiece.—The cast includes such favorites as Mrs. Fanny Denham Rouse, Miss Mary Sewel, Messrs. James Carter, Horace Vinton, Mason Mitchell, Sam.

Hemple, Charles B. Poore, and other excellent people. Hundreds of persons were turned away and a very large number secured places for every performance this week."

PROF. REYNOLDS closed his season of mesmeric exhibitions here last Saturday evening, and went on to give Montreal a good laugh. There are, we suspect, a good many people in this intellectual centre who are unaware of the fact, that a first-rate mesmerist, like Mr. Reynolds, can give an evening of fun infinitely more laughable than the funniest theatre performance. It is a fact, nevertheless, and those who missed this opportunity will be glad to know that the Professor is to return next month.

THE Caledonian concert on Thursday was a great success, as usual.

BILL NYE, the famous humorist of the *New York World*, will hold forth in Association Hall on Thursday evening, February 2nd. His theme is "The New South," and it will no doubt be found that there is more fun in the subject than a casual observer would suspect. The lecture will not only be illustrated with jokes, but also with pictures, drawn by McDougall, Mr. Nye's colleague in the *World*. Go and hear old Baldy.

THE papers are poking fun at Prof. Wiggins because Ottawa was shaken by an earthquake the other day, and the learned scientist knew nothing of its intended visit. This is premature. Prof. Wiggins knew all about it, but it is beneath his professional dignity to give advance notices to small, one-horse earthquakes.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE ABROAD.

[The writer of the Scottie Airlie letters has left Canada for a lengthened visit to Paris, France, from which gay capital we expect to receive regular correspondence in the familiar broad Scotch. The following is the first letter of the series, written *en route*. — ED. GRIP.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 19, 1888.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—



I F I'm here in Yankee-land ye may be sure it's wi' a weather-ee tae business, as Tam, (that's Mr. Tamson), says tae me, 'There's yer salary an' yer commission, sae lang's ye dae my business wi' the Parleyvoos ye can travel jist as it suits yersel.' Sae here I am at the Hotel Martin, amang a crew o' vociferatin' Frenchmen, the jolliest, maist contented set o' mortals I ever fell in wi'. They speak French tae me an' I speak

Scotch tae them. When they say "*bon jour*" tae me, I say "brawly, brawly;" an' when ony o' them sings out "*Comment!*" I jist tell him I'll be there in a minute—raily it's wunnerfu' hoo weel we get on thegither.

But what I gaed through on ma way here wad draw pity frae the heart o' a stane. At the station I tak a ticket for New York, an' after sair scammlin', got masel' an' ma valeese comfortably settled doon, when wha should I see but Mistress Airlie wi' the bairn in her arms fleein' through the depot like a crazy woman. Something cauld jist strak tae ma heart, for I thoct surely the hoose maun be burned doon, or something terrible maun hae happened tae bring her doon there, after me takin' sic an affectin' farewell o' her, an' promisin' never ance tae look cocke'ed at a single French-woman a' the time I was awa. In terror I histed the car window an' roared out.

"For gudesake! what's happened?"

"Oh, Hugh," she cried, "I'm jist like tae faint; I thoct I wad never get ye; there's a swatch o' the silk I want ye tae bring hame—bring ten yards—ye can fauld it up an' smuggle it ower in the croon o' yer hat. Be sure an' get the richt shade—an' dinna ye forget tae get the wholesale discount."

The way I banded doon that car window wad lead ony onmarrit man tae think I was an onmitigated tyrant; but the sympathetic coontenances o' a' the elderly men in that car was nae sma' consolation tae me in that 'oor o' trial.

For a couple o' 'oors we dirled awa on oor journey an' I didna' think I ever suffered sae muckle in sic a short space o' time. Richt fornent me were a couple, either new marrit or gaun tae be; for sic ongauns ye never saw in a' yer born days. I canna say—tae gie the deil his due, that *she* was sae bad; but as for the fellow, onything mair saft an' embecile I never again houp tae witness. He wad get his airm roon the back o' the seat, an' then it wad slide doon roon her neck—an' then he wad glower intill her face like as gin he was short sighted an' was lookin for a mote in her e'e, an' then his face wad come sae close tae hers that I was glad tae hoost an' mop aff ma face wi' ma pocket neepkin' tae haud mae burnin' blushes.

I never in a' ma life was sae thanklu' as when we got tae Suspension Brig', an' had tae slit intill anither car. The conductor was a rale ceevil fellow, an' speered gin I wad ha'e a sleeper—in fack he advised me strongly tae hae ane; they were only twa dollars, he said, an' I cud sleep a' nicht.

I thoct it wad be guid policy tae sleep a' nicht, seein' there wad be a strong needcessity for me bein' wide-awake when I got amang the Yank's next mornin'. Accordin'ly I was ushered intill a grand room—a' polished walnut an' selver an' plush, wi' fine damask coortains hingin doon roon the sides whaar the beds were. Weel, I doon wi' ma valeese, an' I aff wi' ma coat an' waistcoat, an' was jist lootin doon tae lowse ma shoon, when ma e'e happened tae licht on the frill o' a black satin goon an' the tae o' a very feminine fit keekin' oot below the coortains that hang frae ma high berth. I never said wan word but wi' fire in ma e'e I silently marched up tae the black waiter, an' seizin' him by the cuff o' the neck I hauled him forrit an', pintin' tae the woman's fit, I says till him, "What dye ca' that? What kind o' a premiskus scoondrel d'ye tok me for. when ye stowed that black satin goon an' thae twa feet in below ma bed-coortins? D'ye no ken that I'm a decent marrit man, travellin' for Tam Tam-



son's wholesale warehoose? ye ugly black deevil!" An' I shuk him like a rat. Jist then the conductor cam' in—an' I explained the trick the darkie had played on me, when tae ma onmitigated surprise he tauld me that that berth belonged to a lady wha was travellin' tae New York, an' that mine was on the tap storey! There was naething for it but tae resign masel' tae ma fate—but afore I clamb up intae ma bed I got anither terrible scaur.

At first I cudna' think what it was aye flashin' red past the car window, but lookin' close, what was it but shoosers o' red-hot stparks an' junks o' burnin' firewood! Quick as thoct, an' jist as I was, I flew tae the car doors an' yelled tae the driver tae stop the train. "Stop the train! Yer lum's a-fire! Are ye a' deaf?" I roared—but a' in vain, though the sparks were fleein' past in shoors an' ra'nin' doon on the very tap o'me. "Mind your own business, will you," was the first answer I got frae a gruff voice in ane o' the births. "The train is an hour behind time, and they are firin' up to get ahead again. That's nothing. You must he a precious green-horn, and no mistake."

It was very humiliatin' tae be set doon on in this mainner, but the Yankees, they neither fear God nor regard man, as far as I can see: for when I got intae the transfer coach they rattled my bones ower the stanes, jist as if I had been ane o' Tam Hood's paupers awa tae the buryin' grund, instead o' your respektit correspondent,

HUGH AIRLIE.



### HIS LUCK!

If my mother could only see me,  
She'd hawdly think it was I;  
Just a month in this blawsted kentry,  
And my money all melted awiy.

That's the only thing that 'as melted,  
I'm frozen clean to the bone,  
My 'ands are all blistered and weltd,  
I am hungry and tired and alone.

When I took my B.A. at h'Onford,  
I never thought I would say:  
Mr Albert Edward de Roxford  
Shoveled snow at three shillins a day!

W. B.

### MRS. SNOGGLETHORPE'S SALON.

#### III.

As the foaming beverage circulated, the air of restraint, which at first characterized the party, wore off; they chatted away glibly enough, but somehow the talk ran in the familiar grooves of neighborhood gossip and business prospects. It wasn't at all up to the *Salon* standard.

"Your saloon is a great success," said the editor to the hostess.

"Sir," she replied, with as much asperity as she could assume, "I wish you to understand this is *not* a saloon. I am surprised that one who professes to be a public educator should fall into such a vulgar misconception."

The editor wilted and retired, muttering that he was blamed if he could see what the fool woman was driving at, anyway.

"Mr. D'Evlyn," said the fair entertainer, "will you be good enough to read aloud one of the soulful and sadly-sweet emanations of your muse?"

"Highly honored, I'm sure," said the poet, drawing but his MS.

"I move that it be taken as read," suggested a town councillor. The poet threw a scornful glance in his direction, and proceeded:

#### SOUL-THROBBING.

Oh, mystic shrine of wonderland!  
Oh, voices from the depths profound!  
Where swells the diapason grand,  
Enthralling with refulgent sound—  
Ere yet the moon and stars had birth,  
To panoply the whirling earth  
In its empyreal round.

"Hold up there, young feller," exclaimed Uncle Jake Bradley. "That idear was exploded long ago. The earth don't whirl, and 'taint round. It's flat—flat—" "Rats!" "Chestnuts!" "What are yer givin' us!" exclaimed several voices.

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" said the hostess, "please allow Mr. D'Evlyn to proceed with his poem."

"Well, but," said Uncle Jake, "I want to point out that he's wrong on an important matter of fact. Let's settle this here question about the shape of the earth before we go any further."

"I scorn to have any controversy with this person," said the poet loftily, "and decline to subject myself to further insult."

Meanwhile a hot discussion over party politics was raging at the other end of the room, where a number of the guests not interested in Mr. D'Evlyn's poetry had grouped themselves around Philander Morgan and Lawyer Gassin, the Tory and Grit champions, who were vigorously fighting over again the battles of the campaign. Such expressions as "corruption," "bribery," "Grit traitors," "Tory scoundrels," etc., were hurled at each other freely by the now heated disputants, encouraged by the applause of their respective partisans.

"You're a liar, Gassin; the biggest liar in two counties," at length observed Morgan.

"You can't insult me. A fellow who will shoot off his jaw in that fashion in the presence of ladies is no gentleman. He is a low, dirty hound."

"You come outside then, and I'll talk to you," retorted Morgan.

"You blathering fool, do you suppose I'm afraid of you?" replied Gassin, and the excited intellectual gladiators rushed for the door, followed by nearly all the party. The ladies had, before this, left in alarm, regretting their temerity in assisting at so rash a departure from the safe and beaten path of conventionality. The *salon* terminated in a tumultuous mob in the street where the Grit and Tory champions were endeavoring to punch each other's heads. Any serious consequences, however, were prevented by the prompt interference of the friends of the parties. The *entente cordiale* was restored, and after giving "three cheers for the *salon*" the party dispersed.

It is needless to add that the Snogglethorpes voted the attempt to establish a *salon* on the Parisian type a flat failure. It was some time before their social prestige recovered from the blow, but a liberal donation to Rev. Dr. Whanger's church building fund, and an elaborate dinner party, conducted on the strictest lines of etiquette, completely rehabilitated them. Mrs. Snogglethorpe, however, is more dissatisfied with her surroundings than ever, and is continually urging her husband to move to Toronto, where she may find some more congenial society than the vulgar, commonplace persons who do not know the difference between a *salon* and a saloon.

**SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.**

NO. 1. RICHARD STORK, CORPORATION "HEXCAVATOR."



A LIFE on the hocean wave is nothink to one as a street navy. I've hexcavated in railways and in canawls, I've blawsted in quarries, and I've mined hunderground, but for a hunadulterated 'appy life give me a job on the civic staff as a member of the street force.

Some of the fellows talks about the life of policemen, and their 'ole hambition is to be one, but I says, "no policeman for me, thank you." When I'ms in a good place I knows it, and means to 'ang on to it.

I hoften thinks to myself—thinks I, 'ow hever does them fellows in stores get on? I can hunderstand being a banker, or a heditor, or a hengineer, or a locomotive,

where there's a reg'lar bit of wages a-coming' in hevery week or two, but no business for me, thank you. Hall my trouble is with the gang boss if he 'appens to be a Scotchman, and with the men in the gang if they 'appen to be furringers, especially Hirish or Hitalians. I mortally 'ates 'em both and they knows it, too, the bloomingk truck as they are.

I can't make no side money 'ere as I used to make at 'ome, when I could sing along o' my mates,

"I'm a navy, I'm a navy,  
I'm a navy on the line;  
I've five and twenty shillings,  
Besides my hovertime."

Them was the times when a man could 'ave 'is noggin o' gin of a morning, his gallon of hale reg'ier hevery day, with a good bit o' roast beef, or a pork chop at hevery bloomingk meal as he hate.

This 'ere blawsted colony haint fit for no w'ite man. It's either too blawsted 'ot or too infurnal cold 'arf the year. We've honly a month or two like hold Hinglish weather.

Yes, I'm married—worse luck, and 'ave three bloomingk responsibilities I has, and I mean as they shall 'ave a better heddication as I 'ad, though I can read fairish and do a bit of 'arf-text writing—I never got so far as small 'and.

This house? W'y I howns it myself—bought and paid for it—and I defy hany man to say as I howes 'im a cent.

I vote just as I pleases, and I don't hask hanybody to tell me 'ow. No; of course I didn't in Hingland, cos I adn't no vote, and if I 'ad, hold squire Colding'am would 'ave interfered—the bloomingk hold haristocrat as he was, and I howes 'im a grudge too, for he once nailed me with an 'are I'd knocked hover, and got me in quod for six weeks, blawst 'im.

No farm work for me, thank you. No sir, I worked on a farm for two days hafter I come 'ere, but I'd a 'anged sight sooner be a nigger slave. It's hup at five o'clock morning, and work till 'arf past height or nine at night.

On the 'ole there hain't no sich life, for easy work and sure pay, 'aving hemployment on the city staff. Hall as I 'ave to grumble hat is 'aving to serve hunder a Scotch boss. Honly for this I think I would be quite 'appy.

**TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.**

I.

"WELL, what's the news?" said the Fakir, as he entered the office, dropped into a chair and picked up an exchange.

"The *News*," remarked the assistant editor, "is an evening paper published in this city."

As he works off this repartee about three times a week on the average, no one felt it incumbent on him to laugh.

"Humph!" said the fakir, "you're too fresh. 'Tain't a bit funny." And he lit his pipe and glanced carelessly over the columns of the *Globe*.

"Anti-Poverty Society!" he presently remarked. "Pshaw! I tell you those fellows are barking up the wrong tree. They haven't got hold of the thing yet. I've a better scheme than that. Why, do you know that if they worked it right this city and every other city in the country could be now without either landowners or anybody else having to pay any taxes? Fact! It just struck me this morning. Abolish all taxes, I say!"



**RESIGNATION.**

*Physician* (to patient).—"Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held."

*Patient* (too sick for anything).—"Very well, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like."

The staff, long accustomed to the Fakir's magnificent schemes, didn't manifest the astonishment and enthusiasm which the importance of the discovery might have been expected to excite.

"And how would you do it?" enquired the literary editor.

"Listen and I'll tell you. You know those new granolithic pavements lately put down on Yonge street? Well, some of the storekeepers have got their signs in brass letters worked into the sidewalk in front of their establishments. It was that which gave me the idea. Why shouldn't the city utilize the sidewalks for advertising purposes? I'd reduce the thing to a system. Lay down new sidewalks everywhere. Mark 'em off in sections and sell the privilege of having neat advertisements worked in, to the highest bidder. Don't you suppose that our big dry goods firms would pay liberally for the chance of advertising all over a block of sidewalk on King or Yonge street? I tell you it's an immense scheme. It would revolutionize advertising and municipi-



#### THAT PRESENTATION PORTRAIT.

*Cantankerous Art Critic*—It's low in tone, sir, and deficient in breadth.

*Hon. Oliver*—Yes, so it is; but that's what makes it such an admirable likeness, you know!

pal financing and easily raise enough to pay for keeping the streets in repair."

"But there are many other expenses in connection with city government," said the assistant editor.

"Wait a bit; I'm not half through yet. I'd carry out my scheme in connection with all the other departments. There's the police force, for instance. Well, when you're fitting out the police with uniforms, why not make walking advertisements of them? Put the privilege of supplying the force with clothing to bear in conspicuous letters the name of the advertiser, up to tender. Don't you imagine that plenty of keen business men would be willing not only to supply the clothes free, but to pay a good round sum into the bargain? You bet! Same with the firemen. Wouldn't work? Why wouldn't it, I'd like to know? A policeman having 'Timkins the Tailor' in large letters on his back and 'Hoolahan's Hats' on his helmet could arrest a drunk just as easy as if he wore the ordinary police uniform. I can't see the least practical objection. But some old fogies are always ready to pooh-pooh any new idea."

The Fakir threw himself back in his seat disgusted, and smoked in silence for a minute or so. Then he resumed:—

"And look at our public buildings. What an immense amount of good advertising space is wasted there. Think of the enormous revenue the public might realize

if the city were to rent out the walls of the city hall both outside and inside for neat and artistic advertisements. What are you laughing at? I'm serious. Oh, you may sneer and gibe, but you haven't one solitary substantial reason to advance against it. I intend to agitate this subject; and I hope that by the time the new city hall and court house is under way, the public mind will be sufficiently enlightened to demand that every inch of the building shall be utilized for advertising purposes. Why, it would pay for the cost of construction many times over! In the meantime, if I can get a few capitalists to join me, I propose, by way of beginning, to form a syndicate and offer to lay down a granolithic pavement on some leading street free of expense to the city, on condition that they will allow us full advertising privileges. I tell you there's a fortune in the scheme. That reminds me that I'm wasting valuable time here. I have to see a party who has just come into possession of a little money, and I think I can persuade him to go in with us."

And the Fakir borrowed ten cents from the foreman and vanished.

#### REMARKABLE EPIDEMIC.

INTELLIGENCE FROM UPPER CENTRAL CIRCLES.

MR. DAVID BLAIN has been ordered by his physician to repair to a cooler climate than that of Toronto, and to try the virtues of the curative waters of the Continent. He has accordingly taken up his residence for the present at Clifton Springs, N. Y.

MR. E. STRACHAN COX has been obliged to retire for the present from his extensive business affairs, and to seek the balmy air of the south for the benefit of a corn which has been troubling him greatly. Something dropped on it lately.

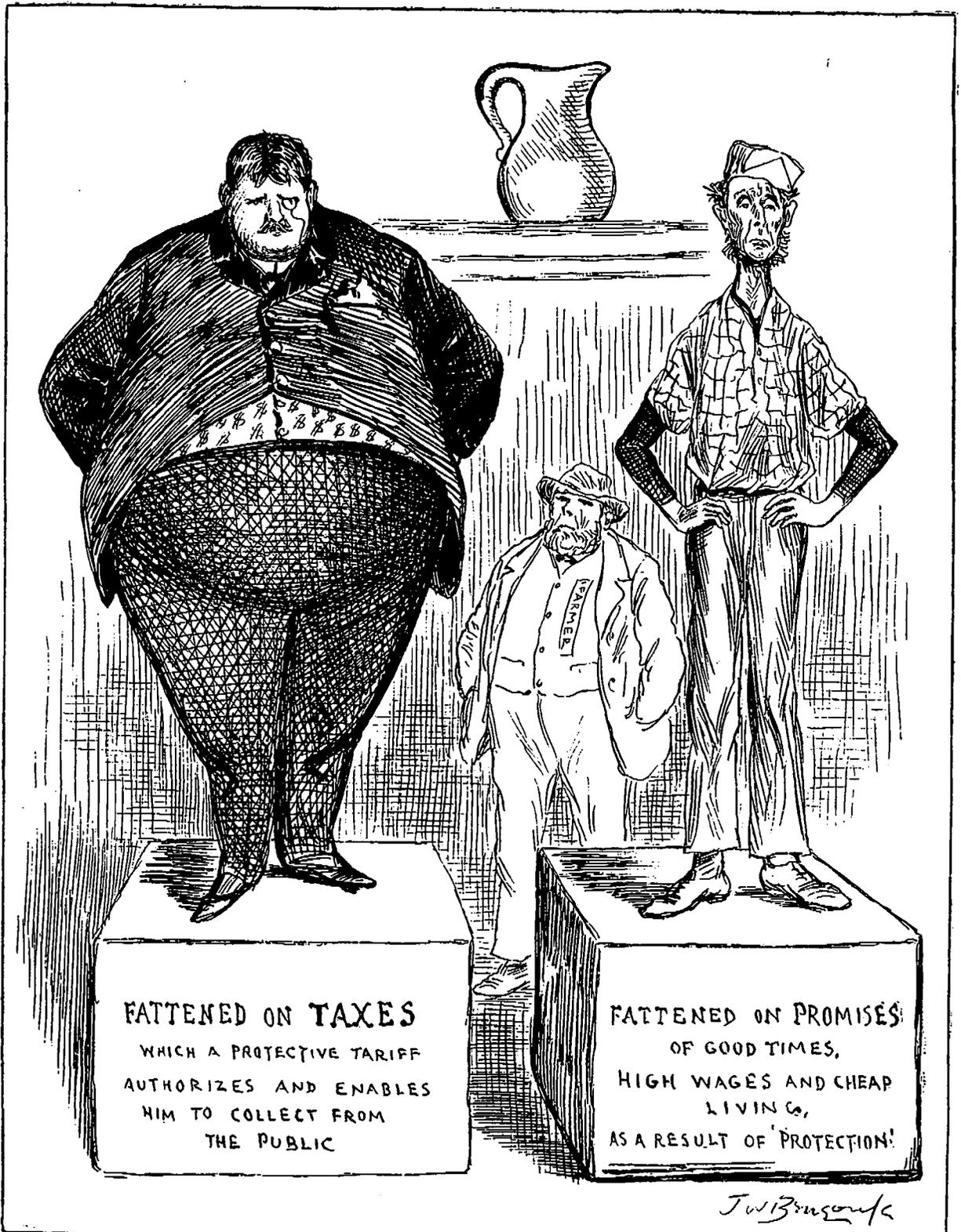
MR. D. MITCHELL MACDONALD has been ordered by his medical advisers to take a change of air, and he has accordingly left the city on business of importance in connection with his estates in California. Mr. Macdonald's serious illness was brought on, it is supposed, by reading the reports of the Central Bank liquidation proceedings.

MR. ROWLAND I. G. BARNETT, the eminent financier, was, some weeks ago, ordered by his legal physician to go abroad for the benefit of his health. He took a severe cold by being caught in a heavy draft while doing business at the Central Bank.

MR. FRANK TROUNCE, late assistant manager of the Central Bank, has been advised by his physician to leave Canada for the present. Mr. Trounce is very ill with a sore chilblain, brought on it is supposed by business cares.

MR. A. A. ALLAN has, upon the urgent advice of his physician, left for a western city. He was greatly in need of rest, having become very weary by standing for a long period in the witness-box at Osgoode Hall.

"THIS is a cold, cold world!" sighed a young man as he stopped aimlessly in front of a Detroit clothing store. "Dot was so, mein friend," replied the proprietor, who was standing in the doorway, "but ulsters vas cheap as dirt!"



FATTENED ON TAXES  
WHICH A PROTECTIVE TARIFF  
AUTHORIZES AND ENABLES  
HIM TO COLLECT FROM  
THE PUBLIC

FATTENED ON PROMISES  
OF GOOD TIMES,  
HIGH WAGES AND CHEAP  
LIVING,  
AS A RESULT OF 'PROTECTION'

### JUG-HANDLED PROTECTION;

AN EXHIBITION OF, THE RESULTS OF THE ARTIFICIAL FATTENING PROCESS IN CANADA, AFTER NINE YEARS OF EXPERIMENT.



### MR. MERCIERS PROBABLE MISSION.

SCENE—Ikey Rothchild's Paris Establishment.

*Mercier*—COULD YOU LET ME HAVE A TRIFLE ON THIS FOR A FEW DAYS? MY GOVERNMENT'S ABOUT STRAPPED.

### THE MEETING OF THE CHIEFTAINS.

SCENE.—Government House, Toronto.

(Enter Sir Alex. Campbell, Sir John Macdonald, and Hon. Oliver Mowat.)

**SIR ALEXANDER**—Welcome, my noble friends, thrice o'er. I feel  
As proud this moment as I did the day  
When first I wore a philabeg—as proud  
As was my ancestor, the great Argyll,  
When he restored to torn old Scotland's realm  
Its king again and healed his country's breaches.

(*The Great and Little Tyrants embrace.*)

Now, now, enough, 'tis too much happiness;  
Fair Canada is safe and I'm the man  
To whom she owes the blest accomplishment.  
Let's now to lunch.

(*Sir John plays leap-frog over astounded Mowat.*)

Sir John! be decorous.

**SIR JOHN**—No doubt of it, dear Sandy. Mowat! you  
Have all along been my dear favorite boy.  
You've been both wise and honest, and, in short,  
A credit to my training. Who could dream  
That we old Kingston chappies should to-day,  
With all our hatchets buried, be so gay?

**MR. MOWAT**—The boundary question—

**SIR JOHN** (*interrupting*)—Tuts! tuts! no Utica confines our powers,  
This whole vast boundless Canada is ours.  
Three canny, conquering, Scottish boys are we,  
And while we rule, old Ont. shall boundless be.

**MR. MOWAT**—O yes! O yes! O yes! I guess I see,  
From fruitless friction we are henceforth free.

### AT A BAR.

*Central Shareholder*—Will you liquidate? What'll you have?

*Central Depositor*—I take plain rye in Ordinary.

### RESPECTING CANADIAN POETS.

**MRS. HARRISON** (*Seranus*), author of the *Canadian Birthday Book*, has enumerated 150 Canadian poets, and some writers express surprise at the number. They don't begin to realize the immense amount of poetic talent that is lying around loose in Canada. Only 150! Why—almost any editor could count up that many without half, trying, and not include either James Gay, of Guelph, or Senator Plumb, either. Talk about poets! Why, bless you, the woods are full of 'em—about as full as our waste basket is of their effusions, some execrable, some bad, and rest fair to middling, but excluded for reasons of space or suitability. Why, if our politicians had any idea how many poets there are in Canada, it wouldn't be a week before there was a strategic movement on foot to capture the poet vote by promising to establish a Canadian laureateship, or abolish the postage on manuscripts, or something. And, sure's you're alive, here comes the postman, with another grist, including a long screed from the man who *will* roll his MS. instead of folding it, and thereby occasion much composing-room profanity; another from the fellow who writes with pale ink on both sides of blue foolscap paper; and a dainty verselet from a young lady who has just conceived the original idea that "heart" rhymes with "part," and "dove" with "love," etc.

What ho, without! Empty the waste basket! Well, *Seranus* just wants to spend a week or so in a newspaper office to correct her ideas on the subject. But let us not be too hard on the poet. As an eminent classic gentleman has remarked, he was born that way, and consequently, is not fit—he doesn't say for what.

**STRUCK BLIND.**

**THE DEADLY POISON THAT BLIGHTED THE OPTIC NERVE.**

*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

OUR reporter was very much struck with a conversation between two well-known citizens a short time ago.

"I notice you wear very strong eye-glasses."

"Yes, yes, I am a perfect slave to my goggles. It is hard for me to understand why one's eyesight fails when all other faculties appear to be in good condition. Even the young appear to lose their eyesight."

"I question very much the theory and the old notion that poor light, fine print, etc. is responsible for it."

"It is well you may. If you consult an oculist for eye treatment, you may find he is almost sure to analyze the fluids passed before he will commence treatment: one once told me that over half of the failing eyesight was attributable to disease of the kidneys, because of their inability to expel the uric acid from the system."

"How is that?"

"I do not know. He claimed that failing eye-sight was one of the most prominent symptoms of advanced kidney and Bright's disease."

Becoming more interested, our reporter thought he would carry investigations still further, and called upon an institution where several prominent physicians are employed, and asked the question:

"Why is it that uric acid or kidney poison affects the eyes?"

One of them answered, "It does not affect the eyes any more than any other organ. It is one of the symptoms of kidney disease. The system becomes saturated with uric acid, and, as a result, the weakest organ is the first to suffer. It may be the lungs, heart, brain or any other organ; it generally affects many of the other organs, and the person so affected may call it general debility, or premature old age, when in reality it is but the effect of uric acid continually poisoning the system, gradually consuming the patient. It is for this reason our remedy cures so many persons of what are ordinarily called diseases, which in fact are only symptoms. We cure the cause and the cause cures the effect."

"Then you cure blindness, do you?"

"I will say yes, if you wish to put it as broad as that, and yet we are not entitled to the credit. When we restore the kidneys to health, they in turn restore the failing eyesight. Our remedy restores the kidneys to a healthy action, and they cause the cure, and so it with many of the diseases that we cure, which in reality are but symptoms. For instance, N. F. Sparks, of Rochester, says, "I had lost the use of one eye, and the other was rapidly failing, caused by impure blood. I took Warner's safe cure to purify my blood. Hardly expected it to restore my eye-sight, but it has done so."

W. A. Bargy, of this city, says, "My little daughter seven years old complained some two years since of inability to see, and we noticed that she stumbled over things while walking about the house. I looked at her eyes and found them almost white. This so alarmed me that I consulted a physician, who said it would be necessary to have an operation performed upon them. To this I could not consent, but allowed him to give her several treatments. She grew worse and wasted to a mere skeleton, until a doctor more honest than the rest, advised Warner's safe cure, and we began its use. I noticed

improvement at once, and gradually she regained her health."

Mrs. Emma A. Densmore, Washington, D. C., had her eye-sight suddenly fail her, so she was unable, as she says, to read even the largest print, or recognize friends on the street. After a few bottles of Warner's safe cure, her eyesight began to return, and continuing its use, she was completely restored.

Uric acid has a special liking for the optic nerve, and it is no uncommon thing for the eyesight to begin to fail as the kidney disorder advances, while the other organs remain in apparent good health for a longer period, or until there is a general giving way of the system. Then physicians blandly pronounce the malady general debility, or call a symptom a disease, that was the most prominent before death claimed its victim. They may call its apoplexy, paralysis, consumption, pneumonia, blood poisoning, impoverished blood, malaria, rheumatism, pleurisy—nevertheless it is kidney disease, all the same, under another name.

"Why all this deception?"

"Because the so-called medical fraternity have no preparations that can cure kidney disease, especially when it has become advanced, and they are ashamed to acknowledge it, and many of them are too hide-bound to their code to use a prescription and a specific for the kidneys, because it is advertised, and the proprietors refuse to expose their formula. This is exactly as it is, in a few words as I can give it.

"Thanks. You have no objections to my publishing this interview?"

"None, whatever. We have no secrets here, except our formula."

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

**CATARRH.**

**CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.**

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

**NEW MUSIC**

- LA GITANA** Waltz. Bucalossi. 60.
- TENDRESSE** Waltz. Waldtenfel. 50.
- BUFFALO BILL** Polka. May Ostle. 40.

As played at the Government House and other halls.

Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' As'n.

38 Church Street, Toronto.

[and all Music Dealers.

**NOTICE.**

We think it will pay our many merchant customers to write J. A. BANFIELD & CO. agents for the National Cash Register, 60 King St. East, City.

WIFE—"John, the doctor is down stairs with his bill." Husband—"Tell him I'm not well enough to see him."

WHEN a Boston girl reads one of Howells's love stories she is generally affected to tears, and little icicles form on her cheeks.

It is stated that Noah Webster first conceived the idea of his dictionary while on a visit to Boston. He heard so many big words there which he did not understand, that he felt the need of one.

**THE HIGH SCHOOL DRAWING COURSE.**

Authorized by the Minister of Education.

No. 5 "INDUSTRIAL DESIGN," IS NOW READY.

This subject, Industrial Design, is now for the first time placed in the High School Drawing Course; and this authorized book is the one upon which the examinations will be based. It is the most elaborate and beautiful book of the course, and if published separately would sell at double the price of the other numbers. It will, however, be offered to the student at the same price as the others, 20 cents.

- The Course is now complete:
- No. 1—FREEHAND.
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- No. 3—LINEAR PERSPECTIVE.
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These books are all uniform in size and style, and constitute a complete uniform series. The same plan is followed through them all—the Text, the Problems, and opposite the Problems, in each case, the exercises based upon them. The illustration is upon the same page with its own matter, and with the exercises, in every case, is a space for the student's work. Each copy, therefore, is a complete Text-book on its subject, and a Drawing Book as well, the paper on which the books are printed being first-class drawing paper. The student using these books, therefore, is not obliged to purchase and take care of a drawing book also. Moreover, Nos. 1, 4 and 5, are the only books on their subject authorized by the Department. Therefore, if the student buys the full series, he will have a uniform and not a mixed series, covering the whole subjects of the Examinations, and edited by Mr. Arthur J. Reading, one of the best authorities in these subjects in this country, and recently Master in the School of Art.

Each book is in the direct line of the curriculum, and is authorized.

The Retail Trade may place their Orders with their Toronto Wholesale Dealers.

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An artist's tool applying color by a jet of air. Gold and Specials Medals of Franklin and American Institutes. Invaluable to crayon and water color portrait artists. Saves time and gives finest technical effects.

Send for descriptive pamphlet. The use of the Air Brush is profitable, and will repay careful investigation.

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Base-ball Cox reaches third base all right!

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

**FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS,**

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address  
Dr. H. G. ROOT, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

**COMPOUND OXYGEN.**

Treatment by inhalation. Both office and home treatment. Manufactured in Canada by me for over four years. It is genuine, the same as sold in Philadelphia, Chicago and California. Trial treatment free at office. Send for circular. Home treatment for two months, inhaler and all complete, \$12. Office treatment, 32 for \$18. Mark it; no duty! I am now in my new Parlor Office and Laboratory at 42 KING STREET EAST. MRS. C. STEDMAN FIEROE, late from 73 King Street West, Stackhouse's Store.

**MORSE'S**

**Heliotrope & Magnolia**

TOILET SOAPS.

Lasting and Delicate in Perfume. Softening and Healing to the Skin.

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**MERCHANTS NOTE THE FOLLOWING,**

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OVER 5,000 of our MACHINES are in use in,

**LEADING BUSINESS HOUSES,** and giving grand satisfaction. Write us. We may be the means of saving you many a dollar and sleepless nights. An accurate cash system at a nominal cost.

Send to us for list of users. Every purchaser a testimonial. We can help you.

**J. A. BANFIELD & CO,**  
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# CHINA HALL.

SIGN OF THE BIG JUG, (REGISTERED)  
49 King St. East, TORONTO.



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of Fine China Breakfast and Tea Sets, Dinner and Dessert Services, Toilet Services, Fine Cut Glassware.

GLOVER HARRISON.



**LAWSON'S** Concentrated Fluid Beef—this preparation is a real beef food, not like Liebig's and other fluid beefs, mere stimulants and meat flavors, but having all the necessary elements of the beef, viz.:—Extract fibrine and albumen, which embodies all to make a perfect food.

ROSES. BEST QUALITY TREES.  
**H. SLIGHT**  
THE FLORIST  
WEDDING FLOWERS. SEEDS.  
**407 YONGES!**

**WALL PAPERS.**  
*Embossed Gold Parlor Papers.*

Now ideas or **Dining-room** decoration. Plain and pattern **Ingrains**. **Bedroom** papers in all grades. A large selection of medium-price papers of the newest designs and shades. Our specialties are **Room Decoration** and **Stained Glass**.

**JOS. McCAUSLAND & SON,**  
72 to 76 KING ST. WEST.

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**TEMPERANCE & GENERAL**  
**LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**

Has made a record of *business completed* for the year 1887 (its second year), which has *never before been equalled* by any *Canadian Company* for a second year.

Applications received for *one million and three quarters*, and policies issued for

**ONE MILLION SIX  
HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.**

Total abstainers are waking up to the fact that they are largely interested in the new state of affairs in Life Assurance in Canada.

Get prospectus and plans from the Head Office, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

**Hon. Geo. W. Ross,** **H. O'Hara,**  
*President.* *Managing Director.*



## CURE GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Upwards of 200 successfully treated since Oct. 1, 1887, by Electric Treatment and the use of the Medicated Electric Belt and Appliances.

Read our Prices:—

Medicated Electric Belts, \$2 to \$3. Medicated Electric Lung Shield, \$3. Medicated Electric Shoulder Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric Knee Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric Suspensory and Belt, \$5. Medicated Electric Legging, \$3. Medicated Electric Armlet \$3. Medicated Electric Stomach Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric Children's Teething Necklace, 50c. Medicated Electric or Insulating Insoles, 50c. per pair. We guarantee our Medicated Electric Belts and Appliances to be equal to any \$10 article.

## ALL DISEASES MAY BE CURED BY ELECTRICITY,

**THE NEW LIFE.**—Our medicated Belts do all we c'aim for them.

**LADIES.**—Our Belts are peculiarly adapted for your use. It weighs but three ounces and can be worn at all times without inconvenience, and will positively cure many of the diseases peculiar to your sex.

TO THE ORIENTAL BELT CO.

I have experienced such happy results from the use of Electric Belt supplied by you, that I am constrained to express my gratitude and strong recommendation to any one (suffering as I have done for years) to lose no time in securing and wearing one.

You may make use of this letter in any way you choose.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. S. M. WHITEHEAD, 518 Jarvis Street.

Jan. 10, 1888.

TO THE ORIENTAL ELECTRIC BELT CO.

This is to certify that I was for nearly nine months almost helpless with Rheumatism in my arms and shoulders. During that time I tried many highly recommended remedies, but all failed to give even temporary relief: at last I was induced to try your Electric Belt and Shoulder Appliances which in a few days helped me, and after two months wearing the Appliance, I am happy to say, that I am almost well. My case I believe to have been a stubborn one, but finally yielded to the treatment, which is simple, without deception or humbug. You are at liberty to use this statement in any way you think proper, hoping that it may come to the notice of some unfortunate afflicted as I was. You may also refer any one to me who may want more particulars about the cure effected by your treatment.

J. McCUAIG, Grain Merchant,  
56 Front and 53 Wellington St. East, Toronto

## ORIENTAL ELECTRIC BELT CO

155 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

BELT PATENTED FEB. 26TH, 1887.

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**Canadian Art Association,**

349½ QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.

**Crayon Portraits, Water Color Portraits,  
 Ink Portraits, Pastel Portraits,**  
 from locket size to 8 feet high.

Prices Moderate. Likeness Perfect. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Enlargements of all kinds for the trade. Sketching. Solar and Bromide Prints. Air-brush Finishing.

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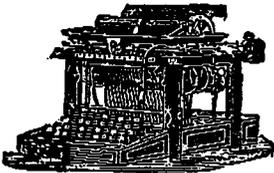
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DO THE FINEST CLASS OF

**COLOR WORK**

IN CANADA.



**REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER**  
 30,000 in Daily Use.

We give purchasers privilege of returning machine, unbroken, any time within thirty days, c.o.d., for full purchase price, if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King St. East.

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 MONUMENTAL WORKS.**

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS  
 IN THE LATEST DESIGNS.  
 Also Importers and Wholesale dealers in Italian Thin Marbles.  
 535 Yonge Street, - TORONTO.



**SENSATIONAL!**

One of the co-respondents reading the report of Irving vs. Smith.

**Burdock  
 BLOOD  
 BITTERS**

**CURES  
 DYSPEPSIA.**

Tones the Weak Stomach, aids Digestion, Improves the Appetite, and regulates and strengthens the Entire System.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING UNDER-TAKER, 347 Yonge Street. Telephone 679.

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Specialties for the Christmas Season are Plum Puddings, ready for the pot. Mince Meats (Prime). Entrées, ready for the range. Individual Ices. Individual Salads, on silver dishes Christmas and New Year Cakes, in endless variety at

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BOILERS regularly inspected and Insured against explosion by the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also consulting engineers and Solicitors of Patents. Head Office, Toronto: Branch Office, Montreal.

**CHRONIC PULMONARY AFFECTIONS**

Are immediately and permanently benefited by use of

**MALTO-YERBINE**

It is the best remedy available for all Chronic Pulmonary Affections, Bronchitis, Difficult Expectoration, and for ordinary Coughs and Colds. For sale by all druggists. Send for Pamphlet.

MALTINE MANUFACTURING Co. TORONTO

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For \$4, we will enter you as a subscriber to GRIP for 1888, and send you bound volume of GRIP for 1887, as described above.

For 50 cents, we will mail you a neat cloth case, lettered on side, for binding GRIP for 1887. Missing numbers of GRIP supplied at 5 cts. each.

For \$2, we will send you GRIP for the year 1888.

For \$1, we will send you GRIP for six months.

Register letters containing money and address,

**GRIP,**  
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J. M. PEAREN, DRUGGIST,



TELEPHONE 3118.

Cor. Carlton & Bleecker Sts. TORONTO.

— THE —  
**Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co'y.**

Head Office, 38 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.  
 Incorporated by special Act of the Dominion Parliament.  
 Authorized Capital & other Assets over \$2,000,000.

Full deposit with the Dominion Government.  
 President—Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, P. C., G.C.B. Vice-Presidents—Sir Alex. Campbell, K.C.M.G., Lieut.-Governor of Ontario; George Gooderham, Esq., President of the Bank of Toronto; William Bell, Esq., Manufacturer, Guelph.

J. B. CARLILE, Managing Director.  
 Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

**Business Index.**

GRIP endorses the following houses as worthy of the patronage of parties visiting the city or wishing to transact business by mail.

**GENTLEMEN** requiring nobby stylish good-fitting, well-made clothing to order will find all the newest materials for the Spring Season, and two first-class cutters at **PETLEYS**, 128 to 132 King St. East.

**J. W. CHEESEWORTH**,  
106 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.  
Fine Art Tailoring a Specialty.

**JAS. COX & SON**,  
83 YONGE STREET,  
Pastry Cooks and Confectioners. Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors.

**DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE**  
The most simple and perfect tailor system of cutting. Also the best Folding Wire Dress Form for draping, etc., at lowest prices. **MISS CHUBB**, 179 King St. West.

**CUT STONE I CUT STONE I**  
You can get all kinds of Cut Stone work promptly on time by applying to **LIONEL YORKE**, Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis St., Toronto.

**G. W. E. FIELD**,  
**Architect**,  
YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO, ONT.

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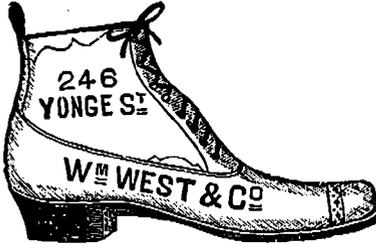
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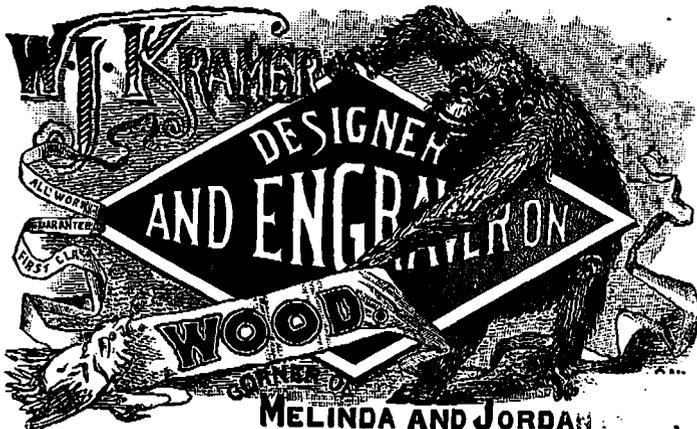
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