



GRIP



VOL. XXXVI.

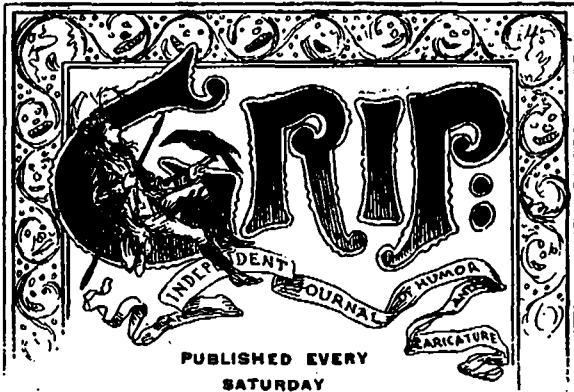
TORONTO, MAY 23, 1891.

No. 21.
Whole No. 936.



HIS OPINION OF HEREDITARY ARISTOCRACY.

"If we were asked to say whose name among all our politicians has been most associated with the practice of corruption, are we sure that a baronet would not be the man?"—*Goldwin Smith's Lecture.*



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.
T. G. WILSON.

Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and
Canada.

To Great Britain and
Ireland

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

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

In remitting stamps, please send two-cent stamps only.

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments.

ON THE

Cartoons.

THE PET OF THE OPPOSITION—Mr. Tarte intimates that he has no sort of understanding with the Opposition in connection with the case against McGreevey; he remains, as he has always been, a straight Conservative, as distinguished from crooked Conservatives.

All the same, however, he must be regarded by the gentlemen on the left as a particularly sweet Tarte for the present, as he is mightily aiding their cause. If the real feelings of the Opposition could be openly expressed, some such scene as we have depicted would be witnessed in the vicinity of Mr. Laurier's desk.

"THESE HANDS ARE CLEAN."—Sir Hector Langevin has given a sweeping denial to the allegations brought by Mr. Tarte in so far as they affect himself or the Department of Public Works. He has closely paraphrased the historic utterance, "These hands are clean!" It will be known before long whether or not the phrase is entirely justified by the facts.

HIS OPINION OF HEREDITARY ARISTOCRACY.—Mr. Goldwin Smith has been having his say about "Aristocracy" before the Young Liberal Club. The lecture was up to the Professor's own standard in elegance of diction and terseness of thought, which is another way of saying that it was a rare literary treat. As might have been anticipated the lecturer took occasion to express once more his opinion as to the inutility of transplanting titles of chivalry to this side of the Atlantic, and especially those of hereditary rank. He appealed to his hearers to say whether the conferring of such titles had had the effect of inspiring the breasts thus decorated with a superior chivalry. In this connection he made a pointed reference to the methods adopted in the last election campaign by the holder of a baronetcy, which were sadly lacking in all those elements of manliness and valor which we associate with the Sir Galahads of romance. This argument is a fair one. Men who accept titles of chivalry must be judged by the rules of their order.



IT would be hard to write a sentence that would more scathingly arraign the morality of the day than that at the close of the *Globe's* reference to the late Mr. Purcell, of Cornwall, though it was not written with such an intention. "During his lifetime," says the *Globe*, "Mr. Purcell was even better than a generous man—he was an honest contractor, and his country owes him a debt of gratitude for the faithfulness with

which his work was done." In doing faithfully the work he was paid to do the deceased gentleman did no more than his duty, no more than the commonest kind of honesty would demand. Yet it was so remarkable that a special bonus in the shape of gratitude is demanded in addition to the contract price already paid. This ought to make a civilized, not-to say Christian, community blush.

* * *

IS the implied indictment of public contractors based on a true bill? We very much fear it is. The late investigations here in Toronto, and the enquiry now going on at Ottawa, give us a cue to the morality which is in vogue with men who undertake work for corporations; and our own observations have convinced us that contractors on a smaller scale are, as a general thing, conscienceless scamps. If you are getting a house built you will do well to stand by and watch every movement of the contractors and their men, be they carpenters, bricklayers, painters, plasterers or plumbers. You close your eyes for a moment at the risk of having some fraud thrust upon you. A more stupid bungler or perverse cheat than the average workman of the day is not to be found. There are, of course, exceptions here and there. We cannot believe that Mr. Purcell was absolutely alone. We imagine, however, that as a straight, honest, just, give-good-value workman in this world of business shams he was not inconveniently crowded.

* * *

MR. ADAM BROWN appears to have "busted forth into poetry" when it came to parting with his friends in Jamaica. He concluded his speech in this magnificent style:



AFTER THE TOSS.

MR. MULCAHY (on recovering from the shock)—“ Oh, yez needn't stan' there bowin' an' scrapin'; yez did it on purpose, so yez did ! ”

“ And now farewell !
Good-bye, your sky-like seas, your sea-like skies,
Your green bananas and your giant leaves,
Your palms which never die, but stand
Immortal sea-marks on the strand ! ”

And when, after a safe voyage to his native country, and a long ride in the train he once more came in sight of the Ambitious City, we suppose he went out on the platform of the car and, with impassioned gesture, shouted :

“ And hail Hamilton !
Hail ! your mount-like hill and your hill-like mount,
Your morning 'Tator and your Evening Times,
Your blondes who never dye but stand
And sing in chorus at the Grand.”

THE Kingston *Daily News* drops a briny tear because, although we spend about a million and a quarter annually on the military branch of the public service, we quite fail to “ foster the military spirit and to develop soldierly habits among the volunteers.” It may be that the money in question is mis-spent, and if so Sir Adolphe Caron ought to be requested to give the matter his attention. Some military organization we no doubt require for possible emergencies, but the absence of “ the military spirit ” is something for us to rejoice over. This western world is rapidly outgrowing the idea of “ glory,” which was proper enough to the childhood of the race. The glory of to day is to save life, not to destroy it.

MAYOR CLARKE will please accept the assurance of our profound consideration, and permit us to join in the pæan of praise which has ascended to the civic dais for his refusal to sign the contract granting a five-year monopoly of the merry-go round, etc., at the Island Park. To be sure, his refusal was based upon a technicality, but we take it as expressing his opposition to the small-potato plan of raising money by taxing the children on their play.

MR. TAYLOR, M.P., has, for the present at least, withdrawn his bill against the importation of alien

contract labor. Who knows but that he has done so for the purpose of amending it by providing for the imposition of a duty more or less high on all sorts of labor coming into Canada? It may possibly have struck him that this is the only way in which native workmen can be protected, and that Jack has as good a right as his master to the protecting wing of the tariff.

SIXTEEN and three quarters mills on the dollar. So runs the dictum of our city fathers as to the tax-rate for the year. It's pretty steep for the sort of thing they're giving us in the way of water, sidewalks and roadways. Increase of population doesn't seem to help us any. What we need is more revenue from the franchises owned by the city. If we are wise enough to keep the street railway in our own hands, making no reduction in the fares, excepting for an hour in the early morning and evening for the benefit of the toilers, we could add half a million or so per annum to our present income, and this would enable us to cut down the tax rate considerably.

THE Prohibition question is once more before Parliament, and the outlook is bad for the straddlers and dodgers this time. Heretofore these valiant gentlemen have got out of the difficulty by pleading that the country isn't ripe for prohibition. The resolution this year asserts that the necessary ripeness has now arrived. It will be a straight yes or no to the principle, therefore.

MR. MERCIER has been created a Count by His Holiness the Pope. But as yet the astute Quebec Premier has not had an opportunity of exercising his arithmetical title on the few millions he went to Europe to borrow. As he left Rome Count, he will probably leave Paris Baron.

WE are more than astonished—we are alarmed and shocked—to find in that loyal paper, the *Empire*, an insidious joke at the expense of Her Majesty the Queen. In an article on the Queen's late sojourn at Grasse, the editor says the visit will remain a green spot in Her Majesty's memory. This is atrocious enough to be the work of a pestilent Unrestricted Reciprocity person.

QUINTESSANCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(BY OUR VERY SHORTHANDER.)

OTTAWA, May 11th.

PARLIAMENT resumed business at 3. Members of Ministry introduced couple of unimportant measures.

Mr. Clarke Wallace. Bill to amend Act against Combines. Read first time.

Mr. Chapleau answered some questions.

Mr. McMullen wanted to know if Government intended bringing down legislation on Prohibition.

Sir John said 'twas under consideration of the Government.

House laughed.

Mr. Tarte exploded his long-talked of bombshell, charging Mr. McGreevey, M.P., with boodling, and Langevin, Minister of Public Works, with winking thereat.

Sir H. Langevin said “ these hands are clean.”

McGreevey said, me too.

Referred to Committee on Privileges and Elections.



AWFUL PROFANITY.

SCENE—Ottawa, during the session.

YOUNG CANADIAN—"Say, Billy, there's another o' them long-haired French members—let's holler. (Both, ff.) Johnnie, get your hair cut! hair cut! hair cut!"
(Disgust of Hon. Achille Henri Hector Marie de Bellechasse, M.P.)

May 12th.

Sixteen bills introduced.

Sir John Thompson's Bill to Codify Criminal Law of Canada, read first time. Measure about size of Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Mr. Perry (P.E.I.) said present mail steamboat service between Island and mainland wouldn't do. Government must build tunnel.

Mr. Davies backed him up. Sir John and Sir High Commissioner had given pledges for the tunnel.

Hon. Mr. Tupper regretted bad service. Not his fault, however. Mr. Laurier had also given pledges about tunnel. Hoped the P.E.I. folks would get it.

Hon. Mr. Haggart said P. O. Department did only small business with P.E.I. and so it wouldn't pay to spend much money over it.

Mr. Perry said Government was trying to starve P.E.I. but they had potatoes, pork, beef and eggs there and could defy their foes.

House adjourned.

May 13th.

Mr. McCarthy introduced Bill to knock out Official French and Separate Schools in North-West Territories. Cries of treason, murder, etc., from Quebec members. Read first time.

Sir H. Langevin casually mentioned, in reply to question, that Government were building a canal in County of Soulanges, Quebec. "Twould only cost \$4,800,000.

Hon. Mr. Foster, replying to Doc. Landerkin, said yes, Sir High Commissioner had received in cold cash in 1890, \$25,970.

Doc. wanted to know if Sir High Commissioner's pay went on while he was booming things here in election with Sol White, "an avowed annexationist." Foster said question contained allegations of fact and he would not answer allegator.

Mr. Perry moved for particulars as to fishermen's bounties. Said it looked fishy that payments had been made earlier than usual this year—just before the election.

Hon. Tupper said 'twas mere coincidence. Perry shouldn't carp at Government herring on virtue's side. Motion carried.

Sir Cartwright wanted to know, you know, *when* those all-fired papers re reciprocity negotiations would be brought d. wn.

Sir John Thompson said soon as possible, if not previously before.

Foster promised estimates on Friday, or Monday, or along about there somewhere. Didn't say when Budget speech will be spouted.

Adjourned.

May 14th.

House sat two hours.

Weather not yet hot enough for long sessions. Lot of questions asked and answered more or less politely. Divers and sundry motions for divers and sundry papers.

Sir John not yet well enough to be in his place.

May 15th.

More questions asked—some of 'em ticklish. Answers given; all of 'em judicious. Sir John and Mr. Laurier still absent. House sat about two hours. No business done worth mentioning.

Committee on Privileges and Elections organized and curtain rung up on McGreevey case.

Sing a song of sixpence.

Some one's got to smart,

Several politicians

Baked into a Tarte;

When the Tarte is opened

And the Committee sits,

Won't it be a dainty dish

To set before the Grits?

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!

FROM the silver tongue of orator enraptured with his theme, At the Federation meeting we first heard the sentence roll, (And the sentence caught our fancy, so striking it did seem),
"We are going to weld the Empire into one harmonious whole."

When the grovelling Canadian says his taxes are too high,
There's an easy way to squelch him so that he will cease his growl;

We have just to wave before him the grand old flag and cry,
"We are going to weld the Empire into one harmonious whole!"

When he raises his objections—as such sordid creatures will—
To the rule of the "Protected" who are living on his dole,
His treasonable sentiments we very quickly still
With "We're going to weld the Empire into one harmonious whole."

When he talks of trading freely with our neighbors to the south,
And sighs for cheaper sugar, cheaper cotton, cheaper coal,
We crush him in an instant and make him shut his mouth
With "We're going to weld the Empire into one harmonious whole."

Tho' Liberal and Tory in our distant mother-land
Don't seem to share the ardor of the "great Colonial soul,"
And, though the phrase means nothing, we will keep it still on hand,
"We are going to weld the Empire into one harmonious whole."

THOROUGHLY FINISHED.

"MOST of the streets in the suburbs present such an unfinished appearance," remarked the stranger travelling in the West End.

"Here is one at least that is thoroughly completed," replied Beeswax.

"Which?"

"Why, Dunn Avenue."

A STAGE PICTURE.

HE stands with rapt, ecstatic glance,
As if in an inspiring trance,
A heroine of old romance
Before the footlights on the stage.
She looks enraptured into space,
A seraph's smile upon her face;
In all her beauty, youth and grace,
Who can her soul's emotion gauge?

Her lips are moving, and I glean
That she, always so cold, serene,
Some one-time lover's face has seen
Amid the crowd whose eye she meets.
Or does she build chateaux in Spain?
Or inspiration seek in vain?
Ah no! I see I'm wrong again—
She's only counting the receipts.

HARRY B. SMITH.

SAMJONES AT LARGE.

SEVERAL things have occurred to me lately, Borax, which may have escaped the general observation.

Did it ever strike you, for instance, that Noah was the first ark-itect? Curious, but about that time the permanent residents were all drowned, and the floating population alone survived, and yet methinks they were not in the swim.

But let us discourse on more timely themes. I see the political fight at Ottawa waxes hot. Ha, what said'st thou, "whacks is hot?" 'Twas even thus I had intended to conclude the sentence had you not anticipated me. But let that pass. I met a friend to-day on his way to the capital. What motive do you suppose could take him there? Loco-motive! He might have walked, of course, but he was not in training. Therefore he preferred to train.

Let us take a stroll up town, where, perchance, we may find food for thought. Hither hies a barrister bearing the bag, which is the insignia of his profession. He looks wo n and pallid, which reminds me that lawyers are the fee-blest of mortals, while doctors, on the other hand, have more powerful physique.

How rude and uncultured 't is of people to expectorate tobacco juice on the sidewalk! The habit is too prevalent. "'Tis true, 'tis spitty, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," as Shakespere has it.

By the way, the eight hour movement seems to be causing some tension this spring. Should it continue, it will excite summer tension (some attention) later on. It broke out in Paris some years ago in connection with the building of the Eiffel Tower. You look incredulous, Borax, but pause awhile and meditate, and perhaps it may dawn upon you that that was a tower movement.

Does it not seem to you that the growing freak-quency, so to speak, of dime museums would appear to indicate that this is a freak country?

You ask whether I would jest at a funeral. Under sufficient provocation methinks I would. I remember on one occasion when attending the obsequies of an acquaintance, the officiating clergyman conducted the service with a nasal twang, whereupon I observed, "How sad that his last resting-place will be undistinguished—nose-tone marks the spot." There was not a dry eye within range. But I digress. I was about to remark that often (orphán) children have no parents. Furthermore, I suppose a thief regards morality from an abstract point of view.

There is an Italian trying to sell pea-nuts, with but few purchasers. How rapidly the day goes by, but how slowly



UNINTENTIONAL SLANG.

MOTHER—"Why, Maud, I'm shocked! Get off that table a once. What in the world is the matter with you?"

MAUD—"Oh, rats!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

the Dagoes sell! This joke is the result of half-an-hour's steady meditation as I rode down on the car this morning. I always knew there was something in "Dagoes" if I could only work it right.

But we may not linger. Soldiers ma-linger sometimes, but 'tis not thus with me. Let us henceward!

PETITION TO THE
HONORABLE FRANK SMITH,

SENATOR, ETC.

SIR,—We the undersigned citizens and ratepayers of the city of Toronto, being desirous of securing for ourselves the benefits of efficient civic government,

And Whereas we are far from satisfied with the management of the various Departments, as now and for years past conducted,

And Whereas we have taken note of the fact that You possess, in an eminent degree, the qualities of Determination, Firmness and Gall, which qualities are essential to the proper conducting of the Business of the city,

We therefore humbly beg that you will forthwith take full charge and control not only of the Street Railway but of all and sundry the other Civic Departments, and conduct the same in such manner as may please your own sweet will, rendering to the city treasury such portion of the receipts as may to you seem meet.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

Citizens are requested to cut this petition out and paste it upon sheets for signatures. We have reason to believe that if the array of names is really formidable, the Hon. Frank will accede to the prayer, and all our civic difficulties will be solved forthwith.

THOROUGHbred BULLS.

A SCOTCHMAN, who wanted to light his pipe, accosted a countryman, who was ploughing, with—"Hac you got a licht, Tonal?" "Hi, Tugal, but it's oot."



"THE MINISTER'S WOOING."

REV. MR. SOOTER—"But, darling, speak! Tell me you love me! Give, oh, give me some token!"

MISS SWEET—"I've sent in fifty ballots for you to the *Mail*."

REV. MR. SOOTER—"My angel!!"

[Strains her to his buzzom, etc.]

SOME LETTERS

ON PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH'S LECTURE, WITH THE UNWRITTEN REFLECTIONS OF THE WRITERS.

Editor Slangwhanger:

I am surprised that any such low Socialistic [good word that—don't know exactly what it means] drivel as Prof. G. Smith's [ha! ha! "G." Smith is good] recent diatribe against England's nobility could find publication in any paper pretending to respectability. The fellow is evidently a low-bred cad, entirely destitute of the feelings of a gentleman. I am assured by intimate friends in England, moving in the highest aristocratic circles, [that'll let these blasted colonists know what my position is at 'ome] that he has been deservedly sent to Coventry by the distinguished society into which he is continually endeavoring to intrude. His evident distortion of history for the purpose of casting slurs upon the grand institutions to which England owes her greatness are only worthy of contempt.

Yours, etc.,

AUGUSTUS DEVERE SNOOKS.

Editor Blowhard:

It's a disgrace, so 'tis, to have the likes of Golden Smith assailing with impunity and atrocious invective the mainstay of the glorious British Constitution [bad luck to that same]. He's a schemer and a plotter, more betoken, that no loyal man ought to encourage, and wants to sell us out to the Yankees. What would England be without the aristocracy? Who was Wellington and Nelson and Lord Edward Fitzgerald—and—and Brian Boru and many others, as I haven't space to begin to enumerate? Aristocrats all of them. The professor had better go and soak his head. What does he know of history anyway? No, sir, he's a disgrace to his country. [Begorra, what he said was true every word of it an' more, too, but I've got it in fur the ould divil fur the way he's abused the

Irish]. Sure he's a Judas Iscariot that would sell his country for a \$10 bill.

P. MULDOON.

Editor Pulverizer:

Really the infamous audacity of Prof. Goldwin Smith must have reached its climax in that disloyal and incendiary utterances on "Aristocracy," delivered before the Young Liberals Club. [The confounded rascal wants to destroy the N.P., which is worse]. The aristocracy of England, sir, are far above the reach of this pessimist's [What is a pessimist? I've seen him called that before by somebody] ill conditioned and splenetic ravings. They are England's proudest boast and glory, and we Canadians, who pride ourselves above all things on our loyalty to the Old Flag, will never consent to barter our birthright for a mess of pottage [or to give up our right to tax British imports]. Envy, the basest and most malignant of all the passions which rankle in the breast, is the motive of this mendacious onslaught. It is painful in the extreme to witness the inroads which Anarchism is making in our midst, as evidenced by the toleration of a firebrand and disturber, who would overthrow the venerated institutions on which we pride ourselves, and make Britons forget their duty [on all articles of foreign manufacture].

Yours indignantly,

LOYALIST.

DOWN IN THE MARSH.

WE froggies that sing in the Don, Chug! Chug!

Care nothing for "nectar divine,"
The drink upon which we are gone, Chug! Chug!

Isn't cognac, lager nor wine.
But all day and all night, in prose and in verse,
We call for that drink made by Gooderham & Worts,
"Goodrum and Worts! Goodrum and Worts,"
"Good'rum—Good—er—roo—oo—m and Worts!"

But a time is coming quite soon, Chug! Chug!
So GRIP and the wise people say,
When the *ghost* from our *spirited* tune, Chug! Chug!
Will dwindle and vanish away.
No intoxicants then says the *Law* plain and terse,
And none shall imbibe either Goodrum or Worts,
"Good rum or Worse; Good rum or Worse,"
Good rum—Good—er—roo—oo—m or Worse!

J. W. MILNE.

INDUSTRIAL TYPES.

THE busy bee, the early bird and the hard-working Registrar of Deeds.

When the poorly fee paid officials read the *Globe's* list of "Earnings," won't they buckle down to work, being assured by Mr. Mowat that the more work the more fees?

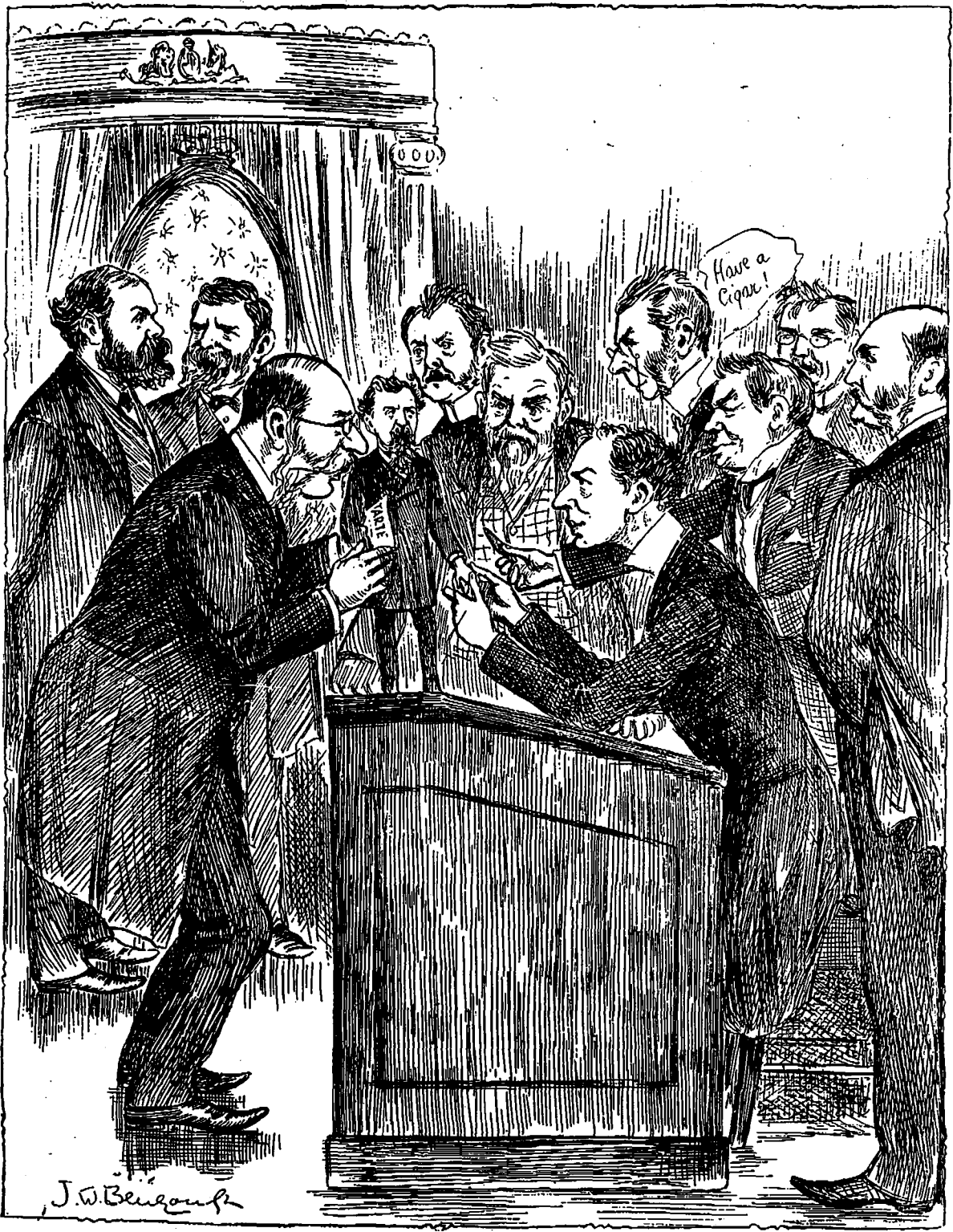
What a splendid example of industrious energy is presented to us in the case of the Registrars of this city.

AN ANTICIPATED BE-REAVEMENT.

ON May 21st a large deputation of reeves from different parts of the Province will wait upon the Government and urge that the municipalities which have paid bonuses be refunded the amount per mile that the Government grants to new lines subsidized from time to time elsewhere.—*World*.

The counties and townships, which railroads have built,
Have long since their folly repented;
But it's no use to cry over milk that is spilt,
Though its loss may be deeply lamented.

So the reeves have got hold of a practical plan,
And it readily may be believed
They will bring on Sir John all the pressure they can
And the Treasury will be be-reaved.



THE PET OF THE OPPOSITION.



OVERWORK!

MR. SINNICKURE, Registrar of Deeds, comes home utterly exhausted and throws himself into a chair, to the consternation of his family.

MRS. S. (greatly agitated)—“What is it, my dear?”

MR. S.—“Oh, I’m completely used up! My Deputy has been working hard all day!”

SPRINGTIME.

AN ESSAY BY THE EDITOR OF THE “GLOBE.”

SPRINGTIME, music, love and flowers! How sweet the words. They sum up the charms of the season in which we now find ourselves, for “Spring, Gentle Spring, ethereal mildness,” is with us once again. How refreshing to the jaded spirit it is to walk abroad in the early morning while yet the dew is sparkling on the grass, and listen to the mellifluous carols of happy birds! How their little throats swell with the tide of melody which pours from their innocent hearts. Blissful warblers! They do not know that our public debt is over \$300,000,000 and still going up.

Mark how all nature seems to be instinct with life and joy. See the ineffable contentment which beams from the eye of yon tranquil ewe as she stands in the meadow and watches her thick legged lambs gambolling in the riotous abandon of perfect happiness. It is a picture of happy maternity. Her mind is unvexed with the thought that the McKinley bill has clapped \$1.50 of a duty on each of those lambs.

Behold the buds unfolding by some marvellous magic beneath the kisses of the sunlight, and the flowers awakened from their long winter sleep sending up their sweet incense to the laughing skies. Here is a picture of peace and progress, and we long to sit down and feast our eyes and hearts upon it. But the mockery of it dashes our pleasure! We know, alas for us! that there is neither peace nor progress for our country so long as the Tories are in control of the Government.

And, now, to complete this beautiful picture of spring-time cometh forth the lord of creation, Man—for whom all this beauty and brightness was designed. Man in his noblest form—the Husbandman. He cometh laden with a seed-bag, and his honest face seems to be illumined with hope as with stalwart stride he paceth his furrows and casteth to right and to left the grains for the future harvest. As the poet hath said,

“He whistles as he goes, light-hearted elf.”

But he will give a different whistle when he takes his crop to market and finds that it will only fetch 70 cents per bushel!

Hark! 'tis the breakfast bell. Our ramble must end, and we must hie us back to partake of the morning meal with all its taxed ingredients. As we go our ears are greeted with the babel of the barnyard fowls—the sounds which erstwhile made to our fancy half the bliss of rural life. But Knowledge has come and driven Romance from our mind. Chanticleer, as we pass, sends forth his loud and long-drawn cock-a-doodle-doo. Once we would have said he was saluting the morning sun. Now we know he is in irony addressing the farmer's wife and asking “What's the price of eggs?”

Spring, gentle spring! Ah, yes, but after all it's a pretty sad season!

A WARNING TO CARON.

A DEPUTATION from this city, headed by Inspector James L. Hughes, waited on the Minister of Militia at Ottawa a few days ago, and laid before that high functionary the following requests, viz:

1. That he would supply uniforms for the senior troops of the Toronto Public Schools.
2. That he would supply the said troops with weapons more deadly than the wooden guns at present in use.

The Minister graciously promised compliance with request No. 2, but would not commit himself to the uniforms.

Mr. Hughes was deeply hurt, and remarked *sotto voce* that it was a departure from Sir Adolphe's uniform kindness. On behalf of the parents of Toronto school-children, we rise in battle array to protest against the Minister's narrow mindedness, and also to condemn Mr. Hughes for asking so little. Real, sure-enough guns and uniforms! Pooh! We want swords, too, and a couple of field batteries and some horses—or donkeys—for the Public School cavalry. Has Sir Adolphe Caron no respect for our educational system that he should thus stand in the way of its triumphant progress? Has he no regard for the future of this glorious country that, although the nominal head of its military affairs, he should thus endeavor to choke off the supply of bombastic colonels and majors? We want him to clearly understand that our schools in Toronto are primarily intended for the breeding of soldiers, and not, as he evidently supposes, for the imparting of mere civilian knowledge, and we can't get along without the necessary trappings. His plea that the public treasury can't afford expenditure for such fancy purposes won't do. What have we to do with the state of the public treasury? Let them economize in other directions, or, if necessary, put on more taxes! If the purblind Minister of War tries our patience too far, we will *disband the school troops and let the country go to smash*. Let him beware-r-r-e!

AVERAGING HIM UP.

ETHEL—“Oh, Susan! What do you think? George proposed to me last evening. Shall I accept him?”

SUSAN—“Well, I don't know, dear. Marriage is a serious business. Have you considered his short-comings?”

ETHEL—“Yes, I know George has his short-comings. But what most impressed me, since he has been coming to see me, is his long goings. Putting the one against the other, I guess I'll take him.”



"THESE HANDS ARE CLEAN!"



IT WORKED.

This is not a "determined suicide." It is poor Muddleton, who thought he would like to try the regulation fire escape found in all hotel bed rooms.

THE LODGE CRANK.

I HAD something to say last week about the Dog Crank. Let me now unburden myself a little on the subject of the Lodge Crank. This species is very numerous and of many grades, from the sublimated Mason to the humblest member of the newest fledged Order. Yet they have all a good many traits in common, as members of the same species ought to have. The Lodge Crank is a human being who has in some way managed to retain more of the peculiar characteristics of childhood than the average man. Strictly speaking, his propensity for aprons, badges, scarfs, swords and street parades, is just his boyish fondness for amateur circus or soldier business "brought forward." A profound thinker has said, "men are but children of a larger growth," a truth which the Lodge Crank beautifully illustrates. Why, then, should Lodge Cranks be made the subject of ridicule as they often are? They ought to be envied for their juvenility of mind, not rebuked for it. It is a precious thing of which this sordid, rushing age has robbed the majority of mankind. The Lodge Crank is happy with a pure, whole-hearted boy's happiness, and what boots it that his joy finds expression in forms which less fortunate mortals call silly? It is no doubt true that motives of commendable thrift have turned a good many into Lodge Cranks who might never have been attracted by ribbons alone. Most of the Orders are either purely beneficiary, or have a beneficiary annex, and the solid business considerations held forth are very powerful—the benefits promised by one Order being only surpassed by those promised by its rival. Perhaps the foresighted citizen who goes into a Lodge just as he would into a Life Insurance Company hardly deserves the title of Crank. That belongs to his brother whose specialty is fuss and feathers, and in a supereminent degree to his other

brother whose whole heart and mind are concentrated on the ritual and constitution. This person is really too absurd. He takes the Lodge flummery quite seriously—a bit more seriously than religion, literature or anything else. Indeed, to him it is both religion and literature. We hear of So-and-So, the "distinguished Masonic Scholar," which means that this, to all appearance, sane gentleman, has for years been devoting nearly twenty-five hours a day to profound investigation concerning the precise date of the birth of the original Goat or some equally recondite point. Go to the Public Library and ask Mr. Bain to let you see the Masonic Department. There you will find volumes of great ponderosity which the Lodge Crank worships with a touching veneration. Then, the awful lengths to which the Lodge Crank will go to secure one of the Grand Sovereign offices! The struggles of a Gladstone, a Blaine or a John A. for political office are puny child's play by comparison. Just as if it mattered!

SPREADING THE LIGHT.

THE Land Restoration League of England has inaugurated a novel campaign, which is thus referred to by a correspondent of the *New York Standard*:

A van has been fitted up, with convenience for sleeping and cooking, and in this—at once a travelling home and office for the League's missionaries—the secretary and others have been travelling from village to village in Suffolk, holding a meeting every evening, distributing literature, and collecting information on the social condition of the people. Some of the cartoons on the land question, which have appeared in the *Standard* and in the *Toronto GRIP*, have been greatly enlarged, mounted and framed, and these, displayed on the sides of the van at each meeting, are found one of the most effective means of educating even the most ignorant.

THE LEFT.

COL. HOGABOOM was trying to explain Canadian politics to an old country Frenchman.

"You see," he said, "the Conservatives are the party at present in power, and having a majority of the representatives, are able to carry on the Government."

"Ah, oui, I understand. An' Sare Cartwright an' ze rest are vat you call ze Oppositiong—ze Left, as ve say in France."

"Just so. I see you have the whole thing straight. The Left—very good name for them. They've been badly left for a good many years."

HIS CHOICE.

IF I were told to choose a flower
From every one that grows,
It would not be the lily white,
Nor yet the rich, red rose.

It would not be the passion flower,
'T would not be burgamot;
Nor hollyhock, nor violet,
Nor the sweet forget-me-not.

I would not take the buttercup
And wear it in my coat,
Nor would I pick the daisy
And pin it at my throat.

I would not choose the pansy
From out this world of plants;
I would choose the "bachelor's button"
And sew it on my pants. F.W.H.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

"TWIXT the cup and the lip
There's many a slip,"
Just so the old proverbs say.
Bébé found this out
When I kissed her mouth
In my own particular way.

She started and blushed,
But her protests I hushed
When she questioned me rather too keenly.
Now, was I to blame?
You'd have told her the same,
'Twas merely a *lapsus lingua*.

MAT.

CONCERNING BOYS.

LIKE a good many other people who live to see greatness, the boy starts in life without a shirt to his back. Most folks have to toil for years to gain a small share of the world's applause, but the first time the boy gets a look-in upon this sinful earth his appearance is greeted with loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs; and a hurried deputation, consisting of Grandma and the monthly nurse, waits upon Pa, in the dining-room, with the surprising information that its a boy after all—as though they had quite expected it was going to be an elephant or a two-headed calf.

The first year or so of a boy's life is one of pure and uninterrupted bliss. He sits in solemn grandeur, wrapped up in an old flannel petticoat, in the cheerful society of an india-rubber tube and a tin of condensed milk, with nothing to do all day long except brush the flies away from the bald spot on the top of his head. It is not till he has attained the mature age of seven or eight that he begins to find out that there is some objectionable person living in his house, called Ma, who is always ready with personal remarks when a fellow comes home with the after part of the rigging of his trousers torn away, and who invariably fosters the wild delusion that a fellow has been fighting just because he has got a black eye, and can't remember where he has left his front teeth. But the horriddest thing about the house is the fat little man with no hair on his head, called Pa. It is always a problem to the small boy why he has to keep these two interfering people hanging about the place; and sometimes after an exciting, but unsuccessful attempt to dodge the old man round the front parlor, when he is left alone with the feeling that it's much more comfortable standing up than sitting down, he can't help thinking what fun it would be if little boys could be born orphans. This Pa business is one of the most depressing drawbacks an enterprising boy has to contend with. When he gets to be about fourteen he feels it is simply pathetic to have to stand by and listen to his father's appalling ignorance of the world; and when the time comes for him to be allowed out alone, if he shouldn't happen to reach home till about midnight once or twice a week, the fuss that is made about it is most irritating. Indeed, sometimes, on these occasions, the old man is positively rude to him!

It is very nice for a boy to be always good and obedient and all that, but as a general rule that kind of boy never gets to be fit for much else. It seems natural for a healthy minded boy to have a day off with Satan once in a while; and there is a good deal of nature about the boy who gets up on a fine summer's morning, and, after saying his prayers with dutiful regularity, goes out and breaks a window or punches another boy on the nose. The painfully good little boy never strikes another boy,



POLITICAL "ECONOMY"

COLLECTOR—"Mr. Swellerton, I've been looking for you for a week. I have here Mr. Snipper's account for tailoring, which—"

SWELLERTON—"Quite so. Well, you tell Snipper that I've lately changed my views, and am now a believer in *free trade*."

because it's sinful. It generally is—extremely sinful, especially if the other boy can fight.

When the average boy gets to be somewhere about nine he begins to realize that he has lived all along without anybody to love, and the cares of bachelorhood are beginning to tell upon him. Then, one fatal day, the pleasure of his company is requested at a dancing-party in the neighborhood, and during the evening he finds himself seated in the corner beside a lovely young creature, with fluffy hair, who can't dance because she has a sore toe; and suddenly the unutterable yearning comes upon him to nurse that toe till death. He crawls home that night with a lock of hair in his trousers pocket and a heavy burden at his heart, which is partly the ecstasy of undying love, and partly the effect of mixing strawberry-ice with sausage roll. The next day he waits for her when school is over, and presses upon her a little keepsake in the shape of a piece of slate pencil or a couple of tiddlers in a pickle jar, and after a while they will go out fishing together, and she will hold his rod while he goes round to shy a stone at another boy's float. By degrees the slight acquaintance ripens into deep and imperishable affection; and the next week she sees somebody she likes better, and he has got another girl. The peculiar thing about the boy is that in after years he never marries the sweetheart of his boyhood. It may be because they have drifted apart on the remorseless sea of time; but the likeliest reason is that during his boyhood he has had the advantage of seeing how she can fight, and he comes to the conclusion that it isn't good enough. Boys will be boys, bless 'em! and I'm glad to think that it's not much longer ago than yesterday since I was a boy myself.

ARNOLD GOLDSWORTHY.

QUICK WORK AND A GOOD JOKE TO BOOT.

"I WANT my shoe mended right away," he said to the darkey cobbler.

"Yes, sah. Wid neatness and dis-patch," replied the latter, as he cut a chunk out of a piece of sole-leather.

A GREAT EXPENSE LESSENER.—Many a parent knows how expensive it is feeding infants with high-priced food. Dyer's Improved Food for Infants, is highly nutritious, made from pure Pearl Barley, and costs twenty-five cents a package. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal. 3

HOFFMAN HOWES—"Ah, Rocky, old fel, that you."

ROCKAWAY BEECHE—"Hello, Hoffs deah boy! Gad but I'm glad to see you!"

HOFFY—"Glad to see you, old chappie; dooced glad, ha, ha!"

ROCKY—"Ya-as; ha, ha, ha!"

HOFFY—"Hanged if I ain't! ha, ha, ha!"

ROCKY—"But I must get on old fel."

DOOCED glad I met you though!"

HOFFY—"Glad I met you deah boy! Hang-ed if I ain't!"

ROCKY—"By by,—so glad!"

HOFFY—"Tra-la, old chappie."

ROCKY—"Ya-as."

HOFFY—"Ya-as."

HOFFY } —"By, by!"

ROCKY }

—Z. D., in Puck.

TRIALS OF A POET.

THERE was a young poet in Wemyss,
Who cried, "O how awful it semyss,
When asleep late at night,
Lovely poetry to write,
And awakening, find 'tis but dreamyss."
—*Australian Star*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

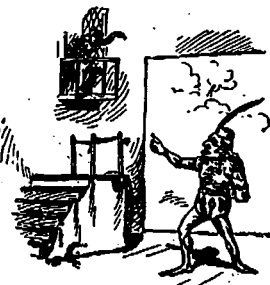
MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

OLD PENURITCH—"Dr. Gammon, sir, I am told that you are convinced that the grip microbe business is a fad."

DR. GAMMON—"It is a most astounding fad."

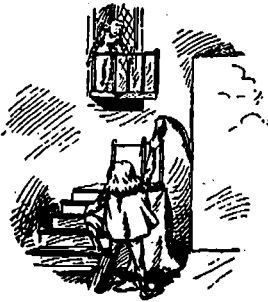
OLD PENURITCH—"Then I suppose I must have a microbe or two, whatever the expense. Make your own terms. Mrs. P. is resolved to get into the Four Hundred if it takes a railroad to do the business."—*Chicago Times*.

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



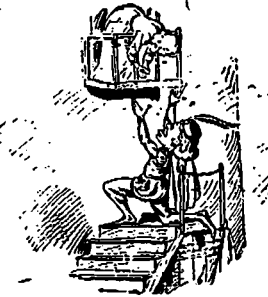
I.

But soft, what light through yonder window
breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.



II.

Oh, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?



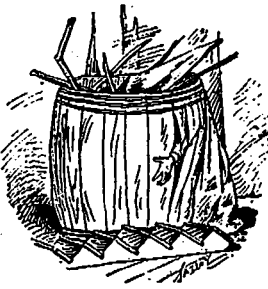
III.

Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—



IV.

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the
world—



V.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast.
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to
rest!

FREDDY was on his first sea voyage. Pale, limp, and ready to die, he lay groaning in his bunk.

"Cholly," he said feebly, after a paroxysm of unusual violence had spent itself and he had become comparatively calm, "a fellow ought to be doosid thankful he isn't a cow."

"Why?" asked Cholly.

"Because a cow—waugh!—has got four stomachs, don't y'know!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

SHOPPING BY MAIL.

MESSRS. R. WALKER & SONS, King Street East, Toronto, for the past half century have been firm believers in judicious advertising, knowing from experience that it is the only way to keep *in touch with* the buying public. In extension of this idea they have just issued a carefully compiled Fashion Catalogue, containing over 130 pages of valuable information to dry goods and clothing buyers. It also contains price list of many lines and classes of goods in the different departments of their large establishment.

The special object of the catalogue is to accommodate the many patrons of their *Mail Order Department*, which is largely increasing each year.

Several thousands of these catalogues have been prepared for the mail, and will be sent to any address out of town on application. The well known reputation of this old established firm is a guarantee that all goods will be as represented, and having had dealings with them for many years we can highly recommend our readers to give them a trial.

TEACHER—"Tommy, can't you give me a sentence in which 'but' is a conjunction?"

TOMMY—"See the goat butt the boy. Butt is a conjunction, and connects the boy with the goat."—*Baltimore American*.

NORAH—"O! m sorry to say, sorr, that Miss Giddy isn't at home."

MR. COLDE (facetiously)—"Why are you sorry, Norah?"

NORAH—"Because, sorr, it's the biggest sthory Oi ever towld in my life."—*Puck*.

At five o'clock yesterday afternoon a vag stopped a citizen in front of the City Hall and asked him for a dime to get a bite to eat.

"Look here, man," sharply replied the other, "on Wednesday you hit me for a dime, on Thursday I gave you another, and now you have the cheek to demand a third."

"Is that so?"

"Of course it's so, and I think it is piling it on 'most too thick."

"Then you are the man I struck Wednesday over on the corner?"

"I am."

"And 'now I've tackled you for the third time?"

"You have."

"Well, old man, I beg your pardon. That's too much gall, even for me, and my excuse is that you have improved so much in your looks that I didn't recognize you."

"He was handed a quarter."—*Detroit Free Press*.

HE—"I know, Miss Kajones, that it looks like great presumption for me to speak of love to you. I have neither youth nor good looks. I am poor, uneducated, and have no influential friends. I have nothing that can attract the admiration of a young lady."

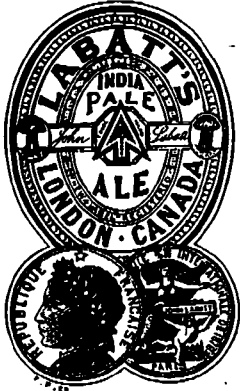
SHE—"You are mistaken, Mr. Whackster; I admire your magnificent nerve."—*Chicago Tribune*.

FOND MOTHER—"And so you made Tommy and Willie stop fighting, did you? I'm glad to see that my little boy is a peacemaker. What did mama's Joy do to separate them?"

MAMA'S JOY—"Well, it was this way: Tommy was gettin' licked, so I just sailed in and pasted Billy one in the jaw; an' when I go through with him, he didn't feel much like stoppin' an' havin' it out with Tommy."—Puck.

AN old stick-in-the-mud—an anchor.

JOHN LABATT,



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Received the highest awards for Purity and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Austria, 1877, and Paris, 1878. Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says: "I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior liquor." John B. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says: "I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops." James Good & Co., Agents, Toronto.

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Box Makers and Wood Printers,
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DRINKING IMPURE WATER "CAUSES MUCH DISEASE."



"Often so dangerous that it will deprive people of the use of limbs and reason. The only natural water safe to drink is mineral," so says SIR HENRY THOMSON. Toronto citizens are at present exposed to above danger. To off et the evil and prevent the spread of disease St. Leon Water, the healthiest drink in America, has been reduced by the glass at all offices. "To fight and conquer disease St. Leon Water is the most powerful agent known," say physicians.

Secure rooms early at the Palace Hotel. Springs opening June 15th.
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The Bank of Toronto

DIVIDEND NO. 70.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Five Per Cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of Ten Per Cent. Per Annum, upon the paid up capital of the bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after MONDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF JUNE, NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th days of May, both days included. THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of stockholders will be held at the banking house of the institution on Wednesday, the 17th day of June next, the chair to be taken at noon. By order of the board.

D. COULSON, Cashier.

The Bank of Toronto, Toronto, April 22, 1891.

Freehold Loan and Savings Co.

DIVIDEND 63.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next, at the office of the company, Church street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to 30th May inclusive. Notice is also given that the general annual meeting of the company will be held at 2 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday June and, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

ICE. ICE.

We have a very fine stock of Lake Simcoe and pure spring water ice, which we guarantee to deliver to all parts of the City at the lowest rates.

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A Special Line Best Brussels, \$1.00 and \$1.10.

A Special Line Best Tapestry, 60c.

A Special Line of Best English Wools, \$1.00.

Full range of HALL AND STAIR CARPETS in Brussels and Tapestry. Zanzibar Art Squares, 2½ x 2 yds., 3 x 3½, 3 x 4; durable and effective, \$2, \$3 and \$3.50. Another lot of Beautiful Moquette Rugs and Mats.

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(See next page).

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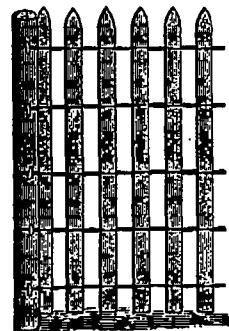
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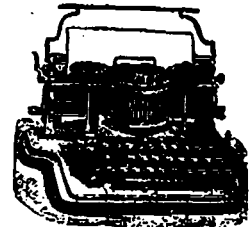


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