



# GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND  
CARICATURE.

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.

MESSRS. JOHN HADDON & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.  
MR. NORMAN MURRAY, 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, is agent for GRIP in Montreal.

## NOTICE

As many people, either thoughtlessly or carelessly, take papers from the Post Office regularly for some time, and then notify the publishers that they do not wish to take them, thus subjecting the publishers to considerable loss, inasmuch as the papers are sent regularly to the addresses in good faith on the supposition that those removing them from the Post Office wish to receive them regularly, it is right that we should state what is the LAW in the matter.

1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.

2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid

Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments

ON THE

## Cartoons.

THE UPSHOT OF IT.—It has occurred to us that the theatrical bill-boards might be made a medium of instruction in the questions of the day, if the illustrated posters with which they are from time to time decorated

could be so designed as to serve this end, while also fulfilling the purpose of advertising the dramatic attractions. There are a good many persons who conscientiously stay away from the play-house, but who are amongst the most sedulous readers of the hoardings. If our suggestion were acted upon such persons could get positive good from a habit which at present only serves to waste their time. Whether the designer of the poster which we have taken the pains to copy on our cartoon page with but a slight facial change, had any such idea in his mind we cannot tell, but he certainly produced a picture which sets forth the final denouement of Protection as forcibly as it depicts any scene in the spectacular drama of "Superba." How admirably the donkey in mid air represents the High Tariff system; the embodiment of stupidity with nothing to stand on! And how thrillingly does the picture foretell the fate of that man who puts his political dependence in the brittle tail of such an anima!

INTERNATIONAL PIGMIES.—In both Canada and the United States there are sets of people whose appropriate sphere is in a cage. Within such an enclosure Miss Canada and her neighbor could afford to regard them as amusing specimens of a peculiar race of moral pigmies; and it might be profitable even to study them in connection with the interesting subject of crankology. We refer to those citizens on both sides of the line who are afflicted with "Loyalty" of the aggressive and asinine sort. Amongst these nuisances on the American side is the blatherskite politician whose stock-in-trade is abuse of England; the Irish "patriot," to whom the British flag is a veritable red rag; and the bumptious clown who is always agitating for a "spirited foreign policy," by which he means bullying assaults upon the rights of weaker communities. On our own side we have the counterparts of these characters in bombastic colonels, whose speeches fairly sizzle with hatred of all things Yankee; in featherbrained journalists who approve such harangues, and are always ready to print such stuff as the following:

## SCHOOL BOYS' LOYALTY.

THEY WOULDN'T HAVE THE YANKEE FLAG THERE AND IT WAS PULLED DOWN.

"A Father" writes to the *Telegram* as follows:—On noticing the heading "No Stars and Stripes There," in Saturday's *Telegram*, I drew the attention of my boy, who attends Wellesley school, to the statements made, and he told me there has been the Stars and Stripes hanging in one of the rooms until within a few days, and that some of the boys had planned to remove it, because their request to have it taken down was not acceded to. This grand assault, he says, was to have taken place on Monday morning before participating in the Queenston Heights celebration. Under the circumstances I admire the boys' intentions, and am pleased to find the spirit of Canadian loyalty prevailing their young minds.

This "Father" is a fine representative of the variety of fool we are afflicted with, and deserves a high perch in the cage. The occasion to which his letter refers was marked by several incidents over which he and his kind no doubt gloated, but which, in the opinion of self-respecting Canadians, only marred the celebration. It is a noble impulse which actuates a man to defend his country against attack, and those who die in such a cause are worthy of all honor. It is well, also, that a military training be given to the rising generation of Canadian boys, so that they may be able to emulate the heroes of Queenston Heights in case of necessity. But it is *not* necessary to cultivate the love of military "glory,"—a thing which the world is happily outgrowing, and the "spirit of Canadian loyalty," which finds expression in an insult to a foreign flag, is a spirit which could only commend itself to hoodlums. What we protest against is this thing of stirring up strife and hatred in the name of patriotism. The Christianity which we profess tells us to love our neighbors—and even our enemies, and this is to be applied nationally as well as individually. We can love Canada and stand ready to defend her soil without hating other nations and dishonoring their emblems. But in this Queenston Heights celebration the opposite spirit was encouraged—at all events it was not reprovved, as it should have been. At Ryerson school, for example, as the *Telegram* gleefully records—"Some wag among the scholars had draped the Stars and Stripes in crape, and this was surrounded by a flourish of Union Jacks." We are not informed that this "wag" was told that he had displayed a spirit of un-British littleness in this act. But what can we expect of Canadian and American boys when they see their (Christian) fathers trying to injure each other with hostile tariffs, the prolific breeders of malice and all uncharitableness? It is consoling to remember that on neither side the line do the High Tariffites and the loyalist of littleness and hate constitute the *People*. Canada and the United States both have a majority of sensible citizens to offset the mischief-making of the International Pigmies.

THE London *Advertiser* thinks that pine trees should be planted where pine trees have been cut down, that future Oliver Mowat's may have timber limits to sell. The idea is a good one, but it takes a long time to grow a good-sized pine tree, and it would be a better scheme for the Government to hang on to what grown pine it can.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Has the *Spectator* so utterly despaired of Mr. Meredith's success that it thus recommends as a "better scheme" for the Mowat Government, to commit suicide by hanging on to the grown pine?



F, among his many accomplishments, Mr. E. F. Clarke "sings a good song," we would recommend him to rehearse that lovely ballad of Sullivan's entitled "Once Again," and have it in readiness for civic nomination day. It is more than whispered that his Worship is going in for still another term—that is, he is going to try to go in therefor. This time the "reason annexed" to his resolve is that, through the worry of the Carnival and one thing and another, he quite overlooked his promise to reduce the

city taxes, and he is naturally anxious to have an opportunity to redeem the promise.

\* \* \*

THE words of the ballad we suggest will only require a very slight alteration to be made appropriate for rendition from the hustings in front of the City Hall. This version, for example, would do :

I linger round the very spot  
Where years ago we met,  
And 'less you tell me plain I've got  
To go, I won't, you bet ;  
And tender yearnings rise anew  
For fame and salarée,  
I've done the best I could for you,  
So now you stand by me.

Oh, oh--Love, once again,  
'Lect me once aga-ain ;  
Votes I am seeking,  
Shall it be in vain ?

\* \* \*

MR. CHARLES DURAND, who has long been a chronic sufferer from the malady known as writer's itch, couldn't allow the Women's Congress to go by without sending a letter to the *World*, in which he indulges in some sneers at "Yankee women." Of course this was done in the name of "loyalty," for Mr. Durand has been awfully loyal ever since the date of the Mackenzie rebellion. As to the ladies who lately honored Toronto with their presence, the least able of them possesses intellectual powers quite beyond the comprehension of this newspaper bore, and his attempted misrepresentations of their work are deserving only of contempt.

\* \* \*



THOMAS RITCHIE, of Belleville, give us your hand! You have a level head, and a sound heart, and GRIP is proud of you! \* \* \* The reader will excuse this slight outburst of enthusiasm, when we let him read the following sentences of solid sense lately delivered by the gentleman in question to a *Globe* interviewer:—"I am for Free Trade and direct taxation. This system in

force, the people would know exactly what they were paying for government, and if extravagance or misappropriation of the public funds were carried on, the outcry against it would be more prompt and decided than it is now, when the producing classes are humbugged into believing that by some fiscal legerdemain the taxes are taken out of some other fund than the wealth brought forth by labor."

ONE of the greatest abuses of the American judicial system is the latitude afforded to detectives who, as a general thing, are ready to resort to any means to secure a conviction and gain the reward offered. Many an innocent man's life has been sworn away by these wretches for the sake of blood money. The detective system is little better than legalized blackmailing. Things are not quite as bad yet in Canada, but unless a check is put on the high-handed actions of some of our detectives we shall soon be on a par with our neighbors in this respect. It is an infamous thing, for instance, that our Canadian detectives should be allowed to send decoy letters to citizens, offering counterfeit money for sale and then, after entrapping them into negotiations, institute prosecutions for the crime they have themselves prompted. Two or three cases of this sort have already been before the courts, and how many victims have paid blackmail to these rascals to avoid prosecution there is no knowing.



**THE INTELLIGENT WITNESS.**

COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT (*cross-examining Complainant*)—"Was the defendant's air, when he promised to marry you, perfectly serious, or one of levity and jocularitv?"

COMPLAINANT—"If you please, sir, it was all rustled with his running his hands through it."

COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT—"You misapprehend my meaning. Was the promise made in utter sincerity?"

COMPLAINANT—"No, sir; it was made in the wash-house!"

**"A GREAT NAME."**

THE daughter of Alexandre Dumas, Mlle. Olga Marie Jeane Dumas Savy de la Pailleterie, was married the other day to le Comte d'Hauterive. As the young man is well off, it is hoped he will be able to support the young woman's name in its entirety.



**THE CITIZEN OF TORONTO, AS VIEWED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE CITY TREASURER.**

**WHERE'S THE SCREW LOOSE?**

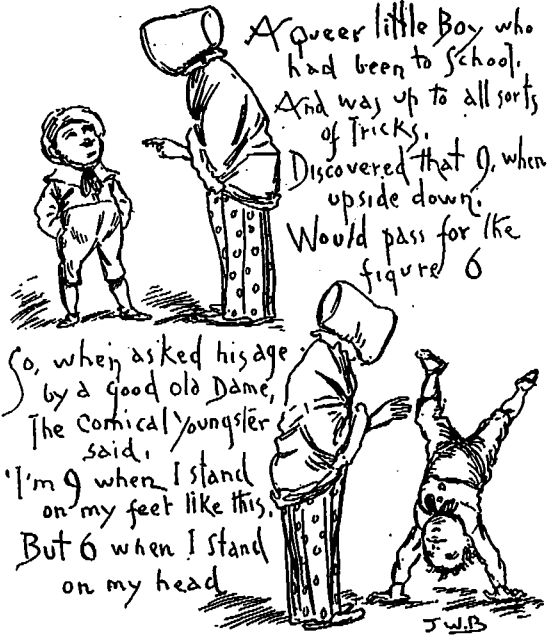
UPON a circular sent out by the promoters of the proposed Children's Aid Society is a very life-like portrait of a poor little barefooted waif, with scarcely rags enough upon him to cover his nakedness. Just above are the words: "In the person of this neglected child a true picture of nineteenth century civilization is presented to you for contemplation."

Men and brethren, let us reason together upon this for a moment.

Alongside of this little vagrant's portrait we may place that of Mr. John Rockefeller, whose annual income is \$20,000,000.

There you have the two extremes of society in an age when inventive power and executive skill of man is equal to the production of more than enough of the comforts of life to satisfy the wants of all the inhabitants of this planet. If each man got a fair return for his labor, and no man got more than he fairly earned, neither of the social monstrosities above mentioned could exist to-day. The screw is loose in the matter of the distribution of the common store of wealth, and it is easily accounted for. Mr. Rockefeller has taken into his own private possession the oil which the Creator graciously deposited in the rocks beneath the surface of Pennsylvania; other fortunate individuals have, in one way and another, become "owners" of the coal-beds, the silver mines, in

short, the land and all that it contains, and into their private purses flows a stream of wealth, representing the premium which their fellow-creatures have to pay them for the privilege of having access to the elements of nature which are essential to human life. A barbed wire fence is thus built around the natural opportunities to which every willing man might otherwise apply his labor for his own satisfaction, and willing labor is accordingly forced to go hat in hand to beg for work as a favor. But here looms up another of the infernal inventions of human greed and selfishness in the shape of the "Protective" tariff, which still further narrows the space in which starving men must fight for their lives. Goods are "protected" and rendered dear to the consumer, but there is no "protection" for labor, and competition brings down wages to the lowest living point. Then, as the natural revenue of the community—the value which population gives to land—goes into private pockets, the public till must be supplied by taxes, which still further deplete the meagre purses of the toilers. The father of our little waif was probably one of them, and hence his child's rags and hopelessness. Nineteenth century civilization! It is a blasphemy of God!



**THE CUTE LITTLE BOY.**

**A FIELD FOR PERCY-VERANCE.**

[One by one our scions of aristocracy are drifting into commercial pursuits. Mr. Percy Vernon, who may one day be Lord Lyveden, has set up as a nurseryman and floral market-gardener.]

Doubtless when Percy "took to trade,"  
In this wise argued he—  
"A swell who buckles to the spade  
Preserves his dig-nitee!"

—Funny Folks.

"WHAT ho! without!" perchance may cry  
His haughty sire, the Duke.  
"A garden-hoe," he will reply,  
"To which I now have took."  
"How now! Thy pride of race dost doff,  
A menial's part to take?"  
"At honest toil pray do not scoff,  
I am no useless rake."



**GOOD SIGN FOR A DOG KENNEL.**



JEAN BAPTISTE'S EXTREMITY IS THE CHURCH'S OPPORTUNITY.



### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

STANLEY—"Were I a good 'tittle boy at church, mamma?"

MAMMA—"Yes, dear; mamma's own good little boy."

STANLEY—"Did I gwowl wight, mamma?"

MAMMA—"Did you what, Stanley?"

STANLEY—"Why, mamma, when the man that shouts like our fishman kept stopping, the peoples gwovled at him; so I gwovled."

MAMMA—"Hold the prayer book fast, darling, if you drop it on the sidewalk the pretty corners might get spoiled."

### AT QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

FATHER—"Look, my son! there is Brock's Monument. It was built to mark the spot where Sir Isaac Brock defeated the Yankees in the war of 1812."

SON—"Yes, I learned all about that at school. Brock was a great hero, wasn't he, father?"

FATHER—"Yes, my boy."

SON—"He and his men killed a great many Yankees, and drove the rest of them over the river, didn't they?"

FATHER—"Yes, and they built this monument so that people might always remember it and hold him in honor."

SON—"Say, father, will they build a monument to Birchall?"

FATHER—"Why, no, my son. What gives you that idea? Birchall is a murderer."

SON—"Yes, he only killed one man, and Brock and his men killed a lot. I suppose if Birchall was to kill some more he would have a monument."

FATHER—"Not at all. Don't you understand? It was very wrong of Birchall to kill anybody. But General Brock was doing his duty. He was told by the Government to kill the Yankees."

SON—"Oh, I see. It's right to kill people if the Government tells you to do it. Then you are a hero, but if you kill them without being told you are a murderer."

FATHER—"Yes, my boy, that makes all the difference. You see, if Brock hadn't killed the Yankees they'd have killed a great many Canadians. But Birchall is just a murderer, and will be hanged to prevent his killing other people."

SON—"Who will hang Birchall, father?"

FATHER—"Oh, the sheriff will pay some man to do it."

SON—"Will the Government tell him to do it?"

FATHER—"Yes."

SON—"And he will be doing right to hang Birchall, won't he?"

FATHER—"Oh, yes."

SON—"Then will he be a hero and have a monument built to him?"

FATHER—"Why, no, of course not. They don't build monuments to hangmen. Only a very low, degraded man would hang anybody."

SON—"But, father, I don't understand. You said Gen. Brock was a hero because he killed Yankees when the Government told him to. If the Government tells the hangman to kill Birchall isn't it just the same? Why wouldn't they call him a hero and give him a monument?"

FATHER—"Because—because—oh, there's an immense difference, you know, between a soldier and a hangman. You can't understand these things now—you'll know when you grow up. Now, don't ask any more questions."

### A HOPELESS CASE.

A—"How does Guzzle get along in his new office?"

B—"Oh, he drinks harder than ever. They say he has a sinecure, but I see no sign o' cure about him."

### PROBABLY.

CUMSO—"What does this poet mean by 'a vague unrest'?"

BANKS—"The sensation caused by a lobster salad, I fancy."

### BEHIND HER BACK.

JACK—"What beautiful large eyes Ethel has!"

MAUD—"Very large—capitals, in fact; she is such an egotist."

### THE BARBER DIDN'T NOTICE.

BARBER—"Remarkably pleasant man that, who has just gone out. Nice man to talk to."

CUSTOMER—"I suppose you find him so. He is deaf, you know."



A FISH STORY, WITHOUT WORDS.

ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.

MEETING of the Council  
At the City Hall,  
Quite a crowd awaiting  
Opening of the ball.  
Business taxers, single tax-  
ers,  
Col. French and all,  
Wasn't there a lively time  
And many a cheerful  
brawl?

Entereth His Worship,  
Prompt to take his seat.  
"Gents," quoth he, "this  
evening  
Glad are we to meet  
Business delegation,  
Men of sense and weight,  
Views upon taxation  
Briefly they will state.

"From all sides the question  
Should be understood,  
Here are A. F. Jury,  
Also S. T. Wood,  
Stalwart single taxers,  
Who a scheme have planned  
To load the whole expense upon  
The owner of the land."

Caldecott, arising,  
Gave a good address,  
Showing how in Montreal  
They tax the merchant  
less,  
Followed by Paul Camp-  
bell,  
Who, in terms concise,  
Gave the City Fathers  
Very sound advice.

Mr. Short McMaster  
Then addressed the  
throne.  
As his name would indi-  
cate,  
Didn't keep them long.  
S. T. Wood for single tax  
Spoke with logic sound,  
Then A. Jury tried the case,  
And soon a verdict found.

Business tax," he said, "is good,  
Single tax is better.  
Tax on goods and incomes is  
Often a dead letter.  
Men who speculate in land  
In wealth have often rolled,  
Tax on land, you understand,  
Will knock the schemers cold."

People in the galleries  
Cheered both him and  
Wood,  
Showing that the single tax  
Is being understood.  
Even among aldermen  
There are those who say,  
"Load upon the land-owner  
The tax the workers pay."

Just a quiet pointer  
To the candidate  
Who upon electors soon  
To ask their votes will  
wait,  
Note these little straws that  
show  
The way the wind is set.  
Come right out for single tax,  
And see the vote you'll get

As an anti-climax,  
Wasn't it a pity,  
Aldermen referred it all  
To a sub-committee.  
And the sub-committee will  
Possibly, some day,  
Meet and talk and then ad-  
journ  
In the usual way.

Then a lively wrangle  
Presently arose,  
Street Railway Committee  
Secret meetings chose,  
Which E. A. Macdonald,  
Rising to condemn,  
Hints that something must  
be wrong  
With those who favor them.

"Something there behind the door  
For these secretive folks."  
Straightway riseth then the ire  
Of Alderman M. Vokes.  
He the imputation  
Strenuously denies,  
Stating that Macdonald  
In his strictures "lies—

"Under false impres-  
sions,"  
So the conflict waned,  
And the dark, mysterious  
plot  
Has yet to be explained.  
Next a long discussion  
Over cleaning streets,  
East End crematory  
scheme  
Opposition meets.

Half a dozen on their feet,  
Talking at one time,  
Who could follow such  
debate  
In either prose or rhyme?

When a resolution passed,  
Then the row subsided.  
Those who thought they'd had enough  
Got up and left as I did.

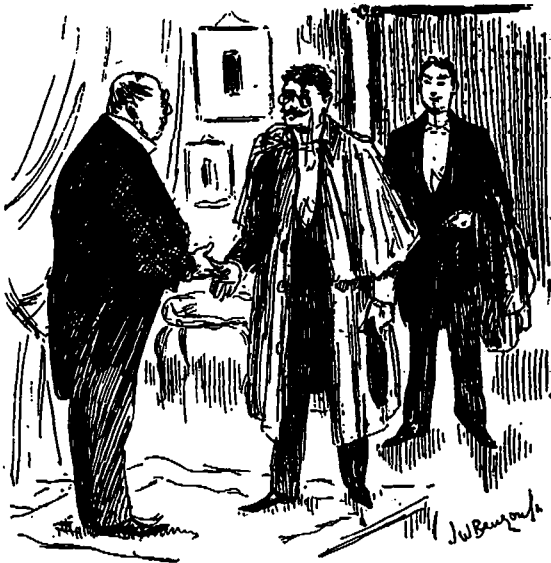
A SOCIAL HAPPENING ;  
OR, THE PRINCE AND THE WHOPPER.

THE North Atlantic squadron had for weeks at Halifax  
Been lying idle. Admiral to cabin boy hard tax  
Their wits—(Hard tack's the stuff, my boy, for body and for  
brain;

The good ship, spite of all hard tacks, shall reach her port amain.  
Like other pointed articles they sometimes cause much pain—  
But I digress. Now to resume what I began to say.  
Each mother's son, aboard the fleet, to fancy gave full play  
Yet nothing interesting evolved to while the time away.  
A few odd dinners, an address, a cricket match on shore,  
The "clubs" and "citadel" became, each one, a beastly bore.  
The sailors and mariners got up a negro minstrel show,  
But, cabin boy to admiral, all found it mighty slow.  
'Twas such a very sleepy place, with nothing going on ;  
(This issue of your paper, sir, will sell well in St. John. \*)  
The Prince and Admiral took lunch on the *Bellerophon*,  
The viands light had been discussed, cigars were lit and smoked  
In silence, and Sir George amongst the English papers poked,  
Too ennuyé to notice when the editor he joked.  
A sudden scurry up on deck—The Admiral roared, "Sam,  
See what's the matter there." Prince George ejaculated "damn."  
Just then the steward entered with a scented telegram.  
"Dear Prince, come up to Montreal. The season here is fine.  
Bring all your friends, for friends of yours are also friends of  
mine ;  
Will meet you at the wharf next Tuesday morning half-past  
nine.  
R. D. McG—bb—n." Upon this the Prince gave an hilloo,  
Which upon deck was echoed and improved on by the crew,

\* N.B.





### SELF-CRITICISM.

FATHER (to his son's chum, who is just entering the drawing-room)—"I'm afraid you're leading my son into bad company."

SON'S CHUM—"I daresay you're right, sir; he's just behind me!"

And straight the news was carried to the other vessels, too. The signals then and orders flew around like driving hail, And ere the turning of the tide that day the fleet set sail— (A boat's crew left behind came up to Montreal by rail.)

"Oh, what care we for Newport, its society so quick And altitudinous? We know worth two of that a trick, McAllister is very well, but there's another Mc."

With full steam on and all sails set the fleet put out to sea, And up the broad St. Lawrence soon it sailed right merrilee. Quebec was reached, the officers take time to brush their clothes, Then up the stream the *Canada* and *Thrush* each points her nose—

They mean to get there in good time, no matter how it blows.



### AUTOMATIC AIR.

MRS. McSPIDER—"How did Jimmy and the baby enjoy their trip on the Fresh Air Fund excursion, Mrs. Janes?"

MRS. JANES—"Why, since then the baby has bellered so for fresh air that we had to get a bellows and Jimmy does nothing else but pump it now."

Next morning early, let us say, at twenty-five to six, The Prince, who had been up all night, said to the pilot—"Dix Piastres shall be yours if you save us from a fix And bring us to the wharf in Montreal at half-past nine; I've made a sharp appointment with a p'tickler friend of mine."

A goodly group of citizens were gathered on the quay All anxious to express their most unswerving loyalty, By means of long addresses—in both languages—mais oui! And when the *Thrush* came up the stream, the yards and bulwarks manned

By jolly tars, who one and all the demonstration scanned, Prince George stood on the bridge, and, smiling waved his roya hand.

Here the committee raised his hat, while music by the band Mingled with ringing British cheers from both the men of war, Which glided up the harbor and were soon moored to the shore; Twelve "Answers to Addresses" did the Prince take from his store

And wearily insert within the lining of his hat.

But R.D.M. by "savoir faire" saved Prince and people that— Linked arms, and took the Prince below to have a quiet chat. "Of course Your Royal Highness will attend the City Hall Reception. After that there comes a rather scrumptious ball, With Beauty, Wealth and Fashion—and the supper won't be small.

A grand lacrosse match has been fixed—I mean—it has been set For Thursday afternoon. Next day, if you're inclined to bet, We'll both attend the races—if the weather isn't wet."

'Twould take too long the doings gay here to enumerate. The host was most assiduous—from early morn till late Attentive he to royalty. 'Twas an affair of State, Each item on the programme rich came off as was set down, It was the merriest, maddest week that ever struck the town. Prince George, on taking leave, remarked that "Mac had done it brown."

An envious few, who hitherto upon the mountain slope Exclusively had entertained the lions, now did mope And ventilate their grievances, expressing loud the hope That "George" would overlook the frequent well-meant gauderies.

A country editor besides, a man named P—m—lee, Consumed with envy, wrote a witty leader on R.D. Of truth, exalted station hath its drawbacks, for not here Did malice cease her ravings. Far and wide there did appear A most mendacious press despatch, in which, with covert sneer, The Prince and his companions figured in a street affray. The Prince and comrades "downed" their men, while on the pavement lay, Their friend (a nabob) who it seemed did not enjoy the play.

Now this was very wicked of that naughty scribbling loon; The Prince—no brawler he—the worst with his companions boon,

He did was to go through a popular ice cream saloon. "This lying correspondent," said R.D., "I'll make to wince, A mighty charge I straight will lay, I'll not the matter mince—I'll vindicate the honor of my guest, the sailor Prince."

No sooner said than done. A correspondence long ensues With Dunlap's Cable Agency which published this as news— In pamphlet form 'tis mentioned favorably by the Reviews— In gilt and Russia leather *un edition de luxe*.

Destined a copy each for Prince and all the royal dukes, With other kickshaws, freaks and pumpkins large is now on view In the *Star* window, where all may admire and wonder, too.

All I've to say at present's said; 'twill be a welcome job To add the sequence as it comes. That prophet true, "Old Prob-

Abilities," with foresight keen, has made the pregnant ob- servation that our next new knight will likely be "Sir Bob." C. QUERULUS JONES.

### CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.

LADY DOWAGER—"I am at last thoroughly satisfied that the wife Lord Henry brought from America used to be an actress."

COUNTESS FANGLO—"How did you find out?"

LADY DOWAGER—"I renounced them both yesterday, and she clasped her hands, took three steps to the right, sobbed convulsively for fifteen seconds, and then turning about, towered to her full height and defied me."





THE UPSHOT (OR RATHER DOWNSHOT) OF IT.

*(With acknowledgments to a certain theatrical poster.)*



### THE SAUL OF LANDLORDISM.

WRATHFUL LANDLORD—"Come out av that! Yez have no right to be on my private property!"

PARTY IN DISTRESS—"H-help! I'm dro-drowning!"

LANDLORD—"Begobs, av yez dthrown there I'll have yez locked up for threspas, so I will!"

### "GRIP" AS A REVIVER.

ONE of the best citizens of Western Ontario (whose name and address can be furnished if necessary), frequently declares that he is under a lasting debt of gratitude to GRIP, and will never cease to be a subscriber as long as he lives. He says he had a son who was becoming very shiftless, and seemed to take no interest in anything of an intelligent sort. One day, being in Toronto, the old gentleman purchased a copy of GRIP and sent it home to the boy. It caught his fancy instantly, and he expressed the pleasure it gave him, and asked his father to subscribe. This he did, "and now," says the old man, proudly, "there isn't a boy in the country who knows more about public questions, or takes a keener interest in them than that lad. GRIP woke him up, and saved him, and I can never express the gratitude I feel!"

Perhaps it would pay other fathers of families to try the same pleasant experiment.



"SOME desultory thoughts have occurred to me during the week," said President Gavelsnoot, "which I will proceed to communicate. I attended the convention of the Association for the Advancement of Women. I was much pleased with the remarks of the President, Julia Ward Howe. She did much for her country during the war. Julia warred how? Why, by her talented pen. Then as I was passing down Yonge Street I noticed a sign 'Auctioneer and Appraiser.' Does it not seem to you, brethren, that this is superfluous, inasmuch as every auctioneer is a-praiser of his goods? 'Britannia needs no bulwarks,' says the poet. Now, why does Britannia need no bull-walks? Because, as it strikes me, it is safest to keep the bull tied up in the barn."

"But, methinks, it would not do to leave him in charge of a cow herd," remarked Samjones.

"While the Secretary is embalming these epigrams in the archives," said the President, "the assistant secretary will please read the communications."

The following letters were then read!

From "Kit" of the *Mail*.—"Oh, you dear, delightful fellows! You can't think with what interest and appreciation I have read the accounts of your pleasant little symposiums, pervaded with the lively sparkle of wit and the charm of sociability—so different from the humdrum and tedious solemnity of society doings. Why, do you know I have formed mental pictures of all of you. Borax I fancy is a tall, handsome fellow with a bushy brown beard. And Samjones, over whose quaint sayings Theodocia and myself have often laughed—isn't he a rather pale, thoughtful young man with blue eyes and blonde hair? Oh! I would so like to drop in on you some day and make your acquaintance, but Theodocia says it would never do. One must pay some regard to appearances you know in this censorious world. Too bad, isn't it? But some of you will write to me, won't you? Meanwhile *au revoir*."

Bro. Borax signified his willingness to undertake the duty of corresponding with "Kit" on behalf of the club.

From Col. Erastus P. Hogaboom, stating that he was about to give an evening party and requesting the club to send him a first-class humorist to help him to entertain his guests for which he was willing to pay any reasonable amount.

It was decided to detail Bro. Snodgrass for this duty, and to fix the tariff for this and similar services at fifty cents per joke, or \$10 for the evening.

"I would advise Bro. Snodgrass to be cautious about offending the susceptibilities of his host by making any puns on his suggestive name," said the President. "For instance, he might not like it if you were to say that to counteract the effects of the McKinley Bill we should try to give the Canadian hog-a-boom. Some people are rather pernicky that way and they must be humored."

"If he didn't want to be humored he wouldn't have applied for a humorist," remarked Binkerton.

"Have you any jokes in stock suitable for the occasion?" enquired Samjones.

"I've thought of a few. For instance, I shall begin by asking 'Why does Col. Hogaboom give a party?' They will give it up and then I answer 'Because it is his *fitte*.' Neat and appropriate. Then I shall deftly turn the conversation on the approaching municipal elections and Mayor Clarke's fourth term, and ask if he thinks he's going to be mayor in perpetuity. That gives me a chance to say 'No doubt he'd make the office *hair-red-itary* if he could.' I shall affect to admire the painting of Paul Peel's which the Colonel bought the other day. 'You won that at a raffle, I suppose,' I will say. Of course he will indignantly deny it. Then I shall appease him by saying, 'Well, it's worthy of Raphael, anyway.' See? I shall tell him that some of his pictures remind me of the Fakir's recently published song 'Major Casey'—because of their nudity (new-ditty.) Catch on? Then I have a whole lot of boarding house dinner table jokes that I can bring in if necessary. I won't repeat 'em here for I guess this crowd knows them by heart, but they may be new in high toned society. Oh, I guess I'll get along all right and make myself solid in the first circles."

"Well, Snodgrass, old man, I wish you a good time," said the President. "Do your best for the credit of the Club. And now suppose we melt part of the Colonel's \$10 in advance. What do you say?"

The proposal was agreed to without a dissentient voice.



### THE POINT OF VIEW.

BALDHEADED AND VERY HOMELY OLD GENTLEMAN (to photographer)—“Drat such pictures! Can't you make me look any better than that after five sittings?”

PHOTOGRAPHER (thoroughly exasperated)—“I think I can, sir, if you will allow me to take the back of your head. It hasn't so much expression as the other side, but it's a blamed sight prettier.”

### GRIP'S BOOK REVIEWS.

(WITH PARENTHETICAL REMARKS BY THE REVIEWER.)

LIFE AND TIMES OF BITHORAX THE GREAT. By Prof. J. Renshaw Fadsworth. Peduncle & Co., New York.

[This is the worst fake I've seen in a long time. Evidently got up to sell in cheap flashy style. Who in-thunder is Fadsworth, anyway? And who was Bithorax the Great? Well, that's none of my business. Evidently the author can't write decent English, and the proof-reader has botched his part of the work almost as badly. However, the boss says, “Give it a good notice—we are promised a column ad.” and what he says goes.]

This profound work of the eminent Prof. Fadsworth, whose reputation for scholarship is second to that of no living American writer, deals with a most important epoch of Assyrian history. The painstaking research and erudition of the writer sheds much light upon many disputed points, and for the first time presents in a clear and graphic manner the leading events of the reign of the mighty potentate at whose nod the world once trembled. The choice and classical style of the author makes it very fascinating reading. The volume is superbly bound, and the typographical work is a credit to the enterprising publishers. The publication of this elaborate and forcibly written work marks an era in historic science.

THE PEANUT VENDOR OF MIMICO. A CANADIAN NOVEL. By Ingledew Duxter, LL.B. Fakerson Bros., Toronto.

[Duxter is a good fellow and all that, but why will he persist in thinking he can write? Really, of all the utter twaddle I ever saw—why, it hasn't a redeeming

feature. The plot is a tissue of absurdities, the characters unnatural or commonplace, and the style is execrable. But I suppose I must say a good word for it—I believe I promised to, and if I slate it people will say I'm jealous and spiteful.]

Canadian literature has no more promising votary than Mr. Duxter, the talented author of the delightful work before us. It is a book to be read and re-read. The grace and simplicity of the writer's style are a relief after the turgid and sensational bombast of so many of the popular fictionists. The characters are well drawn, and stand out from the page with life-like individuality. The incidents, though striking, are all within the range of probability, and the working of the plot displays a knowledge of human nature and vividness of local coloring which place the author in the highest rank of Canadian novelists.

THE THEORY OF THE ULTIMATE PARALLAX. By Jacob Snetsinger. Biggleswade Publishing Co., Toronto.

[Seems to be a scientific book. Full of algebraic symbols and Greek words and such. As if I knew anything about the Ultimate Parallax! No matter—boss says Biggleswade don't advertise, so I needn't grind out much of a notice.]

An invaluable work for the student, who will find here the latest conclusions of science on this abstruse subject.

### SQUELCHING A MASHER.

MR. VERISMART—“Pardon me for addressing you, but I noticed you didn't resent my admiring glances.”

MISS PRETTYPERT—“That was because I didn't think you were looking at me. I thought you were squint-eyed and couldn't help it.”

### BY THE SOUNDING SEA.

MR. BOLDBOY—“My love for you is like the ocean.”

MISS WEARY—“Don't you think your simile would be more appropriate if you said ‘like the great lakes?’”

MR. BOLDBOY—“Why do you say so?”

MISS WEARY—“Because they are fresh.”

### AS THEY SPEAK OF EACH OTHER.

ETHEL—“Do you think Clara would love him if he was poor?”

MAUD—“She might, if she didn't know that he was poor.”

### A SEA-SON-ABLE REMARK.

MINNIE (on the ocean steamer)—“Did you notice the language the captain used when calling for the mate?”

ELLA—“Yes. It was very naughty call.”

### FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.

BIGBEE—“Wasn't it rash of Bacon to offend his powerful uncle?”

SPACER—“Yes, but it was rasher of Bacon—”

BIGBEE—!!!!!!

NERVOUS debility is a result of indiscretion in the mode of living. Heed Nature's unerring laws and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the Great System Renovator and Blood, Liver and Kidney regulator and tonic. Sample bottles 10 cents.

OLD FRIEND—"Your plan is a most excellent one; but do you think your wife will agree to it?"

MARRIED MAN—"Oh, yes. I'll tell her some one else suggested it, and I'll call it an idiotic idea."—*New York Weekly*.

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 months. Our Medicated Air treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church St., Toronto.

MR. VAN DYKE BROWN—"I never made a successful bluff but once in my life."

MR. CRIMSON LAKE—"You don't mean it. When was that?"

MR. VAN DYKE BROWN—"That was when I raised my mustache. No one saw it."—*Texas Cartoon*.

AN unreserved auction sale of high-class pictures every Saturday night at The Golden Easel, 316 Yonge Street. Sale begins at eight o'clock.

It takes away the sting of regret that he is no longer young when a man sees his wife washing her son behind the ears.—*Atchison Globe*.

WARDEN—"Well, what would you like to work at while you are here?"

NEW ARRIVAL—"At my own trade, if you please, sir."

WARDEN—"What is that?"

NEW ARRIVAL—"I'm an Arctic explorer, sir."—*West Shore*.

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

"Your generosity deserves a prompt return," wrote the editor on the back of a manuscript and addressed an envelope to the donor.

THE man who has money to invest cannot put it in a safer place than into the debentures of a sound and thriving municipality. An advt. will be found in this issue in which the Imperial Trusts Co. of Canada, offer a chance for investment in the Debentures of West Toronto Junction, and GRIP wishes to say for the benefit of whom it may concern, that the Junction is one of the soundest and safest towns in Ontario.

"I THINK we'll make our own soap hereafter," remarked Mrs. Snodgrass.

"Where will you get your lye?" asked her husband.

"From you!" and Snodgrass, who had just been explaining his late return the night before, glued his eyes to the morning paper.

AT the approach of spring great attention should be given to purify the system engorged with foul humors during the winter. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own purifying and regulating tonic.

JACOBS & Sparrow's Opera House, week commencing October 27th, with the usual matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The Dear Irish Boy will be produced. The *New York News* says: "The Dear Irish Boy, a companion play to True Irish Hearts, opened a week's engagement at Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre to standing room only; this is something wonderful, being a return engagement after a few weeks' absence showing conclusively the strong hold this successful Irish play has on a New York audience. The play is surrounded with elaborate scenic effects. The company is well balanced, Mr. Reynolds being an actor of rare ability, and his splendid singing was admired very much, in fact the entire company is capable to a fault and should fill the popular Jacobs and Sparrow's Opera House for the entire week."

HE (looking dreamily into his cup)—  
"What's this?—A miracle?"

SHE (indignantly)—"Why, no; that's coffee, and good coffee, too?"

HE—"Well, isn't that a miracle?"

#### 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.

"No," said the man, "I can't give nuthin'. Charity begins to hum, you know."

"It will be a long time before your charity is lively enough to hum," replied the collector.

RHEUMATISM is greatly dependent on a vitiated condition of the fluids, and may be eliminated from the system by cleansing the Blood and regulating the Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters will do this most effectually. Trial bottles 10 cents.

"SAY, I've got a fine scheme, where you can double your money in a month!"

"You ought to take it to the watch-maker's."

"What for?"

"Why, they handle all kinds of snide movements."

HISTORY of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, for readers on this side the Atlantic, by Rev. W. Cleland. Toronto: Hart & Co., 1890. This is an admirable work, and one that we feel amply justified in commending to the special attention of our readers. Its literary merits are of a very high order and the fulness and faithfulness with which it records the history of a most notable branch of the Presbyterian Church enhance its value. The facts related are often of thrilling interest, and the way in which they are told betrays the hand of an able and accomplished writer. Introductory to the History proper, three very interesting chapters are given, in which the first deals with the civil and the second with the ecclesiastical history of Ireland from the earliest times. The third is taken up with a lengthened sketch of the Reformation in Ireland. The volume is the first of the kind that has been published on this side the Atlantic, and it furnishes the most complete history of the Irish Presbyterian Church that as yet has been given to the public. It is issued in a style most creditable to the publishers. We again cordially commend it to the attention of our readers.

MR. BRANCY (in New York)—"Ah, you've not been long on this side, I fancy, Mr. Gibbon?"

MR. HUME (blushing)—"Sowwy to say I—aw—that is, I was bawn here!"

THE latest and best waltzes are Miriam Waltz, by Gibert Byass; Eldorado Waltz, by T. P. Royle; La Créole Waltz, by Florence Fare; price 60 cents each. Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers, 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto. New catalogue of latest vocal music post free.

"WHO is that talking so loudly?"

"Why, that's Bobbett, the celebrated pugilist."

"I never heard of his fighting anyone."

"Oh, he doesn't fight; but he has issued more newspaper challenges than any man in the world."

DOLLIVER—"Very sad suicide, that, in Rome; Count Barberini, young, accomplished."

POMPANO—"Do you mean the man who married the Bumblethorpe heiress?"

DOLLIVER—"Yes."

POMPANO—"What was the cause?"

DOLLIVER—"Don't know exactly, but it is rumored that she absolutely refused to let him thrash her."

FOR removing Tan, Sunburn and Freckles nothing is equal to Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—"Well, darling, how is breakfast this morning; better than yesterday?"

MR. YOUNGBRIDE—"Oh, yes; very good; capital! Muskmelons seem rather soft, though."

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—"Oh, dear! I can't understand that. I told the cook to boil them three minutes."—*America*.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

"THEY had a big tornado in Kansas while I was there," remarked an eastern visitor to a Dakota native.

"Did it drive wheat straws through inch boards?"

"Not that I heard of."

"Then it wasn't much of a tornado."

DROPSY is essentially a watery condition of the blood, dependent upon disordered kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters are strongly Diuretic, and consequently the best known remedy, acting as it does upon the entire Secretary System.

JONES—"Where is Brown, Miss Smith?"  
THE BEAUTIFUL MISS SMITH—"Oh, he has gone home, I believe."

JONES—"Indeed! Why was that?"

THE B. MISS S.—"Oh, because I wouldn't walk with him. So ridiculous! I couldn't walk with a man covered with tar."

JONES—"Of course not. How did he get into that mess?"

THE B. MISS S.—"Climbing some pailings to pick me a flower I fancied."—*Foster*.

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

SMITH—"Jones, I'm going to marry and settle down!"

JONES—"Humph! You'd better remain single and settle up!"

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

FIANCE—"You should not be so exacting in your demands. Remember that you are only a poor orphan."

FIANCE—"I know it, dear; but remember also, that you will have no mother-in-law."

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

**New Tailor System of Dresscutting.**

SQUARE MEASUREMENT.

(Late Prof. Moody's.)

The leading system of the day. Drafts direct on the material. Easy to learn. J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dress and Mantle Makers.

379 Yonge St., Toronto. Agents wanted.



**LESSONS IN PNEUMATOLOGY.**

Examinations, Oral or Written.

Mrs. MENDON, 237 McCaul Street, Toronto.

**AIR BRUSH.**



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



**PROVIDENT LIFE AND LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION (Incorporated).**

Home Office, 43 Queen St. E., Toronto, Can. In the Life Department this Association provides indemnity for sickness and accident, and substantial assistance to the relatives of deceased members at terms available to all. In the Live Stock Department, two-thirds indemnity for loss of Live Stock or its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid etc. **WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.**

**ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.**

The best and most economical "stock" for Soups, Sauces, Beef Tea, Etc.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.

**Municipal Debentures FOR SALE.**

**The Imperial Trusts Company OF CANADA**

Offer (subject to previous sale) \$284,000 of Debentures of the Town of

**West Toronto Junction**

Issued for the construction of Railway Subways, Water Works, and other permanent improvements, and for School Purposes, viz. :-

\$150,000 bearing four per cent. interest.  
114,000 " five "

The Debentures run for various terms up to 40 years, and interest is payable yearly.

Bonded debt of the Municipality, including above issue.....\$ 404,436  
Assessment for 1890.....5,090,807  
Rate of taxation.....12 mills  
Population (which is rapidly increasing) about 6,000

West Toronto Junction borders on the Western limit of the City of Toronto, of which it is destined ere long to become a part.

It is already a very prosperous manufacturing locality and the erection of central shops by the Canadian Pacific Railway has recently been commenced within its limits. The shops will have capacity for the employment of about 3,000 men.

These Debentures are desirable investment securities, and are offered in lots to suit, and at prices that will commend them to investors. Special terms for large lines.

Prices, with prospectus containing full information, on application at the Company's Offices, Toronto, St. John, N.B., and Winnipeg.

W. H. HOWLAND, } Joint Managers.  
HENRY LYE, }

**CANDY. CANDY.**

Send 50c., 75c., or \$1.00 for 1 lb., 2 lb., or 3 lb. box of best Candy to be had in Canada. Suitable for presents. **EXPRESS CHARGES PAID.**

Purity guaranteed and prompt delivery. Sample orders solicited.

H. Fysh & Co., Confectioners, LONDON, ONT.

**Just Published!**

**HISTORY OF THE Presbyterian Church IN IRELAND.**

For Readers on this side the Atlantic.

- BY -

REV. WM. CLELAND, TORONTO.

This important work is intended chiefly for Canadian and American readers, and is meant to furnish all who cherish a filial affection for the Church of their fathers, as well as all who value the great principle of divine truth and constitutional freedom, with a concise, yet faithful, history of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, from the period of its first plantation in Ulster till the present day.

"This is the most complete history of the Irish Presbyterian Church that has yet appeared, and the first volume of the kind that has been published on this side the Atlantic."—*Daily Mail*.

Neat cloth volume, or. 8vo, 300 Pages.

PRICE - \$1.25.

**HART & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.**

31 and 33 King Street West, TORONTO.

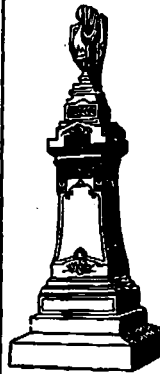
**Steam Marble Works**

**MONUMENTS**

In Native Granite and Foreign Marble.

SELLING AT REDUCED PRICES.

Granite Cutters Wanted.



J. G. GIBSON,

Cor. Parliament and Winchester Sts.

**DEAFNESS! ITS CAUSES AND CURE.**

Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

DR. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N.Y.

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

**DOES CURE CONSUMPTION**

In its First Stages.

**Palatable as Milk.**

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

**COAL AND WOOD.**



**CONGER COAL COMPANY.**

Main Office—6 King Street East.

TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, Etc.  
Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

**C. C. POMEROY,**

The White Store, 49 King Street West.



THE **GREAT Remedy**

A Sure Cure for all Throat or Lung Troubles; Kidney, Liver and Stomach Affections; and never failing in all forms of Skin Diseases. Address

**Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co.**

(LIMITED),

120 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Beware of Impostors. See Trade Mark.



DE WITT—"Aw, chappies, I've got something hawribble to tell you. When I was going past a grave-yard last night I saw *something white*, and I believe I would have fainted if it hadn't been for my cigawette. I went up and touched the *thing*, and ow—it was c-c-o-old; and shoot me fellahs if it wasn't a—

See page 271.

**D. R. A. F. WEBSTER,** Dental Surgeon. Gold Medallist in Practical Dentistry R.C.D.S  
Office: N. E. Cor. YORK and BLOOR.  
Over Lander's Drug Store. TORONTO.

**W. H. FERGUSON,** Carpenter,  
81 Bay St., corner Melinda, Toronto,  
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Printers and Engravers' Jobbing a Speciality.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** Wine Marks (Naevi)—Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis. **DR. FOSTER,** Electrician, Yonge Street Market.



**J. W. L. FORSTER.**

Pupil of Mons. Bogueureau.  
Portraits a Speciality.

STUDIO—81 King Street East, Toronto.

**MR. HAMILTON MACCARTHY, R.C.A.,** SCULPTOR, formerly of London, England, Under Royal European Patronage, Portrait-Busts, Statuettes and Monuments. Bronze, Marble, Terra Cotta Studio, New Buildings, Lombard St., Toronto.

**MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY,** ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTOR

In Stone and Wood.

38 YONGE ST. ARCADE.

**J. L. JONES**  
Mechanical & General  
**WOOD ENGRAVING**  
10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.



Registered Trade Mark.

**THE PARMELEE**

**Roofing and Paving Co.**

Gravel Roofing for all kinds of Flat Roofs  
Asphalt Paving for Cellar Bottoms,  
Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

51 Yonge Street Arcade.

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



**CORSET**

The Perfection of Shape, Finish, & Durability. Approved by the whole polite world. Over Six Millions already Sold.

To be had of all Dealers throughout the World.  
**W. S. THOMSON & CO., LTD., LONDON,** MANUFACTURERS.  
See that every Corset is marked "Thomson's Glove-Fitting," and bears our Trade Mark, the Crown. No others are genuine.



M-M-ONUMENT.



\* THE \*  
**YOST**

**WRITING MACHINE.**

(Latest production of G. W. N. Yost, the inventor of the "Remington" and "Caligraph" machines.)

The Yost already has the largest sale in Ontario. In any locality where there is a Yost in operation no other typewriter can be sold.

**The best manifold,  
No ribbon nuisance,  
Permanent alignment,  
Pointer to locate position.**

Prints direct, producing work that cannot be equalled by any other machine in the world.

GENERAL AGENTS

**NEWSOME & CO.**  
46 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

Law and Commercial Stationers, Lithographers, etc., Writing Machine Papers and General Supplies.



**REMINGTON  
STANDARD  
TYPEWRITER.**

The output of our factory is now  
**OVER 100 MACHINES PER DAY.**

**GEORGE BENGOUGH, Agent,**  
4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

**DR. J. FRANK ADAMS,  
DENTIST,**  
325 COLLEGE ST. near Spadina, TORONTO  
Telephone 2278.

**PATENTS**

Obtained in Canada, United States, Great Britain and all Foreign Countries. Advice on Patent Laws. Information on Patents given on application.

**FEATHERSTONHAUGH & CO.,**

Solicitors of Patents,

*Canadian Bank of Commerce Building.*  
(and floor.) TORONTO.

**PATENTS**

Procured in Canada, England, United States, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium and in all other countries of the world.

Full information furnished.

**DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.**

Solicitors of Patents, 22 King St. East, Toronto.

**PATENTS**

**W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.**

N.B.—Personally responsible, no fictitious "& Co."

**Morse's Persian Bouquet**

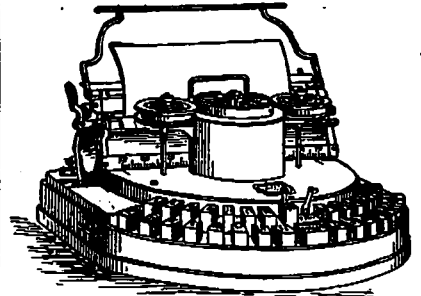
**AND HELIOTROPE SOAPS,**

Highly Perfumed, astringent and Healing.



**W. H. STONE,** Always open.  
**UNDERTAKER,**  
Telephone 932. | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

**THE HAMMOND.**



**Ideal Keyboard.**



**Universal Keyboard.**

**Hammond Typewriter  
COMPANY,  
45 Adelaide St. East,  
TORONTO.**

**I CURE FITS!**

**THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES  
GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.**

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:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 188 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.



**CURLINE**  
Dorenwend's Latest Invention for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair. Reasons why ladies should use **CURLINE**: It is simple in application. It retains its influence for a great length of time. It adds lustre, life and beauty to the hair. It avoids excessive use of irons, etc. It is inexpensive. It is entirely free from harmful properties. It saves time and trouble. It is neither gummy nor sticky. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cts. each, or six for \$2.50. By mail, 8 cts. each extra. Manufactured only by  
**A. DORENWEND, 103-105 Yonge St., Toronto.**

**TO THE PUBLIC.**  
The latest invention in chemistry is Armand's Hair Restorer. Sensational discovery. It differs entirely from any hair restorer existing. It will restore gray hair to its original color, beauty and softness. It is not a dye, and will not soil or injure the skin. Free of grease or any injurious drugs. Most of other hair restorers are more or less injurious to the brains and health, oily and sticky compositions, and are flavored with a very unpleasant odor. Armand's Hair Restorer is free of all these unpleasant drugs. Price \$1 a bottle or 6 bottles \$5. Agents wanted for the country.  
**Laboratory, 407 Yonge St., Toronto.**  
**J. Francis Armand, Proprietor.**

**JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE**

Matinees every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Week Commencing Oct. 27th,  
**THE DEAR IRISH BOY**

POPULAR PRICES:—15, 25, 35 & 50c.  
WEEK NOV. 3rd  
**MARGUERITE FISH,**  
In **EMMA, THE ELF.**



**DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE**  
Best Tailor System of Cutting. Waist Linings cut for 25 cents. Ordered Corsets—perfect fit guaranteed.  
**MISS CHUBB,**  
426 1/2 Yonge St., just below Colleg  
Adjustable Wire Dress Forms.

*The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON, is undoubtedly the BEST.*  
**TRY IT**  
**JAMES GOOD & CO.**  
Agents, Toronto.

**MISS VEALS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL**

For Young Ladies,  
**50 and 52 PETER ST., TORONTO.**  
Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Science, Literature and Elocution.  
Pupils studying French and German converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.  
Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes



"Is it hot enough for you?"  
"Hot? No; I'm always cool. I get my clothing at Follett's."

**ON 40 DAYS' TRIAL THE GREAT SPIRAL TRUSS**

The Truss is different from all others. It does not hamper as if your extended hand was drawn together and one finger pressed in the centre. It supports, holds positive any and night with the slightest pressure, and does not cause a broken leg. You will be allowed three exchanges during the 40 days. There is no duty to pay when received or returned, which many Competitors find more expensive than the truss. It is the easiest, most durable, and cheap Truss. Sent by mail. Send stamp for illustrated book.  
**CHAS. CLUTHE, Surgical Machinist, 184 King St. W., Toronto.**

**The CROWN PERFUMERY CO.'S Celebrated Invigorating LAVENDER SALTS**

The new and universal, popular smelling Salts and agreeable deodorizer.  
Those who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious Perfume, **CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS**, of The Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their **Invigorating Lavender Salts**. By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.  
**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**  
**177 New Bond St. London.**



Genuine only with Crown Stoppers as shown above. Reject spurious imitations.

**JUST THE THING. Comfortable. DURABLE.**



Ladies, this cut represents our "Oxford Tie." Perfect in Fit, and the Latest Style.  
**87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto.**

The Latest Success is  
**BRYCE'S PATENT ASPHALTIC PAVEMENT**

—FOR—  
Sidewalks; Cellar Floors, Driveways, Garden Walks, Stable Floors, Brewery Floors, etc., etc.

For testimonials and further particulars, apply to  
**BRYCE BROS.**  
280 King Street East, Toronto.

TO MANUFACTURERS.  
**LARDINE OIL.**  
The famous heavy bodied oil for all machinery. Made only by  
**McCOLL BROS. & CO. TORONTO.**  
Those who Use it Once Use it Always.  
**McCOLL'S RENOWNED CYLINDER OIL**  
Has few if any equals in America for engine cylinders. The finest lubricating, harness tanners' oil. Ask for Lardine.

**CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED**

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy **FREE** to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,  
**T. P. GLOUM,**  
No. 122 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.