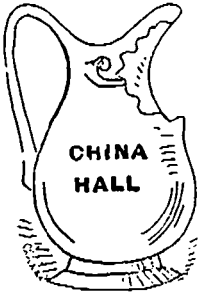


THE MAYORALTY RACE LOST AND WON.

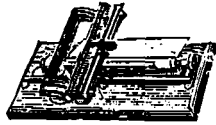
HOWLAND - My dear Manning, I couldn't help beating you, with all that handicapping!

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

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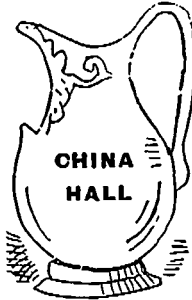
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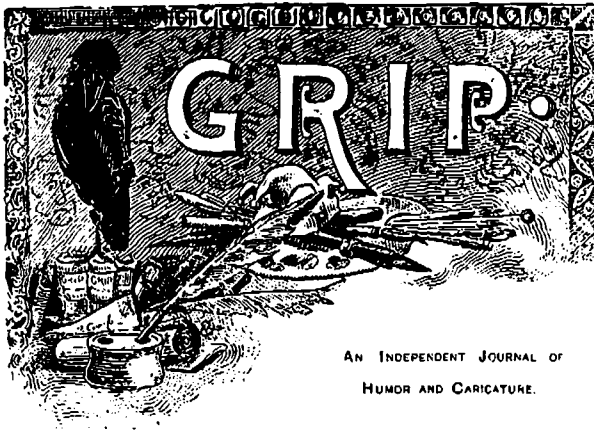
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HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVI. TORONTO, JAN. 16TH, 1886. No. 2.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE MASTER "TURNER."—In a speech at a public banquet in London, Eng., a few days ago, Sir John Macdonald uttered some very kind words on behalf of the French-Canadians. He insisted warmly on the loyalty of that section of our population, and vigorously repelled the charges made to the contrary. Taken in connection with recent utterances of the *Mail*—which is well known to be Sir John's mouthpiece—this is a veritable hand-spring from *caustic* to *taffy*, and fitly signalizes Sir John's election as a member of the Turners' Company. The motive of the honeyed words at this particular juncture is apparent, as they are manifestly dragged into the speech "neck-and-crop." Who has been saying anything about the French being disloyal excepting the *Mail*? The further fact that the mollifying expressions were immediately repeated in the Government organs at Montreal is also somewhat significant.

MR. M. C. CAMERON ON THE STUMP.—Mr. Cameron's late speech at Brucefield ought to make lively reading for the Tory papers, as it consisted wholly of the relation of Government scandals packed into short paragraphs—and it was a long speech, too. Do we understand the *Mail* to plead guilty to this terrible indictment on behalf of its clients? As yet the Government organ has only replied on one point—the Timber Limits outrage; but on that point it rather *has* Mr. Cameron, as it quotes official documents to prove that some of the alleged outrages were committed, not by the present Government, but by that of the exemplary Mackenzie.

THE MAYORALTY RACE LOST AND WON.—Mr. Howland's magnificent majority would no doubt have been smaller if his opponent had not gone into the field frightfully handicapped. On his shoulders, Mayor Manning carried the weight of the despised liquor traffic—both licensed and unlicensed—around his neck hung the burden of the Ward-healers, whose very names were sufficient to scare decent men into voting for Howland, however much they might have admired Manning. Then his past record of do-nothingism clogged his feet, and his anti-unionism and political partisanship still further retarded his running. Besides, in the words of the *Mail*, "the people of Toronto are determined to pay more attention to moral reforms than they have hitherto done."

AN INVITATION TO THE GRAND OLD MAN.—An invitation has been extended to Mr. Gladstone to visit America, and there is some slight hope that he may be induced to do so after the session of Parliament. Canada joins Uncle Sam in pressing this invitation,

and assures the Premier of Christendom that if he does come across he will meet a more enthusiastic reception than any mortal short of Queen Victoria could evoke from this continent. Come over, William, it will do you a world of good!

As We Pass By.

THE editor of the Halifax *Herald* sends us a copy of his paper with an article marked at the four corners. The marks are to intimate that said article is a reply to our comments on a recent display of stupidity in the *Herald*. If he hadn't marked it we would never have known that it *was* a reply.

* * *

A SHORT time ago the *Herald* undertook to explain the points of some of our cartoons—ignoring our own accompanying note. The result was that it utterly mistook the meaning of the pictures. We called this stupidity, and its author a numskull. To this the *Herald* now rejoins to the effect that GRIP is a supporter of the Local Government. The connection of the two subjects is not very obvious.

* * *

SO far as the Local Government is concerned GRIP deals with it as the facts warrant—just as he does with the Ottawa Government. Mr. Mowat and his colleagues have sometimes deserved praise and they have received it; wherein they deserve blame, GRIP accords it with just as hearty good will.

* * *

AND this reminds us that one of the points upon which the Mowat Government prides itself—and receives praise from the Grit press—is, in our opinion, one of its worst faults. We allude to its so-called "economy"—which would be more properly termed its small-souled niggardliness. The miserable meanness of the methods in vogue are simply a disgrace to the Province of Ontario. This may sound queer in a paper which (*vide* the Tory printing-scandal press) "fattens on the Local Treasury; draws \$35,000 of public money per year," etc. It is nevertheless an accurate description of the way in which this precious Cabinet conducts the business of the richest Province of Confederation.

* * *

WE hope most sincerely that some judge with a human heart in his breast will be on the bench when the brutal wretch, Crow, and his depraved paramour come up for trial for causing the death of their infant. We want them to get the extreme penalty of the law, and we only wish it were something akin to the tortures which they inflicted on the poor little creature. The grand jury will, we trust, indict the fiends for murder, instead of manslaughter, for a more deliberate act of murder—aside from its revolting method—never disgraced this country.

* * *

IT may not be generally known that the Six Nations Indians, residing near Brantford, have long been pleading with the Dominion Government for the redress of many serious grievances. Portions of their reserve (which they hold under a deed from George III.) have been granted to whites without their consent; many acres of their land have been submerged by the completion of the Welland Canal works; and large amounts of money belonging to the Indians have been parted with by the Government to the Grand River Navigation Co., which

has become bankrupt. There are also loud complaints of the injustice and wrong-doing of the local Government agent. It need hardly be said the representations of the Indians have been calmly ignored by the Government up to this moment.

OH, SHAH!

A story of thrilling interest to Canadians has been wired across the Atlantic to the *Mail*. It is to the effect that the Shah of Persia sent an agent to the Bazaar at Herat to get new material for his harem: the agent was attacked by robbers, his spondulics taken, and his guard dispersed. The *Mail* man says further, that it is reported that the agent on his return was "bow strung" by order of the Shah. It is little items like this that makes the daily "specials" from over the sea so truly interesting. Poor fellow! Dear me! Bow strung, eh? Well, well!



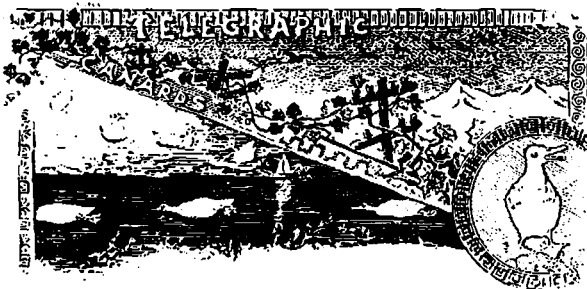
MAYOR HOWLAND has begun well by endeavoring to suppress the disgraceful shows which occasionally visit the city. When he is firmly seated in the chair Toronto will be a chilly place for the unadorned "actresses" and other pests of a like kind.

DALY'S New York comedy success, "The Passing Regiment," will be given at the Grand during the week of the 18th. This will be one of the finest attractions of the season. The Rich. J. Harris Company are looked for, the 25th, to be followed on the 28th by the "Dark Days" Company.

THE sixth Monday "Pop" came off with the usual honors on the evening of the 11th. Mrs. Estelle Ford was the soloist. This lady has a brilliant voice, but her pronunciation is bad, and her habit of going off into a peaceful snooze in the *pianissimo* passages is a novelty in the profession. Herr Kegel was very fine in his clarionette solo, and the Quartette fully sustained their high reputation. The seventh concert will take place on the 27th, when a quartet specially written for the club will be performed.

SAV, GRIP, old boy, I saw you at the Travellers' ball on Wednesday fortnight. Wasn't it immense? Did you ever see more pretty girls, elegant dresses or handsome fellows? I know you didn't, for I caught you staring at me and my partner fifty times during the evening. I never enjoyed myself so much since I've been on the road—not even excepting the time when I was snowed up in company with Jack Ross for eleven days at Cheltenham. Didn't Fred Warrington sling himself with that Glee Club? I tell you, if Fred keeps on in that line he'll be as good as if his name began with a T instead of a W. But (don't you give this away now), a lot of those fellows in the club are not drummers at all—don't even know what a bill of goods is. We let 'em sing with us just to show that we ain't proud. I don't think Mrs. Caldwell did as well as usual, do you? I heard some of the folks say it was on account of the accompaniment, probably. For my part, I think that *Carnival of Venice* high-trapeze business is getting stale; I'd ten times rather hear Mrs. C. do some sweet little ballads, and she *can* do 'em, can't she, though? Miss Strong was about up to her usual average, which is very fair. I wish I had as much calm repose about me as she has in her singing. I could work an order out of the worst customer on the road if I had. I liked Tom Beddoe. I don't hear a voice like his anywhere—just like a flute. But I'm afraid that Pavilion wasn't built for the voice. It didn't seem to fit exactly. I've heard Mr. Warrington sing better than *he* did. The *Roamer* song is too heavy for him. It needs a voice like Babcock's or Iott's to do it properly. Mr. Hunter gave immense assistance to the club—in fact, he sang so well that my girl wouldn't believe he was not actually one of us. I wrote this more than a week ago, but forgot to send it to you.

TOM ROVER.



(Special to GRIP.)

LONDON, Jan. 15.—Before leaving London Sir John Macdonald had an interesting interview with Mr. Gladstone. At the latter gentleman's request, Sir John explained to him fully the provisions of the new Canadian Franchise Act, and the Gerry-mander Bill. Mr. Gladstone unhesitatingly pronounced both measures statesman-like, fair, honest and generous.

(LATER.)—A special Cabinet Council was convened to hear Sir John Macdonald on the business which brought him to England. At the last moment Sir John appeared, dressed in the costume of *Toots*, and with his inimitable wag-of-the-head, said it was really of no consequence. The Council then adjourned.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 15.—It is stated in well-informed circles here that Hon. John Norquay has decided to hold on to the loaves and fishes until the Opposition secure a leader strong enough to bounce him.

MONTREAL, Jan. 15.—A special despatch to the *Witness* from Bellechasse says that the recently published mandement by Bishop Langevin against the course of the Bleus was not issued in the interest of the Bishop's brother, Sir Hector.

HALIFAX, Jan. 15.—A surgical operation has just been performed upon the editor of the *Herald*, of this city, with a view to enabling this unfortunate gentleman to see the point of a cartoon. The top of the head was skilfully removed, and the brain dusted with a whisk. The operation was painless, as the head is fortunately wooden.

St. PETERSBURG, Jan. 15.—Madam Skobelev, a poor woman residing in Chokemoff Lane, to day found a penny while passing along the street.

(This cablegram was stolen from the *Mail's* special wire by our office boy.)



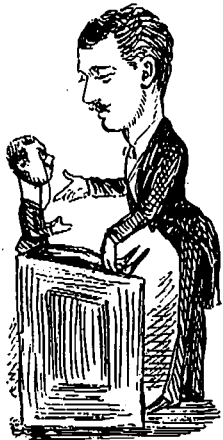
MR. M. C. CAMERON ON THE STUMP.

(AN INCIDENT THAT MIGHT HAVE TAKEN PLACE AT BRUCEFIELD.)

“BOBBERDETTE.”

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE.



LET us once more remind our city readers of the forthcoming lecture by Mr. R. J. Burdette, the *Hawkeye* man, to be given at Shaftesbury Hall on the 19th inst. The genial humorist's theme as announced is "Advice to Young Men," and the representatives of that interesting class who may be present will undoubtedly receive a great many chunks of wisdom sugar-coated with fun. But the lecture will be just as interesting and amusing to those who have not the good fortune to belong to the class specified. Burdette is essentially a family man, and when he talks from the platform he addresses fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts alike. All will be delighted: of that we can assure those who have never heard the Burlington Humorist. Mayor Howland, as the chosen representative of the young men of Toronto, will, we trust, grace the occasion as chairman, and introduce Mr. Burdette to a large and genial audience.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP. Noo that the auld year's oot and a new mayor in- noo that a' the fescivities an' the elections are ower an' we're a' middlin' sober again, an' the canvassers for votes are restin' their weary shanks, I wad like to tak the opportunity o' this cawm sough tae speak a word for the hunders o' young men that gae driftin' up an' doon the streets a' Sabbath without a solitary place tae rest either body or mind in except an ordinar' boordin' hoose. I'm no speakin' aboot the young men wha hae hames in the city -they're a' weel eneuch. They can gang tae the kirk, an' can enjoy theirsel's at hame wi' their ain families—I'm speakin' aboot the young fallows wha hae nae hames, an' wha between kirk oors are lockit oot o' every decent place o' recreation. Dinna be feared—I'm a very moderate man—I'm nae desecrator—but I dae think that if the readin'-room cud be thrown open for sae mony oors ilka Sabbath afternoon and night, it wad be a progressive movement an' a great boon tae mony a puir fallow wha daurna set his nose inside o' a kirk door—on account o' his duds wearin' a wee threed bare in thae hard times. For it's an undeniable fact that it taks less courage tae face a cavalry charge, than tae maich' intill a modern kirk wi' a seedy

weel-worn coat on yer back. Just let onybody that doots my statement tak a daunder in his every-day claes intill a faushionable kirk an' see the kind o' welcome he'll get, an' wi' what'n a fervor the usher 'ill request him tae stap up intill the hill o' Zion! Noo, it's a solemn sack, that in thae days there are plenty o' decent men, marrit and single, wha canna see their way tae gettin' new Sawbath-day coats, an' sin' the teelyers hae shut doon on furnishin' coats on credit, it just means shuttin' the kirk doors in their faces. But tho' a man's coat mayna' be just the approved thing tae worship in, still it michtna' be sae bad tae sit in the readin'-room wi', an' tak a quiet 'oor or twa readin' the magazines. I think raily that in a coety like Toronto, that some provision or ither shoould be made for men to spend a quiet 'oor or twa in recreation an' improvement o' their minds. An' in an ordinary boordin' hoose there's neither recreation nor improvement. I've nae doot but this proposition will set the hair up straucht on the heads o' some o' the unco gude—but I wad like tae ken hoo it is that thae unco gude folk wha are sae horrified at purr lameless deevils wantin' some canny recreation after a sair week's wark, are no only unco' gude, but also unco' weel aff, an' tak gude care tae enjoy life tae the utmost, not only on Sawbath, but on a' the ither six days o' the week. It's a thing that wad entail nae labor but the openin' an' steekin' o' the doors, an' the keepin' on o' a spunk o' fire, an' seein' there's "no spittin', no dogs, no talkin'," allowed—I cudna fancy a safer place for a young or an auld man tae spend a spare 'oor in on a Sawbath afternune. Keepin' a boordin' hoose mase! I ken just hoo the fellows come in blastin' an' abusin' a ceety, whaur they haena' a place tae set their fit in on the only day o' the week they hae—an' its mighty little faith they pit i' the professions o' the rich an' the godly wha insist on steekin' them oot in the street a' Sawbath, while they sit surrounded wi' books an' music an' pleasant companionship until the bell rings oot a summons for them to come an' worship in a kirk whaur a saft seat in a cushioned pew awaits them, an' whaur poverty an' misery an' rags enter not, nor "anything that defileth." Noo, Maister GRIP, say it yoursel—I pit it tae ye—am I richt, or am I wrang? Yours sincerely,

HUGH AIRLIE.



ON LIVIN' O' LOVE.

TALK abaat weddin'! One o' our city mechanics fun aht what weddin' wor wi' nowt but luv to live on. Joe Smith wor a hard-workin' chap, as a few o' them mechanics are, an' didn't get a smooity face for nowt. But he gate wed tuv a rare gooid-lewkin' lass they called Susey—nivver mind wot beside. An' bless ye, they wor as fond o' one another as turtle-doves. Poor lass, shoo'd allus been a dressmakker, an' her mother wor one o' them gooid-natured creaturs 'at woddent let her

lift her hand i' t' hahse when shoo cam hoam. T' owd woman did all t' bakin', an' t' weshin', an' all 'at Susey ivver did wor ta wash-up sometimes.

Before they wor wed, Susey told Joe 'at shoo wor feared shoo'd nivver be able to make him comfortable, but he sed he wor sewer shoo wud, for if it cam tut warst he could live on luv, if shoo wor nobbut his pairtner.

Well, t' first mornin' after they wor man an' wife, Joe set off tuv his wark like a lark, an' when breikfast time cam he worrent long before he wor back hoam. There wor Susey lewking bonnier nor ivver, an' shoo met him at t' door with a baouncing kuss an' a smile 'at made his heart loup again. "What wi' ta hev ta thee breikfast, lad?" shoo sed.

"Well," says Joe, "as ta hesn't gotten owt reddy, gi' me another kuss, an' I'll nivver heed til dinner time."

So after feastin' his een for a minnit or two he set off back agcan, thinking hah lucky he'd been ta get such a grand lass ta share his lot.

When dinner time cam he hurried off agean hoam, an' he'd no sooiner oppened t' door ner Susey flew intuv his arms and tell'd him hah glad shoo wor to see him agean, an' what wod he hev for his dinner? Joe lewked raand, but secin' nowt, said: "Then thah hesn't made owt, lass?"

"Yus, I hev, lad," said Susey, smilin' grander nur ivver.

"What is it, lass?" says Joe.

"Nay, thah mun guess."

Joe thowt it wor no use guessing pork, nur liver, nur stakes, nur nowt wi' onions in, or else he'd 'a' smelled 'em, an' there wor nowt o' that sort abaat. So he gav' it up.

"Can't ta guess?" shoo sez.

"Noa," said Joe.

"Mun I tell tha?" Susey said, lewkin' killin'.

"Nah, then," said Joe, "what is it, for I'm rare an hungry."

"Well, I'll tell tha, lad, for I know thu'll like it—its candyeeika!" An' shoo brought aht throu under her apron a little box o' candies. Joe lewked rayther blue at this for a hungry man, but he sooin straightened up an' sed: "Well, then, lass, let's hev another kuss, an' aws be satisfied." So shoo kussed him agean, and he trudged off tut shop wi' a heart as leet as his stummack. Aye, but it wor a long time before supper time cam, so Joe thowt at least, an' if ivver he felt hungry in his life it wor when he wor liftin' t' latch o' t' hahse door, as he gate hoam at six o'clock. As sooin as ivver he oppened t' door there wor Susey lewking as smart as a May Queen, wi' her hair dun up and a nice apron on with a red border round it, an' her face all smiles. But Joe wor hungry, so he lewked-raand rayther keenly for t' tea things, an' he woddent ha' been vexed if there'd been a stake frizzling on t' fire. But there worrent. Susey saw him squinting raand, so shoo cam up an' kussed him, an' sed: "What wi' ta hev ta thee drinkin', lad?" Shoo lewked varry bonny, to be sewer, but Joe didn't seem to care as mich abaat it as he hed done. So he sat daan an' wor varry quiet for a minnit or two. After a bit he sed: "Susey, lass, a chap may mak his breikfast ov a kuss, an' may mak a kuss dew for his dinner, but a buttered tea-cake and a soup of tea wod suit me a deal better for mi supper."

"Well, Joe, tha sed tha cud liv on luv, an' so I thowt tha sud try, but tha sal hev summat more substantial, if tha'll nobbut put up wi' my shortcomin's." They've five youngsters nah, an' "nut one to monny," sez Joe.

After this bit o' experience Susey nivver heard Joe mention a word abaat livin' o' luv. YORKSHIREMAN.



THE MASTER "TURNER."



SEATED in my arm chair musing,
Of the girls I used to know,
And my memory backward turning
To the days of long ago:
In the clouds from out my Cuba,
Upwards curling soft and slow,
Seems to me I see the faces
Of my girls of long ago.

There is Kate, her dark eyes beaming
With the love she used to show
For another, in my absence
In the days of long ago.
Ah, what charms those lips had for me,
She will never, never know,
For she bounced me in a passion,
Bounced me, bounced me, years ago!

And there is Margaret, fair and stately,
Whom I often used to row
On the river, in the twilight.
In the days of long ago:
But she's wedded to another,
For her mother thought me slow
In coming to the vital question,
In the days of long ago.

And there seem a hundred others
Moving softly to and fro,
'Mid the clouds of smoke uprising,
But their names I do not know,
Tho' I've courted each and loved her—
But my memory's badgered so,
With the scores that I've been left by,
In the days of long ago.

Open Sound.

W. B. L.



MR. E. E. SHEPPARD, editor of the *News*, is about to begin in his weekly edition the publication of a novel of Canadian life, by himself. The title is, "Dolly; or, the Little Widder up to Felder's." The opening chapters, which we have been favored to read in advance, give promise of a most interesting and characteristic story. Mr. Sheppard's keen powers of observation, his extensive experience of life and his natural wit and humor, will find full scope in this work. His brethren of the press will note his success as a novelist with pleasure.

CUTTING THE RATES.

ARCHBISHOP TASCHEREAU of Quebec, has opened a new avenue for the replenishment of the funds of the Quebec Archiepiscopal See as well as to revive the attention of the faithful respecting spiritual issues. He has offered a ticket for the small sum of 25 cts., by which every purchaser is guaranteed a first-class passage to Heaven. It reads as follows:

" Tickets for Heaven,
" 25 cents.

" The Catholic Church is the way to Heaven.
" Without the Church no Salvation.

" For the next six years a mass will be said at the *Coeur de Marie* every month for those who buy these tickets.

" Imprimatur,
" E. A. TASCHEREAU,
" Archbishop of Quebec."

GRIP has just clipped the above from the *Brooklyn Eagle*. He would like to know whether His Grace the Archbishop, here in Toronto, interprets this as a Christmas joke, or if it is to be taken as a *bona fide* document. If the latter, couldn't His Grace give the Toronto folks the same chance? And seeing these are the days of strong competition, and merciless cutting of rates, couldn't tickets from Toronto to Heaven be issued at fare and a third—say fifteen cents, for return—with half-fare for children? The trouble is, however, that from that bourne mentioned there is no return. Then again, they hold good only for six years—these twenty-five cent rates—but then, six years—ah!—well now—couldn't they be extended to ten, twenty, or say forty years? Somehow, we never are quite ready to set forth on that journey—and we doubt if the strong temptation of a cheap twenty-five cent ticket thither would induce us to hurry up our departure. In fact we never do fairly and finally set out until that familiar square cab with the glass sides and Prince of Wales feathers, drives up to the door—and then we can't take a bit of luggage along. Still, a ticket—only twenty-five cents, would be handy—it's tempting to feel one's booked safely to such a desirable destination for so little outlay, no one knows what may happen, and like an insurance policy it would be handy to have in case—and of course it would be superfluous to demand a guarantee that the ticket of admission would be honored by St. Peter. *Hélas! Les pauvres Protestants!*

Two students met on King Street.

" Say, Snarley, where do you live?"

" In a *plain board* house on Mush Avenue. Where do you starve?"

" In an 'ash 'ouse on Grub Street."

" Well, you must be sooted there. Say, have you a toothpick?"

" Oh, yes, I'm dieting myself; here's one."

" Now, we're a pair of pick-chewers, eh?"

Then they passed on.



A MAYORALTY PUZZLE.

Innocent Lady Voter.—I don't understand this election business at all. The bill says, "Vote for Economy and Alex Manning." Well, I *did* vote for Economy, and then the official said I couldn't vote twice for Mayor, so I couldn't vote for Alex Manning. I don't see why they put up bills to confuse people!



COLD FOR THE HEELERS.

(Remarkable fall in the temperature immediately after the election of Howland.)

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.

DYSPEPSIA.

This prevalent malady is the parent of most of our badly ill. One of the best remedies known for dyspepsia is Burdock Blood Bitters, it having cured the worst chronic forms, after all else had failed.

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SOSS' Ordered Clothing Department and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow.

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wu, West & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

Prof. DAVINSON, Chiropodist and Manicure, corner King and Yonge, over Ellis & Co.'s jewellery store. Finger nails beautified; corns, bunions and ingrowing nails cured at once, without pain. A perfect cure guaranteed.

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

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

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Corner Berkeley and Front Streets,
TORONTO.



AN INVITATION TO THE GRAND OLD MAN.
Gladstone.—I'D LIKE TO COME OVER, BUT I'VE GOT THIS JOB TO FINISH FIRST.

THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor. PATELY'S is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

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What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that nobody will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

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A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch. I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWBRN'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge Street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

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VIOLINS—FIRST-CLASS, FROM \$75.00 to \$3.00. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLANTON, 197 Yonge Street, Toronto.

BRUCE THE PHOTOGRAPHER, SPELLS HIS name with a U, and don't you forget it. He is always on hand to attend personally on his patrons, and still leads the profession in the artistic quality of his work. Studio, 118 King Street W.

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Still takes the lead for machine purposes.

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LEAR'S
NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,
15 and 17 Richmond Street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.
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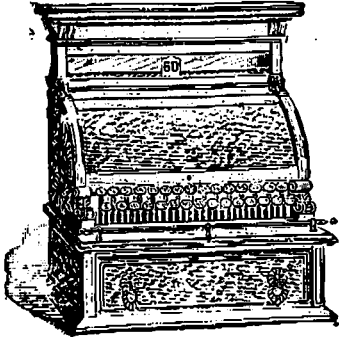
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The publishers of *Grip* are making extensive improvements for 1886. The old cover is to be discarded, and the journal will hereafter comprise 12 pages, and be printed on heavy toned and calendar paper,—every number being so artistically executed as to compare favorably with the best papers of the kind on the continent. The adverts. will be compressed and more systematically arranged: while similar improvements will be made as to the letter-press. A new and handsome design will adorn the title-page: while the Cartoons will certainly not suffer from extensive improvements in the artistic department.

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