

GRIP



VOL. XXXVI.

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1891.

No. 13.
Whole No. 928.



TICKLISH SKATING.

TUPPER (*General Government Coach*)—"Now then, go gingerly, and take care to keep away from the thin ice in the centre."

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.

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Artist and Editor
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J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

THE SPHINX.—Mr. Blake's "testament" continues to furnish food for discussion in and out of the newspapers. As is usual in the case of documents which have been written in a peculiarly lucid manner, and divided up into carefully numbered paragraphs to ensure still further clear-

ness, it appears to be pretty hard to understand. Most commentators have arrived at the conclusion, however, that Mr. Blake's opinion was that Annexation was the inevitable destiny of Canada, whether we persisted in the protection policy, or exchanged it for a free trade arrangement with the States. The only question which remained open to discussion was as to whether the inevitable destiny was agreeable or otherwise to Mr. Blake personally. There was nothing in the document to decide it definitely, and the commentators took to more or less interesting speculations. Then, the "Tribune of the People" broke the oppressive silence with a single sentence—though a tolerably long one—to the *Globe*, in which he said that Annexation "though becoming our probable, is neither our ideal nor as yet our inevitable destiny." And now we want to know what Mr. Blake's opinion, our ideal or inevitable future? But the great ex-leader has relapsed once more into sphinx-like silence.

TICKLISH SKATING.—It will be a new experience for Sir John to conduct affairs with a majority representing only the extreme edges of the country. Quebec has utterly gone back on him, and Ontario is not much more friendly. Sir Richard Cartwright is credited with the belief that the Government will be unable to carry

on business under the circumstances. It is premature, however, to make calculations about the size of the working majority. It may be much larger before the session is a month old than the returns now indicate. Indeed, if Sir John's followers in the House are as faithful and obedient as usual, we see no reason why he could not go on with a majority of one, if necessary.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has been exposing, in his eloquent and trenchant manner, the scurvy conduct of the Grit party, which, baffled in its attempt to seize the offices, has now turned round and is doing its unpatriotic best to "prevent the Government from securing a fair measure of reciprocity and relief for the farmers." A Party that would act in this contemptible fashion deserves the strongest epithets that even a Tupper can apply, and—But, by the way, isn't this the same Tupper who declared night after night and day after day all through the late campaign that the farmers didn't require any relief, but were enjoying all manner of prosperity? There must be a mistake lurking round here somewhere.

IT is time that we came to an understanding about this man Tupper. He seems to be endeavoring, with some success, to carve out for himself a special place under our constitution. While, as a matter of fact, he is only a member of the Civic Service—and a particularly expensive and useless one at that—he assumes all the airs and functions of a cabinet minister. His appearance in the campaign as General High Commissioner of the Government party going up and down the country in a special car brow-beating and bellowing at the people who pay him his salary was an intolerable affront to decency, and a spectacle which would have been impossible in any country but Canada. Perhaps, however, his ruffianly attack on the Grand Trunk Railway Company (because, according to Sir Henry Tyler, that company refused to be bribed to do partizan work for the Government during the election), was the brassiest of all his performances. Tupper must be made to mind his own business in London (if the sort of thing we pay him his salary for may be called business), or to come into the public arena on the same basis as other politicians and take the responsibility of his utterances. At present he is simply intolerable.

CANADIANS are right in holding as they do almost without exception that our institutions are, on the whole, superior to those of the neighboring Republic, but the Canuck, who in the exuberance of his patriotism ventures to point the finger of scorn at American political morals, as compared with our own, lays himself open to a very flattening reply. Take the latest illustration—the case of Senator J. J. Ingalls, of Kansas. Here was a bright and able man, one of the national leaders of the Republican party. In a moment of candor Ingalls happened to say, in a public speech or document, that moral reform in politics was, in his opinion, "an iridescent dream," and that there was no room for the Decalogue in public life. Swift vengeance followed this cynical utterance. At the late election in Kansas Ingalls was snowed under, and now, with all his wit and eloquence, he is regarded as a political "dead duck." On this side side of the line his fate would have been much happier. His jaunty dismissal of the Decalogue from politics would most likely have been applauded, and would have entitled him to the proud soubriquet of "Canada's Greatest Statesman."



IRISH LOGIC.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—“Smoking’s not allowed in this room, sir. You’ll have to quit.”

MR. MCFINIGAN.—“I’m not shmokin’, sir.”

RAILWAY OFFICIAL.—“But you have your pipe in your mouth, sir.”

MR. MCF.—“Yis; an’ I hav me fut in me boot, but I’m not walkin’.”

HON. EDWARD BLAKE,—DEAR SIR,—Lend us your car for half a moment. You do not say what, in your opinion, Canada’s ideal future would be. We apprehend, however, that Independence, with absolute Free Trade would suit you. We seem to see your distinguished spectacles glisten as you say earnestly, yet hopelessly—‘Ah! but that is too good to be possible! We’ve got to keep up a high tariff for revenue, we need nearly forty millions a year! Free Trade with the world is out of the question!’ Not a bit of it, dear sir. Look at this: Do away with the tariff, and all its paraphrenalia of custom house harpies, bolts, bars, bonds and bandages. Abolish the internal revenue and all its officials. Abolish all municipal direct taxes on houses, salaries and personal property. See? Clear the ground smooth and clean. That is the first step. You follow us?

NOW then, you say you want \$40,000,000 for the public till. All right. Take that amount by a tax on ground rent. It would amount to less than five per cent. of the economic rent now paid yearly by the people of Canada. In some cases that rent is paid to landlords; in other cases it is pocketed by the occupier, who is also the owner of the land. It is there, anyway, every year. For the Provincial revenue, and the municipal revenue, take an additional percentage of the ground rent. Do you catch the idea? Just let this simmer in your powerful mind for awhile. and then let us have another manifesto.

A WICKED HOAX.

SOME one in Hamilton has been hoaxing the correspondent of the Sydney (Australia) *Herald*, when that gentleman was in Canada last summer. In the issue of the *Herald* for November 13th, ultimo, the following paragraph occurs: “Seated in the parlor of my friend, our view, taking in the whole expanse of Burlington Bay, and a considerable stretch of Lake Ontario to the east, we compared notes relative to the Australasian and Canadian colonies. The Civil Service came in for its share, and while Mr. — acknowledged that most of the best offices in the gift of the Governments were too often bestowed as rewards for political services, he assured me that in quite a number of cases he could name, promotion and preferment were the result of extensive travel in various parts of the world. As nearly as I can remember, this was his language: ‘The Ontario Government is anxious to encourage this sort of thing, and I trust you will make a note of it. You see, Canadians are a restless people, and, by way of persuading experienced persons to remain at home after their travels, a good office is conferred on them, and I can name for you nearly a dozen who have thus become entitled to comfortable emoluments simply by travelling over the globe.’”

Shame! we cry on the wicked Hamiltonian who thus crammed his simple-minded Antipodian fellow-subject. Was he jealous because no patronage had been conferred on chaps from the offices of the *Times*, the *Herald* and the *Spec*? Why that’s nothing at all. Toronto people don’t say a word because the boys on the *Empire*, *Mail*, *News*, *Telegram*, *World* and *GRIP* have no show. They simply take this sort of thing for granted, but when any of the boys themselves want to get settled for life they join the staff of the *Globe* as soon as may prove convenient, and certainly their travels, as a rule, lead them to the desired haven.



LENTEN PENANCE OF UNCLE SAM.



COMPREHENSIVE.

PROF. G. SMITH—"I infer from your addendum letter to the *Globe* that you do not approve of Annexation as our probable destiny?"

HON. E. B.—"Sir, I do not approve of anything in particular."

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE PRINCE PLON-PLON.

(BY OUR SPECIAL PARISIAN RACONTEUR).

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE usually called "Plon-Plon" for short, has gone over to the majority. He had a few more names, but we don't just remember what they were, and as Premier Mowat has not yet returned our *Almanach de Gotha* which he borrowed a few months ago for diplomatic correspondence with the Crowned Heads of Europe, we can't get them in time for this issue. But " 's no matter" as Joe Rymal would observe—Plon-Plon was his name for all practical purposes. He was a Prince by virtue of his position as one of about two dozen Rightful Heirs to the throne of France—By way of compromise the difficulty was settled by their all being thrown out of France. This occurrence has caused grave suspicion as to the true loyalty of the French people, but it must, in justice to them, be borne in mind that it is very confusing to have to be loyal to about a score of princes, *comtes*

and *ducs* simultaneously. It is the sort of promiscuousness of the thing that kills the loyalty racket in the sunny realm of Gaul.

But *revenons a nos* Plon-Plon. His father was erstwhile King of Westphalia. This circumstance was the occasion of a *mot* by the celebrated Talleyrand—"Should the West-fail-er" he said one day familiarly to the monarch, "you had better try the East." Talleyrand was famous for his *mots*. The funny papers were not paying at a rate of a dollar a joke for gags of this kind in those days, so he worked them off in job lots at dinner parties and cabinet councils. Previous to the birth of Plon-Plon the Westphalians unanimously tendered King Jerome his resignation, and he followed Talleyrand's advice. Prince Jerome was born in Trieste and grew to maturity in exile. He was frequently heard to remark "*la vie est Trieste*," showing thereby the *esprit* and *elan* of his race under the most adverse circumstances.

Meanwhile the gay Parisians were indulging in their customary biennial revolutions, and in process of time Louis Napoleon, one of the Rightful Heirs got a chance to spell his name with three l's. Shortly before this he had been the inmate of a jail, which gave rise to a *jeu d'esprit* by Lord Normanby at that time ambassador to France. Lord Normanby was a stolid, prosaic Englishman and could not joke worth a cent, but in order to fulfil the requirements of his position and solidify himself with the *beau monde* of the Faubourg St. Germain he had his secretary work off a few *mots* for him every morning, which he learned carefully by heart. "Ah" said he

to Thiers at a reception given by the Countess de Vieuxtemps, "I see they have arrested Loueé Napoleong," "*Oui Milord*" *repondit il*. "Then" said the British ambassador, playfully nudging the French statesman in the ribs, "Let the jailed Gaul wince, our withers are unwrung—Shakespeare, ahem." This remark quickly made the rounds of the *salons* and when Napoleon III came to the throne was nearly a *casus belli*. After much diplomatic correspondence the astuteness of Lord Palmerston enabled the establishment of a *modus vivendi* which is yet extant. Normanby was publicly cashiered, but the cashier received private instructions to pay him his salary right along just as usual.

Plon-Plon, of course, returned to Paris and mingled in the gay and giddy whirl of the Second Empire. He fought in the Crimean War where he commanded a *corps*. His celebrated *mot* on learning of his appointment, to the effect that he would rather command a regiment of live men than one *corps*, is still a current barrack-room jest, but of late grave doubt has been thrown on its originality. It is believed to have been first uttered by the celebrated Marshal Turenne. Be this as it may,

Plon-Plon's military career was of short duration and he returned home on sick leave. *Sic transit, e c.*

Plon-Plon was again fired with military ambition during the Franco Italian war, but in 1872 he was fired out of France with a celerity that made his head swim. He retired to his chateau near Geneva, where he spent his time cherishing memories of the past and waiting for the Republic to bust up so he could file his claims as Rightful Heir. Passing travellers of distinction often dropped into his chateau to chat over the situation and exchange *mots* with him. He always kept a good supply of the latter on hand. *Cela va sans dire.*

Matthew Arnold called on him in 1885 and condoled with him by pointing out the vanity of human greatness. "Here *mon ami*," said the great English philosopher, "you have all that suffices. Have you any lack?" The Prince heaved a sigh. "*Ah, oui mon ami, Lac de Geneve*," he replied. The shock is believed to have seriously affected Matthew Arnold's nervous system and probably hastened his end.

Plon Plon studiously abstained from religious observances during his life-time, thereby saving many thousand francs in pew rents and collections, but got reconciled with the church on his death-bed, thereby making the best of both worlds. He said that he would die like an Emperor and accepted the principles of the Concordat, and his apology was accepted.

His funeral at Turin was one of the most *recherche* and *fin de siecle* occasions recently witnessed. The *corps diplomatique* attended. "Who is dead?" enquired an American millionaire, as the *cortège* passed—"Monsieur, *Le Prince Jerome Bonaparte est mort*," replied Count Des Grenouilles, who happened to be standing near. "Oh, you mean he is *no more*, I guess," replied the American.

Helas! Telle est la vie!

"HIM AND ME."

SUNG BY MISS CANADA.

TRA-LA-LA, we're right good friends;

Him and me;
And his love he slyly sends
Oft to me;

He's a spry young man, I know,
Side by side along we'll go,
While he treats me kindly so;
Him and me.

He has money—so have I;

Him and me;
Our estates are equal, nigh;
Him and me;

But in bargains he is 'cute,
And he plays upon his lute
Merry tunes which always suit
Him—not me.

He's my uncle, so they say;

Him and me;
Mother's cousin, by the way;
Him and me;

And relations cannot go
To the altar, you must know,
For the Church would say us No,
Don't you see.

Tra-la-la, we'll live in peace;

Him and me;
May our friendship never cease
Thus to be;

Come the good, or come the ill,
Change my name I never will,
For my mother loves me still,
More than he.

T. J. G.



"NOT A LIBERAL BUT A DESPOT."

Mr. Mercier decreed, so it is said, that the two papers, *La Justice* and *L'Etendard*, should be closed up. It was not his will that any of them should continue to be published after saying anything out of harmony with his views. They dare to disobey. *La Justice*, at least, can be coerced. It is printed at the office of the *Electeur*, and though the publishers of that paper are under a binding contract to print *La Justice*, while guaranteeing its independence, Mr. Mercier threatens to withdraw the Government printing; so the contract and all honor go by the board. How does Mr. Mercier exercise this autocratic power over what should be the guarantee of the people's liberties—a so-called free press? Simply by his use of our money. The *Electeur* is bribed with heavy undisguised subsidies to support him, and support him it must at whatever sacrifice of manhood—*Montreal Witness*.

THE WAIL OF THE INFANT INDUSTRIES.

MISS CANADA the nurse-maid, enters the nursery with a big hobby-horse under her arm, and sees the bloated baby monopolist sprawling on the floor in ecstatic admiration of the antics of a jumping-jack (Sir John A.)—"Dear me, those brats will never learn to go alone until they get a better plaything than that old puppet. Here you little N.P. noodle poodles, see what a pretty Reciprocity hobby-horse your Uncle Sam has brought you. Just catch hold of it and you'll soon learn to toddle. You can't smash it, its strong enough to break down a fence. Now give me that useless old thing," picks up the jumping-jack to fling it away.

Chorus of enraged and frightened B. B. Ms.—"Ow! Ow! Ow! boo hoo! boo-hoo!—we'll fall down, boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

MISS CANADA (*impatiently*)—"Oh, shut up! shut up! There's your old man again, seeing nothing else will quiet you."

She gives them back the jumping-jack and goes out for a walk with Uncle Sam round the corner.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

ON DIT.

THAT it is proposed to form a Blake Society on the lines of the Browning Club for the study of the abstruse and profound Document of the Great Canadian.

A FEW MINUTES AT THE HUB.



EVENTUALLY it would be sure to come out that we had never visited Boston, and from the instant of that announcement the influence and prestige which GRIP has enjoyed for well nigh a score of years would disappear, for it would be manifest to all reflecting persons that the culture which has heretofore marked these pages must have been a mere sham. To be sure,

the danger has been minimized of late by the presence upon our staff of a gentleman who not only has been to Boston, but who actually lived there for years. Yet we felt that, more or less, ruin would lurk about until it could be truthfully asserted that the rest of us had been there. That declaration can now be made, and GRIP's reputation is safe, come what may. An invitation from the Athens of America, indicating that a large audience of the residents of that city would be pleased to assemble in Tremont Temple and do the listening if our young man would go down there and do the talking, was accepted in the spirit in which it was sent. At the risk of falling under the corroding censure visited by Canadian patriots upon the Cartwrights and Farrers, our young man went. It may diminish the heroism of this, perhaps, to mention that the elections were over, but such was the case. And it may be added, confidentially, that the daring exploit was still further modified by the fact that from the depot in this Old Flag city of Toronto to the depot in that unspeakable abode of Yankees we travelled continuously in a C. P. R. train. We leave Mr. Van Horne to explain this away as best he can.

Well, the audience were there as per agreement, and they did the listening in a manner to leave nothing to be desired on the part of the speaker. Only in one detail was he disappointed. He had expected to look down upon a sea of eye glasses, and there was hardly a *pince-nez* in the house. Nor were these "helps to read" (or to look distinguished) any more prevalent on the streets or at the theatres. This was a set-back, all the more keenly felt because just a few days before going to Boston he had read the following poem by Harry B. Smith, a Chicago man:

THE BOSTON BABE.

In culture's centre, in Boston town,
Dwelt a cultured single man,
A sage professor of owl-like mien,
Some forty years his span.
In all the deepest philosophies,
In all the "fads" of the day,
In languages, sciences, ev'rything
The professor was quite *au fait*.

He wore eye-glasses; of course he did,
As ev'ryone does down there;
Sometimes he blinked through grim goggles green,
And often he wore two pair.
But none is proof against Eros's spells.
And at last it came to pass
That he fell in love with a spinster fair,
The sagest girl in her class.

Oh, though she was only twenty-five,
Through life she'd have had to grope,
If she hadn't worn spectacles strong and thick
As the lens of a telescope.

Lured by each other's charms of mind,
He wooed and she answered "yea";
Lo, after a brief betrothal term
They were wed in a stately way.

The time fled by, as the time will fly,
When, much to their learned joy,
There arrived one day on this mortal scene
A dear little Boston boy.
When the usual crowd gathered 'round the babe,
To chatter, admire and vex,
With unanimous voice they all exclaimed;
"Great heaven! He's born with specs."

One of the few glasses which gleamed in the brightly lighted hall rested upon the nose of Gen. Chas. H. Taylor, proprietor of the *Globe*, and President of the Boston Press Club. The general is one of the most widely-known newspaper men in the States, having achieved a phenomenal sweep with his paper, which he lifted from obscurity to "the biggest circulation in New England" within a dozen years. The Press is one of some nine-hundred and ninety-nine clubs which claim Gen. Taylor as a member, but it probably finds the first place in his affections. It is snugly housed in the very heart of the city, and the evidences of prosperity it exhibits are well calculated to fill a Toronto journalist with envy. If the Boston people at large may be safely judged by those whom it was our young man's good fortune to meet—Hon. Chas. Gallagher, Geo. A. Foxcroft, Mayor Matthew, etc., etc.—the existence of so many clubs is easily accounted for. These gentlemen were all highly clubbable. The funny man of the day has rung the changes on Boston's "culture," and as usual he has a solid fact around which to weave the festoons of fun. It is plain even to the transient visitor that Boston puts more emphasis on her theatres, art schools, lectureships, and social receptions than upon her dry-goods shops. To the resident of almost any other city on the continent, this is of course funny—but it is also refreshing. A Torontonion, however, probably feels more at home there than any other stranger, for Boston is just what Toronto will be when we get 200,000 more of a population.



EX NIHILO NIHIL, ETC.

MR. CRUSTY DE CRUMBLE—"Look here, you ass! When I and my wife come here to get our photographs taken, we want photographs, not things like these. Hang you for an idiot!"

BICKLEY—"I could have d-done them bet-t-ter, if—er—you had b-brought bet-t-ter material."



TUPPERIAN COUNSEL.

THE BAD BART.—“Now, fellows, make the most of your opportunities—as I do. The Old Man is beholden to you for his present position. Go for him—and make him pay you well for your support!”

[“The result of the elections is to place the balance of power in the House in the outlying Provinces—in the North-West, the Pacific and the Atlantic. These Provinces are not only in the position to demand justice, but to obtain the highest consideration at the hands of the party for the noble support given them.”—Sir C. Tupper's farewell speech.]

DESIGNING FELLOWS.

(BY OUR OWN REPORTER.)

BY chance I got wind of a convention to be held by a number of designing men who emphatically styled themselves the “Ontario Association of Architects,”—a name adopted, no doubt, to cover their base-(ment) designs. I suspected that their real object was to ventilate their complaints; and as I was born a British subject, and had determined that a British subject I would die, I concluded, in the interests of loyalty and the old flag, to frustrate their plans. I found they had made a contract to meet in the School of Practical Science—which was quite wright, considering that these designing men are Practical Politicians. I found it difficult to pass through the door, and at times I had to take refuge in flight by the back stairway, to avoid inspection. The theme of considerable talk was the ‘Ras-trick which Sir John had just exposed; and I found men had come from the extreme Towns-end to discuss the situation. The members of this mystic order—known as the “A.M.O.O.”—are cemented by a strong bond which requires them to reveal all the Government secrets, and not to curry favor with any civil service official. It was quite in order, therefore, for a member of the Clan from Ottawa to speak very emphatically about the scandals thereabouts. Under the innocent title, “Methods of heating in Dominion Parliament Buildings in the last ten years,” he gave details and specifications of the various trials of the Government during that term—told how

many times they had got into hot water, owing to being unable to control the combustible elements in the party. These exposures created quite a Storm, and an attempt was made to Burke the discussion, but without avail—the members were determined to tear off the veneer and expose the true construction of the cabinet. Another member then took the floor, and almost raised the roof by his dogmatic utterances. He told many stories in illustration of his points, and by these he “brought down the house.” After a mans ard work for many months, such exhilaration was considered excusable. Music, games and refreshments were freely indulged in, the services of the Miller and the Butcher being in great requisition, while a Bowman and a Fowler added to the entertainment, and a Harper played skilfully. In the compass of a brief outline such as this, it is impossible to go into minute detail, but your reporter trusts he will not be considered as drawing invidious comparisons when he certifies that Darling Dick took the Bunn,—though he does not mean to intimate that any member of the Clan is devoid of mind (though they were all nicely caught in a Webb before they left town).

Your readers will have to Waite for further particulars.

“CANADA will fall into our lap like a ripe apple, if we wait long enough.”—Philadelphia Ledger. Yes, if you wait long enough, dear; but we rather think something will give; and in all probability it will be the Great American Lap.



A CRUEL FRIEND.

BROWN—"I say, Smith, the fellows are beginning to call me 'Shorty,' and I don't like it. If you were in my place what would you do when addressed by that name?"

SMITH—"Don't know, but I'm afraid I would answer to it."

THE PIANO SALESMAN.

"JUST walk into my parlor,"
Says the spider to the fly,
"And my Bangawhack pianos
Will you condescend to try?
That our patents are the latest
Is a fact none can deny,
Tone and action are the finest,
And our actions are not 'fly.'

"The hosts of 'old-time' makers
Are played out, as you know,
And most of those made here, sir,
Are also way below;
But if you want the finest—
Well!!! I do not wish to blow,
But the Bangawhack piano
Has the everlasting show!

"Our price is just two fifty
For the largest concert grand,
And our length of time on payments
Can't be beaten in the land;
Per month we'll take three dollars,
Or, if that will not do,
We'll do our best to strain a point—
Hold on! we'll make it two.

"You think the price too high, sir,
Then say *two hundred cash*;
Ambition is our object, and
Mercé money is but trash—
We'll even say *one fifty*, when
By competition crossed,
And—hang it!—if you say so,
We'll make it less than cost!

"How much is cost? Well, et me see,
Our 'asking price' for this
Is just eight hundred dollars
According to our list;
But as we said before, sir,
To a gentleman like you
We'll make it just *one fifty*—
But only 'cause 'tis you.

"What, going? No, just wait awhile
Until I see the boss,
To place it in a house like yours
We'll even stand a loss;
Let's say the *even hundred*
And close the thing right here,
With music, stool and cover, and
Free lessons for a year!

"You'll take it! Thank you! Take a chair!
John, bring the papers, quick!
Just draw the note and fill the lease,
Or else the gent may kick;
And let us thank our lucky stars,
Though profits here may fail,
Despite all opposition, still
At least we've made a sale."

H. H. GODFREY.

DOBBS' BITTERS.

DOCTOR DOBBS is a millionaire—
I'll briefly state how he got there.

A city practice he tried in vain,
'Twas a constant grind of payless pain.

Then he cast about in his well-stored mind
Some easier road to wealth to find.

And he noted the fact that inferior critters
Have done quite well by inventing Bitters.

There was Dr. Squidge, an ignorant lummax,
What did he know about human stomachs?

And yet Squidge's Bitters sold everywhere,
And he had become a millionaire.

"Now I," quoth Dobbs, "am a learned man,
And work on a scientific plan;

"I'll put up stuff that is really good
As a brain, and nerve, and stomach food,

"From a formula known to the regular schools,
The tonics in vogue are the work of fools."

So with care and skill, and deep, deep thought
Dobbs' Bitters he into existence brought—

A nasty mixture, with pungent taste,
But of all specifics the very best.

It cost big money to advertise,
"But it's bound to go," said the doctor wise.

Well—he lost his investment—it *didn't* go
(Most things of merit are fated so).

And poor old Dobbs was in blank despair
When the Fakir turned up and said, "Ah, there!

"You're a learned duck, an' I'm on'y a fake,
But I'll teach you a good sellin' Bitters to make.

"There's an element lacking in this of yours,
It never will sell whatever it cures.

"I'll put you on to a racket I know,
If you'll take me in—d'ye call it a go?"

"Done!" cries the doctor—"we'll partners be.
Now hastily give this racket to me."

"Well, a Bitters to sell," says the Fakir fly,
"Must be one-fifth bitters and four-fifths rye!"

They made it so, and so fast it sold,
That they soon were ro'ling in wealth untold.



THE MYSTERIOUS SPHINX: WHO KNOWS WHAT HE THINK?



THE TABLES TURNED.

MISS CANADA—"Really, my dear Mr. Bull, what a shocking climate you must have, to be sure!"

THE GREAT SERAPHINA SPECIFICS

NO. I.

A LONG acquaintance with the terrible ailments to which all flesh is heir, and a noble resolve to be of service to the world at large—has induced the far-famed physician, Doctor Stumpengrinn, to give to the public his wonderful inventions.

"THE SERAPHINA SPECIFICS."

It was at first the learned Doctor's intention to confine his benevolence to the more remote countries—Africa for example,—but, finding that Mr. Henry Stanley had already introduced amongst the too-confiding natives some mysterious concoctions which have for a time won their innocent hearts, he (Dr. Stumpengrinn) abandoned this idea and turned his attention to the cannibalistic regions.

This great Philanthropist, however, is no poetic idealist. He does not aspire to change the verdant naturalness of the poor abused cannibals. No; but he *does* aspire to make their meals wholesome, by the constant use of his marvellous

SERAPHINA SPECIFICS

any one (from the good old nursery "King of the Cannibal Islands" down to his meanest subject) can make a good, square meal of his nearest and dearest (including his spouses).—His bitterest enemy will have an added sweetness—and even a zealous missionary—if trained sufficiently on the

"SERAPHINA SPECIFICS"

will not cause him distress! In short that cannibal's whole internal economy will be invigorated and as the heart and brain are frequently influenced through other channels, the future CIVILIZATION and CONVERSION of the interesting cannibal may be said to rest upon

"THE SERAPHINA SPECIFICS."

Doctor Stumpengrinn could not find it in his conscience to confine his good work to these far-off countries. He is a benefactor *in toto*. We are permitted the extreme privilege of recording his conversation with an eminent scientist friend, Herr Von, Muddelkopf, "Mein freund, vy gonvine myself to zee *remode* zoundries? Nein, Ich bill mein Sbezivics to zee whole zivilized Welt Zeben (Ach! bud I zlib indo mein own Deutch sprach a'zo I live in America so long!) Vy brovide for zee *ginnibals*

only and leave ourzelves, our own hoor' beable in zee need? Nein. Ve vill leave zat to zee Church! Ach so!"

Large hearted speech! The result of this great and soul-stirring resolve is that we

MESSRS. GRIPALL AND SHAKEWELL

are now the authorized agents for the sale of!

"THE SERAPHINA SPECIFICS."

It is almost needless to add that the idea of financial gain is far from us—unlike other agents whom we do not mention through motives of generosity!—also it is superfluous to say that Dr. Stumpengrinn only receives a minute

percentage on our sales, just sufficient to keep body and soul together—highly necessary is such a world's benefactor!

In a spirit, then, of supreme confidence in our CUSTOMERS—in DR. STUMPENGRINN and in O.U.R. S.E.L.V.E.S.—we give in the form of a few simple "Questions" and "Answers" the keynote to THE Discovery of this Age.

"THE SERAPHINA SPECIFICS."

A NOTE TO THE TEACHER.

"PA," said Johnny, as he was preparing to start for school, "I want you to give me a note to the teacher."

"What for?"

"To excuse my bein' absent yesterday."

"Look here, Johnny, that's about the sixteenth note I've had to give you this term. Why didn't you go to school yesterday?"

"Oh, 'cause I was late starting and couldn't get there in time—you can say I was sick or something, can't you?"

"Well, I suppose I can tell some kind of a lie. Let's see, I've given you colds, coughs, chilblains, measles, sore throat and pretty nigh all those ailments. This note business makes me tired. It's always 'pa, I want a note to the teacher.' I'll give you a note this time, but don't you dare to ask me for another again. I'll put a stop to this note foolishness—see if I don't." And he sat right down and wrote the following extraordinary communication:

TORONTO, March 19, '91.

MISS EUDORA BIGGLESWADE,—

Please excuse Johnny for absence yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, and on any and all future occasions for the rest of his natural life—for the following good and sufficient reasons—cold, cough, sore throat, rheumatism, toothache, earache, corns, chilblains, broken arm, ditto leg, gout, dyspepsia, epilepsy, catarh, general debility, neuralgia, liver complaint, consumption, cancer, erysipelas or any of them jointly or severally as may be considered necessary or advisable in accordance with the requirements of educational discipline. Very respectfully,

PETER Q. MCGORLICK.

"There, Johnny," he said handing the document to his youthful offspring. "That'll do the business once for all, and if you ever say 'note to me again I'll half kill you."

ANOTHER VICTIM MARKED OUT.

I AM not a ferocious man. I do not, I think I can truthfully say, thirst for the gore of my fellow man. My disposition is gentle and mild. I never so much as killed a spring poet in all my life.

Yet there is one man on top of this good green earth against whom I shall some day rise in the wrath of a just indignation and whom I shall smite from Dan to Beersheba. I do not refer, dear reader, to that gentle maniac whose insanity takes the form of rising to remark that it is a cold day when the thermometer is 20° below zero; nor to that harmless idiot whose peculiar fashion it is to spoil your best anecdote by interrupting you and finishing it himself. Nor is he that sweet and blooming lunatic who always insists on telling dry stories and laughing uproariously at them, while his listeners are vainly searching for the point, Oh, no! he is none of these. Listen, gentle one, and I will tell you who the man is whose footsteps I am dogging with the restless determination of the Mafia, the man for whose heart's blood I thirst and yearn. It is that fiend in human form, that wolf in sheep's hide, that demon with an angel's wings, who always keeps time to every piece of music he hears, by gently stamping his foot on the ground, the man who thinks that no song, no instrumental performance is complete without the soft sweet racket of his No. 14's coming down in rhythmic beat. This is the man who is the codfish of my parlor, and the cow in my kitchen garden. This is the man for whom I am plotting a terrible and just vengeance; on whose trail I encamp at night; on whose tracks I awake in the morning. Some day, when the flame of human anger can be no longer restrained, I have no doubt that I shall do some awful act of violence and awake to find myself in "durance vile." But I shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they have taken my victim's poor lifeless body out of the orchard and planted it in an obscure corner. And they will raise a single rough slab above his grave and will chalk on it in rude characters:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

MAN WHO KEPT TIME WITH HIS FEET.

OWEN SOUND, March 18th.

JAS. A. TUCKER.

THWARTED.

ONCE upon a time there was a Canadian who did a lot of reading and thinking. The result was that he came to a conclusion about his country which made him unhappy. Still, he went on reading and thinking, but after awhile he got his mind so loaded up and his heart so full and heavy that he felt he must give vent to his feelings or there would be a fatal explosion. So he hired a hall, and when a great concourse of the people had gathered he addressed them saying: "*Friends, Canadians, Countrymen.* We positively can't go on like this any longer. I hardly know where to begin, the subject is so big and overpowering. But hear me! Canada will come to certain ruin unless we set about reforming ourselves right away! No country, whatever its natural endowments may be can survive the extinction of political morality in its people. Our people must be educated, intelligent and right-minded, and they must have the means of expressing their true opinions without let or hindrance. But look! An oligarchy has Canada by the



A CONUNDRUM.

MC SHANE—"F'what's bether av a cowl'd mornin' than a dhrink?"

MC FADD—"Two dhrinks!"

throat! Our taxes are imposed on labor and labor products; monopoly goes free. This puts labor under the hell of monopoly. Then monopoly dictates to labor how it shall vote. As if this compulsion were not enough, one party entrenched in power, votes to gerrymander the constituencies so as to make that power perpetual, then it goes on and by a Franchise Act still further cripples the organs of public expression: still another step is taken, and by a lying appeal to the Governor General secures a dissolution of Parliament and disfranchises over one hundred thousand of the young men of the country! Thus, secure in its clutch upon the public coffers, it squanders the public domain upon political harlots and fills the pockets of thieves with the taxes wrung from the wages of ill-paid workers! My countrymen, it is leading to ruin! We cannot go on defying God and justice and common sense, and hope to avert the calamities that have overwhelmed other nations in the past. We —"

"Aw, come off! You're a Grit!"

This from a man in the audience.

The speaker ceased. For an instant he gazed in horror-stricken silence. Then he disappeared for ever.

The reply was unanswerable and conclusive.

AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TEACHER—"Can any of you remember about the miracle by which an axe was made to float on the top of the water?"

JOHNNY—"Yes-sir."

TEACHER—"And now, tell me whose axe was it?"

JOHNNY—"Ah! I forget. Oh! I know now—the axe (Acts) of the Apostles."

THE dogmatic and tyrannical attitude of the Church in Ohio is indicated in the suspension of Rev. Mr. McQueary for heresy. Is it not most unreasonable to punish a McQueary for questioning the soundness of a doctrine?



CASTING THE PLAY.

BUB—"Sposin' we play circus, an' you'll be the fat woman, an' I'll be the showman."

SIS—"No; you'll be the edicated pig. Come on; won't it be fun!"

WHEN THEY GO TO WASHINGTON.

IT is well understood that Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson and Hon. G. E. Foster will leave for Washington at an early date in connection with the reciprocity negotiations.—*Globe correspondent.*

TRIO TO BE SUNG OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF THE CAPITOL

Three little Tory statesmen we,
We've just come over from Canadee,
To try and get Reciprocity—
Three little Tory gents;

Pray, Uncle Sam, excuse our gall,
Please overlook the mean and small
Things we've done, and said, and all;
Please don't take offence!

When of late we talked "old flag,"
And denounced your wretched rag,
And yourself, with bounce and brag
'Twas all tommy rot!

Here we crouch in posture low—
In a cringing, humble row—
Feed, oh, feed us plenty crow,
Serve it steaming hot!

THOUGHT IT WAS MEANT FOR T. W.

WASHERWOOD—"By the way, that's a rather good thing of Forshaw Day's at the Academy Exhibition—'Angling at the Mouth of a Run, New Brunswick.'"

BESWAX—"Think so? Well, the landscape ain't half bad, but the figure is mighty poor. It ain't a bit like him or he must have changed greatly since he left New Brunswick."

AT OTTAWA.

MAUDIE (*reading from the Citizen*)—"Dr. Bungo F.R.S.C. will lecture to-night.' Mama, what in the world does F.R.S.C. stand for?"

Mrs. METCALFE STREETE (*deep in the Free Press—abstractedly*)—"Oh, farce, my dear, a perfect farce!"

WALES' DIVIGATIONS.

WHEN the English Heir Apparent isn't gambling,
Isn't gambling,
When he isn't hiding aces in his boot,
In his boot,
With ladies of the rapid sort he's rambling,
He is rambling,
Or of buxom Yankee females in pursuit,
In pursuit,
When he's not at functions spating with his mother,
With his mother,
It's just awful to observe his goings on,
Goings on;
Taking one consideration with another,
With another,
Victoria's life is not a happy one,
Happy one!

HOW THE FIGHT STARTED.

"THIS Ashbridge's Bay improvement business is a fraud of the worst kind. The people, in voting for the by-law did not realize thoroughly what they were doing. They acted heedlessly—"

"Yes; I said at the time that they ought not to heed Leslie."

!! ——— ? * * *

!! ——— ? * * * !! ———

"Police! Police!"

GREAT TALKERS.

BILLINGER—"Was down to Montreal last week, and met a lot of Frenchmen. What a talkative set they are!—always gabbling."

MIGGLES—"Just so, which proves the truth of the old Irish song—

"Oh the Frinch are *on the say*, says the Shan Van Vocht."

ON THE HONORABLE UNMENTIONABLE ONE.

COLD, callous, cruel, cowardly and "wuss,"
He (disappointed) pouts, and frowns, and sulks,
He paints our land in hues of Erebus,
Our future hopeless—our decree, the hulks.

Compare this man with Pitt, or Peel, or Grey!
Forgive, ye Statesmen's Shades, this fatuous view.
Unselfish and magnanimous were they,
And eke courageous, loyal, firm and true.

A MORAL FOR PRETENDERS.

(*In English-French pronounced as it ought to be.*)

NOW Plon-Plon's buried in Turin,
We need not fear a coup.
D'etat—his cause it will be seen
Is deeply in the soup.

Let all pretenders quit their fakes,
They'd better take a drop;
For *La Republique* now is pair
And Emperors are *de trop*.

And he who'd try to be a *roi*
And promulgate his *droits*,
A la couronne will not enjoy
Much gain from his exploits.

All hope of foreign backing fails,
Plon-Plon experienced that,
Was he backed by the Prince of Wales?
—He'd sooner baccarat!



"ONLY."

'ARRY (to sporting pal)—"Put your 'at on again, ole man. It's only my mother-in-law."
—Pick-me-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.

It is natural that the printers should favor the copyright bill. They are anxious to have everyone write copy right.—*Boston Post*.

THE man who tries his own flying machine should not have too lofty an aim. The higher he soars, the soarer he flies—if he can hie at all.—*Drake's Magazine*.

BEAUTIFUL hands rendered still more beautiful by using Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

A CANDIDATE for office is very much like a drowning man. All the mean acts of his life are quickly brought up before him.—*Puck*.

BIG HEAD is one of the Sioux chiefs now at Washington. He would probably be surprised to know how many people there are in the United States who have the disease named after him.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

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

A MAN sixty years old has become crazy from reading sensational stories. This is another illustration of the saying that "reading maketh a fool man."—*Norristown Herald*.

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

If every man could get it who is after it, that vacant chair in the Cabinet would be a sofa hundreds of yards long.—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

THE coming of Charles Santley is looked forward to with eager anticipation by our music lovers. Mr. Santley is to the baritone world what Mr. Sims Reeves is among tenors—*facile princeps*. He sings here on April 6th and 7th in connection with the Philharmonic Society's regular annual performances. The works to be sung are, for the first night, *The Elijah*; and for the second *Eve*, supplemented by a miscellaneous programme.

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

YES, we are opposed to strikes. We got opposed to them when we were a school-boy.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

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.

THE dancing-master ought to be pretty safe from the snares of this life. He understands all the ways of the whirled.—*Norristown Herald*.

MRS. AGNES THOMPSON and her company will appear in a concert programme at the Pavilion on Good Friday evening. Those who have tears to shed should go and hear our prima donna sing "Home, Sweet Home."

TIPPOO TIB is to be a social lion in London next season. Poor old white-headed Tib! By the time you have been to a couple of lawn fetes and receptions you will yearn for the jungle and starvation without tantalization.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.

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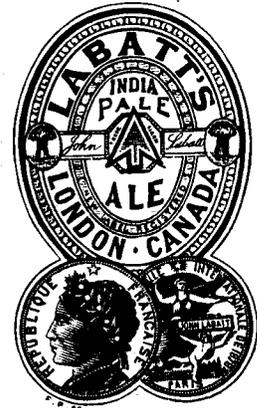
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HE KNOWS 'EM.

JINKS—"How much is your new house to cost?"
 BINKS—" \$30,000."
 JINKS—"So much as that?"
 BINKS—"Not a cent less. Why, the architect's estimate is for \$15,000."

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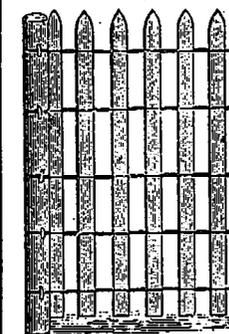
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