

# GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG

LITTER-ATOUTE

MUSIC

DRAMA

THE GRAVEST BEAST IS THE ASS.  
THE GRAVEST BIRD IS THE OWL.  
THE GRAVEST FISH IS THE OYSTER.  
THE GRAVEST MAN IS THE FOOL.

TERMS

ADVANCE

IN

ADVANCE



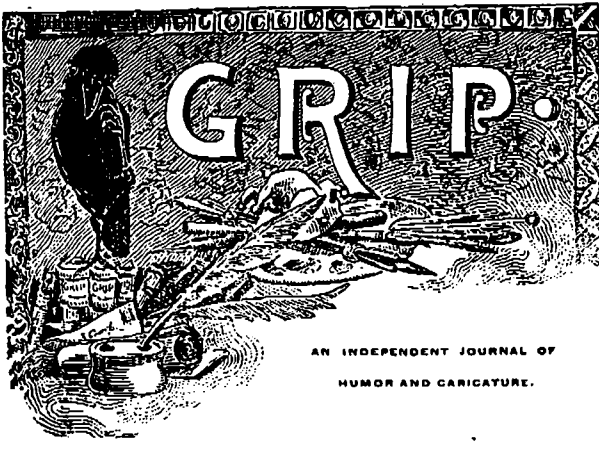
**THE TIDE HAS EBBED, THAT'S ALL!**

“BEFORE LONG THE GREAT CURLING WAVE OF PUBLIC OPINION WILL SWEEP ALONG THAT SHORE AND SUBMERGE POOR RUMMY AND HIS BARREL BEYOND ALL HOPE. LET HIM LAUGH WHILE HE CAN!”

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Comments on the Cartoon.



THE GOVERNMENT "INVESTIGATING" MONOPOLY.—Mr. Clarke Wallace, M.P., deserves credit for bringing forward a resolution in favor of a thorough investigation of the anthracite coal ring; and Mr. J. D. Edgar, M.P., ought to be thanked for having the resolution extended so as to cover all the alleged rings and combines amongst manufacturers as well. The Government, having permitted the resolution to pass, must get credit for a desire to honestly investigate and find out the truth about these "institutions," and under the terms of the resolution, that ought to be quite possible. The coal monopoly exists by virtue of the fact that the supply of anthracite coal is limited, and the mines from which it is taken are in the possession of certain people who, believing that God created that coal for their special personal benefit, very properly get all the money out of it that is possible. Unless there is a radical change in the constitution of human nature, this sort of monopoly will be likely to exist as long as society clings to "the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in" land, except as a tenant of the State. The other monopolies which are now making themselves intolerable to the people are the offspring of the tariff, and no doubt this will be abundantly proven as the investigation goes on. The simple and effective cure for this sort of evil is to remove its cause. Knock off the duty on refined sugar, and away goes the Canadian sugar combine, which is at present stealing \$2,000,000 a year from the taxpayers of the Dominion. And so with all the other bands of legalized robbers. There will be no trouble about the facts; they will in due course stand out clear and stubborn; we only hope that the Government will have conscience and nerve enough when they learn the truth "officially," to apply the remedy.

THE TIDE HAS EBBED—THAT'S ALL.—The Scott Act repeal in Halton has greatly rejoiced the Rum Party, though why it should do so when they are so well aware that "there is twice as much liquor sold under the Scott Act as under license, don't you know," is a puzzler. Well, their victory—by whatever crooked means achieved—is dearly bought. It has had an effect on the country the very opposite of what the liquor men would like, and this effect will be immensely deepened day by day as soon as the old system of open groceries comes into operation. People will see the contrast between free rum and even badly executed prohibition then in a way that will be very convincing. Since the day of polling, the Canadian Third Party has sprung into being—if not as a direct result, at all events as a most striking coincidence. This step has long been talked of, and now at last it is taken. The politicians know what it means. Already they begin to talk the Republican bosh about "keeping prohibition out of politics;" "it is not a political but a moral question," etc., etc.; but like the hypocritical scallawags across the line, they will find out before long how far these platitudes will stay the rising tide of public opinion. The saloon is in politics, and that is just exactly the place to fight it. The only way the Grit and Tory parties can save their precious lives is to come out squarely for the Home—pass the law and enforce it earnestly and honestly (at which suggestion we seem to hear a tremendous burst of ironical laughter from Halifax to Vancouver). Yes, the tide has just ebbed a little on the Halton strand; before long the great curling wave will sweep along that shore and submerge poor Rummy and his barrel beyond all hope. Let him laugh while he can!

WE begin to think that after all Brother Macdonald will have to get out of Parliament before he can make a fair start in the Christian life. To leave him in his present surroundings seems very much like putting a newly-converted darkey into a well-stocked hen-coop. Every day's report of the proceedings of the House bears testimony that the old Adam is still alive in the Premier's heart. It wasn't the new Sir John but the old Adam, for instance, who told the Knights of Labor deputation the other day that the Dominion Government never disputed Mr. Mowat's right to pass a Factory Act; and that by passing the Provincial Act the Local Government had taken the question out of federal jurisdiction.

IT was likewise the old Adam, we are sure, who impudently usurped the voice and manner of the new Sir John, and alleged that the thousands appropriated for "assisted immigration" are spent in advertising the country, when it is well known that most of it goes into the pockets of political placemen. Nor could it have been the reconstructed Premier himself who was concerned in the providing of a deputy ministership for Mr. Pope, as a reward for his scandalous partizan conduct when Clerk of the Crown last session. It is sadly manifest that if Sir John remains in the House the old Adam will have the "pull" all the while.

MR. GREENWAY has taken his backbone to Ottawa to be tested. Dr. Macdonald is now engaged upon the case. He reports an abnormal rigidity of the spinal column, but hopes, by the application of soft sawder, and the process known as manipulation, to render it as pliable as Mr. Norquay's. Mr. Greenway's political life depends, however, upon keeping his backbone stiff.

IS Mr. Mowat losing his cunning? It looks very much like it, or he would never have permitted the silly and cowardly move which closed the debate on the Quebec Resolutions. It was clearly understood that after the Resolutions had been debated as a whole, the vote would be taken upon each separately, and speakers governed themselves accordingly, reserving their objections upon particular points with a view of expressing the same in amendments

Greatly to the surprise of the House the vote was called upon the "whole hog," and when a couple of amendments had been moved by the Opposition, the Minister of Public Works, after consultation with the Attorney-General, got up and moved "the previous question," thus shutting off all further discussion.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Government scored a majority, but not a victory. The breach of faith was indefensible, and Mr. Mowat's many admirers are at a loss to account for the exhibition of political stupidity involved. The popular theory is that it was the result of a mysterious mesmeric influence which is exerted, perhaps unconsciously, by Archbishop Lynch upon the susceptible Attorney-General. This explanation seems plausible, when we remember that it was only a day or two before that his Grace choked off free speech in the Separate School Board in an equally summary manner.

\* \* \*

**T**HE joyous cackling of hens over their first Spring performances in the egg line are discounted by the delighted exclamations of the Grits over Sir Richard Cartwright's Unrestricted Reciprocity resolution. At last the Party has a plank for its platform! No wonder that there is a general jubilation. It looks like a good, solid plank, too, and now that the mass of the people are beginning to see through that precious swindle, the Protective system, there is a very favorable opportunity of convincing them that Reciprocity is just the thing they need. The debate at Ottawa will be followed with keen interest by all, and before long something will have to be carried out—either Sir Richard's suggestion or the Government, we can't say which.

\* \* \*

**T**HE smug, highly-protected Canadian manufacturer always glows with patriotism. Of course, you've noticed that. It harrows his truly loyal soul to hear traitors talk of admitting Yankee goods on easier terms than similar products from the dear old mother land. He always concludes his morning devotions by singing "God Save the Queen," and he never fails to offer the same prayer when he retires at night. But sometimes this unexampled patriot has business at Ottawa, and it becomes known through the public press. 'Tis then we read items like this:—

Another deputation, of which Mr. Rightmeyer, of Kincardine, was a prominent figure, urged the removal of the duty on American salt, as the American Tariff Committee had recommended that commodity for the free list, and also urged an increase in the duty of salt from England.

**THE ANNEXATIONIST AND THE TRULY LOYAL MEMBER.**

"Ho! seize this monstrous member, Ellis,  
He doesn't hesitate to tell us  
He favors Annexation!  
Seize, seize the snake, and quickly kill it!!"  
So shouted truly loyal Guillet,  
In quite a perturbation.

"Go soft, sweet Guill," said Ellis meekly,  
No doubt in daily *Globe* and weekly,  
I've argued so, 'tis true.  
I know I'm very bad, but still  
I wouldn't try my purse to fill,  
By euchering the public till  
Of two 'indemnitiees,' dear Guill—  
I'm not so 'loyal' as you!"

**A FRUITLESS JOURNEY.**

Two fossil gravigrada, a *Megatherium* and a *Mylodon Robustus*, which, to make the most of their opportunities—as it was their Plutonic year—had journeyed from the scenes of their childhood, reached Ottawa the other evening.

"Strange things, these men," gurgled the *Megatherium* good-naturedly, as they clattered up Wellington street from the direction of the water-works—they preferred walking to being pumped up—"one would think they would have more sense than they show sometimes."

"I hate them," rejoined the *Myloden*, in an osseous tone of voice. "I hate them, and would like to crunch the whole race!" and he snapped his seven-foot jaws at the thought. "Do you believe, one of them went and wired up the bones of my baby brother; and, as it that was not enough, another made a plaster cast of them and set it up in one of their colleges in Montreal! It makes me fairly rattle with indignation."

As they were passing by the Central Block, the *Megatherium* suddenly stopped.

"In the name of Protoplasm! Is it fossil remains I smell?"

"You must have become short-sighted," said the *Myloden*, "not to recognize the Canadian Senate."

"Let us go in, then, and fraternize," said the *Megatherium*.

But when they went in unto the Canadian Senate they were sadly disappointed. They found themselves so modern as fossils that there was, after all, no ground for fraternizing. So the mammoths sadly departed.

MR. DAVITT announces the real fight is now not for political supremacy alone; but for a redistribution of wealth. Everyone will be there when it's time to redistribute.



**THE WOODEN GOD.**

(New Illustration for an old Fable.)

A MAN that had a Great Veneration for an *Image* he had in his House, found that the more he pray'd to't to prosper him in the World, the more he went down the Wind still. This put him into such a Rage, to lie Dogging at his Prayers so much, and so long, to so Little Purpose, that at last he Dasht the head on't to pieces with a Club; and out comes a Considerable Quantity of Gold. Why, This 'tis, says he, to Adore a Perverse and Insensible Diety, that will do more for Blows than for Worship.—*Esop.*



### INVENTIVE GENIUS.

"I say 'Arry, what the doose do you carry that little bit of a cane for?"

"Why, ma deah boy, don't you see! The contwast, you know. It makes my trousers look more baggy, like the weal English swells, don't you know. You won't believe it, f'wed, but I thought it cut myself. I did, pon honoh!"

### HOW SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR GIRLS?

As the mother of several pretty marriageable girls, I've always been dead-set against any Woman's Rights nonsense, for, being a member's wife, I've seen too much trouble over elections to think the feminine sex would improve matters at the polls. Having an observant eye, which has lately seen statistical accounts of the thousands of extra women in the world, and more being born every day, I begin to wonder how they are all going to be provided for. Lots of them, I know, make incomes for themselves when they don't marry, which makes them free, and independent of poor matches; but I'd like to know how the mother of a family is going to tell which of her children will be in that position. There is a certain uncertainty about the matter that puzzles parents. Likely as not, after all our pains to have Augusta's mathematics and Latin as good as her brother's, she'll insist on throwing learning to the winds and marrying Jimmy Hardup on \$700 per year, before Milly or Jane, who were educated to be entirely ornamental, are even engaged. Now-a-days you can't marry your eldest daughter first, if some determined young man wants her younger sister, not even when you have qualified the second daughter to earn her own living. There's my pet, Fanny, the youngest of all the girls, takes naturally to the domestic accomplishments, and doesn't care for books at all; but, now, how do I know that she'll ever have a house of her own, for all that? How are we to bring up our girls? How are we to tell which of them will turn out to be the superfluous one, and even if we did decide the question for ourselves, do you think the girl'd agree to it, till time proved whether our forecast was more dependable than those of Wiggins? It's just about as easy to prophecy about women as the weather. Men may say what they like about girls being educated to

support themselves and be good housekeepers at the same time. Who ever heard of a boy learning to be a good carpenter while he was apprenticed to a tinsmith? Fine opinion as I have of the capabilities of my own set, Eliza Pencherman is too candid to assert that as a rule, girls can learn to do two things where a boy can only do one. Personally, I haven't very much anxiety for the Misses Pencherman, nor would you if you could see them, and their father is laying by something for them, but it's hard work for a man to earn enough to support a family of girls while he is alive and maintain them after his death. For my part I take a more cheerful view of things than some people; but I think if women increase much more we'll have to return to convents. These religious retreats don't sound inviting, but perhaps, after all, the life led in them was not more disagreeable than that led by women to-day who live around with their relations, not believing in the necessity of their being self-supporting till they are too old to make much out of the attempt. Men are unreasonable; if you teach a girl to take care of herself they say she ought to know how to cook and sew, etc.; and if she learns these things and becomes an old maid, they say what do people mean by leaving incompetent females in the world? With all my experience I find this woman question an unsolvable problem.

ELIZA PENCHERMAN.

### TO THE SUBJECT OF A LATE NOTICE IN "THE WEEK."

MCLACHLAN! none could raise a hand  
'Gainst ye, a poet grey and grand,  
Whose song this young and songless land  
With truth has flooded,  
And so in this ye'll understand  
Ye're not included.

Though some your poetry offends  
As on their souls it all depends,  
And others into raptures sends,  
Till they grow nervous,  
Ye well may say, "From would-be friends,  
Good Lord! preserve us."

I have no wish with thee to clinch;  
But our friend Dan I'll give a pinch,  
And make his foolish cheek to blench  
For what he's written;  
A cat gone mad we ought to lynch,  
And he's no kitten.

Just tell him, Sandie, in your best,  
The truth that Ilist'ry has confest,  
In spite of what he neatly dress'd,  
The sinful scornor!  
Oft genius builds its lowly nest  
In poet's corner.

And tell him too when next he'd speak,  
And telephone us through *The Week*,  
To mix with words a spirit meek  
And less quotation;  
And not to spoil with grunt and squeak  
A fine oration.

But tell him, 'twould not take ye long,  
The pen that's wet with scornful wrong  
May crush a soul not over-strong,  
(Poor Keats doth show it),  
That like your own would bloom in song  
And be a poet.

I cannot write in that grand tongue  
Wherein yourself and Burns have sung,  
And truth on no one's speech is hung  
Like ham to cure it;  
So if ye like not how it's strung  
Ye must endure it.

A JOLLY BEGGAR.

**ADOLPHUS FITZDUDESON.**



I'm a gentleman of leashaw,  
Don't you know ;  
I simply live for pleashaw,  
Don't you know ;  
Of fashion I'm the pink,  
B & S I always drink,  
But I never, never *think*,  
Don't you know.

I'm clarquing in a Bank,  
Don't you know ;  
Which wather gives me rank,  
Don't you know ;  
On the Governor I call,  
I'm at evety swellish ball—  
I've got a lot of gall,  
Don't you know.

My bills I rarely pay,  
Don't you know ;  
Tho' they dun me every day,  
Don't you know ;  
My creditors they stawm,  
But I never take alawm,—  
It's vevy beastly fawm,  
Don't you know.

Of course I have my cares,  
Don't you know ;  
There's washing and wepairs,  
Don't you know ;  
But my heart is always light,  
And my cigawette glows bwight,  
When my name's in *Sat'dy Night*,  
Don't you know.

**A SUGAR COMBINE.**

KINGSTON, *March 6th*, 1888.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—We girls down here in Kingston have hit upon the sweetest thing out. We call it a sugar combine, hitching on to the new "trust" movement. Ethel Gushington said that was the best name for it, as we could be as sweet as confectionery when we choose, and when we didn't choose it was nobody's business. We've combined to control the matrimonial market, what there is of it, and that isn't much. This is the dearest old military city in the world. There are barracks, and forts, and a military college, and everything but men. The few officers we have are married old pokes, except one or two, and most of the cadets are lately out of the nursery, so they're not much on matrimony. The dear little fellows will be some use, about ten years from now, when they've made a reputation and a fortune in India, or some other outlandish country. But that's not business, and we girls are just bent on business, now, you bet.

What do you think? We had a meeting and formed a big Trust. Most of the girls went into it, and we'll crush those that stay out. We're all for the spirit of the age, we are!

This is our racket. The markets are overstocked now, supply greater than the demand, and all that kind of thing. Well, we're going to shut down on this thing. We'll only allow a certain number of girls to go to any given party. The rest must send regrets and stay at home. This will look like a scarcity, don't you see, and make the men stir about pretty lively. The manager, Ethel, she runs the thing, and she'll have to give the tip to those who are to go, and arrange for the others to have their turn next time, so it'll be all fair. Then we'll not allow any more younger sisters to come out, till the old ones go off the hooks. That'll help things a little, don't you think so? The young ones always look so fresh, and

the men are such fools about a pretty face. Then we'll boycott all scrubs. Ain't scrubs the workmen that come in from other towns when there is a strike? Well, that's what I mean. We won't let any good looking girls come in from other towns to our balls.

We just mean to run this Trust on business principles. We'll put up the price, too. If cotton, and wool, and sugar, and everything else is going up, as all the papers say, it stands to reason married people must have more to live on. Now some girls have gone much too cheap. A good, reasonable, and affectionate girl doesn't want much in the way of wealth. She looks for domestic happiness. That's what we believe in here, anyway, and don't you forget it. But there are some few things a married woman must have. She wants, for instance, a nice home, and high-art furniture—plush and old gold—and a small conservatory—just a dear little one, don't you know, off the drawing-room—and a Steinway piano, and a carriage and horses, with a good saddle-horse besides, and a coupé and a butler, and three or four other servants, and a box at the opera, and to give dinner parties and balls, and a trip to the sea shore in the summer, and a run over to England now and then, besides dresses and gloves, and some little ducks of bonnets.

Well, you see, we must put up our prices a little, and that's one object of the combine. I guess it'll work all right, MR. GRIP, and so I remain yours,

FANNY,

*Secretary of the Kingston Sugar Trust.*



**COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!**

NOW LET US SEE IF THE FEDERAL ROOSTER CAN FLY SO HIGH!

**WHO WILL CARE FOR MATTHEW NOW?**

What society needs most is a chest protector.—*Washington Critic.*

In view of Matthew Arnold's recent expression of opinion that the American "funny men" are a national calamity, some people will doubtless think there is more need of a jest protector. Matthew Arnold will have occasion for something of the sort when the American newspapers, containing the funny men's rejoinders, reach him. By the time they get through fooling with Matthew, he will, no doubt, be ready to revise his former assertion, and to declare that the humorist is not merely a national but an international calamity.

## TWILIGHT AND LILIES.

OUT on the river we peacefully glided,  
In ripples soft-flowing the waters divided,  
The gates of the west were all crimson and gold,  
And down through the valley the gray shadows rolled.

Pond lilies nestled in cradles of green,  
Each floweret gleaming in soft silver sheen,  
Dew on the iris bloom gathered in pearls,  
In pale purple chalice, on downy white curls.

Like the rush of sweet music in soft southern climes,  
The low trill of a bird and the mystical chimes  
Of vesper bells fell on the still evening air,  
And twilight and lilies were never so fair.

Starry worlds shone in a calm, cloudless sky,  
The deep river flowed without murmur or sigh;  
Voices were hushed and the flowers were sleeping,  
Through the lone woods where the shadows were creeping.

A waning moon rose and a wind from the shore,  
Balmy and warm, swept the dark river o'er—  
A rapture of bliss o'er my thrill'd senses crept—  
I looked at my love—and she snored as she slept!

BISMARCK'S speech, which was at first thought a genuine "*Pax Vobiscum*," was probably only the preliminary shake-hands before the fight.

MR. PYNE, M.P., recently arrested at the door of the British Parliament now realizes the poet's remark:—"We look before and after and *pin* for what is not."

## "ONLY A JOKE."



ON Saturday evening, 3rd, Sir William L. Young's *petite* drama, "Only a Joke," was produced for the first time on any stage, at the Grand Opera House before a large and fashionable audience. It was made the opening attraction of the triple bill given by Miss Vokes' company, and was cast as follows:—*Dick Ercylin*, Mr. Thorpe; *Mr. Ransom*, Mr. Gottschalk; *Dolly Ercylin*, Miss Ethel Johnson, and

*Sarah Jones*, Miss Isabella Irving. "Only a Joke" is a pathetic story of a young couple struggling against poverty and adversity. The hero has married the girl he loves without the consent of her father, whom he has never seen, and who refuses to recognize his daughter after her marriage. Becoming desperate in consequence of his continued ill-luck, Dick finally decides to make an appeal to his father-in-law, and does so by letter. Soon after the rise of the curtain Ercylin acquaints his wife with what he has done, and asks her forgiveness for having subjected her to the trials and anxieties that have attended their married life. At the same time he tells her of a gleam of hope for the near future, the result of having seen two old college friends who, on meeting him accidentally, ignored his seedy appearance and asked what they could do to help him. One of these men had formerly



owed Ercylin a grudge, but at this meeting appeared particularly cordial, and offered to get a play of Ercylin's accepted at a theatre in which he (Cameron) was interested. At this moment Dolly Ercylin (the wife) recollects that two letters arrived that morning and hands them to Dick. They select one to be opened first and this purports to be from the manager of the theatre in question, accepting Dick's

play. By the sudden change in their prospects the young people are made happy. A substantial breakfast is ordered. The servant is told to purchase a ton of coal and bring it in, and some excellent comedy is introduced. Having feasted sumptuously, Dick falls asleep in his chair while picturing to himself the success

of his play on the first night. While he is asleep, his father-in-law, Mr. Ransom, enters. Dick awakes and mistakes him for the manager, and Mr. Ransom keeps up the "deception in order to "pump" his son-in-law, whom he has never seen before. Ransom, after hearing the story of Dick's struggles and illness, and his daughter's suffering, determines to befriend them, and leaves after ordering his carriage to be sent for them. After his departure Dick remembers the second letter, which he had not opened. He reads it and finds it a warning from his real friend against Cameron's cruel intent to deceive him about the acceptance of his play. The shock is too much for Dick. He struggles bravely to tell his wife the circumstances, and finally succeeds in making her understand that the whole thing has been "only a joke" on Cameron's part. But his strength fails and he dies just as he has been assured of the reconciliation between his wife and her father. All the parts were capitally performed. The part of Dick, however, is one that few



actors would care to play very often, even if they possessed all the competency of Mr. Thorpe; few, indeed, would be equal to the physical strain required to represent a victim of consumption who is called upon for so much vigorous stage work. This may, unfortunately, militate against the success of the piece, which in itself is most deserving of a permanent place on the boards. It requires, however, a brighter ending. The death of Dick is not necessary, and an unnecessary death is never calculated to delight an audience. Sir William Young witnessed the performance, and had every reason to be gratified at the reception accorded to his first effort in stage literature. It is evident that the mantle of the author of "Jim the Penman" has fallen upon the young baronet. This is *not* a pun.



Written Beneath a Portrait of Robert Burns.

I.

THOU of the wild impassioned brain,  
Who poured thy heart in bloody rain,  
And was by thine own passion slain:  
Oh, who thy sorrows can compute!  
O'er all the bitter, bitter fruit  
Of instincts trampled underfoot;  
For there's an angel from above,  
Guarding the sanctities of love,  
That doth all levity reprove.

II

Cold natures never can compute,  
The terrible life-long dispute  
Souls such as thine wage with the brute:  
And thus it is we often see  
E'en good men void of charity,  
Sitting in judgment upon thee;  
For here we have had all along,  
One measure for the weak and strong,  
And surely, surely we are wrong!

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

A MIDWINTER NIGHTMARE.

ACT I.

(SCENE.—Interior of Central Police Station. Inspector Breakahead seated at desk. Thermometer stands 30° below. Sounds of wailing rise from cells beneath. Enter Constable Addlehead with Prisoner.)

*Prisoner*—Freezing! Freezing! (Gropes aimlessly for the stove.)

*Con. Addlehead*—Come here, you! Stow your garramon! I ain't freezin'. (Pulls off huge mitts and cap) Found this man drunk, Inspector, and—

*Prisoner*—No, no, not drunk! I was robbed! I—

*Inspector* (gruffly)—What's yer name? Where d'yer live? Who are you?

(Prisoner stares vacantly at the wall, and moans.)

*Inspector*—Take him down.

*Constable*—Come 'ere, you booby! come 'ere.

*Prisoner*—Oh, I'm freezing—freezing to death! My hands! oh, my han—

Constable throws him down steps to cells, and remarks, jocosely:—'E'll soon be warm down there; *there ain't no room to be cold.* (Draws on mitts, fur cap, and buttons double-breasted coat.)

(*Enter gentleman*)—Good-night. I understand my friend, Mr. Goodman, has been locked up.

*Inspector*—Yes? What's he like?

(Gentleman describes the prisoner,)

*Inspector*—Well, he's just run in; you can't see him. You can't do anything by staying here.

*Gentleman*—Can't I bail him out?

*Inspector*—He'll bail himself out, I guess. No, you can't bail him out! (Turns resolutely away.) (Exit gentleman, mournful and indignant.)

(Enter three constables with fashionably and loudly arrayed young man.)

*Constable No. 1*—Here's Hens again, Inspector. (Grins.)

*Constable No. 2*—Bound he'd come and see you 'fore he'd go 'ome.

*Constable No. 3*—Nearly broke my wrist, he did.

*Hens*—Hic! Hello, olsh man! (Staggers forward and shakes hand with inspector.)

*Inspector* (laughing)—At it again, eh, Hens? Here, let one of the men see you home. It's a bitter night,

and you've only that sealskin coat and cap on. Here, take my muffler and one of the "reserves" mitts. I'll telephone for a hack.

*Hens*—(Hic!) Shanks, olsh mansh. See yush in the morningsh. (Hic!) (Hands over roll of bills.) Taksh care of't for me—an' shay—(whispers slyly)—givsh these boys—(hic)—a V. (Hic.)

(Exit in *coupe*, with two constables, well muffled up.)

ACT II.

(SCENE II.—Cells at Central Station. Enter Doctor and Inspector; both shivering. They bend over a form on stone floor.)

*Doctor*—Froze up stiff. Ship him off to the hospital. Can't do anything. Might prop him up to stove till ambulance comes.

(They do so, and then exit, with teeth chattering.)

*Inspector*—D—shame for me to have to go down there to thaw that drunken beast out! I'll likely get rheumatism after it.

*Doctor*—Ugh! I should think so. (Drinks a "hot Scotch" prepared by Inspector, and goes home in carriage.)

(SCENE III.—A coffin surrounded by jury, wife and children. In the coffin the body of Prisoner Goodman. On the table a morning paper, with column headed, "Sandbagged and Frozen"—"A Worthy Citizen Meets an Untimely End.")

(SCENE IV.—Meeting of P.C. in Board-room.)

*P.C. No. 1*—Um—er—I might say—hem!—er—that it's very—um—deplorable. Very, indeed. (Sits down.)

*P.C. No. 2*—Shocking! These newspapers! Monstrous! I move the whole—er—mur—ahem!—I mean matter—be laid on the table.

(Put to the vote, and carried *nam. con.* Commissioners adjourn, drink champagne with Inspector Breakahead, and abuse the Brutal Press and Meddlesome Public.) [Curtain.]

[NOTE BY AUTHOR.—This play would be very much appreciated in New York or Buffalo. In Toronto the managers utterly refuse to produce it, as it has no local application.]

THE corporation of Folkestone would not present an address to Mr. Gladstone. Folkestone's tone toward Gladstone is a very vulgar folk's-tone



PHRASES OF POLITE SOCIETY



### MATHEMATICAL.

(*A fact.*)

*Visitor.*—Well, my little man, have you any brothers?

*Freddy.*—Yes, I have one, but my sister Stella has two.

*Visitor.*—Why, how can that be?

*Freddy.*—(*in some astonishment.*)—Me and my little brother, of course!—

W. F. A.

### OWED TO THE KHAN.

(WITH COMPOUND EDITORIAL INTEREST.)

I SING the Khan!

[Who asked you for a song, anyway Go hire a hall

O, Khan of Unknown Kingdom!

[Maybe he claims Khanada. Hasn't got to wanting the whole earth yet.

Unpedigreed Potentate!

[No birth register in Beverly township, do you mean to insinuate?

Supposititious Scion of Orient Royalty!

[“Supposititious” is good. Thought at first the man imagined it wasn't a fake.

Whence came thy succinct pseudonym?

[Suggested by the K. & K. advertisements. Fact!

Thy name in truth is Can!

[Excuse us. Kernaghan, if you please!

For thou canst move us at thy will—

[Oh, we see. Veiled humorism.

Or to laughter or to tears.

[“Tears” (other pronunciation) is good enough for the Khan,

The muse thou well hast woo'd.

[Oh, pshaw! Swamp, not wood.

And thy real gems of quaint poetic art

[Hold on and we'll finish this couplet: Prove to us all he thinks he's mighty smart.

Lift us above our own poor sordid selves

[Just what's the trouble with the Khan.

And gives us thoughts of higher, greater things.

[This ought to egg on the Khan to cut loose from the Telegram.

True child of Nature thou!

[Wrong. Clear Irish parentage.

Thy fancies dwell in realms of love and light

[This about the author of: “A Bowl of Sweet Buttermilk Fresh from the Churn.”

Thou holds't the mirror up to nature.

[That's right. Looking into a glass—not through the bottom of one.

Thou tread'st the sterner walks of life,

[Winnipeg mud, for instance.

And paint'st true pictures. Thence down to gentler paths.

[Toronto pavements.

In all we feel the leal, loyal, loving!

[The three L's. What about the three R's—me mean, real, reckless, roving?

Thou hast a heart that feels for others' woes.

Yes, and a voice that yells to others: “Whoa!” We've seen him drive the oxen.

Thy sympathetic soul brims o'er in tender tribute to the colporteur.

[So does a schooner of lager—to the bar.

Thou stirrest laughter's pond to very depths.

[Ha! ha! ha! D'ye remember the Khan, the morning of the World fire, with a fireman's mackintosh and a straw dummy on? Ho! ho! ho!

I love thee, Khan!

[Oh, come now, we'll tell his best girl!

I love thy rugged style and rough-shod rhyme,

[Then he needn't expect a new suit of clothes from this quarter!

Thou poet of the people!

[Poetic license for “One of the Boys.”

I would that I could clasp thy honest hand

[Give him the GRIP, eh? Never mind. He's a contributor and can get a free copy himself.

And ask thee now to take

[The Khan: “Don't mind if I do, seeing it's you.”

A walk with me among the scenes

[The Khan's not the dramatic reporter.

That gave thee poet-soulfulness;

[What you want, son, is an utter impossibility until next harvest.

I might, perchance, imbibe of what gave thee thy genius.

AMI.

[You might, perchance, have an interview with the cross collie, or get chased by the big Durham bull. Stay where you are, Ami!

### TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

VI.

“You will doubtless agree with me,” said the Fakir, “that it is the duty, and ought to be the pleasure of all true Canadians to encourage and build up a native Canadian literature.”

The editor nodded assent.

“Well, then,” he resumed, “I want you to give a first-class notice to the work I am bringing out—a volume of Canadian poetry, entitled ‘Western Warblings,’ by the well-known author, J. Ingledew Duxter, LL.D., to be published in the highest style of art, and sold by subscription only at \$5 per copy. Should be in the hands of all who take a pride in our native literature. Let us show the world that Canada is abreast of the intelligence and culture of the age.”

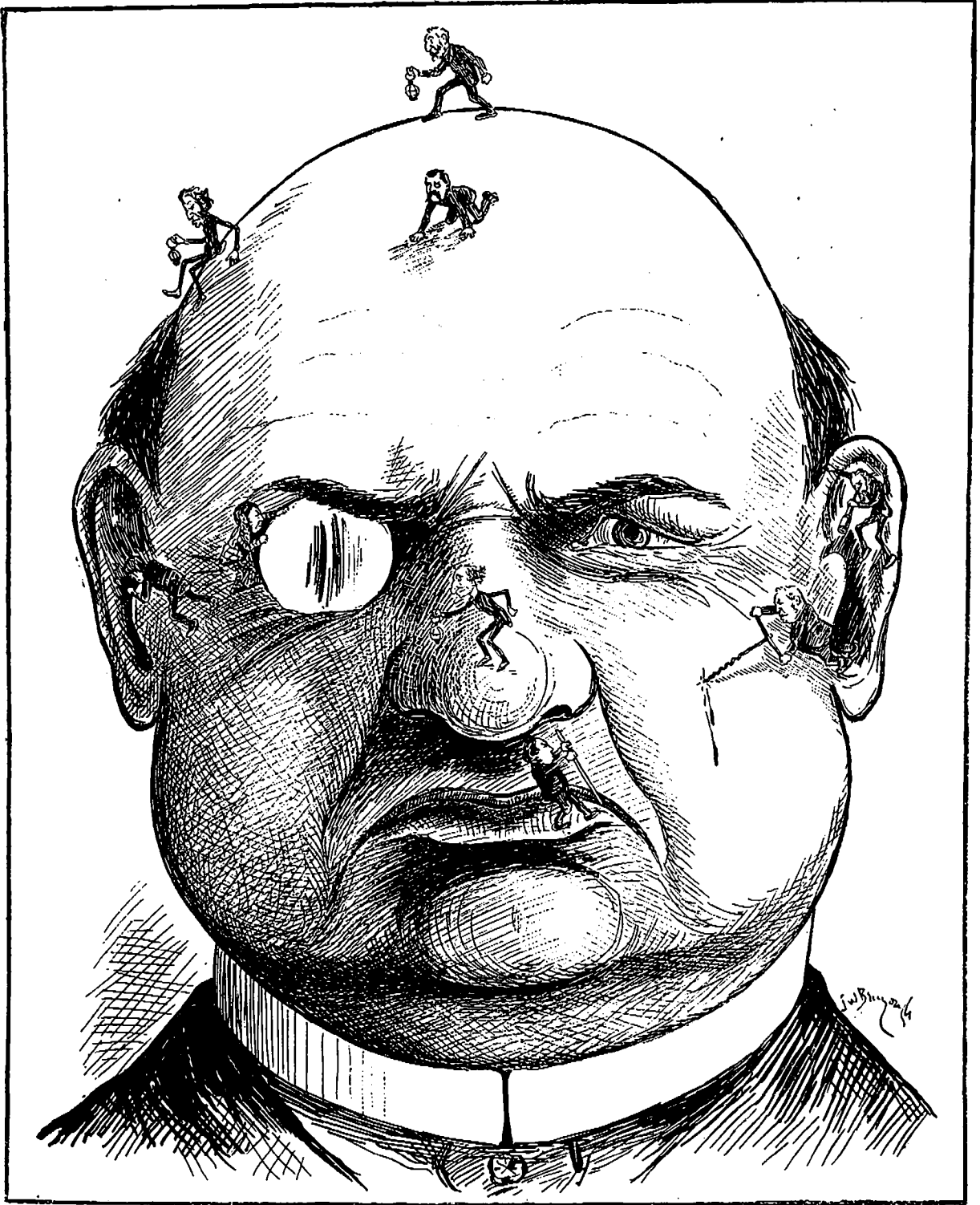
“All very fine, Fakir,” said the assistant editor, “but how is it that you have come to take such a sudden interest in literary affairs, and also in J. Ingledew Duxter, LL.D.? I never heard of him before.”

“No, nor anybody else,” said the Fakir. “But that doesn't matter. When it comes to Canadian literature everything goes. You won't give the snap away will you, if I tell you all about it?”

“I won't, honest Injun.”

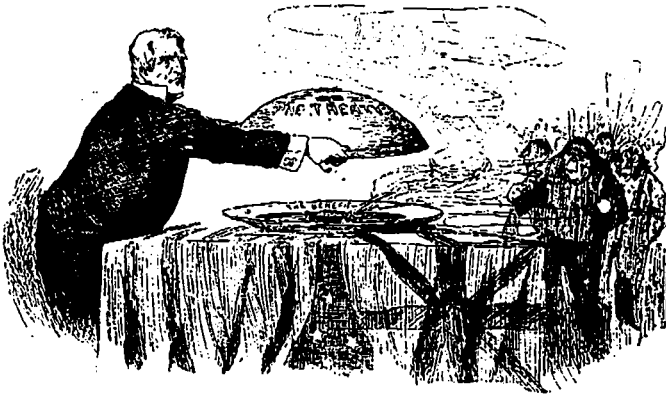
“Well then, the other day I ran across this fellow Duxter in a saloon. He's an English newspaper man—used to write for the *Saturday Review* and *Punch*. Smart fellow, but a little too fond of his booze, and all broke up. He wanted to raise a few dollars to get his things out of pawn; said he had been expecting remittances from home, which must have been stolen by the blowsted Post Office people, the usual story, you know; the poor devil was fairly on his uppers. He read me some of his poetry, and I tell you it wasn't half bad. Well, to make a long story short, I saw there was a chance to make some money out of his talents. I offered him fifty cents a page to grind out a book of about 200 pages, of Canadian poetry, and he just jumped at it, but said, as he was fairly starving, he must have something down and enough to live on in the meantime. I got his things out of pawn,





THE GOVERNMENT'S "INVESTIGATING" MONOPOLY.

## OPINIONS SEEM TO DIFFER.



(From Tid-Bits, New York.)

American Fishermen.—We expected a whale, and get a porgie.



(The Canadian View of it.)

Canadian Fishermen.—We expected a whale, and get a porgie.

found a cheap boarding house for him, got him a quart of whiskey, so he wouldn't have to go and hang around bars, and gave him pointers as to the work I wanted. He's been hard at it ever since, but the whiskey gave out this morning, and I've got to take him a fresh supply, or the machine will run down."

"But—but what does he know about Canada, and how can you put off his stuff on the public as native literature?" asked the assistant editor in surprise.

"Well, you *are* fresh," sneered the Fakir. "Who writes three-quarters of our 'Canadian literature?' Ain't it Old Country hack-writers? Of course. What's the difference, anyway? As I am always telling you, the public are a lot of chumps who swallow any flap-doodle the papers feed 'em with. I'm going to have this book written up, and I can pay for it, too. I've struck a good thing. J. Ingledew Duxter, LL.D., is no slouch if he *is* drunk half the time. Already he's written a splendid dedication ode to the new Governor-General. Wont that fetch 'em? The Governor, of course, will have to take a copy. We get his subscription and all the high-toned folks follow like a flock of sheep. See? What else has he written? Why, he's got off a poem on "The Men of 1812," a spirited, soul-thrilling, patriotic outburst as ever you read. He was rather uncertain about the history of that affair; said he thought it was a war between the English and the French, but I got a history and posted him. And yesterday he finished a poem on "The Maple Tree, our Country's Pride," and has just started in on an Indian

legend, which will introduce the Island and the Humber Bay, so as to give it local interest."

"But how are you going to raise means to publish the book?"

"Oh, no trouble about that. Ads., my dear boy, Ads. I've taken contracts for \$200 worth already. Just making arrangements with a big dry-goods house to sell them the cover. As fast as I can get the contracts signed, put 'em up with the printer as a guarantee. Start out a dozen canvassers next week to rope in subscribers. Expect to clear about \$3,000 or \$4,000 on it. It's all right if I can only keep J. Ingledew sober enough to write, but not *too* sober, you know, for then he's no good; which reminds me I must take him another bottle, or he'll make a break for the nearest saloon, and then my cake will be dough. So long, and don't forget to give 'Western Warblings' a good send-off. Rub it in about the need of encouraging a healthy Canadian literature and all that."

And he departed.

## STARTLING, IF TRUE!

Labouchere cables to the New York *World* that Ira D. Sankey is about to return to England to conduct a series of rivals.—*Mail*.

If this statement is reliable, it is a startling evidence of the tendency of the pulpit to adopt theatrical methods. Mrs. Langtry, Mary Anderson, and most of the leading actresses have experienced a "series of rivals," and the more astute members of the profession know how to turn their successive "mashes" to account for advertising purposes. But we were not prepared to learn that the revivalists were taking a leaf out of the book of the theatrical stars in this respect. But isn't it just possible that there may be some mistake? It would seem a little more natural that Mr. Sankey should conduct "rivals."

## NEWS ITEMS.

AN open question—Ladies' evening dress.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity," as the fly said in the molasses.

"I WILL around, unvarnish'd tail deliver," as the pig said to the butcher.

WHY is the Russian Government like a drowning man? Because it cannot float a loan.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown," as the bald-headed man in the summer time.

NATURE never regards station. One was buried by an avalanche the other day on an Austrian railway.

THE man Templar, employed at Chatham, who sold secrets of the Balloon Department to the Italian Government is not a Good Templar.

THE German Government will send exhibits to the fine art department of the Paris Exposition. Bismarck will send a copy of his celebrated Trojan work, "The Fall of Paris after the Siege."

ENORMOUS quantities of ice are being harvested in Montreal. We suppose it is cut with ice-sickles.

DR. ROOME, M.P. for West Middlesex, has been unseated for corrupt practices. The room was better than the company.

**JACOBS & SHAW'S OPERA HOUSE.**

GOOD SIZED audiences are assembling at the above house every night, to see the laughable play of "Little Nugget." The piece is one of exceptional brilliancy and striking originality. It has many elements of popular success, and in the hands of the present company, cannot fail to be a paying attraction. Miss Josie Sisson as *Little Nugget* was excellent, and the rest of the company were all that could be asked. Uproarious applause was the rule of the evening.

**"THE QUEEN CITY."**

A CORRESPONDENT is respectfully informed that Toronto received the name of the "Queen City," not, as he supposes, because Her Majesty Victoria takes an active interest in its municipal affairs, but on account of the existence within its borders of a far-famed Insurance Company so named. Further particulars about this Company may be obtained from the statement in a neighboring column, and our correspondent may find it to his interest to give the same a careful reading.

Younger's Counting House Guide is rapidly increasing in popularity.

**CATARRH.**

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

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

**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 P.O. address.

Respectfully,  
Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

**MODERN DEFINITIONS.**

- AN Innovation—A Hotel Serenade.
  - The Social Whirl—A Hop.
  - A Fowl Tip—A Rooster's Comb.
  - The Last Thing in Shoes—The Wearer's Heel.
  - Cold Daze—A Frigid Stare.
  - A Still Hunt—An Internal Revenue Raid.
  - A Full Hand—A Drunken Employee.
  - A Hard Lot—A Marble Quarry.
  - A Dark Secret—A Colored Woman's Age.
  - Your Rumble Servant—Thunder.
  - Out of Tune—The Average Tenor.
  - Gait Receipts—Horse-Race Winnings.
  - A Clothes Friend—The Tailor.
  - Lo Lands—Indian Reservations.
  - A Bridal Reign—Henry VIII.'s.
  - A Speaking Silence—Conversation between Deaf Mutes.
  - A Cheap Garment—A Coat of White-wash.
  - Much Adieu About Nothing—A Woman's Farewell.
  - A Shady Set—A Group of Trees.
- Wm. H. Switzer, in Puck.

**GOOD WAGES—A DOLLAR AN HOUR.**

Enterprising, ambitious people of both sexes and all ages should at once write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, learning thereby, by return mail, how they can make \$1 per hour and upwards, and live at home. You are started free. Capital not needed. Work pleasant and easy; all can do it. All is new and free; write and see; then if you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. A rare opportunity. Grand, rushing success rewards every worker.

**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.

**Queen City Fire Insurance Co.**

Report of the Directors of the Seventeenth Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders, held at the offices of the Company, Church Street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 29th day of February, 1888.

The Directors have much pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders the revenue account and profit and loss account for the past year, and the balance sheet showing liabilities and assets on 31st December, 1887.

The balance in favor of the revenue account of the past year, after deducting re-insurance, cancelled policies, all claims for losses and every other expense, amounts to \$15,083.18.

By referring to the profit and loss account it will be seen that the total sum at the debit of this account on 31st December was \$22,254.74, which has been appropriated as follows:—Dividend No. 18 to Shareholders, \$2,500; added to rest or reserve fund, \$2,500; leaving a balance at the credit of this account to cover re-insurance, reserve, etc., of \$17,254.74.

To keep pace with the marked progress our city is making, it is necessary that our premises should be remodelled, by having an elevator in the building, together with the most perfect system of lighting and ventilation. It was our having the cost of these improvements in view that caused us to carry the sum we have to the credit of profit and loss.

This Company has demonstrated in the most practical form the value of the system of "inspection" and "selection" in fire underwriting, having returned since its organization in 1871, to its share holders in dividends, \$66,000. Now has at the credit of the Rest \$75,000, and of profit and loss \$17,254.74, making a total of \$158,254.74 earned by a paid-up capital of only \$10,000.

In accordance with the Act of Incorporation, all the Directors retire and are eligible for re-election.

**HUGH SCOTT, W. H. HOWLAND,**  
*Managing Director. President.*

**THOS. WALMSLEY,**  
*Secretary.*

**REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1887.**

<i>Dr.</i>	To premium income and rens. ....	\$23,170 46
	To interest income .....	4,770 54
		\$24,941 00

<i>Cr.</i>	By salaries, directors' fees, stationery, advertising, commission, rent and postages..	\$6,380 29
	By re-insurance .....	\$ 1,067 22
	By cancelled policies .....	1,133 75
		2,200 97
	By claims paid .....	\$697 06
	By claims adjusted and not paid till 1888 .....	579 50
		1,276 56
		15,083 18
	By balance to profit and loss..	\$24,941 00

**PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT TO DECEMBER 31ST, 1887.**

<i>Dr.</i>	To Balance, Dec. 31st, 1886 .....	\$ 7,171 56
	To Balance, Revenue Account, 1887 .....	15,083 18
		\$22,254 74

<i>Cr.</i>	By dividend No. 18 to shareholders (25 per cent. on original paid-up capital..	\$2,500 00
	By rest or reserve fund appropriation (which now amounts to \$75,000) .....	2,500 00
	By balance (including re-insurance reserve, Government standard, 50 per cent.) .....	17,254 74
		\$22,254 74

**BALANCE SHEET FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1887.**

<i>Dr.</i>	To Capital Stock subscribed (50 per cent. paid up) .....	\$100,000 00
	To Rest or Reserve Fund, 1886 .....	\$72,500 00
	To Rest or Reserve Fund from Pr. fit and Loss Account, 1887 .....	2,500 00
		\$75,000 00
	To Dividend No. 18 to Shareholders .....	\$2,500 00
	To Dividend to Policy-holders .....	\$2,500 00
	Less Rebates Allowed .....	57 62
		2 442 38
	To Sundry Creditors .....	4,942 38
	To Loss Appropriation Revenue Account, 1887 .....	123 92
	To Balance, Profit and Loss Account, 1887 .....	579 50
		17,254 74
		\$197,900 54

<i>Cr.</i>	By Capital liable to call .....	\$50,000 00
	By Real Estate—Company's building, 22, 24 and 26 Church street, Toronto .....	\$61,000 00
	By first mortgages on real estate, valued at \$136,800 .....	54,044 00
		\$115,044 00

	By debenture, Freehold Loan & Savings Company .....	\$10,000 00
	By 23 shares Imperial Bank stock, market value .....	2,944 00
	By 17 shares Standard Bank stock, market value .....	1,026 29
	By 42 shares Consumers' Gas Company, market value .....	3,744 56
	By 66 shares Canadian Bank Commerce, market value .....	3,621 42
	By 26 shares Dominion Bank, market value .....	2,691 00
	By cash on deposit in Dominion Bank .....	97 68
		24,154 95
	By accrued interest and re-ins. .....	\$4,328 63
	By sundry debtors (since paid \$1,041.49) .....	3,272 96
		7,601 59
		\$197,900 54

**AUDITOR'S REPORT.**

I hereby certify that I have audited the books and examined the vouchers and securities of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, and find the same correct, carefully kept and properly set forth in the above statement.

H. W. EDDIS, Auditor.

TORONTO, February 9, 1888.

The report was adopted, and after re-electing the old Board and passing the usual votes of thanks, the meeting adjourned. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, W. H. Howland was re-elected President, and James Austin, Vice-President.

**Younger's Counting House Guide**

SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL.

By mail, 75c. Box 221, Gannanoque.

**SANITARY PLUMBING**  
**Gas Fixtures**  
**Steam & Hot Water Heating**  
**Bennett & Wright**  
**72 Queen St. East.**

**CIRCULAR FREE**

**CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE**

PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING TORONTO  
 Thos. Berroughs President Chas. H. Brooks Secretary & Member

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES



**THEIR MEANINGS CLASHED.**

**WIDOWER CLUEDUP** (referring to cigar)—“I hope you don't object to the weed, Lavinia?”

**WIDOW SPARKLES** (referring to hat)—“Not in the least now, but of course you'll give it up after we are married?” And Cluedup, who had smoked for forty years, began to figure the cost of a breach of promise suit.—Judge.

**REMOVED to 53 KING ST. EAST**

HOWARD G. DESIGNER

**COMPOUND OXYGEN.**

Treatment by inhalation. Both office and home treatment. Manufactured in Canada by me for over four years. It is genuine, the same as sold in Philadelphia, Chicago and California. Trial treatment free at office. Send for circular. Home treatment for two months, inhaler and all complete, \$12. Office treatment, 32 for \$18. Mark it; no duty! I am now in my new Parlor Office and Laboratory at 41 KING STREET EAST. MRS. C. STEDMAN FIEROE, late from 73 King Street West, Stackhouse' Store.

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



**Remington Standard Typewriter.**

The Hamilton High School has followed the example of all leading educational institutions of America by introducing the Remington Typewriter for the benefit of its pupils. Price list and all information on application.

Geo. Bengough, 36 King Street East.

**PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS**

**BAKING POWDER**

BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR AND SODA. FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE THE STRONGEST, PUREST AND BEST.

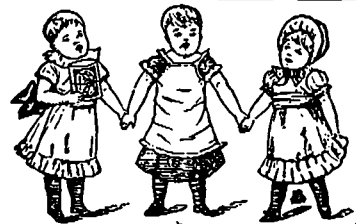
**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS** CURES BAD BLOOD

And all Impurities of the System, Scrofulous Sores, Humors of the Blood, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Salt Rheum, etc.

**McCOLL BROS. & CO'Y,** TORONTO,  
 Still lead the Dominion in  
**CYLINDER OIL,**  
 AND FOR GENERAL MACHINERY  
**LARDINE**  
 — IS UNEQUALLED. —

**J. E. PEAREN'S MONUMENTAL WORKS.**

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



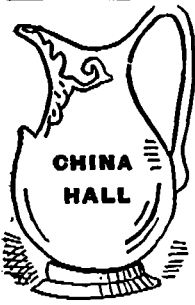
We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus—  
 When Breadmaker's Yeast is the subject before us—  
 Mamma tried all the rest,  
 So she knows it's the best, (lightest,  
 \*Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the  
 And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us.  
**BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.**



**CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE**

197 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Keeps everything usually kept in a Music store, also Musical Novelty Agent in Canada for the wonderful PARLOR ORCHESTRONE. Anyone can play these. Prices from \$125 to \$300.  
 SPANISH GUITARS, the only store in Canada that import GENUINE Spanish Guitars.  
 Illustrated Catalogue of Musical Instruments. Post free.



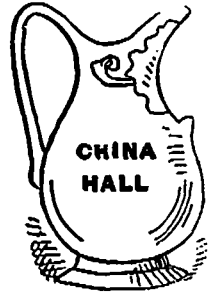
# CHINA HALL.

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

## IMPORTER

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

GLOVER HARRISON.



**NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING** (by Prof. Moody) *simplified*, drafts *direct* on the material, no book of instructions required. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated circular sent free. AGENTS WANTED.

J. & A. CARTER,  
372 YONGE ST., COR. WALTON ST. TORONTO  
Practical Dressmakers and Milliners.  
ESTABLISHED 1860.



CHAS. ROBINSON & CO., 22 Church Street, TORONTO,

Offer during March their whole stock of BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES at greatly reduced prices, to make room for new season's arrivals. Send for special price list.

### HARRY WEBB'S

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

HARRY WEBB'S,  
447 YONGE STREET,  
TORONTO.

### JAMES PAPE,

Florist and Rose Grower,

78 YONGE STREET, near King.

Cutflowers always on hand. Bouquets, Baskets and Funeral designs made up and sent safely to any part of the country. Greenhouses, Carlaw and King St. East. Telephone 1461.

### E. W. POWERS,

53 RICHMOND ST. E., TORONTO.

### Excelsior Packing Case Works

ALL KINDS OF JOBBING CARPENTER WORK.  
Estimates Given on Application. Orders Promptly Executed.

### BETTS' RESTAURANT,

51 King St. East, TORONTO.

The only first-class Dining Hall conducted on temperance principles in the city. Best dinner in Toronto for 25 cents.

— TRY IT. —

## TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

BEST teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8. Vitalized air. Telephone 1476. C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Cor. King and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

### G. P. LENNOX, - Dentist.

YONGE ST. ARCADE, ROOMS A AND B.  
Vitalized Air used in Extracting. All operations skilfully done. Best sets of teeth, \$8, upper or lower, on rubber; \$10 on celluloid.

### R. HASLITT, L.D.S.

### DENTIST,

429 Yonge St., cor. Anne St., TORONTO.

F. G. CALLENDER, M.D.S., and  
ALEX. J. ROBERTSON, L.D.S.,  
(Formerly of Robertson & Pearson, Dentists.)

OFFICE:  
South-West Corner College Ave. & Yonge Street.

## CONGER COAL CO.

## - COAL & WOOD -

Office Dock and Sheds:  
No. 6 KING ST. E. FOOT OF LORNE ST

Branch Office:  
678 YONGE STREET.

TORONTO.

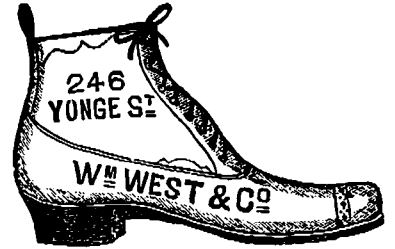


LYMAN SONS & CO., AGENTS,  
MONTREAL

### THE CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL.

Patients in want of "The Smoke Ball" so popular in the city as a relief and permanent cure for catarrh, colds, etc., etc., will find a full supply, as usual, at Kennedy's Drug Store, 233 Queen Street West, opposite McCaul Street, Toronto.

## NEW GOODS ARRIVING.



LADIES AND GENTS' FINE SHOES Our Own make. Boys' Footwear. Can't be beat.

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

## CYCLORAMA

### BATTLE OF SEDAN.

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Now in its second Month of Success.  
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AN actor who forgets his lines can be in a box and on the stage at the same time.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

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WE stop the press to announce the startling news that "tan-colored kid slippers go with gowns of any color."—*Indianapolis News.*

WHEN Dakota becomes a State it will doubtless adopt as its coat of arms an earmuff couchant and a shiver rampant.—*Chicago News.*

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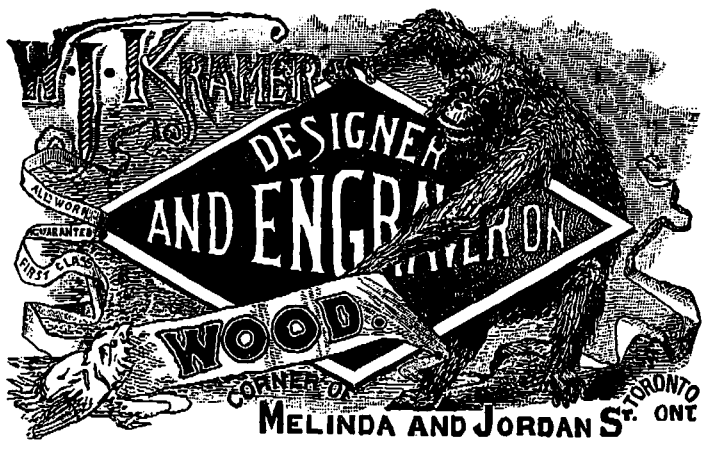
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