

# SPRING

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Number

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**BRASS AND WIND PARADE OF THE CITY COUNCIL IN HONOR OF THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION**

# TAYLOR BROTHERS, PAPER MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO.

→ ESTABLISHED 1856. ←

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND ATHENAEUM, 29 King St. West, Toronto. Thos. Bengough, Official Reporter, York Co. Courts, Manager.



### THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER,

With special improvements up to August 1, 1884.

Sent for circular, price list and testimonials.

The best writing machine in the world.

THOMAS BENGOUGH, 29 King St. West, Agent for Ontario.

Manufacturers of Fencing, Cresting, Vases, Lawn Ornaments, Settees, Wire Goods, Finials, Gallery Fronts, Seat Ends, Altar Scrolls, Columns, Gratings, Letter Presses, Sash Weights, Etc., Etc.



Every description of Wrought and Cast Iron Work.

### EASTCOTT & MERRILL,

29 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

See our Grand Exhibit south of Machinery Hall.

**SOHO ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS.**

## "HEADQUARTERS"

Ladies' Shoe Parlor.

VISIT IT.

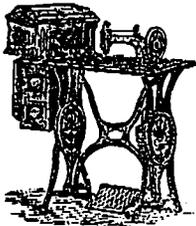
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## TORONTO SHOE COMPANY.

The great and only one price Cash Boot and Shoe Establishment in Toronto.

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THE LIGHT-RUNNING

## NEW HOME.

If you want to do your housework, And keep things nice and clean, You must be sure and do your sewing On the New Home Machine.

The Tucker and the Ruffer will fill you with delight; You then can take a ramble and know that things are right.

C. GENTLEMAN, AGENT,

545 Queen Street West, and 606 Yonge Street, Toronto.

## DEVONSHIRE CATTLE FOOD

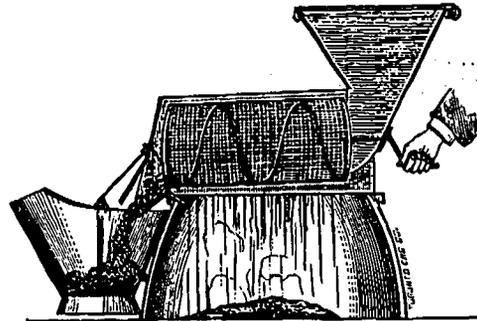
For Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Pigs,

Contains no copperas or other metallic substance, and is unquestionably the best scientific combination for fattening and keeping in a good working condition horses and cattle. Read the following extract from a letter from G. F. Frankland, a Canadian cattle exporter, in reference to the effect of our Food during shipment: "It at all times revived and gave them an appetite. Several of the young heifers ceased to chew their cud, but a prompt application of your food caused them to regain it, confirming my opinion before expressed of your excellent preparation some years ago, which I still retain."

Ask for the Devonshire and take no other. Beware of Worthless Imitations. Boxes, 25cts., 50cts., and \$1.

JOHN LUMBERS,

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A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

The "GOOD VALUE" Cinder Sifter.

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PATENTEE & SOLE MANUFACTURER,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
166 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO.

THE GRANDEST DISPLAY OF THE FAIR.

IF YOU ARE HUNGRY, CALL AT

## LAWSON'S Great Lunch House and Candy Factory,

Near Great Western Railway Entrance—Opposite the Carriage Factory.

EVERYTHING MANUFACTURED ON THE PREMISES.

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COLOURED PAPER, PRINTING PAPER, MANILLA PAPER, ROLL PAPER,

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PAPER, PAPER BAGS and TWINES.

**SWISS SOAP,** Warranted the Best in the Dominion. Give it a trial. **HURON SOAP CO., Goderich,** Sole Manufacturers.

HEADQUARTERS } PAPER BAGS, TWINES } TAYLOR'S, MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO.

Largest Stock { PAPER, Paper Bags, Twines } Taylor Brothers, Market Square.



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GLOVER HARRISON,

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**R. SIMPSON & COMPANY,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS,

38 AND 38 COLBORNE STREET.

Cut all goods in lengths to suit the smallest buyer, and sell at sharp wholesale prices. We have opened out 750 cases and bales

**NEW FALL GOODS,**

Making our Stock complete in all departments. In buying Silks, Satins, Dress Goods, Gloves, Laces, Flannels, Blankets, Linens, Cottons, etc.,

**YOU CAN SAVE 25 PER CENT. BY BUYING FROM US.**

Note our address:

IN THE MIDDLE OF LEADER LANE.

**R. SIMPSON & COMPANY,**

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GLOVER HARRISON,

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**ENGINES AND BOILERS FOR SALE.**

ONE 10 h. p. Farm Engine, Leonard's make; one 10 h. p., Westinghouse make, traction; one 10 h. p., G. E. Morrison's make; one eight h. p., portable on skids; also Stationary, Horizontal, Upright, and Oscillating Engines, all sizes. Send for List.

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Machine Dealer, Brantford, Ont.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MOVING Furniture, Safes, Boilers and all sorts of Heavy Machinery.

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AT THE

PARIS HAIR WORKS, 105 YONGE ST.

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SURPASSES ANYTHING EVER OFFERED IN TORONTO.

Call and see the Fine and Cheap LANGTRY BANGS AND WAVES,



Water Waves, Switches, Wigs, etc.

HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT STYLES.

Also—

GENT'S TOUTPEES, WIGS, Etc.

**A. DOREN WEND.**

**A NEW SYSTEM** by which sufferers from **RUPTURE**

may be supplied through any druggist, with **Chas. Cluthie's Perfected Spring Trusses** (patented in U. S. and Canada, 1874, 1879, and March, 1882), which formerly were only obtainable from the office in Toronto. Ask your druggist for descriptive order sheet, or send 6 cent stamps for book on **Rupture and the Human Frame** (Registered), by CHAS. CLUTHIE, Surgical Mechanic, 118 King St. West, Toronto, & Buffalo, N. Y.

**HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING. GAS FIXTURES**  
Sanitary Plumbing  
**BENNETT & WRIGHT**  
72 Queen-st. E.

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M. L. RATTRAY, Principal.

Practical Bookkeeping thoroughly taught. Special attention to Ladies and Young Men from the Country. Fees moderate.

THOS. MCCRAKEN. GEORGE GALL.

**MCCRAKEN, GALL & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAL Lumber Merchants AND MANUFACTURERS.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

**Hardwood and Fine Lumber.**

Yard: Cor Wellington & Strachan Aves.

Factory: Cor. Soho & Phebe Sts. Office: 39 Adelaide St East, TORONTO, ONT.

84,000  
**GLOBE WASHBOARDS**  
Sold in 17 Months!

KEPT BY ALL GROCERS.

WALTER WOODS, - Hamilton.

**NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO**  
Palace Steamer "Chicora."

Shortest and Cheapest route to Niagara Falls, New York and Boston.

Steamer "Chicora" leaves Yonge St. wharf daily at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways. Special rates for excursions. Season book-tickets now on sale. Apply to

SAM. OSBORNE & CO., 40 Yonge St. WEBSTER & BAIN, 66 Yonge St.; or BARLOW CUMBERLAND, 36 Yonge St.

**MACHINERY.**

New and Second-hand Engines, Boilers, Etc.; Wood-working Machinery Bought, Sold or Exchanged.

COLQUHOUN, DRUMMOND & CO.,  
45 Common St., MONTREAL.

**"WHAT SHALL I DRINK?"**

THE most wholesome, delicious and refreshing beverage, strictly pure and entirely free from alcohol, is

**Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice**

—AND—

**FRUIT CORDIALS.**

Gold Medal Dominion Exhibition.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

SOLE AGENTS.—EVANS, SONS & CO., Liverpool, England. EVANS, LEACHER & WEBB, London.

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Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada—H. SUGDEN EVANS & CO., 23 Front Street West, Toronto; 33 to 41 St. Jean Baptiste Street, Montreal.

**BILTON'S,**  
THE MOST RELIABLE  
**OYSTER,**  
**FISH AND GAME**  
HOUSE  
IN THE DOMINION,  
188 YONGE STREET.

**PICADOR,** Decidedly the best value on the Market. Try them.

**PICADOR CIGARS.**

THE NEW WILLIAMS,

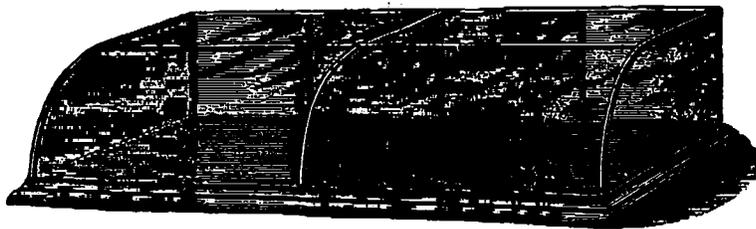
THE GREATEST SEWING MACHINE INVENTION OF THE AGE.

See at EXHIBITION and OFFICE, 58 King St. West. TORONTO.

SEE AT EXHIBITION. LADIES! THE NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE

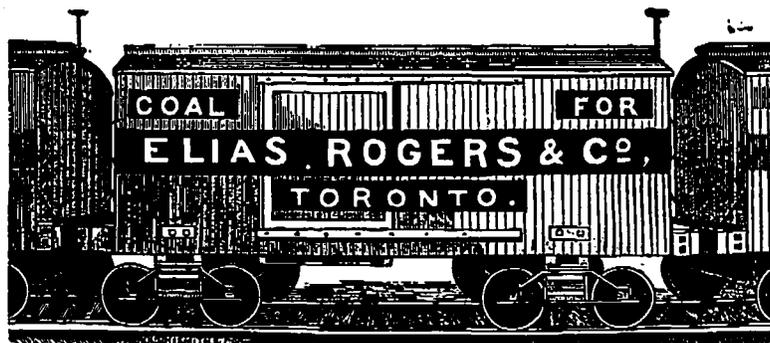
With our new attachments stands unrivalled.

# W. MILLICHAMP & CO.,



SHOW-CASE MANUFACTURERS.  
STORE FITTINGS A SPECIALTY.

FACTORY AND WAREHOUSES:  
29, 31, 33 & 35 ADELAIDE St., - - - TORONTO.



BEST QUALITY.  
**COAL & WOOD,**  
LOWEST PRICES.

Head Office, 20 King St. West. Office & Yard, Cor. Esplanade and Princess.  
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Branch Office, 536 Queen St. W. Office & Yard, Cor. Niagara & Douro St.

# ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

## J. & J. TAYLOR,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

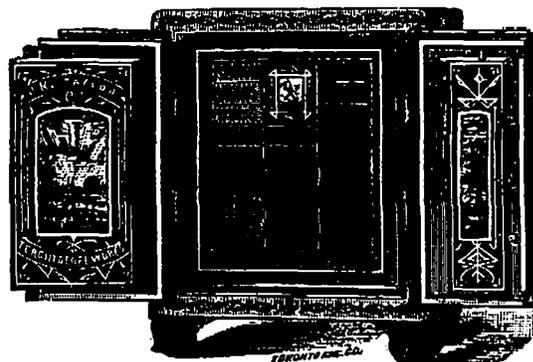
# Fire and Burglar Proof Safes,

Vaults, Vault Doors, Combination Bank Locks, etc.

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TAYLOR'S PATENT FIRE PROOF SAFES,  
WITH NON-CONDUCTING STEEL FLANGE DOORS.

TORONTO SAFE WORKS, - 117 & 119 Front St. East, TORONTO.



# AIKENHEAD & CROMBIE.

The old Hardware Stand,  
COR. KING & YONGE Sts.

BUILDERS',  
MACHINISTS' and  
CARPENTERS'  
TOOLS AND FURNISHINGS.

Table and Pocket Cutlery.

PLATED WARE IN GREAT VARIETY.

# BALL'S



# CORSETS

The ONLY CORSET made that can be returned by its purchaser after three weeks wear, if not found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY in every respect, and its price refunded by seller. Made in a variety of styles and prices. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine unless it has Ball's name on the box.

## BEWARE

Of worthless imitations, some of which are so poorly made that the manufacturers are ashamed to put their name on corset or box containing them.

Genuine BALL'S Corsets are all stamped - Patented, April 29th, 1881.

CLINTON E. BRUSH & BRO.,  
Sole Manufacturers, Toronto.

LADIES! THE NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE Is Perfection Attained. SEE AT EXHIBITION.

LADIES! The New Williams Sewing Machine, Light and Rapid, Strong and Durable. SEE AT EXHIBITION.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. } Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES. } 417 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Photographer, 134 Yonge Street, Toronto. *Stanton* Cabinets, \$3.00 per dozen. Old Pictures Copied, Enlarged and Finished in Colors, Ink or Crayon. Orders filled from any Negatives made by the firm of Stanton & Vicars.



THE BEATEN CHAMPIONS.—JOHN A. TO NED H.—NEVER MIND, NED, MY BOY; WE CAN'T ALWAYS WIN, YOU KNOW.



**NOW READY.**  
**New 40-60 Calibre**  
 Winchester Repeating Rifle, Model 1884, and  
 22 CALIBRE, 25 SHOT WINCHESTER REPEATER.  
 44 CALIBRE BALLARD RIFLES \$8.50  
 66 CALIBRE JOSLYN RIFLES \$4.50

**CHARLES STARK,**  
 52 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO, NEAR KING,  
 Importer, Who deals and Retail Dealer in Gold and Silver  
 Watches, Gold and Silver Jewellery, Diamonds,  
 Silverware, etc. Send your address for  
 our 120 page Catalogue.

**STAINED DWELLINGS**  
**FOR CHURCHES GLASS**  
**MEMORIAL WINDOWS**  
**WHEEL & SAND-CUT GLASS**  
**MCCAUSLAND & SON**

**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF.**



\$25. \$25.

Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.  
**CHAS. STARK,**  
 52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, Near King,  
 Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
 Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver  
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 Send address for our 120 page Catalogue, containin  
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 most elegant designs.

· GRIP ·

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BRINGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

FAIR NUMBER.

The present number of GRIP is a trifle more gorgeous than usual, in honor of the Great Fair. This extra illumination in the way of color (for of course nothing can be more brilliant than the ordinary issue, in an intellectual sense) has been achieved by a considerable expenditure of time and labor. If it gratifies our patrons as an exhibition of enterprise befitting the Queen city, and worthy of the greatest comic journal Canada has ever boasted (speaking with studied modesty), we are satisfied, especially if that gratification takes a practical form and inspires every non-subscriber to slap his knee emphatically and declare that he will forthwith send in his name and his \$2. This, we say, will completely repay us for our extra effort—if this declaration is acted upon in every such case.

LEADING CARTOON.—It will be best perhaps to let the reader wade through this double page without a guide. If he loses his way it will not hurt him. We simply warn the searcher after political truth that the sketches are innocent of political meaning, and nothing short of a visit to the Fair ground will throw any light upon them.

FIRST PAGE.—This is allegorical. Not that it is intended to convey the idea that our city aldermen are given to "brass and wind"—GRIP would be the last to insinuate such an atrocious libel. We call it allegorical, because it is not a literal fact that the Fair was opened by a performance of the city councilmen. It is a fact, however, that this Fair occurs in the jubilee year of Toronto, and forms a fitting wind-up to the demonstration of June. Careful readers of the posters will observe that the By show is called the Semi-Centennial Exposition.

THE BEATEN CHAMPION.—Sir John Macdonald has for a long time been, in the political arena, what Ned Hanlan has been in the aquatic world. Both have met with defeat at last—the former at the hands of Mowat and the latter by Beach. If we estimate the character of John A. a right, he will not take the disaster too much to heart, but after the Local Pow-wow is over, will come up smiling and hoping for better luck next time.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURES.—No government can hereafter hope to live in Canada that fails to appreciate the importance of Agriculture and Manufactures—the literal

support of our Dominion. The grand display in these departments at the Exhibition is well calculated to impress this upon all intelligent visitors. It is our happiness at the present moment to be able to congratulate our husbandmen on a bountiful harvest, the result of well directed industry blessed by a benign Providence; and it is also a fitting occasion to express our admiration of the grand progress our manufacturers have made in all directions, and to wish for them a long continuance of the prosperity they are enjoying.



GLORY OVERMUCH.

Bad Mail Boy.—Mister, don't you think you're in danger of bustin'?

[A FORECAST OF THE MOWAT PROCESSION.]

The Pulp Tower. Ontario, a noble maiden; Griffina, an ancient spinster, occupant of the Pulp Tower.

ONTARIO:—  
Come to the window, Griffina, and lay paste and scissors down,  
And gaze upon great Mowat with all the gazing town;  
Oh look on gracious Mowat, on spectacles and face,  
He bows to all the people with a Christian Statesman's grace;  
For ho! to-day, the Grits are gay, their talk is high-faluting,  
And on the weird and wild kazoo triumphant strains are tooting.  
Look forth on eastern King-street, the seething, surging mob  
Shout loud "Eh mon, yon's Mowat!" Guidesakes, what says The Globe?  
And lo! here comes the Deacon! his best store clothes he wears,  
In which he writes Globe articles, in which he says his prayers  
So come to the pulp-tower window, lay down your "gutter sheet's" guide"  
To look at noble Mowat, Ontario's joy and pride.  
The Pulp Tower's mistress spoke not, more glum her grim face grew,  
And on her ancient cheek the brass looked dusk with bronzo like hue.  
(So looks the nymph of Duchess-street, when husband-blacked eye  
Has seen some scamp or passing tramp purloin her flask of rye!)  
"I will not go" she said, "guess no! me lay my scissors down  
To gaze on that little tyrant with all the gazing town,  
The mob are met to greet their pet, who spite of all my saying  
'Go, go away' preferred to stay, my maiden heart dis-maying.  
I thirst for blood! and shall throw mud industriously down  
On Mowat vile and the canaille of vile Toronto town.

ONTARIO:—

Thou hag unblest, give us a rest, have on our patience pity;  
For you I greet the escheat sheet wo strike in all the city,  
You slay the Grits, not them it hits, but does them service hearty,  
And in the ken of all wise men degrades the Tory party!  
Good Pulp-Tower-guest, give us a rest, have on our patience pity,  
Far better join with me and mine, the triumph of the city!  
Sir John or Blake for Canada's sake, in love, in spite of party,  
And Tories rule may Mowat greet with gratulations hearty,  
If Mowat shows good sense (ho does) and nothing can be plainer  
That of vast tracts of land through him the Province has been gainer,  
Let Tories frankly own the fact, like honest men, and show it,  
By joining with the concourse vast who'll cry "Hooray for Mowat."

C. P. M.

HAIL TO THE QUEEN CITY.

[The following has been anonymously received, but is supposed to have emanated from somewhere in Queen-street west,—say about the region of the Asylum.—ED. GRIP.]

The year of grace eighteen hundred and eighty four has been one of jubilee for the Queen City of the Lakes. From the earliest moment when gentle spring, smiling upon the waters released them from Winter's chill embrace, and our fair city hustled around like a Newport Belle coming out for her first season, bedecked herself with Nature's jewels, donned her sumptuous raiment, and placed her diadem glittering with electric sparks to heighten and render more attractive her wondrous grace and beauty, there have been sounds of mirth by day and rejoicings and revelry by night, and trade has been immensecoff; for now her merchant princes are occupying the *ad interim* in examining the remnants to see if there still remain sufficient to last the season, and ever and anon diving deep into the recesses of their cash box in order to whoop her up through the fall, and the lordly hotel keepers are calculating how long the run of bank presidents and cashiers will hold out to be treated as Dukes and Knights in this hospitable city, for an almost insignificant sum *in fiat* money. At present our fair Queen of but fifty years is more beautiful than Lilly Langtry, and more important than Moses Oates. From the moment of her ascent to the throne and the wielding of the royal sceptre, she has been favored of men, the envy of the women and the subject of adoration for the continent. Our Yankee neighbors visit her, and the atmosphere becomes redolent of Bourbon straight; and fair speeches are made of annexation. From Nova Scotia and the coast come her blue-nosed adorers by the multitude, and her doctors talk learnedly of the virtues of cod liver oil and the beauties of soft coal fires. Quebec smilingly sends her contingent, and the first Lord of the Treasury shuts up shop, puts on the combination and takes the first train west, and saloon keepers soon get tired. Our farmers visit her from the far portions of the Province to do her homage and are promptly met with old acquaintances who loan them a \$1000 bond to keep in place of \$137.50 in ready cash, a transaction which if properly framed on their return home always recalls the price of a yoke of oxen, and occasions energetic remarks anent the homage paid. The smoked contingent from the ambitious city arrives to take in her glories, and the boulevards are strewn with the shells of the festive peanut, and the cedar-paved roadways disclose small hills of the covering of the water million, with the empty pop bottles that formerly contained the antidote. Manitoba admirers throng the city to acknowledge her peerless fame, and straightway the hotel keepers affix the legend "no cheques cashed," and anti-Scott gargle is raised to fifteen cents,

whilst the news from the province is as truthful as the statements of the Anti-Scott act crowd. From Assiniboia and Alberta her devotees appear, and Columbia contemplates a wholesale migration on arrival there of Chap-leau-Ottawa-Chinois commission; but the end is not yet, and the glories of the Semi-Centennial will be eclipsed by the Demonstration, and numerous thousands will take part in the procession, and the people are happy—for fine steamers still ply from her wharves, and the schooners of beer up town are more than half froth, but the enterprising citizen gets a free ride on the one and stands the bartender off for the other. And now the British Association of scientific anomalies, seeing the error of their ways will render their homage, and we will rejoice with exceeding joy. They have rusticated recently in the overgrown village of Montreal and the adjacent suburb of Ottawa and the village papers have grown wise and abstruse in their dissertations on evolution, substitution and abstraction. Little Dick has indelibly impressed it upon the minds of those learned men of science, that only one thing more is needed to make this country perfect, that is for Posing Tommy, P.M., to get a grip on the strings of the shekel bag of the great confederation, so that in due time he can enjoy his ten cent an acre farm at the foot of the rockies away from the hurly burly, and watch the other boys scramble for the assignats. A small contingent of the men of science, however, did not remain; they passed through our fair city like a blue-coated pill through a sick French liberal, for the C.P.E. has them in reserve and intends to try if a free ride west will have the same effect on those learned brains as a Grand Trunk pass on a Montreal Alderman. The means are the same, but the end differs. The one is to beat Canadians, but the other is to loosen the purse strings of the Britisher, for the books to be published on the return of the wise, about what we don't know about Canada, will be household words in the habitations of the unenlightened. However our joy must be restrained, for we have a sorrow. The association of science is not complete. Where is the Rev. Jasper who so forcibly illustrates the theory that the sun do move! Where is Henry Ward Beecher, the Hades Annihilator? or George Francis Train, or Sir Isaac Newton, or Charles S. Parnell, or Bradlaugh, or the Duke of Argyll or Bill Smith or John Carling, Harry Piper or Col. Denison, or the thousand other shining lights who should radiate amongst us and add their homage to our Queen. Echo answers, and a tear is shed for the absent heroes of a free trip, and long weeks of disputation on the paleozoic age and the sporadic spread of the cholera germ in the poor man's beer is forgotten whilst we acquire the long disputed territory to add to Ontario's domain. But thousands are coming to the Mowat Demonstration with millions yet unheard from, and for the next few weeks the committees will rejoice, the merchants will work off old stock, the brewer put more salt in the lager and the citizen with one hand aloft and the other tight clasped on his plug of tobacco and an empty pocket book, will feel chock full of glory, and with strong breath will Hurrah for Mowat, the Boundary Award, and the Queen City's Exhibition.

LETTERS GONE ASTRAY.

DEAR G-F-F-N,—Thanks for your editorial on the Essex addresses. Yes, Blake must have written them. You say you are quite convinced of that, and no further proof is necessary. I myself think it was he who did the shameful deed. Such a display of chronic imbecility could emanate from no other source. Blake, as you very beautifully put it, has "no literary style," or any other style, for that matter. I have often asked him to have some

style about him, but to no purpose. The man is so hopelessly and consumingly ignorant that no person on earth can ever raise him above mediocrity. One hundred and thirty-eight words to the sentence. I couldn't make it quite so many, but as you are an expert at figures, I have no doubt your statement is perfectly correct.

But, whisper! Do you think my popularity is on the decline? I am a little anxious lest there might be some foundation for the rumors that are current to that effect. Not because the Grip papers have said it, you know. They lie knowingly and systematically, and only hit the truth by accident, as they appear to have done this time. That little tyrant, Mowat, seems to be the white-haired boy just now. It is but a little temporary breeze of popularity, however, and will soon subside. Keep the omnipotent N. P. constantly before the public and all will be well.

Yours as ever,  
JOHN A.

DEAR KYLE,—I'm doing a grand and glorious work here for the cause of humanity and the Trades Benevolent Association. I'm about busted for money, though. Send me up about \$300 at once. Can't do with less. Simcoe is a big county, you know, and the people very impecunious. I was thundering mad at you for even suggesting that I was spending too much money. Spend more than the temperance people? Why, of course I do, you don't expect me to be so infernally stingy, as those Scott Act fanatics, do you? Why they spend nothing, absolutely nothing. They never have to buy a man a drink; they spend nothing for bribes; they pay no \$1000 a month for orators, nor do they even offer a man a dollar for groaning at our meetings. This latter item, with us, is very important, both in its results, and in what it costs. I must have another \$300 or \$400 or surrender to the enemy. Which shall it be?

Yours sincerely,  
JAYKING DODDS.



"PRESERVES."

Mr. Roundabout (who was out late last night, and wants to head off a storm by saying something nice)—We have been married twenty years, love, and you look as young as ever!

Mrs. R.—As for you, you haven't changed a particle!

Mr. R.—Not changed! how can you say that?

Mrs. R.—Because things preserved in alcohol never change!

CATARRH.—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

HO! FOR THE NILE,

Major Fred. Donison's off for the Nile  
With a Canuck contingent for his rank and file,  
Thin habitans, half-breeds and brave Iroquois,  
Who will leave far behind them each papose and squaw,  
They will show the Egyptians a very fine net,  
How to drag up a boat through a steep cataract,  
And armed with his pike-pole the raftsmen don't fear  
The face of an Arab or care for his spear.  
For have they not breasted fierce Ottawa's tides,  
And sang their gay songs on the St. Lawrence wide?  
The boys are all right and they're bound to go through  
If they only keep clear of the skinta-wa-boo.  
And when they come back from the banks of the Nile  
It's hoped that each voyageur has a large "pilo,"  
And, if they succeed well perhaps Major Donison  
Will get wrote up in history by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

I MADE A PUN IN ENGLAND.

DEAR GRIP,—I've just returned from the Old Country—miserable old place—seems so small and pokey after this "boundless continent of ours." You can't throw a stone without wounding a nobleman; the place is fairly crowded with 'em, and I was on very intimate terms with some of the aristocracy, ran short of "tin" in fact, and used to dine with His Grace Duke Humphroy pretty regularly. But the worst of those Britishers, that is, when they are on their own soil and before they get their brains oxygenated and ozoned by a trip to Canada, is their density and opaqueness in the matter of seeing a joke or a pun. As an example of this I give you a little poem descriptive of my visit to the Royal Academy, and the fearful result that ensued when I, in my effervescent manner, fired off a mild little pun. You see I hadn't time to write the pun down and put it in *italics* and explain it and introduce a column of !!!'s after it, hence the consequences.

I am very unhappy.

MY VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In my mildly contemplative way  
I wandered through the picture mart,  
On either side, some grave, some gay,  
Hung many works of painters' art.

Full many a gem of purest ray  
Serene, hung pendant from the line;  
Not in dusk cavern hid away  
To, unappreciated, shine.

In mildly contemplative mood  
I passed along, enrapt in thought;  
Before each work I silent stood,  
As contemplative critic ought.

And then methought, as backward flew  
My mind to words in Holy Writ:  
The men who these fair pictures drew  
Have brains, indeed, with genius lit.

They are, in truth, well-favored wights,  
Whose pictures hang upon these walls,  
Though some in most atrocious lights  
Are dimly seen within these halls.

I thought me then of scripture story,  
My words outpoured I to the breeze:  
"E'en Solomon in all his glory  
Was not R.A.'d like one of these."

And then—

Ah! plain prose will suffice for the rest. A low-bred, contemptible, beer-muddled custodian of the place overheard me and banged me over the head with a club, and I fell to the earth, and was borne forth, and lo! D. and D. appeared against my name at Bow-street next next day.

PUSSIE'S PETITION.

TO MISS BELLE—, ST. PATRICK-STREET, TORONTO.

Most charming Miss Belle, since the Doctor my master has told me about my dear sissie's disaster, How you fed her with milk, how you stroked her and potted her,  
How she ran to you mewling when anything fretted her,  
How a bad boy quite fit for a place that's not nice  
To be ever trapped down there with rats and with mice!  
From your guarded pinza, one terrible day,  
With unprincipled rudeness stole sissie away.  
Till we go to the good place, and lap milk for ever  
We meet not—on earth she will purr to me never;  
But the Doctor—whose wife, if not good (what a pity!)  
Says perhaps you may keep me for your little Kitten.  
C. F. M.



Answering Questions



The march past of youth and Beauty Prize Winners



The Programme Merchants



The Gov. Gen. Opening the Fare of the Season



The Birmingham Band entered for the Competition



Always on Hand



An Authority on Hoops



Professional Beauties



Ox-Cross Prize



Fast People



Fast People

SKETCHES AT THE FAIR.

THE M.P.'S WIFE MAKES A SUGGESTION.

RURAL DELL.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I can't think how it is that you don't put Lucius among the pictures in your distinguished paper. Matilda, my sister, who is in poor circumstances, says it's because "he ain't prominent, just a wire for the big ones to pull, and that there are hundreds more like him." Of course Matilda says a good deal for mere spite, for in the first place who that ever saw the Member for Rural Dell would think of comparing his manly massive physique to a wire, and who I'd like to know knows better than his wife that he isn't to be pulled when—when—, well, I suppose I must be inelegant for once, when he gets his back up—yet there is a grain of ill-natured truth in my sister's remark, for with the spirit of the age I can truly say: What is life if you aren't sometimes in print (I don't mean that cheap style of summer clothing, far from it, as a newspaper man you'll understand me), and I own up, I should like to see L.—in GRIP, not of course in a ridiculous position, but for instance, his portly figure clad in his best broad-cloth, his polished beaver hat, well-brushed mutton chop whiskers, and gold chain, soliciting votes, or speaking to an admiring and enthusiastic audience cheering lustily while he wildly promises Ruraldellors everything they want. Being of an ever retiring disposition I would not like to make any grander suggestions. I leave details in your hands; but the day I find Lucius smiling on the pages of your paper will see me a proud woman, and depend upon it, I'll flourish GRIP with triumph over the onivous head of Matilda.

Your staunch friend and admirer,  
ELIZA PENCHEMAN.

P. S.—If it is possible that you have never visited Rural Dell or seen Lucius, I could send you a picture of us both, taken together when we were first married, and if you think best you can leave mine out, though I am generally considered the best looking.

P. S. No. 2.—Why don't you start an inquiry column. I want dreadfully to know if it is etiquette for me to write on my visiting card, Mrs. Pencherman, and M. P. in the corner. I never know the day I might be in Toronto and want to call at the Government House, and it would be so awkward not to know what's what. I've noticed people put P. R. C. sometimes, and I do love to be stylish, which isn't so easy when you reside in a small place like Rural Dell, where the most of the people are of the "Pen sais quoi" gender, a terrible drawback to a superior lady like myself.

THISTLEDOWN.

I.

A little fluff of thistledown had reached that stage of maturity when the time drew nigh for it to take leave of its parent stem and set forth on its wanderings. And as it sat and pondered in its mind what great deed it might accomplish it was sore perplexed, for it felt its own insignificance and lack of magnitude. And as it reflected it was overcome by its feelings and gave way to tears.

II.

"Why weepest thou, oh! little fluff of thistledown?" asked its tall neighbor, the mullein stalk, "why weepest thou thus bitterly?"

And the little fluff answered, "Because I am so small, and even now I must set forth on my travels and I know not how to accomplish some great deed, and I am ambitious."

Then the mullein stalk comforted the little fluff and told it how it might fly to the garden of some great and pious man and bring forth many thistles amongst the goodly fruits in the garden; and the great and pious man might swear.

But the little fluff was not satisfied, and yearned to do even more than that.

"Then trust to luck," replied the mullein stalk. "Keep up your stamina and the powder in your pistols dry, and you will be all right. Tra-la-la."

"Tra-la-la," answered the little fluff of thistledown, as Zephyr came singing along and lifting it in his arms bore it away over field and meadow toward the boundless ocean.

III.

"All hands hands on deck; man the pumps, heave the dry goods clerks overboard; belay the right bower; hard a-port; a vast heaving."

Such were the hurried commands that Captain Ichabod Applesass, of the good ship Kerchunk, of the United States navy, roared through his speaking trumpet, as his gallant vessel careened deeply to starboard, and countered heavily on the wind's eye.

"Fourteen feet of water in the hold, and all the grog watered," reported the ship's carpenter to his commander.

"Then we shall sink," returned the latter. "Sink it is," replied Chips. And as he yet spake the splendid man-of-war lurched three points abaft the binnacle and went to the bottom.

IV.

The vanity of the little fluff of thistledown was gratified. It had collided with one of the finest vessels of the American navy and had sunk it. —Swiz.



MORE PLAIN THAN PLEASANT.

Old Lady (to simpering elderly young lady, who is said to be engaged to a widower)—An' when is yer marriage tae come aff?

S. E. Y. L.—Oh! Mrs. Brown, don't tease me; that's an old story.

O. L.—It canna be that, for the man's wife's nae lang deed.

THE PIOUS LANDLORD.

WHEN YORK MEETS SCOTLAND THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR.

"Losh, mon! I canna allow ye to cut wood on the Sawbath."

Such were the words that broke on my ears as, one Sunday morning, I prepared to saw a few sticks of wood in the cellar of the house in which I rent apartments.

My avocation compels me to depart from home betimes in the morning, and when I return at eve, the uncongenial task of "bucking" wood is frequently postponed, and on the morning in question, a bitterly cold one, I found myself without a solitary siver of wood wherewith to increase the atmospherical calorific of my rooms.

It was Sunday, as I have stated, but warmth must be attained at any cost, and a little fracture of the first day of the week, methought would do no harm.

But my landlord thought otherwise. He is a mighty professor of religion and a grocer withal; he is a Scotchman, as his name Gregor MacGregor MacPherson would seem to suggest, and, in addition to the usual commodities to be found in a grocer's emporium, he deals in that which at the last stingeth like an adder and is sharper than a thankless tooth or a serpent's child,—viz., ardent spirits.

My landlord, as I have intimated is "unco guid," and from chilly morn till frosty eve the building wherein he and I reside re-echo with the sound of psalmody and hymnal melody and

"On Jo-horr-don's stormy ba-ha-a-anks I ston'" and similar airs ring through the welkin as the pious grocer sands his sugar and mingles the luscious sloe-leaf with his tea, and warbles aloud in the excess of his religious fervor.

The situation is explained; pious landlord; over-worked tenant: Sunday morning and no wood cut.

I had scarcely made the first fell gash in a stick of wood when the opening words of this tale saluted me, supplemented by

"Ye musna cut wood aroon ma preemises o' the Sawbath. I wilna pairmit sic a deesecration o' the blessed day."

My landlord stood behind me, and he looked determined.

"But, fair sir," I urged, "I shall freeze, and I have no firewood till I cut some."

"Ye maun gang cauld then," was the reply, "for I canna allow ye to cut wood aroon ma hoose o' the Sawbath."

"But I shall freeze." "I carena, ava; ye may pull an ox or an ass oot o' the pit the day, but ye musna whustle nor cut wood."

"I should like to push an ass out of this cellar," I inurmured to myself, but restraining my indignation, I resolved to resort to strategy.

I am a Yorkshireman and I did not desire to be beaten by this snuffing Caledonian, so I said,

"Well, if you won't let me cut wood to-day, I must have something to warm me. You have spirits in your store; let me have a bottle of rye?"

"Hae ye ony siller?" suspiciously queried the grasping Scotchman, his national love of the bawbees asserting itself.

"Of course I have," I replied.

"Oo ay; gin ye hae the siller I'll gie ye a mutchkin or twa," said the holy one, and we ascended to the grocery where the tradesman handed me a bottle of whiskey remarking the while

"There's a lon' that is fa-hairror than da-hay" and then demanded payment.

"By the way," I remarked, putting the bottle in my pocket, "I, like yourself, belong to a Christian denomination; mine forbids the payment of money on Sunday. For that reason I never put anything in the contribution plate at church on that day, and it would be inconsistent were I to pay you filthy lucre for sordid whiskey. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I must defer payment indefinitely. If it is wrong to saw wood to-day it is ten times worse to pay for liquor. Twig?" and I smiled a smile that was very expressive.

The good man felt that I "had" him. His whole grasping nature was rising in arms, so to speak, as he feared the coveted bawbees were to be denied him, and his physical inability precluded the idea of resorting to violence, on his part, to regain possession of the bottle in my pocket.

"Weel," he said, at last, pale with anger, "weel, gang yer ain gate and saw yeer wood,

but gie me the siller for the whuskey," and he extended his hand.

"I think not," I replied, "my church would run me out if it knew I was guilty of a momentary transaction on a Sunday. Moreover I don't feel like "bucking" wood now; I can turn into bed and this whiskey will keep me warm and as to the payment, why, Inspector Dexter shall decide about that. The fine for selling liquor to-day, I believe, is \$20 or fifteen days—twenty dollars, my friend; two thousand bawbees; think of that! I'll saw no wood this morning—some other morning—good morning," and as I retired the good man swooned away into a barrel of salt mackerel that smelt to heaven.

Thus did Yorkshireman prove a match for crafty Scot. Ha! ha!

—S.

### A POINTER FOR THE DOCTOR.

DEAR GRIP:—

The facility with which Dr. Wild finds examples of fulfilment of prophecy, and the suitable application of scriptural language to the every day events of our modern life, must command the admiration and wonder of all lovers of the remarkable. I am more than astonished however, to find that *one* passage in the New Testament has escaped the notice of his eagle eye. I refer to that plain allusion to Mr. Mowat and Sir John in the parable of "The hypocrite." To an unprejudiced mind there can be no doubt whatever that the beam there spoken of as standing in the way of the removal of a certain mote, has direct reference to that "stick of timber" which Sir John has had in his eye for many a day, and which he more than once has spoken of as "Not for Joe, oh no, no! not for you Ontario!" The best proof of this theory lies in the fact that it is this very beam, or "stick of timber," which prevents the Premier from successfully getting that Mowat out of the eye of the public of Ontario. A short time ago the crank that turns the *Mail* organ kept grinding incessantly that "Mowat must go, Mowat must go, Mowat must git from Ontario." Accordingly, probably to escape the din, he went to England, and returned—victorious; and now though all Torydom may pretend to rejoice that the bone of contention has been borne off by the right dog, still we know that it is, like the beam, all in their eye—and quite as open to doubt as the existence of a mythical personage known to sailors as Betty Martin. That "stick of timber" or beam will for ever preclude Sir John from removing that Mowat. I do wish Dr. Wild would tackle this and handle it in his own able way.

Yours very truly,  
A SON OF THE PROFITS.

### THE BIRTH OF THE LATEST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Haroun el Hamfat, minstrel to the king,  
One sultry day lay prone within his tent;  
The lazy brooze scarce breathed on anything.  
In through the doorway stole the insidious scent  
Of tropic flowers and of spices rare,  
Whose perfume loaded all the idle air.

Haroun el Hamfat, minstrel to the king,  
Felt sleepy, for the hour was afternoon,  
And he had dined; he had ceased to sing.  
In vain had striven his well-loved lute to tano,  
But fruitless all the drowsy god doth creep  
Towards El Hamfat, and he falls asleep.

And as he slept he dreamt that in his tent  
Stood myriad mules, all countless in array,  
Which, till their breath with much fatigue was spent,  
Would all incessant long and loudly bray.  
And jackals, voices then came joining in,  
And added to the pandemoniac din.

Such sounds Haroun El Hamfat ne'er before  
Had heard: a pup whose tail is tightly hold  
Within the fast closed hinges of a door  
With such discordant tones had never yelled.  
They were as though all Hades' traps were loose  
And yelling, shrieking, howling like the deuce.

El Hamfat woke and found that he had dreamed,  
But still those sounds were ringing in his ears;  
Though but a violin, all so real it seemed  
That Hamfat broke down and gave way to tears.  
For his musician's soul with anguished pain  
Was tortured by this most discordant strain.

(Some days before, the minstrel by the king  
Had been commanded to, at once, invent  
On pain of death, by aid of wind or string  
Some brand new kind of music instrument;  
And with this regal order on his mind  
Haroun had fall'n asleep, the thing to find.)

Straightway he hid him then to Hassan Jones,  
A cunning worker in the sounding brass,  
"Make me," he cried, "an instrument whose tones  
Shall be like those of braying mule or ass,  
But make them worse if possible." "I will,"  
Replied H. Jones, "I guess I've got the skill."

Then Hamfat told good Jones about his dream,  
And of the awful sounds that he had heard:  
"The instrument," he said, "must have the scream  
Of girls who see a mouse; the jackass-bird  
Must sing no less discordant; it must sound  
Far worse." Said Jones, "In two months call around."

Two moons elapsed. Haroun El Hamfat came  
And bowed him lowly down before the king,  
"Hasn't got the instrument?" the latter cried, "The same  
I have, and here, my lord, behold the thing.  
My lord's commands in all I have obeyed."  
And here he showed the thing that Jones had made.

"Tis well," replied the king "now let me hear  
Upon this instrument of thine a tune;  
Now do thy best, for thou shalt be a peer  
Of this our realm." "I will," replied Haroun.  
He placed the mouthpiece to his nimble tongue  
And drew much air into each mighty lung.

And then he blew a blast: the mighty king  
Thrust his forefingers in each real ear.  
The courtiers fled in terror scampering;  
The queen fell dead o'ercome with awful fear.  
And, when the sound had died away, Haroun  
Enquired, "shall I discourse another tune?"

The king had had enough, yet, curlous all,  
He asked Haroun El Hamfat what might be  
The name whereby he did intend to call  
The new invention: "What's its name?" said he,  
"My liege," replied the minstrel, "my invention new  
Is known—" "As what?" "Is known as the kazoo."

### THE SCALPEL.

ETERNAL FITNESS.

A trunk line war of rates seems inevitable.  
Well! anything queer about a trunk line  
having things clothes?

MORE TO THE POINT.

An effort is to be made to create a trade between  
Montreal and the minor West India ports.  
But what about a trade between Montreal  
and the Miner North-West regions?

TWO GREAT MEN.

Victor Hugo works only in the afternoon, doing most  
of his writing standing up at a high desk.

How different from a celebrated Canadian  
*litterateur* who works sometimes at poetry up  
till midnight and does most of his writing up  
in a tall tower!

SETTLES IT.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—Commander Schley said yesterday that he was positively of the opinion that the flesh was removed from the bodies of Greely's men simply for the purpose of catching shrimps.

Now, this ought to be perfectly satisfactory. All we wanted to know, was where the flesh had gone to? Of course those who would use human flesh for bait never would think of making any other use of it!

"THAT WAS THE CAUSE OF IT."

Benjamin F. Butler was in 1843-4 an agent for an actress, Miss Hildrith.

This is what makes the General so popular with the press gang.

CARNEGIE'S BOTHER.

Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania, owner of a number of newspapers in England, says the *St. James Gazette* is right in asserting that he would destroy the Crown and House of Lords if he could.

Well, there *does* seem to be some little difficulty in the way, come to look into it!

BAD BEGINNING.

Bjorn Bjornson, a very gifted son of the great poet and leader, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, has been—

But, pshaw! No printer will ever get through with a paragraph starting out in this shape.

BY THE POWERS.

U. S. merchants are said to be expecting a material increase in trade with China consequent on the war.

Just so! It takes the American nation to look after its real interests. While the fool powers are fighting, this cute power keeps on working. Uncle Sam knows when he has a good thing.

OWES FOR HIS PAPER.

King Ludwig, of Bavaria, rises in the night, has a black steed saddled, and dashes off at a whirlwind speed up and down the hill roads—which are well kept for that reason—like a phantom horseman pursued by some relentless decree of the supernatural powers.

What Lud. had better do, then, is pay his subscription to the local newspaper and be done with it.

MOVED BY US SECONDED BY —.

A Baltimore physician says that the superfluous hairs which make their appearance on the lips of ladies, greatly to their annoyance, can be removed by passing an electric needle into the hair cell of each individual hair, and then passing a spark of electricity through the needle.

That's such an easy way out of the difficulty that the Baltimore physician is open to grave censure for keeping quiet about it all this time.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

Professional beggars are on the increase in Toronto. But the professional burglar scares us most. What is wanted are professional policemen as an antidote for both pests.

TIME'S UP, OLD MAN.

Ashantee wants to be annexed to Britain. And does it not seem about England's time for annexing something or some one? Mus'nt have too long between 'nexings, Gladstone!

IMPORTANT OMISSION.

A girl in New York State is said to have existed 163 days without food.

It isn't said, however, how long the reporter was without an item before he struck this grand one. The girl is prostrate, of course? The reporter is lying, too.

A PLUMBERS' BOOM WANTED.

An attempt is to be made to organize the plumbers of the Dominion.

Let, therefore, all the newspapers start to work and pipe the little lay; for does not the plumber lay the little pipe?

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

The large number of persons who daily visit the establishment of PETLEY & PETLEY can testify to the very low prices at which they are selling hosiery, gloves, laces, ribbons, corsets, frillings, etc., and will have no hesitation in saying that it is without doubt the cheapest house in the city. FINE CLOTHING—Gentlemen requiring fine clothing should not fail to inspect the splendid assortment of new fall suiting now on exhibition at the stores of Petley & Petley, King St. East. There is no disputing the fact that gentlemen as a rule pay higher prices for their clothing and underwear than there is any necessity for, and is no doubt accounted for by their making their purchases at small furnishing houses or tailor shops. This might be avoided by buying from such houses as Petley & Petley, who do not confine themselves to this class of trade and are therefore in a much better position to sell at close prices than houses who have to pay all their working expenses out of the one department.

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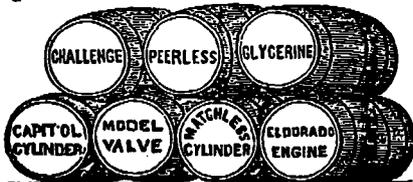
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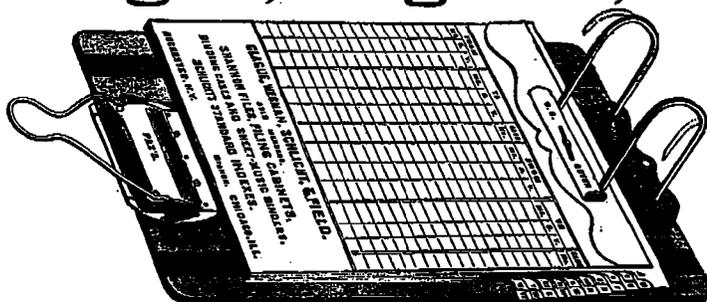
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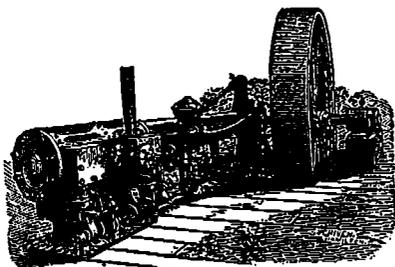
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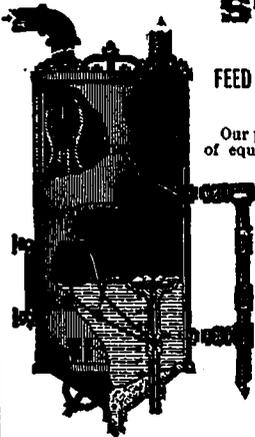
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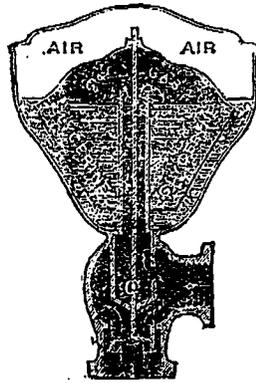
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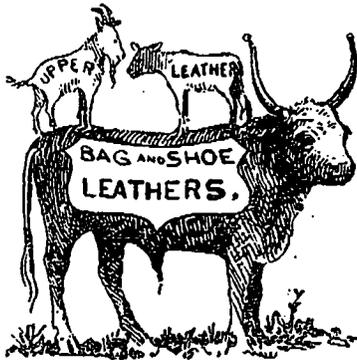
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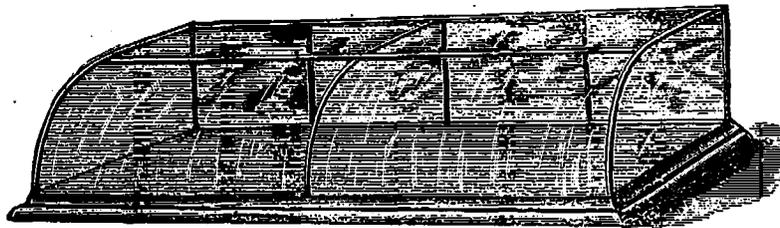
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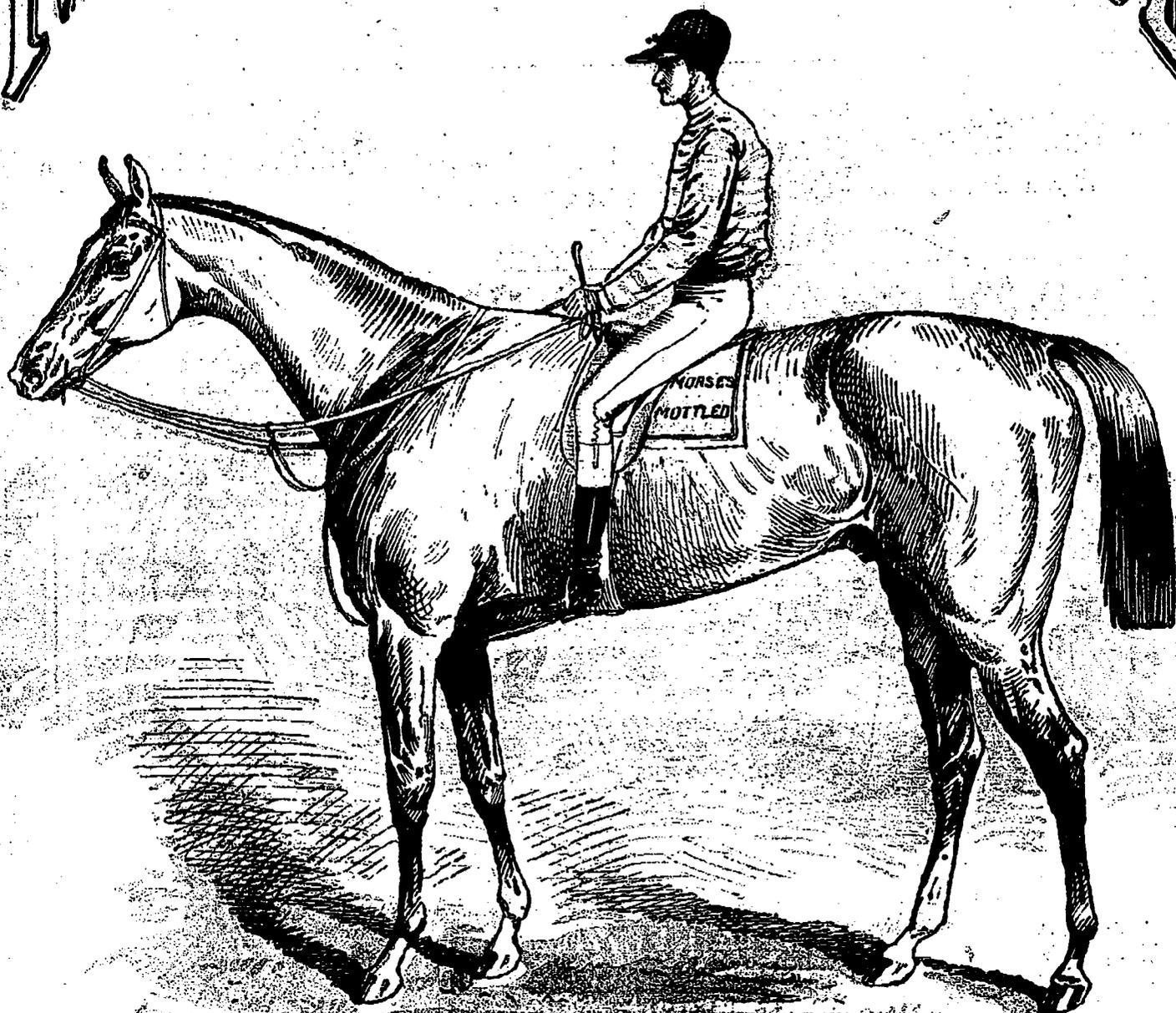
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