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HOW CAN HE STOP NOW?

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

FLY-TIME. — While we are always anxious to comport ourselves with proper respect, and even veneration, towards Parliament, we are compelled to resort to a somewhat homely simile to correctly represent the present state of things in the House.

When we represent the head of the Government as a tormented Old Hoss, and the members of the Opposition—with certain others who are not of that persuasion—as hoss flies of a particularly troublesome sort, we hope the truthfulness of the illustration will extenuate its humbleness. Certainly Sir John was never in greater distress than he is now undergoing, and will continue to undergo to the end of the present session. The Opposition, being stronger in numbers, and having some good grievances, are feeling uncommonly pugilistic, and in addition to the regular and expected attacks from this quarter, the Government is receiving much punishment from its own back benches. The French contingent is in rebellion over the allowance of the Manitoba Bills. Tarte has lighted the fuse for his McGreevy-Langevin bombshell, McCarthy is in a defiant frame of mind, and deputations on the Tariff are heading for Ottawa from all directions. It is an exceedingly buzzy session.

HOW CAN HE STOP NOW?—"Logic is logic," said the immortal builder of the one-horse shay. It may be likened unto an inclined plane, well supplied with grease. Between premises and conclusion there is no such thing as stopping. Mr. Hardy finds himself on such a toboggan slide at present, with roller skates on his feet. The principle which underlies his Mining Act is that mineral lands belong, in the nature of things, to the people as a whole, and that therefore the people are entitled to the benefits arising from their possession. Whether taken in the form of ground rent, or royalty on the ores taken out, the interest and ownership of the people must be vindicated. Upon this principle Mr. Hardy is perfectly clear. But how can this principle be confined to mining land? Why doesn't it apply with equal force to all land in city and country alike? There is no logical stopping-place for the hon. gentleman short of the Single Tax. It remains to be seen whether the Ontario Government really cares for principle, however sound. It is more than likely that Mr. Hardy will flounder over the edge of the plank and so give Logic the shake.



AS Sir Richard Cartwright forgotten himself? The other day when Charlton's election bill was being introduced, the Opposition Knight interjected, "I think we will have to have a special Act for the High Commissioner pure and simple." Nobody knows better than Cartwright that Sir C. Tupper is neither pure nor simple.

THE Hamilton Times is admirably playing the part of Candid Friend to the Attorney-General of Ontario. From a recent issue we extract the following very pointed sentences, which we hope the gentleman in question will take into his

serious consideration :

If Mr. Mowat had devoted the time and labor to the study of the principles of taxation which he applied to the study of the evidences of Christianity, he might have done a service to his native Province, and indirectly to the civilized world, for which his name would be held in grateful remembrance for generations. There were plenty of preachers as well qualified as Mr. Mowat to tabulate the evidences of Christianity, but no other man is in as good a position as Mr. Mowat to apply Christian principles to the Ontario tax system. Is it Christian that one man should have to pay another man for permission to live on a portion of the earth which God made for all His children? Does the Bible teach that one man shall stand idle and live on land rent produced by the labor of fifty or one hundred fellow-men? Does the New Testament say that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," or that the laborer is worthy only of that portion of his hire which remains after the demands of the landlord and the land speculator have been satisfied?

SENATOR ALEXANDER'S seat is to be declared vacant because he has been absent from it for two consecutive sessions. The Telegram wittily suggests that the best thing the Senators could do would be to unanimously skip two sessions and allow a grateful country to declare vacant every seat in the Upper Chamber. And yet the Senate is not wholly hopeless. Some of the members have begun to kick against the divorce business.

QUITE a stir has been made in Hamilton over what has been called a "disgraceful row in a church." The scene of the unusual occurrence was the Church of the Ascension. It appears that the rector in charge is strongly inclined toward Ritualism, which has brought about a rupture with a section of his people, who hold by plain Gospel truth. On the festival of Ascension Day the rector imported a surpliced choir from another church, whereupon the objectors determined to show



HOW TO MANAGE A MONOCLE.

him that such unchristian conduct would not be permitted. They assembled in the church, and when the service began turned off the gas and rendered the water-motor of the organ unworkable. The headstrong Ritualists still persisting with improvised lamp and candle-light, the heroes of sound doctrine did their best to break up the service with groaning, whistling, singing of divers tunes, etc. For all this they are now being severely criticised, but they have the sweet consciousness of having done their duty and shown the erring rector what pure and undefiled religion really is: Unless he is a very unreasonable person indeed, he will surely abjure his popish practices and accept the better way which has been pointed out to him in so truly a Christian spirit.

A GREAT public meeting was held in London, Ont., the other evening in connection with a movement for the abolition of the treating custom. It was a decided success, and it is to be hoped the movement will spread and gather force until this silly and ruinous "institution" is known no more. To abolish treating would be to break the back of the liquor traffic. It is through the mis-directed kindness of the traitor that recruits are secured for the army of drunkenness.

IT is announced that troops are to be dispatched to Mashonaland to head off a large body of Boers who are bent upon setting up a new Free State in the country recently taken over by the British. The British Government is hereby informed that GRIP has no objection to this if it is clearly understood that the troops are not being sent merely to do service for the South African Company. The English-speaking man is, all in all, the safest arbiter of the future destiny of the native African tribes, but when he takes the form of a soulless corporation, like the Hudon's Bay Company or the South African Company, he is a blighting monopoly. Imperial troops should not be asked to fight for the interests of private business speculations. Salisbury will please make a note of this.

THE proverb might now be recast for Mr. Blaine, to read, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a fool nephew." Mr. Jay Ewing, the U. S. Consul at Vancouver, recently made an exhibition of himself and his country by refusing to join in the toast to the Queen at a banquet in that city, and now some of the Maine statesman's enemies are saying that he sent Ewing there to do just that sort of thing. His bad manners, however, are likely to cost the caddish young man his situation.

* * *

A GLORIOUS prospect opens before the Toronto water-drinker—that is, the citizen who would fain drink water if he felt he could do so without fatal effects. It has been discovered that the little hamlet of Holland's Landing, a few miles to the north of us, is the centre of what is believed to be an inexhaustible supply of splendid health-giving water, which is secured by means of artesian wells. Experts are of opinion that here is the solution of Toronto's big problem. Let it be investigated without delay!

HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

HE was "just hout from Hold Hingland" and he stepped into a grocer's shop yesterday for a little sugar. "Ow much a pund is it?" he very naturally asked. "This quality is five cents a pound," said the man of merchandise. "Five cents, lemme see," soliloquised our Brummagem immigrant. "Five-cents—why that's thrupence, ain't it, in this country? Well, I'm blowed if we can't buy such stoof in Hingland for a penny! 'Cordin' to this, our shillin's worth three of yours in this bloomin' colony."

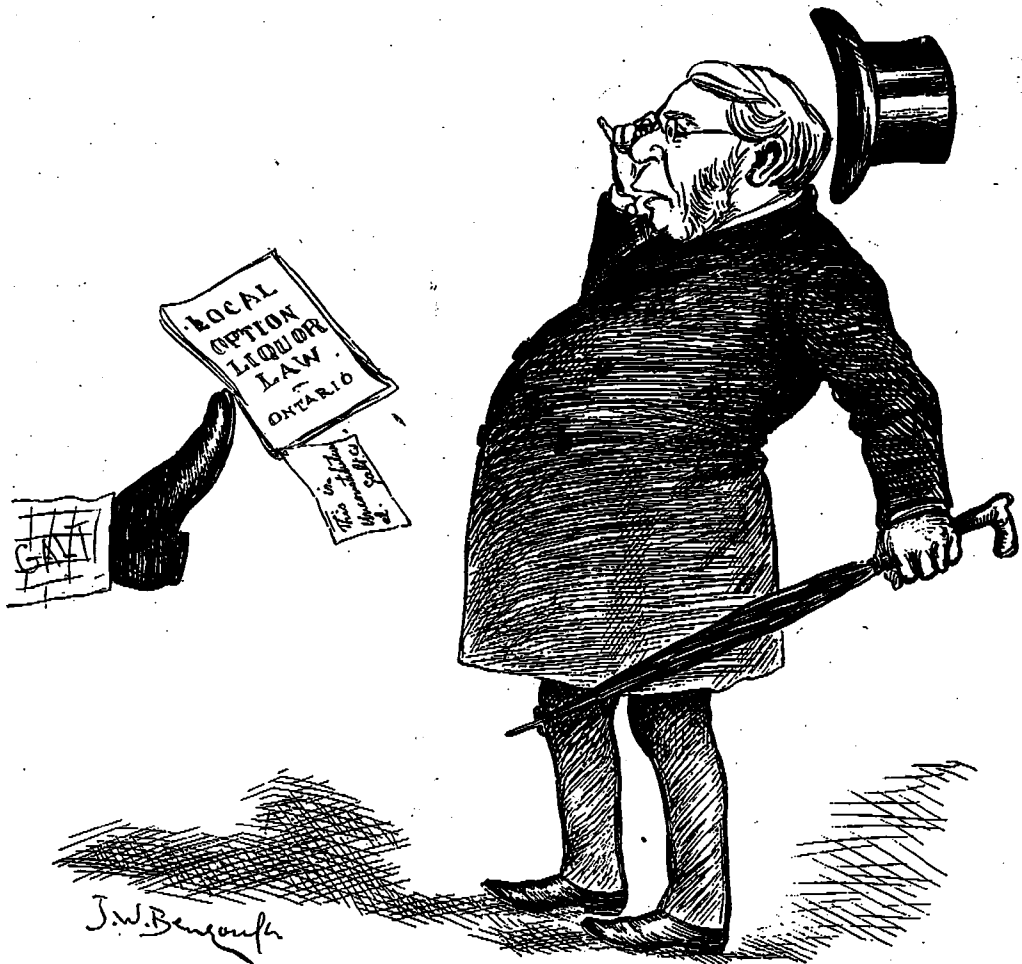
OUR INSTITUTIONS!

A MERCHANT on Spadina Avenue made a bet last week with a professional gentleman on the same street, that if they should both accost the first ten men passing up or down, asking them to name the lieutenant governor of the province, not more than half of them would be able to answer correctly. The bet was taken, and the experiment tried, with the result that only one man could name our gubernatorial receptacle of "ten thousand a year" and free lodgings.

CASTING THE DYE.

| | | |
|--|--|--|
| | <p>WHEN first I met fair Juliet, And paid her my addresses, Methinks I then compared to jet Her glossy, raven tresses.</p> | |
| | <p>When next I met fair Juliet And claimed her recognition, The lass had changed her tresses jet To auburn à la Titian.</p> | |
| | <p>When next I met fair Juliet As an acquaintance olden, Her auburn ringlets, I regret To say, had changed to golden.</p> | |
| | <p>Alas! now see fair Juliet! Her hair is closely shingled, And ev'ry hue from gold to jet In it is intermingled.</p> | |
| | <p>Now, lassie, if you'd be my wife And end our mutual sighing, To holy living give more life And less to wholly dyeing.</p> | |

HARRY B. SMITH.



OLIVER, THE ALWAYS RIGHT.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL - "GOOD GRACIOUS! HIS LORDSHIP CAN'T POSSIBLY BE AWARE THAT I PASSED THAT MEASURE. 'UNCONSTITUTIONAL,' FORSOOTH!"

SOME POINTS OF INTEREST.

IN the month of July Toronto is to entertain the National Association of Teachers in annual convention assembled. It is anticipated there will be some fifteen thousand pedagogues and pedagoguesses here from the United States, besides a great array of Canadian birch wielders. Every hospitably-inclined citizen of Toronto will feel it both a duty and pleasure to do what he can to assist in giving the city's guests a good time while "in our midst." Large Committees have been formed to look after the various departments of both work and recreation, and everything seems to predict a very successful and memorable meeting. For the benefit of the committee in charge of Out-Door Enjoyment, we beg to suggest a few points of interest which may have been overlooked in the lists prepared for the occasion of the Drive Around Town. While not usually included in such lists, a visit to the undermentioned places and institutions is essential to anything like a thorough understanding of the greatness of Toronto.

1. The Yonge Street Slip This could not fail to be of profound interest to those Teachers who make a speciality of Sanitary subjects. A small vial containing a specimen of the water from the celebrated Slip might

be gracefully presented to each visitor as a souvenir of the occasion.

2. The Rosedale Ravine, between Yonge Street and Sherbourne, passing under the Huntley Street bridge. The mounds of clay left from the sewer excavation of a year ago could not fail to give pleasant variety to a drive in this section. It would also give the visitors a pretty clear idea of how much can be done by an enterprising Council to efface the beauty of natural scenery.

3. The Esplanade. Our beautiful bay will of course attract much attention, but pains should be taken to point out to the strangers the admirable means of approach to it which we enjoy. This could be done by getting up a series of foot races across the track, with the visiting Pedagogues as competitors, a prize being given to each one who succeeded in crossing without being killed by a passing train.

4. The Court House. A visit to this important public building might be profitably enlivened by a dissertation on Smells, by the Medical Health Officer of the city.

5. The Parliament Buildings. The new pile in the Queen's Park not being far enough advanced to be very interesting, from an architectural point of view, the visitors should be shown through the present Legislative

Building by experienced guides. This would convey a more profound idea of the economy of the Ontario Government than could be got in any other way. The long array of old bed-buggy looking pine cupboards in the alley leading to the Provincial Secretary's Department could not fail to interest those who make a hobby of ancient relics.

6. Bellamy. By no means should this new city be left out of the list of attractions, although it is, strictly speaking, outside of local limits, and notwithstanding that as yet it has no actual existence. Mr. E. A. Macdonald would no doubt be pleased to chaperone the party, and a description by him of what was going to be, delivered from a primæval stump, would leave an impression on the minds of the visitors as vivid as if the new town, with all its glories, were actually there. Bellamy would be something for the Teachers to remember when Looking Backward to their visit.

There are other new points of attraction which might be added to the above.

MOTTO SONG.

(SUNG WITH TREMENDOUS SUCCESS BY MR. OLIVER MOWAT.)

OF all the virtues given to man
There's none, I have a notion,
That's half so admirable as
The virtue known as caution ;
The man who would be truly wise,
Whatever be his station,
Must take each subject into his
Profound con-sid-er-a-tion.

Spoken.—Yes, there's no doubt of that. We are living in a fast age, and what we need is caution. So, whenever you are asked an opinion about anything, never give an immedia'e answer, but say :

(Chorus)—

I'll take it into my consideration !
I'll think it o'er and o'er ;
Please do not crowd and push,
I really cannot rush.
I'll take it into my consideration.

When I was but a little lad
This trait I cultivated,
And what a boon it's been to me
Can not be over-stated ;
What was it placed me early at
The head of my profession ?
This cautious way of giving things
Profound consideration !

Spoken.—Yes, I remember when I was a little chap, my daddy used to impose upon me the task of sawing wood for the kitchen fire. Pointing to the wood-shed he would say, "Now, Nolly, my boy, hustle and get your chores done." Whereupon I would say :

(Chorus)—

I'll take it into my consideration,
I'll think it o'er and o'er ;
Please do not crowd and push,
I really cannot rush.
I'll take it into my consideration.

When I was grown to man's estate
I had a strong ambition
To take a part in public life,
And fill some high position ;
I reached in time the Judge's bench
(Which I was quite adorning),
When George Brown, of the *Globe*, dropped in
To see me one fine morning.

Spoken.—And says he, 'Mowat, our party in the Provincial House needs a leader in the worst way. I think



"TIPPING THE WAITER."

you're the very man for the place. So I want you to step down from the bench and take charge. I would like to have your answer at once, please." I looked him, and adjusting my spectacles with a smile, I said :

(Chorus)—

I'll take it into my consideration,
I'll think it o'er and o'er ;
Please do not crowd and push,
I really cannot rush.
I'll take it into my consideration.

I took the leadership at last,
And long I've been in office ;
I showed them that at politics
I wasn't a mere novice.
My Party bears the name Reform,
And "Progress" is our motto,
Though I'm inclined to think we go
Much faster than we ought to !

Spoken.—Yes ; I find it very difficult to withstand the pressure brought by the people to get us to do away with old moss-covered grievances, and systems that are worn out, such as payment by fees, taxation of personal property, etc., etc. It is very wearing work keeping things as they are in this progressive age. Yet I never forget the motto that has guided me through life, and whenever I am entreated to "get a move on," I invariably say :

(Chorus)—

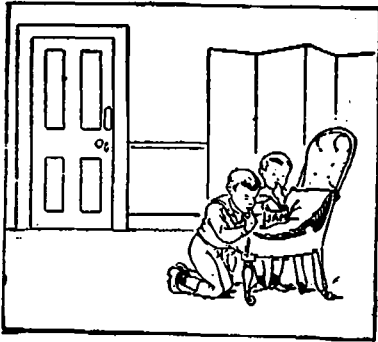
I'll take it into my consideration,
I'll think it o'er and o'er ;
Please do not crowd and push,
I really cannot rush.
I'll take into my consideration !

SCHISMATIC ETYMOLOGY.

DISSENTING MINISTER'S LITTLE BOY.—"Papa, why are English church preachers called incum bents ?"

D. M.—"It is another form of the word 'incumbrance,' my son."

THE MAJOR'S MISHAP



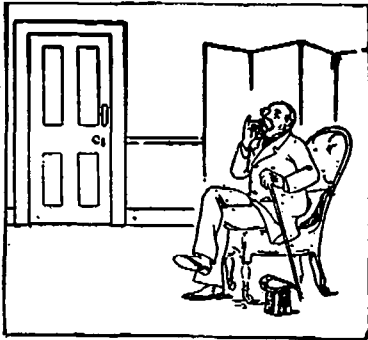
I.—An illegal banquet.



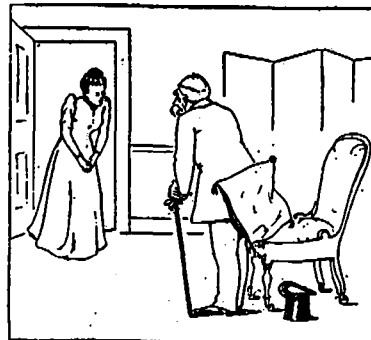
II.—The Major.



III.—Waiting for her!



IV.—Still waiting.



V.—She enters; he rises.



VI.— — — !!

—Pick-me-up.

THE KANINE KRANK.

THIS is a world of Cranks, and one of the queerest of the *genus* is the dog crank. I met one of them the other day on a train. He was a quiet-looking, youngish gentleman, and there was nothing about him to indicate that he was a Crank at all. I casually remarked to him across the aisle that it was a hot day. He replied that it was, "and," he added, "I notice that Stone is having a pretty hot time over the dog-show business." "Who is Stone?" I enquired. He looked at me almost pitifully. "Why, he's the manager of the coming show, and he is appointing American judges for the occasion, which isn't at all agreeable to the Canadian exhibitors. The fact is, the puppy classes must be done away with." I could see that the Crank was now aroused on his pet mania. "Do away with the puppy classes?" said I, slightly alarmed. "What! do you mean to kill off the dudes?" But I found he meant the puppy classes at the dog-show. Then he branched out volubly into a dissertation on dogs in general, and fox-terriers in particular, interspersing his remarks with wonderfully correct and interesting quotations from the Dog Register, giving the names, pedigrees and records of many crack canines, and going on until I thought it time to quench the whole subject with a bucket of ice-water. "I suppose," said I, "opinions differ on the Dog question, but for my part I think the man who would give \$10 for a dog, unless it were an animal which had saved the life of a child, or in some way or other secured a claim on his affection, is simply a man who has ten dollars he doesn't know what to do with." He looked aghast, and I went on. "Dogs, in cities especially, are an unmitigated nuisance, and if I had my way about it, I would have

every one of them found abroad unaccompanied by its owner shot on sight. That's what I think about dogs." The Crank looked very sad. "People *do* differ," said he. "At present I have eleven of them." I looked at him sorrowfully. "Yes," he continued, "and I'm building kennels that will cost \$300. I sold one the other day for \$100, and can dispose of all I raise." "Ah!" said I. And the Dog Question began to take a new shape in my mind. "You regard the noble animal from a business point of view," said I. "I hadn't thought of the Dog as a merchantable commodity." This gave him a new start, and he *did* go on about the money there was in the canine trade. Before he got off at his station I was picturing myself as a prosperous dog-merchant, and I had reached something more than tolerance for the Crank. I don't blame him now a particle, as he is only a dog-selling Crank, and makes a good thing out of the other and greater lunatic, the dog-buying Crank. For the latter I really can find no excuse.

WHIPS.

[The ministerial caucus held at the opening of Parliament elected no fewer than nine whips.]

"H A, ha!" cries jeering Gritdom, "Of weakness 'tis a sign, They need the cat-o'-nine-tails to keep their men in line!"

NOT MUCH DEPTH.

SMITH—"I'm going to give Fitzdude a bit of advice which I hope will sink into his mind."
JONES—"Let it be a very small bit, then."

'OW IT CAME ABOUT.

(BY OUR OWN DICKENS.)

MRS. 'ARRIS," says I, "there ain't no heartily use in trying for to go on no longer like wot we are a-going. Suppoge we go into pardnership."

"Which I believe it would be a good thing for us to do it," says Mrs. 'Arris, says she. "There's too many of us a-makin' of these him'lements, Mrs. Massey," says she.

"Which that is very true, Mrs. 'Arris," says I, "and you 'ave 'it the nail on the 'ed."

"And wot do you think suppogin' we axes your relation in Winnipege to come in with us, Mrs. Massey?" says 'Arris.

"She's quite dispoged to do it, Mrs. 'Arris," says I. "I know it, bein' as I spoke to 'er about it."

"That's hexcellent," says Mrs. 'Arris, "so we will 'ave nothing to do but sit down and draw up a hagreement," says she.

"Take off your bonnet, Mrs. 'Arris, and sit down," says I, "an' I'll get a cup of tea for you. Or you can 'ave a drop of somethink else, which I always keep a little by me on the shelf, if you feel so dispoged."

"Nothing strong, I 'ope," says Mrs. 'Arris, which she is extraordinary set agin gin, and so am I.

"No," I says, "it won't 'urt you. It's rasberry winegar of my own makin, Mrs. 'Arris, rra'am," says I.

So I got the bottle and glasses, and we set down to hidgness. Hafter a lot of talk and harguments, which it was all pleasant and in good temper, with sups of the rasberry winegar between times, we drawed hup a hagreement. I won't put it down 'ere only just the 'eds of it.

1. We will work 'and-in-'and.
2. All our hagents in all parts hof the world will be rolled hinto one.
3. All our patents which we 'old will be rolled hinto one.
4. We 'ope by makin' hof better machines an' sellin' hof them cheaper, to enjoy a continuation hof the trade we 'ave 'ad, and more, too.
5. Terms, we don't give no more long credits, please don't ax for it.
6. 'Urrah for the new firm, which it is to be called the Massey-'Arris Co.

So that's the true facts as to 'ow it came about.

HASLAM'S VOCALISTS.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—As per instructions, I duly attended at the Horticultural Pavilion on Thursday night, April 30th, to supply you with a *critique* of the second concert of the Haslam Vocal Society. I was arrayed in my regulation *critique* suit, and felt gratified at the amount of attention my linen attracted. It was really very well done up, as my criticisms always are. But I found it unnecessary to write out anything of my own, as I discovered that my views of the performance were those of the audience in general. You will not be astonished at this, of course, as it is proverbial that the public is the best of critics. Instead of laboring over a composition of my own, as my



confreeres Parkhurst, Schuch, *et al*, did, I adopted the newer method of mixing in with the crowd, departing from the Pavilion and jotting down the critical remarks that were falling from multitudinous lips. I send you the result exactly as I caught it:

"Oh, it was just lovely, don't you think so?"—"I liked every bit of it; isn't Mr. Whitney just splendid?"—"That's a great bow Haslam gives; quite gymnastic, hey?"—"Yes, but he gets there just the same with his baton."—"Light and shade couldn't have been much better."—"Did you see Torrington applauding? He knows what's what in the way of music, too."—"Well, I think perhaps the 'Chimes of Oberwesel' was the best thing they did."



"Yes; that's one of their stand-bys, but it's a corker."—"Capital concert, wasn't it?"—"That 'Farewell to the Sea' was grand, simply grand, sir!"—"Yes, he made a mistake being s'iff about the *encore* to his first song."—"How did you like Dippel?"—"Great voice, hasn't he? Especially that last song, 'Frublingzeit'; that was magnifi—"—"Whitney had a touch of *la grippe*, I guess, in that duct."—"Pretty near a gonner, wasn't he, but he caught 'em all right with his other numbers."—"And what lovely hair she had, such a long, thick braid."—"Delightful player, wasn't she? Quite a novelty, too, a lady 'cellist."—"Whitney went down cellar on that last note, didn't he?"—"Did you see Alex. Gorrie sitting up there? He's head tenor."—"Nothing of the sort. He sings straight from the chest."—"Flavie Van Den Hende. Pretty name, isn't it, dear?"—"But where was the President with his speech? Thank goodness he—"—"Quite a young fellow, too. Yet they say he's sung the leading tenor *roles* in —"

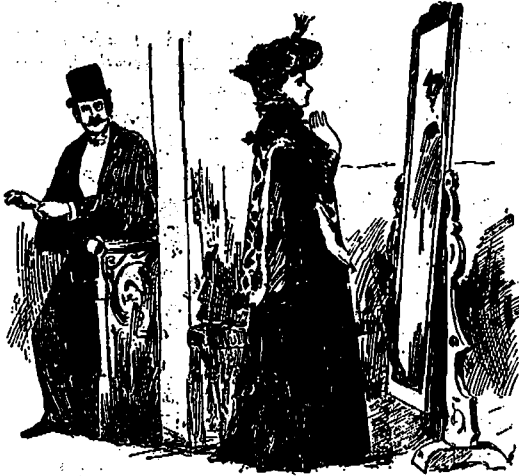
"Yes, what I call a purely German voice. Wagnerian tenor."—"He gave them the key-note every time with a little mouth organ. Oh, so slyly; but I saw him."—"Don't like him so well as Babcock. But then he's getting old, you know."—"Giminy, it's only ten o'clock; they must have hustled things."—"Yes, save the programme, my dear; here, put it in your pocket for me."—"Bully for Haslam."—"Good night."—"So long." Etc., etc. KRITIKUS.

AN EMPTY THREAT.

BEESSWAX (*hotly*)—"Sir, if you dare to repeat that insult I will shoot you like a dog!"

SINGLETON (*derisively*)—"Will, eh? Oh go and soak your head! Who's afraid of you? A dog can't shoot worth a cent anyway."





A GENUINE SURPRISE.

SHE—"I'm ready now, Jack."

JACK—"Impossible! Why, only five minutes ago you said you'd be ready in five minutes!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THE BOARD OF TRADE SALOON.

THE magnificent building of the Board of Trade has been rendered complete by the institution therein of an elegantly furnished liquor saloon. Some of our citizens, who are sadly lacking in a sense of the fitness of things, have taken objection to this, and are saying hard things against the commissioners for having granted a license for a rum shop in such a place. These zealous people cannot have given the subject proper consideration. The Board of Trade is an organization in which the interests of all branches of trade, commerce, and manufacture are represented, and it would be falling short of its functions if it failed to represent the saloon business, which is by far the most extensive industry, financially, in the country. As was set forth in our last number, the amount of money spent for liquor in the Province of Ontario alone is every year as great as the total value of all the staple exports of the whole Dominion. But, say these protesting persons, the work of the bar room isn't really business at all in any true sense. Oh, isn't it? This is where they make another great mistake. Would the intelligent Government of this country, backed up by the intelligent people, encourage thousands of able bodied men to devote themselves to something that was not a business? And is it believable that those thousands of men would pay licenses every year for permission to engage in something that was not a business? The idea is absurd. The truth is the saloon business is by all odds the most important in its results of any carried on in the country. It devotes itself to the work of transforming purity into corruption, industry into indolence, prosperity into bankruptcy and happiness into misery. Where is the trade that does anything comparable with this in importance? It would simply be a scandal to omit recognition of this legitimate, legalized and supremely important business in the scope of the Board of Trade. Besides all these general considerations, it is worth while to consider the personal comforts of our mercantile men. There are lots of old chaps in and about the Board of Trade who would feel lost without a convenient place for boozing and swiping it, and many rising young men, also, who must be afforded an opportunity of learning to drink.

We will not say that those who consider a bar-room simply a disgrace to Toronto's new Temple of Commerce, are not within their rights in protesting against it, but we feel confident that, after giving due weight to the points we have mentioned, they will greatly modify their expressions, if they do not give the thing their active sympathy and patronage.

CAUGHT FROM THE PASSING CROWD.

WHEN his 'serious consideration' gets in its work he'll think better of it. \$2,000 a year is quite an item."—"And he caught him by the collar on Colborne Street, slapped his face, pulled his ears and banged his head against the wall."—"Bet you the Tories won't have thirty of a majority."—"It's an infernal shame if they don't reduce the price of Street Railway tickets."—"Dead gone on one of the girls at the coffee house. Took her to the theatre last night."—"Guess the *Telegram* won't be edited with so much Ardagh in future."—"And Mrs. Beasley spent two dollars last week buying *Mails* to send her pastor a trip to Europe."—"I tell you the thing's all cut and dried, and Mayor Clarke will be manager."—"Heard Sir John's latest?"—"No."—"Somebody said, 'Laurier will rise to be Premier yet,' and the Old Man winked and said, 'Guess not. We took the rise out of him last election.'"—"Book no good at all. Read it half way through and not a single murder."—"The Parson forgot himself and read, 'Paul may plant and Appolinaris water,' and everybody snickered."—"Scandalous thing that 'Clerical Club' article. Paper like that should be—"—"Tailor's bill not paid for last year, but I see he's got a new suit all the same."—"Spoke up to him, and says she, 'John, if I can't have my mother come and stay with me for a week or two, I won't live with you any—"—"Cawn't make beer fit to drink in this blawsted country. Wy, at 'ome, you know—"—"And a good thing, too. Biennial sessions would be quite often enough."—"What's this new idea of E. A. MacDonald's?'—"Oh, I guess E. A.'s looking backward."

If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point? Two in the shade.



SCANDALOUS!

MISS TATTLE—"I don't care for Mrs. Gadden a bit."

MISS PRATTLE—"How is that?"

MISS TATTLE—"I spent the afternoon with her, and she can listen to more scandal than any woman I ever met!"



FLY-TIME!!

THE NEW MAY QUEEN.

LABORA, loquitor.



F you're waking, call me early, call
me early, mother dear,
For to-morrow is the rummiest
day of the bloomin' year;
In all the labor centres there'll be
a lively fray,
And I'm to be Queen of the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen of the
May.

Instead of a trumpety May-pole
like what you've sometimes
seen,
And crowds of yokels laughin'
an' dancin' on the green,
You'll see a Demonstration where
I will have my say,
For I'm to be Queen of the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen of the
May.

The Socialist an' Anarchist of
every sort and stripe,
An' labor agitators of every other
type

Will gather round the flag-staff, but not in simple play,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the
May!

We've got no time for larkin'—the Labor Question burns:
"Shall workers get a proper share of that which labor earns?"
That's what they've got to answer; it won't be put away,
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the
May!

Here is the idle loafer, a well-fed millionaire,
An' there's the haggard toiler, a pauper, over there;
To-morrow we are goin' to try to turn it t'other way,—
And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the
May!

They'll call out troops an' soldiers, an' perhaps they'll shoot us down,
An' scenes of bloody riot will be in many a town;
The sport you see is different in this enlightened day—
'Cause I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm to be Queen of the
May!

QUINTESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(BY OUR OWN VERY SHORT HANDER.)

May 4th.

DEBATE on Address resumed, and wound up, by Mr. Charlton. Hon. member was understood to intimate that on the whole he didn't think much of the Government and their ways. House paralyzed, nobody being able to say anything in reply or otherwise. Vote called and Address adopted.

No particular business done.

May 5th.

Petitions by the score introduced by Hon. members. Ordered to be placed under the table as usual.

Mr. Charlton introduced Bill to give effect to the Fourth Commandment in Canada. Read first time.

Mr. Charlton introduced Bill to Give the Grits Some Sort of Chance o Win Next Election. Explained that it prohibited wholesale bribery of constituencies by the promise of public works and ante-election surveys.

Sir John suggested clause prohibiting Grits from promising to do great things for constituencies if they should get into office.

Charlton said all right. Would be glad to have all assistance to make it air-tight and bullet-proof. Read first time.

Mr. Edgar introduced Bill to Establish Principle of One Man One Vote. Read first time.

Mr. Wood (Brockville) introduced Bill to amend Elections Act by prohibiting fellows who swallowed oath of allegiance to United States from voting in Canada. Also to simplify the English in which deputy returning-officers' instructions are couched in Election Act, same being beyond their mental grasp. Read first time.

Mr. Cameron (Huron) introduced Bill to abolish Franchise Act, lock, stock and barrel. (Yells of delight from Opposition). Read first time.

Mr. Cameron (Huron) introduced Bill to amend Elections Act, by providing for the Salting Down of Bribers and Bribees, and for Equalizing the game of petitioning against members as between the Parties. Read first time.

Mr. Taylor introduced Bill to choke off importation of Alien Contract Labor. Read first time.

Mr. Mulock introduced Bill to make Canadian military men eligible for appointment as officers in Her Majesty's force. Read first time.

Hon. Mr. Tupper submitted Bill for renewal of *modus vivendi* regarding United States fishing vessels. Read first time.

To-morrow (Thursday) being Ascension Day, and Ascension Day being a day observed by the Established Church, and Canada having no established Church, the House must needs adjourn.

Mr. Woods moved that adjournment be till Monday.

Mr. Davis objected. Thought it was a wicked waste of time.

Mr. Davis right, but House stands adjourned all the same.

AT THE OTTAWA CLUB.

TOWSER (*of the Marines*)—"They say their Excellencies are awfully cut up over the small attendance at the Drawing-Room on Saturday. What was the cause?"

LITTLE SNIPSON (*of the Bread and Butter Department*)—"Oh! mistakes, as usual, you know. Some blockhead left my name off the list this season, and, of course, my friends were bound to resent the slight."



SELF-POSSESSION.

IRATE PARENT (*entering parlor at 11:30 p.m.*)—"Here! I'm going to turn out this gas!"

MR. STAYER (*calmly*)—"Thanks. I thought of doing it myself!"

SUGAR-MAKIN' TIME.

EVER' feller has some season that his feelin' likes the best,
 Maybe-summer, maybe winter, that he thinks beats all the
 rest ;
 But the days that make my droopin' spirits jist git up an' climb,
 Air the dyin' days uv winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Then the little birds is singin' tuning up their little throats,
 Thinkin' uv the comin' harvest, uv the corn an' wheat an' oats,
 An' the tinklin' uv the sheep-bells, with the ringin' cow-bells' chime,
 In the dyin' days uv winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Then the little lambs are playin' an' a-caperin' around,
 An' the first blue johnny-jump-ups are a-peepin' thro' the ground,
 An' the thawed-out branch flows happy, kinder singin' in a rhyme,
 In the dyin' days uv winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

Ever'thing, both dead an' livin', 'twixt the earth an' sky above,
 Seems so smilin' an' so pleasin', as if all had fell in love ;
 So, fur me, this side uv heaven, there can't be no fairer clime
 Than the dyin' days uv winter, 'long in sugar-makin' time.

—Indianapolis Journal.

That's so, neighbor, jest *our* notion, thank you for your purty
 rhyme—

Their's no season worth comparin' with the sugar-makin' time !
 When the enterprisin' grocer scrapes his sugar bar'ls an' makes
 "Maple syrup, pure an' lympid," for to oil our griddle cakes !

A HEALTHFUL FAD.

THE gardening season having arrived, Mr. GRIP feels
 called upon to "set out" a few rules for the benefit
 of the city householders who may be going in for the art
 of cultivation as a health-giving fad.

1. Before commencing operations it will be well to
 clear your plot of its winter accumulation of bones, sar-
 dine tins, twigs and other *debris*. This should be done
 with a rake, and the best time for the work is early morn-
 ing, half an hour before breakfast. Any lad will do the
 job for you for a trifle.

2. Having finished this preliminary, the next point is
 to decide upon the nature of the Agriculture you will go
 in for. A good deal depends on whether you make up
 your mind to have a vegetable garden or a lawn. We
 will assume that, being a man of some sense, you decide
 for the lawn.

3. A lawn is never a complete success without grass, so the
 first operation is to level the ground and prepare it for the
 reception of the seeds or sod. This is simple work, and
 provides gentle exercise for the muscles. If you are not
 utterly selfish you will let your girls do this part of the
 gardening instead of attending the calsthenic class.

4. Sod is of course better than seed for immediate
 results. You can procure the finest quality of sod from
 the boulevard in front of your neighbor's house. This
 work is most conveniently done after nightfall.

5. In placing the sod be sure to have the grassy side
 uppermost, as it grows better in this position. The
 operation requires a good deal of stooping, and unless
 you particularly enjoy a crick in your back, you might
 permit a hired person to perform it.

6. The sodding having been done to your satisfaction,
 a heavy roller should now be drawn back and forth over
 the lawn. The neighbors' boys will be glad to help your
 own boys to do this, as it has all the appearance of fun.

7. From time to time you must have your grass trim-
 med with the lawn-mower. Here again your boys will
 come in handy.

8. The only other operation required to ensure the
 perfect success of your health-giving gardening fad is the
 watering of the grass. This is done with a hose, attached
 to the kitchen tap. Common city water is the very best



TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

TRAMP— "Madam, I wish to tell you that your generosity saved
 my life."

LADY— "Ah, I remember ; I gave you a pie."

TRAMP— "Yes ; I pawned it and bought food!" —*Mumsey's.*

for this purpose, having in a high degree the properties
 of a fertilizer on account of the animal matter it contains.
 This duty you can perform in *propria persona*, as there is
 nothing to prevent your sitting down to it.

THINKING IT OUT.

"**T**HE Kerr-Brock syndicate," remarked Peebles, "may
 not succeed in obtaining the street railway, but
 there are other fields of municipal enterprise in which
 they might more legitimately engage."

"Such as which, for instance?" enquired Pomeroy.

"Well, they might get a contract for furnishing kerb-
 stones."

"Kerb-stones? And why kerbstones?"

"Oh, if you can't see the point I won't explain. Good
 morning."

"Now what did he mean," reflected Pomeroy. "Kerb-
 stones? Why not bricks? Or cedar for block pave-
 ments? Kerr-brock syndicate—Kerb-stones—Kerr—yes
 it must be on the Kerr somehow—(*meditates for ten min-
 utes*)—Oh I see! Kerr Brock. Kerb-rock! Ha! Ha!"

And everybody turned round to stare at an individual
 laughing like all possessed without any apparent reason.

HEARD AT THE RESTAURANT.

GUEST— "Waiter, this blanc mange is a little mouldy."

WAITER— "Yes, sir. Quite likely, sir. You see, it
 was made in a mould."

HOW HE WOULD TELL IT.

PRENDERGAST— "Say, Molyneux, you know some
 thing about horseflesh. How do you tell a horses'
 age?"

MOLYNEUX— "Well, that depends. If I wanted to sell
 the horse for instance I would tell it in a soft and gentle
 whisper to some discreet persons, with instructions not to
 give it away."

PORTRAITS BY OUR TYPOGRAPHICAL ARTIST.



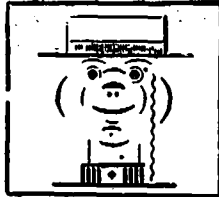
I.—A SOCIETY GIRL.



II.—A PRIMA DONNA.



III.—A SCHOOL TEACHER.



IV.—A DUDE.



V.—A TENOR.



VI.—A YOUNG CHILD.

BLUE RUIN.

THE *World* of last Saturday contains a letter from "A Common Drummer," in which among other things the writer says:

A country merchant told me that the horse, barley and egg cry has compelled him to refuse credit to several farmers who are reading the *Globe*—they have lost heart and confidence and are no more use.

This is a sad state of affairs, and we have no doubt the letter in question is quite as authentic as the following which have since come to this journal:

TAMARAC TOWNSHIP, *May 11th.*

MR. GRIP, SIR,—If the *Globe* don't stop its talk about the egg, barley and horse question this country will be ruined. My hens are laying eggs no bigger'n pigeons lay. Call in the hounds.

Yours, etc.,
A COMMON FARMER.

WAYBACK P.O., ONT., *May 12th.*

SIR,—i am a reder of the *Glob* an have been redin its artikels on the eggs barley an horses it has broke me all up i have been took down with rumatix an the docter ses it is all on acount of Jaffrey so I say call off the dogs.

I remane yures,
A COMMON YOMAN.

HAWBUCK CORNERS, *May 12th.*

MR. GRIP, SIR,—Trade is very bad at this place, and the farmers round about are djssatisfied because they can't get the prices they would like for their stuff. I also have been obliged to refuse credit to men who have failed to pay up their old accounts. The only way to make the times good is to stop the *Globe* from saying

anything about the price of eggs, barley and horses. i would earnestly say, call off the hounds.

Yours, etc.,
A COMMON STOREKEEPER.

GREENVILLE, ONT., *May 11th.*

GRIP—DEAR SIR,—I just happened to be passing through this place an in the bar of the hotel i picked up a copy of las Saterdag's *World* i red the letter of the Drummer an i thot i would jus drop you this postal card to tell you that the reason why i am a homeless wanderer is because of readin the *Globe* it has took all the hope out of me an now i dont care wot becomes of the country.

Yures truly,
A COMMON TRAMP.

GAMMONBURG, *May 12, 1891.*

GRIP, SIR,—I write to let you know that I really do believe that the letter in the *World* of last Saturday was written by a genuine commercial traveller, and not faked up in the office.

Yours truly,
A COMMON CHUMP.

NEEDLESSLY PROFANE.

IT is to be regretted that the *Labor Advocate* sometimes allows itself to use language which must assuredly lower it in the estimation of the right-minded public. The use of profane expressions can never be justified, but charity can find some excuse for it when employed in the heat of passion or as a vehicle for the utterance of strong emotions. But no such plea in mitigation can be urged for flippant and utterly irrelevant and meaningless profanity such as the following.

The dam porpoises are said to help their young in their efforts to breathe by bearing them up to the surface of the water on their flippers.

Would it not have answered every purpose to have written simply "the porpoises?"

QUERY.—Is there any connection between being tight and a vice?



HEADING HER OFF.

LADY OF UNCERTAIN AGE—"Er—is this leap year, Mr. Smithers?"

MR. SMITHERS—"No; but I'll always be a brother to you, all the same."



VAN BREAKS THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL RECORD.

FROM VANCOUVER TO MONTREAL AT 31 MILES PER HOUR.

EVERY MOTHER INTERESTED.—Dyer's Improved Food for Infants is made from pure Pearl Barley can be used by the most delicate or healthy infants, and it is highly recommended by leading physicians. Twenty-five cents. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

ANNIE ROONEY is a buxom Irish postmistress in a Pennsylvania village. Thus is the poetry gradually being knocked out of earthly things.

POMPOUS AUTHOR (to veteran editor)—“What would you advise a man to do whose ideas are in advance of the times?”

VETERAN EDITOR (promptly)—“I would advise him to sit down and wait for the times to catch up.—*Drake's Magazine.*”

AGUE, Malarial and Bilious Complaints so prevalent in the Spring and Fall may be prevented and cured by a timely use of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify and tone the system.

T. Walker, Toronto, recommends Burdock Blood Bitters as an Invigorator of the liver and kidneys and for poverty of the blood from any cause. It cured him.

A ST. LOUIS street-car driver can speak eleven languages. Yet no doubt he finds the whole batch inadequate when holding converse with the mules that drag the cars in that med-iævel town.—*Chicago Mail.*

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

GENTLEMAN VISITOR (to best girl's sister)—“Your sister lets me kiss her. Now, won't you let me kiss you!”

LITTLE SISTER (loftily)—“No; I don't allow all the gentlemen to kiss me, as sister does. There's a great difference in people, you know.”—*West Shore.*

A LARGE percentage of fatal diseases may be traced to their origin in the Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters act powerfully and healthfully upon the Urinary Organs.

A. E. Hall, Toronto, certifies to a cure of serious lung complaint with consumptive symptoms, rapidly developing. The only remedy used was Burdock Blood Bitters.

LORD DULLNESS—“Do you consider marriage a failure?”

MISS SPRIGHTLY—“That depends. I think you're sure to fail in this one, if that's what you mean.”

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.

“Now, ma'am, 'ow will you 'ave the duck to-day? Will you heat it cold, or shall I 'eat it for you?”—*Life.*

HEADACHE is caused by disordered Stomach, nervous irritation and poor circulation. Whatever may be its cause, Burdock Blood Bitters is the best remedy.

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Oakville, was cured of Dyspepsia and oft recurring bilious attacks by that unfailling liver regulator Burdock Blood Bitters.

ROCKSEY—“I don't consider life worth living; do you?”

RYLEY—“No; have a cigarette?”—*Puck.*

SCROFULA is a diseased condition of the glandular system, a depraved condition of the fluids, resulting in bad blood, Swellings, Sores, Ulcers, etc., Cure—Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. J. G. Robertson, Toronto, suffered from general debility, loss of appetite, and says, “Life was almost burdensome” until cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

DAILY—“George Washington told the truth all through his life.”

SMILEY—“Yes, and he has been lying in the grave ever since.”—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.*

MABEL—“Poor fellow! I have seen him for the last time. He acknowledges that he has lost his reputation. But he is awfully anxious to recover it.”

MAUD (sarcastically)—He ought to put a ‘personal’ in the daily papers.”

MABEL—“That wouldn't do. That's the way he lost it.”—*Puck.*

“WHAT did you think of the sermon this morning?”

“I was very much interested. I never supposed that so simple a text was so hard to elucidate.”—*Puck.*

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



Is the correct place for a fashionable suit. We claim to have one of the best assorted stocks in the Dominion to choose from, and you will find our prices right.

See our celebrated \$4.00 pants, our \$15.00 Spring overcoats, Scotch Tweed Suits from \$18.00 up.

A perfect fit and first-class work assured.



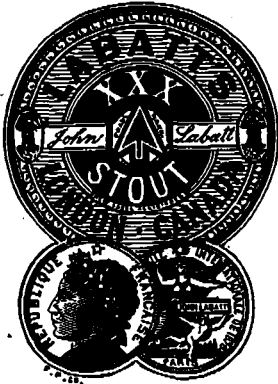
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THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

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JOHN LABATT,



LONDON, ONT.

Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Austria, 1877; and Paris, 1878. Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale containing but little alcohol, of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter XXX Stout of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable. It is a tonic more energetic than the above Ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article. James Good & Co., Agents, Toronto.

DRINKING IMPURE WATER "CAUSES MUCH DISEASE.



"Often so dangerous that it will deprive people of the use of limbs and reason. "The only natural water safe to drink is mineral," so says Sir Henry Thompson. Toronto citizens are at present exposed to above danger. To offset the evil and prevent the spread of disease St. Leon Water, the healthiest drink in America, has been reduced by the glass at all offices. "To fight and conquer disease St. Leon Water is the most powerful agent known," say physicians.

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M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

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The Bank of Toronto

DIVIDEND NO. 70.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Five Per Cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of Ten Per Cent. Per Annum, upon the paid up capital of the bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after MONDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF JUNE, NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th days of May, both days included.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of stockholders will be held at the banking house of the institution on Wednesday, the 17th day of June next, the chair to be taken at noon. By order of the board.

D. COULSON, Cashier.

The Bank of Toronto, Toronto, April 22, 1891.

Freehold Loan and Savings Co.

DIVIDEND 63.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after the first day of June next, at the office of the company, Church street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to general meeting of the company will be held at 8 o'clock p. m. on Tuesday June and, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

25 to 28 King Street West, Toronto.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion Parliament.) Full Government Deposit.

President, Hon. A. Mackenzie, M.P., Ex. Prime Minister of Canada. Vice-Presidents, John L. Blair, Hon. G. W. Allen.

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28 Front Street West, Toronto.

**Stop that
CHRONIC COUGH NOW!**

For if you do not it may become con-
sumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula,
General Debility and Wasting Diseases,
there is nothing like.

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EMULSION**

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far
better than other so-called Emulsions.
A wonderful flesh producer.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be
sure and get the genuine. Sold by all
Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



THEY LIKE WATER.

(See next page.)

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Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently re-
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SHOW-ROOMS**
BRACKETS, GLOBES
& CHANDELIERS
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"A scent of surpassing delicacy,
richness, and lasting quality."
—*Court Journal.*



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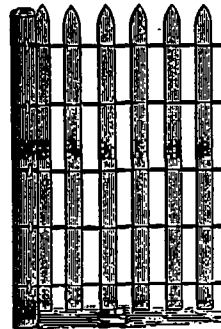
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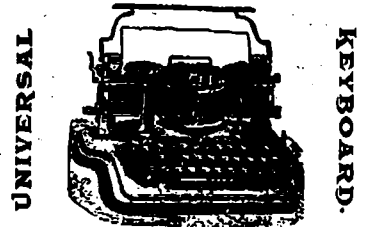


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