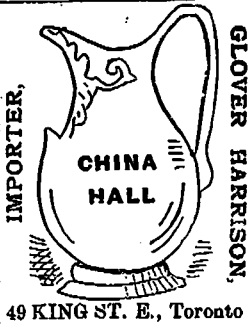


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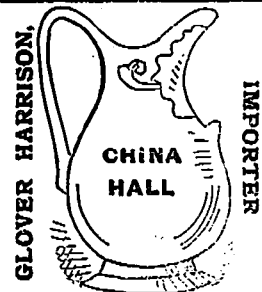
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1885.

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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 J. S. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGUOH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Lee; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Since the barbarian world beyond our borders will persist in regarding the toboggan as the national emblem of Canada—a mistake which it seems useless to get mad about—GRIP feels impelled to make the best of the matter, and he can think of nothing better than to extract such moral lessons from tobogganing as that popular Montreal sport may afford. Mr. GRIP himself has never had the temerity to take a slide on one of those machines, though, unlike the vast majority of his countrymen, he has seen a toboggan. But he is given to understand, and has no reason to doubt, that it is far from healthy or convenient for a party on one of them to come in contact with a tree, when at full speed. The toboggan, it is alleged, is quite likely to take its departure in opposite directions when the collision occurs, having deposited its passengers up the tree, or elsewhere. In this peculiarity of the sport, GRIP sees a fine illustration of what lately happened to a certain reckless Premier and his confiding friend, the holder of the Dominion License. His frail bark, the McCarthy Act, which in the first place started unconstitutionally, came a terrible cropper the other day when it went bang against a decision of the Supreme Court. The Premier himself, was sent up the tree, but as that is a position in which he has often been before, and which he is used to, he sustained no injury beyond a very slight shake. His Confiding Friend, however, who never for a moment expected such a catastrophe, is very badly hurt—not only in his feelings but what is more serious—in his pocket. In addition to being wounded, he is also liable to arrest at any moment, and nothing but the forbearance of the proper authorities can save him. This ought to teach Confiding Friends not to trust themselves to political tobogganers unless they are sure that there are no trees in the way.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Globe* charges Hon. Peter Mitchell, M.P., with being a paid retainer of the C. P. R. Syndicate. Hon. Peter vigorously denies the charge, and in order that he may be understood as not taking refuge in a "mental reservation," he says "if any other form of words will better convey an absolute denial, consider me to have used those words." To this the *Globe* rejoins to the effect that it does not believe the Hon. Peter. Meantime, the *Mail* very properly denounces the meanness

of the *Globe* in refusing to publish Mr. Mitchell's denial as written—a meanness, which, we regret to say, is systematically practised by the *Mail* itself. Now, what is wanted to clear up the whole trouble, is that Mr. Mitchell should confess the truth of the charge, or make the *Globe* eat the leek. No public man, least of all a Member of Parliament, can afford to leave such a statement unapologized for. Go for him, Peter; cram the onion down his throat, or let the people draw their own conclusions.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The workmen who are out of employment in Montreal seized the opportunity afforded by Sir John Macdonald's presence, the other day, to seek an interview for the purpose of securing some alleviation of their sufferings. Sir John did not make an appointment with them, knowing that it would mollify them but little to hear from him a confession that Government could do nothing for them. Sir John is naturally not fond of making confessions which run counter to previous professions, and his declining to be interviewed on this occasion was statesmanship of a certain type. A similar appeal was made by unemployed workmen to Mr. Mackenzie, during his term of office, and he was also obliged, as Premier, to send them away empty, although he spoke words of sympathy and contributed something as a private citizen. It is in fact now admitted by both parties that Government can do nothing to assist the Workingman by Act of Parliament, and it is time the members of that class grasped this truth. However, when people make false professions, and succeed in getting dullards to believe them, they deserve to be pummeled by the ignorant giant they have aroused.

THE NEWSBOYS' BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!  
Now we'll have dinner to-day I know.  
We'll have taters an' turnips an' five cents' worth o' meat,  
As nice a 'ot stew as you'd wish for to eat;  
An' for five cents I'll bring home a cordwood stick too;  
An' five cents' worth o' sugar an' tea, maam—for you.  
Chirk up maam, we're going to live high you know,  
For 'ore comes the snow down, the beautiful snow."

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!  
How I like them big flakes fallin' down soft and slow;  
An' watchin' them whirlin' an' bobbin' an' flusterin';  
I tell yer it sometimes just sets me a sulkerin'.  
It's so easy to shovel that foathery kind,  
Tho' I aint got no mits on, you see I don't mind;  
Once I'm started to shovelling I'm all in a glow;  
There's nothing in winter like plenty of snow."

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!  
It's dollars on dollars I'll earn I know;  
Oh won't I just go for them. Alderman A—  
He gave me a quarter last year—and oh! say—  
I must hunt up old Broadbrim, he always pays well,  
But I won't work for Alderman B.; he's a sell—  
Just gave me five cents' for two hours on the go  
Round that there vacant lot of his—clearin' off snow!"

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!  
Tell yer what, Maam dear, it's just like this, ye know  
It's the fifth day now we aint had any dinner,  
And I ken just see you get thinner an' thinner.  
All the stamps I ken earn goes for firin' an' rent;  
Mighty little we eat now since father, he went.  
But you oughter see me make that shovel go,  
When I clear off the sidewalks the beautiful snow."

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!  
You lie still there, Maam; it is freezin' so,  
An' the very first ten cents I earn I'll bring wood,  
An' maybe perhaps something more that is good,  
An' after the fire's lit I'll earn a quarter,  
An' that'll buy bread, an' some beef an' some butter.  
An' we'll have a jolly good breakfast—just so—  
Oh you better believe, I believe in the snow."

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!  
By the brave little lad how 'twas frosted to and fro!  
While the small fingers tingle with frostbite and pain.  
And now to his home he's returned again.  
"Hello! Maam! chirk up! see, here's wood, beef and bread,  
Maam, oh Maam!" His mother was dead!  
Dead of heart-sickness, and hunger and wood,  
While silently down fell the beautiful snow!

JAY KAYELLE.



Society is in a flutter over the forthcoming performance of our amateur minstrels.

McKee Rankin and his admirable company—the ablest we have had in Toronto since Irving's visit—are drawing good houses at the Grand. The play is a new melodrama, "Notice to Quit."

The Garrick Club, of Hamilton, whose performances of light opera surpass those of most professional companies, are to favor Toronto with a taste of their quality, on Saturday of this week, when "The Pirates of Penzance," will be given at the matinee, and in the evening at the Grand Opera House. The proceeds will, as is invariably the practice of the Garricks, go to the local charities.

The Gigantean Mastadonic Dudes, "35—count 'em—35," are to appear on Thursday evening, 5th February, at the Grand Opera House, and a programme of ballads, jokes and statue-clog, warranted not to bring the blush to the cheek of the oldest minstrel professional, is being actively rehearsed. In the centre of the dark but intellectual rainbow will sit that eminent interlocutor, Mr. Morley Punshon, and at either end of the sable arc there will be 4—end men—4. The ivory-manipulators on the occasion will be Messrs (Geo. Lindsay, A. W. Morphy, K. W. Moffatt, and E. C. Rutherford; the tambos will be Messrs. E. C. Arnoldi, G. H. Dunston, J. McLennan and H. F. Wyatt. As a background to this phenomenal group there will be an orchestra of twenty parts. Mr. Jack A. Fraser has been for some time concentrating his intellect on a series of new, copper-bottomed puns and patter songs for the occasion, and Mr. E. W. Schuch's right arm is developed enormously with his batou-rehearsals. A bumper house and a jolly evening is a matter of certainty.

The Burns concert was a huge success this year, though it must be confessed the home talent eclipsed the imported article. Mrs. McCulloch (Miss Maggie Barr) acquitted herself magnificently throughout. Miss Jessie Robertson was very good in the line of character songs, but her voice is unsuited to the rendition of ballad music. Mr. McDonald sings with downright honesty in a good fire-side fashion. Mr. Harry Blight fairly surpassed himself, and well deserved the enthusiastic applause he received, though no small part of his success and that of all the others, was due to the artistic and intelligent manner in which Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments. (Hint to managers: If you would assure success for your concerts, get this judicious lady to preside at the instrument. It is half the battle, at least.) Mr. Tom Hurst met with his usual ovation, and made a special hit in his topical song, "Pardonnez moi." Mr. Alex. Macnabb read the prize poem of the year, by our grand old bard, McLachlan, and did it with a fervor which bespoke his intense admiration for the Canadian Poet. The Hielan' lads dancit vera weel, indeed, an' mak't no en' o' an uproar.



THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.  
(Dedicated to the Mayor and Council.)



HAVE already related to you the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor," said Scheherazade, placing her cold feet against the small of the Caliph's back, and nudging him in the ribs to prevent him falling asleep, "and I now propose to give you an account of the still more extraordinary things seen by Plumduff, the Bargee, in his wanderings about the world."

"Very good," said the Caliph, "and if Plumduff be but as truthful as Sindbad, I shall be much entertained. Proceed."

Scheherazade then, munching a handful of dates, proceeded as follows:

"When I came to my senses after being cast ashore on the banks of the Can Awl, in which my barge had sunk—so Plumduff's narrative runs—I found myself lying on the green sward of some strange country, the like of which I had never seen in any of my previous voyages. At a distance of some four hundred feet was a vast palace which was entered at either end through several tall and gateless arches into each of which ran two lines of some hard and shining metal which I took to be silver, and which ran parallel with one another through the palace and extended many miles beyond it at either end: how far I could not say, for I was unable to perceive where they came to an end. Many creatures resembling human beings crowded about the palace wherein was much uproar and confusion, and whence issued the clanging of a gong and the voice of some creature crying out, as nearly as I could make out, 'Al aboard goineeste,' and at this moment I thought I should have died with terror at what I saw.

"Advancing along the lines of metal came a huge monster, the snorting and groaning of which were fearful to hear. In its forehead was set one eye of a brilliancy like unto that of the sun, and from its single nostril, which was set upon the top of its head, issued a volume of breath of a pitchy blackness. This terrible monster crawled along with incredible swiftness, dragging its whole length, which was many hundred fathoms, directly above the metallic lines, and, dashing into the palace, uttered a yell so awful in sound that I can liken it to nothing else but the shrieks of a thousand imprisoned genii.

"Though well nigh overpowered with fear and horror, I allowed my curiosity to master me, and rising, I tottered towards the palace, where I beheld a multitude of people, for such they were, ascending into the very body of the fearful monster I have described, and whom I followed though half-dead with fright.

"No sooner had I entered the body of the monster than a gong sounded, and the creature, uttering two piercing shrieks, darted off with the speed of an arrow across the land which, from the inconceivable velocity of the monster's flight, appeared to be whirling round and round, trees, water, earth and clouds all being mingled in our undistinguishable mass of confusion. I feel certain that the rate of speed at which the monster flew could not be less than three score of miles in an hour."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Caliph, "what are you giving us? Tell that to the marines."

"I fainted with terror," went on Scheherazade, regardless of the king's interruption, "and when I once more regained consciousness, I found that the monster had ceased its flight and was standing motionless. The people were now descending from the creature's body into a palace similar to that which I had seen when first cast ashore, and I arose and got me

THE GOOD WORK GOES BRAVELY ON!





UP A TREE!

S. L. Bengough

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIIN.

Published by special arrangement with the Protoplasm Free-Thought Society, as a set-off to Spurgeon's sermons in the *Globe* and *Talmage's in the News*.

SERMON II.

Text: *What is Life?*

BELOVED HEARERS,—In my opening discourse last Saturday, I endeavored to convince you, and of course I succeeded in demonstrating, that Human Nature is *all right*; that man, having evolved himself, and having progressed without any extraneous help to his present condition, has reason to look upon himself with complacency and to consider himself and his doings very good.

On this occasion I propose to follow up this interesting line of thought a little further, and to offer some observations on the great question of my text—“What is Life?”

Let me remark that I use the word *life* here as indicating the activity of sentient beings in the world about us—which, of course, is the only world. And the question may be briefly answered by saying, in the words of the poet,

*Life is a turmoil,  
A troubled dream.*

It cannot be denied that human life is full of sorrow, pain and trouble. I do not for a moment dispute that. Indeed, in contemplating this profound fact I often wonder what could have induced man to evolve himself. We were all, beloved hearers, much happier when we were unconscious germs. Although it was undoubtedly a clever thing to do, I cannot but feel that it was a mistake on man's part. Still, as Haeckel has beautifully said, “There is no use in crying over spilled milk.” Here we are, and the only question is, “What are we going to do about it?” We find ourselves surrounded on all sides by cares and troubles, and within us we feel an unnameable longing for something, we know not what. Moreover, we cannot close our eyes to the existence in and about us of forces which make for inconvenience—I refer to those impulses which manifest themselves in what unscientific people call crimes. Our newspapers are full of records of overt acts, the outcome of these inner propensities; the very best of us must be conscious of feelings which, if they took the form of overt acts, would look badly in print. Now, this being the true state of the case with reference to Human Nature, the question comes back to us, “What is to be done about it?” We all feel that *something must be done*, and, speaking for myself and you, my hearers, it is perhaps unnecessary to add, that *Something must be in accordance with our scientific theory*.

The remedy offered by the Church is, I must confess, admirably suited to the case, but, as I have already indicated, it is in direct antagonism to our cherished postulate of Blind Force. If we could only reconcile our Scientific Intellects to the conception of a Benignant and Eternal Creator, how clear the whole mystery would become! From that hypothesis we could see the reasonableness of a Divine Revelation, and in that Revelation, as the Church has it, we could indeed find the balm of Gilead. And mark you, having once accepted the idea of a Personal Creator, we could avail ourselves of the remedy offered without the slightest violence to Science, for it would be scientific then to believe that Human Nature is really all wrong, and that it needs regeneration by the intervention of a Power superior to itself. It would then also be unnecessary for us to close our eyes to the historical facts of Christianity, which, on examination, might be found to be quite as easily authenticated as those of Greek or Roman literature. But, my friends, all this we must put on one side. We must try and solve the problem of life aside from Christianity, because our theory demands that we exclude the idea of God from the universe.

Happily we can solve the problem. Modern Thought has solved it. These are the Glad Tidings I am commissioned to preach, beloved friends! I have to tell you to-day that the vilest malefactor may be regenerated by gazing upon the masterpieces of classic art; that the impure mind may be cleansed by the contemplation of the lily; that domestic infelicitry may be purged away by the gracious offices of b-i-c-a-brac, and that, in short, the sin and misery of Life may be cured by Culture.

Next week I shall give you a discourse on Hope. A special collection will now be taken up to supply a bereaved family with a volume of Homeric Poems, of which they are very much in need.



LATEST FROM DUDEVILLE.

“Oh! oh! bay jowve!” screamed young Poppleton Dudeskin, as a stout man tramped on his tooth-pick shoe, “that great bwute has squashed my foot to a complete jelly.”

“Lor, sir,” said a pale, care-worn looking woman in the crowd, “do ‘e give it to me, sir.”

“Give you *what*, female?” asked Dudeskin, his features still contorted with anguish.

“Yer fut, sir: if it's squashed to a jelly it's just what my little sick gurl at home wants, for the doctoor says she must have some calf's foot jelly, and I can't afford to buy none.”

LOT'S-WIFE CITY.

*Grim old party, an ex-resident of Hamilton, reading the Hamilton news in the "Globe."*

“The present Board of Education is made up of excellent material—” hum—haw—’pon my honour—glad to hear it I'm sure—remarkably glad! Let's see—Pommodeterkins de Chapeau is in again—humph!—bound to abolish the Collegiate Institute on one pretense or other,—voters got to feed as he feeds—mentally—humph! weak stomachs, poor blood—poor brains—can't see for the pennies on their eyes—dead—and turned to clay. Poor old *Advance*! And then there's Cloots, another specimen of the Board material—pushing man, Cloots—got on without any education whatever himself—don't see why Hamilton boys can't all do as he did; he'll see they don't get any higher education than he thinks good for 'em—you bet—Bully boy Cloots! Hooray for Cloots and Pomme!—ministers of lower education. And Specs, too, one of the few who believed in the right of rich and poor alike to higher education, had to resign or be thrown over next election—eh? These Hamiltonians are the queerest specimens. For nigh on twenty years they hired a man and paid him a salary for keeping and looking them out of their own park! Ha! ha! ha! Yes, sirc, of their one only microscopic park, the ratepayers paid a man all these years for locking themselves and their children out of their own park! And now that they have got that opened, they offset it by appointing

trustees to deprive them of their Collegiate Institute—ah! ah! ah! ha! They are so economical—couldn't afford to keep up one Public Library—had enough to do keeping up some hundred saloons—without the addition of a library! Ha! ha! ha! they voted on both questions—the Library and the Saloon question—well—they voted the Library should be shut up, and the saloons kept open for the moral and intellectual improvement of the youth of the city Ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! In justice to them, tho' they are sometimes ashamed of themselves; had a fit of that kind last summer. They were going to have parks like other people—they weren't going to be a by-word in this age of progress—not they! There were mass meetings, no end of fuming and puffing—perfect godsend to the rival papers—they voted on *three* parks—and so it ended—ha! ha! ha! I'm most dead laughing. Now we'll see they'll vote for three libraries—no end of gaseous discussions—everybody excited for a few days. Puff! flop! it's over at last, and everybody's coughing with the smoke. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! That's the usual finale.

(Reads again)—“And composed of a number of business and professional men who are determined that Hamilton's high standard in educational matters shall not be lowered.” Well now, I call that very good of the *Globe* to give them the clue as it were—good promoter the *Globe*—but as long as Brudder Gardner rules the roost in the Lime Kiln Club its no go—he's tenacious, is the old man; got his teeth once in he never lets go—ha! ha! ha! he'll hang on till strangers from a distance come to see Hamilton and its inhabitants as curiosities of the 19th century—a city with its toes where its heels should be—a city called Lotswife City—because she stands still looking backwards. Ha! ha! ha!

“The old gentleman who penned the above has since been removed to the Asylum for the incurably insane, which is situated at the head of Queen Street on the mountain overlooking what he is pleased to call Lotswife City.—[ED. GRIP.]

THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

Thousands of people from all parts of the continent are at the Montreal Carnival. The *Star* has brought out a Carnival number, that eclipses in artistic merit and absorbing interest every illustrated paper heretofore issued in this country. It will be remembered that there was a tremendous *furor* over the last year's Carnival number of the *Star*, the issue running up near a quarter of a million. This year's number will be far ahead of last. The artists are Bengough, Julian, Harris, and Haberer. The writers, George Murray, John Reade, Dr. Beers, “Adirondack” Murray, and W. H. Turner. GRIP sends for production in the Carnival *Star* a double page which is considered the most side-splitting cartoon ever published in this country. Fifteen cents in stamps sent to the publishers, Graham & Co., Montreal, will secure a copy of what we unhesitatingly pronounce the greatest illustrated paper ever issued in this country.

ACCORDING to the *British Medical Journal* football is not a manly and healthy game, but a barbarous amusement, which ought to follow bull baiting, prize fighting, and other such brutal “sports” into disuse. The learned editor probably means baseball. If he doesn't, it is because he has not seen the game as played on this side of the Atlantic. It is only a question of time, of course, till all these violent games, including golf, lawn-tennis, croquet, and carpet-balls, must go. People will sometime learn to be satisfied with such healthful amusements as poker and bagatelle.



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**HIDING FROM THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED.**

Fee-fo fi fum,  
 I fail to hear the N. P. hum.

Where's John A., the man who said  
 We'd all have plenty work and bread?

They say—but faith it made me bauld. I can see the brass in ma face every time I look in the gless, my tongue has grown twa inches longer sin I tuk tae the business—noo, Wallie,—dinna be doon i' the mooth, I'm no a high-way robber, nor yet a leer—though I maun confess I'm next door till my dear brither—I'm—(bear up noo)—I'm a BOOK AGENT! Next week I'll tell ye something o' what I saw in my travels round the toon—Yer Brithor,  
**HUGH AIRLIE.**

MR. ARTHUR COX, A.R.C.A., has placed a number of his original Etchings on sale at the Art Gallery, and at Matthews'. These works are highly creditable to the artist, and have additional interest in being the first works by a Canadian Etcher ever offered for sale here.

**TOPICAL TALK.**

The newspapers are making frequent reference to Gordon Pasha's English spy. Very likely Gordon Pasha's English pie is of the mince variety.

The Montreal *Witness* dubs Prince Bismarck "Nebuchadnezzar." "Job" would be a more appropriate name, if the Scriptures are to furnish one. Job, you know, was always boiling over.

Has it ever occurred to any one, save myself, that the difference between Mother Mandelbaum and Mrs. Lofty, immortalized in song, is that  
 Mrs. Lofty has her jewels.

It is stated that in New York two gentlemen out of every three are wearing corsets. These must be the stayed old bachelors so often spoken of.

An exchange has an article on "How the Telephone Talks." But everybody knows how the telephone talks. The real question at issue most frequently is, what the mischief the telephone says.

A "mouth-organ contest for the championship—presumably of the world—was the latest thing here. I always thought that Mr. C. E. Courtney was the undisputed champion at this kind of thing."

"Don't suffer with indigestion," is the counsel contained in a pateat medicine announcement. No, don't suffer alone, if you really have to. If indigestion wants to do any suffering let her enjoy it by herself.

TALKING about titles and things, why should not Mr. Erastus Wiman be invested with the Order of the Bath at the hands of the city council? A resolution conferring it ought to pass through the council swimmingly.



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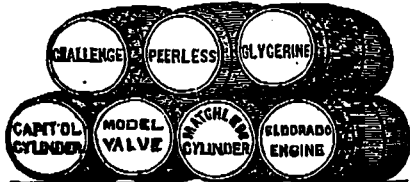
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