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GRIP'S OWN LIBRARY

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May 1887

DOMESTIC MEMO.



How inconsistent and unreasonable some people are to be sure! Here is Mr. Scaresily actually attempting to escape the demonstrative evidences of affection that his worthy spouse is showering upon him, and at the same time complaining that she has become somewhat too *chary* in her attentions to him of late.

AN observant barber has discovered that the brain is the source of the hair's nourishment. He says:—"The brain is in the skull close to the roots of the hair; it is a soft substance, percolates through the skull and nourishes the roots." Bald-headed persons are worthy of all sympathy, after this. But, of course, they will declare that this is a base attempt to create a boom in wigs and hair-restoring stuffs.

MR. PORCINE is a very dignified man. He objects to any unseemly familiarity. A few days ago his daughter Julia stole up behind him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Julia," he exclaimed, "I am surprised at you. That was very indecorous."

"Excuse me, father," she replied demurely; "I took you for the coachman."

The horses are now having a rest while Mr. Porcine hunts up a coachman ugly enough to satisfy him.—*The Rambler*

A MATTER OF TASTE.



The Bridegroom (to his bride, who is in a "tantrum").—My adorable darling, I love you so much that I could eat you—but in your present sour mood I'm afraid you wouldn't be palatable!

TAKING HIM DOWN.

"It is useless, sir, your arguing with me," said Ponsonby Beauclerc Budger, B.A., to Hiram Hayraker. "You are but a country Canadian. Recollect I am of Oxon."

"Oh!" retorted Mr. Hayraker. "See here, I bet you I know more about oxen than any confounded Englishman that ever crossed the seas. Haven't I driv' 'em, haven't I fed 'em for year on the o'd man's farm! No, siree, you can't fool me on oxen!"

"Sir," said the disgusted Budger, "I referred to the University of Oxford. I am speaking, sir, of a college."

"Why in thunder didn't you say so, then?" said Hayraker, indignantly. "I've heern tell of a school for trainin' hosses, but I never heard of a college of oxen before. What have you got B.A. tacked to your name for?"

"The letters stand for Bachelor of Arts."

"Oh! I thought they meant Bull Admonished or Bovine Adviser. I'm from the backwoods, old man; forgive my ignorance. Let's take something."

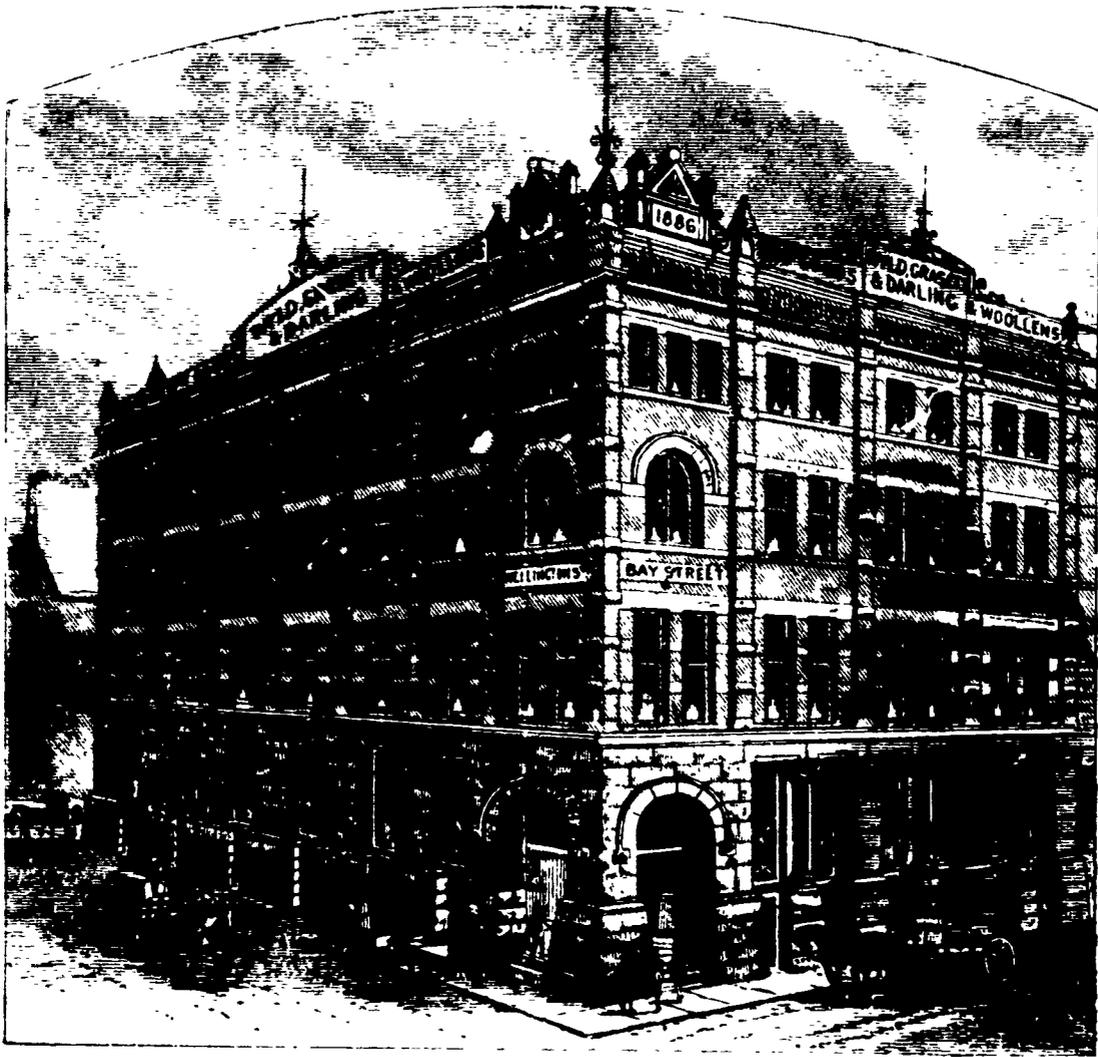
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THE GREAT UNWASHED.

THE *Telegram* announces that "a respectable woman wants washing!" For shame! We don't believe it. No respectable woman wants washing! at least, it isn't respectable to come out and declare the fact in the public papers. If she wants washing, why don't she go and take a bath, instead of announcing her unwashed condition to a scandalized public?

THE man who saw little devils in the air after a booze must have sipped his benzine out of an Impairial measure.

THE *St. John, N.B., Telegraph* is responsible for the latest egg story. It says, "Greenwich has a hen which lays two eggs daily and each has a double yolk." Yolk can tell that to the marines. It's two eggs-agerated to swallow.

A SOCIETY paper in describing the order in which a bridal party passed down the church aisle, says: "The bride walked on the arm of her father." This may be all right, but it seems to us that the church was hardly the place for her to display her acrobatic accomplishments.

I TOLD Nellie, the vivacious little grisette who waits on me at the table, that she would be able to get a good situation in the new hotel building on Notre Dame Street. "Why so?" she asked. "Because, you know, they will be sure to want a Nellie-waiter in a high building like that."

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A BIG NATION.



DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN SENATE.

Y139

U.S.—The old man won't interfere, I know, and as for the gal herself, I can thrash her if she tries to stop me from stealin' her fish.

BEFORE THE PARTY.



(SCENE.—Boudoir, middle-aged lady and daughter. Daughter reading from list, mother addressing notes.)

Miss Annie.—Let me see, the Ranchers, the Branchers and the Panchers, are they all right, mamma?

Mamma.—Certainly, my dear, they're all in our set. What about the Brownsers?

Miss Annie.—O, mamma, don't invite them, they'd come.

SPELLBOUND.

(TWO PEOPLE AT TELEPHONE.)

"HELLO!"

"Hello!"

"Say, what's the name of that friend of yours who is coming out from the old country?"

"Thiewethlynn Woodwell."

"What?"

"Thiewethlynn Woodwell."

"I can't make out the name; spell it please."

"All right: Double l e double u e double l y double n, double u double o d double u e double l."

"Oh! bosh. that doesn't spell anything! sounds like Welsh."

"It is Welsh: at least it's a Welsh name."

"Spell it again, slowly."

"Double l—e—double u—e—double l—y—double n—double u—double o—d—double u—e—double l."

"Oh! Llewellyn Woodwell; is that it?"

"Near enough."

"Thanks; goodbye."

"Goodbye."

(Ting-a-ling-ling.)

S.

A MAN of enter-pries.—The burglar.

SOCIETY.



"JOHN, I would like to invite in my friend, Mrs. Smalley, this evening. will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear; I must attend the meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters to-night."

"Well, to-morrow evening?"

"I have the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and you know—"

"What about Wednesday evening?"

"Oh! the Oddfellows meet that night, and on Thursday I have a meeting of the Knights of Labor to attend; on Friday the Royal Templars of Temperance; on Saturday there is a special meeting of the Masonic Lodge and I couldn't miss that, and then Sunday night—let me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The Grand and Ancient Order of Christian Fellowship."

"Why, I had forgotten. Am I a member of that—let me see—"

"But you have forgotten another society, John, of which you once were a member."

"What's that?"

"Your wife's."

HE WOULD HAVE HIS JOKE



FRED FLASHINGTON and Jack Chippenham were fast friends; of that there's no doubt, and rented furnished apartments together, but this friendship was often put severely to the test by the conduct of the latter, who was an inveterate practical joker and whose, often somewhat idiotic, jests annoyed his friend in no slight degree.

One thing that cemented the bonds of sympathy between these two was their love, common to both, of being well dressed. In this matter they agreed to perfection, and though a faint rivalry existed between them concerning which should turn out the most complete "swell" from top to toe, their common taste but drew the links of friendship the closer.

Two articles of apparel these young gentlemen were extraordinarily particular about and would have nothing but the very best of their kind, imported expressly from England for their own especial delectation and gratification. These articles were their silk hats ("stove-pipes" or "plugs" or whatever name best known by) and their French patent leather boots; for the former article they never dreamt of paying less than 32 shillings or \$8 a-piece, whilst the latter invariably cost them from three to four guineas the pair, to which prices must be added the amount paid for importation.

To tell the truth, these two young fellows looked exceedingly well when "dressed to kill," as Jack termed it;

they were both about the same height, size and build, and in many other respects resembled one another; but in one they differed—Jack loved practical joking, Fred detested it, and he wished with all his soul that he could cure his friend of his mischievous propensity.

The favorite resort of an evening, for the hour or so immediately preceding bed-time, of these two was the Raleigh Club, an institution whose members were mostly young fellows of the age of our friends and who met every night in the club smoking-room to spend an hour or two in puffing the smoke of the fragrant weed (said to have been discovered by the gentleman from whom the club took its name) and in chaffing one another.

The rules of the Raleigh Club expressly intimated that any member making use of the smoking-room in the evening should appear there in smoking cap and slippers. All clubs have their rules, and this was one of those of the Raleigh.

Of course, Jack Chippenham was in his glory in this smoking room, and indulged his love of joking to the utmost. Fred, however, was much quieter and more decorous in his conduct, though he was known to be possessed of a reasonable fund of dry and sober humor.

One evening the smoking-room of the Raleigh was pretty well filled, both with smokers and smoke. Jack was there, but Fred had not yet arrived. All the members were in the costume prescribed by the rules and regulations of the club—i.e. slippers and smoking caps, when in sauntered Fred, "got up" regardless of expense, with the newest and glossiest of fashionable tiles and the very nattiest and brightest of patent leather boots (for the two young chaps had received one of their periodical consignments of these articles on the previous day), black frock-coat, lavender trowsers, white waistcoat, lavender kids and an exquisite button-hole bouquet.

"I say, old fellow," called out Jack, "this won't do; against the rules, you know," pointing to the hat and then to the boots.

"Oh! well," replied Fred, "I forgot; won't matter for once."

"Well, look here," continued Jack, "you mustn't do it again or, by Jove! I shall be compelled to do something with those boots and that 'tile.' Don't know what it'll be, but something awful you know."

Fred knew that this was no idle threat of Jack's and that the latter would like nothing better than to damage his faultless head and foot-gear; but he said little more, and after smoking a cigar he and Jack went off to their apartments.

Next evening the smoking-room of the Raleigh presented an appearance very similar to that it had borne on the preceding night: Fred was again absent till nearly 11.30 p.m., when in he sauntered, slowly and listlessly, and—horror!—with silk hat, patent leathers, etc., etc., just as he had appeared the evening before.

"Now, look here, Fred," cried Jack Chippenham, "I warned you last night about those things; you heard me, gentlemen," turning to the other members, "I *must* keep my word, and I look to you for assistance: seize him," and he sprang towards Fred, who was speedily overpowered by numbers, though his resistance, somehow, did not appear very desperate, and laid on a sofa and his hat and dainty boots removed.

"Gentlemen," cried Jack, "put his hat up there; here is a revolver; now, then, let us make a sieve of it," and in a very short time the glossy *chef d'œuvre* of a celebrated British hatter was riddled with holes, and more

closely resembled a colander than a head-piece for a "swell" young man. The patent leather boots were ripped and slashed and finally placed on burning coals in the grate (for a small fire was usually kept up in the evenings, more for its cheerful appearance than for warmth), where they were shortly reduced to ashes.

Fred looked on at the work of destruction with a philosophical and complacent air, whilst Jack shouted out, "Thus do we serve all who treat the rules of the Raleigh Club smoking-room with contempt. Never mind, Fred, old man; cheer up; there'll be another hat out in a month or so."

"Oh! I'm not fretting," replied Fred, "why should I? it wasn't *my* hat."

"Not yours!" cried Jack and many more, "not yours? whose was it then, in the name of all that's wonderful?"

"Yours, Jack," replied the imperturbable Fred.

"And the boots," cried out a dozen voices, "the boots; weren't *those* yours? whose *were* they?"

"Jack's," calmly answered Fred "I borrowed them out of his room to come over here with. I knew he'd do what he said last night, and really I want to cure him of his nonsensical jokes. I guess he's out of pocket about \$25 by his fun."

Jack's face was a picture. He didn't know what to do, the laugh was so entirely against him. Idiot that he was to be so gulled by the quiet Fred! But the deed was done; he had destroyed his own hat and boots in a most unjustifiable manner and must make the best of it, so with a brief good-night he took his departure, and has never since been so anxious to inflict the penalty due to disobedience on any member of the Raleigh Club who may be guilty of an infraction of its rules and regulations. S.

JOE H.—"A-t-n, can you tell me why the goods you sell are like ten pins?"

A-T-N.—"No, Josephus, I fail to decipher the similarity; why are they?"

JOE—"Because they are 'set up' to be 'knocked down.'"

THE REJECTED SUITOR.



Dudekin.—Look haggard, do I? No wonder; Miss Brightcoin's broken off the match. She's a fickle, unworthy woman. She's made a perfect fool of me.

Smartwit.—O come, don't charge *that* against her!

NATURE ABHORS, ETC.



Funnivag.—Morning, old man, how are you?

Jobbleson.—Oh, I've got a shocking cold in the head.

Funnivag.—Well, that's better than *nothing*, you know!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

ACQUAINTANCE TO CONSTABLE.—Why, Simpson, old man, you're getting uncommonly thin. What's the matter? You used to be as plump as a partridge: Not in love, are you?

POLICEMAN.—Well, no; it's not exactly that as is the cause of it, Bill, but the fact is my young 'oman's changed her situation and is cookin' for a Scotch family now.

GRIPS WIZDOM.

FALSE friends, like ice, melt away at the approach of hot water.

The bluntest men generally make the most cutting remarks.

Lying is as hereditary as the gout, and both are almost incurable.

When you commit matrimony omit the 't.'

Beauty is often drawn by a single hair.

No woman rails so bitterly at unpunctuality as one who is, by accident, punctual—just once.

Love, like small-pox, is easily caught and leaves scars.

A girl's heart (that is after she has attained the age of eighteen) is like an hotel bed: you may never discover the previous occupant, but you may be pretty sure there has been one.

Men are geese: women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

The road to ruin would be more pleasant were it not so short, and if there were fewer exorbitant toll-gates.

The better a man knows himself the more indulgent he is to the faults of others.

If you wish to discover the extent of female malice just incur the jealousy of an unprincipled woman.

THE DUDE AND THE RASHER.

A THING on two legs called a Dude
Did his sense so greatly delude—
That he took a wood masher
To cut up his rasher—
Saying, "This is the way to eat fude."

But things couldn't continue like that,
All his friends said "You'll grow very fat,
And without any question
You'll have indigestion
And die of your theory—that's flat."

So this thing on two legs called a Dude
While thinking his friends very rude,
Soft sighed o'er his bacon—
"Well, perhaps I'm mistaken,
This masher *does* seem rather crude."

Then he took him a knife and a fork
To stop all this scandalous tork,
But he opened his eyes
In a genuine surprise,
For he found he grew thin as a Stork.

F. J. M.

AT THE COFFEE HOUSE.



RUSTICUS was hungry. She handed him the bill of fare and stood waiting for his order.

"What's this, morning paper?"

"No, it's the bill of fare."

"Well, you just tell the boss I'll settle when I get through and not afore. He don't get no bill out of me till I've had my grub. Now hustle about, will ye."

She explained what the bill of fare was, and took his order for soup. He then began to spell out the rest

of the *menu*. A stranger came in and sat down opposite. The soup arrived, and as he laid down the bill the stranger reached his hand across the table.

"Menu?"

"Yes, stranger, I guess me and you is in for it," said he, shaking his hand with vice-like grip, "and I guess we've got our work cut out for us too, only there's enough on that paper for a dozen hungry men, but I guess I'm good for my half—how are you?"

The stranger winced a bit, but said, "What! you are not going through the whole course, are you?"

"Isn't it on the bill?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, when I undertake a job I go through it, and I'm go'n' through the hull concern as a matter of course—or bust!"

The stranger subsided. When Rusticus was half way through the bill he stopped, heaved a little sigh, just a little, for it had not far to come or much room for preparation. He slowly got up and as he walked away he said:—

"Well, stranger, I'll just go out and walk about the town a bit. I'll be back to finish up after a while. I had a pretty good breakfast afore I left home, or I'll be durned ef I couldn't finish here now at one sitting, but I'll be back; there's nothin' mean about me"



Mrs. De Cash.—What! you don't like babies! Well, you're a brute, that's all.

De Garmo.—I may be a brute, Mrs. De Cash, but I trust I am a gentleman.

WHAT IT MEANT.

THEY were talking of omens, signs, and so forth, Swiggs and Jawkins were, both being somewhat superstitious.

"So spiders are lucky, are they?" enquired Swiggs, "that is, I mean it's lucky for a spider to settle on a fellow, eh?"

"First chop," was the reply, "but lady bugs are the lucky omen, *par excellence*."

"S that so? Why, as I was coming down town this morning a lady bug lit square on my nose. Good, eh? What's that a sign of?"

"H'm, well," replied Jawkins, "when a lady bug mistakes a man's nose for a geranium blossom, I should think it's a sign that either the man or the insect ought to give up the use of the leather-bottel"

"Good-day."

CLERGYMEN of the Episcopal Church resemble medical doctors as they both have cure-rates.

THE Arc light is not, as many suppose, a modern invention. Mr. Noah was the original inventor of Ark lighting.

It required, we are told, a special meeting of the Lindsay Town Council to decide whether the Chief of Police should have a red stripe down his trousers or not. This, presumably, did not worry the chief. But his anxiety must have been killing during the long, long nights of heated debate on the question as to whether he was to get trousers to sew the stripes on.

THE Niagara Falls hackman has capped the climax of his audacity. He said to an innocent tourist the other day, "Why is the new bridge like a chap talking with his lawyer about getting a divorce." The unsuspecting victim thoughtlessly interested himself in the problem, and was finally informed in a cold voice that it was because "it is a can't-I-leave-her affair." The tourist's friends have been notified.

A GENEROUS PATRON OF ART.



Artless Wife.—There, George, there is a picture we must have. (*The artist standing near by is thrilled.*)

Critical Husband.—Why, I don't see anything so fascinating about it.

Wife.—Don't you see how beautifully the frame would correspond with the woodwork of our library?

(*Artist faints*)

THE KHAN'S BEVERAGE.



ANY drink lager, whether peasant
or banker,
While some are addicted to brandy
and gin.
I admit that for drinks of that kind
I don't hanker.
And for whiskey or beer I don't
care a pin.
For I've got a bev'rage as ancient
as splendid,
Which many, no doubt, will sneer
at and spurn
With "sweetness and light" my
tiple is blended —

A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn.

Friends and companions, I preach a revival,
And now from my lips this true lesson learn:
There's no drink on earth can compare with or rival
A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn.
In mud or in mire you never will wallow,
And you'll save all the wages you honestly earn,
If—whenever you're dry you'll take for a swallow
A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn.

THE KHAN.

HINT TO FICKLE LOVERS.—About this time of the year
young ladies don't mind getting the sack—sealskin pre-
ferred.

THAT negro minstrel who offered a big thing for an ap-
proved new joke daily—hadn't he better try India.
There's the Punjab District for instance.

LOVELY WOMAN.

WHEN lovely woman's feet are sevens,
And such a size her soul abhors,
What does she then? Why, gracious heavens!
She squeezes them in Number fours.

And when the years come onward pacing,
And show her waist increased in size,
What does she? Flies to tighter lacing,
And shows her suffering in her eyes.

And when her husband come home jolly,
Declaring, "Dear, I'm th. a'ri"
What charm can soothe her melancholy
Like that of having "a good cry!"

And when old age draws nigh and nigher,
What then does lovely woman do?
She makes herself a right down l-r
And says, "I'll soon be thirty-two."

Thus lovely woman's e'er deceiving,
Dispelling ever love's young dream;
And men must own, tho' sadly grieving,
That women are not what they seem.

SWIZ.

A REAL eye-sore—A sty.

SKATERS are believers in the theory of evolution.

MARBLE-CUTTERS should make good curlers. They are
capital hands at "putting up a stone."

SURROGATE Clerks are very industrious: they first
open their office, and then go to work with a will.

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

Of course every one should read the papers, but doing so, just at present, is very likely to lead to some such thing as the following:

SCENE I.—BREAKFAST.

PAPA.—I wonder what makes me so nervous this morning, I'm shaking like a leaf.

MAMMA.—It must be the tea, dear. It destroys the nerves, the *Health Journal* says so.

PAPA.—Then let us have coffee.

THE SOFT IMPEACHMENT.



(While waiting for the carriage they discuss Types of Beauty.)

He (significantly).—Some fokes likes blunettes, but gimme blarns ev' time.

She.—Lor! Misto Culumbus, you mus'n be so pas'nal in yo' remarks.

MARY.—Oh! pa, didn't you read that piece in the *Bugaboo* pointing out that pure coffee is a deadly narcotic.

PAPA.—But we can't get it pure: I read that in-in-oh! several papers.

MARY.—No, papa; but the stuff they use for adulterating it is a more deadly poison than the coffee itself.

PAPA.—Well, cocoa, then.

MAMMA.—Why, papa, it is a terribly fattening thing, and you know the doctor said you had a tendency to apoplexy.

PAPA.—Oh! bother the doctor; give me water then.

MARY (reading from morning paper).—"The water at present supplied to the city abounds in animalculæ: several lizards have also been found in the pipes connect—"

PAPA.—Well then I'll drink beer.

MAMMA.—Why, my dear, you must be crazy. Beer! here is what the *Household Purifier* says: "Beer, nowadays, is a vile concoction of chemicals, coloring matter and—"

PAPA.—That'll do. No more papers shall come into this house. Mark my words.

SCENE II.—DINNER.

CHARLES.—Please pass me the mustard, Mary.

MARY.—Mustard, Charlie! a compound of turmeric, red pepper and filth of every description! the *Medical Indicator* says so; please don't take any.

CHARLES.—But I can't eat ham without mustard.

PAPA.—What! are you eating ham? Why it abounds in trichine, and—stop, Mary: do I see canned corn beef on your plate?

MARY.—Yes, pa.

PAPA.—My pet, a whole family and 100 prisoners were poisoned from eating canned corn beef a day or two ago. Throw it away, child.

MARY.—But I'm hungry.

PAPA.—Well, eat bread and butter.

MAMMA.—Worse and worse. Hear what the *Scarification* says about bread: "Alum, chalk,—"

MARY.—Please stop, ma, do not—

MAMMA.—And butter is made up of the most atrocious mixtures: filthy grease, rancid lard, saffron—

MARY.—Well, what are we to eat, then?

PAPA.—Salt, potatoes and fruit. These are about the only things, I believe. Mamma, lay in a stock of ten tons of salt and let us go out into the kitchen garden and graze.

(They go out and Nebuchadnezzar-ize.)

SAVED BY A SYLLABLE.



Blunderson. Nipkins, you're a professed temperance man, and yet I'm told that you take a drink every night before going to bed. Is that so?

Nipkins.—Yes; I don't deny that I have a little snifter of hot gin—

Blunderson.—Hot gin! Well, upon my—

Nipkins.—Not so fast; let a fellow finish. Ginger, I was going to say.

EDISON makes lig' of a thread; paragraphers make light of almost everything.

MILKMAN.—"Johnny, did you put water in the milk this morning?" New Assistant.—"Yes, sir." "Don't you know that is wicked, Johnny?" "But you told me to mix water with the milk." "Yes, but I told you to put the water in first and pour the milk into it. Then, you see, we can tell people we never put water in our milk."

RECEIVED ON SUFFERANCE.



INTRODUCTION OF A WHITE MEMBER TO THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

\$5 A WEEK: AND HOW TO LIVE ON IT.

"A JUNIOR Clerk," with a salary of \$5 a week, writes to ask how he is to be expected to live on it, as he is married and has two children. Mr. GRIP is ever desirous of giving information for the benefit of those who need it, and as "Junior Clerk" seems to be one of these, he shall have some advice. Every man's income is limited more or less; and he must limit his expenditure accordingly, but \$5 per week may be said to be decidedly limited, and any employer who would offer such a sum to a married man with a family must be a very contemptible person, though such individuals undoubtedly exist, and their name is Legion. A man is not always necessarily compelled to accept such remuneration, but when it comes to be a toss up between doing so and starving, he had better, perhaps, do the former. To live upon it, a man must first cut down his expenditure to the fewest possible branches, and secondly apply the closest possible shaving to each. They can hardly be reduced below three: food, clothes, and lodging: but if he finds he can do without any of these the difficulty would be much simplified. As to lodging: the cheapest to be had must be chosen; the more unpleasant the situation the better, as the rent will then be more reasonable, or rather, more easy to pay. A dilapidated hovel in the suburbs of the city, or a single room for the whole family in some tenement may be recommended. Chairs, tables, bedsteads and other movables may be dispensed with; the entire furniture should consist of a few blankets and some straw; and the blankets ought to be begged: if the straw dealer will accept a note at twelve months for the amount of the value of the straw, so much the better. Fire must be dispensed with, except to cook a few potatoes with or to avoid being frozen to death.

With regard to clothes. These must be obtained, if possible, through charity: there is another way of getting them which it would be hardly right to hint at. By a proper economy they may be made to last till they fall to pieces, which they will not altogether do for years. If it is necessary to buy clothes they must be bought, but the purchase should only include indispensables. Shirts and stockings are superfluities, and the younger children may do without shoes during the warmer months of the year.

Food must be confined, in general, to oatmeal, bread and potatoes, but perhaps a little flank beef that is spoiling and can be obtained very cheap may occasionally be indulged in. Tea and sugar are luxuries not to be dreamt of, and water must be the only drink. Possibly "Junior Clerk's" wife may be fortunate enough to secure the weekly washing from some family, and if she has been brought up as she ought to have been, with no ridiculous notions about her, she will be glad to obtain such work. Quite possibly she may possess an education far superior to that of the "lady" for whom she washes, but what is education after all? Nothing—compared with cash.

"Money makes the man; the want of it the fellow,
And all the rest is leather and prunella,"

as Pope would have said had he lived in these degenerate days, instead of employing the word "worth" in the place of "money."

By following the above rules it is perhaps possible to live honestly on \$5 a week, with a wife and family. Medical attendance is out of the question, and death is a visitor who should never be allowed to enter the house. What are called comforts must be considered unattainable, for any man, even though starving and perishing, to help himself to a meal, a stick of wood or anything of the kind, is highly immoral; the law respects not persons but property, and severely visits such wickedness.

SKATERS are believers in the theory of evolution.

A ROMANCE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

Maid One!

Maid Won!

Made One!

THE DEGENERACY OF THE DRAMA.



Aspiring Author (who has just finished reading his maiden effort).—Well, old man, how do you like the piece?
Long-suffering critic.—You have a fortune in it, my dear fellow. It's worse than I thought.—Rambler.

TANGLED.

SOBERSIDES (in charge of his friend).—Now, then, look where you step!

BOOZER.—Tha' (hic) tha's jus' the trou (hic) ble; I can't (hic) step where I (hic) look!

"BEAUTY'S SECRET."



My Lady.—You nasty wicked girl, you have not properly cleaned my glass again, for it makes me look like a perfect old hag.

Maid.—Oh! m'leddy, the glass is quite clean, and pardon me for remarking that if your leddyship will dance all night and eat hot suppers your beauty must suffer, and it is not fair to lay the blame either on me or on the glass; but if you will only wait until I have put a little paint on your face and eyebrows, you will again look charming.

THINGS ONE SHOULD SAY DIFFERENTLY.

AMATEUR VOCALIST (who prides himself on his singing to hostess).—Oh! my dear Mrs. Hautboy, my friend, Mr. Baritone, is quite indisposed this evening and he requested me to take his place at your musicale.

MRS. H.—A thousand thanks, Mr. Reed-Pipes; it is extremely kind of you, I'm sure.

(At the break-up of the musicale.)

MRS. H.—Good-night, Mr. Reed-Pipes; thank you so much for your assistance. Pray tell Mr. Baritone that I hope he will soon be better, and say that I missed him very much indeed. I do hope he will be able to come to my next musicale.

THE AFFLICTED HUSBAND.



Jobbles (from cutter).—Hello, Doctor; I want to speak to you about my wife.

The Doctor.—Well? What's the matter?

Jobbles.—I don't know. She's lost her voice. Ain't been able to speak a word for three days.

Doctor.—Indeed! Then I shall—

Jobbles.—Er—I was going to say if you happen to be in our way any time next week you might jest drop in and see what you think of it.

FROM WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.

"I'm easily sooted."—The chimney. "Water joke!"—The well. "Let us sweep."—The broom. "I'm all cut up."—The wood-pile. "I've gone through my work."—The needle. "I'm pressed for a little time."—The cheese. "My life ends in a lye."—The ash-heap. "Let's soap for better times."—The soap-barrel. "I never sausage stuffed times."

NICE FOR MUFFKINS.

HER LITTLE BROTHER.—Say, Mr. Muffkins, will you let me hear you speak some French?

MUFFKINS.—Yes, if you wish, but why?

H.L.B.—O, just for fun! Ma says your French is very amusing!

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and sizes. 500 Gross Preserving Kettles
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Best in the market.

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W. J. MCGOLPIN.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.



Clara.—What nonsense they do talk about trade and people in trade not being really aristocratic and all that.

Mabel.—Yes, I know, dear; and yet I am always glad that papa's store has no retail department. Trade does seem common after all.

PICTURES FROM LIVING MODELS.

THE GENT.

PERHAPS John Leech in his pictures in *Punch* has done more to immortalize this animal than anybody else. He certainly "had him down fine," as the slangy young man of the period would say, and "the Gent," as depicted by that great artist, is true to nature.

The Gent, that is the true, bona fide, Simon Pure, genuine article, is an English production, though he is to be found in this country, but he does not appear to flourish out of Europe, or to attain his full splendor and objectionableness on this side of the Atlantic. He is, as a rule, harmless, though provocative of profanity on the part of those with whom he comes in contact, and on this account may be considered as an evil. A Gent, to be a Gent, must also be a Cad. The two are inseparable, and let no man confound the Gent with the gentleman. He is invariably of short stature; dresses in a very loud and pronounced style, (his clothes being of the fashion known to Gents and tailors as the "nobby" and "dressy," and it is safe to make the statement that Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these Gents, nor, probably, having been a man of much intelligence, would he have desired so to be), and is the very essence of vulgarity; drops his H's and puts them in whenever he thinks proper with a recklessness that is not without its charm, but he is always under the impression, until rudely undeceived by some such incident as the following, that he passes for a native of whatsoever country he may happen to be honoring by spending his time and money in, for he is generally well supplied with the latter article,

having been left a legacy by some deceased relative, who would have done more wisely had she, for it is invariably a female, insisted on her money being buried with her. The rude awakening from this dream referred to is as follows:—

GENT (enters cafe in Paris).—Oh! garson: vooly voo donney mwor oon tas do caffy, s'il voo play?

GARCON.—Oui, M'sieu. Would you like to see ze *Times*? (Handing that paper.)

GENT (*sotto voce*).—Ang the feller: nu w'ow the doose did he find hout I was Hinglish, h'd like ter kuow?

The Gent is quite condescending, nay, even patronizing towards foreigners, though in his inmost heart he feels a thorough contempt for them for being so. He is quite unabashed, no matter how exalted the rank of those in whose company he may chance to be thrown whilst on his travels, and enters into conversation with my Lord This or Sir Somebody That with as much apparent indifference (that is if those high and mighty personages permit him to do so) as though he were talking to one of the vulgar herd, but he is really swelling with exultation all the while and is devoutly wishing that some of his brother Gents "at 'ome" could only behold him in his glory, and we may be very sure that those same friends of his will receive a full account of what he did say to "Is Grace" with a great deal of stuff that he did *not*.

Surely all of us have, at some period of our lives, come across the Gent. Certainly those of us who have been to Paris and London have done so; and possibly we have all wondered why and for what end he was created. His use has never yet been discovered, though he probably has some mission to fulfil on this earth, and if he does no more than to cause us to feel a heartfelt gratitude that we are not all Gents, he is entitled to our thanks for doing even that much. And now, as perhaps the Gent is not a subject of much interest to Canadians, he may as well be allowed to depart, and accordingly we bid him adieu.

SOCIALISM.



Tramp.—Naw—I don't want work. I can get more work than I know what to do with.

THE MAN, THE TOBOGGAN, AND THE GAMIN.

BY HICTOR VUGO.

A TOBOGGAN slide! What is it? It is a declivity; profound, vast, precipitous. It is the connecting link between the summit and the base. It is the intermediate space between the top and the bottom. It is the concentrated embodiment of slipperiness; grim, perilous, awful. To slip on the brink of a toboggan article is to be hurled to perdition: to be pulverized beyond recognition.

Now behold the pigmy and the giant; the man, the pigmy; the toboggan, the giant—long, lithe, serpentine. They come to the brow of the precipitous slide, and the man divests himself of his superfluous ulster.

But see! a small boy! a gamin! What is a small boy? He is a being, half human, half diabolical; fearful, horrific. He is the incarnation of cussedness. He also appears near the toboggan holding in his hand a bottle.

And now the man is ready and takes his seat, and prepares to plunge into the maelstrom of ice and snow. One moment he is poised on the brink of the frozen cascade; the next—he is gone!

The laws of gravitation demand that a heavy body on the side of a declivity must descend; for a toboggan to slide up a hill of its own accord is contrary to the laws of nature; but for one to descend is perfectly in accordance with such laws.

Down, down, down! like a meteor shooting across the

SYMPATHY.



Emily.—How delicate Mr. Slimmey looks
Maud.—No wonder! He lives on his wits!

zenith; like lucifer falling from heaven to the regions of darkness, darts the toboggan bearing the man. The eye can scarce follow them as they fly. They reach the base and glide across the level plain at a speed of a thousand miles an hour, such has been the impetus imparted by the descent of the slide.

Slower and slower moves the ice monster; slower and slower; it stops. But why does the man retain his seat? Behold, he essays to rise. He cannot! He is bound to the toboggan by some mystic hand that is invisible. When he raises himself the toboggan also rises with him. He is in the power of the monster! Men gather round to investigate the mystery. A man chained to a toboggan by

invisible fetters! Ha! they penetrate the secret. The small boy! his bottle! he has poured water on the seat of the toboggan and the man is frozen to the monster

L'ENVOI.

A man creeps through all the back streets on his homeward way; on his shoulder he bears a toboggan from which has been carved a circular piece; on the upper portion of his nether garments clings with invincible tenacity a piece of wood corresponding in size with the hole in the toboggan. The man has been sawn off the monster.

Such is the toboggan. Such the small boy, the gamin!

SYMPATHY.



Swell.—Here is a penny, it's all I have got, poor beggar.
Beggar.—All you've got? Why I couldn't think of robbing such a "poor beggar."

THE GERMAN STUDENT.



She.—And what do you do when time hangs heavy on your hands?
He.—Oh, I call to see my lady friends, or something of that sort.

MUTTON.*To the Editor of the Mail.*

SIR, I have now been in Canada about a month, and have dined at several hotels, but have not yet seen any mutton on the table, which I, as an Englishman, think strange. Beef and mutton are English people's chief food, and a farmer without his flock of sheep is going down hill in that country. Yours, etc.,
OLD ENGLAND.

You may think it strange, "Old England," but it's not. You see, we in Canada are high-toned to a degree, and we rather turn up our colonial noses at mutton. We content ourselves in winter with turkey, goose, hashed venison, and oysters, and wait until spring for our lamb with mint sauce. An English "farmer without his flock of sheep is going down hill," is he? Why, farmers in this country often go down hill without their sheep, if the latter are not trained to follow them. But what has that to do with the question, anyhow?

MOST LIKELY.

Patrick (recounting his troubles).—Well, thin, your Riverence, we got behind with the rint.

His Reverence.—Ah, that's bad—and what was that owing to?

Patrick (confidentially).—Well, I believe it was all owing to the landlord, your Riverence.

HOME CONSUMPTION.

A proposal will be made to the Toronto Council to compel the manufacturers to consume their smoke.—*St. John Globe, Feb. 1.*

THIS seems pretty hard on the manufacturers, but perhaps it is a good idea. We think the proposal might with general benefit be extended so as to include pedestrians who smoke. What a lot of unpleasant puffing in people's faces it would save if they were all made to consume their smoke. Then if politicians were made to consume all their own smoke (or gas) what a saving of time it would be to the general public, and what a shortening of sessions of parliament!

B. O.

AT THE CLUB.

First Duke.—Aw—what's up, deah boy? You look dweadfully bwocken up. Been dancing all night?

Second Duke.—No; been trying to think.

MODEL HASH-HOUSE.

WE learn, among other important news by cable from over the seas, that Captain Barton, late of the staff of Gen. Grant, has been charged by his boarding "missus" at Gordon Square, London, where he had been living on the "European" plan, for 23 quarts of milk, 4 bushels of potatoes, assumed to be consumed in one week. This the gallant captain thought rather too too, but when the "missus" brought a bill against him for \$50 for "condiments and the use of the cruets" for one month, he kicked, and disputed the claim in a court of law, but had to pay, all the same, according to the verdict of the jury, who looked, so the captaining says, as if they "didn't know enough to come in when it's raining." Perhaps it is conduct like this on the part of landladies "at 'ome" that inspires so many young gentlemen from the old country with a determination to beat their grub houses here. GRIP thinks he has found out at last the reason of that peculiar idiosyncrasy on the part of the imported swell.

B.

THE ROLLER CRAZE.

Results of a little private practice by our kitchen girls.

PROFESSOR BLUFF'S LECTURE ON THE HORSE.



PROFESSOR BORAX BLUFF, of Hamilton, having received a pressing invitation—ten dollar bill enclosed—from the Toronto Young Ladies' Select Society for Mental Advancement, to deliver before them a lecture upon "The Horse," that gentleman very willingly consented, laid tight hold on the ten-dollar bill, and at the time appointed delivered the following before a full attendance of the Select: "My dear young ladies, the subject upon which you have asked me to discourse is indeed a most interesting one, in which decanters play a prominent part (murmurs of disapproval). Pardon me, ladies, if decanters are offensive to you; I did not mean to infer the use of the

glass thereby. The horse is an equine because he whines when in need of water. He chews hay and corn because he cannot further choose for himself; although I must admit, he sometimes chews a man's finger off. In the vulgar parlance of this world there are persons known as 'kickers,' and amongst horses such a class is to be found, as may be discovered by any before me placing herself behind an equine with this propensity fully developed. No more striking proof would be necessary. The horse is conversant with some of the arts and sciences. As a drawer he is unequalled, for besides his matter-of-fact employment in dragging cabs and buggies, he has been known to draw thousands of persons in one night—when he has appeared in the role of the untamed steed in Mazeppa. The horse is also a dancer. He often indulges in a gallop, against the proprieties of which he can't err: and, again, need I remind you of the number of balls he has seen on the field of battle? He is an able machinist, for he can make a bolt or turn a wheel with the best. The horse believes himself the equal of a bishop in that he also has his stall; he is as rich as any country squire because he owns demesne; he allows no Opposition M.P. to look down upon him, for he can put in his 'neigh' when necessity calls; he thinks himself superior to woman because he can carry a bridle on his tongue; (that is his opinion, not mine, ladies—I think differently of those before me); in fact, in ways too numerous to mention, the horse holds himself equal to man in most things."

Here the professor paused to mop up the heavy beads of perspiration which had gathered upon his learned brow, and whilst doing so, received a muffled round of kid-glove applause from the Select. After beaming a heavenly smile upon them for their encouraging demonstration, Professor Borax Bluff continued:

"Much as I would like to linger upon the portion of my theme which I have just left, I feel it my bounden duty whilst addressing young ladies upon this subject, to place before them a horse of a slightly different species, but of equal importance, and one that cannot well be dispensed with. Its work is of a humble nature, being nothing more than a common carrier (ladies, do not become pouters at this remark), yet it is one of woman's most faithful servants, and as such cannot but be highly valued by you."

During this harangue the chairwoman moved uneasily in her seat, set upon her nose a pair of double-barrelled

eye-glasses, and glanced suspiciously, not to use a stronger word, at the professor. The ladies did exactly ditto, and it was plainly evident they were all in a more than ordinary *qui vive* mood.

"Ladies, the horse I now have the pleasure of speaking upon is the Clothes Horse, its use——"

Then the storm broke forth. Seizing the astonished professor by a side-lock, the chairwoman said in withering tones:—

"Sir, do you know you are insulting the Young Ladies' Select Society for Mental Advancement? Do you know it? We instructed you to deliver a lecture upon 'The Horse.'"

"Certainly, ladies, you did," replied the professor, startled with the wild looks of his questioner, "but is not the clothes horse included in the category?"

"To! No! You bad man!" screamed the chairwoman and the Select in chorus, rising hastily from their seats.

"Then, ladies," gasped the professor, "my mission is ended, and my aim is home. Good-bye."

And Professor Borax Bluff "got" from their presence with all the alacrity of a schoolboy; leaving the Select young ladies folded in each other's arms and sobbing bitterly over the shameful insult offered them by a man who had dared to address them upon the unæsthetic clothes horse.

TITUS A. DRUM.

RED being the fashionable color this winter the lobster-nose is going to have a chance. The gentle barkeeper will please pass along that mug of Tomanjerry.

LATEST LITERARY NEWS AT THE "MIKADO."



Tomnoddy.—I—aw—see that Gilbert and Sullivan have—aw—stuck upon a bright idea to—aw—protect their next opawa in America.

De Hava.—Aw? How do they propose to do it!

Tomnoddy.—Deucedly clever, b' Jove! Gilbert's own idea, I should fancy. They intend to have their next piece—aw—written and composed by an American.



350.

A TALE OF GRUESOME GRAMMAREE.

I AM the manager of an immensely influential newspaper, but, somehow or other, the public seemed not long ago to become weary of being immensely influenced, and this fact they imparted to me in the most convincing manner possible, viz., they ceased to subscribe, and the circulation of my paper, (150,000 sworn to) had really dwindled down to about 7,000, so I began to be nervous and set what brains I could spare from their task of immensely influencing people, to work to think up some scheme by which my subscription list might be enlarged. At length I hit upon a plan: I would give a valuable watch with each copy of my paper; yes, I would offer a time-piece, full jewelled, copper-bottomed, pure silver, to each man, woman or child who would subscribe for one year for my paper. I felt that in making this move I was lowering the tone of my journal and that there was something of the "chickaleary fake" in the whole business, still I determined to put my scheme into practice, and accordingly telegraphed to Birmingham for several barrels of valuable watches, one of which, with my paper for a year, I offered to a guileless public for \$3.50. From that hour I knew no peace. My conscience upbraided me, and from the time that the first three fifty came into my coffers, I had no mental or bodily rest. Ghosts of departed directors, spirits of by-gone managers of the journal over which I presided would appear to me at all hours of the day and night, and by their looks and gestures, upbraid me for the course I was pursuing. As each three fifty came in I felt as if some unseen hand had driven another nail into my coffin: voices whispered in my ears, chiding me for the undignified manner in which I was increasing the circulation of my paper; strange figures would stand at my bedside and gaze with sorrowful eyes upon me, and muttering the word "Fakir" would depart as they had come. I felt that I was going mad and that reason, never too firmly planted on her throne, was tottering there; maniac cries and shrieks of the lost spirits incessantly sounded in my ears, and I knew that ere long I should be an inmate of an insane asylum. Though I felt that the things I heard and saw were but warnings to me to desist from what I was doing, and that by smashing up my last consignment of barrels of watches, I could free myself from the hideous thralldom and become once more happy, honored and respected, still I persisted in my evil course and gradually became more and more imbecile. I fled from the city where my paper was published, leaving others, however, to conduct the watch and paper enterprise in my absence. I hoped thus to escape from the gruesome beings who for-

ever haunted me, sleeping or waking; but go where I would, do what I would, my sin was ever before me. The very wheels of the railway car in which I travelled clicked out the sentence, "a week-e-ly paper a nickley watch, and all for the sum of three fifty." "Three-fifty" haunted me. If I went to enquire at what time a train left for such and such a place, the answer was invariably the same: "At 3.50, sir." The very air seemed filled with the sound of that number, and I felt that I was indeed an accursed thing, and I fled further and further away, till I halted in a city whose name I know not. I went to a hotel and whilst registering my name saw that the date was Sunday, Dec. 16, and, horror! the number of the day of the year was also given 350! I swooned and was carried to my bedroom, but I could just hear the clerk give orders to have me conveyed to Room No. 350, as I momentarily regained consciousness. I suppose I must have slept for several hours, for when I woke all was still in the hotel and my room was dark. I wondered what the time might be and, in turning my head in my effort to feel for a match, my eyes beheld a frightful object glaring at me from the wall, and my hair stood up as though galvanized, whilst a clammy perspiration started from every pore and my teeth chattered as though I were stricken with the palsy. From out the gloom I beheld the enlarged dial of a watch over which played a bright phosphorescent light: the hands I observed, as soon as my terror permitted me to see anything, pointed to the hour, ten minutes to four! Oh! heavens! in railway parlance, 3.50. After a long look at the illuminated dial, during which those figures unceasingly glared at me, I fainted away. When I again came to my senses the ghostly watch was still there, the hands still pointing to the same figures, and with a wild shriek I once more relapsed into unconsciousness.

It was broad daylight when I next awoke. I cast my eyes around the room and beheld one of those small circular luminous dial clocks on the wall: the hands had stopped at ten minutes to four!

I felt that I had been warned enough, and dashing down to the telegraph office, despatched a message to my managers to bust up all the watches they had left. As soon as I had done this, a heavenly calm stole over me; seraphic beings floated round my head, and sinking on a luxurious sofa, I fell into a slumber, peaceful and calm as that of an infant. I was no longer a fakir. S.

HER FIRST REQUEST.



The Bride.—And now, Grover, dear, I want you to do me a favor; say you will promise.

The Happy President.—Anything on earth, love!

The Bride.—Well, then, don't tell the newspapers what we had for breakfast.

SUCCEEDED TOO WELL.

"Now," said the bride, "Henry, I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to behave exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old married man. I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to give the snap away."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough. And I insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try; but I know I will not succeed."

The first evening of their arrival the bride retired to her chamber, and the groom fell in with a poker party, with whom he sat playing cards until four o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours weeping. At last he turned up and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question:

"Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody knew after that they had just been married.

The tall, thin young man saws away evenings industriously on his fiddle at "Sweet Violets." The tortured old party in the next bedroom vainly burrows under the bed-clothes waiting till the Sweet Viol-lets up. The term "sweet viol" he varies to suit his emotions.

AN IRISH BOY CAUGHT



The Stern Parent.—Begorra, Dennis, av ye marry that gyurl, I will cut yez aff without a cint, an' lave all me rale istate to the city. so I will.



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JOHN L. BIRD.

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from something and something remains. We are always
taking the people's money and giving them something in
return.

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A SACRIFICING SPIRIT.



AN EPISODE OF THE COLD SNAP.

Tramp (to Doodkins).—Sonny, you look most perished, and I can't stand by an' see you suffer. I'm strong and hearty, an' I don't need this coat. I'll sell it to you cheap. Is it a go, boss? Name the price.

COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.

FATHER MCCOY, P.P.—Michael, I am pained to see this black eye. It looks very bad indeed. I am afraid you have been—

MICHAEL (interrupting).—Sure, yer riverence, if ye cud on'y see the eye Patsy Doolin has, ye'd think there was nothin' at all the matther wid moine!

FINE DISTINCTION.

SCHMIDT (hearing a terrible noise, as if a small boy was hammering on an empty box).—Boy vhat object you haf in sooch poundings?

BOY.—To make a noise.

SCHMIDT.—Oh!—ah! Vell, dot's better for you. I tink maype your object vas to disturb me!

“THE corset must go!” peremptorily declares Dr. Dio Lewis. And so it is going—going to waist, as it were.

THE SONG OF THE SKIFF.

DISRESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE DUFFERS [WHO
BEGUILE THEIR GIRLS INTO SAIL-BOATS ONLY
TO DROWN THEM.

With clothing all dripping and wet,
And hat very sodden and soiled.
A young girl sat on a boat-house bench,
With a look both angry and wild;
And the water ran out of her boot,
As she, with a sigh and a sniff,
Removed the wet handkerchief clear of her snoot,
And sobbed out The Song of the Skiff.

Oh! why did I go with that fool
In his skiff away out on the bay?
When he hoisted the sail in the midst of the gale,
And straight from the wharf sailed away,
And he grinned like a huge Cheshire cat,
As the boat careened down to each whiff,
But he got a surprise when we took a capsize,
And we both tumbled out of the skiff!

Now the ferry comes to our relief,
And they pull us on board with a hook;
I was more scared than hurt, tho' they spoiled my
new skirt,
And the cold water ran like a brook
From the legs of my escort's tight pants,
And he looked scared, and startled as if
He thought he fell overboard by some mischance,
And that he didn't capsize the skiff.

Oh! ye who have daughters that go
In their innocence out on the bay,
Along with some callow young cad for a beau,
Take warning by what I now say;
Just tell its 'bout a toss up
If she's not carried home as a “stiff,”
With weeds in her hand, and her eyes full of sand,
If she sails with a chump in a skiff.

B.

A PARIS, Ont., editor is shocked at the discovery of a townsman who does not invariably “distinguish between *meum* and *teum*.” It is now in order for townsmen to be pained at the instance of an editor who does not invariably distinguish between plain English and bad Latin.

THE young man who boards at a hotel instead of with a private family explains that he acts *pro bono public-house*.



“DISMEMBERMENT OF THE UMPIRE.”

A JEST OF DRAWERS.



as in my professional capacity I may be somewhat disposed to draw upon my imagination and not upon canvas. I would like, of course, to draw your attention to my many characteristics. I have been drawing breath for so many years that I do now pay much attention to it; but do it unconsciously, although my livelihood to a great extent depends upon it. At an early age I began to draw on wood, on a hand-sleigh given me by my father. I would always do it as a pleasure, never as a necessity or as work. I took great interest then in drawing water, and snow and wood, but not making much money out of it, I gave it up. I have not time to pass through all of my many changes and ventures, for my life was beset with many vicissitudes; in one thing always have I been most punctual, i.e. in drawing my salary, for there is more money in that than in drawing my breath. I can draw any man at sight, but I always prefer to draw on a good man at sight, or ten days if preferred. For fear you will think I am boasting, or drawing the long bow, perhaps I had better draw this to a close.

KRAL, B(ORN) A(RTIST).

YOUTHFUL PRODIGY.—"Pa, why is Canada's comic paper like a certain Biblical character?"

PAPA.—"I fail to solve the intricate problem, my son; why is it?"

YOUTHFUL PRODIGY.—"Because it's A-GRIP-pa."—*Fond parent swooneth.*

A COUNTRY exchange copies a long editorial about Hudson Bay. The editor is full of true solicitude for his readers and means to do his best towards making up for the lack of home-made cold this winter.

SOMETHING LIKE FABLES.

THE BARITONE AND THE CASSOWARY.

A BARITONE who had been a member of a Pinafole company was found by a Cassowary wandering, with every appearance of Enjoyment and Delight, upon the scorching Plains of Timbuctoo. Astonished at his joyous aspect, the Cassowary inquired if it was possible he had the pleasure of addressing another Missionary? "I have never been a missionary," replied the Baritone gaily, "though as I intend taking up my residence in this delightful Spot, I may yet become one. You cannot think how the Immunity from certain forms of speech which I here enjoy, fills me with new Hope." The Cassowary stood Musing. "Have you Never," asked he, "been a missionary?" A Deadly Pallour overspread the Baritone's countenance, and he feebly shook his head. "What!" persisted the Cassowary, with whom missionary

agreed. "Nev—?" Whereupon the Baritone, uttering a despairing Shriek, fled wildly into space.

Moral: It is better to bear with Pinafole at home than fly to it in Timbuctoo.

THE BANK-CLERK AND THE TAILOR.

A Bank-clerk, who was dressing for an evening party, gazed admiringly upon his Reflection in the Limpid mirror. "What a pity," said he, "that such an elegant form and Figure should be accompanied by so contemptible a Mental calibre." As he uttered these words, his Landlady entered bearing a huge manuscript on a salver, which proved to be the long neglected Bill of his tailor. "He's a waitin' in the hall, sir," said the Landlady in a Tone of sympathy, "and says he'll be Jiggered if he goes away before seeing you." The Bank-clerk stared helplessly about him, when suddenly his

despised Intellect came to his relief. "The fire escape!" he whispered, and letting himself down thereby, he proceeded in safety to the Scene of Revelry.

Moral: Always put off till to-morrow the dun you get to-day.

FLORENCE GRAY.

HIS ANSWER.



Mr. Jenks (to Mrs. Dollarbil).—Mr. Packer, of Chicago wishes an introduction to you, may I present him?

Mrs. Dollarbil.—Packer? what, the dealer in dressed pork? Certainly not. Tell him so with my compliments; and, er—stay—come back and tell me what he says.

Well, what did he say?

Mr. Jenks.—He said that the commodity he offered for sale was dressed, anyhow.

Mrs. Dollarbil.—Hey! What did he mean?

Mr. Jenks.—I don't know; but he looked pretty hard at your daughter while he was saying it.

TALKING of Evacuation Day puts one in mind of the anniversary of it in Ireland. Somehow they don't appear to get along very well with its celebration in Ireland. And they don't spell it exactly that way, either.

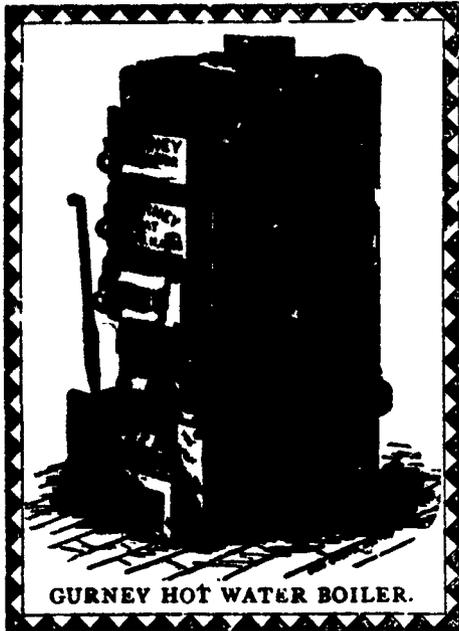
WHEN a cat crosses the track the superstitious engineer anticipates a calamity unless he draws up, gets off and rubs the rail with a rabbit's foot. In ordinary every day life when a cat crosses your track it's the cat itself which anticipates the calamity—and generally gets it, if the fates are propitious and a nice brick is handy.

FRANK WHEELER, · HOT WATER ·

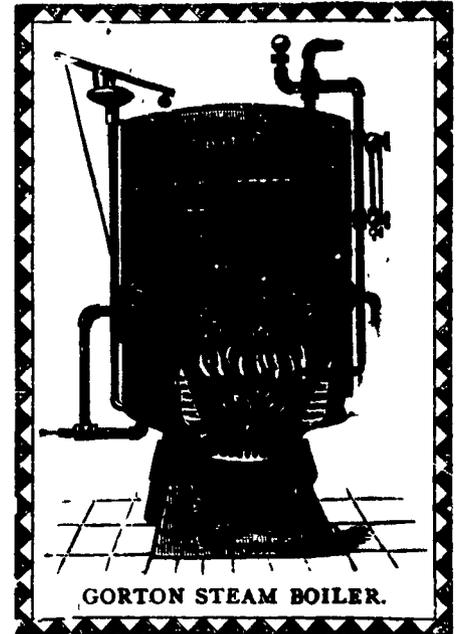
— AND —

Steam Heating Engineer

56, 58 and 60 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, - TORONTO.



IT takes a heap of
· love to make a woman
· happy in a cold house.



Correspondence Solicited from Architects and Persons Building.

PLANS, ESTIMATES AND SPECIFICATIONS

Prepared for every description of Steam or Hot Water Heating.

First-Class Competent Engineers Sent to all parts of the Dominion.

— PERFECT WORK GUARANTEED —

"TO WHAT BASE USES."

A GOOD story comes from University College. It is about a worthy student whom we shall call M—, because that is the initial of his patronymic.

M— was in the habit of wearing his gown all the way from his boarding house to the university. Day after day through the whole term he persisted in the practice, notwithstanding the laugh so frequently raised at his expense among fellow-students, who fancied he was too proud of the scholar garb to discard it in public.

At last in an unguarded moment he told a chum why he wore the sombre robe oftener than the regulations required.

"You see," he explained, "I am not particularly well off for clothes. In fact, I may as well tell you I have only got one pair of pants to my name—or rather my lower extremities. Well, I do my own mending. The pair of pants I speak of got used up at the seat. I put patches on myself; and, as the work has not been executed with the proverbial neatness, but only with des-patch, so to speak, I hate to expose it to the gaze of a cruel world. Hence the gown!"

The secret presently leaked out and—well, some city tailor got a job and M— a new pair of trousers.

Verily a college gown covers a multitude of repairs, if you want to use it in that way.

PERFECTLY SAFE.

She.—But O, suppose the ice should break!

He.—Why, we couldn't drown, you know. The water is only up to my chin here.

FLIP FLAPS.

BY PHIL. A. BUSTER.

WHENE'ER you strike a Scott Act town

To get a "smile" is risky;
But if you plank the eye no down,
You bet you'll get the whiskey.

A YOUNG lady in Charlottetown, P.E.I., stepped into Mr. Chappelle's book store and asked for one of Beaconsfield's novels which he did not have. "I'm awfully sorry that you have not got it," she said. The jocose Toff' replied, "Dis-really too bad, Miss, but it cannot be helped." The young lady is still living.

Miss —, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., was engaged to be married, but the wedding had to be postponed in consequence of a fall which injured her knee.

At a party in Government House, a short time since, a young gentleman explained that the postponement was a case of kneecessity.

CORK is not the wealthiest city in the world, but it should be able to float-a-loan better than any other.

DRY goods clerks do not believe in nights of labor. They prefer gamboling on the green in a billiard-room.

HOME Rule. When Mr. Swiper came home "full" at day-break and explained to Mrs. S. that he'd "bin (hic) scussin' 'ome rule wis ze boys as ze club," his better-half informed him that in future her "home rule" would be "front door locked at 10 sharp and no night-key."

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

Customs Officer.—Madam, these diamonds are subject to customs charges; I'm sorry, but I must do my duty.
Fair Smuggler.—So am I: and I suppose I must do mine. (*She pays forthwith.*)

COULD THIS
BE CALLED SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS?



"MY SINS ARE AS MANY AS THE HAIRS OF MY HEAD."

AN INFLUENZIAL PATER SONG.

Oh! I wish I was dead; I've a cold id by head
Which is heavy as lead and by dose is so red,
Ad so sore to the touch that I hate very buch
To blow it, but how cad I help it, for such
Is by oodstadt eploybedt frob bordig till dight,
Ad from dight uttil bording agaid shows its light,
Ad I'b coughig ad wheezig, tishooig ad sdeezig
Ad with tallow by dose I ab all the tibe greasig
Ad by chest I bust rub, while by feet id a tub
Of water that's boilig I keep, ad I adub
All those who eddeavor forever to sever
By thoughts frob by illdeas—a failure, however,
Just look at by dose, it's as red as a rose
Ad like that of a bad who too frequedly goes
To the "leather bottel"; do sedation of sbell
Have I got ad I really ab very udwell,
You'd thik i was cryig as wheezig ad sobbig,
I breathe thro' by bouth whilst by dose is all throbbig,
Ad sees as if devils idside it were jubpig,
Ad habberig ad bubpig ad ibpishly thubpig,
Its the ibp—idfluedza; I've going to bed, sir;
Place a doze of hadkerchiefs udder by head, sir;
Put by gruel dowd there, ad sobe tallow dowd here,
Brig a paud of soft cotto to put id by ear.
Dow good-dight; a very good dight I bust wish you,
I cad't sleep byself for ahtis hoo! Ah-ti-shoo!

HE UNDERSTOOD FEMININE HUMAN NATURE.

LIRRYPIP was sub-editor of the *Trumpville Trombone*, the office of which paper was directly opposite a tailoring establishment where several pretty girls were employed, amongst whom was one whose good looks far surpassed those of her companions, and which made a deep impression on the too susceptible heart of the journalistic Lirrypip, whose desk was placed in the window of the *Trombone* office from which position he could see the fair tailoress every time he raised his eyes and looked across the street, for *she* worked in a front window of the sartorial establishment. That's a rather long and very exhaustive sentence, but like the foot of a daughter of a neighboring town, it covers a deal of ground.

So Lirrypip made love to the fair girl across the way as best he could, with a space of about thirty-five yards between himself and the object of his affections, and she, though evidently a modest and respectable young woman, let him see, by an occasional smile, that she was not

altogether proof against the arrows of love that were darted across the street from Lirrypip's eyes. But Lirrypip had never spoken to the young lady, though he had despatched several notes across the street to her to which, however, she had never vouchsafed any reply, thus displaying her good-sense and modesty; for it *was* presumption, even in a sub-editor, to write love letters to a girl to whom he had never been introduced, wasn't it? Of course if Lirrypip had been a full-fledged editor-in-chief, it wouldn't have been so bad, because an editor-in-chief is a man above suspicion and one in whom guile cannot dwell, and Mary Anderson allows herself to be presented to editors-in-chief, though she says "no thank you," to H. R. H. the P. of W. (sounds Masonic and mysterious to use initials). But to get back to Lirrypip. The young woman would *not* reply to his notes and he determined to *make* her answer. This was an heroic resolve on Lirrypip's part, for he had read that couplet which says, concerning woman,

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't
And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on t.

But, nothing daunted, he tackled her on a weak point. Instead of writing her a note he sent her—what? A newspaper from which he had clipped a three-inch paragraph. It turned out just as he had anticipated. In half an hour came a note from the beautiful tailoress, its contents as follows:

"Dear Sir,
"The newspaper duly reserved, but please tell me what was on the peace you cut out? "Yours, etc.,
"JULIER."

Lirrypip had vanquished her. He had played upon her curiosity and—she fell; that is to say, she didn't fall far, but she broke through her maidenly reserve and wrote to a stranger.

But the affair never came to anything, for Lirrypip decided that a young woman, though fair as Cleopatra, who spelt "newspaper" with three p's, "received" with an s and ea and so on, would never do to associate with a sub-editor. And so the ocular flirtation ceased, and Julier married an alderman who couldn't tell whether her spelling was right or not.

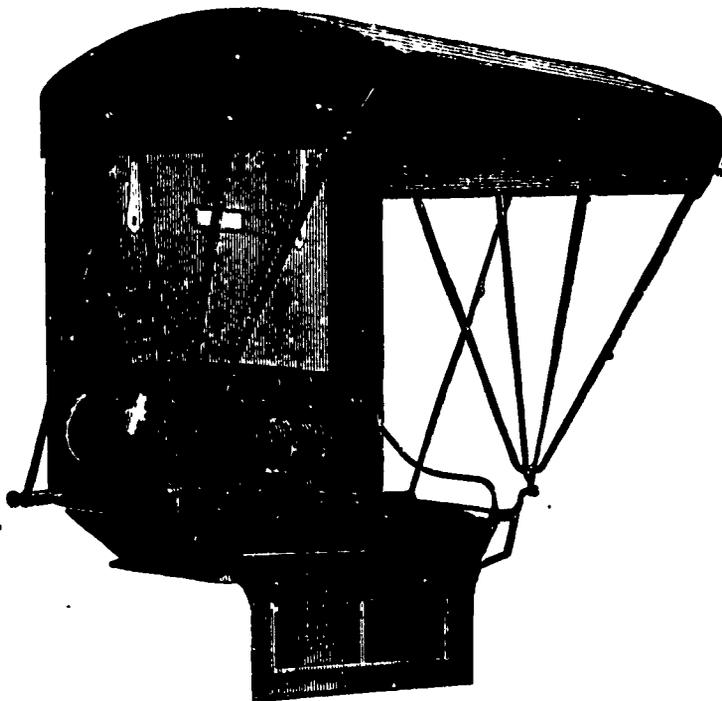
Thus endeth this romance.

AN ENGLISH EQUIVO-LENT.



Monsieur Grapeau.—Ze Lant is ovaire—ze fast season is end and now ze fast season begin—I not compr'end! It is von marvellouse language!

GUELPH CARRIAGE TOP CO.



For the best made and most substantial Buggy Top buy from

We guarantee the best value in Canada, every style and size manufactured.

Guelph Carriage Top Co., Guelph, Ont.

CLARE BROS. & CO.

PRESTON, - ONT.

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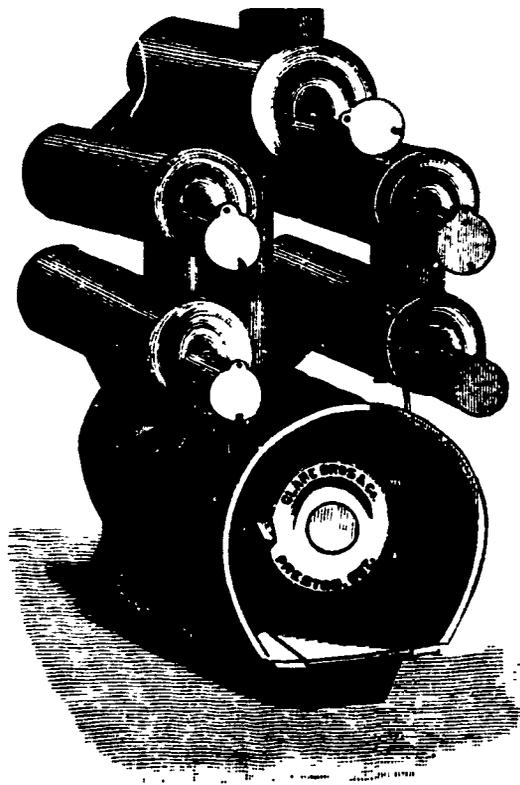
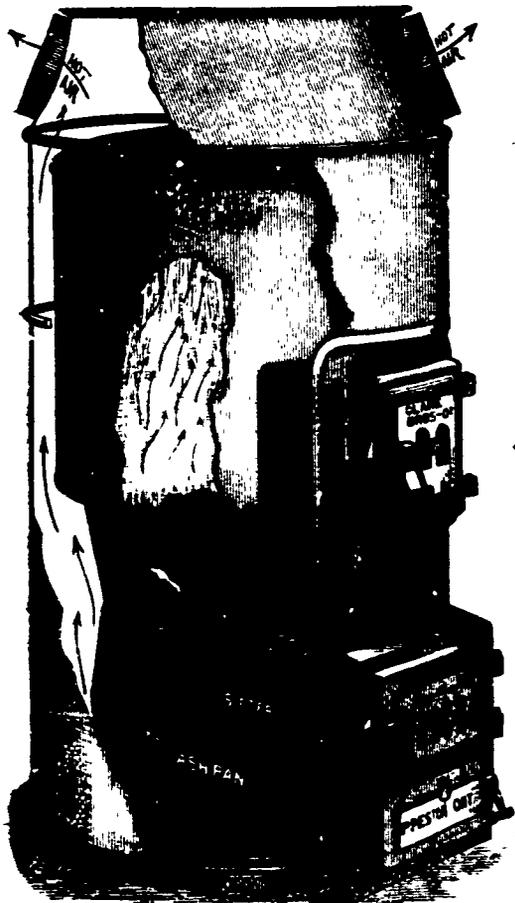
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Hot Air *

* Furnaces

FOR COAL AND WOOD

Made in this Country.



Write for Catalogue and Prices.

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BELL ORGANS

ARE UNRIVALLED FOR
 PURITY OF TONE AND EXCELLENCE OF DESIGN.



The only Instrument made that is entirely Dust, Moth and Mouse
 Proof, and is recommended by all Leading
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ST. THOMAS, ONT.
 321 Talbot St.

HOW IS IT ?



I WONDER how it is that so many things are constantly happening, according to humorous writers, that I have never seen, though I have done my best to try and believe that these things *do* take place, and to be on the spot when they were happening. A few of them are as follows :

1. I have never thrown a bootjack, or seen a bootjack thrown, at a cat. Take up a humorous paper, and see if a bootjack is not the missile most frequently mentioned when cats are the writer's theme. How many of my readers, I wonder, ever aimed a bootjack at a cat. Very few, I dare be sworn.

2. I watched a goat in a yard one day for three solid hours ; around him were strewn tomato cans, rags, old crinoline hoops and such luxuries as the goats of humorists always feed upon, but veracity compels me to state that the goat in question regarded these delicacies with an air of indifference and went on quietly nibbling the grass, and behaving as though he didn't care a snap whether he was showing that humorists know not the truth and that veracity is not in them, or not.

3. Though I have spent many years in newspaper offices, the sight of an editor braining a poet has never yet been granted me. Yet poeticide by editorial murderers is as common in the pages of funny papers as the grammatical errors therein.

4. I never beheld an editor writing an article with the foreman and printers' devil both yelling "Copy" at the top of their voices, and nearly driving him to distraction. Why, a humorous paper would be unworthy of its name were not some such incident as this introduced occasionally.

5. I am acquainted with no less than seventeen poets, and with one exception their hair is as short as that of other mortals ; the exception is in gaol and *his* hair is considerably shorter. I cast my eye over the first funny paper I find and I read an article beginning thus : "The door was softly opened and a wild-eyed long-haired individual crept timidly in and enquired for the editor." Of course this was the conventional poet of the humorist, the adjective "long-haired" was enough to settle the hash of that question : but how is it, *how* is it, I say, that the hair of the poets I know is all short ?

6. I do not know whether I am exceptionally favored by luck or not, but I must confess that I have attended numerous church socials, and the oyster stew invariably

abounded in the bivalvular delicacies from which it takes its name. Whence, then, arose that dismal, weird tale of a solitary, used-up and dejected oyster which invariably figures in the funny man's description of a church social stew ?

7. When I temporarily accepted the position of book-keeper for a firm of plumbers, I, certainly, after reading all I had done about the wealth of this class of people, and the way in which that wealth was accumulated, expected some very startling revelations, but I must admit that most of the plumber's charges and the bills I had to make out seemed reasonable enough, and when I accepted an invitation to dinner with one of the firm one day, instead of dining off gold plate and sitting on diamond-studded chairs as I had expected to do from reading of the plumbers of funny men and their habits, we ate off plain delf and sat on ordinary cane bottom chairs.

8. I have lived a great deal among mules—but I think I had better stop here, for I see that I have laid myself open, in that last statement, to an attack from all the humorously inclined people who read this. Good-bye.

SWIZ.

ENTERING a saloon on Notre Dame Street I noticed a jar on one of the shelves marked lambs' tongues. I asked the urbane attendant for one. He looked in the jar and said, "They are all gone, sir." "Do you know, then," I asked, "why they are like a little disturbance which occurred during the building of the Tower of Babel?" "I don't catch on to the similarity ; why so?" "Because it's a jar-gone of tongues." Any babe 'll see it.

AN ENGLISH BUFLERQUE.



Miss Montmorenci.—No, sir, there are no clothes in those trunks. I carry my costumes in this satchel.

Officer.—And what do the trunks contain, then ?

Miss Montmorenci.—My press notices.

THE NOSES THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA-LA.



Old Party.—Hello, Jimmy! I ain't seen ye since last fall. Pedad, if I had ten cents I would treat you. (*Insinuatingly*) Maybe, now, ye've got ten cents yerself?

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."



RIGHT your way if you want to get on in this world," said old Hornbuckle to young Dashaber, whose business lately had gone up the spout, as they were walking briskly down King Street, "and let no advantage slip. Be on the alert for good bargains in your line, purchase at once; otherwise by letting these chance slip you come to grief. The same in selling; mark down something attractive in your stock. Its cheapness is apparent—the customer will come back and buy of you something profitable. Never let a chance to sell slip.

Look at me. Where did I begin? Nowhere! but I never let a chance slip, and here I am; and I say that a man who lets things slip—" Slip! slide! smash! crash! went old Hornbuckle through a milliner's window knocking the feather-adorned \$20 bonnets literally into cocked hats, after his feet flew up from the icy sidewalk.

"Well, you've let yourself slip for once," said the grinning Dashaber, as under the eye and threats of the policeman on the beat Mr. Hornbuckle paid for the damage. B.

THE blind man may be said to belong to the feelin' race.

"WORDS are things"—to the newspaper advertising clerk.

LOVE may be life, as the poet tells us. But assurance companies don't risk anything on it.

Is a vessel loaded with ballast liable to magnetic disturbance from the load-stone?

ON labor strikes: Advice to blacksmiths when to strike—"strike when the iron is hot."

A FARMER on reapeal.—A rake hoe sows rye and gets corned is liable to reap—"peelers."

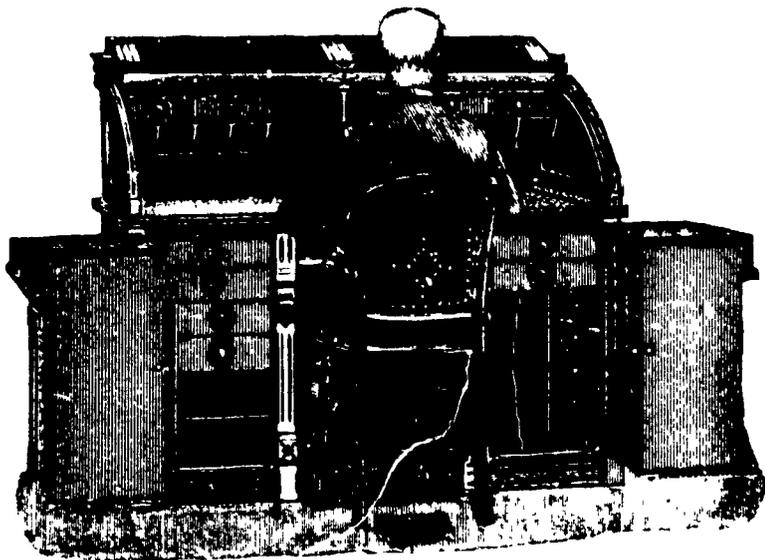
THE man, who made a side walk and a pork chop, has succeeded in making a-bundance.

A BOY, who had a running sore on his knee told his mother it put him in mind of Mount Etua, because it was a knee-ruption.

Guggisberg Furniture Works

ESTABLISHED 1838.

POSITIVE ASSURANCE.



GUGGISBERG BROS. Furniture Manufacturers

- AND -

UNDERTAKERS.

Office Desks a Specialty.

PRESTON, ONT.

She.—Really, dear, do you love me as much as you professed before our marriage?

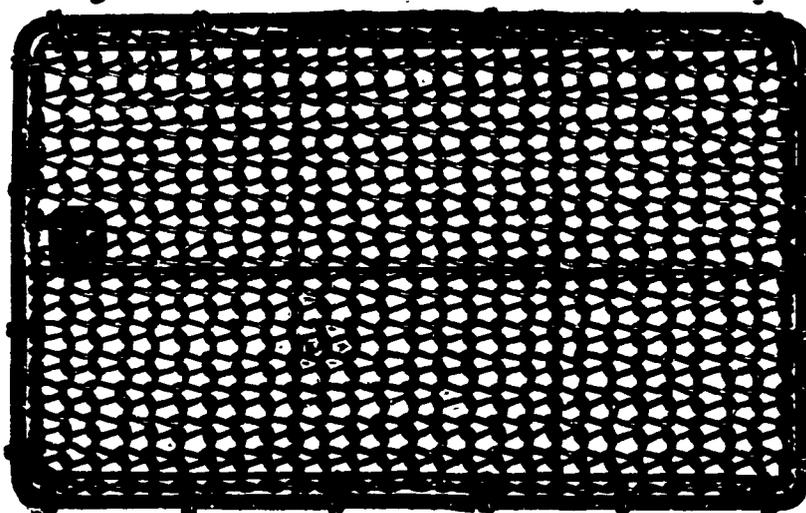
He.—Yes, yes, YES! There, is that enough? Do give me a rest! Do you think I could smile like this if I didn't love you?

THE PATENT REVERSIBLE

Steel Wire Door Mat

Toronto Industrial Exhibition,
1885,
SILVER MEDAL.
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Provincial Exhibition, London,
C.W., 1885,
SILVER MEDAL.

INDESTRUCTIBLE.



CLEANLY.

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London, England,
1886,
GOLD MEDAL.

These celebrated Mats are specially adapted for Churches, Schools, Banks, Public Buildings, Hotels, Residences, in fact any and every place where cleanliness is desired.

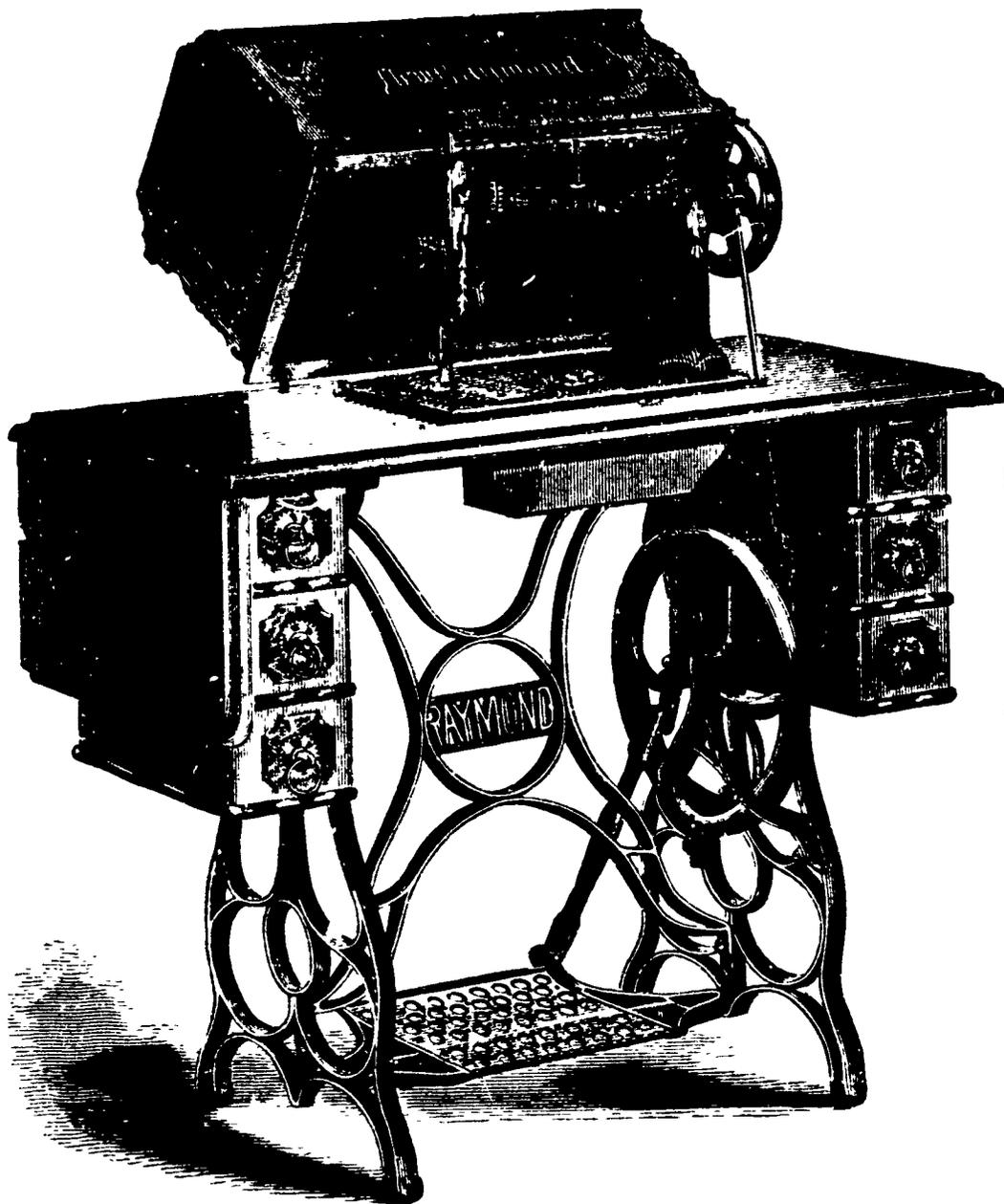
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TORONTO STEEL WIRE MAT CO., 6 WELLINGTON STREET WEST.

The "NEW RAYMOND" 

Sewing Machine

Is now the Leading Machine and is ahead of all others.



High Arm.



Light Running.



Highly Finished.



Patent Automatic Bobbin Winder.



Complete Set of Latest Improved Attachments.



STYLE W.

WALNUT TOP, COVER, SEVEN DRAWERS AND DROP LEAF.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

CHARLES RAYMOND,
GUELPH, ONTARIO, CANADA.

It is really a poor railroad man who don't at least on one day have himself advertised as the purchaser of Garrett's road.—*Dallas News.*

"HAVE your whiskers colored sah?" "No, Othello, no; thinkest thou that I will stand the hazard of the dye?"—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

THE farmer who keeps a plow between himself and a mule during this weather can afford to take in the circus next fall.—*Houston (Tex.) Post.*

HAVE you heard that Rollin M. Squire is going on the stage? It is rumored that he will make his debut as Sir Giles Overeach.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

BROWN—"Whose umbrella is this? It looks like one I lost." Smith—"I don't see how it can, for I scraped the handle and altered it generally."—*Life.*

FORCE of habit—Lady (in grocery store)—"Let me have a pound of butter, please." Clerk (who used to tend in a cigar store)—"Mild or strong?"—*Harper's Bazaar.*

MRS. MIFKINS, from a Blue Ribbon point of view, hopes that the three Emperors will never meet again. She is disgusted at the idea of a tripar-"tite" gathering.—*Moonshine.*

YOUNG woman (timidly to clerk)—"I would like to look at some false hair, please." Clerk (experienced)—"Yes, ma'am. What color does your friend want?" Sale effected.—*Life.*

THE Prince of Wales stakes his reputation as a critic on Mrs. Potter's success. That is well as far as it goes, but why doesn't he put up something worth mentioning?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A LADY who advertised for a girl "to do light housework," received a letter from an applicant who said her health demanded sea air, and asked to know where the lighthouse was situated.—*N. Y. Herald.*



"GONE OFF WITH A FLEE IN HIS EAR."

"It is the little things that tell," says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers.—*New Haven News.*

WHAT character of Dickens does the new method of doing the hair resemble? All-of-a-twist. *Lowell Citizen.*

"Yes, sir," remarked the veteran proudly, "I was in ten engagements—all Southern girls, too."—*N. Y. Journal.*

A BOOK that has the greatest circulation and is the most unpopular, is the subscription book.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BOSTON culture at the late author's reading: "Hush, that is Mr. Aldrich, the author of 'Peck's Bad Boy.'"—*Chicago Journal.*

THE RATHBUN CO., Deseronto, Ont.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Freight Cars, Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Railway Ties. Every description of Wood House Building Goods. Stair work a Specialty.

Crown Jewel Flour. Cedar Oil for removing scale and sediment from steam boilers. Charcoal, Iron Liquor, Acetate of Lime.

The Dominion Terra Cotta Lumber Co., Ltd. DESERONTO,

Manufacturers and Sole Licensers for the manufacture of the only economic fire-proof building material.

THE NAPANEE CEMENT WORKS, Ltd. (Napanee,

manufacturing a Hydraulic Cement that may be relied on for construction of culverts, cisterns, bridges, dams, cellars, pavements, etc.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY, Deseronto, Ont.

THE CANADIAN Freemasons' Pocket Book.

A comprehensive Directory for the Craft in Canada.

THE MAONIC "ENQUIRE WITHIN," Leather, gilt edges, pockets, &c., 75 cents; cloth, plain, 50 cents.

GEO. J. BENNETT, Parkdale, Ont.

Or 55 King Street West, TORONTO.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Impure Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Kidney Complaint, Scrofula.

Regulates the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood, Cures Constipation, Headache, Female Complaints, General Debility, and all Broken Down Conditions of the System.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS Is a Purely Vegetable Blood-Cleansing System-Regulating Tonic.

AN AGGRESSIVE POLICY EXTINGUISHED.



Mr. Fire-eater.—"Yes, sir! it is infamous cowardice for Mr. Bayard to allow an inferior power like Mexico to dictate to us. Why, if I were in his place I'd—"



Voice from the Window.—"William! you're smoking again?"

Mr. F.—"N-n-no—I mean y-y-n-no, my dear." (Disappears into the house.)

"TRY not the pass," the old man said.—*Longfellow.*

"GOOD-BYE" is the cream of "Ta, ta."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A CROW BAR—Putting a muzzle on a shanghai rooster.—*Toledo American.*

THERE is always room at the top of an evening costume for more costume.—*Puck.*

It's a wise child that knows it's own father's hour for a private drink.—*Merchant Traveller.*

MRS. BROWN POTTER may have been a failure, at the London Haymarket, but the Prince of Wales acted splendidly.—*Spirit of the Times.*

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association,

Is licensed to transact, and is now doing business in the United States, Great Britain, France and Canada.

\$250,000 New Business Written Every Day. Surplus and Assets Over

ONE MILLION AND A HALF OF DOLLARS!

Canada Members of Advisory Council: WARRING KENNEDY, Wholesale Dry Goods, Toronto; WILLIAM WILSON, Vinegar Manufacturer, Toronto. Agents Wanted. Address—

J. D. WELLS, General Manager, 65 King Street East, - Toronto.

HE UNDERSTOOD THE BIZ.



The Visitor.—And so you're playing plumber, Johnny? How do you play that?
Johnny.—O I jest make the water pipe leak more'n ever.

ACCIDENTAL!



Brown—Hello, Jones! How's your wife?
Jones (a little deaf.)—Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning.

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