



GRIP



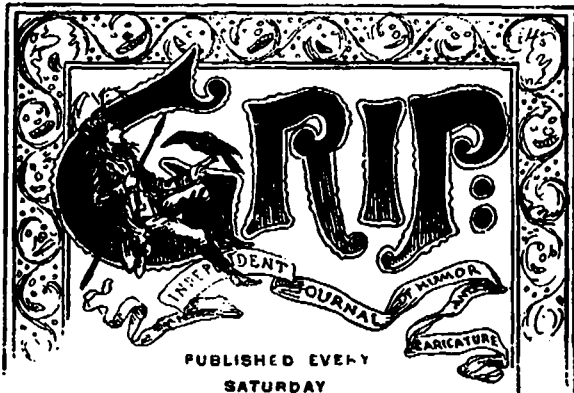
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IF THE FARMER KEEPS ON HE'LL GET IT.



Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

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President
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.
T. C. WILSON.

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



THE CHICKS IN DANGER.—There is nothing more pathetic in the annals of the barnyard than the spectacle of an agitated hen cooped up in a barrel, while her young and inexperienced chicks are being hungrily inspected by a couple of vagrant cats. This touching scene is somewhat analogous to that now "on" at Ottawa. The Premier, being in the Senate, presents the same appearance of helplessness, while his interesting brood of ministers are in equally imminent danger. Some of them, in fact, are as good as captured by the felines. To drop the metaphor, and come down to the plain facts: the Scandal Committees are still at work, and every day adds to their damaging discoveries. The case against Sir

Hector Langevin is conclusive, and from outcroppings in the Public Accounts Committee the case of the Postmaster General is in its own way, equally hopeless. There has been a disposition of late on the part of the ministers who sit on the committees to shield their colleagues by choking off damaging evidence. The inference to be drawn from this is plain, and will be as effective with the country as anything the witnesses could say, if permitted to answer the questions objected to. There is no knowing where the revelations will lead to. A committee of the Senate has discovered evidence implicating the Mercier Govern-

ment in alleged boodling with the Baie des Chaleurs Railway subsidy, and explanations from Count Mercier are anxiously awaited. This charge, if it is sustained as fully as those brought by M. Tarte, will relieve the feelings of the Conservatives, but we trust the truism that two blacks do not make a white will be borne in mind. "Turn the rascals out" whether they are Grit or Tory, and turn them all out, from ministers down to messengers. Premier Abbott deserves sympathy under the circumstances, as the prospect seems to be that several of his chickens will fall into the clutches of the committees.

IF THE FARMER KEEPS ON HE'LL GET IT.—The Budget debate contained a lot of the same old talk about the great things the National Policy has done and is doing for the farmer. The amount of assurance it requires to thus revive the campaign literature of 1878 in the face of the stubborn facts of to-day is great enough to excite admiration. The farmer was promised a home market and good prices for all he could produce, and in the hope and expectation thereof he voted for the protective policy. He is now told authoritatively that these promises have been fulfilled, and that he is in a prosperous and happy condition. He finds it hard to believe this—indeed the facts, so far as he is able to grasp them, seem to point quite the other way—but who is the farmer that he should reply against the heaven-born statesmen of the Red Parlor? If he doesn't see that the villages around him have grown into big towns and that these towns are murky with the smoke from tall chimneys and vocal with the clanging of busy hammers, it must be because he is blind. At all events, if he hasn't yet grasped the glorious reality of good times, don't let him grow pessimistic and think of voting for freer trade relations; no, let him keep right on as he has been going and he will get there by and by.



HE Kingston *News*, one of the leading Conservative journals of the country, confesses that what it is after is Free Trade. It declares, with pardonable pride, that it is a better free trader than either Laurier or Cartwright. This will be *News* i deed to the public generally, for in the meantime our Kingston contemporary is an ardent upholder of Protectionism. The explanation of this apparent paradox is, that, in the view of the *News*, the N.P. is the road that leads to free trade. It seems to

have confidence that after "a national system of industries" has been strengthened for a few years longer, the tariff may safely and easily be reduced to the free trade level.

* * *

THIS childlike confidence is really very touching, but the *News* would do well to put in some of its spare time studying natural history. Let it pay particular attention to the habits and customs of that interesting animal known as the protected manufacturer. It will find that by some peculiar law of its being, that critter develops a capacity for higher and higher protection, but is never known to voluntarily agree to the slightest reduction of any duties which are to its advantage. When the *News* has satisfied itself on that point, it will no doubt be ready to join with GRIP in advocating the abolition of the tariff without reference to the private interests of a few monopolists.

* * *

THERE is a popular impression that the undertaker is a sad person, clad in the habiliments of woe, and always talking of "graves and worms and epitaphs." This description may not be so very far astray during office hours, but it would appear that occasionally the undertaker, like his neighbor the butcher or baker, takes a holiday, and on such occasions he can be in his disposition as in his person—far from grave. Such an

occasion was the recent picnic of the Toronto Undertakers' Association at Burlington Beach, where the visitors were royally entertained by their Hamilton brethren. All shop-talk was, of course, sternly forbidden.

* * *

L A VERITE says that if its editor ever received \$100 from Murphy or Larkin, Connolly & Co., it was "unbeknownst," and when the circumstance is proven, it will be glad to make restitution to the public till. The journal very truly adds: "If all the political men, journalists, members and ministers will take the same engagement, the public chest at Ottawa, as well as at Quebec, would soon receive large sums." Yes; the political doctors have been testing the public chest with the stethoscope of late, and find it in an alarming condition.

* * *

THE Ottawa correspondent of the *Empire* should keep poetical quotations out of his letters, or else see that his editor supplies the proof-reader with the necessary dictionaries. We can faintly imagine the feelings of Brother Kribbs, when he read in his ornate epistle on Wednesday last, "They want to know if, in the *Globe's* case, 'the twilight of life gives it musical love.'" We wouldn't like to swear that he didn't swear.

* * *

WHEN Wilfred Laurier passes away in the fulness of years and honors, some biographer will be able to find material for an anecdotal life that will be as full of interest and of wit as that of Sir John just published. And here is a neat little thing from Mr. Laurier's latest speech, which deserves a place among the *bon mots* of the collection:—

When Paul went to Ephesus to preach against the worship of idols, all the manufacturers of idols opposed him. They assembled in the red parlor of that day, and the leader of them opened the discussion by saying, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." (Laughter).

TIERNEY'S TRIP.

MISTHER GRIP,—Yez'll remember, I suppose, that I wrote yez a lletter lasht year about a thrip I med across the lake on the steamer *Cibola*. Well, sorr, I wint agin lasht Satherdy, an mebh yez wud loike to hear how it wint this toime. It was much the same, barrin' the differences, as wan might expect. There was the same big crowd av min an' wimmin, male and female, as before; also judes and jude girls, wid their summer clothes on, an' childer an' babies in arrums. Whin the boat wint aff from the wharf an' left it behind her, the people that wanted to sit down wint scramblin' for sates that they couldn't get, because others had them, consequently thim that cuddn't sit stud up. It was just the same thing over again, as I towld yez before—some walkin' round an' talkin, an' some sittin' round an' talkin'. I couldn't tell yez fwat they wor talkin' about, exceptin' the wimmin. Ivery time I passed a group av thim they war sayin' somethin' about "says he" an' "says him," so I concaived it was the min, as usual, was the subject av their discourse. I walked all over the boat, both down stairs and up on the roof, an' it seemed to m as if it was the same ould thrip over again. There was Johnny London in the bar up at wan end av the cellar dalin out the ginger beer an' sody wather an' cigars to the dishipated throng. He axed me to take somethin, an' I tuck plain sody, but wid a wink at him. "Cuddn't I have a dhrop av somethin good in it?" sez I in a fwishper. "Av coorse," sez he, "ye can, Mishter Tierney. Go over in

the corner beyant," sez he, "an' pour a dhrop intil it, sez he. "But fwere is the shtuff?" sez I. "Haven't yez a flask wid ye," sez he. "Nar' a wan," sez I. "O, excuse me," sez he, "in that case yez'll have to guzzle it down plain," sez he. So I had, be which yez'll see it's the same ould timperince racket at that bar. Yes, an' the same Purser, that comes around wid a squad av young gossoons in blue coats an' brass buttons an' orthers up the tickets "Yer lookin' betther an' more plazed wid yerself, Mishter Purser," sez I, "nor ye were lasht year." "D'ye think so?" sez he. "I do," sez I. "Fwwhat's the raison av it?" sez I, "have yez come intil a fortune, me boy?" "I have" sez he, an' he pinte wid his thumb to a purty young lady sittin' forninst us. "That's her" sez he. "Long life till ye," sez I, "it's a wife ye mane?" "Yes," sez he. "I wish yez much joy," sez I. "Thank ye kindly," sez he, "an' the same to you an' many av thim," sez he. Thin the captain kem along. But it's not the same captain, MISHTER GRIP. Me poor ould friend McCorquodale died lasht fall an' the new captain is another man. But a very plasin an' agreeable gintleman he is, an' well loiked be ivery wan. Yours thruly,
TERENCE TIERNEY.

P.S.—I forgot to minton that we got back safe to Toronto widout anny fatal accident.



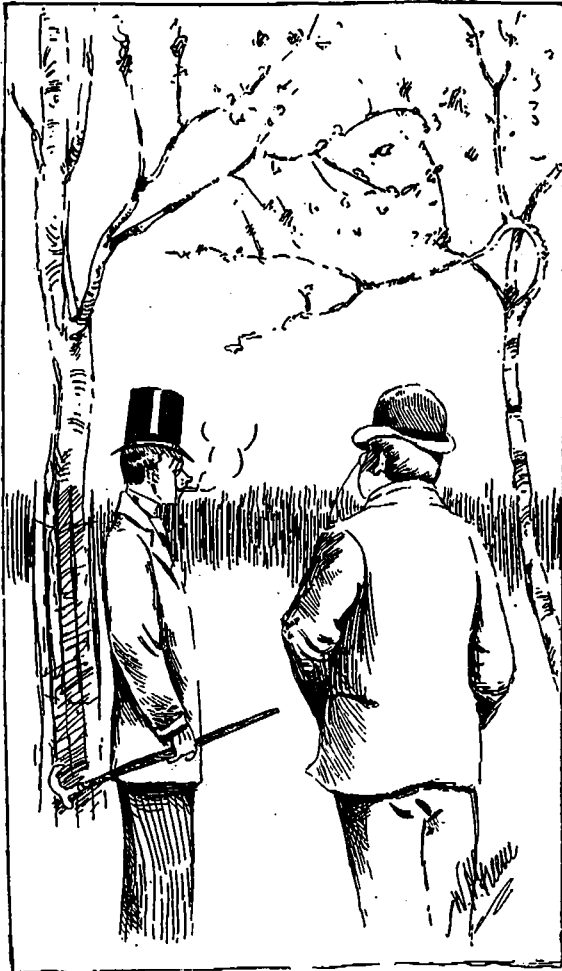
"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW."

THE GOVNR GINRAL.

AN ESSAY BY A CANADIAN SCHOOLBOY.

THE govnr ginral is the king of Canada an gets pade bout 100 thous \$ a yere thare is sum men wot ses he aint worth his salt an dont do nothing for the munny but he gets pade all the same if they was to stop his Wagis thare wod be war with ingland cos he is a lord an lords has got to be pade some peepke thinks the govnr ginral dont have nothin to do but he has got to go fishin an this is tuff work fish is good for branes an the govnr ginral has got to have fish he dont like the kind they sell in Ottaway so he has got to go an ketch them for hisself an so he cant be round to see wot is going on in the Parlyment hous i wou'd like to be thare to see what is going on an if i get to be govnr ginral you bet i will stay in Ottaway but i gess i cant get so fat a sit cos i aint a lord only jest a plane common Canadian so when thare is any thin for the govnr ginral to do he gets sumboddy els to do it for him an gose snooks on the salry i spose i wud like to be a lord an get 100 thou \$\$ jes for doin nothin but jest goin fishin. my pop ses its a frod an ort to be dun way with but i think its a bully thing for the govnr ginral

BOBBY.



THE CHARMS OF SOLITUDE.

BILKINS—"After all, the country is the place. How different from the city! No dust, no noises, no everlasting grind of business."

JILKINS—"Yaas; but above all, no *duns*."

A PALPABLE IMPOSTOR.

MR. HARVARD (of Boston)—"My family are Americans of the old stock. Our ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*."

JIGGERSNOOT (*aside*)—"Gosh but he's givin' 'em a stiff—ain't he? Why, the *Mayflower* ain't been runnin' more'n two or three summers, and she never made no ocean trips anyway."

SOCIETY NOTE.

A JOLLY party, consisting of Messrs. Barron, Somerville, Lister, Mulock, Cameron, McMullen, and Davies, members of Parliament, have gone on a fishing excursion to the Committee Waters, Ottawa. They expect to catch a lot of eels.

We don't want to pre-judge the Tarte case in the slightest degree, but surely we may be permitted to remark that there has been some able-bodied lying done by the witnesses.

FARMER BROWN'S CITY VISITORS

At last them folks from the city
Who come here to stop a week,
Has gone after stayin' a fortnight.
Well, durn it, I like their cheek,
To come in the middle of summer
When we're busy ez we kin be,
An' put us out in this fashion,
I swear it gits over me!

They'd chin all day with the hired man,
An' start him a-loafin' round,
Till he didn't work more'n half the day
For his twenty a month an' found.
The kids run wild an' ate the fruit
An' tore the fences down.
An' plugged the hens with a calapult
Ez they brought with 'em from town.

They ate all the eggs an' poultry
Ez we could have sold fur cash.
An' that brainless dude kep' tryin' his best
Lucindy Jane to mash;
He set the girl nigh crazy
With his finickin' city ways,
An' she's all broke up and goes about
In a regular sort of daze.

An' Joe, as stiddy an' clever
A boy as ever you see,
Has now got a blame fool notion
That farmin' don't agree
No more with his constitution,
He says it's too hard work,
An' wants to go to Toronto
An' learn to be a clerk.

Well, now, they've gone, thar-k goodness!
We're rid of the blessed kit,
But durn my skin of Hiram Brown
Ain't even with 'em yit!
Next month at Exhibition time
We'll pack right up an' go
An' board with 'em a week in town,
When we takes in the show.

JUST THREE.

THAT interesting youngster, the *Hamilton Herald*, has just celebrated its third birthday. It is a bright and promising little journal, chiefly because it has a bright young man behind its editorial quill, to wit, Sig. Nicolini, known in private life as Nick. GRIP wishes the *Herald* continued prosperity.

AN ANCIENT ADAGE VERIFIED.

SIMKINS—"Hello, Timkins, old man, I hear you got the bounce."

TIMKINS—"Yes, the boss caught me smoking in business hours last week and fired me."

SIMKINS—"Too bad, but it proves the truth of the proverb—where there's so much smoke there must be some fire, you know."

THE Stationary Engineers met last night in Shaftesbury hall, with Mr. A. E. Edkins in the chair. There was a large attendance, and three new candidates were proposed for membership. A general discussion took place on pumps and rivets.—*Mail*.

A discussion on such a subject could hardly have been a dry one, and no doubt the speakers succeeded in riveting the attention of their auditors.

WE glean from the papers that *Mr. Boaz* is on the stump, *Ruth*-lessly attacking the great N.P.

FLAWS IN OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

It is quite in the order of things that after the late Educational Convention our schools and teachers should be open to discussion, and that such an opportunity to air one's especial grievances should be seized upon. Modern training makes critics of us all.

No wonder that elegant ladies who wish to educate their children at the public expense should write moaning letters to the papers, and shudder over the occasional conversational slips of people whose duty it is to elucidate to the rising generation the intricacies of grammar text-books. The public ear should be painfully grated when it hears of mispronounced words, "you wases" and "he don'ts," but the small boys and girls are jubilant. They are logically hoping that they won't have to bother over parsing any more and that the learning of grammar will be done away with, when it is proven that it cannot teach them to speak properly. Are the children right or wrong in wishing to throw their grammars overboard?

Most of us have had occasion to remark the peculiar phraseology of various persons who were walking repositories of grammatical rules. Possessed with all the needful knowledge for using elegant English, they could, alas, speak no language but their mother tongue.

It is sad, but true, that although the brain may forget, and the heart shut the door to a man's early environment, the tongue remembers and betrays him. The thing is, what is the Government going to do about it? Has it any ulterior end in view in the present method of education? Does it intend to go on and allow the nerves of *dilletante* mothers to be shattered as their children repeat the possible mistakes of their teachers? One must get at the root of the matter, so wouldn't it be well to spend a little more money, and train the masses to acoustic sensibility by lessons on the piano and violin? What is the bent of our whole educational system? Is it to make Canadians a nation of practical every-day men and women, or elegant students?

Is the Government preparing for certain future vacancies in the civil service at Ottawa, that our public schools go on year after year cramming children with mathematical problems, and fitting them to be bookkeepers and office clerks? Truly, the hands that once would have guided the plough now wield the pen, and by the present aspect of things it looks as if our statesmen are preparing for a larger consumption of ink in the future than of cereals, and we may confidently expect to find the human head enlarging to the belittling of posterity's hands, unless future Educational Conventions hit upon some plan that may better fit our children for the sort of work the country can provide them with when school days are over

J. M. LOES.

LABOR-SAVING INVENTION.

THE attention of newspaper proprietors is called to MR. GRIP's labor-saving Happy Event stereotype. Plates of this will be furnished cheaply, and enterprising printers will readily see that it is a handy thing which no newspaper office should be without. It is only necessary to fill up the blanks with the names of the parties interested in any wedding affair (mortised spaces being left for the type) and place the block in the form. Following is an impression from the stereo:

A HAPPY EVENT.

The residence of _____ Street, was the scene of a happy wedding on _____ when his daughter, Miss _____, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. _____ of _____ The ceremony was performed by the Rev. _____ of _____



THAT PERSONAL PRONOUN.

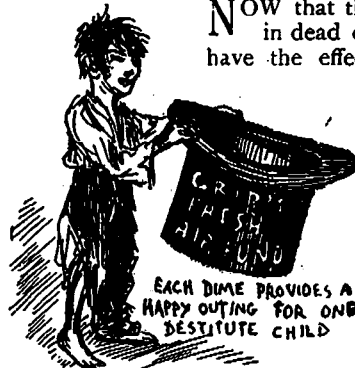
LADY—"I should like to get a pair of short velvet trousers."

CLERK—"I'm just out of them, Madam."

LADY—"Just out of them—you don't say? My boy is anxious to get long ones on, too. How do you like the change?"

after which the bridal party, accompanied by their friends and relatives, sat down to a sumptuous repast prepared for the occasion, when the health of the bride and groom was toasted by the assemblage with much enthusiasm. The party left by the _____ train for _____, where they will spend their honeymoon, after which they will proceed to their home in _____. The bride was the recipient of a number of elegant and costly presents from her many friends. The duties of bridesmaid were acceptably filled by Miss _____, while Mr. _____, brother of the bride, acted as best man. THE _____ joins in wishing the young couple long life and prosperity in their new sphere.

CAN'T YOU SPARE A DIME?



NOW that the hot wave has come in dead earnest, we trust it will have the effect of warming up the hearts of our readers toward this fund, which is going too slowly. Just think what a single dime from your plentiful store will do. Do yourself the pleasure of giving a day's delight to some poor little waif.

THE FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$: 50
Anon., Manitou, Man. . . 1 00
S. W. Douglass. 1 00

BUMBLEDOM IN THE WEST.

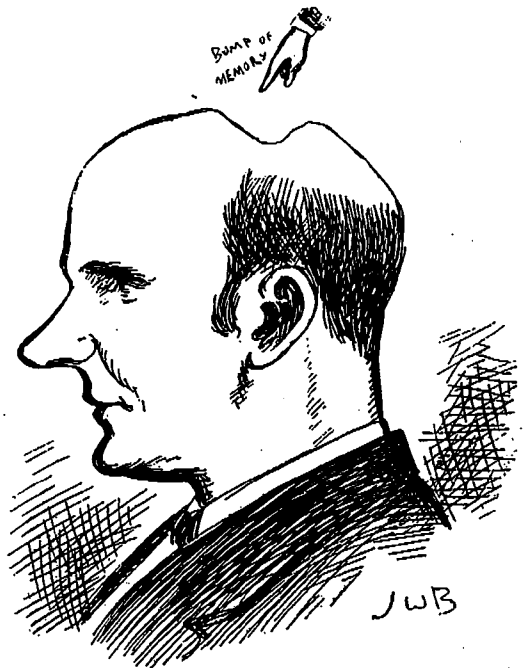
A CORRESPONDENT in the North-West sends the following as a specimen of wild and woolly Bumble-dom. He took it from a hoarding in the enterprising town of Lethbridge:

IMPOUNDED AT LETHBRIDGE, July 19, 1891.

ONE BLACK CURLY DOG.

If not claimed and charges paid within forty-eight hours from date, said dog will be sold at public auction at Sam Davis' Livery Stables, July 21, 1891, and killed and buried in the Galt Bottom, immediately afterward.

SAM. H. DAVIS, Pound Keeper.



"NON MI RICORDO."

FANCY PORTRAIT OF MR. NICK CONNOLLY, THE IDEAL WITNESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITTERATEUR—Your idea is a splendid one. Carry it out, by all means. A work on "Have we a Canadian Literature?" in two handsome volumes, to be sold by subscription at \$6, will go like hot cakes.

SUMMER GIRL—You ask if we know of any preparation that is good for tan. We presume you mean good to put tan on. Please let us know more definitely.

MUSIC—By addressing Mr. Torrington, of the Toronto College of Music, or Mr. Fisher, of the Conservatory, you can find out all particulars as to learning to play the piano-organ.

ARTIST—We do not generally pay more than \$75 for such a sketch as the one you submit. To facilitate matters you should always send an explanatory circular with such a sketch as this. We do not care to use it in GRIP until we feel sure whether it is intended to represent the McGreevey Enquiry or a moonlight scene on lake Muskoka.

SPORTSMAN—You must indeed be a "sportsman" not to know that the only way to bait your hook without inflicting pain upon the fish worm is to lubricate the hook with expectoration.

PLUGWINCH—We should not attempt to read "Locke on the Understanding" without a key.

POLITICIAN, Chicago—No, Earnest Albert Macdonald is not the late Premier of Canada.—There is nothing "late" about E. A. He is one of the soonest individuals in this section—in fact some people think he is a little too previous.

ENQUIRER—Madame Blavatsky was not a faith curist or Christian Scientist or anything of that sort, and if you were to purchase her "Secret Doctrine" under the impression that you were buying a medical work you would be disappointed. We commend your case to "Cheshire & York" as an awful example of a Canadian education which ignores the final "g" in words ending in "ing."

NEW YORKER—The leading Canadian humorists outside of the staff of a journal which modesty forbids us to specify are Dr. Wild and E. A. Macdonald.

STUDENT—The suppressed joke in Scott's "Lady of the Lake" is as follows. In the original MS. the lines,

These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,
And Saxon I am Rhoderick Dhu

were followed by this passage which was subsequently eliminated :

Fitz James a second stood in thought,
Then spake these words with meaning fraught,
"I'm very pleased to meet with you,
For oft I heard of Mountain Dew."
And then, to emphasize the joke,
He gave him in the ribs a poke,
And added blandly, "May I ask
Why thus you come without your *casque*?
Then blanched the forehead of the Gael,
Who nee'r at danger had turned pale,
All unprepared for such a shock,
He staggered back against a rock.

QUID NUNC, Terracottaville—Your supposition that the proverb "all roads lead to roam" originated with the tramp fraternity is creditable to your ingenuity, and will doubtless commend itself to the followers of Jumbo Campbell, who will be glad to see this ancient aphorism freed from the Papistical significance now attaching to it.

A LEARNED WONDER.

SHE is a college graduate. Packed in her little head
Are all the living languages and many that are dead;
She thinks her thoughts in Latin and she whistles in high Greek,
While with a Chinese washee-man she easily can speak.

The whole array of sciences are at her finger tips,
And problems mathematical just bubble from her lips;
Whene'er she talks her hearers try their hardest to look wise,
But, to conceal their ignorance, they venture no replies.

Not only is her learning 'way ahead of any dream,
But she in college tennis was the captain of a team,
And in the college races on the lake and on the land,
Was always crowned the victor—to the music of the band.

A dainty pair of glasses on her dainty little nose
Aids to her look of culture and her statue-like repose,
But when discussing subjects with a Boston maiden's might
Her eyes flash through her glasses like a locomotive's light.

Oh, she is just a daisy. Though the drawback of her sex
Keeps her from being Premier her mind it doesn't vex;
For there are higher stations she is able to attain
By having so much knowledge in her active little brain.

And now the wonder cometh. This sweet college girl who might
Reform the very universe which men have ruined quite,
Is home and helping mother in the kitchen, where she makes
The most delicious puddings, pies, and home-made bread and cakes.

A man who thinks a woman's higher education tends
To make her hate domestic work—on which his bliss depends—
Should taste this maiden's cooking—for the more that women know
The more of sweet home happiness they're able to bestow.

H. C. DODGE.

HIS IDEA OF ECONOMICS.

STUDENT—"Have you any books on economic subjects?"

BOOKSELLER—"Guess not just now. We did have a book entitled 'Economy in Housekeeping,' but I sold it last week."

TOPICAL SONG.

(AS SUNG BY MR FOSTER).

I'm reckoned as a decent man,
And prize the reputation;
I help to save the Cabinet from
Corrupt disintegration;
Sir John and Bowell and I, you know,
Supply the salty flavor
That counteracts the ill effects
Of our colleagues' misbehavior.

And yet, although respectable,
I cannot help but wonder
At all the fuss they're keeping up
About what Tarte calls "plunder."
I cannot understand at all
Why folks should get excited
About such things as these for which
Sir Hector is indicted.

What if, in letting costly works,
He juggled with the figures,
And in the public woodpile winked
At several little niggers?
What if he took election funds
From over-paid contractors?
The men who bring such trifles up
Are simply his detractors!

What if, as shown in evidence,
The clerks are drawing money
To which they have no legal right?—
The thing is simply funny.
And as to Dewdney's private help,
(The charge we sought to stifle),
What if they're paid with public funds
To me it seems a trifle.

Then there, again, is Haggart's case,
Which they alleged was shady,
About the pay continuing
To a long-since absent lady;
And other little odds and ends
O'er which they tear their hair,
To me, and I'm a serious man,
They're trifles light as air.

But here is something really big,
And worth investigation—
And fitted to electrify
The whole Canadian nation;
I mean the charge that Mercier
That subsidy did rifle—
Now here the boot's on t'other leg,
And this is *not* a trifle!

CROSS-EXAMINATION OF UNCLE THOMAS.

(BY GRIP'S OWN REPORTER).

MR. THOMAS MCGREEVEY, M.P., having been duly sworn, the cross-examination proceeded as follows:

MR. GEOFFRION—"Your name, I believe, Thomas McGreevey, and you are the person referred to in this case as 'Uncle Thomas'?"

A.—"It is very fine weather, but a little warm."

MR. G.—"Now, about this steamer *Admiral* business. Did you or did you not own that vessel while you were a member of Parliament?"

A.—"I never played base-ball in my life, though I was pretty good at cricket as a boy."

MR. G.—"I would like a more direct and explicit reply to my question. Were you the owner of the *Admiral* or was somebody else?"

A.—"Yes."

MR. G.—"Was not the vessel registered in your brother's name?"

A.—"My brother and I used to be good friends, but unfortunately we have quarreled."



AN APPARENT SUFFICIENCY.

CALLER—"Your train ran into my wagon at the crossing; killed my two horses, smashed the wagon, killed my wife and used me up in this manner. Now, I want damages."

URBANE OFFICIAL—"Want damages! Why, man alive, I should think you had enough damages to last you a life-time."
—*Smith & Gray's Monthly.*

MR. G.—"Why did you not have the vessel in your own name?"

A.—"Because I wouldn't take it."

MR. G.—"I will now pass to the Baie des Chaleurs railway matter. When did you resign as director of that Company?"

A.—"Yes, quite so."

MR. G.—"Did you ever pay any money for the stock which stood in your name?"

A.—"I am in favor of the free coinage of silver. I think it would greatly relieve the farmers to increase the circulation."

MR. G. then read a letter from C. N. Armstrong to the witness. The letter was of a compromising character. *Examination resumed.* "Do you recollect receiving that letter?"

A.—"No. I had it amongst my private papers and Robert has stolen it, but I never received it."

MR. G.—"Were you aware that your brother had an interest in the firm of Larkin, Connolly & Co.?"

A.—"The usual rate of interest is 6 per cent. on good real estate security."

MR. G.—"Will you explain what you meant by writing to your brother, advising him to arrange with Beauceage about his tender for the cross-wall?"

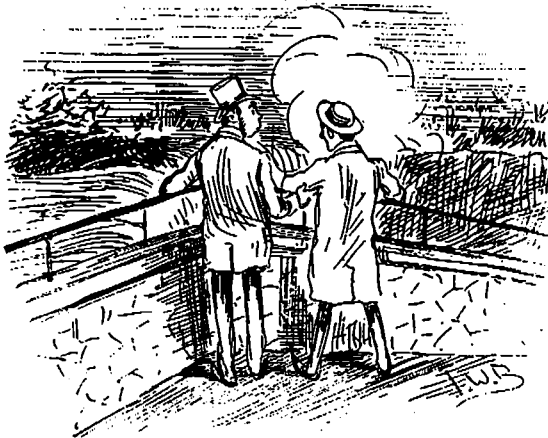
A.—"No; to the best of my recollection it rained in the morning and cleared up about noon, but I wouldn't be positive."

Mr. Osler then took up the witness.

MR. O.—"Do you believe I am here for the purpose of bringing out all the facts regardless of who is hurt?"

A.—"Why, certainly. Anybody can see that."

MR. O.—"Are there any questions you would prefer that I should not put to you?"



NOT PARALYZED.

BROWN JONES (*chaperoning his friend at Niagara Falls*)—"There, hat's the world-famed cataract. Isn't that wonderful?"

O'GRADY—"Er—well—it would be more so if the water was going the other way."

A.—"Yes, several."

MR. O.—"Please mention what they are so that I may steer clear of them."

A.—"I don't recollect just now what they are."

MR. O.—"What you wish this committee to understand on your oath is, that so far as you are aware all these charges brought by Mr. Tarte are utterly and absolutely without foundation in truth? Is that the case?"

A.—"What I wish the Committee to understand is—but of course the things the Committee will understand are only those things which will come within the understanding of the Committee, and that will all depend upon whether they are understood according to the understanding of them."

Mr. McGreevey was then allowed to stand down.

A PACIFIC POINTER.

THIS isn't a funny article but it is full of wit, using that word in its old-fashioned meaning. The readers of GRIP, who like food for thought as well as for laughter, will, we are sure, excuse its appearance in these columns, usually devoted to something lighter. It is from the Port Arthur *Herald*, and in our opinion sheds a whole sunburst of glory on the head of its writer:

The business men of Port Arthur should take a hint from the action of the British Columbia Legislature at their last session. This is what that Legislature has done:

It has exempted improvements on homesteads from provincial taxation to the extent of \$500 and under.

It has changed the tax on wild land from 7½ cents specific to 2 per cent. on the value.

It has given municipalities power to exempt improvements on real estate partly or wholly from taxation, and to raise their entire revenue from land values, to the extent of not more than 25 mills on the dollar.

This legislation was brought on by the fact that land speculation was rampant in the Province, and was placing heavy burdens on industry and commerce. Take, for instance, a piece of land that becomes the site of a town. Wealth is to be created there, and that wealth is created by the labor and capital of the inhabitants being exerted on the land. Yet our stupid land system allowed a set of men to go in in advance, get hold of the land upon which alone labor and capital can exert themselves, and then say to labor and capital: You shall not produce wealth without paying us for it. We do not propose to help you; we shall simply levy as much toll on you as we can get out of you, in the shape of land rent and purchase money.

We did not make the land; it would have been there if we had not got it; but now we have got it we can compel you to go on working and raising the value of our lots by the improvements you put on yours.

And that state of things gets worse and worse the bigger the town grows. Men expend muscle and brain in improving the town. The more they improve the more they are taxed, while the holders of the vacant land sit by and do nothing, and chuckle as they think of the golden harvest they will reap when the fools who sweat in store and workshop have sufficiently raised the value of their land for them.

The people of British Columbia have got tired of this performance, and are to be congratulated on having seen the right remedy. The remedy is to put no taxation on houses, buildings or improvements of any sort, but to tax merely the land on which they stand, according to its value, and to tax all land according to its value, whether vacant or occupied. Thus a man would be taxed as much for holding land idle as for putting it to the fullest use.

Tax commodities—you make them dearer. Tax land—you make it cheaper.

Port Arthur wants men and money to engage in productive industry. She wants labor and capital.

The way to attract them is to say, "Here is land to be had cheaply; go on and improve it all you can; we shall tax you not a cent more for doing so. This is one of those common-sense towns where we do not fine men for making improvements."

It will pay the business men of Port Arthur to study up this question.

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

DOWN South it is a common practice to work land on shares, the owner of the land receiving half the crop in place of rent. An old darkey was once asked whether he preferred to work on shares or for wages. After much cogitation and wool-scratching he replied: "Well, I dunno, boss—dey's bofe good, but I'll like to see dem brung togedder somehow."

The attempt to galvanize into a show of life the moribund Imperial Federation movement by the missionary efforts of Col. Howard Vincent, makes it evident that its Canadian promoters entertain very similar notions of political economy to those of the old colored person. The Canadian Imp. Feds. are all N.P. men, thorough believers in the desirability of protecting home manufactures by imposing heavy duties on English and other foreign products. But they also think it would be an excellent scheme if the British people could be induced to tax themselves in order to give Canadian wheat and cattle an advantage in their markets. In other words they want the liberty to tax English goods which exists under commercial independence, combined with the privileges of protected market in England. These two seemingly incongruous and contradicting proposals have to be "brung togedder somehow," and to do this is the object of Imp. Fed.

But, so far, no programme seems to have been devised that exactly fills the bill.

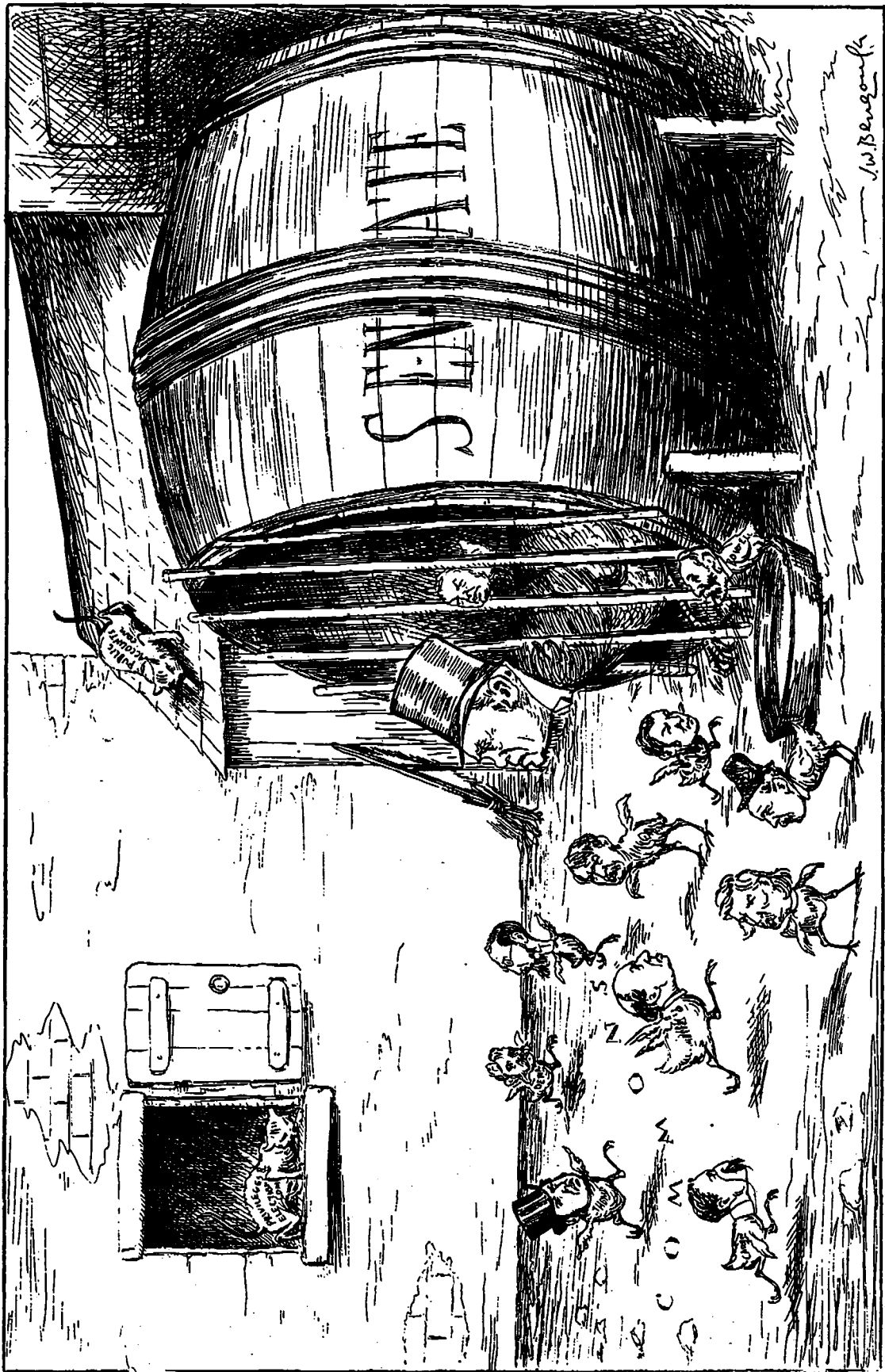
SHARP.

"MORE legislative roguery I see," said Snoozer, running his eye over the *Empire*. "It's a terrible state of things isn't it?"

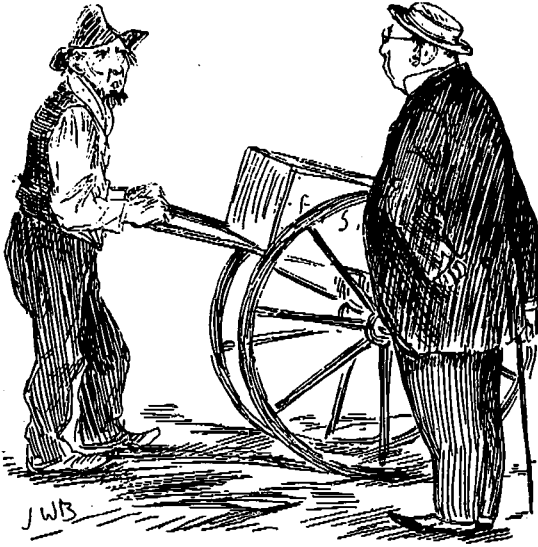
"What new roguery have them fellows been up to?" enquired Flummerfelt.

"What roguery? Why proroguary." And with a wild snort of triumph he hied him in pursuit of other victims.

THE papers tell of an Alabama girl who laughed herself to death. The incident is mentioned as something out of the common, though the young lady in question probably belonged to that large class of her sex who have frequently laughed until they "thought they'd ha' died!" This time she actually did it.



THE CHICKS IN DANGER.



EX-HASPERATING.

PROFESSOR PURETONG—"Excuse me, my man; but you shouldn't say 'fresh 'erring'—you should aspirate the H."

FISH MERCHANT—"Hasperate the haitch, you hignorant hold hass! I do hasperate hit!"

LETTERS TO ABSTRACT NOUNS.

To Patriotism.

SIR,—Last week I addressed a short letter to Public Spirit, who is supposed to be a near relation of yours. I now do myself the pleasure of writing to you, not wishing to be open to the charge of discriminating against any member of the family. I felt it to be my duty to say some plain things to Public Spirit as to his practical abdication of his functions in Canada for some time back, and I might find grounds for charging you also with a similar neglect of your duty, though not to so great an extent. You have never been really absent from the country altogether, but you have kept yourself too much in the background. You will perhaps be surprised, and no doubt disgusted, to learn that this coyness on your part has given opportunity for what the election law calls personation. I mean that some spurious and altogether objectionable things have been palming themselves off on the people in your name, and giving new justification to the late Dr. Johnson's bitter saying that, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." It is of course a flattering tribute to you when Selfishness, Small-mindedness or any other abstract noun of their kidney attempts to masquerade in your character, but it is a public misfortune if they happen to succeed in their imposition. You should accordingly take pains to show yourself in *propria persona* occasionally, so as to offset their miserable work, for of course there is as much difference between you and them as between chalk and cheese. If you were within the bounds of the Dominion during the last election campaign—I am assured by Mr. Organizer Preston that you were, and that you made your home at the Grit headquarters throughout that exciting period—you must have been pained at what you saw going on in the country. You cannot but have a keen recollection of the torrents of talk and print that were poured forth about the "Old Flag," all in your name, nor can you be unaware that Selfishness was the inspirer of it all. Who were the lusty patriots and shouters for the Old Flag? The gentlemen whose

private business interests are being taken care of by the tariff, and the politicians whose only purpose was to retain their hold on office. Do you suppose that either of these classes really believed that the country was in danger of Annexation, or that there was any considerable number of Canadians who would be willing even to discuss such a proposition? You must know very well that it was all gammon, though it certainly did go down with many usually sensible voters. I can fancy what your feelings must have been to see yourself so grossly caricatured, and to find yourself identified with a parcel of unscrupulous self-seekers. You are defined in most of the dictionaries as "love of country," and I should suppose that when you are genuinely present in the heart of any citizen you inspire him with a desire to promote those measures which are in the best interests of the country according to his way of looking at things. Thus it is quite possible for one man to support Protection and another Free Trade, and both to be actuated by you, so long as neither has a private interest to be served apart from those of his fellow citizens generally. Not do I understand you to require any good citizen to hate and despise the citizens of another country. This, however, is the view given by Small-mindedness, who is one of your most persistent and impudent personators in these parts. The Canadian who indulges a neighborly feeling or a kindly regard for "Yankees," is hooted by certain of our fierce loyalists as an incipient traitor, and that the admirable hatred which is supposed to be the hall-mark of genuine Patriotism may be well impressed upon the plastic minds of young Canadians, our school children are taught to celebrate the warlike deeds of their great grandfathers at Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane. Am I wrong in supposing that you scorn such teaching? If so, I am disappointed in you. I have always regarded you as one of the broadest and kindest feelings of the human heart. And until you expressly repudiate that character I will continue to be your devoted admirer.

JUNIUS, JR.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

SOME funny things crop up in the investigations at Ottawa which escape record by the reporters. Mr. Rousseau was giving evidence the other day before the Public Accounts Committee, and telling how Charlebois induced his (Rousseau's) partner to withdraw their tender for the roof of the Langevin block. "De fac' of de mat-taire ees," said the voluble Frenchman, "he takes my partnaire to hees office an' scares heem ver' moch; as ve say, scare de pants off heem!" This raised a great laugh, which was increased in force when Rousseau pointed at a gentleman in the rear of the room and added:—"Vell, I got ze expression from heem!"

WANTED CHANGE OF AIR.

LAWYER.—"So you wish me to draw a codicil to your will, leaving your money to your cousin and disinheriting your nephew. Of course you have your own reasons for the change in your views."

CLIENT—"Yes, the doctor says I positively must have a change of heir."

AND THEY DID TOO.

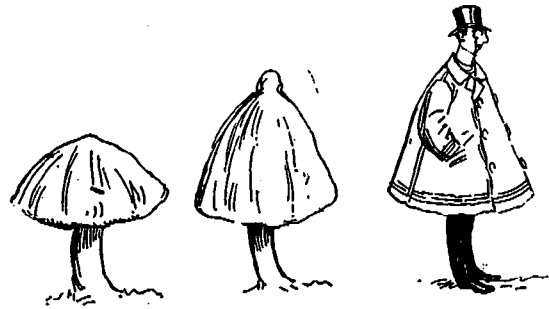
TEACHER—"Why did the Roundheads execute Charles I.?"

SMARTY—"Well, I guess it was because they wanted to get a-head of him."

MRS. JIMSECUTE ON SOCIETIES AND MEETINGS.

"OH these everlasting meetings!" exclaimed Mrs. Jimsecute, "I'm sick and tired hearing about them. There's always something goin on every night to take the men away from their homes into town and I really believe that it's only just an excuse half the time so that they can get away from their wives and meet a lot more good-for-nothing fellows and have what they call a good time, though I can't see where's the satisfaction of sitting in a hot, close hall, listening to a lot of idiots talking or going through some tomfool performances, and then going out to drink more beer than is good for them. For as I often say to Henry, 'if it's beer you want,' says I, 'I'm not so straightlaced that I object to your having a glass or two at home in the evening like a Christian, or smoking a cigar either, anywhere except in the parlor where it would spoil the curtains, but what you want to go gallivanting all over town for and never getting back till midnight when everybody ought to be in bed I do not know,' and I don't either, Mrs. Dewsbury.

"Not that Henry ever comes home drunk, I want you to understand. He'd better not, indeed! But out every night, and night after night at some society, or lodge or association or other, and what pleasure or satisfaction a



THE EVOLUTION OF THE MUSHROOM ARISTOCRAT.

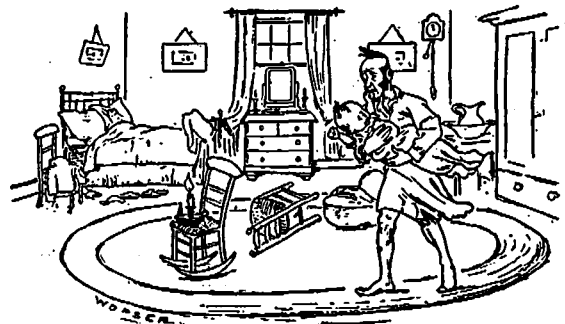
more of them because the papers put in a line saying Mr. So-and-so seconded the motion, or something of that sort. I declare I have no patience with these societies and meetings, for they just take up a lot of time and money, and induce men to make fools of themselves and stay out nights, just as if it made any difference to us whether Jumbo Campbell is allowed to speak in the Park on Sunday afternoons, or Mr. Kelly-Everett, or somebody else, gets the Street Railway—only, however they settle it, I do hope they won't allow the aldermen to collect the fares, for I don't think they're to be trusted the way they go on stealing everything they can lay their hands on, if you can believe the papers, which, of course, you can't always do, only where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and I would not trust 'em, because they always seem to elect the worst kind of men. As I tell Henry, if they could fix it so as we could ride on the cars free, there would be some sense in his going to meetings, and fussing and worrying about what the Council were going to do about the street cars, but he positively laughed at the idea, and says, 'I don't understand municipal questions,' and I'm sure I don't want to, for it seems to me just a lot of useless worry and excitement about nothing at all, for everybody knows those aldermen are a lot of rogues that'll just make all the money they can out of it. Why, do you know, there was a new sidewalk put down on our street a few weeks ago, though most of the planks were quite good, but they carted them off, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some of the aldermen got them, and I really do not see why they are all the while tearing up the pavements, if it isn't to make work for the friends of the aldermen, and I think it would be far better if decent people was just to stay at home and enjoy themselves, and mind their own business, instead of bothering their heads about what the aldermen are doing, for it doesn't make a bit of difference, and the taxes are getting higher all the time."



A DROP OF BLUE BLOOD (AMERICAN)

AS IT APPEARS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE. —Life.

man can find in leaving his nice comfortable home instead of staying in as a reasonable man ought to after he's been in town all day at business, and taking up a book or paper or having a quiet chat with me, is just one of those things which I can't imagine. It's always either the Masons or the Oddfellows or the Single Tax Association or else a political meeting or the City Council. It's my belief it's just sheer vanity and conceit that makes the men so fond of going to those places—nothing else. They talk about the vanity of women, Mrs. Dewsbury, but it's nothing to the conceit and egotism of these men that are so fond of going to meetings, for I'm sure no sensible woman, like you or me, would go to the trouble of spending two or three hours of a warm evening in a half-empty hall, listening to the nonsense and twaddle talked by a lot of nobodies, just to get a chance to jump up and second the motion, or rise to a point of order, so that they can see their names in the paper next day, as if that did them any good, or made anybody think any



THE HOME CIRCLE.—Pick-me-up.



PAT'S PREFERENCE.

OLD GENT (whose hat, which had blown off, has been picked up and returned to him by the Irishman)—“Thank you, sir, I will remember you in my will.”

PAT—“I'm obleeged, sor; but av it's all the same to you, I wud prefer to be cut off wid a shillin' now.”

THE NEW CLUB.

OUR new Athletic Club is going to be a swagger affair, outdoing in its architectural beauty and internal completeness all other club-houses of the kind on the continent. The Governor-General is to turn the first sod on the occasion of his visit to the Industrial Fair, and GRIP learns that at the formal opening, later on, an interesting programme is to be participated in by some of the Directors. Amongst other events will be a boxing bout, between Hon. John Beverley Robinson, and Prof. Goldwin Smith; clubswinging extraordinary, by Mr. W. Mulock, M. P.; sword dance and hillie callum, by Mr. John I. Davidson; horizontal bar performances, by Mr. G. Massey, and ground and lofty tumbling, by the Secretary, C. Greville Harston. May we be there to see!

WASHINGTON'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

MRS. MARTHA D. WASHINGTON, of Denison, Texas, widow of Dr. Washington, died there yesterday, aged seventy-one years. Deceased was the wife of a grandson of the illustrious Father of his Country, and, perhaps, the most direct descendant, as her late home contains the sword and several letters which belonged to General Washington.—*N. Y. Herald.*



THE New York *Herald* prints the above paragraph, which we deem worthy of remark as a matter of historical interest. We have always known that George the First—

First in war,
First in peace,
First in the hearts of his
countrymen

(step dance)

was the father of his country, but we were not aware that he had any other offspring

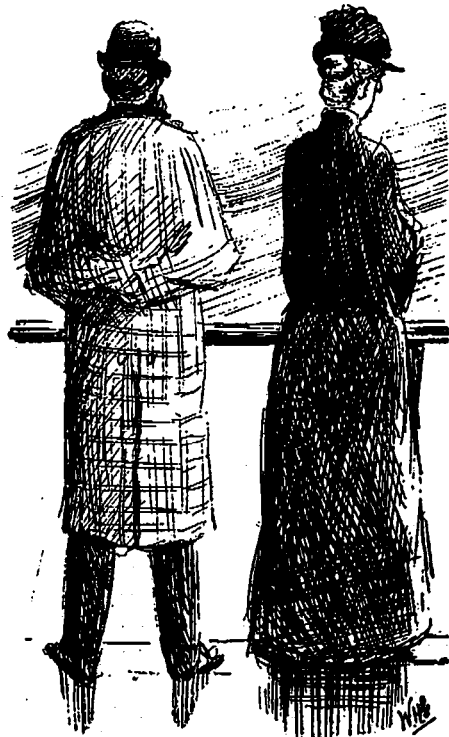
besides the thirteen states of the Union, and in the absence of sons or daughters we are puzzled to know how there could be grandchildren. It is certain that George plainly told the census man that he had no youngsters every time he called in his official capacity, and his reputation for truthfulness has always been high. On the other hand the New York *Herald* is, according to its own account, the greatest newspaper on earth and knows it all. Either George Washington fell into habits of mendacity after getting into politics, and succeeded in concealing his children from the prying eyes of History, or else the *Herald* has been in this case cruelly humbugged. We are inclined to the latter view. Some wicked correspondent has, in the dearth of items, fabricated the yarn with his little “hatch it.”

A BAD SMELL.

AN odor has been found so frightful that the discoverers have been obliged to abandon its preparation. MM. Bauman and Fromm, in experimenting at Freiburg, in Brisgau, upon the organic sulphur derivatives, caused hydrogen sulphide to act upon acetone, and obtained, besides tritho-acetone, small quantities of a definite compound, non-volatile, and crystalline $C_{15}H_{28}S_4$. At the same time there is found a very volatile body having such a horrible odor that ethylmercaptan, ethylenc-mercaptan and other volatile sulphur compounds are perfumes compared with it.—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

THIS must be almost as disagreeable an odor as that which has lately been evolved at Ottawa by the eminent chemists Tarte, Barron, Mulock, etc.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.



A BLUE LOOK-OUT.

HE—“What a study in color! The waves are blue, the sky is blue—even the wind blew, and I begin to feel a little blue myself.”

SHE—“If you talk in that way I shall azure-dly leave you.”

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Difficulty of Breathing—Use it. For sale by all druggists.

"Do you mind me a-smokin', Mrs.?"

"Yes; I don't like the smell of it?"

"In that case, my good lady, you'll 'ave to get out, fur I'm goin' to smoke."

A GROOM'S-MAN—The stable-helper.

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

A PROMINENT physician says: "It is one of the best preparations in the way of Infants' Food now before the profession, and I have no hesitation in recommending it highly."

A STOCKMAN in an interview says that when a herd of cattle becomes restless the cowboys are able to soothe the restless animals by singing to them. According to the same authority, cowboys no matter how wild and untamed, know a variety of hymns, and it is by church music that the best results are obtained. It is interesting to see how the charm of music to soothe other than the human breast is gradually extended.—*Indianapolis News.*

WHY do people wait until a man is sick and can't eat to send him good things? When he is well and would like something good, no neighbor comes in with fancy jellies, old wines and things like that. Things are very unfair.—*Columbia Herald.*

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE STANDARD WORK.

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS, the widely famed and reliable publishers, of New York, have in course of preparation a single-volume dictionary of the English language, which, it is the confident prediction of many distinguished scholars, will deserve the name bestowed upon it, and be recognized as the Standard. It will embody many new principles in lexicography, and will contain nearly 2,200 pages, over 4,000 specially prepared illustrations, and 200,000 words, which is 70,000 more than any other single-volume dictionary contains. The plan of the work and its execution, so far as can be judged from sample pages supplied, have secured the hearty approval of Prof. Skeat, of Cambridge, and Dr. Murray, of Oxford, than whom there are no more competent critics living. The price of the volume, when issued, will be \$12; to those who subscribe in advance, and pay \$1, the price will be \$7. It is expected that the work will be ready in January next.

ANY fool can tell why an Englishman marries an American girl, but why in the name of all that's sensible should an American girl marry an Englishman?—*Truth.*

WHEN the product of the still permeates a man and stirs the air with vocal percussions, we can hardly understand the aptness of the "still small voice."—*Boston Courier.*

THERE is a skeleton in every house. If you don't hear the bones rattle, it is only because you have not got your ear up to the right closet.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

SINCE John L. Sullivan has become an actor, it might redound to America's glory to shut out foreign contract labor sluggers.—*Newark Evening News.*

A NEW YORK man fell from the sixth story of a house and broke his jaw. Had this happened in Chicago the pavement would have suffered but the man's jaw would not have been in the least.—*Philadelphia Call.*

How is it that when a man is in the condition when everything appears double he always strikes his head against the real lamp-post, but never can find the real keyhole?—*New York Herald.*

IN the beginning a man thinks he is unworthy of the loved one; later, he flatters himself she made a good choice; finally he wonders why he did not choose somebody more worthy of him.—*Fresno Sayings.*

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Had Sciatica and Rheumatism very bad for over a year; pains day and night; could not rest or sleep; often confined to bed. Tried everything I could find, but got no relief. Went to St. Leon Springs and got the disease

WASHED CLEAN AWAY.

That was two years ago, and have never had a twitch of the trouble since.

A. C. WALKER,
Coaticook, Quebec.

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LIFE OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

BY HIS NEPHEW **Lieut.-Col. J. P. MACPHERSON, M.A., A.D.C.**

The Only Authentic Record of the Career of Canada's Greatest Premier

Mr. Joseph Pope to Col. Macpherson—Continued

to the first biographies are such as to occupy my whole time. I am therefore in no sense a competitor.

I am much obliged for your offer to contribute a chapter to your book, but I have decided to write nothing on the subject at any rate for many a day to come.

Yours faithfully,
Joseph Pope

Lt. Col. J. Macpherson

Mr. Joseph Pope to Col. Macpherson

Ottawa,
23 June 1871.

Dear Macpherson,
I have yours of today. I did not observe the paragraph in the 'hurd' to which you allude, but I may say that as presented there is no intention of publishing any life or memoirs of Sir John, by duties as Secretary

The work will shortly be issued by the Earle Publishing House of St. John, N.B., and will be a marvel of the Printers' and Bookbinders' Art. It will be copiously illustrated, including two Steel Portraits of Sir John. The work will be complete in two volumes, in four styles of binding. Lovers of Canada's "Grand Old Man" will do well to remember that this is the ONLY Life of Sir John A. Macdonald authorized by himself. Read Mr. Pope's letter given above in this connection. **Agents Wanted.**

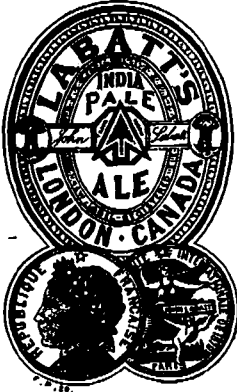
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Going—going—

(See next page).

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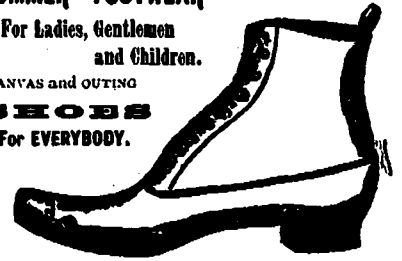
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