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- CATALOGUE -

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**85, 85, 87, 89**

The above are the numbers of our stores on King St. East.

Our Fall and Winter stock of **BOOTS and SHOES** constantly arriving.

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Ladies' Overgaiters perfect-fitting 50c.

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# A. B. Mitchell's Rubberine and Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs

are the finest goods made as a substitute for Linen. Once used you will always use them. Give them a trial and be convinced. None like them



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Comfort and security assured. So-called "Hopeless Cases" solicited. Children positively cured in a few weeks. If you get any appliances, get the very best. Over twenty years in business in Toronto in this one line exclusively. J. Y. EGAN, Hernia Specialist, 266 West Queen's Street, Toronto.

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[By Appointment.]



**GODES-BERGER** is a natural sparkling Mineral Water, which flows from a spring of this name, situated near the old Castle of Godesberg, opposite the Seven Mountains of the Rhine. This Water is exquisitely Pure, being entirely free from organic substances, and is the most pleasant water to drink, either alone, or mixed with Milk, Fruitsyrups, Wines or Spirits. Although not a medicinal water, the use of Godes-berger will be found very beneficial to those who suffer from nervous weakness, or who are in any way troubled with indigestion, gout, or rheumatism.

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A perfect tailor system of garment cutting for ladies and children. Also instructions in Men's and Boy's Clothing.

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**Will Help You** only send your Dresses, Ostrich Plumes, Suits, etc., to their establishment, they will you dress well at a small expense. Why look shabby when

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The *Railway and Steamboat Times*, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair.

I assert positively that I possess that cure, and guarantee to produce an entire new growth of hair. Any person (extreme old age excepted) can be treated at

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10 KING ST. W., TORONTO.  
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*SAMPLE : VERSE*  
The sweetest word on earth is home,  
To loving hearts most dear ;  
Where'er our footsteps seek to roam,  
Home thoughts are ever near.  
The mem'ries sweet of life's spring-day  
Keep fresh and green forever,  
Like fragrant flowers they scent the way  
Adown life's winding river.

Nearly 400 pages, neatly bound in cloth and gold, sent post free for \$1.00.

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31 CHURCH STREET  
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Moles, warts, birthmarks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by  
**ELECTROLYSIS**  
G. B. Foster, "THE FORUM,"  
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# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

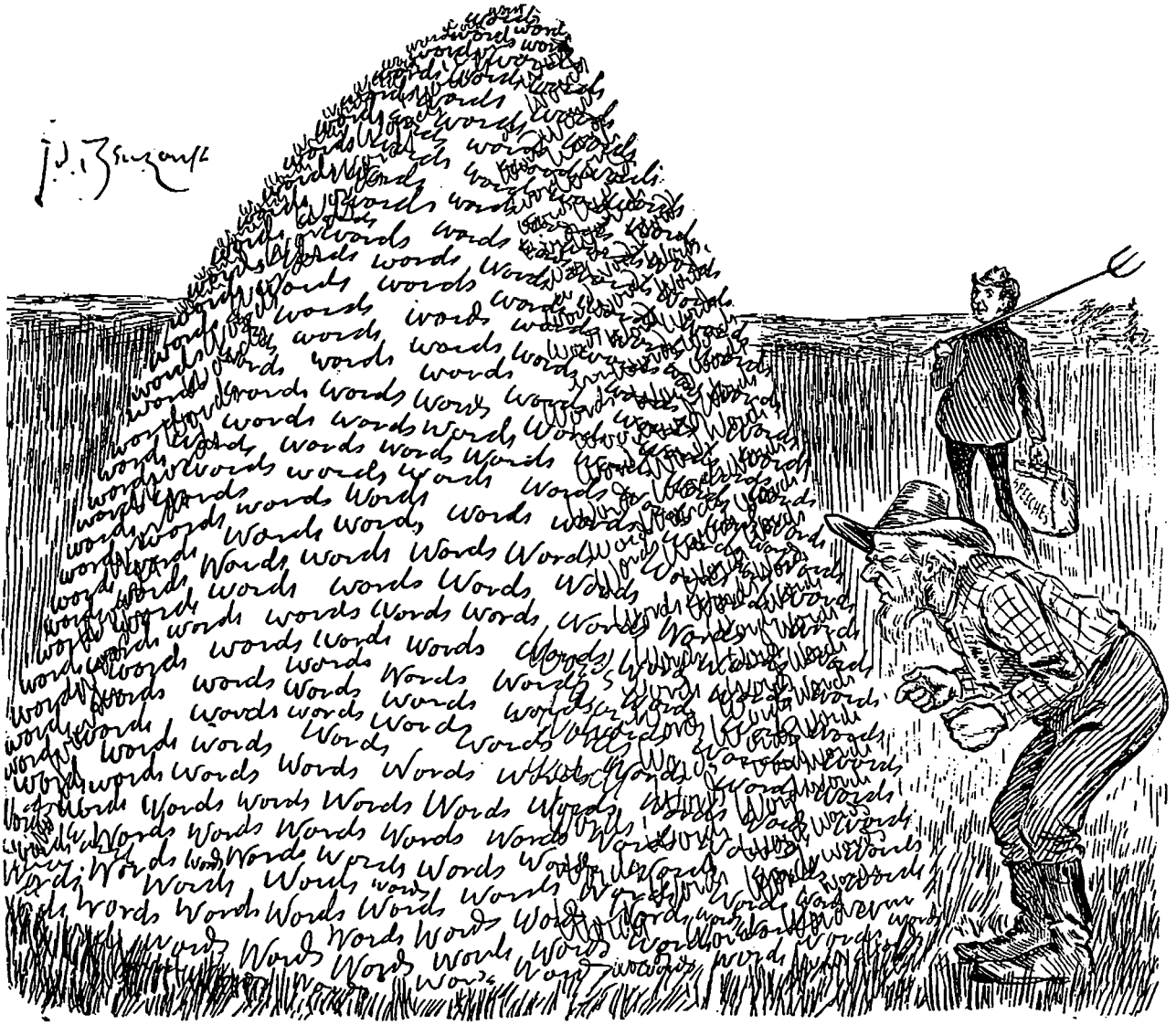
Vol. 42.

Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.

No. 1091

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 17.



"LOOKING FOR THE NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK;"

OR, THE NOR'WEST SETTLER TRYING TO DISCOVER LAURIER'S EXACT TARIFF POLICY.



SURFEITED.

PRECIOUS CHILD (after the dessert)—“Oh, nurse, put I to bed. Carry I up stairs. Don't bend I!”

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

XII.

IT'S a dreadful great privilege to live so 's you kin see the eddicational buildins from your windys. Even ef you can't see more'n the roof an' the grimy faces that spits the water inter the eaves troughs, it gives a person a feelin' o' kinder bein' in with the folks what's learnin' so much. I've heard dapper young women go moonin' round the Varsity as they call it, an' say how it made them feel dreadful like studyin' jist to look at the ivy on the gray old walls, an' all them sort o' things. I guess that feelin's all right, but it ain't stiddy. You can't go walkin' round lookin' at ivy straight along, but ef you keep seein' towers an' things, an' go on thinkin' what a splendid thing eddication is, an' how them that gets it early is better off than ef they'd two hundred acres of land, it'll do you good, even ef them gar joyle things gets mixed up in your bad dreams.

Seems to me 's ef they wuz movin' everythin' up to the northwest of the city. Maybe the folks up here need eddication worse than they do down town, or maybe the boom left land around here cheap, but anyway we've got the Parliament buildings, an' stole Victoria College from Cobourg, an' Wickliffe's moved up, an' McMaster's right on Bloor street, an' the Upper Canada College is moved north, an' the University's here with the buildins all around it, which minds me a good deal of a hen with chickens. Ef they'd only move Dr. Macdonell's church up here an' build their new government house on Hoskin Avenue like they said they wuz goin' to, we'd hev the four avenues of Simcoe and King street, barrin' the tavern, an' we'd make shift to do 'thout that.

I go fur walks. Women folks what live on farms don't. They never git time to practice no walkin' 'cept a jog-trot from their churn to their milk cellar an' the tater bin, an'

the flour barl. That's why I'm glad I'm not farmin' now.

The day Sir John Macdonald's statoo wuz unwrapped from the old flag, there was an awful jam down in the park. There wuz nurse girls what had wheeled the babies over to see what wuz goin' on, an' the city wuz there, Grit and Tory, male and female, several deep at every place where you could see anythin'. I had a ticket to git into the place where the seats wuz, but calmly reflectin' that ef I jammed in I'd hev to stay fur the whole thing. I staid with the mob an' walked all over an' went down town when I got ready. But it wuz a big sight, fallin' leaves, school boys, politicians, big buildin's all around, soldiers, policemen, an' a feelin' in the air that the people wuz honorin' the dead man, an' gettin' proud of themselves fur doin' it. I ain't one fur show, an' I'm agin sp ndin' money on feelin's in yer mind when feelin's in other peoples bodies is hurtin' 'em fur want of clothes an' vittles. L-yin' aside that, this statoo business is all right. It don't do Sir John nor George Brown any good to be stuck up there in Queen's Park, but maybe it'll do other folks good, either for warmin' 'em off'n certain ways, or eggin' 'em on. Alexander Mackenzie's memorial went inter the University—fur scholarships. It's doin' good sure enough, but different folks wear different thinkin' tracks through their minds, an' mostly folks ideas can't run on no tracks but their own. It's a good thing—that is—keeps prices of punkins an' eggs, and chickens and ducks pretty reg'lar.

Talkin' of keepin' things reg'lar, ain't it queer how onreg'lar they get in some ways. There's nursin' fur women. Girls got all crazy with the idea that the Lord intended 'em to nurse sick folks. They couldn't hardly wait till they wuz old enough to be took. Well, they crowded each other so that now there's generally more nurses than sick folks, an' they hev to sit with their hospital-trained hands lyin' in their laps an' their board bills goin' on. Men say women is dreadful like sheep fer follerin' a bell, but land, tain't their faults poor things—they've been kep' at one thing—an' that housekeepin',—fur so long, that I guess it never dawned on 'em that there could be more'n two or three things they could do. Aut they're findin' out more now, an' this city's jest cram-full of the independentest kind of independent women that'll argy out the question of whether women oughter work or not, by jist goin' right off an' doin' it.

SUSANNAH.

HAGENBECK, the Wild Animal Man, has girded up his loins and left New York to give his show in Boston.



NOT A CHICKENOLOGIST.

THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR (who has called in a neighbor for consultation)—“I can't imagine why my chickens do not thrive. They seem to be quite without vigor and ambition. Can you throw any light on the subject?”

THE NEIGHBOR—“What do you feed 'em on, principally?”

THE PROFESSOR—“Feed them! I do not feed them at all. I thought the hen would have plenty of milk for them!”



**BULLET-PROOF.**

“WIFE—“ Good gracious, Henry, what have you got that waffle suspended from your neck for?”

HENRY—“ Well, since Dowe's patent bullet-proof breast-plate has proved a failure, I'm going to let Jack have a crack at this. You needn't be alarmed; its from the last batch you baked.”

**THE TIMES IN A TANTRUM.**



**STRONG** language—violent and un-reasoning abuse—is something we do not usually look for in the columns of the *Monetary Times*. Profane swearing in the pulpit would scarcely seem more out of place, for the *Times* is a staid, elderly journal of the very highest respectability. And yet we find in a recent issue the following fish-wifely sentences: “Some forms of Socialism may command respect if not sympathy, but for Single Tax it is difficult to see how any right minded person can have any other feeling than that of loathing and contempt. The real object of the

Single Taxers, if no longer avowed, is the confiscation of one form of property, and that which in all countries is held in the highest respect. The confiscation of land, be it remembered, means the confiscation of all the mortgages founded upon it, which are not land, but personal properties.”

This last sentence implies clearly enough that in the opinion of the *Times* writer land cannot rightfully be regarded as personal property. and this is really going further than the abhorrent Single Taxers go. They merely hold that land value—that is to say, the value which attaches to land by reason of the presence of the community—the speculative value, in other words—should not be treated as private property but should be taken in taxation, in lieu of all other taxes. They do not propose to confiscate land at all; under the Single Tax a land owner would be protected in his possession as sacredly as he is under the present system, and to the same extent; namely, as long as he paid his taxes. His taxes would be a sum equivalent to the annual rent of the land he held, minus all improvements. and meanwhile all other taxes direct and indirect would be abolished. The only person that such a system would injure would be the land speculator, and we submit that, being a mere parasite, he is not worthy of the tears of the *Monetary Times*. People who look to that journal for “calm-reasoned thoughts,” may well be astonished at this

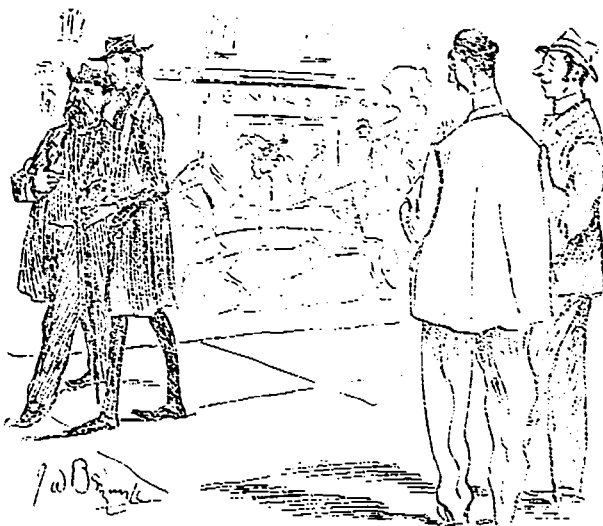
outbreak of passion, and we must add, ignorance. It is quite evident that the *Times* man has never taken the trouble to read up his subject.

**THE NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK.**

**T**HE proverbial difficulty of finding a needle in a haystack is being experienced by the people of the Northwest in their efforts to discover from the eloquent addresses lately delivered to them by Mr. Laurier, what that gentleman's tariff policy precisely is. It is universally admitted that the haystack of words is in itself a great work of oratorical art—beautiful and symmetrical, but they reckoned on its containing a definite business statement bearing on the hard facts of the moment. The key note of all Mr. Laurier's speeches was Freedom—as he expanded it, freedom of trade, freedom of thought, freedom of opinion, and upon this attractive theme he waxed eloquent day after day. And there is nothing the North West people want more than freedom. They would like something more explicit however, as to freedom of trade. How free is trade to be made in the event of a Liberal government coming into office? What particular articles are to be put upon the free list by the new finance minister, and how does that suppositious gentleman propose to meet the probable deficit in public revenue? Does Mr Laurier favor direct taxation, and if so, what does he propose to tax—incomes, or land values, or both? There is a complaint voiced by the Western press that these desirable particulars are hard to find in the mass of brilliant addresses just delivered; and in so far as this complaint is well founded it may be said that Mr. Laurier's golden opportunity was lost. Perhaps, however, like the general run of statesmen, he has great faith in “glittering generalities.”

If Mr. Kleiser makes a success of his new impersonation line of business, his Copperfield may turn out to be a silver and gold field.

In a paper read before the Teachers' Convention at Montreal, Mr. J. P. Steven claimed that elocution “tended greatly to produce naturalness and individuality.” Either Mr. Stephen is wrong about this, or it cannot be elocution that our young lady friends study at the numerous schools and conservatories devoted to this alleged art.



**A HARD HIT.**

FITZDUDESON—“ I wondah why it is that eminent clergymen always weah soft hats?”  
 COSTICK—“ By way of contrast to their heads. For the same reason that you always wear a hard one.”



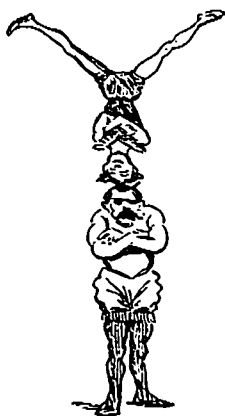
**NOT TO BE "BUNCOED."**

RYERSON—"Why, Mr. Patron, how do you do. I'm so glad to see you! How are all the folks up at Patronville?"

MOWAT—"Delighted to see you in town, Mr. Industry. You remember me, don't you? I'm an old friend of yours."

THE FARMER PARTY—"It won't work, gentlemen. I don't know either of you, and I'm not so green as I used to be!"

**DOMINICK'S DILEMMA.**



YOU should have been down at New York, so you should,  
At the gallant reception to Dominick Blake,  
Whin at Lenox Lyceum majestic he stood  
Forninst a big crowd for ould Ireland to spake.

Sure they cheered and they stamped an' they pounded the floor  
Wid shticks an' umbrellas whin first he came out;  
And thin, whin the chairman jist mentioned his name  
They near riz the roof aff they gev such a shout.

An' Dominick bowed, an' smiled a grim smile,  
An' looked through his glasses all over the hall,  
To see was McCarthy an' Murphy an' Flynn  
An' the rest av thim there, and sure they were—all.

Thin he started to spake an' soon warmed to his task,  
An' told how Ould Ireland is trod in the dust,  
But somebody hissed, an' another wan groaned,  
An' it seemed loike the meetin' was goin' to be bust.

Thin out av a box right forninst Mистер Blake,  
A wreath av blue smoke commenced for to rise,  
"It's a bomb!" some one said, and we rushed for the dure  
Before we'd be every wan blown to the skies!

But a peeler jumped into the box, so he did,  
And bravely he squelched out the bomb wid his fut,  
An' Dominick Blake shtood his ground loike a man  
An' niver a word from his speech did he cut.

But, I'm very much feared that the cause av Home Rule  
Betwixt the two factions is barren av hope,  
Loike conthrary pigs they are pullin' two ways,  
An' Biake's tangled helplessly up wid the rope.

THE man who rides a hobby pays well for his transportation.



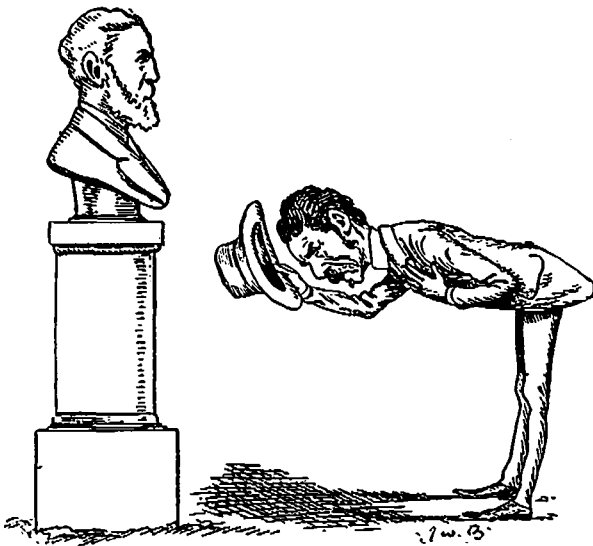
**THE JOURNALIST GRIND.**

This is the season of the year when the editor begins to pester the artist for a design for the Xmas supplement.



J. O. Brumby

DOMINICK'S DILEMMA:  
OR, BETWIXT TWO CONTRARY FORCES.



**AN APOLOGY TO MACKENZIE.**

"The result of his investigations had been to show that the country was in a depressed condition. It was entering upon a period of hard times, such as that of 1874-78 under the Mackenzie Government. He had been among those who accused the Mackenzie Government of causing that depression. He was free to say that in that he did injustice and wrong to Mr. Mackenzie—(applause)—who was no more responsible for that depression than was Sir John Thompson for the depression that had now begun."

[McCarthy's recent speech.]

**FOSTER IN ENGLAND.**

SCENE.—Office of Mr. John Bull, Financier. Mr. Bull seated at table totting up figures. Enter Hon. Geo. Foster, grip-sack in hand.

MR. BULL (*looking up*)—Morning, Sir.

MR. F.—Good morning, Mr. Bull. I've just dropped over from Canada. Hope I find you well.

MR. B.—About as usual, sir. In what way can I serve you?

MR. F. (*taking a seat*)—Grand old flag that you have draped on the wall, Mr. Bull.

MR. B.—Nothing wrong with it, that I know of.

MR. F.—Oh, dear, no! On the contrary we're very much devoted to it in Canada, very much—especially the Conservative party.

MR. B.—So I believe. Let's see, your party's in office just now, I think?

MR. F.—Yes, sir. We're *generally* in office, I may say, which incidentally proves that the country is loyal to the Grand Old Flag, as I have just mentioned.

MR. B.—Er—quite so. It is the other party, I presume, then, that goes in for the protectionist policy, and does its best to diminish my trade with the Dominion?

MR. F.—Well, er—no; not quite. We are the protectionist Party, but we would be very sorry indeed to do anything to hurt the Mother Country. Why, we fairly worship the old flag, and—

MR. B. (*interrupting*)—Excuse me, but you haven't yet mentioned the object of your present visit. In what way can I serve you?

MR. F.—Before leaving the subject, I would like to say that the Government I have the honor to represent would be glad in any possible way to increase the trade between Canada and Great Britain. I suppose you heard of the grand Inter Colonial Conference we had at Ottawa last summer?

MR. B.—Yes, I believe I heard something of it.

MR. F.—It was a very grand affair, sir. We had a

most happy time. The eating and drinking were of the first order, and I do not know that I ever heard better post-prandial oratory.

MR. B.—Plenty of guzzling and wind, hey? Yes; so I understood from Jersey who went over to represent me. But you are getting away from the point again. In what way—

MR. F.—Ah, you would ask in what way we propose to develop the resources of our grand Dominion? We hope to do so, sir, by continuing in the policy so happily inaugurated by us in 1878 and by building railways, bridges, and other public works, and by keeping our eyes steadfastly fixed on the grand old flag—

The flag that's braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze.

MR. B.—Very nice and all very interesting. But you'll have to excuse me. This is my busy day, and since you do not seem to have any particular business with me, I trust you can make it convenient to call again when I am more at leisure. Good morning, sir.

MR. F.—Good morning, Mr. Bull. [Exit Mr. F.] Hang the luck! Why couldn't I have told him plumply that I came over to get another loan!

If we may judge by the bill-boards of the city, the theatre has now become chiefly a school of anatomy. That is, no doubt, why the medical students are always so strongly represented in the gallery.



**"HARMONY."**

MISS QUIZZER—"You've been at the rehearsal of the Ladies' Orchestra, I presume. But how have you arranged the difficulty as to parts. Have you consented to play second fiddle to Miss Scratchley?"

MISS ROSSIN—"No, indeed. I positively refused. So we have decided not to have any second fiddle. I have agreed to act as associate first violin."





DERBY DAY ON THE CONGO!

SHAKESPEAREAN ADVICE ABOUT CLOTHES.

**C**OSTLY thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
Or, if thou hast a credit with thy tailor, so much the better.  
Then thou canst indulge thy fancy.  
And clad thy form in all the varied stuffs  
Produced by looms both here and 'cross the pond,  
Regardless of expense.  
Suit thy garments to thy shape,  
And let each limb be neatly clothed,  
And no part emphasized.  
Now, if thy shanks be long and somewhat thin,  
Encase them not in stuff of stripes,  
For that the thinness but accentuates,  
And makes thee one for boys to jibe at,  
And for men to say: "Behold the jay!"  
But if thy nether limbs to bowing be inclined,  
And look for all the world like ice-hooks,  
With no facilities to stop a hog  
As he tears headlong through the cabbage patch,  
Then choose a fabric plain,  
And free from downward lines,  
Which would but to thy crooked shanks  
Invite particular attention.  
If fat thou be, and thy well-nurtured calves  
Fill to the full the legs of thy unmentionables,  
Select a style without expansive checks,  
So that no loudness of thy clothes  
Lead ribald boys to recommend  
A dose of anti-fat.  
My warnings heed! Dress sensibly,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
Take heed, lest, in your case, it speak the dude!

W. H. Siviter.

DEFINED.

"My dear," said Mr. Knowitall's wife, "what is the meaning of this phrase I see so frequently—the 'Higher Criticism'?"

"The Hire Criticism?" repeated Mr. Knowitall, "that is the criticism certain great elocutionists hire the newspaper reporters to write for 'em about their recitals."

A fur-gone conclusion—a moth-eaten sealskin.  
A LAWYER'S mouth is somewhat like an old gun. It goes off anyhow.

A GOOD place to settle—the place where you owe money.

DR. EMDEE—"Years ago the doctors used to bleed their patients for about everything they had."

VAN PELT—"The practice doesn't change much, does it?"

COLONEL (to pretty nurse)—"Whose baby is that a pretty little fellow?"

NURSE—"Why, sir, it's your own little boy."

COLONEL—"Really? My wife changes nurses so often that I don't recognize my own flesh and blood."

KITTY—"That Mr. Cashunter is a regular matrimonial geologist."

FANNIE—"How!"

KITTY—"He's always on the hunt for 'the rocks.'"

PATER (entering suddenly)—"What do you mean, sir, by thus embracing my daughter? Ethel, I am surprised."

ETHEL (bravely)—"So are we papa, dear; so are we."

CORA—"Miss Newrich has a new maid that is a great deal better than her old one."

"Did she tell you?"

"No, but the last note I had from her was spelled, every word of it, correctly."

We observe that Mr. John Charlton, M.P., has been addressing his constituents at Windham Centre. No more appropriately named place could be chosen by a politician for indulging in a blow-out.

"There's no question about it," said Stiggins, "E. A. Macdonald is a man of push."

"Yes," replied Wiggins, "and some of his aldermanic pals seem to be men of 'pull.'"



THE BULLDOZER.

MR. ERNEST AQUADUCT (to the city)—"Don't look at me in that critical manner, and keep your questions to yourself. All you have to do is to sign that agreement I've prepared."



"GROWN UP."

HERR PROFESSOR (to Miss Maudie, who has been disobedient)—"I haf yust tol' your liddle sister dat I lose her. You know vy I do not zay so to you."

MISS MAUDIE—"Because you wouldn't dare to, or pa would show you the door!"

TORONTO, DO LIKEWISE.

THE charitably disposed people of Montreal are going to supply free coal to those who cannot afford to buy that necessary article this winter. The money is to be raised by a series of entertainments, the first to be on Dec. 17th, and three following nights. In order that the profits may be handsome, an appeal is made to every lady in the city, married or single, to assist by selling at least one ticket apiece. Blank forms of orders for tickets are sent to all householders, these to be filled up and sent to the headquarters of the fund. The authorized collector then calls round and delivers the tickets, collecting the money for same. Now, Toronto is not quite so cold as Montreal, but our thermometer goes quite low enough to make a free coal fund here a very popular charity, and one which would be a great blessing to many of our poorer fellow-citizens. Can't we get up something after the manner of our energetic and kind-hearted Montreal brethren? Let us do it.

"CHESTNUT!"

THE great Talmage is on his way home from Australia and here is a sample bouquet thrown after him by Melbourne Punch:

Talmage should never be forgiven by Australians, if only for the deliberate insult he inflicted upon them when he got off that wheeze of the old-red sandstone era about the mean man who used a wart on his neck for a collar stud. Where is the nigger minstrel who would dare spring that spook of a pre-Adamite joke upon an 1894 audience?

CIVIC ODE.

AIR.—This Canada of Ours.

LET other villages and towns  
Loud boast their claims to glory,  
Toronto every other downs—  
But that's another story.  
We have the baldest-headed mayor  
That er'e held civic powers,  
None like him ever filled the chair.  
This Kennedy of ours!  
Fair Kennedy, good Kennedy,  
This Kennedy of ours!

[other verses ad lib.]

THE BIKERESS.

FEMININE bicyclists are now so numerous that they form a distinct community, and one particularly worthy of notice. Indeed, the pedestrian who fails to notice them as he casually crosses over our asphalt streets, is quite likely to have the matter brought to his attention in a sudden and somewhat shocking manner. Mr. GRIP, wishing to be of use to all classes and conditions of people, deems it incumbent on him to set before bikeresses a few hints and suggestions which they may find it worth while attending to:

1. If you are very fat and pudgy, or very tall and scraggly, get a bike and learn to ride it. If you are of normal (or model) form and figure it is not so necessary.

2. When you have acquired a perfect control of the machine do your riding as much as possible down town, in the vicinity of King and Yonge streets and at the busiest hours of the day.

3. Be a little outre in your style of dressing, having a sporty looking cap at the very least. If you are anxious not to be entirely unnoticed, wear the divided skirt or bloomer, and make a guy of yourself.

4. If you are of the long and thin pattern, cultivate the spraddle foot-action, and learn to work your knees *a la* the Hackney carriage horse. This gives you an elegance of appearance which might well incite you to exclaim,

O, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!

5. When you go out for a spin in the evening have a few humpy 'cyclists of the sterner sex with you, and conduct your conversation in a gentle shout. Don't let your escorts outdo you in the matter of humping.

6. If you run down a stray pedestrian, don't stop to make any enquiries. That's the way inexperienced 'cyclists get into trouble. Put on a spurt and pass on.

THE Ontario Opposition, feeling that it is doomed to continue indefinitely in the cold shades of Opposition, could not appoint a more fitting leader than Marter.

ALL who were present at the performance of "Charley's Aunt" were not single taxers, though they didn't fail to "see the cat."



"GONE."

DR. BOLUS—"Now that my patients have nearly all gone away, I think I shall get off myself."  
JAGGERS—"Not going to join 'em, I hope, doc?"

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## FUN AND ENTERTAINMENT.

### "THE PEOPLE'S COURSE."

The people of this city will not lack amusement the coming season, and that of the very best, as owing to the vast size of the new Massey Music Hall, courses of entertainments have been arranged that will do much to amuse and educate our people. The "People's Course," however, is composed of the best talent available, as given below, and the price within the reach of all. For \$1 a course ticket can be secured admitting holder to the top gallery, \$1.50 to the floor of the hall and \$2.50 secures the best reserved seat in the house. This course will be opened on November 20th, by a concert by the Torbett Concert Co., by Miss Ollie Torbett, violinist, late from Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's Concert Co.), whom Major Pond took from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Mr. Rudolf von Scarpa, the great piano virtuoso from Vienna, and the world famous and unrivaled Lutteman Sextette, from Stockholm, Sweden, also Miss Jessie Alexander, the popular reader.

November 24th. Illustrated Lecture by Mrs. French-Sheldon, F.R.G.S., a woman who, unattended save by her caravan of native blacks, has penetrated into the very heart of heathen and savage Africa, a skilful physician, a well-known authoress, a successful publisher and a fellow in petticoat, for she was the first woman honored with membership of the Royal Geographical Society. Subject, "Mrs. French-Sheldon's Thrilling Experience in Africa."

December 1st. Entertainment by Mr. and Mrs. Wallis A. Wallis (of London, Eng.) Recitals, entertainments and Costume Impersonations, the same as given before the Queen and royal family at Windsor, England.

December 8th. Lecture by Hon. J. Wight Giddings, (Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan). Subject, "The Evolution of the Demagogue."

December 15th. Humorist Frank Lincoln, known around the world as "Lincoln and Laughter."

December 22nd. Lecture by Rev. Jos. Cook, (of Boston, Mass.) Subject, "Use and Abuse of Sunday." (New.)

January 5th—Illustrated lecture by Miss Olof Krarer, a native Equimaux, 35 years of age, 40 inches high, 77 times in Philadelphia the past four years and recalled several times in other cities. Subject, "Greenland, or Life in the Frozen North."

January 12th—Lecture by C.H. Fraser, a brilliant orator, humorous and instructive, powerful and striking. Subject, "The World's To-morrow," or a "Dream of Destiny."

January 19th—Concert by the Chicago Rivals; Miss Gertrude Sprague, phenomenal contralto; Miss Fanny Losey, great violinist; Miss Jenny Shoemaker, singing reader and Delsartean; Mr. Francis L. Rollins, Humorist and Dialect Impersonator.

March 23rd—Lecture by Rev. Robt. McIntyre, (of Denver, Col.) Ten thousand people attended his great lecture at Grimsby Park, August last. He is more popular than ever. Subject "Thirty Hours in the Sunless World, or a Trip Through Wyandotte Caverns."

Mr. Thos J. Wilkie, 30 Bank of Commerce Building, is the Manager of the "People's Course."

## SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an excellent mustache in six weeks. Ladies, if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and as white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitening for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this Whitening, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cts. per bottle and the "Face Whitening" 50 cts. per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

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350 Gilmour St., Ottawa.

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### "AT LAST"

By Mrs. Marla Elise Lauder.

This interesting story, by the widow of the late W.A. Lauder, M.P.P., the plot of which is laid partly in Toronto and partly abroad, is now going through the American and Canadian press, and will be issued toward the end of November. The Canadian publisher will be

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29-33 Richmond St. W., Toronto

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The Neptune (for that is its name) is a favorite in England for short hand writers and others, but this is the first time, we believe, it has been offered for sale in Canada. The holder contains ink enough for two days steady writing.

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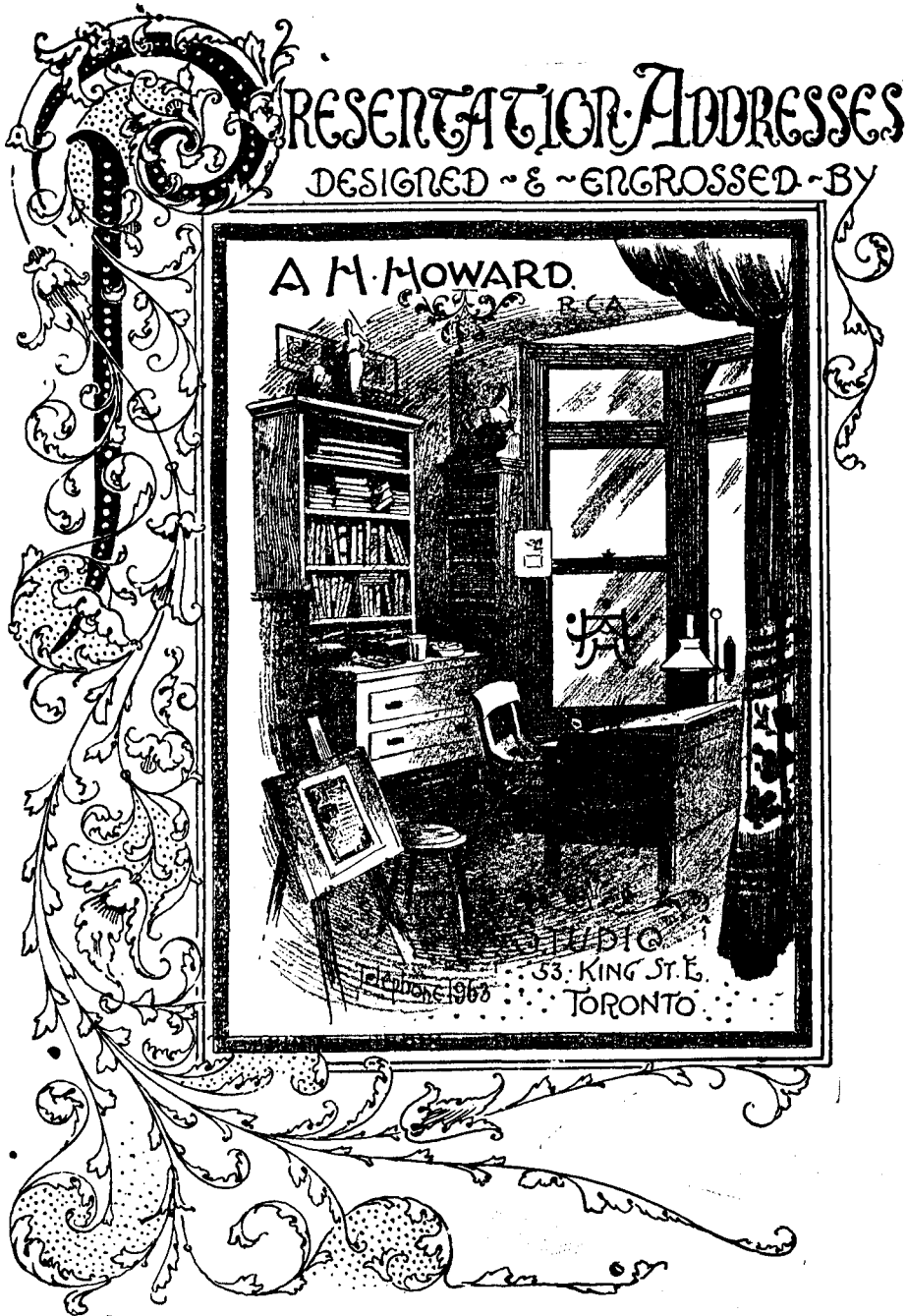
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