



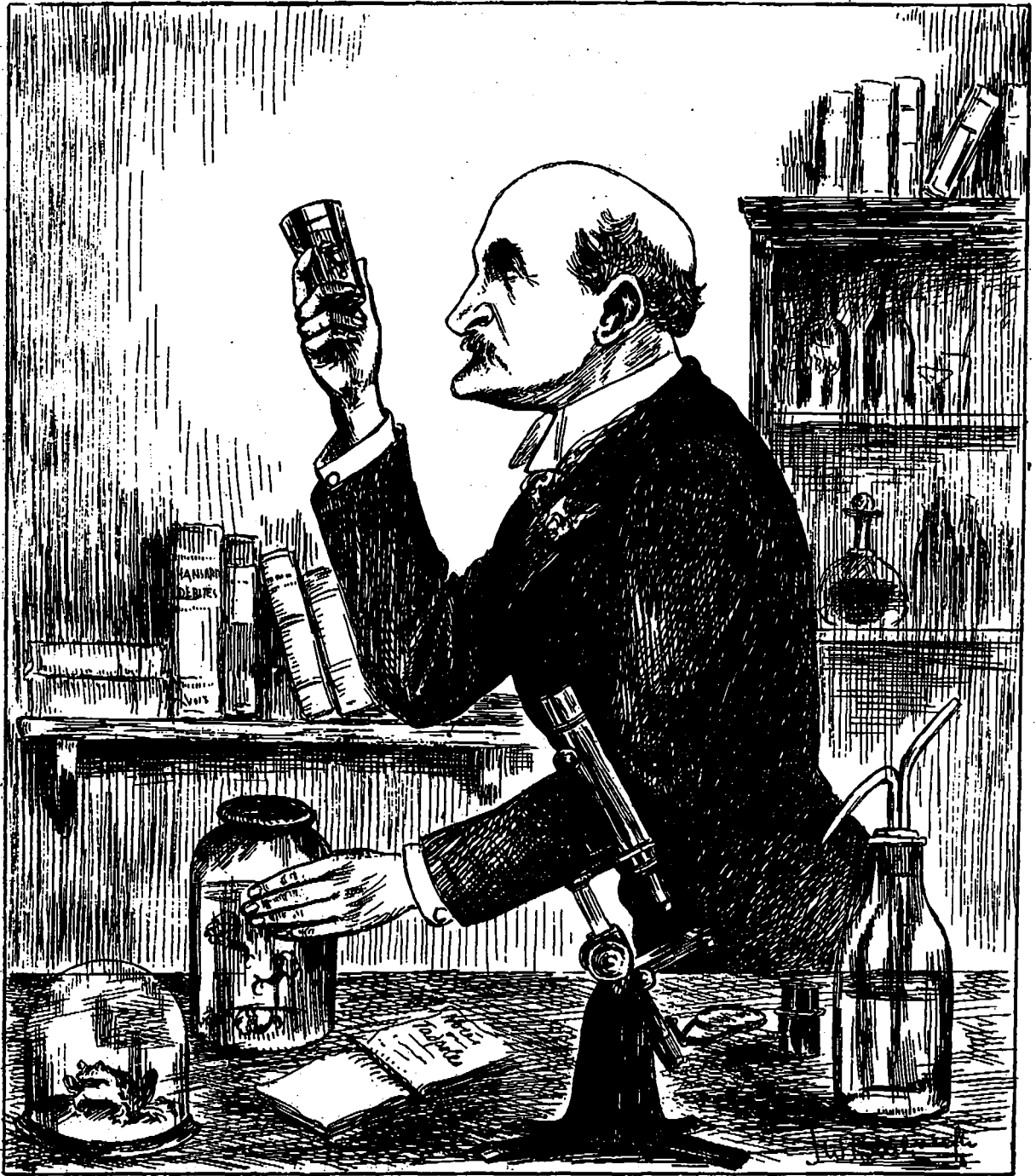
GRIP



Vol. XXXII.

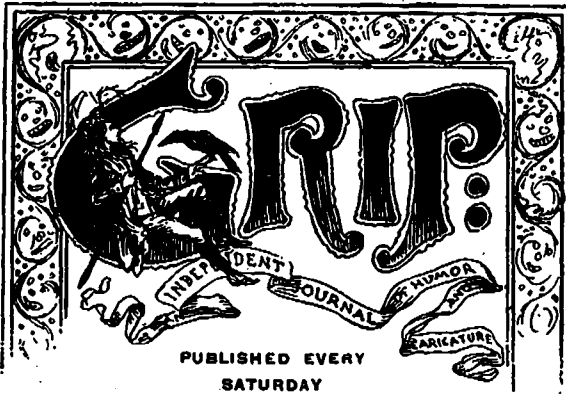
TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1891.

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DAVIN, THE LEARNED TADPOLOGIST.

A Commercial Unionist may deceive himself, and he may think himself loyal, that he could not be a traitor. Natural history acquaints us with a very interesting animal, the tadpole. It is not a fish, yet it dare not venture on dry land. But the microscope will reveal rudiments of the legs to be. It does not require a very powerful political microscopic examination of a Commercial Unionist to find out the rudiments of those feet that would lead him across the line. In fact, and I do not mean to be offensive, your Commercial Unionist is a tadpole traitor.—*Davin's Speech in Trupper Debate.*



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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

A LOP-SIDED CAST.

—As it is understood that a complete reorganization of the Abbott Cabinet is to be effected during recess, it may be hardly worth while to comment upon its present shape. We are confidently anticipating a more decent show for Ontario in the new

and the Maritime Provinces have secured all the star parts. In the coming reorganization we are glad to hear that these Ontario "hams" are to be released from their engagements altogether, and more talented people taken in. If a coalition is quite out of the question, the next best thing will be to get together the best and cleanest men of the Conservative party. We are glad to learn that Mr. Meredith may be induced to take a portfolio. The presence of Merdith and Thompson would give assurance of decent and honorable politics, and the party to which they belong has many men worthy to sit beside them.

DAVIN, THE LEARNED TADPOLOGIST.—Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin does much to supply the picturesque element to our rather prosy House of Commons. He is a scholar, a wit and an orator, and if he had, in addition, the stamina and self-control of Alexander Mackenzie, nothing could prevent him from being the greatest figure in his party. His recent speech in defence of Sir Charles Tupper was a good specimen of his forensic ability. The argument, to be sure, was somewhat sophistical, but this was not Davin's fault so much as that of the facts he had to deal with. His characterization of Commercial Unionists as "tadpole traitors" was a palpable hit, worthy of Disraeli, and worthy also of enduring record in these pages.



THERE seems to be a general consent among the managers of the Conservative Party to the proposition that either Chapeau or Langevin *must* be in the Cabinet, and *must* hold one of the great spending portfolios. The present understanding is that after the Session, Sir Hector is to be retired, and the Railways and Canals Department is then to be handed to his "hated rival." Now, it may be necessary to fairness that the Province of Quebec should be represented in the Government by a Minister presiding over one of the leading departments; but we deny—and it would be well for the Conservative party in their new departure to deny—the divine rights of the Langevins and Chapeaus to anything at all.

SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN may be reckoned a dead duck. Enough has already come out in the Tarte investigation to make him a political impossibility henceforth. Chapeau, however, has a future before him, and it is now in order to enquire what manner of man he is. Sir John Macdonald knew the gentleman pretty well and he took extraordinary care to keep him out of the great "spending departments." The fact is, Chapeau is a man of no administrative ability, and will be overweighted with the Railway Department as much as Dewdney is with that of the Interior. Furthermore he has made something of a name as a corruptionist. If he is superior to Langevin in cleanliness of method his record in the Provincial House must greatly libel him.

A CAPITAL suggestion has been made *re* the Fresh Air Fund. It is this: that instead of merely sending the bevy of poor children out for an occasional afternoon, the friends of the movement should organize them into a camp under proper supervision, and send them for a week or fortnight up to the Georgian Bay shore to pick blueberries. This luscious fruit grows there in perfection and in vast quantities, and is, season after season, left to rot, while the citizens of Toronto and other cities are hankering for supplies. The work would be really fun, and enough money could be made by the youngsters to form a neat little fund for the winter.

deal, however. In the existing "distribution of characters" the Premier Province is most shabbily treated. Ontario has nothing but third-rate offices, if we except the Minister of Customs, but of course, on the other hand, Ontario has given Parliament nothing but third-rate actors in the persons of Bowell, Carling and Haggart. A stage manager must cast his piece according to the material at his disposal, and it isn't Premier Abbott's fault if, meanwhile, Quebec



EXPLAINED.

MAUD (examining photo of Mr. Sappie Fitzdude)—“Why, how very grey he’s grown. He’s not quite thirty yet, and his hair is positively white.”

ETHEL—“That’s easily accounted for. The grey matter of his brain is on the outside.”

DR. WHITNEY, of Chicago—let the name be marked for everlasting scorn and shame, as that of an infernal fiend who has disgraced humanity—don’t forget it—Dr. Whitney, of Chicago. The other day a poor man named White went into this thing’s office with a terribly cut hand. The thing performed the operation of sewing up the wound. “What is to pay?” said the patient. “Three dollars,” was the reply. “I have only \$1.80 with me,” said White, offering the money. “Sit down again for a moment,” said Whitney—and before the unsuspecting victim comprehended anything, the thing seized a knife and ripped up the wound again, the blood spurting over the floor, and poor White screaming with agony. “Get out of here now, you miserable bum; I’ll teach you to try and do me out of my fee!” exclaimed the “Doctor.” The unfortunate man fainted outside, and was picked up by the police and cared for. The account does not add that Whitney was lynched, but better men have been. Don’t forget his name!

LADY MACDONALD concludes her beautifully written reply to the address of condolence sent her by the Conservative Members of Parliament, in these words:—“I shall watch so long as my life lasts with earnest anxiety the progress of public affairs in this country, as for the last twenty-five years I have been proud to do, and pray as I have always prayed that the Almighty Ruler of all men would in His mercy grant wisdom, foresight and firmness to the policy and counsels of the great Conservative party.” Nobly said; but surely her Ladyship’s patriotism is broad enough to inspire her to include in her orisons the other Party as well. Indeed, if so disposed, Lady Macdonald could do much, by her unique influence, to bring about the much-needed amelioration of party bitterness in Canada, and no task could become her better.

IN an interesting illustrated article in the Kingston *Whig* of June 18th, we read:

Should the Liberals prove victorious Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the

young and popular leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, will undoubtedly be the foremost man of Canada.

Will the *Whig* kindly mention at what time Mr. Laurier became a knight? Or is this blunder to be placed on the American manufacturer of the *Whig*’s imported boiler-plate?

“SMILE, PLEASE, AND LOOK PLEASANT.”

I’M a farmer near Hogg’s Holler, on the First Concession Line, And when wheat was nigh two dollars and barley eighty-nine, When buyers ’ud take your stuff and skercely at your samples look, Well—I’d money then to spare, and so I got my picture took.

The feller stood me nigh a wall, with forks behind my ear, And knobs a-stickin’ in my back—I couldn’t wink for fear I’d spile the whole arrangement—to breathe I mostly dassen’t, Then he peeked behind a cloth and said, “Smile, please, and look pleasant.”

I’ve got that doggoned picture yit, a-tacked up in the barn, And many cur’us things since then that picter’s helped me larn. Soon times got dull and wheat went flat, and bankrupt nearly all us. Then I turned my coat and plumped my vote for the N.P. and: Clarke Wallace.

Hogg’s Holler’d be a factory place, tall chimneys by the hunder; The hum of work from dawn till dark would make the people wonder;

And wheat would rise beyond the skies, and barley—well, at present I can’t remember all the stuff, but I smiled and looked quite pleasant.

But the great N.P. don’t work, you see, and wheat ain’t on the raise, And barley ain’t a-boomin’, and there’s scarce a crop that pays. Our member hain’t explained all this—I really think he hasn’t— But tells of ruined gamester Grits—so “smile, please, and look pleasant.”

We’ve tax-knobs stuck into our backs, tax forks behind each ear— Everything we sell is cheap, and what we buy is dear; Our income ’stead o’ growin’ is yearly gettin’ lessened— But we have got to grin and bear—so “smile, please, and look pleasant.” BOB CRABTREE.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

(NOT FOUND IN PLUTARCH).

“WHAT ho! Synchronides!” cried the haughty Emperor Xerxes, to one of his generals as his army suddenly came to a halt before the pass of Thermopylæ; “What meaneth this? Why do not the troops move forward?”

“Please, your most noble and sublime Magnificence, before the splendor of whose countenance—”

“Oh, leave all that out this time,” cried the monarch, “I move it be taken as read. Give us the facts.”

“Well then, your—I mean to say—” faltered the officer—“some Greek scaliwags have got in the way with pikes and poleaxes and things.”

“By the beard of Zoroaster!” screamed the monarch in fury, “but they have gall! Things have come to a pretty pass—” and he broke off speechless with indignation.

“Yes, indeed, sire!” observed the trembling Synchronides, gazing around him with affected admiration, “the landscape is indeed charmingly picturesque and romantic. I have seldom witnessed more lovely scenery.”

“Idiot! Off with his head!” remarked the king, and a member of his bodyguard performed the operation with neatness and despatch, as Xerxes moved rapidly to the rear.

AT THE COLLEGE OF MUSIC CONCERT.

MR. WOODBINE (reading programme)—“Piano—16 hands.” This must be horse-play!



POSSIBLY A HINT.

TIMID LOVER—"I think there ought to be a law passed to compel the muzzling of all dogs."

HER FATHER (severely)—"Nonsense, sir. I wouldn't give a cent for a dog that wouldn't bite. Come here, Towser, and let this gentleman see your teeth."

PROFESSIONAL HUMOR.

FOR many years there reigned in the *sanctum* of a certain newspaper, in a certain American city not far from Toronto, a Professional Funny-man. His name in due time became as well known throughout America as that of Henry Ward Beecher or P. T. Barnum, and he was regarded as one of the great humorists of the day. His popularity was high in the nation which regards the writers of *Punch* as a lot of dismal fellows who do not know what fun is. At last (just a few weeks ago, in fact), this brilliant wit was captured by one of the big New York dailies, and he now occupies a finely furnished room in a very magnificent newspaper palace, and enjoys "the largest salary paid to any newspaper man in America." With these words of introduction we wish to submit to our discriminating readers a specimen of the sort of thing this great humorist furnishes in fulfillment of his present contract. Those of them who are familiar with the much-abused *Punch* will be able to decide for themselves just in what respects and to what extent the humor is superior to the English article:

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"What's the matter, and what have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser as he came home the other day half an hour ahead of his usual time, and being loaded down with a heavy purchase of something.

"Don't ask me any questions now!" he replied as he dropped his hat and squirmed out of his overcoat.

"Is anything wrong—are you sick?" she anxiously demanded.

"Don't say a word—not a word, and don't bother me for ten minutes! I hope I'm in time to avert the danger!"

She turned pale and fell upon the sofa, and he hurriedly broke the string securing the package, seized the

three quart-bottles, which comprised its contents, and rushed upstairs, down the back stairs, down into the basement and up again. A strange, disagreeable odor followed him as he hustled around, and by the time he had returned to the sitting-room Mrs. Bowser had recovered sufficiently to ask:

"Mr. Bowser, what on earth are you doing, and what in the name of goodness is that stuff?"

"What have I been doing? Saving our lives, Mrs. Bowser—saving the life of every one under this roof!"

"But I—I didn't know our lives were in danger."

"Of course not. If the house was on fire from top to bottom and the firemen pitching our furniture out of the windows, you might possibly realize the fact, but it has never struck you that death silently lurks in every room in this house."

"How you talk, Mr. Bowser! What has been the danger hanging over us?"

"Microbes, Mrs. Bowser," he whispered, as he sat down and wiped his heated face. "Microbes and bacteria—millions of 'em!"

"It can't be!" she replied.

"Can't it! You've lived in New York two weeks, been out as far as Broadway once, and you think you know all about it! I knew, of course, but having so many other things to see to, this one slipped my mind until to-day."

"But what causes that terrible odor?"

"Nothing terrible about it, as I see. On the contrary, I rather like it. It is the odor of disinfectants, Mrs. Bowser—the odor of something which has no doubt saved our lives."

"How?"

"By killing off the microbes and bacteria, which would soon have entered our systems and produced terrible illness, if not death."

"Well, I suppose you know best," she said, as she



CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

ALGERNON—"Awfully manfish get-up that young lady wears, don't you think?"

CHOLLY—"Oh, she's a daughter of one of our Knights, and wears a shirt of *male* out of respect for the old feudal days."



THE PACKING UP SEASON.

CHORUS OF NEPHEWS AND NIECES (to stout Uncle John)—“Please, Uncle, come and sit on our portmanteaux and boxes.”

opened a window to let a yard or two of the carbolic smell dodge out.

“Certainly I do, certainly. All husbands do. Mrs. Bowser, let me draw you a picture of a microbe. You can then realize the danger which menaced us.”

He drew the insect and as she surveyed it in surprise and disgust, he continued:

“Nice thing to have about forty of those birds cantering around through your system, eh?”

“Where do they come from?”

“Sewer-gas. By this time to-morrow the house would have been swarming with them, and nothing on earth could have saved us from typhoid fever or diphtheria. If the microbe was the only thing to look out for I shouldn't have been so anxious, but there is the bacteria.”

“What's that?”

“Here's a picture of him, comes in the same way, and his mission is to eat out the lungs. It is calculated that 2,000 of them will eat out the strongest man's lungs in a month.”

“And they were in this house?” she asked.

“Right here in this house.”

“And ready to be absorbed into our systems?”

“Not only ready, but anxious.”

“You are sure you don't mean cockroaches? I saw two under the kitchen sink yesterday, and was going to ask you to get some powdered borax.”

“Mrs. Bowser,” he began, as he stood up. “are you growing soft in the top of your head? Do I know a Bengal tiger from a woodchuck?”

“I—I suppose so.”

“But I don't know a microbe or a bacteria from a cockroach?” he thundered.

“But I never heard you speak of them before, and I—I—”

“Do you imagine that I or any other husband sits down and tells his wife all he knows?” he shouted. “Because I haven't told you that a jack-rabbit's legs have three joints, is that any reason why I haven't known it for forty years?”

“But this is medical science, isn't it?” she softly protested.

“And suppose it is! Do you suppose I've gone slashing around all these years with nothing but a recipe for making soft soap in my head?”

She was silent, and after striding up and down the room a few times, he halted before her, and continued:

“A wife isn't expected to know these things, of course, but I'll be accounted a pretty husband and father and member of a scientific club if I didn't know all about microbes and bacteria.”

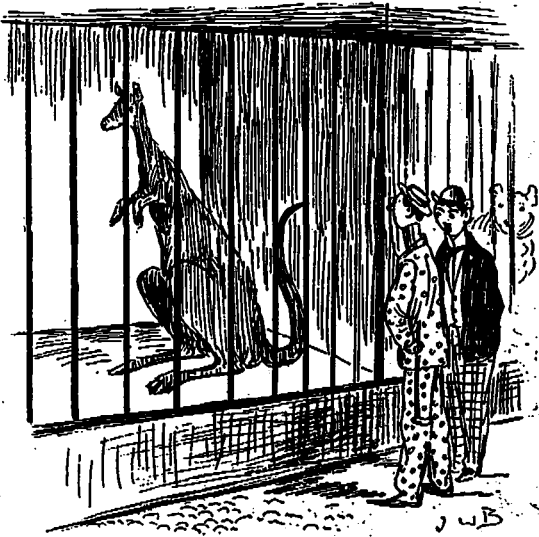
“But that picture of a bacteria looks like a lobster,” she persisted.

“Lobster! Looks like a lobster, does it? Very well, Mrs. Bowser, this discussion will end right here. It is plain enough that you haven't the necessary knowledge to appreciate it.

“But don't you”—

“Never you mind, Mrs. Bowser! Let it drop right here. Is supper ready?”

The odor was so strong in the dining room that the butter tasted of it, and after supper the cook called Mrs. Bowser into the kitchen to ask:



AT THE ZOO.

MR. WAGGE—"Kangaroo. Poor beast, he's going to die soon."

MR. CHUMP—"What makes you think so?"

MR. WAGGE—"Why, don't you see that he's on his last legs."

"Is it going to be like this all the time?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Bowser had to kill off the microbes and bacteria, you see."

"What's them?"

"I'll have him come out and explain."

"No need of it ma'am, for my bundle is all made up and I'm going. A man who'll drag dead cats through his own house would cheat a poor girl out of her wages at the end of a month. Microbes and bacteria, eh? I don't believe it! Let him show them to me up in the zoological gardens!"

When Mrs. Bowser told Mr. Bowser what had occurred he bristled up, got red in the face and exclaimed:

"I see how it is; couldn't carry your point with me, and so you went out and upset the girl! Mrs. Bowser, you are treading on dangerous ground—very dangerous. A husband may be a worm, but if that worm is stepped on too often, he turns!"

THE SWELL STREET TAILOR.

SCENE.—A Swell Street Merchant Tailor's Shop.
(Not any shop really carried on there, you know, but an imaginary shop).

Enter LARKER (who has just come from a Queen street shop, where he has arranged to have a coat made for \$10—first-rate business coat, good material and workmanlike finish. Thinks he would like to amuse himself with some comparisons of price).

THE TAILOR (coming to meet Larker as he enters, with an air of exclusive hauteur, which is expressed in a peculiarly aristocratic knock-kneed walk).—"Well, sir?"

LARKER.—"Morning, sir."

THE TAILOR.—"Morning. Anything you wished, sir?"

LARKER (slapping his leg).—"Think you could match this trowsering?"

THE TAILOR (severely).—"No, sir. We don't match things here. No; I'm quite sure we can't match it."

LARKER.—"But don't you think you have something

somewhat like it. I'm not very particular as to the exact match."

THE TAILOR.—"No, sir; in fact we don't believe in dark trowserings here, sir."

LARKER.—"Oh, you don't! What do you believe in?"

THE TAILOR.—"Something more like this" (indicating his own trousers, which are made of rough horse-blanketing material of a yellowish-white shade).

LARKER.—"Ah! You don't approve of anything but that sort of thing, hey?"

THE TAILOR.—"No, sir."

LARKER.—"But you don't mean that you would have everybody wearing the same sort and shade of trowser?"

THE TAILOR.—"Yes, sir; most decidedly, if we could have our way about it, sir."

LARKER.—"Well, I was thinking of getting a pair of pants to go with this coat and vest. What would you suggest?"

THE TAILOR.—"Er—um—well, I should suggest a nice contrast, sir. This, for example" (again indicating his own trowsering).

LARKER.—"Yes? Well, I may perhaps decide to have a coat made, too. What would you charge for a coat like this one?"

THE TAILOR.—"That would depend a good deal on the material, sir."

LARKER.—"Oh, just good serviceable tweed or something of that sort."

THE TAILOR (airily).—"Oh, from thirty to thirty-four dollars—say thirty-two."

LARKER (suppressing a start).—"Yes, quite so; (musically) Thirty-two, hey? I suppose if I got a vest as well it would be—how much?"

THE TAILOR (with indifference).—"Oh, not much more. The complete suit wouldn't cost more than—say thirty-seven—just a plain business suit, you know."

LARKER.—"I see. Thirty-seven for the suit; thirty-two for the coat—say three for the vest—"

THE TAILOR.—"Yes, about three."

LARKER.—"Well—er—let's see. I guess I'll just get you to make me the trowser. They ought to be worth two dollars at least, if they look as well as those you have on. Take my measure, now, will you?"

But when Larker who had been examining a roll of cloth, turned round, he found the tailor prone upon the floor in a fit of apoplexy. As Larker passed out, he met two \$5 a week dudes going in to order their summer outfits. They lifted the recumbent form of their clothier, and carried it into the back office.

FOOTBALL AND POLITICS.

AT the committee meeting of the Western Football Association held Saturday evening for the purpose of considering the proposal of sending a Canadian team to England, one of the members suggested delay.

"Better not decide as to who shall go till after the Government has been formed," he said. "Government! what's that got to do with football, I'd like to know?" asked another.

"Well, just this—that we want the best kickers we can get, don't we?"

"Why cert."

"Well, then, just you wait till its known who's going to be Minister of Railways, and if you don't see some of the darnedest kicking ever experienced in this country I'm mightily mistaken."

"Order! order!" said the chairman, "no more of these political allusions, if you please."



"EXPECTANCY."

THE PREMIER.— "NOW, S T PERFECTLY STILL WITHOUT YELPING OR BARKING UNTIL THE SESSION IS OVER, AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT."



CHRISTIAN UNION.

FAIR PARISHIONER—"The prospects of Christian Union seem to be getting brighter, don't you think so, Dr. Rambler?"

REV. DR. RAMBLER—"Decidedly so. There is now a substantial union amongst the Evangelical denominations on many doctrines, and an absolute agreement among the ministers on at least one important point—the necessity and duty of going to Europe for a summer holiday."

ANECDOTES OF THE NEW PREMIER.

HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, the Premier *pro tem*, is comparatively unknown to the people of Ontario. In order to invest him with the individuality which so prominent a personage ought to possess, GRIP last week detailed his special anecdotist to get up a few strictly original and exclusive anecdotes concerning him. He brought us in the following gist of reminiscences which considering that he had to depend wholly on his imagination, are fair to middling.

When Premier Abbott was a boy he was of a remarkably reflective turn of mind and fond of reading. With the shrewdness which has characterized his later years he always preferred borrowing books to buying them and saved his money for the circus. His studious habits excited the attention of the neighbors, who predicted a great future for him. One day the village pastor happened in and, struck with the readiness with which he answered the question of "Who were our first parents?" and "Who was Noah?" laid his aged hand upon the boy's golden curls and remarked impressively, "I foresee that this boy will some day be premier of our glorious Dominion." The fact that there wasn't any Dominion at the time nor till about forty years later obviously makes the prediction all the more remarkable.

As a young man Abbott was by no means a fluent or ready speaker. Anxious to perfect himself in facility of expression he joined a debating club and undertook to lead the affirmative on the occasion of a public debate on the question "Resolved that the pleasures of anticipation are greater than those of participation." After a few incoherent remarks of an apologetic nature, to the effect that he had not had sufficient time for preparation, he sat down in confusion and an armchair. Here again the individuality of his character asserted itself. He did not remark, "I sit down now but the time will come when," etc., which is the regular thing for embryo statesmen to say under similar circumstances.

An instance of his quickness of repartee which deserves

to be remembered occurred while he was struggling to acquire a footing at the bar. One day he indulged in a new checked suit. Being very hard up he was obliged to resort to a pawnshop to procure sufficient to appease the demands of his landlady. "Whither bound?" said a friend who met him on his way to the pawnbroker. "I must raise some money and am trying to get my checks cashed," wittily replied the future Premier.

A prominent feature of Mr. Abbott's character is his *bonhomie*—which bears traces of careful and assiduous cultivation. It is an article that no politician can afford to dispense with. He is accessible to the humblest with whom he has accustomed himself to converse with comparative ease and *insouciance*. Meeting a *habitan* one day on the road the latter remarked, "*Bon jour, monsieur.*" "*Oui,*" returned Mr. Abbott without a moment's hesitation. "*Ici on parle Francais n'est ce pas? C'est le fin de siecle. Va-t-en vaurien!*" And in this style he continued the conversation for some minutes. This incident may seem trifling to some, but it is little things like these that shed a light upon the true character of public men and make us ordinary folks feel our inferiority to premiers and knights and such.

Talking of knights it is an open secret that Hon. Mr. Abbott was once offered the boon of knighthood and refused it—on the ground that it was getting altogether too cheap and common. His *mot* on the occasion gained extensive currency in the clubs. "I might have accepted a baronetcy," he remarked with an air of deliberation as of one trying to remember a sentence carefully thought out beforehand. "Yes, I would not so much mind being a baronet, but I will not be a barren knight." And then he ordered up a round of drinks. It is necessary to do this sometimes when you have a character for *bonhomie* to sustain.

CRYING OUT TOO SOON.

SHE—"John, did you order wood to-day?"

HE—"No, Susan. I declare I clean forgot all about it. I'll attend to it to-morrow or next day."

SHE—"Just like you. You know we've hardly any left. Not more than a dozen sticks. I never saw such a man! etc."

HE—"Well my dear, remember the old proverb—'Don't holler till your out of the wood.'"

ON GARRISON COMMON.

MISS QUEENIE O'RYFELS—"And why do they wave that red flag near the target so often? Do you know, Grenna?"

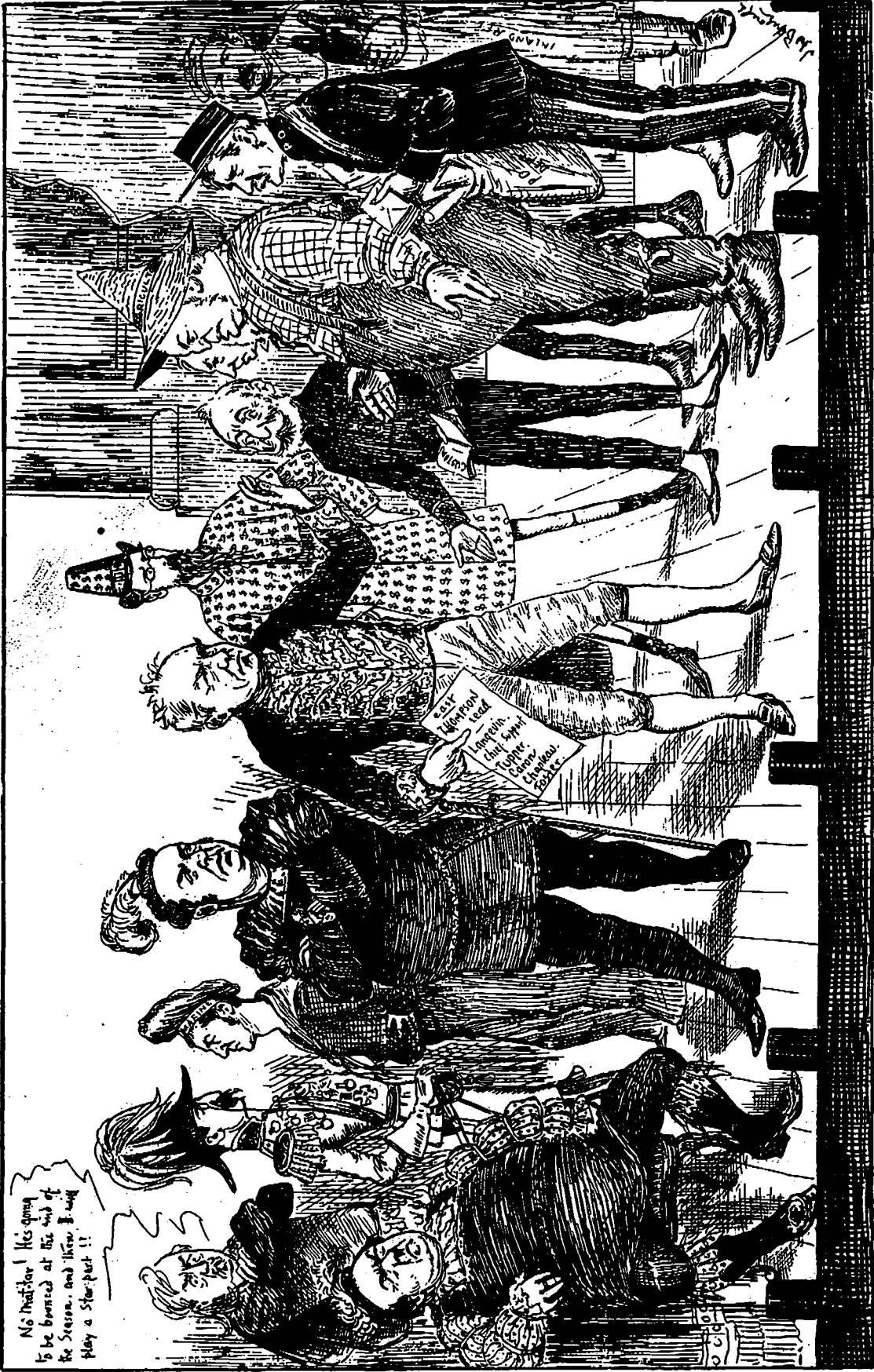
MISS GRENNA D'ERE—"Well, really Queenie, I'm not quite sure!" (*With sudden inspiration*). "Perhaps it's to distract the attention of the bulls eye!"

MISS Q. O. R.—"Oh, you clever darling! Of course that must be it! I don't know how it is you always seem to know everything!"

JUSTIFICATION.

EXASPERATED MOTHER—"Maudie, what in the world possessed you to be such a naughty little girl as to tell Professor Reddemall that I said he was a nasty little worm?"

MAUDIE (*justifying herself*)—"Well mamma, so you did! You know you told Mrs. Cawler yesterday that the Proff was a regular book-worm. Scolding me when I never did a thing?"



A LOP-SIDED "CAST."

CARLING—"HERE, MR. STAGE MANAGER, THIS WON'T DO. YOU'VE GIVEN ALL THE FAT PARTS TO QUÉBEC AND LOWER PROVINCE ACTORS, AND ALL THE MINOR PARTS TO S!'
 ABBOTT—"TRUE; ONTARIO GETS THE MINOR PARTS BECAUSE SHE SUPPLIES ONLY MINOR ACTORS, DON'T YOU SEE?"



"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

MAN-AFRID-TO-TALK-BACK-TO-HIS-MOTHER-IN-LAW (*flourishing knife*)—"Wah, me had Injun; take pale face scalp."

MR. MAN-OUT-WEST—"Don't trouble yourself, my friend; allow me to hand it to you."—*Life*.

WHY NOT IN ONTARIO?

AS MR. GRIP sat in his *sanctum* the other day, providing the next ensuing supply for the fun-loving public, the dingy room was suddenly illumined by an unwonted—but by no means unwanted—ray of what seemed to be sunshine. "It can't be the sun," soliloquised MR. GRIP, "for this room is on the shady side of the house; nor can it be the electric light, for that illuminator has not yet been turned on; then it must be the countenance of——" "John Boyd, Sinitor, av Saint John, New Brunswick," put in a cherry voice, and, quickly rising and turning, MR. GRIP found that distinguished gentleman bowing in the door way. "Come right in and take the softest seat, Senator," said MR. GRIP, heartily. "A visit from you at any time is better than a medicinal tonic. And now that you're here I insist upon your explaining to me the why and wherefore of the internal satisfaction, peace, comfort and joy, which make your countenance perpetually to shine like that of the prophet we read of in the good book. In his case it was inward grace——"

"An' in moine" interjected the Senator, "it's not outward grasc,—but to come to the p'int at wance, it's the New Brunswick schools, sor!"

"The New Brunswick schools?" said MR. GRIP, rather puzzled. "That very same;" and the visitor's face fairly glistened with jubilation. "I had a hand years ago in bringin' about the prisint happy shtate av affairs wid reference to schools in the Province beyant, an' iver since I've been filled to the oyes wid comfort an' pleasure."

"Here," said MR. GRIP, "sit down and help yourself to a glass of city water, and tell me all about it," and he settled himself back in his *sanctum* chair to listen to the story. "Thank ye kindly," said the Senator, "but ye'll excuse me drinkin' the water. Iv'e hard about it. Well, the shtory's not long. Listen to me now:

"Twenty years ago, the New Brunswick Governmint passed a school-law. It raised a howly ruction wid the Catholic part av the people, an' the row wint on like Donnybrook for foive long years. They howled it down

for bein' 'Godless,' an' wint to Ottaway, an' to the Imperial Parliamint to get it repaled, but cuddn't get it. Thin the Bishop av St. John, a dacent ould gentleman, sint for me to come an' talk to him an' see if we cuddn't patch up the unpleasantness—me bein' Chairman av the School Board, dy'e moind. Well, I wint, I saw, an' begorra, I conquered—or rather common sense did bechuxt us. This is how we settled it. Now listen to this, for be the same token, I see no raison why yez shouldn't have the same here in Ontario. We agreed to lave the Catholic school houses standin', av course, the same to be rinted be the School Board from the Church durin' the school hours on foive days av the week; the brothers and nuns to be léft to tayche, av they wud pass examinations loike other taychers befor the regular examiners an' get certificates, dy'e see? Thin, durin' school hours, thim foive days, sorra a book to be used but the same as all the public schools had, an' no imblims av the Church to be in the Catholic schools forby a picture av the scene on Calvary that any Christian, Protestan' or Catholic, wuddn't object to. 'Whin school is out,' sez I to the Bishop, 'yez can tache the Catechism an' Saint's days to yer heart's content, but whin school is in, nothing but the regular school books. Av course,' sez I, 'yez can rade a chapter av the Douay Bible, an' the Lord's Prayer from the same, to open an' close wid, as we do in the Public Schools.' 'All right,' sez the Bishop. 'I belave the arrangement is a splendid wan.' An' so it was done, an be the hokey pokey, av the grand ould man didn't give me his blessin' be name, from the Cathedral pulpit, an' call me a Christian gentleman! Well, sor, what's been the consequence? For fifteen years we have enjied peace an' good fellowship bechuxt Protestants an' Catholics, an' the Catholic byes and girls are now gettin' as good a shtart in loife as their Protestan' play mates, which they don't in Taranto, I'll be bound. It's glorious, sir, an' its no wondher me face beams wid deloight, as yez say. I was the manes of doin' a blessed days work for me city an' Province, an' I thank God ivery day that He allowed me to do it. Nothing wud persuade our Catholics to go back to the ould arrangement. Now, tell me, fwhat's the raisin that yez couldn't settlé the question the same way here in this Province? I can't pause for a reply, howsomiver, MISTHER GRIP, as I have an important engagement to meet Archbishop Walsh an' talk it over wid him. But think about it, an' stir up the public to think about it. Good day, sor!"

And the genial Irishman was off in a jiffy.

AT MRS. CROWDEM'S MUSICALE.

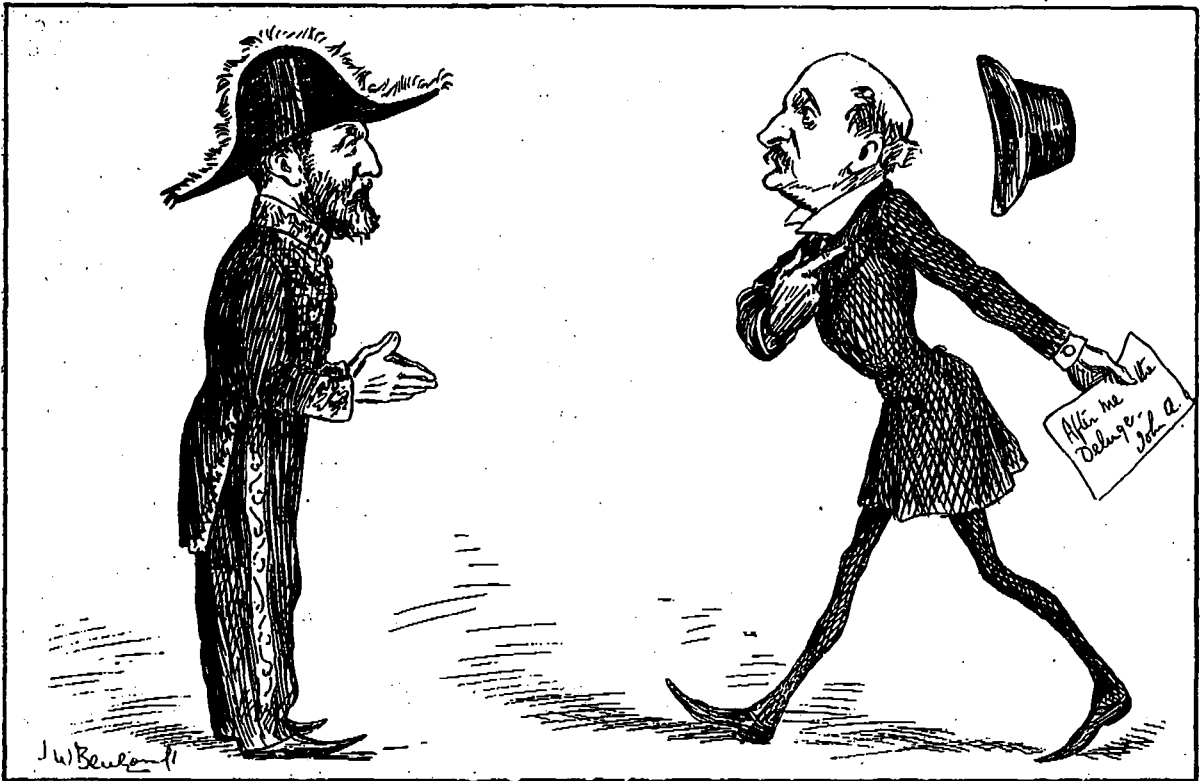
MRS. SMITH (*to country cousin*)—"Don't you consider that Miss Banger plays the piano with a great deal of soul?"

C. C. (*apparently relieved*)—"Oh! She does use her feet then! I was wondering how she could make such a n ise as all that with only her hands!"

AS GOOD AS A SUMMER RESORT.

MRS. PARDIGGLE—"Are you going to the country this summer, Mrs. Borrowdale?"

MRS. BORROWDALE—"Oh, no! You know we've moved out into the suburbs. The neighborhood is pleasant, but the rooms are inconveniently small and very hot and stuffy, the mosquitoes torment us all evening, and the bedbugs keep us awake all night. Haven't we all the comforts of a summer hotel



THE CHILD OF DESTINY !

DAVIN—"Your Excellency, you've made a terrible blunder in calling Abbott! Sir John plainly indicated *me* as his successor. When he used the expression, 'After me the Deluge,' who could he have meant but Nicholas FLOOD Davin?"

SMART POLITICS.

THE fellow who imagines that all the political smartness of the Conservative party was buried with the late Premier is making a serious mistake. Just notice how neatly the caucus cleared the prohibition hurdle the other day. Mr. Taylor's plebiscite idea was a pretty clever scheme for getting out of the difficulty which now confronts the party, but the horizon has of late become murky and threatening with church resolutions demanding immediate legislative action, and specifically denouncing the plebiscite proposal. The caucus decided to vote down Mr. Taylor's motion, and in its stead to introduce one in favor of a Royal Commission of Enquiry, to gather information as to how prohibition has worked in those States which have given it a trial. This has a reasonable sound about it, and at the same time it staves the question off beautifully. Besides this, it opens the way for a pleasant and extended tour for a deputation of good Conservatives at the public expense. We will confess ourselves mistaken, too, if the Commission isn't made up of seekers for truth who will feel very much away from home in those parts of the foreign territory in which drinks can't be had.

DOUBLING IT.

IT is on the cards that Premier Abbott is to receive the honor of Knighthood on Dominion Day so as to "increase his prestige." The theory, we suppose, is that two ordinary Sir Johns at the head of the Conservative party ought to make up for the loss of one extraordinary Sir John.

MORAL ETHICS.

A LECTURE AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE BY THE LEARNED PRINCIPAL.

GENTLEMEN,—As moral truth and beauty are more effectively impressed by concrete example than by abstract dissertation, I propose on this occasion to place before you a character which seems to me to fulfil all the requirements of our highest ideals of virtue. As a Christian teacher, I might perhaps be expected to name the Founder of our Faith or one of his Apostles as my illustration, but on this occasion I think it useful to select a man of our own times and of our own country, as more likely to bring home to you the truths I wish to emphasize. My example, therefore, is Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. In the character of this noble, truthful, patriotic and talented Canadian we have the—

(But the rest of the lecture was inaudible on account of the uproar of mingled laughter, hooting, groans and cat-calls which greeted the learned Principal.)

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

SCENE—(Warder Office, Lindsay).

EMILY ORANGEMAN—"Shtop my paper, Mистер Hughes, I'm done wid the Tory party!"

EDITOR HUGHES (alarmed)—"Why, what's the matter?"

EMILY ORANGEMAN—"Matter! Shure, you know well enough. Dy'e think, afther spakin' agin the Jesuit Bill, I'm goin' to folly an Abbot for me political lader? Not much!"

[Exit in indignation.]



DEAR FRIENDS AGAIN.

LILA—"I always thought Mr. Slowpop very bashful and retiring, but last night he actually kissed me!"

MAUD—"Dear me! How surprised you must have felt?"

—Pick-me-up.

TO THE "OLD PARTY."

OUT from our bounds they're going, scores, hundreds, day by day,
O'er country roads and city streets they take their lingering way;
They choke down tears and smile "good-bye," our gallant boys and true—
The lads that love the dear "old flag" at least as well as you.

Yet must they seek an alien shore, to live as exiles there,
For lack of place to earn their bread, though that might be to spare;
Claim not of room for honest toil their feet afar must roam,
The lads that ought to be the stay of their "old folks at home."

Ye send our best and brightest forth, our nation's hope and pride—
More precious to our country's weal than all her wealth beside—
To be the strength of alien States, of empire not our own,
And all to "build the nation up" without its corner-stone!

Then, from the dregs of other lands, the wretched and the weak,
Unfit for what before them lies, new suffering come to seek.
Will they give back to Canada the strength she casts away?
Will they replace the gallant lads that leave our shores to-day?

Drag not the generous, brave "old flag" into a party cry—
Its folds have waved for freedom oft on many a day gone by;
Claim not its name, its grand old fame, for tyranny disguised,
To hide the need of selfish greed, or power and place misprised.

The motherland we hold so dear, across the stormy main,
Seeks not to fetter freeborn sons for sake of petty gain;
The mother liveth for the child, a mother sure is she;
Our gain is hers, her truest good a prosperous child to see.

Look at our ruined toilers driven from their father's fields!
See what a mournful harvest a selfish sowing yields!
Hear the "Starvation Army's" mournful cry for work or bread!
Will ye stop the tide of plenty from whence they might be fed?

Let the old free trade banner wave to the freshening breeze!
Let Britain's lead be followed by her sons across the seas!
Break down restrictive barriers that dam the waters back,
That in a thousand streams might flow with blessings in their track!

God gave this mighty continent to this our fathers' race;
The North and South He made for all, and crowned them with His
grace,
That each might fill the other's lack, and love and plenty reign;
What He hath joined together, let no man cleave in twain!

Good doth but grow by using, and mutual help begun
Shall grow and spread to other lands till all earth's trade be one!
Awake from prejudice and hate, and falsehood's baleful spell,
And save a suffering people, and the land we love so well.

Kingston, Ont.

FIDELIS.

AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

"THERE'S a good deal of bosh about many of the popular adages of our language," remarked the Professor.

"Yes, I've often thought so," assented the Poet.

"For instance," put in the Plain Boarder, "the fellow who invented the saying, 'There's nothing like leather,' never tackled a beefsteak like this."

And our landlady looked daggers.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

OLD SCOTCHMAN—"Hoots man! but ye don't know what's nice gin ye no like the bagpipes! Its beautiful music, especially at a little distance!"

YOUNG CANADIAN—"Ah! Perhaps that's it! They have always been too near by when I have heard them played! Possibly I might like the music if far enough away—(aside)—Scotland is about near enough for me."

THE WHY OF IT.

WHY do mine eyes with sudden tears,
Unbidden, scalding, drops o'erflow!
I scarce can speak, dulled is the brain
That beats behind my throbbing brow.

It is not that my love is false,
Nor mourn I for some dear one dead,
I went to hear the band in the park
And caught, a-tchew, this cold in my head!

WORSE THAN VULGAR.

TOMMY—"Oh, ma, just look at this toad. It's the biggest I ever seen. It's a regular old he-one."

MA (member of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association)—How often have I told you, Tommy, not to use that expression. It's exceedingly vulgar, and worse than that it is based upon the false and exploded notion that the male sex is superior to the female."

A DUBIOUS PHRASE.

PLUGWINCH—"How time flies! I met Mrs. Boscoby on King Street. Why, it seems only yesterday that she was a girl, and now she has three blooming daughters."

MISS LETITIA PLUGWINCH—"Oh, papa, I do wish you would not use such horrid coarse language. It's shocking!"

HIS MOUSTACHE COMING.

FOND MOTHER—"Don't you think Johnny has grown since you last saw him?"

OLD FRIEND—"Well! well! well! He has grown up almost a man now, and (with a glance), not only grown up, but I see is beginning to grow down!"

NAT. HIST. MEM.

"NATURE'S REALM" has an interesting article on "The Crow as a Pet." The Raven is a greater family favorite in Canada. It answers to the name GRIP, and is only two dollars a year. Now is the time to subscribe.

FASHION ITEM.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN attended a swell function at Ottawa the other evening wearing his hair *decollete*.



THOUGH ON PLEASURE SHE WAS BENT, SHE HAD A FRUGAL MIND.

ROSALIE—"Oh, Edith, let's have a dolls' tennis party."

EDITH—"But dolls can't play tennis."

ROSALIE—"I know that; but the girls who bring them can, and then, as the party is given for the dolls, we won't have to have anything to eat."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

WHEN you find a wife who knows how to manage her husband in spite of all his weaknesses and failings, you are pretty near to the only marriage that isn't a decided failure.—*Somerville Journal.*

FREE until June 25th. In order to more fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment we will cure cases of Catarrh absolutely free of all charge. For free cure call before June 25th Address, Medical Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

WHEN a three-time widow tells No. 4 that she believes love is sacred, it is in order for him to go out to the graveyard and shed tears upon the mounds that hide his predecessors.—*Chicago Sun.*

SHUN harsh purgatives. To regulate the Bowels, act upon the Liver, and restore a healthy tone to the system take the milder and more natural means, Burdock Blood Bitters. "The demand is good, and it is giving satisfaction to our customers," write N. C. Polson & Co., druggists, Kingston, regarding the great Blood and Liver medicine Burdock Blood Bitters.

If you have any relatives beware of them. If you happen to get in a tight place they won't help you, but if you are flush they will help themselves.—*National Weekly.*

THE average man enjoys the marvelous. He will pay for having his fortune told by canary birds or learned pig, when he knows there is nothing in it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

MADE FROM PURE PEARL BARLEY.—Dyer's Improved Food for Infants is highly nutritious, easily digested, endorsed by leading physicians, and not expensive. Twenty-five cents. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

RHEUMATISM, Gout, Lumbago and similar troubles will not linger with you if your blood is pure, if it is not, we would recommend you to take Burdock Blood Bitters at once.

"Has given the most unqualified satisfaction in this section," writes John B. Dale, druggist, Wyoming, of the great blood purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

WOMEN never do things by halves. A man shooting at a target shuts one eye, but a woman shuts both.—*Buffalo Courier.*

THE traveller may grip his GRIP,
And read so awful jolly;
But ah! La Grippe comes with his grip,
And makes him melancholy.

The only thing to kill La Grippe,
And his little tricks confound,
Is to have a firm and solid grip
On Paine's Celery Compound.

MR. CONECAKE—"Ticket for Pecosset, Rhode Islan'."

AGENT—"Air line?"

MR. CONECAKE—"Blame it, no! Steam cars."

BAD Blood, low vitality and a Scrofulous condition of the system leads to Consumption and other wasting forms of disease. The preventive and cure is Burdock Blood Bitters.

"A customer claims it saved his life. I find it the best selling patent medicine I have in the shop," says J. E. Kennedy, chemist, Cobourg, regarding Burdock Blood Bitters.

THE LOST CHORD—A stolen clothes-line.

DAUGHTER—"Why is it, ma, that a honey-moon is supposed to last only three months?"

MA—"At the end of three months the quarterly bills come in."—*New York Weekly.*

THE BANK OF TORONTO.

THE statement presented to the shareholders of the Bank of Toronto at the recent annual meeting was of a most encouraging character, showing a degree of prosperity which few institutions of the kind can equal. The net profits of the Bank for the year 1890-91 are \$282,449, being upwards of 14 per cent. on the capital. A dividend of 10 per cent. was declared and \$100,000 added to the rest account, which in all amounts to \$1,600,000, or 80 per cent. of the capital. As appears from a review of the progress of the Bank by its President, Mr. Gooderham, the capital has increased, since 1861, from \$789,570 to \$2,000,000, and the deposits, which in that year were \$478,467, are now \$7,197,570. The rest and profits reserved have risen from \$79,993 to \$1,740,046 in the same period. This is highly creditable to the management of Mr. D. Coulson, the cashier, whose experience and sound financial judgment have largely contributed to the prosperity of the institution.

A GOOD MATCH—One that does not go out.

It restores the bloom of health to the pallid cheek. Burdock Blood Bitters acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, Stomach and Bowel's, purifies, regulates and strengthens.

"We have never sold a medicine that has given such general satisfaction, as Burdock Blood Bitters," says Joseph Coad, of Frankville, Ont.

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The Ontario Mutual Life

ANNUAL REPORT.

The twenty-first annual meeting of The Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, on Thursday, May 28, 1891. The attendance was both influential and representative, there having been (apart from the Company's agents, many of whom were present) prominent policy-holders from Berlin, Stratford, Toronto, Brockville, Belleville, Calgary and other distant places.

William Hendry, Manager, was present as usual and occupied a seat on the platform. The President, I. E. Bowman, Esq., M.P., having taken the chair, on motion, the Secretary of the Company, W. H. Riddell, Esq., acted as secretary of the meeting. The minutes of last meeting, on motion, were taken as read and confirmed. The President then read

THE DIRECTORS' REPORT.

Your Directors, in submitting their twenty-first annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1890, are again in a position to report to you with confidence that the business of the Company during the year was, in its essential features and general results, of a highly satisfactory character.

The amount of new insurance issued is \$2,348,150, under 1,783 policies, on which the first year's premiums amounted to \$77,450.90. The total insurance in force at the close of the year was \$13,710,800. The total income for the year was \$489,858, consisting of \$400,920 from premiums and \$79,938 from interest on investments, showing an increase of \$26,728 on premiums and \$14,230 on interest over the receipts of the present year.

Our net and total assets are again largely increased, and our surplus over all liabilities is \$134,066, which will enable us to continue a liberal distribution to our policy-holders.

The death losses, considering the general high rate of mortality during the year, were exceptionally low, the actual losses for the year being \$65,522, or \$38,653 less than during the previous year, and less than the interest income for the year by nearly \$15,000.

The general expense account shows a decrease in amount as well as a reduction in the ratio of expense to income as compared with that of 1889, which affords satisfactory evidence of care and economy in the management.

The funds of the Company, as will be seen by the financial statement contained in our pamphlet, are invested in municipal debentures, mortgages on real estate and loans on our policies, which are all safe and profitable securities. The increase in our interest income from year to year shows that the funds are carefully invested so as to yield a satisfactory return to the policy-holders.

Your Directors have, on the recommendation of the Manager, decided to change from annual to quinquennial division of surplus on future business.

In compliance with the public demand for this kind of insurance we have adopted a Twenty Year Survivorship Distribution Plan, prepared by the Manager, which embraces all the unobjectionable features of the ordinary Tontine, and which we are confident will prove beneficial and satisfactory to those who desire a profitable investment in connection with their insurance policy.

The Executive Committee made a careful examination of all the investments of the Company and found the mortgages, debentures and cash in the Bank to correspond with the respective Ledger accounts at this close of the year.

You will be called on to elect four Directors in the place of Robert Melvin, of Guelph; C. M. Taylor, of Waterloo; Robert Baird, of Kincardine, and James Hope, of Ottawa, whose term of office has expired, but all of whom are eligible for re-election.

The detailed Financial Statement, prepared and duly certified to by your Auditors, is submitted herewith for your consideration.

On behalf of the Board,

I. E. BOWMAN, President.

Pamphlets containing the Financial Statement and Auditors' Report having been placed in the hands of those in attendance, the President moved the adoption of the various reports. He spoke of the favorable death rate experienced in 1890, the low expense ratio, the keen competition our agents encountered from rival companies when seeking new business, the steps taken by the Board to extend the operations of the Company, the care taken to invest the Company's funds safely and judiciously and of other prominent features of the business during the past twenty-one years, proving that the growth of the Company has been healthy, the progress gratifying and the prospects for the future most encouraging. The agency staff was never better equipped or more active and the new business for 1891 would show that the Company was in a position to hold its own against all comers.

Messrs. Robert Melvin, and Vice-President, Guelph, B. M., Britton, Q. C., director, Kingston, and others, in brief and effective speeches, seconded the adoption of the reports. They invited a full and searching criticism of the past year's business. A careful examination of the present standing of the Company will show that it has done and can do better for its members than any of its competitors. The actual results attained for individual policy holders prove conclusively that this Company has no peer in the insurance field and that its members get their insurance at the lowest possible cost, consistent with security.

The following gentlemen were elected directors for the next three years in the place of those whose term of office had expired, namely:—Messrs. C. M. Taylor, Waterloo; Robert Melvin, Guelph; Stuart Henderson, B.A., LL.B., B.C.L., Ottawa, and Robert Baird, Kincardine.

Messrs. Henry F. J. Jackson and J. M. Scully, having been re-elected Auditors, and the customary vote of thanks to the Board, the Officers and the Agents, having been tendered and responded to, the meeting was brought to a close. The Directors met subsequently and re-elected I. E. Bowman, President; C. M. Taylor, 1st Vice-President, and Robert Melvin, and Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

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53rd Half-Yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been declared by the Directors of this Company for the six months ending 30th inst., and that the same will be paid at the Company's offices, 28 and 30 Toronto street, on and after

WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of JULY 1891.

The Transfer Books will be Closed from the 22nd to the 30th instant, 10th inclusive.

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FATHER—"Never lie, my son; always tell the truth. Who's that ringing—a dun? Tell him I am not in!"

SON—"Wouldn't that be a lie, Papa?"

FATHER—"Oh, no, my son; it's a Financial Necessity."

(See next page).

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon.
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richness, and lasting quality."
—Court Journal.

"It would not be possible to
conceive of a more delicate and
delightful perfume than the Crab
Apple Blossom, which is put up
by THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
of London. It has the aroma of
spring in it, and one could use it
for a life-time and never tire of it."
—New York Observer.

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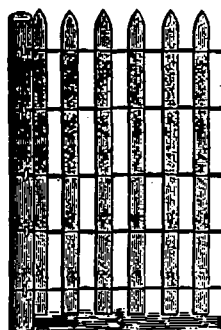


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