

# GRIP

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NOVEMBER 4TH.

THE EMETIC BEGINS TO WORK!

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments

### ON THE Cartoons.

TWO WAYS OF DEALING WITH AN EAGLE.—Formal judgment has been passed upon the McKinley bill by two British political leaders—Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Gladstone. Both view that measure as unwise, though in so expressing himself Sir

John was indirectly condemning the policy of his own Government. The contrast in the manner and tone of the respective speeches, however, is as marked as the contrast between the men themselves. Sir John deals out abuse to the Republic, referring to its population as being made up of the "scum of the earth," etc. Gladstone, on the contrary, takes the sensible view that the protective superstition holds but a section of the American people in its toils, and that the McKinley bill, which is the work of only one party, will in the long run be found to injure the United States more than any other country. Notwithstanding the hostile character of the measure towards the commercial interests of Great Britain, he takes advantage of the opportunity to repeat once more the generous sentiments he has so often uttered with respect to the Republic. Which is the wiser and more statesmanlike course? Since these speeches were made the electors of the States have expressed their opinion of the new tariff law in a fashion which justifies Gladstone's high opinion of their sound sense. But, aside from this, what is to be gained by such talk as that indulged in by Sir John Macdonald? The only possible effect it can have is to stir up ill feeling among our

neighbors, and we fail to see in what way that can help Canadian interests. Men who are privileged to speak on behalf of large communities ought, one would think, to vie with each other in the use of friendly and conciliatory words, whenever that can be done without dishonor. It is generally as easy and always a mighty sight better to make a friend rather than an enemy of your neighbor, individually or nationally.

NOVEMBER 4TH.—The elections in the United States on November 4th proved a veritable Waterloo for the Republicans. The McKinley Bill emetic took effect, and the patient cast off the frauds and humbugs who have brought the party of Abraham Lincoln down to the position of a serf to the monopolists. The campaign of education will go on with ever-growing power, and ere many years the right of Americans to trade freely as well as to think and speak freely will be vindicated. The Protective system must go.



DOMINION politics may be expected to wake up shortly, as we see it stated in cold type that the general election is to come on or come off (we don't know which) next January. There can be no mistake about it this time, as the announcement is made through the columns of the London *Advertiser*, one of the leading Grit journals of the country. It is well known that the inexperienced young man now at the head of affairs at Ottawa is in the habit of making official secrets known through the organs of the Opposition, but in

addition to this presumptive evidence of the reliability of the tip, the *Advertiser* furnishes the further proof that Hon. John Carling has lately been seen about London. Let the order "boots and saddles" be trumpeted forth without further delay!

THERE is one thing about this street railway arbitration, and that is that the city has been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Queen's Counsel Blake to conduct its case. The Hon. Samuel is a fighter, and has about as keen an eye for evidence as any gentleman of the gown ever possessed. The way in which he battled for possession of certain documents which the company's counsel were anxious to keep out of his clutches was a very pretty episode, and its beauty was quite completed when he carried his point. It came about so innocently, too. The *Mail's* report thus records it:—

THE witness began to show signs of feeling the strain of Mr. Blake's inquisition. To help his memory he drew some type-written foolscap pages from his inner breast pocket, and consulted them. With their aid he was able to make ready answers, until Mr. Blake said: "Ah, what paper is that? Let me see it, please."

The witness, after a moment's hesitation, was about to return it to his pocket, when Mr. Blake, with a bland smile, reached forth his hand and took it.

Mr. Moss was on his feet in an instant. "I object," he said. "That document is my private property—it contains my instructions and is a part of my brief. Mr. Blake must return it."

Mr. Blake smiled behind his spectacles. "I have it," he remarked in his suavest, most polite manner. "Any document used by a witness to refresh his memory may be put in as an exhibit. This is going to be filed as an exhibit."

POOR BIRCHALL has gone. His short life was a success in but one respect; it furnished material for sermons of warning to young men against the folly of the pursuit of "pleasure." Notwithstanding his emphatic disapproval of Dr. Bessey's summing up of his character, that learned authority was undoubtedly right in his

remarks as to Birchall's propensity for fraud. To illustrate it in one small particular, take the so-called original sketches which he gave to the world during his imprisonment. They all bore the appearance of being copies, while in at least two of them we recognize old acquaintances, one being a reproduction of a sketch by Oberlander in *F.legende Blaetter*, and the other (that which appeared in the *Mail* on the fatal 14th) a copy from one of A. B. Frost's caricatures.

**T**HE *Mail* has been publishing some interesting letters from mothers on the "Punishment of Children." Amongst the correspondents one, who signs herself an "Old Fashioned Mother," (which was probably a misprint for Fiend,) testifies that her method of gently correcting the juveniles of her household has always been to strap them down on a couch and lambaste them with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Evidently this sweet creature belongs to the school of philosophers who believe that the best way to bring up a child is by the hair. It need scarcely be said that other correspondents, gifted with the ordinary feelings of humanity, have made things hot for this female brute.

**M**R. GOLDWIN SMITH expresses the hope that Canada will shortly see a victorious uprising of the people against the combined forces of monopoly and corruption such as the United States has just enjoyed. We think he is likely to be gratified. Great movements in the Republic always exert a reflex influence here—an incidental testimony to the purely imaginary character of the dividing line between the two countries—and the revolt of the farmers and workingmen against McKinleyism is well calculated to give our own rulers matter for serious consideration. Mr. Smith does well to remind Canadians that the cause of Unrestricted Reciprocity is not a mere party question. It originated outside of party bounds, though it has been taken up by the Liberals.

**THE TIMID ALDERMAN'S PLEA.**

**P**LEASE don't let us have the Street Railway to work,  
We are trying so hard to resist  
The numerous temptations around us that lurk,  
Our virtuous resolves please assist.

We wish to be good—to be honest we pray—  
But our weakness too plainly we feel,  
And if Street Railway pickings should lie in our way  
I'm afraid it would tempt us to steal.

We know that the benefits ought to belong  
To the citizen, that is quite clear;  
A greedy monopoly's had them too long,  
And their profits have cost us full dear.

The theory is right that the city should own  
The road, nor in franchises deal,  
But in practice I guess we'd best leave it alone,  
I'm afraid it might tempt us to steal.

Frank Smith by extortion has heaped up his pile  
And grown rich at the city's expense,  
Other scheming intriguers would copy his style  
In the hope to gain fortunes immense.  
It is sad that the people must pay through the nose  
For another monopoly deal,  
But to run it ourselves I would never propose,  
I'm afraid it might tempt us to steal.

We must let out the contract, that's clear to my mind,  
'Tis our only salvation I see,  
Since to rob our constituents we all are inclined,  
We wish from the chance to be free,  
Don't trust to our virtue—it's not very strong—  
If you'd study the citizens' weal  
Let us sell out the franchise, though but for a song,  
I'm afraid it might tempt us to steal

**A SUGGESTION.**

**P**OET—"I want a new simile for sweetness. 'Sweet as honey,' 'sweet as a rose,' etc., are getting rather chestnuttty."

**F**RRIEND—"Well, put in, 'Sweet as restaurant vinegar.'"

**THE Y'S.**

**"M**A," said little Effie, "did the Y.W.C.T.U. exist in the East in Scripture times?"

"No, my dear, it is quite a new organization. But why do you ask?"

"Because here in the Testament it says, 'Five of the virgins were foolish, and five of them were y's.'"

**THE SECRET OF IT.**

**E**THEL—"She is such a nervous old lady, and yet she is wonderfully well preserved."

**M**AUD—"Yes. She is always in a pickle, you know."

**A VERY HIGH CLASS PLACE.**

**B**BROWN—"How are the waiters in that *café*?"

**J**JONES—"So haughty that I'm always afraid to offer them a tip lest they should be offended."

**SOMETHING EMPHATICALLY PEACEFUL!**

**M**R. BOARDER—"How beautifully the sun is setting! How peaceful! How calm!"

**M**R. HAYSEED—"It is rather quiet, but fer quietness yeh'd orter see that old hen that's setting on duck-eggs in the hay-mow."

**ROUGH.**

**P**ARAGRAPHIC SERF—"I don't know but that joke is a little weak."

**E**EDITOR—"It is, rather; but I suppose it is the same with jokes as with men. Old age will prostrate even the strongest of them."

**HAPPY THOUGHT!**

**S**SPACER—"I wish I could do something to be revenged on this editor for rejecting my articles."

**F**FRIEND—"Does he accept any?"

**S**SPACER—"Yes, a few."

**F**FRIEND—"Well, when he sends you a check, reject it."

**NOT MUCH OF A JOKE—BUT SOMETHING TRUE.**

**P**PRISON MISSIONARY—"You are not in a very creditable place now, my poor man."

**C**CONVICT—"No, I'm a sad example of the results of early training."

**P**P. M.—"Were you trained to a life of crime?"

**C**CONVICT—"No. I was brought up in the most fearfully strict religious manner conceivable."

THE season of unequalled blows—the equi-knocks.

It is peculiar that men who are on strike do not do a tap of work.

ALDERMANIC BUBBLES.



AT last, week's meeting "the following aldermen were present: Allen, Bailey, Bell, etc." (*Mail* report.) It would be incorrect to infer from this that the *leading* aldermen were absent. At a little after the appointed hour Mayor Clarke made his usual triumphal entry, aldermen, officials, ward politicians, reporters and promiscuous spectators rising to their feet and remaining standing until he assumed the civic throne. There is one thing lacking about the dignity and tone of this formal opening ceremony—or rather a thing and a man, viz., a mace and a serjeant-at-arms as the bearer thereof. Mayor Clarke in his official garb is always a pleasing spectacle and the embodiment of *savoir faire* and easy grace, but it is rather hard to expect him to be a whole procession in himself. It's a wonder that, considering the ingenuity and inventive genius devoted to the discovery of new and perfectly useless ways of spending the civic funds, no alderman with a gift for extravagance should have hit on the scheme of appointing a serjeant-at-arms, to add dignity to the opening function.

The minutes passed rapidly. Some were consumed in the reading of communications and others were taken as read.

Then a pleasing episode occurred. Mayor Clarke, in a speech which would make about two sticks of solid nonpareil, presented the medal of the Royal Humane Society to Master Henry T. Pearson, as a recognition of his heroism in rescuing two boys from drowning. The little fellow looked modestly proud of the honor, and several of the aldermen shook hands with him as heartily as they would have done with a constituent the week before election. Ald. Saunders responded on behalf of Master Pearson in about half a stick of leaded brevier.



Ald. J. E. Verral—

"Skating furnishes delights  
To the boys on winter nights.  
Scotia's sons more pleasure claim  
When they play the 'roarin' game.'  
That their needs may be supplied,  
I would move we set aside

Stanley Park for winter sports,  
Most delightful of resorts.  
Need I on this theme dilate,  
Or my views more fully state?"

The motion was carried unanimously.

Ald. Gibbs' bill to provide for the allocation of members' seats in the Council Chamber came up.

ALD. SCORE—"It's a mat-



ter of indifference to me, so long as I secure a location somewhere."

ALD. VOKES—"I think that those holding over from one term to another should not be disturbed."

ALD. E. A. MACDONALD—"Oh, no. Vested rights must be respected. I think we should have fixity of tenure or compensation for disturbance."

ALD. MOSES—"Fixity of ten year! Seems to me three year ought to be long enough."

THE MAYOR—"Order! Order!"

ALD. MOSES—"Your worship, please understand I'm not now alluding to the Mayor's seat."

ALD. GIBBS—"Well, of course the fitness of things will be regarded in the distribution of seats."

ALD. HALLAM—"I ope so. It would be absurd, for instance, to try to fit Ald. Lucas into Ald. Hewitt's seat."

The Committee rose and reported.

Then the big fight of the evening came on. Ald. Lindsay went in slashing style for the Mayor, claiming that he had broken faith with the Council in not having the names of the men appointed as examiners to pass upon the fitness of the candidates for the position of Medical Health Officer reported to the Council.



The Mayor defended himself, denying that he ever promised that the names of the examiners would be submitted. What he did say was that the names of the candidates passing the examination would be submitted.

ALD. VOKES—"The Board of Health should avoid, as the Street Railway Committee does, any suspicion. Am I to understand that the Medical Board will report on the relative merits of the candidates?"

ALD. LINDSAY—"The relative merits of one candidate have already secured him considerable support. It ought to be understood that the qualifications of a doctor are not sufficient."

ALD. HALLAM—"I guess the majority of the Council will be satisfied with the qualifications of a heeler."

ALD. SCORE—"Chestnut!"

ALD. HALLAM—"No, not that kind of a tree at all."

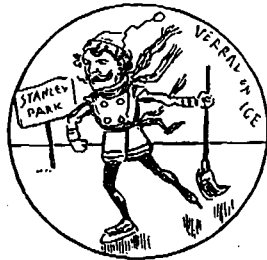
ALD. HILL—"Pine, perhaps."

ALD. BAILEY—"Now, don't let us be personal."

ALD. HILL—"I meant nothing personal. I didn't put a 'y' in it."

On motion of Ald. Macdougall, the name of Prof. Ellis was added to the Examining Board by a majority of one.

After this the Council went home.





THE TOO-FAITHFUL NERO.

(From *Fliegende Blätter*)



### A GREATER THAN STANLEY IS HERE.

(Gen. Booth's book, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," unfolds a plan for the relief of the poor and wretched denizens of the London slums. It has called forth expressions of the warmest interest from the foremost leaders of thought in England, and funds will, no doubt, be quickly supplied to enable the General to put it in operation.)

### MODERN AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

AN AMERICAN WRITER REVISES AND IMPROVES THE OLD PATRIOTIC SONGS.\*

GRIP has received from the eminent publishing firm of Hustler, Bilks & Co., New York, a copy of a highly interesting little volume from the pen of Prof. Julius H. Bragston, entitled "American Patriotic Songs up to Date." The object of the work is briefly explained in a preface by the author in which he says that America has no patriotic songs which adequately voice the sentiments of modern American citizens. "The patriotic songs now in vogue," says the professor, "such as 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Hail Columbia,' 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' etc., are the utterances of a by-gone generation, educated with totally different ideals and under entirely diverse surroundings from the present. The sentiments they embody are, for the most part, altogether obsolete. They are not in touch with the progressive American spirit of to-day, which has long ago learned to smile at the Jeffersonian notions of 'liberty and equality' as a pleasing but empty delusion, and to regard wealth and social pre-eminence as the principal incentives to individual action and the mainstay of national greatness. The patriotism of the present should boldly disregard the sentimental theorizings of a past age and no longer assume to pay deference to a principle which has long been discarded in practical life. With the object then of inculcating a rational patriotism in harmony with actual every-day experiences, and presenting as our country's claims for the love and devotion of her children, those ideas and characteristics actually prevalent in American society, I have re-written many of our patriotic songs. I venture to hope that the change will be regarded as an improvement."

A few extracts from the volume will illustrate the thoroughness with which the professor has performed his task of eliminating from the patriotic anthology of the U.S. sentiments which have long since ceased to be operative in American affairs. The author's version of the old-time favorite "Yankee Doodle" is as follows:

\*This is sarcasm.

Yankee Doodle came to town  
Back across the water,  
He had paid a million down  
To marry off his daughter.

In choosing of a son-in-law  
He proper pride evinces.  
"I will be a grandpapa;"  
He said "of little princes."

Yankee Doodle found a prince,  
Seedy, poor and shady,  
Though at first he seemed to wince  
He took the cash—and lady.

"'All men free and equal' pshaw!  
That's a played-out notion,  
See the princely son-in-law  
I've bought across the ocean.

"Guess the man ain't no great shakes,  
But I've a full requital,  
See the difference it makes  
If you can sport a title."

Yankee Doodle keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
On a European trip  
A title comes in handy.

Prof. Bragston has been equally successful in re-casting in accord with modern ideas as to national pride and greatness the old-fashioned lyric of the "Star-Spangled Banner." We give below the two first verses of the revised version:

Oh say did you see, by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we watched on the Custom House floating,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars tell that duty's not light  
When the boodle of millionaires governs the voting?  
Now the imports it stays  
Till the customer pays  
In spite of the fuss that the Free Traders raise,  
Oh say does the Flag of McKinley yet keep  
The poor man from buying his victuals too cheap?

When American workmen attempt to combine  
With the object of getting high wages for labor,  
How quickly they're driven from workshop or mine  
By Pinkerton rifles or cavalry sabre!  
Did the idiots expect  
That the flag would "protect"  
Except the shrewd ringsters who boodlers elect?  
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, the flag of the rich—  
The poor have no rights and may die in a ditch.

The late Mr. Charles Mackay's song "To the West" is thus transmogrified so as to bring it into strict accord with existing actualities:

To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,\*  
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,  
Where a man is a man—if he needs not to toil  
And the poorest must yield to the landlord the spoil.  
Where kids are a nuisance, since living's so high,  
And tramps by the thousand are out of employ,  
Where the young may exult—if financially blest,  
And the aged must die if they're looking for rest.

To the West—to the West, for the boom is red hot.  
Put your cash in the land and freeze onto a lot.  
Start a syndicate game and buy up real estate,  
For your profits are sure, you have only to wait.  
Get your clamps on the farmer and make him pay rent  
Or squeeze him by loans at at least twelve per cent.,  
That's how fortunes are made—you've a chance with the rest,  
For all men are free in the land of the West.

We have only space for one more extract which is taken from the author's improved version of "My Country 'Tis of Thee."



THE CUT DIRECT.

'Shampooing parties are very popular in New York.'—*Globe*. Why should we be behind the States? Hair-cutting parties would be charming.

ANGELINA—"Edwin, love's young dream is o'er! I loved you passionately, devotedly, with all the madness of a young heart's affection, until I cut your hair. Now you look a fright! Send back my letters, and I will return your presents at once, sir!"—*Funny Folks*.

My country 'tis of thee  
Sweet land of bribery  
Of thee I sing.  
Land which McKinley sways,  
Land where they duties raise,  
Let boodlers sound thy praise  
In many a ring.

Let every millionaire  
Utter a solemn prayer  
Hearty and strong—  
Lord, keep the poor men fools,  
Let them remain our tools,  
So that injustice rules  
Through ages long.

From the above extracts an idea may be gained of the merits of this highly original work, which we are informed has met with the warm appreciation which its realistic candor deserves.

#### THE ENTERPRISING MERCHANT.

"I WANT to get some stuff for a suit of clothes," said a queer-looking old chap, as he stepped up to the counter of one of our "rushing" dry goods shops.

"Very good, sir," replied the affable proprietor, all smiles, as he handed down an array of sample rolls. "Very fine goods, sir, the very latest importations, and remarkably good value."

"Yes, I was expecting a pretty good bargain," responded the prospective customer, as he proceeded to examine the material. "I see by your advertisements that you make a regular habit of selling below cost."

"That's just what we do, sir, though most people suppose we are making a vain boast," responded the merchant. "If you know anything of the tweed business," he went on, "you know the piece of stuff you are now handling cannot be laid down in this country under \$1.50 per yard."

"Well, I profess to know a little on the subject, and that is quite true, sir. What of it?" queried the old gent.

"Nothing," returned the enterprising shopman, "excepting that we are selling those goods at seventy-five cents per yard."

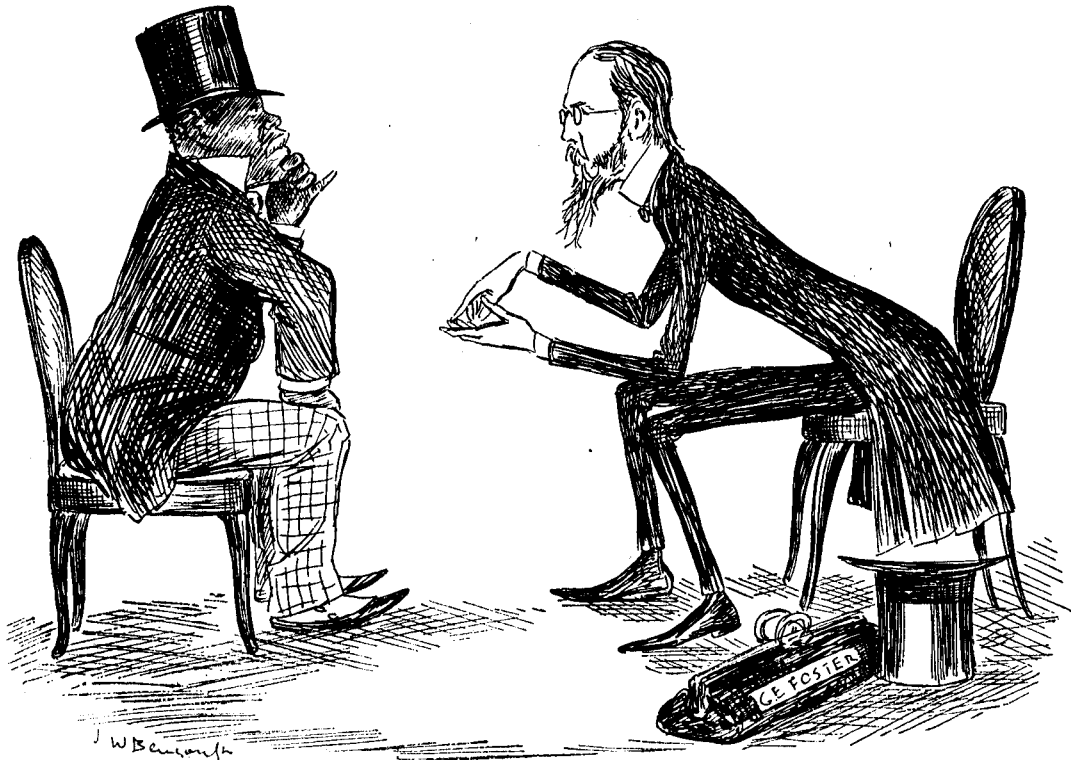
The customer looked a trifle staggered. "But, if I may enquire, sir, how do you do it?"

"Er—well," was the bland reply, "I don't mind letting you know, confidentially, that we do it by *doing* the wholesale firm, see? We give 'em our notes, but *giving* a note and *paying* it are two different things. Understand?"

"Yes, I seem to catch on," said the old gentleman, "and, do you know, sir, I am greatly interested in what you tell me. I happen to be a member of the house you got this tweed from."

"Indeed?" said the merchant, blushing slightly. "Glad to see you, sir. Shake!"

The quadrature of the circle still engages the attention of some modern philosophers, who are trying to get a square meal from a loaf round.



### OUR MR. FOSTER IN THE WEST INDIES.

WEST INDIAN MERCHANT—"Yes; we have goods the Canadians want, and they have the goods that we want. The thing seems perfectly simple. What you propose, of course, is Free Trade between us."

OUR MR. FOSTER—"Well—er—scarcely. You don't quite catch my meaning, my dear sir. You see, the Red Parlor won't allow us to think of that sort of an arrangement. What I propose is a compromise, if you understand; that is to say you, admit our stuff into your country free, and permit us to keep a high tariff on your stuff coming into Canada."

### RIVALS.

HE—"Maud is very young and ingenuous in her ways, isn't she?"

SHE—"Yes. Her second childhood rests very gracefully upon her, doesn't it?"

### A STAB.

HE—"Well, even if I am poor I thank Heaven I have some brains."

SHE—"How cheerful you are. Now, most people in your position would feel dissatisfied that they hadn't more."

### CERTAINLY.

PROFESSOR—"Thought is the only brain food. Whatever cannot be grasped and accepted without the faculties being strained to their utmost capacity, stimulates and increases the power of the brain."

STUDENT—"Then you consider fish stories to be better for the brain than a fish diet?"

### HE LL MAKE A JOKE OF EACH ONE.

EDITOR—"Newpen will soon get over such extravagance as this."

ASSISTANT—"What has he been doing?"

EDITOR—"He has actually crowded three puns into one joke."

### THE REASON.

TOWNLY—"Why is Jackson talking so loud to night? He doesn't do so usually."

CLUBLY—"He is talking about himself."

### NOT SURPRISING.

GADDY—"Do you know, the ocean sometimes reminds me of a woman when it is stormy."

CADDY—"At what time?"

GADDY—"When the waters pout."

### THE WORD'S ALL RIGHT.

CUMSO—"I don't understand why a storm should be said to brew."

BANKS—"Why not?"

CUMSO—"It never has anything but water in it."

BANKS—"Well, has the average beer?"

### A SURE SIGN.

MANUFACTURER—"We must stop advertising in that paper."

SECRETARY—"Why?"

MANUFACTURER—"Because its constituency is evidently narrowing. It has commenced publishing its sworn circulation."





TWO WAYS OF DEALING WITH AN EAGLE;

OR, MACDONALD'S VS. GLADSTONE S.



## EQUIVOCAL.

JANE—"Belle, why is it I haven't seen you oftener this season?"

BELLE—"Well, I spend all my time in society, you know."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

## A MINISTERING ANGEL THOU.

DEAR GRIP,—The following correspondence explains itself:

"A.A.W. to Dr. S. Plato: Sir,—The paper you offer to read is intolerable, and hurled back with contempt.

"(Signed)  
"Sec. ad interim."

I send to you, dear Mr. GRIP, whose liberal sentiments on all subjects are so well known—hem!—the essay referred to:

ON THE MUCHNESS OF THE LITTLE, WITH ITS CAUSES,  
AND THE LITTLENESS OF THE MUCH.

"Ladies, Epicenes, and Persons who from their raiment are Men, or purporting to be such,—My few feeble remarks have no personal miss-application to the beautiful and erudite Congress of the (formerly) gentler sex—whom I have now the felicity to see before my ravished e'en. Perish the thought! My comments are purely ideal, constructed as ideally as a Parliamentary Report when it is intended to whitewash a political partisan. Our subject-to-night deals with the opposite extremes of The Much and The Little, so that hearers whose minds are incapable of grasping the former may seize on the latter. The exploded sacrament of Matrimony, for instance, was once very Much thought of, but has come to be but Little regarded. Some members of that inferior section, usually spoken of as The Tyrant Man, mind very Little when they get very Much of a nagging from their Little wife. Others mind it very Much and therefore spend their evenings at their club. In those silly times when the now disused domestic virtues were thought Much of, and the wife was regarded as the Little angel of the hearth and the joy of the household—but I forbear. We have changed all that. Mahomet was quite wrong, for Woman (*sic*) have souls and very Much souls too. So Much so that men with their inferior grasp of intellect do not like it. One particularly depraved monster in the shape of an alleged man, even dared to murmur

when he heard his wife discussing, "Shall we know each other in the ethic heaven?" with Professor Pudenead, and was overheard saying, "'Pon my soul this is too Much!" Some charitable people tried to excuse him on the ground that his wife had not washed the children before she came to this Congress and he had to do it himself. Away with such evasion! I have no sympathy with such a wretch. Think how much more important to the human genus to know the practical value of philosophy, and the crying reasons why more pedagogy should be introduced in universities and normal schools. I notice with surprise that the beautiful and illustrious females—beg pardon, I retract the expression—that beautiful and illustrious Woman (*sic*) have not yet decided to abolish mothers, but are willing to permit them to acquire a scientific education in laboratories well furnished with puff balls, Daffy's elixir and safety pins. Ladies of both sexes! this will not do. It may do in the present, but is a mere temporary expedient. Strike at the root of the matter. Abolish Mothers, and the Men must go! No half measures should for a moment be entertained. I recommend the subject to the Committee on Topics. Here let me declare how exceedingly pleased I am to note that no member of this Congress is admitted unless her costume is of the latest and most expensive fashion—such as we have ignorantly believed was designed to attract the male eye—and which some patient drudge or a husband, or striving brother, or foolish father, or even some doating grandfather will, very properly, have to pay for. But no! it is impossible that any grandfather, or even father, of any fair member of this Congress that I see before me can be still alive. The flight of time forbids it. Being a widower I am not a marrying man myself, and would rather that my only child, Dousabella, shall remain unadvanced. If I thought her capable of discussing "Woman in the Forum," or "The scientific work and influence of Dr. Sairey Gamp," I would rather see her in her grave or saleslady in a dry goods store." *Hello! what the dooce!*

The exclamation was forced from me by that mischievous imp, Dousie, oversetting the inkpot and rendering the rest of my valuable paper illegible. But you will know, Mr. GRIP, what I mean.

SOCRATES PLATO, D.C.L.

## A MORTAL OFFENCE.

MAUD—"I am angry at Mamie. We never speak now."

ETHEL—"What is the matter?"

MAUD—"I was telling some friends how old Miss Gibbons was, and said that she used to nurse me when I was a child."

ETHEL—"Well?"

MAUD—"And Mamie, the mean thing, said 'I never thought she was so old as that,' and emphasized 'that' in such a provoking manner."

## THE B. H.

SOPHOMORE—"Congratulations, my dear boy! I see by the papers that you have graduated with honors."

NUEGRAD (*with great dignity*)—"Yes."

SOPHOMORE (*picking up a strip of felt from the dressing table*)—"What is this?"

NUEGRAD—"Oh, that is only some padding I have taken from under the sweat-band of my hat."

**AN INEXCUSABLE "BLUNDER."**

THE St. John, N.B., *Progress*, a non-political paper, administers a severe rebuke to Hon. G. E. Foster for having, in a late speech in that city, denounced Mr. J. V. Ellis, M.P., as a "traitor."

The offence charged against the Hon. Minister of Finance is just what might have been expected from his notorious want of tact. For the reason that "loyalty" pays well at present—of which fact the Minister himself is a shining instance—Mr. Ellis may be injudicious in expressing his theories, but it says little for the dignity or good taste of a Minister of the Crown to brand a brother member and fellow-Brunswicker with a name that is certainly foul and possibly actionable. It may be all very well in the House of Commons, where only a couple of hundred persons hear it, to call a man a traitor, but in a populous city, where the victim lives and is respected as a citizen, it is too much. Sir John would have had too much *nous*, on what was intended to be a conciliatory mission, to himself miscall any man in unparliamentary terms, but perhaps his subordinate contracts to do the dirty (political, of course) by the job, and such outbursts are all in the day's work. The fact is, since Mr. Foster's unexpected rise in political life he has lost his head, and goes about blathering under the delusion that he is somebody. Need he be reminded that he was taken into the Cabinet in the first instance merely to appease an interest that he has done very little for since he got there. A signal failure in Marine and Fisheries, of which his antecedents gave him no knowledge, he, next—having never been conversant with large sums—was transferred to Finance for reasons best known to the astute Premier, but which no other fellow could understand. The discredit he has brought on Canadian arithmetic in that capacity is too sadly known. Ignorance of figures may be an excuse for bad computation, but insulting want of tact shows ignorance and bad manners combined. It is to be hoped his chief will give him a talking to. This visit of his to N.B. has not scored any to the N.P.



**A SUCCESSFUL FINANCIER.**

"How does Jaxun manage to settle his debts?"  
 "He moves."—*Munsy's Weekly*.

**ON THE BROAD ATLANTIC.**

**BOATSWAIN** (*to sailors*)—"Hallo there! Stow the foretop bobstay abaft the starboard binnacle! Let go the windlass! Steady now. Avast heaving! avast heaving, I tell you!"

**SEA-SICK PASSENGER** (*feebly*)—"By jove, now, it's perfectly outrageous that the officers of this ship should be allowed to make heartless mirth at the expense of suffering passengers in this fashion. I'll complain to the captain about it."

**A HEAVY CONTRACT.**

THE following somewhat remarkable advertisement appeared in a recent issue of the *News*:

**MISSIONARY WANTED**—To work amongst the members of the Toronto Ministerial Association and other swell Christians. To one who can succeed in causing ministers and other swell Christians to practice Christianity a very liberal salary will be given. Fisherman, sewing woman or Christianized heathen preferred. Address Single Tax Nationalist, News Office.

The advertiser expects altogether too much. He would accomplish great things if he could get the Ministerial Association even to preach Christianity in its bearing upon the living, practical issues of to-day without expecting them to practice it. If anybody should undertake the contract on the basis of payment by results he would be likely to die of starvation at an early stage of the work.

**RECRIMINATIONS.**

**TEXAN**—"You seem hard on your horse when you ride bare-back."

**TENDERFOOT**—"That may be, but I'm willing to swear that he is harder under me."

**TWO THEN.**

**CUMSO**—"Clara and you are one now, eh?"

**BANKS**—"As a rule we are; but we are not when at the dinner table."



**THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.**

**SWARTZBROD**—"Wohl, wie befinden sie sich heute morgen?"

**MR. CHUMLEIGH CHOLMONDELY**—"Excuse me, I don't speak German, you know."

**SCHWARTZBROD**—"Vot I you don't shpeak no Cherman?"

**MR. CHOLMONDELEY**—"No; I am an Englishman, and I have only been in America a few weeks."—*H.B.S.*

MRS. DRYLY—"Lately I read in one of the daily papers that according to prison statistics 75 per cent. of the prisoners are unmarried. Don't you find that very singular, dear?"

MR. DRYLY—"Not at all; it only shows that the majority of men would rather be incarcerated than married."

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

THE GREAT DRESSMAKER—"Really, madam, I do not think that dress would be appropriate for you. It does not match your hair."

MRS. DEMODE—"Well, I'm going to have it, anyway. What color should I dye my hair?"

### THE "QUEEN" PAYS ALL EXPENSES.

THE *Queen's* last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the *Queen*.

Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

"Go and soak your head!"

"What's that?"

"I said, go and soak your head, but, on second thought, perhaps you had better not. No pawnbroker would lend you a cent on it."

Do not take such vile trash as cheap Whiskey Bitters and stimulants that only pander to a depraved appetite. Burdock Blood Bitters is a pure vegetable medicine, not a drink. It cleanses the blood and builds up the system. Sample bottles 10 cents.

UPTON—"Went to the theatre last night, eh? Good play?"

DOWNTON—"Play and performance were execrable."

UPTON—"Did anybody hiss?"

DOWNTON—"N-o."

UPTON—"Who was the star?"

DOWNTON—"John L. Sullivan.—Puck.

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

JUDGE (to colored witness)—"And when the prisoner struck you, did you retaliate?"

UNCLE SACKSING—"Oh, no, youah honah, I wouldn't do nuffin' like that, sah; I jess knocked him down."—*West Shore*.

SOFT white hands. Every lady can have soft white hands by using Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

LORD NODDY—"Owah family is vewy old, I assuah you. You may look it up in the peerage."

MRS. BARGAINER (who has a marriageable daughter)—"That may be, but none of your folks have the gout."—*Judge*.

### ELECTRICITY POPULARIZED.

IN another column will be found the advertisement of the Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Company of Chicago, of which Dr. Owen is president and general manager. The doctor is a thorough electrician, and invented the first electric belt that had more than two electrodes. He also invented the first belt where the current can be so controlled that a child can wear the same belt as a man. The company was incorporated about three years ago, with a cash capital of \$50,000.00, and is thoroughly reliable. Their goods are all covered by patents in the United States, Canada and continental Europe. So great has the demand become for their electrical appliances in Canada, that a branch has been opened at Toronto, Ontario, with the same facilities for manufacturing that they possess at head quarters. The Canadian business is under the management of Mr. G. C. Patterson, for over twenty years a resident of Toronto, who will be pleased to answer all enquiries and give any information required relating to the business. Their offices and factory are at 71 King Street west.

MRS. WHITTIER (to applicant)—"Why did you lose your last place?"

MISS O'TOOLE—"I dunno, ma'am. The missus just said it was because I couldn't kape me place."

THE grand outlets of disease from the system are the Skin, the Bowels and the Kidneys. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is the most safe, pleasant and effectual purifier and health restoring tonic in the world. Trial bottles 10 cents.

THE Czar of Russia is so strong in the fingers that he can tear a pack of cards to pieces, fifty-two at a time, and so weak in the nerves that whenever he hears a joke cracked he imagines a bomb has exploded

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 months. Our Medicated Air treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church St., Toronto.

AMY—"Mr. Goslin is such a procrastinator."

MABEL—"Is that so?"

AMY—"Yes; he staid last night until twelve when he might have left at ten."—*Puck*.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

SALESMAN—"As I understand your order, sir, it is for one dozen shirts at \$36 a dozen?"

TRAVERS—"That's correct (moving off). Good day."

SALESMAN—"Hold on a minute. Pardon me, but we require a deposit from strangers."

TRAVERS—"Then make one shirt less."—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

THE only safe and effectual medicine that acts at once upon the Bowels, Liver, Skin and Kidneys, while it cleanses the Blood and strengthens the system, is Burdock Blood Bitters, the great Vegetable Renovating Tonic. Sample bottles to cents.

MR. LAKE STREETE (on his first visit to London)—"Say, cabby, what's that statue?"

CABMAN—"That's the H'Albert Memorial, sir."

MR. LAKE STREETE—"Oh, yes; heard him play the fiddle last season, at home. The British must take more stock in him than we did."

JACOBS & SPARROW'S Opera House, week of November 24th, matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a strong melodrama attraction, Madam Neuville and her son Augustine in their popular play, "The Boy Tramp." These really superior players have been seen here before and need no extensive notice from us. The supporting members do not fail to draw large audiences all the week. The incidents of the play are so varied, and yet so happily placed, as to make the scenery more than usually attractive. Then, again, the story being connected with domestic troubles brought about by a son who does his best to ruin his family, heightens the interest of the play to a marked degree. Madame Neuville as Mildred Earlston, and Augustin Neuville as Jack Sharpe, showed a keen artistic appreciation of their several parts, and were loudly applauded at the close of each act. The view of Pier 49, East River, and the scene in the maniac's cell were the chief features of the play. The support was good throughout.

ONE day an unmarried lady of Sharon, Conn., called at the house of a friend and was asked by the latter's inquisitive little son if she had any girls. "No," was of course the answer.

"Any little boys?" the child continued.

"No, dear," the lady replied.

The boy eyed the blushing lady for a moment and exclaimed: "Well, what are yours, then?"

COMING soon, Siberia, to Jacobs and Sparrow's Opera House. Robert Campbell, son of the famous author, Bartley Campbell, is treasurer of Mr. H. C. Kennedy's "Siberia" company. Chas. B. Waite is playing *Sparta* in "Siberia" for the eighth consecutive season.

NEW YORKER (in the mountains)—"Good heavens! what's that ahead in the path?"

GUIDE—"Don't be skeert, boss, it's only a rattler."

NEW YORKER (relieved)—"Oh! is that all? I thought it looked like a dead electric light wire."

BOWSER—"Dr. Simple says that a cup of fresh coffee three times a day is the best means I can take to tone myself up."

MRS. BOWSER—"You can do that much more easily and quickly, dear, if you sit down on a tack."

## STANLEY IN TORONTO.

MR. STANLEY will be accompanied by Mrs. Stanley and servants, also by Major and Mrs. Pond, of New York, and Major Pond is managing the lecture tour. The party will stay at the Queen's in Toronto. Mr. Stanley regards his Toronto lecture as second in importance to his opening lecture in New York. Out of compliment to the Queen City, Mrs. Stanley will occupy a seat in the audience. The arrangements for the lecture are progressing satisfactorily. The plan will open on Thursday morning at Messrs. Nordheimer's at 10 a.m., and suitable provision will be made for the accommodation of the public in securing their seats. It will be observed that, taking into consideration the enormous expenses of this engagement, and comparing the prices with those in New York, where \$10, \$25, \$50, and as much as \$150 was paid for a single seat, the Toronto prices are very moderate. This is mainly owing to the great seating accommodation of the new Toronto Auditorium. A special advantage of the new hall is that every seat in it affords a full view of the stage and is within easy hearing distance of the speaker. Its capacity will doubtless be tested on the occasion of the Stanley lectures. Numerous enquiries in regard to seats have already been received from outside the city, and it is expected that the railways will bring in large parties from Hamilton, Brampton, Barrie, Lindsay, Peterborough, Belleville and intervening towns for the occasion.

JAWKINS—"Wonder what makes Cashly the broker look so sober?"

HEGG—"Clear case of reverses—money is tight!"—*Munsey's Weekly*.

No person can enjoy health while suffering Constipation of the Bowels. Harsh purgatives always do harm. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own Cathartic. It regulates, purifies and strengthens the system. Trial bottles 10 cents.

MAMMA—"Well; what have you girls been doing all the afternoon?"

MABEL—"Watching pictures in the fire, mamma."

MAMMA—"Ah! dream pictures, I suppose."

MABEL—"No, mamma—pictures of some of Clara's old flames, which she was burning. She says she is going to turn over a new leaf and—"

MAMMA—"Get engaged, I suppose?"

MABEL—"No; get some new fellows."

MR. BENGOUGH's audience at Association Hall on December 5th, bids fair to be unique in point of intellectuality, as well as a great compliment to him in point of size. Already, amongst those who have bespoke seats, are Hon. Oliver Mowat, Mayor Clarke, Principal Kirkland, Hon. George Ross, Hon. S. H. Blake, Principal Dickson, Rev. Dr. Withrow, Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, and many others whose names are equally well known.

## LATEST ISSUES.

PRISCILLA, a Rustic Dance, suitable for Military Schottische, by Carl Martens, 40 cents. See me dance, Polka, on Grossmith's popular song, by Edward Solomon, 50 cents. Sing about Jack, Bb and C, by E. Chesham, composer of Longshoreman, 50 cents. Our Dear Old Home, Bb C and D, by Michael Watson, 50 cents. Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers Association, 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

EDITOR (to foreman)—"Well, what's the matter?"

FOREMAN—"Isn't there any way we could get a barrel of apostrophes, sir? The printers haven't half got through with that dialect story you sent up, and our stock is 'most exhausted."

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins' studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

POTATO—"You are stronger than I am. Suppose you get up and make a speech."

ONION—"Please excuse me. I might bring tears to your eyes."

## 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.

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE WESTWOOD,  
403 SPADINA AVENUE. Canadian Florist.  
Weddings and Funerals a Specialty.

## LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.

Examinations, Oral or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 237 McCaul Street, Toronto

HOFFMAN'S  
HARMLESS HEADACHE  
POWDERS

are an honest medicine for which only honest, straightforward statements are made. See that you get the genuine Hoffman's. Insist on having them! They Cure ALL Headaches. They are not a Cathartic.

# ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

The best and most economical "stock" for Soups, Sauces, Beef Tea, Etc.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.

## MISS VEALS'

## BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Young Ladies.

50 and 52 PETER ST., TORONTO.

Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Science, Literature and Elocution.

Pupils studying French and German converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes.

## New Tailor System of Dresscutting.



SQUARE MEASUREMENT.

(Late Prof. Moody's.)

The leading system of the day. Drafts direct on the material. Easy to learn. J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dress and Mantle Makers.

372 Yonge St., Toronto.

Agents wanted.

## CANDY.

Send 50c., 75c., or \$1.00 for 1 lb., 2 lb., or 3 lb. box of best Candy to be had in Canada. Suitable for presents. EXPRESS CHARGES PAID.

## CANDY.

Purity guaranteed and prompt delivery. Sample orders solicited.

H. Fysh & Co., Confect'ns, LONDON, ONT.

The ALE and STOUT  
of JOHN LABATT, LONDON.  
is undoubtedly the BEST.

TRY IT

JAMES GOOD & CO.

Agents, Toronto.

JUST THE THING.

Comfortable.

DURABLE.



Ladies, this cut represents our "Oxford Tie. Perfect in Fit, and the Latest Style.

87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto.

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

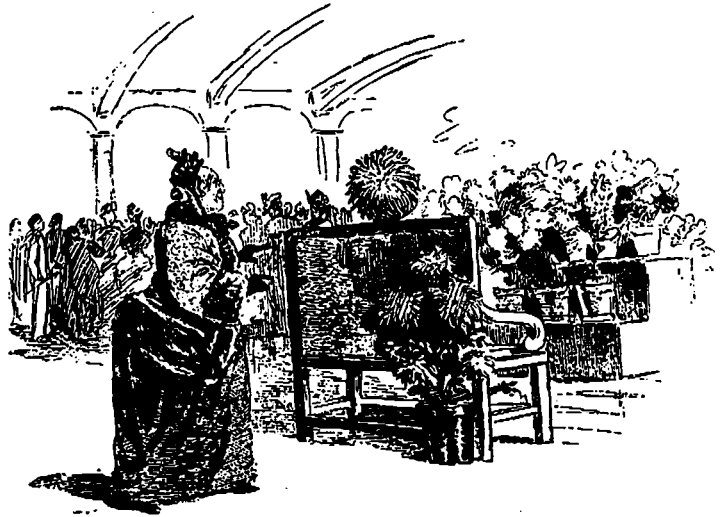


Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Scott's Emulsion is only put up in salmon color wrapper. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



Mrs. BULBUS ROOT—"I suppose it's stealing, but I'm going to take a leaf out of that lovely specimen there if I get killed for it." (See page 335.)

## COAL AND WOOD.



CONGER COAL COMPANY.

Main Office—6 King Street East.

TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, Etc. Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

O. C. POMEROY,

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In the Life Department this Association provides Indemnity for sickness and accident, and substantial assistance to the relatives of deceased members at terms available to all. In the Live Stock Department, two-thirds indemnity for loss of Live Stock to its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid etc.

WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon. Gold Medallist in Practical Dentistry R.C.D.S. Office: N. E. Cor. YONGE and BLOOR, Over Lander's Drug Store. TORONTO.

W. H. FERGUSON, Carpenter, 81 Bay St., corner Melinda, Toronto, Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Printers and Engravers' Jobbing a Specialty.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Wine Marks (Naevi)—Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market.



J. W. L. FORSTER.

Pupil of Mons. Boguereau. Portraits a Specialty.

STUDIO—81 King Street East, Toronto.

MR. HAMILTON MCCARTHY, R.C.A., SCULPTOR, formerly of London, England, Under Royal European Patronage. Portrait-Busts, Statuettes and Monuments. Bronze, Marble, Terra Cotta STUDIO, New Buildings, Lombard St., Toronto.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY, ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTOR

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38 YONGE ST. ARCADE.

J. L. JONES Mechanical & General WOOD ENGRAVING 10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO



Registered Trade Mark.

## NOTE THE STYLE.



The Best Boot in the City for the Price.

From \$1.40 up. In 1 Sizes. For Gents, Boys and Youths.

Made by us.

WM. WEST & CO.

## GRAND OPENING NEW TORONTO AUDITORIUM.

Thursday Evening, November 27th.

MAJOR J. B. POND has the honor to announce the only appearance, in this city, of

## HENRY M. STANLEY

SUBJECT:

### THE RESCUE OF EMIN,

The Forests, Pigmies, and March Across Africa.

Prices \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4, According to Location.

Plan will open at Nordheimer's Nov. 20th. Orders for reserved seats from parties outside the city will receive prompt attention. Address by letter or telegram to Messrs. Nordheimer.



MONSIEUR DE BOUCHIERE—"I haf not ze plaisair of ze lady's agvaintance."



**\* THE \*  
YOST**

**WRITING MACHINE.**

(Latest production of G. W. N. Yost, the inventor of the "Remington" and "Caligraph" machines.)

**PROOF OF SUPERIORITY.**

The sale of the Yost now exceeds that of any other machine.

Challenges the world for speed. Fast work does not impair its beautiful work.

Type-arms tested to last over 30 years. No ribbons, shifts, spiral springs or safety pins. Portable, Noiseless, Perfect. Machines sent on approbation. Operators supplied.

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**Morse's Persian Bouquet**

**AND HELIOTROPE SOAPS,**

Highly Perfumed, Lasting and Healing.



**W. H. STONE, Always open.  
UNDERTAKER,**  
Telephone 932. | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

Are You Interested In The Purchase Of a Typewriter?

The Hammond Has The Reputation Of Turning Out The Best Work.

"Universal" and

"Ideal" Keyboards.

**HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY,**  
45 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

QUEBEC AGENCY:

**T. W. NESS, 644 Craig St., Montreal.**

Every Genuine Package bears this cut.



**CURLINE**

Dorenwend's Latest Invention for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair. Reasons why ladies should use **CURLINE**: It is simple in application. It retains its influence for a great length of time. It adds lustre, life and beauty to the hair. It avoids excessive use of irons, etc. It is inexpensive. It is entirely free from harmful properties. It saves time and trouble. It is neither gummy nor sticky. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cts. each, or six for \$2.50. By mail, 8 cts. each extra. Manufactured only by

**A. DORENWEND, 103-105 Yonge St., Toronto.**



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**Christmas**

We have a splendid 4 x 5 outfit now with all materials necessary for a finished picture for \$7 50. Catalogue free.

**J. G. Ramsey & Co.**  
89 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

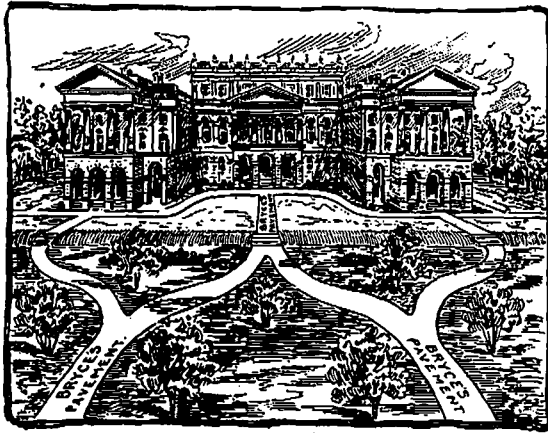
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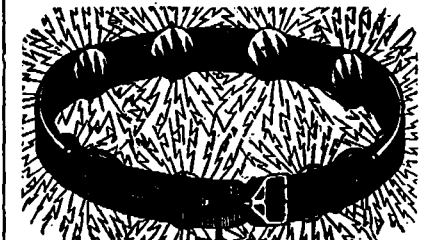
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