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VOLUME XXIII |  
 No. 17.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1884.

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# • GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BRNGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
- No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith:

Will be issued with the number for ..... Nov. 15.

## GRIP'S COMPETITION.

Applications for entrance to the proposed competition having reached us from several places outside the towns mentioned, we have decided to reconsider the plan and arrange it upon a more general scale, so as to give all our friends a chance for the premiums. Particulars will be published in an early issue.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—So long as Sir John Macdonald remains in public life, the probability is that the Conservative party will remain in office. It is also likely that the moment the old gentleman lets go the reins, the flesh-pots will slip from the grasp of their present proprietors. This view of the position is the one consideration that makes the Grit life worth living, and it is not strange, therefore, that the Reform Party should display a willingness to remove the harness from the old roadster, and let him enjoy a well-earned repose. The trouble is that the old roadster prefers to remain in the shafts.

FIRST PAGE.—A borrower is one of the greatest nuisances of a civilized neighborhood, and if that borrower is amply able to provide himself with the things he borrows, the meanness should not be tolerated. Here is the Ontario Government, which has millions of a surplus in its strong box, coming to the city of Toronto to ask the loan of a detachment of police to quell a riot in a distant part of the Province. This is a repetition of the check displayed some time ago by the Dominion Government, only it is aggravated by the fact that the local authority enjoys all the blessings of living in Toronto, without paying taxes for police or anything else. What have the citizens to say to this sort of thing? Are we taxed 15½ mills on the dollar to supply police for the Local Government to use abroad, while our own residences are being burglarized right and left? Economy is economy; and we are ready to give the local ministry all due credit on that score; but this is not economy, it is the smallest kind of dead-heading.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The publican in Ontario has received notice to quit. Wherever the Scott Act is submitted to the popular vote, it is carried by majorities large enough in all cases to emphasize the popular dictum that whiskey must go. In some instances the vote takes the shape of a cyclone, and sweeps all before it. The question is now asked by the philosophical observer—What's the meaning of this sudden outburst? It means that the people have discovered that they have no use for the liquor "trade," and that they would feel happier if the liquor dealer had to work for his living like the rest of us.

## THE TRIALS OF GENIUS.

(Continued.)

II.

When I arrived at the town where I felt that my undoubted genius would be immediately recognized, in spite of the predictions to the contrary of that crabbed old bachelor uncle before mentioned, I commenced to roll my eyes in fine frenzy, as poets should always do. I rolled my eyes, then, as I promenaded the streets, feeling that by so doing passers-by would at once recognize in me the poet, the son of song I felt myself to be. I noticed that people stared at me very hard. Far from being annoyed thereat, I felt, on the contrary, highly flattered and I strode along with conscious pride, rolling my eyes more costatically than ever. From my dream of bliss I was rudely awakened by the simple query of a vulgar little urohin who enquired of another (whom he addressed as "chummy") what asylum I had escaped from. Thus are real genius and merit too often allowed to pass unrecognized. I had read that Lord Byron had become very much intoxicated over-night, once upon a time, retired to bed, and awoke next day to find himself famous. I determined to adopt his lordship's plan. Accordingly I got very drunk; went to bed and awoke with a head that felt like a balloon, that is to say as regards size, not with respect to weight or emptiness, for I seemed to carry the dome of St. Paul's on my shoulders. "If this is fame," I said to myself, "give me infamy. Death, in fact, would be preferable to such a head." I firmly resolved to eschew as my model in future the noble lord mentioned, and I sighed deeply as I emptied the water pitcher at one tremendous draught. As the day wore on I felt better, and dashing off a lengthy poem, stepped out to draw as many hundred pounds as the editor of the *Daily Dagger* felt like handing over for the effusion. Judge of my astonishment when the proud autocrat of the journal mentioned actually refused to have anything to do with my flight of genius.

"Poetry," he said, "is a drug on the market. Every fool now-a-days writes poetry. We—"

"But sir," I said, "I am not a fool. I am considered by my mother and other relatives to be a rising and eminently clever bard. Read my poem, at least. I am in want of a hundred pounds and when you cast your eye over this manuscript you will, I am sure, at once offer me double that amount."

The editor looked at me with an expression that said plainer than words "Mad as a March hare," and then burst into a roar of laughter, and once more declined to even print my poem, to say nothing of making any offer of pecuniary return, and heaved me out of the office.

I indignantly left the place, my very blood boiling. How delighted, I thought, my old uncle would be could he only know of the manner in which I have been treated. But he never will. These last four words I uttered loud, and as they fell from my lips I heard a

smothered laugh at my side. I turned and beheld the very old gentleman of whom I was thinking. He evidently knew all and was, of course, delighted at finding his prognostications in some manner realized.

(Another dose next week.)

## THE DOMESTICATED BRAVE.

BY G. D. ROBERTS.

(Continued.)

Had the spirit of the Domesticated Brave's deceased great-grandmother been within him he would have gone to work and hoed some corn! But when, on the day succeeding the capture of the sauce, they saw him stalk off in the cool of the morning with his little hoe on his shoulder, then indeed their fears received full confirmation. And being very sorrowful at heart on his account, they followed after to see what he would do.

In the centre of that secluded plot of ground, where sprang and waved that single blade of grass, they marked him hoe a furrow, and sow therein what seemed to them a bottle. Then they flocked about him with tears and accusations and up-braidings. When he learned their fears he calmly raised his head, and from his lofty neck smiled down upon them, stretching out both hands. And he answered them, "No, my people, I am not a warrior; neither am I a great-grandmother. But I am greater than these, I am a benefactor!" and he explained to them what this word meant. He told them, moreover, all that he had done, and with what peril. As he spoke on in a quiet voice, dignified and full of pathos, the old warriors dried their eyes upon their blanket tails, and the young warriors upon their mocassins or their sock-legs (for they went barefoot in the forest for the greater stealthiness of tread). And shyly the maidens clustered about him, with tear-brimmed, great, dark, thankful eyes; while the small boys ceased for a little to throw mud upon his snowy blanket. At length they all broke into shouts, crying, "Our Domesticated Brave is become a benefactor. We are indeed happy!" and they carried him home upon their shoulders, dancing and singing by the way.

After these things the Benefactor spent many days in the forest, seeking another blade of grass for the further benefaction of his people. And it came to pass upon a certain day that he stood by the shore of the river, where the water made a great circuit about a wooded point. And the river so returned upon itself that the point came near to being an island, and from water to water was but the cast, "as it were," of an empty tomatocan, or a discarded shoe. (I have Mr. James' permission to employ here the phrase "as it were.") Over against the furthestmost extremity of this point, on the opposite shore of the river, he beheld a great war-party of the Blowchalks. Now the Blowchalks are the hereditary enemies of Okenechokeechobees; and the Benefactor straightway knew that ruin hung over his people. He started to give them warning. But he stopped. He remembered that "Peace hath her victories," as he had observed before; and he resolved to effect the deliverance of his tribe by his own unaided wisdom.

Leaping into his canoe and pushing forth into the swift current, he darted past the encampment of the Blowchalks in full view, rounded the point and landed again behind the screen of trees. Carrying his craft across the narrow isthmus he repeated the intricate manoeuvre. The Blowchalks camp was all astir. Ten times he paddled past, only to reappear and paddle past again. And the Blowchalk camp became alarmed. All day long he continued to traverse the circuit, and all day long the Blowchalks stood upon the shore and

breathlessly watched him go by. Toward sunset, when he had now gone by three hundred and seventeen and a half times, they sent out a messenger to him inviting him to call. They held that the circumstances were so extraordinary as to render consultation expedient. When the Benefactor stood in pride and perspiration before them, they said "Are you not very tired?" And he replied, "On the whole, not so much so as I expected to be." Then said they, "There have now gone by three hundred and seventeen and a half of you already. Is there any more of you to come?" And he answered them, "Two score and ten and a half, counting the rest of this trip. And then," said he, "my brother will go by." At these words the whole assembly was moved, and enquired, "Your brother—are there as many of him as of you, or is he a single man?" And he perceived their fear and answered, "He is indeed younger than I, but he is almost as numerous." Then the younger warriors went out by stealth and began to pack up their trunks. But the chiefs asked courteously, "And have you any fathers?" "I have a father," the Benefactor replied, "and he is more numerous than I, because he is older." And they asked again, "Have you sons, and are there many of them also?" And he replied quietly, "I have sons, and some of them very numerous." Then a warrior who was ancient and wise stood up and spoke: "It seems good that we return to our homes, and leave the tribes of the Oke-nechokwech-bees in peace. We are but five hundred men, with neither women nor children to help us. While of this man and his brother alone there are six hundred and ninety six, not to mention the old man and the sons. If now the rest of the tribe be in like proportions, we may prove to have undertaken too heavy a contract. Let us even wait till some of the people die. Then may success, perchance, await us, and not disastrous failure." And his words seemed good, and indeed they were. And the whole tribe made ready to depart. But one said, "Let us take a portion of this man with us. Out of so much a little will not be missed." So the Benefactor found that he had indeed saved his people, but was himself a captive among the Blowchalks.

(To be continued.)

TOPICAL TALK.

London, last week, was beaten at its own game by Strathroy. It was called football, and it would be supposed (by any one who read the reports of baseball matches during the summer) that the cockneys would have held their own, at least at kicking.



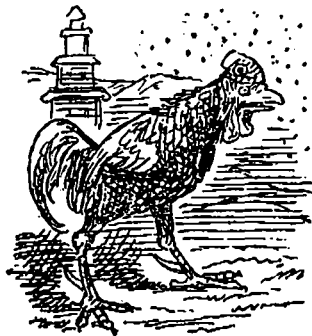
That Henry Irving is a great actor I fancy no one will deny, but that he is not yet at the top of the tree is evident from the critiques on his performances in the city papers, and those of Hamilton and Dundas. If Mr. Irving would but pay attention to the advice offered in these papers, especially the *Banner*, he might be a first-chop actor in a short time.



Literary men have long been puzzled as to the meaning of a certain passage in Shakespeare, I think in *Hamlet*, and many sagacious and profound explanations have been given concerning it. To me it appears as plain as a pike-staff. The passage is "I have that within which passeth show." The word "within" evidently refers to "pocket," and that which "passeth show" can be nothing else but a dead-head theatre ticket.



Merchants will feel a thrill of relief when they hear a recent decision of the Recorder of Montreal, which was that a store-keeper has a perfect right to take hold of a drummer by the ear and bounce him off his premises if the pertinacious bag-man refuses to vacate the store after being told once. M. Painchaud, a commercial traveller, has found this to his cost. It seems he insisted on holding the fort,—in other words refused to "git" when M. Moiseau, a merchant, told him to do so. The irate store-keeper assisted him to the door, and exemplified the eternal fitness of things, at any rate of names, by giving M. Painchaud a "hot roll" on the sidewalk. The Recorder before whom the case came up, said that M. Moiseau had been quite justified in acting as had done. N. B.—Book-agents and all that class of itinerant vendors of goods may be treated in like manner; all except canvassing agents for GRIP.



In spite of the numerous "victories" gained, or rather claimed to be gained, by the French, they seem to be making surprisingly slow progress towards anything decisive. Killing Chinamen, that is in China, is like killing flies. As the old saying is "twenty come to each funeral." Moreover, the French don't have things all their own way by any means, and are losing an immense number of men. Let

the Gaelic cock crow as he pleases, there is little doubt but that he doesn't feel as comfortable as he would have one think. Besides all this, it is very difficult to know for certain whether the reported French victories are victories or defeats. This appears to be well understood by the French at home themselves, for *Le Charivari* makes fun of the "despatches," as will be seen by the following from that paper: "Enter to the redacteur of *Le Temps*, a messenger. 'Behold here,' he cries, 'hundreds of despatches of victories in China.' 'Useless,' replies himself the redacteur, 'I have already written them myself in advance.'" This looks as if the "redacteurs" and others smelt a rat somewhere.



I was rather amused at something I saw in the *Hamilton Spectator* not long ago. That paper was poking fun at the *London Advertiser* for asserting that the weather was cold up there in the woods. The *Spec* declaring that at that very time the heat was so great that the people were "sleeping with their legs out of the windows." I always thought that the people of the Ambitious City a strange lot, but I never knew that they adopted the extremely novel position described during their sleeping hours. How weird and awe-inspiring a sight it must be to pass through that city during a hot midsummer night! The pendant legs of the sleeping inhabitants swaying backwards and forwards from the windows in the nocturnal zephyrs, would give one the idea that he was in a city of mourning draped with funeral banners. Peradventure the proclivities of the good folk of Hamilton for acquiring shin-plasters has something to do with this queer sleeping posture. The fact that the people, presumed feminine as well as masculine, put their feet through the windows, says a great deal for the size of the casements of Hamilton.

In the latest copy of the French *Charivari* is a small cartoon representing the interior of a police station, the human figures being those of a prefect of police, a prisoner and a man on a stretcher. "You are accused," says the prefect to the incarcerated one, "of having attempted to poison your comrade here." "What I!" says the other; "I I he was thirsty and I only gave him a glass of Seine water to drink." "Precisely," is the remark of the officer. I was thinking that if the word "Don" were substituted for Seine, the cartoon might be used with very good effect nearer home.

Now that it is settled that Sir John A. Macdonald is to be made a peer—for such must be the case, as the *Regina Leader*, I see, says there is no doubt about the matter—the next thing will be the consideration of a title for him. Lord Gerymandero della Policio Nationale has a Spanish grandee, dignified sound, but is, perhaps, too long. Let me see: the Baron Slaphisshops, smacks of medievalism, but is not, possibly very dignified. How would—, but let me pause. It is just possible that the Premier is not to be peered at all, in which case the selection of a title is premature. I will wait to see what the next issue of the *Leader* says.



I observe by the English papers, that a new and delicate mode of advertising is coming into vogue in London, shop-keepers exhibiting in their windows relics of heroes and others of a by-gone day; a shoe-dealer, for instance, displaying the boots worn by the redoubtable Claud Duval, and the pumps which once decorated the shapely feet of Beau Nash; a tobacconist shows the pipe and tobacco-stopper used by Sir Isaac Newton, and so on. This style might be imitated in Canada, for the public appear to have wearied soon of sickly zoological specimens and ponies, fully equipped, eating hay out of a rack in a plate glass front. Now, I would suggest that some of the following would be invaluable, and all the more so as the quondam wearers are still in the laud of the living. A hatter might display the well-known soft-felt head-gear of Mr. Blake (if it can be procured); Mr. Mowat's spectacles would draw crowds to an optician's place of business; whilst the glove which Alderman Piper wore when he smote Doc Sheppard in front of the post office, would be an irresistible attraction for a dry goods store. These are only a few samples of what might be displayed, and I make this suggestion for what it is worth—so much a line.



I saw something a few days ago on a grocer's sign that caused me to reflect. There was not much in the words themselves, but I fancied there might be a deeply hidden meaning in them. The legend was nothing more nor less than this: "Teas and Coffees of Original Blends." I fell to thinking what these "original" blends might be. Sloc leaves, copper and tea, I was familiar with. Chicory, beans and coffee are a combination as ancient as Mocha itself. What, I wondered in my innocence, are these new and "original" blends? Perhaps some novel method of roasting saw-dust and horse-chestnut shells, dashing them with a flavor of coffee and giving them to the world as the latter. Possibly some new-fangled invention whereby the currant bush may be made to yield its foliage, and, mingled with the dust from a tea-chest, become a very fine and original "tea." I do not suppose that that grocer would be likely to impart his secret to me, but I wish he would, if it were only to give me a surcease from the worry and mental torture of thinking about it. The people have their rights, and there is no reason why any tradesman should be permitted to drive them into lunatic asylums; peradventure, premature, cold and silent tombs. It is an outrage!

I don't see that the promoters of the Toronto Gentleman's Rational Dress Reform Club are meeting with any very alarming encouragement in their laudable project. This may be accounted for by the fact that the lower limbs of the majority of our young men partake more of the broomstick order of architecture

than the symmetrical, but cotton batting will do wonders; but those gentlemen who undertake to remedy nature's defects should be very careful. I was amused to see a young man the other day in knickerbockers, but the effect of his get-up was marred by the fact that one of his calves had slipped down nearly to his ankle, whilst the other one was gradually working itself round to the front. As I said before, great care should be taken when assisting nature.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

(AIR—BONNIE DUNDEE)

To the Lords of Auld England 'twas Gladstone that spoke,  
This bill maun gae through tho' yer crowns should be broke;  
Then each Englishman who loves honor and mo,  
Let him vote for the Franchise, the rights o' the free.  
Come pack up my axe, come pack up my pen;  
Come pack up my trunk, an' let's off by the train;  
We'll awa' o'er the border, as fast a' we can flee,  
An' when we come back then we'll see what we'll see.  
Gladstone he is mounted, the stump he has taen;  
The Lords they just growl, an' stick fast to the hano;  
But Gladstone, douce man said, "just een let them be,  
That bill will gae through; gin ye'll just bide a we.  
Shee out wi' my axe, an' oot wi' my pen;  
We may need hae the tra' yet, for aught that we ken;  
Gin the craws frae their nest in the forks wiuna flee,  
Then the axe we maun lay to the root o' the tree."  
There are towns beyond London, an' lands beyond Forth;  
If there's slaves in the South, there are men in the North,  
There are bonnie brave Scotchmen three thousand times three.  
Who'll cry "Hey! for the Franchise!" till a' the Lords flee.  
Then out wi' your note-books, yer pencil, yer pen,  
Report every word the "Grand Auld Man" is saun;  
Auld Arthur's seat sings wi' the cheers an' the glee,  
An' the echoes are waikin' the folk by the sea!  
Then bring out yer Jeannees, yer flunkies, yer knives,  
Parade forty thousand pair spiritless slaves;  
But tremble my Lords in the midst o' yer glee,  
Ye hae nae seen the last o' the Franchise an' me.  
Then pack up my axe noo, and lay by my pen;  
We'll awa' back an' beard the auld Lords in their den;  
Wha-er cries peccavit it winna be me,  
For I'm bound the Franchise Bill I'll carry or dee.

FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES.

AND THE WAY THE POOR MAN IS RECEIVED AT THEM.



Not to be outdone in enterprise, and seeing that other journals had been making a new departure from the beaten tracks, MR. GRIP determined to attempt something of a similar nature to the embassy of the *Globe* reporter to the various fashionable churches in the city. MR. GRIP, however, selected boarding-houses as the scene of his ambassador's operations, as he had heard much of the manner in which impecunious gentlemen were received by the proprietresses of these establishments. Accordingly he summoned

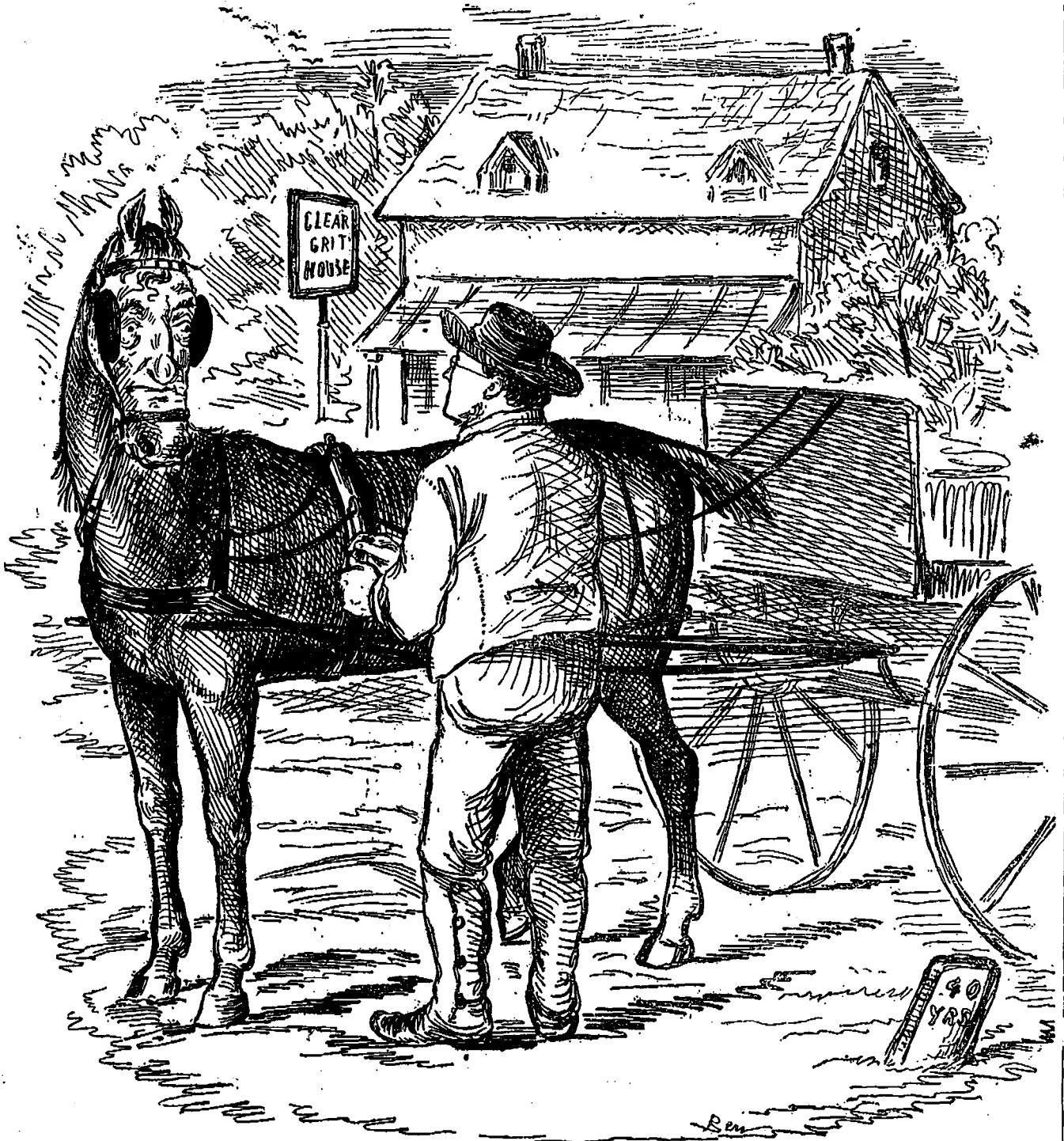
his trusty henchman and imparting his idea to him bid him to prepare himself and go forth. The gentleman's adventures are given in his own words.

"I decided to don a shabby dress, which I did as follows: I wore a helmet-hat that had been the pride of King-street eight summers ago. It was 'the hat my father wore' and was much the worse for the several cargoes of bricks which the old gentleman had been accustomed to carry in it on various occasions. Originally white, it was now stained with rain-storm and tobacco-juice till it looked like a cone of drab blotting-paper that had been used for mopping out a bar-room. I had no shirt, but but I pioned a paper collar to my jersey and donned a necktie I had fished out of a Lombard-street swill-barrel. My coat was an

ulster of several colors; time had made great havoc with it, and where buttons were lacking I utilized hair-pins and stove-pipe wire. One leg of my pantaloons was longer than the other and my outfit was completed with an overshoe on one foot and a cow-hide boot on the other. I allowed my beard to grow for four days before I started and when that period had elapsed I sallied forth. My first visit was to an ultra-fashionable hashery on Jarvis-street. Several gentlemen connected with banking and the dry-goods trade, I believe, were seated on the verandah as I ascended the steps and rang the bell. The lady of the house answered the summons, and no sooner had she caught sight of me than she fainted clean away in the hall, knocking down the hat-rack in her fall and crushing a new stove-pipe hat as she sat upon it. The uproar caused the gentlemen in the verandah to rush in to enquire the cause of the disturbance, and one young man, seeing his cherished 'plug' battered out flat beneath the landlady, was so overcome that he wept aloud, 'Oh! I thay; look at my plug hat; my new hat that I thaved up for thwee weekth to buy, his misery being soothed by his companions who regarded me with savage scowls. Meanwhije I fanned the prostrate female with my pocket handkerchief which, in a short time, brought her to her senses and she rose and pointed to the door with a stamp of her foot and the emphatic jaculation of 'Scat! tramp. Sic him Towser.' 'But madam,' I pleaded 'I came to see if I could procure board in your establishment. Pray let me enquire your terms.' 'Go, fellow; I would not have you here for worlds.' 'But, lady,' I resumed, 'I can pay for my entertainment—on the same terms as some of your present boarders, videlicet, every six months, at least sometimes—and I am well connected at home; my father is a bishop and I write for the papers. I—' but my flow of oratory was interrupted by Towser, a huge mastiff, who seized me by the south-eastern bulge of my pantaloons and escorted me backwards to the front gate.

"I then proceeded to a somewhat less pretentious house on Adelaide-street. In answer to my ringing peal at the bell and thunderous knocking, with the huge club I carried, on the door, a small female in curl papers presented herself. She scanned me from top to toe and then said 'Phew! go 'way; got nothing for you.' 'Fair lady,' I said, 'I am in search of a boarding-house. What are your terms?' After a pause the gentle being started off as follows. 'Fourandahawweekpaidinadvance. Washing-andbedroomandadinnerandnapkinextra; nocharge-forsoapandwater—whichbythewayyouseeemto-require.' 'Good!' I replied; 'How often does fried liver grace your festal board—' 'Nev—' 'Does the butter perform its athletic feats at table or does it confine its antics to the cellar? Is your hair false or does it come out? Are you married? Is your establishment a good square place where a fellow can get a decent feed, or is it one of those faded-gentility affairs where the lady has seen better days, and, on the strength of that, starves her unfortunate victims? Madam, I am an orphan—an English baronet's orphan—and have been accustomed to luxury; answer me these questions?' 'Have you a trunk?' was her counter query. 'No; but I expect one by the next English mail.' 'Can you pay in advance?' was the next demand. 'No, but I—' 'Will-y-um! Will-y-um!' shrieked this awful woman, 'bring your pistols, here's a man trying to kiss me.'

"May heaven's vengeance fall on me if I as much as winked at that creature, but when I heard deep, bass tones resounding through the house I decided that this boarding-house was too small, so without waiting to be introduced to Willium and his deadly weapons, I beat a hasty retreat and proceeded in the direction of Mrs. Skimpsey's on Church-street."



## TOO PREVIOUS !

*The Old Hoss.*—NEVER MIND TAKING OFF THE HARNESS YET A WHILE, MY MAN ;  
I'M NOT THROUGH WITH IT.



SAVED HIS REPUTATION.

The Rev. Mr. Popplewell is a very nervous young man, and has lately been appointed to the curacy of St. Judas. He had never preached a sermon, and when the time came for him to face the congregation and make his first effort he fainted clean away as soon as he entered the pulpit. When he came to himself he was lying on a sofa in the vestry, of which place, with the exception of old John, the clerk and sexton, he was the sole occupant. He was in a dreadful state of trepidation and felt that his debut had not been an auspicious one.

"Oh! John," he exclaimed, sighing deeply, "this is terrible! what will the congregation think of my deplorable weakness? How can a man who thus swoons away when about to do his duty ever hope to impress his hearers? My influence is already departed."

"Hoots, sir," replied old John, who has no weakness but one, which may be guessed at from a glimpse of his nose, "Ye've done nothin' amiss. They came enquirin' after ye, sir, but I satisfied 'em all. Ye're all right, and they don't think none the worse o' ye, sir."

"You explained my sudden indisposition then, John, did you?" asked poor Mr. Popplewell anxiously. "You informed them that my illness is not one of common occurrence. Thank you, John; what did you say?"

"Oh! sir," replied John, with an air of conscious pride in having saved his new clergyman's reputation from the stigma of weakness. "I just told 'em ye wore drunk!"

His reverence faints again.

HE IS COMING.

It is rumored that Oscar Wilde purposes making another trip to this country. Why we are to be once more thus afflicted by the sausage-link-legged apostle, he, the s.l.l.a. saith not. All we believe is, that he is coming. But we have him on the hip, as a copy of his latest poem has arrived at this sanctum in advance of the author thereof. All who read it will doubtless procure a club, or a heavy parsnip, boiled, and prepare to deal with the perpetrator of this contemplated outrage as he deserves. Here is the entrancing melody of the long-haired (no, beg his pardon; married now), close-cropped singer. Read, mark, and be prepared for vengeance:

A WAIL, A WEIRD WHALE.

Oh! sweet is the whang of the wanglewane,  
And the snore of the snark in the twilight pale;  
As the crawl crawls up the casement pane;  
Love me, love, in the grawsome gale.

Gone is the wanglewane, weird and wold,  
Down to the grave in the ghoulish land;  
Where the horned toads glide, and the musty mould  
Eats the lily in my lost love's hand.

There is a galloping, ghastly green,  
Blue is the glare of the wobbly wang,  
He is tangling her cardinal hair, I ween,  
(Sweet is the song the wild snail sang).

Oh! long and lank are her lily-white limbs.  
(Lay me down in a turnip field).  
And the poet he warbles his psalms and hymns,  
Sweet in the perfume the aesthetes yield.

There are jabbery wocks joggling in the east;  
Wild wore-wolves howling in the North and West;  
Oh! the goblin-crow has a goolly feast,  
And the poet now takes an aesthetic rest.

That's about all the poem: enough of it, at any rate, to show what we shall come to if Oscar is allowed to return.

THE SICK BOY'S REQUEST.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mummy dear,  
For to-morrow 'll be a whooper up as sure as I lie here;  
Oh! mother when I sleep to-night upon my little bed,  
I know I'll dream I see papa a-painting things so red!

To-morrow, mother, as you know, the stove pipes will be brought  
From out the cellar's gloomy depths with soot and cobwebs fraught.

Last year I had to do the job, but now, I'm sick, hurray!  
Papa will have to tackle all those pipes I stowed away.

He used to stand and gaze at me, and say "Now, Bill, don't shirk  
That job. I love to see a boy like you be fond of work.  
Now, up and dust; be lively now." And there he stood,  
mammy;  
His hands deep in his pockets: he's a daisy, is papa.

To-morrow morn he'll rise betimes; he'll do the work himself;  
He's not the man to hire help and waste his hard-earned self.  
And mammy, if you're waking, do call me up, I pray,  
For to-morrow 'll be a rouser, a rattling glorious day.

(N.B. Tears here, please, for the dear boy.)

Now, mother, when you wake me, you'll carry me down stairs,  
And put me close to dear papa to hear him when he sneezes.  
Oh! won't it be a glorious time! I would not miss a point;  
I fancy I can see dear dad when he strikes a crumply joint.

You know, mammy, I would not care if dad had only been  
Less cranky with a boy like me: I think 'twas awful mean;  
When I used to jab my fingers on those pipes he'd only laugh  
And say, "look lively, Willyum; you clumsy little calf."

But now, mammy, I'm sleepy, but do, pray do be sure  
And call me up at day break; you can hammer at my door,  
And put me right near father, for I want to hear him belar  
His naughty words as he conveys those pipes from out the cellar.

When I have seen him work and sweat as on to-morrow's day  
He'll do, I shall be willing to be gently moved away,  
Oh! mammy, I shall fairly cry with laughing, ha! ha! ha!  
Do sure and call me early, call me early, dear mammy.

Now I think before I sleep I'll kneel and say my little prayers,  
And then I'll try and take a nap. Be sure and come up stairs;  
And thunder in the morning on the panels of my door.  
Good-night, mammy. Now do not fail. There's heaps of fun in store.

Oh! I shall dream of pap all night as thumping, thumping,  
Oh! thumping,  
He'll come up stairs from cellar, his knees and elbows bumping;  
His nose and face all sooty. Now, mammy, go away,  
But call me, call me early at the very peep of day!

ANOTHER ROYAL DIARY.

TWO YOUNG PRINCELETS ABOUT TO SPREAD THEIR PENS.

The literary world may expect to be astonished before very long, as it appears to be certain that two royal authors are about to publish a book—two volumes, the work being nothing more nor less than a joint diary of the lives of the Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales on board H.M.S. Bacchante, commencing from September 17, 1879, and chronicling all the events which struck the minds of the youthful princes as being wonderful during their various cruises in the Mediterranean and elsewhere.

From the mature state of the judgment of these sprigs of royalty at the time of the commencement of the work, a vast amount of profound and useful information may be looked for, and judging from what GRIP has already seen of royal authorship, he expects not only to be instructed but surprised.

The forth-coming work has been corrected in places by the governor of the young authors, the Revd. John N. Dalton. This information is given here merely to explain the initials which appear occasionally below, the subjoined being, as near as GRIP can guess, about what the great work will be like, he having kept a diary at sea once himself:

"H.M.S. Bacchante, off Maderia; Sept. 17, 79. Had lobstercous for breakfast; beastly badly made, too—GEORGE." "Oh! what a story; the lobstercous was splendidly jolly, and George ate three large panikins full; he was quite sick—A. V." "Lobscouse is spelled as I write it, it is a nautical dish, but what it is made of I am not aware—Americans would term it hash. It is very nice when properly made—J.N.D." "Got mast-headed for tripping the

black cook down the main hatchway; fancy mast-heading a prince for chucking a greasy nigger down a hole! Wonder what mamna would say. Albert says I did very rong but he's a softy—G." "Saw a beautiful flying fish and a dolfin, I asked Mr. Dalton about them and he said both were fishes. I was previously under the impression that a flying-fish was half fish half bird, like a bat. That naughty boy, George, was very properly sent to the mast-head for hurting poor Sambo's nose by tripping him down stai—the companion. I often forget my nauticle language—A.V." "Corrections by J.N.D. 'tripping' and 'dolphin' spelt thus: 'nautical,' 'wrong' so. My young charge, H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor, has somewhat queer notions of natural history, when he terms a bat, half-bird half-fish: it is neither. I was glad to see H.R.H. Prince George, whose mischievous nature seems to be incorrigible, punished. J.N.D." "Turned in at two bells, after letting Bertie's hammock down by the head with a run. Haw! haw! how the poor beggar did howl. I had to tell old Dalton that the lashings had parted—so they had!—GEORGE." "H.M.S. Bacchante, Sept. 19, 1879. Got mast-headed for towing my duds astern, as we made a short cruise. Sat there, perched up aloft, from morning till night, like a sweet little cherub watching over poor Jack. Bah! who cares. I'd just as soon be up there as anywhere. Dal. Trevelyan snaked me up half a bottle of rum; jolly good of him. I'll make him prime minister when I'm king—GEORGE."

"I think George becomes more and more wicked every day. He was punished again this morning. I was not sorry to see it as he hurt my head very much when he cut my hammock corlashings. Dear, dear; this horrible nautical fraseology. The *Myrmidon* anchored near us and fired a royal salute in my honor. I don't think George was included as he was in disgrace. Saw an albatross. Saw a bonita. Had pea-soup for dinner. It was delicious. I must obtain the recipy for making it and introduce it at Windsor. I know dear papa would like it—A.V." "Corrections by J.N.D. Errors in spelling in cherub, minister, fraseology, receipt. Of H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor I entertain great hopes; of H.R.H. Prince George, none whatever unless he reforms. H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor and I dined with the captain who has a most excellent cellar, and H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor's enconiums on the soup are just and well-merited. I regret to say that when H.R.H. Prince George descended from the mast-head he walked very unsteadily. I hope it was nothing but the motion of the vessel, a slight swell having arisen, but I fear the worst. One prince I can look after, two, never again.—J.N.D."

"H.M.S. Bacchante. En route for the West Indies. Oct. 7, 1879—Had the best fun going. Tied old Dalton's cat to the captain's monkey, my eyes! what fun! Tip, the monkey, dashed up the mizen shrouds like a lamp-lighter with the cat dangling behind, clawing as if Davy Jones had got her, and squawling like a demon. Got mast-headed for this, but who cares? Dal. Trevelyan managed to smuggle up a bottle of sherry and I was as jolly as a sand-boy. Saw some ships and porpusses. That Victor's a regular molly-coddle; won't have any sky-larking but is always bothering old Dalton with questions.—GEORGE."

"I am sure mamna will be very, very much annoyed when she learns how naughty George is. He was again in sad disgrace to-day. He tied the cat and the monkey together and they both got hung from the mizen top-gallant yard. Read Homer with Mr. Dalton, and after that, Sanford and Merton by myself. I think that Mr. Dalton and George and I are somewhat like Mr. Barlow and Sanford and Merton. Went to be—I mean 'turned in' at eight o'clock, dear, I mean eight bells.—A.V."

"I have but little heart to make any cor-

rections or, in fact, to do anything. H.R.H. Prince George will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I observe that H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor has stated his, H.R.H. Prince George's, latest misdemeanors. I feel very sorry, very sad. Dined with the captain. His cellar and cuisine are excellent. Shall reach Jamaica to-morrow.—J.N.D."

Space will not allow further extracts to be given, but Mr. GRIP awaits the appearance of the royal diary with much anticipation.

It is to be hoped that H.R.H. Prince George will not appear in *quite* so unfavorable a light as he does here, though what is a middy worth unless he is full of fun? Nothing.

ODE ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Soon will November be here,  
 My dear,  
 With its blowing and snowing; no knowing,  
 I fear,  
 How soon 'twill be on us, so dismal and drear,  
 No comfort outside, in the house no cheer.  
 Oh! dear,  
 Already I feel in the tip of my nose  
 A kind of a thrill and a chill, and it goes  
 From my blooming proboscis clear down to my toes;  
 I know  
 It's a sign of the coming of surly old winter,  
 With a breath that is sharp as a hickory splinter,  
 Which, so early as this, is a kind of a hint.  
 It's no sin ter  
 Be kind of annoyed that the summer is gone,  
 More especially when a man's ulster's in pawn,  
 And he hasn't a cent to repay "Uncle's" loan.  
 I must moan,  
 I must groan,  
 And write these dull verses in lachrymose tone,  
 Ocho-ne!  
 Dear reader, if you were in such a bad fix  
 You'd be as cross as a bear or a pair of cross-sticks;  
 No raiment for winter; an' amount of wealth—nix,  
 And to see jolly fellows just as full up as ticks!  
 It ticks  
 The Dutch how some men are not a day sober  
 In October,  
 Or in any one month for the matter of that.  
 They never have money, but are drunk and are fat,  
 They toil not, nor spin,  
 But muck gin,  
 They can win,  
 It's a sin,  
 And too thin,  
 For they grin  
 When they see  
 Men like me  
 Hung-e-ry  
 And their glee  
 Is as great and as joyous as e'er it can be;  
 For whilst I am quite sober and drink only tea,  
 These villainous bunniers are e'er on the spree;  
 And they say E.K.D.  
 Was right as we see.  
 For ho said "jolly fellows" were just such as we.  
 But somehow or other I've wandered away  
 From what I intended at first for to say,  
 Which was—Winter is coming, and also good-day.

(The above was written by GRIP's special bard,  
 Who, as you may see, gets his pay by the yard.  
 Ed. GRIP.)

THE DOODYS AT PORT STANLEY.

(A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST SUMMER.)

The 28th was a great day for the Doodys. The *revellé* was sounded by Mrs. Doody with a rolling-pin at 5 a.m., and five minutes afterwards Master Daniel O'Connell Doody, and Miss Bridgetina Glorvina Doody, and the pup, and Daniel Doody himself were all broad awake.

"The airy burds catches the worms," soliloquized Daniel, "not but fwat the Doodys has had them," he mentally adds. The Boffins were to go with the Doodys—Barney Boffin being "a handy crathur at a pic-nic" and a "corner-sewer" of divers potent and spirituous liquids, which were conceived by Dan. to add zest and stimulus to the natural charms of Port Stanley.

The happy family worked industriously, packing the "nutriment," consisting of cabbage, bacon, the banty rooster (which had been sacrificed to the exigencies of the occasion), and a "poy" which was a "poy"—Mrs. Doody being universally acknowledged to be a "joyant" at the composition of those delectable articles.

The proud procession started in good time. Barney and Daniel struggled along in front with the clothes-basket filled with provisions, and were closely followed by Ann Boffin and Mary Doody, accompanied by the infant Doody, also by Barney's carmine-headed cousin, also by five miscellaneous little Boffins, holding each other by their perspiring hands, and momentarily colliding with dogs, perambulators, and such possible obstacles as the pavement afforded.

"Musha, thin, Terence is the Dood," whispered Daniel, at the same time indicating, by divers winks and signals, the eldest scion of the house of Boffin.

When tickets had been purchased, the pup driven home with maledictions, and the combined Doody-Boffin aggregation got safely aboard; the energies of Barney and Daniel were, as it were, bankrupted, so that they were fain to go into liquidation over the contents of a black bottle.

The scene was a happy one, Terence and Glorvina consumed love and lollipops, the five little Boffins played kazoos, and Mary Doody and Ann Boffin dismantled the reputation of the Courroys.

Barney and Daniel had a terrible "rustlin' match" with the clothes-basket, ascending the hill to the grounds, and between the jawing of their consorts and the "evil coorses" of the juveniles, they began to mistrust the joys of pic-nicing, and when they found that Daniel O'Connell Doody had been the author of the greater part of their woes by making the basket the depository of the family flat-irous, their rage was infinite.

However, the dinner was "immiuse." Daniel was the orator of the day, and Barney "pull't" the corks, and hoorayed for "Oireland," and between the oratory, minstrelsy and "poy," and the performance of certain hilarious and dexterous jigs, all went most cheerfully until Barney's indiscreet potatoes toppled him over with his head in the buttermilk, and his feet waving defiance to the Saxon race. Daniel was much scandalized by this result of Barney's bibulation, and observed in solemn sorrow that "dhrunkenness was a crime whereof the joys were 'thransitory' and the pains were purgatory."

The sight of the merry little white-caps of Lake Erie kissing their hands, the skinning sea-gulls, and the misty haze of the horizon made Daniel feel poetical and generous, and he straightway insisted on a sail by the Company. Down the hill they went with peals of glee, shortly turned to exclamations of surprise, occasioned by the complicated revolutions, and acrobatic miracles of the carmine-headed cousin from Wexford, who, essaying to descend the hill in an adventurous spirit at a peculiarly perpendicular point, was soon involved in certain rigid and extraordinary changes of posture, or, as Daniel said, "rowling cartwheels an' double somersets, an' rootin', shquealin' an' doin' the most diabolical antiques."

The Lake was tremulous, the boat small for its age, and the passengers became preternaturally serious. Finally Daniel and Mary Doody were seen crawling to the bulwarks on hands and knees, the acrobatic cousin hung over the stern—as Daniel said "he nigh come to pieces wid the stringency of his emotions,"—and the boat (Mary Boffin) was a complete wreck. They got back in very reduced circumstances. They found Barney restored, repentant, and finishing the oysters. Soon, the hour for return drew nigh, Barney was sent out to call in the infantry. Terence was evidently much out of mental equilibrium, Brigotina had been exercising the "drawing qualities" of a poultice on his excitable young affections. The rest of the party wore the usual second-hand appearance of pilgrims returning from celebrating the rites of the goddess of Port Stanley. And the gamins at the city station made merry at their belated aspects.

Truly the home of the Doodys, with its little whitewashed fence, never welcomed a more weary set of prodigals; and Daniel says:

"Let others to the sayside roam,  
 In fucher the Doodys stay at home,"

STRAY LETTERS FOUND IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Oct. 1st, 1884.

MY DEAR SAMUEL—Yours received, in reply I am happy to say the widow has consented to be spliced with your humble servant and debtor at an early day, although, in confidence, I would to heaven I could see some other way out of this corner than by marrying her. She's too fond of me by half, and only the thought of her money and property can at all reconcile me to her frequent caresses. If it were't for that note of yours, and that tailor's bill, which the fellow declares he will sue me for, I declare I would back out yet. It's bad enough now; what will it be afterward to have her around all the time. Don't be astonished if I commit suicide at the last moment. Only the ever-present idea of the handsome property can save me.

Yours in a dilemma,  
 BENJAMIN SWITHER.

Reply to Above.

MONTREAL, Oct. 2nd, 1884.

DEAR SWITHER,—Don't make me feel sick with all this rot about backing out. You've no right to go deceiving a poor woman like that. I don't think it's the square thing to go and entangle the affections of any poor, unsophisticated widow, and then give her the grand bounce, as you propose to do; that is when she's a widow of means, and people waiting for their money. I saw Shears, yesterday. He says if the marriage doesn't come off soon he will sue—sure as fate. As for my own note, that's all right; of course I know as soon as you get control of that money you will pay me; but I am really sorry to see you having so little principle as to think of trifling with a woman's feelings, and backing out like that. You screw up your courage like a man, marry her, keep on the soft side of her till you get her to make over her property to you, and then, if she gets too soft, or you find her too much of a bother, why there's Longue Pointe Asylum—tip the doctor, and the thing's done. Splendid institution—"Abandon hope all ye who enter here," and so forth. My dear fellow, your duty's clear—marry her, get the property, then ho for Longue Point!

Yours faithfully,  
 FRED. CROOK.

MONTREAL, Oct. 4, 1884.

MY DEAR SAMUEL,—Taking it all in all, I grant your advice, like your morality, is good; but there's a fly in the ointment. True, there is also Longue Pointe—but there is also Perry—what about Perry? What good is Longue Pointe to me so long as Perry sits at the gate. No, that's no go.

Yours in haste,  
 BENJAMIN SWITHER.

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME, ESQ.,  
 ON THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Being in a wathaw philosophical state of mind lately, in consequence of trying to awgue the point with myself whethaw or not the yeahly Pwovincial shows are pwoductive of any gweat amount of benefit to the—aw—countwy at lawge, beyond stirring up people into a pwoper degwee of enahgy to perseveh in theah usual—aw—awocations, and, as it weah, wclax theah minds a little by affawding them some amusemwnt, I have, notwithstanding horwible boating of drums, the shrieking of fifs, the bwazen blaw of twum-

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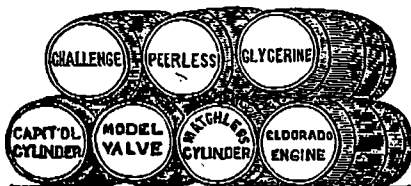
"I'LL HAVE TO WORK FOR MY LIVING LIKE OTHER PEOPLE IF THIS GOES ON."

pets and bugles and the discordant and fitful tootling of the unspeakable Kazoo, pondered a great deal on the—aw—temperance question. I have learned by the papahs that one Dodds and others of the liquor admirwing stwips, have been out on a crusade in the county of—aw—Halton, and that they have been signally defeated in theah endeavahs to ovalthrow the—aw—Cwooks Act in that constituency. This Mr.—aw—King Dodds, I heah attribwites his defeat to the action of the minists of the—aw—gospel in the widing. In using unduc influence oval the people. Perwaps so; perwaps the people had sufficient experwience in—aw—liquor affairs to have some slight pwejudice of their own against it, irwpective of what the—aw—clergy may have told them—of caus I don't weally know as to the facts, still I think the parsons have as good a right to awguc their point as Mistah King Dodds—awa. You aw aware, my deh Gwir, that I am by no means what is generally styled a purwitan. I like my—aw—glass of sherry and all that you know, so that I am quite unpwejudiced about the question, and it appears to me that some people make verwy invidious distinctions concerning people, who should be allowed to dwink and those who should not. For instance I see a weinawkable well selected list of wines in the—aw—menu of the Mowat Banquet, held in the Gwanite Wink at the time of the little pwe-miah's verwy cordial veception by the—aw—

citizens. It appears from that that our wuling peop'le, membahs of the govehment, gweat statesmen and—aw—so forth, are all wight in discussing Rheims and Mumm Champagnes, Chateau la Rose, Journou Freres and St. Julien Clarets, Santernes, Rhein Wine, Commenda-tor Port and Vino de Pasto Sherwy, paying, of cous, for the pwivilege, the sum of two dollars, the gwest, of caus, thrown in. It is not likely, howevah, that any of the distinguished feastahs got in any degwee inebriated, that would be too shocking, yet, as the Irishman said, the "materials" were theah to pwoduce the same effect as the vulgawest old wye or bwandy. If a lot of common people took upon themselves to give an ovation to somebody—say to Gwir—and the wine carts showed nothing but wye, whiskey, beer and pawtah, whether the pawticipants of the banquet got drunk or not, no doubt the affah would be shown up as everwy thing that is bad and dewgawding, leading the "young man of Ontarwec-oh" from the path of wectitude, to that of destruction. Much has hithehto been shouted from the house tops, and other more accessible places, about good and bad examples set to the young. I wondah what the opinion of the shoutahs is regarding the gweat banquet, where eat all the leading woform politicians. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gandah"—aw.

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