



# GRIP



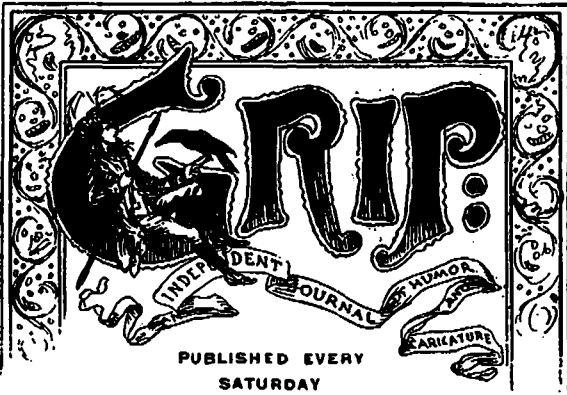
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NOW LET HIS ERRORS BE BURIED AND FORGOTTEN!



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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments  
ON THE  
Cartoons.

THE NEW SIR JOHN.—GRIP still has a Sir John, But the Grand Old Face is gone!

Sir John Thompson is sure to become more and more prominent in the public life of Canada, and for that reason it behooves GRIP, without further loss of time, to begin practising

ing on him. Sir John is a capable and promising man, and a man of high character, but alas, his face is not one the caricaturist can make much out of. Nor is he likely to afford as many striking opportunities for using it, as his great namesake did. Still, our stock in trade of available public phizzes is larger than that of our compeers, *Fuck and Judge*, who are absolutely poverty stricken in this important respect. *Apropos* of the lamented death of the Premier, friends of GRIP have been solicitously enquiring how we can possibly

get along without him. Let them wait and see. GRIP will probably prove more interesting than ever to its readers, by reason of the greater variety and movement in political circles. Sir John monopolized attention in our cartoons because he was the one figure at Ottawa. Now, the chances are more even, and greater play must be given to the ambitions of men who before-felt overshadowed.

BURY AND FORGET HIS ERRORS.—Shakespeare has said "the evil that men do lives after them," and this is strikingly true in such a case as that of Sir John A. Macdonald, in which the "evil" happens to be in living laws upon the statute book. The most kindly-minded panegyrist of the departed Premier cannot but confess (if he be honest as well as kind) that Sir John was responsible for some measures which were meant to serve the interests of the Conservative party only, and which have proved to be contrary to the well-being of the country at large. We need hardly name the Gerrymander Act and the Franchise Bill as justifying this description. These laws were not conceived in the spirit of statesmanship at all; they were the work of a politician determined to secure the triumph of his party at all hazards. As such they do no credit to their author, and it would be a service to his memory if they were at the earliest possible moment repealed and forgotten. The Tariff Act, embodying the National Policy, is another measure which must be numbered amongst Sir John's "errors," though it may not possess the sinister features which mark the laws just referred to. The question as to whether Sir John had really been converted from his earlier Free Trade views to a belief in Protection, or whether he was merely willing to forego what he believed to be sound doctrine in the hope of ousting the Mackenzie Government by a sophistical appeal to the self-interest of the electorate may be left in abeyance. The fact remains that the N.P. has utterly failed to do what was promised on its behalf. Not only so, it has become a great positive evil to the country, both directly in the unnecessary burdens it imposes upon the taxpayer, and indirectly in the impetus it has given to electoral corruption. At the earliest possible moment we ought to begin the retracing of our steps to the revenue tariff point from which we so unwisely departed. For our own part, we would be glad to see the march of intelligence kept up until every vestige of the tariff was destroyed. Wisdom dictates direct, not indirect, taxation, and the sooner Canada hears and obeys her voice the better it will be.



UR diverting young friend, the Emperor of Germany, has been making another of his characteristic speeches, which has caused the customary sensation. His Nibs' speeches are never long, nor are they couched in magnificent language, but they rarely fail to "bring down the house." The secret of their power is their unique gall. In the utterance referred to, which was delivered to a squad of new recruits to the army, he told the young men that when they took service under his flag they belonged body and soul to him, and must be ready, if he ordered it, to shoot father or mother without the slightest hesitation. The recruits were slightly paralyzed for a moment, it is said, but did not fail to respond to the sentiment with loyal applause. All of which goes to

show that Germany, with all its long-centuries of experience, and all its learned universities, is, when compared with the rudest territories of America, but a child in the school of human liberty.

THE trite expression about the "cold and ungrateful world" is a libel. The Public has a big heart, and gives way to its feelings like a very child. Nothing in



### "FAINT PRAISE."

WIFE (*who is learning*)—"Don't you think I am improving in my playing, George?"

HUSBAND—"I believe you are—or else it must be that I am getting used to it!"

connection with the death and burial of Sir John A. Macdonald has been more touching than the expression on all sides of the public gratitude for the services he rendered to Canada and the Empire. There are those amongst us who believe that, to be strictly truthful, Sir John's career was more hindering than helpful to this country, and that the principles which he represented will have to be eradicated by long and painful work. But he certainly did do some good things, and for the sake of these all else is forgotten. There is, in this overmastering kindness of the People, something which should touch the heart of every public man and inspire him to the highest efforts of which he is capable. To honestly win such a tribute as has been paid to the late Premier is a worthy object of ambition, and no higher can be placed before a Canadian citizen.



It would seem to be in accordance with the eternal fitness of things that Sir William Gordon Cumming's dealings with the baccarat "banker" should lead to his being "cashiered." We should suppose it to be the smallest part of his punishment that he is henceforth debarred from the

society of the Prince of Wales and his set. *Apropos* of the fatal document in this case, the *London Times* "almost wishes that the Prince of Wales, for the sake of English society, had also signed a declaration never to

play cards again." "Almost wishes" is good. Nothing but a loyal devotion to the British Constitution, we suppose, prevents the editor from going the whole hog and "altogether" wishing.

THE cause moves gloriously! It must delight the heart of that noble citizen of the world, Henry George, to see how rapidly the truth is trickling down through the press into the minds and hearts of the people. A few years ago it might have been said of the political world, so far as the "dismal science" was concerned, that it "was without form and void, and thick darkness brooded upon the face of the waters." It was George's mission first of all to prove that the science of political economy was not "dismal," and this the charm of his eloquent pen accomplished. Only the errors and absurdities which he demolished deserved that description. The truth, as he set it forth, was full of light and happiness for mankind. And now that truth is everywhere spreading and discovering to thinking men the fact that land monopoly is the canker worm which is causing the unrest of society.

HERE, for example, are some words of wisdom from the *London Advertiser*, which could not have been written without the illumination Henry George has given to the thought of the day. Speaking of the startling fact recently brought out that forty-five per cent of England's rural laborers who reach the age of sixty become chargeable to the parish, the *Advertiser* says:

It is unbelievable that utter failure should crown nearly half the hard-working lives of a nation as the result of shiftness, drunkenness or vice. The trouble, in some respects, arises from the landlord-made laws that have in the past diverted into the pockets of the controllers of the soil too large a slice of the receipts from the labor expended in its cultivation or in the mining of the under-surface minerals.

THEN the editor goes on:

On this continent we have less pauperism than is found in the Old World; but that fact can be traced to two causes. We have no expensive army and navy to keep up, and we have as yet *plenty of available vacant land*, which tends to make the lot of the working-man easier than in Old World lands, where the soil has all been appropriated. Whether our people will be any better off than those in the Old World when the natural opportunities are circumscribed through the increase of population will depend upon whether we take care to avoid what is objectionable in the Old World systems.

That's it! The one thing we must do is to throttle landlordism, and this can best be done by the single tax. It may be questioned, indeed, whether we have "plenty of vacant land" situated where it is of any practical use to the would-be settler. America is already pretty well "owned."

### HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

"WHAT'S the matter, my dear?" asked a parent of a favorite daughter, who had just received and was reading a letter.

"Oh, the worst of news. Poor Tom died suddenly last Tuesday, on his way to Parry Sound."

LITTLE CURLY-HEADED SISTER (*in sympathy, looking up*)—"Never mind, Etta, he only changed his mind and went to *Parry-dise*." F.W.H.

"PAW, deaw Fanny!" exclaimed Miss Malaprop, gathering up her fashionable skirts as she left the sick-room, "how it distwesses me to see her so emancipated!"

## SUMMER FANCIES.



THE summer time is here again,  
And now the cry is  
"Out of town!"  
Our clergyman, with  
overstrain,  
As usual has broken  
down!  
His labors (one day in  
the week)  
So gravely have his  
health depressed,  
He'll have to cross the  
sea to seek  
(His doctor says) much  
needed rest.

And now the jaded busi-  
ness man,  
Whose wife is in the  
social swim,  
Must fall in with the  
settled plan  
(A perfect martyrdom  
to him)

Of going for six weeks'  
"repose"  
To Saratoga or Cape  
May,

Where blue blood swells wear goodness knows  
How many dresses in a day;

And where his smart, aspiring wife  
And daughters (who are known as buds)  
Will plunge into the silly strife  
And wear their fashionable duds,

Excepting when, at bathing hour,  
His girls parade their shapes (and gall)  
Upon the astonished ocean's shore—  
A-wearing nothing much at all.

'Tis now the long-limbed city lad  
Seeks wild Muskoka's grateful shade,  
Obedient to the camping fad,  
In regulation clothes arrayed—

There through the sweltering months he fares  
On rations he'd despise in town,  
And 'mid mosquitoes, flies and bears,  
Gets tanned a fashionable brown.

And now the man who needs a rest,  
And who has tried the various schemes,  
And who is thoroughly impressed  
"Resorting" isn't what it seems

However far away you roam,  
Into whatever foreign clime—  
Resolves this year to stay at home  
And have a cool and easy time.

## PROVISION FOR OLD AGE.

THE National Provident League of Great Britain, of which Mr. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P., is president, is an institution established for the purpose of making provision for old age. It is proposed that those who go in for the idea shall, from the age of twenty-five or thereabouts up to sixty, contribute annually to the fund, such contributions to be augmented by money granted by government. At sixty the individual is entitled to draw upon the accumulated pile and thus keep himself "off the rates"—a fate which it appears befalls no less than forty-five per cent. of England's aged laborers. This is a good idea, though it is prosy and old-fogyish when compared with Mr. Rykert's method of "making provision for old age."

## NEWS ITEMS FROM SCARBORO' JUNCTION.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT).

SCARBORO JUNCTION, June 14th.

THIS enterprising city is going ahead with gigantic strides. When one considers that but a fortnight ago there was nothing here besides the railway station, freight shed and an old frame hotel, it will be difficult to convince the public that there is any truth in the items which follow. It is hardly necessary, however, to remind skeptics that this is the nineteenth century we are living in, and progress is its watchword.

Contracts are about to be let for asphalt pavements on Magnolia and Elm avenues.

A magnificent hotel, capable of accommodating two thousand guests, is in course of construction opposite the City Hall on Boomster Square. It is to be finished in the highest style of the architect's art, and will have all modern conveniences.

We are on the eve of electing our first City Council. Our popular citizen, Mr. Jay Fleigh, is out for mayor with a good chance of election.

The street cars are now running on every street in the city. It is our intention to follow Toronto's present example and keep the service under civic control. Several syndicates have been formed, however, and are freely offering \$1,500,000 per year and 85 per cent. of the profits for the franchise.

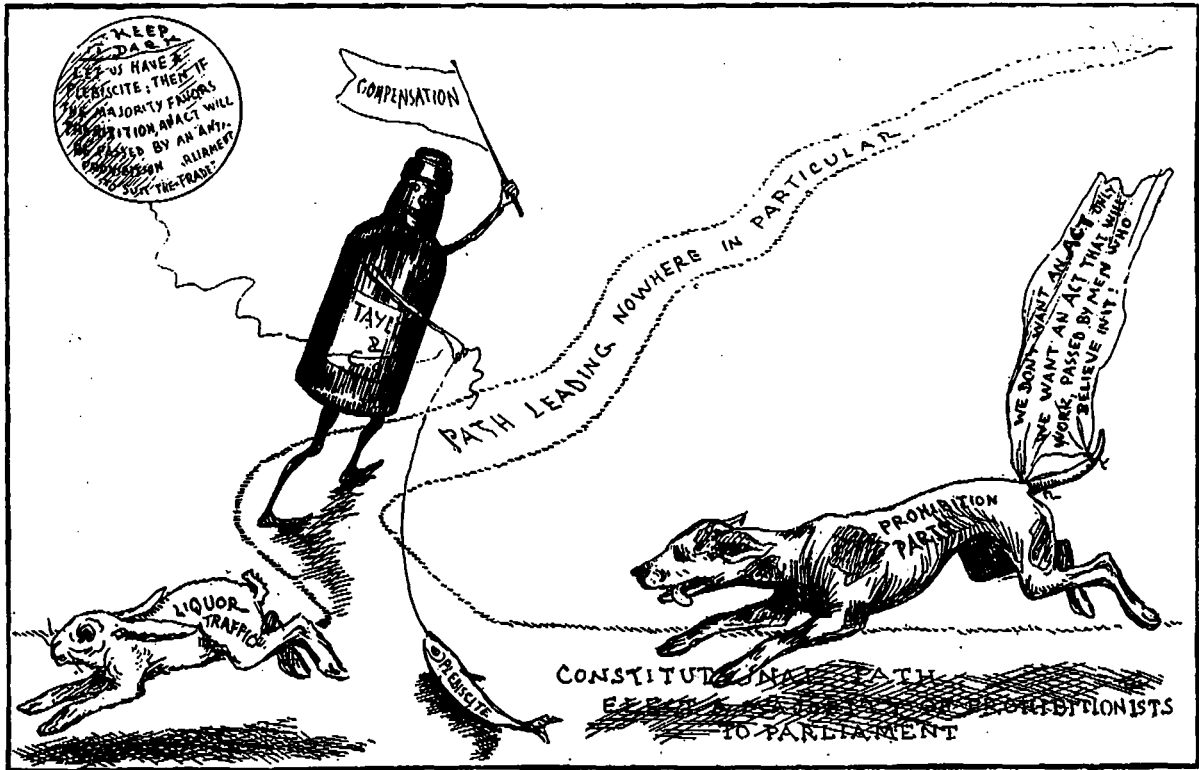
The Scarboro Club went into possession of their magnificent club house on Monday. The building is twice as large as that of the Toronto Club, and cost something like \$800,000 not counting the fittings and furnishings.

The Scarboro Grand Opera House is now open for a summer season, with an excellent company from New York presenting all the popular light operas. The attendance has been meagre, but this is not owing to a want of artistic taste and culture in our city, but simply to the fact that the residences of all our fashionable people are supplied with Edison's latest invention, the Kinetograph, by which, as you may be aware, the stage performance may be transferred to a screen in one's own parlor, every



DR. PHIPPS

AND HIS NEW SPECIFIC FOR THE ILLS OF CANADA.



THE PROVERBIAL RED HERRING.

(A DIAGRAM SUBMITTED FOR THE STUDY OF EASILY-FOOLED PROHIBITIONISTS.)

movement of the actors being reproduced perfectly. By means of the more familiar phonograph the words and music are at the same time supplied.

As soon as our new Council is in working order steps will be taken to stop the nuisance of cattle and hogs wandering at large on our fashionable avenues.

It has been decided to have the three free trains per day continued permanently between this city and Toronto.

Theodore Thomas' Orchestra were unable to give us dates at Scarboro this season on account of prior engagements, but will come next season.

Taking warning from Toronto's case, we have made provision for adequate park space in Scarboro. Queen Victoria Square—which is the name of our principal park, is a magnificent and roomy breathing place, and stretches on all sides to the extreme limits of the city.

Mr. Smith, of the well-known firm of Smith, Brown & Jones, is building a cottage on his Maple avenue lot. The estimated cost of the structure is \$250.

Notwithstanding the phenomenal growth of Scarboro Junction good building lots may still be had for \$17, \$20 and \$25 according to location.

GRIP is sold on the streets here by the newsboys every week, and is, of course, the most popular and quick-selling paper they handle. Our local dailies, the *Scarboro Scoop* and *The Boomster* are flourishing finely.

PAUL PRY.

EXPLAIN!

SAYS the *Globe*: "Mr. Fraser shares with Dr. Weldon the honor of being the biggest man in the Commons." Go shares on the one man, do they. or how?

ANOTHER IMPORTANT MAN!

MR. GRIP, SIR,—I observe that many of my fellow citizens are achieving glory for themselves by parading before the world letters which they received from the late Premier. Having been myself honored by a communication from him I do not feel like taking a back seat and allowing all the distinction to go to parties no more deserving. Accordingly, Sir, I beg to enclose a correct copy of a letter I received only a short time ago from Sir John, which I ask you to publish. As it is not marked private this will be no breach of good taste on my part. The original I have had framed, but I will courteously show it to any admirers of the departed statesman who may call upon me.

Yours, etc..

P. P. JIMPSECUTE.

EARNSCLIFFE, OTTAWA, May 7, 1891.

P. P. JIMPSECUTE, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Premier to acknowledge receipt of your favor of the 4th, which will have his early attention.

JOSEPH POPE, *Private Secretary.*

THE WIZARD'S LATEST.

EDISON'S latest invention, the Kinetograph, by which movements are photographed so as to be reproducible, fills a long felt want. With this ingenious contrivance it is possible to have a play of any sort enacted before you on a large sheet in your parlor just as it was performed at the opera house, and by the aid of that twin-marvel, the phonograph, the words and music may be made to accompany the acting. Here at last is the way out for those proper people who deem it wicked to go to the theatre. Now they can have the theatre come to them!

## THE BACCARAT FUNCTION.



THE Juryman is the finest figure of them all, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. Not the commonplace foreman, but The Juryman who stood up on his hind legs in the box, and asked the Prince questions all alone. Nonconformist persons and others of a straitlaced habit in England may lament the sporting tendency of their future sovereign, and say that the throne is rocking to its

fall, but there are no holes in the British Constitution so long as the Prince obeys a legal summons just like any common man, and while a humble tradesman from Camberwell, clothed with the mighty heritage of the late King John, can bullyrag a Prince, sir, and ask him what he really thinks now, and no nonsense about it. The speculative mind would fain follow The Juryman to Camberwell when he rejoins his wife and babes behind the green grocery, and mark his proud mien and her dumb reverence when he says: "Mariar, I've spoke to 'im, I've. I arsked 'im two questions, and 'e 'ad to answer." It is reported, and it is good to hear, that the other jurymen regard the Man from Camberwell fearfully, as one who has seen a vision and had speech with a god, and that they wait until he passes first through the door into the court.

It is also entertaining to note the enthusiasm and perseverance of the persons of rank who crowd the court at each day's hearing. Not one of 'em, as Mr. Boffin would have discerned, but is in the fashion, and a tip-topper at



## OFFICIAL.

BANKS—"Ah, Felix, good morning. Are you still in the shoe-blacking business?"

FELIX—"No, sah, I'se an *officer* now—sweep out offices."



## PUP-PUP-PERILIOUS.

TRAVELLER—"D'you th-th-think I can f-find my way through these w-woods?"

RESIDENT—"Fraid not; they say the man that h-hesitates is lost!"

that. And they bring their luncheons, these tip toppers, and eke their pocket flasks and napkins; and they have a good comfortable time refreshing their bodies and renewing the spirit of their minds. The reigning beauty of England, Lady Brooke, is there, and Lady Esher and the Countess of Yarmouth and Lady Coleridge; and these tip-toppers have seats on the bench beside the Lord Chief Justice of England, and it is as fine an occasion as any in all the year, and they can watch the face of the man who is plaintiff in law through their lorgnettes and see how he stands it, just as the noble gentlemen used to go to Tyburn to see a man hanged. The practice of bull-baiting went out with Charless II., but its spirit seems to live.

## A TERRIBLE INSULT.

SLIMDOOD—"I declare I was nevvah so insulted in my life! Its perfectly outwageous!"

FENWICK—"What's the mattah, deah boy?"

SLIMDOOD—"Aw, that low brute Hogaboom said he understood I was a flat-footed Conservative. I'm a Conservative; of cause everybody is, except a few ill-bred cads. But flat-footed! Why, it would be unpawdonable to allude to such a tewwible defawmity, even if it were twue. He ought to be expelled from the club."

## A VEGETABLE FATHER.

A YOUNG couple send this one in as descriptive of what they call a vegetable father:

Long experience made him sage,  
He did all things to fret us;  
He said we shouldn't marry and  
We couldn't make him let us.

—*Washington Star.*

And when the youth would linger round  
At nights he'd get a starter,  
The old man's kick quite frequently  
Would make him a *toe-martyr*.

## LOOKING BACKWARD.

I WOULD have loved you, had you but let me,  
Had you but fostered the seed that was sown,  
E'en as it is I can never forget thee,  
Not tho' my heart should be turned into stone.

One image engraved there, one idol to worship,  
As through this bleak life I shall wander alone;  
Oh, I would have loved you, had you but let me,  
Had you but fostered the seed that was sown!

You told me you loved me—you went to my mother  
And asked her permission to make me your wife,  
How could you forget me and marry another,  
Knowing I loved you far better than life?

Ah, well! it is over, and though you have taught me  
My first bitter lesson, I will not complain,  
Nor regret that I met you and loved you, no, never,  
Tho' loving has ended in anguish and pain!

Ended, alas! if indeed it were ended—  
But, no! it will live till I draw my last breath,  
Then it may end, when this heart ceases beating,  
And memory is hushed in the calm sleep of death!

My heart you have broken, my life you have blighted,  
Yes, blighted and ruined and rendered a waste,  
And tho' sorely stricken I cannot help thinking  
That in marrying another you've shown your *bad taste!*

F. W. HARVEY.

## SAMJONES' TABLE TALK.

HA! Well met, Borax. I was about to proceed to my noontide repast, and had I not sighted you I should have passed and repast. Let us together unto the hashery—but let-tuce not beet our way. The place is full, but perhaps Belcher, the genial proprietor, will, if we ask him, wedge-a-table into some corner for our use. Some people think me irreverent and I must admit that occasionally I sit in the seat of this 'corner,

By the way, I wonder if they consume more fuel on this street than elsewhere—Col-burn street you know.

What am I going to eat? Why, I usually eat what I chews. Don't chew? Let me see, I think I will try some roast goat. What? Not on the bill of fare? strange that an establishment of this kind should have no butt-er. Well, you may bring me some spring lamb—I suppose there's no use asking for spring water. Also a cup of coffee, but there is nothing in my remarks to chuckle at.

I often pore over a newspaper at meal times. Sometimes I pour coffee over it. "Reading makes a full man," but I notice that whisky will do the job with greater precision and soonness. I see that Europe is bristling with armaments. That's easily accounted for. Each power is getting ready for a brush with its neighbor. Reflect on this while I try and catch up.

Heard a sermon last Sunday. Don't affect to start and look astonished—I do go to church sometimes. The preacher was one of these extremely precise folks—awfully afraid of committing himself or saying anything out of place in the pulpit. He was talking about political corruption, and he said, "Let us hope that in future our nation will be free from this stigma, and that such measures as the—ah—Jeremiah Mander act will be eliminated from the statute book." He thought "Jerry-mander" sounded altogether too familiar. I think I will take some sago pudding. Say-go and get it.

The preacher was saying it is a pity that men don't take higher views of politics. It occurred to me that the hire view was the cause of all the trouble. I wanted to mention it, but perhaps if I had he would have been put out—and I know I should.



## BASE METAL.

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL—"Boss, lend me five thousand dollars."

REAL ESTATE DEALER—"On what security?"

SEEDY INDIVIDUAL—"My face. Ain't that good enough security?"

REAL ESTATE DEALER—"No, sir. I don't lend money on old brass."

"Let me make the ballads of a nation, etc.," you remember the quotation. It is usually printed "ballads"—evidently a mistake for "ballots." This throws an entirely new light on the subject. Shall write to "Kit" about it. She is a woman of discernment, with a fine sense of humor possessed by few women. Isn't it somewhat singular that females, though they think so much of bonnets, cannot appreciate Hood?

It's warm here. Perhaps it is on account of the 'eat. Let us meander henceward.

## WATCH THEM.

BENEATH a fair exterior  
A rascal often lurks;  
It is true of men and watches,  
You may tell them by their works.

—Washington Hatchet.

But if they're landed in the dock  
And brought into disgrace,  
They still are like a watch because  
You tell them by the case.

## MORAL ENGLAND!

GAMBLING is no doubt a bad and ruinous thing, and cheating at cards is unquestionably mean and ungentlemanly, but until this Gordon-Cumming hubbub came up we were not aware that this latter offense was so very much worse than murder. We suppose the only reason why they don't punish it by hanging in England is that, in the opinion of Society there, hanging is much too good for the fellow who does it.



#### THE RULING PASSION.

POLITE PHOTOGRAPHER—"And, now, Miss Elderby, how would you wish to be taken?"

MISS ELDERBY—"Oh, 'for better or for worse,' if you please."

#### AMENDMENTS TO THE ANTHEM.

SINCE the Tranby-Croft exposure there have been many expressions of strong dissatisfaction on the part of sober-minded people with the course of the Prince of Wales, and the better portion of the English nation evidently regard with alarm the prospect of his becoming the head of the State. It might be appropriate to give expression to this sentiment by the addition of a few verses to "God Save the Queen," which, if sung in public on a few State occasions, might bring Grandfather Wales to a sense of his situation. Inspired by a desire to reform the Heir-Apparent and bring him to a realization of the way his conduct is regarded outside of the "fast set," which now apparently exercise a controlling influence over him, GRIP suggests the following addendum to the National Anthem, which, if rendered to a bagpipe or hand-organ accompaniment would no doubt be found effective:

Though quite a rambler,  
Yet she's no gambler  
Upon the green.  
When she is dining out  
She doesn't take about  
A baccarat lay-out—  
God save the Queen!

Think what the Prince of Wales,  
Mounting the throne entails,  
Sad to relate,  
May it be long ere we  
This royal gambler see—  
Hero of many a spree—  
Ruling the State.

#### SOCIETY ITEM.

A—"I SUPPOSE the Thomas' Orchestra concert was a dress affair?"

B—"Oh, no; I saw some ladies there who were dressed very little indeed."

#### THE SEVENTEENTH TIME.

"EDITOR in?"

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"I notice you print jokes sometimes. It just occurred to me that something might be said about these charges against Langevin being rather too Tar—. Help! Murder! Police!"

#### IT FILLED THE BILL.

HOUSE HUNTER—"See here, Mr. Hustler, you advertised a house on Seaforth Avenue overlooking the Bay. I went there this morning and couldn't see a single inch of the Bay from it."

AGENT—"Well, if you didn't see the Bay you must have overlooked it, I guess."

#### "ICH DIEN."

UPON three ostrich feathers,  
Which form the Prince's crest,  
The motto reads, "*Ich Dien*,"  
(In German it's expressed)  
Which means "*I serve*," in English,  
Because this man of rank  
Performs the little service  
Of 'tending to the "bank."

#### HIS PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.

D'EDBEIT—"Say, Snider, I'd like these pants of mine re-seated. Can't afford a new pair just yet."

SNIDER—"I should say not, since you haven't been able to pay for these yet. I can't do any more work for you. The only thing you'll get receipted here is your bill."

SINCE the row with Germany over the great American hog, patriotic Yankee writers have ceased to interlard their articles with German expressions.



#### INNOCENCE!

MAGISTRATE—"You are charged with stealing Mr. Smith's dog. What have you to say?"

PRISONER—"The dog followed me 'ome, sir."

MAGISTRATE—"But the constable says it did so because you had some liver about you."

PRISONER—"Well, a man can't walk about without 'is liver, can 'e?"





THE NEW SIR JOHN.

"FINE MAN, BUT HASN'T SO GOOD A FACE AS THE OLD SIR JOHN."



## CONTENTMENT.

Promptly every noontide  
Right upon the nail.  
'Long comes smiling Biddy  
Wid the dinner pail.

Paddy's always ready  
To salute that same,  
Dyspepsia, indigestion!  
He never heard the name

Bread and beef and praties  
That's the usual thing—  
But Biddy's smile would make it  
A banquet for a king.

Honest work, good aitin',  
Cheerful, helpful mate,  
Many a lord might envy  
Paddy's happy fate.

## OUR HENNERY.

THE DIARY OF AN AMATEUR POULTRY-KEEPER.

**APRIL 1ST.**—Now we are out in the suburbs, why shouldn't we keep hens? It would be an immense saving. Here are eggs twenty-five cents a dozen, and then about half of them stale. It wouldn't cost us anything at all except the price of half a dozen or so to start with, as they would live on the refuse of the house. Spoke to Maria about it and she is delighted with the idea. Shall buy some in a day or two and begin at once.

*April 5th.*—Just bought a handsome rooster and half a dozen hens—Plymouth Rocks and Black Spanish—from an old Irishwoman up the road—very cheap, just a couple of dollars for the lot. First-rate layers, too, they

tell me. Half a dozen hens among them ought to lay at least four eggs a day; that's twenty-eight a week, for I suppose Sunday makes no difference to a hen. Let me see, at twenty-five cents a dozen that's fifty-eight cents a week—why, it's over \$30 a year, think of that! A small fortune for a poor man. Why don't some of these discontented workmen, instead of eternally grumbling about their condition, go to keeping-hens, and so acquire a comfortable independence in a few years?

*April 12th.*—Really, I'd no idea chickens ate so much. Why, they're perfectly ravenous. The refuse from the house don't seem to half satisfy them, and they haven't begun to lay yet, either, not to speak of. We've only had three eggs all week.

*April 14th.*—Maria consulted Mrs. Jimpsecute, our next door neighbor, about our fowls. She says we shall

have to buy food for them. Hadn't figured on that. And she thinks it's rather early for them to begin laying just yet. She says, too, that at least three of our hens are so old that they're probably past the laying stage. That old Irishwoman who sold us the hens is a fraud. I've a mind to call some day when her husband is out and tell her so.

*April 17th.*—Got a dollar's worth of corn and shorts for the fowls, and filled the hungry brutes up to the neck. They're laying a little better. Got two eggs yesterday and three to-day. The business is going to pay, after all, though there does not seem to be as much in it as I thought there was.

*April 26th.*—Hens settling fairly well down to business, considering the advanced years of some of them. Getting about twenty eggs a week. At twenty-five cents a dozen that's about forty cents. Food costs about half that.

*May 2nd.*—Have just discovered to my intense disgust that eggs are selling retail at fifteen cents per dozen. Really, it does not pay to keep fowls.

*May 4th.*—Hens not keeping up to the mark at all. There is a considerable falling off in the supply of eggs, as we are only getting one or two a day now. Two of the creatures are acting in an absurd manner, sitting on the nests all day. They seem to be trying to lay, but we get no results. Wonder what ails them?

*May 5th.*—Mrs. Jimpsecute, who seems a perfect encyclopædia of hen lore, says the hens want to set. They shan't do it! We bought them to supply us with eggs, not to breed chickens. I have routed them out about a dozen times to-day, but they will persist in their ridiculous course.



**ON THE RIALTO.**

FIRST THESPIAN—"There is old Ruskin, the tragedian."

SECOND THESPIAN—"Why does he always look so melancholy?"

FIRST THESPIAN—"My boy, that's his conception of himself."

*May 6th.*—One of the setting hens has gone off somewhere, and is probably setting in some vacant lot. The other has carried her point. We have concluded to let her keep on setting, and have supplied her with thirteen eggs. What contrary creatures hens are, anyhow!

*May 9th.*—Just had a visit from our neighbor, Bilderkin, who came to complain that some of my hens fly over the fence and scratch up his garden. What a pernicky old buffer he is! Says he'll kill them if I can't keep them in. Spent two hours this evening hunting the \_\_\_\_\_ hens all round the hen-house to catch them and clip their wings. Confound Bilderkin for a fussy old nincompoop! Wish I'd never started a hennery.

*May 10th.*—The setting hen hasn't as many eggs as she started in with and has a worried and anxious expression. Could only find eight eggs under her. Where can the rest have gone? Is it possible that in so short a time the chickens could have hatched and gone off somewhere?

*May 11th.*—Mrs. Jimpsecute, on being consulted by Maria, says the eggs must have been eaten by rats. Only six left now, and the hen quite worn and haggard. Must have the cat sleep in the nest nights if the hen will let him.

*May 12th.*—Hen wouldn't let him. She pecked at him viciously and he clawed at her, and in the scuffle two more eggs broken. What a fool a hen is!

*May 18th.*—Old Bilderkin madder than ever, chasing my hens all over his lot and using language of a kind shameful to listen to. It seems they now crawl through a hole in the fence. Told Bilderkin he might go there himself, and threw a stone at his dog. Must hire a man to tighten the fence.

*May 22nd.*—The other hen which went off to set has been found setting on a couple of large pebbles in a fence



**A BRIGHT STAR.**

MANAGER OF TANK PLAY (*to the Star*)—"There's been no rain nor snow in this town for six months. Can't get any water to fill the tank for the Shipwreck Scene. What's to be done?"

STAR—"You'll have to step before the curtain and announce that owing to unfavorable weather we are compelled to omit the Shipwreck Scene."



### NONE REQUIRED.

SKAGGS—"Boss, lemme sell you one of my new patent burglar alarms."

CHADWICK—"Don't need one. We've got a baby at our house."

corner, in a state of emaciation. Fed her and shut her up.

*May 26th.*—I'm not in it any longer. We are going out of the poultry business. Just think of it—I happened to leave the gate out of the hen-ranch into the garden open for a short time, and in half a minute the whole blooming outfit were scattering over that garden and converting it into a howling wilderness and scene of devastation. Even the sitters, who usually can't be driven off their nests, seemed instinctively to know there was a chance to do some mischief, and joined in the carnival of destruction. Every seed that we spent the Queen's Birthday in sowing has been raked up. This is the last straw. I'll wring the necks of the whole lot and we'll live on chicken pie for the next few days.

*May 28th.*—The first two we tried were so terribly tough that we couldn't eat them. Have sold the balance to a neighbor's boy for fifty cents and given him two weeks to raise it. Anything to get rid of the brutes! No more hens for me if I know it, and Maria says so too.

### THE COMMENCEMENT.

IT is just at this time, when summer is bursting upon the world in all her splendor, that the 'class of '91' stands in the glory of finished culture at the portals of *Alma Mater*, face worldward, ready to make their Commencement in the journey of life. Eager and happy throngs of friends surround them, to marvel at their erudition, and to applaud the essays and orations in which the wisdom of the ages is gathered to a focus. There stand the young men in cap and gown, diploma in hand, and beside them the sweet girl graduates, who probably beat them by several points in the exams. Before they have travelled very far on the commonplace path of life most of these B.A.'s and M.A.'s may come to find out that after all they do not "know it all," and that a great deal of the University stuff they are loaded with is of no earthly use to them. Here and there a grad. will grasp the thought that he is now just on the threshold of real study—but most of them will wonder why the professional, scientific and state affairs of the world are not at

once handed over to them by the inferior persons who are now running things. Truly wise have been those of them who have in their academical course mastered the mysteries of base-ball, football and cricket. Professionals in these lines command steady work and good wages, whereas there is no demand at all for journalists who can write editorials full of Latin and Greek quotations. As for the dear girls, bless their learned little hearts, those of them who escape the fate of being seminary professors with gold-rimmed spectacles, will just get married like other girls, only that they will be able to entertain their husbands with interesting dissertations on the Whenceness of the Wherefore instead of everlasting babble about the hired girl and her shortcomings. For which the husbands in question ought to rise up and call the University blessed!

### GOING HIM ONE BETTER.

EMPEROR WILLIAM (*of Germany*).—"We monarchs ought to provide for anything that may happen in these uncertain times. It is a tradition of our house that all princes must be taught some useful trade, so that in the event of a revolution they would be able to earn their living. Why don't you Guelphs do that?"

PRINCE OF WALES.—"You are too fresh, young man. We do a great deal better than that. Why, what I don't know about cards isn't worth knowing—and if we lost the throne I could make more money travelling with my baccarat-lay out in a day than you'd earn at any useful trade in a year."

### HIS HATED RIVAL.

THE portrait painter idly sat  
For tardy custom waiting;  
The times were dull and business flat—  
His prospects not elating.

The photographic stand next door  
A lively trade was driving,  
Its owner hardly wished for more,  
His business was so thriving.

The artist sighed and said—and this  
Methinks was really smart—  
"This photographic business is  
A foe-to-graphic art."



### "HEDDA GABLER."

The critics say the heroine of Ibsen's play, "Hedda Gabler," is a very real woman. She is also well-named!

## 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.

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

## DOWN BY THE SEA.

A POPULAR druggist in the Maritime Provinces tells us of two members of the House of Commons, who, before leaving for their Parliamentary duties in Ottawa, bought a liberal supply of Paine's Celery Compound to take with them. This is sufficient to explain why Lower Province stock is advancing so rapidly. They have smart men down by the sea, and it only requires the use of that popular and scientific remedy to strengthen their nervous system and give them that vigor and coolness so necessary to bring out good public men and fine orators.

A GREAT DESIDERUM.—Dyer's Improved Food for Infants, made from pure Pearl Barley and sold at twenty-five cents a package fills a long felt want. Endorsed by leading physicians. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

It is an exploded theory that the average boy can eat enough angel cake to make him angelic. It seems rather to produce the opposite effect.—*Dansville Breeze*.

THE annual report of the Ontario Mutual Life Insurance Company shows an exceedingly rapid growth in the volume of business transacted and a very healthy condition of affairs. During the twenty years between 1870 and 1890 the income has increased from \$9,698 to \$489,858, the assets from \$6,216 to \$1,711,686, and the assurance in force from \$521,650 to \$13,710,800. The reserve for the security of policy holders amounts to \$1,558,960. This exhibit must be highly gratifying to those insured in this sterling and well-managed institution. Its terms of insurance are very liberal, and free from vexatious restrictions.

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A Few Quotations from our Great

# ACTUAL SACRIFICING SALE

## Men's Suits.

Men's Serge Suits, \$3.40 to \$10.00.

Men's Tweed Suits, \$4.00 to \$11.00.

Men's Black Worsted Suits, \$9.00 to \$16.00.

Men's Summer Coats and Vests, in Linen, Lustre and Serge.

Tennis and Boating Flannel Suits, from \$9.00 to \$11.00.

White Flannel Cricketing Pants, Plain and Stripe, \$2.75.

Fancy Flannel, Stripe and Check Cashmere Vests, \$1.50 to \$2.

## Boy's and Youth's Suits.

Boy's 3-Piece Suits, our own make, from good Tweed and Colored Worsteds and Serges, fit like ordered suits, at half the cost, from \$3.00 to \$8.00.

Boy's 2-Piece Suits, in Halifax Tweed and Blue Serge, from \$1.00 to \$4.00; 1,200 suits to select from.

Boy's Reefers, from All-Wool Serge, our own make, \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Boy's Linen Suits, Stripes, etc., 72c., \$1.00, \$1.25 to \$2.50.

Boy's Serge Sailor Suits, from \$1.00 to \$4.00.

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Are Your Insured in it? And if Not; Why Not?

# The Ontario Mutual Life

## ANNUAL REPORT.

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

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

### THE DIRECTORS' REPORT.

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

The amount of new insurance issued is \$2,348,150, under 1,783 policies, on which the first year's premiums amounted to \$77,450.00. The total insurance in force at the close of the year was \$13,710,800. The total income for the year was \$499,858, consisting of \$400,920 from premiums and \$99,938 from interest on investments, showing an increase of \$26,728 on premiums and \$14,230 on interest over the receipts of the present year.

Our net and total assets are again largely increased, and our surplus over all liabilities is \$734,066, which will enable us to continue a liberal distribution to our policy-holders.

The death losses, considering the general high rate of mortality during the year, were exceptionally low, the actual losses for the year being \$65,502, or \$38,653 less than during the previous year, and less than the interest incomes for the year by nearly \$15,000.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On behalf of the Board,

I. E. BROWN, President.



### DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE.

MISS CHUBB,

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256 1/2 YONGE STREET.

Dress-making will be carried on with the other business.

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Impure Blood,  
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Family tickets for sale. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets at all G.T.R. and "Empress" ticket offices and on wharf.

## Confederation Life

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

### PROGRESS IN 1890.

#### INCREASE:

In Policies in Force	988
In Premium Income	\$40,567 00
In Interest Income	4,601 00
In Total Income	55,168 00
In Cash Surplus	68,648 00
In Dividends to Policyholders	7,153 00
In Assets	417,141 00
In New Business	706,967 00
In Insurance in Force	1,600,376 00

#### OVER

# \$4,250,000

ASSETS AND CAPITAL.

#### BUSINESS IN FORCE,

# \$20,000,000.00

J. K. MACDONALD, Managing Director.

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Leaves Geddes' Wharf, Yonge Street, daily, Sundays excepted, viz:

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Tickets, Adults, 25 cents, Children 15 cents.

Book tickets, 20 trips, - - - - \$4.00.

GRIMSBY PARK 2 p.m.

Tickets good to return during season, 75¢ each.

Tickets good to return same day, - 60c. "

Excursions Saturday afternoon, - 50c. "

Children half price.

Book tickets, 10 trips, - - - - \$4.00.

Special rates to Sunday schools and Societies on application to Company's office, 9 Front Street East, or to Peter McIntyre, 93 York Street and W. A. Geddes, 69 Yonge Street.

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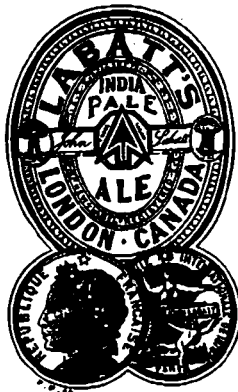
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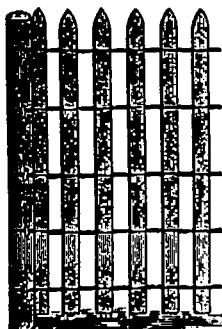
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Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty key-holes dance before his eye;  
When the door is opened  
His wife begins to chin,  
"Isn't this a pretty hour to let a fellow in."  
—Life.

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