



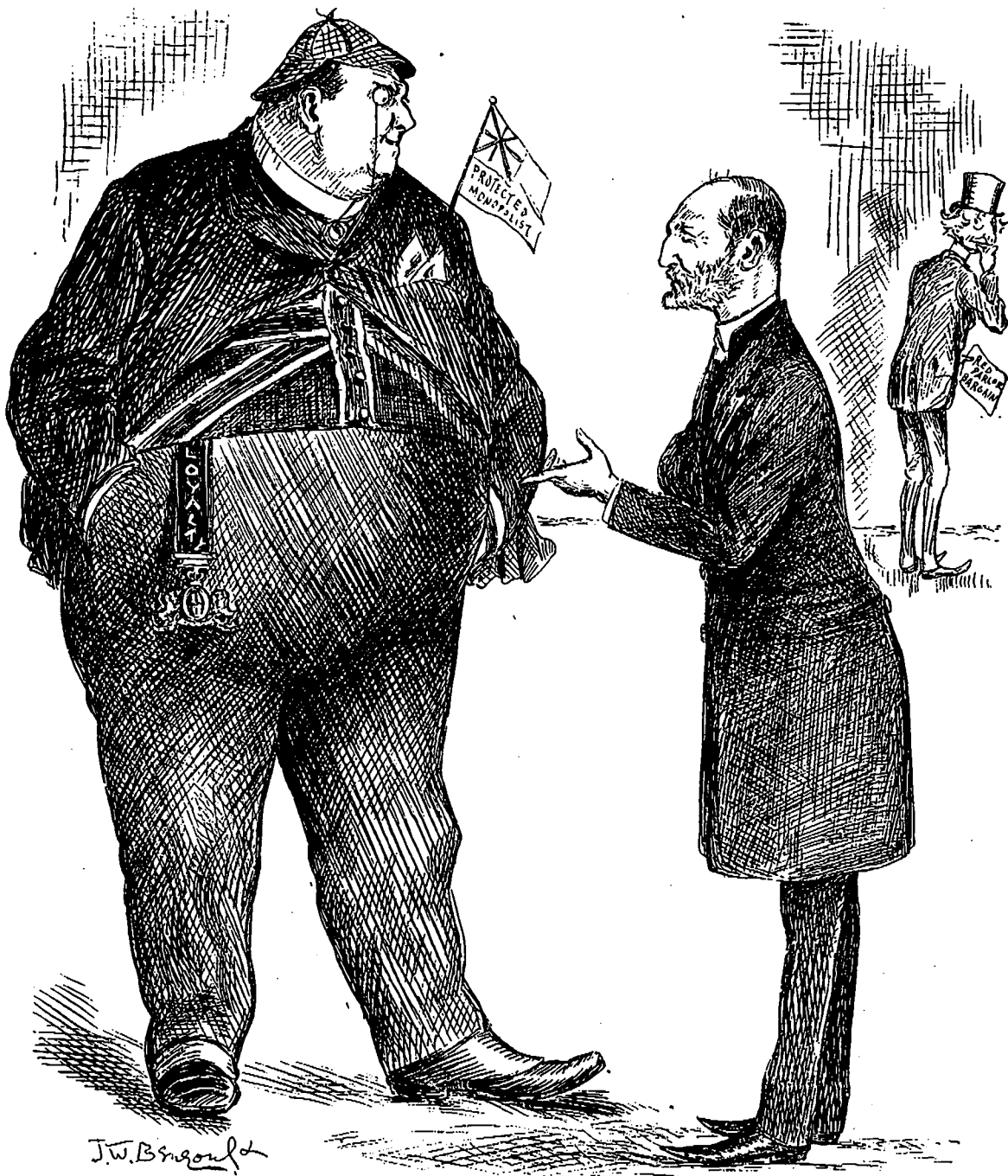
# GRIP



VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

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Whole No. 910.



J.W. Bragou

### THE UNSOPHISTICATED CLERGYMAN.

REV. DR. GRANT—"It has occurred to me that we should now declare for Free Trade with Great Britain, which would not only be a good thing for the Canadian consumer, but a practical demonstration of our love and loyalty toward the great Empire of which—"

PROTECTED PATRIOT—"Ah, to be sure—exactly—quite so. But that's not the sort of loyalty I go in for, don't you know!"

# GRIP

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CARICATURE.

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments

ON THE

### Cartoons.

NO "IFS" ABOUT IT.—The eminent "men of metal" who recently visited the Sudbury region by invitation of the Dominion and Provincial Governments expressed themselves astonished at the mineral wealth of the country,

and have been vieing with one another in the use of complimentary adjectives on the subject. Prof. Snelus, one of the highest authorities in the world, declares that our nickel deposits are the greatest he knows of, and he adds, "they are certain to be developed if no unwise legislation interferes." We scarcely see where he finds room for the "if." No legislation could be more unwise than that which is at present in force, to wit, a "National Policy" which imposes heavy taxation on the machinery necessary for the development of mines, and artificially restricts commerce in so many directions that capitalists are frightened off notwithstanding the temptations held out in both hands by bounteous nature. Prof. Snelus, as a visitor, was perhaps too courteous to tell us that we are a parcel of chumps, who know no better than to deliberately deprive ourselves of the riches which lie at our very doors. He knows, as every sensible man among us knows, that the removal of the "Protective" ligaments imposed for the benefit of a few favored monopolists, is all that is needed to transmute Sudbury nickel into gold.

THE UNSOPHISTICATED CLERGYMAN.—Rev. Principal Grant has conceived a truly happy thought, and what is more, has told it to the world. The good doctor is, as everybody knows, dis-

tinguished for his patriotic fervor. This noble emotion has hitherto found vent in eloquent speeches in advocacy of Imperial Federation, which shadowy cause still commands his earnest support. But the new idea which the Principal has hit upon is one of immediate practical feasibility, and may be called a first step in the magnificent programme of a confederation of the Empire. It is that Canada ought to declare for Free Trade with Great Britain. By doing so we would be giving rational voice to a loyalty which finds very inadequate expression in a High Tariff against the goods of the mother country. And furthermore we would be aiding in the proper punishment of McKinley and his coadjutors, while at the same time greatly benefitting the overburdened Canadian consumer. The idea is not absolutely new; something very like it has been set forth in GRIP, for example, from time to time, but it is one which surely ought to commend itself to Canadians who entertain loyal feelings towards the Old Land. Especially, therefore, should it be welcomed by the members of the Manufacturers' Association, whose single aim in life is the honor and glory of the Old Flag. But—hem! but—well, just let Rev. Principal Grant lay his suggestion before that body of super-eminent loyalists, and the result will, we venture to predict, be something to astonish his unsophisticated mind.



EVIDENTLY the time has come for a thorough discussion and settlement of the question of capital punishment. It is a noteworthy fact that a very great majority of those who have signed the petitions for the commutation of Birchall's sentence have done so because they are against the death penalty on principle. It may be that persons of this way of thinking form a majority

of our whole population, in which case the law ought to be changed.

\* \* \*

WE had looked forward with a lively interest to the debate on the Single Tax by the members of the Ministerial Association, which was the promised programme for the last meeting of that body. We had anticipated something really valuable as the result of a discussion of the problem by a lot of educated and intelligent men whose bias of mind might have been presumed to be in favor of justice and righteousness. To our dismay the whole thing practically amounted to a fizzle. True, Rev. Dr. Hunter, of Carlton Street church, read a masterly paper on the defects of the present system, but his namesake of Erskine church, who was to have spoken on the remedy proposed by Henry George, devoted himself to the demolition of a man of straw which he had put up and labelled with the name of that distinguished political economist. Then on a plea of want of time, or something of that kind, the question was shelved. As the programme for the year is already fixed, it looks as though the ministerial brethren intended to leave the Single Tax subject on the shelf, while subjects of comparatively trifling importance are debated. Against which we protest, if that will do any good.

\* \* \*

BY the way, what has become of the conclusive and final refutation which Principal Grant was to have made of Georgeism? It is now some months since the announcement was made that the able head of Queen's College intended to cure the growing multitudes of Single Taxers of their folly by showing plainly wherein George was defective in his logic. We have been straining our eyes and ears ever since to detect the appearance of this remarkable production. We call it remarkable in advance, because if Principal Grant succeeds in refuting Henry George's argument he will be the only man in the world who has been able to do so. It will cover Canada

with glory if one of her sons achieves such a task, and we are accordingly anxious to have the learned Principal do it. When will it be convenient for him to tackle this little job?



ELL, the United Statesians have expressed their opinion on McKinley and his bill. GRIP is flattered to observe that it is so strikingly in accord with the opinion he has expressed—namely, that the pretense of “protecting industry” is an exploded humbug. McKinley himself has been relegated to the bottom of the soup tureen, and the Democrats have literally swept the country. Mr. Cleveland may well challenge the right of any man in the country to rejoice more than he over the work of

Nov. 4th. It is to the moral heroism of this one American—the nearest approach to a great statesman that the Presidential Chair has known since Lincoln—that the people have “received their sight,” for it was his brave message against the continuance of the war tariff that inaugurated the unexampled campaign of education which has just culminated at the polls. The routed hosts of Protection are taking refuge in the thought that it will not be possible for the victors to lay hands on their precious McKinley bill for a couple of years yet, and meanwhile they will prepare for a last rally in defence of their hoary superstition in the Presidential year. The education of the masses will go right on, however, and, from the foretaste of the spirit of the people we have just had, it is pretty safe to predict what the result will be.

It is of bad omen for the United States when such an ass as McKinley can sway her counsels.

SO saith Nicholas Flood Davin in the *Regina Leader*, and the saying is sound. But isn't it somewhat hard on the Government which Nicholas Flood so ably supports at Ottawa? This “ass, McKinley,” is swaying the counsels of the United States in accordance with the views of political economy which are held by Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues, only that he is a trifle

more consistent in reducing them to practice than our alleged statesmen. The assininity is not so much in the men as in the theory, after all, as Nicholas will see if he bends his powerful mind on the subject for five minutes.

IN his recent speech at Dundee, we are informed, “Mr. Gladstone discussed the new United States tariff in a calm and dispassionate manner. He did not deny that the new restrictions on the trade between Britain and the United States would injure the British, but he expressed the conviction that the higher taxation would inflict far greater injury on the country imposing it.” It is not stated that the G.O.M. publicly acknowledged the source of this idea, but the people of the world at large who read GRIP regularly will readily recall our cartoon of last week entitled “An Incidental Smash.”

**FIFTH OF NOVEMBER REFLECTIONS.**

OF late there have been numerous talks  
About a gentleman named Fawkes,  
Whose gunpowder explosion plan  
Has made him quite a noted man.

This gent, whose previous name was Guy,  
Conceived a grudge against James I.,  
A Scottish person of renown,  
Who at that time wore England's crown.

It seems the Catholics had claims  
Which were not recognized by James,  
So Fawkes and his nefarious band  
To blow up Parliament had planned.

But Jamie got a private tip,  
And dodged the rapid transit trip.  
Instead of being blown sky-high  
He'd lots of fun in racking Guy.

Instead of ruling in the State  
Guy Fawkes received a traitor's fate,  
He slumbers in a vacant lot,  
Without a stone to mark the spot.

(If you should wish to drop a tear,  
You'd better pause and do it here,  
But on the whole I rather think  
If I were you I'd take a drink.)

Now since I read that tale at school  
I've reckoned Fawkes an A1 fool.  
A downright idiot, in fact,  
Devoid of talent, wit and tact.

Explosions are no kind of way  
To give minorities fair play,  
Though sometimes their opinion's voiced  
When measures get a threee months' hoist.

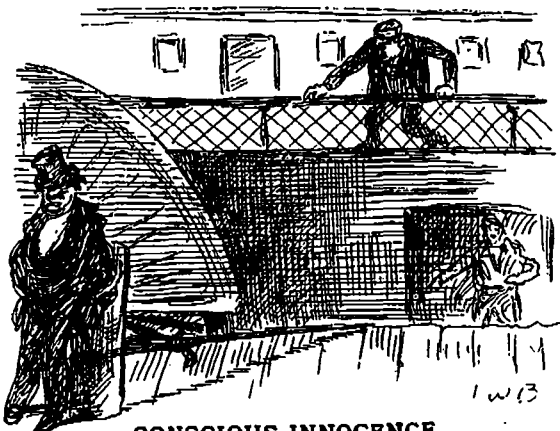
The use of gunpowder is rude,  
Behind the age, barbaric, crude,  
And prejudice it may excite,  
For some folks say it isn't right.

But had G. Fawkes had common sense  
His triumph might have been immense,  
Why did he not himself devote  
To rallying the Romish vote?

Then when election day drew near  
He would have had the public ear,  
And, nicely balanced on the fence,  
Have dictated his terms from thence.

Addressing party heeled thus:  
“We vote for those who favor us.  
Now put our Jesuit measures through,  
Or else we have no use for you.”

But no—he didn't know enough.  
'Tis plain that Guy wasn't up to snuff.  
His scheme for making Jamie jump  
Was only worthy of a chump.



**CONSCIOUS INNOCENCE.**

MATE OF STEAMER (to party on dock)—“Let go that line!”  
PARTY IN QUESTION—“I ain't got (hic) hol' yer line—whazzer matter 'ith you!”



THE STORY OF A TROUSERS-STRETCHER.

#### "PATRONAGE."

"WILL you buy a couple of tickets for the assembly of the Ontario Society of Artists?" said Sherwood Pinxit to Mr. Noveaurich.

"Guess not," was the prompt reply.

"But it's going to be the event of the season; a decidedly swagger function, I assure you," persisted Pinxit.

"Very likely, but I don't care for that sort of thing myself," replied Noveaurich.

"Don't you think your wife and daughters would like to go?" urged Pinxit.

"No; I don't think they would. I tell you I don't want any tickets," and the reply was delivered quite snappishly.

"But, my dear sir," said Pinxit, "the affair is to be under the patronage of the Lt.-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell—"

"Give us five reserved seat tickets, quick," gasped Noveaurich; "why didn't you mention that at first?"

#### SHORTER HOURS OF LABOR.

THE agitation for shorter hours of labor has been going on for some time amongst artizans, and the movement is evidently spreading in other directions. It has now been taken up by that large and influential body known as newspaper chestnuts. A meeting of the representatives of this class of workers was held the other evening, a report of which has been courteously furnished to us by the Secretary.

The chair was taken at 8 o'clock by the *Kicking-Mule* oke, a venerable witticism with scanty white locks.

The chairman, in calling the meeting to order, said all present knew the necessity for action on the question of reduced hours of labor, and he need not take up their valuable time with any lengthened remarks. The fact of his being in the chair was a sufficient indication of his own hearty sympathy with the movement. Personally he was strongly opposed to the existing system under which he felt he was cruelly overworked, as he had no doubt other chestnuts were. He then called for expressions of opinion from those present, and resumed his seat.

The *Exorbitant Plumber Bill* joke was the first to respond. He said he rose cheerfully but with difficulty, owing to the infirmities of age. He hadn't enjoyed what one might call a holiday since he could remember, and now that the winter season was coming on he looked forward with dread—he might even say terror—to almost constant labor under the pen of that cruel task-master, the newspaper humorist. He was in favor of shorter hours, and felt that so far as he was himself concerned, he should have been superannuated years ago.

The *Mother-in-Law* joke next took the floor. She quite endorsed all that had been said by the previous speaker. She was aware that she had long since ceased to be funny, and would dearly like a rest, as she was sure also the public would. She had little hope of the movement for shorter hours of labor amounting to anything, however, as the so-called funny man of the day seemed to depend entirely upon the labor of existing chestnuts.

The *Will-be-a-sis'er-to-you* joke said she merely wished to express her contempt for so-called humorists who were so poverty stricken in brain power that they could only exist by a heartless sweating system, of which she was one of the unfortunate victims.

The *Lover-who stays-late* joke said he found it painful to stand on his feet even for a moment as he had been twisted into so many shapes in the humorous columns (so called) that he was now a chronic sufferer from cramps. He begged to offer the following resolution:

Whereas, the spirit of the day is opposed to overwork, and whereas shorter hours have been obtained by workers in other fields of labor,

Be it resolved that we the Chestnuts of Popular Newspaper Humor, protest against the constant and inordinate amount of work which is placed upon us by alleged funny men, and declare that consideration of common respect for old age, as well as sympathy for the gentle reader, demand that we forthwith be superannuated, or that our hours of toil be materially reduced.

The resolution was eloquently and forcibly supported by the *Short-weight-Iceman* joke, the *Railway-fraud-Sandwich* joke, the *Man who swears-when-putting-up stovepipes* joke, the *Slow-telegraph messenger* joke, the *Young-wife's-heavy-cake* joke and the *Darkey chicken-thief* joke. It was finally declared carried unanimously, and the meeting broke up with the singing of "Auld lang Syne."

#### TOO MUCH "FRENCH" FOR HIM.

WALKERTON—"What's this, Blenkinsop? I hear you've joined the Equal Righters. Thought you were a stiff Tory."

BLINKINSOP—"So I was. But I've changed my views."

WALKERTON—"Well, well. What's the reason for that?"

BLINKINSOP—"Why, my experience at the Court of Revision has convinced me that it's high time to put an end to this thing of French domination."

**A N APPEAL FOR SHELTER.**

*To the Charitable Public.*  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,



IN me you probably recognize the statue of the late Hon. George Brown. I stand here in the Queen's Park day and night, keeping a steadfast eye on the new Parliament building, which I see rising stone by stone before me. In thus standing and steadfastly gazing I am fulfilling my mission, and thus proving a true representation of the noble statesman whom I was placed here to commemorate, for he also fulfilled his mission, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. I do not break my long silence to indulge in querulous complaints, for I have nothing but good feeling toward the public, who, on their part, never cease to pronounce the most flattering compliments

upon me as they pass by my pedestal, saying how faithful a reproduction I am of a great and good man. No; I am not about to complain, but I feel it necessary to call the attention of all admirers of the late George Brown to a serious omission, which I trust they will endeavor to remedy as soon as possible. I refer to the absence of a railing to preserve my pedestal from injury. To be sure, nothing serious has as yet happened to me, but who can tell the moment when it may? I am not naturally nervous, and yet I stand in constant fear of some injury at the hands of careless or possibly vicious persons in my present exposed condition. I need hardly say that I see the *Globe* pretty regularly (I may add, by the way, that George Brown's old journal is getting back its original vigor, which gratifies me as his representative) and I was much pleased to note a suggestion in a late issue on the very subject I am now referring to. The correspondent proposed that the Caledonian Society should take up the matter of a suitable iron railing, and open a subscription for the purpose of providing the same for me. Nothing could be more appropriate, for George Brown was the first President of that Society. I hope to hear soon that the scheme is under way. I really do not see why I should go without a railing any more than my neighbor, the Volunteer monument, which, moreover, has a number of chiselled soldiers to protect it.

**AND STILL ANOTHER.**

**B**RO. GEORGE B. BROOKS, a well-known Toronto journalist, lately municipal reporter of the *Globe*, is about to start a paper under the title of the *Meat Trades' Journal*, in the interests of the cattle trade. He is not at all cowed by the difficulties of the enterprise, and promises to run a bully paper. Such a journal ought to reach numerous byres, and the information conveyed with regard to the trade will no doubt often give the cattle men a steer. It will, of course, be printed on a Bullock press, in beef-fitting style, and, while avoiding sensationalism, will necessarily chronicle many deeds of butchery. Success to you, George. We'll take a horn with you next time we meat.

**PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIK FILOSOFI.**

**A** COLLIDGE student's 1st vews ov youniversiti life ar apt tew be sumwzat hazey.

I shal beginn tew beleeve in the cinsurity ov Proteckshun advokates wen I see 1 ov them delibritley pay 25 per cent. moar fur a artikel of Canadean manufacktur than tha wood hav tew giv fur the same kind ov goods ov furrin make, jest tew "proteck nativ industry."

This here Stanly Explorashun bizness ma be all rite, but supposin sum Afrikans waz tew "diskover" England an grab everything in site, how wood that bee?

I wood not like to sa that Premecr Mowat is a hipokrite, but a polertishan wich kin lecktore onto "Cristian Evidences" wile his kolleagues ar working the likker license sistem fur all its worth as a parti masheen, sertinly shows extream versatiliti.

Prophanati is phoolish and rong, but I feer the practis will never be abolisht untill the peeple wich objectt tew it suppli us with some appropriat but harmless expressions tew be used wen trippin onto a banana peel, chasin a hen out ov the gardin, puttin up stovepipes an similer emergensies.

The man wich inventid the frase "innocuous desuetewd" coud not posibli hav had the Canadean Senit in hiz mind. Wen tha do anithing tha ollways do harm.

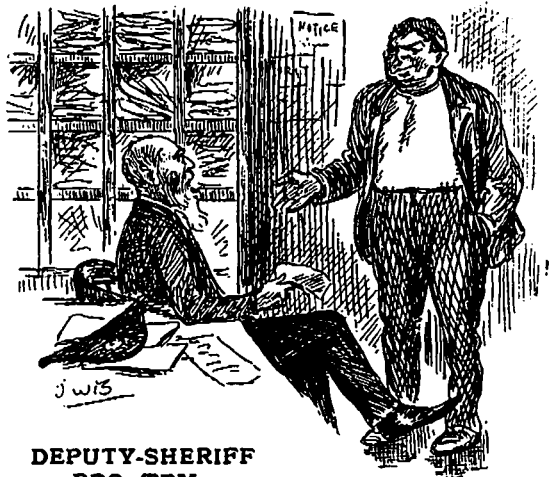
Aldermen don't work fur pay but fur honor. Tha evidentli want it badli.

The unanimiti ov publick opinyun on sertin subjects is sekured az the verdicks ov juries uster bee, bi starvin out those who disagree.

Tis singler how the man wich waz gnawn as a desent honist sittizen wen electid alderman is konsidered a ignerent, wuthless raskal after servin a term or 2.

**MEM. BY M'KINLEY.**

**I**T is strange that when the price of anything goes up, folks are expected to come down with the stuff.



**DEPUTY-SHERIFF  
PRO. TEM.**

**SHERIFF (to applicant)**—"I have been impressed by the views of the Ministerial Association about the hiring of outside ruffians to act as executioners; are you quite sure you can uphold the dignity and solemnity of the awful occasion?"

**APPLICANT**—"I'll do the job, sir, like a perfect gentleman in two jerks of a lamb's tail, an' with the greatest of pleasure, for fifty dollars cash."



### A CHEAP BUST.

CONVIVIAL SPIRIT (who has been dining with a friend)—“An’ all thish for—nothing!”—Pick-me-up.

## THE PLUNKTOWN ANNALS.

(Number Three.)

### THE MARRIAGE OF HONORIA M’KETCHUM.

A FORMER number of the Annals having told how the fair Honoria was captured by little Biston’s dashing horsemanship, it is now in order to tell of the wedding itself. It was to be the grandest affair ever celebrated in Plunktown, and Berty Biston wished to have it properly reported in the society papers. As he confidentially said to his best man, “The numbskulls on our local papers don’t know a word of French, which is the language of fashion and of society, and a description of the *trousseau* or the *mènu* without the appropriate French terms would be like pumpkin pie without ginger. I have therefore requested a reporter from *Saturday Night* to run down and write up the affair in a manner befitting its importance.”

The truth was that Berty had reason to believe that the local newspaper men were likely to poke fun at him on account of the enormous disparity of size between him and his gigantic bride. Brownson says—but this may be a *canard*—that the *society* reporter who was sent down from Toronto was heard to say at his hotel that Biston was conceited little cad, but—as he paid his money he would get his value—that he would certainly write it up “in a manner befitting its importance,” and that he would spare none of the languages living or dead, and especially not French. Whether he kept his promise or not the following report, as published in the ensuing number of *Saturday Night*, will show:

### FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT PLUNKTOWN.

On Tuesday, the pretty little church of the Holy Terror was the scene of an interesting event, when Miss Honoria McKetchum, daughter of etc., etc., etc., was united,

etc., etc., etc., to Mr. Herbert Biston, of the Skipjack Bank. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Basevoice, assisted by the curate, Rev. I. Squeeler. Prof. Pompadour presided at the organ, and rendered two wedding marches, one each from “The Taming of the Shrew” and “An Equal Match.” During the ceremony the choir performed Stainer’s anthem, “Man is but Grass,” with deep emotional feeling. At the stroke of ten the groom, attended by his groomsman, pranced up the centre aisle. We use the word advisedly, for no other can adequately describe the amount of virile energy and importance that seemed to pervade his whole frame and bearing. At this moment a touching incident occurred, for Mr. Biston’s old nurse (who was in church) sobbed aloud, “Oh! Berty, me darlint, it’s ladin’ yez to the althars of sacrifice they are!” It was not well expressed, but there was a touch of honest feeling in it, and the vast assemblage was shaken with emotion.

The arrival of the fair bride was unfortunately delayed by the breaking of the carriage springs. The delay was but slight, however, and soon the faint voice of the bridegroom was heard to utter the fateful words, “I will,” which were soon repeated by the deep bass voice of the bride. [We give this paragraph exactly as it appeared in the original report, but it is generally believed to have been a genuine printer’s error, and not the result of malice, as supposed at first by some.]

The register duly signed, the merry party were driven to the residence of the bride’s father, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of, and it was a repast to be partaken of once in a lifetime. Every delicacy that good taste or lavish expenditure could secure was there. Let us enumerate a few of them: “Pieds de cochon en vinaigre,” “Pâtés de caoutchouc,” “Tartines de vieux soulères au gratin,” “Coutelettes de cuir aux champignons,” “Vieux chataignes a la Sir John A.,” “Bouillon desespoir l’ Edward Blake.” The wines were “Chateau Lafitte,” “Feu d’enfer,” and “Verre d’eau.” The last named wine was not as popular as its undoubted merits would warrant, but this was doubtless owing to its being an almost entirely new beverage in Plunktown.

The pleasure of the latter part of the banquet was somewhat marred, owing to an unfortunate casualty. The floor had been so highly polished that in rising to respond to toasts several gentlemen slid heavily beneath the table. Their injuries were found to be such that it was considered advisable to leave them there pending the arrival of the coroner.

The blushing bride wore at church a marvelous creation of Worth’s. The dress material was “papier mâché,” with a “choux fleurs” pattern, and trimmed with “queues de cochons.” The corsage was cut “skewgee,” with a plastron of “pâté de foie gras.” The hair was dressed “à la rolipoli,” powdered “à la bechamel.” The ornaments were a necklace (the gift of the groom) of “pommes de terre rotis,” and an aigrette of “crème a la glace.” In this unique attire she presented a picture from which it was difficult to avert the gaze.

The happy couple left on the afternoon boat for Hanlan’s Point, and they have the good wishes and earnest sympathy of this paper.

Little Biston was delighted with the report, and bought fifty copies of the paper. SNIGGLESBY GODFREY.

“THE Recreations of a Country Pa’s. Son—Going fishing after sundown, seeing the girls home from singing school, playing euchre on the sly in the barn on Sundays, and going to the county fair.

## TALK OF THE STREET.

"DON'T believe in this fourth term business, but who's going to beat him, I'd like to know"—  
 "Nuisance, anyway, these holidays, interfering with business"—  
 "Don't take any stock in that story—what does he know about running a daily paper?"—"Yes, my dear, he certainly is engaged to her; gave her a splendid engagement ring, but how on earth they're going to live"—  
 "And says she to me, 'Mrs. Fogarty,' says she, 'would you believe it, I only paid fifty cents a yard for it'"—"Didn't I tell you McKinley would get left?"—"And the way he does abuse her is something awful"—  
 "If he only can work off that Sudbury mine of his on some of these English capitalists he'll be solid, you bet"—  
 "Says he won't run, but I guess he's just waiting to be coaxed"—  
 "And so the bank shut down on him, and won't discount his paper. Well, he's got everything in his wife's name"—  
 "Oh, yes, Kribs will keep the city editorship all the same"—  
 "Quiet? Well, I should say it was quiet. Haven't made a sale in two months"—  
 "It's a long time between drinks"—  
 "Why, no, says she, and with that he put on his hat and walked off, and he's never been back since"—  
 "Fifteen dollars! Why, I can rent a better house for ten"—  
 "And just then the cop came up, and you bet the fellers scattered"—  
 "Johnny Hallam's a crank, anyhow, and this business tax is a blamed swindle"—  
 "Little Annie Rooney she is my"—  
 "And as I was telling Mrs. Johnson, I don't believe things are a bit cheaper on bargain day"—  
 "Got her name in Saturday Night, but of course she sent it in herself"—  
 "Sentence ought to be commuted when there's nothing but circumstantial evidence"—  
 "Yes, GRIP's got little Oliver down fine."

## THEY AGREED.

TUZZLE—"Dry weather we're having, ain't it?"  
 GUZZLE—"Yep (*hic*)—Extra Dry."



## A PENDING SUIT.

FITZDOOD (*to his tailor*)—"Aw—will you pves my suit to-morrow, Simpkins?"  
 SIMPKINS—"You bet I will, Mr. Fitzdood; my lawyer has instructions to go right on with it."—*Smith & Gray's Monthly.*



## EXPERIENTIA DOCEAT.

FIRST CANADIAN FARMER (*reads*)—"Price of barley in Toronto to-day 52 to 60 cents per bushel."

SECOND FARMER (*reads*)—"Price of barley at Buffalo before the passage of the McKinley tariff, 86 to 95 cents per bushel."

FIRST FARMER (*reads*)—"Duty on barley under McKinley tariff 30 cents per bushel."

BOTH—"Wonder who pays the duty, hey?"

## HEAR, HEAR!

SECULARIST ORATOR—"The world would be infinitely better off if it could make a clean sweep of all the isms which now afflict us."

CRIPPLED UP HEARER—"That's so! Especially the Rheumat-ism!"

## 'AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON.

REV. DR. GRONER—"I'm afraid you are indulging in liquor to excess, Mr. Bummerson. A case which happened in town last week should be a warning to you. A poor man, a victim of the drinking habit, died suddenly *while he was on his way to buy whiskey!* It's a terrible lesson."

BUMMERSON—"Yes, indeed doctor. As you say, it should be a warning to me. Indeed, it shall."

REV. DR. GRONER—"Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that! You will abandon the pernicious habit, I hope."

BUMMERSON—"Oh—well, I didn't mean exactly that. But in future, whenever I start out to get whiskey, I'll never loiter on the way."

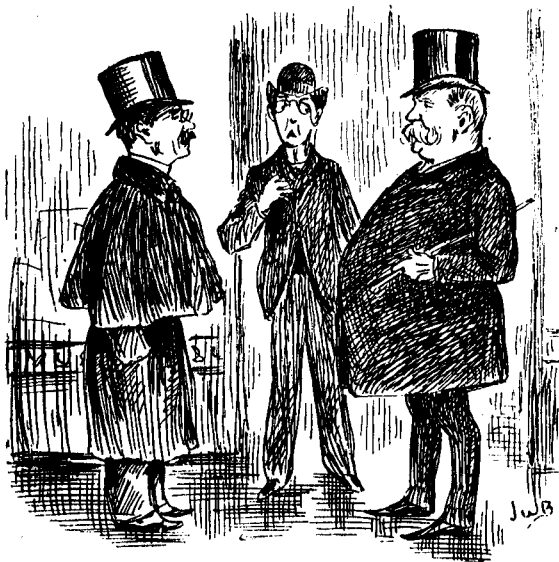
## AN EXCUSABLE ERROR.

DINGLEBAT—"Did you go to hear the Escaped Monk last evening?"

BEEWAX—"Yes. I left just as the hat was being passed round."

ITALIAN ORGAN-MAN (*excitedly*)—"What-a that you say? Escaped monk—pass around ze hat? My monk he escape last a weeke—I sink it is him."

LIGHT reading—the Gas Company's report.



### FROM BAD TO WORSE.

MUSICAL CRITIC—"I say, Schuch, there is one man in your choir who always sings out of tune. You must know it, and you ought to sit on him."

MR. WAGGLE—"Goodness, don't you do it, Schuch! Fancy how awfully flat that would make the fellow!"

### THE TWO WRISTS' GUIDE.

TWO rustic lovers by a stream  
Walked slowly, as each held  
The other round about the waist,  
By sympathy impelled.  
And each with spare hand clasped so soft  
The other's circling wrist,  
As if afraid a single thrill  
Magnetic might be missed.  
The maiden fair and lovesome swain,  
Caressing side by side,  
Had traveled little, yet had read  
Sweet Cupid's Two Wrists' Guide.

REUB. RIXBY.

### BASHFUL GREAT MEN.

AN interesting article is going the rounds of the Press about the bashfulness which has characterized certain distinguished men:—

Henry Cavendish, an eminent philosopher of the eighteenth century, was so shy that even his female domestics were compelled to keep out of his sight.

The Duke of Portland, when walking abroad, concealed himself beneath a big umbrella.

Sidney Smith was so shy in his youth that he would rather starve than ask his mother for a piece of bread and butter.

Abernethy, the famous London surgeon, was completely knocked out with nervousness whenever he had to appear before an audience of medical students.

And so the list runs on. It may be of interest to future generations to have some memoranda of the bashfulness of great men of our own time and country.

Sir John A. Macdonald is so shy that nothing can induce him to produce the correspondence and papers pertaining to the North-West rebellion, though they have been repeatedly called for in Parliament.

Lt.-Col. Denison is so diffident that he can't bear to meet a Yankee.

Fitznoodle Jinkson, of the Bank of Boodle, is so uncon-

monly bashful that he would at any time walk round the block rather than meet his tailor.

Mayor E. F. Clarke is so great a victim of shyness that he hates to leave the seclusion of that responsible and lucrative office.

Mr. Samuel H. Blake is another exceedingly bashful person. When he takes the political platform his nervousness is so great that he can only find relief in using the most scathing sort of language.

Hon. Wilfred Laurier is another phenomenally diffident gentleman. Although well qualified intellectually for the Premiership, he is so shy that he cannot be prevailed upon to take it just at present.

Sir Charles Tupper is perhaps the most striking example of bashfulness in the whole range of Canadian history. His nervousness before an audience is so remarkable that he becomes completely confused, and frequently states as facts things which are far from the truth.

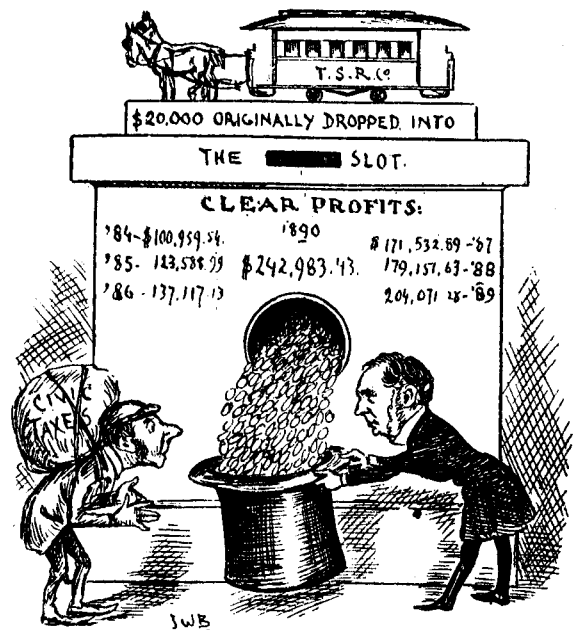
Hon. Edward Blake deserves to be mentioned also in the category of very bashful great men. The applause of the public and the enthusiastic devotion of his followers seem to be simply intolerable to him. It is only of late that he has enjoyed anything like solid comfort—that is, since he has crawled into a hole and pulled the hole in after him.

Rev. Dr. Wild's bashfulness is so notorious that it would be superfluous to give any instances of it. Besides we do not, just at present, recall any.

### A HINT TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

THE Local Board of Health is now replacing Dr. Canniff, And out of fourteen applicants they'd get some worthy man if

They only sought to nominate the fittest for the place In-tead of making it a prize in a keen party race. Please bear in mind the officer in whom we place reliance Should be a thorough expert versed in sanitary science. Prevention's better far than cure, and there'll be lots of squealing If some pretender gets the berth because he's good at *healing*.



### THE STREET RAILWAY BONANZA.

BURDENED CITIZEN—"Gee Whittaker! If that was only pouring into the city treasury I wouldn't have to carry quite so much of a load!"





NO "IFS" ABOUT IT.

PROF. SNELUS\*—"You've got the most valuable deposits in the world there, s'r, and srrre to be developed if no unwire legis-  
lation prevents."

SIR JOHN—"But you must be aware, Professor, that the N.P. is already in opération!"

\*Prof. Snelus, of London, visited Sudbury as a member of the Iron and Steel Institute. He is the inventor of the "Basic Smelting System," and one of the highest authorities on minerals in the world. The opinion quoted above was expressed by the Professor in a newspaper interview on his return from Sudbury.



A PLEASANT and popular way of rendering Thanks for divine goodness bestowed seems to be to treat oneself to some extra enjoyment. This accounts for the large audiences at all the opera houses on Thanksgivings day, afternoon and evening, and at the divers concerts in other parts of the city.

MR. GRENVILLE P. KLEISER gave a dramatic recital at Association Hall on Tuesday evening of last week before a large audience. The young gentleman had just returned from a three months' course in New York, under the tuition of Mr. Charles Roberts, and the mark of the preceptor was plainly visible in most of his work. Mr. Kleiser is very good in pieces which call for dramatic force, having a fine sense of the author's meaning, a splendid voice and graceful gesticulation. Light humor, like Saxe's, is also in his way; but if the specimen of broad comedy he gave in the School-boy's Reading is the best he can do, he ought to leave the comic severely alone. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blight assisted on the occasion with vocal and instrumental music, to the manifest pleasure of the audience.

TORONTO.—Miss Marguerete proved a lively little Fish, and great crowds went fishing during her stay at Jacob & Sparrows opera house last week. Corinne, with her large opera-comique company, is now dancing her way in

#### CORINNE'S AGE.

"It is interesting at times to note the ideas expressed occasionally by the unsophisticated public on the age of actresses," says the Lounger in the Lobby in the *Philadelphia Press*. While loitering in the lobby of the Continental hotel the other night I was an unintentional auditor to the remark of a quartet of gentlemen, who, after examining a frame of photographs of the pretty little burlesque actress Corinne, who has recently created such a *furor* by her Spanish dancing, fell to discussing her age. One was positive she was at least thirty-five, another had known her personally for twenty-five years, and avowed she was not over thirty; a third was ready to stake his existence she was not the original Corinne at all, and a dispute was imminent, when the fourth of the party said 'twas a long while between drinks, and the quartet adjourned to the bar with the question of age yet undecided. The truth of the matter is, Corinne is not yet seventeen years of age. She was born in Boston, December 25, 1873. The fact that she has been on the stage ever since she was three years of age, possibly accounts in a way for the prevailing idea that she is much older.

Corinne will appear in the new burlesque, "Carmen," at Jacobs & Sparrow's, week of November 10th.

CITY EDITOR—"Where's Carnage? Gone to that hanging yet?"

BROWNE (*rival reporter*)—"No; he's out sharpening up his dull thud."—*Drake's Magazine*.

TO LADIES.—If you want soft whitehands, use Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. It is a delicious preparation and will do all that is claimed for it. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

#### THE "QUEEN"-PAYS ALL EXPENSES.

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

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

MABEL—"A lot of us girls have established a secret society, Jack."

JACK—"What are the objects of it?"

MABEL—"Why, to get together and tell secrets, of course."

JACOBS & SPARROW'S opera house, week of November 17th, the justly celebrated Vaidis Sisters and their superb refined Vaudeville Company will appear. The sisters Vaidis stand alone, having no rivals in their great and daring act, the Trapezone. They bring with them this year, besides the o'd favorites, several of the best Vaudeville stars, selected from the entire profession in America and Europe. We trust they will do their usual large business. There will be matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

a truly Spanish manner into the affections of the patrons of this house. As this particular version of "Carmen" has been put together for the mere fun of the thing, it would be superfluous to criticize it, but it will certainly meet the approval of all who love gorgeous scenery, pretty faces and lively action.

GRAND.—Mr. McDowell never could act very much, but he is a nice little gentleman, and his pretty wife has always been a popular favorite here. Moreover, he takes care to have a respectable company always, and good pieces. The visit of the McDowell company is therefore an event which goes among the theatrical successes.

ACADEMY.—"The Dead Heart," with James O'Neil as Dantes, was a splendid piece of stage work—one of the finest things we have had this season. The knowledge that this play had been produced in the same version at the London Lyceum by Henry Irving sufficiently stamped its merit, and it is no small praise to say that Mr. O'Neil and his company proved entirely competent to uphold its fame. The spectacular opera, "The Sea King," by the Gilmore opera company is the attraction this week.

THE Carl Zerrahn Festival Orchestra, assisted by the Philharmonic chorus and select local soloists will make things melodious at the Pavilion on the 24th and 25th.

GRIP extends his best wishes to the enterprising young gentlemen composing the new musical-instrument firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, who have opened up business in the premises formerly occupied by Bi'ton, on Yonge Street, above Queen. If an obliging disposition, high character and modern go-aheaditiveness deserve success, the new firm ought to flourish. We understand they are now "at home" for callers.

A NEW MAGAZINE.—The Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society is a new organization, the aim of which is to promote the welfare of the Indians, to guard their interests, to preserve their history, traditions and folklore, and to diffuse information with a view to creating a more general interest in both their temporal and spiritual progress. The organ of this admirable society is a monthly magazine called *The Canadian Indian*, No. 2 of which is now on our table. It is a very neatly printed publication and is full of matter of deep interest to all who take an interest in the aborigines and their affairs. This ought to include all the intelligent citizens of Canada. The annual membership fee of the society is \$2.00, which includes a subscription to the magazine.

KNEESOUT HAULEY (*the tramp*)—"Say, neighbor, gimme a dime, will yer? I want to buy a brindle elephant with green spots on his wing feathers."

NEW-STREET BROKER—"A what?"

KNEESOUT HAULEY—"Jest what I said, friend. I've mentioned a cup of coffee, square meal of beans, ferry ticket an' night's lodgin' to my clients this mornin', an' none of 'm don't seem to work. Thought I'd try a new deal."

#### LATEST ISSUES.

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

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

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

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334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

We have purchased a Manufacturer's Stock of the celebrated Cline Cookers for porridge cooking and shall sell them for a while: 3-qt. 29c., worth 60c.; 4-qt. 39c., worth 75c.

Read the following few quotations and get our Full Price List and Catalogue, sent free on application:— 3-lb. bar splendid soap 10c., 10 bars of Ruby soap for 25c., 7 bars electric soap for 25c., 60-ft. clothes line 10c., 3 doz. clothes pins 5c. Full lines of toilet soaps at closest wholesale prices. A good 3-string broom 10c., 2 excellent 3-string brooms for 25c., as good a 4-string broom as can well be made 19c. An assortment of new patterns window blinds 59c. each, complete with best spring rolls and handsome pull or tassel. Griddle-lifters 3c. each. The most varied assortment of sponges from the finest small baby sponges 5c. up to 40c. each, not near half the usual charge. Baskets in great variety. See them and get our Price List.

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



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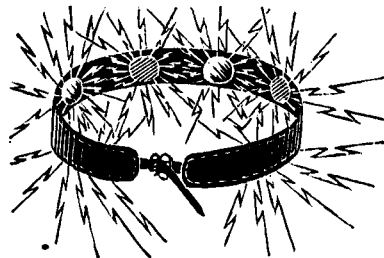
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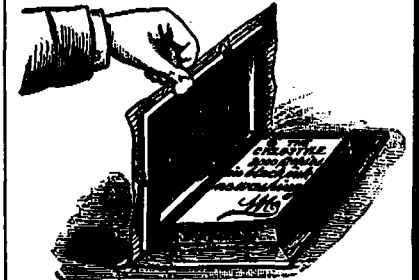


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POLICEMAN—" That I could, marm; in fact, marm, hit wouldn't be a strainin' of my eyesight to see you 'arf a mile off, marm."

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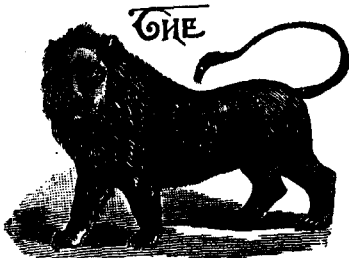
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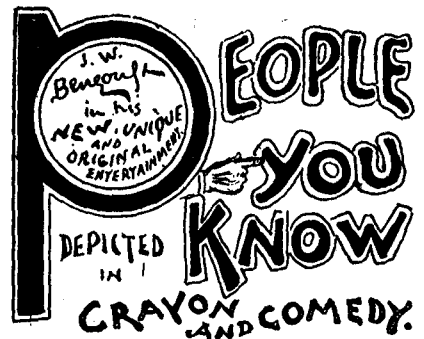
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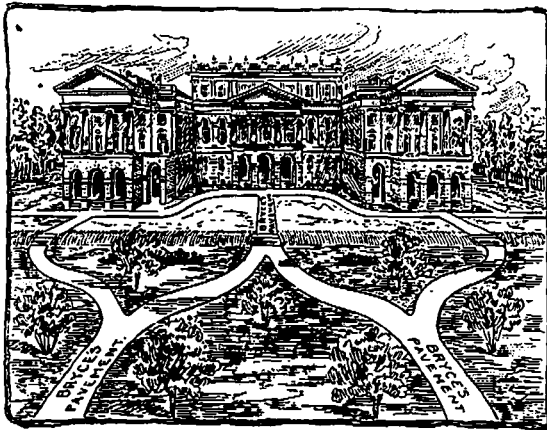
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**DIVIDEND NO. 62.**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after Monday, the 1st day of December next, at the office of the company, Church street.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to 30th November inclusive.

By order of the Board.

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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**

# ANOTHER "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" WORD CONTEST

AND \$200 IN GOLD FOR EXPENSES.



**"THE QUEEN'S"** last "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" Word Contest, which closed August 1st, having excited such universal interest at the urgent solicitations of many of our patrons, we have concluded to give one more "Word Contest," having for its principal prize another First Cabin Passage to Europe and return, and **\$200 in Gold for Expenses**, to the person sending the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "**BRITISH NORTH AMERICA**." This trip can be taken by the winner at any time before October 1, 1891.

**Special Prize for the Ladies.** To the one sending the second largest list will be given an **Elegant Genuine Alaska Seal Jacket** made according to measurements supplied by winner.

**Special Prize for Girls and Boys.** A **Handsome Shetland Pony** costing \$160 will be given (and delivered FREE anywhere in Canada or United States) to the girl or boy, under 16 years of age, sending the largest list. Age of competitor must be stated on list.

**A Special Daily Prize of a Silver Tea Set** Valued at \$25, will be given to the person from whom the largest list is received each day during the contest.

**LIST OF ADDITIONAL PRIZES.**—China Dinner Sets, Ladies' Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantle Coats, Portiere Curtains, Silver Dinner Castors, Silver Breakfast Castors, Silver Tete-a-Tete Castors, Silver Tete-a-Tete Kettles, Silver Card Receivers, Elegant Toilet Cases, Elegant Manicure Cases, Elegant Odor Cases, Oil Paintings, Ladies' Jewellery, Writing Portfolios, Imported Fans, Albums, Napkin Rings and many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

## Rules Governing the Contest.

1. The lists are to contain English and Anglicised words only.
2. No letter can be used in construction of a word more than it appears in the text.
3. Words having more than one meaning, but spelled the same, can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural, but not in both numbers, and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed.
7. The intention being that purely English words only are to be used, all foreign words are barred.
8. The main part only of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be the governing authority; its Appendix or Supplement will not be used.

Each list must contain name of person sending same (sign Mrs., Miss or Mr.), with full Postoffice address and number of words contained therein, and be accompanied by \$1 for a year's subscription to **THE QUEEN**. If two or more tie on the largest list, the list which bears the **earliest postmark** will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes following in order of merit.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into new homes, and this contest is therefore open to New Subscribers only. Present Subscribers can avail themselves of it by enclosing \$1 with list and the address of some friend to whom **THE QUEEN** can be sent for one year.

Prizes awarded to subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of custom duties.

No person can take more than the one prize on the same list. Every New Subscriber sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a prize. All prizes awarded in order of merit.

## WINNERS OF THE SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE

(A \$25 SILVER TEA SET)

Tuesday, Sept. 16 h, Mrs. Annie L. Jarvis, 89 Gloucester street, Toronto; Wednesday, Sept. 17th, Mrs. Reid, 37 Tranby avenue, Toronto; Thursday, Sept. 18th, F. Peithick, Bowmanville, Ont.; Friday, Sept. 19th, Miss R. Jackson, Hellmuth College, London, Ont.; Saturday, Sept. 20th, Miss Jessie C. Brown, Brockville, Ont.; Monday, Sept. 22nd, Mrs. J. E. Lennon, Welland, Ont.; Tuesday, Sept. 23rd, Mrs. F. L. Sawyer, Orillia, Ont.; Wednesday, Sept. 24th, Miss A. Fraser, Prescott, Ont.; Thursday, Sept. 25th, Miss Eva Lake Denne, Peterboro', Ont.; Friday, Sept. 26th, Mrs. W. Percy, 65 Goulbourn avenue, Ottawa, Ont.; Saturday, Sept. 27th, Miss E. Godson, Trenton, Ont.; Monday, Sept. 29th, B. F. Porter, Turo, N.S.; Tuesday, Sept. 30th, Mrs. J. W. E. Darby, 135 Hargrave street, Winnipeg, Man.; Wednesday, Oct. 1st, Mrs. James F. Gillard, Cobourg, Ont.; Thursday, Oct. 2nd, Mrs. John Martin, 212 John street north, Hamilton, Ont.; Friday, Oct. 3rd, Mr. John Waddell, 26 Kensington avenue, city; Saturday, Oct. 4th, Mr. K. C. Hamilton, Galt, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 6th, Mr. John Carrick, 357 Ba ton street east, Hamilton, Ont.; Tuesday, Oct. 7th, Miss Georgina Hilton, 310 Brock street, Kingston; Wednesday, Oct. 8th, Wm. Douglas, 21 Scollard street, Toronto; Thursday, Oct. 9th, H. A. Kennedy, city editor of *The Witness*, Montreal, Que.; Friday, Oct. 10th, Mr. Clifford Kemp, barrister, Woodstock, Ont.; Saturday, Oct. 11th, Evans Jackson, 106 Gloucester street, Ottawa, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 13th, C. A. Streeves, 64 Sturdevant street, Moncton, N.B.; Tuesday, Oct. 14th, George O. Pleasant, 73 Mecklenburg street, St. John, N.B.; Wednesday, Oct. 15th, Mrs. M. St. John, Montreal, Que.; Thursday, Oct. 16th, Miss Jost, 66 Queen street, Fort Massie, Halifax, N.S.; Friday, Oct. 17th, Miss Tremayne, 36 South Street, Halifax, N.S.; Saturday, October 18th, T. R. Stewart, Stratford, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 20th, Mrs. E. H. E. Eddis, Orillia, Ont.; Tuesday, Oct. 21st, Millie R. Snyder, Leamington, Ont.; Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, Mrs. Annie E. Hood, Yarmouth, N.S.; Thursday, Oct. 23rd, Elizabeth Holt, Parkhill, Ont.; Friday, Oct. 24th, Mrs. A. Savary, St. George street, Annapolis N.S.

OVER 3,000 PRIZES  
Awarded in "The Queen's" last  
Word Contest.

## WHAT THE MAILS BRING US:

**The Canadian Queen:** Parliament Buildings, Toronto.  
DEAR SIR,—It affords me great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of the handsome prize awarded me in *The Canadian Queen* "Word Contest." The prize, a Cruet Stand, is a most chaste and artistically got up affair, and is highly prized by your very obedient servant,  
JOHN WADDELL.

**The Canadian Queen:** 89 Gloucester, Toronto.  
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Silver Tea Service, as the prize in your word contest. I shall be glad to satisfy any persons making enquiries as to your bona fides in this, and as to its real value and elegance.  
ANNIS L. JARVIS.  
51 Scollard Street, Toronto, Oct. 9, '90.

**The Canadian Queen, 58 Bay Street:** 51 Scollard Street, Toronto, Oct. 9, '90.  
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the elegant Tea Set awarded me as the daily prize on October 8th. Accept my heartiest thanks for your handsome present. With best wishes for *The Queen*, I remain  
Yours truly,  
WILLIAM DOUGLAS.  
Vancouver, B.C., Oct. 6, 1890.

Miss Hobson begs to thank *The Canadian Queen* for the silk dress which she has received in good order. She wishes the magazine every success.  
1602 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Que., Oct. 2, 1890.

**To the Editor of The Canadian Queen, Toronto:**  
DEAR SIR,—Received the prize. I am very well satisfied. The magazine alone is worth the money.  
Yours truly,  
T. R. JOHNSON.

St. John, N.B., Oct. 10, 1890.  
**To the Editor of The Canadian Queen, Toronto:**  
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the safe arrival of the Gold Watch, won by my daughter Annie in the late contest, and to say on her behalf that she is very much pleased with it. There are a large number of her schoolmates now working and will take part in the next competition. I remain, yours respectfully,  
ALEXANDER MILLER, 173 Princess Street.  
Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 10, 1890.

**To the Editor of The Canadian Queen, Toronto:**  
DEAR SIR,—I acknowledge the receipt of Silver Tea Service expressed to me last week as the Special Daily Prize in your "Word Competition." I am greatly surprised that it was of such good quality and neat and pretty design. I am certainly much pleased with it, and take this opportunity to thank you.  
Respectfully yours,  
Mrs. J. W. E. DARBY.

124 Crawford Street, Toronto.  
I am delighted with the handsome prize awarded me for my efforts in the "Word Contest." All who have seen the Toilet Case compliment me in securing such a fine prize. Wishing *The Queen* every success, I am, respectfully,  
HARRIET D. DRUMMOND.

**To the Canadian Queen:** Galt, Ont., Oct. 20, 1890.  
I received my prize of a Silver Tea Set on the 16th instant, and find it to be very satisfactory. All who have seen the tea set compliment me in securing such a valuable prize. Wishing your paper every success, I remain, yours, etc.,  
N. C. HAMILTON.

Contest Closes Dec. 5th and Prizes Awarded Dec. 20th | Do not Delay | Address — **"THE CANADIAN QUEEN,"** 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada | Send Now.