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J. W. BENGOUG	н -	•		•	EDITOR.
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THE CARNIVAL GRIP.

As was anticipated, the Carnival Number of GRIP proved a signal success. Already the very large edition is nearly exhausted, and those of our friends who wish to secure copies, either for themselves or to send abroad, should apply *immediately*, enclosing to cents.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE RESULT IN TORONTO.—Toronto returns three straight supporters of the Government—like all the other cities of the Province, standing solid for the N.P. The Conservatives of the west and centre have shown that it is not necessary to have our city a laughing stock at Ottawa—those of the east have reaffirmed their faith in their old member, John Small, who has been returned by an increased majority. Col. Denison and Mr. Cockburn are both gentlemen worthy to appear as the spokesmen of the leading city of the land, and are a decided improvement intellectually over their immediate predecessors. GRIP congratulates them, and wishes them a bright and creditable career in Parliament. A good word can freely be spoken for the defeated candidates. As a soldier Col. Denison cannot but admire the manliness of his opponent, Sheppard. Once again has this esteemed contem-

porary of ours shown that he is a brave and generous man—in his own expressive phrase "all wool and a yard wide." Mr. Harvie in the centre conducted his campaign like the Christian gentleman he is; and in the east Mr. Jury, though not, unhappily, a *Christian* gentleman, acted so much like one that no person would know the difference. Mr. E. A. Macdonald made a plucky fight singlehanded, but was overwhelmed—as he no doubt expected. It will not always be so with this irrepressible gentleman. He is bound to "get there," and that before very long.

Nor QUITE OUT OF DANCER.—The Government is not actually defeated, but at the present writing their majority is so very slight that it is questionable whether the present Cabinet will be able to carry on business. The calculation is said to be that a good number of the French members elected as Oppositionists will be bought over, but we see no reason to suppose that these gentlemen are any more venal than the members from other provinces. The opening of the session will be awaited with much anxiety.

HAMILTON SUSTAINS SIR JOHN.—Our sister city of Hamilton has done itself more honour than usual in the selection of its representatives. Mr. Adam Brown is an old and much respected resident who has fairly won the honor at the hands of his fellow-citizens, and Mr. McKay, his colleague, is in every way qualified to assist him in looking after the interests of the Ambitious City.

-* GRIP *-----

THE BRANTFORD BOY.—Mr. Cockshutt, the Conservative candidate in Brant, stated early in the campaign, that when a little boy he "got lost," and had been found and returned to his parents by Mr. William Paterson, who was now his opponent in the political fight. The interesting reminiscence was playfully commented upon by various speakers, and some of them predicted that history would repeat itself in the young candidate's experience on the 22nd. . This prediction turned out to be correct.



A PREMIUM ON IT.

SCENE-Montreal. Time, 23rd Feb.

Gus Sharp (Boodler from Chicago)-Well, what do you think of the Canuck elections?

Jim Fuke (Boodler from N.Y.)—Think? Why I think that if our folks took the same view of boodling as the Canucks do, you and I would be wearing laurel wreaths in high places instead of lingering on this chilly shore !

SIX SIMPLE RULES FOR SNOW-SHOERS.

I. DON'T go alone. Snow-shoeing consists chiefly in tumbling down and picking one's self up; and the wise snow-shoer will leave this latter task to some one else, that is will take another fellow to pick him up.

2. As very often you will have to pick up the other fellow, it is better that the other fellow should be a girl —a nice girl. It is much better fun picking up a girl—a nice girl,—than it is picking up some great big hulking man who only rewards you with—ahem ! with words that are only to be found in the Scripture Selections.

3. If you follow out rules I and 2: that is, don't go alone, but take a girl—a nice girl—rule 3 will be easy. It is: Tumble down often. The girl—the nice girl—will have to pick you up. This is almost the best part of snow-shoeing. That which is better still is when you have to pick the girl—the nice girl—up.

4. Having tumbled down, don't be in a hurry to get up. Your companion will help you, and the longer she helps the nicer it is.

5. Go as far away from all spectators as possible. You won't be able to help her or she you half as well if any one looks on.

6. Take a long and difficult road. You will both tumble down oftener and have to rest longer; and tumbling down and resting compose the greater part of snow-shoeing.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CODDLEBY no sooner perceived the dilemma of his friend than he rushed to the edge of the wharf, and cried, "Be calm, Bramley, be calm, I implore you; for my sake endeavor to keep your head above water, and—and —don't open your mouth on any account," as Bramley, gasping like a flounder on the shore at low tide, swallowed an immense mouthful of water.

It might have struck a casual spectator that Mr. Bramley would probably see the desirability of following this advice, if not for his friend's sake, at any rate for his own. He was, accordingly, making strenuous efforts to grasp one of the piers of the wharf, in which he finally succeeded, though he was by this time nearly black in the face from the effects of the slow process of strangulation to which he was subjected by the parasol handle and his tie. Chambers now ran to the rescue, and laying himself flat on the wharf, reached down and seized Bramley by the collar, and one of the crew, jumping on board the yacht, managed to boost (as he termed the operation) the principal actor in the scene up, so that those on the wharf were enabled to drag him high, though not dry, on to terra firma, if such an expression is applicable to a wooden wharf.

"I am extremely obliged to you, Miss Douglas," were the first words Bramley uttered, as he sat gasping for breath, "for your valuable assistance : Mr, Douglas, your daughter is a heroine, a perfect heroine, sir."

"Yes, yes, never mind that just now," returned that genial gentleman, "but get on board again, and let us see what we can do in the way of rigging you out, as we did Mr. Yubbits. Upon my word you gentlemen seem very partial to Lake Ontario to-day. It's Mr. Coddleby's turn next, and doubtless he will gratify us on our return trip, with an exhibition of his nautatorial skill; but come, Bramley, come with me," and the two, boarding the schooner, disappeared into the cabin, whence they presently emerged, the Pickwickian being fully equipped in a white flannel suit belonging to Mr. Douglas, which, however, approached nearer to being a fit, on account of its present wearer's corpulency, than the garments sported, for the nonce, by Mr. Yubbits.

"Now," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, as the whole party, followed by two of the crew bearing the hamper, wended their way towards a clump of trees on the lake shore, "the sooner we get luncheon, the better; look alive boys," he shouted to the hamper bearers, "and get that basket unpacked, over there under those trees: and you, E'sie, kindly superintend the laying out of the contents. Mr. Bramley, here, looks as if a diet of Ontario water had not half satisfied him."

"Oh! I'm perfectly satisfied with what I've had as far as that is concerned," replied Bramley, smiling, "though I fancy there is not much nourishment in it."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr, Douglas, "we'll soon have something in which there is nourishment, then I'm as hungry as a hunter: and you, Mr. Yubbits, you certainly require something to take the superfluous folds out of those garments."

"Well, they are rather baggy, I must admit," said Yubbits, "And I feel like doing my best to make them less so: wonderfully appetizing air, this."

The grateful shade of the trees pointed out was by this time reached, and in a very short space of time the lid was off the hamper and a tablecloth spread on the grass, upon which Miss Douglas' nimble fingers soon arranged an array of edibles that would have almost sufficed for an entire school feast. Cold rabbit pies, a ham, bread and butter and libitum, pastry, salad, and so forth, were displayed in most tempting profusion, and Summers having been dispatched to the village in quest of ice, returned in a short time with the object of his search, which was broken up into pails into which the bottles of champagne were plunged.

"Here, Chambers," said Mr. Douglas, handing him a rabbit pie and a huge plate of sandwiches, together with a pail containing a couple of bottles of wine, " call your fellows together and do what you think fit with these things : sing out when the supply runs short : I fancy we can keep you going. Ha! this is jolly," he exclaimed, sitting down, and commencing a vigorous attack on the edibles. "Couldn't have found a better place if we'd hunted for a week. Splendid breeze. Your healths gentlemen," and the jovial host nodded round the table and drank off a glass of champagne. "Now, Elsie, don't let Mr. Bramley starve. Do give him something to counteract the effects of the enormous quantity of water he has swallowed. I declare the lake has fallen, visibly, several inches," and so he ran on, joking and laughing without a moment's intermission, save when compelled to pause by the nature of his occupation.

And now it may be as well to leave our friends for a short time, enjoying the pleasant breeze which came to them across the rippling lake, whilst they satisfied the cravings of appetites sharpened by a morning spent in the pure open air, and listening to the jolly utterances of Mr. Douglas, which were invariably followed by ringing peels of laughter, amongst which could be plainly detected the silvery notes of Miss Elsie's voice, and which, to hear, was in itself a treat of no mean order to a well balanced mind, a most desirable thing, and which, it is to be hoped, all those under the trees possessed in common with the intelligent reader of these pages.

(To be continued.)



THE INDUSTRIAL LEAGUE BOOTS.

Talk about the Seven League Boots — but for getting over the ground with campaign literature they were no circumstance to those worn by the maligned Nicholls in the late campaign ! -* G R I P *----



SUGGESTED COSTUME FOR SPRING.

THE USUAL DECISION.

WHEN I look around me upon the earth,
And witness the mingling of tears and mirth In the mortar of human life,
I muse, and my spirit is weighed with care ;
I can scarely tell what to do or dare—
For I know of a lady, considered fair, Whom I'm longing to make my wife.

Yes, I wish to get married and settle down— I have chosen a little house up-town, But I'ın vaccilating still; For she is not wealthy, and I am poor, And if we are married I am not sure That my meagre salary would procure Sufficient to square the bill—

The bill of the butcher, the landlord's rent, And each small tradesman's so promptly sent, And the milliner's little due; The doctor, servan!, and pew in the church, The tax-collector in yearly search; I'm afraid I would topple from off my perch, And go crazy and bankrupt, too.

Then what's the encouragement now-a-days For a man to get married and try to raise A family on small means? Pray tell me what? But 'twill have to be,

For my Katie says she will marry me. So we'll raise the family, even should we Have to feed them on pork and beans.

W. H. T.

FIDGIT'S FATE.

A RURAL ROMANCE.

I.

ARABELLA DI LUCIA TOMSONI and Frederick Fitz-Muggleton Fidgit. So they were, but so they aren't ;--at least so isn't Arabella di Lucia, for the sea of matrimony has swept over the Tomsoni and engulfed it in the Fidgit. But we anticipate. 11

There was bustle in the Tomsoni mansion, and with graceful steps the azure-blooded Lady Tomsoni moved about the kitchen, the short leg going down and the long leg going up, and vić versa, like a schooner in a groggy sea. For had not the lovely Arabella come home from Toronto, where she had been ladies' companion to the Hon. Mrs. Empea, (N.B.—She hustled the hash at Gilhooley's, on Blank st.,) and there was woe amongst the geese, and the old gobbler gobbled no more whetstones and bolt-heads.

The night was dark and the cloudlets were so numerous that they enveloped the sky like a crazy quiltlet, and the lightlet of the moonlet wasn't worth five centlets on the dollar.

ш.

Two forms hung over the front gate of the Tomsoni grounds, in the semi-civilized obscurity, and,—but we mustn't give 'em away.

"You'll come dahling, won't you, for I ain't home very ofting you know?"

The voice was the voice of Arabella di Lucia.

"Hi will be there. Nothink less'n a hearthquake 'll stop me."

So spoke the valiant Frederick Fitz-Muggleton, but he reckoned without Lady Tomsoni of the short leg, and her son and heir Jonathan Gaiters Tomsoni.

r

"I 'ope, Harabeller, you didn't hask that nasty Fidgit?" And Lady Tomsoni balanced herself carefully on her long leg and calmly awaited a reply.

"I-I-I did, maw," tremblingly murmured the lovely Arabella. "He—he ain't so oful nashty, is he?"

"Send Jonathan Gaiters to me to once," and Lady Tomsoni lowered herself on her short leg with such suddenness and force that the silver-(tin) ware rattled on the adjacent shelves.

Verily there was trouble at hand, but what? We shall see.

v.

Frederick Fitz-Muggleton Fidgit stood in the centre of his 14x16 culled-lumber palace, at Slab-town, a paper collar in one hand and a note in the other.

Throwing the "former" down on the table, "with frenzied fingers and a dread of impending evil," he tore open the "latter" and read :

" tomsoni haul 5 P m

"mister Figit our purtys privit arabeller hed No rite to do invitatum "yures two komand

" mister figit Slabtown."

"Jonathan Gaters tomsoni.

With a wild, unearthly yell, Frederick Fitz-Muggleton Fidgit grasped his hat and rushed out into the night no, we beg pardon,—the evening.

" Jonathan Gaiters, you didn't saw ennythink of Harabeller, did you?"

The voice was the combination cowbell-boilerfactory voice of Lady Tomsoni.

"No, maw, I didn't saw ennythink of her, so I didn't."

This was the great Jonathan Gaiters, of course. Stands to reason it couldn't have been anyone else.

It stands to reason, too, that he hadn't and couldn't "saw" the lovely Arabella di Lucia, seeing that that fair damsel was ten miles away, eloping with the magnificent Frederick Fitz-Muggleton as fast as a fifteen dollar horse and a twenty dollar rig could elope them.

PERKINS MIDDLEWICK.



HAMILTON SUSTAINS SIR JOHN.



MR. PUFFER VISITS THE PREEMVER AND ASKS SUM ASSISTENS IN THE ELEKSHINS.

HIS PERPOZETTS FUR REFORMIN THE SENNET.

RUM VALLY KORNERS, Feb. 10, '87.

TU MR. GRIP,—Arter I rekuvered fully from the effeks uv mi intervyoo with Sir John az deskribed in mi last letter, it okkurd tu me thare wuz a lak uv deffynitness about his promis tu give me a Senneturship. I koodent recollek all the cheeften hed sed tu me, but I remembered them wurds, "You air a Sennetur en prospektyoo," which hed so thrilled me with delite.

Our darter, Sally Ann, who goes tu the hi skoole, told me this wuz lating and only ment "in prospekt"—and that Sir John wuz likely laffin at me for an ole fule—and I hed ben a sennetur "en prospektyoo" fur 20 yeerz and wood never be enny uther kind uv sennetur.

I boxed hur eers smartly fur hur impudenz (girls is puttin on airs now-a-days) and yet when this view uv the kase struck me I wuz mad enuf to kik miself and Sir John too:

I made up mi mind to go rite bak tu Ottawah and make mi kalling and elekshin sure and to get sum assistents fur inflooinsing the free and independent elekturs on the z2nd, and also tu lay mi plan fur reformin the Sennet before the Guverment.

I left mi boy Hektur (named arter the grate pollytishin) in charge uv the Salune and tuk the fust trane tu the kappytel.

I arrived only 17 hrs late and went at wunst to the palas uv the Preemyer. . . . He dident seem much pleezed tu see me, tho' he salooted me as "deer Puffer" and embrased me and ordered whiskey and segarz fur too. I thanked him fur hiz kindness but dekined the likker. I had gone on bizness—I wanted "Assistents"—and not likker.

"Sir John," sed I, "I hev sum veews I want you to make a note on about that vennerable institushin, the Canadien Hous uv Lords."

"Sir John," sed I, arizing and sooring into mi loftiest flite uv eloquense at wunst, "they speke about reformin the Sennet and sum turn-kote tories are beginning tu pipe tu the same toon. Dont you know that the Sennet and the salune both rize and fall together? They are the two rite hands uv our konservitive party. They are both trooly aristrokratik in thare tendensy. You kant have a party uv troo gentlemen in enny kountry without em. The ideal salune keeper and the ideal senneter are both members uv the aristokrisy. They are both nesserary tu the state, and what is more they are both nesserary tu us. We kant live without em. . . .

Reformin the Sennet! forsooth! Its the Kommens that needs reformin. That Hous uv Pleebeans is never in true sympathy with us. Let us abolish or reform the Kommens! And now, sed I, Sir John az the temperenz kraze is about rooining the salune keepers who have deserved well uv thare kountry and ought to be kompensated, open the Sennet tu them. Theez air my views.

The Preemyer thanked me hartily and promised to take em into serius konsideration, and I kame home loded up the other way. Yours trooly,

BLOOMINGNOZE PUFFER.

A LADY'S IDEA.

16 ELSWORTHY ROAD, PRIMROSE HILL, LONDON, ENG., February 10, 1887.

DELIGHTFUL GRIP,—As a rule, the receipt rather than the gift (at least of money) is considered the greater blessing in this age of thinly, if at all, veiled mammonworship. But as every rule has its exception, let me assure you that it is with genuine pleasure I enclose my subscription for the year ending 28th February, 1888. May you long flourish, and continue to smite, hip and thigh, all humbug, fraud, dishonesty, whether of governments or individuals, and ill of every kind !

Faithfully and admiringly yours, E. C. FELLOWS.

THE Annual Convention for 1887 of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance for the suppression of the Liquor Traffic will be held in Toronto, on Wednesday and Thursday, March 9th and 10th, commencing on Wednesday at 2 p.m. Sessions of the Convention will be held during both days and on Wednesday evening.

[We don't expect our readers to recognize the above as a brilliant joke. Those of them who are in the liquor business especially will fail to see anything funny about it.]

HIS OPINION.

YOUR last number of Feb. 5th is, in my humble opinion, one of the best you have published.

Yours very truly, DEXTER A. VAN ZANDT.

P.S.—I have often thought your paper was well named, for it is the "devil" on bad government.

SAULT STE. MARIE, Feb. 12.

D. A. V. Z.

"CINNAMON," says a contemporary, "has been successfully introduced as a fashionable perfume by social leaders in New York." We see nothing spicy in this; cloves were long ago introduced as a "fashionable perfume" by social (or better still, sociable) leaders all over the continent.

OUR ELECTION NUMBER.

GRIP's special election issue out to day, is very good. It has a double-page cartoon of the triumph of the Conservative party, showing Sir John and his ministers seated in a triumphal charict, while the Reform leaders are chained by their side. The last page showing how the N. P. elephant blew the Grit boys into smithereens is a capital hit, and will create many a hearty laugh. The publishers have prepared a large edition in anticipation of an enormous sale.—*Toronto News*.



-+ GRIP +-

THE RESULT OF THE ELECTION IN TORONTO.

TO BURDETTE.

DEAR little Bob : (permit familiar phrase In one who loves thy funny self to praise.) I've read thy writings, and I've heard thy voice Proclaiming while the multitudes rejoice With boisterous laughter as thy wit appears. Productive of side aches and flowing tears. I've heard thee ply thy laugh-producing lash, To wit, the "Rise and Fall of the Moustache," Thy "Lecture to Young Men," and all the rest, Which memories still tankle 'neath my vest, When humor dies within my soul, and gloom Strikes o'er my features with a fretful fume, And black distraction darkens all my skies . I read you till the tears roll from my eyes. It was a happy fate that gave thee birth-Thy mould was humor, and the metal mirth. The mould was broken when the cast was cool, And Grief then built one to devolve a fool. And since that day, so fateful to mankind, Of joy and woe, so strangely intertwined, The mould of Folly shows a well-worn gilt, While that of mirth has never been rebuilt. W. H. T.

"GRIP" AS HIGH COMMISSIONER.

SIR CHAWLES has returned to his afflicted country and his sorrowing constituents. Never leave us again, Sir Chawles! Stay, oh stay! And now the question arises, Who is to be High Commissioner? Who is to be sacrificed, like Iphegenice, to his country's needs? Who is to be condemned to the London Mansion, so luxuriously furnished by a rich and liberal people? Who is to spend himself giving grand dinners and receptions, and extolling the resources of our great Dominion?

To this we answer, Who has greater claims or qualifications than GRIP? With what dignity would he fill the position ! How would he bask in the spring sunshine in Pall Mall, cool himself with the ducks in St. James' Park, while Sir Chawles is sweltering in the rocky cliffs of the Capitol, and disport himself in his carriage, in Hyde Park, in the afternoon, admiring those other English ducks, with their bright eyes and lovely faces !

Then what influence could equal GRIP'S? He has warm friends among the nobility. Lord Dufferin, the greatest living diplomatist, is a bosom friend of GRIP. He draws wisdom from him; and mirth to soothe a mind harassed by the affairs of State. The Marquis of Lorne would take him to his heart again, and the Princess would smile on him, as she used to do in Rideau Hail. Even the Queen would send kind messages, and often invite him to Windsor Castle.

What receptions he would give ! Sir Chawles can receive, no doubt. He has received a good deal already. Sir Chawles can talk. But GRIP can draw—that's the point. He could draw all the leading men of England to the Dominion Mansion, as easily as he draws Sir John and Blake, Mowat and Meredith. And then he could draw his 15,000 a year as comfortably as the most selfsacrificing patriot in Canada. Whichever party should come into power on the 22nd, let it remember GRIP for High Commissioner.

THE WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.

APPARENTLY there is a war-cloud hanging over Europe just now. What it is hanging by, or why it is hanging there, and how long it is going to hang, all these questions remain to be answered. We don't object to warclouds particularly, even though they have been hanging a long time—indeed a fresh war-cloud every morning is perhaps rather desirable than not but this one is so

mysterious. It has been served up under so many different shapes. "The war-cloud grows blacker." "The war-cloud thickening." "The war-cloud darkening." "The war-cloud lightening." "The war-cloud uplifting, until at last we begin to suspect that the war-cloud is indeed only a watery vapour, an exhalation proceeding from the overheated brain of a newspaper reporter-an intangible apparition, an unreal mockery, etc. And why again should poor old Bismarck be blamed for the warcloud? Does he keep his pockets full of them, throwing out one whenever he feels inclined? Or does he pull a string according to which the cloud thickens, lightens, blackens, etc., in accordance with his sweet will. However, it may be the war-cloud is getting to be a "chestnut." We recommend a cloud of something else, incense for instance. J. H. B.

THE election number of GRIP is to hand, and is particularly happy in its political hits. In the principal colored cartoon Mr. Bengough represents the triumph ot the Conservative party, and shows a prophetic pencil in placing Mr. Rykert in the lap of Conservatism, while Mr. M. C. Cameron heads the body of defeated Grits, who are chained to Sir John Macdonald's chariot. The other sketches are also well up to the mark.—*Editorial, Mail.*

MR. SIMMERS ON SECOND CHILDHOOD.

"WELL, I declare ! if there aint a drawback to everythin'!" cried old Mr. Simmers, as he sat in his arm chair by the parlor stove with his game leg in flannel, on a stool, his pipe in his mouth and his paper in his hand, "here I've been a bearin' the approaches of old age with a lame leg this sev'rel years, and the teeth droppin' out o' my head, and the flies dancin' and picnicin' gen'lly on the bald places, and the glasses they make now-a-days gettin' wuss an' wuss till I can bare read at all 'cept in the Family Bible, which is big print, and all with a equernimity noo to me, in the expectation that in the course of a few more years I should have a noo crop of hair, a noo set of teeth, and no futher need for specs, together with a golden an' a dimand weddin' thrown in, to please the old lady, an' har's a feller goes an' breaks the record with havin' the 'hoopin'-cough at the interestin' age o' ninetytwo! an' it dont say whether his noo set of teeth an' his eyesight accompanied it neither. 'No fool like a old fool!' says they. Gi' me my second childhood if ye like, an' I'll be grateful, but no 'hoopin'-cough ; No, SIR, not even with trimmins. s.

THE DEFEATED CANDIDATE.

For many weeks my riding I have roamed, From many platforms for my country moaned, Kissed squaling youngsters, and with equal ease Spooned on their mothers, and I've tried to please Most every class, denomination, creed and calling. In retrospect : I must confess 'is quite appalling To think of all the things I meant to do, But then the other fellow did it too Just as sincerely ; and twixt you and I, I think he must have made the "boodle" fly.

And thus it is the wide Dominion o'er, The sad defeated candidates deplore The rank corruption, education quite neglected, Which caused the other man to be elected.

Wingham, Ont.



197 Jarvis Street Toronto, Ont.



* GRIP *---

in N.Y.Life

THE FISHERY DISPUTE FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

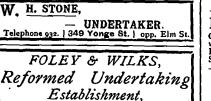
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* GRIP *-----



THE BRANTFORD BOY LOST AGAIN !

(IT HAPPENED ON THE 22ND.)

Bunting (reads)—" We know from experience how easy it is for combinations, formed for purposes of plunder, to shake the strongest of cabinets." If you refer to the Bribery business here, Farrer, I can tell you we know nothing of the sort. It's by no means easy ! We've tried it !

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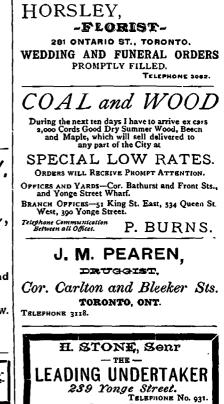
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