

# GRIP

VOL. XXXVI.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1891.

No. 22.  
Whole No. 937.

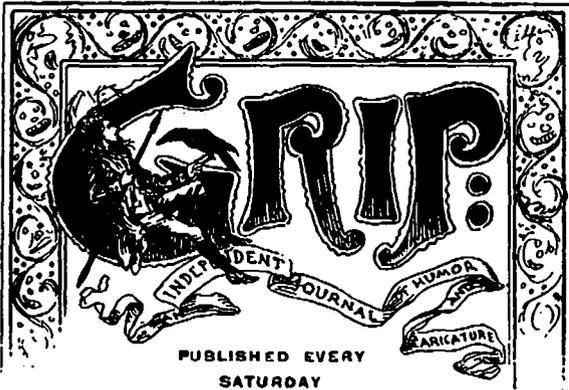


## MERCIER ENNOBLED.

HIS HOLINESS—"What title would you like, my son. If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

HON. HONORE—"Thanks, Holy Father, I'm not particular. Anything that will count in the elections."

HIS HOLINESS—"So be it. Arise, Count Mercier!"



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President Manager

J. V. WRIGHT. T. G. WILSON.

Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

To Great Britain and Ireland

One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00 | One year \$2.50

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label. In remitting stamps, please send two-cent stamps only. Messrs. JOHN HADDON & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

NOTICE

As many people, either thoughtlessly or carelessly, take papers from the Post Office regularly for some time, and then notify the publishers that they do not wish to take them, thus subjecting the publishers to considerable loss, inasmuch as the papers are sent regularly to the addresses in good faith on the supposition that those removing them from the Post Office wish to receive them regularly, it is right that we should state what is the LAW in the matter.

1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.
2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid.

Artist and Editor Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH. PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE Cartoons.

A PRIVATE VIEW.—That eminent political artist, Sir R. Cartwright, is putting the last touches (with *Globe* ink) upon his great picture entitled "The Future of Canada"—a few touches a day, as readers of the *Liberal* daily are aware. Just after the Budget speech has

been made the canvas will be exhibited to the public, and if it doesn't make a sensation it will not be the artist's fault. The picture is a nocturne in black, and although it conveys but one broad effect of desolation, the mass of color is the result of an elaborate composition. The well-posted critic will be able to distinguish therein, for example, the fact that the estimates for the ensuing year are forty-three millions, independently of the sums that may be voted

for the P.E.I. tunnel, the Quebec bridge, the Trent Valley canal, or any of the other projects now under consideration. He will, also, on close examination, see the exodus, the public debt and the high taxation policy, duly worked into the basis of the picture, and here and there touches suggestive of extravagance and corruption. But the whole thing will be elaborately explained by the artist himself on the occasion mentioned, so that none of its fine points will be lost. Whatever the thick and thin admirers of Sir Richard may think of the picture, however, it is not likely to enjoy much popularity with the public. Gloom and despair are things the people do not go in for, and some eminent authorities in the Canadian press contend that such a picture should never, under any circumstances, be painted. We do not share this view. The only question is, is the representation a true one? It is for Mr. Foster and other experts to show—as we hope they may—that facts will warrant the introduction of a good deal of half-tone and a few strong high-lights into the sombre production.

MERCIER ENNOBLED.—Hon. Honoré Mercier, Premier of Quebec, has been honored by the Pope with the title of Count. The political effect of this will, no doubt, be most marked. Already we hear of a movement on the part of Mercier's opponents to equalize the chances by securing some countships for the Conservative side. We are not informed, by the way, that the Quebec Premier thought it necessary to enquire whether Her Majesty had any objection to his accepting a title from the Pope.



REFORM CLUB prophets, who a few days ago were sitting round on soft chairs after dinner and confidently predicting a Government majority of not more than eleven at the very most on the first division, must have felt like letting the club house taps run on their heads for a while after the vote on Cameron's bill was

taken. They were "out" only eighteen. But this is about as close as your 'know it-all had-it straight-from-headquarters style of prophet ever gets.

PEOPLE wondered at the fatuity of Hon. Frank Smith in setting himself against the strong arm of the law in refusing to give up possession of the street railway. It was a foregone conclusion that he would be beaten, and merely have the pleasure of handing over the proceeds of the few additional days business to the city authorities. The explanation, however, was very simple. The Hon. Frank Smith is an Irishman.

MR. GUNN has been made superintendent, and the present manager and staff continued during the "interregnum," the civic interest being represented by an advisory committee consisting of the Mayor, Alderman McDougall and City Engineer Jennings. A very sensible resolution was introduced by Ald. Hallam at the first meeting of the Street Railway Committee, prohibiting all interference on the part of aldermen with the management. This passed by a unanimous vote. A proviso was also placed in the minutes forbidding any alderman to send men to the officials of the road for work. Meanwhile, new tenders are being called for, and of one thing we may be sure—no tenderer will offer as much as the city could make for itself if even the present organization of the business were declared permanent.

WHERE, oh where was Brother Foster when the prohibition debate was on? Has he forgotten that he was put into that snug Cabinet seat simply and only because he was supposed to represent the "temperance element?" We greatly fear Brother Foster is a Pious fraud. The reason we think so is that he acts like one.



MEAN.

SMARTE—"That tree hasn't borne a solitary pear for eight seasons."

SMILEY—"Indeed? I'd cut it down if I were you. Why don't you?"

SMARTE—"Because it's the best apple tree I've got."

THE Reeves who went to Ottawa to see about getting back the money their municipalities voted to build railways before the inauguration of the bonus system, got rather cold comfort from Sir John. He rebuked them mildly for going to the capital at such a very busy time, and the Reeves felt so abashed that not one of them thought of asking the Premier what the Government was busy doing. The upshot of it all was the regulation "take it into our serious consideration" reply, upon which Mr. Mowat has by no means an exclusive patent.



FINANCE MINISTER FOSTER estimates that he will require about \$43,000,000 for public expenditure this trip, and as yet he hasn't whispered anything about supplementary estimates. Amongst the latter we may look for a good many additional millions for tunnels, canals and what not. It is all rank nonsense. We can't afford to think of these vast projects just now, let alone commencing them. There are a lot of ridiculous people in this country who act on the supposition that the Canadian Exchequer is inexhaustible, and the Government seems to think it good politics to encourage them in their idiocy.

competition will amount to much, however, so far as concerns "the most popular officer." There is really no choice. Major Gen. James L. Hughes, Commander-in-Chief of the Young Brigade, may be regarded as elected by acclamation.

\* \* \*

It will, no doubt, gratify the people of Canada to know that their business is being looked after in proper shape by their representatives. The work upon the cricket crease, the base ball ground and the lawn tennis court on Parliament Square is just about completed.

A TARIFF OUTFIT.

A NEW YORK newsboy was fitted out in a complete new suit, including cap, shoes, stockings and necktie for \$1.51. This shows how much people must pay for manufactured goods under the "iniquitous protective tariff."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*.

Yes, but you Western people don't know what became of that boy. During a rain storm the cap shrunk so it wouldn't fit the head of a pin, the paper soles of the shoes dropped off in the street, the necktie assumed the dimensions of a piece of thread, and as for the "complete new suit," the seams broke loose and the poor fellow had to hire a cab to take him home for fear Anthony Comstock would arrest him for indecent exposure. You have unwittingly afforded us a first-class illustration of what the protective tariff will do when it is in full blast.—*New York Herald*.

GOOD BYE, SWEET TARTE, GOOD BYE.

(AS SUNG BY SIR H. LANGEVIN.)

THE bomb is thrown, the case is entered,  
Now sits the grim Committee there,  
The public eye on me is centered,  
Yet I've no fear, yet I've no fear.  
Go, do your worst, you cannot lower  
My reputation pure and high,  
Though I will never know thee more.  
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,  
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,  
I do not love thee though I say  
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye.

My feelings tow'ds you once were hearty,  
But that is now some time ago,  
We loved the same old Tory party,  
Yes, that is so! Yes, that is so!  
But since you've grown so mighty moral  
The love I felt has had to die;  
The thing has ended in a quarrel,  
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,  
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,  
I'll fix you off for this some day,  
Good bye sweet Tarte, good bye

Then, you've gone back on Uncle Tommy  
Forgetful of all party ties,  
And 'cause with him I've been so chummy  
You list to lies; yes, cruel lies,  
But Uncle Tom is clear and stainless,  
And so is Perley—so am I—  
While you're a dupe and catspaw brainless,  
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,  
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye,  
No more we meet, and so I say  
Good bye, sweet Tarte, good bye!

IN THE BOUDOIR.

ETHEL—"What are you reading, dear?"

MAUD—"The latest popular novel."

ETHEL—"How on earth did you manage to smuggle it into the house without your mama or papa seeing it?"

THE "popular minister" racket having paid handsomely—thanks to the presence in the community of a spirit of profoundly Christian emulation—the *Mail* has sunk a new shaft. We cannot suppose the military



AN ABSTRUSE POINT.

JONES—“ See here, Smith, *your* son married *my* daughter, didn't he? ”

SMITH—“ I believe he did. What of it? ”

JONES—“ Well, what I want to know is, what relation does that make you and me? ”

SMITH—“ Pooh! There's no puzzle about that. Fathers-in-law, of course! ”

SAMJONES AT LARGE.

HAST been to the Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, Borax? No? Then hie thee thither. I went on varnishing day, and I noticed that some of the pictures sent in had va'nished. But on the whole the Hanging Committee leaned to the side of mercy and relieved many an anxious artist from a state of suspense by putting his pictures in it. Think this out at your leisure, Borax. By the way, I wonder whether the exhibitors “ owe for the touch of a varnished hand,” as the poet says, or if they have whacked up. I might, were I so disposed, animadvert somewhat on the display, but I forbear, remembering that any-mad-version of mine would no doubt be contradicted.

Ha! I notice the occupants of this house are moving. To the reflective mind there is something pathetic in the removal from a house in which a family have lived for some time and which has become dear to them owing to a high rent and other hallowed associations. The severing of the link that binds them to the spot—eh? What's that—“ moving spectacle.” See here, Borax, that's a nasty habit of yours. If you anticipate me that way again I'll bestow my improving conversation elsewhere. By the way, the devil, when he goeth about like, etc., if he talks at all, must indulge in improving conversation.

But with respect to moving. Don't you think that some of the people who changed their abode early in the month will have May-day mistake? Anyway, it's good for trade—gives employment, you see, to our teaming population. Do I express myself with sufficient clearness?

The cedar block pavement seems to have declined in the aldermanic estimation, and asphalt is now all the rage. But is it not just possible that it in turn may

prove as-phalty as its predecessors? If so, the change will not pay-very well. What's the matter—stomach-ache or something? You gesticulate as though the jest-tickled you.

I have been thinking about how I shall spend my summer holidays. I'm afraid the Island will be about the length of my tether, while you, perhaps, will go as far as Europe extends. Do you tumble? Then don't try any Alpine climbing. If you would Basque in the sunlight go to Spain. Try and assimilate these remarks—let their full significance gradually steal over your consciousness while I think of other themes.

Ignorance is to be lamented, and yet methinks extensive learning may also be characterized as deep-lore-able. Verily, the mount of wisdom is hard to ascend, yet in the toilsome path shall we find no-ledge to rest on? Do you give it up? Well, Sir Henry Tyler gave it Tupper!

But the noontide hour approaches, and I must away to my mid-day meal. Which reminds me of what Mohamet said after his flight from his native city. “ Some folks,” he remarked, “ prefer Mecca, but as for me, give me Me-dina.” The observation savored of true inwardness.

THE DRY GOODS EXCURSION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the counter attractions elsewhere, the excursion of the Dry Goods Association to Hamilton on the 25th was well attended. The participants went by train, although one might suppose sales-people would naturally prefer the water. You would *serge* in vain for a jollier party, and what with the display of *dress goods* and the *gents furnishings* there were very few *plain figures* in the party. When the candy butcher passed through the cars he did a tremendous business in peanuts and lollypops, the gentlemen of the party effecting a *complete clearance* of his stock, and spending *cash* in a way that did them *credit*. Hamilton was reached without accident and its varied points of *interest* duly *marked down*. Some of the excursionists who had expected to see a city like Toronto were, of course, *sold*, but the people there were very courteous and assured them it was no trouble to show the goods. When the day's programme was completed, and the usual question of the salesladies, “ will there be anything else? ” had been answered in the negative, the party re-embarked for home—*quick returns* being the motto of the dry goods trade.

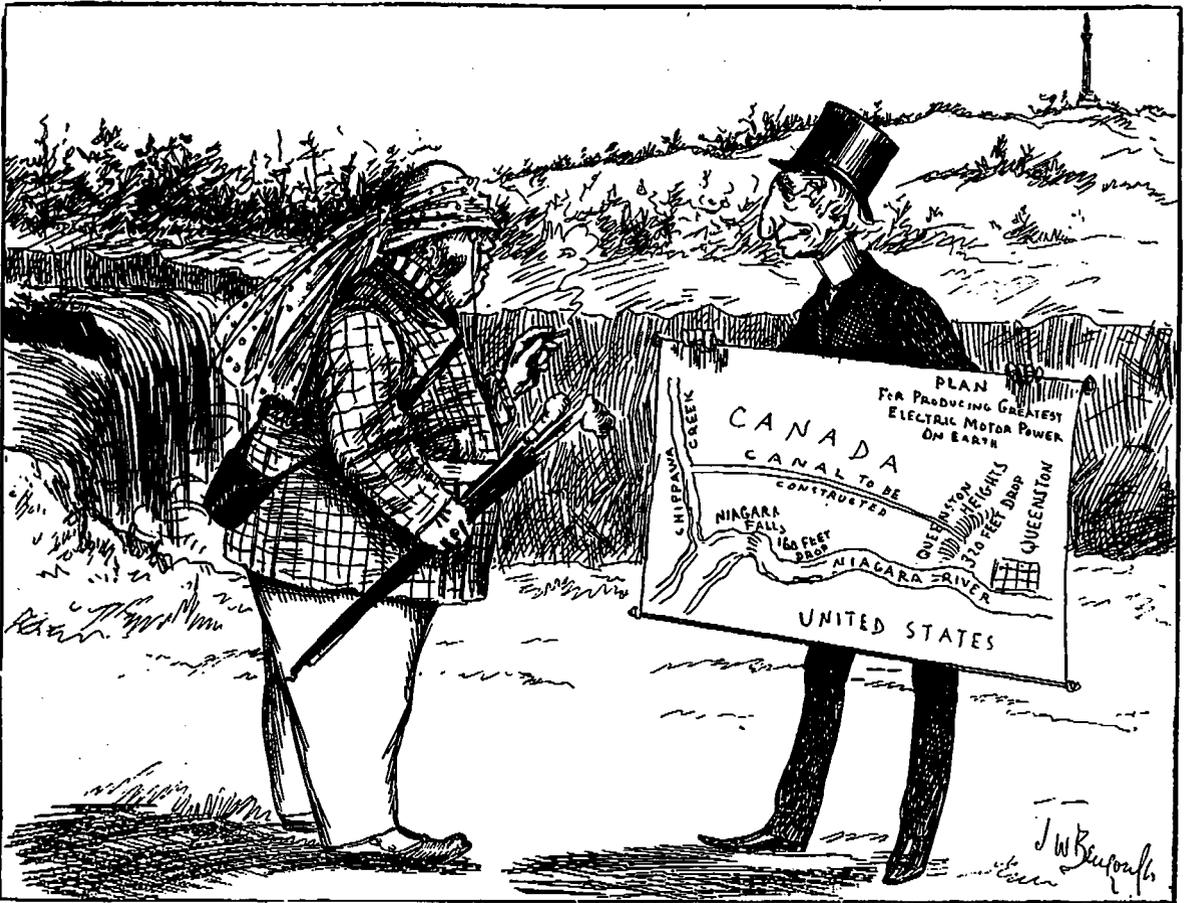
ALGIE-BRAICAL

 +  = A SUMMER'S OUTING

 = A SUMMER'S OUTING + 

A SUMMER'S OUTING -  = 0

 = 0



CANADIAN ENTERPRISE.

MR. CANADA (to visiting Briton)—“Don’t you see, by this canal the water is conveyed to Queenston Heights, where it gets a fall of 320 feet, thus supplying power for the electric motor, which in turn supplies power for manufactories without limit at a rate so low that we will be able to compete with the world. Already the enterprise is an assured success!”

VISITING BRITON—“Good gwacious! This beats Niagawa itself, don’t you know!”

THE PARLIAMENTARY RACES.

LORD STANLEY having finished his function at the Woodbine (and let us say how ably he did it), will be expected to grace the Parliamentary races at Ottawa with his presence. The forthcoming events there are anticipated with great pleasure by the general public. Our Sporting Correspondent sends us the following turf items, which will probably be of interest to our readers:

The Parliamentary track is at present very slow, but a change for the better may be counted upon with the advent of hotter political weather.

Cameron’s “Lock, Stock and Barrel” went lame the other day and was scratched.

Sir John’s “Majority” was sent out for a preliminary spin on Wednesday, and acquitted himself handsomely. The Old Man was highly pleased with the performance, and is sanguine that if pushed he can do still better.

Langevin’s “Documents” is expected to arrive on the ground in a few days.

Foster’s “Budget” has not yet put in an appearance.

Jamieson’s “Prohibition” is showing up in fine form this season, and went the course strong on Thursday. The Government horse “Adjourn-motion” tried a brush with him for a few yards and was beaten hollow.

Tarte is in particularly high glee over his “Investigation.” He says the animal will beat anything that has ever been seen on this course.

Odds are being offered against McCarthy’s “North-West Bill” in his forthcoming race with the French horse “Papacy.”

Ives feels confident of capturing the Cabinet stakes.

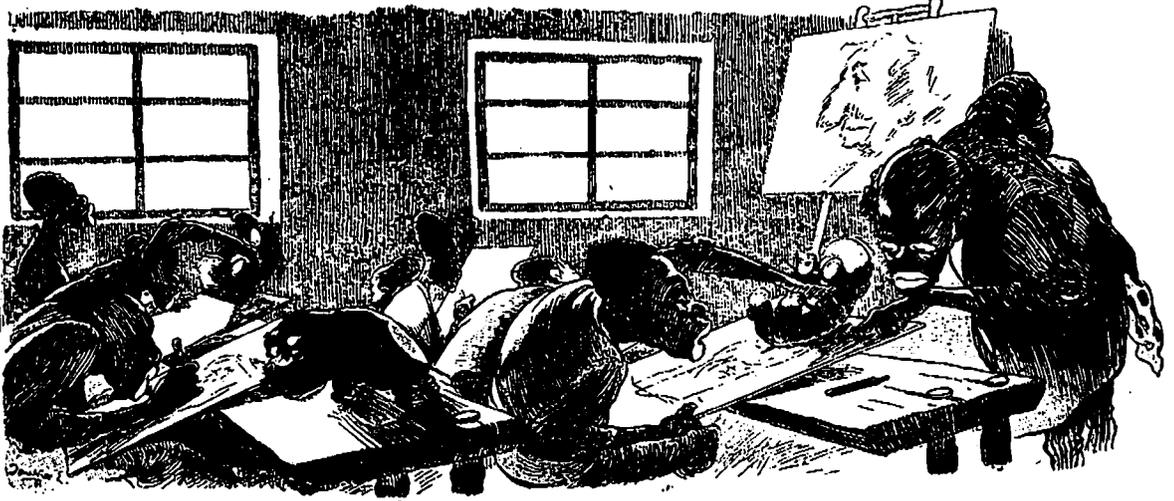
The aged gelding “Senate” is doing his work in faster time than ever before.

Thompson’s “Reciprocity” has not been brought out of the stable yet. Mr. Cartwright, the eminent Vet. is here, and expresses the opinion that the horse referred to is no good.

The prevailing opinion amongst the jockeys and stablemen is that the Queen’s plate will remain with “Government.”

NOT IN IT.

HE called to see his girl one day  
 And pressed his suit with ardor,  
 The more she strove to say him nay  
 He urged her all the harder;  
 “Don’t send me to the right about”  
 He pleaded, “for a minute;”  
 Just then the old man kicked him out,  
 And so he wasn’t in it.



## INDIA-RUBBER.

AS USED IN THE ART SCHOOLS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

## QUINTESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(BY OUR OWN VERY SHORT-HANDER.)

OTTAWA, May 16th.

**B**EING Saturday, House didn't sit. Members devoted attention to fixing up of lawn tennis, base ball and cricket grounds on Parliament Square.

May 17th.

Day spent in serious meditation—on question, What were we brought to Ottawa for?

May 18th.

Mr. McMullen introduced Bill to abolish Gen. Lauricism in mileage payments. Read first time.

Mr. Tupper introduced Bill to prevent passenger vessels carrying explosives—not including explosive captains. Read first time.

Mr. Edgar wanted to know when the papers *re* Tarte charges would be ready.

Sir H. Langevin said as fast as his feelings would permit, or something like that.

Mr. Brodeur asked if Government intended dismissing public employees who whooped 'er up in elections.

Sir John said such naughty people would be strictly investigated if caught at it.

Mr. Lister enquired, what about Sir Charles Tupper?

Sir John had business elsewhere.

Mr. German moved for papers to show up Government's crooked work in employing men on Welland canal just before election.

Sir John said the papers would show this was a cruelly unjust charge.

Mr. Hyman called for papers to show up ditto, ditto, in removal of camp of militia, District No. 1 from London to St. Thomas.

Sir A. Caron said this was a ditto, ditto charge, as papers would show.

Mr. Tupper's *modus vivendi* bill was read a third time.

Mr. Mills wanted explanation; whereupon Sir J. Thompson talked to him like a German avuncular relation.

May 19th.

Sir R. Cartwright made another grab for papers *re* reciprocity negotiations.

Sir J. Thompson once more stood him off. House in Committee of Supply.

Somerville to the fore on printing items. Tarte objected to item, salary for chief engineer. C. E. happens to be Perley and Perley happens to be baked into the McGreevy. Tarte. Great explosion ensued. Langevin summarily tried and executed before Priv. and Elec. Com. have begun the case.

Chief business done; Ives identified as member for Texas.

Cameron's bill for repeal of Franchise Act on carpet to-morrow.

May 20th.

Mr. Jamieson introduced resolution declaring that liquor traffic was no use and ought to be abolished.

Mr. O'Brien feared country wouldn't be able to get along without the blood-money.

Debate choked off at 6 o'clock. No vote taken.

Mr. Cameron moved second reading of his bill to wipe out Franchise Act. Red hot debate. Bill given six months hoist per toe of Sir J. Thompson.

First division of session. Government's majority 29.

## JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN!

**T**HE city authorities when taking over the street railway retained Mr. Gunn, the manager. Of course they did. Supposing Gunn had been discharged would not that have been acting contrary to the advice of Mr. Blake—to refrain from resorting to violence? If Gunn had gone off the consequences might have been serious. Later on the report may be expected. It is to be hoped that Gunn won't allow the aldermen or the party heelers to load him up.

## THE OLD PROVERB.

**J**ONES—"How could you listen to the pack of infernal stories that fellow was telling about you this morning? I would have let the young puppy know what I thought of him!"

**SMITH**—Well, so I did. I treated him like a dog—a sleeping dog. I let him lie.



AS PER CATALOGUE.

GEMS OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION NOW OPEN.



### OUR DOMESTICS.

MISTRESS—"Have you a sweetheart?"

APPLICANT—"No, but don't trouble about that. I'll soon get one."—*Pick-me-up.*

### PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Royal Society shortly will hold  
Its annual meeting, as we have been told;  
And as I'm a member, it's time to prepare  
Of the honor and glory to claim a due share.

I'm down for a paper—a paper on what?  
Two ideas on the subject are more than I've got.  
But who much attention on such things bestows?  
At the Royal Society everything goes.

I've surely got something around lying loose  
That on such an occasion may come into use.  
Some juvenile essay, some truck filed away,  
For which no live journal or monthly would pay.

I'll rummage my pigeon-holes, hunt high and low,  
To find some kind of paper—I've plenty, I know—  
On some loyal and plurgy and broad sort of theme,  
Rhetorical, vapid and vague as a dream.

"The Future of Canada"—college oration.  
Well, that's rather stale. "The Canadian Nation"—  
That's a trifle more modern—perhaps it will do,  
With a little retouching from fresh points of view.

It went all the rounds of the magazine press,  
And one after another refused the MS.  
I put it away, for one never can tell  
When such things may come handy—'twill do very well.

But stay—here's another—that's better, for sure,  
"The Growth of Canadian Literature."  
It's a little bit fresher, and so I won't need  
To change it at all—it's all ready to read.

That too was rejected by each magazine,  
I'd really forgotten it ever had been.  
But now 'twill be printed at last when I've read it,  
Though it brings in no money, 'twill add to my credit.

In she goes—so that's settled, my mind is now free,  
My task is accomplished, and shortly you'll see  
That I'll loom fairly large at the meeting below,  
While in the "Transactions" my paper will go.

"THAT girl has a heart of gold!"  
"Ah, yes, I see! She's a regular daisy."

### A PASTORAL.

HOW many moods great Nature doth possess!  
In ever-varying voices she appeals;  
And, ever changeful, spreads before our eyes  
Forms fraught with deepest meanings.

Yon proud crags  
That tower heavenward, how glad are they  
To bear upon their rude and rugged breasts  
Th' inspiring thought, "Use Wiggins' Liver Pills  
Yon meadow gleaming verdant 'neath the sun  
Is't not more fair for that upon the fence  
That bars it from the dusty road beyond,  
It bears the motto, "Cummings' Cure for Corns?"  
There's not a rude pine board that flanks the road  
So rough and humble that it cannot tell  
A message to th' observing passer-by.  
The weary travelers here the legends trace:  
"Use Dobbins' Porous Plasters and Be Saved;"  
"Plum's Soap" and "Jinks Sarsaparilla for the Blood."  
The stately oaks rear their majestic heads  
Seemingly that their trunks may forth proclaim  
That "Biles' Consumption Balm will Cure Your Cough."  
So Nature speaks to him who wends his way  
Not blindly, but with his open ears and eyes,  
Eager for knowledge learned in Nature's school.  
Soon may we hope that bounteous Nature's book  
Will be one boundless advertising page,  
One vast, eternal druggist's catalogue.

HARRY B. SMITH.

### KHAN'D SWEETS.

I WILL steal the breath of the opening leaf,  
And breathe it against your cheek;  
I'll steal the scent of the autumn sheaf  
For thee, oh maiden meek!  
I'll steal the catkins where willows bide,  
Where bees that bumble sip;  
I'll steal the wealth of the forest wide,  
And splash it against your lip.

I'll steal a song from the bluebird's throat,  
And I'll pour it in your ear;  
From the broken nest where the hen-hawks gloat  
Darling, I'll steal a tear.  
I'll steal a kiss from the swallow sweet,  
A laugh where the blackbirds be;  
A dance from under the robin's feet,  
Darling, I'll steal for thee.

THE KHAN (*World*, 31st.)

### HER ANSWER.

Pray don't, dear Khan, for stealing's wrong,  
Don't *think* of stealing for me!  
If you take what don't unto you belong  
They'll arrest you for larcenee.  
If you feel kleptomaniacally inclined,  
You had better take to the woods.  
In this "maiden meek" you will not find  
A receiver of stolen goods!

### A DEAD GAME SPORT.

BEESWAX—"Singleton is a great fellow for sport,  
isn't he?"

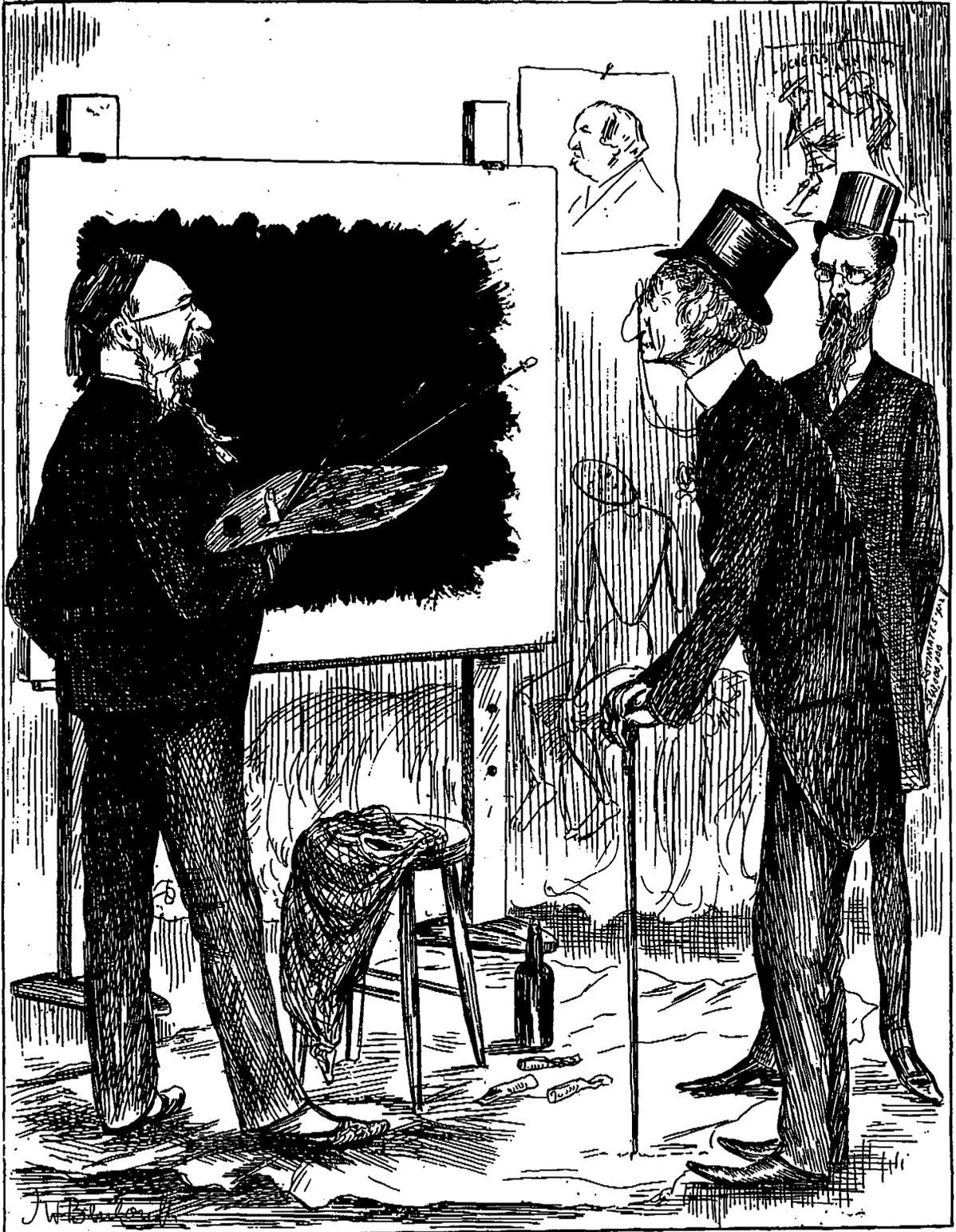
PARDIGGLE—"Yes, he's what the boys call a dead  
game sport."

BEESWAX—"Oh, then, they are onto him, are they?  
I always had a kind of suspicion that he brought home  
a good deal more game than he ever killed himself."

### ROUGH.

CHAPPIE—"It seems too bad that time should slip  
by so rapidly."

MAUD—"Yes. Now, I suppose you find it makes  
bills fall due unpleasantly soon."



A PRIVATE VIEW

OF CARTWRIGHT'S REMARKABLE PICTURE, A NOCTURNE IN BLACK, ENTITLED "THE FUTURE OF CANADA."

## THE ENGLISH GIRL.

(A COMPANION PICTURE TO PUNCH'S "AMERICAN GIRL.")

SHE has a nose of character—well formed, aristocratic,  
And carried at an angle that expresses mild disdain,  
Her temperament is just between the sanguine and lymphatic,  
And anything that's "not good form" gives her exquisite pain.

She takes a languid interest in the lower middle clauses,  
She's at all the "swagger functions," and she thinks his lordship  
"nice."

She has an air of learning imparted by eye-glausses,  
And her feminine emotions are always kept on ice.

She comes across the ocean—it's the proper sort of caper—  
And views New York and Boston in the usual tourist way,  
And expressions of astonishment unwittingly escape her  
When she finds the North Americans don't commonly cat hay.

She sometimes takes in Canada (if it is quite convenient)  
To "glance at our colonial possessions, don't you know,"  
She doesn't grow ecstatic but her judgment's kindly lenient,  
Though she's rather disappointed at the paucity of snow.

Who is this British damsel with deportment so patrician—  
Whose every movement stamps her as a blue-blood Vere de Vere?  
She's the daughter of a gentleman of substance and position,  
Who used to keep a chandler shop in Ludgate 'Ill somewhere.

## WOMAN'S QUEENDOM.

(BY OUR OWN KATE.)

## GOSSIP AND CHIT-CHAT.

## ARCHERY.

"The impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,  
But, if a woman shoots, don't hit a thing."

OH! isn't archery awful nice, girls! How sweet the sound of the arrows as they go thud, thud, with the dull sickening thud you've heard of, against things that happen to be some yards to either side of the target. But, of course, the main point is how one looks. A lovely woman in a beautiful ball-dress, with her nose perfectly erect, her left foot advanced, the arrow in her right hand and the beau just behind her, looks perfectly scrumptious. It's Cupid's own game, so if any of you girls are on the lookout for husbands, my advice is, go in for archery. You will naturally get an arch expression, and this is awfully fetching with the men.

Archery is getting to be quite a fad with the swagger people in New York, and has for a long time been a favorite pastime in England, don't you know. Toronto ought to have a club at once; it will never do for us to be out of the swim in this way.

There are a great many sweet legends about archery. For example, we read in the old vellum-bound books of how one day the Fair Clarinda "wente forthe to shoote a henne which ye same was scratchynge uppe her gardenne sedes, but ye aim of ye damsel was so muche less than true yt she shotte ye cow which was in ye field harde by." I think these old legends are so romantic and lovely, don't you?

## OUR LETTER CLUB.

It's awfully jolly to have a department for letters all to ourselves, don't you think so, girls? They come to me in stacks every week and save me a lot of writing, which I rather like. The subject up for discussion this week seems to be, "Is Woman a Funny Creature?"

DEAR KATE,—I don't know what others think, but I believe woman has as keen a sense of humor as man, nay, she enjoys a joke sometimes better than man. To illustrate: A lady friend who is married related to me the

following, just the other day. She said they were doing their house-cleaning, and her husband, who is a dear, good fellow, but knows very little about domestic matters, undertook to nail down a carpet. He had hardly got well started at the job before, in trying to hammer in a tack, he hit his left-hand thumb a terrible clip. My lady friend said she almost died laughing, it was so comical, while her husband (who passes as a man of more than ordinary brightness) merely stuffed the thumb in his mouth and rolled on the floor. I like GRIP immensely, so I hope you will print this letter.

NANCY LEE.

Dear Nancy, Your letter is real cute, and I will be glad to hear from you often. The case you mention seems to be conclusive as to the comparative wit of man and woman.

DEAREST KATE,—We are in the middle of our house-cleaning, and I have a batch of griddle cakes in the pan, but I feel that I *must* write you a letter, so I have just come right away to do it. Oh, Kate! I must tell you the *funniest* thing! I went out for a walk the other day with another girl (I suppose I must call her "girl," though dear knows she's a pretty stale maiden, but no matter—I never say nasty things behind people's backs, I think it's horrid). Well, we rambled away into the forest in Rosedale, and were just going to pick some lovely flowers, when a wild animal dashed out at us. How we did scream and run! Oh, Kate, we were nearly frightened to death. We just took hold of hands and *flew*. At last, oh happy sight—a man! We ran right into his arms, and quite took his breath away. He calmed our palpitating hearts, and when we were composed enough to describe the animal, he told us it was a chipmunk.

ANCIENT MAIDEN.

Oh, how frightened you must have been! A chipmunk; just fancy!

I have received such a lot of funny letters in answer to my request for comic essays on house-cleaning time. Here is the best of them:

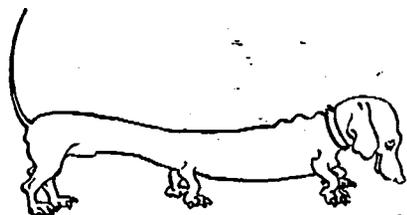
DEAR KATE,—I am very fond of house cleaning—after it is over. Our boys like it, too, very much indeed. It is so like a picnic, they say. But we all resemble scarecrows, with rags tied on our heads, and our old dresses on. I think the best way to clean house is to give the contract to a hired girl, and go abroad on a visit until it is finished. Some sensible people that I know get over this annual difficulty by simply moving into a new house. I think it is a splendid plan.

LIVELY JANE.

Now we must pass on to our

## POT POURRI.

The fine art of gum chewing is not what it used to be in my younger days. As a general thing girls chew gum



T H

## A QUESTION FOR THE DARWINIANS.

If nature develops limbs and faculties in response to the demand, why isn't a Dutch hound provided with feet am'dships?



How little Jobbleson saw the pictures at the "Private View."

On the whole he thinks one's opportunities are better on the "Public" occasions.

as though it were a thing requiring no thought. They have no style in their work. Gum should *never* be chewed on the right side of the mouth—never. And yet I have seen ladies who make pretensions to fashionable accomplishments doing this. I shall be very pleased to give private lessons to any of you girls who would really like to become *comme il faut* and *sine qua non* in this delightful art and pastime. Another thing. Never lend your gum to another, even your dearest friend.

Much has been said and written about woman in the street cars. There is too much ground for the complaints that are made about the rudeness of "ladies" who will accept a man's seat without any recognition of his courtesy. Girls, never fail to say "Thanks, awfully." It costs but little, and will convey the impression that you have been to boarding-school.

Now that the boating season has begun I would advise every head of a family to get a family ticket for the Niagara boats. The girls of the household, of course, should be left at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the summer, and pa and ma and the boys ought to go over two or three times a week to see them. It is impossible to calculate the amount of health that is to be obtained by girls if they will just dress up in pretty camping costumes and stand on the Niagara wharf when the boats are coming in.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOSSY.—Certainly, if you truly love him, marry him, by all means. No, I do not know of anything I can really recommend for corns.

ZEPHYR.—I should say three plates of ice-cream at a sitting are enough, but, of course, if he is *anxious* to order more, that makes a difference. Every girl must judge for herself, dear.

SCHOOLMARM.—The point is one which is perhaps open to debate. Meanwhile, it is a matter of taste, and for my part I prefer to pronounce it *gay-ur-ls*. I think that is ever so much lovelier.

ROMANCE.—(1) To prevent your hair from falling out

rub well with coal-oil every day. (2) Soup should be served *first*, of course.

FASHION.—Personally I have no objection to tight lacing, though I really do believe it is bad for the health. The doctors say that it squeezes the blood up into the base of the brain, and thus injures the perceptive faculties. That is why every woman who laces tightly is a fool.

INQUIRER.—Of course I am a woman. Do you think if I were a man I would sign myself  
KATE?

#### DOMESTIC REFORM.

WHEN Mrs. Hobblewaite stepped into her husband's study the other morning to announce to him in her customary soft and cooing manner that breakfast was ready, she found him reading the *Mail*. To be precise, it was Saturday morning, May 9th, and the exact portion of the free-trip journal he was perusing was the department entitled The Flaneur. Mr. Hobblewaite's face wore an uncommonly stern and determined look, and when Mrs. H. sidled up lovingly and attempted to caress him playfully, he gave her a prodigious push, which sent her staggering to the other side of the room. "What did you say?" he thundred, in blood-curdling tones. Mrs. Hobblewaite was so astounded that she could not reply for a moment, then she timidly said—"I came to tell you that breakfast is ready." "Time it *was*, too! Come along and let's see if there's anything fit to eat on the table!" Mrs. H. looked more puzzled than ever. "Why, John, dear," she faltered, "what in the world has come over you? I never knew you to act so rudely and roughly before!" "You button your lip, and come along to breakfast. Get a move on now! I'll let you see who's boss around this house." And he strode off to the dining-room. Mrs. Hobblewaite followed him—need we say in tears? She was a gentle, sensitive lady, and up to this moment John had always been what is called a "most indulgent husband." He had become suddenly transformed into an overbearing monster. It was some-



### TECHNICAL.

MRS. BUNOM.—“Yes, he's thriving nicely. I'm going to shorten him next week.”

MR. BACHELOR.—“Horror! don't think of such a thing! He's not a bit too tall for his age!”

thing which shocked and troubled his wife beyond anything she had ever experienced. By the time they had reached the table and taken their seats, Mrs. Hobblewaite had formed a theory to account for this extraordinary conduct on the part of her husband. It was no doubt one of his recondite jokes. He would burst out laughing and ask her how she would like that sort of thing for a change? But for once woman's intuition was at fault. “How is it we can't have half-decent coffee in this house?” was what he said the moment his cup was passed to him. “And bad butter—positively rank!” he added. “John, dear,” said Mrs. H. tenderly, “I'm afraid you're not well this morning. You act so strangely, and I never knew you to find fault with things before.” “Oh,” he hissed through his clenched teeth, “don't go laying any such flattering unction as that to your soul. I'm in first-rate health, though a beefsteak done as badly as this is enough to make a hog sick. Will you have a hunk of it? - *You* may be able to eat it—I can't.” This was too much for poor Mrs. H. Leaving the table, with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, she went up-stairs, and when, shortly afterwards, Mr. Hobblewaite left the house with a firm and decided step (without deigning to say good morning even), she was lying on the bed in her room having a real good cry. The forenoon was well advanced before she had quite recovered control of herself. She got up and listlessly walked into her husband's study, where, on the floor, lay the morning's *Mail* just as he had roughly thrown it down. With a view to distracting her sorrowful thoughts by plunging into the Popular Pastor competition, she took up the paper and dropped wearily into her husband's easy chair. Suddenly it occurred to her that possibly Mr. Hobblewaite's terrible change for the worse might have been brought about by something he had read that morning. This time she had really struck it, for right before her eyes, as she held the paper, appeared the following:

Selfishness is a marked characteristic of many of the women of this continent. But it is not all their fault; men by assuming in public towards the opposite sex an attitude of slavish submission and simulated respect that their remarks when *en garcon* scarcely sustain, have assured women to regard themselves as something farther than the angels, instead of the very ordinary human clay they are. I maintain that the men are chiefly to blame in these matters. We talk to women in a false and stilted strain, as if they were children or fools. Their first desire is to please and attract men; they

are very impressionable, and it is largely our own fault if women turn out fools or otherwise.

Going to her esecretoire, and taking up pen and paper, she wrote to the publisher of the *Mail* to stop sending his wicked and disrupting journal to that family any longer.

### NEW LIGHT ON ÆSOP.

To the Editor of GRIP:

SIR—Having recently embraced the truth of Theosophy, and joined the circle of the Occult, which I am glad to say flourishes in Toronto, I have received new light on many things that heretofore were shrouded in gloom and mystery to my mind. For example, take Æsop's fable of “The Wolf and the Lamb.” In common with the rest of the world, I have always regarded the Wolf in question as a sneak, with an overmastering taste for young mutton. He deliberately sought to pick a quarrel with that Lamb so that he might have an excuse for eating her. This might be overlooked as being strictly in the line of wolfish instinct, but his complaint that the stream had been disturbed by this Lamb the year before (when, as a matter of fact, the Lamb had not been born) always seemed to me to be—to put it plainly—a lie.

Now I know the Wolf was in all probability right. He evidently understood the doctrine of re-incarnation as held by Theosophists, and knew that this identical lamb had existed before in the form of a sheep—the identical animal which had been so unfortunate as to offend him, though the Lamb herself had no clear recollection of the fact. To my mind this is profoundly interesting, and I submit it to the followers of the Theosophistic science. Yours, etc., BUDDA.

### ABATE THIS NUISANCE!

MR. GRIP, Sir:—I am a travelling man, and what I want to know is, have travelling men any rights after they retire at night which hotel-keepers are bound to respect? When I pay for a bed ought I to have the privilege of sleeping in it as well as merely occupying it? The reason I ask is that the average landlord holds very firmly to the opinion that I have not. He accordingly lets a lot of hoodlums raise all manner of noises downstairs, or allows people occupying adjacent rooms to talk and laugh in a boisterous manner till all hours of the night. If by any chance both these nuisances are wanting, then he permits his night watchman or “boots” (well named!) to tramp around on the nail-headed zinc flooring or to flounder up and down the iron-clad stairs. Sleep is out of the question under such circumstances, and the travelling man is robbed of the best part of the accommodation he pays for. Can't something be done to compel landlords to close up their houses and secure a reasonable amount of quiet, by midnight, at latest? Put in a strong word for this much-needed reform, Mr. GRIP, and the thing will be done.

A WIDE AWAKE TRAVELLER.

### INFRA DIG.

YOUNG LADY (to friend—gazing after disappearing beauty in white)—“That's a pretty lawn dress!”  
SMALL BOY (wrathfully)—“No, she ain't! That's my sister Maud and I'll larn you if you call her a washer-woman!”

**A STEP IN ADVANCE.**—High priced food for infants has been a source of much anxiety to parents who have to bring up their infants upon it. Dyer's Improved Food for Infants is made from pure Pearl Barley, is easily digested and costs twenty-five cents. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"I HAVE used Burdock Blood Bitters for attacks of bilious headache, and it always gives immediate relief." says J. White, flour and feed merchant, Riverside, Toronto.

Broken down conditions of the system that requires a prompt and permanent tonic to build up the blood and restore failing vitality will be benefited at once by Burdock Blood Bitters.

A BOY discovered a horseshoe lying on Woodward Avenue, near Elizabeth, the other day, and after standing over it for a while he went into a store and got a pail of water and took it out and poured it over the shoe and then picked it up. Several people noticed his action and laughed over it, and one pedestrian queried:

"Did you think there was a fire under it, my boy?"

"You can't tell about these things, you know," was the reply. "I've picked three of them up in blacksmith shops and let go of 'em again as hard as I could, and I don't propose to take any more chances."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TEACHER—"Tommy, you surely know better than to state that the deer belongs to the carnivorous animals."

TOMMY—"He does if they can catch him, ma'am."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

MRS. RUGGLES (*to maid*)—"Norah, help me off with my sacque and hang it up."

NORAH (*a recent acquisition*)—"Faith, an' how much does yez want me to get on it?"

## TOWNSEND & STEPHENS,

Public Accountants, Auditors, Assignees.

Sherman E. Townsend. H. Seymour Stephens.

Traders' Bank Chambers, Yonge St., TORONTO.

Cable Address: "SEYMOUR."

TELEPHONE 1641.

Agencies at London, Manchester, Leicester, Nottingham, Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Paris, New York, and at every City and Town in Canada.

## J. L. JONES, Wood Engraver,

8½, 10 & 12 KING ST. EAST,

TORONTO, CANADA.

Telephone 2042. Engraving for all Illustrative and Advertising Purposes.

# DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

"WHY don't you go to work?" "There ain't much doin' at my trade now." "What is your trade?" "Pickin' flowers off er century plants"

**CATARRH.**—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from one to three months. Our Medicated Air Treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

**EMBARRASSED SPEAKER** (*solito voce*)—"Say give us a word?"

**OBLIGING FRIEND** (*handing a book*)—"Here's a dictionary—forty thousand words—take your choice."

**MISTRESS**—"Bridget, I hope that you will be ready to help at our dancing party to-morrow."

**BRIDGET**—"Certainly, mum; but I may as well tell you now, that I can't dance anything but the waltz and the Irish jig."—*Brooklyn Life*

THE three important outlets of disease are the Skin, the Bowels, and the Kidneys. See that their proper functions are performed. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates them all.

The editor of the Mitchell Recorder states that he was cured of biliousness, liver derangement and sick headache by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

THE church was beautifully decorated with sweet flowers, and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve and whispered—"Mamma, don't it smell solemn."

### 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.

THOSE who suffer from Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache or any irregular action of the Stomach and Liver should resort at once to the use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Rev. Wm. Stout, of Wiaront, was afflicted with a terrible Scrofulous Abscess for twenty-three years. Cured by Burdock Blood Bitters after the best medical skill had failed.

"YOU will want to enter something for the country fair, I suppose, Mr. Hayseed?" said the chairman of the agricultural society. "Waal, yes," replied Mr. Hayseed, "you kin put me down for the biggest hog in the country."

MRS. YERGER—"When are you going to marry Mr. Prettyman?"

MISS HIGHFLYER—"That's not settled yet. Now-a-days no sensible girl marries the first fellow to whom she engages herself."



### THEIR WORST FEATURE.

MRS. SANSO—"The fashions change so often!"

MR. SANSO (*gloomily*)—"Yes, and they change a hundred dollar bill each time."

MRS. NOEAR—"Do you think my daughter will be a musician?" PROFESSOR—"I can't say. She may. She tell me she come of a long-lived family."—*New York Weekly.*

FRIEND—"Do you know that according to the latest discoveries the fixed stars move?"

ACTOR—"Move, do they? Well, I'm not surprised. I find it cheaper myself to move than to pay rent here in New York."

BURDOCK Blood Bitters is the most natural and agreeable laxative and regulating tonic for Constipation of the bowels, and never fails to be beneficial.

Mr. J. Fraser, of Pickering, was cured of general debility by Burdock Blood Bitters. She speaks of it in words of greatest praise for what it did for her case.

"WAITER," he said in a low tone, and looking cautiously after him, "I haven't had time to read the paper this morning. Is this muss with the Eytalian Government still going on?"

"I think it's about settled," replied the waiter.

"Not going to be any fight?"

"No; there isn't the slightest prospect o' any fighting."

"Everything going to be settled peacefully?"

"No doubt of it at all."

"Then," he said, raising his voice till everybody in the restaurant looked at him in amazement, "I have stifled my appetite as long as my patriotism as an American demands the sacrifice. Bring me some macaroni soup."—*Chicago Tribune.*

LAWYER—"Do you wish to have your neighbor arrested or to bring a civil action for damages against him?"

FARMER MEADOWGRASS—"Oh, a civil action, by all means! It is always better ter be polite, even in goin' ter law!"

HORSE-DEALER—"You had better buy the horse, Colonel. You will never find a healthier animal!"

COL. VAN ETTEN—"I believe it. If he hadn't been healthy all his life he never could have lived so long."

**DRINKING IMPURE WATER "CAUSES MUCH DISEASE."**



"Often so dangerous that it will deprive people of the use of limbs and reason. The only natural water safe to drink is mineral," says Sir Henry Thomson. Toronto citizens are at present exposed to above danger. To off set the evil and prevent the spread of disease St. Leon Water, the healthiest drink in America, has been reduced by the glass at all offices. To fight and conquer disease St. Leon Water is the most powerful agent known," say physicians.

Secure rooms early at the Palace Hotel. Springs opening June 15th.  
M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

**The St. Leon Mineral Water Co. (Ltd.)**

HEAD OFFICE:

101 1/2 King Street West, Toronto.

BRANCH OFFICE:

Tidy's Flower Depot, 264 Yonge Street.

**The ONTARIO COAL Co.**

Of Toronto.

General Offices and Docks, **ESPLANADE EAST**  
(Foot of Church St.)

Uptown Offices: No. 10 King St. East, and Queen St. West, near Subway.

TELEPHONE NOS. 18 AND 1059.

**GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.**



**TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC (Ltd.)**

In affiliation with Toronto University.  
**GEORGE GOODERHAM, Esq., President.**  
Thorough Musical Education in all branches.  
Send for prospectus.  
F. H. Torrington, Director, 25 and 14 Pembroke St.

**JAS. MURRAY & CO.**

**PRINTERS**

**PAPER RULERS**

**BOOKBINDERS**

Our Establishment is Fitted up to Execute

**FIRST-CLASS**

**BOOK & JOB WORK**

**26 & 28 Front Street West.**

**FIRSTBROOK BROS.**

Box Makers and Wood Printers,  
KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.



**J. A. Troutman, L.D.S.**

**SURGEON DENTIST,**

463 Spadina Ave., 2nd door N. of College.

Makes the preservation of natural teeth a specialty and all work warranted to give satisfaction. Appointments made by Telephone 1749. Night bell.

**PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.**

*Forty-Year Annuities.*

The undersigned will receive tenders for the purchase of terminable annuities running for a period of forty years. Issued by the Province of Ontario under authority of an Act of the Provincial Parliament (47 Vic., Cap. 31.)

The annuities will be in the form of certificates, signed by the Provincial Treasurer, guaranteeing half-yearly payments at the office of the Provincial Treasurer, in Toronto, of sums of \$100, or larger sums, on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year for forty years from 30th day of June next, the first half-yearly certificate being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1891, and for which tenders are asked, is \$14,000 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$200 annually.

Tenders will be required to state the capital sum which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered, or such portion as may be tendered for.

Tenders will be received up to the 10th day of July next. Notification of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before July 15th, and payments from accepted tenderers will be required to be made within ten days thereafter.

Tenders for the whole amount offered, if preferred, may be, upon condition that the annuities may be payable in Great Britain, in sterling.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted unless otherwise satisfactory.

R. HARCOURT,  
Provincial Treasurer.

PROVINCIAL TREASURER'S OFFICE,  
TORONTO, May 13, 1891.

NOTE.—Illustration of calculation on interest basis: At the rate of 4 per cent. per annum (or in arithmetical progress, 2 per cent. half-yearly), a present payment of \$1,987.25 would represent an annuity of \$100 for forty years, payable half-yearly, while the actual yearly payment for the forty years would be a fraction above 5 per cent. on the principal sum.

**BRYCE BROS., "The Builders,"**

**HAVE THE LARGEST LIST OF PROPERTIES**

*For Sale in the City.*

Houses and vacant Lands of all classes and descriptions can be had in any part of the City on very easy terms.

Special arrangements made with parties desiring to build.

**CALL AND SEE THEM AT 280 KING ST., EAST.**

JOHN LABATT,



LONDON, ONT.

Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Austria, 1877; and Paris, 1878. Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter XXX Stout of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable. It is a tonic more energetic than the above Ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article. James Good & Co., Agents, Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD.



CONGER COAL COMPANY.  
Main Office—6 King Street East.

Buy Your Tickets

Via The H.&C.B.R.R.  
To the land of comfortable feet.  
It is the Safest Line, The Most Comfortable Line of Boots and Shoes In The Dominion. \*  
CENTRAL DEPOT



H.&C. BLACHFORD  
87 & 89 King St. East, Toronto.

TAR & TOLU

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS HOARSENESS

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

PNEUMONIA WHOOPING COUGH,

25 CENTS

25 CENTS



THE MYSTERIOUS PLANT.

(See next page).

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

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

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

GAS-FIXTURE SHOW-ROOMS  
BRACKETS, GLOBES CHANDELIERS  
BENNETT & WRIGHT  
72 QUEEN STREET E. TORONTO

NEW ENGLISH PERFUME.  
CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.



REGISTERED.  
(Malus Coronaria.)  
EXTRA CONCENTRATED.)  
The Fragrant, Delicious and universally popular New Perfume,  
"A scent of surpassing delicacy, richness, and lasting quality."—  
*Court Journal.*  
"It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the Crab Apple Blossom, which is put up by THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a life-time and never tire of it."  
—*New York Observer.*

Sold Everywhere in 1, 2, 3 and 4-oz. Bottles.  
Made Only by The

CROWN PERFUMERY CO.  
177 New Bond Street London.  
Genuine only with Crown Stopper, as shown above.



Registered Trade Mark.

SPRING GOODS!

FINE AND MEDIUM  
STYLE AND QUALITY  
COMBINED.



Our Own Make

AND IMPORTED.

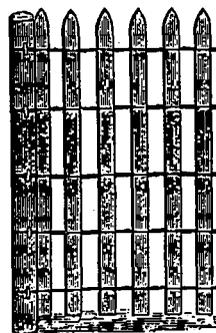
79 KING STREET EAST.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR in  
stantaneously, easily, quickly and  
safely removed with CAPILLERINE,  
and the growth permanently de-  
stroyed without the slightest injury  
or discoloration to the most delicate  
skin. Discovered by accident. Every  
bottle is guaranteed by the CAPIL-  
LERINE Mfg. Co. to be genuine.  
Mailed free to any part of Canada,  
United States and Mexico on receipt  
of \$1.50, or P.O. Money Order.  
For sale only by our agent.

TRANCLE ARMAND, Perfumer  
and Hair-Dresser, 407 Yonge St., 407, Toronto,  
Ont., Canada. Telephone 2498.

PICKET  
WIRE  
FENCE.



The great question  
of the day with the  
farmer and every  
owner of an acre of  
land is What shall  
we do for Fencing?  
We say buy  
our new Combination  
Fence and save valu-  
able time, land and  
money.

Prices from 50 cts  
(Per rod, 16 1/2 ft.)

Send for Price List

TORONTO PICKET WIRE FENCE CO.

221 River Street, Toronto, Ont.

CURLINE

Dorenwend's Latest invention for  
Curling, Crimping and Friz-  
zling the Hair. Reasons why  
ladies should use CURLINE: It  
is simple in application. It re-  
tains its influence for a great length of  
time. It adds lustre, life and  
beauty to the hair. It avoids ex-  
cessive use of irons, etc. It is inex-  
pensive. It is entirely free from  
harmful properties. It saves time  
and trouble. It is neither gummy  
nor sticky. For sale by all drug-  
gists. Price 50 cts. each, or six  
for \$2.50. By mail, 8 cts. each  
extra. Manufactured only by



Every Genuine Package bears this out.

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

**DR. J. FRANK ADAMS,**  
*DENTIST,*  
325 COLLEGE ST. near Spadina, TORONTO.  
Telephone 2278.



**DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE.**  
**MISS OHUBB,**  
(Late of 426 1/2 Yonge Street.)  
Has removed to  
**256 1/2 YONGE STREET.**  
Dress making will be carried on with the other business.

**ICE.**  
**ICE.**

We have a very fine stock of Lake Simcoe and pure spring water ice, which we guarantee to deliver to all parts of the City at the lowest rates.

**GRENADIER ICE CO.,**  
Office, - 47 Scott Street. R. SCARLETT, Mgr.  
Telephone 2675.

  
**REMINGTON**  
**STANDARD**  
**TYPEWRITER**

For fifteen years the Standard. The manufacture now exceeds **One Hundred Machines per Day.** Write for particulars.

**GEORGE BENGOUGH,** General Agent,  
Adelaide Street West, - Toronto.

  
\* THE \*  
**YOST**  
**WRITING MACHINE.**

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

**PROOF OF SUPERIORITY.**

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

Type-guide insures perfect and permanent alignment. No annoying or expensive ribbon. Ink Pad guaranteed to last six months. Prints directly from steel type, giving clear and clean work. Unequaled for Manifolding. Cannot be strained by heavy work. Type arms tested to last over 30 years. Speed does not impair its beautiful work. Noiseless and portable. Operators supplied.

GENERAL AGENTS  
**NEWSOME & CO**  
16 & 48 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

Law and Commercial Stationers, Lithographers, etc., Writing Machine Papers and General Supplies.

**LARDINE MACHINE OIL.**

It does not gum or clog machinery, and wears equal to Castor Oil. It is made solely by McColl Bros. & Co., of Toronto, makers also of

**Cylinder and Bolt Cutting Oils.**

Their Cylinder Oil guaranteed to do better and cheaper than tallow. Try above Oils and you will buy no other.

**MCCOLL BROS. & CO. - TORONTO.**



THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

**PATENTS**

Obtained in Canada, United States, Great Britain and all Foreign Countries. Advice on Patent Laws. Information on Patents given on application.

**FETHERSTONEHAUGH & CO.,**  
Patent Barristers and Solicitors, Electrical and Mechanical Experts and Draughtsmen.  
*Canadian Bank of Commerce Building.*  
TORONTO.

**PATENTS**

Procured in Canada, England, United States, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium and in all other countries of the world.

Full information furnished.

**DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.**

Solicitors of Patents, 22 King St. East, Toronto.

**PATENTS**

**W. J. GRAHAM,** 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

N.B.—Personally responsible, no fictitious " & Co."

**Ontario Ladies' College**

**WHITBY, - ONTARIO.**

Affords an exceedingly pleasant home and complete graduation courses in Literature, Music, Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial Branches. Apply to

**PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.**

EARLY ARRIVALS OF  
**Spring Styles**

IN STOCK  
— FOR —  
Ladies and Gentlemen



**WM. WEST & CO. 246 YONGE ST**

**W. H. STONE,** Always open.  
**UNDERTAKER,**

Telephone 932. | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

**HAMMOND**



**TYPEWRITER.**



**DO I WANT A CAMERA?**

Send for Price List and information regarding

**NEW INSTANTANEOUS HAND CAMERAS**

And Complete Outfits.

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

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**

BEST teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8. Vitalized air. Telephone 1476. C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE."

**THOMSON'S**  
Glove-fitting



Trade Mark



FITS LIKE A GLOVE

**CORSET**

The Perfection of Shape, Finish, and Durability. Approved by the whole polite world.

Sale over **ONE MILLION PAIRS** annually.

To be had of all Dealers throughout the World.

NINE FIRST MEDALS.

Manufacturers:

**W. S. THOMSON & CO., LIMITED, LONDON**  
See that every Corset is marked "THOMSON'S GLOVE FITTING" and bears our Trade Mark, the Crown. No others are genuine.