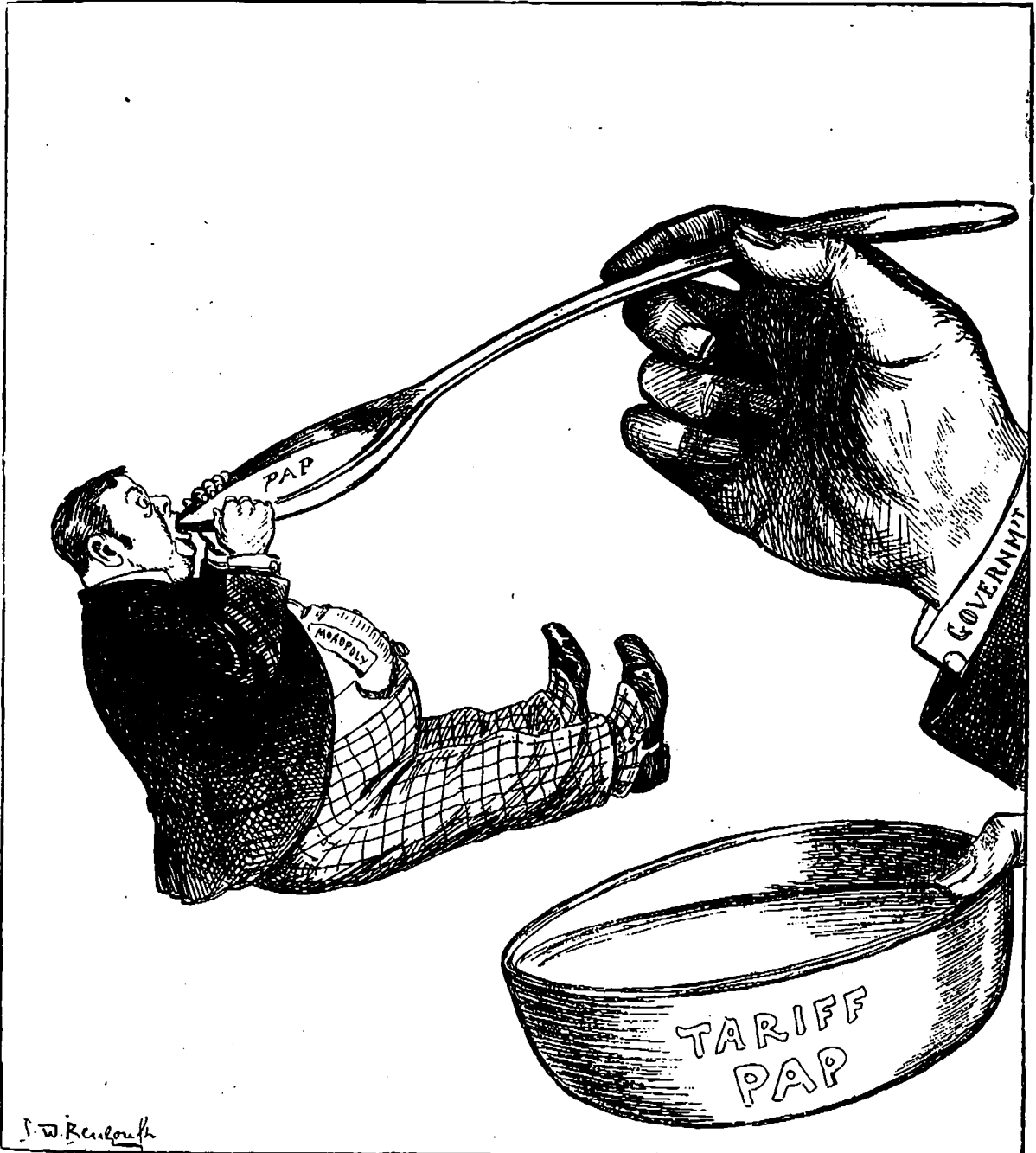


GRIP

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CLINGING TO THE SPOON!

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND
CARICATURE.

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

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH,
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE Cartoons.

"I'LL RANT AS WELL AS THOU."—This number of GRIP goes to press before Thursday although dated for Saturday, and hence before the result of the general election can be known. We will venture upon no predictions as to what that result will be, but a few

philosophical reflections on the campaign may be both safe and salutary. That it has been a great fight—one of the grandest recorded in our annals—is admitted on all hands. For a change we have had a battle royal on a big principle, instead of a campaign of mere mud slinging. The speeches, in so far as they have dealt with the real issue, have been decidedly educative. One party has sought to convince the people that it will be to their best interests in every way to secure Free Trade with the neighboring republic; the other party has denied this, and insisted upon it that Canada is more prosperous under present conditions than she could hope to be under such an arrangement. Further, the Conservative orators have declared that Free Trade with the States would not only injure us commercially, but, worse still, would infallibly destroy us politically—would land us in Annexation. So overwhelming has this latter consideration seemed, that it has practically monopolized the whole attention of the Government speakers, and the issue has been changed to Reciprocity vs. Old Flag. No fault can be found with any honest attempt to demonstrate the necessary connection between Free Trade and Annexation, but it may be fairly questioned whether such honest demonstration has been attempted. The argument has been that the

Grit leaders are engaged in a treasonable plot with certain Yankee conspirators, and great stress has been placed upon the pamphlet written by Mr. Edward Farrer, to prove this charge. But no connection has been discovered between Mr. Farrer's pamphlet and any recognized Grit leader, and the charge has consequently failed. For the orators who have opposed Reciprocity as *per se* a bad policy for Canada we have every respect, and we can believe that their arguments have been inspired by genuine patriotism. But we have no such respect for those who have dealt in the conscious claptrap of charging the opposite party with deliberate treason. Sir John's warty cry, "A British subject I was born and a British subject I will die," was conclusively answered by Mr. Mowat when at the Pavilion meeting he simply re-echoed the words for himself. It was a piece of unnecessary rant.

CLINGING TO THE SPOON.—The campaign has been notable for the revolt of many leading representatives of the manufacturing interests against the protective policy. Many of the men who in '78 and '83 were amongst the most earnest devotees of the N.P. have discovered that the true interests of legitimate manufacturers are identical with those of the country in general, and that the things necessary to real and permanent success are cheap raw materials and an extended market. The "infant industry" still clings to the spoon, however, and will continue to do so for half a century yet, if permitted—getting more infantile all the while. This tenacious youngster is represented by the men who are engaged in manufactures which are more or less exotic in their character, and depend chiefly on the tariff for support, together with a few of more legitimate standing who are not as yet sufficiently enlightened to recognize the facts which have become so plain to their brethren.

MILITIA-COL. G. T. DENISON, who, by the way, has gone over to the Tory party, to which by sympathy and instinct he naturally belongs, delivered a stump speech on the evening of the 27th ult. under the title of a lecture before the Teachers' Association at the Normal School. The alleged "lecture" was simply a tirade of venomous and blackguardly abuse directed at Prof. Goldwin Smith and "traitors" generally, in his usual style of after-dinner oratory. The evident purpose of the discourse was to make election capital for the Tory party. Now Militia-Col. Denison is a public official appointed by Premier Mowat, and here he is working might and main to defeat the party to which he owes his easy job and heavy salary—a party which he only joined in a temporary pique at Sir John because the Tories had never thought it worth while to recognize in his person the Denisonian divine right to be supported out of the public funds. If Mr. Mowat had a grain of pluck he would without further delay fire Police Magistrate Denison from the position he abuses, so quickly it would make his head swim. Would Sir John Macdonald tolerate for an instant such conduct on the part of a Dominion official?

* * *

A CIVIC grant by Toronto of \$2,000 to the widows and orphans left destitute by the Springhill coal mine catastrophe, in which 123 miners perished, has been asked for and will doubtless be made. No ratepayer possessing the ordinary instincts of humanity will object, even if, as contended, the Council do exceed the strict letter of the law in making such an appropriation. But cases of this sort ought not to be left to the uncertain, temporary and inadequate relief of municipal and individual subscriptions. Governments should regard it as part of their business to make satisfactory provision for the families of all workers killed or disabled in the discharge of their perilous duties. It is a monstrous thing that men should be engaged in occupations such as sailing, railroading, mining, etc., absolutely necessary to our civilization, for a mere subsistence out of which nothing can be saved, and that when they are killed or maimed society takes no care for their families beyond extending a little temporary "charity." Widows and orphans of



EXALTING FARRER INTO AN ISSUE.

men who have died as a consequence of following any useful occupation have a just claim upon the country for maintenance.

* * *

THE question of whether outspokenness concerning vice in literature is immoral and consequently deserving of suppression by legal means is just now agitating the American literary world. Several books have lately been published which handle without gloves certain phases of society not conventionally regarded as fit themes for the novelist, the most prominent instance of this new departure being the notable case of Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata," which was refused mail facilities by Postmaster-General Wanamaker, and Helen Gardner's novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" which, though not fortunate enough to receive such a splendid gratis advertisement as an official condemnation, has nevertheless had an enormous sale. The number of books—principally novels—of this doubtful status from the ordinary conventional standpoint is being rapidly multiplied, and a decision on the question of whether they are to be suppressed or tolerated will have to be arrived at. In the current *Arena* Mr. Albert Ross, himself an author of three works the moral tendency of which has been called in question, argues, not altogether disinterestedly, perhaps, for allowing the public freedom of choice. As he says very truly a book should be judged not by isolated passages, but by its general tenor and motive. "Suppressions of isolated works like the Sonata, while dozens of others open to the same objection are allowed free course, is obviously both illogical and futile. Moreover it would not be possible to draw the line at the modern off-color novel and allow

the unrestricted sale of such classics as Chaucer, Swift and Rabelais, which are infinitely more outspoken.

* * *

TAKING a leaf out of the book of Sir John Macdonald, who is an adept in the art of "how not to do it," the Salisbury Government is going to appoint a labor commission. That means a year's respite at least from the necessity of dealing with the labor question, which has become a menacing factor in British politics, and, judging from recent bye-elections, threatens to restore to the Liberals the ground lost over the unfortunate Parnell escapade and the consequent set-back to Home Rule. The "royal commission" fad is always available as a means of gaining time, by holding out the hope of action without any definite promise which commits the Government to anything. As to whether it will avail the Government anything in the long run simply depends upon the earnestness and vitality of the political labor movement.

A HIGH ART NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

ONE of the fairest counties of Merrie England. Need it be said it was Midlandshire? Hawthorn hedgerows, beloved of watercolor sketchers and occupying a width of twelve linear feet, enclosed the bush pastures of emerald green dotted with poppy flowers of scarlet and crimson lake. No wire fences offended the æsthetic eye. No railway with its hideous utilitarianism disturbed the rural quiet of the scene.

A gig flowed along the middle of the Queen's highway—and long may she reign. A gig is a vehicle composed of two tall wheels, a tea-tray, two gig-lamps and a horse. In this instance the horse was spavined and of a vandyke brown shade, the gig was chrome yellow and the American vendor of notions who sat therein and wondered why English hired men prefer to live in adobe hog-pens with thatched roofs in preference to clapboarded and shingled boarding-places, was of the fine squalid tint that time has developed in Portrait of a Gentleman by Tony Mengs.

A sunny summer evening set in with a very fair imitation of Claude Lorraine, the gig with Baruk C. Spoopendyke, the American in question, arrived at one of the few roadside taverns that are yet to be met with outside the pages of Dickens. "The Old Squire," by J. Willet, the old squire having been a bullocky person who had once owned the surrounding farms. You may see several copies of this inn or tavern at every Exhibition, but always skied and never on the line. Spoopendyke stared. He had never heard of the former John Willet, long since dead, nor of Barnaby Rudge, nor Joe, nor Dolly Varden. He had heard of GRIP, and knew it was a brilliant paper published at Toronto. But his whole attention was rivetted on the swinging sign-board representing the Old Squire. Not the ingenious virtuoso who first discovered that "The Angelus" is worth \$300,000 instead of the hundred dollars or so it originally cost, could have stared harder. When the red-headed ostler described by Wilkie Collins came out he mechanically surrendered the horse to him as if he had been a highwayman. Still he continued to stare at the swinging sign. It represented the effigy of a dumpling-faced, rose-madder-nosed, venetian-red-cheeked man in a wig and blue coat and yellow vest. Then the American went indoors and ate some beans and bacon, but, being a member of the C.T.U., touched not, tasted not,



AT QUEBEC.

YOUNG SWIRSY—"Hullo! what's this? An Irish circus come over to Canada?"

MULLIVAN (*an emigrant from Cork*)—"Hist, ye thafe av the world, O'im a dacent man an' no circus. Oi bought these things av Sullivan who's been t' Ameriky afore, an' he towld me av Oi wore thim gettin' aff the stameship that the Injuns would tink Oi was one av thim an' not thry to scalp me. He showed me how t' paint me face, too."

handled not. Thereafter, as that very reprehensible thane Macbeth remarked to his wife, to bed! to bed!! to bed!!! Night fell softly on sleeping Midlandshire.

No doubt the stars came out according to their wont, and the flittermouse flitted and the house-mouse stole in and out, and every nocturnal incident occurred as is usual in Art novels, until Gorgeous Morning broke in a resplendency of yellow interstreaked with Italian pink, orange vermilion magenta and warm sepia, shaded with Payne's grey, forming altogether a palette that Turner himself might have spread.

Baruk C. Spoopendyke glanced out of his latticed casement and saw, in the courtyard below, J. Willet and four amazed men in smock-frocks. That number of persons in that secluded district was looked on as a riot. All five were staring upwards at the pole where the effigy of the Old Squire had swung. *Had* swung. *For the sign was gone!* Baruk chuckled.

Descending, he secured from a deep-bosomed daughter of England some more bacon and beans, then attaching his spavined quadruped to the gig, appeared upon the scene. "Landlord," said he solemnly, "in the words of Scripture, 'O ye wicked and perverse generation, ye seek after a sign, but no sign shall be given you.'" Then he left.

CHAPTER II.

In the manufacturing town of Pigironville resides an artist who has not yet achieved immortality, nor is there any probability of his doing so. Patrons in search of him have to go up a blind alley until they come to a door in a dingy house on the right-hand side, on which

is a tin plate inscribed in old English text so highly ornamented that nobody can read it: "Pinturicchio Smith, portrait painter and picture restorer, fifth floor Half-length life size, in oils, 10s. 6d. Clubs waited on." To this door came a patron with a thin oak panel $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, done up in brown paper, under his arm, and ascended to the fifth floor. Entering an attic chamber he became aware of a cloud of tobacco smoke and a total absence of furniture, except an easel and a large blackjack that had recently contained beer, also as occupant a gentleman in check shirt-sleeves lying on a bench smoking, with his feet against the sloping roof. The visitor silently unrolled the package. Oh, shame! the patron was Baruk C. Spoopendyke and the parcel was the sign-board of "The Old Squire." "Want to have this here sign restored?" asked the artist occupant briskly. "All right—'tain't worth it—do it for ten and six and gallon o' beer. Can't go out myself for the swig (coat spouted), so make it two gallons, f.o.b., free on board, ha! ha! Can't work without a wet. Now, then, what's to be done? tone down the rosy of his nose and ameliorate his damask cheeks? All right; naples yellow and brown pink will do the business, mixed with a handful of dust off the floor to give real old antique hue. Heighten the lights on his ves'kit? Certainly; gamboge—there you are—downward curve at angles of mouth to give gravity and wisdom and all that. By George!—no!—yes!—blazes!—it is—*it's Washington!* And a stunning good likeness, too." Spoopendyke expressed his approval, and said that nothing now remained but to sign it. "Certainly," said the artist, "I'll sign it—P.S." "Hold! hold!" exclaimed the patron, "Sign it 'Benjamin West.' Great artist. You have no such painters now-a-days." "It is devoutly to be hoped not," said Pinturicchio. Now, it is a fact that thoughtless scamps are not wholly bad. A feeble touch of conscience yet lurks in their breasts. It might be that some faint shadow of what his mother had taught him when he was a little child at her knee struggled in our artist's bosom. "Can't be done, boss," said he, "I draw the line at forgery. * * * Can't be did," he added reflectively, "not

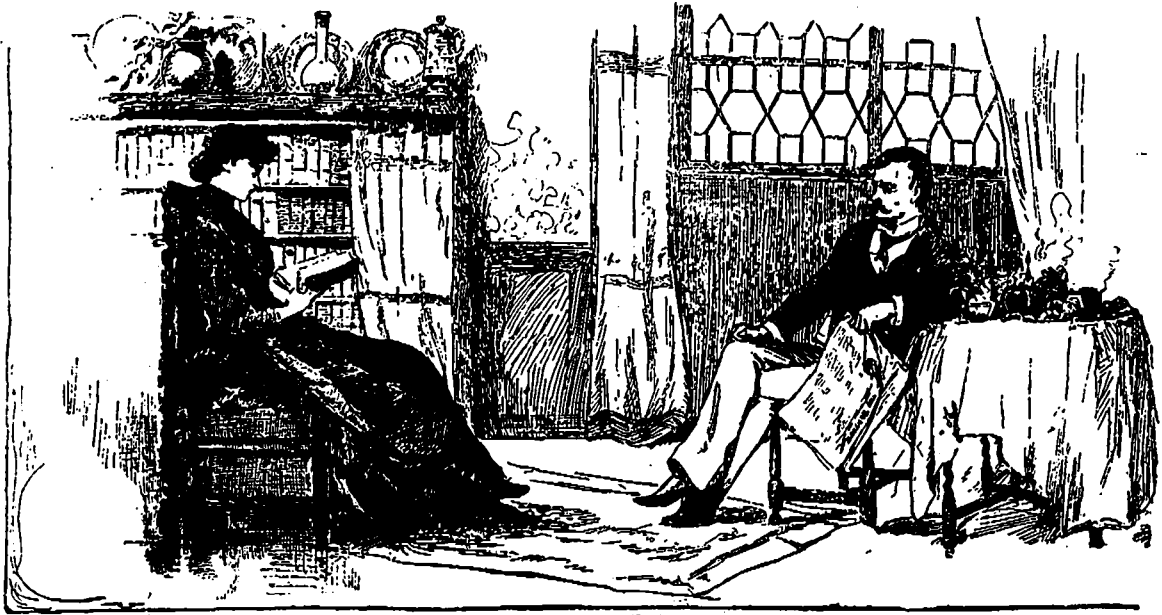


SOMETHING HE NEVER DID BEFORE.

HARRISTEIN—"Gwick! run und get me mein overcoat und hat, Sairey, gwick!"

SAIREY—"Mein chracious! vad's bidding you, Samu'l?"

HARRISTEIN—"Ven I puy's me dot evening paper I finds oud now dot I gives dot news-poy a penny insthead of a shent. Gets me mein coad, gwick, und I finds dot poy, or I informs der bolice."



THE PRESENT STATE OF POPULAR LITERATURE.

HE—"What is there in that book you're reading?"

SHE—"Nothing but love."

HE—"Pah!"

SHE—"What is there in that paper you're reading?"

HE—"Nothing but politics."

SHE—"Bah!"

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

under ten and six extra." A bargain was readily struck. The picture was duly signed in the lower left-hand corner, "Benj. West," and a tallow candle having been sent for, the colors were smoked into due tint. The words *George Wash.* were also scrawled with a nail on the back to show that the portrait had once belonged to the Father of his Country. Then Spoopendyke took away the wet panel in a cab.

CHAPTER III.

The scene re-opens in the advertising columns of the *Art Critic*. "Immense! Immense! Immense! The Spoopendyke Original Portrait of Washington, by the celebrated painter, Benjamin West. Valued at the same selling price as the *Angelus*, \$300,000. On view for a few days only at Mr. Spoopendyke's Private Gallery, Upper Broadway. Owing to the enormous and inconvenient crowds daily blocking up Broadway, all striving for admission, the general public are respectfully invited to refrain from visiting this surpassing acmè of Art at present, as a bill is about to be introduced in Congress to purchase it for the Nation. All the Art critics of the finest acumen vie with each other in pronouncing it genuine. Note the place, Upper Broadway. Admission to view, by card only, \$1 each." As the public was invited not to attend, everybody rushed to see it at the trifling cost of a dollar, and thereby proving everybody's self a lover and judge of Art. Favorable criticisms flooded the leading journals. There was little doubt Congress would vote the money for it at first session, but, if not, 60,000 patriotic citizens were ready to come forward with \$10 apiece, if the Exchequer should so shamefully neglect its bounden duty as not to secure it for the People.

Meantime, one night, in an obscure tavern in London, Pinturicchio Smith chanced to observe in an American paper a flaming account of the Spoopendyke Washing-

ton. It hazily dawned on him that he knew something about it. The more he pondered in his muzzy brain the more he became convinced it was the picture he had restored, and he determined that as soon as he became sober and could raise the wind he would go over to America and levy blackmail. As he never got sober and never could raise the wind, the Portrait, for anything the present writer knows to the contrary, may be now in the Capitol.

MR. TAIT ABROAD.

THE Rochester Chamber of Commerce had a banquet the other evening at which our Joey Tait, M.P.P., was the distinguished foreign guest, and shared with Mr. Chauncey M. Depew the honors of the post prandial oratory. Of course Joseph did himself justice. He is a floury speaker, and only kneads such a chance as this before an audience of the upper crust to demonstrate his ability to take the cake. Of course he dealt with an interesting batch of subjects, and made his points pan out well. He pitched into our Canadian Yankee-phoebes, and battered them thoroughly, though the audience didn't appear to consider it overdone. Joseph is a dough-ty warrior, and a statesman who is bound to rise.

POLITICS AND TRADE.

FIRST BUSINESS MAN—"These elections make business terribly dull. Wish we didn't have another for the next ten years."

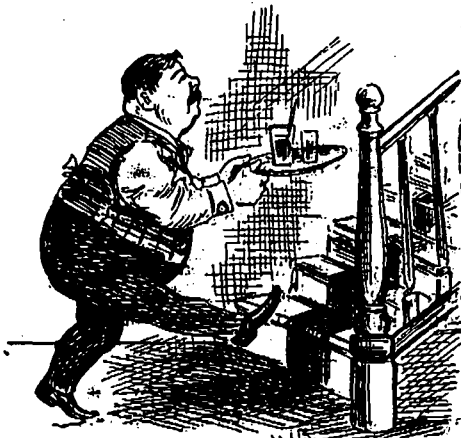
SECOND DITTO—"Make business dull. Not at all. Make things uncommon lively. We ought to have 'em every year or oftener."

F. B. M.—"Why, what on earth kind of a business are you into, anyway?"

S. B. M.—"I'm a hatter."



"YOU PRESS THE BUTTON—



WE DO THE REST!"

A CAMPAIGN BOOMERANG:

"YES gentlemen," said Col. Follinger, the Tory candidate for Switchback County, in an impassioned Old Flag speech to the electors. "When treason unabashed rears her hydrant head and disloyalty stalks rampant through the land, it is the duty of all loyal men, irrespective of party, to unite and crush the hideous monster beneath an iron heel! Does not the British blood which courses through your veins boil with indignation at the thought that the dastardly and perfidious nation which in vain sought to subdue our glorious ancestors by force of arms, are now endeavoring to accomplish the ruin of this Canada of ours (*cheers*) by the infinitely meaner and more contemptible method of wholesale bribery? Yes, Mr. Chairman, bribery on the most colossal and unprecedented and appalling scale! I hold in my hand, sir, documents by which I am prepared to prove that an attempt is now being made to carry this election for the annexationists by the lavish expenditure of American gold! (*sensation*.) Yes, the millionaires of

the United States—the Vanderbilts, Rockefellers and Wimans (*hisses*) have loosened their purse-strings and are determined, if possible, to corrupt those whom they could never conquer, by flooding every constituency with hundreds of thousands of dollars to be expended by the Grits in purchasing votes (*applause*.) Gold is being literally poured out like water by our unscrupulous opponents—Yankee gold—the price of our country's liberty. But sir, I know that every true and loyal Canadian will spurn the glittering bribe—aye, even though the fabled wealth of Croesus were proffered him in return for the base betrayal of his country, and rally the closer round the Old Flag—that flag which, as the poet has forcibly remarked, has braved," etc., etc.

And the colonel, after some further remarks about the necessity of hanging all "tar-raitors," resumed his seat amid thunders of applause.

A couple of days afterwards, while Col. Follinger was diligently prosecuting his canvass, he was approached by a couple of hungry-looking farmers.

"See here, Col.," said one of them. "It's a everlastin' darned mean despicable piece of business for you to fool the boys this way."

"That's so," broke in his comrade, "an' lemme tell yer 'twont do yer no good nuther. Don't believe you'll git half a dozen votes in our neighborhood. We don't like bein' played for suckers by you city folks. We mayn't be so alarmingly smart, but begosh we don't want to be made fools of."

"Why, what's the matter? What have I done to offend you?"

"Oh, yer haint done nawthin' much. But that yarn ye worked off at the meetin' 'tother night about American gold is a darned lie—that's all about it."

"On my honor I assure you—" began the Colonel. "Oh, that's all very fine, that is. But just ter come down to the fine point, tell us right straight who's got these here millions of Yankee gold? Show us the spot where they're handin' it out by fist-falls to corrupt the honest voter and induce him to betray his country. Give us a tip on the quiet where we kin find the dastardly traitor with the wealth of Croesus, who wants us to barter away the rights and liberties of free-born Britons to the sordid American millionaires. Put us onto the racket."

"Ye can't do it Colonel," put in his companion. "Taint there. Here Jim and me has been hunting round this here town all day to get onto the track of the unhangd scoundrel which dares to flood this ere constituency with the glitterin' bribes that is the price of a nation's integrity. We jest want to find that kind of a feller the worst way. We've been to the Grit Committee rooms and they gin us the laugh—darned if they didn't."

"Ah," said the Colonel, "these traitors work by secret and underhand methods. But do not seek the unscrupulous wretch to do him any personal injury. Better leave him to his conscience."

"Personal injury! I should smile! Who in thunder wants to do him any personal injury?"

"But what—why?"

"Why? Why we want to git some of that Yankee gold that you said was bein' poured over this country in floods. There aint been an election for the past twenty years but what Bill and me an' most of the neighbors has made a piece outen it, an' this here Yankee gold story has jest set 'em all wild. Half the township has been wantin' to know jest where the gold was being ladled out and figurin' on how much a sordid and perfidious traitor oughter pay to corrupt a loyal Canadian patriot. Now

we think it a darned shame of you to raise people's expectations in that style, only to have 'em disappointed. An' the natural effec' of that there Yankee gold story is that the price of votes has riz in this neck of woods, an' in place of the regular two dollars and a swig of whiskey, its jest agoin' ter cost yer a X fur every vote yer git off of the 7th Concession, an' serve yer darned well right too."

SIGNS OF SPRING.

CUMBACK—"We're going to have spring right off now for sure. There was a robin flying round Rose-dale yesterday and a fellow shot him."

BLEWENVILLE—"Yes, and a poet came into the Whanger office with a spring poem to day."

CUMBACK—"And was he shot too?"

AN APPEAL.

To unconverted millionaires who have heard without benefit Gladstone and Carnegie, evangelists of the Gospel of Wealth.

EXPENSIVE BRETHREN;—Notwithstanding that eloquent speakers have failed to rouse you from your accustomed apathy on the subject of good works, I would fain crave your attention for a moment on this delicate question of giving. But I wish to present it in a light more attractive to you than that usually thrown upon it, a light in which you may at once perceive its value. I do not intend to add to the many expositions of the text—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Such a comparison I am aware can convey but scant meaning to you who know so little of either sensation, having mainly confined yourselves to the simpler pleasure of taking.

I shall, therefore, present the claims of Charity, from another standpoint, one which you love to occupy—the standpoint of self-interest. My aim is to show you that Charity is the best policy. And if you will learn this new form of the old Machiavellian adage as well as you have learned the original, you will find the sacrifices it demands to be as good investments as any ever laid upon the shrine of Honesty.

Yet this new copy-book line I have set you, although it requires a free hand to follow it, is by no means a hard one to master. Indeed it is almost self-evident. It is not to your interest to have a large standing army of the very poor. They are an incubus, a menace, as well as a disgrace. You need able-bodied, energetic, self-supporting workmen for your railways, factories and bonanza farms. The greater the number of such men in a country the richer are its capitalists. It is poor policy to starve the sheep that bears the golden fleeces. Wool won't grow where there is not any mutton.

Then, gentlemen, down with your \$100,000 subscriptions to General Booth's scheme, and to every systematic effort to wipe out city slums. Believe me, it is bread profitably cast on the waters. For though at first it may seem but food for fishes, these will eventually come back to you when caught in your cunning meshes each with tribute money in its mouth. So long as you have control of the tariff, the land and the manufacturing plant of the country, so long any money you expend in increasing its working force, will help to swell your bank account. I do not ask for justice to the poor laborer. That, indeed, would demand revolutionary measures involving the ruin of your fortunes. But Charity, time-honored conservative Charity, woos you, her pockets heavy with purses of



A TERRIBLE PROSPECT.

WAGGLES—"Tell ye wot it is, Brokup, ef I'd a thousand votes I'd give 'em to the Tories every time. W'y, these bloomin' Grits with their confounded Reciprocity, would destroy all our industries!"

BROKUP—"That's so, an' that would everlastingly play the mischief with our prosperity."

gold, among which are no dynamite bombs. She has a soft head, a warm grateful heart, and a "God bless you" on her foolish, simpering lips. Entreat her kindly, gentlemen, if not from love of her, at least from love of self; for when she departs she will give place to one who has none of her gentle ways.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

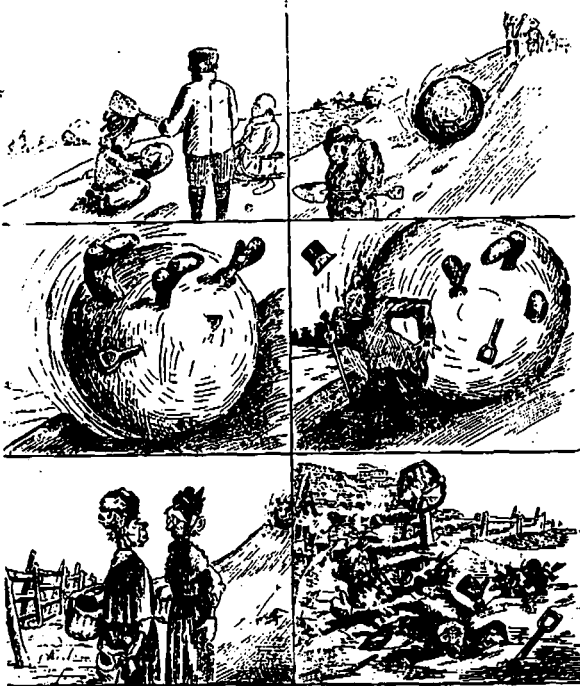
TO A CEDAR PENCIL.

MAGIC wand, in my hand
Fancy's whimsies writing,
Does there lurk any work
In thee worth inditing?

If there be tell to me
Where the prize is hidden.
Wouldst thou skip many a clip,
Do as I have bidden.

Then I'll pare only where
Lies the golden lure,
Seize thy best, leave the rest
To the dull reviewer.

WILLIAM MCGILL.



A SNOWBALL'S WILD CAREER.

I.
FREDDY—"Let the snowball go down the hill, Siss, and see where it'll stop."

II.
"I wonder av it's mesilf them children be after makin' diversion av? I'll not look round, onyhow."

III.
"Howly Mither of St. Patrick, whot strucked me?"

IV.
But Michael was not the only one. The village doctor was going down the hill also.

V.
"You ken go home ef yes loike, Mrs. Flimsie. Michael sed he'd mate me here, and O'im goin' to wait till —"

VI.
All snowballs stop somewhere, and this one stopped against a rail fence.

HUMORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

"T'WAS a grand one!" So, in bold, black heading type, the London *Free Press* described Sir John's mass meeting in that city the other day. The description was quite accurate. There was a tremendous crowd and terrific enthusiasm. But there are some funny points in the F. P's account, too. When the Premier rose to speak, for instance, "the cheering and waving of bannerets lasted for ten minutes at least, during which time the Old Chieftain stood looking over the vast audience and smiling in approbation as only he can do." Then followed a verbatim report of the great statesman's speech, in which we find this queer compliment to Sir Charles Tupper, who had preceded him, "I could see by the manner in which they (the auditors) fully discounted—if I may say it—and reckoned upon the facts with which the speech bristled, that he had full possession of the minds of this great audience." We had supposed it was only Grit audiences that were in the habit of discounting Sir Charles'

facts. Then toward the end of Sir John's oration the intelligent compositor gets in his little joke, "Pardon me, Mr. Chairman, for speaking at such length. I did not intend to do so, but old men will be *guileless*." This is really one of the best things that unconscious humorist the type-sticker, has got off for a long time!

A TEXAN RAILWAY SCARE.

WHILE travelling by rail in the sweet sunny South,
I had an adventure one night,
Which caused me to crawl 'neath the seat of the car,
Where I lay almost perished with fright.

We were all huddled up in one end of the car,
Telling stories of robberies in trains;
When a figure appeared at the opposite end
Which froze all the blood in our veins.

"Throw up!"—and no more of that sentence is heard
Midst the hubbub, confusion and row;
Whilst the passengers shouted as if with one voice—
"Don't shoot, sir, I cannot die now!"

One gentleman carefully took out his purse
And deposited it in his boot;
That done—he immediately threw up his arms,
And joined in the cry of "Don't shoot!"

When the tumult and row had subsided somewhat,
A voice was heard loudly to say—
"Throw up but a nickel right here on the spot,
And you carry this orange away!"

AVONSWORTH.

HIS LITTLE GAME.

CUMSO—"Are you betting to-day?"

TOWNLY—"No."

BROWN (*after Cumso's departure*)—"What a whopper you told him. You might have got a good bet out of him."

TOWNLY—"That's all right. He didn't want to bet. I owe him fifty, and he was just nosing around to see whether I have any money in my clothes."



THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

REV. DR. THIRDLY—"Wonderful bird, a parrot! It will talk all day without understanding a word it says."

RUDE PARROT (*emphatically*)—"Just like you!"



"I'LL RANT AS WELL AS THOU!"

—Shakespeare.



A SNAP FOR OTHERS.

REV. J. STAINGLAS (*who carries his Ritualistic ideas so far as to part his hair in the shape of a cross*)—"Well, William, I'm glad to have seen you, and I hope, my boy, as it is Lent, that you have given up at least one of your worldly pleasures."

WILLIAM—"Oh, yes sir, I have."

REV. STAINGLAS—"That's right; and now may I ask what you have given up?"

WILLIAM—"I've given up going to church till Lent is over."

A GREAT SCHEME.

JAGGERS—"Say, partner, how's things?"

BUDGER—"Oh, kind of stow. Nothin' doin' till after election."

JAGGERS—"Can't us fellers catch on an' make somethin' out of these elections? We used to in old times."

BUDGER—"Dunno. They ought to be lots of boodle goin', but it don't seem to come our way."

JAGGERS—"No, things ain't as they used to was. An' yet—(*suddenly an idea strikes him*). Say, pard—which was you last, Grit or Tory? I forget."

BUDGER—"Why, Grit—Grittier nor blazes."

JAGGERS—"Good. An' yer done some hustlin' too for the party, didn't yer?"

BUDGER—"Hustlin', you bet! Why I was scrutineer, committee man and all the rest of it. I should say I did hustle—especially if there was money into it."

JAGGERS—"Well, then, catch right on. Go to some of the Grit committees an' get a canvassing book. Attend all the meetings and holler for all you're worth an' interrupt Tory speakers. Pitch in good."

BUDGER—"Oh, come off. They ain't no money into it, I tell you. Yer don't catch me doin' no hollerin' nor nothin' 'thout I git paid fur it. 'Lecture promises don't go with me no more. I've had enough of 'em that never come to nothin'."

JAGGERS—"Never you mind. Do just as I tell you. I got a big scheme. After you git solid with the gang an' kinder conspicuous-like, sit right down an' write a letter to Jim Blaine—(Blaine of Maine, of course, not the

Fakir of Galt)—or to Ras Wiman, givin' him a stiff about how the cause of annexation is comin' on. Let on as you've had a talk with Cartwright or Laurier and as how they's both red-hot fur annexation, only they don't just want to talk right out in meetin' till 'lection is over."

BUDGER—"Well, what's to be made out of that?"

JAGGERS—"Made? Lots of boodle, man! You write the letters an' then I do the truly loyal sneak act and take 'em up to the *Empire* office an' sell 'em to Creighton for a roorbach to come out day before election: 'Another Traitor Exposed'—'Grit Conspiracy to sell Canada to the Yankees'—'The Party Leaders Implicated.' Why, the *Empire* would come down with a couple of hundred dollars as easy as rolling off a log—an' of course we'll whack up. Do yer catch on?"

BUDGER—"Well, by thunder, old man, you have a great head. You'd ought to have made your mark in politics long since. I'm in with you on that racket, you bet. Let's have somethin' an' then I'll start right away an' git onto Mowat's committee."

CONSOLATION.

"AH! Smith, old man! how do you do?
A Why, what's the matter? Something up?
I scarcely should have thought 'twas you.
And where's the dog—your prize bull-pup?"

"Well, Jones, you see, I'm feeling bad.
Last week I lost my darling wife,
And when she died my dog went mad,
We had to take his precious life."

"By Jove! too bad; but don't take on,
I know such grief the bosom rends.
Don't stay with misery alone;
Go out and visit all your friends."

"They'll all be glad to see you, Smith,
And offer you a welcome kind,
They'll give you consolation with
A balm to ease your-troubled mind."

"Yes, Jones, that's just the thing I do.
They give me cheer across the cup,
They give me sympathy; but who
Can give me such another pup?"



A LIFE STUDY.

THE facial expression of the young lady who got two proposals at once.—*Pick-me-up.*

THE CAMPAIGN LYRE.

AT the Grit meeting held in Association Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, Ald. Hallam, one of the principal speakers, finding cold prose an altogether insufficient medium for the expression of his "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" indulged in a poetic peroration as follows:

The Tories are protective dogs,
And saucy puppies, too,
And sometimes impertinent whelps
Escape from not a few.
But truce to nicknames, what I wish
Is, if like dogs we be,
We'd strive to cultivate, like them,
A staunch fidelity.

Reformers, e'en like terrier dogs,
Hunt out the vermin, too;
The rats they seek to kill are laws
Which benefit the few.
And while they guard like mastiff dogs
Those liberties we bless,
They loudly bark when Tory wolves
Would make that number less.

The following spirited effusion, answering Ald. Hallam in his own peculiar and happy poetical vein has been handed in by a Tory contributor:

TO ALD. HALLAM.

Your prose remarks are an offence,
Your dog-gerel verse a greater,
To reason and to common sense
You wretched, puppy-traitor (perpetrator)!
You'd like to hound us Tories down,
But all true loyal men'll
On such dog-matic efforts frown
And drive you to your kennel.

O cur! Does it occur to you,
Or those you blindly follow,
The raging sea of politics
Such barks will quickly swallow?
Your *Kerr* has got no sort of show,
Nor should in dog-fights venture.
Whine not? For Cockburn is you know
The boss dog in the Centre.

GRIP need hardly say that these columns are open to the versatile alderman should he desire to continue the contest. It shows a marked advance in the social amenities and popular culture when, instead of vulgar, prosaic slangwhanging and abuse, political disputants, invoke the lyre (please notice the spelling) and endeavor to wreath the glories of song about the commonplace themes of public life. Ald. Hallam has set a good example which ought to be extensively followed.

MODERN PROGRESS.

BINKS—"Old superstitions are being knocked out every day by modern advancement."

WINKS—"Yes?"

BINKS—"The once prevalent belief that when a man saw a white horse he was sure to see a red-headed woman received its death-blow when women began to dye their hair."

NOT IF THEY KNOW IT.

ARDENT GRIT—"We're a-again' to upset Sir John's apple-cart this time, sure's you're born."

RABID TORY—"Well, we'll see about that, but if the Old Man's rig does go to pieces we sha'n't take it to your Cartwright, anyhow."



A WARNING TO SMALL BOYS.

MOTHER (attracted by loud cries)—"Goodness gracious, Freddy, what in the world are you doing up there?"

FREDDY—"I—I p-pulled my—my boo—hoo—new braces too tight, and—boo hoo—they lifted me up, and I can't get down—boo hoo—o—o."

FANTASTIC TOE.

SHEPHERD—"Sinful, my sister, truly wicked, those round dances. We do not read that King David himself, with all his criminality, danced around in a ring."

LAMB OF FLOCK—"That's true. He danced before the ark."

SHEP.—"We read what the daughter of Herodias did with her round dancing."

LAMB—"Well, I dearly love waltzing, but I'm not so fond of it as to dance a man's head off—(reflects)—unless it was very loosely stuck on. And then his collar would keep it on, you know."

HE WAS SURPRISED.

WAITER—"You didn't wait for your order last night."

ROUNDER—"Surely you didn't manage to fill it last night. You are quicker than I gave you credit for being. I ordered that steak last night with a view to having it for breakfast this morning."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

DOCTOR (on an Atlantic liner)—"The passenger in state-room No. 12 has swallowed poison, and I have no emetics in my case. What shall we do?"

CAPTAIN (to man at the helm)—"Let her into the trough of the sea."

In five minutes the patient was out of danger.



A BROTHER'S CRIME.

YOUNG MR. AMBROSE—"Now for a stroll down the avenue. It's wonderful how much older and more responsible I feel."

BET, BETTER, BEST.

SOME of the bets on the result of the polling are curious.

On Yonge Street, a silk hat against two dozen lobsters; a family Bible against a pair of cowhide boots; that A, who is Catholic, will read the *Orange Sentinel* for a year, and B, who is an Orangeman, will read the *Irish Canadian* for a year if, etc.; a quart of buttermilk to a ton of coal; a bicycle to a wheelbarrow, and one hundred dollars against ten dollars and car tickets for a month on the new Street Railway's first electric cars.

On King, Queen and other business streets vast sums of money and articles of various kinds are staked on the results. Of course those who bet want to win, but really, greed has little part in the practice of betting. In fact, the losing betting man will frequently resign his claim on a large sum more gracefully than many persons subscribe to benevolent objects.

Next election GRIP proposes to organize what will probably be known as the Paradise Committee, because there can be no *better*.

Legislation need not be asked for to carry out the scheme, as persons who bet are "all honorable men."

The Committee shall consist of six ladies and six gentlemen, with whom the amount of all bets must be deposited when made. On payment to the proper party, the Committee will be entitled to keep twenty five per cent. to be expended as is hereinafter explained. The winner of any bet will be at liberty to contribute the whole or any part of the stake to the Committee.

On all bets withdrawn, ten per cent. will be withheld by the Committee.

Boots, hats, trousers, gloves, cigars, wheelbarrows and so forth will be accepted by the Committee as cash.

Members of Committee will act gratuitously.

The proceeds will be distributed among charitable institutions, say, Home for Incurables, \$1,000; Chil-

dren's Hospital, \$1,000; Lakeside Retreat, \$1,000; Boys' Home, \$1,000; Girls' Home, \$1,000; Newsboys' Home, \$1,000; St. Nicholas Home, \$1,000. The balance of \$5,000 or \$6,000 might safely be left in the hands of the Committee for judicious distribution.

SHAKESPEARIAN SENTIMENTS ADAPTED FOR THE SEASON.

BOODLE is the candidate's staff.

Politicians should be what they seem—oh, would they might seem more!

Votes! Votes! Votes! Oh, if I have lost my votes I have lost the immortal part of myself.

Politicians are but men; the best sometimes forget their politician manners.

Ah, me, how weak a thing the heart of a voter is!

M.P.'s are merriest when they are from home.

The error of his eye directs his mind to flattery.

He jests at votes who never neared the poll.

Great politicians should wear high bridles on their tongues.

Oh, mischief, thou art swift to enter in the brains of politicians.

He thinks too much; such M.P.'s are dangerously rare.

Is this a Liberal that I see before me?

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to Direct Taxation.

I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my speeches.

My vote's as true as steel.

A true, devoted old campaigner never grows weary of promising what he does not mean to perform.

We are such stuff as politicians are made of and our little life is rounded by bribery and corruption.

Motto for Sir John A.—"My salad days when I was green in judgment."
NORA LAUGHER.

A "GRIEVIUS" REMARK.

PIGSNUFFLE—"I am very much afraid, my love, that even if Sir John should be returned with a big majority, he will find himself in a most grievous condition."

MRS. PIGSNUFFLE—"Reginald Theodore, I'm amazed to hear you say grievous—you know that is highly improper."

P.—"Not as I intend it, my darling—I mean McGreevy-ous."

MRS. P.—"Oh! Reginald Theodore! hand—me—my—viniagrette—quick!"

WORSE.

SHE—"What is the matter, dear? You look worried. Has someone been trying to collect a bill?"

HE—"No; I've been thinking out plans for the future."

SHE—"No wonder you look broken up! You have actually been trying to think and to collect your thoughts."

J. K., E. C. promises to be very Kerr-ful of the city's interests if elected.

GAME LAWS OF ONTARIO.

(AS THEY WILL VERY SOON BE AT THE RATE THEY ARE BEING "AMENDED.")

NONE of the animals or birds hereinafter mentioned shall be hunted or taken or killed except as hereinafter mentioned:

1. Grouse, pheasants, partridge, between September 15th and 20th; cock birds only to be shot.
2. Quail from October 15th to 20th. No gun to be fired before 10 a.m. or after 3 p.m. No sportsman to shoot more than five birds in one day.
3. Woodcock from August 15th to 16th, both inclusive; one bird only to be shot.
4. Snipe, rail and plover on September 1st, 2nd and 3rd; one bird to each sportsman each day.
5. Swans and geese to be shot north of the 45th degree of latitude only and from May 1st to 5th; ten birds to each sportsman.
6. Ducks of all kinds from October 1st to December 1st; ten birds to each sportsman during the season.
7. Deer (bucks only) on November 1st, 5th, 10th and 15th to give them a rest. No deer (bucks) with horns having less than five spikes or points to be shot, and to be shot only by certified residents of five years in Algoma, Parry Sound, Muskoka and Nipissing. Birds of all kinds and animals to be consumed as food in the township in which shot.

ANGUS MACNEIL'S DIFFICULTY.

MUSTER GRUP,—When I would write to you another time I'll not wanted you to put it in your paper, because I would know so well as nosing at all that I would be making a fools of my neighbors about it, also. Put this time it didn't make no difference at all, at all, for there iss not a whole man or wuman too, moreover, in the county of Sahgeen and the township of Pruce that I would care for two skips of a louse's tail; inteed no. So I'll socht I would choost pe telling you how me and my wife Flora we would arrainch to fote on the March day of the Fifth, so we would. Well, you see, Malcolm, he wass a fery strong heid-piggit lad ass wass sure to want hiss own way ten times out of nine, whatefer, aispachally when he sinks me and my wife Flora wass of a different opinion totally altogether; so what me and my wife Flora 'll do but we'll try to coax him that he would fote for the other man, do you see? Well, Muster Grup, so sure ass you wass a living man he would go opposite to the contrary of this and fote for the fery man me and my wife Flora wants, so we do, and yet for all that there iss not in the county of the whole of Sahgeen a more shuperior ploughman ass my own son, moreover, Malcolm Kenneth Macneil, and he could killed and cuttit up a pig so quick ass you could take a dozen or twelf punches of snuff on a fery cold day.

Put Rory wass a totally altogether different kind of a man; I sink he wass a munister intentit to pe, for he iss not worss his board on the farm, or any other where else, and wass always fery singular in his comprehensions, besides too; for let me told you he iss fery fond of trying to hafe me and his mother, my wife Flora, in a conspu-tation about nosing at all, so he can took the side of her, and make me a man look like of foolishness. So, what me and my wife Flora, we'll do, put we'll pretend to make believe one day that we wass both the two of us in a quarrel about the Grit and Candi Torayates, when he came



AT THE THEATRE.

JACOB WHEATCHAFF (who is doing the grand in town, to his fair city cousin, who has consented to go to the theatre with him)—“Now, gim'me yer money and I'll get yer ticket for you.”

home to the table-dinner, and ass wass naitural he would stood up for his mother, my wife Flora, and he swore ass he would fote for the fery man me and my wife Flora 'll soucht wass the right man, and so you'll see, Muster Grup, that the Macneil's would be giving three solud fotes for our own man, and what iss more too, whatefer, when my wife Flora she'll go to the kirk on the Sabbath, she'll whusper to Kirsty McNair not to told nobody that me and my sons, Malcolm and Rory, both of the three of us wass all going to fote for the other man altogether entirely, and what they'll do on Monday put they'll hold a meeting in the McNair Settlement, where they wass all of clans, the McNairs and the McPhees and the McTaggarts, and the McKillops, and one McAlpine, that the Macneils used to trive out of the glens, in Arkyllshire, choost for a small but of amusement, when they required a few cattle and sheeps, moreover. I say, what they'll do, put they'll hold a meeting of these poor creatures, and would make a motion “That whereass Kirsty McPhee or McNair has been macredulously and maclandestinely informed by Flora Macdonald or Macneil, that the said Bloody Macneil's, of Kilcruch, in the aforesaid county of Sahgeen and township of Pruce, iss teterminet to fote ass one man on the one side in the said election, we, the underscribers, solomonly promiss and swear to fote as one man on the other side.

DUNCAN MCKILLOP (*Dhu*), Chairman.

HECTOR MCALPINE, Secretary.

So you wull perceive, Muster Grup, that our man would be getting on Thursday, two and therty fotes he'll not got only for me and my wife Flora. Perhaps I would maybe told you of it some day how we wass all the petter of it, moreover.

ANGUS MACNEIL.

Kilcruch P.O., Concession 14,

Township of Pruce, Lot 17.

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

MISS FROSTIQUE—“I think the divorce system is simply abominable.”

MRS. CAUSTIQUE—“You may be right; but do not be too bitter in your denunciations. Some people might consider it a case of ‘sour grapes,’ you know.”

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.

SOME may think that Burdock tea would be as good as Burdock Blood Bitters, but in the latter compound there are a dozen other herbal medicines equally as good as Burdock for the Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

"Outsells all other blood purifiers. I hear customers say it cures when other medicines have failed," says I. F. Belfry, druggist, Shelbourne, of Burdock Blood Bitters.

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

ALL the year round Burdock Blood Bitters may be taken with good effect upon the entire system, but especially is it required in Spring and Fall for Biliary troubles and Bad Blood.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was so badly afflicted with Kidney and Liver Complaint that his life was despaired of. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

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.

Now is the time when chapped hands and lips are prevalent. Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is a positive cure. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

CONSUMPTION is Scrofula of the Lungs and is often incurable, but the Scrofula from which it arises may be cured by the purifying alterative tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

A. Lough, of Alpena, Michigan, suffered twenty years with Dyspepsia and general debility, but found quick and permanent relief in Burdock Blood Bitters.

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.

SICK Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, etc., are the results of disordered stomach and Biliary organs,—regulate the trouble at once by a few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters.

Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N.Y., was cured of sick head-ache, biliousness and general debility by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, which she praises highly.

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, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

MOHAMED made his mark in the world. As he couldn't write, there was nothing else for him to do.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

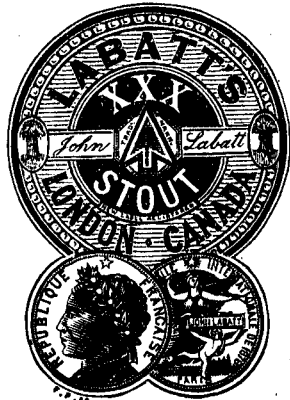
AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthama and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE, week of March 9th, offer the young and talented author actor, N. S. Wood, in his latest and best play. See what the Toronto *Globe* of December 3, 1889, says: "N. S. Wood, the famous young dramatist, scored a decided success at this popular house last night before a crowded house. The plot of the play is well known to all lovers of good melodrama. The scenery used by Mr. Wood is certainly the finest that has been used in Toronto, the Ravine, Cathedral and Counting-house scenes being real gems of artistic art. The company is one of the best that has appeared in this city this season, there is lots of good comedy and plenty of pathos, the sensational scenes are very strong. Mr. Wood is a whole show in himself and is one of the most popular stars that comes to Toronto." There will be the usual matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Popular prices, 15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c. Matinee prices, 15c., 25c., 35c.

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

WE are told that "a word to the wise is sufficient," but the Welsh language seems to have more y's to the word than are absolutely necessary.—*Puck*.

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.

WAITER (looking in on a noisy card party in hotel bed room)—"I've been sent to ask you to make less noise, gentlemen. The gentleman in the next room says he can't read."

HQST OF THE PARTY—Tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself. Why I could read when I was five years old!

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

CURLINE

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



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

Will Remodel Anybody.



Nov. 3, 1890.
J. Bliss, Champion, P.O., writes: Health-seekers travel far to mountains, lakes, seas and springs. But of all the famous places to have the body thoroughly cleansed of health-destroying impurities, supply the joints, firm up the muscles and frame, and make one feel fresh life trickling through the brains, give me

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER.

Have proved it for fifty years. Use it heartily for a few months. Will remodel anybody.

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

HEAD OFFICE:

101½ King Street West, Toronto.

Branch Office Tidy's Flower Depot, 164 Yonge St

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK
**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

RESULT:
**I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,**
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK.

Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



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To the land of comfortable feet. It is the Safest Line, The Most Comfortable Line of Boots and Shoes In The Dominion. *

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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 (Nasvi)—Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrolysis, Yonge Street Market.

GAS-FIXTURE
SHOW-ROOMS
BRACKETS, GLOBES
& CHANDELIERS
BENNETT WRIGHT
* 77 CUPEN 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.

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CROWN PERFUMERY CO.

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