



# GRIP



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### THE NEW TUNE.

BAND-MASTER ABBOTT—"Where are all the other fellows? Why are they not on hand for practice?"  
 THOMPSON—"They won't come, sir. They object to this new music!"



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Manager

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

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

**COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.**



**RYKERT'S VINDICATION.**—When Mr. C. J. Rykert was relegated to private life as the result of an investigation into certain timber limit deals in which he had been engaged at Ottawa, he declared himself a harshly-used man. He didn't exactly claim that his hands were positively clean, but he complained that he should have been singled out for punishment when there were dozens of members in the House who were at least as bad and as guilty as himself. The revelations we have been treated to for the past few weeks go far to substantiate this claim of the late member for Lincoln. Alongside of the actors in the McGreevey drama of Boodle, Rykert certainly looks insignificant; and signs are not wanting that many of the other Departments "could a tale unfold" as scandalous as that which M. Tarte has drawn from the Public Works Department. Still Mr. Rykert need scarcely hope that there is anything in these discoveries in the nature of whitewash for him. What the people of Canada demand, and are bound to have, is honesty in their representatives—not comparative degrees of guilt.

**THE NEW TUNE.**—The leading spirits in the Government, Abbott, Thompson and Foster—are personally free from all imputations of corruption (for we may surely forget the new Premier's Pacific scandal record, seeing that it was never remembered against Sir John) and we are glad to note that they have sent forth a new slogan to the Party—the refreshing watchword of "Turn the Rascals Out!" It remains to be seen whether the self-respect of the rank and file of the Party in Parliament will lead the members to rally round their clean men and aid them in the much-needed work of reform. This is the only course which will save the Conservative Party from ruin. The temper of the people is at last aroused, and boodling and hoodlums must go. Surely there are enough honorable and able men available to fill the vacancies to be caused by the routing out of the rascals? What of McCarthy and O'Brien and Meredith and Wallace and a score of others who are at least equal to Caron & Co. in ability and much better in every other way. Investigations are proposed into every Department, with exception of those of Justice, Finance and Internal Revenue, and the probabilities all are that scandals will be discovered. It is not likely, therefore, that the new tune will be popular with those members of the Cabinet Band who are about to be put on the rack. But what is the alternative? Either turn the rascals out, or let the Oppositionists in. Which shall it be?



**THE** Street Railway franchise has been disposed of to a syndicate, and all the sound advice given to the authorities by this journal has been tossed under the table of the Council room. We advocated the keeping of the franchise under municipal control, because we believe, as a matter of principle, that all business enterprises which are necessarily monopolistic should belong to and be worked in the interest of the public. Perhaps, thirty years from now, this sound doctrine will have more influence than it at present possesses, and the railway may yet be the property of the city.

**WE** do not share in the belief of some, that the decision was brought about by boodle, though several aldermen, who for some time "ran well" as advocates of municipal control, went back on the cause. Nor do we suppose that the "Jury was fixed," though Alfred of that ilk went over to the enemy at the City Hall mass meeting. It was probably the deep rooted fear of aldermanic mismanagement which accounted for these changes of opinion, this, combined with the fact that the successful tender was really a good offer from the city's point of view. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, we are still strong in the conviction that it would have paid us better to have kept the road, aside from the conservation of a great principle.

**THE** Park orators are done for. There is to be no more Sunday orating in that favorite resort, and while we are jealous for "Liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, above all other liberty," we cannot but rejoice in the suppression of such an elephantine nuisance as Jumbo Campbell. It may be fairly questioned whether any sort of preaching really does lasting good under such circumstances: but there can be no question that such offensive blatherskiting as this particular "preacher" indulged in could only do harm.

**MR. CLARKE WALLACE** is still playing his picturesque part of St. George slaying the Combine dragon. But although he jabs the beast with his Act of

Parliament, it doesn't seem to die worth mentioning. The spectacle is not half so impressive as Mr. Wallace seems to imagine; it is, in fact, open to the suspicion of being a mere piece of clap-trap to gull the unwary. While Mr. Wallace prances and spears the dragon, he seems to wink at Mr. Foster, who keeps on feeding the monster with the *elixir vite* of the tariff. There will always be combines where the protective policy is in force.

THERE is a growing feeling in the States that Justice rather overdid it in the case of John Bardsley, the boodling treasurer of Philadelphia, in sentencing him to fifteen years' solitary confinement with hard labor. This is distinctly worse than a straight sentence to the gallows, as it means death after tortures which are hardly conceivable. Dickens visited this very prison (the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania), and writing of it in his "American Notes," he says: "I solemnly declare that with no rewards or honors could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lay me down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature lay suffering this unknown punishment in his silent cell, and I the cause, or I consenting to it in the least degree." Civilization demands the abolition of those horrible torture chambers, the solitary cells. The judge who pronounced the sentence on Bardsley was a vengeful monster.

HOW differently we treat hoodlers in Canada! Give them Cabinet positions, stars, garters and titles, and no hard labor, either!

#### OUR INCORRUPTIBLE PRESS.

*Office of prominent city newspaper—Manager and Editor discussing its course.*

MANAGER—"Terrible state of affairs at Ottawa. I don't know what this country is coming to. Awful, isn't it, to think that men in official positions are guilty of such flagrant rascality."

EDITOR—"Yes, if it wasn't for an independent Press always vigilant in exposing such infamies Canadians might well despair of the future. At any rate they can't say that we haven't done our duty."

MANAGER—"I was much pleased with the tone of your article yesterday on the subject. But it might, I think, have been just a little bit stronger. Give them another dose to-morrow, and don't be afraid of laying it on too thick. Put it just as strong as you know how. This villainous system of jobbery and bribery which seems to pervade every department of our public life must be put down. Show the scoundrels up. I think a man having public responsibilities who would sell his influence for a bribe is the vilest creature living. It is worse than an ordinary thief, for his example tends to corrupt society at the fountain-head. You get the idea?"

EDITOR—"Yes, sir, I'll present that view of it as clearly and forcibly as I can."

MANAGER—"So much for that matter. Now, what other subject have you in hand?"

EDITOR—"Well, I hardly know. This street railway matter is attracting a good deal of attention. We might have something more to say about that."

MANAGER—"Ah, yes, that reminds me—I promised the agent of the Riley-Cleverset syndicate a good stiff editorial urging the Council to rush the thing through. I'm glad you reminded me of it."



#### INTERIOR DEPARTMENT METHOD.

AUDITOR—"John Jenkins, overtime, \$50.' What does that mean, Mr. Fligh, and who's John Jenkins?"

HEAD BOOKKEEPER—"Jenkins is a *nom de plume*, you know. That's \$50 I drew to cover a loss on the races."

EDITOR—"But do you think it altogether advisable to take that ground? If the road is to be leased a great many people think that the city would get a better offer by holding back for a while. Now in the public interest—"

MANAGER—"Public interest! What have we got to do with that? We're running this paper to make money, you understand, and every article we publish for the Riley-Cleverset syndicate means a good round sum in cash. Just bear that in mind—and by-the-way you'd better write that Street Railway article first, and let me have it so that I can show it to Riley's agent this evening and make such alterations as he may suggest. Put the case strongly for the acceptance of the tender *at once*. It'll make quite a difference in our next balance-sheet, I can tell you."

EDITOR—"All right. I'll set to work on it right away."

MANAGER—"And don't forget, by the way, in the other article to point out how the Tory Press are demoralizing public sentiment by standing by the Ottawa corruptionists. That's a strong point. Thank heaven there are a few pure and honest leaders of public opinion still left. Good morning."

[*Exit, turning up the whites of his eyes in horror at the contemplation of political corruption.*]

#### NATURAL CURIOSITY.

"DID you ever see Rudyard Kipling?"

"Yes, I have."

"Tell me how on earth does he do it."

#### TOO METAPHORICAL.

FARMER (*to stranger who has stopped to enquire his way*)—"What might your business be in these parts of it's a fair question?"

STRANGER—"Ah, I am a humble laborer in the vineyard."

FARMER—"Oh, ye got a job out Cooksville way, I guess. Why kinder al'owed ye wuz a preacher or sum thin."



### PIANO-FORTE WINKS.

"The latest novelty in composition is a work expressly written to send the hearer to sleep."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Mrs. Kerr Rect gives the innovation a trial at one of her "evenings," by engaging Herr Kittelheim, who, by means of his performance of "We're a' Noddin'," with variations, achieves a highly satisfactory result.—*Funny Folks*.

### AT THE CHEAP FURNITURE STORE.

**BILDERKIN**—"That table is altogether too rickety. Why, it creaks if you put your hand on it."

**STOREKEEPER**—"Why, that's all the style, sir. It's built that way on purpose. You can't read any account of fashionable dinner parties without noticing how 'the tables groaned under the weight of the delicacies.' Why, in the regular way of business we ought to charge \$5 extra for them kind of tables, but seeing it's you," etc.

### CAN'T YOU SPARE A DIME?

**COMPLETE** arrangements have been made for the management of a series of fresh air outings for the poor

little waifs and strays of this city during the hot weather. It just takes ten cents to pay for this luxury for one boy or girl, and that small sum pays for more solid fun, refreshment and healthful exercise, than many of these poor children have ever had in all their



lives before. To help this good work GRIP proposes to open a subscription list, and he wants every one of his readers to contribute something, and to do it without delay. All sums received will be acknowledged in this column from week to week, and handed over to the committee who have the Outings in charge.

### ENOUGH TO SOIL IT.

**THE** late Sir John Macdonald did not often get the worst of it in repartee, and many are the reminiscences now floating about in political circles, showing his cleverness in turning aside the force of an opponent's argument by a smart rejoinder. One of the aptest replies to the late chieftain, in the same vein has been recently recalled. It took place in connection with a visit paid by Sir John to Kingston some years ago, when he was somewhat fiercely assailed by the local Grit newspaper the *British Whig*.

Sir John in replying to its attacks, on the platform, gave the journal a terrible dressing down, and wound up by denouncing the *Whig* as "the dirtiest paper in the country."

Next day the paper replied to the following effect: "We are compelled to admit that Sir John's statement that the *Whig* is the dirtiest paper in the country is strictly true. Our readers may be surprised at such a confession on our part, but with a little reflection they will see that it could hardly be otherwise, for last night Sir John Macdonald *handled us without gloves*."

It was a very neat and pointed reply; and probably nobody enjoyed the joke more than the Premier himself.

### THE PARTING.

**WE** met, 'twas in the gloaming,  
We sat in one big chair;  
But sad to tell, I'm roaming,  
We parted then and there!

I flung you from me madly,  
Nor wished you to come back;  
But murmured, oh, so sadly,  
"Confound that carpet tack!"

Howl.

**SOME NEW LIGHT.**

THE pictures of the new Premier which have appeared in GRIP have not been very successful as likenesses of that distinguished gentleman, a remark which includes the principal figure in our first page cartoon in the present issue. The reason of this failure is the simple fact that our artist's conception of Mr. Abbott has been gathered altogether from photographs, which rarely convey any correct idea of a man's expression and still less of his figure. All this we hope to rectify from the present date, as a visit to Ottawa and a pleasant interview with the Premier—who, by the way, is not behind the late Sir John in the matter of personal geniality—has given us new light on this important subject. Our cartoonist has also enjoyed, for the first time, the privilege of having a good look at Sir John Thompson, Sir Hector Langevin, Mr. Foster, Mr. Laurier and other leaders, from which it is hoped the cause of truthful representation will gain something. The celebrities in the famous Tarte enquiry have also found place in the note book, from which they will no doubt emerge to entertain our readers in an early issue.

**A RONDEAU.**

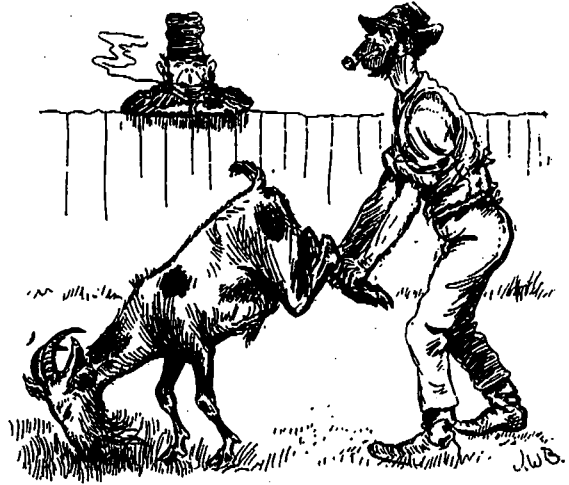
IF one could tell just what they think,  
 These gallants who delight to drink  
 Our health, and say in pretty phrase  
 How we make bright the duller days,  
 And seem to tremble on the brink  
 Of bolder words, from which they shrink  
 Only because our eyelids sink  
 In gentle wrath; what mean such ways?  
 If one could tell!

Or, if we cared ourselves—turn pink  
 All bashful maidens, Prudence, wink  
 At daring fancy—if the craze  
 Touched one's own heart, in Cupid's maze  
 Entrapped, perchance, at ball or rink,  
 If one could tell!

**A NEW BRAND OF LOYALTY.**

HELLO! what's this? Here is a delegate and a Grand Master of the Loyal Orange body who has been talking treason of the rankest kind. At the reception of Ballykillbeg Johnston and other representatives of the Imperial Grand Orange Council, Bro. Stewart Mulvey, G. M. of Manitoba, in a fiery speech, remarked that "if it were necessary the Orangemen of Canada would assist the loyal citizens of the United States in the struggle of Protestantism against Jesuitism, and afterwards they would return across the imaginary line, for it was an imaginary line with only a post here and there, and be true and loyal citizens of their own country."

There is a good deal of verbal loyalty in these remarks, of course, but the Orange brand of the article seems to be entirely different from the genuine old Tory, United Empire, Imperial Federation kind of loyalty. It seems there are loyal citizens in the United States united by so strong a tie to the loyal Orangemen that the latter are anxious to fight in their cause in entire disregard of the "imaginary line" which the other kind of loyalists, who are not Orangemen, regard as the dividing line between the sacred and time-honored monarchical institutions and everything that is vile and odious and demoralizing in political methods and social developments. Anybody else than a loyal Orangeman using such a phrase as "imaginary line" in reference to the double row of custom-houses would be at once set down as a traitor and annexationist. But as the truly loyal Orangemen, while loudly professing his desire to fight Jesuitism to



**AN IRISH EDISON.**

DOLAN—"Fwhat are ye doin' there, Casey, in the name av all the saints?"

CASEY—"Sure I'm mowin' me lawn, fwhat else?"

the death, is always found on election day voting for the retention in office of the Langevins, Chapleaus, Thompsons and other sworn defenders of Ultramontaniam, he is privileged on occasion to indulge in this sort of Lombast, and air his own peculiar views of loyalty to something altogether outside of the British Constitution or the Old Flag.

The only fighting with Jesuitism such people ever do is in the scramble for the spoils, in which the Jesuit generally comes off best, while the Orangeman gets the inferior places.

**"VICARIOUS SUFFERING."**

BECAUSE "Jumbo" Campbell overstepped the bounds of decency in his Queen's Park ministrations, all public speaking in that resort has been put down by the strong arm of the law. The principle underlying this action having been accepted as sound by the City Council, we may expect its early application in other directions. Perhaps we may soon have an opportunity of chronicling the fact that Alderman Hall, having used some unduly offensive language at the Council Board, all discussion in that body has been prohibited.

Because John Brown drove over Rosedale bridge at a rate faster than a walk, the bridge has been summarily closed and all traffic over it forbidden.

Because Michael McSwiggin got drunk at Hanlan's Point, the ferry service to that place has been suspended by the police.

Because the *Globe* newspaper contained an article calculated to incite the people to a breach of the peace, all the newspapers of Toronto have been seized and suspended.

Because Mayor Clarke has failed to reduce the taxes, J. Ross Robertson has been declared ineligible for election to the civic chair. Etc., etc.

The principle is all wrong. If "Jumbo" Campbell transgressed the law—as he most probably did—the law ought to be vindicated by his appropriate punishment, but not by the infliction of penalties on those queerly constructed persons who enjoy lecturing or listening to lectures in the Queen's Park on Sunday afternoons.

## THE AFRICAN FERRY—No. 1.



LOW TIDE.

## NOT FOR ROYALTY.

"HEW to the line, let the chips fall where they may," is a good enough rule for a carpenter, but it would never do for Wales to act on that principle while presiding at a baccarat game.

## THEY PROVED THEIR POINT.

IRATE CITIZEN—"What a lot of rascals you aldermen are to allow yourselves to be bribed by a syndicate."

ALDERMAN (*triumphantly*)—"Well, didn't I always tell you that the Council wasn't honest enough to run the road? Perhaps you'll believe me now."

## EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

EPISCOPAL VISITOR—"You have no lecturn in your church, I see."

METHODIST DEACON—"Well, we did used to afore the lecture room was added, but the lecturin' is done there now."

## IT WOULD NOT BE BOOTLESS.

GEORGE—"Oh Amelia! If I were boldly to approach your father and ask him for your hand do you think my appeal would be a bootless one?"

AMELIA—"Oh no, George. From what I know of pa I do not think it would be altogether bootless. Much otherwise."

## MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON JOURNALISM.

"THE power of the press," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, snappishly, "don't talk to me about the press, Henry. I'm sick and tired of hearing about the press, and I think if there ever were a lot of liars and scoundrels and fools on earth it is those newspaper men, for of all the drunken, dissipated vagabonds in town, the biggest are those reporters. I never yet knew a man to come to any good after he once took to writing for the newspapers, and they never do go on the papers, either, until they've tried everything else and failed, and then when they find out they are no use at all for any decent trade they take to writing lies for the papers, because they are too lazy and worthless and drunken to get a living any other way."

"I don't believe half the things happen that we read about in the papers. The newspaper men just sit

down and light their pipes, and perhaps send out for some whiskey, and then think of all the lies and ridiculous stories they can, and the mean, nasty things they can say about people who have never done any harm, just to fill up their papers and make them sell; and then, when they've abused everybody else they even take to abusing each other and calling names—liars and scoundrels and such—and indeed, I wonder that people don't go and thrash them for the shameful way they go on, only men are such cowards nowadays. I don't see what the world's coming to that they are allowed to take such liberties; in old times they wouldn't have dared to do it, because people had more spirit then and wouldn't have stood it, and they'd have been sent to jail, which is the proper place for them.

"I wonder they have the face to tell the shameful lies they do, when everybody must know it, if it's only by the way they contradict each other. Why, you'll read in one paper about a meeting which was packed so full that hundreds was actually turned away from the doors because there was no room for them, and how Mr. Somebody got up and made the most powerful and eloquent and brilliant speech that was ever heard, and everybody applauded him; and then when you take up another paper, it'll tell you that there wasn't hardly anybody there, and most of the seats was empty, and Mr. Somebody talked in a dreary, rambling way, so that them that was there couldn't hear him, and the people was disgusted with his nonsense. Now, what I want to know is, if they take people for fools to think they can be took in by lies like that, for one of them must be lying, that's sure. No; you can't believe one word you read in the papers, and the advertisements are the worst of all, for

THE AFRICAN FERRY—No. 11.

half the time those stores that advertise great bargains, selling off under cost prices, etc., are just as dear as anybody, or else they sell you perfect trash, such as the carpet I bought the other day at Schlopwerk & Co.'s, that's beginning to look shabby and faded already, and I've just made up my mind that I never will pay any attention to another advertisement again, for the newspapers have no conscience at all, and I don't really believe they care a bit about whether the things the storekeepers say in the advertisements are true or false, so long as they pay them well for putting them in, and it stands to reason that when they pay so much money for advertising they've got to get it back out of the customers by charging them high prices.

“There's too many newspapers, anyway; there oughtn't to be more than one or perhaps two; that would be quite enough, and really there ought to be some way of making them tell the truth, instead of just writing lies and nonsense half the time, so as to make a big paper, or they might put in some nice pieces out of books if they can't find anything else. That would be much better than all those long speeches and the way the reporters abuse each other.”

A DRAWING CARD.

The Royal Commission to represent Great Britain at the Chicago World's Fair will be composed of the Council of the Society of Arts, of which the Prince of Wales is president and Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General, is chairman.—*Mail*.

THE show would be a big success,  
Of that there is no doubt,  
If Wales would come and bring along  
His baccarat lay-out.

Just let him start his little game,  
And sling around the chips,  
And every feature of the show  
That sight would soon eclipse.

CANUCKS ABROAD.

CANADA has just acquired another coating of glory by the achievements abroad of two of her rising citizens—Editors Patullo and Pirie, two brilliant P's of the Press—who were sent to represent the Ontario Association at the National Editorial Association of the United States in session at St. Paul. Pat. is the president of the Canadian organization and, as becomes the dignity of his office, he represents the solid style of orator. Pirie, on the other hand, being merely in the ranks, is given to jocularity, and is in fact a past-master of airy persiflage. In tandem shape they make a great team, as the American editors



HIGH TIDE.

acknowledged. Patullo gave the assembled scribes a profound talk on international relations, and Pirie gave them one of his after dinner speeches, which, as a matter of course, was voted the wittiest of the evening. We make a note of the event for the benefit of scary protectionist Canadians, as another proof that we have no reason to fear competition with our neighbors.

EPIGRAMS.

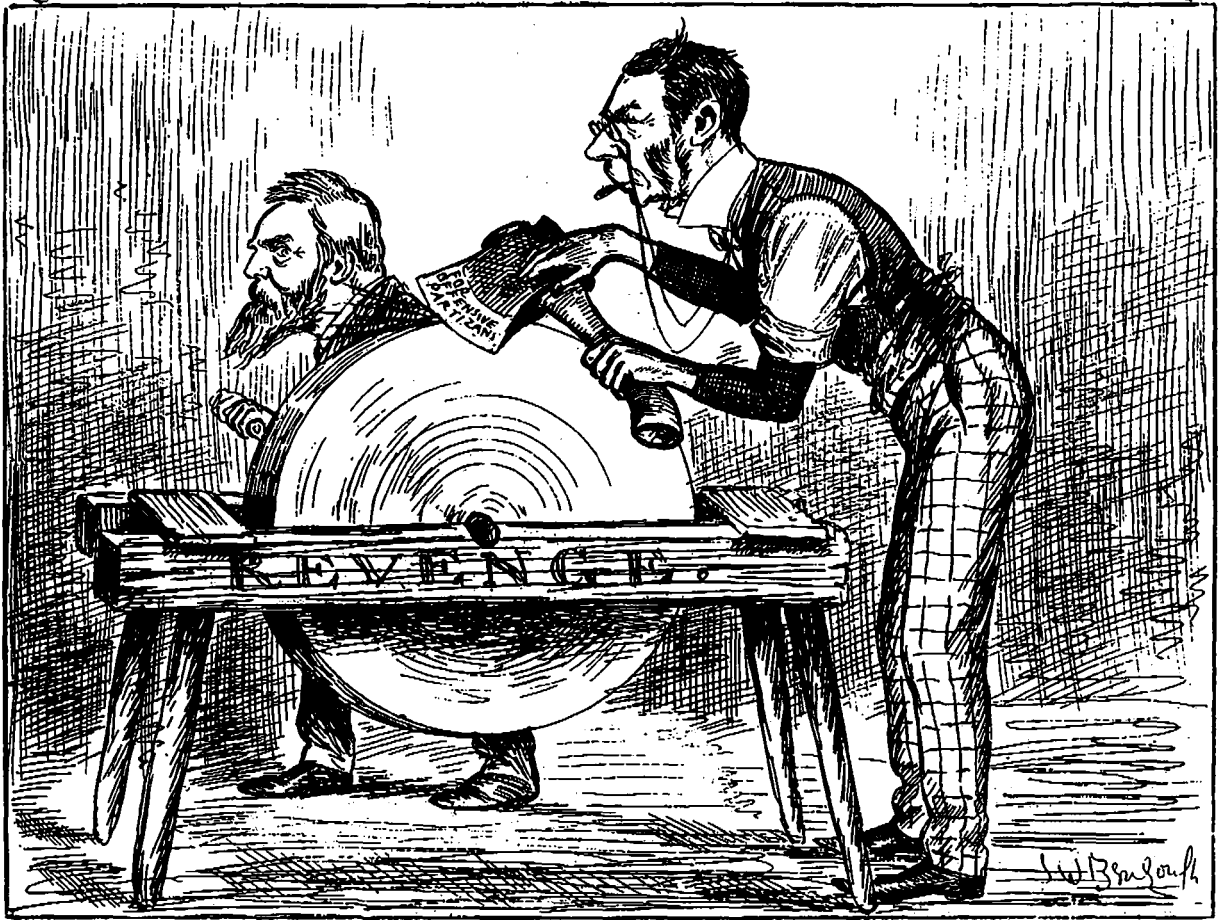
I.  
BENEATH the calm sunset we stood, and her head  
She raised, with her eyes full of wonder;  
“Those clouds go to where?” and so slyly I said,  
“My love, they are going to thunder.”

II.  
The compliments the poets interchange,  
But bring to light again an ancient match;  
Yet after all 'tis not so very strange,  
For they must make their living by “the scratch.”

III.  
Oh, what a set of poets—half the time  
They write outside the bounds of date and season,  
And often, too, with a poor ambling rhyme,  
But worst of all, without a bit of—reason.

ALONZO LEORA RICE.

THERE is a Rabbi Frelander who runs a Hebrew Synagogue in Montreal. If there's anything at all in a name, he at least would not treat a civil request to consider relations between land, monopoly and poverty in the discourteous manner in which it was received by some of the leading Christian bodies which convened here lately.



### GETTING READY FOR THE SLAUGHTER.

"I can tell the leader of the Liberal Party that when he comes into office I will not support him twenty-four hours if he does not make a clean sweep of all civil servants who have been offensive partizans."—*M. C. Cameron.*

### MIDNIGHT.

HALF in dreamland, alone on my couch I reclined,  
With all thoughts of business cares far from my mind;  
The deep hush of midnight enveloped the land,  
That hush that proclaims a new morning at hand.

When, hark! a wild shriek now pierces the air,  
To my half-slumbering senses 'tis a cry of despair.  
Is it murder, or fire—oh, what can it be?  
In horror I spring to my window to see,—  
Threw open the shutters, looked this way and that,  
Ah, me! 'twas the wail of a lonely Tom cat!

F. W. HARVEY.

### WELL-NIGH CRUSHED.

I AM now slowly recovering from a severe attack of despondency, caused by the perusal of an article that appeared in the July number of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The account of the awful state of affairs in Philadelphia almost proved too much for me. I cannot understand why it is that editors persist in filling their journals with such heartrending and depressing facts, if, indeed, they are facts. This latest and most appalling statement is made by a cold-blooded statistician who declares that there are (oh, horror, to be obliged to write it!) eighty women to one man. Eighty!

How *can* I live? How that man could calmly and deliberately write out the death-warrant of seventy-nine girls in such an off-hand, cold-blooded manner is a marvel to me. If he only knew the effect that such articles have upon the present generation of young men he would surely show a little more mercy. They look at one with such a self-satisfied, malicious smile, as much as to say, "Oh, you need not look so all-fired haughty; there are plenty more beside you." Only last month I tested the bitterness of this truth. When "an image of nothing," or, to use his own language, "a lord of creation," honored me with an offer of his hand and heart, oh! misery, I had not seen that July article then, and in my idiotic desire to render him more anxious I sarcastically declined, hoping most devoutly that he would come again and make a stronger appeal. But no. Woe is me! I met him a short time ago with a girl on each arm, and I am mortally afraid that I will be forced to join the ranks of the seventy-nine.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in thy flight!  
Bring back the man *se.* has left me for spite.  
The old maids in stories are all very fine,  
But I *cannot* be one of the seventy-nine.

HANNAH.

A READY writer—Col. Pen-ink-ton Macpherson.





RYKERT'S VINDICATION.

'THERE! DIDN' I TELL YOU I WAS ONLY A VERY LITTLE BOODLER?'



SOCIETY NOTE.

MR. BERTIE KINWOOD IS IN THE SWIM.

## SAMJONES AT THE FLOWER SHOW.

**B**ORAX, suppose we take in the flower show. I'd like to take in a show of some kind just by way of retaliation—they've taken me in so often. There are many persons of affluence and taste who have contributed to make the affair a success, but Sir David Macpherson will bear away the palm—or probably send his hired man with a wagon for it, when the show is over.

I see the show is confined to the lower story. There is no display in the galleries, and, come to think of it, this is just what you'd expect at a floral exhibition—a kind of ground floor-al exhibition, as 'twere. What is this plant? Ah, lycopodium, is it? I thought it was like something of that kind.

Dost note the profusion of ferns? Why, anyone would suppose we were in some *furrin* (fern) country. Let us dahlia little at this table of cut flowers. I don't think I have ever seen finer phlox, even at a cattle show. That, methinks, is not the only point of similarity between two kinds of displays, generally supposed to be of a vastly different character, for I notice they have cattle-ogs, etc., here.

"Ah, what have we here? "Centre-piece design for the dinner table." Cheap enough. How do I know it's cheap? Why because they're only a cent-a-piece. Really, you are rather dull this evening, Borax.

It behooves us, does it not, to be *a-bit-wary* (obituary)

in approaching the funeral designs? No, I will not explain. If you ask me to do so again I shall take it as personal insult.

Now, there, I don't think that ought to be allowed. See that fellow going round with the sprinkler. Quite legitimate as regards some of the exhibits, but this Society have no right to water their stocks. There now, that's a nice, easy one for you, that even a child could understand. Talking about children, here is a very creditable children's display. Now that's what I call a lily—don't you?

I think it may fairly be said that the manager rose to the occasion. A feeling of harmony and sweet peas seems to brood over the scene. How tempting that fruit table looks with its gooseberries, raspberries, Terryberrys and other exhibits. Methinks I would stealthily purloin a handful were I not afraid some one might peach. Cultivation seems to have been carried to great perfection, but I notice that, nevertheless, the Wild fruits take the prize.

Hark, the band strikes up an animated strain, "Little Annie Rooney." Several people are leaving. Even some of the plants are leaving. Let us follow their example.

## THE ROARING OF THE SEA.

"I ASKED a sage of snow-white head,  
'I cannot see my way,' he said.  
"All things are out of gear and line,  
Men worship money—their only god;  
Each thinks himself, alone, divine,  
And tramples his neighbor to the sod.  
Ever the weakest goes to the wall;  
None of us know what the end shall be,  
Except that misery must befall—  
We hear the roaring of the sea."

"I asked of one who seemed a king,  
Why to the shadows he seemed to cling;  
Shadows behind and shadows before.  
He answered, sadly: 'Ask me not  
I strive to follow my father's trade,  
I walk as I may—or can—God wot;  
Stumbling and halting and afraid!  
The time is passed for Right Divine,  
The people have ceased to bend the knee;  
The end is coming, for me and mine—  
I hear the roaring of the sea."

"Down there came like a river in flood  
A crowd of people, haggard and worn;  
Frantic and furious and forlorn.  
'What do you want?' I asked of one.  
He answered: 'The earth for its children dear—  
Farms as free as the light of sun,  
And a fair partition of life's good cheer,  
Of corn, and wine, and sheep and beeves;  
All that the earth produces free.  
Why should we starve, 'mid bursting sheaves?—  
We've heard the roaring of the sea."

"The billowy, rising, roaring sea;  
The stifling, swathing, blinding mist;  
A chaos big with the new To Be.  
And a ruddy sunshine, not uprist.  
Hear it, ye preachers of the creeds!  
Take heed, ye wise without a plan!  
There's something better than sordid needs—  
There's a futurity for man!  
'Each for himself' is a gospel of lies,  
That never was issued by God's decree!  
There's fresh, fair light on the morning skies—  
There's a health in the roaring of the sea."

CHARLES MACKAY.

SIR HECTOR won't touch lemonade these days. He objects to the tart flavor.

## DRINKIN-WATHA.

A POEM BY A MODERATELY LONG FELLOW

LISTEN to me, oh my people !  
Listen to my tale of trouble,  
Harken to the woes and wailings,  
When the needful Drinkin-watha,  
Climbing thro' the mighty steel pipe,  
And the Water-works connections,  
Caused such trouble to the Fathers  
Of the City of Toronto !

Many writers wrote in papers—  
Wrote of all their little fid-fads,  
Wrote of fishes and of tadpoles,  
Wrote of sewage and of sauce-pans,  
That the mighty Drinkin-watha  
Daily brought into their wigwams.  
They were very, very grateful,  
But, they said, with sighs of sorrow,  
Give ! Oh give us Drinkin-watha !  
Leave the fish to sport in lake depths,  
Leave the tadpole and the sewage  
To enjoy their fun together,  
Give ! Oh give us Drinkin-watha !

Then the City Fathers gathered,  
Gathered in the Council Chamber,  
From the wards of great Toronto,  
With their faces sad and solemn,  
Talked they then of many troubles,  
Typhoid fever, spiles and conduits,  
And the Superintendent caught it  
For the sand came tumbling downwards  
Where the well-received the water,  
Grinding up the pumps and seatings  
To destroy their useful working,  
Cruel then were their upbraidings—  
“ Something must be done,” and quickly !

Still they talked of Prohibition,  
How it stopped its great advancement,  
How the beer and whiskey dealers  
Made their fortunes from the people ;  
And they talked of gravitation,  
And the good of wells artesian,  
And how the bay, with sewage tainted  
Sewage flowing round the island,  
Fouled the needful Drinkin-watha.

Then they called in all the Wise men,  
And they listened to their wisdom  
And were very greatly troubled,  
For the wise men told them bravely,  
And with warnings grave and solemn,  
With typewriter and with inkstand  
In cold print and on the platform  
That they really must do *something* !  
Then upspoke the chief amongst them—  
Fair, he was, of graceful presence—  
With a moustache orange tawny  
And hair like the golden sunrise—  
“ Friends and Brothers ! Listen to me,  
Listen to your chosen chieftain,  
For my heart is sad within me  
At the murmuring of the people,  
All about the Drinkin-watha.  
Let us now consider wisely,  
Let us weigh the matter over,  
And arrive at some solution  
Of the question that appals us.

“ Form amongst yourselves a council,  
And select the fittest members  
To be called a sub-committee.  
Gather up the plans and sections,  
Of the scheme of gravitation,  
Let those splendid wells artesian  
Have your best consideration,  
Let the wisdom of the wise men  
Guide your brave deliberations,  
Then report your many struggles  
To the Council of the Fathers.”

Forthwith chose they as directed,  
Chose some wise and goodly Elders  
To perform the task before them,  
But the little paper writers  
Carpied and cavilled at their doings,



## HER OPINION, TOO.

SHE—“ Speaking of the Educational Convention, everybody admits that our own Toronto girls beat the visiting ladies hollow in the matter of beauty, at all events.”

SHE (with an engaging giggle)—“ Oh, thank you !”

Said they wandered out on picnics  
And forgot their real duty.

Great and mighty were the stirrings  
Of the hearts of all the people,  
And again arose the war cry  
“ Drinkin ! Give us Drinkin-watha ! ”  
Till the hearts of all the Fathers  
Were as snow within their bosoms,  
And the sub-committee gathered  
For to talk a little further.

Councils followed councils quickly,  
Many bitter words were uttered,  
Many months were spent in waiting  
Whilst the wise men did their duty ;  
But the mighty Drinkin-watha  
Wandered still thro' pipe and conduit,  
And brought fish and tadpoles lively  
To the doors of all the wigwams,  
And the Council of the nation  
Gave up talking gravitation,  
And began to count the coal knobs  
That were used at pumping stations.

“ Common Sense,” the truest Leader  
Of mankind from all the ages  
Whispers peace and comfort to you ;  
Strive no more with gravitation,  
Trouble not with wells artesian,  
But preserve your Drinkin-watha  
From the bane of all the cities,  
From the sewage of the people  
Turn those sewers, foul and loathesome,  
From the waters of the cesspool  
That are called the Bay of Picasure.

And the wise men shouted greatly,  
And erected works stupendous,  
Far away from lakes and fishes,  
Where the sewage matter coming  
Left behind the filthy solids  
To improve the grass and corn lands,  
And the liquids purifying,  
Took as water to the places  
Where the steamboats had their landing.

Then the mighty Drinkin-watha,  
Saved from all the vile pollutions  
Of the City of Toronto,  
Came to this, the pious city,  
As a blessing to the people,  
And the Council buried deeply,  
Buried deep their great contentions  
And the Chief of all amongst them  
Smiling said, “ Oh, City Fathers,  
Did not I point out the method  
Lead you to pure Drinkin-watha,  
By the means of sub-committee,  
Grant me then a boon my people,  
Let me rule you four years longer.”



### MORE HORSE SENSE.

JONES—"Good gracious, Turfer! What's the meaning of this?"

TURFER—"I'm experimenting a little just to find out for myself how a check-rein feels."

### INSPIRED BY ALCOHOL.

HOW BOOZER DISPROVED THE THEORY THAT DRUNKENNESS HINDERS BRAIN WORK.

THE belief in alcohol as a source of inspiration has so declined of late years that people receive without surprise Alphonse Daudet's declaration that drink makes him incapable of writing or conceiving a line. The general belief is that it creates a feeling of strength, physical and intellectual, which on trial is found to be delusive. Thus it is said that Wilkie Collins once drank wine pretty freely and found himself in a splendid mood for work. He sat down and wrote for several hours, carefully put the precious manuscript away and went to bed. In the morning he read what he had written, found it pure rubbish and threw it in the fire.—*Globe*.

BOOZER, (after reading above), "Hic! 'sh'all nonshence! Been drinkin' now. Some people'd shay I wash drunksh. Feel inspired. Could sit right down 'n write besht story ever did in life. I'll do it 'v Jove!"

#### CHAPTER I.

"Goo—good morning," said Frederick, as he saluted the pretty—pretty street on her way along the village school marm.

She was an orphan, the only son of parents—two parents, and at an early age, somewhere about twelfth century was left to depend on her own livelihood. Tall, fair and of singular beauty she won all hearts—and not a few diamonds.

[*That's joke, he! he! Fellow couldn't write that if he was sober, could he?*]

Frederick Delaval was a lawyer, who fell in sight of love at the first school teacher. Love enshrines in the human heart a consciousness of the sublime, and impels those which it enthral in its subtle spells.

For three long years Amelia Forrest had been dependent on her exertions for her own efforts. Industry thus rewards its assiduous perpetrators. Arm in arm they strolled up the village street while the cloud veiled behind a passing moon told a requiem to the departing day.

[*Who shays feller can't write story when hes'h drunk?*]

#### CHAPTER II.

"Amelia," said Frederick, "Amelia, is it ever to be thus? Shall the bright hopes which loom athwart our pathway, lure but to destroy. Is it for this that—"

"Speak to me not of love Frederick," replied the maiden. "Destiny has doomed me to a futile and unre-

lenting destiny. I am surrounded by circumstances. Man is creature of his environments."

"Seems to me," said Frederick, "that when those which in other relationships would seek as it were to assimilate the causes so far as human eye can reach. So isn't it?"

"But why not," said Amelia, "granted that up to certain point—there might be—yet when we feel the reality of forces that dominate our better nature life becomes more roseate."

And her lips quivered owing to the emotion of her intensity.

Drawing herself up to her full height—she darted at him a lingering glance full of significance.

"I fear she does not love me," said the doctor as he slowly but gradually bounded off into the neighboring forest.

[*Thash fust class,—s' full 'f introspect'ness. Lesh take 'nother drink 'n git s'more inspiration.*]

#### CHAPTER III.

Ten years afterwards a space of period had glided past in some respects. Amelia walked out to breathe the cool gladsome air. "Those flowrets," she thought "which path by the bloom of life do they not erstwhile fade?"

"Alas," said the youthful clergyman, who in our preceding chapter had breathed his vows into her ruby ear. "I must far hence into the strife of conflict, I long—"

"Yes, ah, too, too long," she murmured.

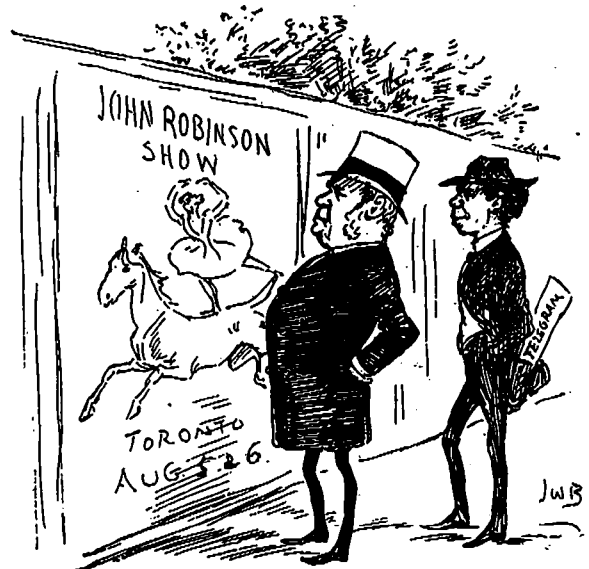
With a wild whoop the noble red man sprang upon his prostrate foe and hurled him to the ground.

In other respects the picnic was a great success.

"Thank you," said Amelia, "I don't think I'd mingle in the strife of conflict."

But at that moment the alarm of fire thrilled the hearts of all present with its wild and stirring clarion. Glaring at his hated rival, Amelia hissed between her clenched teeth. "Villain your time has come!" She looked at the elegant timepiece on the sideboard to assure herself of the accuracy of this statement when Clarence who had been waiting outside entered with a hasty stride.

"Fiend," said Frederick Delaval, "wilt ever dog my



"THE JOHN ROBINSON SHOW."

footsteps? Wilt compel me to crush thee as I would a worm?"

"Don't crush a worm," said Clarence, "I never do. I save 'em for bait."

"Noble, generous man," cried Amelia, rushing forward just as the Indian had lifted the pipe of peace. "How can I ever betray your kindness?"

"And this," said he, bitterly, as the boom of the toscin died away on the horizon, "and this is in some respects—but I would not be understood as making too sweeping a generalization on insufficient data which is a bad practice and connotes an unphilosophical mind not attuned to those higher and more estoric conditions which are the badge of true culture—and this as I was about to remark—"

At this point his emotions overcame him and throwing open the casement he precipitated himself into the raging flood beneath.

With a wild, heart-rending shriek Amelia tore himself headlong from his embrace, while the shouts of the revellers made the welkin ring.

[Thash s'nuff t'night—finish story t'morrow. But guesh can't make resht quite so good 'nless get drunk again.]

#### SOCIETY SUMMER NEWS.

**M. ADOLPHUS HITONE**, of Jarvis Street, sits around on his back stoop in his shirt sleeves these fine evenings.

Mrs. Swimme and family, of Sherbourne Street, have gone to Hog's Hollow for the summer.

Mr. Jimsecute, of Wellesley Street, is going to Bar Harbor for a month if he can stand off his creditors and raise enough cash.

A merry party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Swellerton, Mr. Tomnoddy Dudekin, the Misses Hardscrabble and Commodore Singleglass, left last Monday for a yacht cruise around the Island.

Mr. Tong Tai and a party of friends from Japan are spending a short holiday at Hanlan's Point. They are amusing themselves and the visitors at that fashionable resort by afternoon and evening exhibitions of jugglery and gymnastics.

Mr. and Mrs. Upperten and the Misses Upperten, with their servants and the pug, went over to Niagara on the *Cibola* last Wednesday. They enjoyed the voyage very much.

Mr. Pincenez Binocular, of the Traders' Bank, will spend his vacation at Island Park.

Mr. Lardfat and family left on Tuesday for a trip to High Park and Brockton on the street cars.

Mrs. Rosedale Blueblood gave a pleasant fishing party at the Don last Wednesday afternoon. Several speckled beauties—commonly called mudcats—were brought back as trophies of the occasion.

Mr. Tompkins-Tompkins is having magnificent new mosquito screens made for his Muskoka cottage.

Mr. Gustavus Smeller has been ordered by his physician to take a change of air. He has gone to Ottawa, where he will spend his time in the Committee Rooms of the House. He says that his constitution is quite run down and requires something strong.

**DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED-PINE** for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

#### WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THAT all the institutions for children who have used it speak in the highest terms of its beneficial effects upon the infants in their charge. 25 cents per package, sold everywhere. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"LOOK here, now," exclaimed the old hen to her brood, "if I catch any of you playing with any of those artificial brats next door I'll ring your necks for you. I've got some pride, I have, and I don't ever want to be humiliated by seeing a child of mine hobnobbing with the offspring of a wooden-legged incubator."—*Dansville Breeze*.

#### FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

"COME off," yelped the terrier, as he struggled with the table-cloth.

"I'm on to you," replied the pitcher of ice water, as it came down with a crash.

THE man who talks in his sleep is not so much of a nuisance as the man who sleeps in his talk.—*Boston Courier*.

DEACON SHORT—"Robbins gave me a lead quarter when I asked him to change a dollar for me."

FRIEND—"Did you get after him about it?"

"Oh, no; I didn't have any trouble in passing it."

# Armour's

## Extract of BEEF.

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Send to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago,** for Cook Book showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

MANY a man who finds it easy enough to buy things on time finds it mighty hard to pay for them on time.—*National Weekly*.

#### BRAIN TIRE and WORRY OFFSET



Edwin Thompson, Esq., Montreal, writes: "As an offset to the evil results of tire, worry and heavy mental labor, bilious headaches restlessness, etc.,"

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**OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL.** If you have any Throat Trouble—Use it. For sale by all druggists.

**MOTHER**—"I can't get the fire to burn, Freddy. You'll have to get me some kindling."  
**FREDDY**—"Suppose you use this shingle, It made me burn yesterday."

**SNODGRASS (smoking)**—"Do you object to tobacco, Miss Elder?"  
**MISS ELDER (icily)**—"I do."  
**SNODGRASS (still smoking)**—"I thought perhaps you did. Some people do."

**HUSBAND**—"It is absolutely impossible that it should happen!"  
**WIFE (immediately attentive)**—"What!"  
**HUSBAND (scoring one)**—"Nothing."

**BROWN**—"I don't believe your wife is dead. She don't look like it."  
**JONES**—"No doubt about it, Brown. She hasn't said a word for six hours."

"**BILKINS** is dead."  
 "Ah! Anything left?"  
 "Yes, his creditors."

The strawberry market at Hannibal is glutted. Is there no way to make whisky out of strawberries?—*Kansas City Star.*

A **TROTTER** named Myopia won a large stake recently. He evidently did not have astigmatism.—*The Jewellers' Circular.*

The Scriptures do not allude to the game of cricket where they speak of the wicket standing in slippery places.—*Telegraph.*

OUT West, the other day, a sleight-of-hand performer committed suicide by severing his "juggler" vein.

The **CAUTIOUS YOUTH**—"Are you going to Bar Harbor in Mrs. Goldie's charge again this summer?"

The **PROPER GIRL**—"Oh, yes; but she's an ideal chaperon. She always asks my opinion as to what's proper and what isn't."—*Puck.*

No matter how well a counterfeiter is brought up, he always turns out "queer."—*Boston Post.*

It is strange that the inventor, seeking the secret of perpetual motion, never has happened to stumble across a sewing circle, and so found it out all at once.—*Somerville Journal.*

No American manager has offered to have a play written for Natalie, the deposed Servian Queen, with her Majesty as the star. The American manager is not as enterprising as he was.—*Boston Post.*

INSTEAD of wasting any more time inventing burglar-proof bank vaults, let somebody suggest a place for keeping the money where the president of the bank cannot get away with it.—*Indianapolis News.*

ACCORDING to a famous archaeologist and Egyptologist, whose statements it would be utter impudence to dispute, the jewelry worn by the old Egyptians was distinctly Egyptian in style.—*Jeweler's Circular.*

THE man who can stand up to the bar of public opinion and drink to the health of his enemies has nerve enough to get along well.—*Picayune.*

CLEANLINESS may be next to godliness, but the soap advertisement can crowd the religious notice into an obscure corner on the inside page.—*Puck.*

AN infant kangaroo was found in a bunch of bananas at Atchison last week. Moral—Buy your bananas by the bunch and get a kangaroo.—*Peck's Sun.*

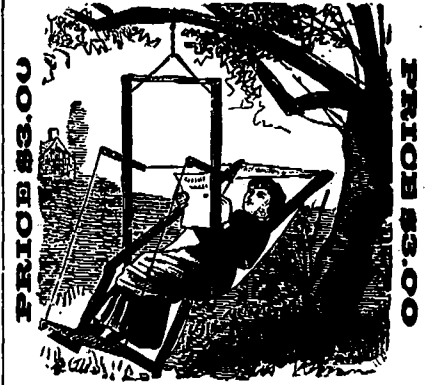
CINCINNATI had four murderous affrays last Sunday, which goes to show that the porcine town richly merits the title of sin-sin-naughty.—*Harrisburg Telegram.*

MR. DAWKINS says he would rather have a convenient alley by when running from the police than have to pay to establish one in a court.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS**

**CURES**  
 Impure Blood,  
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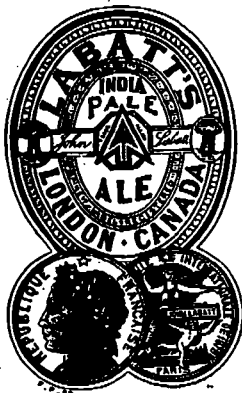
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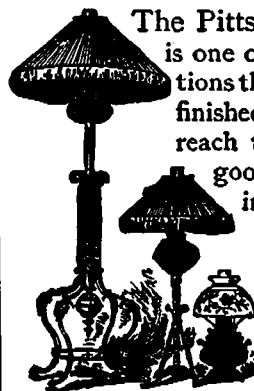
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All this seems strange to one who knows how troublesome other good lamps are.

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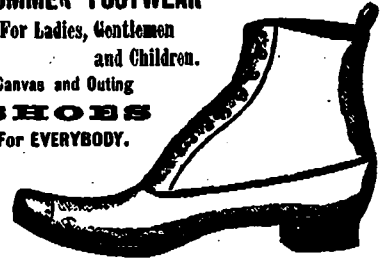
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