

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENOUGH

GRIP ENG

LITTER - ATOUTE

MUSIC

DRAMA

WISDOM
WEARERS
THE PAGE
OF TALK

TEARS

EXPERIMENT

PAYABLE
IN

ADVANCE

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 — Joe Miller



THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY NORQUAY.

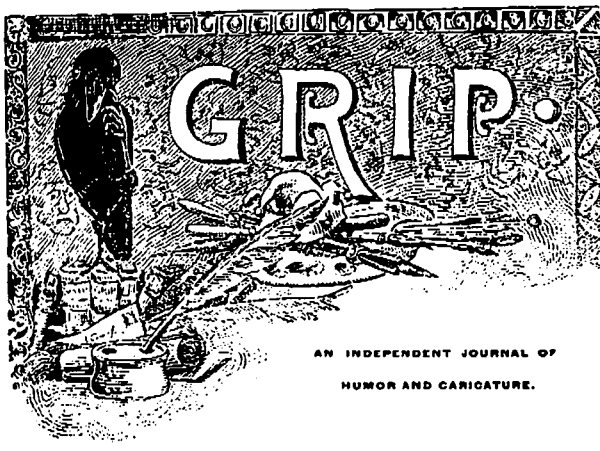
Nor. — "HAD I, BUT SERVED MY PROVINCE WITH HALF THE ZEAL I HAVE SERVED JOHN A., I WOULD NOT NOW BE LEFT!" — *Shakspeare* (amended).

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY, \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co., 36 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.





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BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
General Manager
Artist and Editor

JAMES L. MORRISON.
J. V. WRIGHT.
J. W. BENGOUGH.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00.

To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year \$2.50.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Comments on the Cartoons.



AN INCIDENT OF A "COLD DAY."—When the wife of a Premier writes an article for a magazine, she can scarcely feel surprised or offended if the knowing ones amongst her readers insist upon finding in her contribution the evidences of inspiration from high political sources. Lady Macdonald has an article in the last number of *Murray's Magazine*, on the subject of "Tobogganing." Most of those who read it will consider it a pleasant chatty account of the popular winter sport by a cultivated lady, whose pen glides as easily as "sliding down a hill." In all likelihood this is all it was intended to be. But the very knowing ones—GRIP, of course, among them—will not fail to regard bits here and there as allegories,

though it is not known for certain that Sir John was around the house when his better half was writing. It is hard to make GRIP, at all events, believe that there was no covert political allusion in the story of the two English officers. What further proof is required than the readiness with which the incident in question may be made to illustrate the astonishment of the Opposition leaders at the way in which Sir John holds on?

THE FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY NORQUAY.—Political events in Manitoba are moving with such rapidity that GRIP cannot hope to keep pace with them without publishing a daily edition. Last week we pictured the advent of the new Harrison Government under the similitude of a founding. Before our lively printers could strike off the edition, the unhappy child had departed to that bourne whence no make-shift Governments return, and a new cabinet was reigning in its stead. The implication of our cartoon of last week, that Norquay was the real leader of the so-called Harrison Government, was borne out by the instantaneous election of that gentleman to the leadership of the Opposition, upon Mr. Greenway being

called to office. In the cold shades, the Hon. John may have time to reflect upon the golden opportunity he has thrown away. His miserable subserviency to the powers at Ottawa has lost him his portfolio, and, what is worse, the respect of the people of the Province. Once more is the practical lesson taught that—notwithstanding appearances to the contrary—men of sterling principle are the only ones who really succeed in political life.

WE have been asked to state why it is that whereas the ballot system is in vogue in the election of public school trustees, the open system is still retained in the case of separate school elections. It is well known that the Roman Catholic electors are in favor of the ballot, and have time and again made their wishes known. You want to know the Why and the Wherefore, O, correspondent? Be calm. The ballot is on the way to the separate school folks. Mr. Mowat has it under consideration, and the time-table of future action is being made out now by his confidential clerk. It is as follows:—F

ish consideration of subject, December '88; become convinced of justice of granting ballot, March, '89; see expediency of same, July, '90; become impressed with unreasonableness of further delay, April '91; see danger of loss of R. C. votes, February 12, '92; prepare bill, Feb. 13, '92; pass same, Feb. 14, '92. All these great reform measures require time, you know.

THEY had an auction sale of paupers in New Brunswick a short time ago—no; this isn't a misprint. New Brunswick, *not* New Patagonia. They are regular, legal, annual affairs, these auctions of paupers in some of the parishes down in that enlightened Province. The unfortunate chattels are sold on the Dutch system—you get your pauper for nothing, and a money bonus thrown in. The man who will take the smallest bonus is the successful bidder. He then takes away his slave—pauper, we meant to say—and is entitled to its services for the ensuing year. They come pretty cheap, too. One fellow, at the late sale, bought a fine young woman for nothing, and got seven dollars to boot. Another philanthropist bought a wretched old blind pauper and with him got about \$150. It is with pride that we chronicle these facts. We will not forget hereafter, when blowing about our country in foreign lands, to mention this pauper-selling institution, a branch of native industry which is generally overlooked by the panegyrists of Canada.

MAYOR CLARKE has made a splendid start. On Monday evening, upon formally assuming office, he delivered, as his opening message to the Council, a statement of our civic affairs so able, sensible and thorough, that all who heard—or have since read—it, are inspired with the belief that we have a Mayor for '88 not unworthy of his eminent predecessor. Much to the relief of some good but timid people we know, his Worship did not propose to set fire to the City Hall, and double the number of saloon licenses. He did not even suggest that the front windows of the *Globe* office ought to be caved in. He was quite moderate, on the contrary. His address displayed a wide knowledge of civic affairs, and a disposition to look after the interests of the city to the best of his ability. In short we are to have an Orange Sentinel at the City Hall.

WE are pleased to observe that, now the mayoralty contest is over, Mr. Elias Rogers has become an honorable, straightforward Christian man of business—as he was up to the day he accepted the nomination.

HERE'S another grievance that ought to be remedied right away. A business man came to us the other day with doleful aspect—(the afflicted of the earth know where to come for sympathy and help)—and said almost with tears in his eyes, that he had a burden he would like to get rid of. In tender tones we admonished him to state his trouble. In response he said that he had a whole hundred dollars in postage stamps, which had been thrust upon him in the course of business. "Now," said he, in broken accents, "I can't work 'em off on other people, and I can't sell 'em in bulk without a license, and I can't get the Government to redeem 'em in gold. What am I to do?" We wrung his hand feelingly and said we would think it over. We have been doing so ever since.

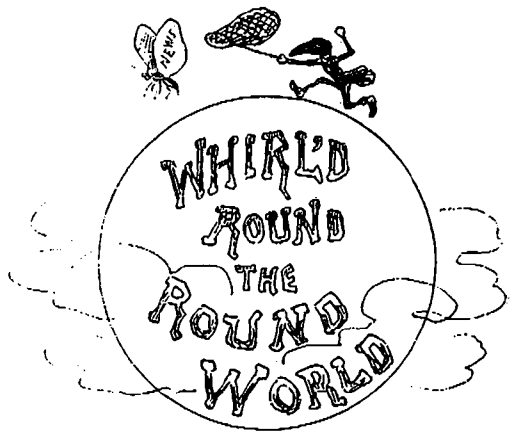
SIR JOHN said some very nice things about Mr. Mowat in his speech at the banquet last week. After giving the matter a few years consideration, the great man from Ottawa appears to have concluded that our Oliver is not a "little tyrant," but a pretty smart Attorney-General of diminutive physical proportions. This is no doubt the result of sundry meetings the gentlemen have had in the meantime before the Privy Council. Says the old soldier in the *Lady of Lyons*, "It's wonderful what a liking I take for a man after I've fought with him!" Sir John seems to share the feeling. The old soldier got licked, too, if you remember.

THE Press Club of the city had a house-warming on Saturday evening, with which pleasant ceremony the elegant new apartments on Bay Street were formally opened. The move from the dingy little room in the Grand Opera building was in every way well advised, and now that the club has got an abiding place of positively swell character, the membership ought to be doubled before you could say "Jack Robinson." This is not a ribald reference to the popular President, J. Ross R., to whose taste and liberality, by the way, the gentlemen of the Toronto Press are mainly indebted for their present enviable quarters.



IS IT ANY WONDER THAT CANADA IS CALLED A COLD COUNTRY?

A DESPATCH in the *Globe* says:—"Eight armed men stopped a Mexican Central passenger train." The engine-driver was probably paralyzed with terror on seeing these freaks of nature.



A SIGNAL failure—Railway accident.
 The Joggins raft again! Shiver my timbers!
 If the sugar war gets very hot, it will end in taffy.
 Bismarck—Neuralgia—Chestnut—Oldralgia by this time.
 The Queen intends to visit Florence. This will boom the actor greatly.
 Stanley has reached Emin Bey; but we can't find the place on our map.
 If Mr. John Morley takes his tour through Ireland, it may prove a *tour de force*.
 The fellow whose girl joins a Chautauqua circle finds out she can chat-aquardly on squaring the circle.
 Mr. Price, Conservative, will be returned for Victoria, B.C., by acclamation. Clearly, every man has his Price in Victoria.
 A poet in the *Week* writes a poem asking poets not to write poems. Consistency! thou art a Miss W—or else a mistake.
 General Middleton will back Canadians to fight their guns against any artillery in the world. Will anybody take it up?
 Damage to the extent of \$200,000 has been done by fire at the Brooklyn navy yard. We fear the best part of the U.S. navy has been lost.
 The war council at Sofia has decided to defend Bulgaria against any invaders. The Bulgarians were not Sofiary about the kidnapped Alec.
 The New York Senate threw a million dollars into the State canals. The throwing of cash upon the waters isn't quite like the throwing of bread.
 The Powers will ask the Porte to remove Prince Ferdinand. In the present foreboding of a storm in Europe will this porte be of any use?
 Reports usually follow blazes; but in firing off the Departmental reports as soon as prepared, the government will get blazes after—in Parliament.
 Lord Lytton is fitting up the British Embassy in Paris, regardless of expense. That is how our Tupper fitted up his London house; but who paid?
 The Executive Committee of the Council have dropped the name of one of the old auditors in their report to the council. They say his Hughesfulness is gone.

WOMAN'S HIGHER SPHERE.

ALPHONSO DE BROWN was busily engaged waxing the ends of his moustache with mucilage, when the servant brought him a letter. On looking at the handwriting he recognized the well-known blots that obliterated half his name, and his moustachios curled with joy in spite of the gum. The highly scented epistle read as follows:—

“My esteemed Mr. de Brown—You may call on me to-morrow, when Pa will be out all the afternoon. If my hopes are realized all may be well yet. Your old admirer,
ARAMINTA.”

A. de Brown did not sleep that night; but sat up smoking all the old cigar stubs he could find in the deserted fire-place, wrapped in a blanket and a lover's thoughts. The next day he called and was admitted to the drawing-room—no one was there to receive him, and during the two hours he waited for that unmistakable foot-step he could not help noticing in a rapid glance how entirely altered was the place. The warmth and color seemed to have gone out with the hall-stove, and all was cold and cheerless. In places where stood the easy chairs, ottomans, velvet footstools, fur-rugs, etc., were terrestrial and celestial globes, a telescope, a photographic set, a skeleton and a case of fossils. A dead cat, in the course of dissection, rested on a white marble table in the corner where had once stood a beautiful Wedgewood cabinet; and where the piano used to locate its dulcet strains, the chill silence of an Egyptian mummy rested in a slant against the dado.

Alphonso thought he had got into the wrong house and was about to escape from the strange museum, when the door opened and revealed the form of Araminta Van Goldstein. So long a time had elapsed since he had seen the object of his heart's affections that he scarcely recognized her in the short haired, gold eye-glass'd, severely dressed matter-of-fact girl, who gazed at him as though he were a newly arrived trilobite or pleiosaurus. He stepped forward, but was instantly checked by the repressive sneer that curled completely around the once smile-enwreathed nose of his only idol.

“You are here, then, Mr. de Brown, and evidently have no idea of why you are here,” said the girl, “but you will soon learn. I have determined to marry no one but a profound scholar and scientist, one who will be able, if not to guide and assist, at least to follow and pick up fragments in the noble path of intellectual culture wherein I now tread. If you wish to gain my hand and rest under the shadow of my father's residence, as you have evidently wished for these seven years since, it will be necessary for you to convince me at once of your scholastic fitness to be my companion through a life devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and the advancement of truth. To be brief, therefore, will you tell me at once and as concisely as possible, whether you consider the paleolithic remains of Venezuela to be as old as those of the Belgian caves; if there is any hope of discovering the origin of the Romani in the buried cities of the Eastern plateau of Asia; whether the origin of celestial species as propounded by Norman Lockyer recently was in anyway fore-shadowed by the old nebular hypothesis, and to what extent we may expect the biological researches in connection with the spontaneous generation of animal life may—?”

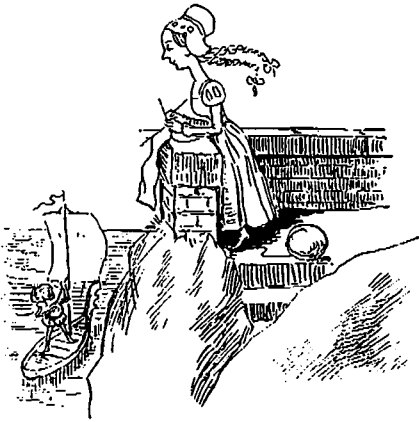
A loud shriek was heard as Alphonso de Brown jumped from the open window into the conservatory below, bearing with him the undissected remains of the unfortunate cat, which vainly opposed his egress.



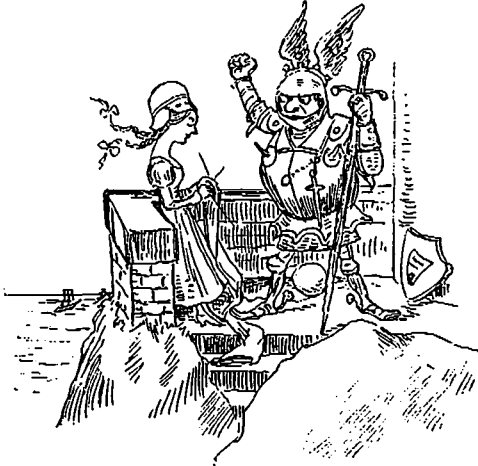
PROFESSOR CLARKE

MAKES HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON THE MUNICIPAL TIGHT-ROPE.

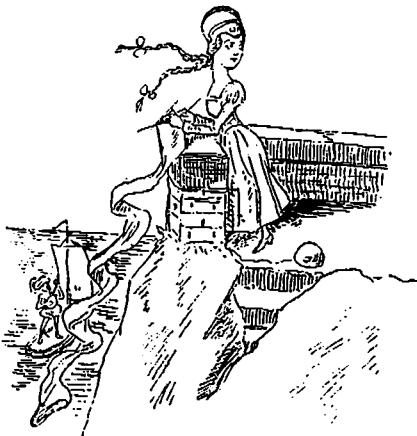
THE BALLAD OF GUNHILDA.



GUNHILDA was a maiden fair
Of very high degree,
And 'gainst her papa's wishes
She loved Prince Poppingee.
Upon the castle wall she stands
To see his ship sail by,
And planning in her cunning mind
How with him she may fly.



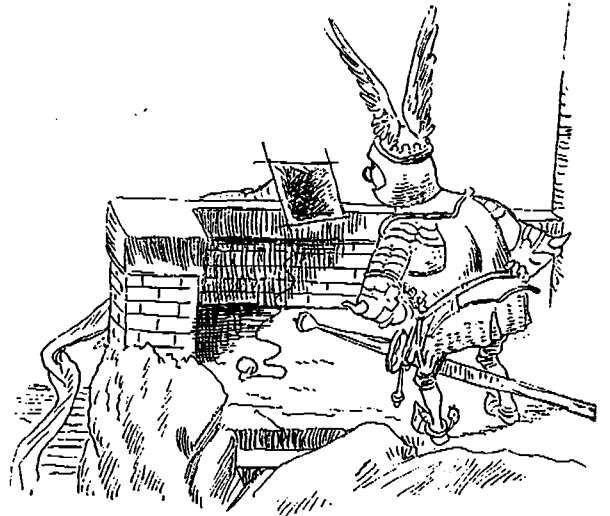
All suddenly her dreadful Pa,
The Baron Boomerang,
Appears upon the balcony,
And pours forth oaths and slang.
"Calm down, dear Pa," the maiden says,
"Your language is quite shocking ;
I am not flirting, as you think,
"I'm knitting me a stocking !"



When he had gone, the maiden cute
Her skilful labor quickens ;
For half an hour her needles fly,
A-knitting like the Dickens,
"Ha, ha !" she inwardly exclaims,
"I think I clearly see
"A little scheme by which I soon
"May join Prince Poppingee !"



She signals to her lover bold,
And he draws nigh the wall ;
She fastens there the stocking end,
And through the leg doth crawl
Into the arms of Poppingee,
Clear out of reach of Pa ;
Then both the lovers join in mirth,
And fearless say "Ha, ha !"



The Baron Boomerang came back
Some later in the day,
But no Gunhilda could he find,
Which filled him with dismay.
"If she has tumbled from the tower,
"Her head," quoth he, "she'll crack it ;"
But when he saw the stocking end
He tumbled to the racket !

Verses written on the blank leaf of "The Epistles o' Airlie."

WELCOME aye is Hughie Airlie,
Ay, as e'er was Royal Charlie,
For he has entranced us fairly.

Hugh's a type o' the kind o' Scot
Wha kens the value o' a groat,
And hco tae keep a guid grip o't.

Of course, the dear land o' his birth,
For wit, for wisdom, and for worth
Hasna its equal on the earth.

Hugh's a compound o' common sense,
Simplicity and arrogance,
Of modesty and impudence.

He's void o' either fear or doot,
Lays doon the law beyond dispute
On things that he kens nocht aboot.

And yet at times, without pretence,
He stammers into wit and sense,
And maks for Right a brave defence.

Nor does he lack capacity,
Plenty o' Scotch sagacity,
But spoils a' by rapacity.

And rather sorry we're to say,
There's plenty o' folk in that way,
Can equal Hughie ony day.

A politician! woe betide
A' them wha are na on his side;
The wrang of course he canna bide.

But then he's very often right,
And speaks his mind wi' a' his might,
And few can match him in a flyte.

Nor is the fallow void o' wit,
For he has mony a happy hit
At some who in high places sit.

But, puir man! he's like mony anither
Meek, modest, unassuming brither,
Cursed wi' a horrible gudemither.

So mothers-in-law he despises,
And to his full height he arises
When their misdeeds he satirises.

In short, through the delineation,
The author shows discrimination;
Tho' humble Hugh's a real creation.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

WHAT ABOUT HIM?

A SOUTHERN mother has just sent her son to college to get the blessings of a higher education, and says that in order to get this advantage for him, she—a lady brought up in luxury and refinement, has earned the money picking cotton in the fields. Now that's just like some mothers; it was a great thing, and ne illustration of maternal self denial—but what GRIP wants to know is—where was the young man and what was he doing while his mother was picking all that cotton—eh?

ANXIOUS ENQUIRIES

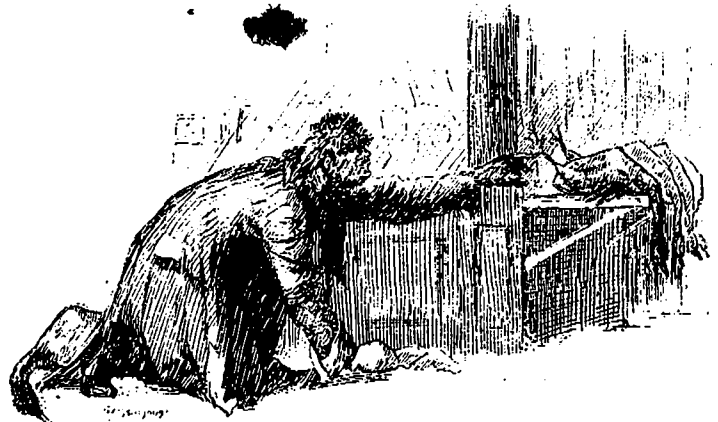
Rev. P. McF. McLeod delivered an address on "Our inheritance in the Northwest."

As Mr. McLeod professes to have some knowledge about it, will he be good enough to tell us who is collecting the rents of *our* inheritance? Also, if we wanted to go and live upon *our* inheritance, could we do so without having to pay the guardians of it, for permission to occupy our own?

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

NEXT week at the Toronto Opera House the charming young actress and vocalist, Miss Bella Moore. An exchange says:—That the audience present at the California Theatre last night appreciated the excellent performance presented, was evidenced by the liberal applause bestowed upon the leading artists taking part therein. Miss Bella Moore, as the heroine, was all that the part required of her, acting with that easy and refined abandon which has made Lottie famous. The story of "A Mountain Pink," depicts life among the mountains, and is full of telling situations. Coupled with her excellent qualities as an actress, Miss Moore is possessed of rare beauty. Of Mr. Varney as "Jack Weeks," we can only say that he played the part assigned him to perfection. Mr. Frank Hennig as "Harry Wilmot" also deserves special mention, as does also Maud Midgley as "Nondas." Taken altogether, the company is what they are represented to be, first-class artists in their business, and should meet with the hearty endorsement of the San Jose theatre-going public.—*San Jose (Cal.) Mercury.*

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.—The grand battle painting of the Battle of Sedan, at York and Front streets, shows the action just previous to the surrender of the French, when, with his troops flying in all directions, the Emperor Napoleon realized that the star of the French Empire had set. The white flag was hoisted on the citadel, the cannonading having ceased suddenly about half-past four o'clock p.m. Eager as the people were to know the cause, they could not leave the houses, as the streets were impassable, and they had to be content with learning the mere facts of the surrender. As night came on the crowds diminished some, and by a little effort one could make some headway. The spectacle offered was more horrible than war. Dead were lying everywhere, civilians and soldiers mingled in the slaughter. In one suburb alone could be counted fifty peasants and bourgeoisie, many women and children among them, dead. The ground was filled with splinters and fragments of shells which had performed their deadly mission. Starving soldiers cut up the dead horses to cook and eat, for provisions had given out and Sedan abandoned to wreck and ruin. An opera or field glass can distinguish these fearful scenes plainly.



LEAVING GOODS EXPOSED.

Gentlemen from de Ward—Guess dis grocer don't want dem turkeys d'ay've bin layin' roun' careless like all winter!

A SOLUTION DISCOVERED.

MR. GRIP'S PLAN TO SETTLE THE MANITOBA GOVERNMENT DIFFICULTY.

FOLLOWING the example set by enterprising daily contemporaries, Mr. GRIP has finally decided to settle this Manitoba Government difficulty off-hand, to dispose of the entire stock of difficulty, as it were, at clearing out prices. By publishing condensed and grammatically worded advertisements, enterprising daily contemporaries often settle weighty questions regarding by-laws and things to the perfect satisfaction of several of the persons interviewed.

GRIP takes a like course to get this Prairie Province Political Pot stopped boiling and skimmed. Doing so, GRIP is awake, and, admittedly in a wake—though not necessarily in “a wakened condition,” as Bro. Boyle might allow himself to express it, if you were to ask the lofty and copper-toed Irish patriot how Toryism in England would emerge from another general ballot-boxing match.

“What's the right way to establish a popular and presumably permanent administration in the Prairie Province?” was the momentous question that from GRIP's basket went thundering through the mail-bags one day recently, post paid, and caused many a cheek to blanch when the work of deciphering the annexed replies reared up its horrid head :—

THE PROPRIETARY MEDICINE CURE.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Easy as the sublime and exhilarating pastime of falling off a log when you are asleep. “Send up for a lotion a copy of my new Ontario Electoral Division Map. If the fever will not subside quickly with this, and my Indian Franchise Remedy, apply a poultice of Unspecific Promises, and administer a few doses of New Post Office Opiate. I could, if necessary, let Dr. Dunn and a few other trusty graduates of the Returning Officer College, take a look at the patient. Merely a case of political jim-jams, and I—that is to say we, all know how it is ourselves.

JOHN A. M.—

HEROIC TREATMENT.

SIR,—What they want in Manitoba is a co-ercion act and more jails.

B—L—F—R.

A SELF-SACRIFICING OFFER.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I would be willing to give my services for a consideration, not absolutely large if it were lasting.

J. D. E.—

P.S.—Poetical contributions of mine would not be charged for—as such.

WANTS MORE TIME.

GRIP, ESQ.—I am not prepared at this moment to pass an opinion on the subject. “Party is the madness of many at the expense of a few — leaders.”

EDW. B.—

AN EXPERT OPINION.

FRIEND GRIP,—The party managers, I should judge, want to be loaded up the other way.

ALF. B.—

HE GRINDS SLOWLY.

HON. MR. GRIP,—I am prepared to write a volume or two on Constitutional Law, dealing with the several questions at issue, when I get through with Henry George. Till then watch *Advertiser* editorials and may be you'll notice something in them.

D. M.—

BRIEF BUT ———.

REFER you to Jim Stephens. J. J. H.—

AT THE VERY ROOT.

BELOVED GRIP,—Adapting the story of the old preacher who prayed to be kept humble and poor, let Manitoba politicians get the people into that happy condition. They can induce the proper state of humility by letting the Commercial Union agitation go on. For the rest, let them establish a few High Commissionerships on a Provincial basis.

CHAS. T.—

BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.

HAVE the ministers any giveaway telegrams they need advice about? These must be attended to first.

WM. MCD.—

LEAST SAID, SOONEST FORGOTTEN.

DEAR SIR,—I would not dare to say anything for fear I might be putting an obstacle in the way to throw the popular government off the track, a simile which I have a dim recollection of using at a former political crisis.

G—N S—

TEUTONIC TESTIMONY.

HERR GREEP,—Dey vants a standing army to maintain, in der Nort-vest ould. Dot would odder drouples deir mints offen keeb.

OTTO VON B.—

HOME TROUBLES.

DON'T bother me, darn you! Haven't we in Haldimand enough of this sort of thing ourselves?

DR. M.—

ANXIOUS TO AID.

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP,—I believe in proper legislation to effect a cure. I would put a bill through Parliament ——— if I only could.

D. MCC.—

People of Manitoba, you perhaps know what's the matter with you, although GRIP has a shrewd suspicion haunting him that you really don't. Anyway, here is your remedy. Either or all of these free receipts are offered to you. Now, go and dispose of your government embroglio, or seraglio, or whatever the correct diplomatic term may be. Don't go on imitating France in this North America of ours. If you find it impossible to dispose of the government difficulty to advantage, why, go to work and dispose of the government. Dispose of something, even if you have to get Coolican back again.

METEOROLOGICAL.

“WHAT fine winter weather—so bright, cold and clear,”

Said Jones to a friend whom he met;

“Tis not often we have such a steady spell here,
With no intermission of wet.”

“Fine weather, indeed,” was the crusty reply,

“As I have good reason to know,

But I fancy you'd relish as little as I

To be fined for not clearing the snow.

“Tis steadily cold—yes, too cold to suit me,

Of my hardly earned ducats bereft;

When you're money has fled you will find it to be

A very cold day when you're left.”

In future all the Canada Atlantic cars will be heated by steam from the locomotives. We would suggest that hot baths be supplied to passengers from the same source.

THE CONSUL FOR TIMBUCTOO.

AUGUSTUS O'DOODE was consumed with an ardent ambition to attain a first-class social position. His father, a worthy butcher, had left him in independent circumstances, so the fact that the receipts of the law office, where he smoked and read the papers for two or three hours daily, to keep up the status of a professional man, did not suffice to pay the rent, in no way troubled him. He had been recently married to a young lady whose parents had also amassed considerable money in the tavern business, and his wife fully shared his ambitious social views. Hitherto the recent plebeian associations of the O'Doodles had proved an insuperable bar to their admission to the more *elite* circles of the snobocracy. It was in vain that they had toned down the original Milesian patronymic of "O'Dowd" to the softer "O'Doode," which, as Mrs. O'D. remarked, "sounded so much more genteeler, you know." It was in vain that Augustus passed successfully the ordeal of admission to the Toronto Club, and invariably called on the Lieut.-Governor every New Year's Day. The O'Doodles somehow didn't catch on. He was tolerated by the men, as he was liberal in the matter of champagne and cigars, but that was all. The people whose grandfathers had been butchers and tavern-keepers could not be expected to invite to their entertainments a couple only separated from these vulgar callings by a single generation.

It was the day after a very *recherche* evening party had been given by Hon. Percy Bewulcr, a great political and railroad magnate, to which, as usual, the O'Doodles had not been invited, although Augustus had talked high Toryism to him at the club for half an hour, in the hope of making a favorable impression. During the morning a female friend who had been present had filled Mrs. O'Doode's bosom with envy, by recounting the glories of the occasion, and enumerating the favored guests.

"Only to think," said she to her husband, "the McFlunkeys were there—that hateful little snob, Ted McFlunkey, and his pug-nosed, freckled-faced wife. She must be ten years older than he is. She was the daughter of old Zwindler, the Dutch tailor, you know—and McFlunkey is a mere nobody. He came here from England poor, and to-day they are not nearly as well off as we are. But they are in society."

"Ah yes; but McFlunkey is Consul for Madagascar."

"What difference does that make?"

"He goes everywhere officially, you know. Ah, I have it! I'm right onto the racket—I'll—"

"Augustus, I wish you would not use such vulgar expressions."

"I've got it," joyfully continued Augustus, without heeding her remonstrance—"the very thing. I'll be a consul myself. What's the matter with being Consul for Timbuctoo?"

"Timbuctoo? and where is Timbuctoo? and what do they want with a consul in Toronto?" queried Mrs. O'Doode.

"Well, there is such a country. It's somewhere in Africa, I believe—anyway, they've got no consul here, and they might as well have one as Madagascar or Monaco, or Venezuela, or any of them—especially if it will help us to get into society, and hold up our heads with the McFlunkeys or any of 'em. That's the main point after all. I'll write to-morrow, offering to take the position without salary, and pay all expenses. Then they'll have to ask us to all their high-toned shindigs, or it'll be a grave breach of international courtesy calculated

to result in strained relations and diplomatic entanglements."

O'Doode's brilliant scheme proved completely successful. In a few weeks his modest legal shingle was supplemented by a larger sign, bearing the inscription, "Consulate of Timbuctoo," with the national arms. He got himself a gorgeous diplomatic uniform, and no list of invited guests to any high-class entertainment is now complete without the names of "Augustus O'Doode, Consul for Timbuctoo, and Mrs. O'Doode."

Some things can be done as well as others—if you only know how.

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.

CONSIDERING the fertility of resource of the modern advertiser it is a little remarkable that he has not invaded the domain of fiction to any extent. We have advertising poems and paragraphs and articles in the papers framed so as to entrap the unwary reader. Why not an advertising novel? Something like this, for instance:

GOLD AND GORE.

A STORY OF MODERN SOCIETY.

"No, Ernest Harcourt, I can never be anything to you but a sister," said Arabella De Lacy the daughter of one of Toronto's haughtiest bankers, as they stood in the portico of an elegant mansion on Jarvis St., recently purchased on remarkably favorable terms from Hooperup & Co., real estate agents, who have a number of valuable lots in Deer Park, which they are now selling cheap. "I can never, never be your bride," she repeated, toying nervously with the diamond ring which he had purchased for her a few days before at the well-known establishment of Sparkler & Sons, King St. West.

"And why not, Arabella?" asked Ernest, as the light of hope died out of his handsome intellectual features.

"I brook no questioning," she replied firmly. "'Twere vain to give the hand without the heart."

"Ah, proud girl!" said Ernest, "have I then been the plaything of a heartless coquette? Do the faultless robes procured of Mousselin Delaine & Co., the most fashionable dry goods house in Canada, unfold a form thus soulless? I go, but the day will come when you will bitterly regret that you spurned my love."

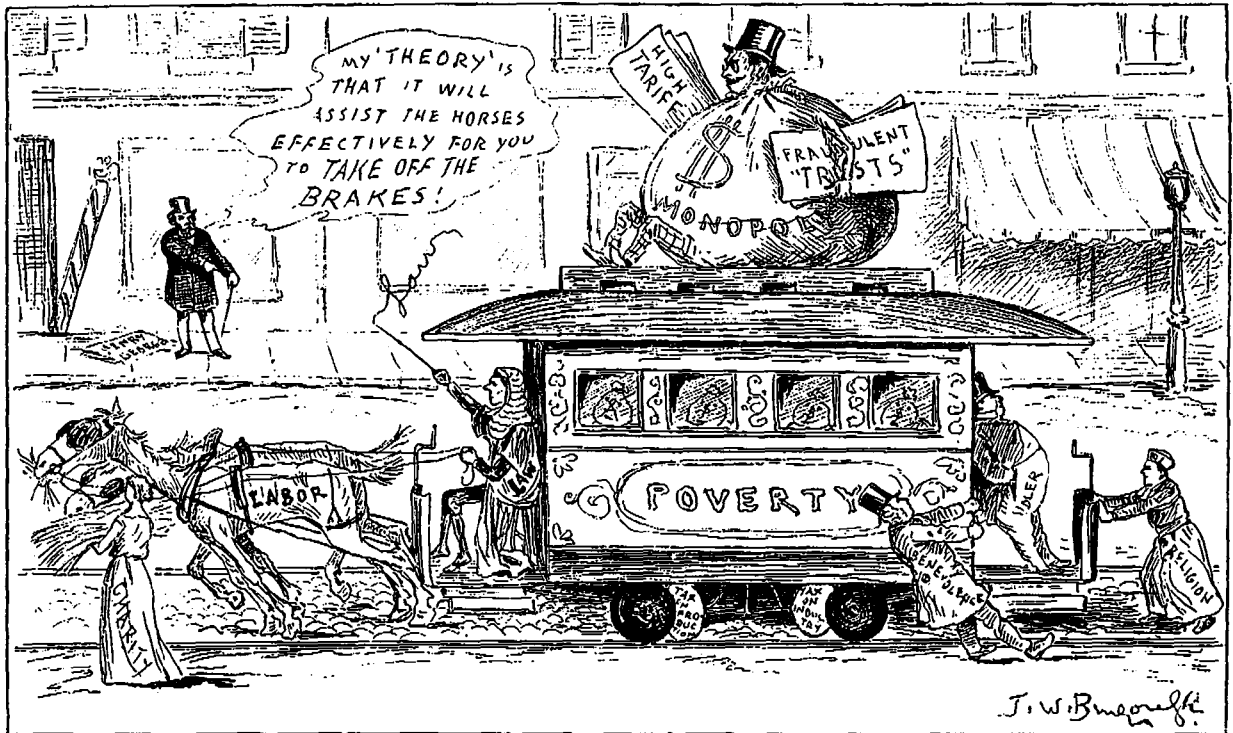
He turned on his heel and, raising in scornful mockery the elegant hat which bore the label of Higgins and Swizzletop, hatters, Yonge Street, was gone.

Arabella threw herself on the lounge purchased at the mammoth furniture shop of Schlopwerk & Co., whose brilliant crimson plush covering formed a strange contrast to the ghastly pallor of her features in an agony of conflicting emotions.

"Ah, if he only knew all," she murmured. "But no, 'tis best as it is. A chasm yawns between us. A dark, a terrible mystery enshrouds my fate, and I must be silent for his sake. But will nothing ease this dull pain at my heart? Ah I will try Kewrall's Kordial, recommended by the medical faculty, none genuine unless the name is blown in the bottle."

She hastily quaffed a dose of the powerful elixir, and was soon wrapped in a refreshing slumber.

WHEN Professor Virchow was asked if he knew what was the matter with the Crown Prince's throat, he said, "Aye! Cancer;" and when asked if he could cure it, he repeated, "I can, Sir."



"THE HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL."

THE VOCAL SOCIETY'S CONCERT.

A BANK of young ladies in white, with shoulder sashes of red and blue, backed up by a solid phalanx of broad-cloth coats and white shirt fronts; a dapper little gentleman with baton in hand, bowing from an upturned packing box in every variety of bow, amid a storm of hand-clapping; so opened as usual the first annual concert of the popular Toronto Vocal Society on Tuesday evening. A few sharp taps on the leg of the music stand, and the singers arose. One note from the piano, and then "God save the Queen" was done in a manner to compensate for the thousand and one cold-blooded murders that grand anthem has suffered on all sorts of occasions. Had the audience retired after this opening number they might have considered that they had had the worth of their money; but this was only the foretaste of a plentiful feast of part songs and glees all rendered in equally artistic style. We are glad to note the constant progress the society is making, and congratulate Mr. Haslam on the evidence of his ability and care, which was so markedly given on this occasion. The pianist of the evening was Mlle. Adele Aus der Ohe, a very brilliant pupil of Liszt. As was anticipated from the record of her achievements in other cities, this young artiste made a profound impression. The vocalists were Miss Robinson and Mrs. Agnes Corlett Thomson, both of whom were highly successful. It is too bad, however, for the song writers to give nice young ladies like Miss Robinson such awful nonsense as the following to sing:—

"Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart and the sea and the heaven
Are melting away for love.
The sea hath its pearls,
The Heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart, hath its love."

Mrs. Thomson's most taking number was an air with variations by Auber, for which she got a double recall. The bouquet business was perhaps rather over-done. The

performers deserved them, certainly, but it doesn't look spontaneous enough when flowers are sent up by special uniformed ushers as a regular item of the programme. We advise patrons of the concerts to bring their bouquets with them, and if they get as much provocation as they did on Tuesday night, rise up and fire them at the deserving artist in the good old-fashioned way.

A JOKER IN MUSKOKA.

REMINISCENCES concerning Alex. F. Pirie, who has recently severed his long connection with the *Telegram*, are in order. Here is one illustrative of his fund of ready humor. Pirie and a friend were spending a week or two in the wilds of Muskoka, and undertook a long walk through the bush from their camp to Port Carling some six miles distant. The day was warm and they had not gone far before they grew somewhat thirsty.

"Wish there was a tavern round here," said Pirie's friend.

"There is—I know there is," replied Alex—"See that old fellow at work in the bush?"—pointing to a man who was piling up hemlock bark collected for tanning purposes.

"Yes—let's ask him."

"Hello, friend," said Pirie, "where's the tavern?"

"Tavern—what tavern? Ain't none about here—"

"But there is—there must be. Quit fooling and show us the way."

"Don't I tell you there aint none."

"Why, that's remarkable—most extraordinary. What on earth are you doing here then?"

"Me? Can't you see I'm pilin' bark?"

"Of course—it was seeing the *bark-keeper* that made me think the tavern couldn't be far off."

And the pair continued their course leaving the backwoodsman in a state of mingled bewilderment and irritation, muttering that "them city folks is a lot of gosh-blamed idiots, anyhow."

CAN IT BE AVERTED?

THE DANGER WHICH MENACES AN UNSUSPECTING PUBLIC.

The Brompton Hospital for consumptives, in London, reports that over fifty people out of every hundred consumptives, are victims of constipated or inactive kidneys.

Consumption is one of our national diseases, and the above report goes to prove what has often been said in our columns during the last eight years, that kidney troubles are not only the cause of more than half of the cases of consumption, but of ninety out of every hundred other common diseases. They who have taken this position, made their claims after elaborate investigation, and their proof that they have discovered a specific for the terrible and stealthy kidney diseases, which have become so prevalent among us, is wise and convincing.

We have recently received from them a fresh supply of their wonderful advertising. They have challenged the medical profession and science to investigate. They have investigated, and those who are frank have admitted the truth of their statements. They claim that ninety per cent. of diseases come originally from inactive kidneys; that these inactive kidneys allow the blood to become filled with uric acid poison; that this uric acid poison in the blood carries disease through every organ.

There is enough uric acid developed in the system within twenty-four hours to kill half a dozen men.

This being a scientific fact, it requires only ordinary wisdom to see the effect inactive kidneys must have upon the system.

If this poison is not removed, it ruins every organ. If the bowels, stomach or liver become inactive, we know it at once, but other organs help them out. If the kidneys become constipated and dormant, the warning comes later on, and often when it is too late, because the effects are remote from the kidneys and those organs are not suspected to be out of order.

Organs that are weak and diseased are unable to resist the attacks of this poison, and the disease often takes the form of and is treated as a local affection, when in reality the real cause of the trouble was inactive kidneys.

Too many medical men of the present day hold what was a fact twenty years ago, that kidney disease is incurable, according to the medicines authorized by their code. Hence, they ignore the original cause of disease itself, and give their attention to useless treating of local effects.

They dose the patient with quinine, morphine, or with salts and other physics, hoping that thus nature may cure the disease, while the kidneys continue to waste away with inflammation, ulceration and decay, and the victim eventually perishes.

The same quantity of blood that passes through the heart, passes through the kidneys. If the kidneys are diseased, the blood soaks up this disease and takes it all through the system. Hence it is, that the claim is made that Warner's safe cure, the only known specific for kidney disease, cures 90 per cent. of human ailments, because it, and it alone, is able to maintain the natural activity of the kidneys, and to neutralize and remove the uric acid, or kidney poison, as fast as it is formed.

If this acid is not removed, there is inactivity of the kidneys, and there will be produced in the system paralysis, apoplexy, dyspepsia, consumption, heart disease, headaches, rheumatism, pneumonia, impotency, and all the nameless diseases of delicate women. If the poisonous matter is separated from the blood as fast as it is formed, these diseases, in a majority of cases, would not exist.

It only requires a particle of small-pox virus to produce that vile disease, and the poisonous matter from the kidneys, passing all through the system and becoming lodged at different weak points, is equally destructive, although more disguised.

If it were possible for us to see into the kidneys, and how quickly the blood passing through them goes to the heart and lungs and other parts of the system, carrying this deadly virus with it, all would believe without hesitation what has so often been stated in advertisements in these columns, that the kidneys are the most important organs in the body.

They may regard this article as an advertisement and refuse to believe it, but that is a matter over which we have no control. Careful investigation and science itself are proving beyond a doubt that this organ is, in fact, more important than any other in the system as a health regulator, and as such should be closely watched, for the least sign of disordered action.

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.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.



BOOKS AND PICTURES.

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| The White Stone Canoe; A Legend of the Outawas. A Poem by James D. Edgar, M.P. Illustrated. Fine leather binding, gilt edges, gilt lettering on side | 1 25 |
| Grip, bound volumes for 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, neatly bound, each | 3 00 |
| Grip, Canada's Comic Paper, weekly, \$2.00 a year; \$1.00 for six months; 5 cents a copy. | |
| Grip's Comic Almanac for 1888. Ninth year, better than ever | 10 |
| Grip's Christmas Number. With four pages lithographed in colors. Don't miss having a copy | 10 |
| Grip's Midsummer Number. Will be lithographed in colors. Ready about August 1st, 1888. Look out for it! | |
| Reminiscences of a Bungle. An amusing and racy account of the North-West Rebellion of '85 | 20 |
| Souvenir War News. Bound in one volume, paper cover, 50 cents; cloth cover, | 1 00 |
| The War in the Soudan. By T. A. Haultain. Illustrated. Paper cover, 50 cents, cloth cover | 1 00 |
| Good Things from Grip. Full of comic pictures and reading | 10 |
| Jubilee Jollities. Contains one double page and a host of smaller pictures | 10 |
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TORONTO, ONTARIO.



CHINA HALL.

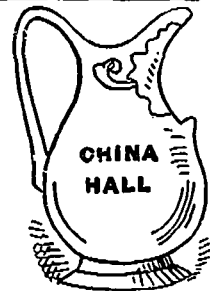
SIGN OF THE BIG JUG, (REGISTERED)

19 King St. East, TORONTO.

IMPORTER

of Fine China Breakfast and Tea Sets, Dinner and Dessert Services, Toilet Services, Fine Cut Glassware.

GLOVER HARRISON.





THAT WAS THE QUESTION ?

Muddled Gent.—Say, Officer (*hic*), do you know where John Williams lives ?

Officer.—Why, you're John Williams yourself ?

Muddled Gent.—Yes, I know (*hic*), but where does John Williams live ?

—*Life.*



LAWSON'S CON-
centrated Fluid Beef
—this preparation is a real
beef food, not like Liebig's
and other fluid beefs, mere
stimulants and meat fla-
vors, but having all the necessary elements of the beef,
viz.:—Extract fibrine and albumen, which embodies
all to make a perfect food.

The Successful Comic Opera

ERMINIE.

BY E. JAKOBOWSKI.

VOCAL SCORE, \$1.25. PIANO SCORE, 75c.
LIBRETTO, 15c.

Waltz, 60c, Lancers, 50c, Gavotte, 40c,
March, 40c, Polka, 50c, Selection, 60c.

SEPARATE SONGS, EACH, 40c.

Of all Music Dealers, or of the
Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' As'n.
33 Church Street, Toronto.

WANTED.

We want a copy of Alex. McLachlan's
Poems, all editions published prior to 1874.
Will friends having any of the different
editions kindly communicate with us, as to date
of publication, condition of binding, and price
asked. (Address: Grip Printing and Publish-
ing Co., Toronto, Ontario.)

ROSES. BEST QUALITY TREES
BULBS. **H. SLIGHT**
THE FLORIST. SEEDS.
WEDDING FLOWERS. 407 YONGES!



CURE GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUND E D.

Upwards of 200 successfully treated since Oct. 1, 1887, by Elec-
tric Treatment and the use of the Medicated Electric Belt and
Appliances.

Read our Prices:—

Medicated Electric Belts, \$2 to \$3. Medicated Electric Lung
Shield, \$3. Medicated Electric Shoulder Pad, \$3. Medicated
Electric Knee Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric Suspensory and Belt,
\$5. Medicated Electric Legging, \$3. Medicated Electric Armlet
\$3. Medicated Electric Stomach Pad, \$3. Medicated Electric
Children's Teething Necklace, 50c. Medicated Electric or Insu-
lating Insoles, 50c. per pair. We guarantee our Medicated Elec-
tric Belts and Appliances to be equal to any \$10 article.

ALL DISEASES MAY BE CURED BY ELECTRICITY,

THE NEW LIFE.—Our medicated Belts do all we claim for them.

LADIES.—Our Belts are peculiarly adapted for your use. It weighs but three
ounces and can be worn at all times without inconvenience, and will positively cure many of
the diseases peculiar to your sex.

ACTINA,

The great EYE restorer and CATARRH cure.

Throw away your Spectacles.

Catarrh, granulated eyelids, inflamed eyes, near and far sightedness
cured. The eyes treated while closed.

Catarrh impossible under the influence of Actina battery. Remember,
no charge for treatment or consultation.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

TO THE ORIENTAL BELT CO.

I have experienced such happy results from the use of Electric Belt supplied by you, that I am con-
strained to express my gratitude and strong recommendation to any one (suffering as I have done for years) to
lose no time in securing and wearing one.

You may make use of this letter in any way you choose.

Very sincerely yours,

S. M. WHITEHEAD, 518 Jarvis Street.

Jan. 10, 1888.

TO THE ORIENTAL ELECTRIC BELT CO.

This is to certify that I was for nearly nine months almost helpless with Rheumatism in my arms and
shoulders. During that time I tried many highly recommended remedies, but all failed to give even tempo-
rary relief: at last I was induced to try your Electric Belt and Shoulder Appliances which in a few days helped
me, and after two months wearing the Appliance, I am happy to say, that I am almost well. My case I be-
lieve to have been a stubborn one, but finally yielded to the treatment, which is simple, without deception or
humbug. You are at liberty to use this statement in any way you think proper, hoping that it may come to
the notice of some unfortunate afflicted as I was. You may also refer any one to me who may want more
particulars about the cure effected by your treatment.

J. McCUAIG, Grain Merchant,

56 Front and 53 Wellington St. East, Toronto

TO THE ORIENTAL ELECTRIC BELT CO.

I desire to thank you for the great benefit received from your Electric Belt. For ten years I have suffered
untold agony from Nervous Headache and General Debility. My headache came regularly every week, often
lasting two days, rendering me unfit for business. I have tried every known remedy, and several of the best
physicians here and elsewhere, but with no relief. After wearing one of your Belts and Head Bands for four
weeks am happy to say I am like a new man, and my general health is better than it has been for ten years.
I will gladly give more minute information to anyone who may call on me. You are at liberty to publish this
above my signature.

S. B. MACKAY, Tobacconist, 104 1/2 Queen Street West.

ORIENTAL ELECTRIC BELT CO

155 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

J. P. EASTWOOD,
Solicitor, Notary Conveyancer, Etc.
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TEMPERANCE & GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Has made a record of business completed for the year 1887 (its second year), which has never before been equalled by any Canadian Company for a second year.

Applications received for one million and three quarters, and policies issued for

ONE MILLION SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Total abstainers are waking up to the fact the fact that they are largely interested in the new state of affairs in Life Assurance in Canada.

Get prospectus and plans from the Head Office, Manning Arcade, Toronto.

Hon. Geo. W. Ross, President. H. O'Hara, Managing Director.

REMOVED TO 53 KING ST. EAST

HOWARD G. THE DESIGNER



COMPOUND OXYGEN.

Treatment by inhalation. Both office and home treatment. Manufactured in Canada by me for over four years. It is genuine, the same as sold in Philadelphia, Chicago and California. Trial treatment free at office. Send for circular. Home treatment for two months, inhaler and all complete, \$12. Office treatment, 32 for \$12. Mark it; no duty! I am now in my new Parlor Office and Laboratory at 11 KING STREET EAST. MRS. C. STEDMAN FIEROE, late from 73 King Street West, Stackhouse's Store.

HEADQUARTERS.

MR. JOHN MCINTOSH, 281 Yonge Street, Toronto, has a very large stock of the Finest Teas, Coffees, etc., which he is offering at the closest prices. We can confidently recommend Mr. McIntosh as a reliable man to deal with, and one who can be depended on to give good value for the money left with him.



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Capital and Funds now over \$3,000,000.

Income over \$2,000 daily.

Business in force about \$15,000,000.

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Heliotrope & Magnolia

TOILET SOAPS.

Lasting and Delicate in Perfume. Softening and Healing to the Skin.



Electro-Therapeutic INSTITUTION,
197 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO.

A GRAND SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY BY PROF. VERNOV—COMPOUND ELECTRICITY.

Produced in a powerful rich, mild current, marvelously modified by a new invention and made invaluable for the cure of disease; adapted to both our Office and Family Batteries (improved), and can also be used in BATHS of different kinds, as HOT AIR, VAPOR, SULPHUR, etc., thus increasing the medical properties by our new inventions and improved appliances.

Price of our improved Family Battery, \$25. Price of our improved Physian's Battery, from \$35 to \$50. Price of ordinary Batteries very low.

REV. G. M. MILLIGAN, Pastor of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, says

384 SHERBOURNE STREET.
PROF. VERNOV—Dear Sir: By taking your treatment last fall I am happy to tell you that I began last winter's work well. I have not slept so soundly for years as I have done since the treatment, and never have I done my work with such comfort and energy as during the past year. The tonic and alterative effects of the electrical applications have been of so great ben fit to me that I believe every person, whatever his health may be, would find himself benefited by a greater or less use of electricity. It is indispensable to the health of the nerves.
Very gratefully and yours truly,
GEO. M. MILLIGAN.

ALEX. ROBERTSON, L.D.S.
(Formerly of Pearson & Robertson, Dentists.)
OFFICE:
South-West Cor. College Ave. & Yonge St.

W. H. STONE, Always Open.
UNDERTAKER,
Telephone 932 | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

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**Crayon Portraits, Water Color Portraits,
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GLOBE BUILDING,

DO THE FINEST CLASS OF

COLOR WORK

IN CANADA.



REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER
 30,000 in Daily Use.

We give purchasers privilege of returning machine,
 unbroken, any time within thirty days, C.O.D., for
 full purchase price, if not absolutely satisfactory in
 every respect.

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King St. East.

**J. E. PEAREN'S
 MONUMENTAL WORKS.**

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS
 IN THE LATEST DESIGNS.

Also Importers and Wholesale dealers in Italian
 Thin Marbles.

535 Yonge Street, - TORONTO.



**AFTER THE AMATEUR
 PERFORMANCES.**

Dr. Swillville.—What did you think, Miss
 Vere, of my rendering of the part last night?

Miss Vere.—I was most impressed with
 your wonderful memory, precisely the same
 faults as in your performance of it two years
 ago.

INVARIABLE INDICATIONS.

If you have Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Head-
 ache, rising and souring of food, wind in the stomach,
 a choking or gnawing sensation at the pit of the
 stomach, then you have sure indication of Dyspep-
 sia, which Burdock Blood Bitters will surely cure.
 It has cured the worst cases on record.

The Standard Piano of
 the world.

WEBER

NEW YORK.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES:

I. Suckling & Sons,

107 Yonge St., TORONTO.

BOILERS regularly inspected and Insured
 against explosion by the Boiler Inspection
 and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also con-
 sulting engineers and Solicitors of
 Patents. Head Office, Toronto: Branch
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J. YOUNG, THE LEADING UNDER-
 TAKER, 347 Yonge Street. Tele-
 phone 699.

WALL PAPERS.

Embossed Gold Parlor Papers.

New ideas or Dining-room decoration. Plain
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 grades. A large selection of medium-price papers of
 the newest designs and shades. Our specialties are
 Room Decoration and Stained Glass.

JOS. MCCAUSLAND & SON,

72 to 76 KING ST. WEST.

CHRONIC PULMONARY AFFECTIONS

Are immediately and permanently benefited by
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MALTO-YERBINE

It is the best remedy available for all Chronic
 Pulmonary Affections, Bronchitis, Difficult Expec-
 toration, and for ordinary Coughs and Colds. For
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PROCURED in Canada, the United
 States and all foreign countries,
 Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights,
 Assignments, and all Documents re-
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 shortest notice. All information
 pertaining to Patents cheerfully
 given on application. **ENGINEERS,**
 Patent Attorneys, and Experts in all
 Patent Causes. Established 1867.
 Donald C. Bidout & Co.,
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HARRY WEBB'S

Specialties for the Christmas Season are
 Plum Puddings, ready for the pot.
 Mince Meats (Prime).
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 Individual Ices.

Individual Salads, on silver dishes
 Christmas and New Year Cakes, in end-
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HARRY WEBB'S,
 447 YONGE STREET,
 TORONTO

— THE —
Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co'y.

Head Office, 38 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.
 Incorporated by special Act of the Dominion Parlia-
 ment.
 Authorized Capital & other Assets over \$2,000,000.

Full deposit with the Dominion Government.
 President—Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, P.
 C. G.C.B. Vice-Presidents—Sir Alex. Campbell,
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 Groderham, Esq., President of the Bank of Toronto
 William Bell, Esq., Manufacturer, Guelph.

J. B. CARLILE, Managing Director.
 Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.

J. M. PEAREN, DRUGGIST,



Cor. Carlton & Bleeker Sts.
 TELEPHONE 3118.
 TORONTO.

Business Index.

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GENTLEMEN requiring nobby stylish good-fitting, well-made clothing to order will find all the newest materials for the Spring Season, and two first-class cutters at **PETLEYS**, 128 to 132 King St. East.

J. W. CHEESEWORTH,
106 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
Fine Art Tailoring a Speciality.

JAS. COX & SON,
83 YONGE STREET,
Pastry Cooks and Confectioners. Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors.

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE
The most simple and perfect tailor system of cutting. Also the best Folding Wire Dress Form for draping, etc., at lowest prices. **MISS CHUBB**, 179 King St. West.

CUT STONE! CUT STONE!

You can get all kinds of Cut Stone work promptly on time by applying to **LIONEL YORKE**, Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis St., Toronto.

G. W. E. FIELD,
Architect,
YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO, ONT.

GAS FIXTURES.

Bennett & Wright's
NEW SHOW ROOMS

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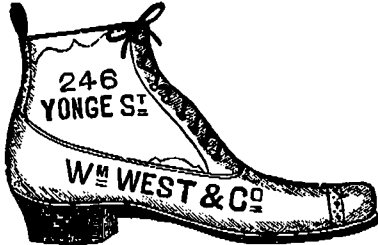
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