

# THE GLOBE

FOUNDED 1827

INDEPENDENT  
JOURNAL  
OF HUMOR  
AND CARICATURE

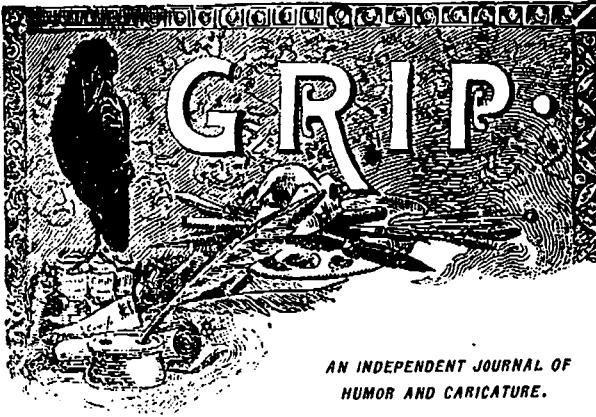


## CONSPIRATORS AT WASHINGTON!!!

(Designed from information furnished to the "Globe" by a correspondent at the American Capital,—and not particularly denied by the parties implicated.)

ED. OF MAIL TO UNCLE SAM.—"Don't make any offer of Reciprocity, and before long you will have Canada asking for Annexation!"

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Comments on the Cartoons.



SIG. JOHNNA, THE LION KING.—The Parliament of the Dominion is again assembled "for the transaction of business,"—ironical phrase! It is expected that the session will be a lively one. If the members have any regard whatever for the interests of GRIP, they will see that this expectation is realized, for the making of bricks without straw is child's play to the making of cartoons without political incident wherewith to construct them. The episode which is looked for with the greatest interest is the

introduction by Mr. McCarthy of his promised (or perhaps we should say threatened,) resolution in favor of abolishing French as an official language in the North-West Territories. This proposed action, according to the popular understanding, inspires both Government and Opposition with terror, for both have the fear of the French vote before their eyes. It all depends on Mr. McCarthy, however. If that gentleman proves in all respects as good as the speeches he has been making of late, we will, no doubt, see a *mal quart d'heure* (this is unofficial French), for both the party leaders, though everybody knows that, reasonable as the resolution is, it will certainly be voted down. If Mr.

McCarthy goes back on his Equal Rights record through the subtle influence of party exigencies, the expected great episode will end in a fizzle. This is what the chieftain is evidently counting on, for he has given no signs of undue terror as yet. He goes boldly into the cage of this Roaring Lion, with full confidence that his eye has lost none of its old-time power, and he has never yet seen the Conservative lion that he couldn't conquer—Cartwright alone excepted.

"CONSPIRATORS AT WASHINGTON."—"We made allusion last week to the charge made through the *Globe* involving the editor and manager of the *Mail* in an alleged plot to prevent the American Government from making an offer of Reciprocity to Canada. We then expressed the opinion that the *Mail's* reply to the charge was not satisfactory to those who would fain continue to have faith in the honesty and independence of that journal, which is unquestionably the leading paper of the Dominion. If there is no truth whatever in the story the *Mail* owes it to itself and its friends to produce the proof. A statement from Senator Hoar, testifying that the unknown correspondent at Washington has grossly libelled the representatives of the *Mail* in saying that they supplied his committee with information tending to discourage an offer of Reciprocity, could be easily secured, and would, no doubt, set the matter at rest.



UR own crank may be cranky, but his crankiness is amiable—nay, admirable. He insists that Great Britain and America shall join in an ultimatum to the Czar of Russia, calling upon that candle-eating barbarian to release forthwith all the political prisoners now languishing in the mines of Siberia and in the hundreds of prisons throughout the Empire. If the Czar refuses to comply, "then," says our enthusiast of humanity, "let him and his infernal throne

be knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite!" Our crank proposes to start on a tour throughout the Anglo-Saxon world preaching this crusade, and we wish the public to know that he carries our blessing with him. Is there anything unreasonable about this demand, when you come to think of it? Will anyone who has read Mr. Geo. Kennan's articles in the *Century*, deny that there is an urgent demand for some such action on the part of the civilized nations in the interest of humanity? Thousands of the best men and women of Russia, guilty of no crime, are to-day enduring agonies unmentionable by the will of a knavish autocrat, who is not fit to black their boots, and we, the free and liberty-loving people of the world, are content to look on without saying a word! It is a disgrace to humanity. But there—we shall be getting as cranky as our crank if we don't change the subject.

\* \* \*

BEFORE changing the subject, however, read the following brief extract from the *New York Herald*, with a calm breast if you can:

In Russia a man or woman may be seized and banished to Siberia for years or for life without redress.

"By order of the Czar!"

Families can be broken up, lives ruined, children orphaned, hearts made desolate at a moment's notice, without trial or defence permitted to the victim.

"By order of the Czar!"

In the vast extent of Russian territory millions of subjects are utterly at the caprice of one man, and all the sunshine of life may disappear for them, and hope and energy go out in the vast and bitter solitude of Siberia.

"By order of the Czar!"

Can't something be done for our fellow-creatures of Russia? Let the Czar be regulated.  
 "By order of the People!"

ceeded, yet we are free to admit that he has largely aided in making GRIP the truly good paper it is. For some seventeen years now, we have kept a piercing eye on Sir John, and if he has done many bad things that we have failed to show up with pen and pencil, he is even smarter than he gets credit for being. All we want is time, and we will surely mould Sir John to the pattern of a model statesman. Seventeen years has only given us a fair start on the contract. We hope to have that many more, at least.

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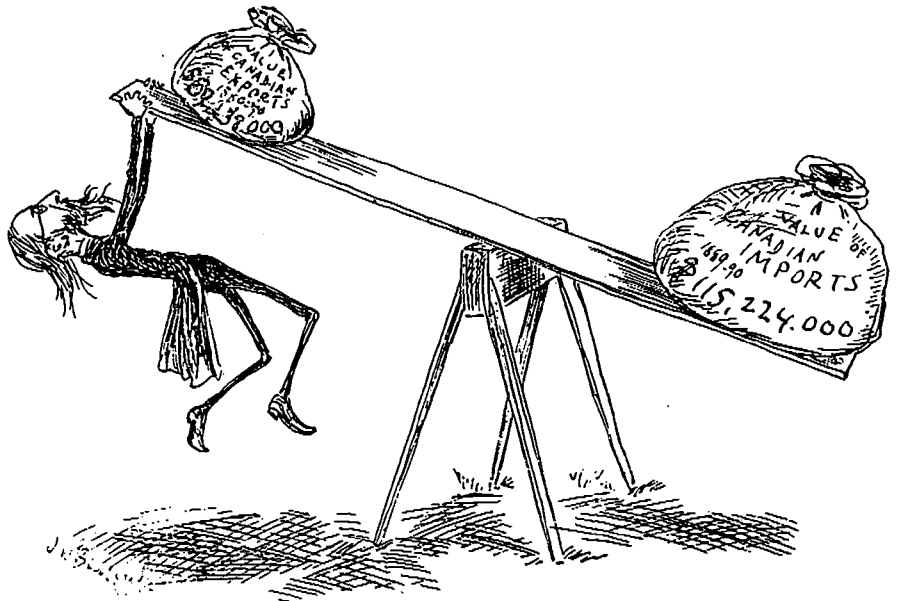
**T**HE good cause of Home Rule for Scotland is making slow but sure progress. This is not to be wondered at, for Scotchmen are notoriously level-headed, and cannot fail to see that all the arguments are on the side of local management of local affairs. We in Canada are only "colonists," of course, and cannot possibly have so much sense as the people at 'ome, but it seems tolerably clear that until the British Government is reorganized upon the Dominion plan, there will never be peace and contentment in any of the four kingdoms.

\* \* \*

**I**T is queer to think of the City Council without Ald. John Baxter, and the fact that this old municipal war-horse has withdrawn the light of his countenance and the heft of his ponderosity from the civic chamber, is one which calls for record amongst the important events of the time. It deserves more than passing mention, indeed, and next week GRIP will endeavor to depict the overwhelming grief into which John's withdrawal has

\* \* \*

**T**HAT grand old warrior of the Methodist church, Dr. Douglass, of Montreal, has been indulging in a little plain talk about the morals of certain Canadian public men in both municipal and national positions. The good gentleman seems to be well filled up with facts, and could come down with names and particulars in a highly sensational manner if he liked; but he contents himself with pointing the finger of scorn in general terms, being content that the galled jade should wince in private. Quite properly, Dr. Douglass reserves his most scathing denunciations for the voters by whose ballots these unworthy individuals are placed in high positions and kept there year after year. But who does he mean, we wonder?



**THE BALANCE OF TRADE.**

FOSTER—"This is awful! When the balance of trade is against a country that country is on the road to blue ruin according to the gospel of Protection. Dear, oh dear, and what *can* I do about it?"

\* \* \*

**I**T will be news to most of our readers, perhaps, to learn that in the New England States, Canadians are banding together to fight in local elections as Canadians, and that in a recent contest the combine was strong enough to elect their countryman and ours, greatly to the disgust and indignation of United States. The Canadians issued red-hot hand bills rallying the loyal sons of the Dominion to the polls, and all that sort of thing. Now, the prevailing impression is, that when our folks settle across the line they become loyal in all respects to the American flag and constitution—as they ought. The facts given above will dispel this idea. It may moderate the amazement of the reader, however, to mention that the Canadians who work the nationality scheme in New England are from Quebec, and that the campaign referred to was conducted in French.

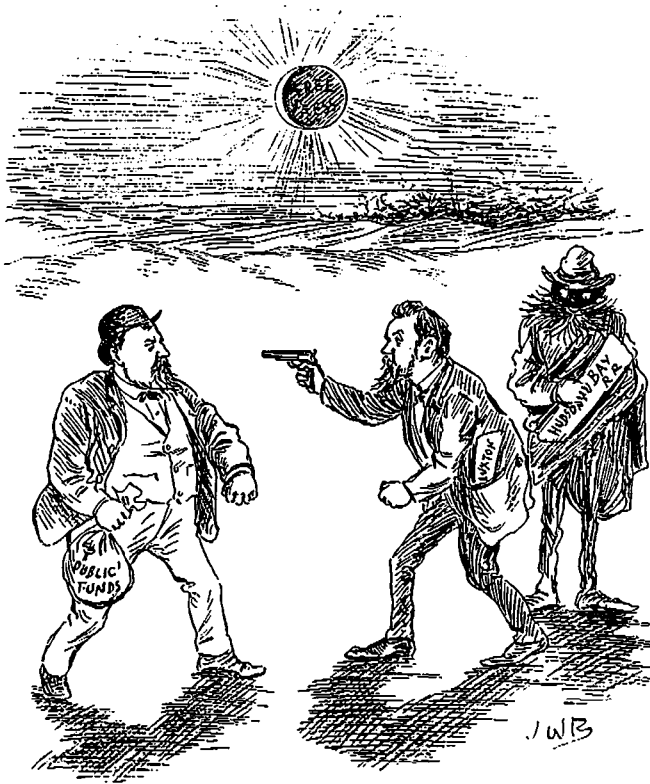
plunged his erstwhile colleagues. It is pleasant to know that the worthy and unterrified representative of St. Patrick's Ward has not retired because his faculties have become the worse for wear, but because, on the contrary, his intellect has become so clear and powerful by long practice at civic sleight-of-hand that the Bench demands his services. We hope he may long live to lend his weight to the assistant magistracy.

**A USEFUL PRESENT.**

\* \* \*

**S**IR JOHN MACDONALD will please accept GRIP's sincere congratulations on having attained his seventy-fifth birthday. While we cannot flatter ourselves that our pretty steady and always well-meant efforts to make the Premier a truly good man have entirely suc-

**T**HE Political Science Class of Toronto University has presented Mr. David Mills, Q.C., with a red bag. This is to carry his new Q.C. gown and law books in, but there will be plenty of room left for all he knows about the Henry George theory without endangering the seams.



### TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE (WINNIPEG) SUN.

(And an interesting proceeding that is expected to take place under cover of the consequent darkness.)

LUXTON—"Now, then, we'll trouble you for a subsidy."

### THE NEW FUEL.

MRS. B.—"Don't you find it a very uncomfortable job these cold mornings splitting pine and getting shavings to light the fire?"

MR. B.—"Don't have to. When I am routed out of my warm bed my wrath is kindling. I use that."

### THE CANADIAN.

A NOVEL A LA HENRY  
JAMES, JUN.

#### CHAPTER I.

AWKS alive! here I am in Boston at last," remarked Percival Pencraft, as he thoughtfully paced his apartments in the Gloucester House, and gazed from the sixth story window on the unwonted scene before him. The streets were full of people, and street cars glode rapidly up and down, crowded to their utmost capacity with passengers. Percival had never seen a

street car before, and in the little Canadian village where he had been born and brought up, three men and a boy

constituted a crowd—so he was naturally surprised at the spectacle which now met his gaze.

"Yes, I am here at last," he proceeded to soliloquize—"my business here, it may be necessary to explain to the intelligent reader, is to hunt up my Yankee uncle, Octavius Snogglethorpe, who lives somewhere in the suburbs, and has written, asking me to pay him a visit. Furthermore, my particular purpose is to demonstrate the difference between a Canadian and an American, and so let the people of this part of the world have an idea of how uncivilized and lacking in that culture which New England alone can bestow, are the outside barbarians. Seeing that I come from Canada, the intelligent reader must be prepared for all kinds of eccentricities on my part, for naturally I cannot be expected to know any better."

#### CHAPTER II.

The mansion of Hon. Octavius Snogglethorpe stood in the outskirts of the thriving town of Langtree, about three miles from Boston. Its owner was a descendant of a Pilgrim Father, and his expansive forehead, keen grey eyes, and firm, yet kindly mouth, betokened somewhat of the ancestral spirit, yet tempered with the amenities of modern culture. His only daughter, Anastasia, a belle of some eighteen summers, was a model of feminine grace, blended with intellectuality, and displayed an introspectiveness, rare in one so young.

"Your cousin, Percival Pencraft, will arrive this morning," said Hon. Octavius to Anastasia. "His presence here will afford you an unaccustomed opportunity to differentiate, as it were, between those loftier planes of the mental and moral sphere in which we circumferentiate, and the crude and coarse characteristics of those who have never been subject to such refining influences. He is a Canadian."

"A Canadian—how horrid!" said Anastasia. "It is incomprehensible to me how human beings can continue to pursue the weary round of an uncultured existence in those far-away places, when they might live in Boston."

"Here he is," said her father, as the thud of a ponderous cowhide boot against the door announced his advent. Percival had never seen a door-bell in Canada, of course. They don't have them on their log houses.

#### CHAPTER III.

On being admitted, Percival strode unceremoniously into the apartment, and, for a wonder, removed his massive cap. The refinements of Boston were beginning to tell on him unconsciously.

"Hello, uncle!" he exclaimed. "Glad to make your acquaintance. Old man, shake!"

"I am pleased to welcome you, my nephew," said Mr. Snogglethorpe, in a tone of dignified hauteur. "This is Anastasia, your cousin."

"Ah—I hope I see you miss—I s'pose that, being your cousin, you know—"

He approached as if to kiss her, but she drew back with an air of frigid propriety.

"Osculation," she remarked, "is essentially archaic, and a survival destined to disappear in the process of sociological evolutions."

"Oh, excuse me," said Percival, "no offence, I hope. By the way, uncle," he continued, anxious to change the



### THE GRAND OLD TACTICIAN.

MISS CANADA—"Let me congratulate you, Sir John, on your seventy-fifth birthday. You must be weary of public life by this time, and anxious to give way for younger men."

SIR JOHN—"Not a bit of it, my dear. I'm good for quite a lot of mischief yet!"

subject, I had no idea you kept a crockery store. Biz good?" "Crockery store! What do you mean?"

"Why, you don't want all them plates and pitchers and things for the family, surely?" said the Canadian, pointing to the porcelain on the walls and mantelpiece.

"Why, those are keramics, young man," said the Hon. Octavius with a stern face.

"Which?"

"Keramics—majolica and faience and other varieties of decorative art, such as are necessary to all who have the slightest pretensions to culture and artistic taste. Dear me, such ignorance is awful! But you are fatigued with your journey; will you not partake of some refreshments?"

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do."

"What will you have, sauterne, hock, marashino, madeira, or a good glass of sherry?"

"Thank you, I don't seem to tumble to them fancy beverages, but if you have a snifter of old rye in the house—"

"No, sir, we haven't. I am sorry we cannot gratify you in that respect, but our ways of living differ so essentially that I can neither offer you old rye, bread, nor the pemmican, nor beaver's tail, which, I am informed, are the staple food of your country."

### CHAPTER IV.

"Our relative is indeed sadly deficient in the æsthetic sense," said Mr. Snogglethorpe some days afterwards, "and yet methinks our cultured surroundings have vibrated some latent chords of his better nature."

"All untutored as he is," said Anastasia, "there are upwelling germs of soulfulness which at times flit athwart the gloom. Upon my inquiring, the other day, how he liked Joseph Cook as a lecturer, he replied in his native unsophisticated speech, that he was 'bully, and just knocked the spots off the Canadian preachers.' It was a sincere and heartfelt tribute, fraught with a depth of meaning that more polished phrasology might have lacked."

How trivial appear the conventionalities when the bosom is permeated with love's subtle thrill. On second thoughts, "trillsome subtleness" is a better expression. Canadian as he was, Anastasia saw beneath the uncouth diction and unpolished demeanour, a mind that might yet prove susceptible of those psychological emotions which require a number of long words and more space than we have at our disposal for their accurate definition.

In brief, she loved! All comprehensive and potent syllable! Old as Eden, yet fraught with eternal juvenescence.

"Percival, I fear me you are not happy here. You have lost your wonted flambuoyancy and abandon. Why thus moodful?"

"Alas, Anastasia," he murmured yearnfully, "if you knew the aspirations which—but no! 'Tis but a fevered d-a-r-ream. It cannot be. You, the child of culture and the decorative arts, you never could love a crude Canadian."

"Percival," she said, in her most persuasive tones, "you know the philosophic dictum that evolution tends to bring all into harmony with their environments. The molecular attraction is potently synthetic, is it not? Oh, Percival, let us evolve!"

And the mellow autumn sun flooded the apartment with a blaze of golden light, symbolic of the aureole of hope which seemed to gild the brow of the future. Which is a fine sentence to conclude with, if not scrutinized too closely in the effort to make sense of it.

FOILED again, as the beer bottle said when it was refilled.

## HOW OUR SCIONS SPRING UP.



MR. WREIGH NECKER  
(reading extract  
from Mrs. Wreigh  
Necker's last let-  
ter, after a few  
months' business  
trip.)—

"We have decided  
to put little Harry  
into knickerbockers.  
Please buy him a  
pretty pair as you  
come through Tor-  
onto.



## A CABIDET BEETIG.

SCENE: *Ottawa. Morning of session opening. Enter SIR JOHN; to him, CARON.*

SIR JOHN—"Good bordidg, Carod. Glad to see you od had; didd't feel a bit like cobing byself, but business has got to be dud, you doe."

CARON—"Doe gettig out of that, Sir Jod. But where are the other fellows? They cad't be id eddy worse forb thad I ab, so there's do excuse for their absesse."

SIR JOHN—"This grippe is bost addoyidg. Kdocks busidess all to pot, ad here's the House just ready to begid and doe Govedbedt beasures ready."

CARON—"Cad't be helped, I suppose. Really, you doe, I cad't see through by eye-glass this bordig."

SIR JOHN—"Here, try wod of these troches. I fide theb capital thidgs."

CARON—"Thadks. Ad you try a pull at this—you wo't fide it half bad to take." (*Hands flask.*)

SIR JOHN—"Do thadks. I dod't take adything dow, you doe."

CARON—"But—bedicidally?"

SIR JOHN—"Well, yes, but odly as a bedicide, you doe." (*Takes a slight pull.*) But where are our— (*Enter page with telegram.*) Codfoud it! Here's a

wire frob old Carlidg, sayidg that he's got his feet id bustard ad water ad that his doctor forbids hib to stir out of doors for at least a fortdight!"

CARON—"I always said that Carlidg was a weaklidg at bottob. Hello, adother telegrab!" (*Enter messenger. Hands message.*)

SIR JOHN—"Yes, from Ladgevid, this time. He's dowed, too. Says his cheeks have swelled to such ad extedt that he is odly able to tallow the extrebe tip of his dose."

CARON—"His cheek couldd't really swell, could it?"

SIR JOHN (*receiving third telegram*)—"The sabe old sodg is sudg by Foster. Too feverish to do eddything but gargle ad idhale the steab frob a brodchitis kettle. Ad—(*enter another page*)—here's adother coudty heard frob. (*Reads telegram.*) This is a joidt bessage from all the others—all dowed with the idfluedza."

CARON—"Well, Sir Jod, we bight as well adjourd. It wod't really bake eddy differedce, you doe, as we dever have Govordbedt busidess ready until the tail ed of the sessid, eddyhow."

SIR JOHN—"True. Adjourd for wadt of a quorab. (*Exeunt.*)

## THE BEREAVED CHAMBER.

THE lion in the coat of arms up over the Quen's portrait in the Council Chamber was looking awfully glum the other day when the unicorn accosted him in a sympathetic voice and enquired after his health.

"Oh, I really don't know how I feel," was Leo's querulous reply, "it's a strange sense of goneness, if you can understand—a sort of feeling that I have been bereft o some—"

"You're taking the grippe, I shouldn't wonder," suggested the unicorn.

"No, it isn't that. I've been taking the GRIP for years, and not even the lively humor of that choice family paper can revive my spirits. I feel like an orphan who has just lost his father."

"I understand you exactly, Leo, for come to think of it I have been feeling just exactly like that since Monday night, only I hadn't the flow of language to describe it. I wonder what ails us?"

Her Majesty, the Queen, who occupies the very ornate frame, overhearing the conversation, here interposed.

"Don't know what ails you, you stupid creatures? I've been feeling just the same way myself, and I've discovered what it is."

"Please, your Majesty, what?" enquired the supporter of the crown with courtly deference.

"We've lost Baxter!" said the Queen, in a trembling voice, and a sudden light broke over the face of the royal arms.

## IN MEMORIAM.

HENRY ERNEST SEARLE, CHAMPION OF ALL ROWERS.

JUST twenty-three, thou rower chief,  
Who bent'st alone the unconquered oar,  
Returned victorious from abroad  
Death's victim on thy native shore!

Old Charon saw the victor's shade  
Had reached Acheron's flood of gloom,  
His sculls with avensious frown resigned,  
And took the stern to give thee room.

REUB. RINBY.

## TO THE DOCTOR—(NOT TO US).

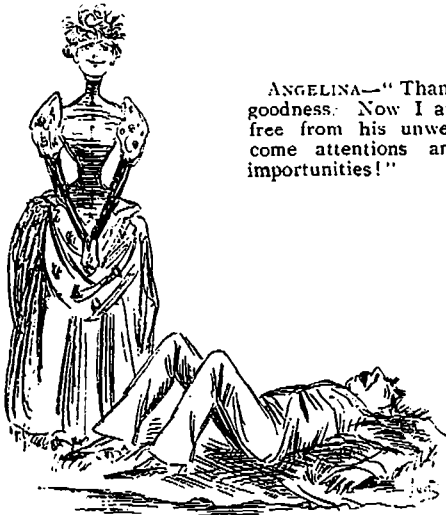
ST—st—st—kerchoo! Stop my grippe!!



## A REALISTIC DRAMA.

ALGERNON—"How, oh, how can I prove my love for you, Angelina? Put me to the test—I would not hesitate to die to do you service."

ANGELINA—"Die, then."



ANGELINA—"Thank goodness. Now I am free from his unwelcome attentions and importunities!"

## THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

"Our life is a garden."

A SWEET poetess beautifully asserts, without fear of successful contradiction.

So it is—both flower and vegetable.

We look around about us, and on every hand we are greeted with the glories of floral perfection, and the prospects of prizes for roots at the next Fall show. Our eyes are gladdened by the sight of myriad-hued marvels of Nature's painting, and at the same time we notice that the potato tops need Paris-green.

Our senses are at once electrified and soothed by the exhalations from sweet-scented blooms, and we are only aroused to cold-fact consciousness by the sudden recollection that the onion-bed wants weeding.

As our gardens, so our lives. In the flower-garden of Life we must raise Sweet Williams—some of us are not familiar enough with them to call them bills—to pay our grocery account. This would not occasion us so great

concern had we Asters to pull. What day passes that we do not utter a Fuschias, not to speak of more able-bodied objur—or, rather, observations! And don't we know that our German neighbor, in the clothing line, never rises in the morning without anxiety as to whether there will "peony pizness to-day?" We are well aware that the crocusses at the scare in the corn-field, and harshly caws "Begonia!" Think, too, how well the maiden knows the daisies coming; while pansy eagerly, also, at the thought of the time when tulips will meet his, and pinks be on her cheeks as he whispers, "Petunia going to wed!" At other times, possibly, she is such a primrose that he will exclaim, "Damask-ing her!"

Does not there enter into every life experience of the verbena, mena, mina, mo?

Is not our pathway often rugged, and are not the boulders blocking it no shamrocks?

O, flowers, I am so gladiolus in your sweet embrace! We could enjoy wine in the Garden of Life, but for the portulacca!

But thistle do.

In the vegetable Garden of Life do we not encounter beets? The pumpkin run dry, but the celery should always lettuce have water-cress we want. Sweet peas! I ate them, and my brother Tomato. Does ever a wurtzell befall us than when we proceed to get parsnip ready for him in the morning, and find the jar onion shelf empty?

Let us, while in the Garden of Life, take carrot we do not turnip our nose and cauliflower out of its name.

T. T.

## NOT WONDERFUL.

GRIT—"I see that Sir John has had an attack of grippe."

TORY (*furiously*)—"Oh that infernal paper is always going for the Old Man!"

HOWEVER short a ton of coal may be, it is almost certain to be-long to some one.



## MISS BLANK.

SHE was a pretty girl when she came into the car, but the "gentlemen" opposite have quite stared her out of countenance.





### TING-A-LING!

NEWSBOY—"GRIP, sir?"

WAYFARER—"Guess that's what it is, sonny. I've bin blowin' my nose all day."

### EXPERIENCE GUIDED HIM.

THEY were having a dispute as to the correct way to pronounce the word "patent," when a third man happened along in the person of Caveat.

"I say, Caveat," said the louder of the two disputants, "you are an inventor, and ought to be an authority. How do you pronounce it—'pat-tent' or 'pay-tent'?"

And Caveat, a disappointed dealer in such things, growled: "Oh, call it 'pat-tent.' I never found any 'pay' in it!"

T. T.

### AN HONOR GRADUATE.

JOKE LIN (to his friend Soberley, after bowing profoundly to a lady they met)—"You may not believe me, but that lady, though with only a common school education when she was married, has, since then, graduated with honors and taken her degree."

SOBERLEY—"Well, well! Is it possible? What college was it, and what degree did she get?"

JOKE LIN—"The name of the college was Home, and the degree M-a—with a little 'a,' and no period intervening."

Soberley cheerfully pays for them.

T.

### SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

"GOOD mornin', Mrs. O'Rafferty. Sure that's an illigant cuspidor ye have an the table forninst ye."

"Cushpidor? Sure, that's no cushpidor. It's a card basket that was gev to me New Year's by Mister Muldoon; an' here's his card, d'ye moind, the first that was put into it."

"Och, murther. Sure isn't it him that has the illigant bong tong shtyle about him. Musha now, luk at the way he spells the name of him, 'Dionysius J. M'Uldoone.' Fohat does it mane at all?"

"Fuhy, Miss Flaherty, is that all you know av the ways of sassiety? 'Dennis' is too low for anything ever sin' the byes shtarted that gag about 'his name is Dinnis,' an'

so he put it Dionysius instid—and hasn't he just as good a right to shpell M'Uldoone wid a thingamyjig atween the M an' the U as D'Alton McCarthy or D'Arcy McGee? It's all the shtyle, I tell ye."

"It's right yez arc, Mrs. O'Rafferty, an' the nixt cards. I have printed I'll have me name shpelt 'Judiana F'lahertye.'"

### THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

THE Canadian political situation is, of course, keenly scrutinized from the Vatican at present, his Holiness being kept informed of the slightest change that occurs by his faithful Canadian hierarchy. With recent developments Pope Leo has every reason to be satisfied, but for a single fly in the ointment—the nature of which the following telegraphic correspondence between his Holiness and Cardinal Taschereau, will officially indicate:

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"How are things?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"Excellent, well, my liege. We are carrying all before us. Equal Rights has been defeated in its stronghold—Toronto—the headquarters of Orange fanaticism."

POPE LEO—"Jubilate! Gaudeamus! Hurroo! and other remarks to the same effect. And Sir John and Premier Mowat? Are they still our faithful servitors?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU—"They are, my liege, as ever devoted to our cause—and the Catholic vote."

POPE LEO—"And Goldwin Smith?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU—"Continues to assail us with his pen, but took the opportunity, publicly, to support an enemy of Equal Rights against one of its strongest champions for the Mayoralty of Toronto."

POPE LEO—"A fig for such opponents! We can afford to despise them. But have you told me all? Are there no drawbacks to our triumph?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU—"It grieves me to say there are, your Holiness. And yet so trivial withal that 'tis scarce meet to fret your infallibility therewith."

POPE LEO—"Let me know all."

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU—"I deeply regret to say that the renegade Sam Hughes' paper, the Lindsay *Warder*, continues to spell 'Roman Catholic' with a small 'r' and 'c.'"

POPE LEO—"Foiled! Foiled! Then all our machinations come to naught!" (*Gnashes his teeth, rends his hair and vestments and grovels on the tessellated pavement in anguish pitiable to behold.*)

### CONGRATULATIONS.

MA CHÈRE GRIPPE,—I just drop you this to offer you my heartiest congratulations on the sudden and marvellous increase which the last few weeks have witnessed in your *d clientele*. I understand that all the crowned heads of Europe are shaking over you, that the public are in fits about you, that the children cry for you as they do for Castoria, Pears' soap, etc., and that no family is without you. Now, my dear quondam GRIP, this is quite as it should be, but it seems to me that your head must have been a little turned when you took to Frenchifying your name; and, moreover, I think you go a little too far when, instead of being content, as formerly, with making our sides ache, you produce pains in the head and back as well.

Hoping you will receive these remarks in a friendly spirit, I remain, Yours in fluenza, AT—CHEW!!!





SIGNOR JOHNNA, THE LION KING

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to enter the cage and exhibit my mastery over this Roaring Political Lion. Just watch me!"



### HIS METHOD.

SOKER—"Whenever I drink I can't work, and so I let it go."

JOGGS—"Which, the drink?"

SOKER—"No; the work."

### THE NEW ART.

**ADVERTISING.**—An experienced journalist is open for engagement; able to write up artistic advertisements; first-class solicitor; not "a local fakir"; only mediums able to pay salaries when they fall due need apply, and such must be prepared to pay well for services that will be energetically and efficiently rendered.—*Advt. in Toronto Paper.*

This is about on a par with the advertisement inserted by the ambitious young man to whom work was not so much an object as a good salary. That is to say, in point of frankness. In other respects it forms somewhat of a contrast.

This self-possessed young man appears to believe that the canvas is more powerful than the pen. Will he join me in positively asserting further that the canvas-back duck is more powerful, on the table, than the *décolleté* domestic bird?

The artistic branch of journalism to which he belongs, is not the sanctum sort or the wood-cut kind. It has to do only with advertisements. Art in advertising is highly desirable, not to say necessary, in these days, when one of the great ambitions of our lives is to successfully avoid the advertising snares in the papers in our endeavors to get at the news. The old and original advertisement used to be written thus:—

MR. WILLIAM JOHN ROBINSON

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THIS TOWN AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY

THAT HE HAS JUST LAID IN AN IMMENSE

STOCK OF

GENERAL DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC.

FISH, HAMS, CANNED GOODS, PATENT MEDICINES,

STATIONERY, ETC., ETC.

EVERYTHING BOUGHT FOR CASH, AND MUST BE SOLD

EARLY TO MAKE ROOM FOR FRESH

IMPORTATIONS.

CALL AND EXAMINE!

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!

FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE!

REMEMBER THE PLACE—TWO DOORS NORTH OF THE POST-OFFICE.

WILLIAM JOHN ROBINSON,

NOTED CHEAP STORE.

A man did not require a university degree to become author of an advertisement of this nature. There was no particular literary finish to it, or classical halo around it. It was simply a plain, common, board fence announcement, that you could read without running.

But now they prepare advertisements on different plans and specifications. A sort of lambent nimbus and pictures accompany them. The type looks colder and more menacing, and, as to the letter-press itself, experts are its inventors and fashioners, and will suffer hereafter for it. To so couch a business puff that it can be sandwiched in between hunks of real news, without disclosing its dread identity until too late for the unsuspecting victim to escape, has become one of the greatest of modern vic— that is to say, arts. So we find brilliant journalists devoting their time, talents, inventive genius and reputation in a new and prolific field. Probably that is why so many papers are comparatively spiritless and sensationless these times, and so strangely given to calm facts, editorially and locally. How is this steady sapping of the very life-blood of the Press to be stopped? may well be asked, in hollow tones.

Our advertising hero recognizes the presence of "fakirs" in the new field. So can any one when he comes across a paragraph of this sort:

**A RUSHING TRADE.**—The celebrated Maginnis Brothers are doing a stupendous trade these days. Customers are climbing over each other's backs in the mad effort to reach the counter and be served. Policemen guard the doors to keep back the surging masses. This firm are selling ready-made clothing 50 per cent. below cost, and giving away valuable presents as well. No wonder they succeed. No surprise that they down all opponents. They are the Napoleons of the clothing trade, and will never meet with a Waterloo. Call, see and be convinced. Elsewhere in this issue this enterprising house makes a specific announcement.

That sort is the patent, undisguised, twenty-five-cent-a-line fakir article, warranted to suit any style of business—or no charge. The æsthetic, art-journalistic, college graduate style reads like this, and gets a place on the editor's page:

AGREES WITH THE SUN.

Conversing with Mr. Jones, of the firm of Jones, Brown & Smith, dry goods importers, that gentleman said yesterday to a *Sun* representative:—"I entirely concur in the opinion advanced by the *Sun* as to the need of more strict economy in the administration of our civic affairs. Taxation must be reduced, if we would have a prosperous and contented populace. Times are hard, money scarce, and the masses find it difficult to make both ends meet. Therefore, let us have saving in every department. So far as our business is concerned, (the speaker went on to say) we have scarcely felt the hard times, because we have arranged our prices to meet them. Our sales this season are ahead of last season's, and we shall try to keep this up. Yes, you have heard aright. Our Mr. Brown starts next week for the European markets. To be sure, I believe in advertising—and advertising in the *Sun*, too. Good-day, sir!"

The writer who can go the rounds and elaborate indefinitely in this fashion certainly wants his salary every pay-day.

Nor wants that salary small.

Let us trust this noble and outspoken Professor of Puffs will get a job—a good job—one that will give him a chance to display his erudition, to manifest his love of labor, and to earn glory and big money.—T. T.

"If I gave you a cent, Bobbie, what would you do with it?"  
 "I'd buy a postal card and write to you for a quarter."—*Harper's Weekly.*

**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.

Why don't you get something for your hands? Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is just what you want for chapped hands. Druggists keep it. Wm. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

**HENRY C. FORTIER,**  
 ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.  
 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., 16 Victoria Street.  
 Evenings, 57 Murray Street.

**A. E. FAWCETT,**  
 Chemist and Druggist,  
 67 KING ST. WEST (Near Bay Street).

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes Carefully Dispensed. Also a full line of Toilet Articles, fine Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, etc. Telephone orders promptly attended to. Telephone No. 73

**Diamond Engagement  
: RINGS :**

See our \$16.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00 Solitaire Diamond Rings, beautifully mounted in solid 15k Gold—the best value in the market.

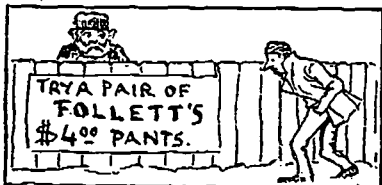
**KENT BROTHERS,**  
 MANUFACTURING - JEWELLERS,  
 168 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

N.B.—Our illustrated catalogue, sent free to any address on application.

**THE CANADA  
Accident Assurance Co'y**  
*Issues Policies Covering Steamboat  
and Railway Disasters, as well as Casualties  
in the Street, the Home, etc.*

Do Not Hesitate about Taking a Policy. Delays are Dangerous

HEAD OFFICE—Manning Arcade, Toronto.



**PANTS \$3**  
 Send three-cent stamp for samples and self-measurement blanks. Will include linen tape measure if you mention this paper.  
**DOMINION PANTS CO.**  
 362 and 364 St. James Street, Montreal.

—THE—  
**Temperance and General  
Life Assurance Co.**

MOTTO—"Economy and Security."

HEAD OFFICES—  
 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto.

POLICIES ISSUED ON LEVEL AND NATURAL PREMIUM PLANS,  
**Special Plan and Rates for  
TOTAL ABSTAINERS.**

HON. GEO. W. ROSS, President.  
 H. O'HARA, Man. Director

**Dentists.**

**J. A. MILLS,**  
 Dental Surgeon, Graduate and Medallist in Practical Dentistry of R.C.D.S. Office, South-west Corner Spadina Avenue and College Street, Toronto.

**SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH,**  
 DENTISTS.  
 171 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Over Imperial Bank.  
 Entrance on Queen Street.

**C. V. SNELGROVE,**  
 DENTAL SURGEON,  
 97 Carlton Street, - Toronto.  
 Porcelain Crowns, Gold Crowns and Bridge work a speciality. Telephone No. 3031.

**TEETH WITH OR  
WITHOUT A PLATE**  
 BEST teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8. Vitalized air. Telephone 1476. C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

**Embellish Your Announcements**

**THE GRIP  
Designing & Engraving  
DEPARTMENT**

Offers to Retail Merchants and all others an opportunity to embellish, and thus very much improve their advertising announcements at a small cost. They are prepared to execute orders for

**Designing and Engraving  
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.**

Maps, Portraits, Engravings of Machinery Designs of Special Articles for sale, or of anything else required for illustration or embellishment, produced at short notice, on liberal terms, and in the highest style of the art. Satisfaction always guaranteed. Designs made from description.

**SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.**

**LLOYD N. WATKINS.**  
 Teacher of the Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.  
 Residence, 303 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

**DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE**  
 Best Tailor System of Cutting. Waist Linings cut for 25 cents. Ordered Coisets—perfect fit guaranteed. Miss Chuan, 426 1/2 Yonge Street, just below College. Adjustable Wire Dress Forms.

**"Public School Temperance."**

The attention of teachers is respectfully called to this new work, designed for use in the Public Schools. It is placed on the programme of studies under the new regulations and is authorized by the Minister. It will be used in three forms. The object of the book is to impart to our youth information concerning the properties and effects of alcohol, with a view to impressing them with the danger and the needlessness of its use.

The author of the work is the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of England; and, this book, though somewhat less bulky, being printed in smaller type contains the whole of the matter of the English edition, slightly rearranged, as to some of the chapters to suit the requirements of our Public School work. It is, however, but half the price of the English edition.

The subject is treated in a strictly scientific manner, the celebrated author, than whom there is no better authority on this subject, using the researches of a lifetime in setting forth the facts of which the book discourses. At the same time the style is exceedingly simple; the lessons are short and accompanied by appropriate questions, and the language is adapted to the comprehension of all who may be required to use the book. Price 5 cents, at all bookstores.

The Grip Printing & Publishing Co.

**COAL AND WOOD.**



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

**W. E. GALLEY,**  
 Chemist and Druggist, Corner Carlton and Bleecker Streets, Toronto. Use Galley's Pectoral Balsam for Coughs, Colds and Influenza.



**Cyclostyle Duplicating Apparatus,** for duplicating writing, typewriting, drawing or music. "Two thousand exact copies from one writing," each copy having all the appearance of an original. Simple, reliable, economical, rapid, clean and durable. Endorsed by 3,000 firms, corporations and institutions throughout the Dominion. Invaluable to teachers for reports, circulars, examination papers, copying music, maps, drawings and all classical work. Write for circular and testimonials. Cyclostyle Co., 16 King Street East, Toronto.

**See the Wheeler & Wilson  
No. 9 & No. 12 Sewing Machines**

Call or write for prices. Telephone 277.

**Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.**  
 266 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.



**TEN POUNDS  
IN  
TWO WEEKS  
THINK OF IT!**

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

## CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA. BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon. Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

## BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Young Ladies,

50 and 52 Peter Street, Toronto.

MISS VEALS, (Successor to Mrs. Nixon.)

Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Science, Literature, Elocution.

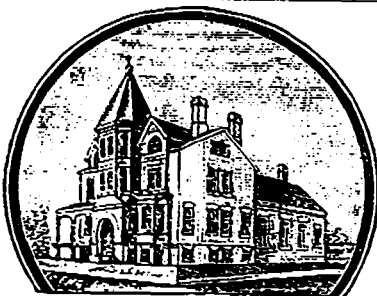
Pupils studying French and German are required to converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes  
Young Ladies prepared for University Matriculation.

# Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

## CURES

Impure Blood,  
Dyspepsia,  
Liver Complaints,  
Biliousness,  
Kidney Complaint,  
Scrofula.



## TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

Thorough Musical Education in all branches.  
F. H. Torrington Director, 22 and 24 Pembroke St.

USE

**MORSE'S HELIOTROPE  
TOILET SOAP.**



## SOCIAL CONTRASTS--I.

Here he is calling on a friend who has a bad cold, and telling him that "a cold is a beastly nuisance, of course, but nothing to make a great fuss about."

(See page 62)



Beware of Imitations.



pleasant cure for a headache is possible, while the stopper left out for a few moments enables a delightful perfume to escape, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.—*Le Follet*.  
Made only by the

Crown Perfumery Co.

177 New Bond St., London, Eng. Sold everywhere.

## Crab Apple Blossoms.

Extra concentrated. The fragrant, delicious and universally popular new perfume of the Crown Perfumery Co. "A scent of surpassing delicacy, richness and lasting quality."—*Court Journal*.

## Invigorating Lavender Salts.

The universally popular new smelling salts of the Crown Perfumery Co.

No more rapid or pleasant cure for a headache is possible, while the stopper left out for a few moments enables a delightful perfume to escape, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.—*Le Follet*.  
Made only by the

Crown Perfumery Co.

177 New Bond St., London, Eng. Sold everywhere.



## GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM

Prepared by J. A. Gibbons & Co., Toronto.  
Sold by all druggists. Price 15 cents.

## EAGLE STEAM WASHER.



Good Agents wanted. Send for trial machine.  
Meyer, Bros.  
Successors to Geo. D. Ferris & Co.,  
87 Church St.  
Toronto, - Can.



## PROVIDENT LIFE AND LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION (Incorporated).

Home Office, 43 Queen St. E., Toronto, Can.

In the Life Department this Association provides Indemnity for sickness and accident, and substantial assistance to the relatives of deceased members at terms available to all. In the Live Stock Department, two-thirds indemnity for loss of Live Stock of its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid, etc.  
WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.

## Health and Comfort Secured,

and Money Saved by using the DOMINION RUBBER WEATHER STRIPS, the Best and Cheapest. For neatness, durability, permanence and effectiveness they are recommended by the leading architects of Toronto. Manufactured by Wm. Beers, 168 Adelaide St. W., Toronto



ALL DRUGGISTS, AGENTS.

## STANTON, PHOTOGRAPHER,

Corner of YONGE & ADELAIDE STREETS.  
Take the elevator to studio.



**YORK - SOAP - COMPANY**

Have just started to place on the market their  
**LEADER BRAND FAMILY AND  
 LAUNDRY SOAPS, ALSO THE OLIVE OIL  
 POMADE SOAPS, POTASH, SCOURING,  
 WOOLEN AND CROWN HARNESS SOAPS-**  
 32 Francis Street, Toronto.

JAS. COX & SON,  
 83 Yonge Street, Toronto,  
 Pastry Cooks and Confectioners. Luncheon and Ice  
 Cream Parlors.

**A SPLENDID CHANCE.  
 WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS  
 "GRIP"  
 AND THE  
 WORLD TYPE-WRITER**

For \$10, cash with order.  
 The price of the Type-Writer alone is \$10.  
 See advertisement of this machine  
 in another column (p. 12).

**Confederation Life**

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.  
 PRESIDENT,  
 SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G.  
 VICE PRESIDENTS,  
 WM. ELLIOT. EDWARD HOOPER.

OVER  
**\$3,500,000**  
 ASSETS AND CAPITAL.

BUSINESS IN FORCE,  
**\$18,000,000.00.**

J. K. MACDONALD,  
 Man. Director.  
 W. C. MACDONALD,  
 Actuary.

Pays the Largest Profits.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING UNDER-  
 TAKER, 347 Yonge Street. Tele-  
 phone 679.

**THE HIGH SCHOOL  
 Drawing Course.**

Authorized by the Minister of Education.

The course is now complete:—

- No. 1—Freehand.
- No. 2—Practical Geometry.
- No. 3—Linear Perspective.
- No. 4—Object Drawing.
- No. 5—Industrial Design.

These books are all uniform in size and style, and constitute a complete uniform series. The same plan is followed through them all—the Text, the Problems, and opposite the Problems, in each case, the Exercises based upon them. The illustration is upon the same page with its own matter, and with the exercise, in every case, is a space for the student's work. Each copy, therefore, is a complete Text-book on its subject, and a Drawing Book as well, the paper on which the books are printed being first-class drawing paper. The student using these books, therefore, is not obliged to purchase and take care of a drawing book also. Moreover, Nos. 1, 4, and 5 are the only books on their subjects authorized by the Department. Therefore, if the student buys the full series, he will have a uniform, and not a mixed series covering the whole subjects of the examinations, and edited by Mr. Arthur J. Reading, one of the best authorities in these subjects in this country, and recently Master in the School of Art.

Price, Only 15 Cents a Book.

The Retail Trade may place their orders with their Toronto Wholesale Dealers.

**GRIP PRINTING & PUBLISHING Co.**  
 Publishers, Toronto.

**CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED**

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**\$12,000 GIVEN TO SUBSCRIBERS**

IN CASE THE GRANDEST OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PUBLISHER.



Instead of spending \$50,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S., we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the country to the other.

We have taken an ordinary pint measure, filled it with ordinary white pea beans, poured the beans into an ordinary pint fruit jar such as is used for preserving fruit, sealed it securely, and deposited it with a Brooklyn Trust Company. It cannot be opened or counted until April 15th, 1890, and no person now knows how many beans the jar contains.

The following 4895 PRESENTS will be GIVEN to the 4895 persons making

the BEST GUESSES of the NUMBER of BEANS the JAR CONTAINS:

1	Present to the person guessing the correct number.	\$1,500
1	" " nearest the correct number.	1,000
1	" " making the next best guess.	750
1	" " " " " "	500
1	" " " " " "	250
5	Presents to the persons making next best guess.	\$100 each, 500
25	" " " " " "	50 " 1,250
50	" " " " " "	30 " 1,500
100	" " " " " "	10 " 1,000
200	" " " " " "	5 " 1,000
300	" " " " " "	3 " 900
500	" " " " " "	2 " 1,000
4,000	" " " " " "	1 " 4,000

4,895 Presents, Amounting to \$12,000

To all of the rest who subscribe and send a guess, whether correct or not, we will give an elegant piece of silverware, valued at 50 cents or more, so that EVERY subscriber gets a present worth more than the subscription price.

**SEND YOUR GUESS** with name and address plainly written on a piece of paper the size of a postal card, and it will be recorded on our books at once. No charge is made for the guess, but in order to introduce our old and well established publication, THE POST AND TRIBUNE, into new homes, we make the contest answering this and sending a guess shall become a subscriber to our publication for at least three months, and send us thirty cents in postage stamps, postal note or silver, or fifty cents for six months' subscription, which entitles the subscriber to two guesses, or \$1.00 for one year and four guesses. The Jar will be opened and beans counted April 15th, 1890, by a committee chosen by the subscribers. Should no one guess the correct number, then the one guessing nearest will receive the first present of \$500. Should two or more persons guess the correct number, then the one whose guess is first received will receive the \$1,500 and the next the \$1,000, and so on.

**YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE!** If you will work among your acquaintances and form a club, we will send six 3 months' subscriptions for \$1.25, twelve 3 months' for \$2.50, 25 three months' for \$5.00, 50 three months' for \$10, 100 three months' for \$20. Each subscription to be accompanied with guess opposite name in plain figures. We send 6 six months' subscriptions for \$2.50, 12 for \$5, 25 for \$10, and each subscriber is entitled to two guesses. We send three yearly subscriptions for \$2.50, six for \$5, twelve for \$10, twenty-five for \$20, and each yearly subscriber is entitled to four guesses.

**THE POST AND TRIBUNE**

is one of the largest, handsomest and best publications issued from Brooklyn. It contains sixteen large pages of long columns, completely filled with newest and choicest reading for every member of every American home. It is beautifully illustrated, besides devoting two entire pages to Fashion Plates of the latest designs, and one or two pages to Cooking and Household Instruction. The subscription price has been reduced to only \$1.00 a year. We have been so long before the public that it ought to be a sufficient guarantee that we will do as we agree. If we are unknown to you, any bank, commercial agency or publisher in N. Y. will tell you who we are. Money may be sent by Postal Note, Registered Letter or P. O. Order. Address:

**THE POST AND TRIBUNE, No. 66 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.**  
 CUT THIS OUT AND SECURE A CLUB. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

**I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.**

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.



## SOCIAL CONTRASTS—II.

And this is he with a cold of his own, explaining to the same friend that a cold in the head is the most disagreeable, painful and dangerous malady under the sun.

## THE NEW AND HIGHER STANDARD



MR. YOST (the inventor of the two other typewriters whose use is world-wide), has perfected this machine upon simplified ideas.

NO RIBBON. DIRECT PRINTING.  
PERMANENT ALIGNMENT.  
UNLIMITED SPEED.  
HEAVY MANIFOLDER

E. W. BURCH & Co.

GENERAL AGENTS,  
52 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont

**S. H. SMITH,**  
(Late of J. G. Ramsey & Co.), Importer and Dealer in  
**Photographic Materials,**  
AMATEUR EQUIPMENTS, Etc.  
Office and Warerooms—  
Medical Building, 159 Bay St., Toronto.

## MUSIC.

For You Waltz, Ostlere, 60c.  
Fiddle and I, Roeder, 60c  
Little Gleaners' Waltz, Roeder, 60c.  
Of all music dealers, or mailed by  
Edwin Ashdown, 13 Richmond St. W., Toronto

## A. S. VOGT

Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, pupil of Adolf Ruthardt, Dr. Papperitz, Dr. Klengel, S. Jadassohn, Paul Quasdorf. Teacher of Pianoforte, Organ and Musical Theory. Address Toronto College of Music, or 305 Jarvis Street.

## UNION BANK OF CANADA

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$1,200,000

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ANDREW THOMSON, Esq., President.  
E. J. PRICE, Esq., Vice-President.  
Hon. THOS. MCGREEVY, D. C. THOMSON, Esq., E. GIROUX, Esq., E. J. HALE, Esq., SIR A. T. GALT, G.C.M.G.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.

E. E. WEBB, Cashier.

## BRANCHES.

Alexandria, Ont.; Iroquois, Ont.; Lethbridge N.W.T.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec Que.; Smith's Falls, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; West Winchester, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

## FOREIGN AGENTS.

London—The Alliance Bank (Limited). Liverpool—Bank of Liverpool (Limited). New York—National Park Bank. Boston—Lincoln National Bank. Minneapolis—First National Bank.

Collections made at all points on most favorable terms. Current rate of interest allowed on deposits.

J. O. BUCHANAN, Manager, Toronto



Geo. Bengough,

45 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.  
Price List on Application.

## THE PARMELEE Roofing and Paving Co.

Gravel Roofing for all kinds of Flat Roofs.  
Asphalt Paving for Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Brewer Stables, etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

10 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

## OUR DELIVERY.

We can deliver to any part of the City, from Parkdale to East of Don, North to the Junction.

RING US UP—739.



J. D. Nasmith

CORNER

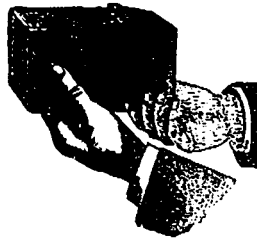
Jarvis and Adelaide.

## AIR BRUSH.

Applies liquid color by a jet of air. Gold, Silver and special medals of Franklin and American Institutes. Saves 75 per cent. of time in shading technical drawings. The crayon, ink or water colour portrait artist finds his labor lessened, his pictures improved and his profits increased by using the Air Brush. Write for illustrated pamphlet; it tells how to earn a living Air Brush Manufacturing Co., 107 Nassau Street Rockford, Ill.



ALWAYS :  
: READY.



## Photo Outfits.

New Catalogue  
1890  
Now Ready.

J. G. Ramsey & Co.

89 BAY STREET, Toronto.

## SEE BENNETT &amp; WRIGHT'S

NEW

## GAS • FIXTURES

AND

## GLOBES.

Show Rooms, Upstairs, 72 Queen St. E.

## STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY,

304 Church St.

J. HOFLAND.

Parcels Delivered to all parts of City.

W. H. FERGUSON, CARPENTER,  
81 Bay Street, Corner Melinda, Toronto.  
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Printers' and Engravers' Jobbing a Speciality.

## PATENTS

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

Full information furnished.

DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.

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

**PROF. De LIMA'S**  
**Guitar & Mandolin Classes**

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

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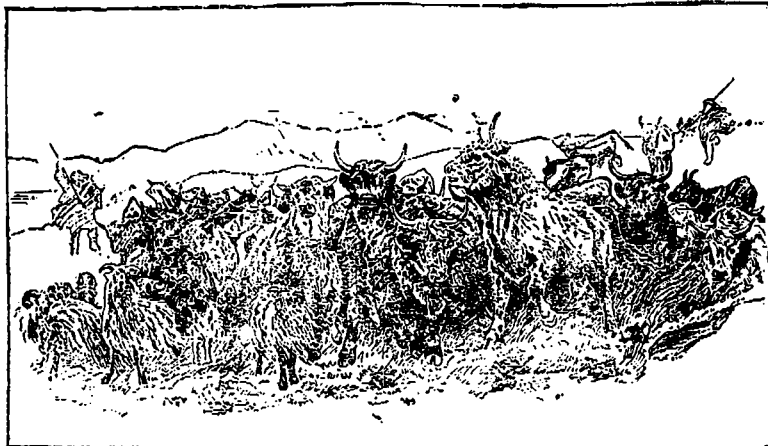
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