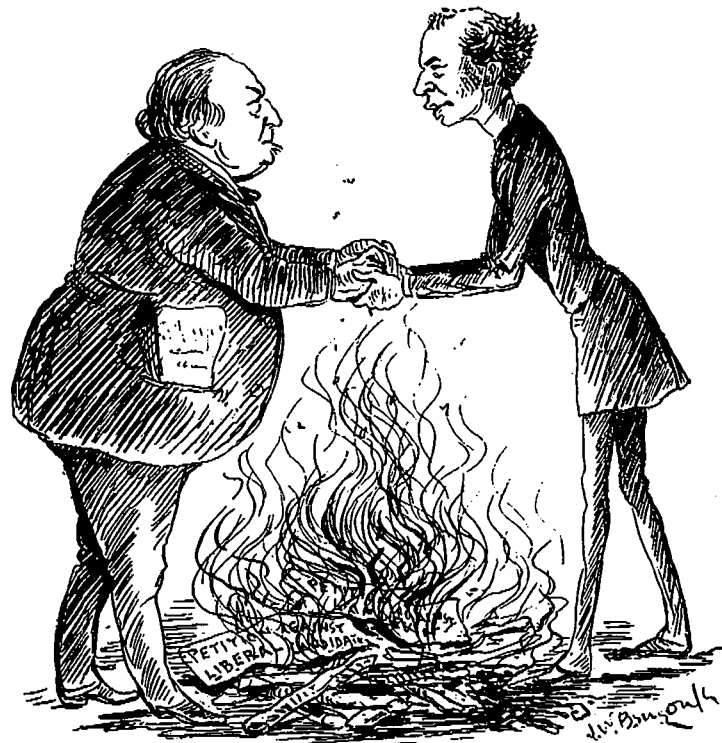


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BINGGUGH

GRIP ENG^d



COMPROMISING CORRUPTION.

"Here is the evidence that the Liberal party is willing to condone the iniquities of an opponent, in return for the pledge of the non-exposure of the iniquities of a friend. It is a position into which the leaders of a party preaching purity and principle should not be forced."—*Kingston Whig.*

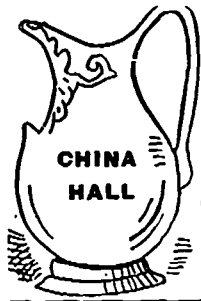
The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 Joe Miller

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Police Station, Toronto, Aug. 2nd.

DUNCAN McRAE.

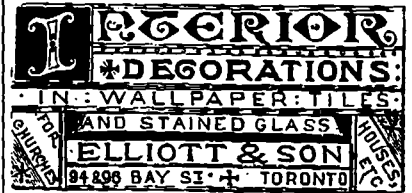
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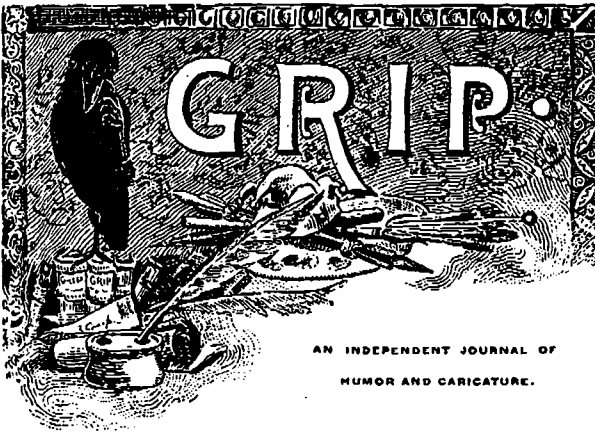
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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE FISHERY TANGLE.—The fishery dispute is once more to be submitted to an international commission, if the diplomatic arrangements for the formation of such a body do not fall through, which they at present seem likely to do. We have little hope that any decision the commissioners may arrive at—if they ever sit upon the question—will be satisfactory to all parties. Canada will most vigorously protest against anything that looks like a sacrifice of her rights; and the Americans are giving notice in advance that they will not pay any more money for fishing privileges. England's chief motive in troubling herself at all about the matter, we may believe, is a laudable desire to preserve the becoming relations of friendship between the Empire and the kindred Republic. She has no "personal" interest in the question beyond this. Then why not settle the whole

affair once and for ever by a Commercial Union between Canada and the States?—a union which, while it guaranteed perpetual peace between the nations interested, would really be to the advantage of Great Britain from a business point of view.

COMPROMISING CORRUPTION.—The petition against Sir Hector Langevin's return as a member of the House has been withdrawn, notwithstanding the loud boasts of the Liberal press that there was an abundance of evidence to unseat, and possibly disqualify him. Why the withdrawal? Has a sentiment of compassion for a fallen foe taken possession of the Reform bosom? Have the stern moralists agreed for this once to extend clemency to a political sinner in the hope that their goodness may lead him to repentance? Oh, no. It is

simply a deal—a low down political deal. They withdraw the charge against Langevin on condition that the Tories will withdraw a similar charge—similarly capable of proof—against Prefontaine, member elect in a neighboring constituency. That's all. Alas for the "elevation of the standard" we used to hear about.

FABLES FOR CANADIANS.

III.—THE STORY OF THE ANT AND THE WALKING DELEGATE.

As the laborious Ant was munching a slight Lunch of dried caterpillar, along came a dude of a Grasshopper. He was mincing past, pretending not to see the Ant, who was in his everyday Clothes, and these, too, soiled with Earth. This enraged the Ant, who had known him when he was ragged and dirty; so he called after him a little spitefully:

"At your old Tricks," said he—"bum round all Summer and then live on your Wife's relations all winter?"

The Grasshopper turned on his heel airily, eyed him with Interest. "I remark," said he, "that you have not kept up to the Times in your Reading. Why, man, this is the Age of Progress; Mind Sways Matter; Brain controls brute Force; Drudges toil for Genius. As long as there are Ants I'll be comfortable. I am a Walking Delegate."

The Ant was thinking as his Companion skipped gracefully away.

"If I had only gone to School, too, when I was young."

H. H.

Scart the Basin.

A TRUE STORY.

(Concluded.)

Now Archie sees there's no retreating,
And while his heart is loudly beating,
He seizes on the barley bree
And takes a swig enough for three;
He's in for 't and he'll have to go,
O' courage he must make a show,
Yet while he tries to pass a joke,
The words somehow ilkither choke;
The night is very dark and drear,
And off he starts in abject fear,
Wi' nocht to cheer him, neither mune
Nor ony twinkling stars abune;
And it is close upon the hour
When evil spirits have the power
To let their blights and mildews fa',
And cast their cantraps over a'.

Now as he reached the kirkyaird gate
Oh, hoo his heart did thump and beat;
'Twas Scart the Basin's funeral day,
And there at rest the miser lay.

He pauses, vainly tries to sing,
Then groans oot "I forgot to bring
A wee drap o' the creature wi' me!
Fresh courage it would surely gie me;
The challenge! feth I'll no repeat!
I dinna ken what I might meet,
I'll stick it up and then retreat."

It seems to grow mair and mair mirk,
The nearer he draws to the kirk,
The straight way he can hardly keep,
And stumbles over many a heap;
And while he whistles up a stave
He stumbles o'er the miser's grave;
And as he kicks, and fumes, and frets,
Fear for a moment he forgets,
And roars oot "On this blasted spot,
Here let the d—d auld villain rot!
Wha wad hae raked h—l for a groat!"

When lo! a voice which seemed to come
Out o' the grave, struck Archie dumb;
"Hoo daur ye, sir, revile the dead!"
The voice in solemn accents said,

"Let William Wotherspoon a lane!
To God the judge o' a he's gane!
I'm sure he never injured thee,
Let William Wotherspoon a be."

Aff Archie rins, the fearfu' voice,
It disna need to tell him twice;
Fu' swiftly he taks tae his heels,
Tho' round him a' creation reels!
Od! he makes short work o' the track,
And never ance does he look back,
And wi' a maist unearthly roar,
Falls senseless on the change-house floor;
And there's alarm instead o' fun,
And hurrying neath the Rising Sun;
Where for a stricken hour he lay,
Until at last they heard him say—
"This surely is the Judgment Day!
For God's sake let me liae a sup!
The very dead are rising up!
Ah, no! that canna be disputit,
And I will tell ye a' about it."

"Although the night was dark and mirk,
I three times marched roun' the auld kirk,
And there at ev'ry roun' did I,
Loud as my lungs would let me, cry:

'A' deevils in hell I defy!
And every one that tells a lie;
To the combat come say I!'

Yes, there I stood my leefu-lane,
Defied them a' ance an' again;
Then at the last I heard a howl—
A kind o' wakening gurlly growl,
When there came creeping frae their holes
Hail legions o' the puir damned souls;
E'en, some auld neighbors I could see,
That seemed to want to hide frae me—
Folk we kent weel, aye! stately dames!
That were I but to mention names,
I rather doubt some o' their weans
Would hardly thank me for my pains;
It seemed as if around a throne
Some kind o' trial was gaun on,
And the ghosts o' oor parish puir,
Whups in their hauns, were gathered there
Auld Scart the Basin they did lead,
Wha bore this label on his heid—
'His crime's unconscionable greed';
And tho' he tried to dodge ma ee,
He couldna play at junks wi' me;
Lord hoo the rascal hung his heid
And hoo for mercy he did plead!
As ane o' their ain d— breed;
And I could hear them laugh and say—
'Ye skinned us clean for mony a day,
And time aboot ye ken's fair play';
And aye the ither shoal cam oot
To see him whuppit, ne'er a doubt?
A' hell seemed gathering roon aboot.

"Jist then 'twas whispered in my ear—
'Nae mortal man can live and hear
The secrets of this under sphere.'
I thocht 'twas about time to gang,
When I was lifted frae the thrang,
Clean oot o' that infernal sphere;
Yet hoo the deevil I got here!
Ay! that's the mystery tae me,
For through the air I seemed to flee!"

Thus he kept blustering for a day,
Tho' his twa cronies did gainsay;
Just then the braggart to confute,
The simple truth itsel' cam oot—
'Twas auld Scart's widow, a' her lane,
At midnight hour to make her mane
That to her husband's gave had gane;

For still despite the world's jeer,
He to her woman's heart was dear,
And there she went to shed a tear;
And hers the solemn voice that spake,
Which made the blustering blockhead quake.
And now, I hardly need to say,
Tam's jest was he for mony a day,
And for years, tho' he ceased to boast,
Was kent as Scart the Basin's ghost.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

III.—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR (ONT.)

STUBBS having returned from the opera house in a state of great exhilaration, we proceed to apply our cipher to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which is said to have been played before Queen Elizabeth, by special request, as she wished to witness Falstaff making love. Stubbs says this play is far behind any of Sol Smith Russell's for fun, and reckons if W. Shakespeare was living to-day, he could not get any one to put it on for money. I may mention that Stubbs has secured the pieces of Shakespeare's bust together with sticking-plaster, which he has chalked over. The result would be better if he had found the piece off the end of the bard's nose and not put the left ear on wrong side up. Stubbs is also engaged on a portrait of Shakespeare, surrounded by his friends—life size—which he intends to present to the Ontario School of Art, as an addition to their pictorial museum—on condition that it obtains the first prize at the Exhibition Lottery.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" was not an original work—Stubbs having read it in Italian many years ago. Nevertheless it is remarkable for some prophetic utterances regarding Toronto, Sir John A. Macdonald, the Scott Act, and other present nuisances. Our extinguished rival, Mr. Audacious Donnelly, has not found one of these by the aid of his cipher; but Stubbs and I have drained the midnight oil-can until the early dawn has shone on our prostrate forms. (P.S.—Stubbs has joined the Blue Ribbon Brigade and has framed his certificate. This is a great act of self-sacrifice, as he can get no more free lunches.)

In Act I., Scene I., a very subtle reference is made to the working of the Temperance Party in Canada, which has never been noticed before. The passage is this:—"The council shall hear it; it is a riot." Now our reading is as follows:—"The council shall hear it; it is a rye hot;" clearly indicating that Shallow is about to lay an information against some one for unlicensed selling. No doubt an allusion was made to dishonest Bank Cashiers in his passage:—

"Discard, bully Hercules, Cashier, let them wag; trot, trot," advice which is often followed to-day on both sides of the line.

Much sound advice is given by Mrs. Page when she says: "These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry." There is need of its following in Canada, where the Sirees are getting too numerous to be respected.

Now Stubbs and I have come to the conclusion that Sir John Falstaff was a humorous forecast of Sir John A. Macdonald, Shakespeare only changing the name out of respect for the latter's family. Numerous passages could be mentioned to support this theory, and Ford seems to be intended as his evil genius. What could be more appropriate and satisfactory than this description of the knight:—"Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose,

you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, court-like and learned preparations."

Sir John—"O, sir."

Ford—"Believe it, for you know it. There is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it."

There is no doubt a reference to the Liberal leaders of to-day in the sentence, "Let us consult together against *this greasy knight*." Unfortunately it only ends in consultation and the greasy knight is never caught. He is greasy enough to slip out of their traps. Many other allusions are made to Sir John throughout this play; but the landlady has arrived on the scene and insists on having the lamp, as Stubbs has not paid for the last can of coal oil, consequently further remarks must be withheld.

Executors, { P. QUILL.
T. STUBBS.



THE LATEST IDIOCY.

Biddy—Begorra, fwhat's the matter wid them for bangles?

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD.

DEACON BLODGETT—You may stand it; I can't. The scandal will destroy the church.

Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks—Dear me! this is awful. What ever is the matter, Deacon?

Deacon Blodgett—Why that man has profaned the Temple by playing airs from *opera bouffe* as voluntaries!

Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks—I thought that voluntary very fine

Deacon Blodgett—Ungodly tunes to which brazen huzzies at the theatre kick up their limbs.

Organist—I say, Deacon, where was it *you* heard those tunes before?

Rev. Mr. Sheepshanks—I want to know now!
(Deacon collapses.)

THE BIG FAIR.

WHICH I'd like to impress on your fancy.
A theme that perhaps may enhance a
Realm for your sight 'fore your visioned delight—
The Industrial is open to-day.
Come forth in your festive array
From fields that are fertile and fallow;
Come forth with your boots drenched with tallow.
O, swain, with your hair dressed in lard.
O, maiden, O, maiden, discard
The smiles of the city *exquisite*,
While you to the Big Fair pay visit,
O, pumpkin, so glossy and yellow.
O, pippin, so shiny and mellow—
What a rapt paradise
Do I build out of pies—
Alas! I'm a boarding-house fellow!
How fair is the calf that is spotted;
The swine that's abese is allotted
A pen by himself.
While alone on a shelf
Is a turnip—the pride of the county.
Alack! what a wealth in the bouny
Lies there on the ram with its wool—
"Try your lungs on the testing-machine—"
"Who'll go and give Aunt Sally a pull?"
"Oh, my! There's Miss Slimmens—a daisy—
To-day she exhibits a crazy
Quilt—what a dress—bombazine!"
"Come, gals, now the hosses are startin'—
What's that? Sairy Jane's been a flartin'?"
Washing-machines, pins and needles,
A soap-selling fakir who wheedles.
Ten thousand small babies in arms—
The year's crop from neighboring farms.
Come forth in your festive array
With boots drenched with butter and tallow;
The Industrial is open to-day,
Come forth from your fertile fields follow!

H. S. KELLER.

SOME ADVANTAGES OF COMMERCIAL UNION.

IF Commercial Union should ever become *un fait accompli*, we would derive some benefits beyond the hard gains of commerce. We would instinctively approximate towards our American Cousins in many of our institutions. The Canadian clerk—hotel clerk, railway clerk, shop clerk,—would give way to a being of a more civilized type, and our present animals of that ilk would be put away among the fossils in our geological museums as things belonging to a by-gone age. What a glorious change that would be! We would have no more scenes like the following:—

SCENE—Hotel office—A dudish clerk seated on one chair, with his feet on another, smoking a cigar and reading from the *Sporting Times* an account of the last "mill" to Bob in the back office. Enter traveller, puts down his bag, and signs his name in the register.

Traveller—Will you kindly give me a room?

Clerk—Say, Bob, this is fine! Just listen! Reads. "Both men came into the ring up to time, and the veriest tyro must have noticed that they were in prime condition. The Slugger stood two inches higher than the Pet, and his maulers were a trifle larger, though he did not seem so firm upon his pins—"

Traveller—(Mildly interrupting)—Will you kindly give me a room at your earliest convenience?

Clerk—(Looks over the top of the paper with a blank stare at mild traveller, and then resumes the interesting article)—"The Slugger was attended by his Fidas Achates, Purple Bill, while Sol Slogan was ready to perform all tender and necessary offices for the Pet. As they toed the scratch—"



HITTING HIS OWN BOSS.

THE advocates of Commercial Union consider loyalty to Canada their first duty—as the advocates of the National Policy did. A charge of “disloyalty” against the former is virtually an attack on the latter—a fact which the *Belleville Intelligencer* seems to be “blind” to.

Traveller—(Gathering courage and speaking somewhat impatiently)—I say are you going to keep me waiting here all night? Can't you give me a room?

Clerk—(Lays down paper, disgusted with such an unreasonable demand, and, taking a key from the board, flings it across the counter)—122. There! Take it!

Traveller—Bribes a small boy to show him 122, and polite clerk returns to his literature.

Such scenes varied in degree and character, I am sure we have all witnessed and experienced in this Canada of ours, of which we are, in some respects, justly proud, and if Commercial Union should bring in a better style of hotel clerk, it would be “a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

The ordinary railway clerk is not much better. How he stares at you when you politely ask if the train is on time, and gruffly replies “Don't know!” If in removing from one town to another some of your effects have gone astray, and your business in hunting them up takes you to the freight shed, what an experience is likely to be yours! Once when I had chartered a car and filled it with household goods, it arrived at its destination minus five cases. They had come over two roads, and the things must have gone astray on one, so in my search I naturally betook myself to the junction. At the freight

shed office I found a dudish clerk, who looked at me as if to say, “what business have you got here?” When I asked about my effects, stating the whole circumstances of the case, he positively insisted that they could not, under any circumstances, be there. When I as positively declared that I wished to satisfy myself in the matter, by looking through the shed, he grumbled, “Can't, men gone to dinner.” “When will they return?” I asked. Another grumble, “one o'clock.” At one o'clock I got hold of a civil underling, who conducted me to the shed, where I found the five cases and was satisfied.

Now if we had Commercial Union, whether it made the country or marred it, it would probably civilize and refine our present breed of clerks.

Then three cheers for Wiman! *Why man* he is the greatest benefactor in oratory and swimming baths we've ever seen. His speech at Picton was worth a *picked ton* of the best fruit grown in Prince Edward County. It was *butter worth* that than any speech we've ever heard on the other side.

THERE'S a waiter who's sharp, and who's Fat,
Who has always his eyes on the fees;
“The top of the morning to you,” he has c'anged
To “tip of the mornin' to yez.”—*Tid Bits.*

LOVER'S QUARRELS.

WHEN a maiden bursts into tears,
It certainly seems quite plain
That the only thing left for her lover to do
Is to hug her together again.

THRILLING EXPEDITION UP NORTH.



I SAY that when I found myself actually upon the scene of action, I still retained all my wonted bravery. Nothing could be done in the way of thrilling adventure until morning, however, and under all the circumstances I thought it advisable that I should spend the interim in bed. I couldn't just then hit upon any better plan of spending it, though I confess the idea of a "bed" was somewhat humiliating to me. Had I not come to this far-away district upon an *Expedition*? "Bed" had a summer-resort sound; I would have thought it more in accordance with the fitness of things had I been able to contemplate a few evergreen boughs thrown together behind a sheltering rock as a couch for the night, but it was too dark for me to find the boughs. I accordingly allowed myself—not without inward protest—to be led by a friendly guide along the wagon path to the Belvidere. This, I may explain, is the name of a big hotel standing upon a remarkably high, rocky bluff, overlooking the Sound. I can hardly describe to you the chagrin with which I learned of the existence of this hotel, and of the further fact that at the very moment of my arrival it was well filled with guests from Toronto, New York, Boston, etc. The chances of Thrilling Adventures in the vicinity of a big hotel seemed to me pretty slim. I began to feel that I had been basely trifled with, and the comfortable idea that I was a sort of second Stanley threatened to desert me. The only thing I could do by way of a protest against the hotel was to refuse to sleep at it. "I came up here on an Expedition, not on a Summer Holiday," I said to my guide, with some asperity, "and I want to rough it. Isn't there some uncomfortable place where I can pass the night—some place where my fitful slumbers can be broken by the growl of bears and the howl of hungry wolves?"

"Oh, if that's what you want, just follow me," he replied, and I could see by the gleam of the lantern in his hand that his frame trembled. We left the vicinity of the hotel and plunged into the darkness, going down several flights of steps in the side of the rock. On, on we went, I know not how far, through sand ankle-deep. At last we stopped at what appeared to be a hut. Opening the door, the guide led me inside, and pointed out a pallette of Indian straw in one corner. "Ah," said I, gleefully, "that's more like the thing! Good night, my man." He left, and I immediately retired to rest. For a time my busy brain was engaged in depicting my surroundings, which as yet I had not seen, but I was too tired to do any clear thinking. Amid a confusion of ideas, involving tangled underbrush, dense forests, frowning rocks, gloomy cav-

erns, hissing reptiles and ferocious wild beasts, I dropped off to sleep. How long I slept I know not, but I suddenly found myself sitting bolt upright and listening to a series of noises which had effectually dispelled my slumber. A harsh, barking noise, followed by an alarmed bleating sound, and the muddled footfall of two denizens of the forest, clearly to my now alert faculties a deer pursued by a wolf! They were close to my hut, and dashed right past the door as I arose. Seizing my gun, I peered through the window, but I saw nothing for the pitchy darkness without. In the distance I still heard the trampling of the frightened deer and the growl of its ruthless pursuer. I retired once more, but with pleasurable anticipations of the sport which awaited me in the morning in this wild land. When I awoke it was broad day, and just as the sun dispels the mists of the valley, so it chased away all my cherished hopes. What did I find? That I was not in a hut at all, but in an elegant little two-story cottage, within a romantic enclosure known as the Parry Sound Camp Ground, a few hundred yards below



the Belvidere, bordered on three sides by a pretty grove and sloping gently to the boat houses and bathing beach in the fourth direction! My deer and wolf of the night vision materialized themselves in the shape of a calf and a little dog belonging to one of the neighbors. Close to my cottage there were three others of the same pattern, all occupied by persons fully as civilized as myself, while in other parts of the ground were more humble camping buildings surrounding the platform and benches of the auditorium. I was the most disappointed and exasperated Adventurer, MR. GRIP, that ever went abroad to represent your enterprising journal in a wild district. My dream of Thrilling Exploit was pretty well over, and it vanished altogether when I had more fully taken in my surroundings. I found, for instance, that the thriving town of Parry Sound was within ten minutes' walk through the grove, and that the butcher, baker, ice dealer and tattie-man were in the habit of making daily calls at the cottages. There was no question about it, I was in the very heart of civilization and refinement, and I say here as I said to Mr. Erastus Jackson (who with his family I found residing in a cottage close by), Parry Sound, as a place for terrific adventures with Indians and wild beasts, is not what it was two centuries ago! I am not the man, however, to give way to futile regrets, MR. GRIP, as you know. I accepted the situation with my customary philosophy. I could not have Thrilling Adventure, but I found there was any amount of fun, health, and appetite to be had, and I thought it my duty under the circumstances to get what I could of these good things. So, up to the present writing, I have sought to banish my feeling of disappointment in a round of fishing, yachting (both sail and steam), boating, bathing, shooting, blueberrying, camp-visiting, etc., etc., and I have succeeded pretty well. For a man who likes these things as summer recreations, and who isn't troubled with an overmastering desire to hunt bears and hyenas, I really think Parry Sound and district may be called a success. To be perfectly candid, I do not know of any place fit to compare with it, and I find it very hard to make up my mind to go home. I am going, however, MR. GRIP, the week after next.

A RECEIVING teller—A gossiping woman.

THOSE EVENING SMELLS.

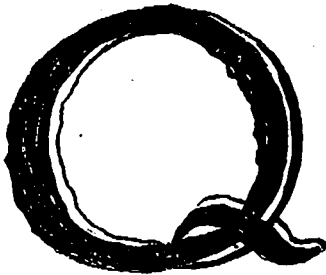
(BY A DWELLER NEAR THE DON. WITH APOLOGIES TO DEAR TOM MOORE.)

THOSE evening smells! Those evening smells!
How sad the tale their vapor tells,
Of death and sorrow all the time,
Attested by the fun'ral chime.

What joyous lives have passed away;
Many a heart that once was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And heeds no more those evening smells.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,
That nauseous fume will still roll on,
Whilst other mortals it compels
To curse your stench, foul evening smells.

PETER PINPOINT.



"THE ANCIENT CAPITAL."

SUGGESTED CHAPTER FOR A NEW NOVEL.

THE first of September, a cold, damp, dreary day, quite out of time with the balmy, sunshiny ones of August, dragged itself wearily away, and was followed by a damper, drearier night.

Not a sunbeam had penetrated the dull grey clouds that hung all day like an unlovely shroud over the cheerless earth.

A few stray rain-drops had fallen since mid-day, and as the evening shades deepened in the west, the clouds drifted nearer, dark and threatening.

The wind moaned among the tree-tops and over bleak stretches of meadowland, dying away in the waste places of the neighboring hills on whose craggy summits the massy clouds seemed to rest.

At the columned entrance of a mansion situated in the suburbs of one of Canada's fair cities, a maiden with auburn ringlets and eyes of hazel, that witching, indescribable hue so seldom met with, save in novels, was engaged in earnest conversation with a handsome youth, over whose naturally cheery countenance the surrounding gloom had cast a slight shadow.

It was their bridal eve. The night was ominous. Soon the voice of distant thunder reached them and checked their speech.

As they stood on the marble steps looking out into the darkness, a cool wind wafted the sweet odor of late blossoms toward them; a shower of crisp leaves from a rose vine that twined in great thorny coils around one of the huge pillars, fluttered down at their feet with a soft rustle, and a night-bird with wierd cry swept past them.

They returned to the cheerful hearth of the drawing-room, and when the time of departure arrived, Ione accompanied her lover to the little garden gate. His path lay through the garden and on into the well-wooded

park that separated their homes. They lingered at the gate, a gentle light streaming from an open window out over the well-worn path that led to it. The night grew darker.

They spoke of the morrow and wished for sunshine. A brilliant flash of lightning pierced the southern sky, a few large drops plashed on the earth about them, and Alphus having murmured a loving goodnight, proceeded homeward through the leafy woods, no thought of danger molesting him. He thought only of the dear one from whom he had just parted, and rejoiced to think that it was for the last time—to-morrow he would claim his beautiful bride.

Alas! little did they dream what the night had in store for them.

They were happy—very happy. No thought of harm occurred to them—why was there not some good spirit near to warn them of impending danger? While lingering at the gate neither of them noticed the gray form that stole silently by them along the hedge. He had lurked all day in a grove on the river-bank, and as night set in he approached the house.

Keeping well in the shadow of the shrubs he reached the western wing and stationed himself beneath Ione's casement. Here he remained until the city bells chimed the midnight hour.

When Ione parted from Alphus at the gate she walked thoughtfully back to the house. Hero, her great shaggy Newfoundland, was at her side, whining and springing up to lick her hand.

"Down! Hero, see, you would brush away his caresses." And she shielded her injured hand with her other one.

The great cold rain-drops fell faster and faster, and the rude wind drove them mercilessly into her face.

The darkness deepened.

It was a wild night—a terrible night suggestive of blood-curdling deeds.

Ione repaired to her room and was soon at rest in dreamland's realm of flowers.

When securing her windows for the night she had neglected one—even a little space of it was open. As the last sweet chime was hushed by the voice of the storm, the stranger entered with noiseless tread.

Did he come in search of gold, or was he some jealous lover of Ione that he sought her life-blood?

The wind howled among the tall trees and a chilly gust entered and flickered the dim light that burned in the chandelier.

Keeping close to the wall he reached the bedside, and, after mumbling, inaudibly, some weird incantation, plunged his dagger into the bosom of the fair Ione.

The murderous deed was done!

So suddenly was it performed that no piercing shriek, that traditional cry of the murdered, echoed on the chilly air.

Ione did not recover sufficient consciousness to utter a sound.

The snowy eyelids trembled, opened halfway and closed again. One dimpled, jewelled hand moved toward the wound, but the sweet, beautiful face still retained its peaceful aspect.

His thirst for blood satisfied, his gory weapon withdrawn, the huge mosquito spread his wings and flew up to the ceiling where he rested till sunrise.

HELEN M. MERRILL.



THE FISHERY TANGLE.

Canada—GENTLEMEN, I MOVE THAT WE CUT THE KNOT!

THE HUMBER CLAM'S LAMENT.

WHILST walking on the Humber shore,
 Last Monday after tea,
 I heard a moan and rather more
 In quite a minor key ;
 And after looking all around
 To solve this mystery,
 I saw a clam upon the ground—
 'Twas looking straight at me.
 "Dear Clam," I said (for I am one
 That loves all nature's own,
 And this poor clam I cou'd not shun,
 For when I heard it moan
 I thought it was perhaps in pain,
 Or had some subtle care
 That was too much for its small brain
 To comfortably bear),
 "Dear Clam," I said, "Don't think me rude,
 Addressing you before
 We're introduced—if I intrude,
 Tell me and I'll no more
 Delay your valuable time
 By asking what's the matter."
 The clam replied, "Oh ! man sublime !
 Heed not my idle chatter."
 "Nay, nay, friend clam," I fondly said,
 "I know you are not well ;
 Have you a trouble in your head,
 Or sickness on your shell ?
 I know that pain doth sometimes fill
 The bosom of a whale,
 For Nature deals out good and ill
 All down the living scale ;
 And if a whale has felt the throes
 Of sickness and has cried,
 Why cannot sorrow find repose
 Within a clam's inside ?"
 The clam replied, "Your argument
 Is subtle, sound and sure,
 And now I know no harm you meant—
 Your looks are plain and pure,—
 I will unbosom all my mind,
 For where you have a head
 I have a stomach, and I find,
 I think down there instead.
 My trouble is I am a clam,
 And never have evolved
 Into a higher form ; I am
 A clam that has not solved
 The secret of development,
 And risen through the rings
 Of life, like ape and elephant
 And many living things.
 Perhaps you think that this is flim
 And I am but a bore,
 But all my pain is that I am
 A clam and nothing more."
 Now at this portion of our talk
 The clam commenced to cry,
 And, strange to say, began to walk,
 And then essayed to fly.
 But after dropping one sad tear,
 And breaking one small leg,
 And flapping what did but appear
 A film of flesh, did beg
 That I would end its misery
 By jumping on its back,
 Or when a freight train should come by
 To place it on the track ;
 "For," said the clam, "since I was eight,
 I've tried to walk and fly,
 But only learned it is my fate
 Most helplessly to lie
 And envy fishes when they swim,
 And birds upon the wing,
 And grasshoppers with wondrous limb,
 And crickets that do sing ;
 And how can I my fate endure
 Within so hard a shell—
 Though Darwin's theory, I'm sure,
 Is nothing but a sell ;
 I want to be a man like you,
 But stay just what I am,

If Darwin's theory be true,
 Why am I but a clam ?"
 I wiped away a gentle tear
 And said, "My clammy friend !
 The ways of Nature are most queer,
 Her tricks do never end ;
 But through her course a purpose clear
 I see, and to it bend.
 You pine because you are a clam,
 I'm sorry I'm a man ;
 If you could change to what I am
 I'd ask no favor than
 To turn into a clam and lie
 Most comfortably cool
 All summer, when the air is dry,
 Within some watery pool,
 And never hear of politics,
 Elections, Scott Act, stuff
 That puts one in a mental fix.
 Ah ! man has trials enough
 Throughout his life to make him wish
 He could become a clam,
 Though fate would serve him on a dish
 And watch him as he swam
 In calm serenity and stew ;
 And friend," I said, "don't think
 If man is more evolved than you
 He's happier." A wink
 Came slowly over the left eye,
 And as it said, "All flam,"
 A seagull that was sailing by
 Swoop'd down and gulp'd that clam.
 MORAL—"Don't be a Clam."

Q. PILL.

SEPTEMBER SENTIMENTS.

WHEN it is considered appropriate to shoot the hat, it soon becomes quite the proper thing to chute the coal as it arrives before your door.

The expedition into Central Africa is one of the things that are generally allowed to go too far.

It has been discovered recently that while the wise man can afford to go slow, the fool has to keep running so as not to get left.

If you owe money all over the town and are continually troubled by requests to pay small debts, just ignore such annoyances. Worry has killed far more men than business.

Autumn, to the sensitive, delicate perception of the poet, is full of hinted pathos and tender, dreamy melancholy. And of all its suggestions of sadness, the saddest is this—that the writer of comic copy is now burnishing up antique pleasantries about the plumber, the coal-man, the overcoat, the high hat in the theatre, the clove between acts, and, most familiar of all, the oyster.

An exchange tells of a young lady from Boston who shrunk from naming a garter-snake. It was probably the same delicate young thing who refused to look at a bear trap until it had put something on.

It is altogether likely that the hardest and most abandoned characters in Toronto are to be found on the wash-bills of the Chinese laundries. TRISTRAM S.

ISN'T it strange that a rooster should crow, and a crow should hawk, and a hawk should fly, and a fly should flee?—but, come to think, it doesn't flee as much as we wish it did.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

Publisher's Announcements

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.

THE Combined Dominion and Industrial Exhibition, to be held in Toronto from Sept. 5th to 17th, will attract thousands of visitors to our city. The directors of the Exhibition, with commendable liberality, have erected a special building for the newspapers, which will be called "The Press Bureau." GRIP will have a room in the building, with a representative in attendance daily, and our visiting friends are cordially invited to call and see us while making the tour of the grounds.

MISS A. B. MCNAIR'S Toronto Purchasing Agency.—Merchandise of every description, Plain and Fancy Dry Goods, Musical Instruments, Books, Stationery, etc., supplied at wholesale rates. If there is anything you want in Toronto, I can supply it promptly. Special attention to supplies for ladies. Circular mailed free. Address, Miss A. B. McNair, 352 Huron St., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

WALTER S. SANFORD, supported by the original New York cast, will present "Under the Lash" all this week at the Toronto Opera House. This is said to be an exceptionally strong melodrama, and the press of other cities speak volumes of the star and play. Two remarkably intelligent dogs are introduced, whose sagacity is said to be simply wonderful. They cost their owner, Mr. Sanford, the sum of \$10,000. Matinees will be given Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

TEACHER—"What is mine is also thine." Who says these beautiful words? Pupil—"Somebody who hadn't got anything."

CAST iron peaches, flavored with citric acid, are now beginning to gladden the eyes of the family doctor.—*Fall River Advance.*

A PATENT reversible shirt that can't be put on wrong side out would be a great boon to small boys during the swimming season.—*Somerville Journal.*

A PESSIMIST, walking with his wife and meeting a whole school of girls: "Heaven and earth! The poor men! What a crowd of future mothers-in-law!"

TATTERED TRAMP—"What! I ought to be the foe of capital? Not at all. I am only the enemy of it so long as it is in other hands!"

MR. MCFADDLE—Let me off at Mike-town. Conductor—We don't stop. This is a through train. Mr. McFaddle—Thin, playse, sor, will yer shtop long enough fur me to tell Bri-giet that it's carried through I am!—*N. Y. Life.*

SUCCESSFUL suitor (joyfully)—Well, I have won Miss King. She sent me a beautiful plaster cast of her hand, labelled: "Twas mine; 'tis yours." Disconsolate rival (sneeringly)—Well, why didn't she finish the quotation, "And has been slave to thousands."

CHARITY may cover a multitude of sins, but that is not a regular business.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

GREEN apples and gooseberries are beginning to gladden the eye of the tombstone artist.—*Fall River Advance.*

THE weather we have been having had the equatorial trade mark blown in the bottle, but it got melted off in coming over.—*Fall River Advance.*

MEN differ very much from guns, As all experience teaches, Men kick, when kicking, with their boots, But guns kick with their breeches. —*Boston Courier.*

NOW has come the season when men can go to the circus and keep their hats on, while the women behind them audibly wonder whether they think that nobody else wants to see anything.—*Merchant Traveler.*

MAID (to her young lady's beau)—"You leave us early this evening?" He—"Miss Kate is not feeling well—she has the tooth-ache." She—"Oh, she only says so to make you believe her teeth are her own."

A SMALL snake was caught by a mountain tourist, the other day, which he was told was a grass snake, on account of its color, which is so similar to that of the ordinary field grass that the snake can not be seen when in it. We have an idea—that is, we imagine, we fancy, we presume that this is just the kind of a snake an Irishman sees when he has the horrors.

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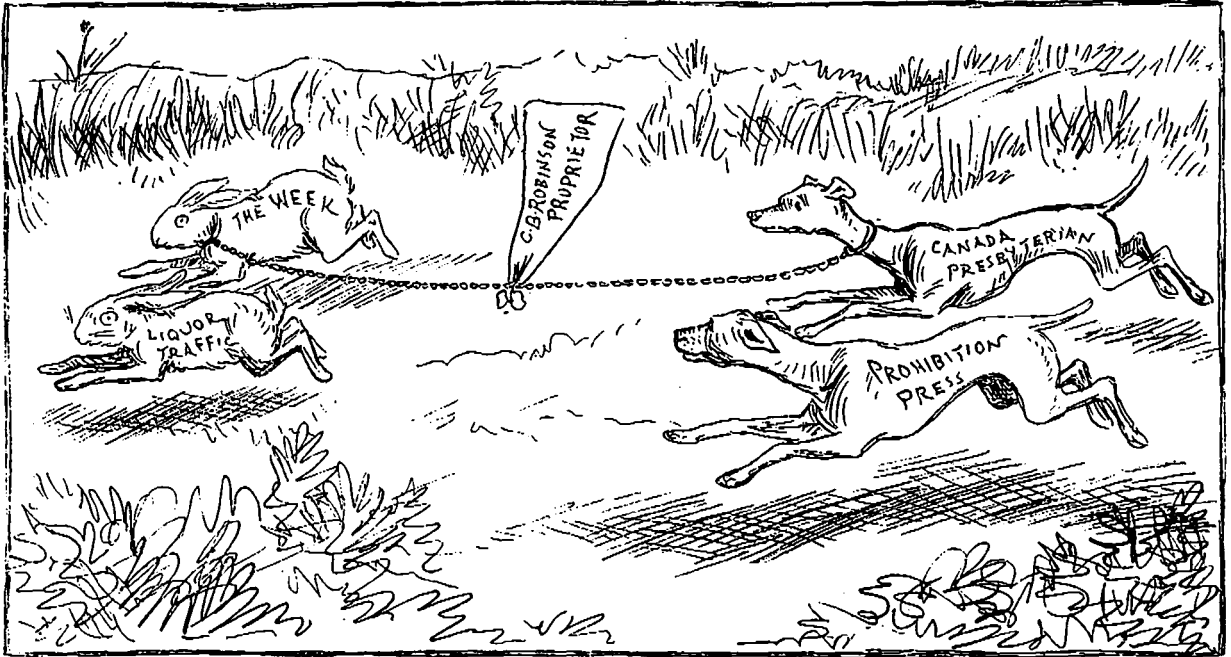
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Reserved Seats, Matinees, 30 and 50 cts.

BOX OFFICE ALWAYS OPEN.

Next attraction: True Irish Hearts.



NOT POSTED ON "SNAKES."

Pat (newly arrived)—Whew ! begorra, here's a big white shnake comi : ' through the fence !

Mike—Yis, an' he's draggin' a bow-legged chicken afther him !
— *Life.*



MISAPPREHENDED.

He—Life without you, my adorable one, would be a blank to me
— *I*—

She—Once more, will you go, or shall I have to ring—?
He—Oh, I assure you it isn't a chesnut !

A HEAVY LOAD.

"When I ate, my food was like a lump of lead in my stomach. I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The more I took, the more it helped me. I am like a new man now," says Ezra Babcock, Cloyne P. O., Township Barrie, Ont.

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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 \$18. Mark it ; no duty ! I am now in my new Parlor Office and Laboratory at 41 KING STREET EAST. MRS. C. STEDMAN FIEROE, late from 73 King Street West, Stackhouse's Store.

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WEDDING FLOWERS. SEEDS.
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Full deposit with the Dominion Government.
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The Combined Re-cumbent and Combination of Turkish, Russian and Medicated Vapor Baths, **combined in one with a Medicated Inhaler for head, throat and lungs.** It stands on castors ; can be shifted from one room to another. We can apply the heat direct to the pain or disease without any inconvenience to the rest of the body. No sanitarium can afford to do without this Bath. It can be heated from any common cook stove or small oil stove. Town, County and Home Rights for sale. Compound Oxygen to heal the sick ; never fails to cure all chronic diseases. Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Paralysis, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases find speedy relief and permanent cure. We will send two months' treatment with Inhaler and full directions for \$50.00. Also office treatment, corner Yonge and Richmond streets.

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Is the place for latest styles of
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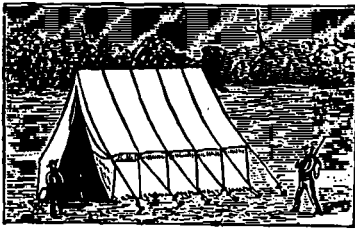
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LACE boots of this style in men's, our own make from \$2.50 up ; in boys' and youths' from \$1.40 up. We know these to be the best wearing boots to be had in the city for the money, away below dry goods prices. **W. WEST & CO.**

NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS-CUTTING (by Prof. Moody) *simplified*, drafts direct on the material, no book of instructions required. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated circular sent free. **AGENTS WANTED.**
J. & A. CARTER,
372 YONGE ST., COR. WALTON ST., TORONTO.
Practical Dressmakers and Milliners.
ESTABLISHED 1860.



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The most effective medicine for the cure of any serious ailment. If you are suffering from Scrofula, General Debility, Stomach, Liver, or Kidney diseases, try Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the safest, best, and most economical blood purifier in use.

For many years I was troubled with Liver and Kidney complaint. Hearing Ayer's Sarsaparilla very highly recommended, I decided to try it and have done so with the most satisfactory results. I am convinced that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is

The Best Remedy

ever compounded, for diseases caused by impure blood.—Edward W. Richardson, Milwaukee, Wis.

I have found Ayer's Sarsaparilla a more effectual remedy, in the ulcerous forms of Scrofula, than any other we possess.—James Lull, M. D., Potsdam, N. Y.

I have taken, within the past year, several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and find it admirably adapted to the needs of an impoverished system. As a blood purifier, and as a tonic, I am convinced that this wonderful preparation has no equal.—Charles C. Dame, Pastor Congregational Church, Andover, Me. ††

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1: six bottles. \$5.



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ELIAS ROGERS & CO.



BEST QUALITY COAL & WOOD--LOWEST PRICES

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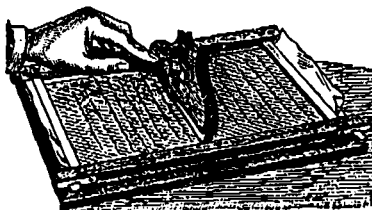
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 Corner Esplanade and Princess Streets.
 Bathurst Street, nearly opposite Front Street.
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The Palace Furniture Wareroom,
 5 King Street East, TORONTO.

FALL STOCK IS FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL THE LATEST
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Allan Furniture Company,
 5 King Street East, TORONTO.



TRYPOGRAPH.

5,000 from one writing. Send for Beautiful Samples

GEO. BENGOUGH, Agent Remington Type

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send **TWO BOTTLES FREE**, together with a **VALUABLE TREATISE** on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

"Heap's Patent" Dry Earth Closets



TELEPHONE 65.

Portable Bedroom Commode

CAMERON'S PATENT
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"HEAP'S PATENT" MFG. CO.
57 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,
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SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

The Surprise Washing and Wringing Machines
WALTON'S PATENT.

VISITORS TO THE FAIR DON'T
MISS SEEING THE GREAT
CYCLORAMA
THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

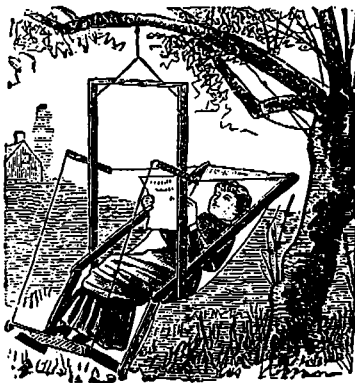
The most realistic Battle Scene in the
world, erected at a cost of
over \$75,000.

The most notable work of art in the
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Located on Front St., just west of the
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Open FORENOON, AFTERNOON and EVENING.

Automatic Swing and Hammock Chair.



Best and Cheapest Chair ever offered for comfort
and rest, suited to the house, lawn, porch, camp, etc.
Price \$3. C. J. DANIELS & Co., Manufacturers,
151 River Street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

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Excelsior Packing Case Works
ALL KINDS OF JOBBING CARPENTER WORK.
Estimates Given on Application. Orders Promptly
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WHAT'S UP? WHY



In the estimation of the people.
WHOLESALE, 34 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and *kinared*
habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee
without the knowledge of the person taking it *if so*
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monials from those who have been cured. Address
M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont.
Cut this out for future reference. When writing
mention this paper.



Notice Respecting Passports.

Persons requiring passports from the Canadian
Government should make application to this depart-
ment for the same, such application to be accompa-
nied by the sum of four dollars in payment of the
official fee upon passports as fixed by the Governor
in Council.

G. POWELL,
Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886

NOTICE.

YOUNG, middle-aged, or old men who find
themselves nervous and exhausted, who are
broken down from the effects of abuse or over-
work, and in advanced life feel the consequence of
youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's
Treatise on Disease of Men. Sealed, 6c. in stamps;
unsealed, free. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Well-
ington Street East, Toronto Canada.

I CURE FITS!

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 FALL-
ING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy
to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in 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 I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROUIT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

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AHEAD.



Stoves and Ranges.

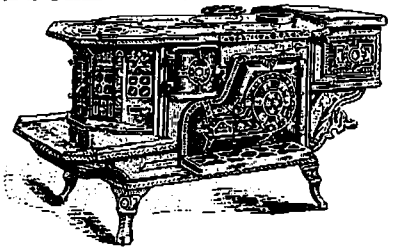
FURNACES.

Persons wanting furnaces put in satisfactory and
properly should get our prices and speci-
fication before closing contract.

Furnaces, Stoves and Stove Ware
is our exclusive business.

DIAMOND STOVE CO.,

8 Queen St. West, TORONTO.
Late Wanless & Sons, Parkdale.



"COMBINATION" COOK

For Coal or Wood.

Has a Round Fire Pot and Shaker Grate.
Warranted to retain fire over night and to work well.
The leading stove in the market.

McCLARY'S FAMOUS STOVES,
all varieties.

CRYSTAL and ZINC STOVE BOARDS,
COAL HODS, FIRE SHOVELS and ACME FRY
PANS a specialty.

McCLARY M'FG CO.

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TOILET SOAPS.

Lasting and Delicate in Perfume. Soft-
ening and Healing to the Skin.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto.
(Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion
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TORONTO, ONT., SEPTEMBER 17th, 1887.

THE COMBINED SHOW.

Opened by His Excellency Lord Lansdowne.

PROMINENT PEOPLE PRESENT.

A SPLENDID EXHIBIT IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

THE combined Dominion Exhibition and Toronto Industrial Fair is now being held and the indications are that it will be a great success in every particular. The officers of the Exhibition are one and all entitled to praise, as they have all worked harmoniously towards the one common object of having the biggest fair yet held. Special mention must, however, be made of Mr. J. J. Withrow, the popular president, and Mr. H. J. Hill, the indefatigable manager. These gentlemen have spared neither time nor energy in their determination to surpass all previous efforts, and in common with their fellow directors, will undoubtedly feel quite proud that their object has been so fully realized.

THE FORMAL OPENING.

ADDRESS TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HIS EXCELLENCY'S REPLY THERETO.

Towards 2 o'clock a good many notables began to gather in. Carriages rolled swiftly along the gravelled drives, the occasional toot of a horn showed that the Royal Grenadiers band was gathering, while the red coats of a guard of honor from "C" Company, under command of Lieut. and Acting Captain Wadmore, cast a sunset glow over the vista as they marched into the park from the New Fort near by. Everybody assembled in the horse ring, filling the Grand Stand and fringing the picket fence for 100 yards. The soldiers took up ground immediately in front of the stand on the race track, and the band took the right of the line.

It was a few minutes after two o'clock when the Governor-General's party drove up, the first carriage containing Ald. Ritchie, Hon. Judge Wurtelle and Mr. W. C. O'Brien of Montreal; the second Ald. Piper, Admiral Vignes and Consul-General Dubail; the third His Excellency, Col. Gzowski, A.D.C., and Capt. Anson, A.D.C., both in undress uniform. Lord Lansdowne wore a kid-glove-fitting steel gray Prince Albert coat, with satin facings, buttoned high up, a silk hat and a black satin tie in a bow, while a plain black stud set off the front of his "boiled shirt." The only decoration he wore was the star of his order, St. Michael and St. George, on his left breast. The appearance of the

party on the platform was the signal for a grand cheer, which caused His Excellency to smile and bow. It is plainly evident that Lord Lansdowne is in high favor with Toronto people, and appreciates the compliment.

President Withrow read an address to His Excellency, to which a suitable reply was made.

His Excellency then, at the request of President Withrow, pressed his finger on an electric button on the corner of the stand, which brought forth a response from the big steam whistle in Machinery Hall. This was the signal that the big engine had started. Three cheers were given and the party left the ring to take part in the second ceremony of the day. This was the formal unveiling of Fort Toronto monument, a stout shaft of red Credit Valley stone, standing upon a broad pedestal of the same material, the whole being thirty-four feet in height. The stone is roughly cut and unpolished and bears only the simple inscription:

.....
 FORT TORONTO.
 An Indian Trading Post,
 for some time known as
 Fort Rouille,
 Was established here A.D. MDCCXLIX.
 By order of Louis XV.

His Excellency afterwards drove through the park and visited the principal exhibits, expressing himself as much pleased with what he had seen.

THE ORIENTAL BELT CO.

AND ITS ELECTRIC APPLIANCES.

A LONG, long time ago, a kite was flying in the air. At one end of the string was a boy who was studious and thoughtful. There were atmospheric changes that he believed might be utilized for the benefit of humanity. The kite soon told its story by catching the electric force and transmitting it to the negative pole, viz., the earth. Since that eventful day every student of electricity has been studying the powers of this peculiar force. The telegraph has come and has lost its wonders. The cable has taken its place for communication across the seas. The telephone secures the pre-eminence by granting the one-hundred-mile neighbor the privilege of talking to you at that distance. We are in the infancy of our education about this subject. Only the experiments of years will bring the greater results. Time will prove whether we of to-day have caught the key note of a simple solution of one of the Maker's

gifts. To control an occult force is the highest ambition of man and many a one has attempted the achievement, but few have ever had their hopes fulfilled. To degrees a later development in the application of electricity is the transmitting of electric forces to medicinal appliances. That a full complement of electric energy, if the term may be used, is absolutely necessary to good health there can be no doubt. How to transmit in a natural way is the problem. After a careful study of the Oriental appliances, the writer is convinced that in almost every case of nervous or muscular debilitation a cure or at least relief will be given. During a visit to the Exhibition grounds last week an examination was made of the various appliances intended to relieve the pains and aches of the frame. A diligent study and careful analysis of the principles on which the appliances were constructed afforded conclusive evidence that the inventor was a benefactor to mankind. Let the reader call upon the manager of the patent, and he will soon satisfy himself that Nature has not only provided its own remedies but that science has accepted the good gifts offered and turned them to the best account. The appliances are innumerable, and can be fitted to any part of the body. The manager of the Company may be found at 155 Queen street west, Toronto. It might be added that the display in the Palace at the Exhibition grounds is well worth the examination of every visitor, whether in good or ill health. The various and almost innumerable appliances are arranged in a manner to afford easy inspection and the patentee, who is in attendance, gives every information regarding the construction of the belts, shoulder braces, chest protectors, etc. Let it be added that the patentee wishes it to be understood that the prices for all these appliances are considerably cheaper than any other article of the same nature on the market.

MORSE'S MOTTLED SOAP.

"Is that candy?" asked a lady, pointing her finger at the contents of a large vase, carved out of mottled soap, on the corner of the Morse Soap Company's exhibit. "You'll find out if you put your teeth in it," was the curt reply. She didn't taste, however, and she is still in doubt as to whether the contents of the vase were real soap or real gelatine candy. And she is only one of the thousands who have visited the Main building and expressed their amazement at the wonderful display of soap made by this enterprising company. "Everything is soap" has been posted in order to prevent spectators from feasting on the apparent luxuries laid before them in the form of fruit and confectionery.

The exhibit is situated at the east entrance, and can readily be discovered by four large banners bearing the golden inscription, "Morse's Mottled Soap." In front of the exhibit is an immense block of soap weighing eight hundred pounds, with "Morse" in raised block letters of white in its centre. At the sides of the block are two large jars carved out of Morse's mottled soap. Then around the base of the display are samples of the sixty-eight different kinds of toilet soap and the forty different kinds of laundry soap manufactured by the Company. In the display proper is a full dining set of plates, dishes, and vases loaded with fruit and confectionery all carved out of soap. Then there are flowers in heliotrope and carnations to be seen, while copies of the Toronto daily papers neatly folded are laid among the dishes and viands. Visitors are at once struck with the ingenuity of the exhibit, and strangers from abroad who have visited all parts of the world, declare they never saw an exhibit like it.

AN ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY.

THE TORONTO SILVER PLATE COMPANY'S EXHIBIT.

It is a sign of progress in wealth and refinement when a people become customers for articles of silver plate and such like; it shows a still further advance in civilization and its capabilities when they become manufacturers of such articles for themselves. A savage might admire a silver cup, and might like to possess it; but to *make* a silver cup of artistic design is beyond his power. Why, he could not begin to think the thing out. As a proof of progress, therefore, the present exhibit of the Toronto Silver Plate Company (east end of the Main building) is something that not only the city in particular, but the Dominion in general, can "point with pride," as our American neighbors say when they feel specially well pleased with themselves. The epithet "splendid," so frequently used without proper application, is exactly in place when applied to this glittering display of high art goods, among which are things useful as well as ornamental. Some exhibits draw gazers now and then, but this one is always surrounded by admiring crowds. The articles are shown in a large plate glass case, on view from four sides. We notice a large Oriental centre piece—a handsome epergne; another epergne representing fruit, which appears as if designed by Pomona herself; prize cups of many handsome designs, to suit various athletic sports—beautiful tea sets, and, in fact, a profusion of articles combining the beautiful and the useful. A tea infuser is worthy of special mention. With it the lady of the house can make her brew on the table just as wanted. The "drawing" part of the apparatus is so constructed that the objectionable tannin is not taken into the cup of tea at all, but is left behind among the leaves—an improvement that is not merely pleasant, but worth money as well. One "brew" having been disposed of, the next can be immediately proceeded with, and the guests get their cup of tea fresh and fragrant every time.

The curiosity of the public is gratified by the exhibit in the same case of the fine collection of jubilee coins—four gold and seven silver—just brought out from England by Ald. Saunders. On Thursday Sir John Macdonald had a look at the Toronto Company's exhibit, and was astonished to find not only that articles of such style and quality were made in Canada, but further, that the manufacture had been placed on a permanent footing and developed on a large scale.

We fancy it will surprise the public to learn that the Toronto Silver Plate Company have in their employment no less than 110 skilled workmen, which suggests that something is done on their premises. These run from 410 to 426 King street west. Mr. E. G. Gooderham is manager, and Mr. John J. Copp is secretary-treasurer; these are the working men of the company, and these are always on hand. This enterprise has been going on for five years, and now it has got to be something, we should say. The company buy in the best markets their own supplies, in block metal—of gold, silver, nickel and brass—all of which they use and apply by the most approved scientific processes. Having the best apparatus, and using the most improved methods, they are able always to turn out the best value for the money.

SOMETHING WORTH READING.

In the main floor J. A. Banfield & Co. make a display this year of the now well-known and truly appreciated Cash Registers. The exhibit of course is not very large, but its minuteness means a great deal of business. It is of the first importance to a merchant, and indeed to all who are engaged in mercantile transactions, to know to a certainty the financial results of the day's transactions, and how to accomplish this with the least possible delay and trouble, commends itself to the consideration of the commercial world. It is no doubt the experience of most merchants that money has been lost through the carelessness of clerks to enter credit sales, or to give back the proper change, while considerable delay has sometimes been occasioned by the incompetence of others. In large establishments where numerous and important transactions are daily carried on, these are matters of grave importance, and therefore how to remedy them means dispatch and accuracy of transactions, and at the end of the year a considerable sum of money. Happily the National Cash Register is a solution of the difficulty, meeting as it does all the requirements of the case. It is manufactured by the company of the same name at Dayton, Ohio, who have it covered by twelve patents, and some two years ago it was introduced in Canada by the gentleman whose name heads this article, and there are now more than 5,000 of the registers in use in the leading countries of the world. Apart altogether from its intrinsic merits, the National Cash Register is of handsome design, the cabinets being either of black walnut or of solid mahogany, tastefully inlaid with foreign woods, and considering what it accomplishes, it is by no means high-priced. In an article of this kind, it is impossible to do justice to a description of it. All sales are registered accurately, whether cash or credit; if the former, the money is put in the drawer, and if the latter, the purchaser is given a slip, and a duplicate is placed in the drawer. It is a fact that some credit sales are never charged, so with each register going to a dry goods, drug, hardware, grocery or other store, is sent a leather covered book, with purchaser's name printed in gilt letters on the front cover. One cover is supplied gratis, also ten insides, with consecutively numbered credit slips, which are really small bill heads with dealer's name and business printed at the top. These slips are used thus! when a credit sale is made, the name of the purchaser and items are entered upon a slip, which is torn out and given to the customer, a duplicate of which is made by a

carbon sheet. At night the total amount of the credit slips and the cash should equal the amount shown by the register. We know of no more valuable auxiliary in any mercantile house than this register, and its indispensable utility is being recognized more and more every day, as is evidenced by its fabulous sale throughout the world.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

This, the "pioneer" firm of the piano business in Canada, are to the front as usual with a magnificent display of instruments. They occupy the same stand that they have had each year since the opening of the present buildings. It is situated in the north-east corner of the Main building, on the ground floor. Before proceeding to give a short description of their exhibit, we must mention that the very tasteful manner in which they have decorated their stand makes it not only a source of credit to themselves but also an important addition to the attractions of the Exhibition. They are showing nine pianos, one concert grand, one parlor grand, one square piano and six uprights. The "concert" grand deserves our first attention. This magnificent piano might well be called the "king of instruments," with its powerful, though rich and sweet tone, it attracts the attention of all who enter the Main building. The remarkable brilliancy of its treble notes, combined with the deep tones of the bass goes to make up all that is to be desired in a perfect piano. The case is made of rosewood, ornamented with several rich works of art, in the shape of magnificent carvings. The parlor grand is fully equal to its big brother, the "concert," when allowance is made for the difference in size. This piano is the exact counterpart of one sent to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition last year which proved so great a success that Mr. George Heintzman succeeded in disposing of six others of the same style. It is also finished in rosewood case, and contains several improvements in the interior construction calculated to place it in a position superior to any grand piano heretofore made. Of the uprights three are finished in walnut, one in rosewood, and two in ebonized cases. A French burl walnut piano, style "15," is a very attractive looking instrument. Also a blister walnut, style "11," shows to very good advantage. Chiefly noticeable among the improvements made this year in the Heintzman upright pianos are the improved action patented by Mr. Heintzman, Sr., which has proved to be a great success. Another very important improvement is the patented "metallic rail" designed to take the place of the old wooden butt, in general use. Another important improvement is the "double fall," which allows the music desk to come much lower than it would otherwise do. There were many other improvements shown us which space will not permit us mentioning, but we would advise all visitors to the Exhibition to make sure and call and see these beautiful and truly wonderful instruments for themselves. A courteous, competent and never tiring staff are in attendance, showing and explaining the merits of the different pianos to all comers.

The firm also show a splendid sample of a square piano, which also has many improvements, and we are not at all surprised to learn that these instruments were selected above all others in London, England, last year by Mr. Arthur L'Estrange, the Royal Albert Hall pianist, for his concerts. This is a fact of which this firm may well feel proud, and Messrs. H. & Co. are to be congratulated upon the success they have thus publicly achieved.

If you are unable to visit the Exhibition personally, and to see these beautiful instruments, you should write to Messrs. Heintzman & Co., who will be pleased to send catalogues and give full information to intending purchasers.

Electro-Therapeutic Institution

197 JARVIS ST., TORONTO.

A GREAT DISCOVERY by Prof. Vernoy.

BY COMPOUND ELECTRICITY.

produced in a powerful rich mild current, marvellously modified by a new invention, and made invaluable for the cure of disease, adapted to all our improved batteries for office and home use.



The Improved Batteries from \$25 to \$50.

Office Cabinet, new invention, from \$75 up.

Others at various prices

PRICE \$25.

Our new Combination Baths, Galvanic, Vapor, Sulphur, etc., are a great improvement in treating many diseases, deriving the benefit received at the best Mineral Springs, with Electricity combined. SEE CIRCULAR.

For the treatment of Nervous, Chronic, and Obsolete Diseases, not cured by other kinds of treatment (nor by the unskilled and inexperienced). Diseases that follow nervous exhaustion (a lack of vitality or nerve force) from various causes, as over brain work, over physical work, excesses—abnormal secretions and exertions producing various phases of disease and suffering in mind and body.

Those who wish the treatment at home may have it by ordering one of Prof. Vernoy's Improved Family Batteries, and follow the instructions given with it, which are plain and simple.

The cures made with these Improved Batteries scientifically used, according to the new system practiced by Prof. Vernoy, are not limited to any particular class of diseases. It is wonderful to see how such radical changes are so quietly and agreeably made. Acute diseases are often cured as by magic in one or two applications.

Female diseases, hopeless cases by other means, displacements and other weaknesses—nervous debility (abnormal evacuations in either sex) permanently cured after years of suffering with other kinds of treatment. Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, head, lung, heart, liver, kidney and other organic troubles and derangements of the system changed to a healthy state as readily as the hard frozen earth is mellowed by the genial rays of the sun by Nature's means, in harmony with her fixed laws. Bad cases thus cured will inform you how marvellous the cure is. Address given if you wish it. See the *Electric Age* with testimonials and references like the following:—

Rev. G. M. Milligan, pastor of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, says:—

384 SHERBOURNE STREET.

PROF. VERNOY.

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 benefit 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 truly yours,
GEO. M. MILLIGAN.

A long list of testimonials all over Canada and U.S. and references of high standing (sent free), such as Grip Publishing Co., S. J. Moore, Esq., T. Bengough, Esq., Charles Stark, Esq., Merchant, William Elliott, Esq., Druggist, V. B. Wadsworth, Esq., Inspector London and Canadian Loan and Agency Co., James Watson, Esq., Manager People's Loan and Deposit Co., Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., Rev. J. Potts, D.D., Rev. J. Castle, D.D. (all of Toronto), and host of others.

Work on nervous diseases, their cause and cure, price 25 cents in stamps. Consultation free.

See the last issue of the *Electric Age*, giving account of a great discovery, and the new batteries on exhibition at Toronto Fair.

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Prof. Vernoy,

197 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Cheap Insurance. Large Reserve Fund as Guarantee. Return of Profits to Members Every Ten Years.

The following are samples of letters received where claims are paid:—

[Copy.]

STRATFORD, Ont., 22nd June, 1887.

The Canadian Mutual Aid Association, Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIRS,—As executor for Gilbert Horne, late of this city, I have to thank you for your prompt and satisfactory payment of \$1,400, being the full amount of the beneficiary certificate held by him in your Association.

As solicitor to the estate of the late Gilbert Horne, I fully endorse the above, and wish your Association every success.

We Pay One-Half the Claim in Case of "Total Disability," Balance at Death.

[Copy.]

The Canadian Mutual Aid Association.

DEAR SIRS,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for \$500, for Mr. Chas. Servis, of Baltimore, "Total Disability Claim," being one-half of Policy No. 1,038. The willingness with which your Company entertained, investigated and granted the above claim, and the promptness exhibited in forwarding the cheque for the same, commands my admiration, and convinces me that your business is conducted on the principle of "justice to all," and forms a striking contrast with the actions of some companies that could be named. I strongly recommend your Association to all persons wishing insurance on the assessment plan. Hoping that success will ever attend you, and that your Society will prove a blessing to thousands, as it has to Mr. Charles Servis, I remain thankfully yours, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Servis, W. H. BROWN, M.D.

EQUITABLE, RELIABLE AND CHEAP INSURANCE.

For particulars address the Head Office, No. 10 King Street East, Toronto.

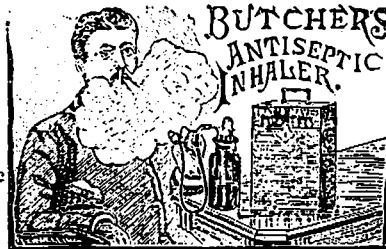
W. P. PAGE,

Manager.

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CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

and all diseases of the air passages positively cured by



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Call and examine,
1st Galleries Main Building.

"BUTCHER'S ANTISEPTIC INHALER."

No instrument has ever yet been made, and no treatment has ever been thought of, which has given the satisfaction that "Butcher's Antiseptic Inhaler" has. Hundreds of giving testimony of its efficacy. No one has ever used it without being satisfied, and would not dispense with it for ten times its cost. Members of the medical profession, eminent and skilful in their practice, are endorsing this system of treatment for diseases which heretofore have been beyond the reach of medical science.

All communications addressed to

ANTISEPTIC INHALER CO., 4 King St. East, Toronto,

Will receive prompt attention.

ALLAN FURNITURE CO.

THIS Company, whose show rooms are on King street east, a few doors from Yonge street, make an exhibit of furniture in the east wing of the main building, first gallery. The upholstering and cabinet ware displayed here are a study in those arts, and persons who sigh and talk of Chippendale and the other cunning woodworkers of the days of our grandfathers should reserve their sighs and regrets until they have seen the rich, tasteful and fanciful furniture arranged in the Allan Company's corner. Two chairs in silk plush, one a terra cotta and the other the new shade—mottled steel blue—attracted as much attention as anything else in the display. The seat and back are scalloped like a shell, and from this peculiarity in the upholstering they are called the "shell chair." The design is a very happy one, and the delicious little seat looks as luxurious as it actually is, and it will undoubtedly be the most observed piece of furniture in the whole great building. There are three

parlor suites in the collection, and a person giving his choice would jump at the first one he saw, only to be disturbed with doubt when he saw the other two. It is a case of "how happy could I be with one were t'other dear charmer away." The one in ivory finish and steel-blue and brocatelle; the Westminster set in the old English style, no part of the frame being visible, the seats and backs covered with tapestry and the arms terra cotta plush, and then the suite with solid mahogany frames, richly carved, and covered with brocatelle. There is also a very remarkable number of "odd" pieces, and these display the most curious and artistic fancies and forms. The Cleopatra chair is a triumph of luxury and upholstering. Another chair, which for lack of a better name may be termed the twisted chair, is of solid dark mahogany, and is a perfect revelation of what can be done with such an uncompromising wood as mahogany. The collection is in the charge of Mr. Chas. Caiger, who is able and willing to show his charges off to the best advantage.

THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

AN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT.

THE 13th of September, A.D. 70—eighteen hundred and seventeen years ago—witnessed the death of a remarkable man, in the person of Titus, the Roman Emperor. At the time of his death he was only 40 years of age, and is supposed to have been poisoned by a rival. Titus was the son of Vespasian, the great general who served under the Emperor Nero, and afterwards became emperor himself. On assuming the control of the empire, July 1, A.D. 69, Vespasian committed the conduct of the Jewish war to his son Titus, and the Roman legions were under the command of Titus when the terrible siege and subsequent fall of Jerusalem took place in A.D. 70. In writing of the Jews, the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, in his valuable book, "Light for the Last Days," says: "But it was in A.D. 66 that the worst sufferings of the Jews under the Romans commenced. Gessius Florus was at that time Roman Governor of Judea, and was a grasping, covetous cruel ruler. His oppressions led to a widespread revolt, and such was the exasperation of the Jewish people that they made a successful stand in an insurrection against their Roman masters. When the tidings of the defeat of his representative in Judaea reached Nero in the midst of his fearful debaucheries in Rome, he was alarmed, and sent Vespasian, accompanied by his son Titus, and Trojan to reconquer Syria. The Jews, under Josephus, a famous general of the Asmonean race, made a desperate resistance, and were overpowered only after 40,000 men had been slain and over 30,000 taken prisoners, while 12,000, unable to bear arms, were put to death.

In the spring of A.D. 70 Titus gave orders for the march on Jerusalem. According to Josephus, the city at the Passover contained two and a half millions of people, of whom 1,100,000 perished during the conflicts, sieges and assaults of the city or by the hand of the executioner. An immense multitude of prisoners—men, women and children—were either sold into slavery, crucified or thrown to wild beasts. Zion was surrounded by a triple wall, defended by ninety towers, and seldom has more difficulty been experienced in taking a city. The siege lasted five months. The Roman cohorts got possession of the city only by sections, and the taking of each wall demanded a fresh siege. During the last two months, when the defence had already become hopeless, Titus tried to persuade the Jews to capitulate, and on their refusal a fearful series of crucifixions of the Jewish prisoners took place, by his command, around the city. But nothing could shake the confident fanaticism of the Jews, nor damp their expectation of supernatural help at this awful crisis. At last, in desperation, Titus compassed the whole city with a wall and a ditch at a little distance from the third and last

remaining Jewish wall. This work, which might well have occupied three months, was actually completed in three days, owing to the overwhelming numbers and desperate activity of the Romans. Then began the terrible woes of the doomed Jerusalem—the horrors of a famine, in which mothers devoured their own children, were heightened by frightful internal discord and dissension. At length, however, the sanctuary itself was captured, and though Titus had given the strictest orders that the temple should be spared it was accidentally set on fire and consumed. August 5th, A.D. 70, arose on an awful scene of smoking ruins deluged with blood. The end was come. Many days were devoted by the Roman soldiers to completing the sack of the city and crucifying the remaining inhabitants. Thus were fulfilled the words of Daniel, "The people of the Prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary, and the end thereof shall be with a flood; and unto the end of the war desolations are determined."

About sixty years later the Jews had sufficiently recovered from this crushing blow to rise afresh in revolt against the Roman power, and then Hadrian completed the work of their dispersion among all nations of the earth. He made the whole country of Palestine a desolation; expelled all its remaining Jewish inhabitants, and forbade the Jews, on pain of death, even to approach *Ælia Capitolina*, the Roman city erected on the site of Jerusalem. He slaughtered 580,000 Jews in a murderous war which lasted three years and a half, and sold thousands of prisoners at the lowest prices into slavery. The rest took refuge in foreign lands, and Palestine has never since been inhabited by the children of Israel.

IN OTHER YEARS.

MEMORABLE DAYS AND EVENTS IN THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 2.—THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666. A vivid pen picture of this terrible event is given in William Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London."

SEDAN CAPITULATED, 1870. This virtually ended the Franco-German war; the victorious Germans, however, pushed rapidly forward to the siege of Paris, and rested not until the gates of that famous capital had been opened to them.

Sept. 3.—OLIVER CROMWELL died 1658. Students of English history will readily recall the history of the great "Roundhead" and the memorable part he took in the "making of England."

Sept. 5.—MALTA TAKEN BY THE BRITISH, 1800.

Sept. 12.—OBELISK RAISED ON THAMES EMBANKMENT, 1878. An immense

amount of time and money was spent in bringing this ancient monument from Egypt and setting it up in "Modern Babylon." A companion to it was brought over a few years later and placed in Central Park, New York.

Sept. 13.—DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE AT QUEBEC, 1759. The memory of this gallant soldier has been immortalized in many ways—in historical works, in school book stories and in poems innumerable. He was one of the bravest in Britain's host of brave men.

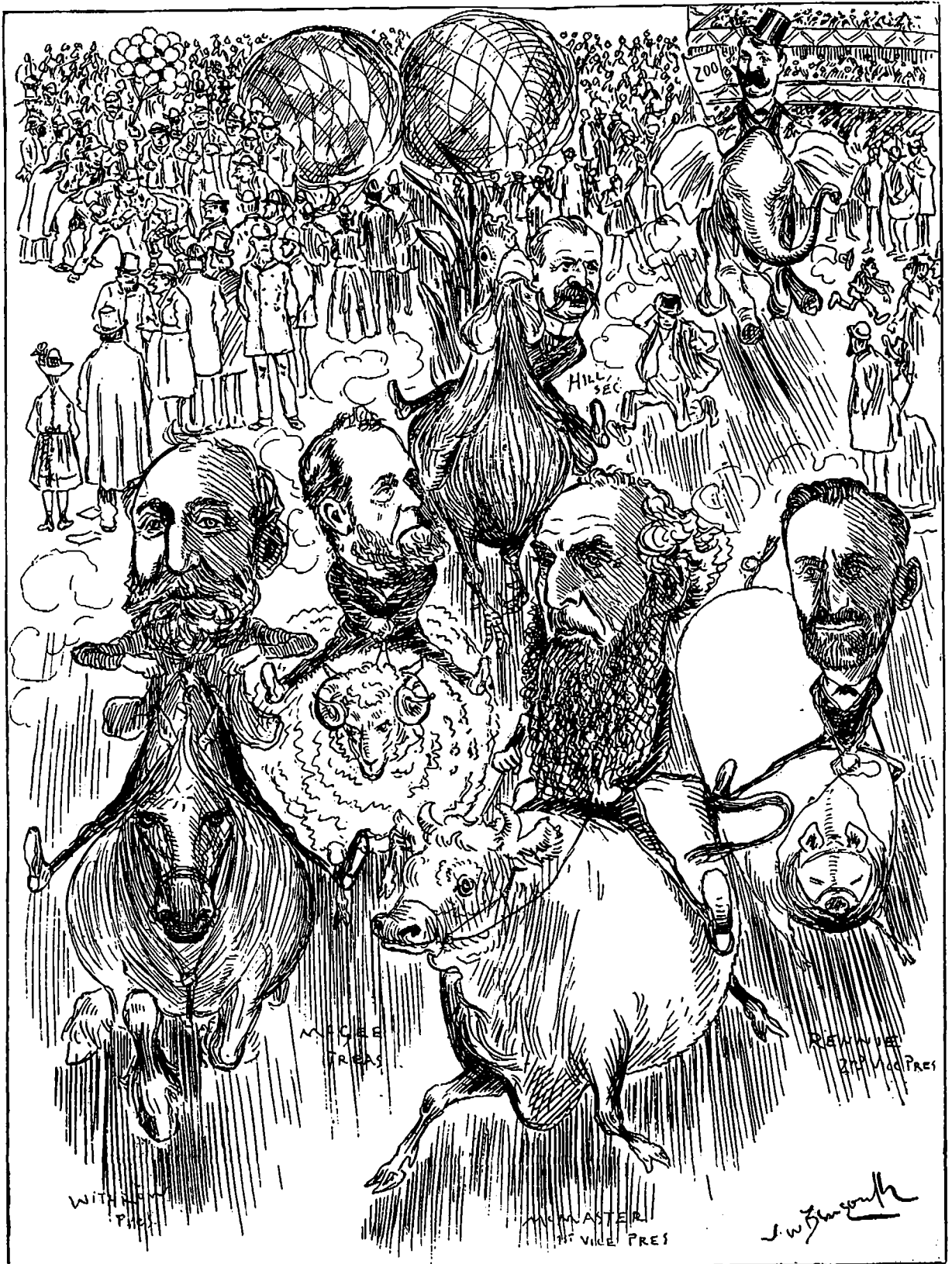
Sept. 14.—ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, died 1852. How the name of "Waterloo" rises before us as we hear the name of Wellington mentioned. "The Iron Duke," as he was called, was truly a great man. His name was to English ears "familiar as household words," and his memory will ever be held dear by every British subject. He was honored with a great funeral, the cortege embracing the largest number of British soldiers that had ever been gathered for a like purpose.

Sept. 19.—PRESIDENT GARFIELD died 1881. The martyrdom of President Lincoln first, and of the lamented Garfield later on shows that presidents, equally with monarchial and other rulers, are liable to be made the target for the knife and bullet of the assassin. Republicanism is the bright and shining star which draws thousands of men beneath its fold; and yet, as Henry George says, there is as much discontent and dissatisfaction with things as they are in the United States to-day as there is in Great Britain with its limited monarchy. Why this is so is the problem which the political economists and social reformers are now trying to solve.

Sept. 20.—BATTLE OF THE ALMA, 1854. What richer treat is there than to get hold of a British Crimean pensioner, and hear him repeat some of the thrilling scenes of those stirring days. The spirit which animated, and still animates, the soldiers of Britain is well put by Gerald Massey where he writes:

"Up Alma's hill the ensign went,
A boy! but terribly intent;
His should be foremost of the flags,
Though he and it were shot to rags."

Sept. 20.—SIR WALTER SCOTT died 1832. The hundreds of thousands of copies of the works of this great Scottish author that have been and are yet being sold is the best proof of the greatness of his character and the stability of his writings. Who has not read Waverley and the many other novels and poems which have endeared the name of Scott to so many thousands in every land?



OFFICIAL HEADS OF THE GREAT FAIR.

CANADIAN RUBBER COMPANY,

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RUBBER BELTING,

Packing, Engine, Hydrant, Suction, Steam, Brewers' and Fire
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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tweed and Gossamer Clothing. Mould goods of every description.

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Manager.

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This company is authorized under its charter to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver, Committee, etc., etc., and to receive and execute Trusts of every Description. These various positions and duties are assumed by the company either under Deeds of Trust, Marriage or other Settlements, executed during the lifetime of the parties, or under Wills, or by the appointment of Courts. The company will also act as agent of persons who have assumed the position of executor, administrator, trustee, etc., etc., and will perform all the duties required of them. The investment of money in first mortgage on real estate, or other securities, the collection of interest or income, and the transaction of every kind of financial business, as agent, will be undertaken by the company at the very lowest rates. For full information apply to

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THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSICAL MARVELS OF THE AGE.

See them at my store, or at my exhibit at the
INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

Note particularly the following prices:—Style 26B, price \$115; the Jubal Style, \$18, with many other styles and prices.

Catalogues of Orchestrones and Music Free on Application.

Address, Telephone 239.

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volume, cloth. \$0 50
Prohibition Pictures. " Nothing but
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cts.; per 100, \$1.
Country Life in Canada Fifty Years
Ago: Personal Recollections and
Reminiscences. By Capt. Haight, of
Toronto. One volume, 304 pages, illustrated,
dust binding. \$1 50
The War News. Bound in one volume,
cloth, red, 25 cts. \$1 00
Sovereign War News. Bound in one vol-
ume, paper cover, 25 cts., cloth cover,
\$1 00
The War in the Sudan. By T. A.
Hartman. Illustrated. Paper cover, 25 cts.;
cloth cover, \$1 00
Grip. (Canada's Comic Paper). Weekly;
a year \$10.00, six months \$5.00
Grip Board Volumes for 1884, 1885
and 1888. Each \$3 00
Good Things from Grip. Full of comic
pictures and reading. \$1 00
Jubilee Jollities. Contains one double-
sided book of smaller pictures. \$1 00
The Grip Book. Pictures and reading for
seven days with beautiful souvenir
picture of the Queen free with every copy.
More Modern Painters, or notes on the
Art Exhibition at Toronto. \$1 00
Capture of Batoche. Large colored
chromo. \$1 00
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" Fish Creek. " \$1 00
Volunteers' Return. Colored chromo... \$1 00
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Statesmen \$1 00
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Purological Head of Sir John Mac-
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Any of above mailed, post paid, on receipt of
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ADDRESS:

GRIP OFFICE,

26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE UNIVERSAL WIRE MAT CO.

This establishment, though new, is one of the important contributors to the splendid display that fills the annex to the Main Building. Their goods are indispensable to every well appointed home and store, and the demand for them proves that the public appreciates a really good thing. Their celebrated wire mat is the main feature of the company's output; it is claimed to be the best in the Dominion. The wire is hardened by a peculiar process, and is so manipulated that no breakage occurs. Each mat rests solidly on the floor, and the mat is reversible, one side being adapted for winter and the other for summer. All these points make the U. W. M. Co.'s mat very durable. The makers claim that a loaded cart could pass over it without injury to the woven wire. The company also exhibit counter railings, with iron posts and cresting, for banks, offices, etc., constructed on the same principle, and a general assortment of wire goods. These are very artistically finished, and are worthy of especial attention. A table mangle shown by the same company is a model of lightness and power. Its construction is so simple that a child can operate it, and the space occupied is so small as to permit its use in any room. This neat little laundry appliance is sure to attract the attention of every lady who enters the annex. The Universal Wire Mat Co. is located at Nos. 3 and 5 Queen Street East, Toronto.

GOLD MEDALLIST.

A CONSPICUOUS sign, observable from the ground floor of the Palace attracts attention to the exhibit of J. W. A. Butler, the feather dyer. An examination of the display satisfied the visitor that with all its unpretentiousness there was an exhibition of skillful workmanship that would command the attention of all. The chief attraction to the ladies was the "shot silk" ostrich plumes. To the masculine mind they seemed beautiful. The gentlemen who have examined the handsome cases are privileged to add any further expletives they choose. In minor detail, the exhibit has a multitude of ordinary feathers in every shade, but the feathers showing the flags of different nations and the "shot silk" plumes will hold the examiner's attention. The gold medallist still sustains his reputation.

TAYLOR'S
Double Tongue and Groove
SAFES.

Patented January 14th, 1886.

J. & J. TAYLOR
TORONTO SAFE WORKS,
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216 Yonge Street,

IMPORTERS OF

First-Class Dry Goods.

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Latest Novelties in Silks, Dress Goods, Velvets and Plushes.

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COAL.

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ELLIOTT & SON,

WHOSE name is a household word in house decorations, make a most beautiful display of artistic decorative work. Stained glass for church and house purposes of exquisite design, wall papers from every maker of note in Europe and America, hand painted tiles delicate and perfect in execution, parquetry flowering, and last but not most interesting of all their wonderful designs in papier machi form an exhibit which cannot be equalled in less æsthetic lines. They have lately executed some remarkable relief work in the new Gooderham & Worts private offices, the like of which is not to be found in Canada. We are also informed that they have just completed the elaborate decorations of new St. Andrew's Church, Toronto. Their address is 94 and 96 Bay St.

CLAXTON.

AN EXHIBIT WITH PLENTY OF MUSIC IN IT.

THERE are plenty of interesting features about the fair, and one can scarcely pick out the particular display that holds the attention the longest. But to the music loving public, possibly Claxton's stand will keep the visitor about as long as any other in the Palace. For many years Mr. Claxton has enjoyed the reputation of being able to furnish the finest class of band instruments in the Dominion. No doubt the success he has achieved is due to the fact that he not only furnishes the best instruments, but sells them at the very lowest trade price. It might be stated that all instruments have water keys and G. S. valves and moulhpieces, and Cornets are furnished with cases and shanks. An instrument which Mr. Claxton is now offering for sale, is not only wonderful in its capabilities of producing the "sweet sound" that charms, but more than all wonderfully cheap. It is called the Orchestrone. As a marvel of musical invention it is a wonder. The principles on which all automatic instruments now in use are constructed have been employed in perfecting the Orchestrone. The instrument appears in the shape of the ordinary reed organ and in its furnishings is quite as complete and ornamental as the finest turned out by our organ companies. There are many styles ranging in price from \$18.00 to \$115.00. In Mr. Claxton's advertisement in the "Exhibition Illustrated," a misprint was made as to prices—the correct price of style 26 B is \$115, and of the Jubal style \$18. The construction is simple and durable while the tone has the sweetness, volume and purity of the usual parlor organ. To complete the marvels the operator does not need to be possessed of a knowledge of music. You play and the music comes spontaneously so to speak.

About the exhibit at the grounds, at a convenient and roomy space near the south entrance to the main building, the legend "Claxton's" catches your attention. The melodious tones of the Orchestrone draws you near and the glittering display of band instruments compels you to stop and look on for a little while. The display is doubtless the best in the line made at the big show.

It is almost needless to enter into a detailed description of the exhibit. The articles entered are almost innumerable, comprising every imaginable instrument and every conceivable device from which harmony can be produced. It seems somewhat astonishing that from the primeval chords that nature has bestowed upon us that so many wonderful varieties of their symphonies have been given voice in as many wonderful instruments. But so it is, and so it always will be in the development of every good thing that she has granted us to know of and profit by. Drooping reflections, don't forget Mr. Claxton's exhibit. The visit will repay you and the music of the orchestrone will make you begin to think that it is just as well to have some ready-made tunes about the house.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN.

MR. A. H. DIXON, the celebrated specialist for the cure of catarrh, hay fever and catarrhal deafness, is one of the most successful business men in Toronto. By a notice in the "Exhibition Illustrated" we see that Mr. Dixon has recently returned from California, where he met with great success in the introduction of his method of treatment. Those afflicted with these distressing diseases should write to Mr. Dixon at 303 King St. West, Toronto.

Fall Announcement!

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.

Have pleasure in stating that their Fall Importations are now complete and forward. They cordially invite inspection of same.

In Staple Department they show wonderful value in Grey all wool Flannel at mill prices. In imported Flannels French Twills, Printed Salisbury, Welsh, Lancashire, White and Scarlet Saxony and other makes.

All Wool and Union White Blankets, also Colored in all shades. Horse Blankets in Greys and Fawns, Jute, lined and unlined.

COT TONADES, Shirtings, Gingham, Denims, Cottons, Sheetings, Tickings, Linings, Ducks, Cretonnes.

In Linen Department they show Tableings in Bleached, Unbleached and Turkey Table Napkins, Table Cloths, Doilies, all sizes, Fronting Linen, Cotton Diaper, Linen Diaper, Rough Brown and dressed Hollands, Patent Canvas, French Canvas, Russian Canvas, Towellings, Towels, Crashs, Hessians, Burlaps, Hop sackings.

STUFF ROOM.

In Dress Department they offer superb value in French and German manufactured Goods, and call particular attention to two lines of Ottoman and Jersey Cloths, in which they have a full range of colors.

They also show 6-4 Foulie, Croise, Costume, Plaid, Jersey and Armures Cloths, 6-4 Tweeds, 3/4 Cork screw, Ottoman, Jersey, Plaid, Stripe and Serge Goods.

They have still some numbers to offer in their special line of Black and Colored Cashmeres. In Bradford and Glasgow Dress Goods they are offering special inducements in closing out lines of Union Foulie, in Plain, Checks, Plaids and Stripes. Also a line of serges, Twills and Meltons. Union Cashmeres, in Blacks and Colors and Costume Cloths.

IN BLACK DRESS AND MOURNING GOODS, Imperial Crapes, etc., etc., they offer a most complete range.

Ribbon Department. They offer all Staple lines of colors and makes at prices unheard of.

Glove Department. Women's Cashmere, Taffetas, Silk, Black and Colored Gloves, in 4, 6 and 8 Buttons, at prices lower than ever.

HANDKERCHIEFS. Ladies' in Cambric and Linen, White, Mourning and Fancy Borders.

In Hosiery Department they are showing controlled lines of Granite Mill Goods, in six complete ranges of Women's Hosiery, in Black and Colors, being the lowest made goods in Canada. They also show full lines in English Cashmere, Hosiery, Plain and Ribbed. Also many lines in Women's Lambs' Wool Vests, Natural Wool.

Domestic Goods in great variety.

In British Woollen Department they show all the newest Cloths and Patterns, a few of which are here mentioned:

Naps, Pilots, Beavers, Meltons, Diagonals, Worsted, Ottomans, Curls, Sealettes, Jerseys, Mattelasses; also Trouserings, Suitings, Black Broad, Doeskins, from West of England makers.

IN LININGS they are showing the following: Italian Cloths, Verona Serges, Plain and Fancy Selicias, Pocketings, Hair Cloths, Interlinings, Rubber Tissucs, etc. In this Department they also show Vestings of all kinds. Moleskins in White, Black and Brown; Corduroys in Black, Brown and Myrtle.

In Canadian Tweed Department they show Plain and Checked Ftoffes, Union and Wool Tweeds. Fine all Wool Tweeds in Suitings, Trouserings and Ulsterings. Send for samples and quotations.

In Silk Department they show their own special make of Black Gros-grains in eight qualities. Special value in Black Satin Merveilleux, Duchesse, Colored Surahs, Rhadamnes, Faille Francaise, Colored Striped Satins. All shades in Millinery Satins, Plushes, Velveteens.

Black Silk Broches in great variety.

Black and Brown Mantle Plushes.

Mantle and Shawl Department. Best productions of Germany and England in short and long Mantles at astonishingly low prices.

Shawls in Velvet Reversible, Stripes, Meltons, Tartans, etc.

Special job in heavy Canadian Shawls.

Black Alpaca and Italian Quilted Skirts.

Knitted Goods—Honey Comb Shawls in every leading shade, Booties, Infantees, Mittens, Garters, Polkas, Lunies, Hoods, Hats, Tugues, etc., etc.

A special job in Canadian Hoods and Jerseys. A full range of Black and Colored Jerseys. Beaded, Braided, Plain and Scalloped Veiling in Black, Bronze, Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Barege. Spot Veilings in all colors. Complexions Nets, Mecklins, Cambrays, Parisians, etc., etc. New Fancy Frillings, in assorted boxes.

New White Cream and Black Frillings, Muslins—all the Standard makes in Swiss Check, Tape Check, Jaconet, Victoria, Nanisook, India, Pale and Black Books, etc., etc.

Celebrated No. 9 Swiss Checks in twelve patterns.

Trimming Department. Black Chenille and Jet Fringes, Plain Chenille and Marabout Fringes, Colored and Black Braid Dress Trimmings, Colored and Black Dress Girdles.

Embroidery—A splendid stock of Flannel Embroidery in all colors.

Swiss Embroidery and Insertion in great variety, Oriental, Valenciennes and Thread Laces.

Irish and other Laces. Crochet Embroideries.

In Haberdashery Department they show Fancy Goods in Plush, Brass, Leather, etc., etc.

Ladies' Hand Bags, in new styles. Embroidery, in Chenille, Arzene, Braidene, Pon Pons, Banner and Bannerette Rods.

All the novelties in Buttons, in Pearl, Metal, Jet, Composition and Vegetable Ivory.

BRAIDS—In Black Alpaca, Super, Mohair, Real Mohair, Black Lama Braids. Colored Lama Braids, all colors. Vandyke, Cordon, Star and other Cotton Braids. Embroidery, Filoselle and Knitting Silks in all shades.

SEWING AND MACHINE SPOOLS—In Cotton, Linen and Silk Thread. Silks, Twist, Hand and Machine. Brass Pins, Hair Pins, Jersey Hat Pins and Hat Ornaments.

WOOLS—In Baldwin's 3 and 4-ply Fingering, Lady Betty, Andaluston, Fleecy, Saxony. Berlin Wool in 2, 4 and 8 fold.

ALSO A FINE LINE of Canadian Yarn. Jubilee Fingering and J. M. D. Saxony. Wool work in Slippers, Brackets, Banners, Bannerettes, Fire Screens, Table and Mantle Drapes, Piano and Fender Stools, Chair Stripes, Foot Rests, Cushions, Ottomans.

JAPANESE GOODS—In Trays, Crumb Trays, Brushes, Brackets, Wall Pockets, Paper Racks, Letter Racks, Vases, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes.

Work Boxes, Wicker Work Baskets, Fitted. Writing Desks, Dressing Cases, Graphoscopes, Fancy Clocks.

Gents' Furnishing Department. This Department, started about a year ago, is now one of the largest departments in the house. The Stock is very large, varied and attractive. Under are mentioned a few of the leading lines in Stock:

CANADIAN UNDERWEAR, Neckwear, large range. Silk, Linen and Cotton Handkerchiefs, Top Dress and Regatta Shirts, Umbrellas and Rubber Circulars, Men's Rubber and Rubber Tweed Coats, Top Rugs and Travelling Shawls, Cardigan Jackets, Mufflers, etc., etc. Men's Knit, Lined Kid and Kid Gloves, English, American and Canadian Braces, Linen, Celluloid and Paper Collars, Men's English and Scotch Hosiery in Lambs' Wool, Merino and Cashmere.

They invite careful inspection of this new department.

Carpet Department. For design, effect and value, the goods in this Department are unsurpassed. Carpets in Tapestry, Brussels, Hemp and Kidderminster. Hangings, Curtains and Coverings in great variety. Floor Oil Cloths, from the best British, American and Canadian makers.

LINOLEUMS—in newest patterns. Stair Carpets in Tapestry, Brussels, Hemp and Wool, Smyrna and Cocoa Mats. Hearth Rugs, etc. Furniture Plush, Piano Covers, Table Oil Cloths, Fringes, Stair Rods, Cornice Poles and Trimmings. Kindly call and see this very attractive Stock.

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30, 32, 34 and 36 Front Street East, . . . }

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