

GRIP

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AN INCIDENTAL SMASH.

UNCLE SAM BEGINS TO REALIZE THAT MCKINLEY'S CLUB WORKS BOTH WAYS.

GRIP

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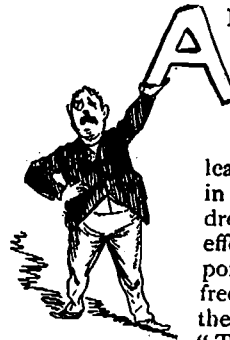
Comments
 ON THE
Cartoons.

UNDER THE THUMB.
 —The London Times advises Canada to declare frankly for Free Trade, as the most effective reply to the McKinley Bill. In this the Times re-echoes the counsel given a few weeks ago by GRIP, and is accordingly sound.

It cannot be doubted that straight-out Free Trade would be money in the pockets of the consumers of Canada, for it would vastly cheapen living, and we verily believe it would at the same time prove a benefit to all legitimate manufactures in the country. Of course we would have to resort to direct taxation for revenue—and that, we are aware, is tantamount to suicide in the opinion of the superstitious. It is high time the superstition were banished, and nothing apparently will kill it but a practical demonstration of the advantage of knowing precisely how much taxes we are paying. But is Sir John in a position to avail himself of the sound advice tendered him by Mr. John Bull? Hardly. He is very much "in the hands of his friends" of the Red Parlor, and they, extra-superb loyal though they are to a man, are desperately set against the old flag in so far as it represents Free Trade sentiments. Sir John, being a practical statesman, seems to have decided that, right or wrong, it will pay him better to stand by the protected interests and their available election wallet, than

to indulge in any old-fashioned chivalry as the friend and protector of the people. There is an exact parallel between the Tory parties of Canada and the United States in reference to the question of the moment—McKinley and his pals, who were elected on a tariff reduction platform, have raised the rates by way of paying back the "fat fried out of the monopolists," and Sir John and his colleagues are, for similar reasons, estopped from laying hands upon our own tariff, except to increase it.

AN INCIDENTAL SMASH.—It has been well said that no man can deliberately set out to injure others without injuring himself. Whether this rule is invariable in the case of individuals, it certainly applies without exception to nations who use tariffs as offensive weapons. Before the McKinley Bill has run its course it will be manifest enough that its principal victim is Uncle Sam himself. Already, from one end of the broad Republic to the other, we can hear a monotonous growl of discontent. Every week adds to the strength of the chorus, as new developments of the fraud and sham of Protection become clear to the people. It will culminate in a roar of rage before long, which will find some practical expression at the polls.



An additional scrap of evidence, going to prove that the high Protectionists have no confidence in their own system, comes in the shape of an editorial in last Thursday's *World*. That learned journal thinks "there is sense in the communication recently addressed to the London Times, to the effect that if Canada seizes the opportunity to place tin plates on the free list she can have a monopoly of the canning business of the world."

"There seems to be millions in it!" adds the enthused editor. No doubt; but this is a suggestion of rank Free Trade; and the Americans have deliberately done themselves out of the millions in prospect in accordance with the glorious and long-headed theory of Protection!

SPEAKING of the trade question reminds us to acknowledge suitably the receipt of a *recherché* little pamphlet from our esteemed fellow-citizen, the Secretary of the Manufacturers' Association. This able work is made up of two letters, from the Secretary and Assistant Secretary respectively, and the whole may be described as a stirring appeal to manufacturers to join the Association and contribute to the fund which is required to head off the pestilent Free Traders. It will interest the working men (including the farmers) to learn from this little book that "this Association, in protecting themselves from adverse legislation, are *protecting labor* by assuring a *wide and lucrative field for Canadian artisans*; are affording a *larger and nearer market for all farm products*, and are aiding in building up a national spirit," etc. In face of the cold, pitiless facts, so patent to every toiler in Canada at this moment, this passage may be described as a specimen of rare gall. Even Sir John is not equal to such specious humbug, for he frankly intimates that we must find markets abroad or prepare for a tight squeeze.

BUT it is the cover of this pamphlet that our glowing patriots, the protected manufacturers, are banking on! The cover is a blaze of glory, embellished with as many national emblems and soul-stirring mottoes as the *mizzen* card of a Horse Guards banquet could possibly display. The whole affair is eminently typical of the Protection advocate—an utter absence of logical argument within, and an overpowering amount of "old flag" on the outside.

THE idea is inferentially conveyed that the term "our country" is a synonym for the coterie of fellows who are empowered by the N.P. to tax us for their own benefit, and the man who regards the arrangement as legalized robbery is necessarily a "traitor." With a sublimity of cheek the Union Jack, the beaver, the maple leaf, the country's coat of arms, and all the other items of our national heraldry are appropriated by this Association as their own especial property, and good citizens who seek to promote the welfare of the Dominion along the lines of truth and reason, viz., by enlarging our markets, are referred to as enemies who are ready to "meekly surrender our glorious birthright." One of the mottoes chosen from Shakespeare to grace this remarkable cover, seems to us, however, to fit the mouth of the long-suffering consumer better than that of the long-pampered Associationist. It is this:

"You must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook
With danger, and think it pastime."

WHAT in the world is to become of our dashing, dashing dragoon, Col. G. T. Denison now? Othello's occupation's gone! Here is a great German military authority declaring that henceforth cavalry is of no more use for war purposes, except for outpost duty. The newly invented smokeless powder has done it. It's too bad! Just when we were on the verge of a magnificent set-to with the unspeakable Yankees, and our gallant Colonel had made arrangements to sweep the flying hosts of the enemy from Niagara to the Gulf of Mexico with his invincible Body Guards, to be absolutely squashed in this way and banished to outpost duty! Confound their smokeless powder!

THE *World* tells of a deaf and dumb mute who was committed for trial by the Parkdale magistrate, the other day, for stealing an overcoat. This is a particularly pitiable case. It is very sad to think of a young man being in trouble of this sort, and it makes it sadder still to know that he is deaf and dumb. But another degree of sadness seems to be added to the affair when we learn that in addition to being deaf and dumb he is also a mute.



HIS THATCH.

MOTHER—"Johnny, you shouldn't run out in the rain without your hat on."

JOHNNY—"But, mamma, how can my head get wet when I have it shingled?"

OSGOODE LEGAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTION.

DEBATING clubs by mimic strife
Oft fit young men for public life,
By practice each crude rhetorician
Becomes an able politician.

But 'tis not argument alone
By which the statesman now is known,
'Tis pulling wires and buying votes
Which modern statesmanship denotes.

The orator may saw the air
And marshal facts with studious care,
But all his logic can't prevail
With people who have votes for sale.

And so the Osgoode L. and L.
Are bound to make their influence tell,
Nor limit, by old fogy views,
The education they diffuse.

As training school for public life
They copy real election strife,
Mere talk they wisely supplement
With plenteous boodle freely spent.

In warring factions they divide
And range themselves on either side
With no more principle than rules
The rival Grit and Tory schools.

With insight true, the means they choose
To capture votes are oyster stews,
Well knowing that's the surest plan
To reason with the average man.

As thus they show progressive sense
And practical intelligence,
In wider fields we well may hope
These embryo statesmen will have scope



FITZDUDE'S LATEST.

FITZDUDE (dropping into barber's chair)—"Hair cut, p'ease."

BARBER—"But you ain't got no ha'r dat I kin see, boss."

FITZDUDE—"Aw—twim my eyelashes—they obstwuct my glauss, doncherknow."



AN IMPORTANT POINT.

MR. MULDOON—"Here's the medicine, Honora, an' the doc-ther sez it'll kill or cure you."

MRS. MULDOON—"But, Patrick darlint, fwchich will it do furst?"

MR. MULDOON—"Bedad, I forgot to ax him, entirely!"

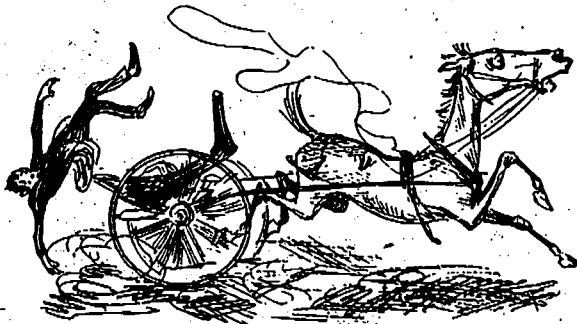
AIRLIE AT HOME AGAIN!

(HE DESCRIBES THE AWFU' TRIP HE HAD COMIN' OWER.)

HEATHER HA', TORONTO,
October, 1890.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP.—When I tied a muckle bunch o' heather on my back, an' bade farewell for a time to auld Scotland, little did I think o' what I had to go through afore I would again licht on a freen'ly shore. I had often heard o' equinoctials, but this is the first time I ever rode across the Atlantic on the back o' one, an' I'll tak gude care it'll be the last.

Yon cantankerous element o' nature would come ca-reerin' doon like a great whale, tearin' up the sea an' hoist-in' the ship clear up on its back an' shakin' it off again, an' makin' it perfectly impossible for me to keep up the sma'est appearance o' dignity. I'll defy any man to keep up his nateral dignity at an angle o' forty-five degrees, wi' three or four skirlin' women hingin' on till him an' the sea flecin' ower the deck at nae allowance. As for denner it wasna to be thocht o', for nae suner



MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

Why is this man like Grip's Comic Almanac for '91?
Because he'll be out soon.

would we be a' settled doon an' the het soup ladled oot then it would come bang up amfidships, wi' a soond like the crack o' doom, capsizin' soups, plates, knives, forks clean intill oor laps, amid a yellin' an' skirlin' an' hingin' on to the first thing handy in a vain attempt to resume the perpindicular. As for the sichin' an' the groanin' an' the never-to-be-forgotten soons o' mortal agony proceedin' frae unseen quarters, believe you me, "*Rocked in the cradle o' the deep*" may be a' very bonnie as a song, but, asa practical experience it's like mony ither bonnie theories, no sae easy as ye would think. There was a'e indignity, however, I was determined the equinoctial wouldna' put upon me, that was whummlin' me oot o' my top bunk in the middle o' the nicht like Sautan flung ower the battle-ments o' Heaven an' lichtin' wha kens whaur. I can put up wi' a hantle, but flecin' through space I draw the line at.

So I tak's the rope I had roond my kist an' I winds it roond an' roond my body an' then I fastens the twa ends to the key o' the port hole, an' so anchored I lay safe an' secure frae a' risk o' tummlin' oot when the ship gae a by-ordinar lurch. A great cawn cam' ower me, an' wi' a grim smile o' pity I listened to the puir unfortunate wretches wha had sae muckle less gumption than mysel'.



EXCLUSIVE.

CHANTICLEER—"What's the matter with *this egg*?"

MRS. C.—"Oh, that's only common clay; it doesn't belong to our set."

"Steward."

"Yes, mistress."

"Are we a' gaun to the bottom d'ye think?"

"Oh, no—this is nothing."

"Steward—oh—oh, dear! Do you think my trunks will be safe down in the hold there? Would you kindly step down and see?" This last was by a delicate rose-leaf young leddy gaun oot to be a wife to a North-West farmer.

"Steward, what do you really think?"

"Oh, we're all right. Trust in Providence."

"Ay, that's—very—true—but—oh—oh—um me!"

"Oh, steward!!! we're all going to the bottom, I know we are. You've no right to deceive us like this."

"Nonsense; its only an equinoctial gale."

"Hallo! old fellow—why don't you stay in bed?"

"Im just telling this lady here: it's only an equinoctial."

"It's no that—is there ony way I could get a letter posted afore she gangs doon?"

Here a maist onearthly soond began, as though a' the thunderbolts o' Jove had been hurled upon the deck, an' taen to rowin' up an' doon. "In that day shall seven women lay hold o' one man," says the Scripture, but I'm sure nae less than fourteen laid hold o' that puir steward whan the awfu' hurstlin' an' hurtlin' began.

"Steward! Oh, steward!" was a' I could hear, till the puir man, in desperation, laughed outright.

"Why, that's only the deck's gettin' scrubbed," he said, an' his voice was like oil on the troubled waters, when a shrill quaver enquired—"Steward, what for d'ye hae lichts burnin' a' nicht—it's no safe. Look at that lanp hoo it's wallop'in' about."

"That—oh, that's all right—it's a hanging lamp."

"Stew—"

Here a tremendous lurch o' the ship sent the lang-sufferin' steward an' his persecutors fleein' doon into some limbo, where there was weepin' an' wailin'—an' the next thing I hears is a married pair on the situation. "John, look out o' the port hole an' see gin their be any signs o' this nicht comin' till an end." "Eh—weel, it's a kin' o' white an' foggy like—a thick fog awa' ower yonder—but it's clear—quite clear. Hoots! I've seen a waur nicht—it's only the wind—woman." Sae comforted, the wife seemed to fa' asleep, an' sae did I. In twa three meenits I was waukened up by the most awfu' ruggin' an' stranglin' at my throat, as though somebody was garrotin' me an' tryin' to tear the head frae my shouthers. Gude save us! the rope had slippit up roond my neck, an' here was me hangin' out ower the side o' my bunk, the port-hole hauled open wi' my weight, the water pourin' in, the steward swearin' at sic a clumsy attempt at suicide, an' me yellin' in mortal dead-thraw.

"Murder!—help! Steward—!!!!"

A letter has just been handed me frae James L. Hughes, sae I maun excuse mysel' till anither week or sae, when I'se tell ye what's int'.

Your weather-beaten freen,

HUGH AIRLIE.

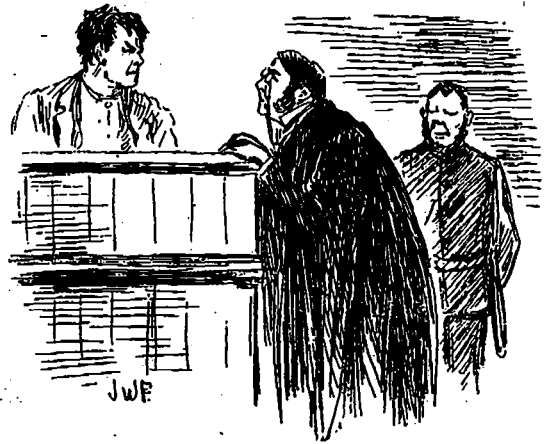
LOYALIST ARITHMETIC.

NOW that it has been determined to teach the principles of true loyalty in the schools, in order that Canadians may be imbued from their infancy with proper feelings of hatred and contempt for Yankees, Commercial Unionists, traitors, etc., it is felt that some changes in the school books in use are desirable. The patriotism of the youthful mind would be stimulated if instead of the tame and commonplace examples usually found in arithmetics others were substituted embodying strikingly loyal sentiments and ideas of Canadian superiority. Something like the following would probably be found appropriate:

1. A Canadian army, commanded by Col. Denison, comprising 2,000 men encountered a force of 10,000 cowardly Yankees—of whom they killed 1,025 $\frac{1}{2}$, wounded 2,665 and captured 4,087. How many Yankees ran away?

2. An invading army of Yankees met a body of Canadians half their number and taking precipitately to flight ran without stopping 23 miles in 4 hours. Supposing they had met a force equal to their own how many miles would they have run in 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, other things being equal?

3. A truly loyal Canadian patriot cheered for the Queen 1,502 times, made 347 speeches abusing the Yankees and wrote 728 letters to the newspapers denouncing annexa-



CONSOLATION.

PRISONER (just convicted and sentenced)—"It's pretty hard to be sent up for life."

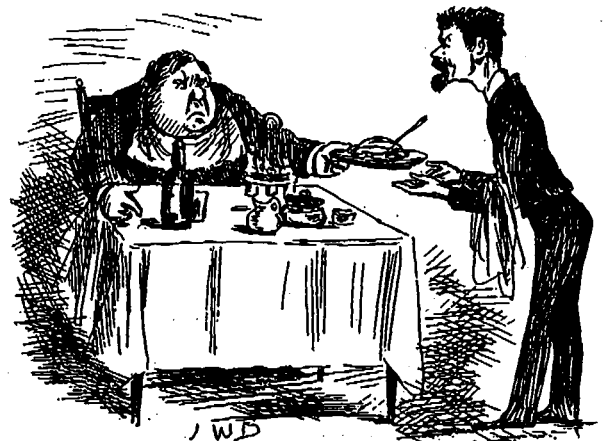
HIS LAWYER—"But, my dear fellow, keep up your courage. You may die before the time is up, you know!"

tionists. Finally he was rewarded with a \$2,500 office which he kept ten years. Supposing his speeches were worth twice as much as his letters and four times as much as his cheers—how much did he receive for each?

4. A protected manufacturer realizes \$20,000 per year owing to the tariff, and a farmer has his expenses increased \$175 per year by the same cause. How many times more loyal ought the manufacturer to be than the farmer?

5. If a loyal Canadian can lick an annexationist in two minutes and a Yankee in three minutes and a half how long would it take to lick both of them together, and how much would Denison fine him?

And the following might be added to the rules: To ascertain the amount of loyalist sentiment in a given community—add the square of the number of office-holders to the amount of the protection conferred on manufacturers by the N.P. minus the contributions to the party campaign fund, multiply by the number of Union Jacks hoisted on school houses and divide by the number of disappointed office-seekers, plus the McKinley tariff on barley and hen fruit.



A COMPETENT JUDGE.

MR. STUFFER (wrathfully)—"Here, waiter, take this away—it isn't fit for a hog to eat."

WAITER—"Ver' vell, sare; you ought to know."



THE WATER WORKS VOTE.

EVENING TELEGRAM MAN—"Ha, your Worship, accept the assurance of my most profound sorrow about this sudden douche of cold water. I'm exceedingly pained and grieved, and it's just what you deserve!"

THE PEANUT VENDOR OF MIMICO.

EXTRACT FROM A THRILLING CANADIAN ROMANCE.

THE following extract from the novel by J. Ingledew Duxter, LL.B., noticed in last week's GRIP, gives an idea of the realistic power of that remarkable work:

'Twas eve. The sun had sunk low in the west, like the declining prospects of the investors in West Toronto Junction property, and his departing rays gilded the domes and spires of the city of Mimico with a radiance emblematic of its roseate future. The crowded thoroughfares no longer pulsated with the busy hum of industry. In front of a handsome mansion adorned with a lofty cupola and a second mortgage stood a couple engaged in earnest converse. They were respectively male and female. 'Tis usually thus.

"Dearest one," said Eugenio H. Witherspoon, a young man of thirty-seven summers, as he playfully toyed with the pearly ear of his fiancée Gladys McCully—"as the time for our nuptials approaches—a feeling of sadness which I vainly seek to dispel—a presentiment of future evil flings its black shadow athwart my pathway."

"What, is it possible that you have already ceased to love me?" cried Gladys convulsively twining her lily fingers in his auburn locks with all the energy of her forceful nature. "Oh, prithee say not so."

"Oh, no, Gladys. Have not the ice cream and caramels of which you have partaken at my expense—or rather at my credit—sufficiently attested the strength of a devotion which can never die? 'Tis but a gloomy foreboding."

"Eugenio," exclaimed Gladys, pausing a moment to purchase an evening *Telegram* from a passing newsboy,

"I fear that you are not what you seem. You are become moodful and abstracted. Methinks some secret weighs upon you. Can you not confide in your Gladys?"

Eugenio tore himself from her embrace and paced the lawn with agitated strides while the contortions of his handsome features disclosed the tempest which raged in his soul.

"Alas!" he said, "'tis as you surmise. I have a secret—a damning guilty secret which might well cause one of your guileless purity to shrink from me in horror."

"Nay, say not thus, Eugenio. I am yours what'er betide—for 'tis my last chance," she murmured softly to herself. "Ah, tell me all."

"Gladys," he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "can you love a crime-stained man? One who has been wooed by the glitter of proffered wealth from the path of rectitude and violated the most binding ties of honor."

"Oh! what have you done, Eugenio?"

"Listen, girl, and prepare to recoil with scorn and loathing from a wr-rretch whose name will soon be mentioned with execration by every lip. Listen, if you would know the hideous truth," he cried, seizing her by the waist

in his powerful grasp and shaking her till her boot-heels knocked together. "Bribed by a sordid bonus of a free site, free water and exemption from taxation for ten years I have agreed to move my factory to the Junction."

With a shriek of anguish which clove the still gloaming Gladys fell fainting to the ground—as a dark form glided out of the dense shrubbery and gained the street. It was Marco Bentivoglio, the peanut vendor.

* * * *

In an inner apartment in the City Hall the Executive Committee sat in secret conclave. The unlighted passage way, which was the only means of access, was furnished with a trap-door opening by means of a concealed spring in the walls of the chamber. Upon hearing an unauthorized footstep without, the presiding officer could spring the trap, consigning the eavesdropper to a miserable death in the gloomy vaults below.

A death-like silence pervaded the conclave. Expectancy apparently prevailed.

"Yes, he will come," said Ald. McCully, the president. "The city editor of the *Paralyzer* has long been anxious to penetrate the veil of mystery surrounding our administration. To-night he has bribed the policeman on duty by two drinks and the promise of a year's subscription to admit him to the corridor, whence he hopes to overhear our deliberations."

"Hark! I hear footsteps in the corridor," said Ald. Grogworthy.

Ald. McCully pressed the spring with a sinister smile. Also with his right thumb.

The next moment a dull sickening thud, followed by a hollow groan, indicated that the enterprising journalist had met his doom.

"I rather think we could give a few pointers on the secret conclave act to the Toronto Street Railway Committee," said Ald. Tillinghast. "Nothing like doing things thoroughly."

"And now to business," said the President. "Marco Bentivoglio, the peanut vendor, waits without. From him have I learned of the infamy of one in whom hitherto we had reposed every confidence. Eugenio H. Witherspoon is a traitor! After for several years partaking of the unparalleled benefits afforded by Mimico as a manufacturing centre he is preparing to move his factory to the Junction. And the miscreant has had the insolence to aspire to the hand of my daughter and seek to drag her down to his own depth of degradation. What does the traitor deserve?"

"Death!" answered the others.

"What ho, without!" cried the President. "Admit the peanut vendor."

Marco Bentivoglio was introduced with his eyes tightly bandaged.

"Marco Bentivoglio," said the President, "you know Eugenio H. Witherspoon?"

"Cospetto!" exclaimed the Italian. "He owe me quarter for peanutta. He no pay me. He call me 'Dago,' and he ground his teeth in rage.

"'Tis well," said McCully. "Hast thy trusty stilletto concealed about thy person?"

"Si signor," replied Marco.

"Good! Then hesitate not to use it. This very night has the traitor Witherspoon gone over to the Junction to consummate the details of his nefarious scheme to depreciate the value of real estate in this community. I need hardly remark to this intelligent audience that the Junction cannot begin to offer the advantages possessed by this city—and that the baseness of the attempt to decoy manufacturers there by bonuses is only equalled by its futility. (Applause.) Consider the unparalleled growth of our population. [A speech of about two pages, setting forth the charms of Mimico and ridiculing the pretensions of the rival town, is here omitted.] But I digress. You will await the miscreant's return and bury your stilletto in his treacherous bosom!"

"And what-a you giba me?" asked Marco.

"How, minion? Give, saidst thou? Wilt not have revenge? Ha! ha!"

"No. You givea me money, too. Me wanta fifty dollar."

"Fifty dollars," said Ald. McCully thoughtfully. "I'm afraid that would lead to an unwarrantable increase in the rate of taxation. We can't do it. But I'll tell you what I will do. I've fifty feet of land on Goosetrack Avenue that's cheap at \$30 a foot—and it's only mortgaged for \$20. I'll give you a deed of it and take a second mortgage for \$5 a foot. Five times fifty is 250. So you'll make \$250 by the deal. Sec?"

"Corpo di Baccho. I will do it," said the peanut vendor. And at a sign from the President he was conducted from the chamber, and clutching his glittering poinard sped forth upon his fiendish mission.

HE—"Are all J. Millionaire Crawford's daughters married?"

SHE—"Yes—all five of them."

HE—"Married some English syndicate, I suppose?"

—*The Fury*



THE RETORT UNCOURTEOUS.

TANGLE—"Do you know how it feels to be kicked by a mule?"
BRONSON—"No—and I hope you don't want to show me!"

HE WAS OSTRACIZED.

PROFESSOR—"What is the origin and signification of the term ostracism?"

STUDENT—"Ostracism, sir, is derived from the Greek word *ostrakon*—an oyster shell—for balloting at elections. The man who got left was ostracized."

PROFESSOR—"Can you give an instance?"

STUDENT—"Um—um. I can give a modern instance, sir. It's generally admitted that Bristol was knocked out by the oysters."

AN UNKIND SUSPICION.

ALGERNON—"Believe me, my idol! your lovely picture is engraved on my heart and brain!"

ADELAIDE—"Are you quite sure you mean that, and are not saying it because you know I dote on steel engravings and wood-cuts?"

HE WAS WILLING TO RISK IT.

DOLLY WELOFF—"No, Jack, I cannot marry you. I love you too dearly to run the risk of ruining you."

JACK HARDUP—"What do you mean?"

DOLLY WELOFF—"You know what the maxim says: 'Many a man is ruined by suddenly becoming rich.'"

AFTER A VISIT TO THE SEASIDE.

BANKS—"Did you go among the breakers?"

CUMSO—"Yes. I went to see everything that was to be seen and am dead broke."

AMOUNT TO THE SAME THING.

BROWN—"Did Jones go into the country this summer?"

SMITH—"No. He went into bankruptcy instead."



THE LAST OF THE PARAGRAPHERS.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF A FUNNY MAN.

"WELL, what did you think of Bob?" said Popinjay to his friend Jinkers, as they came away from Burdette's lecture the other evening.

"Er—well—not so very, very funny as I had expected, but there was a lot of sound sense to it, you know," replied Jinkers. "I was particularly struck with his idea that it is in times of trouble, pain and sorrow that we ought to have the most fun."

"Yes, I thought that was rather a queer idea myself," assented Popinjay.

"And yet, when you look at it," resumed J., "it's sound philosophy. When we're all right, we don't need fun; it's when things are going all wrong with us that we seem to require it. I've made up my mind to act on the hint from this day forth."

And, as by this time they had reached Pop's corner,

that gentleman bade his friend good-night and went on his way. The convert to Burdettean philosophy continued up Yonge street wrapped in profound thought. His reverie was rudely interrupted at the next corner by a big dog, which, dashing from a side street, made a vain endeavor to pass between the oblivious gentleman's legs. Mr. Jinkers was instantaneously sprawling upon the crossing, which was neither smooth nor clean, and when, after deliberately arising and collecting his thoughts, his hat, his stick and his gloves, he found his trousers torn at the knees and his nose bleeding. For the smallest fraction of a second he struggled with an impulse to swear, but, instantly bethinking himself of Burdette, he burst into a peal of hilarious laughter, and went on up the street alternately emitting screams of mirth and sharp explosions—the latter produced by the tremendous slaps he was giving his thigh by way of emphasizing the fun he was having. People who met him stared fixedly for a little while and then went off with every indication of intense amusement. But Mr. Jinkers hadn't traveled far before his demonstrations attracted the attention of a policeman, who collared him, and (being mentally incapable of grasping the Burdettean philosophy, even after it had been lucidly explained by the prisoner,) marched him off to the nearest police station, where he was deposited in a loud-smelling cell, the slate bearing the laconic entry, "Prometheus F. Jinkers. Drunk and disorderly." Most men would have been crushed at this *denouement*, but of course it only added to Jinkers' enjoyment, in accordance with the theory of the able lecturer from Pennsylvania.

HIS NAME IS DENIS.

BERLIN, Oct. 20th.—The *Neue Freie Press* publishes an article which is likely to attract general notice. The writer declares that the time for brilliant cavalry attacks upon infantry is past and that the future duties of cavalry will be to serve as outposts, to conceal infantry, to escort single detachments, and so forth.—*Cable despatch.*

CARRY the news to Denison,
No more the Yankee foe he'll menace,
His glory and his prestige gone,
His name's not "Denison" but "Denis."

Let rust the sabre in its sheath,
The war-horse free from rein and saddle,
To fight on foot is far beneath
Him who on horseback sat astraddle.

No more the trumpet call he hears
Or drinks the stern delight of slaughter;
His name no more the foeman fears,
Who erst shed Yankee blood like water.

The only charges he can make
Are from the bench's elevation,
On hapless drunks his ire he'll slake,
His sole and only consolation.

BODY GUARD.

DIDN'T STRIKE HIM THAT WAY.

DINGLEBAT—"Does it not strike you as apparent that we have too many lawyers in this country?"

BASKERVILLE—"I must confess that it does not. You see it has often struck me, before, whereas a parent usually strikes from the other direction."

FELINE.

MR. HARDGALL—"How pleasant it feels to have the ocean air beat against one's cheeks."

MISS WEARY (*surprised*)—"Then, you can feel it?"



UNDER THE THUMB!

JOHN BULL *—" My advice to you is to come out for absolute Free Trade ! "

SIR JOHN—" Come out! But how can I 'come out'?—tell me that, Mister Bull ! "

**London Times*, Oct. 10th.—" In plain words, if Canada is not only to keep her place with the trading countries of the world, but improve on her former position, and make the McKinley Act a benefit to her and not a loss, her most likely method is to take example and encouragement from the Mother Country and adopt frankly and fully the policy of Free Trade."



A SUDDEN CALL.

MAIDSERVANT—"Madam, Mr. Swellerton has rung up the telephone and wishes to speak to you."

MRS. FLIGHT (agitated)—"Mr. Swellerton? Gracious, Perkins, go and hold the connection until I get my dress changed."

THE PLUNKTOWN ANNALS.

(Number One.)

LITTLE BISTON'S BIG MARE.

LITTLE BISTON had an idea. This was something new with Biston. For some time he had fluttered, like the proverbial moth, around the flame of Honoria McKetchum's charms. Miss McKetchum was a young lady of Amazonian proportions, whilst little B., even with the adventitious aid of high heels, only stood five feet three inches in his boots. Miss McK. admired the heroic in men. Little B. was of effeminate tastes—had never fired a shot or mounted a horse. Miss McK. had audibly expressed her contempt for small men at Butterby's ball—and in Biston's presence.

Now, Biston had a number ten soul in his number three body, and the said soul chafed at the insult. "Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Wellington," he mused, "were all of small stature, and attained fame; why not I?" Out of this musing was evolved the idea: "I will get a horse," he said. "I will become the best horseman in Plunktown. As I ride up High street everyone will say, 'Oh, there's Biston. What a firm seat and graceful carriage!' Thus will I bring the haughty Amazon to time." The great soul of little B. swelled so tremendously at the thought that the three lower buttons of his vest flew off.

As Biston knew nothing of horses, he took counsel with a turfy friend, who said: "B., me boy, get a *big* horse—nothing less than sixteen hands—big bone, muscle and chest. Staying power depends upon the lungs, and the lungs depend on the chest."

Biston went to a German horse-dealer, who recommended an immense carrot-colored mare. True, she had the heaves and was a confirmed roarer, but—as B. sententiously remarked to an equally knowing friend—"a horse whose breathing can be heard all over the block *must* have good lungs, and that means staying

power." "What do you call her, Poppenheim?" "Vell, I call her Donner-und blitzen—she vas so shentle und kind." Biston did not understand German, but, not wishing to expose his ignorance, he accepted the statement and called her "Donna" for short.

The first morning after the amiable beast arrived, B. thought he would attend to her himself. He now admits that this was a mistake. Donna was lying down when he entered, and, though Biston entreated her to "Get up, *good* Donna, *kind* Donna," she remained alike insensible to flattery or command. After due reflection, he concluded that it was *not* possible for a man of his size to lift her up, and, in his perplexity (standing between the prostrate mare and the wall) he lit his pipe and thoughtlessly threw the burning match so that it fell on Donna's tail, which was instantly consumed.

Donna got up! Oh, yes! but in so doing she squashed poor Biston so flat against the wall that when he crawled out he looked like a Gruyere cheese in a tweed wrapper.

Despite this and many similar painful episodes, he persevered in his riding lessons, and soon made his first appearance on High street. In size he bore about the same relation to his mount as the chimney does to a good-sized house. A small boy ran behind his carroty mare for a block loudly calling attention of the promenaders to "the bloomin' tomtit on a round-o'-beef," but he was happily unconscious of this allusion.

At the most crowded corner he stopped to talk to a friend, when suddenly he espied the McKetchum equipage being driven rapidly toward him. This was the supreme moment of little Biston's life. He tightened the rein suddenly with one hand, whilst the other gave a vicious smack with the whip—at the same time he drove the rowels of his new spurs in Donna's flanks in one mad effort to get into motion before the fair Honoria passed him. "Donna" at once exercised her staying powers. She "stayed" right there, erect on her hind legs, pawing the air with her feet. Biston fondly and frantically embraced her neck. The next instant the position was reversed; the mare snuffing dust, and heels wildly kicking. Biston saved himself from sliding over her head by grasping her ears. Another reversal, and the brute again pawed air, poor Biston hanging from her ears like a crab-apple on a twig. Sure enough, the people turned and said, "Ah! there's Biston," but they laughed consumedly as they said so, and *that* was not on the programme. The amusement, however, turned to sincere sympathy as that fiend of a mare fell backward and nearly crushed his life out. When he recovered consciousness, about ten days later, the first sight his eyes lit upon was the tear-stained face of Honoria McKetchum. Need we tell the sequel? His misfortunes had touched her heart as no success could have done, and she married him. Thus did little Biston's big mare win him a bride, though not according to the plan originally mapped out. "Donna" is still seen daily on the streets of Plunktown, in business relations with a butcher cart.

SNIGGLESBY GODFREY.

NO BALM.

JACK—"So she rejected you, eh? But what could a poor devil like you expect? Girls will always marry for money, so cheer up."

HARRY—"If I could only lay that balm to my heart I wouldn't feel so badly. What provokes me is that the fellow she prefers to me is poorer than I am."

HE IS AN ACTOR NOW.

Mrs. JENNIE KIMBALL, mother of the famous little burlesque artiste, Corinne, and proprietress of the Kimball Opera Comique and Burlesque Company, tells the following interesting story of how she secured one of the best voices in her organization:

It was the early part of last season, while travelling from Kansas City to St. Louis. We did not have our own special train then, but occupied two sleeping coaches placed at our disposal by the railroad company—one of which was used for the company and one by Corinne and myself. The train had stopped at an eating station, and my daughter and I, on going to our meal, had left the car unlocked, but as we supposed in charge of the porter. The latter, however, had also gone out for the purpose of resting himself. Imagine my surprise when on returning I saw in the car an individual who, with his pants in his boots and red handkerchief about his neck, looked very much as though he would feel more at home in a corn wagon behind a team of oxen than in a Pullman sleeper. He was seated reading a newspaper, and did not appear in the least put out when he saw me enter. He simply rose to his feet, holding his hat in his hand and said:

"Miss; are you one of the singers with the show party that's on the train?"

I told him that I was the proprietress of the organization.

At this his eyes seemed to light up and he became enthusiastic at once. "Why, if that's so, you're just the person I want to see."

I asked him in what way I could assist him. His reply, which was to the point, startled and pleased me.

"You see, Miss, here at home folks have an idea that I am something of a singer, and thought that perhaps if I watched for an opportunity I might get with some show company, and that if I did, I would be able to do better than by staying here at home on the farm. So I came to ask you if you would give me a chance."

Visions of a phenomenon—another Campanini or Del Puente—discovered in the backwoods floated through my mind. I determined to investigate the case.

"Suppose you sing me something and give me a chance to judge of your voice, said I."

I was amazed to hear him—this countryman, this unsophisticated hayseed—sing *Then You Will Remember Me*. And he sang it well, too. So well that I engaged him on the spot, sending him back home to get himself in shape, with directions to meet us in St. Louis the next day. He came, and brought all his rusticity with him. But we soon broke him in. He did not prove to be a Campanini or a Del Puente, but he is one of the best singers I have to-day, and he makes more money than he would "at home on the farm."

WASTE PLACES—Where the young man loves to put his arm.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

A HALF day's loaf is better than no holiday.—*New York News.*

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the Illustrated Guide to Montreal, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

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.

MISS ELIGIBLE (*whose mother is a she-dragon*)—"You've no idea, Mr. Desirable, how mischievous I was when I was small. Why, Mamma, you remember how people used to fight shy of you because I was always sure to be with you and make things disagreeable?"

MR. DESIRABLE—"The deuce! Why, the situation is just reversed now, isn't it? That is—I mean—that—a—"

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

EDITOR (*to Miss Oldgirl, aged about forty*)—"Your work shows promise, madam, but do you know that good literary work is seldom done by a woman until she is thirty or thirty-five? Several years hence you will be able to write available articles.

MISS OLDGIRL (*as she leaves*)—"That was the most delightful man I ever met."—*West Shore.*

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 months. Our Medicated Air treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church St., Toronto.

PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY—"Your honor; I move to dismiss this case. It has been settled in the pellet court."

JUDGE—"Impossible. There has been no appeal taken."

PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY—"I know, but the plaintiff settled it this morning with a charge of leaden pellets from a shot gun."—*West Shore.*

The latest and best waltzes are *Miriam Waltz*, by Gibert Byass; *Eldorado Waltz*, by T. P. Royle; *La Crèole Waltz*, by Florence Fare; price 60 cents each. Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers, 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto. New catalogue of latest vocal music post free.

BLINKINSOP (*closing the agnostic discussion*)—"Well, I confess I can't endure a sermon. I went to church last Sunday and in less than thirty minutes I got up and left."

BLOTTERWICK—"I didn't know they took up the collection so soon as that."

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers' to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

DIVIDING THE SPOILS—Sorting rotten apples.

DOLLEY—"Can you break a ten for me?" GURLEY (*producing the change*)—"Yes." DOLLEY (*pocketing it*)—"All right. I'll hand you the ten next week."—*West Shore.*

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as suashine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

FIRST BAND LEADER—"I'm going to give a series of sacred concerts on Sundays."

SECOND B. L.—"What will be the special sacred feature of them?"

FIRST B. L.—"Oh, I'll omit the usual in-termination for beer."

The Dominion Building and Loan Association are now occupying their new and splendidly fitted-up quarters at No. 54 Adelaide Street East. This association has a capital of five millions, over \$500,000 being subscribed in three months. It is doing a very large business on conservative methods which provide absolute security against loss or misappropriation. It has twenty-seven Advisory Boards in different sections of Ontario, securing a thorough supervision of operations and knowledge of local conditions and requirements. The high standing of its directorate and officials entitles the Association to the confidence of all investors.

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BLOOD
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CURES
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If suffering from any kind of headache take **HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS.**

MAKE THE TRIAL.

It will only cost 25 cents for a box and cannot hurt you.

They do not affect the bowels.

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STRENGTH, NOURISHMENT AND REFRESHMENT.

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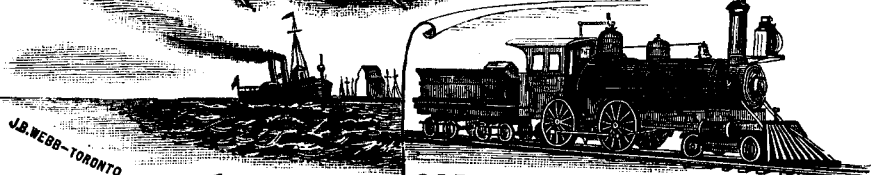
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TO THE PUBLIC.



The latest invention in chemistry is Armand's Hair Restorer. Sensational discovery. It differs entirely from any hair restorer existing. It will restore gray hair to its original color, beauty and softness. It is not a dye, and will not soil or injure the skin. Free of grease or any injurious drugs. Most of other hair restorers are more or less injurious to the brains and health, oily and sticky compositions, and are flavored with a very unpleasant odor. Armand's Hair Restorer is free of all these unpleasant drugs. Price \$1 a bottle or 6 bottles \$5. Agents wanted for the country.

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The Bank of Toronto.

DIVIDEND No. 69.

Notice is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. for the current half year, being at the rate of TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM, upon the paid-up capital of the Bank, has this day been declared and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after MONDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER next.

THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the 17th to the 29th day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.
(Sgd.) D. COULSON,
Cashier.

Freehold Loan and Savings Company.

DIVIDEND NO. 62.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after Monday, the 1st day of December next, at the office of the company, Church street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November inclusive. By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD,
Manage

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

RESULT:
**I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,**
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
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AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

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A NOTE OF HUMAN NATURE.

How tired all the gentlemen are when the lady who is standing up in the car is not all she might be in the way of looks!

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ANOTHER "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" WORD CONTEST

AND \$200 IN GOLD FOR EXPENSES.



"THE QUEEN'S" last "FREE TRIP TO EUROPE" Word Contest, which closed August 1st, having excited such universal interest at the urgent solicitations of many of our patrons, we have concluded to give one more "Word Contest," having for its principal prize another Cabin Passage to Europe and return, and **\$200 in Gold for Expenses**, to the person sending the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "**BRITISH NORTH AMERICA**." This trip can be taken by the winner at any time before October 1, 1891.

Special Prize for the Ladies. To the one sending the second largest list will be given an **Elegant Genuine Alaska Seal Jacket** made according to measurements supplied by winner.

Special Prize for Girls and Boys. A **Handsome Shetland Pony** costing \$160 will be given (and delivered FREE anywhere in Canada or United States) to the girl or boy, under 16 years of age, sending the largest list. Age of competitor must be stated on list.

A Special Daily Prize of a Silver Tea Set Valued at \$25, will be given to the person from whom the largest list is received each day during the contest.

LIST OF ADDITIONAL PRIZES.—China Dinner Sets, Ladies' Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Silk Dress Patterns, French Mantle Coats, Portiere Curtains, Silver Dinner Castors, Silver Breakfast Castors, Silver Tete-a-Tete Castors, Silver Tete-a-Tete Kettles, Silver Card Receivers, Elegant Toilet Cases, Elegant Manicure Cases, Elegant Odor Cases, Oil Paintings, Ladies' Jewellery, Writing Portfolios, Imported Fans, Albums, Napkin Rings and many other useful, handsome and valuable articles.

Rules Governing the Contest.

1. The lists are to contain English and Anglicised words only.
2. No letter can be used in construction of a word more times than it appears in the text.
3. Words having more than one meaning, but spelled the same, can be used but once.
4. Names of places and persons are barred.
5. Words will be allowed either in singular or plural, but not in both numbers, and in one tense only.
6. Prefixes and suffixes are not allowed.
7. The intention being that purely English words only are to be used, all foreign words are barred.
8. The main part only of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be the governing authority; its Appendix or Supplement will not be used.

Each list must contain name of person sending same (sign Mrs., Miss or Mr.), with full Post office address and number of words contained therein, and be accompanied by \$1 for a year's subscription to **THE QUEEN**. If two or more tie on the largest list, the list which bears the *earliest postmark* will take the first prize, and the others will receive prizes following in order of merit.

The object of offering these liberal prizes is to introduce our popular magazine into new homes, and this contest is therefore open to New Subscribers only. Present Subscribers can avail themselves of it by enclosing \$1 with list and the address of some friend to whom **THE QUEEN** can be sent for one year.

Prizes awarded to subscribers residing in the United States will be shipped from our American agency free of custom duties.

No person can take more than one prize on the same list. Every New Subscriber sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a prize. All prizes awarded in order of merit.

WINNERS OF THE SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE

(A \$25 SILVER TEA SET).

Tuesday, Sept. 16th, Mrs. Annie L. Jarvis, 89 Gloucester street, Toronto; Wednesday, Sept. 17th, Mrs. Reid, 37 Tranby avenue, Toronto; Thursday, Sept. 18th, F. Pethick, Bowmanville, Ont.; Friday, Sept. 19th, Miss R. Jackson, Hellmuth College, London, Ont.; Saturday, Sept. 20th, Miss Jessie C. Brown, Brockville, Ont.; Monday, Sept. 22nd, Mrs. J. E. Lennon, Welland, Ont.; Tuesday, Sept. 23rd, Mrs. F. L. Sawyer, Orillia, Ont.; Wednesday, Sept. 24th, Miss A. Fraser, Prescott, Ont.; Thursday, Sept. 25th, Miss Eva Lake Denne, Peterboro', Ont.; Friday, Sept. 26th, Mrs. W. Percy, 65 Goulbourn avenue, Ottawa, Ont.; Saturday, Sept. 27th, Miss E. Godson, Trenton, Ont.; Monday, Sept. 29th, B. F. Porter, Truro, N.S.; Tuesday, Sept. 30th, Mrs. J. W. E. Darby, 135 Hararave street, Winnipeg, Man.; Wednesday, Oct. 1st, Mrs. Jam's F. Gillard, Cobourg, Ont.; Thursday, Oct. 2nd, Mrs. John Martin, 312 John street north, Hamilton, Ont.; Friday, Oct. 3rd, Mr. John Waddell, 26 Kensington avenue, city; Saturday, Oct. 4th, Mr. K. C. Hamilton, Galt, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 6th, Mr. John Carrick, 337 Barton street east, Hamilton, Ont.; Tuesday, Oct. 7th, Miss Georgina Hilton, 319 Brock street, Kingston; Wednesday, Oct. 8th, Wm. Douglas, 21 Scollard street, Toronto; Thursday, Oct. 9th, H. A. Kennedy, city editor of *The Witness*, Montreal, Que.; Friday, Oct. 10th, Mr. Clifford Kemp, barrister, Woodstock, Ont.; Saturday, Oct. 11th, Evans Jackson, 196 Gloucester street, Ottawa, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 13th, C. A. Steeves, Balford street, Moncton, N.B.; Tuesday, Oct. 14th, George O. Pheasant, 73 Mecklenburg street, St. John, N.B.; Wednesday, Oct. 15th, Mrs. M. St. John, Montreal, Que.; Thursday, Oct. 16th, Miss Jost, 69 Queen street, Fort Massie, Halifax, N.S.; Friday, Oct. 17th, Miss Tremayne, 36 South Street, Halifax, N.S.; Saturday, October 18th, T. R. Stewart, Stratford, Ont.; Monday, Oct. 20th, Mrs. E. H. E. Eddis, Orillia, Ont.; Tuesday, Oct. 21st, Millie R. Snyder, Leamington, Ont.; Wednesday, Oct. 22nd, Mrs. Annie E. Hood, Yarmouth, N.S.; Thursday, Oct. 23rd, Elizabeth Holt, Parkhill, Ont.; Friday, Oct. 24th, Mrs. A. Savary, St. George street, Annapolis N.S.

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JOHN WADDELL.

The Canadian Queen: 89 Gloucester, Toronto.
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Silver Tea Service, as the prize in your word contest. I shall be glad to satisfy any persons making enquiries as to your bona fides in this, and as to its real value and elegance.
ANNIE L. JARVIS.

51 Scollard Street, Toronto, Oct. 9, '90.

The Canadian Queen, 58 Bay Street:
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the elegant Tea Set awarded me as the daily prize on October 8th. Accept my heartiest thanks for your handsome present. With best wishes for *The Queen*, I remain
Yours truly,
WILLIAM DOUGLAS.

Vancouver, B.C., Oct. 6, 1890.

Miss Hobson begs to thank *The Canadian Queen* for the silk dress which she has received in good order. She wishes the magazine every success.
1602 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Que., Oct. 2, 1890.

To the Editor of The Canadian Queen, Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—Received the prize. I am very well satisfied. The magazine alone is worth the money.
Yours truly,
T. R. JOHNSON.

Contest Closes Dec. 5th and
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Address—

"THE CANADIAN QUEEN," 58 Bay Street,
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St. John, N.B., Oct. 10, 1890.

To the Editor of The Canadian Queen, Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the safe arrival of the Gold Watch, won by my daughter Annie in the late contest, and to say on her behalf that she is very much pleased with it. There are a large number of her schoolmates now working and will take part in the next competition. I remain, yours respectfully,
ALEXANDER MILLER, 173 Princess Street
Winnipeg, Man., Oct. 19, 1890.

To the Editor of The Canadian Queen, Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I acknowledge the receipt of Silver Tea Service expressed to me last week as the Special Daily Prize in your "Word Competition." I am greatly surprised that it was of such good quality and neat and pretty design. I am certainly much pleased with it, and take this opportunity to thank you.
Respectfully yours,
MRS. J. W. E. DARBY.

I am delighted with the handsome prize awarded me for my efforts in the "Word Contest." All who have seen the Toilet Case compliment me in securing such a fine prize. Wishing *The Queen* every success, I am, respectfully,
HARRIET D. DRUMMOND.

To the Canadian Queen: Galt, Ont., Oct. 20, 1890.
I received my prize of a Silver Tea Set on the 16th instant, and find it to be very satisfactory. All who have seen the tea set compliment me in securing such a valuable prize. Wishing your paper every success, I remain, yours, etc.,
N. C. HAMILTON.



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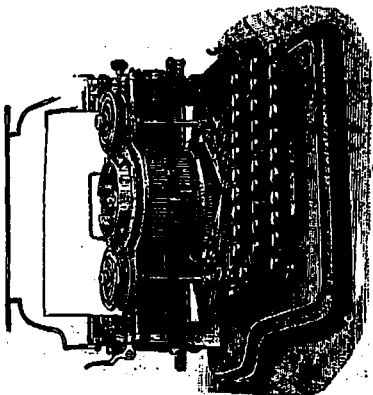
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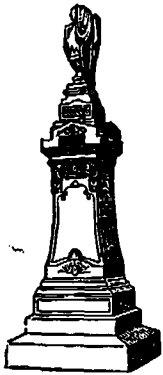
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