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SOAP
IS MARKED
MORSE
IT IS AS
GOOD
AS YOU
GET FOR
MONEY



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ARE AS
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PURE
GOLD.
ALL
GROCERS

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"The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

Sinewy hands and muscles, like iron
bands, are what athletes are trying
to develop.

Johnston's

Fluid

Beef

The
Best
Athletes
of to-day
use

When training, and acknowledge it to
be the best muscle-forming and
strength-giving food.



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CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to
avert it, it is often cured and
always relieved, by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil.
Cures Coughs, Colds and
Weak Lungs. Physicians, the
world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists.
50c. and \$1.

Spring!!

What about it?

Well—it's coming! and with
it a revival of Real Estate trade.
Business will be lively, and if
you have anything in the house
or lot line that you think of
selling, get it put into

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Now in Preparation.

H. H. WILLIAMS

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McGill St., East of Association Hall

THURSDAY EV'G, JANUARY 18,

Mr. J. W. Bengough

Has the honour to announce his

Annual Entertainment

On which occasion he will present a
Programme of

Crayon and Comedy

UP TO DATE.

The proceeds, over expenses, will be
devoted in aid of the Haven and Prison
Gate Mission, and Tickets may be
obtained of the Ladies connected with
that work.

Further Particulars Later.

THERE'S

NO

MATCH

FOR 'EM!

EDDY'S

TELEGRAPH
MATCHES.

SEE THAT
YOU
GET THEM.

"THE WEEK, one of the ablest papers on
the continent."—DESCRIPTIVE AM-
ERICA.

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A Canadian Journal of Politics,
Literature, Science and Arts.

PUBLISHED: EVERY: FRIDAY.

\$3.00 PER YEAR.

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year of publication, has been
greatly enlarged and improved,
rendering it still more worthy the
cordial support of every one interested
in the maintenance of a high-class
literary journal. Recognizing with
gratitude the generous support it has
received since the publication of the
first number, it hopes to win the
approval of a wider constituency and
reach a much larger circle of readers.

The independence in politics and
criticism which has characterized
THE WEEK ever since its first issue
will be rigidly maintained; and un-
ceasing efforts will be made to im-
prove its literary character and increase its
value and attractiveness as a journal
for the cultured home. Many new
and able writers are now, or have
promised to become, contributors to
its columns, and the constant aim of
the Publisher will be to make THE
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literary publications in America."—
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It spells Splendid, Well-made, Good-fitting Clothing at prices that are almost too low for anybody to associate with.

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All People
Sensible Travel
by the






Do You Want . . .

to invest a small sum every month where it will be safe, and yield you in eight years

\$500 or \$1,000 . . .

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10 cts. a day for eight years and get 500

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You can if you will Write for Particulars.

The Equitable Savings, Loan and Building Association.

24 Toronto Street, Toronto. - - - EDWARD A. TAYLOR, Manager.



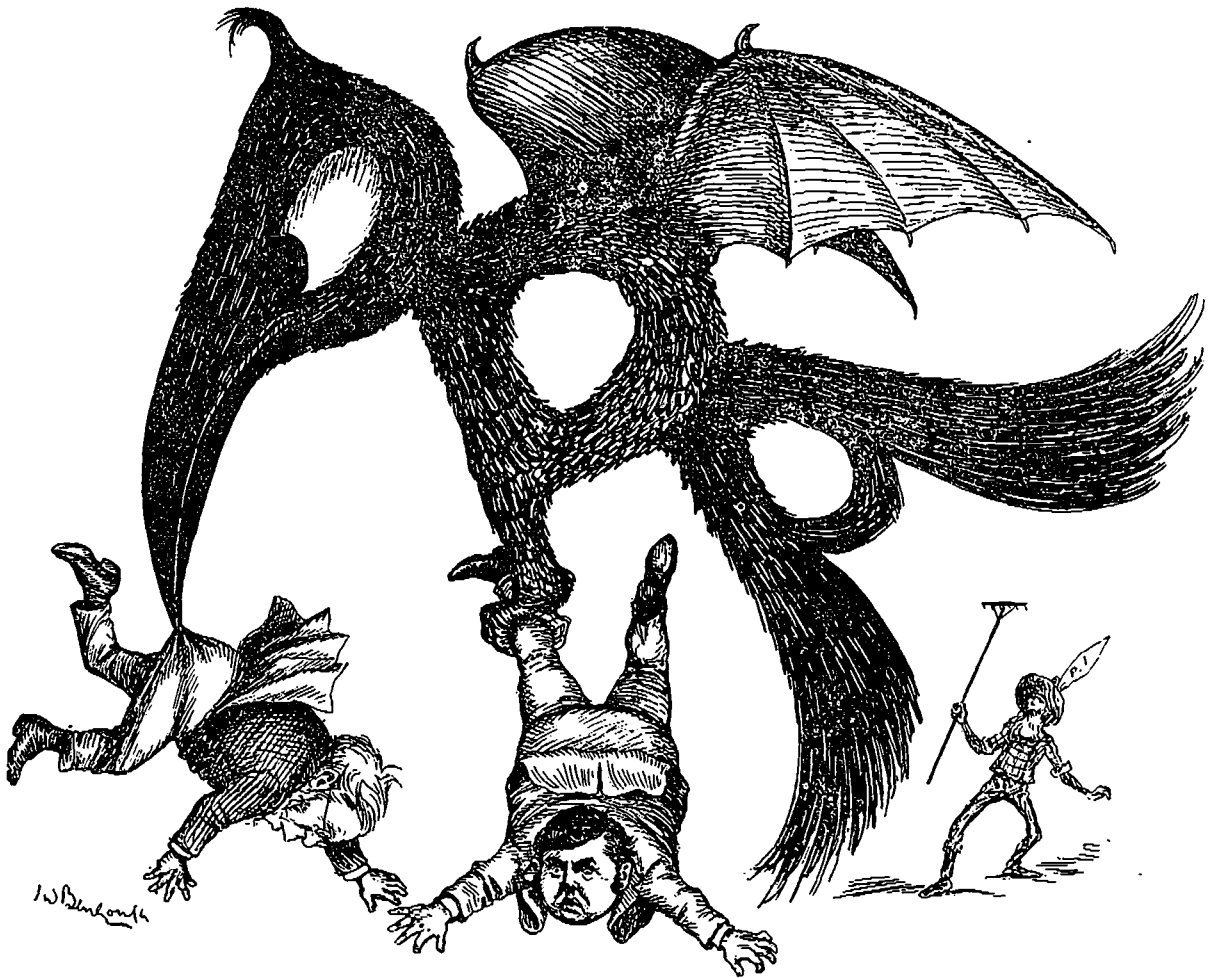
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1050

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 2.



THE P. P. A.
A FEARSOME FOWL THAT FEEDS ON POLITICIANS.

APOLOGETIC.



QUITE unexpectedly, and much against our will, we found it necessary at the last moment to add a Professor of Apologetics to our faculty. That functionary now steps forward to say a word in extenuation of some shortcomings in our first number. These will be chiefly apparent to experts in typography, but as we know the members of this class of the community to be highly sensitive, we are all the more sorry to have hurt their feelings. There were some errors in matters of registration, and a good many of the earlier copies were "off-set;" then the folding and

binding were in a portion of the edition painfully short of perfection. For all these deficiencies our Professor hereby tenders a comprehensive apology, coupled with the hope that "it won't happen again." In justice to our printers it is right to explain that the time allowed them for doing the work on the first number was too short, and this again was because of many unforeseen things coming up to retard the editorial work. We are gratified at the very kind reception accorded the new GRIP, notwithstanding these things, and will not abate our ambition to make the paper in every way equal to the high ideal we cherish.



THINGS ARE IN A BAD STATE.

A REPORTORIAL NEW YEAR'S STORY.

IT was shortly after midnight of December 31st, 1893. A reporter on the staff of the Daily Disseminator sat at his desk awaiting the return of the night editor, who had gone out to wish his New Year's resolutions the compliments of the season.

A footstep in the corridor aroused him, and the next moment the door opened and an old gentleman with long white hair and whiskers entered the sanctum.

The reporter eyed him with some curiosity. "It's a little late for Santa Claus," he said to himself, "or I should consider myself down for a Christmas box." But aloud he only said:

"How do you do, sir—come in."

The visitor acknowledged the salutation, advanced to a chair at the end of the desk, seated himself and gazed benignantly at the reporter.

"Anything new with you to-night?" queried the reporter, scenting a possible item.

"I lost one of my youngsters to-night," replied the owner of the white hair and whiskers.

"Oh, is that so!" sympathetically exclaimed the reporter. "I am very sorry, sir. What was the trouble?"

"Just wasted away," said the bereaved parent. "They all do."

"Ah! You have lost other children then?"

"Thousands of them," was the startling answer. The reporter stared.

"I beg pardon?" he questioned at length, "did you say thousands?"

The visitor nodded as coolly as though he were making the most commonplace statement possible.

"Ah!" The reporter was puzzled. "How old was the child?" He asked the question more through force of habit in such cases than from any well defined motive.

"Twelve months," replied the venerable father of thousands.

"How very sad! Your own child, did you say?"

"Yes—one of my own."

"Have you a large family, sir?"

"Only one left now."

"You have been unfortunate, indeed," said the reporter.

"I trust the survivor is healthy?"

"Can't tell yet," said the old man. "It was only born to-night."

"The deuce!" ejaculated the amazed reporter. And then—"I beg you pardon."

"Yes," repeated the old man, "just born to-night."

"I hope the child and its mother are doing well?" ventured the reporter, while trying to recover his mental balance.

"It hasn't any mother," placidly rejoined the old man.

"What! You don't mean that she's dead?"

"No. I didn't say that."

The reporter took a good long look at his visitor. "This thing," he said to himself, "is getting serious."

"Is it a boy?" he presently ventured to ask.

"Well—no."

"Ah! Well—I don't know but I like girls best, anyhow." This with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"Did I say it was a girl?" queried the other.

"No. But you said it wasn't a boy."

"I don't think I'd say it was a girl," calmly observed the old man, caressing his long whiskers. "I don't think I'd say that."

"Oh!" The reporter was rapidly getting beyond his depth. Here was an infant, the last of thousands, whose father said it was not a boy and would not say it was a girl. There did not seem to be any reasonable way out of the difficulty. The old man was certainly sober.

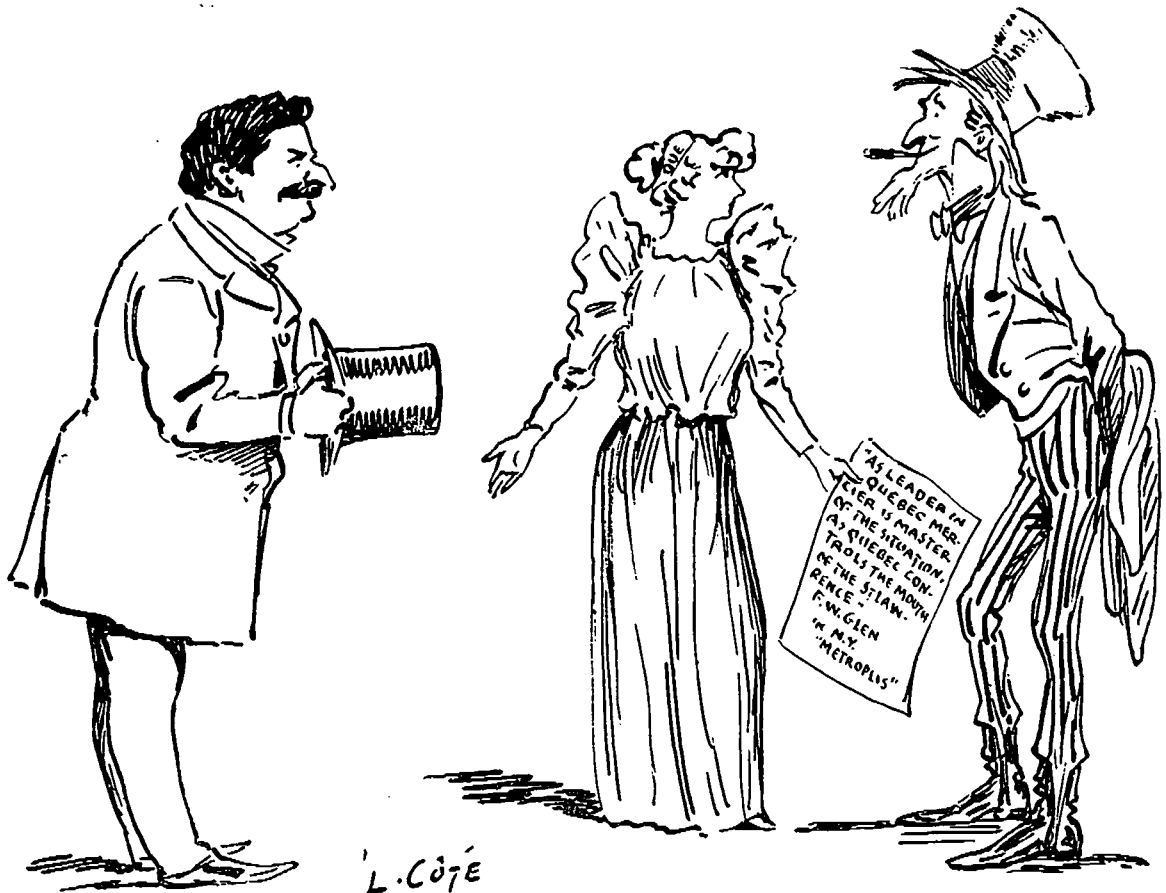
"By Jove!" A sudden thought struck the reporter. "The man must be a lunatic!" he said to himself. "Why, of course. Why didn't I think of it before? He's as crazy as a coot!"

"Excuse me a moment," he said to the old man, and getting up he hurried into another room and held a brisk business interview by telephone with the asylum authorities and the police. Then he returned to his room, but he found it empty. The old gentleman had decamped, but upon the table the mystified reporter found a card, upon which was neatly printed:

COMPLIMENTS OF
OLD FATHER TIME.
1893-94.

This is the story as the reporter himself tells it. Some persons venture occasionally to express incredulity, but if they do so in the hero's presence he is able to produce the card as proof of his veracity. This usually settles it, as the newspaper man is champion amateur heavyweight of the town and hates to be called a liar. A. M. B.

A STRICTLY PERSONAL QUESTION—Have you yet subscribed for GRIP?



L. CÔTÉ

MADAME QUEBEC EXPLAINS.

"It is quite true, Jonathan, that I control the mouth of the St. Lawrence, as Mr. Glen says, but I do not control Mr. Mercier's mouth, and you must not take his Annexation talk as expressing my opinions."

THE TROLLEY.

OF all the modes upon the roads
 For locomotion, jolly,
 In which we share, none can compare
 With riding on the Trolley!
 In shays and gigs, and double rigs—
 Mail coaches and postchaises—
 With horses four, in days of yore
 We drove and went our paces:
 On bicycles and tricycles—
 Wheels of whim and folly—
 How we did dash, and come to smash,—
 Until we got the Trolley!

Wonderful steed, of lightning speed,
 Of Science great the dower,
 'Tis you that *is*, with buz and whiz,
 The new Improvements' power.
 At morning break, when us you wake,
 With noise loud as a volley—
 Car of Progress, we do confess
 You're the resistless Trolley!

And then, just scan the moterman,
 Of careful, proud attention,
 You'd think the while, (just from his style),
 He owned the whole invention.
 His lightning steed ne'er stops to feed,
 As old coach horses oughter,
 Nor does delay upon the way
 To take in wood or water—
 Like that great joke, with it's big smoke—
 The locomotive folly—
 Now all give place in the great race
 Unto the rushing Trolley!

—H.

TIM GREETS US.

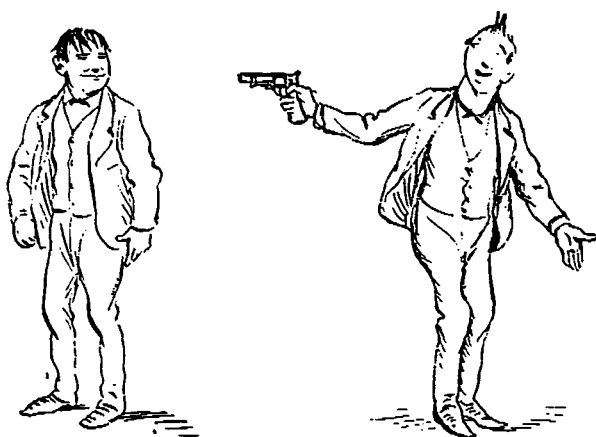
ME DARLINT GRIP,—

ME purty bird, wanst more let me have the grate felicity
 av'welcoming yez back to yer ould roosting place.
 But, shure, tisin't a phaynix yez have bekum, is it?
 Well, maybe 'tis only moulting yer feathers yez are at, and
 that I shall soon have all the delite av' smoothin' down an'
 caressin' the beautiful, jetty raven plumes, in fond remim-
 brance av' ould days. Hould yer GRIP still, an' believe me,

Yer thrue frind,
TIM O'DAY.



HE "DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED," OF COURSE.



NEITHER IT WAS!

MR. DALY'S EXPLANATION.

HON. THOS. M. DALY, as per usual opened his mouth and put his foot in it at the Trade banquet. Because he was greeted with cries of "time," "cut it short," in the midst of a speech which threatened to be overlong, he got mad and declared the discourtesy was simply an exhibition of Toronto's want of interest in the North-West. The president took occasion to rebuke this fling, and then the Gov.-Genl. smoothed the matter over very neatly. Mr. Daly apologised, assuring the audience that his bad break was due to the fact that he was "so full of his subject." It was a relief to his hearers to learn that his fullness was thus to be accounted for, though they were perhaps a little astonished at the stimulating effect of such dry material.

WILKIE'S DARK HINT.

ARE we to understand that this great annual function, the B. of T. banquet is to be forthwith abolished, so far as President Wilkie is concerned? We trust not; and yet what other construction can we place upon that expression he used in his opening speech. We refer to the following words, to wit: "Before I sit down upon this occasion, I will mention a fact," etc., etc. He couldn't have meant "before I sit down upon this chair" or he would have said so. It may be that he is harboring a dark design, for his own personal glory, to have the banquet expire as an institution with his presidency.

MERCHANTS, PLEASE NOTICE.

IN its very able descriptive report of the Board of Trade banquet, the Mail says:

"A number of the intelligent, strong men around the board last night, full of vitality and grip, are the representatives of those who, years ago, were the pioneers of this nation."

In consideration of the high compliment, GRIP can afford to overlook the fact that he has been left uncapitalized—this being no doubt a mere printer's error. And he may modestly acknowledge that the statement is perfectly true. The mercantile gentlemen alluded to are full of vitality and GRIP—though that was perhaps not the most elegant way of putting it on the occasion of a big dinner. What the writer meant, no doubt, was that the regular reading of GRIP helps to make these gentlemen what they are—worthy sons of worthy sires. It does this by keeping them in good humor, and thus providing an antidote against the carking cares of business; and by infusing into their minds a kindly, just and truthful view of all public matters. What is the moral of this? Clearly, that every man in Canada who wants to succeed in trade and be pointed to with pride, should subscribe for GRIP at once. Verb. sap. Again we make our acknowledgements to our esteemed and judicious contemporary, the Mail.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.

THE topic of the moment is the sudden muscular development of the Protestant Protective Association as a factor in the political arena. It has begun its career at the point which the Prohibition Party has only reached after long and futile efforts, namely by putting its ideas into the ballot box in the shape of votes. Had the P.P.A. people been content to hold mass meetings and make eloquent speeches on the subject of Papal Encroachment, the Party leaders would have noted their proceedings with good natured indifference; just as they have hitherto treated the Prohibitionists. It is quite a different thing, however, when they talk through the ballot box, and especially when they prove themselves strong enough to carry constituencies. We are as yet in something of a haze as to what these gentlemen really mean, as we have seen no authoritative statement of their principles, but if the association is established to protect the Protestant majority from being bulldozed by the Catholic minority, it strikes us as being a work of supererogation. We are not aware of any action either of individual Catholics or of their Church which calls for Protective counteraction just at present. Perhaps some high official of the Association will oblige a mystified public by making a clear statement of the objects of the organization and the facts that have justified its formation.



J. B. Bennett

SPEED THE PARTING MAYOR.

TORONTO—Good-bye, Robert, and thank you very much for your excellent service. I hope your successor will do equally well in lightening my burden.



"PROTECTIVE."

THE BIG POLICEMAN NOBLY GUARDS THE PROTESTANT BOY FROM POSSIBLE ASSAULT AT THE HANDS OF THE OTHER DANGEROUS LOOKING CHILDREN!

CLEANING UP CHICAGO.

MR. STEAD, of the Review of Reviews, is still in Chicago. No—let us be exact—he is not still there—he is yet there. It seems out of the question for Stead to be still anywhere. And no wonder; he has only about fifty years more to live, and the job he has undertaken of reforming the world is scarcely begun yet. Considering his energy and capacity for work he could probably get through the contract quite snugly in that time, if it were not that, as a matter of principle, he insists on reducing everything to a basis of personal experience. This of course takes up time. For example, he is at present engaged in renovating Chicago—a trifling side issue—and for that purpose is writing a book which will give the western metropolis the first chance she has ever had to see herself as she really is. Nothing further than this one glance will, we apprehend, be needed to determine her to clean up and become respectable—and when Chicago once says "I will," everything goes. In the pursuit of material for this work, Mr. Stead wanted to find out exactly how it felt to be a corporation laborer, so the other day he donned a ragged suit, made application, and was fortunate enough to get a job scraping mud on Wells Street. He put in an honest day's labor at the work of literally cleaning up Chicago, and collected his day's pay, the city department generously deducting nothing on account of the literary material thus secured. Everybody will be on the lookout for the forthcoming book—it will be published in about a month—and that it will be well worth reading, goes without saying. Stead is a queer fellow, but his queerness seems to be of a rather blase kind. We would

particularly commend this mud scraping idea to certain other editors who have a penchant for mud. It is so much better than throwing it at political opponents in their papers!

QUERY ?

What makes Dr. Ryerson fume and fret?
There's something—(we shall learn it yet,)
Perhaps he'd feel less agitated
If he and Mowat were related!

—G. C.



STEAD'S HALO.

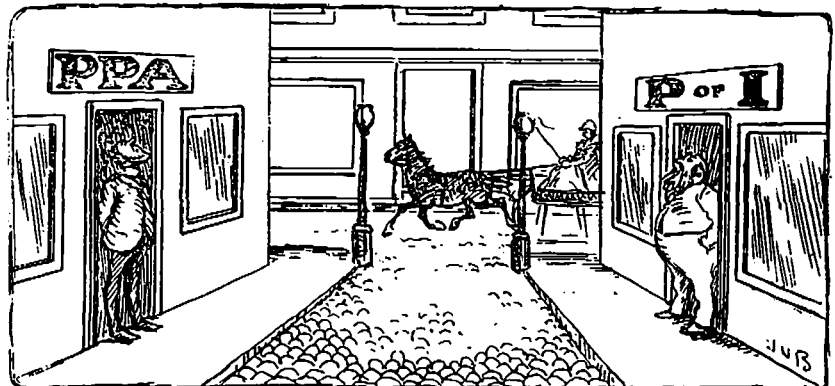
Astronomers have been puzzled to account for the ring around the earth on the cover of the Review of Reviews. Saturn alone has such a feature. The great scientist "Kit," of the Mail has discovered that the phenomenon is due to the fact that Stead's halo has dropped off!

AN APPEAL.

MISTRUR GRIP, SOR,

As yez are aware, I have been sint over wanst more to me native land as a missionary to pick up a few thrilles in the way av cash for the Irish cause, an, as I'm not able to get about as lively as wan cud wish be raison av a sore heel on the shlippery sidewalks—bad scran to them, why don't they put ashes on the ice?—I take this manes av axin for subscriptions, av yez will kindly allow me. Sor, thanks to the noble efforts av miself an Gladstone, not to mention a few others, the Home Rule harbor is in soight, but av we don't get more money right away, I'm afear'd the ship will go on a rock an niver reach it. The funds will be well spint, make no doubt av that. Not a haporth will be wasted. It is our intintion to pinshion off Chamberlain, an to buy out the House av Lords, as well as to pay for some good Home Rule articles in the Toimes, so now yez know what the money is for. Plaze sind to the care av GRIP an oblige your imint countryman.

DOMINICK O'BLAKE.



NO CONNECTION WITH THE PARTY ACROSS THE WAY!



FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

I.—DR KEELEY AND THE DEVIL.

THE devil happening to meet Dr. Keeley (in Chicago, no doubt) congratulated him on the Wonderful Success of the Gold-Cure, by whose Agency tens of Thousands of Drunkards had been Freed from the Appetite for Drink. "I hardly expected You to feel Grateful for my Services," replied the Doctor. "You must Know that I am working against your Cause and Kingdom, and am getting the hearty Co-operation of the Church people in my good work." "Exactly so," replied Satan, with a cunning Leer, "that's just it. Don't you see that it takes the public Mind off the Traffic, and thus diminishes the Agitation for Prohibition. You go right on with your 'Good work'—don't be at all Alarmed for Me. I will produce a Thousand Drunkards for every one You cure." "In Fact," added he, looking over his Shoulder as he Departed, "I don't know but what I ought to put in a Claim for a good share of your Profits, Doctor."

Moral—The Devil, though the Father of Lies, sometimes speaks the Truth.

GRIP'S QUIPS.



THE Star's Gage of defiance is like what the Irishman talked of, when he said: "A man might do what was right in the sight of his own eyes, and what was wrong, too,—if he liked it."

EX-GAGE-ING Studies for "Canadian Readers."—The Merry Squirrel and The Twinkling Star, with comments on The Man of Ross.

COMMISERATION—For the Mail—for Bunting it's sore Head, with so little Protection, against the high wall of the Tariff.

PROHIBITION is having a great boom. President Cleveland in his late message declared for the immediate suppression of the American rum-tariff—in Central Africa.

OUR morning contemporary of Bay street is hereby congratulated on its handsome new type—its new coat of MAIL, as it were.

WE understand that the editors of the "Standard Dictionary" are having a hard time over the definition of the word "Student." The proof sheet, which gave the meaning as "one who studies," was forwarded to a Professor of University College here for criticism. It was duly returned with the definition scored out and the simple expression, "See Hoodlum" substituted. We do not vouch for this, but it sounds probable, and we give it for what it is worth (to the undergrads.)

WELCOME TO LORD AVA.

L ORD AVA, you're a fine young chap,
We have no doubt whatever,—
Good-looking, steady, sensible,
And very likely clever,—
We give you welcome for yourself
With all the warmth of Paddy,
But make that welcome warmer still
In memory of your daddy.

Whoever comes to Rideau Hall
To be Canadian sovereign,
We never can nor will forget
The brilliant Earl of Dufferin,
Whose matchless tact, and genial ways,
And eloquence so happy,
Have given him a lasting fame—
He was our Grand Old Chappie.

Your noble mother, too, dear boy,
We hold in recollection.
Forgetting not her constant deeds,
Of womanly affection ;
A worthy helpmate, she has shared
Your father's fame and glory,
Which read in these prosaic days
Like some old fairy story.

You have a noble name by birth,
And a distinguished station,
And for your father's sake you have
Supreme consideration ;
May it be yours, most favoured boy,
To e'en surpass that father
In service to the British cause,
And you'll be happy—rather.

THE prohibition issue will now be more visible to the political leaders. The vote on the first must have cleared their (plebis) cite.



THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

HIS MEDICAL ADVISER : | "Mr. Daly, you are too long-winded, and too short tempered ; you must carefully avoid banquets, hereafter."



AFTER THE BATTLE.

BROTHER SPENCE, CAROLS A HYMN OF PRAISE.

AIRY PERSIFLAGE AT THE BANQUET.

THE daily papers, as usual, gave long and exhaustive accounts of Toronto's epochal banquet, that of the Board of Trade, which took place at the Pavilion last Thursday night. The speeches were, of course, reported pretty fully, and full justice was done to the part of the decorations, the caterer, and the youth and beauty that adorned the galleries. But the reporter necessarily missed a great deal. The private "feast of reason and flow of souls" so to speak,—that is, the airy persiflage which always goes on sotto voce around the tables at a banquet, is not to be found in any of the reports. GRIP, being a Bird, was able to get about with greater facility than any gross, corporeal newspaper man could have done, and by flitting from table to table throughout the evening, he picked up a lot of good things—or, at least, what their authors thought good things,—and yet was himself quite unnoticed by anybody. There is only room in this issue for a very few of these bon mots, taken at random from the the collection.

AT THE GUEST TABLE.—Lt. Col. F. C. Denison (to young Dufferin): "Er—my lord, will you Ava picce of turkey?"

Mr. Cockburn, M.P. (to Gov. Gen.): "Your excellency is here, I presume, as a representative of Trade as well as of Royalty."

Gov. Gen.: "No; I can hardly claim to be in Trade."

Mr. C.: "Indeed? Why, don't you run a distillery? I see your name and portrait on yon whiskey bottle."

Gov. Gen.: "Ah! very good! No, I'm not a partner, I'm only with them in spirit."

Hon. Geo. E. Foster: "I hope they won't eat too much or my speech will fall flat."

Hugh Blain: "How so?"

Hon. G. E. Foster: "Don't you know that over-consumption always brings a depression of Trade."

Hugh Blain: "But we are sure to have a trade revival under your Fostering hand." (To the Mayor): "Well, Kennedy, what do you think of the affair? Looks as if the country was pretty prosperous, hey?"

The Mayor: "Yes, it makes me feel just as I did on the evening of Jan. 1st.—Kennedy's safe! you know."

Hon. M. Bowell: "Ross, what's this report about your infringing a British copyright in your School readers?"

Hon. G. W. Ross: "It's just like your late mission to Australia—there's nothing in it."

AT TABLE N.—Mr. C. C. Van Norman (to Joe Tait, M.P.P.): "I've got a conundrum. Why is this table like the Reform party? Give it up? Because it's abundantly supplied with Tarte."

Mr. Tait: "Pretty good. But why is the Commercial Traveller's Association like the Empire?"

Mr. Van Norman: "Don't know, I'm sure."

Mr. Tait: "Because it's most of it's time on the rail!"

AT TABLE E.—Mr. Willison, of the Globe (overhearing Tait's remark): "Bully for you, Joe, good on your head."

Mr. T. C. Patterson, P.M.: "On his head? Oh, it was just a little hairy persiflage. Please pass the beet, Willison."

Mr. Willison: "Shall I help you? You like the cut just under the fifth rib, hey?"

Mr. P.: "That's past, I'm not distributing that Mail now."

AT TABLE F.—E. F. Clarke: "Well, Withrow, quite a circus you've made out of the Industrial."

Mr. Withrow: "Yes, we must have you on the Board. Your experience with that perambulating side show, the Prohibition Commission, ought to make you a useful member."

Mr. C.: "I'll be a more useful member when I get a constituency."

AT TABLE G.—Mr. H. N. Baird: "Doctor, I hope you won't overlook the further evidence of Mowat's nepotism exhibited here to-night."

Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P. (with interest): "How? where?"

Mr. Baird: "Why he's sent his colleague, Ross, here to-night to reply to a toast, along with Bowell and Daly."

Dr. R.: "Well? I don't see—"

Mr. Baird: "Isn't that as much as saying that the RELATIONS of these governments are all right?"

Dr. R.: "Pass the wine, quick."

There was enough of this sort of thing to fill a volume, but perhaps the reader will excuse any more of it just at present.



GENERAL CONFIDENCE.

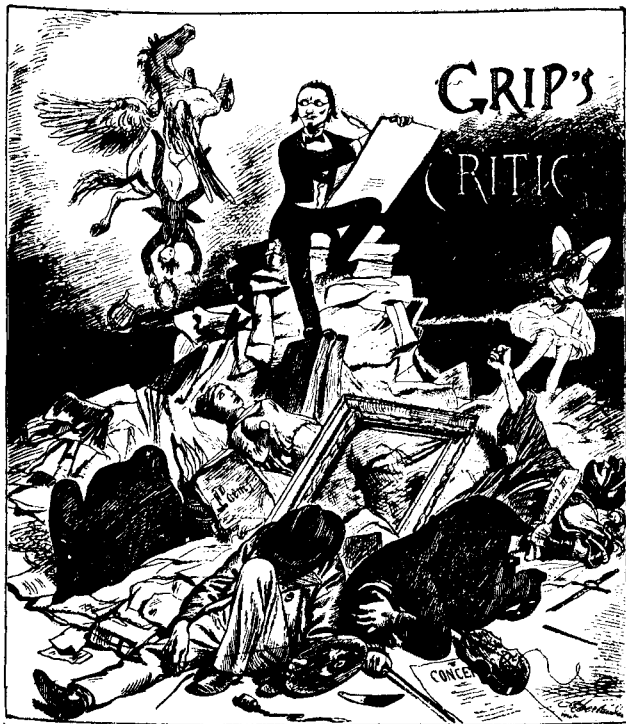
WHO WAS PROMINENT AT THE BANQUET.

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No advertisement of any business which we regard as fraudulent or of evil tendency will be accepted at any price. It being our desire to make GRIP advertisements unique and effective, we will freely supply expert aid to advertisers in the invention, construction, writing and illustrating of their ads. Designs and terms submitted on application.



HENRI MARTEAU scored a very pronounced success at his concert on Monday night. His personal appearance was winning, and his playing was—well, surely the acme of praise is reached when we say that the cantankerous critic Parkhurst was distinctly seen to applaud the performance. Mr. P. seems to have recovered himself next morning, however, for, in his notice of the affair he refuses to rank Marteau as the peer of Wieniawski, though he is compelled to admit that he can play the fiddle, and no mistake. MR. GRIP makes it a special point to mention the accompanist, Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, whose admirable support was half the battle for the violinist. Mr. Shonert as a solist also did famously. He hasn't such a lovely head of hair as Paderewski, but he plays very nearly as well. Miss Nelly Selma, the soprano, displayed a very remarkable voice—a sort of female-Whetney-Mockridge-tenor, if you catch the idea. Miss Rosa Linde, the contralto was not so far above the average as to call for analysis at our learned hands. A fine, appreciative audience was present, whereupon we congratulate Mr. I. E. Suckling.

THE next attraction of Kleiser's Star Course will be James Whitcombe Riley, the well-known Hoosier Poet. Riley is not only the first of American verse writers, but one of the best actors of the day, so far at least as the Hoosier character is concerned. His entertainment last year was a great treat, and as it is said to be his intention to retire from the platform at the end of the present season, the opportunity of hearing him should not be missed.

MAKE a note of the date of Mr. Bengough's entertainment at the Hall of the Young Woman's Christian Guild, McGill street. It is Thursday ev'g., 18th inst. The program throughout will be new, and will include the burlesque recital "Mr. Chris Columbus," which has made a great hit elsewhere. The entertainment is in aid of the Haven and Prison Gate Mission, a cause which deserves a bumper house, apart from the merits of the performance.

MANY aspiring artists are favoring us with specimens of their pen-and-ink work. We are always glad to encourage budding genius, but most of the work sent in is not ripe enough to be safely consumed by the public. Accordingly it is reserved for our private contemplation.

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SOME of GRIP's out of town friends, who have undertaken to help increase his circulation, have been showering him with letters and postal cards, asking him why he failed to put in an appearance on time last week. His Professor of Apologetics has perhaps not explained the cause, so he would state here that delays incidental to a new enterprise did retard his flight at the outset, which no one regrets more than he. This week he is out in good time and hopes henceforth always to be. The Post Office must also bear a part of the blame.

GRIP would again call attention to the fact that payments for subscriptions MUST be made in advance. Some papers have adopted this rule and have not adhered to it, but GRIP being a bird of principle, intends to carry it out. He will be obliged to stop his weekly visits if his friends do not think them worth the small sum of \$2 a year. But he hopes he will not have to resort to this, to him, painful course.

In no way can buyer and seller be brought together so well as by an announcement in GRIP's advertising column. If you want to capture trade you can do so best by advertising in GRIP.

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