

# THE GRIP

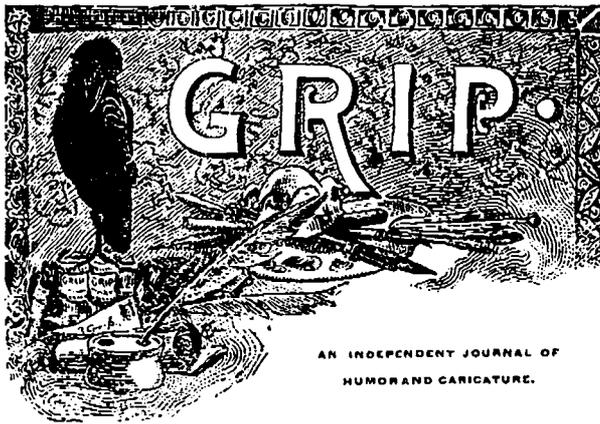
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AND SATIRE



**THE NEW MARTIN LUTHER.**  
NAILS SOME SOUND PROPOSITIONS TO THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH.

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## Comments on the Customs.



PROVINCIAL GENEROSITY ON DOMINION CASH. — The *Empire*, which is "established and endowed" as the special pleader of the Government, deprecates the popular clamor against the Jesuit Estates Bill. "It is an exhibition of impertinence," says the organ, "seeing that the legislation was quite within the powers of the Quebec Government. It is no outsider's business how they see fit to squander their own money down there, whether by voting half a million to the Jesuits or to the man in the moon." This is about as forcible as anything a journalist in such a tight place could be expected to scrape up for the occasion. But of course it really amounts to nothing. In the first place, the incorporation and subsidization of the Jesuits is far more than a mere local act. It is a matter which touches the interests of the whole Dominion most vitally. And in the next place, it is assuming far too much to talk of the proposed subsidy as something to be paid out of Quebec's "own money." Everybody knows that the treasury of the French Province is all but empty, and that the deliberate intention of the managers of this political deal is to make the payment in question out of the proceeds of a fresh raid upon the Dominion funds. Before the present session at Ottawa is over some more or less plausible appeal will be made in behalf of Quebec, and in response to it an unconsidered trifle will be sure to find its way into the supplementary estimates under the head of "railway subsidy," or something equally elastic. This being so, the people of the Dominion at large have every right to protest against the Act and to demand its disallowance. They are going to do so, too.

When it becomes generally understood that the Act has *not* yet passed beyond the control of the Federal Government—as is now popularly supposed—but that it is subject to the veto for several months to come, we have confidence that the public sentiment will be revived, and the agitation will take such a form that the pottering politicians will find their offices in danger, and do from fear what statesmen would have done from principle.

THE NEW LUTHER.—A cry has gone up for a leader to step forward to deliver the Canadian people from the dangers which beset them. He has come! Observe his noble presence on our first page. Like Luther of old, the new Deliverer has nailed his thesis to the church door, but the controversy he has with Rome is not, like Luther's, concerning religious doctrine—it is purely a question of civil politics. To the Roman Catholic worshipper absolute liberty is heartily granted—the same measure of liberty we ask for ourselves. Between man and God let no earthly power dare to interfere. In the civil realm we also demand equality of rights. The pretensions of any Church or sect to control the political acts of citizens we repudiate and reject, and if any Church claims special authorization from the Almighty to govern the people outside of their spiritual affairs, we denounce the claim as a lying fraud. We propose that these doctrines shall be enforced in Canada, and to that end have proclaimed a new Declaration of Independence, whose propositions we commend to the consideration of all.



R. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, on his accession to power, offered Mr. Carruthers a Senatorship, but he declined it. His common sense was of the most uncommon quality. Thus it is written in the obituary notice of a prominent citizen of Kingston. The sequence of the sentences is perfect.

CONGRESSMAN BAKER has introduced a Bill to provide for retaliation on the part of the United States "in case of any unfriendly measures being carried at Ottawa, as is now threatened." "Evil for evil" is good Protectionist Christianity, and Mr. Baker ought to be admired for trying to live up to it. It is humiliating to every respectable Canadian, however, to know that the Government of his country acts in such a way as to impress outsiders with the view that we are a sneaking, unprincipled lot of creatures.

IN showy gold letters upon some of the ground floor windows of the fine new building of the Ontario Medical Association, are the words: "Toronto General Burying-grounds Trust." It is suggested that the doctors ought to keep a man stationed at the door to explain to a puzzled public that there is no professional connection between the Association and its tenants.

THE N.P. imposes a duty upon corn for the benefit of Canadian agriculture, but, lest this should injure the highly moral and beneficial industry of manufacturing drunkards, a "drawback" to the amount of the duty is allowed to distillers upon all liquor exported. Dr. Landerkin—innocent man!—thought the principle ought to be extended to the farmers who pay duty upon corn which is afterwards exported in the form of beef, and he introduced a motion in Parliament last week to that effect. After a sharp debate the resolution was defeated, 112 to 70. There was nothing the matter with the doctor's logic; where he made the mistake was in supposing that there is any principle about the N.P.



MY DEAR GRIP,—

The delighted audience which assembled at the historic Pavilion last Monday night—at four dollars a head, more or less—to hear our own and only Albani, must have departed with feelings of gratitude at being citizens of a country of which the great prima donna is a native. And, mingled with this pardonable ebullition of a sentimental patriotism, no doubt, were natural feelings of admiration for the remarkable and self-sacrificing condescension, so characteristic of many artists, which privileged those financially blessed to share in the delights of Albani's superb vocalization, and the untold horrors of an ordinary support.

\* \* \*

AS is usual on such occasions, the lion's share of the proceeds naturally falls to the lot of the star, while the *ensemble* suffer both in quality and also in the *quantity* apportioned them as their quota of the earnings. They appear willing to be sacrificed as contrasts, however, (at so much per head), besides filling in gaps of sufficient length to inspire an average listener with the idea that he is receiving his money's worth.

\* \* \*

AND now a few bold spirits have begun a crusade in Toronto, in behalf of the seldom heard, and consequently little understood, Richard Wagner. The ball was set rolling at the Music Hall of the College of Music, on Thursday evening last, and partook of the nature of an illustrated lecture by Mr. A. S. Vogt, who was ably assisted in the musical part of the programme by such capable artists as M'lle. Adele Strauss, Messrs. H. M. Field and E. W. Schuch.

\* \* \*

I MUST make special mention of the powerful dramatic ability displayed by M'lle Strauss on this occasion, in her splendid renderings of an *aria* from *Oberon*, by Weber, and the *Prayer* from *Tannhauser*—her delightful conception of this school of music, combined with the natural beauty of her highly cultivated voice, resulting in an interpretation of the numbers allotted her, such as is seldom heard from one who excels, as well, in the lyric school. Of Mr. Field's pianoforte performances, especially in the *bravura* of the soul-stirring *Fest-Marsch*, as transcribed by Liszt, I cannot but speak in the highest terms of praise. What is better, he combines a truly poetic conception of the different styles of pianoforte compositions—a faculty often lacking in these days, when “piano-smashing” frequently poses as a substitute for piano playing.

\* \* \*

IT is proposed by these young disciples of the philosophic and essentially modern schools, as embodied in Beethoven and Wagner, to still further invade the territory of fossilated conventionalities. A second Wagner evening is in preparation, consisting of selections from the great master's advanced period, in which Madame

Ascher-Lucas has volunteered a helping hand, thus identifying herself with the progressive element in the furtherance of the cause of the “divine art.”

\* \* \*

APROPOS of my allusion last week to a forthcoming Canadian comic opera, I am permitted to raise the veil of secrecy which I cast over the identity of the *librettist*, who ought to be slightly known to you, MR. GRIP, being no other than your own editor. Mr. Bengough's opera is called “Puffe & Co., or, Hamlet, Prince of Dry Goods.” Mr. Lucas is doing great work on the score, I am told; but more anon. Yours, STIMMGABEL.

#### SPENCERISM.

I HAVE often thought it would be pleasant to be able to write like Herbert Spencer; his style is so elevated and so universally admired. In fact, I am so taken up with his manner that I have bought a Spencerian pen and decided to write a book like some he has written, when I have a few days to spare. Just to see how I would get along at such a task I wrote a few sentences once, but I am not certain that I succeeded very well in catching his style. Here is what I wrote: “To get an adequate conception of the ultimatum of unknowableness, we have to keep in mind the differentiations that all things undergo when in correspondence with inexorable environments and with infinite nescience, etc., etc.” Do you catch on?



THINGS WE SEE WHEN WE COME OUT WITH-  
OUT OUR GUN.

#### A DISTINCTION.

(Miss Upperten has just bowed, and favored them with a dentifrice advertisement smile.)

DE SMAWLER—“What a sweet smile!”  
DE TAWLER—“Not exactly sweet, but still very toothsome.”

#### IMAGINATION NOT A BLESSING.

DERWATER—“Do you know, they say that writer Jones's imagination is so strong that you cannot convince him that in his visionary moments he doesn't see real spirits.”

DERBEER—“Golly! wouldn't it go tough with him to have the D. T's!”

HONOR AMONG—SPECULATORS.



DISINTERESTED.

HORNY-HANDED SON OF TOIL (*to platform advocate of Reform*)—"But what will you do for a living when everything has been put to rights?"  
 ORATOR—"I? Oh, I shall be content to die of starvation as a martyr to the cause of justice to mankind at large!"

"CASSABIANCA."

(BY A REVISING BARRISTER.)

THE boy lay on his father's knee,  
 Before his time for bed—  
 A strap was in that father's hand,  
 That hand above his head.  
 The strap came down with tingling sound,  
 The boy was underneath;  
 And as that strap touched tender parts,  
 It took away his breath.  
 The hand would then more slowly rise,  
 Then swiftly down would come,  
 Like music baton marking time  
 To plaintive "Home, Sweet Home."  
 "Say, father, say," he faintly cried,  
 "If yet my floggin's done."  
 "No, sir," the old man roughly growled,  
 "It's only just begun."  
 The boy braced up, then gave a grasp—  
 A spring—and he was free;  
 The strap descended, but, alas!  
 It struck that father's knee.  
 He rose with mingled pain and rage—  
 The boy, oh! where was he?  
 Ask of the hayloft, where, all night,  
 He's hiding stealthily!

E. H.

I T, was a burglar bold,  
 Who, on a murky night,  
 Had broke into a house  
 By a dark lantern's light.

He burgled right and left,  
 And quickly filled a bag  
 With proceeds of his theft  
 And various kinds of swag.

So soft and light his tread  
 The inmates never stirred:  
 He stood beside the bed  
 But not a sound they heard.

Then up he slyly crept,  
 And from the pillow took,  
 As still the owner slept,  
 A bulky pocket-book.  
 (*Store music.*)

"Aha! what have we here?"  
 By the dim light he reads,—  
 "Hum! mortgage—tax-receipts—  
 Agreements to give deeds!"

"A plan of lots for sale—!  
 I'll kick myself, I shall.  
 W'y, blow my precious heyes,  
 I've been and robbed a pal!"

"His lay is real estate.—  
 Of all of 'em the boss.—  
 Would I go through a mate  
 Wot's working on the cross?"

He left the pocket-book,  
 Restored the goods again,  
 And penned this hasty note  
 His visit to explain:

"DEAR SIR,—  
 I greatly fear  
 You'll think I've been too fresh,  
 I'd really no idea  
 You were of our profess—"

"Dog don't eat dog.—not much!  
 Some blokes might do the likes,  
 Which I ain't one of such,  
 Yourn truly—WILLIAM SYKES."

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

A FAIR maiden sat on an old pine log,  
 Awaiting the cows a-coming,  
 And while watching the meek-eyed, browsing kine,  
 She slowly fell thus a-humming:

"Oh *which* shall it be? And *when* shall it be?"  
 The old log swayed to and fro-a,  
 "There's gruff old Tom, and David the King,  
 And homely, hard-working Noah.

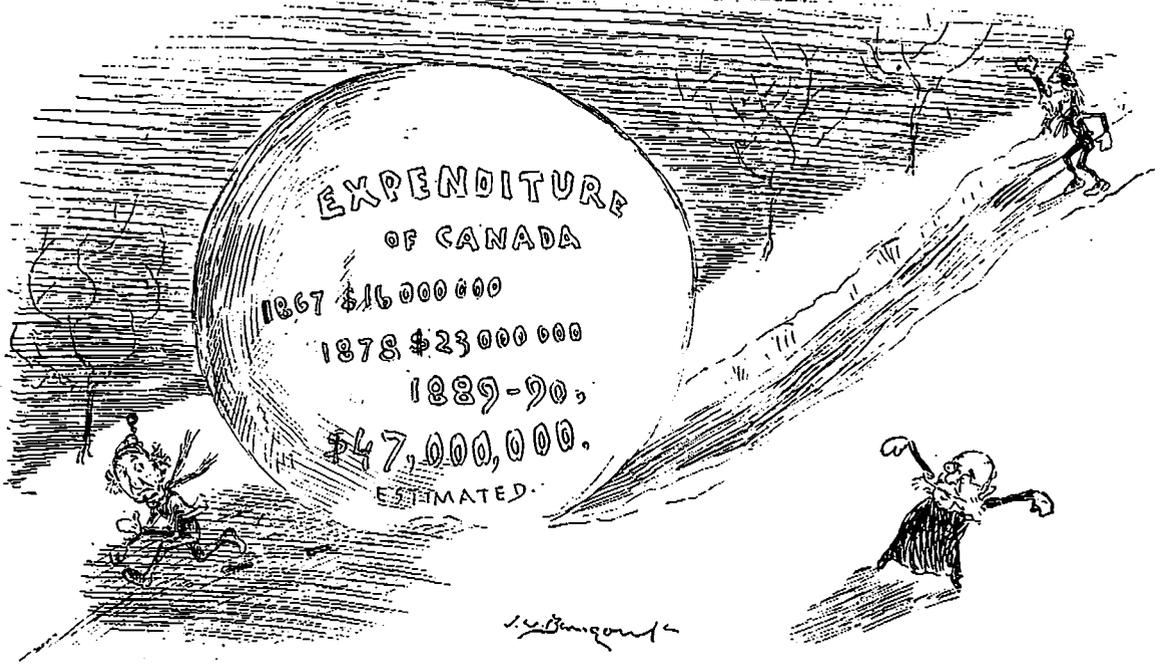
Old Tom has tour'd o'er the wide, wide world,  
 The mariner's compass boxin';  
 While David can talk of dim forest glades,  
 Noah can talk but of oxen."

"King David can walk with his head erect,  
 Tom's not a bad sort of beau-a;  
 If I should say yes when he asks me, why  
 What would become of poor Noah?"

So the sun went down, and the old cow lowed,  
 Yet still the fair maiden pondered,  
 Till Bossy quite cross shook her two mile bell,  
 And young Daisy greatly wondered.

"Oh, which shall it be? Hark! a warning note—  
 'Tis mother calling to task me,  
 Oh, when shall it be?—I guess I'll not vote  
 Till one or the other ask me!"

THOMAS C. ROBSON.



THE EVER-INCREASING SNOWBALL.

## CATEGORICAL ANSWERS.

"WHERE are the snows of last year?" queried Ronsard, centuries ago. It was very kind and thoughtful of M. Ronsard to ask the question. It showed an enquiring mind. A good many writers of the present day exhibit the same desire to "scrute the inscrutable." They ask "What is the infinite essence of things?" (and just here let me protest against the tendency to fiddle with infinity that the mathematicians and versifiers of our city exhibit). "Where are gone those good old days?" etc., etc. The abomination of their number is only exceeded by that of their numbers.

Well, it might allay the pangs of this school of questioners, these seekers after truth, to tell them that the average man, the ordinary unpoetical snow-shoveling citizen of Toronto, is quite satisfied with the present fleecy sufficiency and doesn't care a cent where the snows of last year are. But to still further satisfy these versifiers I put the question to six of my fellow-citizens, and these are their replies.

QUERY—Where are the snows of last year?

No. 1. Don't know, nor don't care, but I hope that the snow that I shoveled last year will drop in front of that old McBride's house this winter.

No. 2. "Snows of last year, ch? You're on the rounds rather early for a spring poet, young man. Have you any tobacco?"

No. 3. Nixey, but I hope some of it will go to form a little piece of ice just big enough to wreck your interrogative system! Get out of this!!

No. 4. I don't know; but until the city gets a snow-plough I wish all snow were in — (and he named a place where no snows be.)

No. 5. Have you ever seen those girls who amuse their feminine solitariness nightly on Yonge street by riding up and down on a board two inches above this year's snow, and blowing a fog-horn that sounds like the call of the

care-worn cow? Well, last year's snows went with their last year's escorts. See?

No. 6. (*A philosopher*). Last year's snows went with the hopes, the fears, the thoughts of last year, just as the dreams of yesterday faded with the twilight of yesterday; they have gone and we, too, shall go.

Seeing him grow so mournful I sighed for sympathy. "Yes, we too, shall go"—and I went. X.

NEW name for Old Conservatives—"United Empire Loyola-ists."



## IT WASN'T CALLED FOR.

MAMMA (*to Flossie, who had been lunching with a little friend*)—"I hope you were very polite, Flossie, at the table, and said, 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you!'"

FLOSSIE—"Well, I didn't say, 'No, thank you,' because, you see, I took everything."—*Epoch*.



### A FRIEND IN NEED.

CHRONIC BORROWER—"Ah, how de do, old fellow? By-the-bye, can you lend me a dollar? Came away from home this morning without my purse, by Jove!"

OLD FELLOW—"I haven't a dollar on me, as it happens, but I can put you in the way of getting the money. (*Taking out his pocket-book.*)

C. B.—"Ah, that will suit as well, thanks!"

O. F.—"Here are two street-car tickets. Hurry home and get your purse, old man. Good day."

### RAFFERTY ON CALISTHENICS.

MISTHER GRIP, SUR: I do be sufferin' at this blissed moment wid an arm in a shling, a leg done up in bandages like an ould ham, an' about four fate shquare av shtickin' plaster distributed natly and conspicuously in big shnips over the remainin' portion av me unfortunat anatomy.

I'm a victim to murderin' calisthenics, so I am. The life is nearly bate out av me body, be the silf-same things, bad scan till thim! An' av I iver recover the use av me limbs an' the soundness av me sinses, thin may Ould Scratch fly high wid me do I be fool enough to luk even at a calisthenic or anything else that resimbles it a mile aff.

You'll undherstand, GRIP, I was radin' in the hilt department av the *Mail* that min av sidinthy habits shud practice up on bodily exercise to presarve the eaqilibrium betune mind an' muscle.

Bein' app'inted Magistrate be Mr. Mowat, and Township Clark be the council, I settled down to a shtate av illegant inactivity that made aitin' three full males a day less aisy than whin I was cobblin' on the binch or peddlin' tinware through the country.

I grew fat and lazy, an' wid the fear av becomin' like Aldherman Baxter shtarin' me in the face, I mintoned calisthenics to my wife.

"Mrs. Rafferty," says I, "I do belave I nade exercise."

"Thru for you, Rafferty," sez she. "Do yer own wood-sawin'; help me wid the washin' every Monday; tind the cow and pigs yerself, 'stead av wee Oweny; try a little shovellin' an' less bossin' at the road-work. There's lots av chance for exercise, ould man, without advertisin' for a job. But, bedads, what wid yer offices, an' yer dooties, and yer ships av one kind an' another, the niver a bit av honest labor do ye be doin' now at all, at all!"

"Mrs. Rafferty," sez I, layin' aside the Gover'mint Blue-book I was lookin' through for a pint av law, "it isn't manial sarvice I want, but proper an' constitutional exercise. Faix, it's calisthenics I shud be thryin'."

"Calis——!" At this moment, a neighbor kim in to make an affidavit afore me. So the discussion dhropped.

But me heart was set on the calisthenics, an' next day I rigged up a horizontal bar, a thrapeze, an' a bit av a hurdle in the cow-shtable. I bought a pair av Injun clubs, too; an' thin I wint to work.

What happened is aisier to tell about than to suffer. The firsh shwing I give the clubs wan av the devil's playthings hit me a bang on the back av the neck, while the other flew out av me hand an shtruck Maloney, the milk-man's boy, a whack in the shtomach, that laid him spachless on the flurc. Sorra bit av grief it gimme, ayther, becase what did the young Jackanapes mane be shtandin' in the dure-way wid a grin on his ugly mug as much as to say that the sight av me an' the clubs was a pic-nic till him?

Thin I climbed on to the bar and thried the cart-wheel fake. Begobs, the first whirl brought me hid agin a rafther, an' down I wint like a shtruck ox!

Lapin' over the hurdle I thripped an' shprawled like a toad in a pool, lamin' me leg and barkin' the shkin aff me nose.

Frinzielike, I grabbed the thrapeze an shwung, whin down kim the whole conthrivance, landin' me atop av the cow. The baste kicked me, throd on me, an-bucked me wid her horns, till me yells brought Mrs. Rafferty to the riscue an' I was taken up far more dead than livin'.

"Calisthingamejigs, Rafferty," raysoned that lady, when the doctor had gone an' I was able to undherstand that some part av me was left to tell the tale, "Calisthingamejigs is for judes—not for dacent, able-bodied min. Av ye nade physical culture, me man," she wint on, "grab a shpade, a pick or a buck-saw. 'Dade, an' I'd sooner see ye carryin' a hod than thryin' to operate these book-larin' jim-cracks. D'ye be thinkin' ye're growin' podgy? Thin ate less, do yer own home chores an' quit dhrinkin' beer."

An' for wanse, widout a row or a ha'porth, the mistress had the hearty concurrence av  
DENIS RAFFERTY.

### DON'T YOU?

WHEN the sunrise is cold as a clerical smile,  
And the days roll along in Siberian style;  
When shrieking and howling the frosty winds blow;  
When the hall-heater strikes and the furnace won't go;  
Then we love to lie still in our downy spring bed  
With the blankets tucked round our poetical head,  
And a snore-song of dreamy defiance to sing  
To the breakfast bell's tinkle-a-ting-a-ling-ling.

P. Kus.

### A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

ERASTUS WIMAN, *Teacher.*  
U. S. CONGRESS, *Class.*

TEACHER (*pointing to map of Canada*)—"Now, boys, I want you to pay particular attention while I describe this country. The idea that it is a dreary waste of snow and ice, only fit to be inhabited by Santa Claus and his reindeer, is a mistake. It is, as you see, a larger country than your Uncle Sam's, with a better soil, a better climate, better mineral resources, better forests and fisheries. It is, in short, the "Better Land," and if you are good boys you will get there some day."

CLASS (*in chorus*)—"We will! we will!" W. McG.

## THE SQUIBOGRAPH.

MR. P. KUS, who has for some time been trying to make a deal with GRIP for a machine for writing poetry, called at our office the other day. His outward appearance is that of a confidence shark or book-agent, and his voice sounds as soft as the gurgle of the goose oil that used to cure our croup. After he had been formally introduced to the Raven he was requested to produce his machine so that it might be thoroughly tested. Without hesitation he hung his shiny plug hat on the gas jet and began to open a huge hand-bag that he had brought with him.

Presently he produced the machine, straightened up, grasped a couple of the levers, and said—"Now I'm ready for the test."

We pulled up our collar, smoothed our necktie, and prepared to furnish facts to the phonographic part of the machine. Assuming a very sarcastic tone we said, "The National Policy originated with the monopolists, and it is a scheme for the protection of the laboring classes."

Mr. Kus then turned on the electric current and awaited results. In a few moments we got this:—

There's many a love that's unspoken,  
There's many a love that's unknown,  
There's many a heart has been broken  
Though the world has ne'er scoffed at its moan.

As soon as Kus read this stanza he snatched it out of our hand and blushed like Aurora when she throws her arms around the neck of the morning star. "Confound it," he stammered, "I choked off the Squibograph too soon when I was having it grind out a love song for a friend of mine."

We pretended to believe him and held our peace.

"Never mind, it will be all right this time," he said, as he turned on the electric current again. Here is what we got—

Ye potent juices that till now unsung  
Have swayed the fate of empires, and have turned  
The course of destiny; full well you've earned  
A master's praises, when with lyre full strung  
And calling on the gods for high support,  
His soul he rouses and will brook no rival.  
Yea! even your names are sounds of large import,  
Gastric, pancreatic and salival.

"It reads as if it were going to be an Ode to Digestion, we remarked, handing the paper over to Mr. Kus, who looked about as perplexed as a cat listening to Wagnerian music. When he came to himself he didn't kick the



## PRACTISING ECONOMY.

JIMMY RATS—"Huh! you told me your folks was rich."  
ALGERNON PERCY UPPERTEN—"Well, so we are."  
JIMMY RATS—"O, get out! I looked in your front winder las' night an' seen your two sisters playin' on the same pianny!"



## ART.

LADY VISITOR—"How very sweet you paint, Mrs. Brown; and did you make the frames, too?"

machine into yawning oblivion and then sow our office with salt; but—we regret to say it—he *cussed*.

"Now," said he, when he evidently felt that he had done the matter justice, "I understand this. After using the Squibograph last I negligently left it in such a condition that it has been gathering material for poetry ever since. Every fact uttered in the room in which it was placed has been stored up, and I have no doubt that yards of rhyme will have to be written on various irrelevant subjects before it will be in working order again."

We accepted his explanations and agreed that if he gets the machine into shape for regular work before next week we will purchase it. At present Mr. Kus is filling our waste basket with stuff like this—

Mary bring the frying-pan  
And poke the kitchen fire—  
Of getting into libel suits  
The *World*, perhaps, will tire—  
The lovely snow that fell last night  
A cold to me has brought—  
When GRIP buys up my Squibograph  
I'll buy a house and lot.

He has now been working his machine for two days, and it seems as far from being empty as ever. He has just handed us this piece which it has ground out during the last few minutes. The rhyme evidently refers to the opening of Parliament:

We had no cavalry nor guns,  
Oh, woe is we!  
From bad to worse our country runs.  
Where will we be  
Ten years from now if this keeps on?  
All glorious farces will be gone.  
We surely should  
With pomp, and pride, and circumstance,  
The glory of our work enhance,  
Or we will soon be democratic  
And sensible—

What follows, being unusually irrelevant, we give no more of the production.

After this week we expect to have the Squibograph in working order again, and friends who wish to see it will be welcome to call at our office and examine it thoroughly.



### THE GOLDEN RULE.

UNCLE BILL (who has just witnessed the usual osculatory exercise)—“Can't you girls get along without kissing each other? But then I suppose you are only following the Scriptural injunction.”

AMELIA—“What do you mean?”

UNCLE BILL—“Doing unto each other as you would have men do unto you.”

### EXTRACT FROM A ROARING FARCE.

DEAR GRIP,—It is not often that we backwoods chaps have a visit from “city folks,” and consequently we can enjoy a good thing on them when we have a chance. Last summer five “Royal Commissioners” came round our diggings, picking up notes, etc., relating to our mineral resources. The “etc.” part consisted of specimens—the richer, the better—which they all with one acclaim desired to “bone.” In justice to two of them hailing from your fair city, it must be confessed that their object was, as they announced, to place them on public exhibition, or use them for scientific purposes—not so the others, however, for they plainly expressed more selfish intentions.

A few nights ago, at a church entertainment here, a farce was performed, as written for the occasion, by Capt. Blank, the manager of one of our principal mines, and the hit he got off on the commissioners was so good that I give it to you just as I have been permitted to copy it from the manuscript.

SCENE—Any mine in Ontario.

*Dramatis personæ*, the Manager and five Mining Commissioners.

MANAGER—“That, gentlemen, is all I have to tell you.”

1ST. COM. (*The Blue Man*)—“Very good, we are greatly obliged to you, but let me add that we were thinking-g about collecting-g a few specimens during-g our trip for the purpose of studying-g, and of showing-g to interested parties.”

2ND COM. (*The Man of Merit*)—“Ah, ah, ah, yes, ah, it would ah, ah, ah, ah, be ah, very nice.”

3RD COM. (*The Chair Man*)—“Certainly specimens are very interesting; I will thank you for a few to place in my private collection; I am very fond of them.”

MANAGER (*aside*)—“The deuce you are!”

4TH COM. (*The Coe Man*)—“I would like some, too. I don't take no stock in nothing but iron myself, but I want a few first-class pieces for my aunt-in-law; she's a hustler, I tell ye.”

MANAGER (*aside*)—“Your aunt-in-law be hanged.”

5TH COM. (*The Bell Man*)—“By all means I *must* have some for the geological museum at Ottawa, and we want the very best for that purpose.”

MANAGER (*aside and ironically*)—“Oh, yes! I say Ottawa! (*Aloud*)—Yes, I'll send you all a lot. Good-bye, gentlemen.”

*Exeunt the Commissioners.*

MANAGER (*solus, loquitor*)—It's too bad, too bad. Three of these fellows should travel and call themselves “We, Us & Co(c).”

I may inform your readers that although the whole piece was capital, the foregoing episode brought down the house, as the subject had been for some time “the talk of the town.” All the hits were purely local.

Yours truly, PICK AXE.

### BY OUR OWN COMPOSER.

WHAT is the difference between a combination of melodious sounds and an indisposed cat?

One produces *music*—and the other a *sick-mew*!

### AT THE BOOK AUCTION.

AUCTIONEER (*selling Tennyson's Poems*)—Here you are! here you are! greatest poet of the age. (*Seeing Smith, who writes*)—Beg pardon, Mr. Smith; no offence intended; but Tennyson *did* write some pretty fair things, you know! X.

SCRIPTURAL reflection of Mrs. Malaprop, a fagged-out hostess of Montreal—“To be Carnival minded is death!”



### IN MONTREAL.

FIRST EXILE—“Hello! What are you doing here?”

SECOND EXILE—“I am here for my health.”

FIRST EXILE—“How about that article in the papers stating that you were getting away with the bank's money on a system of your own?”

SECOND EXILE—“That's all right. I tell you I'm here for my health; my system got run down.”



PROVINCIAL GENEROSITY ON DOMINION CASH.

SIR JOHN.—"Of course it's a purely local matter, but—er—I don't see how you can afford to give \$400,000 to the Jesuits and \$60,000 to the Protestants when your Provincial treasury is just about bankrupt."

MERCIER.—"Nothing simpler. What's the matter with tapping that Till of yours?"

**THE PREMIUM PLATE.**—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement on page 11.

### THE NEW MECCA.

IN this age of misrepresentation, when the irrepressible Quack walks abroad through the medium of the printing press, and with an entire disregard of the consequences to humanity, seeks to impose his unskillful services or worthless decoctions upon the public, we take especial pleasure in saying a word in commendation of a reliable and justly-famous Institution of Healing.

We refer to Dr. R. V. Pierce's "World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute," the pride of the good City of Buffalo and the "Mecca" of a multitude of Invalids who owe recovery to the skillful treatment and attention there received. Dr. Pierce's establishment comprises two mammoth and artistic structures, connected by an open passage way; One an Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, presided over by a corps of Eighteen Celebrated Physicians and Surgeons, and provided throughout with the most luxurious appointments and conveniences that taste can suggest and money can supply.

Here are faultlessly furnished and decorated reception-rooms, reading-rooms, spacious sleeping apartments, Turkish Baths, and every possible convenience of a magnificently-constructed and liberally-managed Hotel, with each and every department a marvel of artistic fitness and completeness.

The adjoining structure is known as the "World's Dispensary." Upon each of its six immense floors a scene is presented which, when once observed, can never be forgotten.

In the Laboratory on the fifth floor, a large number of careful chemists are constantly employed in the preparation of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescriptions, and other world-famed preparations, which, at all hours of the busy day, goes singing and gurgling through a system of tubing, from its birth-place on the fifth floor to the bottling and labelling department in the vast basement of the building. The intermediate floors are alive with the buzz and whir of, not alone, fourteen printing presses, throwing off a countless variety of pamphlets, circulars, books, and labels, but of folding, pressing, and pasting machinery, all operated by the deft fingers of cleanly-dressed and intelligent young ladies, all operating together and filling the place with the music of a well-disciplined activity second to none in our country. Dr. Pierce has done and is doing a great work for humanity, and can accept the honors and emoluments of his recognized position with a knowledge that no success was ever more worthily attained.

To go through a detailed account of the myriad mechanical and electrical appliances and contrivances here to be found in perfection of construction and application,

or to lead your observation through suit upon suit of cheerful and elegant consulting and treatment-rooms, and to dwell upon the other thousand-and-one attractive and useful features of the establishment, would be a pleasing task, but, at the present moment for us an impossible one. Enough for us to say that the people of the country should be proud of this great success, built up, solely, on the elements of true Americanism, viz., Pluck, Integrity and Ability.

Twenty-two years of the daily and hourly exercise of these characteristics has gained for Dr. Pierce the confidence of the entire public, and the heart-felt thanks of the patrons of his skill, "whose name is Legion."

**TO THE DEAF.**—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougall Street, New York.

Don't be without Jelly of Cucumber & Roses if you want a beautiful complexion, and freedom from chapped hands or lips. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

The attraction at the Toronto Opera this week is Proctor's Comedy Company, in their new version of "Over the Garden Wall," a piece made popular by Mr. Knight, of Baron Rudolph fame. The Boston *Globe* says:—"The piece fairly bubbles over with life and action, and there is not a dull spot to be found in it anywhere."

**MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELT.**—Medicated for all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Can be worn night or day without inconvenience. Hundreds of testimonials. Correspondence strictly confidential. Consultation and electrical treatment free. Cures guaranteed. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. Medicated Electric Belt Co., 155 Queen St. West, Toronto.

### 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.

**ORIENTAL ACTINA.**—The only Catarrh remedy ever offered to the public on fifteen days' trial. Actina is not a medicine or a disgusting lotion, but a self-generating vapor, easily and pleasantly applied at all hours, times and places. A written guarantee given with each instrument. Illustrated Book and Journal sent free. W. T. Baer & Co., 155 Queen Street West, Toronto.

### THE MEISTERSCHAFT SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES,

69 Queen Street East, - Toronto.

French, German, Spanish, Italian, Conversational Knowledge in Ten Weeks. Experienced native teachers. Send or call for circular.

Address communications to CHARLES T. PAUL.

### TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, Etc.

Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

**C. C. POMEROY,**  
The White Store, 49 King Street West.



**FREE** \$25 Solid Gold Watch Sold for \$100 until lately. Best \$25 watch in the world. Perfect time-keeper. Warranted. Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Cases. Elegant and magnificent. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. **ONE PERSON** in each locality can secure one free. How is this possible? Whenever we want one person in each locality, to keep in our homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful Household Samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the Solid Gold watch and costly samples free, as the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two we usually get from \$1000 to \$5000 in trade from the surrounding country. This, the most wonderful offer ever known, is made in order that our samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America. Write at once, and make sure of the chance. Reader, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show the samples to those who may call at your home and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card on which to write us costs but 1 cent and after you know all, if you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure free one of the best solid gold watches in the world and our large line of COSTLY SAMPLES. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address **Stinson & Co., Box 250, Portland, Maine.**

**JOHN WELLS, DENTIST,**  
College Gold Medalist,  
Corner Spadina Avenue and College Street.

### A SPLENDID CHANCE.

WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS

"GRIP"

AND THE

**WORLD TYPE-WRITER**

For \$10, cash with order.

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

**SELLING PRICE \$4.98** **SAMPLE WATCH FREE**

READ CAREFULLY.—One Watch Free To All.



GENUINE 4-OZ. SILVERUS CASE.

This is a watch that ordinarily sells for \$15.00. For 60 days we will sell them at \$4.98 and give every one an opportunity to get one sample for nothing. Cut this out and send to us with 50 cts. in postage stamps, as a guarantee that watch is ordered in good faith, which will cover us from any loss from express charges, and we will send the watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination. If found perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you can pay the balance of \$4.98 and take the watch, otherwise you do not pay one cent. If you sell or cause the sale of six (6) of these watches within the next 60 days we will send you one free. This is an imported, jeweled, expansion balance, quick train movement, complete with 4-ounce genuine Silverus open face case, and guaranteed in every respect. We make no money on this watch, it simply helps us to sell gold and gold-filled watches from our mammoth catalogue which is sent free. Send your order immediately. This ad. may never appear again. **THE N. W. STARR WATCH CO., 57 & 60 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO, CANADA.** We recommend this watch to every reader of this advertisement. Mention this paper when ordering.

# MILLINERY \* OPENING.

ON February 26th, and following days, we will show a Magnificent Range of SILKS, SATINS, MUSLINS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, DRESS GOODS, LADIES' HOSIERY and GLOVES at prices unsurpassed.

INSPECTION INVITED.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

PROMPT DISPATCH GIVEN.

## JOHN MACDONALD & CO.

21, 23, 25, 27 Wellington Street East; 30, 32, 34, 36 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

AND MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

## "THE HORSE FAIR."

By ROSA BONHEUR.



THIS wonderful picture is one of the most remarkable art productions of the age. The figures are all life size, the canvas covering one entire end of the gallery where it is exhibited. This scene represents a number of horses being driven, and for vigor of action and grace of motion has never been equalled. In the whole work the pose is so life-like, and the drawing is so true, that you can scarcely persuade yourself the scene is not real. Not only has this picture been exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe, but it has also been in the possession of two noted American millionaires. For years A. P. Stewart cherished it as the principal picture in his gallery, and upon the sale of his collection it was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$60,000 and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is daily surrounded by groups of admirers. We are now handling a magnificent reproduction of this picture, printed on heavy plate paper, 31 inches long by 20 wide, which embraces not only all the beauty of a fine steel engraving, but enriches and intensifies the effect by combining a number of other tones and tints so as to give the finest result yet attained by any known process. As a noted critic has said of it, you may gaze at this picture a hundred times a day and each time see some new beauty to please you, and some unexpected point of strength to excite your admiration.

A copy of the above superb engraving will be given, as a premium, to every new subscriber to GRIP for a year at \$2 cash. Further, we will give a copy of the picture, post-paid, to any of our present subscribers who sends us a new name with the cash. \$2. Or, we will send the picture to any present subscriber who, before July 1, pays in full to December 31, 1889, and encloses 25 cents extra for tubing, postage, etc. Non-subscribers may secure a copy of this engraving, post-paid, for the sum of \$1, cash



### THE NEW PERFUME, Crab Apple Blossoms.

(REG'D.)

Chief among the fashionable scents of the season is "Crab Apple Blossoms," a delicate perfume of the highest quality. It is prepared by the Crown Perfumery Company, who have at various times distilled some of the choicest and most favored perfumes.—*Court Journal*.

Crown Perfumery Co.  
New Bond Street, London, Eng.

### PERCY V. GREENWOOD

Organist, All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practice. Address 239 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1,775.

## SEEDS

RENNIE'S Seed Catalogue, containing descriptions and prices of all the best varieties of VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS now ready and will be mailed free to all who apply by letter. Send for it.  
WM. RENNIE, - - TORONTO, ONTARIO.

READER, look at the announcement of our beautiful premium engraving, "The Horse Fair," on this page, and read the terms on which you may secure a copy.



BY ONE MAN. Greatly improved. Also TOOL for filing saws whereby those least experienced can not make a mistake. Sent free with machine. 71 others, for common cross-cut saws, by mail \$2.00. Runners have saved 5 to 8 CORDS daily. We want all who burn wood and all interested in the timber business to write for our Illustrated Free Catalogue. We have exactly what you want, the greatest labor-saver and best selling tool now on earth. First order from your vicinity secures agency. No duty to pay. We manufacture in Canada. FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 303 to 317 So. Canal Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

## Be Sure

To ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, if you are in need of a Blood-purifier—the only certain and reliable remedy for pimples, blotches, and all other eruptions of the skin. As an alternative,

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

after a trial of nearly half a century, is universally conceded to be the best ever discovered. It is agreeable to the taste, and, being highly concentrated, only small doses are needed.

An old lady of eighty, Mrs. Mary C. Ames, of Rockport, Me., after forty years of suffering from a humor in the blood, manifesting itself in Erysipelas and other distressing eruptions on the skin, at last began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking ten bottles, she is now, she says, "as smooth and fair as ever."

Leander S. McDonald, of Soley st., Charlestown, Mass., suffered greatly from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. A druggist advised him to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after using two bottles of which he was entirely cured. He has remained in good health ever since.

### 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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For Young Ladies,  
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MISS VEALS, (Successor to Mrs. Nixon.)  
Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics,  
Mathematics, Science, Literature,  
Elocution.

Pupils studying French and German are required to converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.  
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Young ladies prepared for University Matriculation.



"Oh, where did you have those lovely pictures taken—in Paris?"  
"Oh, no! at PERKINS' STUDIO, 293 Yonge Street."  
"Yes, I believe PERKINS does produce about the best work in Toronto."



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**\$3,000,000.**

Income over **\$2000** daily.

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**\$15,000,000.**

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*Managing-Director.*

**HARRY WEBB,**  
447 YONGE STREET,  
Caterer and Confectioner,

IS NOW MANUFACTURING  
*Daily on the Premises*  
A CLASS OF

**Bon - Bons, Creams,**  
**And FANCY CANDIES**

That cannot be excelled. Equal to any  
Imported Goods.  
CALL AND SEE THEM.



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"JAY"—A bird of bright plumage.



**PURE GOLD** **FLAVORING EXTRACTS**  
**BAKING POWDER**  
BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM  
ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR  
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FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE  
THE STRONGEST PUREST AND BEST

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sulting Engineers and Solicitors of  
Patents. Head Office, Toronto.

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**DISPENSING A SPECIALTY.**

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PROMPT AND COURTEOUS ATTENTION  
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**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS** **CURES**  
Impure Blood,  
Dyspepsia,  
Liver Complaints,  
Biliousness,  
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F. W. MICKLETHWAITE, **Photographer**  
Corner King and Jarvis Streets, Toronto.  
The newest thing in Photography—Wedding,  
Birthday and Evening Parties photographed at your  
own homes at any hour of day or night by the New  
Artificial Light.  
First photographer in Toronto to introduce and use  
successfully the New Light.

TO CANADA KEY TRUST COMPANY,  
59 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.  
GENTLEMEN,—We are very much pleased  
to add our testimonial to the list you have  
for the quick return of lost keys. We were  
unfortunate enough to drop our keys yester-  
day, but received them from you to-day all  
right.  
SHIPMAN & SON,  
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**\$10.00.**  
Writes easily 35 to 40 words per minute.  
**Simple, Practical, Durable.**  
Lawyers, clergymen and business men are invited  
to call and see it in operation at 7 Adelaide St. East.  
Send for descriptive pamphlet and mention this paper.  
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Thorough instruction in every branch  
of Music, Vocal, Instrumental and The-  
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teachers. Large 3-  
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have the special advantage of practical experience in an orchestra  
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**Business Index.**

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BOX MANUFACTURERS,  
KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

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DR. LAND'S CONTINUOUS GUM ARTIFICIAL teeth, the most beautiful and healthy in the world. Cannot be detected as artificial. By Dr. Land's process teeth can be filled, crowned and covered so as to defy detection. Call and examine.  
Chas. P. Lennox, Dentist, Room B, Arcade.

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Chief Office: Room D, Yonge Street Arcade, Toronto,  
**PROVIDES INDEMNITY FOR LOSS BY**  
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You can get all kinds of Cut Stone work promptly on time by applying to **LIONEL YORKE,** Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis St., Toronto

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Take the elevator to Studio.

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

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Practical Dressmakers and Milliners.  
ESTABLISHED 1860.

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**OPERA HOUSE.**

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**Commencing Monday, February 25,**  
Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

The People's Favorite.  
Important engagement of the distinguished actress,  
**MISS ADA GRAY,**  
Supported by a superb company of artists, in the entirely new version, adapted from Mrs. Woon's famous story in five acts, by Miss Gray, and performed by her over 3,000 times in the principal cities of the United States and Canada, entitled

**EAST LYNNE**  
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An evening of alternate laughter and tears and a rain of comedy and pathos. Next week—Reilly and Wood Specialty Company.

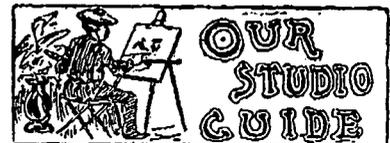
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Will Cure your Cold.  
— TRY THEM. —

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Examinations, Oral or Written.  
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**BEST** teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8. Vitalized air Telephone 1476. C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Cor King and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

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PORTRAITURE A SPECIALTY.  
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SCULPTOR, formerly of London, England, Under Royal European Patronage, Portrait-Busts, Statuettes and Monuments. Bronze, Marble, Terra Cotta Studio, New Buildings, Lombard St., Toronto

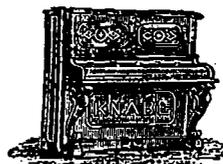
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**ARTISTIC FURNITURE**  
For the Drawing-Room, Dining-Room  
Bed-Room, Parlor, Hall, Etc., Etc.  
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**COAL-WOOD**  
**COMPANY.**  
HIGHEST GRADES, LOWEST PRICES. GENERAL OFFICE, 6 KING ST. EAST  
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO FAMILY TRADE. BRANCH. 678, YONGE ST.  
COAL PERFECTLY SCREENED BY STEAM. DOCKS & FOOT LORNE ST.

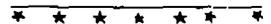
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*Domnion.*  
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**ORGANS.**

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More Organs and Pianos under one roof than any other House in Canada.  
Come and Count Them. The Best Goods. Come and Try Them.

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"I know somebody is talking about me," said he, "because my ears are burning."

I have a large number of enquires for houses in the north-eastern portion of the city, from \$2,000 to \$3,500, on easy terms. If you have any to sell, send me full particulars. No charge unless sale effected.

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Comfortable Walking Boots,

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**AMERICAN - OVERSHOES,**

Fine Rubbers, Ladies' Gaiterettes

All the different widths and half sizes a specialty.

**H. & C. BLACHFORD,**

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For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.** **SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets, 25c. a vial, by druggists.**

**MANTEL FOLDING BEDS.**  
\$15.00.  
**GREAT SAVING OF ROOM!!**

**H. P. DAVIES & CO.**

2 CHURCH STREET, - TORONTO.



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**REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER!**

WON GOLD MEDAL. For Championship of the World at Toronto, Aug. 13. Full particulars on application.

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**Ladies' and Gentlemen's FINE SHOES.**



Our Own Make. Men's, Boy's, Youths'.

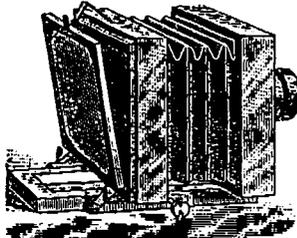
UNEQUALLED FOR FIT AND WEAR.

Summer Stock closing out at Closest Prices.

GOOD Agen's Wanted over the entire Dominion. Address Geo. D. Ferris, 87 Church St., Toronto.

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**Outfits.**

**Catalogue**

**FREE.**

A Great Variety, from the very cheapest to the most expensive.

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**Gas Fixture Show Rooms**

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS.

**Chandeliers,**

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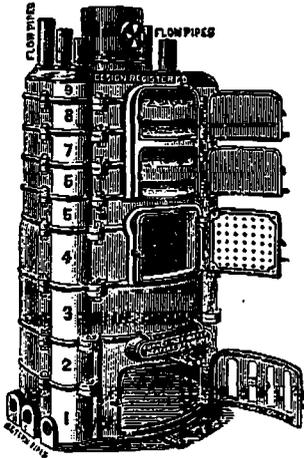
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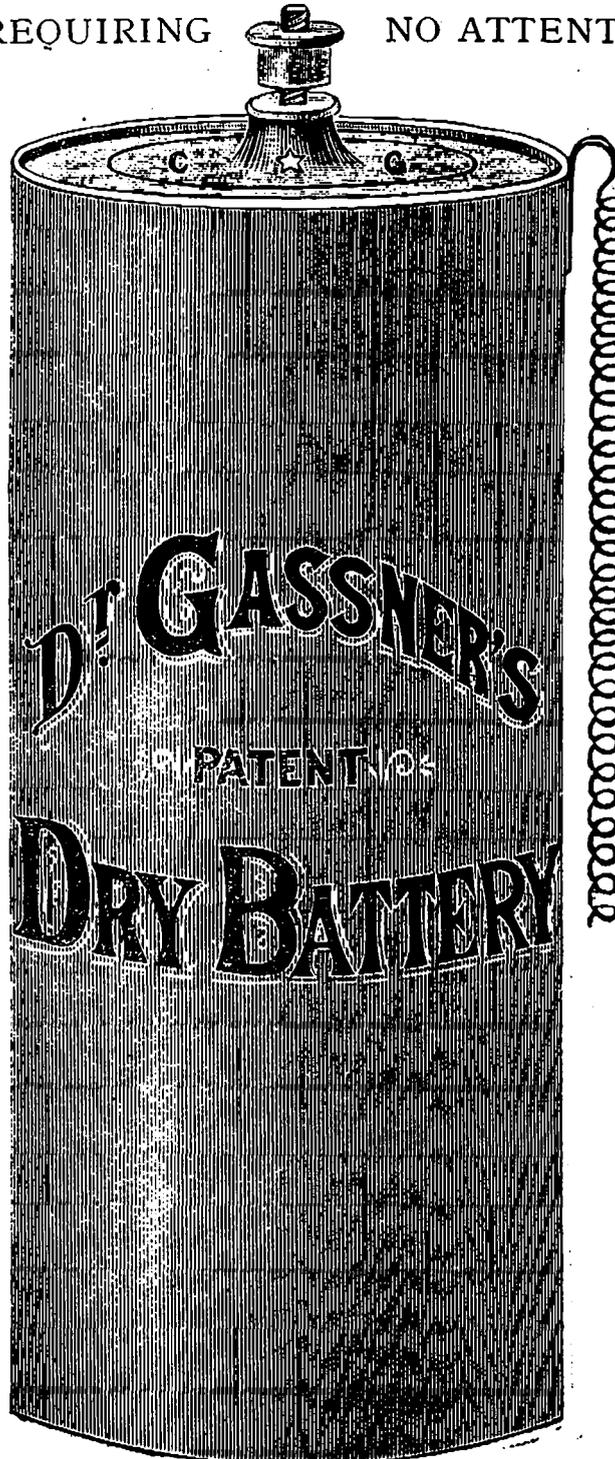
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