



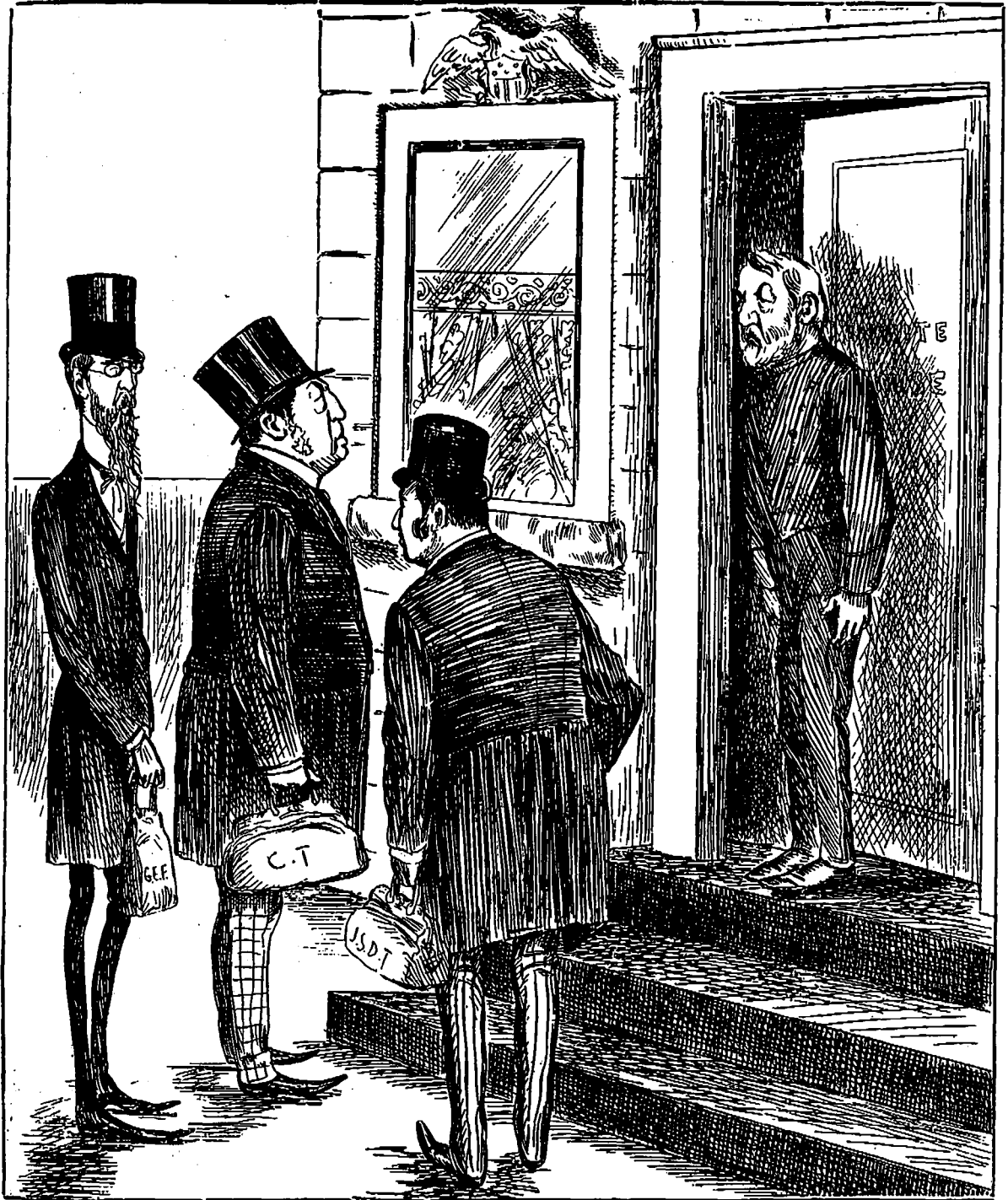
GRIP



VOL. XXXVI.

TORONTO, APRIL 18, 1891.

No. 16.
Whole No. 931.



"VERY MUCH ABROAD."

BLAINE (*the Bullons*)—"The President is not at home, and he says for you to call again after he comes back."

GRIP

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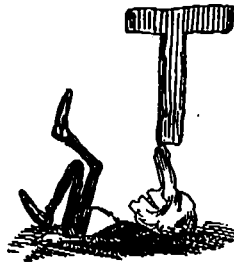
ON THE

Cartoons.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—The Manitoba Acts are by no means out of the woods yet. They have not been disallowed, it is true, but the Government has intimated that it will pay the costs of referring the question of their constitutionality to the Supreme Court, if anybody sees fit to raise the question. This is a concession which was sternly refused in the case of the Quebec Jesuit Estates Act, and it is more than likely it will be taken advantage of by some representative of the minority in Manitoba, seeing that the hierarchy is so dead set against both measures. Furthermore, it is intimated that "remedial legislation" is likely to be introduced at Ottawa during the ensuing session. The disallowance of the Acts was insisted upon by the French Catholic section of the Cabinet, especially by Langevin, who had promised his constituents that such action would certainly be taken. Sir John seems to have overruled his colleagues, however, for the time being, though only after some remarkably lively Council meetings.

"VERY MUGH ABROAD."—Great events move rapidly now-a-days. Before last week's issue of GRIP had reached its readers with a cartoon depicting Sir C. Tupper's departure for Washington, that eminent baronet and his co-delegates Sir John Thompson and Hon. Geo. E. Foster, were back again in Ottawa. It was too bad, as the gentlemen of the Cabinet had taken a lot of biled shirts and white ties with them, anticipating a giddy round of social functions for

which engagements had been duly made. Mr. Blaine informed them that nothing could be done at present, as President Harrison was going away on a visit. He had informed the British Minister of this a day or two before, and Sir Julian had telegraphed word to Ottawa, but somehow or other the telegram failed to reach the Commissioners in time to head off their wild goose chase. The *Globe* will have it that our representatives were "snubbed" at Washington, but we see no justification for this view of the episode. They were rendered very ridiculous, but it was by no action of the American authorities. Mr. Blaine, in fact, treated them with extraordinary civility, considering the vulgar and gratuitous manner in which they had so lately slangwhanged him and his country.



HE elevation of Mr. Charles Tupper to the exalted ranks of the baronetcy does not seem to have lifted him above the propensity for fibbing. Of course in diplomatic circles a lie goes by a softer name, but it is for all practical purposes the same despicable thing. It now appears that Sir Charles Tupper's oft-repeated statement to the effect that a belated telegram was sent to Ottawa by Sir Julian Pauncefote notifying the Government that the Canadian Commissioners could not at present be received at Washington has no grain of truth in it. Pauncefote should have sent such a message, but he didn't do it. The puzzle in this case is to discover what Tupper hopes to gain by the whopper.

SOMETHING should be done to shut off the oratorical gas in the Ontario Legislature. Some speaking is no doubt useful and necessary, but there is no excuse for long-winded orations and protracted debates. We might be able to overlook the waste of time and money if the orators occasionally gave us specimens of eloquence such as Pitt, Burke, Fox and Sheridan used to indulge in, but there isn't a solitary orator in the House, and nearly all the talk is twaddle and platitude. Moreover, seeing that at the end of every weary wordy war each member votes just as he would have done anyway, we piteously plead for a rest. Let us have less talk and more work. Mr. Mowat, pray get a little *clôture* machine.

WE observe that Viscount Melgund has just taken his seat in the House of Lords as the Earl of Minto. The aptitude of his title may be seen when we mention that his estate yields a yearly rental of \$74,330. It is indeed a mint, O! He gets that much money annually, you understand, for permitting people to live in a certain part of Roxburghshire. The presence of the people there makes the use of the land worth that much per year, and if the people all went away excepting the Earl, it wouldn't be worth anything to speak of. So that, you observe, this fund which the community causes goes into the Earl's private pocket instead of into the community's purse, and then to make up for the loss of it the community has to pay parish rates and taxes of various kinds out of the proceeds of its labor. And why this ridiculous arrangement? Because a long time ago, some Earl of Minto put a fence around that part of the heritage of mankind and called it *his*. To re-establish justice in this case, the earl's tax-bill each year should be exactly \$74,330.

THE finest standing specimen of an Irish bull is calling that Dublin paper "*United Ireland*."



"THESE ARE THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOLES!"

OUR protected manufacturers are rejoicing with great joy over the Washington *fiasco*. They know now that for an indefinite period reciprocity is out of the question, and it will be impossible for the Canadian people to ruin themselves with cheap American goods. It must not be supposed that these Red Parlor gentlemen have any low, selfish element in their pleasure. Not at all. Reciprocity would in fact be money in their pockets, but what is sordid boodle compared with the weal of one's beloved country?

THE *Mail*, commenting on the death of Barnum, says the world never before possessed a man like him, and probably never will again. What's the matter with our own Sir John?

A CONTEMPORARY refers to the visit of the Canadian Commissioners to Washington as a "bootless expedition." This borders closely on libel. Not only did our representatives have their boots on—with a sleeping-car polish on them—but they had each a dazzling outfit of general gents' furnishings, which, sad to relate, they never had a chance to put on!

THE new mining laws introduced by Hon. Mr. Hardy show an amount of enlightenment rarely found among "practical politicians." As the *Hamilton Times* gleefully notes, the Provincial Secretary's nose is pointed in the right direction.—

"He wants to restrain speculation in mining lands, to promote the development of the mines, to secure a revenue for the Province instead of allowing the whole value of the people's heritage to go into private pockets, to have the "owners" of mineral lands understand that they are tenants of the Crown (the people), and that the mineral deposits, not made by man, are the property of all, and not of a few."

THE level-headed journal in question adds:

"The Single Tax on land values is the easy and only means by which to secure the ends he aims at. Let the applicants for mining properties understand that the Province will take the rental value, whether the mines are worked or not, and there will be an end to

cornering and speculation. Development will be rapid. The beauty of it is that the same law which will do so much good in its application to mineral lands will fit agricultural lands, timber lands and city building lots. Follow it up, Mr. Hardy."

This is sound advice. Mr. Hardy has probably been doing some reading in political economy, a subject which most of our statesmen know nothing about, and yet which lies at the very foundation of statesmanship.

"IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS."

HE wrote a poem on the spring,
Which to the editor he brought;
The latter praised like everything
Its melody and subtle thought.

He clomb athwart the brindle mule,
Its ribs he prodded with a stick;
It meekly yielded to his rule,
And never gave a single kick.

He mashed one day a winsome maid,
And called on her to press his suit;
Her father no objection made,
Nor ever once upraised his boot.

He went to fish in Humber's stream,
And really caught a fish or two;
And when he treated to ice cream,
His girl remarked one plate would do.

Thus luck attended him throughout,
Until on one unlucky day
He bought an ice man's business out,
Then failed—because it didn't pay.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—Yes, Dominion notes are taken at par for subscriptions to GRIP.

HARCOURT.—Since you ask our opinion we have no hesitation in saying your maiden budget speech was highly creditable and cashable. True, the Opposition were not able to *budge it*. Very good, but you really ought to become serious now that you are a minister.

W. A. DOUGLASS.—You can get an idea of what is meant by the "Single Tax" by consulting the editor of the *Christian Guardian*.

STUDENT.—The word *mafia* is Italian and signifies "to maff." This is generally done with a knife.

PARENT.—We are not certain on the point, but have an idea that infants in arms are admitted to the Kindergartens. Write to Mr. Hughes on the subject.

PUZZLED ONE.—We have endeavored to find out for you the reason of the rule prohibiting the ladies and gentlemen attending the Normal School from cultivating each others' acquaintance. The best explanation we have received is that, if social intercourse were allowed, the young men might pick up the bad habits of chewing gum and saying "awfully lovely."

POET.—You want to know our terms for spring poems? We hardly care to repeat them here, but they are exceedingly vigorous.

NIGHTMARE vs. DARK HORSE.

"SIR CHARLES DILKE is beginning to weigh like a night-mare on the Gladstonian leaders."—*Cable Dispatch*.

A night-mare is heavy to carry, no doubt,
And may seriously weaken the force
Of a party which ought to be looking about
To find in its place a *dark horse*.



SIR KNIGHT MOSES TILTETH AGAINST YE BUSINESS TAX.

RECENT SAYINGS OF NOTABILITIES.

"YES," said the Hon. Mr. Foster on his return from Washington, to an *Empire* reporter, "we hardly achieved the measure of success that we hoped for. It'll be all right in the end, I've no doubt, but between ourselves I may admit that our reception by Blaine was—well, not exactly cold, but a little chilly, as it were. So that, at present, reciprocity may be said to suffer—"

"From a chil-Blaine," briskly interjected Sir Tupper.

"Now that's mean, Tupper," replied the Finance Minister. "Didn't you see I was working up to that?"

"The division in the ranks of the Irish party," remarked Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in the smoking-room of the Imperial House of Commons, "are fatal to prospects of Home Rule."

"Yes; the knell of Ireland's hopes is Parnell," rejoined Labouchere. And he withered with a glance of infinite scorn, the youthful member who melodiously attempted to flatter him by remarking that the joke was "weally good enough to pwint in *Punch*, don't yah know."

The census-taker found the Rev. Dr. Wild at home, and put him through the usual course of interrogations, ending with the query, "Sane or insane?" "Well, I

hardly know how to answer that," replied the doctor. "I'm not exactly insane, but I'm considered Wild. That's a little joke, you know, that I work off on my congregation about once a month," he added, explanatorily, as the census man looked startled.

"Canada is fortunately free from the cyclones which sometimes carry houses into the air in the Western States," said G. B. Smith to Gibson, of Huron, as the Legislature rose, "but, all the same, I notice this House rises at six o'clock every evening." "But ye maun alloo there's an unco deference," said the latter. "It's no the Hoose itself that rises, because that wadna be possible, and—" Mr. Smith sighed a deep drawn sigh and shook his head mournfully as he passed out into the lobby.

"Some people," said Ald. Hallam, "think that the exhibition of nude statuary has a demoralizing effect. It may be so in some instances, but not always. There's the Venus of Milo, for instance. She is perfectly 'armless." Mayor Clarke said he thought so, too.

Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright were recently discussing the situation. "Protection is a fraud," said the latter. "Everything is burdened with taxation. The vicious principle pervades our entire national life."

"Ah, oui, mon ami," replied Laurier. "*Meme la gloire est le sujet de ces impots epouvantable?*"

"What do you mean?" asked Cartwright.

"*Rappelez donc les mots de la Marseillaise. Le jour de gloire est arrive (est tarifé.)* Comprenez? Excuse me speaking French, but I had to do it to bring the joke in. It won't work in English."

WHY?

WHY didn't Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, the clever young Canadian authoress, call her new and brilliant book "*A Canadian Girl in London*," instead of "*An American Girl*," etc. Was it because there are more *outré* points about a Yankee damsel, from the humoristic point of view, or—horrible thought!—because Miss Duncan felt that the word Canadian in the title would kill the book? Perhaps a little of both, eh?

A MAN of a peculiar turn of mind is not necessarily crooked.



SIR JOHN'S MAGNETISM.

REV. W. W. CARSON, formerly of Kingston, who has just been "annexed" by a Presbyterian congregation in Detroit, was interviewed by a *Free Press* reporter the other day. Speaking of Sir John Macdonald's great personal magnetism, he said: "I have often heard his rivals say after an interview with Sir John, that they had better not become too intimate with the 'old man' or they might possibly be converted to his political faith."

This is by no means an exaggerated statement. The Premier certainly has a most winning manner, which accounts for his winning nearly every election he goes into. Mr. GRIP is pleased to submit a few illustrations, more or less authentic, of Sir John's remarkable magnetism.

One day, just after Sir Richard Cartwright had left the Conservative party, Sir John happened to meet that vigorous financier on Parliament Square. Cartwright, wearing a scowl of scorn, was about to pass by without taking any notice of his discarded leader, but Sir John caught his spectacled eye and smiled. For a moment Sir Richard struggled to maintain his expression of contempt and hatred, but the smile was too much for him. His knees knocked together, his frame trembled, and gradually the scorn passed out of his face, being succeeded by a gradually growing look of geniality. Suddenly remembering himself, Sir Richard summoned his iron will to his assistance, and with a tremendous effort broke the spell and hastily walked on. Another moment and he would undoubtedly have been back in the Conservative party.

When the announcement of the general election was made in February, Hon. Edward Blake immediately proceeded to buckle on his harness. He was feeling in great fighting trim, and proposed to make it the liveliest campaign of his career. For a few weeks he devoted himself to getting out the raw material for a series of remarkable speeches in support of the Liberal cause, but a few days before the meeting of the West Durham Convention he happened to meet Sir John. The wily chieftain grasped Mr. Blake's hand and gave it the peculiar magnetic pressure which has so often done its fatal work. The result is only too well known. Mr. Blake declined the nomination and remained in a state of semi-paralysis until after the election was over, to the great damage of his party.

During the last session of Parliament the Premier ran across Mr. Wm. Paterson, M.P. for Brant, in one of the corridors of the House. Bringing his hypnotic powers to

bear on the popular member, Sir John so influenced him that he (Mr. P.) involuntarily uttered a cuss word. There is no doubt the word was really projected into Mr. Paterson's mind and thence out of his lips by the magnetic one, for nobody will believe that William would cuss of his own accord.

One more instance must suffice for the present. It illustrates Sir John's marvellous influence over his friends as well as his foes. When Mr. Charles Rykert entered Parliament he hadn't the remotest idea of going in for a timber limit deal, but in an evil moment he happened to meet Sir John in the House restaurant. The Premier, in his characteristic way, gave Mr. Rykert a slap on the back and chucked him under the chin, accompanying the action with his irresistible wink. He didn't say a word about timber, but from that moment the member for Lincoln was a changed man.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUESTION.

(LATEST PHASE.)

John Bull—

After mature consideration,
I send the case to arbitration—

Newfoundland—

I don't agree! It's 'gainst my will!
And what of this Coercion Bill?

John Bull—

I'm going to pass it to secure
French fishing rights upon your shore.

Newfoundland—

It's monstrous, infamous and foul!
I won't submit to tyrant rule.

Canada—

Excuse me, but what's all this fuss,
Refusing bait and fish to us?

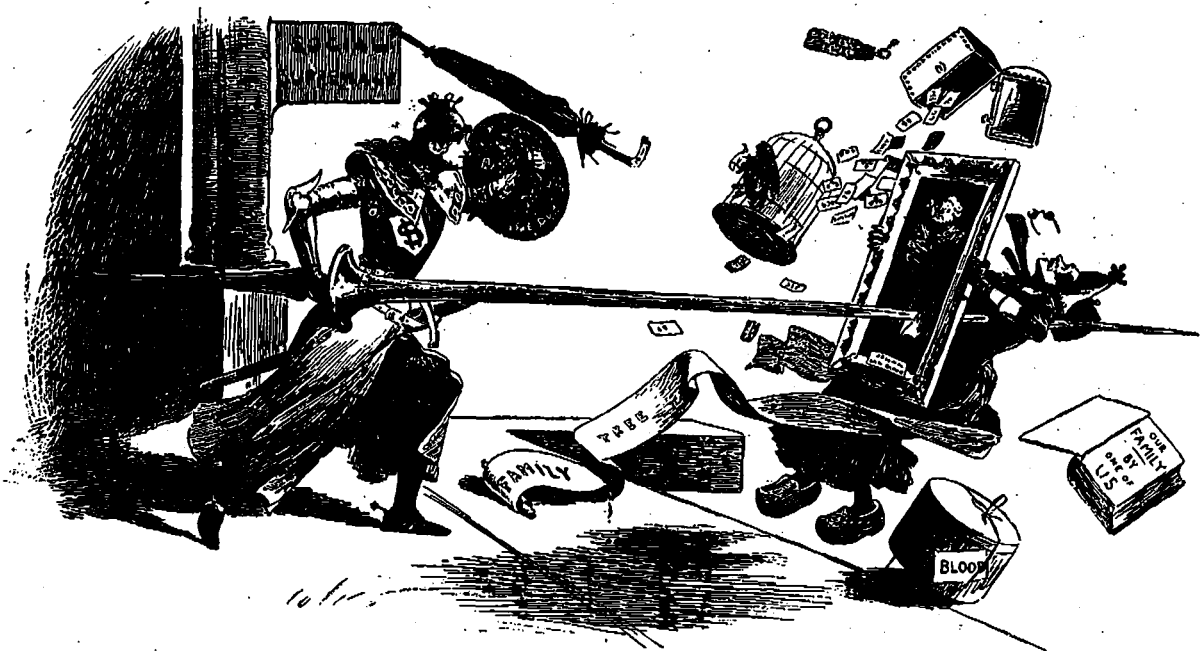
Newfoundland—

Bah! we'll have nothing more to do
With low-down Governments like you.
We're going to end this strained relation
By going in for Annexation!



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WESLEY.

All the illustrated magazines of the day are teeming with portraits of John Wesley, *apropos* of the centenary of Methodism. In the accompanying accounts much mention is made of the great divine's wife, but none of the magazines has favored the public with a portrait of that rather remarkable lady. GRIP feels called upon to supply this omission, and does so with the likeness herewith given, which is made from the descriptions of Mrs. Wesley by her biographers. If it errs at all, it is probably on the side of flattery.



BOODLE versus BLOOD.

THE FORMER WINS IN THE STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL SUPREMACY.

—Munsey's Weekly

DENNIS MORIARTY ON ADAM AND EVE.

(WITH DIRECTIONS FOR RECITATION.)



[Stand before the audience respectfully and majestically—make a bow.

W IN Adam, changed to man, from mud,
In Aiden's lovely garden shtud,
He felt a bit conceited,
For right forninst him was the place—
Some twinty-two shquare feet in space,
Whince he'd been excavated.
His mimory wasn't worth a cint,
He couldn't moind the laste ivint
A single moment pravius ;
An' he looked so full iv foightin' power,
His eye a Kerry bhoy would cower,
It seemed so clane mischaviuous.

[Look flustered like and oncartain.

“Well, this bates Bannagher,” says he,
An' who I am—that puzzles me.
I niver saw this place before,
Or anny other—which is more
Begor ! I'm fured intirely !

[Same to be in profound miditation.

I see me effigy is cut
In turf, would make a r'yal hut.

The legs, the body, arrums an' head,
Shtretcht out 's if an a feather bed.

[Open your eyes woide, and look woise intirely.

Musha ! The saicret I have found,
Some wan has built me out ay ground—
I wonder 's anny more around ?

[Purtind ye are shpoilin' fur a bit av a ruction.

Wid this he cut a shtout blackthorn,
As hard 's a tin-year-ould buck-horn,
An' marchin' out he yelled “Hurroo !
If e'er a wan in waitin'
Will boudly shtep before me view
He'll get the purtiest batin'
That anny man in rhyme or raison
'Ud want in anny single saison.”

[Now, look as if ye had been on a long thramp.

For hours he marched all round the place
But niver saw an inimy's face ;
For thim days, bhoys tuk no delight in
The fun we now call faction fightin'.
There wor no durty, mane O'Gradys,
O'Sullivans, O'Tooles, or Bradys.

[Appear to be hungry and thirsty

Returnin' home he felt quite dhry
An' thought he'd dearly loike to thry
A shmall tashte av good ould potheen
But sarched in vain for a shebeen ;
For timperance thin was all the go
Wid rich an' poor, an' high an' low.

[Look disappointed and in bad humor wid ivery wan.

Wid fruit he had to quinch his thirst,
An' aitin' till he thought he'd burst,
He picked a place inondher trees
To lay him down an' take his ease,
Thin fwat he niver did before—
He shlep', an' he began to shnore,
The furst shnore in creation !
An' whoile he shnoored, he dhramed a dhrame,
The swatest, too, that iver came
In slumberin' miditation.

[Ye know yersilf how to look.

Now fwat he dhramed I'll not repate,
Because, altho' it was so swate,
'Twas not a bit conthrairy.
For whin he woke an' rubbed his eyes
He rose, an' wid shupraime-surprise
He saw a hivenly fairy !

[Think ye see an aingel

The craiture, shtoopin' o'er a brook
Reflected, saw her purty look ;
(As manny toimes since thin, whin passin'
The darlints, bless thim ! look the glass in.)
She gaped, she frowned, she smolled, she cried,
An' manny other movemints thried
To foind the most bequoilin',
Thin ather manny a repetition
She voted for the best condition
Whin she was shmoilin' !

[Thy to appare shublime.

Not far beyant these grew a rose,
An' close beside in swate repose
A holy shamrock clusther.
The rose she plucked, and threw away ;
The shamrocks wove into a shpray,
Which in her hair she wore that day,
An' gave her charrums a luster !

[Say this very scornfully.

(I may add in parinthisis
There wur no thistles.
'Twas as a curse that they wur sint
—Loike mate wid gristles—
For in the Wörruld's synthsis,
They worn't meant.)

[Repate this wid a knowin' look.

Now, fwere was Adam, d'ye moind,
Whoile thim ivints wur goin' an?
Bedad, he'd shnaked away behoind
A fince, loike anny other man,
Whin through a knot hole he percaived
The forma an' faitures av the gurl,
An' the imprissions he received
Made his head whurl.

[Utter the next lines wid detarmination.

At lingsh, remimberin' as he thrimbled there,
That "faint heart niver won a lady fair,"
He bouldly marched into the open shpace
An' shtud before the colleen face to face.

[Appare to be in a shtate av hisitatin.

Her back was to him as she gazed aloft,
So, to incinse the maid, he shloightly coughed,
For niver havin' had an' introduction
He didn't know her name,
Which ignorance is often an obstruction,
As yez know that same.

[Say this with an air av modesty.

Hearin' the cough, she quickly turned around,
An' thripped for Adam wid a nimble bound.
The shamrocks glistened in her golden hair,
An' Adam fell in love right then an' there.
Half way she shtopt, not knowing fwhat to do,
For how she got there was mystarious ;
Her loife an' carcumstances all wor new,
An' this predicamint was sarious.

[Just look like yersilf whin ye say fwhat follows.

"Mavourneen, arrah cushla," now says he,
"Ma douchal; put your confidence in me,
There's ne'er another couple I have seen ;
I'll be your gossoon—you be my colleen."

[Thy to appare in great astonishmint.

"Be all the saints in hiven !" says she,
As ye're a sbranger, ye make moighty free.
Or is it an omadhaun ye think I am
To jump at the fust offer av a man ?

[Pleadingly and defoiantly.

"Begor !" says Adam, "but I loike yer voice,
It sounds as musical as Irish verse,
But have a moind, that I am Hobson's choice,
An' yez may go much farther and fare worse.

[Look swate an' gintle.

"Ye're 'Hobson's choice,' fwhat do ye manc' ?"
"I mane," says he, "I've raison to belave
That all the wörruld does not contain
Another man but me, do ye percaive ?
Fwhereas it's not imposs'ble to suppose
That there are other girls ; an' who knows
But wan iv thim may crown her mortal joy
Be makin' me her own thure darlint bhoj ;
We'll live as happy as a king an' queen,
An' she me jewel—the own Mavourneen,
Will milk the cow, and 'tind the little pig,
Whoile I to grow the praties blithely dig.
We'll live an' love from year to year,
An' ivery day, begorra ! grow more dear,
We'll—" "Hould," says she, "take things a
little aisy,"



AN ODE TO THE PICTURESQUE SLEEVES.

Flying, tossing in the breeze
Joy of every Artist, these
Useless, foolish, if you please,
But beautiful to see.

Rail ye not against the vain,
Their coxcomby is our gain,
Decorative, let them reign
Foolish though they be.

W.B.

[Be mischavious lookin'.

"I didn't say I wouldn't ; an' ye're crazy
To think that anny woman av good sinse
Would answer 'yis' the very furst purtinsie.
Me dues in coortin' I must have a whoile
So I may use me flattherin' kind av shmoile,
The wan I practised in the strame beyant,
Bekase I knew it was a thing I'd want.

[Say this sayriously.

To make me shtory short an' not too long,
Miss Aive consinted to be Adam's wife,
And if the shnake had not made things go wrong
Thin our furst parents still would be in life.

[Thy to appare conundhrumically.

Now this conundhrum all av yez may guess,
As aich may thruly do so more or less—
If thim ould couple had decoided NAV
Fwhere would the prisint aujince be to-day ?



ELIJAH AS HE REALLY WAS.

WE had always heard the Prophet Elijah spoken of as a very majestic historical figure, towering in grandeur above the mass of humanity. But, until we saw him actually impersonated by Mr. Santley at the Philharmonic concert last week, we had no adequate idea of what he really looked like. Our preconception was that in personal appearance he was probably somewhat patriarchal, and as to garb, that he wore a rough mantle of some sort. It was a surprise, and we may even say a slight shock to us, to find that our ideal was "away off," and to learn that Elijah was a baldish gentleman with a grey moustache and a regulation full-dress suit. But we were even more startlingly disillusioned in the matter of Elijah's style of preaching. Our information on this point had been, of course, gathered from the account given in the Old Testament, in which there is no indication whatever of the remarkable impediment in his speech which troubled the great Prophet. For example, in one place, Elijah is quoted as saying with sublime eloquence—

"Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape!"

Elijah really spoke these words as follows:

Take-take-take-ta-a-a-ke the prophets;

The prophets

The prophets of Baal;

Of Baa-a-aa-a-aa-aell

Take the prophets of Baal,

Let not one—not one—not one, one, one,

Take the prophets of Baal let not one

Not one, let not one, of them;

Of the prophets of Baal,

Let not one, not one, let not one of them, of them

es-caaaaa-pe, escape!

Besides the information about Elijah we obtained, the concert in question was prophetic and enjoyable in other respects. It two particulars it was especially pleasant, 1st the *encore* fiend was not there, and 2nd the unities were not outraged by the singing of God Save the Queen at the close of the Oratorio.

A GOOD example of "revulsion of feeling" is the fact that rain always makes a Kentuckian feel dry.

HELPING HIM OUT.

ARTIST SHERWOOD—"Good morning, Cockin. Hard at work, eh? What are you grinding away at? It seems to make you tired."

POET COCKIN—"I'm trying to write a national and patriotic poem to be read at the St. George's Society dinner next week, and it doesn't seem to come easy. I've been at it half an hour and have only got the first two lines."

SHERWOOD—"How do they go?"

COCKIN—"As thus—

All hail to England's great St. George
Who slew the monstrous dragon

There I'm stuck. Can't seem to get any further."

SHERWOOD—"Well, I'll help you out. Nothing easier. What the matter with this:

Now let us have a solid gorge
And go home with a jag on.

That, you see, combines truth with poetry. You are welcome to it. No; do not thank me. So long."

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

"AH," said Samjones, "I see that Baron Fava, the Italian ambassador to Washington, has been recalled. Looks like war, don't it, in which case the combatants will have a fair field and no —"

"Stop!" said Biggleswade. "Before you proceed any further let me remind you that the Italian gentleman's name is pronounced Fahva."

The company heaved a sigh of relief, and Samjones, hurling a look of bitter scorn on the interrupter, went forth into the chill damp gloaming.

MAY HE SUCCEED!

MR MERCIER is in Patee trying to raise the wind. He wants a few millions to get his Province out of the hole. Let the Ontario tax-payer not fail to offer up earnest petitions that his mission may be successful.

THE COLD SNAP.

A ROBIN shivered and shook on the wire,
And says he, "This weather is grievous!
I thought gentle spring had come for a fact—
But I'm j-just a little bit previous!"

NATURAL HISTORY ITEM.

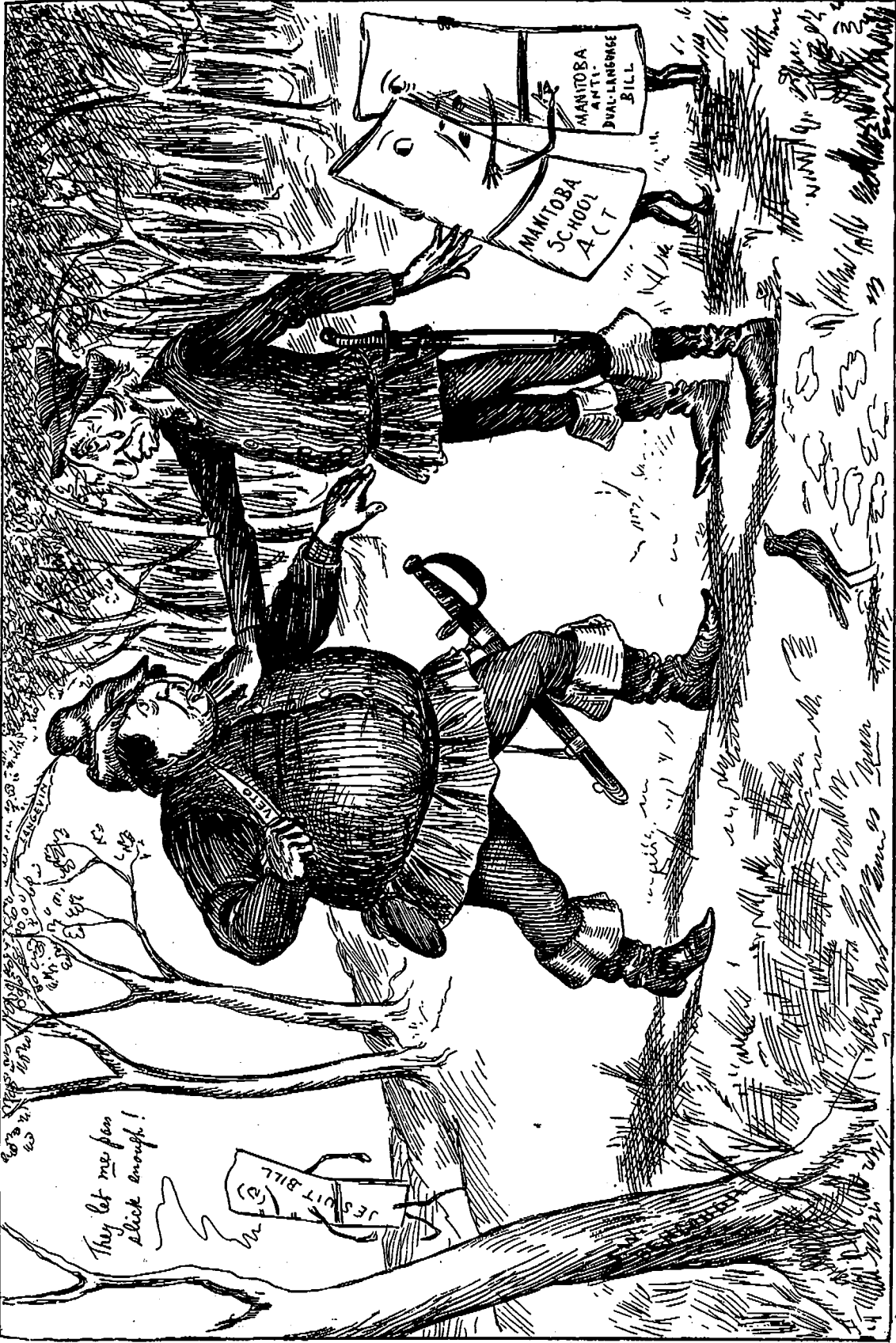
"THE crow has such a delicate sense of smell that it can scent carrion at a distance of forty miles," read Mrs. Bulstrode from her paper. "Isn't that remarkable?" she added. "Humph!" responded Bulstrode "It seems to me more remarkable that the crow, with its delicate sense of smell, can stomach the stuff when it gets within range!"

PLENTY OF 'EM.

DAME Nature now, on pleasure bent,
Puts on her gayest duds,
And introduces to the world,
And chaperones, the buds.

New York Sun.

But when to business she gets down,
And forth the blossoms thrust,
Those buds will very quickly leave.
Upon a general bust.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

SIR HECTOR (the Bad Ruffian)—"THEY MUST AND SHALL BE SLAIN. STAND ASIDE, I SAY!"
 SIR JOHN (the Virtuous Ruffian)—"NAY, NOT SO! I AM A HARD CRUEL POLITICIAN, YET I CANNOT, I DARE NOT PERMIT THAT!"

A CONDENSED FAKE.



AN enterprising down East Hustler lately conceived the idea of crowding the "Best Fifty Books" into one volume, and selling the same by subscription. In order to keep the work within reasonable dimensions, it was necessary to condense the "best fifty books" a good deal, and to do this satisfactorily would be, as may readily be conceived, a very delicate task. Had the pro-

jector of the scheme been anything more than a mere Hustler, with both eyes fastened on the dollars to be made out of the speculation, he would have entrusted the work of condensation to the hands of a competent literary hack, but he was only a Hustler, and he undertook to do the job himself. He has now completed it, and for some time GRIP's table has been overwhelmed with advertising matter pertaining to the "most remarkable work of the age," etc. Amongst this matter the Hustler sends some pages by way of illustrating the efficient style in which the condensing has been done. Mr. William Shakspeare, of England, is honored with a place among the fifty authors, and his tragedy of *Hamlet* is one of the works which has been done over by the dainty fingers of the Hustler. That our readers may judge for themselves what measure of praise—or punishment—is due to the Hustler—whose name, by the way, is Benjamin R. Davenport—we append the entire first scene of the poet's masterpiece.

Act I., Scene first, opens at Elsinore, in Denmark. Bernardo, an officer, relieves Francisco, a soldier, from his guard, and Francisco says, "For this relief, much thanks." Marcellus, a brother officer, and Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, join Bernardo, and the conversation turns upon a ghost which has been said to have appeared the previous nights about the Palace of the King. In the midst of their conversation the ghost enters, but when approached, departs again. Horatio discourses on the subject, and remarks, regarding similar portents in the past:

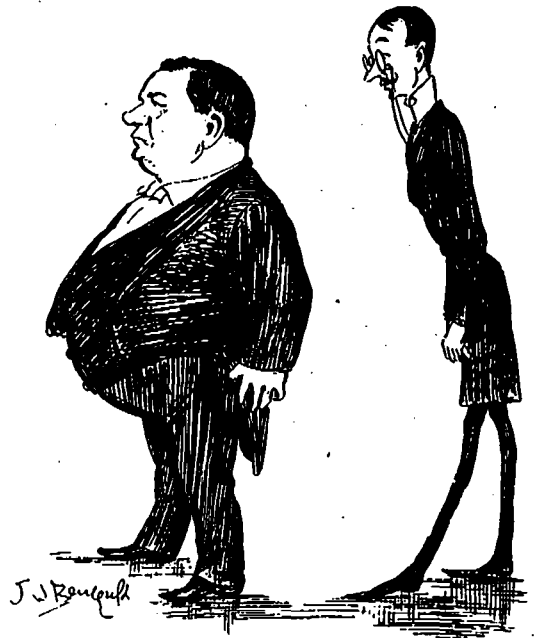
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The ghost re-enters, but at the crowing of the cock fades out of view. The scene ends with their departure in search of Hamlet.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us" from Hustlers!

BILLY MAC.

BILLY MACLEAN is a pretty good and clever fellow. The trouble with him is that he knows it all and puts it in the *World*, thereby making himself somewhat ridiculous. He hasn't any political principles and never had, which makes him a particularly competent critic of other people. It is especially amusing to see him, tongue in cheek and with his characteristic side-long glance, berating supposed Annexationists in the presence of people who know perfectly well, that Billy would advocate Annexation tomorrow if he thought there was anything in it financially for himself. It is also touching to see his tender regard for the Canadian farmer. It is the kindly, gracious manner of every bunco-steerer. Billy is simply inimitable.



GOING IN TO DINNER.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, MONTREAL.

A FABLE FOR CROAKERS.

FIVE little bob-o'-links sat on a fence,
With a hopeful, jubilant look,
When down from the limb of an old oak tree
Flopped a queer-looking black-Jack Rook.

And the five little bob-o'-links gave him a nod,
And merrily bade him good-day,
But the Rook only gave a cynical croak,
With his feathers all turned the wrong way.

"It's very fine weather," said one bob-o'-link,
"And looks like an early spring."
"But we may have rain and a touch of frost,"
Said the Rook, with a droop of his wing.

"There is plenty of grub," said another gay bob,
As he snapped up a casual bug;
"But there may be a famine before next fall,"
Said the Rook, with a wretched shrug.

"We have neat little nests and the best of health!"
Said a third little bob-o'-link;
"But you may be shot the first thing you know,"
Croaked the Rook, with a gloomy blink.

"Oh, give us a rest!" all the bob-o'-links cried,
"You poor hyp-o-chon-dri-ac!"
Yet it's only natural, we suppose,
For a Rook to see everything black."

AN ERROR.

IT is commonly said that Hon. Edward Blake failed as a party leader. This is a mistake. He did not fail as a leader, because he never led. He was nominally at the head of the Liberal party, but the leading was done by Blake *plus* Edgar, *plus* Mulock, *et al.* We would really like to see what Blake could do "all his 'lone," and we have an idea that there are thousands of good citizens in Canada who would like to have an opportunity of following an unfettered, unqualified and unmodified Blake. Let him step to the front again and put this to the test.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Rev. John Langtry delivered an address to his parishioners on John Wesley.—(See Mail of March 27th.) "Uncle Rufus," as a Methodist, doesn't like his way of putting things, and returns a copy with some reflections attached :

NEIGHBOR LANGTRY, stop cartooning !
You have very clumsy fingers,
And there lingers
In your mental-colored sketches,
Dim revealing
Of a feeling
That would fain make heroes wretches,
So we must decline with thanks,
And return herewith your etches
Of the "Wesley" mountebanks.

Neighbor Langtry, you know better !
History doesn't need correction ;
Your inspection
Of the Cromwell Reformation,
And conclusions,
Are illusions ;
While your causeful restoration
And the ills it left behind,
Are a fertile revelation
Of your unhistoric mind.

Neighbor Langtry, history's written !
Wisdom's saint-roll should have had you,—
Now she'll add you
To her list of "saint's impeachers" ;
Don't inspect it
To correct it,—
Not alone King James's preachers
Put Religion in the lurch,
But your own established (?) teachers
And the devil in the Church.

Neighbor Langtry, 'tis a "chestnut,"
Served anew in every struggle ;
All who juggle
With the truth—or light—they boast of,
Call the others,
Though their brothers
Born and cultured, but a host of
Alien rebels, while the Throne
Has been held up at the cost of
Blood and treasure,—all their own.

Neighbor Langtry, speak your mind out !
Would you really like to claim them,
As you name them,
For the Church ? Or are you joking, ?
When you tell us,
In a jealous
Sort of boasting (mirth provoking !)
That they did not found a sect ?
Were they then their purpose cloaking ?
Were they void of self-respect ?

Neighbor Langtry, by your judgment—
In succession, apostolic,
And catholic—
We do lack the true conjunction,—
Well ! we'll grant it
If you want it,
But you cannot flout the function
Of our soul-redeeming deeds ;
For the Holy Spirit's unction
Is the hand upon our heads.

When you criticize a neighbor
Don't put on such supercilious,
Learned, bilious
Sort of airs,—for time discloses
That 'tis kinder
To be blinder
To the faults, which one supposes
May be found in every place ;
Every garden has its roses,
Look for purity and grace.



RYKERT WOULD LIKE TO BESMIRCH BLAKE.

Mr. Rykert, ex-M. P., lately made a public charge against Edward Blake of having sold his political influence, as a member of Parliament, to a certain Yankee timber-limit speculator for \$1,000. The facts having come to light, goes on the story, Mr. Blake hastily handed back the money. Of course nobody for a moment believed this, especially as it came from Rykert. The circumstance upon which the fiction was built has been explained in a letter to the *World*, and not only exonerates Mr. Blake from any Rykertian corruption but incidentally does him honor. We notice the matter here only as an illustration of the old saying that "misery likes company."

Take this solace and be quiet :—
Many another seer has stumbled
And been humbled
At the "Foolishness" and evil
Shown by preachers
(God-sent teachers).
Don't play Balaam for the devil
On so trivial a pretence ;
You can never mend our graces
Making faces through the fence.

UNCLE RUFUS.

"ENOCH ARDEN."

(Port Hope Daily Times. February 14th.)

THE large audience who witnessed the performance of 'Enoch Arden' last evening were delighted with their entertainment. The specialties—the guitar playing, the singing, the comic songs, the conjuring, clog-dancing and tumbling—gave universal satisfaction."

Poor Tennyson ! We have heard that a poet's life is not a happy one, and now we believe it—that is, if Alfred ever sees the above paragraph. Clog-dancing and tumbling in "Enoch Arden !" We'll next be hearing of "Othello" being played with a jig by *Desdemona*, and a banjo solo and clog by the *Moor* as a "black face specialty." In the name of the Nine Muses ! "Comic songs" and "conjuring" introduced into a presentation of Tennyson's beautiful poem !

UNIVERSAL.

PLUGWINCH—"The telephone system, it appears to me, is destined before long to extend over the whole earth."

BIGGLESWADE—"I shouldn't wonder—I notice that already it reaches from pole to pole."



MISS CANADA'S FUNNY DISCOVERY.

"Queer, isn't it, that when I propose to negotiate with the States, the act is treasonable or patriotic, just as I happen to wear one of these faces or the other?"

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.

"How is your friend doing out in Helena?"
"Oh, he's carrying everything before him."
"Good; what business is he in?" "He's a waiter in a restaurant."—*St. Paul Globe.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

SOFT white hands. Every lady can have soft white hands by using Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

IT seems to be a little bit uncertain that Dr. Koch's lymph can cure consumption; but there now remain no doubts at all that it can kill the patient.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

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

THERE is said to be a man in the Old Colony who is so rigid in his temperance views that he refuses to take an umbrella when it rains because there is a stick in it. He takes his water clear.—*Boston Traveler.*

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. I. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

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.

CONSTIPATION, Indigestion, Billiousness, all depend on improper or irregular action of the Liver. Arouse the Liver to a healthy action by taking Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Joseph Johnston, Pittsburg, Pa., suffered for years from Dyspepsia—used Burdock Blood Bitters, which cured her. She says she now feels "splendid."

"I SAY, Mamie, why do girls have such small waists?" asked a dude in a street-car the other day. "Why," explained Mamie, "because you men have such short arms, you goose."—*Philadelphia Record.*

THE Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood perform vital functions in the animal economy. The best purifying medicine for these functions is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Jacob A. Empey, of Cannamore, having taken Burdock Blood Bitters with good results in a lingering complaint, says he can "gladly recommend it to all."

IT is a little chilly yet, but get ready, nevertheless, to put in more time on that garden than four such gardens are worth.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

BAD Blood results from improper action of the Liver and Kidneys. Regulate these important organs by the use of that grand purifier Burdock Blood Bitters.

The mother of Chas. L. Ainsworth, 41 Vance Block, Indianapolis, Ind., says she "finds Burdock Blood Bitter a very efficacious remedy for Liver Complaint."

ELSEWHERE will be found the Annual Statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Robert A. McCurdy, President, which shows the advance made by the Company during the past seven years as phenomenal when compared with the progress of any or all of its would-be competitors. Since 1884 the assets have shown a gain of more than forty-three millions, its yearly new business more than quadrupled; its annual income doubled, and the gain of insurance in force nearly three hundred millions. The Old Mutual has more insurance in force upon the lives of citizens of the United States than any other company, thus showing its reputation among its own people. The Mutual Life of New York, which has been for nearly fifty years a synonym for financial stability, practically becomes a company of the country where it transacts its business. In Canada, for the protection of its policy-holders, the company has deposited over one million dollars with the Insurance Department, and we venture to say before a quinquennial is passed that it will be necessary to double the amount. We wish the Old Mutual continued success.

CHRONIC Erysipelas and all Eruptions and Humours of the Blood so unsightly in appearance and so productive of misery, may be cured. The remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters.

D. H. Howard, of Geneva, N. Y., took over half a gross of various patent medicines for Paralysis and debility—he says Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

IT SCATTERED THEM.

BAULSO—"How did you manage to get through that crowd? I had to wait for half an hour."

CUMSO—"I was smoking that cigar you gave me."—*Life*.

If you want anything done, do it yourself—that is, if you can't get somebody else to do it.—*N. Y. Sunday Times*.

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

THE civil-engineer is not monarch of all he surveys.—*Boston Courier*.

THE SAMPLE BOOK.

It is a fact that a great deal of study is now being put upon the advertising pages of our leading periodicals. Experts write advertisements, the best artists design illustrations, and it is a matter of considerable interest, therefore, when one of the leading advertising firms of the country announce that they have published a sample book, in which they show 200 or more different advertisements they have written and designed for their customers. Alden & Faxon, Cincinnati, Ohio, well known in the advertising field, have just published a book with this title, and will send it on receipt of six cents in stamps. The collection is quite unique and shows what versatility there is in the American mind, regarding the wants and necessities of people who read newspapers. In addition to the advertisements, information and hints are given to advertisers, whether they are old and experienced, or whether they are just starting on the road to fame and fortune, with the newspapers as their capital.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

AN Italian journalist tells his countrymen that they can make their fortune by simply going to America, work as laborers until they have saved \$400, and then return to Italy, buy a title, and again go to America and marry an heiress. Quite a number of Italians have apparently adopted this plan, but we didn't suppose titles were so expensive in Italy.—*Norris-town Herald*.

JOHN LABATT,



LONDON, ONT.

Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Austria, 1877; and Paris, 1878. Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale containing but little alcohol, of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter XXX Stout of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable. It is a tonic more energetic than the above Ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article." *James Good & Co., Agents, Toronto.*

CURATIVE—REFRESHING.



ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO.

DEAR SIR,—The St. Leon Water is strongly recommended upon high scientific and medical authority. I have used it for some time, and believe it to be both curative and refreshing.

JOHN POTTS, D.D.

Don't get fooled with people selling other waters—imitations on St. Leon's good name. St. Leon is unrivalled among all competitors.

Address,

The St. Leon Mineral Water Co. (Ltd.)

HEAD OFFICE:

101½ King Street West, Toronto;

Branch Office: Tidy's Flower Depot 164 Yonge St.



NOTICE TO

CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed in the form and manner set forth in the special specifications in that behalf, will be received at this Department until Noon of Wednesday, the TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF APRIL, inst., for certain works in connection with the new Parliament Buildings, namely: (1) lathing and plastering, (2) heating and ventilating, (3) roof covering (slating, copper work, etc.), and (4) plumbing.

Printed specifications and the special form of tender as to each work can be obtained at this Department. All blanks in the special form of tender are to be properly filled up; and tenders must, as to form, sureties and otherwise, comply with the terms set forth in the specifications.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the undersigned, for the amount mentioned in the specifications of the special work tendered for, must, subject to and upon the conditions mentioned in the specifications accompany each tender. Parties tendering for more than one of the said works must, as to each of the works, remit a separate cheque for the amount mentioned in the special specifications relating to each such work.

Security for the fulfilment of any contract entered into is to be given as stipulated in the specifications; but the Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

C. F. FRASER,
Commissioner, etc.

Department of Public Works for Ontario,
TORONTO, April 6, 1891.

JAS. MURRAY & CO.

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Our Establishment is Fitted up to Execute

FIRST-CLASS

BOOK & JOB WORK

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Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

W. G. DUNN & CO., London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1890.

\$147,154,961.20.

ASSETS

Reserve on Policies at 4 per cent	\$136,668,368 00
Liabilities other than Reserve	505,359 82
Surplus	9,981,233 38
Receipts from all sources	34,978,778 39
Payments to Policy-Holders	16,973,200 05
Risks assumed	49,188 policies, 160,985,985 58
Risks in force	106,055 policies, 638,226,865 24

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Samuel E. Sproull	Oliver Harriman
Lucius Robinson	Henry W. Smith
Samuel D. Babcock	Robert Olyphant
George S. Coe	George F. Baker
Richard A. McCurdy	Jos. Thompson
James C. Holden	Dudley Olcott
Hermann C. Von Post	Frederic Cromwell
Alexander H. Rice	Julien T. Davies
Lewis May	Robert Sewell
S. Van Rensselaer Cruger	Theodore Morford
Charles R. Henderson	William Babcock
George Bliss	Preston B. Plumb
Rufus W. Peckham	Stuyvesant Fish
J. Hobart Herrick	Augustus D. Juillard
Wm. P. Dixon	Charles E. Miller
Robert A. Grannis	James W. Husted
Henry H. Rogers	Walter R. Gillette
John W. Auchincloss	James E. Grannis

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond and Mortgage Loans	\$76,529,231 72
United States Bonds and other Securities	51,311,631 54
Loans on Collateral Securities	8,624,400 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	3,556,441 59
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred, etc.	7,133,256 35
	\$147,154,961 20

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.
A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

The business for 1890 shows INCREASE over that of 1889, as follows:

In Assets	\$10,763,633 18
In Reserve on Policies and Surplus	10,554,091 94
In Receipts	3,859,759 07
In Payments to Policy-holders	1,772,591 67
In Risks assumed	4,611 policies, 9,383,502 21
In Risks in force	23,745 policies, 72,276,931 35

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Payments to Policy-Holders.	Receipts.	Assets.
1884...	\$34,681,420...	\$351,789,285...	\$13,923,062 19...	\$19,095,318 41...	\$103,876,178 51
1885...	46,507,139...	368,981,441...	14,402,049 90...	20,214,954 28...	108,908,967 51
1886...	56,832,719...	393,809,203...	13,129,103 74...	21,137,176 67...	114,181,963 24
1887...	69,457,468...	427,628,933...	14,128,423 60...	23,119,922 46...	118,806,851 88
1888...	103,214,261...	482,125,184...	14,727,550 22...	26,215,932 52...	126,082,153 56
1889...	151,602,483...	565,949,934...	15,200,608 38...	31,119,019 62...	136,401,328 02
1890...	160,985,986...	638,226,865...	16,973,200 05...	34,978,778,69...	147,154,961 20

New York, January 28th, 1891.

T. & H. K. MERRITT, General Managers,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING

TORONTO.

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



SOLID GOLD FILLED

35 Cts. for a \$2.00 Ring.
This ring is made of Two Heavy Filings of SOLID 18 KARAT GOLD, over composition metal, and is warranted to wear and retain its color for years. A written guarantee is sent with each ring. The regular price is \$4, and it cannot be sold from the ring to any address, together with our wholesale catalogue, with special terms to Agents, Merchants, &c., on receipt of 35 cents post or cash. Such a ring was never advertised before. Order immediately. (Send slip of paper size of your finger.) Address SEARS & CO., 118 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

DEAFNESS

ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured off from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent eople, mailed free.

DR. A. FONTAINE, 34 West 14th St., N.Y.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

22 to 28 King Street West, - Toronto.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion Parliament.) Full Government Deposit.

President, Hon. A. Mackenzie, M.P., Ex. Prime Minister of Canada.

Vice-Presidents, John L. Blaikie, Hon. G. W. Allan.

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.

Apply with references to

WILLIAM McCABE, - Man. Director.

Ontario Ladies' College

WHITBY, - ONTARIO.

Affords an exceedingly pleasant home and complete graduation courses in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, Elocution and Commercial Branches. Apply to

PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.

**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 **FLESH ON MY BONES** 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.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



The kind of lady friend you meet when you think you are looking particularly masher.

See page 200

**EARLY ARRIVALS OF
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Ladies and Gentlemen

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COAL AND WOOD.

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CROWN DEPOT

H.&O. BLACKFORD
87 & 89 King St. East, Toronto.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon. Gold Medallist in Practical Dentistry R.C.D.S
Office: N. E. Cor. YONGE and BLOOR,
Over Lander's Drug Store. **TORONTO.**

W. H. FERGUSON, Carpenter,
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Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Printers and Engravers' Jobbing a Speciality.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Wine Marks (Naevi)—Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis. **DR. FOSTER, Electrician,** Yonge Street Market.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR in stantaneously, easily, quickly and safely removed with **CAPILLERINE**, and the growth permanently destroyed without the slightest injury or discoloration to the most delicate skin. Discovered by accident. Every bottle is guaranteed by the **CAPILLERINE Mfg. Co.** to be genuine. Mailed free to any part of Canada, United States and Mexico on receipt of \$1.55, or P.O. Money Order. For sale only by our agent.

TRANGLE ARMAND, Perfumer and Hair-Dresser, 407 Yonge St., 407, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Telephone 2498.

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