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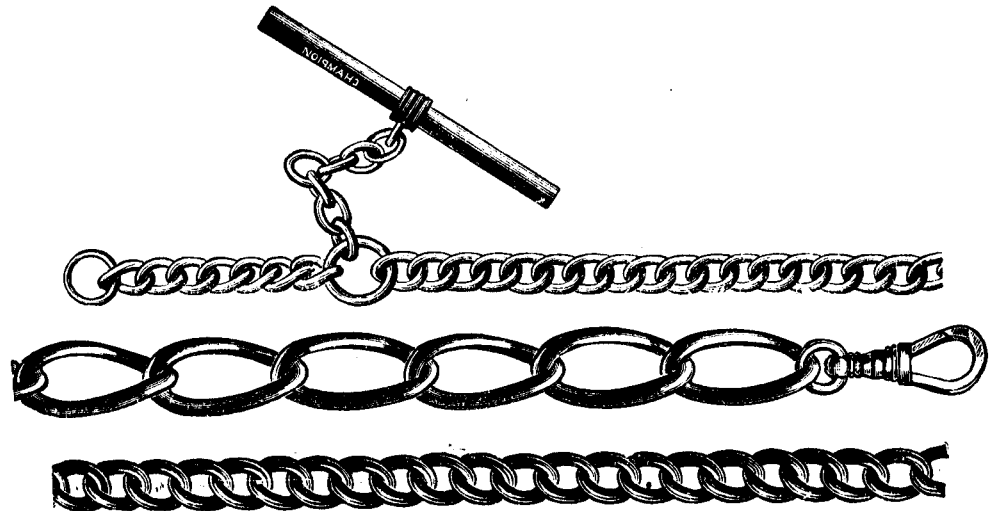
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- OUR : PRICES : TALK -

There are many qualities of Chains. We have Gold plated Chains at 25c., 50c., \$1.00 and upwards, but to-day we ask your attention to our "Special Offer No. 4." It is a line of Gentlemen's Vest Chains, assorted pattern and sizes, plain open link, open curb, close curb, and fancy links, regular lengths with drop attachment. They are made of 14-kt gold, stiffened with composition metal. To explain clearly, 1-10 thickness of the chain is solid 14-kt gold and will wear a life time, and \$2.35 will buy one of any pattern, sent post-paid on receipt of that amount, "Quality and Finish" makes the value. Address

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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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BOVINE  
CAMPAIGN;

OR,  
ANYTHING  
TO GET THERE!

J. W. Bengough

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



REV. J. C. MADILL, P.P.A.

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, June 18th, 1894.

IT'S getting to be pretty hot weather for politics, especially when politicians is mostly busy in stirring up strife, which they are at present. The Grit folks appear to be holding on to them estimates so's to git in all their talking, and praying hard about the Ontario elections on the quiet, and the Tories are hurrying up to get their prospective expenses passed. Both of them are perspiring hard and blaming the other side for keeping the House sitting in this weather.

It's the curiousest thing to me how your common sense 'll fool you in politics. You would think they'd pick out a real smart farmer with a head for figgers and make him Minister of Agriculture and let him run that farm that seems to have been a-groping after experience quite a spell now. Well, the funny thing is, he aint a farmer—he's a lawyer, and that's where your common sense would be out. Then the Minister of Militia, he's a lawyer, too—no colonel nor major nor nothing—just a lawyer, book-larnt in fighting matters. The Public Works man he is a lawyer too, not a practical man come away from work a spell to advise the Cabinet about things he knows of right in his own fingers and head. It seems as if they got beckoned to top places for some reason that don't show up in daylight.

Another curious thing is, who the members talk at. Some of 'em are talking to their electors at home, and ramble on in a dreamy, humble, grateful and comfeting sort of way. Some talks to Hansard and take dreadful good care to face that way, and speak out, and be careful what words they use and where they put their stops. Some talk to the Press Gallery, and say catchy things so's to get what fame and dis fame comes out of getting into print. Some talk to the galleries above, where the admiring

women and envious men critters sit and listen. Some of 'em seem to be getting mad at Mr. Speaker, and some talk to their own little circle, waving their arms around so's to make 'em know they're all meant. It's all dreadful fascinating, and the queer thing is that you might sit there and wait for something funny to happen till you were dead tired and as soon as you go out, it'll happen. The night you go home early they vote, and the night you come late they vote about half-past eight.

Seeing a vote is a good deal of fun. Mr. Speaker he says something, kinder smiling, and the members yell "question" several times. Then he says something more, and they mob him with roars of "carried" and "no." He seems to lose his patience with 'em for being so disagreeing and says out loud and firm "Call in the members!" Then all over that whole place there's a jingle-jangle of bells. They ring on continual for what seems longer the nearer you are to them. When the members get in their places, Mr. Rouleau counts them. He's one of the men that wear gowns and sit in arm chairs by the table. He's indispensable to the House, but it puzzles me worse than 'rithmetic. I can't never tell which he's at till he's got most done. Then if it's English, I've generally made out a landmark or two. But this voting business—it's queer as can be. The men stand up first and get called out afterwards, which is a pretty mixy way. Some of 'em stand right up as if they were voting for their rights. Sometimes they act kinder shamed, like 's ef they'd said "I'm follering, but 'tain't my choice." Once in a while a man forgets and jumps up quick, sometimes he creeps up, looking round to see who he's voting with, other times he jerks up, and the lazy ones just lift their hats to Mr. Rouleau, who calls 'em out just as impartial as ef they stood right up proper.

The other day there was a feeling of something happening in the House. The members were mostly in their seats, the Press Gallery was packed, and the other galleries were pretty well took up. The Seargeant-at-Arms was fussing around, and the assistant-seargeant was there, white gloves and all, and he was minding two men that he'd been sent to fetch. There they were outside the brass bar which seems to be a comp'ny fixing, seeing it aint there regular. Seems they'd been doing as they'd a mind to, stead of coming up and witnessing for some of the committees, and this being drug before the House was to teach 'em not to trifle with anything so high and mighty as the Parliament.

Sir John Thompson asked Mr. Speaker to ask one of 'em a question. He asked it in English, Mr. Rouleau did it into French. The man answered in French, and the French was made over into English. This went on for some time, seeing there was two of 'em. It was pretty tiresome, but it



FISH BAWLS.



**CATCHING THE SUNDAY FLYERS.**

The Sunday bike is a modern fact which has come to stay, and the Church must govern itself accordingly.

was dreadful new and kinder bungled, so it was interesting. After the lesson had been taught 'em, and they'd promised to stay and be witnesses, they were let go. So the Seargant-at-Arms took out the bar and waved 'em out with his hand, dreadful majestic.

SUSANNAH.

**THAT MIDDLE NAME AGAIN.**

(A SOCIETY TRAGEDY.)

**T**HE sunlight stole into the windows of the Dusenbury-Haugh mansion and touched the rich carpet with lingering fondness. A soft breeze from the south strayed into the room and played tag with the fringed curtains, then roamed about and monkeyed with the golden, clinging tendrils clustered around the fair brow of Miss Hortense Philo Dusenbury-Haugh; finally lifting the filmy laces that surrounded the dainty wrists, and peering boldly at the round, white arm. Outside at the windows the branches of the lilacs swayed in the breeze, ever and anon peeping at the interior of the room and its fair occupant, who sat gazing pensively at the tip of her tiny shoe; her ordinarily smooth brow contracted, and a look of sadness o'erspreading her sweet young face.

The afternoon wore on, and the shadows crept out and lengthened on the floor. A large, aggressive fly boomed across the room to the window, where it stopped, turning its back to the panes and kicking its legs defiantly as it beat against the glass.

The air had grown sweet with the perfume from the flowers, and the sun sank lower in the blue sky.

The figure in the chair turned impatiently and moved her pretty lips,—"I wonder why he does not come," she murmured, "he promised to be here at four, and it is now almost six."

The orb of day sank still lower in the broad stretch of blue, and the low mellow notes of the male frog were borne across the meadows, mingling with the hoarser bellow of the milkman.

Finally the servant rapped at the door and announced Mr. Bray, who had come out from the city by trolley car, to the summer home occupied by Mrs. Dusenbury-Haugh and her fair daughter, Hortense Philo.

Without deigning to apologise for the lateness of the hour, the young man moved stiffly to a seat and regarded Miss Hortense with a grieved and resentful air, in somewhat the same manner as a boy looks at his father after having been touched up with a hame-strap. Silently he viewed her, then, as she gazed at him in wonderment he exclaimed in broken and aggrieved tones, (yet with a touch of hauteur

in his voice),—"Hortense Philo Dusenbury-Haugh, it is all over between us, and we must part forever."

The wind moaned around the house, and the branches rustled sadly against the window. Away in the west the sun was swinging steadily and surely towards the horizon, and the distant hills were tipped with brilliant hues.

The color fled from the lips of the young girl, and a great fear fell upon her, so that she bent beneath it like an Irishman staggering under a wad of mortar. "Why, what have I done?" she murmured. For answer the young man pulled out an envelope from his pocket, and with a haughty gesture handed it to her. "That," said he, "enclosed your invitation to me; you will notice how it is addressed." Horrors! She had written just common John A. Bray, instead of J. Asinine Bray, as society demands.

B. Kelly.

**SUNDAY CONCERTS.**

**O**UR esteemed contemporary, the *Rev. Morning World*, (we think the ministerial title is due to a journal which is so earnestly devoted to the cause of true Christian liberty in the matter of the Sabbath) is delighted at the inauguration of the band concerts of sacred music at Hanlan's Point, and exultingly reports that an audience of five thousand was present at the first of the series last Sunday afternoon. It also notes that the Rev. Mr. Conner, who managed the sacred function, expressed himself as full of joy at the enormous success of this new enterprise of the truly good Ferry Company. Far be it from GRIP to scoff at the efforts of these practical christian workers, but it is only right that we should admonish them to be careful and vigilant. They may not be aware that Sunday sacred concerts in other cities have developed into straight out variety shows, from which the "sacred" element has quite evaporated, and nothing but watchfulness will prevent the same thing from happening here. There is another interesting question, however, in connection with this new move, viz.: by what authority is the Ferry Company permitted to carry on a Sunday business while the Street Railway Company is prohibited? This is a query which the latter company has a right to have answered, and we trust it will lose no time in giving the city council a chance to answer it.



**A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.**

HUBBY—"At what time will you return?"

WIFE—"I'll be home by six."

HUBBY—"Very well; I'll start out to meet you at seven-thirty."



"AT HOME" OF OUR CITY FATHERS.

A TRADE DISCOUNT.



A stranger strolled through  
the town one day,  
And happened for to stop  
In front of the brilliant  
window  
Of a natty druggist's shop.

Said he to himself, "I  
need some pills,  
This brings it to my  
mind,  
And here, no doubt, the  
thing I want  
I'll be pretty sure to find."

So he stepped within, and  
sure enough,  
They had his favorite pill;  
He got a box and smiling  
said,  
To the clerk—"Er—  
what's the bill?"

"A dollar, sir," the clerk replied,  
In manner most polite;  
But the stranger's face assumed a look  
Which said, "Oh, come—not quite!"

"I keep a drug-store down at Perth,  
And these same pills I've made:  
I s'pose you'll do the usual thing—  
A discount to the trade?"

"Oh, certainly, beg pardon, sir,  
Cost price to druggist gents;  
Let's see—ahem—the price to you  
Will be, ahem—three cents!"

LORD ROSEBURY'S hold on power was somewhat shaky before the Derby. Now he is Premier of an unquestionably "stable" government.

HOW TO GET WHAT YOU DON'T EARN.

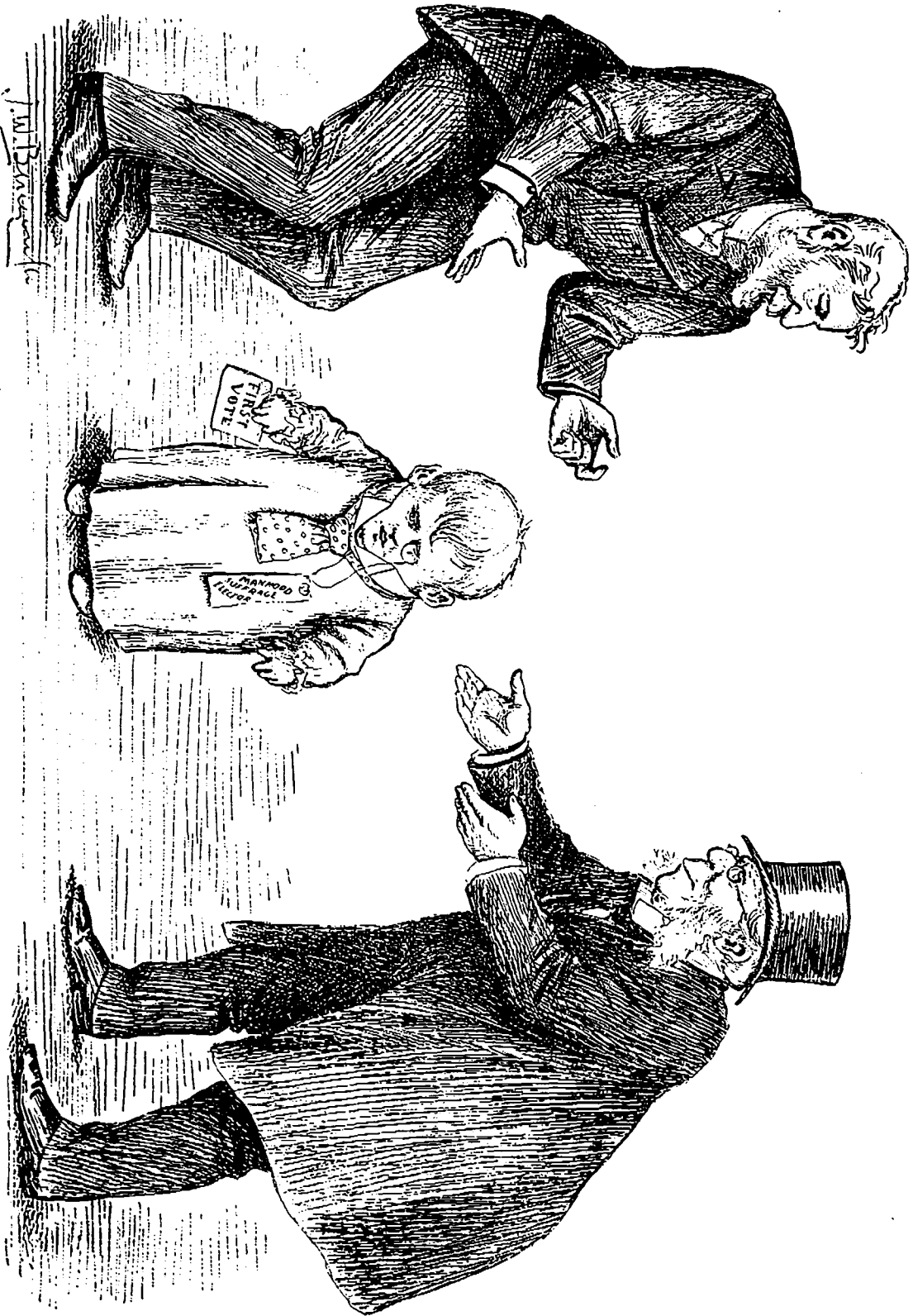
HERE is an interesting despatch:—"Buffalo, N. Y., June 10.—The land on which the municipal building of Philadelphia stands, which is worth over \$1,000,000, it is claimed, is owned by the heirs to John Rosebrugh, one of the pioneers of Pennsylvania. Among the direct heirs are Joseph L. Hawkins, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. Wm. Fonger, Burford, Ont.; Mrs. Wm. Howard, Brantford, Ont.; Dr. John W. Rosebrugh, of Hamilton; Dr. Abner Rosebrugh, of Toronto, Ont."

In other words, because the long departed John once "owned" this piece of the planet, his descendants down to the end of time are legally entitled to tax the people of Philadelphia so many mills on the dollar on an assessment of over a million! It's a good thing for our friend the doctor and his co-heirs, but how beautifully it illustrates the absurdity of land-ownership.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.

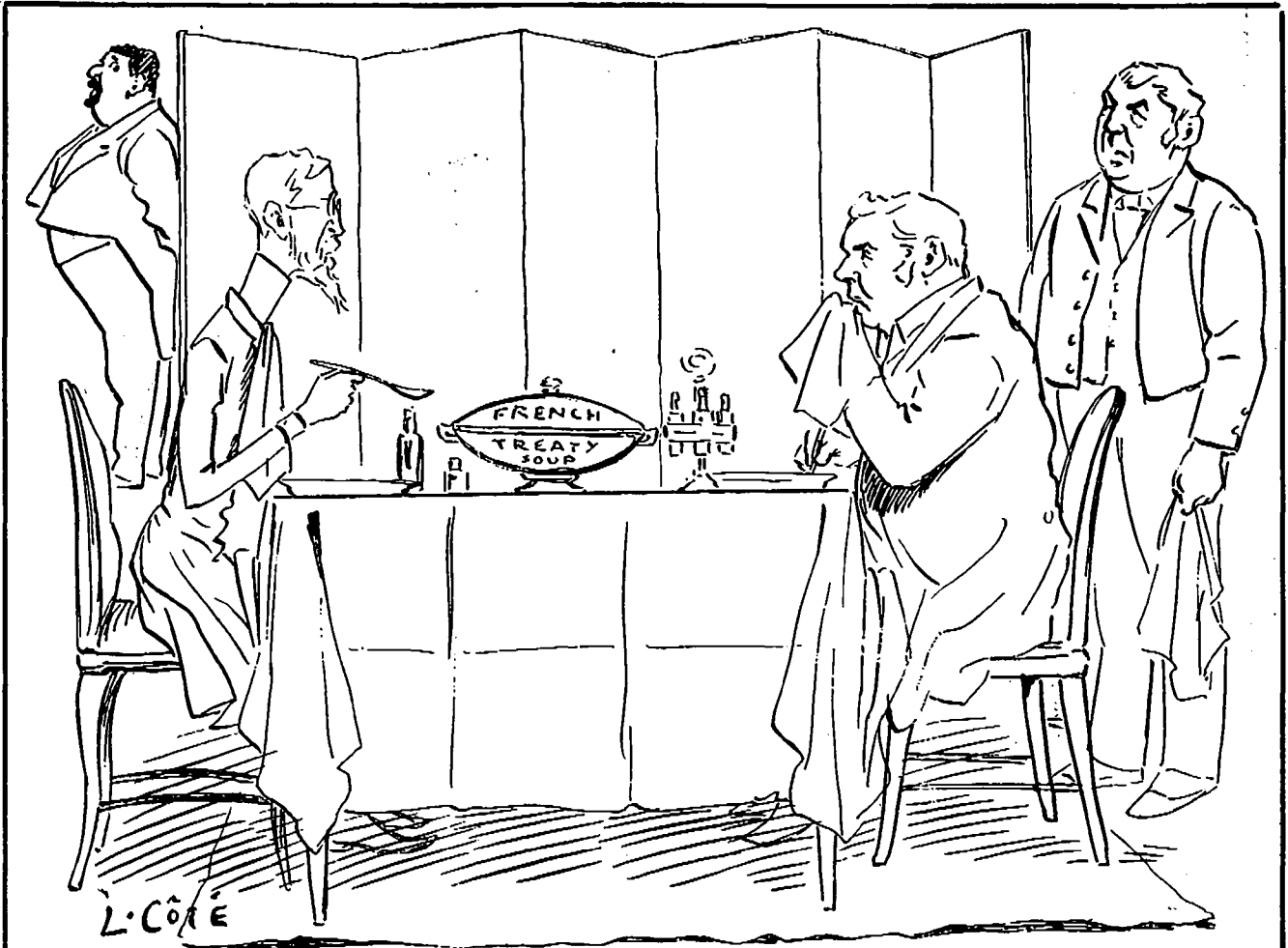
WE see the candidate for East Toronto referred to as "young Dr. Ryerson." This must be an error. No young man of ordinary intelligence would be likely to sneer at Mr. Lount as "the descendant of a man who had been hanged for treason," the reference being to the murder of Messrs. Lount and Matthews in 1838, for holding opinions which are held and defended by this very candidate for East Toronto. No; this so-called "young Dr. Ryerson" must be in reality a moss-backed Tory of the Family Compact era, whose proper place is a museum of antediluvian antiquities.

MR. MASSIE might be excused if he began to lose faith in the masses after the way in which his beautiful Hall was outraged last Monday night by the political hoodlums. There are other places in the city quite suitable for mass meetings, and this noble building should hereafter be reserved only for the use of totally civilized audiences.



THE POLITICAL TODDLER AND THE ANXIOUS LEADERS.

"Bring it to me; that's a darling!"



**DISTASTEFUL FRENCH COOKERY.**

TUPPER, THE WAITER (*sotto voce*).—"They don't like the soup, but they've got to swallow it or I'll know the reason why!"

**"WHEN IS A WOMAN AT HER BEST?"**

**I. POSITIVE.**

IN looking over the prospectus of a popular magazine, I observed, amongst a variety of other interesting new features, the following notice: "When is a Woman at her best? The question is an interesting one: At what age is a woman really at her best, mentally and physically? This query will be answered in perhaps one of the most interesting discussions ever published, by—." Here follow eight names, well known names, names of weight and promise, each a guarantee of sound and able treatment from the writer's point of view, but, strange to say, all of them feminine! and all of them, therefore, capable of seeing only one side of the question, and unable, perhaps, to eliminate the personal interest sufficiently to take into account the broad and generic view, or to decide the issue from the point of view of the opposite sex.

Now, in volunteering to repair this apparent oversight in your columns, MR. GRIP, I wish to premise that I am not writing on a subject that I have had no opportunity to study and understand, for my experience has been ample. As to my capacity and ability to pass judgment, my native modesty forbids me to enlarge; you must judge of that by the results. I may, however, here state that I am not alone in my reasoned out conclusions. I am happy to say that I

am fortified by the acquiescence of all the male minds that I have submitted the question to, after they have examined the unanswerable chain of reasoning that supports the conclusions aforesaid.

Beginning at the beginning, much is to be said in favor of woman at her first appearance on this sublunary sphere, but although her mental qualities are then perhaps most agreeable (that is, when she has perfectly good health, and passes most of her time in sleep) still her appearance both as to form and features, and especially her complexion, often improves very much during the first month; nay, the improvement continues often to the end of the first three months, and, like a note at ninety days, she matures rapidly; so much, in fact, that some enthusiasts have considered three months to be the climax of her career and the limit of her usefulness.

Not so, however, the present writer. Careful observation and a cultivated ear enable me to state that her good looks and her conversation both improve for a considerable period after this date, say for three months more, at the end of which she may be considered as a flower whose blossoms are opening in the summer sunshine.

Her language at this period is almost perfect, being limited almost entirely to the expression of satisfaction with her surroundings,—a state of things, which, unfortunately, never recurs in her after career, when her vocabulary is





**A NASTY ONE.**

COUSIN BOB—"It's all rot, this talk about cigarettes being injurious to the brain. I've smoked 'em now for years, and —"

CARRIE—"Ah, yes, but you must remember that the cigarette hasn't had a fair chance in *your* case."

much more copious but not so pleasant to listen to. N. B. It is to be here noted that crying is no part of language, and nothing more than a protest against ill-treatment.

Behold her, then, at this delightful age, reposing always in the most graceful attitudes, for she cannot assume an ungraceful one. Even when she inserts her little pink toe into her rosebud of a mouth we are tempted to exclaim with Florizel, "What you do still betters what is done—that you might ever do nothing but that—each your doing so singular in each particular, crowns what you are doing in the present deeds that all your acts are queens."

Perhaps we might get a little more sense into our remarks, but then Florizel had not known Perdita at her best, otherwise he might have been, so to speak, more connected and consecutive in his language. The old shepherd who found her evidently had some right and wholesome ideas on the subject of "woman at her best," and must have agreed to some extent with the present writer, for we nowhere read of his picking up any of the sex of more advanced age, storm or no storm. But to return. Compare womans' ideas and sentiments on any subject at this delightful age with those she attains and expresses later on, and see how great the deterioration! Take the all absorbing topic of clothes for instance,—all absorbing, that is, in later years, for nothing could be of less consequence in her eyes at present. What does she care for the latest fashion, or indeed any fashion, when she has been permitted to discard the absurd long clothes of her first babyhood, and has at last obtained the precious boon of being able to kick in freedom? She is perfectly happy. What cares she whether things are cut on the bias, or box-pleated or not? Who ever heard her ask for a new bonnet, or cry for a new dress in which to go to a party? It may safely be said, no one ever did. She may cry occasionally, when she is smothered and wrapped up like a new species of mummy to be carried and exhibited on the streets in a child's carriage, but she forgets even this trouble when she has fresh sights to gaze at, and, with an all embracing charity, never afterwards

attained, she smiles with her own ineffable grace alike on the rich and bloated aristocrat and the poor and tattered mendicant. Not, be careful to notice, that she does not distinguish between good and bad people; but at this supreme period of her life, neither rank nor title has any influence, and she turns incontinently away from a peer of evil countenance, to caress with her soft fingers the half starved urchin not yet entirely devoid of childlike innocence.

In fact, she is thoroughly democratic in her ideas, and although in very many cases the acknowledged mistress of the house, she never abuses her power by claiming any kind of superiority, and, even if born a Vere de Vere, she is thoroughly convinced that kind hearts are more than coronets, and would at any time give away her coronet for a little milk or a small spoonful of sugar.

And please do not count this as a weakness; it is her greatest strength. It seems as if she alone had solved the great social problem, for in spite of her delightful universal kindness, she retains her influence unimpaired, and who has such influence as she? Rough men lower their voices in her presence, and calm down their tempers in the light of her sunny smile; loud voiced boys become calm and quiet, girls and grown women compete for her precious kisses, even her mother scolds in a gentler key. Ah, when again shall she hold such unquestioned, such unrivalled sway!

(Concluded next week.)

**MOWAT TO THOMPSON.**

You may coddle the P.P.A.  
And sic him on to me,  
But in the Federal fray  
Much sicker you will be!

If Mr. Meredith is elected in London (and the *Free Press* says he will be), he will have the distinguished and unique honor of representing two cities in the House—London as member, and Toronto as its chief legal officer. There is no law against this sort of dual representation.

**TOMMY ON THE SUFFRAGE.**

PEOPLE'S always wanting something, women folks as well as men, only the feminine sect want all their own ways and the men's too. Same's my sister always borrowing my Sunday ties, and can't be satisfied with her own ribbons. That's how it is with the Suffrage; its about the only thing Americans haven't give to their



**AN ENQUIRY—**

"What are you digging for, my dear?"



ANSWERED.

"Sand, don't 'oo see?"

wives and daughters, but some of them are that greedy they'd like to take the suffrage, tobacco, etc. from their weak-kneed husbands and pappas.

They ain't content to share and share alike, but on account of their lookin' kind of timid and scared-looking, they make fellows give up car-seats, and the best clothes and the inside track of any soft snap that's going, and the males is gettin' tired of being polite, and never having a collar they can call their own.

Some of the small States has given Women Suffrage, and naturally there's a good deal of talk about it, but they're too far off to judge fair, but it's struck people all of a heap, to hear that big New York was thinking of letting the women have a finger in the ballot-box pie. Dad says, "its because their dead sick of bein' bullied by Irish and Germans and Aliens, and are ready to try woman for a change. But ther's one thing against that, and it is that no matter how the women might cut up, you couldn't lick 'em."

However they don't think they'll get it for there's a division among the woman's camp, and an Anti-Suffrage crowd of females. It comes from the meaning of the word, just as you get it learning derivations, which like cholera and tramps we get from foreigners, and dead-head languages.

*Suffr.*—To allow - to tell.

*Age.*—How old you are.

*Suffrage.*—Tell how old you are.

Of course all the aunties are against that; and I'd bet on the widows and single women, for though you've got to take the married lady in to supper first, its the girl you want to take and you generally see the old-maids head of the meetings and societies, and they've got a new kind of female in New York called the Bachelor Girl, and she's mostly an anti too, and right she is, she knows where chocolates and boquets come from and she's more set on them than on votes and stump speeches, and torch-light processions. I guess the Suffrage is a kind of Eve's apple that won't turn into peaches and ice-cream (which is what girls are mostly after) but once she's got it, it'll be bad for her and man, and no living in flower gardens either, and boys ain't going to have an A one time either, with curfew ringing like the folks in the dark ages when there wern't no electric lights nor nothing.

J. M. Loos.

A TEST OF HIS POWERS.

MR. SLINGPEN, the eminent descriptive writer, went to church last Sunday alone, and on his return Mrs. S., after working round to the subject, via the text, the sermon, the singing, etc., asked him if he had noticed anything nice in the way of bonnets.

"Yes," replied Mr. Slingpen, "there were some rather natty things in that line. For example, down close to the front, right under the parson's nose, so to speak, was a jim dandy of a duck, of a little scrumptious blossom of a bonnet, all fixed up to the nines with blue, green and pink ribbons, filibustered and flap-jacked around the edges, square-scalloped down the centre, with dashes of grey walnut veneering abaft the main mast. I tell you what, this little gem completely took the shine out of the cast iron, bolted and riveted, punched and ground, rough finished, angled, channelled masthead of a 6ft maiden aunt, in 25-year mourning, sitting next to the saucy little sweet 17 never-been-caught-out-after-8-p.m. with the afore-mentioned juicy flip of a headgear. Then again, right over on the left-hand centre of the church was something after the fashion of a bi-pennated blister, fricassed all around with twisted and twirled bits of crinkled and spattered ribbon,—the effect was good, but this I think was a cheap affair. However, it had its place, which was—whether intentional or not—to set off the exposition of the milliner's art next to it, in the shape of a \$25 bonnet on the head of a young and handsome lady. I knew this was a \$25 bonnet because I am acquainted with the milliner who expects to get paid for it in '97. It was pontooned across the eavetroughs with 15 yards of silk lace at so much a yard, then, right where most women would have trimmed it with circumflected satin, this one was lined, dipped and varnished in surat, edged around with pentacapsular peppergrass (I think that's what the botanists call it.) Under this again it was poked and pointed in every direction and on top of all a spray of cream of tartar (if I am not mistaken) supported by four hymenipterous looking creatures that must have cost a good deal of money. There were bonnets and hats of all sorts, sky-scrappers and dish-washers, childrens' hats and hired girl's chapeaux, some gone to seed and others just sprouting, some trimmed in turnips, others with and without galleries and parquets, on the perpendicular, skew-slant, hawgee and edgeways, in fact, it would take me all day to describe the different kinds of bonnets I 'took in' while the collection was being taken up." "Thank you, dear, I think that will do for the present," said Mrs. S., sweetly.



JUST LIKE A MAN.

(Mr. and Mrs. Swellerton just home from the music festival performance.)

Mrs. S.—"What a fright Mrs. Jarvis Street was-to-night! Did you see what she had on?"

Mr. S.—"Didn't notice particularly. Had an impression it was clothes."

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## FROM SUFFERING TO HEALTH.

The Experience of a Well-known  
Bruce County Farmer.  
Teeswater News.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to perhaps none causes the sufferer keener anguish, and few are more persistent and more difficult to eradicate from the system, than that nervous disease known as sciatica. The victim of an aggravated form of this malady suffers beyond the power of words to express. Hearing that a rather remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. Wm. Baptist, a respectable resident of the township of Culross, a News reporter called upon that gentleman to ascertain the facts. He received the News representative cordially, and cheerfully told the story of his restoration to health. Up to the fall of 1892 he had been a healthy man, but at that time he was attacked by sciatica. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can tell what he suffered. The pain was almost unendurable and would at times cause the perspiration to ooze from every pore. Sleep forsook his eyelids. His days were days of anguish and night brought no relief. Reputable physicians were consulted without any appreciable benefit. The limb affected began to decrease in size, the flesh appeared to be parting from the bone, and the leg assumed a withered aspect. Its power of sensation grew less and less. All through the long winter he continued to suffer, and towards spring was prevailed upon to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He commenced using them and soon felt that they were doing him good, and hope began to revive. He continued the use of the remedy until he had taken twelve boxes. In course of time he was able to resume work and to-day feels that he is completely cured. Remarkable success has attended the use of Pink Pills in cases of sciatica, rheumatism, etc., and hundreds of grateful people bear witness to their efficacy and recommend them to other sufferers. If not kept by your dealer they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Avoid imitations and substitutes.



## TENDERS FOR COAL.

The undersigned will receive tenders, to be addressed to them at their Office in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal," up to noon on

**MONDAY, THE 25TH DAY OF JUNE, 1894,**

For the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the Institutions named below, on or before the 15th DAY OF AUGUST NEXT, except as regards the coal for the London and Hamilton Asylums and Central Prison, as noted:—

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, TORONTO.  
Hard Coal—1,100 tons large egg size,

100 tons stove size, 50 tons nut size. Soft Coal—450 tons Straitsville lump, 100 tons hard screenings. 100 tons soft screenings

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, LONDON.

Hard Coal—2,000 tons large egg size, 300 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size, 75 tons chestnut size. Soft Coal—75 tons for grates. Of the 2,000 tons 1,000 tons may not be required till January, 1895.

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, KINGSTON.

Hard Coal—1,200 tons large egg size, 200 tons small egg size, 30 tons stove size, 20 tons chestnut size, 325 tons hard screenings, 325 tons soft screenings.

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, HAMILTON.

Hard Coal—2,000 tons small egg size, 174 tons stove size, 83 tons chestnut size. Soft Coal—35 tons Straitsville lump for grates, 6 tons Reynoldsville. For pump house, 300 tons small egg size. Of the above quantity 1,300 tons may not be required until January, 1895.

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, MIMICO.

Hard Coal—1,500 tons large egg size, 150 tons stove size. Soft lump, 25 tons; hard screenings, 750 tons; soft screenings, 350 tons.

ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, ORILLIA.

Hard Coal—2,100 tons large egg size, 50 tons stove size. Soft coal, 100 tons.

ASYLUM FOR INSANE, BROCKVILLE.

Hard Coal—1,200 tons large egg size. CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.

Hard Coal—50 tons nut size. Soft Coal—Select lump, 2,000 tons, Straitsville preferred. The soft coal to be delivered in lots of 160 tons monthly.

INSTITUTION FOR DEAF AND DUMB, BELLEVILLE.

Hard Coal—725 tons large egg size, 85 tons small egg size, 15 tons stove size, 3 tons No. 4 size. Soft coal for grates, 4 tons.

INSTITUTION FOR BLIND, BRANTFORD.

Hard Coal—425 tons egg size, 125 tons stove size, 25 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 5 tons for grates.

MERCER REFORMATORY.

Hard Coal—500 tons small egg size, 10 tons stove size.

The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton, Lackawanna or Loyal Sock. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which they propose to supply the coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and if required will have to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name.

Delivery is to be effected satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole quantity above specified or for the quantities required in each institution.

An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Hon the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tenders are to be obtained from the Bursars of the respective institutions.

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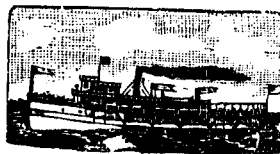


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**MILITIA.**

Sealed tenders for the Supply of Clothing for the Militia and Permanent Corps, comprising Tunics, Trousers, Great Coats and Caps; Militia Store Supplies and Necessaries, consisting of Boots, Gloves, Shirts, Drawers, Socks, Iron Bedsteads, Brooms, Brushes, Saddlery, Horse Blankets, etc.; Hard and Soft Coal; Hard and Soft Wood (English measure) for the heating of all Military Buildings in each of the Military Districts, will be received up to noon Thursday, 5th July, 1894. Tenders to be marked on the left-hand corner of the envelope: Tender for "Militia Clothing," "Militia Store Supplies," "Coal," or "Fuel Wood," as the case may be, and addressed to the Honorable the Minister of Militia and Defence, Ottawa.

The contracts for Clothing are to cover a period of three years from the 1st July, 1894; those for Store Supplies and Necessaries, Coal and Wood, are for one year from 1st July, 1894.

Printed forms of tender containing full particulars may be obtained from the Department at Ottawa and at the following Militia Stores, viz.: The Offices of the Superintendents of Stores at London, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., and Winnipeg, Man.

Every article of Clothing, Store Supplies and Necessaries to be furnished, as well as the material therein, must be of Canadian manufacture, and similar in all respects to the sealed patterns, which can be seen at the Militia Stores at Ottawa. This does not apply to material for saddlery.

No tender will be received unless made on a printed form furnished by the Department, nor will a tender be considered if the printed form is altered in any manner whatever.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a Canadian Chartered Bank for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to sign a contract when called upon to do so. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

A. BENOIT, Capt.,  
Secretary.  
Department of Militia and Defence,  
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