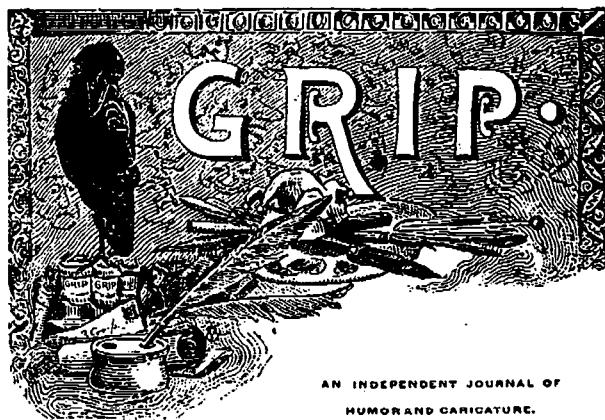


WE ALL AWAIT HIS REPLY.

MERCIER.—"Supposing my Government passed such an Act as that, on what ground could you advise its disallowance, consistently with your vote on the Jesuit Bill?"

PRICE, 5 CENTS PER COPY; \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF
HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
General Manager
Artist and Editor
Manager Publishing Department

J. V. WRIGHT,
T. G. WILSON,
J. W. BENGOUGH
H. HOUGH.

Terms to Subscribers.
PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and
Canada.

To Great Britain and
Ireland.

One year, \$2.00; six months - \$1.00 One year - - - \$2.50

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.
In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.
MESSRS. JOHN HADDOCK & CO., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St., London, Eng., are the sole agents for *GRIP* in Great Britain.

Comments on the Cartoons.



portant stage in the controversy. The responsibility will be squarely at the door of the Cabinet, and it will no doubt be clearer than ever before to the gentlemen composing that body that the 8th of August is to be a fatal day for them. The profound and all-important question before these patriotic statesmen is, What must we do to keep the loaves and fishes? Which means most votes to us, allowance or disallowance? On the one hand, if we disallow the Bill we lose the French vote to a dead certainty; if we allow it to become law on the other hand, we will probably lose a portion of the English vote. But how much? These French fellows, we know, always stick together on a question of this kind, and go as one man; but experience has taught us that there is no such unity in the other camp. The Orange-

men have been on their high horses before, but their threats have always proved empty bluster. They have voted straight, and that is the only thing which concerns us. What reason is there to suppose their present indignation will not vanish before election day? As for the mass of non Orange Protestants, they equally recognize the sacredness of party ties, and will in all likelihood stick to their respective leaders in this case—especially as those leaders are in precisely the same position. We think on the whole it is much safer to please the Frenchmen. "And so," says Mr. McCarthy, "there is mighty little chance of the Act being disallowed."

WE ALL AWAIT HIS REPLY.—Mr. Mercier has not passed an Act to incorporate the Fenians, nor has he introduced one to satisfy an alleged claim of that organization by handing over to its head-centre a half-million of dollars. We simply suppose the case, and would like to know, as a mere matter of theory, on what ground Mr. Blake (and those who voted with him on the Jesuit Bill) could advise the disallowance of either of the measures suggested? The position taken by the eminent constitutional lawyer just named is, if we understand it, that no Provincial Act whatever should be vetoed, though he admits that there is unquestionably a veto-power lodged with the central Government. What is it there for, if not to protect the interests of the Dominion at large? Let some eminent authority answer this question. No argument could be used against a Fenian bill which does not apply with equal force to the Jesuit Bill.



HE *Globe* is still after its hated—far too mild a word, this—rival, the *Mail*, with a rancorous vim which counting-house considerations alone could have engendered. The casual reader might jump to the conclusion that the *Mail* must be supplanting the old journal in the affections of Canadian Liberals, but of course this

would be a mistake. The latest charge brought against the tall-tower paper is that of using words "clearly tantamount to a forsaking of the long pretence that it considers itself Liberal." This is really very shocking, but the shock would be even greater if it were generally known that the *Mail* had ever made any pretences of the kind. What the *Mail* has apparently endeavored to be of late is liberal—with a little "l"—not Liberal with a capital. There is all the difference in the world between these two things.

* * *

GRIP extends a friendly claw to the new Archbishop of Toronto, and hopes to find in him a good and gentle neighbor, who will devote his entire attention to the souls of his people, and not allow the bad politicians of the Ontario Cabinet to lead him astray in any way. Archbishop Walsh comes to our city with a high reputation for learning and eloquence, which we hope he may long live to maintain.

* * *

OUR ambitious sister, Hamilton, is going to astonish creation this month with her Summer Carnival. For five days the mountain which keeps Hamilton from spreading all over the Western Peninsula is to echo the music of brass bands, the boom of cannon and musketry, the rattle of firecrackers, the shouts of baseballists, the tooting of steamboat whistles, the tramp of processions, and the cheers, laughter and applause of thousands and thousands of visitors from all over the continent. It's going to be a big time, and reflect glory not only on Hamilton, but the whole Province. Go it, sister! We're proud of you!

CAPT. ANDREWS, whose name is a synonym for heroic bravery to all who are familiar with Toronto bay, in the waters of which he has saved the lives of about a score of persons, has written a book on the art of swimming, which he is now offering for sale by personal canvass. The work is finely illustrated throughout, and capitally printed and bound. As to the treatment of the subject, the author's name is guaranty enough that it is thoroughly practical. We are glad to find that the report of Capt. Andrews' total blindness is unfounded. The brave fellow, it is true, is suffering greatly from an affection of the optic nerve, but he has not given up hope of regaining his sight, nor has the skilful physician who has the case in hand.

* * *

IF "Metronome," of *Saturday Night*, will put his excellent suggestion of a great midsummer festival in connection with Dominion Day in the form of a motion, MR. GRIP will be most happy to second it. The scheme looks perfectly practicable. The plan is to have all the crack bands and regiments of the country congregated at Toronto for a short season, the central day of which would be Dominion Day, the attractions to consist of military evolutions, evening band concerts all over the city, a monster children's celebration, fireworks with brigaded band concerts on the water, and, as a climax, a magnificent performance of patriotic music by a chorus of ten thousand children, assisted by the massed bands. This last could be given in some of our romantic ravines, where the singers could be arranged upon a hill-side so as to be seen and heard to advantage, the conducting of the stupendous affair being done by having batons stationed at intervals and worked by electricity.

* * *

THE idea quite fills us with enthusiasm, and we think "Metronome" deserves a medal for the suggestion. "For such a festival," he says, "everything should be out of doors, and everything should be free to all. The establishment of a glow of pride in our nation and its holiday in the young hearts of the choristers is a result that is priceless in its future good and strength." He is right. Let us have it, by all means!

A SOLILOQUY.

"Christopher Sly! I say, Christopher Sly, what is the matter with thee? Thou lookest like a singed cat."—*Old Play*.

WHAT a fearful fuss they're making,
What a heap of rubbish raking,
What a peck of trouble taking
'Bout the schools.

For a little Frenchy teaching,
And a little pious preaching,
But who cares for all the screeching
Of the fools?

Poor Geordie Ross they blow at,
And keep pitching into Mowat,
While I, unscathed—I crow at
All the fools.

For they're not a bit suspicious
That I'm at all flagitious
And have done what's surreptitious
With the schools.

Though I played the mischief, sartain,
I wink when danger's dartin'
"It's my eye and Peggy Martin,
O, ye fools!"

Of course the old Archbishop
Kindly gave a hand to dish up
The old laws, and new ones fish up'
For the schools.

We were both so much respected
That our game was not detected,
Nor our motives once suspected,
By the fools.
Our reas'ning seemed so patent,
That even Hardy—blatant—
Saw nought improper latent
Re the schools.

Next year I meant to hustle,
And for Separate High Schools rustle,
Only for this blessed hustle
By the fools.

For now they've smelt our *hocus*
And disarmed our little *focus*
And regard it as no *jocus*
For the schools.

So the Orange crowd now stump us,
And declare that they will dump us,
Before they end the rumpus—
O such fools!

With the bishop here to-day, sir,
We would exercise full sway, sir,
Yours, Christopher F. Fraser,
Shoot the schools!

P.S.—Perhaps before next session
We shall see a retrogression
Of the Equal Rights procession
By the fools.

If not, the priests may scamper
(From the Boards they're said to hamper—)
Through the ballot—what a damper
On our schools.



"OF TWO EVILS," ETC.

SCENE—Steamer *Cibola*. Sunday school excursion from the Wild West End on board.

TIMID PASSENGER—"Captain, it looks cloudy to the north. Do you think we'll have a cyclone?"

THE CAPT.—"Don't know; I hope so; it would be better than this!"

ACCOUNTED FOR

HAVE you ever noticed that it's always rough when the wind's from the east, and nearly everybody gets sick," said a philosophical passenger to the captain of the *Chicora*. "Yes," replied the gallant officer, and it's natural enough, too; the yeast makes everything rise, you know!"

"MONEY makes the mare go," quoted Larkins. "Yes, and to judge by the high old time Ned Clarke is having in London, the mayor makes the money go," responded old man Grumbleby.



ON COMPULSION.

DR. GRIMSHAW—"Don't you know, young man, that it's very injurious to blow cigarette smoke down your nose in that way?"

MR. DE ADDLE—"Is it? I know it's vewy disagweeable, and I hate to do it, but all the other fellows do it, doncher know!"

THAT ALTERED THE CASE.

TOM—"Have you a quarter about you?"
JACK (*decisively*)—"No."

TOM—"Well, I wanted to pay you back that seventy-five cents I borrowed from you some time ago, and a dollar bill is the smallest I have."

JACK (*eagerly*)—"Hold on a minute, and I will look through my pockets."

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

TWAS a bard by the seaside who told of a belle
To whom the wild waters were waving farewell,
But I know a rhymer whose punning far worse is,
For he talks about reining a sea of bay horses.

THE FAKIR ENTERS POLITICS.

THAT the Fakir had been taken possession of by a new idea was apparent to every one who observed his jaunty air and overflowing good spirits, as he whirled into the office last week and seated himself on a corner of the editor's table.

"Well, you seem to be mightily tickled about something," said the assistant editor, as he handed the last page of an article to the expectant foreman, who hastily cleared out before the Fakir could borrow any tobacco of him. "Struck something good?"

"You bet I have. Biggest scheme out. I told you I thought of going

into politics. Well, I've done it. I have become a member of the Equal Rights Association. Going to travel through the country and denounce the Jesuit Bill."

"Quite right," said the assistant editor. "But if you expect to make a living that way, I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. There are plenty of good and talented speakers in whom the public have confidence who are willing to give their services without expecting any reward."

The Fakir smiled cynically and shrugged his shoulders by way of indicating his utter disbelief in the possibility of anybody being so stupid as to regard public affairs otherwise than from the standpoint of personal advantage.

"Well," he remarked, "I'll allow that at first sight there don't seem to be much in it. Talk is cheap—blamed cheap—and probably there's more than enough into it now to fill all the offices and capture whatever's going in the way of contracts and pickings, even if we was to bust the Government. That's how it struck me at first. But I'm on a different footing, you see, from the others."

"How so?"

"Why, I stand in with Sir John and the Government. I went into the thing to spoil their little game on an understanding with Sir John. Saw the old man some weeks ago, and got the whole scheme cut and dried. Had it arranged that I was to join and come out strong as a leader in the movement, and make red-hot, blood-and-thunder speeches against the French and the Catholics. Some want to confine this movement to the Jesuits. Whenever any man gets up in the Association and talks about moderation, and treaty rights, and giving the French a fair show, my cue is to shout, 'No, no! This here is a British country. Frenchmen ain't got no rights! There ain't any difference between Jesuits and any other kind of Papists! Down with the whole crowd! Hurrah for Protestant ascendancy!' Well, that kind of talk, you see, disgusts quite a number of people that would otherwise join the Association, and keeps 'em out, and it gives the *Empire* and the other Tory papers a chance to pitch in. At the same time, too, it makes me solid as a rock with the fanatics and fire-eaters, so that if we ever do get into power, my chance of an office is pretty good, while if we don't—which is a blamed sight more likely—Sir John will give me something for helping to smash the movement by overdoing it. So I've a good thing either way. See?"

"And has Sir John promised you office in case you succeed in bringing the Equal Rights movement into contempt?" asked the cashier, incredulously.

"Well—n-o; he didn't exactly promise me. But he was just tickled to death at the idea, and poked me in the ribs as I laid the scheme before him and told him how I was going to rub it into the Frenchmen and Papists. 'That'll do it,' says he, 'and remember, the less you say about the Jesuit Bill and the m're about Catholics and the French language in schools, the better. If you carry out your views you'll do a great service to the party, and I will remember it. We'll make it all right with you.' That is pretty nearly as good as a promise, isn't it?"

"Oh, quite as good, certainly," said the dramatic editor, sarcastically. "I really, for my part, don't see why Sir John need be sparing of his promises—he so seldom keeps them."

"I know that's his reputation, but I don't think he'll fool me," said the Fakir. "Oh, the old man was quite in earnest—treated me in the most cordial and friendly



way. And I've made a mighty good beginning, I can tell you. I'm just making a holy show of the Equal Rights business, and giving the party press a chance to call us a lot of bigots and demagogues. He can't overlook my services."

"But," suggested the editor of the Mule and Goat Department, "how do you know that Dalton McCarthy, Jim Hughes and the rest are not working the same racket? Their speeches certainly read like it."

"By thunder! but I never thought about that!" exclaimed the Fakir, excitedly. "Now, perhaps they have got ahead of me! Some of these sneaking, truckling politicians are capable of any sort of meanness and treachery. It is infamous! If I really thought that men could stoop to such baseness, I'd—I'd—" here his emotion overcame him.

"By the way," he resumed, "why shouldn't the Jesuits themselves come down with something handsome? They are wealthy, and we read about their always being ready to spend money freely in influencing public opinion. Who is the boss Jesuit in this country, anyhow? do you know?"

"I really do not," replied the assistant editor.

"No matter. *N'importe*, as we say in Parce. I'll find out, and write him to let him know that if he is buying up prominent and influential citizens at this juncture, I'm in the market. I declare, it makes me tired, all this talk about governments and parties and churches wanting to buy people. Now, I'm always for sale, but it's the hardest work to find a purchaser. So long. See you again and let you know how the good work progresses."

NICELY CAPTURED.

A GENTLEMAN in one of the out-lying districts had long been suspecting his milkman of working the pump handle too freely, but had never been able to fasten the charge on the offender. One morning he noticed that the milk was of a better quality than usual and a happy thought struck him. The next time he met his chalk-and-water friend he remarked casually:

"Why did you stop putting water in your milk?"

Before the unsuspecting milkman noticed what he was saying he replied: "Folks were beginning to suspect me of doing it and I had to give it up."

THEY WERE ALL IN VIEW.

A GENTLEMAN whom nature had favored with an unusually extensive mouth entered a dentist's office a few days ago to have a decaying tooth cleaned out and filled. The supreme torturer being engaged, the patient was left to the tender mercies of an apprentice. After the usual amount of probing had been done the young man went to report progress to his chief and the following conversation took place:

CHIEF—"Is it a back tooth or a front one that is decayed?"

APPRENTICE—"A front one, sir. The fact is the gentleman has none but front teeth."

CHIEF—"How's that? Has he all his back teeth extracted?"

APPRENTICE—"No, sir. On the contrary he still possesses all his ivories."

CHIEF—"Well, then, what do you mean by saying that he has no back teeth?"

APPRENTICE—"Come and look at the size of his mouth and you will understand."



THE DUPE AWAKENS.

HON. EX-GRAND SOVEREIGN BOWELL (*to his faithful supporter*)
— "What's making you so restless down there? Be quiet!"

THE ORANGE ORDER—"Begobs! I've just begun to wonder what good this does me!"

MANY men look as if they owned the earth and were dissatisfied with their possessions.



CONDITIONAL ENLISTMENT.

MEREDITH—"Fall in, Private Hughes!"

PRIVATE HUGHES—"Yes, after you've signed *this*, but not before."

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

NO. III.—THE SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

THE scenes of my youth I would fondly recall,
At a charge of one quarter per scene,
I'm sure you'll admit that the fee is but small.
But the keepers won't let us climb over the wall,
Though we vainly petition the Queen.

If I could discover some kind of a plot
For the story I have to relate—
But no, for the weather is frigidly hot—
Enough of that subject, I fear to be shot,
For it sometimes makes people irate.

Let's begin with McGinnis—since never I knew
A personage bearing that name,
He cannot well club me—McGinnis will do.
He wore a pug nose and a seventeen shoe,
And his face was the color of flame.

"Oh, come," said McGinnis, "sweet Julia, be mine,
Oh, fly with me quickly from here."
"But why?" replied Julia, "the evening is fine,
So I've put out my washing to dry on the line."
Then she cunningly wiggled her ear.

But McGinnis persisted for more than a year,
And kept steadily coming around,
Till Saturday Night said his conduct looked queer,
And Julia kept pining from anguish and fear.
Till she weighed only two hundred pound.

"Things can't go on this way," Mayor Clarke would observe,
"For our taxes are quite high enough;
I have given the bailiff a warrant to serve,
From the stern path of duty he never will swerve."
Said McGinnis, "You're givin' us guff."

"Now, 'guff,'" said Mayor Clarke, "is a phrase I detest.
It is meaningless—futile—effete.
I never would use it, not even in jest,
I shall summon the Council—they ought to know best
What words may be used on the street."

When the Council assembled in solemn array,
McGinnis was not to be found.
But they wrangled all night and a part of next day,
For Macdonald and Baxter had too much to say,
And ran the thing into the ground.

Then a gay cavalier from the north of Deer Park
Aspired to make Julia his own.
His uncle lives up in the ward of St. Mark,
And can play the melodeon so well in the dark,
That the neighbors in agony groan.

There are houses "To Let" by the dozen round there,
For he tries to sing "Mowat must go."
'Tis a song without words, a *fortissimo* air,
A kind of a whoop, and a howl, and a swear,
Fortuitous, gentle and slow.

So Julia said "No," and the gay cavalier
(Why shouldn't I own to the truth?)
Escaped with the plunder, and, when he got clear,
Avoided the spot, though it chanced to be near,
Where I witnessed the scenes of my youth.

I witnessed—but ah! I omitted to swear,
So the court said the will was no good.
But why? for I certainly must have been there,
As matters stand now I shall always despair
Of having the thing understood.

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

WHAN I gaed doon the stair into the shop the ither nicht, aifter my tea, I faun' an ummerell in ae corner, as gin some ane had gaen awa an' forgot it; sae says I to wee Jock aside me, "Whase nicht this be?" an' says he, "It belangs till Mr. Caven." "To wha?" says I. "To Mr. Caven, the lang, sorrowfu'-lookin' minister," says he, "up at Knox's College," says he, "for I saw him wi' my ain een gaun oot an' lea'in' t' ahint him."

Weel, man, whan Jock tauld me this I was unco sorry I'd been oot whan the Principal was in. Hooever, says I to mysel, it's a guid sulk ane, an' he'll ca' for 't the morn, an' I'll fin' oot what he was wantin' the day—an' what's mair nor that, says I, in consequence o' the pairt he's takin' i' this Jesuit spulzie, I maun pump him weel, an', faith, I'm the verra man for that kin' o' thing—I'll just guy the e'en oot o' him without him e'er jaloosin' that there's ocht i' the win', for he's a guileless craitur, an' I'm aboot as cunnin' as an auld fox.

Sure eneuch, he drappit in the next day aboot eleeven o'clock, an' says he, "Mr. Calder, I am extremely anxious to procure a shuit of clothes, but you were out when I called yesterday."

"Ahey," says I, "I was awa at the Ceety Hall payin' ma taxes, an' I'm rale sorry you had to ca' again, for it's contrar to my practice to pit fowk aboot. Hooever, I'll dae the best I can for you unner the circumstances." A' this time he never mentioned his ummerell, an', in fac', he didna ken he had lost it till I mentioned till him whaur we had fau' t. Weel, ye see, as I wis streechin' the tape roun' his body unner the oxters, says I till him, confidential like, "Ye're haein' an unco faucht noo wi' thae Jesuit craiturs, are ye no? Man," says I, "gin I hed my wull o' them I wud burn them a' at the stake; I wud pit the thoom-screws on them; I wud brak them a' upo' the wheel; I wud imprison them for life; I wud use het pinchers to pu' the flesh frae their banes; I wud gie them naething to eat but breed an' watter, an' I wad extirpate them at a' hazards."

Ye see, Maister GRIP, whan I get on my heigh horse I whiles mak use o' big words sic like's *extirpate* an' *hazard*, but as a maitter o' coarse he kent what I wis meanin', for Mr. Caven's a gran' scholar.

He smiled a gruesome smile, lookin' doon at me, an' says he, "You are quite enthusiastic, Mr. Calder."

"Ye may weel say that," says I, "an' wha has a bette richt? Did I no come frae the lan' whaur the bluid o' my forbears ran doon the sleughs fechtin' for leeberdy o' conscience? Hae I no read a' aboot that Sawtan's limb



COLD WATER AT THE SEASIDE.

SHE—"You say you would die for me, Mr. Cupid?"

HE—"Die for you? Yes, a thousand deaths! But please don't call me 'Mister.'"

SHE—"Well—George—I do not ask you to die for me, but I will tell you what you can do for me to show your affection."

HE—"Affection? No; love; burning love! What is it, darling? Tell me, and I swear, if it is in my power, to do it or die!"

SHE—"All I ask of you is this—that you never again regard me as anything more than a friend."

ca'ed Clavers, an' anent the martyrdoms o' John Broon, an' John Welch, an' Sandy Peden, an' George Wishart, an' Cargill, an' Baillie, an' Carstairs, an' Renwick, an' Melville, an' mony mair? Man," says I, "noo that ye hae yokit tillt, I howp ye'll gang on till ye hae herrit the infernal sconrels oot o' hoose an' hame. Wull I pit a hip pooch i' your troosers?" says I.

"Oh, no," says he, "I don't use such."

"Noo," says I, as I took the length o' his legs frae the hench bane to the heel, "there's the Honorable G. W. Ross, Minister o' Eddication; he ca'ed to see me no lang syne, an' I can gie ye my word o' honor that he's jist as muckle opposed to the papistical innovations as I am mysel'. I hae 't frae his ain mooth, an' the Primeer, if I'm no mista'en, ettles to dae something that'll gae a wheen o' the soor-dook-an'-watter politicians girm whan he lays his measures afore the Hoose, an' I ken what I'm speakin' aboot, for I had twa or three words wi' him afore he gaed hame to Scotlan'."

"I beg to assure you, Mr. Calder," said the Rev. Mr. Caven, "that I fully appreciate the force of the remarks you have so ardently given expression to, and you may rest perfectly satisfied that whatever may happen, the cause of Truth and Justice must ultimately be greatly benefited as a result of this present upheaval of public opinion. Will you kindly have my clothes ready for me a week from to-day, as I am billed for Hamilton and a few other western villages?"

"Ye hae my word for 't, Mr. Caven," says I.

"That is quite sufficient," says he, an' aff he gaed, lea'in' his ummerell wi' me for the second time. It's an awfu' thing to be a great scholar, but nae doohit his heid was fu' o' thochts risin' oot o' the remarks I made till him, an' as you can see yoursel', it's quite plain he intends to play the verra mischief on the plaitform o' Equal Richts.

Yours,

JOHN CALDER.

P.S.—Wi' my neist letter I'm gaun tae sen' you my pictur to pit in GRIP, for I hear that anither man o' my name, an' a tailor at that, leeves no far awa, an' I want you to mak a copy o't an' pit it in GRIP, sae that fowk'll ken I'm no him, espacially as I'm credibly informed that he claims he's me. Gin Ossian, an' Homer, an' Shakespeare, an' Junius had ta'en sic a precaution, there wadna be ony doobt regairdin' their identity the day, an' I'm determin't that sac faur as I can help it, the'll be nae room for argle-barglein' wi' respeck to my writin's aifter I'm unner the divvots.—J. C.

BY A HUSTLER.

THE proverb says in solemn tone
That no moss is gathered by a rolling stone.
A rolling stone I fain would be,
As I don't want moss collecting on me.

M. S. S.

TEXAS.

"To the soul that sits in shadow
'Tis, Oh, 'tis an Eldorado."

WHEN I jump from my chair and hiss through my teeth, "I'm going to 'Texas,'" my intimate friends neither attempt to dissuade me nor prepare for an affecting farewell. Though my face may wear a scowl more petrifying than that of the woodcut presentation of "Red Eyed Dick the Demon of Cowboy's Canyon," they do not think I am slaughtering imaginary Indians even though they know it is not long since I gave up the idea of dying in my boots in the weird wild West. They simply inquire, "How long have you felt it coming on?" for they know I am suffering from an attack of chronic liver-complaint. In my yearning youth I used, like all boys, to draw an imaginary bead on the leader of a howling horde of redskins whenever I had time to dream, and like all boys I had my longings for lawlessness and buckskin breeches, and Texas was the goal of my ambition.

But as time wore on I discovered that I had a liver. It was one of the most unfortunate discoveries I ever made. Since I have become thoroughly acquainted with this part of my anatomy the poetry and ambition have gradually but surely oozed out of my system. Texas has become to me a place where things "might have been." When I am in my worst spells I think I would like to go there and wrestle with a bucking broncho or be lulled into forgetfulness by being forced to dance a bar-room clog to the music of a long revolver. In fact I always swear I am going to Texas when everything looks blue to me and I myself look yellow; but I don't think I shall ever go unless I get to be a bank cashier or manage to work myself into some position of trust. In my vocabulary, "I'm going to Texas" means that in my opinion living is a prolonged attack of the liver-complaint and the world is an unsugared pill. P. Kus.

"WATER the wild waves saying, sister?" he enquired, and she replied, "As far as I can make out, they are complaining about that pun."



NO HOME COMFORTS.

MR. KIRBY STONE (*just down from town*)—"And are you enjoying your camping experience, Miss Gusherton?"

MISS G. (*ecstatically*)—"Oh, ever so much! Everything is so lovely and disagreeable, you know!"

THE NEWSPAPER AND RAG CARPET.

A PAPER lying on a chair,
Was blown off by a puff of air,
And fluttered down upon the floor
On which an old rag carpet lay,
And never having met before
Each to the other said "Good day."
Then spake the carpet: "Learned sage
Oft have I had a wish to engage
In conversation with a mind
Like yours profound, and feel inclined
To seize this lucky chance, if you
Will kindly grant an interview.
For here my lowly duties doom
Me to seclusion in this room,
Save when to somewhat recreate me
They take me up and shake and beat me.
Such a restricted situation,
A mind so full of information
As yours can hardly realise
Nor guess the ignorance it implies.
I hope you will not take amiss
That I improve a chance like this.
For I have heard you are so wise,
That naught is done beneath the skies
Without your knowledge, and your skill
In magic such that at your will
He who but lays his eye on you
Far foreign climes may wander through.
Like that enchanted carpet, old
Arabian legends tell of. Gold
Possesses no such power, if I
Could hope to gain it, I could die,
Methinks, in peace though torn in pieces,
So that when this low drudging ceases,
I might be sure that I, like you,
Would form a magic carpet, too.
Now, honored sir, if you would teach
How such high fortune I might reach,
Whatever you may bid me do
I'll tax my breaths to keep in view."
And here the carpet ceased and sighed,
While thus the newspaper replied:
"My worthy friend, all that you see
And value in a thing like me
If you are cotton you may be.
Yet think not I congratulate you
Upon the honors which await you.
I was a door-mat once, like you
I've felt the tread of boot and shoe."

Know from experience the blows
That angry wives bestow on those.
The papers then I thought my betters,
But now since I have learned my letters,
My eyes are opened, and I see
The beauty of humility.
This learning with its magic power,
That spans all distance in an hour,
Confers, I own, distinction great,
But purchased at too dear a rate,
If you to mount above your level
Have dealings with the printer's devil.
What matters titles and renown.
The envy of the unthinking clown,
The talk and wonder of the town,
When character and self-respect,
And pride are all completely wrecked?
I was an honest door mat-once,
Though but a ragged, home-bred dunce,
With an unblemished reputation
For one in such a situation.
Such was I once; now what am I?
The cheap purveyor of a lie,
The trafficker in all the crimes
And monstrous follies of the times.
From senate hall to felon's dungeon
There's not a puddle but I plunge in;
Promoter of the social scandal,
In wrecking characters a vandal,
In all base tricks of this black art
I have been taught to take a part.
Far better had I borne the tread
Of passing feet till my last thread
Were cut, than such a fate to find,
To bear the foul print of the mind.
Degraded thus I feel resigned
To painful purgatorial fire.
By which such leaves as we expire,
If but its breath obliterate
The stains that blot my present state."
Much more the paper might have said,
But at this juncture came a maid,
And straightway picked it from the floor
And bore it off and shut the door.
The carpet never saw it more,
But thinking all the matter o'er,
And knowing it was old and rotten
It blessed its stars it was not cotton.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

WE note this interesting item of theatrical news: "John R. Rogers has made a contract with Minnie Palmer, by which, next season, her business will be under the management of W. W. Randall and J. Charles Davis." Theatre goers would be much better pleased to hear that Mr. Rogers had made a contract with this over-puffed "star" by which she would agree to learn the first rudiments of acting. Up to date she has depended upon diamonds exclusively for her success before the footlights.

LEGAL.

BLAKE—LAW—On July 16, at Murray Bay, William Hume Blake, of Toronto, to Alice Jean Law, of Montreal.

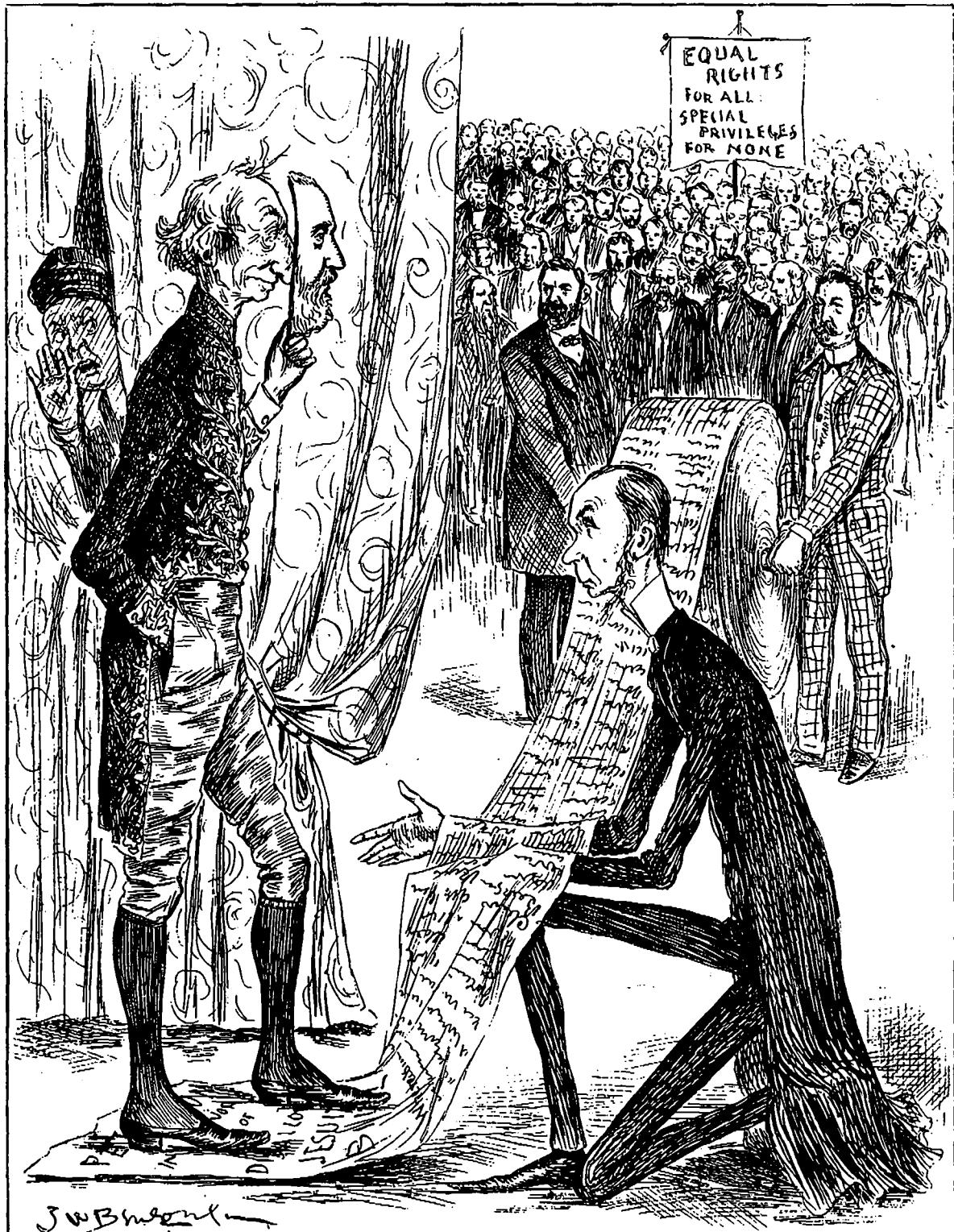
But why a second ceremony? It is well known that Mr. Hume Blake was already "wedded to his profession."

IN THE RESTAURANT.

DE FAIM—"Bah! This steak tastes of liver."

WAITER—"No liver has been cooked in any of our frying-pans for over two months."

DE FAIM—"That is not the point. What I want to know is, 'have the pans been cleaned since they were last used for cooking liver?'



"AT THE FEET OF THE GOV. GEN."

(THE REPLY INTERPRETED.)

HIS EXCELLENCE (*in Council*).—"Ah, yes; quite so. And all written by hand, you say? Very interesting. 'Equal Rights'; very nice, indeed. But, of course, we can't afford to lose the French vote just to please fellows who will support us anyway. It wouldn't be good politics, you know!"



CAUTIOUS.

MRS. MAC TAVISH—"Then ye'll be doon tae see us on the Sabbath?"

MR. MAC TARTAN—"I wull, if I'm spared."

MRS. MAC T.—"Oh, aye; gin ye're deed, we'll no expeck ye."

THE "WORLD" DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN CLAIRVOYANT.

(From the *Toronto World*, Jan. 1890.)

BY reference to our news columns it will be seen that the people of Toronto have voted in favor of Sunday street cars. The *World* takes credit for having started the movement which led to this satisfactory result. It is a decided step in advance, and we congratulate our fellow-citizens upon it. Let the good work go on.

(From the *World*, 1891.)

Our reporters have been busy during the last few days obtaining the views of representative citizens upon the question of Sunday newspapers. Following are some expressions in addition to those already published:

MR. JIM FAKER—I am decidedly in favor of Sunday papers. Events take place on Sunday as well as every other day, and people want to know about them without having to wait till Monday.

MR. PAT MULROONEY—Every city of any account now has its Sunday papers, and I don't see why Toronto should loiter in the rear. Let us have them by all means.

MR. JAS. MEEKLY—I don't think Sunday papers are really necessary, but it should be left to the decision of the people.

DR. CONSTANTINOPLE—By all means; we ought to have had Sunday papers years ago, and would have had if the parsons hadn't interfered. The parsons have too much to say, anyhow. Sunday papers are just what we need and must have.

MR. JOHN PLIABLE—Well, personally I am opposed to Sunday papers; but I suppose they're sure to come, so we might as well have them first as last.

MR. JAKE JINSLING—Put me down in favor of Sunday papers with both feet. We want the base ball news fresh, and don't you forget it. Besides, the workingman only has one day for reading, and that is Sunday. He wants

a paper to read while he is on his way to church in the open car.

MR. WILLIAM LEVELHEAD—Sunday papers have become a curse and disgrace to the cities of the United States, being notorious sewers of scandal and filth. Toronto wants to leave them alone. I'm against the proposal every time.

MR. R. LOOSCHAP—Sunday ideas in Toronto make me tired. There's too much blue in the atmosphere yet, and I think Sunday papers would help to banish the gloom. Put me down in favor of them.

(From the *Toronto Sunday World*, Jan. 1892.)

It will be noted that the majority in favor of Sunday newspapers in yesterday's voting was even greater than that cast in favor of Sunday cars a couple of years ago. This glorious result the people have the satisfaction of reading in the first number of the *Toronto Sunday World*, which we will endeavor to make as spicy as any of the American Sunday papers. Look out for our next issue, which will contain full particulars of a Disgusting Scandal in High Life, and all the latest police news of the continent.

(From the *Toronto World*, Jan. 1893.)

There can be little doubt that the citizens of this good and progressive city are in favor of Sunday base ball games. Nearly every gentleman interviewed by our reporters so declares himself. Following are sample replies:

MR. "FATTY" HOGAN—This idea that it is wrong to toss a ball on Sunday is played out. The workingman needs a good game on Sunday to limber him up. Put me down in favor of the movement.

MR. BILLY BOILIVER—Certainly; by all means! Now that we have cars running to the grounds, and papers to advertise the games, what's the matter with having matches on Sunday. Toronto is getting out of pinasores now, and it's about time we caught up with other civilized cities of the world.

(From the *Toronto World*, Jan. 1894.)

By the vote of yesterday it is clear that Toronto has got fairly over its puritanical squeamishness of other days. Our clear-headed and broad-minded citizens declared emphatically in favor of Sunday ball games, and the by-law introduced in the City Council last night by Alderman Guzzler, to open the saloons and cigar stores on Sunday, will pass without much opposition.

(From the *Toronto World*, Jan. 1895.)

We trust every man who has the progress and prosperity of Toronto at heart will go to the polls to-morrow and cast his ballot in favor of the abolition of Sunday church services. These superstitious survivals of the dark ages are out of place in a modern city like ours has become. The cost of keeping them up is money thrown away, but besides this, and most important of all, they interfere with the success of the Sunday ball games and theatrical performances.

A DEFINITION.

"I HEAR these human critters using the expression 'horse-sense.' Do you happen to know what they mean by it?" said a roadster, addressing a fashionable cob.

"'Horse-sense,'" replied the cob, with considerable emphasis, "is the sense which is not possessed by people who dock their horses' tails, as you see mine."

NEW YORKER—"I congratulate on the latest acquisition to your family. Boy or girl?"

NEBRASKAN—"Girl."

NEW YORKER—"What's her name to be?"

NEBRASKAN—"Well, she howls so much nights we thought we'd call her Cyclonia."

DR. HUNTER ON THE EARLY SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

You may know that your lungs are becoming diseased by certain symptoms which precede the development of tubercles.

A hacking morning cough is a sign of local irritation in some part of the respiratory passages. The seat of the cough may be in the throat, or larynx, or windpipe, but wherever it is, it shows that the lungs are in peril, because every breath you draw has a tendency to carry that irritation lower and deeper into the chest. If the cough is the result of a recent cold, it may not be of much consequence, but if it has lasted for months, that shows it to be firmly seated. If it be attended by the expectoration of a thick, bluish-colored, jelly-like mucous in the morning, or after meals, it is caused by chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane. Chronic inflammation thickens this membrane, causes it to secrete the glutinous sputa referred to, and diminishes the calibre of the bronchial tubes. This injures the freedom of respiration, and shortens the breath. Now, if with the hacking cough and expectoration you find that your breath is shorter than formerly; if you cannot run upstairs or walk uphill without being more out of breath than usual, you know that your breathing space has become lessened by some cause. No matter what that cause may be, or in what part of the breathing organs it is seated, it impairs the function of the lungs, and is a source of danger which must instantly be removed. Lastly, if with the cough, and expectoration, and shortness of breath, you are beginning to lose flesh, you have a combination of symptoms which, taken together, indicate either the existence of tubercles or that condition of the lungs which invariably leads to their development. If you would save yourself from consumption, you have not a moment to lose. Your worst enemy is one who would persuade you to disregard the danger. You cannot afford to take the risk. Consumption comes from just that condition which produces these symptoms. To believe that it will not come to you when it comes to others in this way is simply folly. The howling of a wolf outside a fold is no stronger evidence of danger to the flock than are these symptoms of danger to the lungs.

ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.

73 Bay street, Toronto, July 26.

"STANLEY 5 o.c. Tea Tables" at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street. A specialty made of original paintings by popular Canadian artists. Some excellent works by Mr. T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., now on exhibition and for sale at moderate prices. Exhibition room open 10 to 5. All invited.

Artists' materials, picture frames; studies rented.

Griffith's oxidized enamels for decorating.

MR. JOHNATHAN TRUMP—"What's the matter with young Darlington? He's going to the Conservatory with Dolly Flicker as pale as a ghost."

MISS PENELOPE PEACHBLOW—"Going into a decline, I take it, from what I know of Dolly."

WORTH REMEMBERING.

MATTHEWS & PIERSON are the popular proprietors of the Sturtevant House, Broadway cor. 29th street, N.Y. It is one of the best in the city, and a home-like, central place to stop.—*News.*

"You say you were discharged from your former place for being too industrious?" "Yes, ma'am." "That's very strange. What did you do?" "I went down to the cellar one day and dusted the old wine bottles."

SUFFERERS FROM INDIGESTION

Are guaranteed relief by using Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine: a safe and harmless preparation, recommended in the highest terms by leading physicians. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

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.

DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER (of Chicago and New York), the well-known specialists in throat and lung diseases, have opened a branch office for Canada at 73 Bay St., Toronto. Dr. Robert Hunter is here in person, and during his stay can be consulted on consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Their treatment is by medicated air applied directly to the tubes and cells of the lungs. A pamphlet, giving all particulars, will be sent on application.

"I WASN'T exactly mad about it," said Slithersby, discussing his ejection from a theatre, "but I was somewhat put out."

CAN CATARRH BE CURED

INSTITUTE FOR

Asthma, Blindness, Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Neuralgia, Sore Eyes and all kinds of Throat Troubles

Has just opened out at 88 Peter Street. **CATARRH A SPECIALTY.** Cure Guaranteed. Consultation Free. Dr. B. Cooke, 88 Peter Street, Toronto, Ont.

YES!

Catarrh can be Cured,

— ALSO —

Asthma, Blindness, Catarrhal Deafness, Hay Fever, Neuralgia, Sore Eyes, and all kinds of Throat Troubles.

Institute opened 3 years.

Reputation established.

Catarrh and Eye a specialty.

Cures guaranteed. Consultation free.

Actina given on 15 days' trial.

Send for illustrated book and journal free.



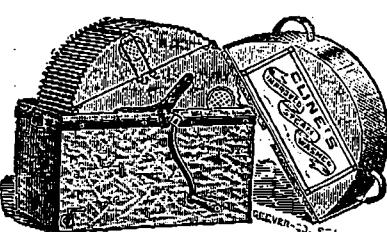
Price, only \$5.

W. T. Baer & Co., 171 Queen W.

Over 25,000 in use in the United States.

Patented May 19, 1885—March 30, 1886.

WOMAN'S FRIEND
(TRADE MARK.)



CLINE'S IMPROVED STEAM WASHER.

Best Washing Machine in the World.

Will clean your clothes without rubbing and wearing yourself out the old way. It saves labor, wear and tear, and the annoyance of washday. Every machine fully warranted to give satisfaction.

1. It does its own work, thereby saving a large portion of the time usually taken in a family.
2. It uses much less soap than is required by any other method.
3. Clothes wear double the time when washed by Cline's Improved Steam Washer, than they will be washed by any other machine or washboard.

4. It is truly a Life, Labor and Clothes saving machine.

5. Has a faucet attached to the boiler for the purpose of removing the water without lifting boiler from the stove, so that the most delicate person would be able to do a washing without injury to herself, such as straining of the back, scalding, slopping, etc.

6. Corrugated Cylinder, Sliding Cover, Faucet in Boiler. The best and latest improvement in Steam Washers which none others have but Cline's. RETAIL PRICE, \$10.

If you cannot buy Cline's Improved Steam Washer of your merchant or an agent, remit \$10 in money order or draft, and it will be sent by express, all charges prepaid.

We challenge any one to produce its equal as a Wa-her. A child 12 years old can do the washing of an ordinary family as well as an experienced hand. AGENTS WANTED.

THE CLINE MANUFACTURING CO., 68 & 70 Esplanade St. W., Toronto, Ont.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Young Ladies.

50 and 52 Peter Street, Toronto.

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.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes
Young ladies prepared for University
Matriculation.



CURES
Impure Blood,
Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaints,
Biliousness,
Kidney Complaint,
Scrofula.

DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER,
Of New York and Chicago,) have opened a branch
office for Canada at **73 Bay Street, Toronto**,
for the Special Treatment of
Throat and Lung Diseases by Medicated Air.
A pamphlet, giving all particulars (free to the afflicted), can be obtained at their rooms as above. Send for it.

The "World" Typewriter—\$10.



A simple, durable, practical Typewriter. It never gets out of order. Writes easily 35 to 40 words per minute. No typewriter does better work. The Typewriter Improvement Co., 2, P.O. Square, Boston, Mass. Branch Offices—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Selling Agents—T. W. Ness, 1610 Notre Dame Street, Montreal; H. Chubb & Co., St. John, N.B. Agents wanted throughout Canada.

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.



"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."



I.—MR. DAWDLE WORN OUT WITH BUSINESS.



PROVIDENT LIFE AND LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION (incorporated).

Home Office, Room D, Arcade, Toronto, Can.

In the Life Department this Association provides Indemnity for sickness and accident, and substantial assistance to the relatives of deceased members at terms available to all. In the Live Stock Department, two-thirds indemnity for loss of Live Stock of its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid, etc. WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.



J. YOUNG, THE LEADING UNDER-TAKER, 347 Yonge Street. Telephone 679.

BOILERS regularly inspected and insured against explosion by the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents. Head Office, Toronto.

EAGLE STEAM WASHER.



Good agents wanted. Send for trial machine.

Geo. D. Ferris & Co.
87 Church St.
Toronto, - Ont.

CARLTON PHARMACY. Successor to J. M. Pearce, Corner Carlton and Bleeker Sts. Dispensing a specialty. Complete in every department. Prompt and courteous attention. Night bell. Telephone 3118.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE,
Photographer,
Cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto.

STANTON, PHOTOGRAPHER,
Corner of YONGE & ADELAIDE STREETS.
Take the elevator to Studio.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN."
LINIMENT
ALL DRUGGISTS. AGENTS.

J. L. JONES
Mechanical & General
WOOD ENGRAVING
10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Dentists.**DR. CUNNINGHAM,**

Dentist,

Corner Yonge and Edward Streets, - Toronto.

MR. F. J. ANDREWS**DENTAL SURGEON,**

31 King Street East, Toronto.

SPECIALTY—Gold and Porcelain Crowns, Gold and
Porcelain Bridge Work.**JOHN WELLS, DENTIST,**

College Gold Medalist,

Corner Spadina Avenue and College Street.

SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH,**DENTISTS.**171 Yonge Street, Toronto Ont. Over Imperial Bank.
Entrance on Queen Street.**C. V. SNELGROVE,**
DENTAL SURGEON,

97 Carlton Street, - Toronto.

Porcelain Crowns, Gold Crowns and Bridge
work a specialty. Telephone No. 3031.**TEETH WITH OR
WITHOUT A PLATE**BEST teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8. Vitalized air
Telephone 2476. C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Cor
King and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.**DICK & WICKSON.**
• ARCHITECTS •
CORNER ADELAIDE AND TORONTO STS.W. H. FERGUSON, CARPENTER,
8 Bay Street, Corner Melinda, Toronto.
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Printers'
and Engravers' Jobbing a Specialty.**Embellish Your Announcements****THE GRIP**
Designing & Engraving**DEPARTMENT**

Offers to Retail Merchants and all others an opportunity to embellish, and thus very much improve their advertising announcements at a small cost.

They are prepared to execute orders for

Designing and Engraving
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Maps, Portraits, Engravings of Machinery, Designs or Special Articles for sale, or of anything else required for illustration or embellishment, produced at short notice, on liberal terms, and in the highest style of the art. Satisfaction always guaranteed. Designs made from description.

SEND FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.**AIR BRUSH.**

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 colour 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.

**\$2,000 FOR A DAUGHTER.**

To those telling correctly where in the Bible DAUGHTER is first mentioned, the above amount will be given in prizes. First correct answer, \$500; second, \$250; third, \$100; next three, each \$50; next ten, each \$25; next forty, each \$10; next fifty, each \$5; next 50, each \$2. Each competitor must send 50 cents with their answer for the following lot of goods: 16 complete stories, 100 popular songs, 100 selections for autograph albums, Guide to the Toilet, Manual of Etiquette, Standard Letter Writer for ladies or gentlemen, Tennyson's Poems, Longfellow's Poems, the Budget of Wit, Humor and Fun, the People's Natural History, Wonders of the World, 1 pack of invitation cards and 1 pack of visiting cards with name on. All answers must be received by August 1, 1889. Mention this paper and address WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., Toronto, Ont.

UNION BANK OF CANADA.

CAPITAL PAID UP,	\$1,200,000
RESERVED FUND,	100,000
HEAD OFFICE,	QUEBEC

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ANDREW THOMSON, Esq., President.
E. J. PRICE, Esq., Vice-President.
Hon. THOS. McGREEVY, D. C. THOMSON,
Esq., E. GIROUX, Esq., E. J. HALE, Esq., SIR
A. T. GALT, G.C.M.G.
F. E. WEBB, Cashier.

BRANCHES.

Alexandria, Ont.; Iroquois, Ont.; Lethbridge,
N.W.T.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec,
Que.; Smith's Falls, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; West
Winchester, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.

FOREIGN AGENTS.

London—The Alliance Bank (Limited). Liverpool—Bank of Liverpool (Limited). New York—
National Park Bank, Boston—Lincoln National
Bank, Minneapolis—First National Bank.

Collections made at all points on most favorable
terms. Current rate of interest allowed on deposits.

Hair Neglected

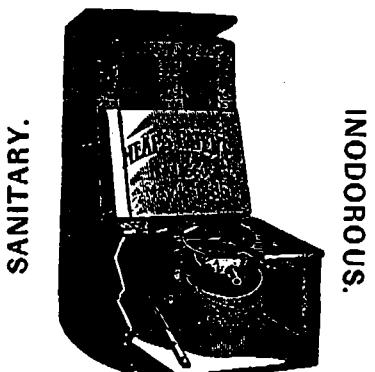
Soon becomes dry, harsh, coarse, and full of dandruff; it loses vitality and turns prematurely gray, or falls out rapidly and threatens early baldness. A careful dressing daily with Ayer's Hair Vigor—the best preparation for the purpose—will preserve the hair in all its luxuriance and beauty to a good old age.

"My hair was faded and dry," writes Mabel C. Hardy, of Delaware, Ill., "but after using only half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy. I cannot express the gratitude I feel."

Frederick P. Coggeshall, Bookseller, 51 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Some six or seven years ago my wife had a severe illness, in consequence of which she became almost entirely bald and was compelled to wear a wig. A few months since she began to apply Ayer's Hair Vigor to the scalp, and, after using three bottles, has a good growth of hair started all over her head. The hair is now from two to four inches long, and growing freely. The result is a most gratifying proof of the merit of your admirable preparation."

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Heap's Dry Earth Closet.SANITARY
INODOROUS.**ROBINSON & BAILEY,**

97 Richmond St. East, Toronto,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

"Frigis" Refrigerator.

Send for Illustrated Price Lists.
N.R.—Special Boxes for Shipping Butter.

"Public School Temperance."

The attention of teachers is respectfully called to this new work, designed for use in the Public Schools. It is placed on the programme of studies under the new regulations, and is authorized by the Minister. It will be used in three forms. The object of the book is to impart to our youth information concerning the properties and effects of alcohol, with a view to impressing them with the danger and the needlessness of its use.

The author of the work is the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of England; and, this book, though somewhat less bulky, being printed in smaller type, contains the whole of the matter of the English edition, slightly rearranged, as to some of the chapters, to suit the requirements of our Public School work. It is, however, but half the price of the English edition.

The subject is treated in a strictly scientific manner, the celebrated author, than whom there is no better authority on this subject, using the researches of a lifetime in setting forth the facts of which the book discourses. At the same time the style is exceedingly simple; the lessons are short and accompanied by appropriate questions, and the language is adapted to the comprehension of all who may be required to use the book. Price 25 cents, at all bookstores.

The Grip Printing & Publishing Co.

TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, Etc.

Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

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



II.—MR. DAWDLE RECUPERATING WITH PLEASURE.

RUDGE & COLUMBIA
BICYCLES
H. P. DAVIES & Co.
22 Church St. TORONTO



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

MISS N. E. ORR.

GEORGE BENGOUGH,
47 King Street East, - - - - -
Toronto.

TWENTY • THOUSAND • LOAVES
MADE WEEKLY.

We are not ashamed of our turn out either in
numbers, quality or in price.

Shipping daily to Hamilton, Galt, Brantford, London,
Woodstock, Ingersoll, etc.



NASMITH'S
STEAM
+ BAKERY,
TORONTO.

NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING (by Prof. Moody) simplified, drafts direct on the material, no book of instructions required. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated circular sent free. AGENTS WANTED

J. & A. CARTER,
375 YONGE ST., cor. WALTON ST. TORONTO
Practical Dressmakers and Milliners.

ESTABLISHED 1860.



THE
KODAK
CAMERA
ANYBODY who
can wind a watch
can use the Kodak
Improved July,
1889.

Price, Loaded for 100 Pictures, \$25.00.
J. G. RAMSEY & CO.,
89 Bay Street, - - - - - TORONTO.

SEE BENNETT & WRIGHT'S
NEW
GAS • FIXTURES
AND
GLOBES.

Show Rooms, Upstairs, 72 Queen St. E.

STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY,
264 and 266 Church St.
J. HOFLAND.
Parcels Delivered to all parts of City.

CUT STONE! CUT STONE!

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

PATENTS

Procured in Canada, England, United
States, France, Germany, Austria,
Belgium and in all countries of
the world.

Full information furnished.

DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.

Solicitors of Patents, 22 King St. East, Toronto.

BUSINESS

Education is very essential to the success
of every young man and young woman.
Good Book-keepers are constantly in demand
by business men.

There is no knowledge more useful than
and Typewriting. A new venue for female
employment that pays. Constantly growing
demand for shorthand.

SHORTHAND for descriptive Circulars, containing full par-
ticulars of all branches taught and rates of
tuition.

CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, TORONTO

THEOS. BENGOUGH, C. H. BROOKS,

President, Sec'y & Manager.

P.S.—Summer Session for Teachers and
Students. Write for Particulars.

YORK - SOAP - COMPANY

Have just started to place on the market their

LEADER BRAND FAMILY AND
LAUNDRY SOAPS, ALSO THE OLIVE OIL

POMADE SOAPS, POTASH, SCOURING,

WOOLEN AND CROWN HARNESS SOAPS

22 Francis Street, Toronto.

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE

Miss CHUBB, General Agent, also for the
Universal Perfect Fitting Patterns.

Adjustable Dress Forms, etc. 426½ Yonge Street.

BARKER'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL, 45, 47
and 49 King Street East, Toronto.

b p 9/18 to 16/17
Circulars post free.



Catalogues free on Application.

CORINNE

Toilet Soap.

High-class, delicate and lasting.

GIVEN AWAY IN GOLD—\$1,000.

Green's Acme Polish.

Gift Certificates to the amount of \$1,000 given
with each bottle—50 cents per bottle. Send 50 cents
in silver or scrip to the address below.

ACME POLISH CO.
9 Temperance St., Toronto, Ont.

GLEN & HUFFMAN,
Practical Plumbers.

STEAM AND HOT WATER ENGINEERS
120 York Street, - - - - -
Telephone 1389.

See the Wheeler & Wilson
No. 9 & No. 12 Sewing Machines

Call or write for prices. Telephone 277.

WHEELER & WILSON MFG. CO.

266 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Music.**A. S. VOGT.**

Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, pupil of Adolf Kuthardt, Dr. Pappertz, Dr. Klenzel, S. Jadassohn, Paul Quasdorf. Teacher of Pianoforte, Organ and Musical Theory. Address Toronto College of Music, or 305 Jarvis Street.

HENRI DE BESSE (from Paris and Stuttgart Conservatories of Music, Late Professor at New York Conservatories of Music) will receive pupils for Violin or Pianoforte at special summer terms, from June 20th to August 31st. Pupils commencing now will be retained through the entire season at summer term prices. No lessons given in classes. Address at residence, 129 Bloor St. East, three doors from Jarvis Street, or Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge Street.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
and Orchestral and Organ School.

Fall Term (2nd Year) Commences Sept. 5th, 1889.

Thorough instruction in every branch of Music—Vocal, Instrumental and Theoretical—by the most eminent teachers in Canada. Complete 3-manual organ in College and largest Church Organ in Province. 1st lessons and practice. Orchestra of 60 and Chorus of 250 accessible to students. Diplomas, Prizes, Scholarships and Certificates granted. Lectures, Concerts, Recitals and Violin Class free.

Send for prospectus, giving full information, to

J. F. H. TORRINGTON, Director,
12 AND 14 PEMBROKE STREET, TORONTO.

Business Index.

FIRSTBROOK BROS.,
BOX MANUFACTURERS,
KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.

Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents sample, 25c. Club of six, \$1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.

W. H. LAPP & CO.
CEDAR GROVE, - ONT.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Cider, Cider Vinegar, Etc.

Fresh Cider supplied in any quantity.

J. AS. COX & SON,
83 YONGE STREET,
Pastry Cooks and Confectioners. Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors.

W. H. STONE, Always Open.
UNDERTAKER,
Telephone 932 | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

"School Work and Play,"

THE NEW CANADIAN

Boys' and Girls' Paper

Circulated in School Clubs.

Ask your children if they have seen it at school.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE**Four Trips Daily.**

Commencing Monday, 10th inst., Steamers arrive and leave Yonge Street Wharf:

CIBOLA Arrive 1.30 p.m., 8.30 p.m.

Leave 7.00 a.m., 2.00 p.m.

FOR NIAGARA AND LEWISTON.

CHICORA Arrive 10.30 a.m., 4.30 p.m.

Leave 11.00 a.m., 4.45 p.m.

Through tickets at all principal ticket offices.

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).

JAS. MURRAY & CO.**Printers,****PAPER RULERS AND BOOKBINDERS.****Illustrated Catalogue, Newspaper and Job Printing.**

Authors and Publishers will find it to their advantage to secure estimates from the Leasing Book Printing Office in Canada.

26 & 28 FRONT ST. WEST,
TORONTO.

Telephone 91.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's**LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.**

Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. MENDON, 236 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Bound Vol. of "GRIP"

For 1888.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

We can now supply this volume, for 1888, 832 pages, containing all the numbers of "GRIP" for the past year. The binding alone is worth \$1.25; but we will give the book, a fountain of amusement and interest for all time, for only \$2.50.

Grip Printing & Publishing Co.

PUBLISHERS.

"LONG BRANCH"**The Popular Summer Resort**

On Lake Ontario. Steamers Rupert and Queen of the Isles. Nine Round Trips Daily. The most delightful sail from Toronto Harbor.

Fare, 25 Cents.

Family Book Tickets 20 per cent. Discount. At Head Office, 84 Church Street, or agencies. Hotel now open. Telephone 1772. Excursions, Picnics and Moonlights.

SPRING GOODS.

New, Elegant, Comfortable Boots and Shoes.



All the newest American lines now in stock in Gents', Ladies' and Children's

H. & C. BLACHFORD,
87 and 89 King Street East, TORONTO. Ont.

NEW GOODS.

English Tennis Shoes and Canvas Shoes with leather soles, American Tennis, Lacrosse and Yachting Shoes.

Tan Colored Leather and White Canvas Shoes. All in newest shapes and moderate in price.

79 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE HIGH SCHOOL**Drawing Course.**

Authorized by the Minister of Education.

The course is now complete:—

No. 1—Freehand.

No. 2—Practical Geometry.

No. 3—Linear Perspective.

No. 4—Object Drawing.

No. 5—Industrial Design.

These books are all uniform in size and style, and constitute a complete uniform series. The same plan is followed through them—all the Text, the Problems, and opposite the Problems, in each Case, the Exercises based upon them. The illustration is upon the same page with its own matter, and with the exercise, in every case, is a space for the student's work. Each copy, therefore, is a complete Text-book on its subject, and a Drawing Book as well, the paper on which the books are printed being first-class drawing paper. The student using these books, therefore, is not obliged to purchase and take care of a drawing book also. Moreover, Nos. 1, 4 and 5 are the only books on their subjects authorized by the Department. Therefore, if the student buys the full series, he will have a uniform, and not a mixed series covering the whole subjects of the examinations, and edited by Mr. Arthur J. Reading, one of the best authorities in these subjects in this country and recently Master in the School of Art.

Price, Only 15 Cents a Book.

The Retail Trade may place their orders with their Toronto Wholesale Dealers.

GRIP PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

Publishers, Toronto.

THE IMPERIAL TRUSTS COMPANY

OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE,
Queen City Buildings, 24 Church St.,
TORONTO.

EUROPEAN OFFICE,
11 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET
London, E.C.

DIRECTORS:
Sir Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G. Henry S. Howland, Esq.
President Vice-President.
Thos. Walmsley, Esq., Andrew S. Irving, Esq., Owen Jones, Esq.

GENERAL MANAGERS:
William H. Howland and Henry Lye.
MANAGER IN EUROPE:
OWEN JONES, ESQ.

SOLICITORS:
Meredith, Clarke, Bowes & Hilton.
BANKERS:
The Bank of Montreal.

This Company is in Possession of a
VALUABLE BUSINESS AND CONNECTION.

All Communications will have Prompt Attention.

DR. BAXTER. M.R.C.S., Edinburgh.

Special treatment for Chronic Diseases, Constitutional Ailments of long standing, Diseases of the Heart, Kidneys, Bladder and Genito-urinary organs. Extensive experience in hospitals and asylums. Warrants successful treatment. Those unable to call personally can report their own case, and to assist them, send for a list of questions. Office, corner Queen and McCaul Streets, Toronto.

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, HON. A. MORRIS AND J. L. BLAIKIE
Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.
Apply with references to

WILLIAM McCABE, Man. Director

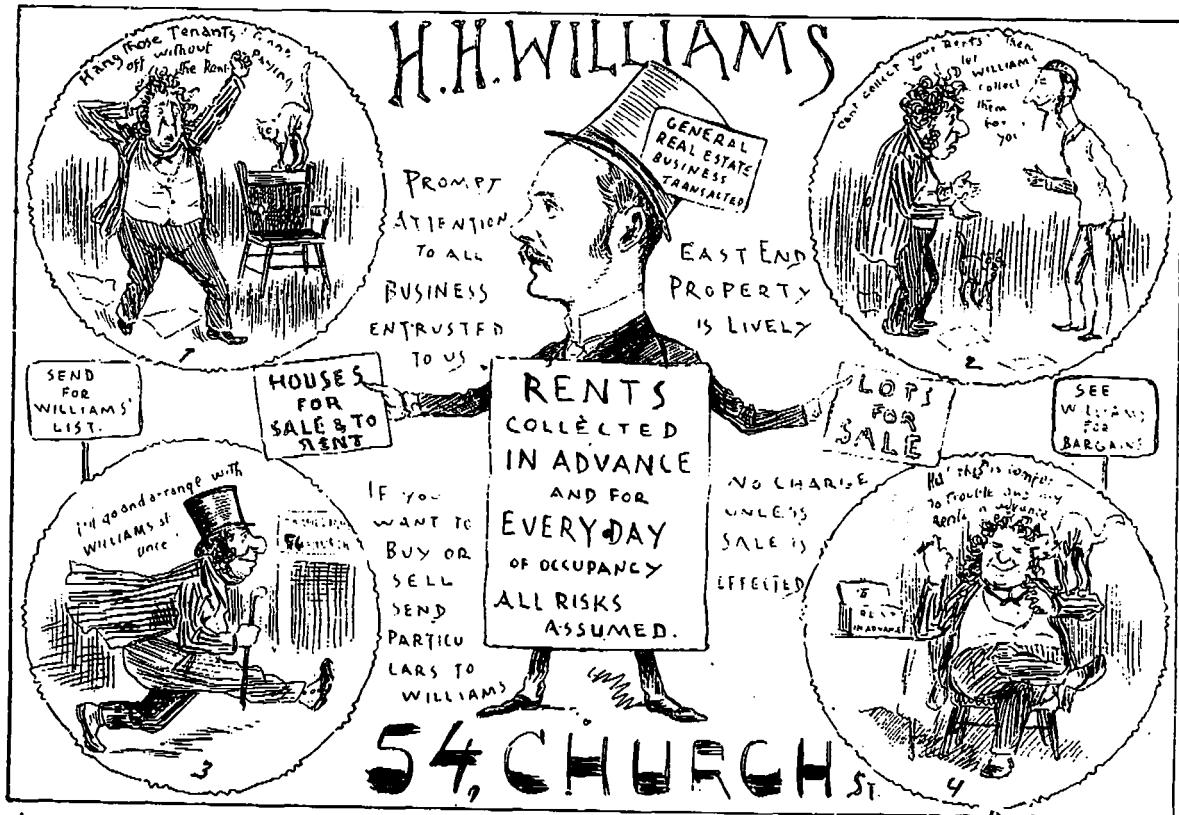
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA

Make with Boiling Water or Milk.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

We want agents at home and to travel. One reliable agent in each county to distribute our circulars, posters, and catalogues of watches, etc. Circulars to be distributed everywhere. Steady employment. **WAGES** \$2.50 PER DAY. Expenses advanced. Can work all or part of the time. Address with stamp **BOBBUS & CO., Toronto, Canada.** No attention paid to postal cards.



Public Library
Eastern Branch
cor Boulton & Queen E.
1 Jan 90