

GRIP

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IT WASN'T THE UNION JACK, EITHER.

"This flag, gentlemen, you know. It is the National flag. The Government which you have, you know. It is the National Government. It is a national triumph which we celebrate to-night, and not national merely in name but national in tendencies, aspirations and sentiments."—*Mercier at the late banquet.*

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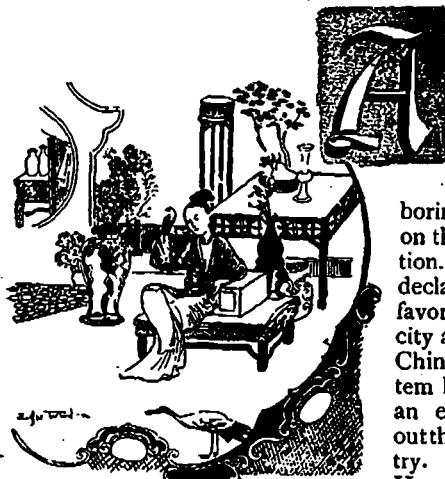
Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE FIERY UNTAMED STEED.—Mr. Laurier is a broad-minded Canadian. Time and again he has shown his superiority to the sectionalism which controls the minds of smaller men in Quebec and other Pro-

vinces. He is, in a true sense, a Nationalist. But for this very reason he is unfitted for the leadership of the French section of the Liberal party, if we may take the demonstration at the recent Mercier banquet to be a characteristic display of the spirit of French Liberalism. On that occasion Laurier's mild and temperate expressions were lost in the uproar of applause which greeted the speakers who talked wildly about the Tricolor being the national flag, and similar buncombe. As the leader of the Dominion Liberal party, Mr. Laurier is supposed to be in command of the French contingent, but evidently he is not a man after their own hearts. To change the figure and quote the words of *Bystander*, "If he leads French Liberalism, it is as a man leads a wild horse, by clinging desperately to its tail." Is it the case, however, that Mercierism is identical with Liberalism

in Quebec? We are often told by those who profess to make a special study of that Province that the Premier of the day is at the head of a combination which is quite distinct from the Liberal party, and in fact antagonistic to it in some respects. But if so, what was Mr. Laurier doing at the banquet?

AND IT WASN'T THE UNION JACK, EITHER.—At the banquet to which we have just referred, Mr. Mercier made a speech which was replete with Boulangerisms. His apostrophe to the Tricolor as the national flag, to his Government as the National Government and to his party as the National party, "brought down the House." But what does it mean? Are we to conclude with some usually sober-minded journalists that it seriously signifies the establishment of a New France in the midst of the Dominion? We know that Mr. Laurier has time and again laughed the idea to scorn, and yet these words were uttered and applauded in his presence. It is hard to suppose that they can be intended for anything more than oratorical fireworks. For what could a veritable French nation in Quebec add to the liberties now enjoyed there? The Tricolor? It is already floating everywhere. The Church? There does not seem to be anything left for the Church to secure. Lighter taxation? Ha! it's a wonder the "Nationalists" do not give a moment's thought to this little item. With their dream realized, what becomes of the public till at Ottawa, which is, under present circumstances, so very convenient? No; we can't imagine what Nationality would add to our French friends, unless it be glory—in a Boulanger sense.



REFRESHING wave of common sense seems to be sweeping over the neigh-

boring Republic on the Tariff question. Mr. Blaine's declaration in favor of Reciprocity as against the Chinese wall system has awakened an echo throughout the whole country. The New Haven *Palladium*, a prominent Re-

publican paper, hails the dawn of new light in these words:

That Mr. Blaine, the world-celebrated champion and embodiment of the old protective idea, should moderate his views and publicly declare for a more reciprocal policy with the other nations of the world, is a signal to his former followers that the new times demand new ideas.

THE moment is opportune for the return home of Mr. Henry George, who may see in this awakening of public intelligence the first fruits of many years toil of himself and other earnest Free Traders. Mr. George recently completed a remarkable tour of the Australian colonies, undertaken at the request of the Free Trade and Single Tax men of that great land. He enjoyed a triumphal progress which could have been accorded to no other living man, excepting perhaps Mr. Gladstone, and his speeches made a profound impression everywhere.

THESE eloquent words, from a prominent member of Parliament, at Henry George's closing meeting of his Australian tour, at Sydney, do the great economist no more than justice:

"The teachings of his wonderful books have already created a host of enthusiastic disciples to welcome him to these shores



TIPPING THE COP.

OLD GENT (handing P. C. A 1 547 half a dollar)—“Here, constable.”

P. C. A 1 547 (virtuously)—“No, sorr, I ain't allowed to take no tips; but throw it on the strate, sorr, and Oi'll thry to foind it, bedad.”

(cheers), and even I, who in some respects cannot call myself one of his disciples, can fully understand that enthusiasm. (Cheers.) He has thrice earned it. He has earned it as a thinker, he has earned it as a writer, and he has earned it as an orator. (Cheers.) And I venture to say—and these are the concluding words in which, on behalf of this great meeting, I bid him farewell—that he may, and probably will, be regarded by posterity as one of those leaders of men who rise above the sordid level of things as they are, who seek to revive the spirit and the power of Christianity, who seek to enrich the human intellect with humane and generous ideas, who create in the minds of all noble ambition—new spheres of philanthropy and justice—quicken the world's great weary heart with the throbbings and gladness of the time to come when the curse of toil shall cease from troubling, banished for ever by the universal dignity and happiness of labor.” (Prolonged cheering.)

COMMON sense may in due time find its way to Ottawa and penetrate the thick skulls of the ministers of the day. When it does so, they will begin to realize what laughing stocks they make of themselves when they appoint a Commissioner to work up trade with Jamaica and other foreign countries at considerable public expense, while at the same time maintaining a tariff to kill off whatever trade may be secured! We wonder what Mr. Adam Brown really thinks of this “policy” in the inner recesses of his mind. But perhaps he isn't doing any hard thinking, in view of the picnic this mission has provided for him.

THE opinion which *Puck* entertains of Mr. President Harrison is, if we may successfully translate Editor Bunner's coarse language into polite and classic terms—that he is a jay, a dodo and a pitiable chump. And yet, though he is not equal to the Presidency, he has talents—he would be competent, *Puck* thinks, to ‘personally conduct’ a trip through Canada, for example.

PUCK is perhaps not aware that in suggesting this he is really placing President Harrison on a lofty pedestal. The task he names by way of deprecating Mr. Harrison's abilities is one which would be quite beyond the powers of most eminent Americans. It is as much as the average citizen over there can do to tell in what direction Canada lies; it would bother most of the distinguished ones at Washington to tell the first thing about the country itself; and it is pretty safe to say that not one of them could personally conduct an expedition through the wilds of the Dominion. So *Puck* will see that he is really giving undeserved taffy to Mr. Harrison.

“TURN on the current again, quick, this man is not dead!” cried Dr. Spitzka. Then they turned it on again. It was re-volting.

WHY didn't they consult Edison before constructing that “fatal chair” at Auburn prison? The great electrician says the shock should be applied to the hand of the condemned man and not to the head, and points to the thirty instantaneous deaths brought about in New York by the accidental touching of electric wires. Hair and bone are non-conductors of the fluid, which accounts for the horrid bungle in the Kemmler case.

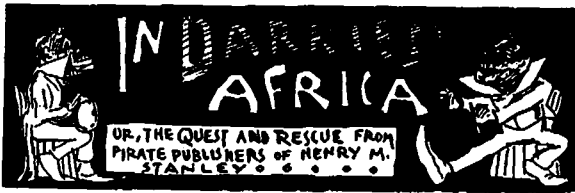
A PARAGRAPH in a recent issue of GRIP stated that Mr. Bunting of the *Mail* was one of the guests at the late banquet to Sir Fred. Middleton. The source of our information was the list of the guests as published in the *World*. It appears that Mr. Bunting was invited to be present but refused to attend. We regret that through no fault of our own we were misled into supposing that he was one of the participants, and as a matter of simple justice hereby withdraw and apologize for the paragraph based upon this false statement. We are heartily glad to know that the manager of the *Mail* is entirely free from any complicity in the affair.



A HARD HUSBAND.

HUSBAND—“I wish you would stop this everlasting picking flaws in your neighbors.”

WIFE—“Yes, that's just you; you never want me to have the least pleasure.”



BY EXPLORER GRIP.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

PREFATORY LETTER.



TO the Decent and Justice-Loving Public:

I have great pleasure in dedicating this book to you. It is the Report of the Commission you entrusted to my hands, viz., of Rescuing Henry M. Stanley from the greedy and unscrupulous clutches of Pirate Publishers. The absence of a copyright law made it possible for these thievish rascals to help themselves to the results of the intrepid explorer's labors, by giving to the public what purported to be truthful accounts of his adventures on his latest African expedition. As a matter of fact, these accounts are unreliable to the last degree, and when you equipped me for the Quest and Rescue of Henry, I thought the surest way of accomplishing the task would be to follow the great explorer, step by step, through the pages of his two large and magnificently illustrated volumes, just published in Canada by the Presbyterian News Co., (and the printing and binding of which, I may remark, reflect the highest credit on the firm of James Murray & Co). As you are aware, my task was successfully accomplished. I came up with Stanley at Cairo, where I found him in the act of tying up his completed manuscript with a piece of red twine. It was my pleasure and good fortune to meet him subsequently in London, where, in the midst of an assemblage almost as distinguished as myself, within the classic walls of Westminster Abbey, I had the honor to witness his marriage to the lovely and accomplished Miss Dorothy Tennant. Every properly constructed novel ends with a happy marriage, you know, and the reader who goes through Stanley's two volumes (price \$7.50, sold by subscription only) will admit that for absorbing interest no novel has ever surpassed them. I now proceed to the detailed narrative of my Quest and Rescue of Stanley, and I would admonish those who may have any doubts of my veracity, to put me to the test by reading the original volumes for themselves. The public's obedient servant,

EXPLORER GRIP.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

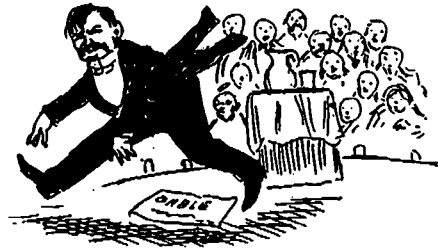
Carlyle.—The Lay of the Land.—Why the Expedition was Undertaken.—A Lecturer Choked off.—Expeditions Response.—Engaging Officers and Purchasing Supplies.—Off to Africa.—The Route Changed.—At Zanzibar.—Rounding the Cape.—Arrival at the Congo.

ONLY a Carlyle in his matur'est period, as when he declared that "the population of England was 30,000,000—mostly fools," could write such a book as I am about to pen. In fact, I don't believe Carlyle ever wrote anything like it. In order that the reader may understand the lay of the land, I have a few things to say by way of introduction. Why was it necessary for me to go to the Quest and Rescue of Stanley? Because Stanley had gone to the Quest and Rescue of Emin Pasha. And who and where was he? He was a chap by the name of Edward Schnitzler, but being of a benevolent turn he had changed his name to Emin, to accommodate those who don't speak German. He was away off in the Province of Equatoria, which is In Darkest Africa, where he was acting as Governor. How did he come to be



EMIN PASHA. 7

there? Well, you see, Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, grabbed the biggest part of the Continent some time ago, and carved out a number of Provinces. Equatoria is one of them, and it is the only one that's left of the whole outfit, because the Mahdi came along and gobbled up all the others. Emin Pasha was doing business for the Egyptian Government, and, being in danger of sudden suspension at the hands of the Mahdi, he sent out word that he would like to be rescued. Some compassionate gentlemen in England consulted Mr. Henry M. Stanley, who was just then out of a job, about undertaking the contract, and found him game as usual. He said, "You raise the funds and I'll raise the blockade, or perish in the attempt." Then he went off to America on a lecture tour. But one evening, just as he was going on the platform at St. Johnsbury, Vt., he read the following cable message:



STANLEY RECEIVES THE CABLEGRAM.

London.
Funds ready!
Hustle!
MACKINNON.

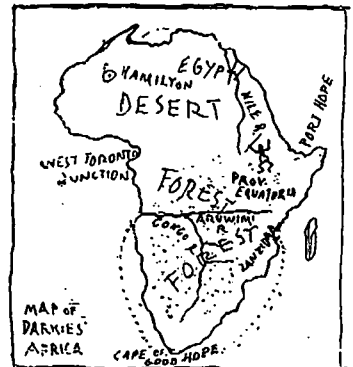
To this Mr. Stanley responded by return electric current:

Will start in twenty minutes!
Meet me at station.—STANLEY.

Tearing off his swallow-tail coat and white tie, and leaving the distracted agent to give the people their money back, the indomitable explorer flew to New York, and in a few minutes, comparatively speaking, he was in England buying canned beef, rifles, crackers, beads, blankets, umbrellas and all the other necessaries of a trip to Africa. Having performed this operation he proceeded to select officers for the expedition from the crowd of applicants that turned up in reply to the following two cents-a-word ad. in the *Times*, under the head of "Business Chances":

WANTED.—Gents to sub-boss the job on an expedition to Darkest Africa. Salary small but scenery very fine. Apply to H. M. Stanley, 23 Euston Road, Regent's Park, Ludgate Circus, Bermondsey, St. John's Wood, W. C.

The following gentlemen were the lucky winners in the lottery: W. G. Stairs, R. H. Nelson, A. J. M. Jephson, J. S. Jameson, John R. Troup and Wm. Bonny, to whom were subsequently added Major Barttelot, Dr. T. H. Parke and H. Ward. Everything being settled in ship shape, the order was given to weigh anchor, and at 8.05 p.m., Jan. 21, 1887, Stanley left London for Egypt en route to Zanzibar, whence the expedition was to proceed by the overland route to Equatoria, or otherwise as might seem expedient.



It was more than three years after this that I started off on the Quest which I am about to report in brief detail, and which was, I flatter myself, accomplished in the most able manner.



JUNKER AND SCHWEINFURTH CONVINCED

As I have already intimated, my plan was to follow Stanley's footsteps and find out where he had meandered to and what he had done *en route*. I may begin my narrative, therefore, at Alexandria, and proceed to give details in

CHAPTER II. — EGYPT AND ZANZIBAR.

Stanley had arrived here, I found, on Jan. 27th, and put up at the hotel. Here he was waited upon by Sur-

geon T. H. Parke, who applied for the position of doctor to the excursion. As he was a good looking chap he was engaged. Good-looking chaps have no trouble in getting engaged, generally. Sir Evelyn Baring called to ask if it was correctly reported that the route *via* Zanzibar had been changed for the Congo route, to which Stanley said yes. Prof. Schweinfurth and Dr. Junker came along and said they thought it was a big mistake, but with the aid of the accompanying map Stanley convinced them that they were away off. "You could never get through Uganda alive so long as that savage old duffer, King Mwangi, is boss there," said Stanley, "whereas you congo by the Congo, and we'll get there all the same." They expressed themselves satisfied, and Stanley then left for Cairo, where he had breakfast with Mr. Tewfik, the Khedive, and the Hon. Nubar Pasha, Premier.



TEWFIK, KHEDIVÉ.



NUBAR PASHA.

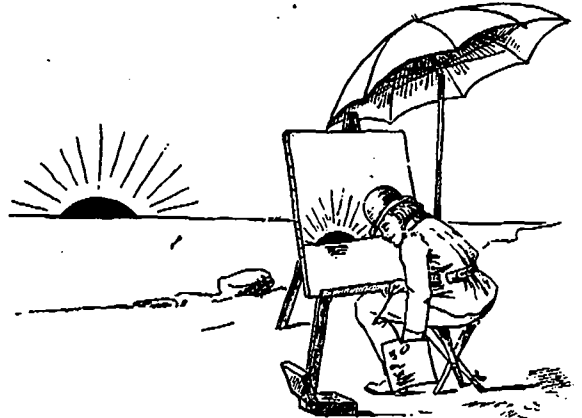
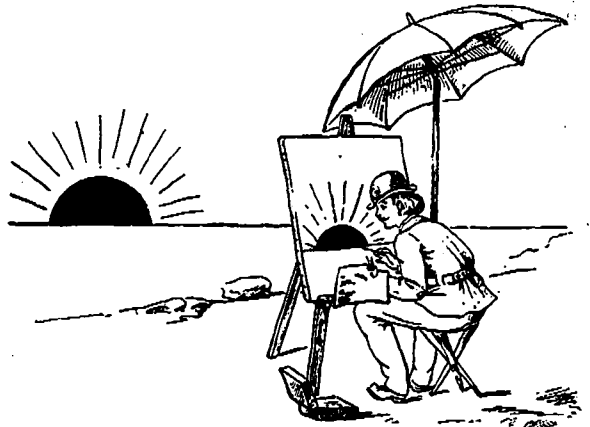
These howling swells armed the explorer with letters and High Arabic Orders to Emin, telling that gentleman to come home or stay there, just as he pleased. Leaving Cairo, Stanley proceeded to Zanzibar, where he arrived Feb. 23rd. Here he hobnobbed with his Highness Seyyid Barghast bin Said, the Sultan, of whom it has bin said that he was a pretty decent sovereign. Here also the Expedition was pulled together, consisting of the English officers, a parcel of Soudanese soldiers and some hundreds of Zanzibar natives, who had agreed to carry everything by acclimation. Tippu Tib, the king of the region between Stanley Falls and Tanganika Lake, happened to be at Zanzibar on a vacation, and Stanley engaged him to provide an escort of 600 men through his country. This was better than having to fight the old rascal and his Arab heelers. In a few days the expedition was stowed away snugly on board the steamer *Madura*, and started off for the mouth of the Congo around the Cape of Good Hope, where they arrived safely on March 19th. Here is where the fun began. The job before Stanley was to go up the Congo River to Yambuya (1,300 miles from the Atlantic), and then from there on foot to Wadelai, Emin Pasha's capital, some 500 miles, as was supposed. What befell the party must be reserved for subsequent chapters.



TIPPU TIB.

(To be continued.)

HIS PICTURE WAS TOO REALISTIC.



II.



III.

AMERICAN DEGENERACY.

PIDDICOMBE—"It's terrible the rate at which we Americans are departing from the Republican traditions of our ancestors. We are imitating the English and allowing their aristocratic notions to gain a foothold in everything."

DUSENBURY—"Yes, and that isn't the worst! I'm told there is a royalty on the telephone and nearly all the new inventions."

THE Condemned Murderer's Hymn: "We're going home to dynamo."



WORDS AND THEIR USES.

DICKY—"Will you have the celery dressed, Dorothy?"

DOROTHY—"Thank you, no. I prefer it—r-r-r—nude!"—*Smith & Gray's Monthly.*

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

THE cry goes up and has gone up these many years for a Canadian Literature, and they speak of planting and producing it like a spring crop. Of late we had been entertaining hopes; we judged Canadian literature was forthcoming, and in Augustus Tomlinson we saw its pride and flower. Without the zenith of his glory, Augustus has gone down, and with him Canadian literature lies buried in the Bay.

The afternoon was bright, the sky unclouded, the sun in every sense on duty. The Yonge Street wharf was thronged with human beings of every possibility; perambulators stood here and there as lawful obstacles; gentlemen in white straw hats, with florid faces, rushed energetically about with their portmanteaus; young girls strolled to and fro in conscious picturesqueness; and large and calm and beautiful and triumphant, the *Mayflower* rested in the dock.

Augustus Tomlinson was here with the intention of a trip to Hanlan's Point. Struck with the artistic grouping he beheld, he paused, rooted to the spot, careless of the jostling he received on every hand. A strange sensation crept about his eyes and thence proceeded to his brain. Inspiration was upon him—Heaven had chosen him to be its scribe. He drew forth his note-book—that note-book which would have placed us at the head of nations, whose magic lines would have bestowed on Canada a Belles-Lettres unequalled even in the States. He felt he had to write; he felt he had somewhat to say. The voices of the ticket agents cruelly bruised his tympanum, and the banana-man was shouting "fifteen for a quatch"

in a most maddening way. But, far above the reach of such terrestrial things, Augustus, with his pencil and his note book, labored for his country and his Fame. The crowd grew denser. It elbowed him and trod upon his toes, but still he was oblivious. The *Mayflower's* bell rang out, the gangway was pulled in, the ferry started, and yet he still wrote on. Standing idle by the gateway was a mumber av the Foorce; the flies were bothering him and he was in the sun. His gaze alit on Tomlinson, with official independence and shameless candour he clutched him by the arm and cried, "Move on now! ain't that there your boat?"

Augustus, who was sensitive, unconsciously obeyed the mandate and moved speedily towards the receding boat. Between it and the wharf there stretched four feet of dark impenetrable water. "Jump, jump!" said the bystanders, and Augustus jumped. His head swam, but he was safe. He closed his eyes; he knew it was miraculous—this, too, must be recorded in the note-book. The note-book! Ah! He gasped. It was tossing on the deep. Was there none to rescue it? He wept, he

proffered money, he besought the people, he pointed out the wisdom of preserving such a treasure. But silence and inaction only made response.

Then, with a wild heroic struggle he, even he himself, plunged headlong in the treacherous waves. He battled with the element—he sank, he rose, he sank again in infinite variety, until the Herculean feat was done. And even as Cæsar long centuries ago secured his commentaries, Augustus Tomlinson did his.

Great huzzas rose upon all sides—ropes were thrown out with pocket-hankerchiefs and umbrellas—women shrieked and children wailed.

Augustus Tomlinson alone was calm. "Within him was a wound too deep for tears." His note-book had been slighted—none should ever now receive its benefit. Folding his arms across his bosom, with his note book pressed against his heart, the mightiest of Canadian Littérateurs, scorning ill-timed aid, went down forever into death's abyss. It is in vain that we lament him, in vain that magazines and dailies strive. *Bystanders* may fulminate and *Weeks* may offer prizes, but only to the roll-call of the final trump shall Canadian literature now answer.

E. A. D.

IT REALLY WAS THAT KIND.

WITNHROP—"Terribly hot weather this! I put the thermometer out in the sun, and the mercury went up to blood heat in no time."

BILDERSNICK—"Shouldn't wonder. I thought there must be something sanguinary about the atmosphere, judging from the remarks I heard a couple of Englishmen make on the street just now."

A SIREN STRAIN.

SWEET ISABEL was fair and young
And most bewitchingly she sung,
While Charley, her accepted lover,
Stood by and turned the music over
As gracefully she swept the keys
To such mellifluous words as these:

"Nita! Wa-haw-nee-ta!
Let me linger by thy side;
Nita! Wa-haw-nee-ta!
As me own fair bride."

And Charley thought "Ah, she is sweeter
Than ever this much praised Wanita.
Now I could just about provide
To take Wanita (one-eater) for my bride
But as the fleeting years roll on
There'll be more eaters far than one,
So we can hardly tie the knot
Until more salary I've got."

THAT THIRP CONTINUED.



ISTHER GRIP, SOR,—I towld yez lasht wake that mebbly, if I got toime, I moight go on an' finish me tale about the thrip I tuck to Niagary on boord av the stamer *Cibola*. Well, as luck wud have it (I mane the bad soort), the job I wus workin' on gev out yesterday, be raison av the con-thractor bein' tuck up be the city Engineer for doin' his work too much accordin' till the spechifications, so I had to take a holiday whether or no. Av coorse, a day or two aff work wance a wake doesn't hurt the loikes av me, bekase the N.P., as yez are aware, purtects the workin' man, an'

gives him such big wages, that he can afford holidays whiniver he feels loike it. Besoides I'm expectin' yez to send me somethin dacent in the way av pay for these letthers, so the misfortunate occurrents won't hurt me much. Well, to reshume the thred av me discoorse, as the parish praste, heaven bless him, wud say, the stameboat wint out be what they call the eastern gap. I axed the captain what was the raison av this, an' he poloitely towld me (sure, sor, this captain is a foine gintleman, an' not a bit av proide or consait about him, an' he'll tell yez anythin' yez ax him, so he will). He towld me the raison was, that the eastern gap is nearer, an' bein' a smaller distance be raison av that it med the coorse to Niagary shorter be the length av the space av the difference betune it an' the western gap. I thanked him for the information, an' felt aisier in me moind. We wint along purty fast, an' the braze was that cool an' pleasant, sure I belave it wud droive the discontint out av the heart av Johnny Loudon hissself, av he wud come up on deck out av his disolated ginger beer bar-room. The dudes an' the purty blonds, an' the fat gintlemen an' their woives, an' the



boys an' girls an' the ould maids—sure yez cud tell *thim* ivery toime be their kitteny ways an' the giggles av thim—they were all promenadin' round, some av thim sittin' in the same shpot an' niver movin', but only shpoonin' there the whole toime. Some min were talkin' politicks, an' some wor smokin', but winiver they got forminst the wheel-box they med thim put out their poipes or swally the shmoke, be raison av the ladies not loikin' it. In about an hour the distant shore of Niagary hove in soight. (This is sailer talk I picked up from the saymen down in the frate shed av the boat.) Ivery minute it kem closer an' closer to the boat, an' be this toime I begun to fale a thrifle hungry. Whin I'm at home I doine ivery noight at tay toime, but the braze aff the wather I suppose med me hungry before me appetoite was quoitte ready, ye see. I belave they have a doinin'-room down in the celler, but as nobody invoited me down, I med up me moind jest to have a bit av a lunch on the roof insted av me usual coorse dinner. (Av yez don't belave I have a coorse dinner, Misther GRIP, come up to me shanty some avenin' an' see. Ye'll consint it's coorse enough, I'm thinkin'.) Wid that I wint up to the refreshment counter, an' sez I to the young man who was stannin' there furninst the big red poipe, wid his bangs all wet an' out av curl, sez I, "Give me a bit av a broiled bafesteak, av ye plaze." "We don't cook here," sez he. "Nothin' but cold vittles, bar-rin' tay an' coffee," sez he. "G'long out av that," sez I. "Bedad," sez he, "I wish I could, for its melted I am wid the heat av this poipe." "Poipe?" sez I. "Sure I thought that was a baker's oven yez have there, or I wouldn't have axed ye for cook'd mate." "No," sez he, "its just the poipe, but if it had a shelf or two on it I cud cook mate or anythin' else to orther," sez he. So I orthered some sandwiches, an' as they had been stannin' a yard or so from the poipe, sure the mate was froyed to a turn. But I didn't let on to the gossoon about this, or he wud want to charge me fifty cents for a cooked dinner. "They tell me this boat makes a terimunduou run ivery day," sez I, while I was stannin' there aitin' me sandwich. "Not so termendous as I do," sez he wid imphis. "What d'ye mane?" sez I. "Well," sez he, "you just shtan' in here by this poipe for a day, an' yez'll understand. Sure I run loike grase!" an' be the looks av him I belave it. So be this toime we wor at Niagary, an' thin we wint up the river to Lewiston, an' thin we kem back, an' it was as purty a thrip an' as chape for the money as I iver took in the coorse av me long an' eventsome loife. PHELIM MCGINTY.



A DEFINITION.

TEACHER—"Can any of you children tell me what darkness is?—(Tommy snaps his fingers.)—Well, Tommy?"

TOMMY—"Please, ma'am, its *black daylight*."

SENATOR JOHN BOYD ABROAD.



"If there is one thing better than a visit to England," remarks the *St. John Telegraph*, "that thing is to hear Hon. John Boyd tell of the Old Country as seen by a Canadian." We can well believe it, having some personal knowledge of this genial, witty and well read gentlemen—who, by the way, is likely to be New Brunswick's next Lt. Governor, and an ideal Governor he will make. Senator Boyd has just returned from a trip to Great Britain. He has returned full—full as a tick, *via* eyes and ears and intellect, and not *via*

mouth, as everybody will understand. He comments on men and things seen abroad, as printed in several long columns of the *Telegraphs*, make racy and useful reading. As might be supposed, Mr. Boyd did not forget the funny side of life. We quote a few of his sentences, gay and grave:

The Humors of Queenstown, when written, will be one of the most interesting of works. The car drivers, with their chaff at each others' horses, "Ah, shure, ye wouldn't trust yerself with that horse when they have to tie his knees wid straw to hold him up"; the lace makers, the blackthorn venders. Then there are the bar-tenders in the Queen's, two bright Irish girls, as lively as their whiskey. There were three of them a short time ago, but the heart of a wealthy young American was pierced by the bright eye and keen wit of one, who was at repartee unapproachable, and he took her away, the proud husband of this charming Irish beauty, to be the head of one of the lordliest homes in Pennsylvania, and the other two are ready to follow her example.

"I noticed a young man on the *Etruria* looking sadly at two bright Irish girls on the tender, and I saw the old story in it. I said to him, 'Friends of yours?' 'Yis indeed, sir, my sister and my friend with her cousin.' The cousin was courting his sister, he was courting the cousin's sister, and they were seeing him off. I told him to come back with us and he could have the parting three hours with his love, but, afraid of losing his passage, I got them aboard the *Etruria*, the officer promising not to prevent them, and so these young Irish hearts beat responsive for the happiest three hours of their lives, and they parted, she to dream of her sweet William in Boston, earning \$3 a day as a granite cutter, and he to bless me for the rest of the voyage for the long drawn sweetness of those parting hours—another of the short and simple annals of the poor, so full of interest." We had a Dublin doctor on our ship, full of Irish wit. He asked me to his room and here we exchanged shots. One of his, let me recall: An Orange captain of a brig had a sailor who died on the passage. He went to the authorities to ask to bury him in a place "where there would be no Popishes." He was directed to a gentlemen then passing and he applied in the same terms. The gentleman answered: "You want to bury him in a place where there are no Popishes. Then you will find it in a place called Hell!" The reply came from Rev. Dr. McGettighan, R.C., Bishop of Raphoe."

"In London and the chief cities of Great Britain and Ireland there are now dairy companies, where milk and cream are sold with bread. And there you can get a good lunch for two pence—a glass of milk and bread. The companies do their best to secure highest quality in all articles supplied, cleanliness and sanitary supervision in every department, civility and promptitude. The waiters are bright young women, most respectable and attentive, and these companies, even at their low tariff, are paying good dividends.† The Irish peasantry, with their clear,

† Yes, and very like John Boyd.

‡ Why wouldn't this excellent scheme work in Toronto?

bright complexions and lithe frames, seldom taste meat; indeed a modern poet of the Emerald Isle puts it:

Let the Saxon rejoice o'er his beef and plum puddin',
And Sandy grow fat while on oatmeal he's broodin',
But to me good potatoes are worth all the rest
When I've buttermilk plenty to give them a zest.


"The tyrant landlords of other days, the Lord Leittrims and Monks have disappeared, and let me give an example of a tenant farmer on Lord Dufferin's estate, whom I interviewed: 'Well, what grievances have you?' 'What's that?' said he. 'What grievances have you?' 'I don't know what you mean,' said he. 'What fault have you to the Government?' 'Shure, I have no fault with the Government. Why should I? I have twenty cows, forty sheep, two horses, six pigs, a purty wife and six children, with £400 in the bank, and what fault have I with the Government? I minds my work, and let them mind theirs.' And this is not a solitary case. But the best test is in the savings banks where the deposits are greater than ever before. The cry for home rule as separate from Great Britain is changing for that of local self government, which is equally the cry in England, Wales and Scotland. My friend, Robt. Adam, the Chamberlain of Edinburgh, well known to his many friends here, was not seen by me, for he was in London, passing a gas bill for Edinburgh. Every petty measure in every small city has to pass the lords and commons at Westminster. A quarter of a century ago, Sir John A. Macdonald presented to a British statesman a scheme for Imperial Government similar to that which he framed for Canada in 1867, and which Justin McCarthy said in St. John was the perfection of government, and which for nearly a quarter of a century has worked so well here. Give this to Ireland, with Lord Dufferin or Parnell for Governor General, and Ireland will be peaceful and loyal as Canada, and Irishmen as loyal to our good Queen, or coming King, the popular Prince of Wales."

SCENE AT EATON'S.

SMARTY (*reading sign*)—"Umbrellas re-covered while you wait." Say, I want you to recover an umbrella for me while I wait."

SALESGIRL—"Certainly, sir. Where is it?"

SMARTY—"Where is it? How should I know? I lost it last week, and I want you to recover it as the sign says. See?"

FLOOR-WALKER—"See here, young feller, you're a blame sight too fresh. This ain't no nigger minstrel show nor nothing—it is a place of business. Now git. 



PRESSING HIS SUIT.

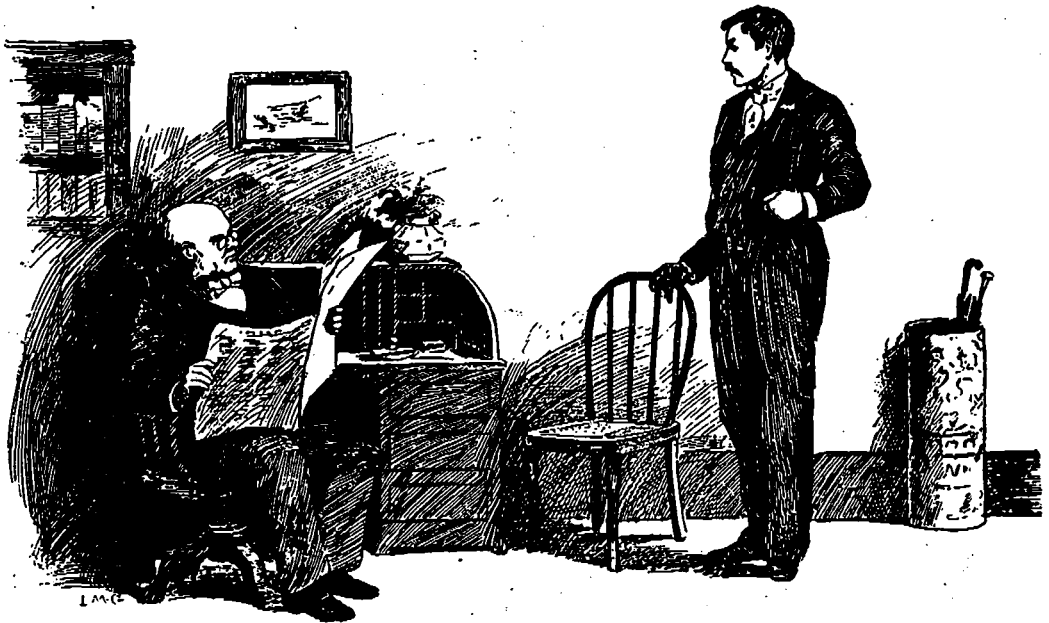
HE—"Then you'll not accept my suit, Miss Stuckup?"

SHE—"Thanks, no. It's rather too pronounced a pattern, and I've no grown-up brothers it would fit."



THE FIERY, UNTAMED STEED.

"If he (Mr. Laurier) leads French Liberalism, it is as if a man leads a wild horse, by clinging desperately to its tail."—*Bystander.*



AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW.

CLERK—"If you please, sir, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for the rest of the day. I have just heard of—er—an addition to my family."

EMPLOYER—"Is that so, Penfold? What is it, boy or girl?"

CLERK—"Well, sir, the fact is—er—(somewhat embarrassed)—it's two boys."

EMPLOYER—"Twins, eh? Young man, I'm afraid you are putting on too many heirs."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

HOW TO BOOM A NOVEL.

NEW YORK, July 16th.

MR. R. O. MANSER.

DEAR SIR,—In response to your inquiries we regret to inform you that your novel, "What's the Matter with Hannah?" is selling rather poorly. It don't go as we expected it would. It is not deficient in pruriency, and contains several passages admirably calculated to suffuse with a blush the cheek of modesty—provided the novel-reading public has any modesty left, which may be doubted. But it is not nearly so salacious as some other books now on the market, and is altogether discounted in the matter of startling audacity by the "Kreutzer Sonata." That work is going off like hot cakes since it was denied post-office facilities by the Government, and our presses have been kept busy for some days to supply the sudden demand. If you could only get the attention of the proper authorities—good phrase that, when you don't know exactly whose business it is—called to the comparatively mild unconventionalities of "What's the Matter with Hannah?" something might be done to boom it. We merely throw this out as a suggestion. Yours, etc., HUSTLER, BILKS & Co., Publishers.

P.S.—We beg to remind you that your note of \$200 on a/c. of publication expenses is overdue. H., B. & Co.

YAPHANK, July 19th.

MR. JOHN FLIPPER,

Assistant Editor, Yaphank *Yawp*.

DEAR JACK,—Drop around and see me Saturday evening, like a good fellow, will you? I'm all alone; wife spending a few weeks with her mother at the old homestead, and I've laid in a few original packages—the

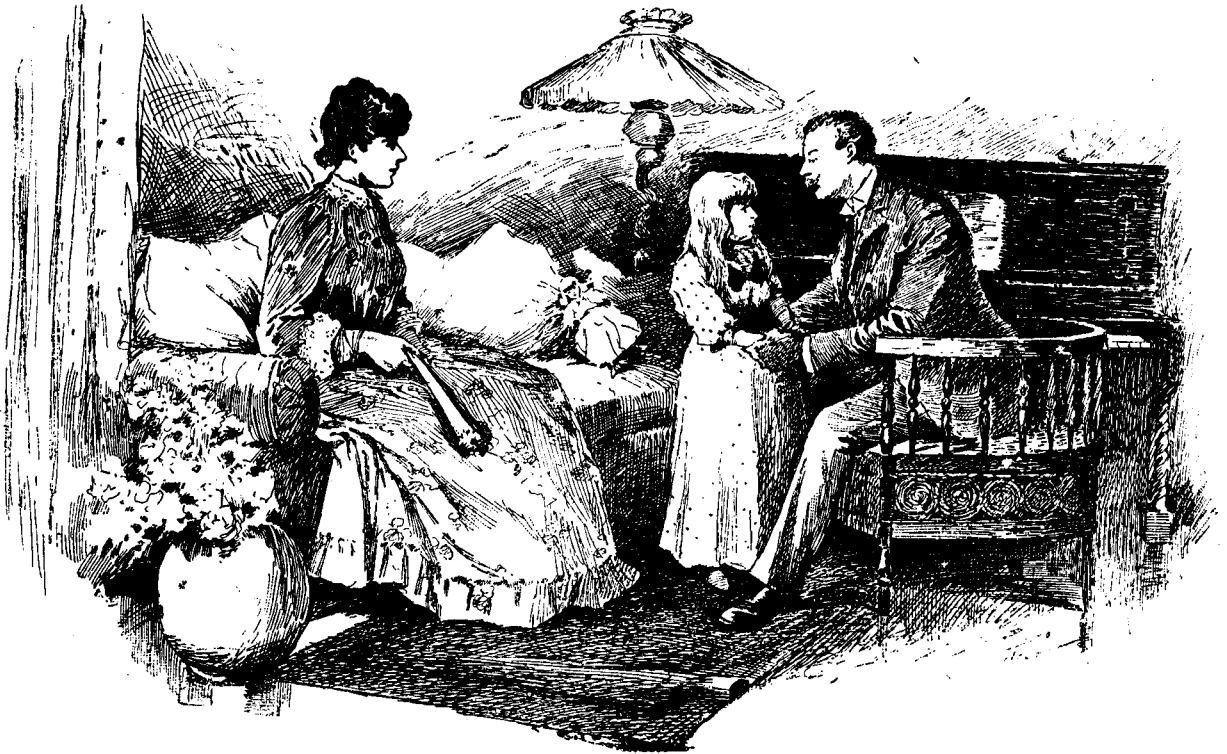
real old stuff—and some good cigars. We'll have a quiet chat over literary matters, and I've a little scheme I want you to help me with. I'm everlastingly obliged to you, old man, for the ripping good send-off you gave "Hannah" in the *Yawp*, but it don't seem to go. The publishers say it lacks snap, but, dear knows, I thought I'd made it spicy enough to suit the most *blasé*. However, perhaps with your help I may make a success of it yet. Now don't fail me. So long, old chum.

R. O. M.

YAPHANK, July 26th.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, ESQ.,
Society for the Suppression of Vice, New York.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to call your attention to the grossly obscene and immoral character of a work recently issued by Hustler, Bilks & Co., of your city, entitled "What's the Matter with Hannah?" a copy of which I forward by this mail. The work is all the more insidious and corrupting because veiled under specious pretensions of a lofty moral purpose. I shudder to think of the terrible mischief likely to be wrought by such a volume on the susceptible minds of the young and unsophisticated. It gives me very great pain to take the step I have in calling the attention of your powerful organization to this pernicious book, as the author has been a personal friend for many years, but as the father of a family I cannot allow personal considerations to stand in the way of an obvious duty. I beg to enclose a contribution of \$50 to the funds of your society as a slight mark of my appreciation of the good work you are doing in suppressing the flood of filthy and infamous literature which threatens to deluge the country. Hoping that you will see your way clear to prompt and effective action, I remain, Yours respectfully, JOHN FLIPPER.



AN HISTORICAL SECRET.

CHARLIE RIVERS—"And so you will be eight next week, Flossie! Why, you are getting to be quite an old lady."
 FLOSSIE—"Yes, I'm getting old much faster than my sister May is. She has been twenty-three ever since I can remember."
 —*Munsey's Weekly.*

(Special to N. Y. Herald.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2nd.

Acting upon the strong representations of Mr. Anthony Comstock, the Postmaster-General has decided to refuse mail facilities to Mr. R. O. Manser's novel, "What's the Matter with Hannah?" on the ground that it is of a grossly immoral character.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11th.

MR. R. O. MANSER, Yaphank.

DEAR SIR,—We have much pleasure in informing you that, owing to the greatly increased demand for your book since it was refused mailing privileges, it will not be necessary for you to forward the \$200 still due us on publication expenses. We will deduct the sum from the amount now at your credit, and trust that in a few days we shall be able to make you a handsome remittance. "What's the Matter with Hannah?" is an assured success, and if you have any thought of following it up by another novel, we would be prepared to negotiate for the MS.

Yours respectfully,
 HUSLER, BILKS & Co.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

BAGSHOT—"No, I'm not going away anywhere this summer. It'll do me just as well to stay in town and take a buggy ride out into the country occasionally."

JAGGERS—"Yes, quite so. I should think a buggy would recall some of the most vivid experiences of life in a summer hotel."

PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIK FILOSOPHI.

THIS anxiety to provide statews fur deceesed Canadian polertishans seems to hint at a lerkng consounsniss of the phact that they ware a 2nd rait lot wich wood oterwise soon bee fourgoten—a reelly grate man doant kneed no statew.

Ef you wish tew konseel yure baldniss with a whig, git a red one. Noboddi wil ever suspekped red hare uv bein falce.

Them filosphers wich uv old konstitooted the muel the emblim of cussidness, evidintely never tride to keep chikkins out ov the gardin. On beehalf uv the hen I move fur a rekount.

A editur is often the brakesman onto a trane of thawt.

The diferense between proteckshun an' robbery iz—let me see—yes, certinly, az I waz sayin', the diferense betwixt robbery and proteckshun iz—Oh, pshaw! ask me a ezy won!

Thare is one kind uv gost wich the sikerlogikle Sosieta haint thawt it wuth wile tew investigate—the gost of a chance wich a man has tew git offis, ef he don't belong tew the parti.

The allejed litterary man wich makes most racket about the copyrite law, probabli never rote annything in his life wich a publisher could be injuced to steel.

Thare is morral novveles wrote with a morral perpus, wich no r reeds—an agen, thare is hiley immoral novvles wrote with a immoral intenshun, wich is red, but git the awthor a bad reputashun. Ef I waz intew the bizness, methinks Ide wurk the Tollstoy raket, an rite a grosly immoral novvle with a hiely moral perpus. Then Ide git both prase an dollerz.

THE silver question—Got change for a quarter?—*Texas Siftings*.

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

FOR removing Tan, Sunburn and Freckles nothing is equal to Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

AFTER spending an hour with a pretty fool, how refreshing homely people are.—*Atchison Globe*.

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

TWO PERIODS (before marriage)—"Why so pensive, dearest?" After marriage—"Why so expensive, Mrs. Jones?"—*Racket*.

SHE—"How do you manage to think among all the noise in the stock exchange?" HE—"We don't think."—*Chatter*.

FANGLE—"There is a great deal of scratching at the polls now."

CUMSO—"Yes; it comes from the itch for office."—*Epoch*.

FREE.—In order to introduce our Inhalation treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis free of all charge for recommendations after cure. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

OFT REJECTED—"You have no sisters, Mr. Cilley, have you?" "I never had until this summer," said Cilley, sadly. "I've got seven now."—*New York Herald*.

"WHO is happy on this mundane sphere?" sneeringly exclaimed Pessimus. "The girl with her first engagement ring," triumphantly replied Optimus.—*Jewellers' Circular*.

RAILROAD PROJECTOR—"Yes, sir, the road will be an air line."

LISTENER—"Then, of course, there will be no water in the stock."—*West Shore*.

W. A. EDGARS, of Frankville, was so badly afflicted with Kidney and Liver Complaint that his life was despaired of. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

WEEKS—"How does this weather agree with you, Wentman?"

WENTMAN—"It doesn't. I find it cheaper to agree with the weather."—*American Grocer*.

No Doubt About It—"So Jack is married, eh? Do you think he'll get along well with his wife?" "I'm quite sure he will. They sang in the same choir for two years without quarreling."—*Chatter*.

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.

MRS. UPTON—"Yes, that's my daughter's piano, but she has scarcely touched it since she has been married."

MRS. DOWNTON—"Jest the same with my darter and 'er typewriter."—*New York Weekly*.

ALL the year round Burdock Blood Bitters may be taken with good effect upon the entire system, but especially is it required in Spring and Fall for Biliary troubles and bad Blood.

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner)—"Have you any visible means of support, Uncle Rastus?"

UNCLE RASTUS—"Sah?"

MAGISTRATE—"What do you do for a living?"

UNCLE RASTUS—"Oh, now I understand's yo', sah. De ole ooman takes in washin', yo' honah."—*Harper's Bazar*.

CALLER—"How do you do, Mr. President? I'm very glad to see you."

THE PRESIDENT—"Your face is very familiar, but I really can't place you."

CALLER—"Oh, I don't ask you to place me sir; merely called 'o offer you my respects, sir."—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

VISITOR (to Chicago, 1893)—"I presume if I follow this crowd I will reach the World's Fair, won't I?"

POLICEMAN—"N-o, sir, but you'll reach the grand outpourin' of citizens at Patriot hall to argy about selectin' a site for the World's Fair."—*New York Weekly*.

A. LOUGH, of Alpena, Michigan, suffered twenty years with Dyspepsia and general debility, but found quick and permanent relief in Burdock Blood Bitters.

HUSBAND (newly married)—"Don't you think, love, if I were to smoke it would spoil the curtains?"

WIFE—"Ah! you are really the most unselfish and thoughtful husband to be found anywhere; certainly it would."

HUSBAND—"Well, then, take the curtains down."—*Chatter*.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins' studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather 'as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

BOBBY—"Pa, are you very busy tonight?"

FATHER—"Well, I'm just reading the paper, Bobby. What is it?"

BOBBY—"There's a race of little people called Pigmies, isn't there?"

FATHER—"Yes."

BOBBY—"Well, pa, when they grow up are they Hogmies?"

FATHER—"Bobby, you can go to bed at once."

We teach our youth the fame of that far day

When sturdy men, disguised as savages, Threw a small cargo of taxed tea away; And yet—alas! Time works such ravages!—

We tax ourselves with all our main and might, And thus confess that George the Third was right. —*Puck*.

"MAD ELAN," "RHYTHMIC VIGOR," AND "ALMOST INSPIRED DASH, SPIRIT AND SWING,"

(From the *Chicago Evening Post*, June 3.)

THERE is not a little of the mad elan, the rhythmic vigor, the almost inspired dash, spirit and swing of the Hungarian music in the various dance forms employed by these most prolific writers. It may well be said that a Strauss waltz must be heard on a Strauss orchestra, conducted by a Strauss in person, before it can be appreciated at its full value. Under these conditions one of their waltzes, mizerkas, polkas or galops is no longer a mere tune to move one's feet to; it becomes a musical composition of high artistic value and interest, and quite worthy, in its way, to be compared with similar works by the greatest masters. In fact, as waltz writers the Strusses have hardly been equaled. As a conductor, and more particularly as a conductor of that class of music which is universally connected with the family name, Herr Eduard Strauss is entirely admirable. He is full of fire, energy and personal magnetism. Every move of his graceful baton, every sweep and bend of his almost electric bow, which he uses entirely when conducting dance music, is full of authoritative and sympathetic meaning to the players whom he directs. Subscribers' lists, which are now at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, will close in a few days. Subscribers have first choice of seats. Reduced fares on all railroads.

GERMAN HOTEL-KEEPER—"Hist! The great Bismarck was here half an hour ago."

REPORTER—"Ah! Did he say anything to you of an official nature?"

GERMAN HOTEL-KEEPER—"No; his utterance was merely that of a private gentleman."

REPORTER—"Tell me what he said."

GERMAN HOTEL-KEEPER—"Two beers."—*Judge*.

CONSUMPTION is Scrofula of the Lungs and is often incurable, but the Scrofula from which it arises may be cured by the purifying alterative tonic Burdock Blood Bitters

It was little Dot's first visit to a farm, and she went with her aunt to see how the pigs were fed. The little one gazed in astonishment at the young porkers for a moment, and then, placing her hand on her curly hair, she said reflectively:

"Auntie!"

"Yes, dear."

"Does 'oo put all the piggies' tails in cut papers?"—*The Fury*.

"UNCLE John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in a week?"

"Nonsense! Impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John, and then asked:

"Whose baby was it?"

"It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.

EDWARD LAWSON,

98 King St. East, Toronto,

Wishes to announce to his numerous customers and the general public that he has determined to sell off his immense stock of

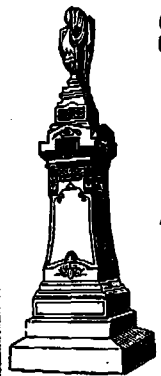
TEAS, COFFEES, GENERAL GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERY, ETC.

As an inducement he will allow a discount of **10 Per Cent. off all Purchases of \$1 and Upwards.**

The sale will continue during August and September. As the stock is all fresh and well assorted this is a rare opportunity for housekeepers. A special reduction will be given to those buying in large quantities.

We also announce that about the 1st September we will open our new and palatial tea and coffee store situated on the south-west corner of Church and Colborne streets, of which further announcement will be given.

EDWARD LAWSON.



Steam Marble Works

MONUMENTS

In Native Granite and Foreign Marble.

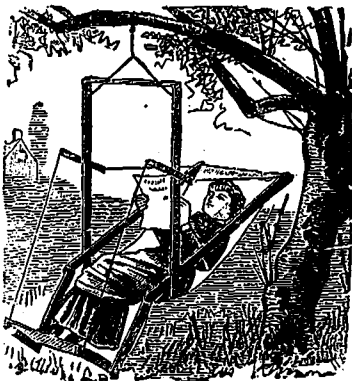
SELLING AT REDUCED PRICES.

Granite Cutters Wanted.

J. G. GIBSON,

Cor. Parliament and Winchester Sts.

Automatic Swing and Hammock Chair.



This chair is the Best and Cheapest ever offered to the public for solid comfort and rest, and differs from all other chairs, being a **Chair, Swing and Hammock combined.** It is adapted to the House, Lawn, Porch, Camp, etc., and is far superior to the ordinary Hammock in every way. Price, \$3.00. Manufactured only by **C. J. DANIELS & CO.,** 221 River Street, Toronto.

ON 40 DAYS' TRIAL THE GREAT SPIRAL TRUSS

The Pad is different from all others. It closes firmly as if your extended hand was drawn together and one finger pointed in the centre. It holds positive day and night with the slightest pressure, and healed same as a brook log. You will be allowed three exchanges during the 40 days. There is no duty to pay when received or returned, which many Canadians found more expensive than the truss. It is the easiest, most durable, and cheap truss. Sent by mail. Send stamp for illustrated book. **CHAS. CLUTTIE,** Surgical Machinist, 124 King St. W., Toronto.



MR. SEED—Whew! Injuns, begosh! Per-lice!

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

"STRAUSS ORCHESTRA"

WILL APPEAR IN

MONTREAL, September 15th.
OTTAWA, " 16th.
TORONTO (Pavilion), Sept. 17th & 18th.
HAMILTON, Evening, September 18th.
LONDON, " 19th.

Subscribers' lists now open at Messrs. Nordheimer's in above cities. Subscribers have first choice of seats. Railroad tickets sold to subscribers One Fare for round trip.

HUGH & ROBT. SKINNER,
General Managers for Canada,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

JOY FOR PAIN.



Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Pains in Breast and Kidneys for years very bad. When I stooped could scarcely straighten up, felt miserable. After three months' drinking

St. Leon Water

I found rest, perfect relief. No pains or stifling sensation after eating. I recommend **ST. LEON.**

W. HIGGINS,
823 Queen West.



Beware of Imitations.

THE PARMELEE

Roofing and Paving Co.

Gravel Roofing for all kinds of Flat Roofs. Asphalt Paving for Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
51 Yonge Street Arcade.



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Home Office, 43 Queen St. E., 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.

USE BOECK'S STANDARD BRUSHES. THEY ARE THE BEST

Niagara River Line

In Connection with Vanderbilt System of Railways.

Double Trips Commencing Saturday, May 31.

CIBOLA

Will leave Yonge Street wharf at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m.
Book tickets on sale. Special rates to excursion parties.
Tickets at principal offices.



CURLINE

Dorenwend's Latest Invention for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair. Reasons why ladies should use **CURLINE**: It is simple in application. It retains its influence for a great length of time. It adds lustre, life and beauty to the hair. It avoids excessive use of irons, etc. It is inexpensive. It is entirely free from harmful properties. It saves time and trouble. It is neither gummy nor sticky. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cts. each, or six for \$2.50. By mail, 8 cts. ea. h extra. Manufactured only by

A. DORENWEND, 103-105 Yonge St., Toronto.

The ALE and STOUT of JOHN LABATT, LONDON. is undoubtedly the BEST.

TRY IT

JAMES GOOD & CO.
Agents, Toronto.

Wanted! Boys to sell **GRIP Weekly**, in every City and Town in Canada. Apply for terms to T. G. Wilson, Manager Grip Co., Toronto.

Niagara Falls Line

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Boston, and all points east daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. from Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street by the Palace Steamer

EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Family Tickets for sale. Low rates to excursion parties. Close connections. Quick Time. Low Rates.

Tickets at all hotels. W. A. Geddes, 69 Yonge street, F. J. Slatter, G.T.F. ticket office, corner King and Yonge streets, 20 York street, and on wharf and steamer.

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Our Ordinary Life Policy is the only ordinary life policy issued that can neither lapse nor expire as to its paid-up value after being three years in force.

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LARDINE OIL.

The famous heavy bodied oil for all machinery. Made only by

MCCOLL BROS. & CO. TORONTO.

Those who Use it Once Use it Always. Their

* CYLINDER OIL *

Has few if any equals in America for engine cylinders. The finest lubricating, harness and tanners' and wood oils. **Ask for Lardine.**

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy **FREE** to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, **V. A. SLOOUM,** M.C., 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

MISS YEALS'

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Young Ladies.

50 and 52 PETER ST., TORONTO.

Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Science, Literature and Elocution.

Pupils studying French and German converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes

Presbyterian Ladies' College

BLOOR ST., TORONTO,

RE-OPENS 4th SEPTEMBER.

Literature, Science, Art, Music. Send for Calendar.

T. M. MacINTYRE, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D.

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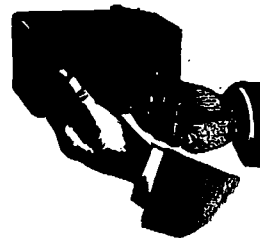


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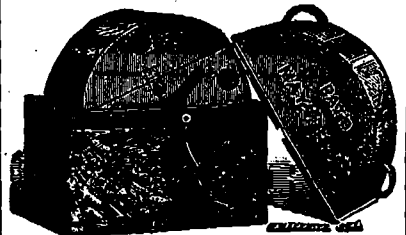


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