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Or drive thee back to Erie's peaceful deep;

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Monday, Dec. 17th.

Rev. P. S. HENSON, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Chicago.

Monday, Jan. 7th.

C. E. BOLTON, The Celebrated Illustrated Lecture, "London, The World's Metropolis."

Monday, Jan. 21st.

Rev. DR. J. M. BUCKLEY, Editor of "The Christian Advocate," New York.

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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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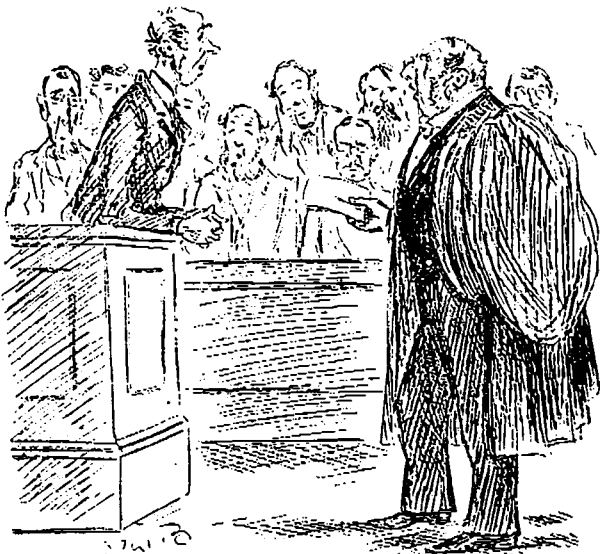
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No. 22.



SAVED! SAVED!!



**OUR QUEER ADJECTIVES.**

LAWYER—"Then I understand you to swear, witness, that the parties came to high words?"

WITNESS—"No, sir; wot I say is, the words was particularly low."

**THE WOOING OF THE HIRED MAN.**

O H! Susan dear, my lavin' heart is mos'ly split in two,  
It doesn't move ez onct it did afore I met with you,  
The gash it bears will never heal, unless you fly with me  
To wher the wages ain't so small ez here they seemter be.  
Let's steal away when darkness comes to wher the times is good,  
An' I will win a name for you a sawin' fire-wood;  
I'll seek a glade, an' ther I'll build a home fer you an me,  
Uv sods an' rocks an' logs an' things, 'longside a shelt'rin' tree:  
We'll have a slickish garden spot, with taters in full bloom,  
An' tear-producin' onions, too, an' ternips of ther's room:  
We'll hang our walls with works uv art thet we kin git with soap,  
And then we'll live right upter date on garden truck an' hope;  
We'll hev a pig-pen nigh the door 'stead uv a flower plot,  
An' we will keep a hog er two to furdur cheer our lot;  
Then, when the howlin' winter comes an' blizzards round us slam,  
We'll draw towards the festive board an' give our mind to ham.

An' in the ev'nin's, ez I sit a-spittin' on the stove,  
I'll 'low 'twas well we thought it best, in uther days, to rove;  
While you, a-darnin' uv my socks contented by my side,  
Will not be sorry for the day you went with me a bride;  
Then, Susan Jane, breathe but the word—but breathe the uther way,  
Fer Susan, dear, you must hev had some onions l'eat terday.

Oh, you will go—thet smile sez yes! So pack your wardrobe, dear,  
Into a bandbox, while I go an' ketch the wall-eyed steer,  
An' to the stone-boat hitch him up, beside the brindle ox;  
An' when I've put a collar on an' iled an' combed my locks,  
I'll come fer thee at midnight, love, when dogs ther feelin's bay,  
An' we will fly across the crick to find a brighter day.

John West.

**ESSAYS ON THE PERFESSIONS.**

By Little Tommy.

**IV. PREECHERS.**

PREECHERS is men wich wares black close and a vest that is buttend all the ways up so you cant see their shirt frunt and also wite nekyes. most of them has sof felt hats same as wot the chinamen wares but a few has plugs. Preechers aint got nothing to do ceptin jest to preach wile docters has got to practice but they have to preach twice on sundays and go to prare meeting on wensdy nite and that is all. My pa made a joke and told me i could put it in this essy if i want to and i gess i will. He sed it is esy nuff fer preechers to be good wen they get pade for it but he sez most of us has got to be good fer nothing and lots of us

is. i gess pa herd sumbody say that cos its a perty good joke. but i no sum preechers that works perty hard goin all round to visit poore fokes and do them good every day jes like the salvation army. i spose the salvation army is preechers too but they ware red shirts and has a drum. sum fokes lafs at them but i dont cos my ma sez they are good and god bless them. i spose they have a drum cos its esyer to play than a organ like we have in our church and the organ woud be to hevy to lug round wen they go out on the march. i dont no menny preechers but ours. he cums to our house sum times an talks to me bout how i am gettin long at scole and can i play foot ball and everything like that. he is a joly kind of a man and lafs like everything wen pa tells him a joke and then he reeds and we all get down on our nees and sez our prares and then he gose home but some-times he stays to tea. My pa sez he is a jewel, and he wisht all preechers was as good but they aint cos some of them gets jelous about the others and acts mean jest the same as people that aint good. i am sprised to here this but i gess pa must be mistaken. i dont see how preechers could ack like that wen they no it aint rite. so that is all i will say this time.

TOMMY.

**THE KHAN.**

WE had occasion in a recent number to refer to the poetical gifts of "the Khan," and to congratulate the *Globe* on having made a regular opening for him in its Saturday issue. Our remark was that from time to time he produced a veritable gem, and we now wish to refer to his poem in last Saturday's issue, "Morning on the Farm," as a case in point. We do not recall anything in the way of descriptive poetry that is very much superior to this bit of work. Robby Burns himself might have been proud of it.

**A MATTER OF DUTY.**

A CERTAIN College Principal not a million miles from Toronto is chiefly known for his unassuming piety and profound scholarship. People do not generally think of him as a wit, that is, people who only know him in the outside world. The students get an occasional glimpse of the other side of his nature, when matters apart from the severe collegeate course are up for consideration. At the allotting of rooms in residence, for example, on a certain occasion, he addressed the students as follows:

"Gentlemen, there is another matter I wish to refer to in this connection—I mean the question of smoking. Now, we do not go the length of our Methodist brethren and prohibit smoking altogether; nor, on the other hand, do we urge you to smoke; but, if any gentleman feels it his duty to smoke, we ask that he do not do so in the corridors."



"THE UNITED SERVICE."

[Cook and coachman taking care of their convivial master.]



A FRIEZE OVERCOAT.

THE EDISON DOLL.

A FARCICAL TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Dramatised by J. W. B., from a humorous poem by F. Anstey.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- MR. JINKINS, a Bachelor.
- MRS. McMURPHY, a Charwoman.
- FLOSSIE FITZALMONT, a Juvenile Patrician.
- BOODLES, a Shop-boy.

SCENE—A scantily furnished lodging for a single gentleman. Grate, with smouldering fire, R. table, C. Shelf on rear wall with a square parcel in brown paper upon it. A few chairs, pictures, etc.

Mr. Jinkins sitting in a moody reverie before the grate. As curtain rises, Mrs. McMURPHY is discovered dusting the furniture.

MRS. McM.—Well, there's yer residince tidied up wance more for ye, Misther Jinkins, an' now I'm aff till me next engagement to do a bit av washing at an up-town establishment, (*Anxiously*) Are you not feelin' well, Misther Jinkins?

MR. J.—About as usual, Mrs. McMURPHY; why do you ask?

MRS. McM.—Sure I thought you must be sick or unwell or ailin' or somethin' whin you sit there so shtill all the whoile, niver spakin', but sittin' loike a hin in a packin' box sittin' on eggs.

MR. J.—A striking simile, Mrs. McMURPHY. Did I appear to be so very rapt?

MRS. McM.—Rapped, is it? Sure, I'm thinkin' it wud take a purty good rap to rouse you. Wor you lookin' at the little sodiers foightin' for the castle in the foire, loike what we used to do whin we wor childer'?

MR. J.—No; I can't say that I saw anything particular in the fire. In fact, now that I notice it, it's pretty low. I was just—er—musing, as I often do. It's a habit I've fallen into.

MRS. McM.—Musin'? Thinkin' av your best girrul, av course?

MR. J.—Pray don't jest on such a subject, Mrs. McMURPHY. No. I have no girl, good, better or best. I have no one in the world to care for, or who cares for me. That is practically what I was thinking of at the moment.

MRS. McM.—No girrul? Thin, why don't you get wan? Sure there's thousands to be had for the axin'!

MR. J.—Pray don't speak of it, Mrs. McMURPHY.

MRS. McM.—Why shuddn't I spake, an' spake freely, bein' that I'm married myself?

MR. J.—It isn't that; I don't misconstrue your intentions. But I have long since dismissed the subject from my mind—banished it from a heart that—but no matter.

MRS. McM.—Nonsense, Misther Jinkins (av I may be so bowld). Fwat's the raisin you shud have so poor an opinion av yourself? It's a nice, dacint gentleman you are, which I may say it before your face fhat I've said manny a toime behind your back.

MR. J.—Thank you, Mrs. McMURPHY. It's very kind of you. When I speak of having no friends, I make one exception—yourself. I'm much obliged to you, but—

MRS. McM.—But fwhat, thin? I suppose you wud say you're too owld to get married; or that you're not good-lookin' enough. Nonsense! Mr. Jinkins, sor, (av I may be so bowld) I've known uglier men than you to get married. An' oulder min, too, wid more biliousness, an' more angles, an' less substance an' less hair on their heads, so I have!

MR. J.—You flatter me, Mrs. McMURPHY.

MRS. McM.—Sorra a flatter, Mr. Jinkins. It's the gospel thruth I'm spakin'. Take ould McSpadden, for instance. D'ye know ould McSpadden? No, of course you don't. He's me own uncle's cousin, an' a perfect scare-crow, so he is. Ould, an' thin, an' bald-headed, an' no teeth, an' wan oye, an' wan fut, and sivinty-foive years ould av he's a day, an' I hope to doie av he didn't get married last spring to a shlip av a girrul not more nor out av her teens. Cheer up, Misther Jinkins, sor, there's plenty av hope for you!

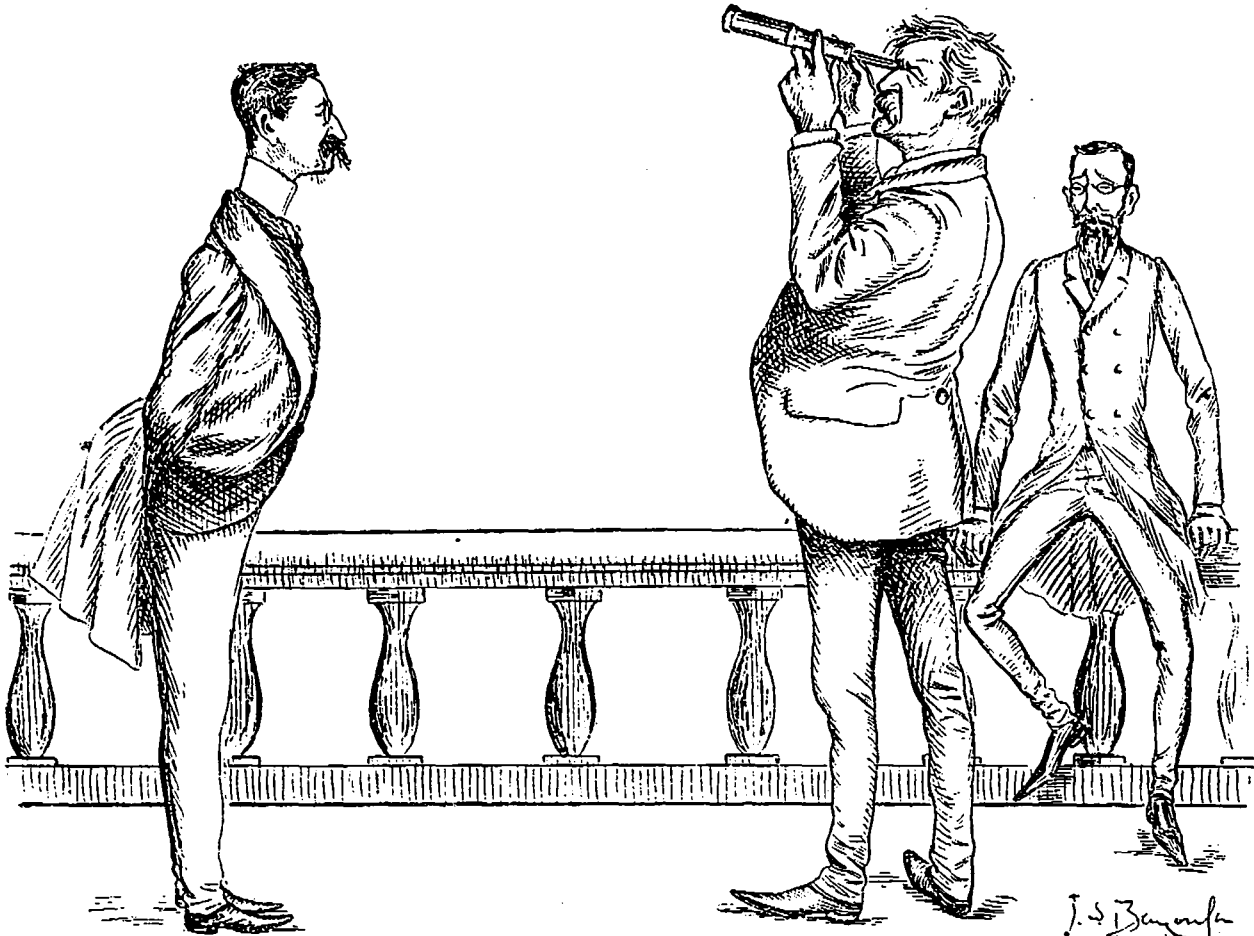
MR. J.—No, Mrs. McMURPHY, the fires of Cupid have gone out in my nature, and the ashes are scattered on the hearth. It is madness to think of it.

MRS. McM.—Madness? Not at all. Sure you don't know what you're talkin' about—(av I may be so bowld). I'm a married woman mesilf, an' the mother of sivin, an' you can have no idea of the joy an' comfort av it.



X.

HEWITT—"Well, Stewart, there's our consolation for us—we know that we've done our duty."  
STEWART—"In resigning? Yes."



SCIENCE AT OTTAWA.

HAGGART (*taking observations of the Planet Mars*)—"The Canals are quite distinctly visible, and, as already noted by the astronomers, seem now to be duplicated."

FOSTER—"Guess they've got a General Election in prospect up there, hey, Jack?"

MR. J. No; I suppose I could hardly enter into the joy of being the mother of seven. Indeed, I find little joy of any kind in life.

MRS. McM.—Amn't I tellin' you, that's the very raison av it—you're not bein' married. Thry it, man—(av I may be so bowld). Look at Mistor Filtzaltamont down on the ground floor below. There's a sample av a married man for you—as happy as the day is long.

MR. J.—Do you think he is really happy?

MRS. McM.—Do I *think*? No; but I *know* it. Don't I do the family washin', an' see fwat's goin' on in the house whin I'm there on business? Happy, is it? Sure, he's happier nor a lark, wid his purty woife an' daughter, an' his birds, an' books. It's loike a shmall taste av heaven, Mistor Jinkins, an' makes me croy almost whin I witness it.

MR. J.—Much more cheerful than my apartments up here, you think, then, Mrs. McMurphy?

MRS. McM.—Well—savin' your presince—(av I may be so bowld)—*yes*, a *trifle* cheerfuller. I niver wance saw Mr. Filtzaltamont sittin' forinst the foire-place lookin' at nothin' an' waitin' for the funeral services to begin.

MR. J.—No: I suppose not, Mrs. McMurphy.

MRS. McM.—An' no more shud I see *you*. An I wuddn't av you had a beautiful woife an' little girrl—or maybe, siven av them, Mistor Jinkins, sor. An, fw why not? Av the tinder passion would only come to you wance! But

I suppose you know nothin' av what I mane be the tinder passion? I mane *love*. Mistor Jinkins, sor!

*Mr. J. starts as if a painful memory had been suddenly roused.*

MR. J.—I know more about it, perhaps, than you suppose, Mrs. McMurphy.

MRS. McM.—(*much interested*) Ah, well now! Wor you wance crossed, Mistor Jinkins, sor, (av I may be so bowld)?

MR. J.—You are a good woman, and the only mortal I may call friend. I am sure your enquiry is made in no light, mocking spirit. I will answer it. Yes. I once loved, madly, wildly. But it is all ashes now.

MRS. McM.—Saints presarve us! Is that so, Mistor Jinkins, sor?

MR. J.—Yes, Mrs. McMurphy, but it is years and years ago—oh, so many years.

MRS. McM.—Well, well. So you axed her, and she wuddn't have you, the huzzy!

MR. J.—No; please don't speak of her unkindly. Her image is still dear to me, though she is now the wife of another.

*He rises and walks about in an agitated manner. Mrs. McM. following him in a sympathetic way.*

MRS. McM.—Wint aff wid a handsomer man, I suppose—I mane to say—that is—

MR. J.—It's no matter, Mrs. McMurphy. But don't call her a *hussy*. It was not her fault.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]



**BEYOND CONTROL.**

MARTER (*hoarsely roaring after the dog*)—"Come back, you stupid critter; that's not the Party I wanted you to go for!!"





DOMINICK, THE DISHEARTENED.

E. B.—(with a squint at the sign-post.) It's sick and disgusted I am, a' home I'll go for good. Sure the nearer I approach to my destination, the farther off it is!

THE GREAT "IF."

REV. DR. LANGTRY is devoting himself to a plan for the relief of the prevailing distress, which is likely to prove effectual if it can in any fair measure be accomplished. He proposes to relieve the pressure of the Labor market in Toronto by giving all who are willing to take it an opportunity to settle down on a five-acre farm in the vicinity of the city. It is estimated that from an allotment of this size an industrious man can support his family comfortably, and there ought to be a sufficient number ready and willing to go on the land, to make a decided difference to the state of affairs in town. The great question is, how is the good Doctor going to get access to the land for the needy ones who are willing to try the experiment? If the single tax system were in operation it would be simple enough, but things must be dealt with as they are. The land all round Toronto is owned, and the owners will not allow their fellow-creatures to occupy and use it as a mere matter of charity. They want to be paid rent, and, according to Ricardo, the amount of rent they will demand is the difference between the value of this land and that of the best land that can be had for nothing. This means that the land owners will take all the five-acre farmer can make above a bare living, and out of the bare living they will have to pay the municipal and tariff taxes. Perhaps Ricardo's law admits of exceptions, and we may have land owners hereabouts who are willing to forego rent from motives of humanity. If so, Dr. Langtry's idea is an admirable one, and deserves the earnest support of all who have hearts to feel for the trials and tribulations of the poor.

CRITICAL.

"I gathered these leaves in the forest to-day,  
While the autumn winds, whistling through them,  
Sent them pattering down, golden, purple and brown;  
Sent them pattering down, golden, purple and brown;  
An emblem of life, I send you them."  
[G. W. Johnston, Upper Canada College, in the *Mail*.]

Oh poet, is that closing phrase the best that you can do?  
If so, you ought to add a note—"with the accent on the *you*."

We are not talking quite so severely about Tammany as we used to here in Toronto.

THE MODERN DAMSEL

JUST NOW.

WHY, yes, 'tis true we maids are free,  
We never more shall yearn to flee  
To hymeneal shelter;  
No more our hearts with love are torn,  
Nor melt they now to lover lorn  
As if in fiery smelter.

The problem for ourselves we've solved,  
And to a higher plane evolved—  
All by ourselves we've done it;  
Into the world, with steady tread,  
We've marched to battle for our bread,  
And consequently won it.

And so we're free from Wellock's chain,  
And men may woo and wish in vain  
It's links on us to rivet;  
We greet them with a haughty stare,  
And as our nose doth sniff the air,  
An upward tilt we give ir.

What, never wed? you ask surprised,  
Will not our edict be revised  
On more mature reflection?  
Well, single bliss I'll never rue,  
And I, for one, that future view  
Without severe dejection.

Yet, if one day there came along  
Some one who'd sing the ancient song  
In accents sweet and thrilling;  
Some one with noble form and face,  
A scion of Apollo's race—  
Well, maybe I'd be willing.

AFTER A WHILE.

The day—the nuptial day is set,  
The kindred soul I've truly met,  
And we our troth have plighted;  
Responsively our hearts do beat,  
And hopes of fame that erst were sweet  
Are now forever blighted.

Yet, tears for hopes I cast aside  
A moment last, and then are dried  
By thoughts of joys domestic;  
Although, perhaps, 'twere well to say  
My king is wearing somewhat gray,  
His manner—unmajestic.

He comes not of Apollo's line,  
His chest doth measure twenty-nine,  
And winter makes him shiver;  
No song hath he yet said or sung,  
For he doth wear but half a lung,  
And pads ferninst his liver.

John West.

A MANIA.

OUR esteemed contemporary the *World* has become such a monomaniac on the Sunday Car question that prudent readers now glance at the foot of each editorial article for the accustomed reference to "laws that were made for the Jews three thousand years ago," just as other wary ones look for the suspected sting of the patent medicine ad. It is a queer subject that the *World* man cannot twist into a text from which to advocate Sunday cars. And sometimes, of course, he makes himself a trifle ridiculous, as when he declares that Dr. Langtry's scheme of relieving the labor market by giving the people access to the land, settling them on five-acre farms, will fail unless the cars run on Sundays. "Sunday," says the *World*, "is the very day when our five-acre farmer would like to be in a position to get into the city to visit his friends," etc. What's the matter with the five-acre farmer's horse and wagon? But meanwhile the *World* may keep calm. We will have Sunday cars when they are necessary;—till then we can get along without them.





A POLITICAL PORTRAIT OF SIR OLIVER.

"The Province of Ontario is ripe and has been ripe to remove the Mowat party but it did not find its voice in Mr. Meredith, nor has it found it in Prohibition. It has found its nearest expression in the Patron movement, and that is why Sir Oliver will now try to grow Patron whiskers."—*Toronto World*.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED!

PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 27, '94.

MR. GRIP,

SIR: As your journal circulates all over the country I think it the best paper to write to on the subject I wish to refer to—namely, the lies that are being circulated in the daily papers under the startling headline of "Fall of Port Arthur," and others to the same effect. The *Mail*, for instance, has an article giving what it calls "particulars of the assault," and summarising the same in the heading as follows: "A concerted rush on the harbor by torpedo boats—A heavy artillery fire poured into the forts—The place attacked from the rear—the Chinese become panic-stricken—heavy losses on both sides."

Now, sir, perhaps it will surprise you to learn that Port Arthur is enjoying its usual peace and prosperity, and that its inhabitants (I am one of them) have experienced nothing more warlike than the customary talk about the approaching municipal elections. As to the harbor, there hasn't been a Japanese gun boat seen anywhere near it since it was a harbor; it is all a pure fabrication. Both firecrackers and torpedos are prohibited by by-law, as they ought to be, and our town constable keeps so sharp an eye on the boys that the boldest of them would not dare to do as above suggested. Another thing—there are only two or three Chinamen in the place, peaceful fellows carrying on a respectable laundry business.

We haven't a solitary "Japanese," and I can't find anybody here who ever saw one. How such lies came to be made up and circulated is hard to comprehend, though many of us suspect certain unscrupulous enemies of the town

who live in Fort William, a place which aspires to be a rival of Port Arthur, but of course isn't in it. The reports in question are calculated to do our town harm, and we don't like it, as we have our funds invested in business here, and don't want to be driven into bankruptcy. Trusting, MR. GRIP, that you will insert this letter and help by your extensive circulation to counteract the harm our enemies are trying to do us, I remain sir,

Yours, etc.,

A PORT ARTHUR CITIZEN.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

"SHE has brightened our home immeasurably!" These are the words of a lady in the country, who has adopted a little girl rescued from the slums of Toronto by the Children's Aid Society. A picture of the child is given in the annual report just issued, and she certainly looks as if she was made to be a home-brightener. The report deserves a careful and thankful reading throughout, and the noble work of the Society ought to have the hearty support of all the friends of humanity. Send for a copy to the Secretary, Room 32, Confederation Life Building.

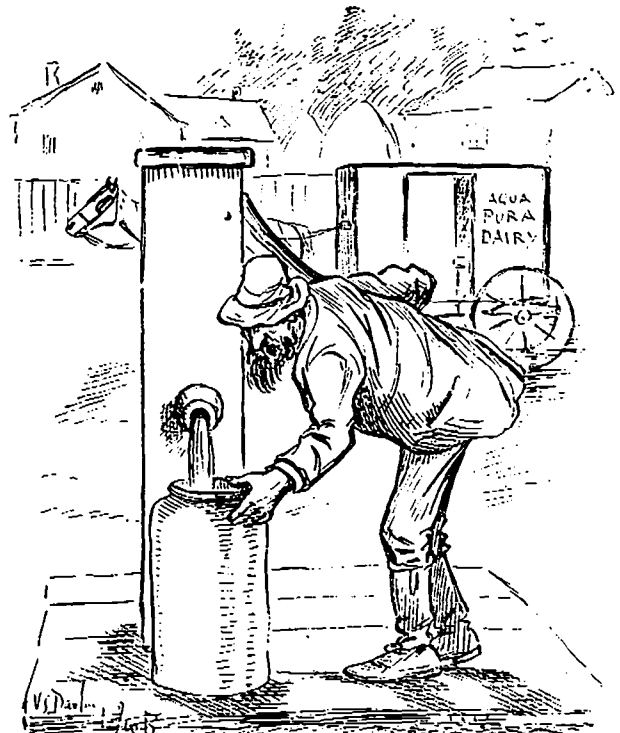
THE *World*, being a Conservative journal, is eminently loyal as a matter of course, and yet it seems to exult in the dangers and difficulties through which the Empire is at present passing.

"PERMIT ME," said the grocer as he poured a can of coal oil on the step to disturb some loafers who sat outside against the door. "To offer you a light," said one loafer to the other as he scratched a match. Fortunately both the grocer and his stock were well insured.

PENELOPE—"Oh dear, my watch has stopped again!"

KATE—"Perhaps you have forgotten to wind it. When did it stop?"

PENELOPE—"How can I tell? I haven't been holding it to my ear all day!"



"MAKING THE MOST OF IT."



"HIMS" ANCIENT AND MODERN.

"There now, Charles, that's how we should look if we didn't wear no clothes."

A SAM-LE OF PORT.

THE standard drink among the miners of the Black Country is beer. Beyond that homely beverage the bibular education of the natives has been neglected. *Apropos* of this David Christie Murray tells a good story. Three of the mine bosses were sitting one day in the local "pub" contemplating a treat

"Dids't iver taste port Jim?" asked one.

"Noa; w'at's port?" replied Jim.

"W'y, port - port wine, stuff as the gentry drinks," explained the posted one.

"It'll be main expensive then, I'm thinkin'," commented Jim.

"Landlord," roared the other, "ave you any port in the 'ouse?"

"I 'ave," said the landlord, "some o' t' best in t' country."

"W'at'll it come at?"

"Three an' six a bottle," was the reply.

"I reckon the three on us can stand that," concluded the spokesman of the party, after making an arithmetical calculation. "Fetch us a bottle, will you?"

"I sent my man down cellar for't," said the landlord in relating the incident, "w'ile I went out to look at my pigs. W'en I coom back I seed the three on 'em sittin' makin' sour faces and starin' at the thick muddy lookin' stuff in the glasses.

"Well," says Jim, "if that's t' soort t' gentry loikes, they're welcome to 'em fur's L'm concerned!"

"Jarge," I says to my man, "w'ere did you get that port wine from?"

"From the first bin on t' left 'and side down cellar," replied Jarge.

"You ode idiot!" says I, "you've fetched 'em mushroom ketchup!"

The old adage seems to be quite true that if contractors wish to dance to civic music, somebody has to pay the Piper.

GOLDWIN Smith gives it as his opinion that every commercial question which arises between the States and Canada will be settled on the part of the Americans "in the Protectionist sense." But the question is, is there and such thing as Protectionist sense?

ADVERTISER (*angrily*)—"If you think I'm going to pay you for this advertisement you're very much mistaken."

ADVERTISEMENT AGENT—"But why? What's the matter with it?"

ADVERTISER—"You promised to put it in next to reading matter, and you've got it alongside a column of poetry."

MAMA (*to hubby who has been nursing the baby*)—"Has the little darling been good when mama was gone?"

PAPA (*ex base ball pitcher—tenderly rubbing his nose*)—"Well, I've held him down to four hits so far, but he's got them pretty well bunched."

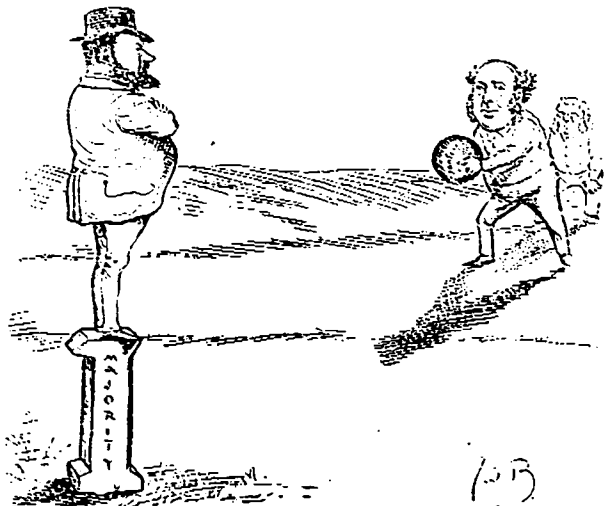
It will be necessary, we presume, to have a couple of buy-elections to fill the places vacated by Aldermen Hewitt and Stewart.

WHEN a young man takes a country girl home and does not kiss her at the gate, she feels indignant.

THE GIRL WHO PLAYS THE PIANO.

MOST people can tell this young lady by the manner in which she sits when no one is speaking to her. She appears to be lost in meditation; her fingers move on her knees as on a piano; her head is thrown back and her eyes are half closed. It appears to take some time to arouse her from this apparent coma, but in reality she is wide awake to what is going on around her and is closely watching the effect on her neighbors.

She requires to be much pressed before she will consent to play, and after she has consented much preparation is necessary before she can delight her audience. The stool is too high or too low; too far from or too near the piano. The top of the instrument has to be put open, which, in the case of a cottage piano, covered with photographs, draped flower-pots, books and every other conceivable thing, except music, with which people adorn the top of their instruments, is a work likely to occupy some considerable time, as everyone in the room has to be asked to move to admit of the various articles being stowed away under their chairs, on or behind tables, etc. At last, however, the performance begins, and then—Bedlam takes a back seat.



WILL HE KNOCK OUT DR. SMYTHE'S PROP?

PHENIX  
PUBLISHING COMPANY

# "Ads. that bring Biz."

OFFICE :  
81 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO

No advertisement of any business which we regard as fraudulent or of evil tendency will be accepted at any price. It being our desire to make GRIP advertisements unique and effective, we will freely supply expert aid to advertisers in the invention, construction, writing and illustrating of their ads.



## LOW SPIRITED AND WEAK

An Unfortunate Condition far too Common among the Women of Canada.

Low spirited and weak is a condition that aptly describes the condition of far too many women in this country. They are old in appearance when they should be in the prime of womanhood. They are martyrs to headaches, easily tired and indolent to exertion, and are pale and sallow in complexion. To those who are thus unfortunately situated the following letter from Mrs. Daniel Gavey, Gaspé Basin, Que., will point the road to renewed health. Mrs. Gavey says: "For a number of years I have been more or less of an invalid. I was low spirited, weak, and not able to do very much of the household work. My appetite was bad, and I suffered from headaches, and slightly from asthma. I used several medicines with no beneficial results and at last was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used them for some time and again enjoying the very best of health. My whole system is toned up and with the other troubles the asthma has disappeared. I consider Pink Pills an invaluable medicine and recommend them to the thousands of women who are suffering as I was." In all cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only speedy and infallible cure. They enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves, and drive out disease. Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by address sign the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Every package contains the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Refuse all substitutes and imitations.

## SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. The one has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whiteners." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an excellent mustache in six weeks. Ladies, if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whiteners" that will in one month's time make you as clear and as white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whiteners for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would wish to be. After the use of this Whiteners, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cts. per bottle and the "Face Whiteners" 50 cts. per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN,  
350 Gilmour St., Ottawa.

P.S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail will confer a favor by ordering \$1.00 worth, as

it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purposes, then it will save us the rush of P.C. stamps.

## The Season's Requirement.

Messrs. R. Scoville & Son, tailors, 77 King Street West, have made a special feature in their business of evening dress suits. The material used is of the best English manufacture and specially adapted for evening wear. As this most enterprising firm buy direct from the British market, and for cash, they are in a position to offer their patrons a dress suit, beautifully gotten up, for \$31.50, cash. They, furthermore, absolutely guarantee the same strictly high-class.

THE second of the People's Course in Massey Music Hall, last Saturday night, was a lecture by Mrs. French-Sheldon, one of the most intrepid of modern women, who organized and commanded an expedition into Africa, for which she was made an F.R.G.S., an honour conferred upon no other woman. Mrs. French-Sheldon may be actuated by a desire for notoriety—we think perhaps she is—but the world benefits by it, and she has given in her book, and by her lectures, much that is of interest relating to the dark continent. She has a commanding presence, has a good flow of language, and is well worth hearing. Mr. Wilkie, who arranged the People's Course, is entitled to the thanks of the citizens of Toronto for bringing her here.

EVOLUTION as propounded by Darwin and Drummond may be interesting, but for popularity commend us to the evolution of the Chrysanthemum. GRIP recollects when the finest specimens of that flower were little better than overgrown daisies, but florists have worked at it till they have evolved an immense number of varieties, some of them so double that they are great spheres of fluffy petals, so large that the veriest dude could hardly essay to wear one of them in his button hole. The admirers of the Queen of Autumn had opportunity last week to see chrysanthemums in infinite variety and perfection of beauty. At the fifth annual show at the pavilion, and those who visited the display were well repaid. There were other flowers too—roses and orchids, callas and violets, ferns and foliage plants—transforming the pavilion into a fairy scene beautiful to behold.

GRIP has a number of subscribers who owe him for various periods previous to July 1893, as well as for 1894. In order to induce them to pay up he makes this offer. To all who forward their arrears before 1st January next, together with \$1 additional, he will send a portfolio in 12 parts, of beautiful half one engravings, of Canadian scenery, with short letter press description of each view, and printed on highly finished paper. This is a very fine work, and dealing as it does with our own country, it is well worth having and preserving. To those who object to purchasing such a work without seeing it, we will, on receipt of 10 cents, with the arrears of subscription, send one part, and if it meets with approval, the remaining 11 parts can be sent for the other eleven parts. This offer is only made as an inducement to subscribers to pay up arrears, for the views are well worth far more than we supply them for. How many will take advantage of our offer?

## DRESSMAKER'S MAGIC SCALE

A perfect tailor system of garment cutting for ladies and children.

Also instructions in Men's and Boy's Clothing.

: MISS. K. C. MACDONALD :

General Agent, Ontario.

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# More Room

That's what we want immediately, so that new stocks of holiday goods coming to hand may be displayed to advantage. Our only plan is to clear out certain stocks now occupying store room.

Roller Top Desk, worth \$15, for ..... **\$10.50**

Flat Top Desk, with drawers and cabinet, regular price \$14, now ..... **10.50**

Book Case on top of desk, regular price, \$12.50, for ..... **8.00**

Handsome Book Case with roller top desk, regular price \$23.50, now ..... **15.00**

Desk, with drop leaf, pigeon holes, drawers **1.90**

Fine large antique Wardrobe, regular price \$13, for ..... **9.00**

Columbia Gas Range four holes, regular price \$24, for ..... **16.00**

Equally generous reductions in sideboards, hall racks and bedroom suites.

## C. F. Adams Co.

Homefurnishers

Toronto . . . . .

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Yonge Street.

C. S. CORVELL, - Manager.

## EDWARD STILL

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Trustee, Accountant, Auditor, & Etc

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A. E. AMES, Manager.

## - A FOUNTAIN PEN -

FOR  
**\$1.00**

A Fountain Pen is a good thing, provided you get the right kind at a moderate price. Fountain pens have hitherto been too high in price to come into general use. But the problem has been solved, and a good pen is now offered FOR ONE DOLLAR, free by post. This is not a cheap imitation, but a genuine gutta percha holder, with non-corrodible iridium pointed nib, from a first-class English firm. The nibs are furnished in fine, medium and broad, and as there is a twin feed the flow of ink is steady and reliable. Gold nibs, and holders with gold bands at higher prices, but the DOLLAR PEN is just as well adapted for everyday use.

The Neptune (for that is its name) is a favorite in England for short hand writers and others, but this is the first time, we believe, it has been offered for sale in Canada. The holder contains ink enough for two days steady writing.

Can be had by addressing J. J. Bell, GRIP Office, 81 Adelaide St., West, Toronto.

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By S. R. CROCKETT.

"FRESH : BREEZY : BRILLIANT."

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has only begun. Many things undis-  
covered up to the present date, one  
in particular being a cure for bald-  
ness or falling hair.

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(extreme old age excepted) can be  
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standing, will be sent post free.—Artificial  
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KEMME, Victoria Chambers, 19 South-  
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A few good boys wanted in  
unrepresented towns  
to sell

## "GRIP"

Good inducements. Terms  
made known on  
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Ornamental Goods they certainly are—pretty as a picture in most cases. Useful at the same time, for they fill a needed place in every home. What better for a holiday gift.

Japanese Stools, in white, ebony, cherry, mahogany, oak,  
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Cairo Folding Tables, in cherry, mahogany, maple, oak \$5 00  
Tabourets, in white, oak, mahogany and maple, \$3.00 and \$4 00  
Famous Vantine Stools for cosy corners ..... \$1 00  
and large size ..... \$1 65

You know the advantage of looking around early. Don't put off  
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KNOWN FOR FINE ART GOODS.

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