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LANDLADY-"I hope he does. I think you can assure him that he will be perfectly satisfied with the house." MR. JOHNSON—"Certainly, certainly. He's

not at all hard to please.'



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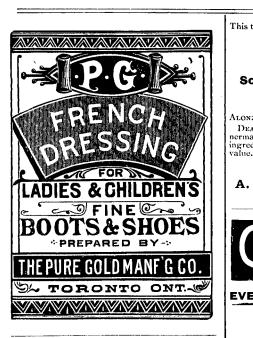
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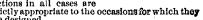
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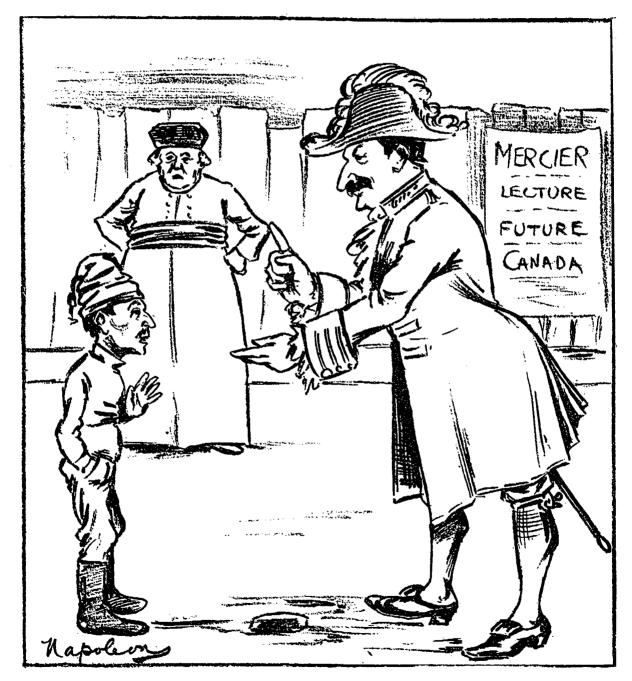
ADDRESS,

# <sup>₩</sup> GRIP<sup>₩</sup>

VOL, XL.

#### TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1893.

No. 15 Whole No. 1035



#### NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM.

"Yes, Jean Baptiste, think of it. You are going to be perfectly independent of everyone-but, ahem! I shall, of course, require you vote, and the gentleman over there will want titles as usual."

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≤ GRIP ====

The gravest beast is the .lss; The gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; The gravest man is the Fool.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1893

#### DUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The names continue to come in, and the choice is pretty evenly divided. All the premiums offered are cheap at the selling price given, and as they are offered free, or nearly so, it's no wonder that a big lot of people take advantage of our offers. When you get tired of these we'll offer others, but from now until further notice every one who sends in two dollars for GRAV for one year in advance, whether new or old subscribers, will receive

"Grip" one year and the "Farm Journal" one year, \$2.50 for \$2.00.

" (Grip " one year and " Woman's Work " one year, \$2.50 for \$2.00.

"Grip" one year and the Excelsior Webster Pocket Speller and Definer, \$2.50 for \$2.00.

"Grip" one year and a Revolving Planisphere, \$2.50 for \$2.00.

For \$2.50, "Grip" one year and the "Home-Maker" Magazine, \$4.00 for \$2.50.

Below we give fuller particulars as to these offers.

The Farm Journal. Every farmer, gardener, stock breeder, orchardist, dairyman, poultryman, their wives, and even the boys and girls will find Farm Journal crowded full of helpful information. It aims to be practica rather than theoretical, to be brief and to the point, in fact, to be cream, not skim milk. It is adapted to all parts of the country. North, South, East and West. If you are not acquainted with it, send a postal card to Farm Journal. Philadelphia, Pa., for a sample copy. It has already more subscribeers than any other monthly agricultural paper in America.

*Homan's Work*. A literary and domestic magazine-deservedly one of the most popular published. It is pure, entertaining and helpful in every department. Its pages are filled with high-class original reading matter and illustrations suited to all ages; it is published to satisfy the great need for good home literature, and no other periodical meets it so well.

The Home Maker. A handsome zeo pago illustrated ungazine edited by Mrs. Croly (Jenny June.) The Home-Maker is, without doubt, in quality and quantity of reading matter, the lowest-priced magazine published. It is a wonder at \$2.00 a year, the subscription price, and as it only costs our subscribers soc. we feel sure they will appreciate this offer and take advantage of it in large numbers.

> THE GRIP PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., 201-203 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

HE late opening of the Session will have a beneficial effect if, as appears likely, it results in business being rapidly pushed forward. It used to be the practice to waste at least he first two or three weeks in dawdling over the address and waiting for Government measures to be brought down. There has been considerable improvement in this respect of late years, but there is still room for greater despatch, especially now that there is

no fight left in the Opposition. There is no reason why the House should sit longer than a month, especially as the Government is not disposed to undertake any comprehensive measures of reform, but simply proposes to pass the estimates and do the usual amount of legislative tinkering

GRIP is pleased to note that Mr. Meredith, who in many respects is much more progressive in his views than the Ontario Ministry, took exception to the revival of the military parade at the opening of the Legislature. Premier Mowat apparently felt the incongruity of his position as a professed Reformer in connection with this antiquated bit of pageantry, as he put forward the excuse that the occupation of the new Parliament Buildings was a special occasion justifying a reversion to the old practice. We may hope, therefore, that we have witnessed the last of this absurdity.



OW that Chicago has elected as mayor Carter Harrison, the candidate of the toughs, gamblers and whiskey sellers, by a majority of some 20,000, there is no longer room for doubt that the World's Fair will be

a carnival of disorder, crime and debauchery. Mr. Harrison's principal recommen-

dation in the eyes of his constituents was his avowal that he intended to "run things wide open," in other words, that the lawless and depraved classes, who seem to be a majority in Chicago, would, under his administration, have free swing He will, no doubt, be as good as his word. This triumph of the worst elements upon a square issue is a clear indication of what visitors to that city may expect. The so-called World's Fair will be a gigantic swindle and a disappointment to every body except those who look on it as a grand chance for plunder.

A<sup>S</sup> was to be expected, the fool notion of proclaiming to the world that Toronto was anxious to get more manufacturers on any terms, has resulted in bringing down upon us a horde of bonus-hunters. Their audacious demands in the way of free sites and special privileges show that they have sized up our City Council as a lot of simpletons. If it were possible at this stage to get



either indignant or astonished over the cool impudence and greed of syndicated plunderers who pose as wouldbe benefactors on the one hand, or the worse than folly of their aldermanic jackals on the other, such feelings would be roused by the proposed Ashbridge Bay grab. It is difficult to believe that even aldermanic stupidity would connive at a scheme involving the surrender of 200 acres of land, exemption from tixes and a \$75.000 bonus, unless the specious arguments usually put forward to justify bonusing were reinforced by more powerful ones of a personal and tangible character.

IT might have been supposed that the experience of other communities would be sufficient to show that manufactories which have to be bribed or bonused to induce them to locate in a particular locality are, in the end, worth very little to it. Apart from this, it is a gross injustice to those who have built up the city without such



The bard began, "Into the ink I dip my pen, and thirk and think." And then he rose and shricked with rage, He'd dipped it in the mucilage,

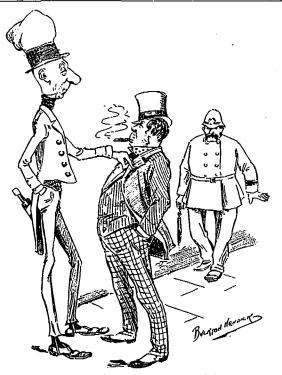
aid to give better terms to outsiders. Bonuses, either in the shape of land, money or exemptions from taxation, are, lik: protection, simply a robbery of the many for the benefit of the few.

THE proposal to encourage by the gift of a free site the erection of a rolling mill in Parkdale on one of the most beautiful spots of the lake shore, is, objectionable on another ground. It would hopelessly defile and injure one of the finest residential neighborhoods, and be a nuisance in the immediate neighborhood of our principal park. Any benefit to the city from the additional population and expenditure of money would be far more than offset by the injury to its attractiveness. Many visitors are drawn to Toronto in the summer by the natural beauties of our suburban and water-front



NECK AND NECK.

resorts; and if we permit them to be polluted by the smoke and dust of factories, and their necessarily unpleasant surroundings, we may lose more than we gain.



CLASSICAL FRIENDSHIPS.

ALLY-" Say, Viscount, who were those great chums of olden times?"

VISCOUNT HARDUP —" You mean Damon and Pythias." ALLY—" Oh, yes; them's 'em; and now I come to think there was Castor and Pollux and Tom and Jerry."



#### THE TRAVELLER\_AND THE LION.

#### A FABLE.

TRAVELLER was once A Journeying through a dense thicket in a Far Country, when he encountered an Old Lion. Before he could Load his Gun or pull out his Whiskey Flask to Load Himself, the savage Beast sprang at him and Bore him to the "I guess I'm booked Earth. as an inside Passenger for the rest of the Journey," thought the Traveller, as he Prepared to be Chawed ; but the Lion did not Proceed to Business, and, looking up, the Traveller Perceived he was shedding Copious Tears. "Why weep You?" he enquired, Sympathizingly, as the Lordly Beast bowed its Mane in Woe.

"I was just Thinking what a Lot you are Missing, by not being in My Place just now

to enjoy the Rare Feast," sobbed the Lion, and with that he assisted the Traveller to an Inside Berth.

≡GRIP≝≝

MORAL. People don't know what They Miss by not being Born Animals.

#### A WOULD-BE DIPLOMAT.



D lik to be a consul And take in all the shows, And at official dinners Strut in my gorgeous clothes, In all important functions The way-up swells I'd meet, And never have a cent to pay For all the grub I'd eat.

> Official pageantry and pomp Are rather in my line, In diplomatic circles I think that I could shine. Champagne's a noble beverage, Superior far to beer; Perhaps I'd get a title And be known as "Chevalier."

I'd like to be a consul And show upon my door A national escutcheon From some far foreign shore. I'd be a bigger man by far Th:n if I ran a bank, With " the dutics of my office " And my diplomatic rank.

I think I have ability, Just give me half a show To keep the *entente cordiale*, Likewise the status quo. And lest relations should be strained I never would decline To accept an invitation With the government to dine.

At the opening of the Session, Where consuls were on view, Bulgaria wasn't in it, Nor yet was Timbuctoo. So I've sent an application To those important states, To do their consul business At reasonable rates.

And next time there's a function, You bet that I'll be there In a new and gorgeous uniform To make the vulgar stare; And right upon the footing, too, Of the most favored nations, Or otherwise 'twill be a case Of badly strained relations.



#### A STRONG PERSONALITY.

WILLY-" Why, Cholly, you heah? I thought I passed you on the street just now."

CHOLLY—" Haven't been out for an houah, deah boy." WILLY—" Well, then it must have been some othah fellah, with a dawg and cane just like yours."





A DECIDED DIFFERENCE.

BOR PEASTRAW—" I went all through New York the last time I was there."

SILAS OATCAKE-"Yes; but the first time you went up there New York went through you, didn't it?"

#### CURIOUS POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

THAT Premier Mowat's administration is a Liberal government.

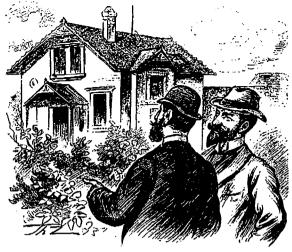
That Orangemen are opposed to Rome Rule-in Canada.

That politicians lie awake nights thinking of how they can benefit the public.

That the bank and Dominion note currency has a gold basis.

That saying "transfer" to a trolley conductor is equivalent to paying fare.

That it is impossible to get a drink in a saloon after seven o'clock Saturday evening.



#### MALICIOUS.

SMILAN—"Guess not. I don't think he'd have put on a lightning rod."

That the Grit party have a policy.

That the Ontario ballot is secret.

That the man who owns a quantity of Toronto real estate is therefore wealthy.

That Toronto is a Conservative city.

That the more we are taxed the richer we grow.

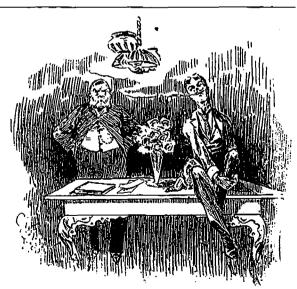
That Mayor Fleming is an enthusiastic civic reformer. That saloon "wine" is made from grapes.

That "no Irish need apply" when Government offices are being distributed.

That Canadian politicians accept titles reluctantly, and are only persuaded to do so for fear of offending the Queen by a refusal.



COMFORTING. DOCTOR—"Your complaint is a very dangerous one." MRS. 149—"Dear me ! O, dear !" DOCTOR—"And a very unusual one." MRS. 149—<sup>11</sup> Unusual? That is a great consolation.



THE BLOT ON THE ESCUTCHEON.

THE OLD ONE-" By Jove, sir, you shall stop disgracing the family name this way ! My ancestors have all been gentlemen, sir."

sir." THE YOUNG ONE—" What a pity I can't say the same of all mine !"



## THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

CLARKE WALLACE IS TRIUMPHANT NOW, BUT WAIT A LITTLE WHILE AND YOU'LL HEAR SOMETHING DROP.



GRIP

### THE RISING TIDE



GRIP



#### COLD COMFORT.

HORSE THIEF-" I guess I got myself into a purty deep hole." LEADER OF LYNCHING BEE-" All right, pard, we'll soon lift yer up."

#### SESSIONAL NOTES.

BY OUR OWN M.P.P.

THE session has opened in a blaze of glory. Tuesday was a big time and no mistake. Nobody could get in without tickets of admission, excepting us, of course, and the harder it was to get in the more folks there was that was bound to get in or die, which some of them nearly did. A lot of the ladies was *decollete*. Sir Oliver was not *decollete*, though it was generally expected he would be. The talk from the Governor was just about as usual, and if anybody expected he was going to put on a few extra frills, strike an attitude and sling 'em some blank verse, or warble a selection of operatic music in honor of the occasion, they got disappointed.

But the Governor done his duty like a little man at the reception, though, where he was kept hard at the pump-handle exercise for two or three hours. I don't know this new Governor much, and I thought I'd take the opportunity to get acquainted, so when it come to my turn to shake, I says: "Evening, Governor. This is an imposing building, your Governor." That was a bad break. I meant to say "your Excellency," but I clean forgot the darned word. However, he took no notice but said : "Yes, indeed, Mr. Guffy."

"Yes," says I, "we ain't got nothing like it in our part of the country. The County Council last year allowed they was going to build a new hall, but—"

Just then though, he give me a nod and turned round to shake the next man in the procession, so I didn't get no further chance to chin with him. I meant to have asked him how he liked being Governor, and if he ever came to our section, and to offer to send him down a side of pork and a barrel of cider. Aint nothing like making yourself solid with these big bugs. But he didn't give me the chance, and as I can tumble to a hint as well as the next man, I said: "So long, your Excellency. That's the second time you've give me the shake," and slid along.

I'll see him again some day when he aint so rushed with business, for I want to work him for a sit for young Ebenezer Baker, of our township, son of Deacon Baker. The Deacon's naturally a stiff old Tory, but seeing him and me belongs to the same church, he turned in and helped me last election on condition that I was to get Eben a office of some kind. The young fellow's a durned fool and no earthly use on a farm, and a job in the register office, or round the Parliament Buildings, somewhere where he wouldn't have no work of any account to do, would just suit him.

The new building may be a imposing structure, as every one says, but there's one thing about it that's durned unconvenient—there's no

place where you can g t a drink. Hardy says that's where the imposing part of it comes in. "Its imposing on human nature," says he, "to suppose that us fellers can stay around here from three p.m. till all hours without a snifter."

"That's so," I told him. "It won't do. But the place is big enough, and what's the matter with fixing up a bar in some of these here vacant rooms. The liquors could be put down in the Public Accounts as 'stationery,' or 'sundries,' couldn't they?"

Hardy winked. "Such things have been done before now, Guffy, but as to a bar—a regular open bar you know—Mowat won't have it. He says public opinion must be respected—and really he's right. For remember we shall have a general election next year—after that's over perhaps"—and he winked again.

"Too bad," I said. "Not that I am in the habit of drinking, but to-day I'm not feeling very well, and..."

"Come to my room for a minute,"said Hardy. I aint going to reveal no cabinet secrets, but I don't believe there's many better judges of liquor than Hardy.

After a while, I met in with an Empire man. He

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used to live out our way once, and he stopped me in the corridor to enquire about the folks.

"This here hypocritical and corrupt government, now tottering to its fall," says he, "wont tolerate a bar on these premises. but—"

And pulled a flask out of his hip pocket, whereupon I said I didn't mind if I did.

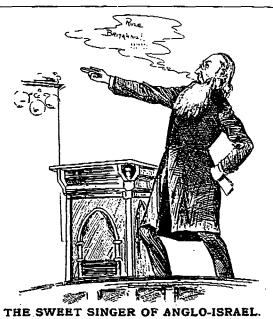
Just before the House opened I had another in the cloak-room with Sol. White.

When I took my place Meredith was speaking. Good speaker, Meredith. Both the Merediths. But what's the reason, I wonder, that they both speak together. Somebody's out of order. Why doesn't the Speaker call the other Meredith down !

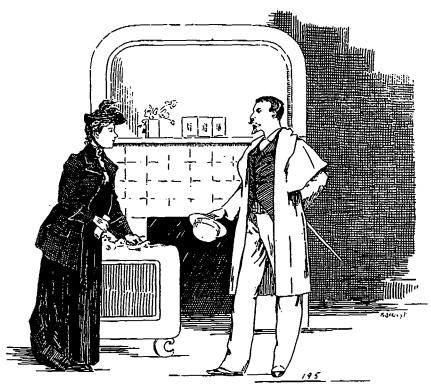
Somehow this new house not like old place. Curious architectural effect. Seems to go round and round. When did Meredith's brother get elected, anyhow?

Great speech. Meredith got great head—two great heads. But sort of incoherent—don't seem to hang together. Hello? Got two Speakers in the chair. What's that for? S'pose takes two Speakers because House more imposing structure than it was.

Meredith says Ditches and Watercourses Act encourage development of juvenile offenders and facilite progress of voters lists-good idea-Mowat says so too.



F The First Basso of the Imperial Federation Opera Co., in his effective rendering of "Rule Britannia," at the Auditorium, March 23rd.



SHE HAD NO OBJECTIONS.

DAUBITT-" I want to ask, Mrs. Pozee, if you've any objection to my exhibiting my portrait of you in your native town ? You know I exhibit there next month."

MRS. POZEE-" No objections at all, Mr. Daubitt. I don't think any one would ever suspect the picture was meant for me."

But what's that got to do with subject? I'm afraid Meredith's drunk. Don't seem to speak plain. What business government got to close bar? I'll ask Hardy.

Speaker says, "Order." Both Speakers. What business government got to increase taxes by appointing two Speakers?

That's enough for one day. Must go and get drink somewhere.

ORLANDO Q. GUFFY, M.P.P.

#### "PONTHOMANCY."

BRICKTOP-"I was reading in the paper that the very latest fad is 'ponthomancy,' or telling your fate by foot prints."

LANGSTAFF—"Old as the hills, dear boy. I learned my fate that way when I was making up to Miss Higginson five years ago."

BRICKTOP — "And you foretold your future from your foot prints—or from her's, which?"

LANGSTAFF-" Neither-the old man's."

#### WHEN THE SUN SHINES.

NOW is the busy milliner Improving every hour The latest style of bonnet with New ribbon, leaf, or flower.

How quick her skilful fingers are, How cunningly she tacks. Great Scott ! and how she charges, too, For the "sweet things" she makes.

G.C.



#### WHY SHE OPPOSED IT.

MABEL-" It seems absurd that your chaperon shou'd consider your match with Mr. Hardcash a mesalliance "

MAUD-" Not at all. She didn't have a hand in arranging it."

#### LANDING OF THE LEGISLATIVE PILGRIMS.

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF MRS. HEMANS.

THE April sun rode high above the leafless trees,

1 As a band of soldiers, looking fly, marched bravely in the breeze.

And their arms were burnished bright, and white their he'mets' sheen,

While they seemed to say, as they paced it light, "We're the bravest e'er were seen."

And the band played fast and loud, while the silks are flowing free, And the maid in her evening dress looks proud, and the curicus crush to see.

- The double-chinned are there, with stomachs ample grown,
- And the M.P.'s lead the dowagers bare to the jam around the throne.

They were a high-toned gang that the ushers heard and saw,

- While the sounding aisles of the chamber rang with their cultivated jaw.
- And the lower classes poured from all sides round to see,
- And swallow to think (while the cannons roared), " If this guzzle were for me."

There were addled pates and hoar among that gilded throng, Were better fit o'er a toast to snore than judge of right or wrong; But the toiler couldn't ge: in? "You're wrong, my friend: Oh, yes,

= GRIP==

Who so could come, a pass could win, but he must be in evening dress.

What meant that gilded crew? Were their efforts nobly spent, To help the toiler his task to do? They were playing at government. Ay, call them "lower class" who vote these men in place, To live at case on the toiling mass, and spurn them to their face. D. S. MACORQUODALE.

#### A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

M ISS RUSTICK—"You'd ought to have been at the opening of the House, uncle, it was just elegant. Such lovely costumes ! But one thing was rather disappointing, Sir Oliver didn't appear in his knightly costume as we expected he would."

OLD MAN RUSTICK —"Why, of course he wouldn't! Oliver Mowat ain't that kind of a man—an' anybody that expected he was goin' to make a holy show of himself in his night shirt right afore the folks was bound to git fooled. It was just one of these yarns got up by the Tories."

#### THE POET'S PERPLEXITY. THOU long-expected, gentle Spring, Thee and thy genial days I'd sing, But am perplexed, And ere my muse expands her wing, I fain would learn of whom to sing, And how I should address thee, Spring, As this, or next?

#### G.C.

#### THAT KIND IS NUMEROUS.

MR. QUANE-"Can you suggest a name for the new club we are organizing?"

MR. SOURLY---" What is the matter with "The Faggot Club?"

MR. QUANE-" Why 'The Faggot,' pray?"

MR. SOURLY-" A faggot is a collection of sticks."



#### HOW HE VIEWED IT.

BIBLICUS-" One of the worst of the plagues that the Israelites brought on Egypt was the plague of frogs."

FRENCH GOURMET-" Plague ! Do you call zat a plague? Um -you don't know vhat vas good. I vould call it a blessing."

#### A CANADIAN GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

TO hoop or not to hoop? That is the question,

Whether 'tis nobler in us girls to suffer Expansive skirts of the outrogcous longsince

To come, and place us in a sea of troubles, By bobbing 'gainst ( ur dudes' shins as we travel.

Thus, by opposing progress, end our courtship;

Or, crinolineless, straight look on misfortunes,

And sit on them and end them.

To walk in peace In Empire skirts, and keep perchance our lovers

E'en yet, and by that peace to say we end The back-ache and the thousand natural

shocks That fashion-flesh is heir to-'tis a con-

summation

Devoutly to be wished. To dor the hoopskirts,

The wide, extended steels all round: Ay, there's the rub,

For from those hoops the agony is piled,

And when we shuffle off the steely coil For Jenness-Miller skirts must give us

pause.

But the respect That resurrecteth hoops again to life,

Female delight of being in the fashion !

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time

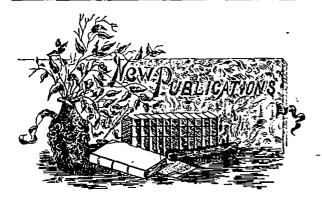
Whisper'd behind our backs, our friend's sweet sneer,

The odiousness of oddness, and the spurns The unfashionable woman has to take. When she herself might her quictus make With a few steels?

What girl will plain skirts wear, To fume and fret under a weary life, Because, alas, she is not in the fashion,

use, and, she is not in the fashion, But that the dread of losing her best fellow Who doth not take well to the innovation; This makes us rather wear our cli ging skirts, And try to please and keep it e men we have caught, Than spread our net for those we know not of. Shall fashion thus make fools of all us girls? No! Let our Canuck hue of resolution Move that we give to crinoline no quarter, And all our costumes, poplins, tweeds and serges, Their back-gored currents never turn awry With hideons hoops, but keep instead cur sweethearts.

NORA LAUGHER.



THE Canadian Magasine for April sustains the promise of its initial number. The frontispiece shows the new Ontario Parliament buildings, a description of which is furnished by Frank Yeigh. Attorney General Longley contributes a paper on "Nova Scotia Gold Mines."



IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Alex. McNeill, M.P., deals with "British Trade and Imperial Reciprocity," and Castell Hepkins beslobbers Coercionist Balfour with snobbish adulation.

THE March Lake opens with an interesting paper by R. E. Gosnell on "The Crofter Scheme of British Columbia," accompanied by illustrations of the scenery of that Province. Edith J. Archibald treats of "The Woman's Congress at the World's Fair." "Some Aspects of Theosophy" is the title of a short article by Helen A. Hicks. The Lake makes a special feature of short stories and sketches, most of them of a highly imaginative character. The poetry is innocuous, such of the more flagrant offenders in that direction, as were not promptly assassinated after the appearance of the last number, having fled to parts unknown.

"AN Odd Situation," by Stanley Waterloo published by Morrill, Higgins & Co., Chicago, is a realistic story of the Canadian frontier, showing up in a masterly way the absurdities and hardships of the tariff system. A farmer having adjoining lots in Canada and the U.S. is "protected " on both sides of the line and consequently finds himself liable to penalties every time he drives his stock to pasture from one part of his farm to the other, or supplies his American kitchen with eggs from his Canadian harn-yard. The killing of an obnoxious customs (fficial gives an air of cheerfulness to the narrative and tends to lighten the gloom of the situation somewhat; but some persons have morbid conscientious scruples which are likely to prevent this method of mitigating the irksomeness of protective tariffs from becoming general. The book is a neatly printed volume of 300 pages.



#### THE BYE ELECTION 3.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTER (te candidate) - "We've 'eard wot yer 'nd to say on the Free Trade Question, guviner, but wot 'ave yer got to say on the Free Drink Question, eh?"—*Piccome-up*.

#### A CHICAGO VERSION.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe, She had so many children she didn't know what to do, They took up all the room so she had none to spare To accommodate strangers who came to the Fair.

#### A WELL QUALIFIED OFFICIAL.

'HE other day a foreign-looking man of determined aspect, and speaking broken English, presented himself at the Public Works Department and asked for employment during the session. The official to whom he addressed himself eyed him closely for a second and then asked:

"How long have you been in the country?"

" Tree veek, sare."

"Three weeks. Well, I think you have gall enough to expect the Government is going to employ you when we are overwhelmed with applications for positions from Canadians who have done good work for the party."

" Ah, dat may be, but dey haf not my qualifications. Dey cannot haf."

"What are your qualifications?"

"Sare, for twenty year I vas a guide in de Alps. I haf hunt de chamois, I can scale de lofdy precipice and look down into de chasm below an I no tremble. I guide de traveller ofer de mountain pass, vere if you miss your foothold, it is certain death. My foot is sure and my arm strong to save de man who slips. Vere is de Canadian who can do that?"

"But what good will your experience as an Alpine guide be to us?

"Vat good? Everyting, sare. You do vant a man like me to help strangers to de scats in de galleries of de House and rescue dem again."

He got the job.

#### SPITEFUL.

CASTELL HOPKINS (what a name to handle), Would turn out the Profe sor ; is it spite Or jealousy which makes the farthing candle Desire the exclusion of electric light? G.C.

HE DESERVED IT.

**DUSLINCH**-"Why did the Art Students' League pass a vote of censure on Bro. Samjones?"

HUNTABLE -" It was this way. One of the members wanted some sepia, and Samjones told him he could get it at the south east corner of King and Yonge Streets.'

PUSLINCH-"Why, that is C P.R. agency! HUNTABLE-" Exactly. Now do you wonder that we

censured him ? He ought to have been expelled."

#### SKUNK CITY.

N smells Chicago must at least Yield the first place in fame. She cannot beat the little beast To which she owes her name.

G.C.



#### TOO METHODICAL FOR HER.

FAIR WIDOW (beguilingly)-" Now, Mr. Slade, suppose your wife was to die. What would you do then?" MR. SL . DE-" Call in the undertaker."

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

#### = GRIP

#### HEALTHY CHILDREN.

THE use of Dyer's Improved Food for Infants has been proved of great value in preserving the health of infants. It is made from pure Pearl Barley, is always fresh, and sold at 25c. per package. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

THE PHILISTINES IDEAL.

I PAINTED a glorious picture once-"A Female Face"-divinely fair; And Rembrandt's wondrous light and shade With Raphael's grace was blended there.

I showed it to a friend one day-

You should have heard him then exclaim : "Well, well ! old man-you've struck it rich ; Now, that is good enough to frame !'

-Puck

#### CONSUMPTION CURED

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

I'd a glassie full of toddie, Nine they say had I; For all the boys they smiled with me, When getting full of rye. -Truth.

WATSON'S Cough Drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest-for the voice unequalled. Try them. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED. --- A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Eng.

KELLY -" Do you think you will marry a rich girl?" KEER-" I'll have to if I keep on in this business."

#### A SUBSTITUTE.

HE-" I've bought you a pet monkey to amuse you, darling." SHE-"Oh, how kind of you ! Now I

shan't miss you when you're away ! "

RIMER-" I've written a poem on the crinoline.

TRIVVET-" That's right. It deserves it."

#### MAYBE HE WAS A LOAFER.

"DARLING," said he ter.derly, "I have made up my mind to ask you—to ask you —" "Yes," she whispered, breathlessly.

"To ask you to become my wife.

I know. dearest, that it is bold-it is presumptuous for You are so much superior to me to do so. me. I am, I feel, unworthy of your-

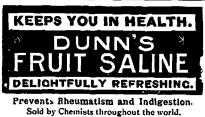
"Say no more, John, I am yours. You may be unworthy of me, but \_\_\_\_"

But what, dearest ?'

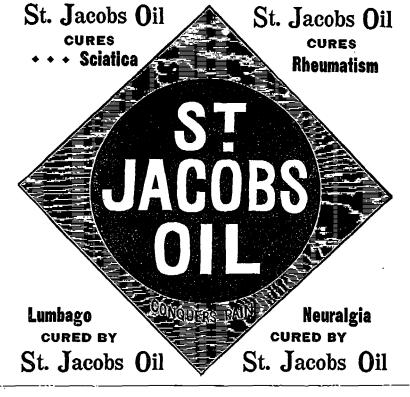
"Half a loaf is better than no bread."

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" You can't do that again," said Pat when the Indian scalped him. - Truth.



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