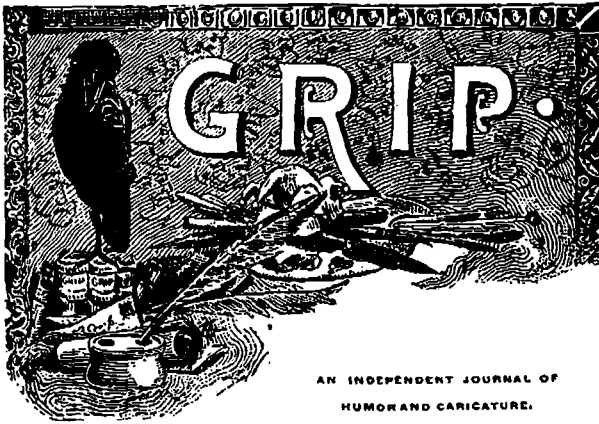


FORGETTING THE MAN AT THE OAR.

THE OARSMAN (who has noted the passing back and forth over his head of the "refreshment.")—"Don't you think, gents, it's about time to oil the engine?"

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

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



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
General Manager
Artist and Editor
Manager Publishing Department

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

Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and
Canada.

To Great Britain and
Ireland.

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

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

Comments on the Cartoons.



IN EXTREMIS. — If Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir, which has proven so successful in restoring vigor to the aged and infirm, could only be tried upon the poor old Reform Party of this country, it would be a great blessing. It is because we have thrown out a hint to this effect as occasion served, that the vials of *Globe* wrath were recently poured out upon GRIP's devoted head, but the stupid fury of an organ which has itself been the chief cause of the Party's paralysis, does not count for much, nor does it alter the

acts. It is clear to every intelligent observer that, looking over the Dominion from end to end, there is nothing like a spirit of enthusiasm at present animating the Liberal ranks, and the reason plainly is that the members of the party have nothing to be united and enthusiastic about. What is wanted is, first, a popular policy, by which we do not mean a piece of catchy clap-trap, but a clear declaration of principle along some line of practical Reform. Instead of the present misty and spiritless attitude the Reform leaders occupy on the Tariff Question, for example, there ought to be a straight declaration of Free Trade, which would express the real belief of a vast majority of their followers. Next, having defined the policy clearly, there should be vigorous action. It is true that Mr. Laurier has of late made an appear-

ance before the public, and he deserves credit accordingly, but an occasional speech, even from so graceful an orator, is not enough. The leading men of the party in all sections of the country ought to be upon the platform in season and out of season, educating the people in the true doctrines of trade, and everything else; and the Press behind them ought to be, day by day, doing the same work. When men are fired with a great truth they do not need to be urged to enthusiasm, and the very fact that the Reform Party of Canada has nothing to say to the people except upon the eve of an election, is enough to raise a serious doubt as to its right to the name it has adopted. A clear, wise policy and vigorous action would prove a veritable elixir of life to it just now. Let Dr. Laurier try the experiment.

FORGETTING THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.—One of GRIP's friends down Brockville way sends along a little anecdote—the record of an actual fact—and we have taken the liberty to give a political twist to it. A couple of tourists, A and C, the other day engaged a French boatman, B, to row them twelve miles up the river. Shortly after starting, C produced a bottle of whisky, and after taking a pull at it, handed it to A over B's head. A, having duly refreshed, handed the bottle back to C, who before long returned it, etc., etc. Meanwhile the passage to and fro of the "stuff" was noted by the perspiring oarsman, whose thirst was gradually becoming unendurable. When the bottle had made its fifteenth passage, poor B could no longer suppress himself, so raising himself quickly from his work he glared at the passengers reproachfully and exclaimed—"By George, don't you 'se tink it's about time to grease de engine!" The unfortunate Frenchman was in a position very much like that at present politically occupied by the Canadian farmer, between the Government and the protected monopolies. He, too, is beginning to think it's about time for somebody to "grease the engine."



ENGLISHMEN on their travels who wish to be friendly to that rather considerable portion of mankind who were born and bred outside of their native island are apt to be offensively condescending. Here is Sir Edwin Arnold, for instance, who no doubt thinks he is paying the people of this Continent a neat compliment by saying that he "prefers to think of Americans as of trans-Atlantic Englishmen." It doesn't seem to strike him for a moment that Americans — including Canadians, who are to all intents and purposes Americans excepting in the minor matter of political organization—may have their own preferences.

Most of us on this side prefer to think of ourselves and have others think of us as Americans in the broad continental sense of the term. What would Sir Edwin think of the German professor who, on a visit to England, should try to express his friendly appreciation of English people by saying that he preferred to think of them as transplanted Germans? Wouldn't John Bull sit on him hard and heavy? While we admire and respect the British people, we have a distinct individuality of our own. We differ from them widely in feeling, habits of thought, tastes and ideas, and are not in the least ashamed of it or pre-

pared to admit that the typical Englishman, however polished and cultured, is an ideal for our imitation.

* * *

BUT we have no right to be too hard on Sir Edwin or any other visiting Englishman who falls into the same error. He has doubtless come into contact with a good many specimens of the American Anglomaniac who ape the English as far as possible in dress, accent and demeanor—in everything, in fact, except the good sense and sturdy self-respect which characterizes most Englishmen—and are never so delighted as when mistaken for genuine Britons. Snobs of this class will, of course, feel immensely pleased with Sir Edwin's sentiments. It ought to be unnecessary to say that they do not in any respect represent the American people.

* * *

THE Home Rule controversy bids fair to be as fatal to the reputations of eminent Englishmen as the anti-slavery contest was to the fame of many leading Americans. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," has come out with an appeal to the American people urging them to back up the Salisburys and Balfours in their brutal war of extermination on the Irish tenantry. A great many of the literary men of England of "Liberal" professions have been swayed by their social predilections or class interests to a like betrayal of the cause of progress. It will hurt nobody but themselves. Just as no one now thinks of Daniel Webster or Edward Everett without recalling their truckling to the slave power in the stormy times of the abolition movement, so when the names of Hughes, Swinburne and Goldwin Smith are recalled, a generation hence, their recreancy in the present crisis will be regarded as a damning blot on otherwise brilliant reputations.



* * *

EALY, now, isn't it too absurd when the *Globe* attacks the *Mail* as a Tory concern and the *Empire* simultaneously abuses it as a Grit sheet? Your party hack can never for an instant conceive or bring himself to admit that it is possible for anybody else to be independent and care not a straw which set of politicians is in or out of office so long as right principles prevail. At a former stage of the controversy it might have been said that the course of the Grit and Tory organs was an

insult to the intelligence of their readers. As the latter, however, go on swallowing this sort of flapdoodle year after year without protest GRIP can only conclude that the party scribes are at all events free from this reproach. You can't easily insult a thing which doesn't exist.

* * *

AT first blush the alleged intention of Slugger Sullivan to run for Congress seemed rather funny. But on second thought, would the presence of the notorious bruiser in any legislative body be so very incongruous after all? John L., it may be said, is utterly unqualified for so responsible a post, but the day has long passed when any other qualification than ability to get there, and a readiness to vote with the party has been demanded of political aspirants. There is no reason to suppose that in point of intellectual capacity the champion slugger falls conspicuously below many political representatives. That Sullivan is a coarse, low-lived brute must be admitted, but what would become of a large proportion of heredit-

ary as well as popularly elected law-givers if such an objection closed the door to a political career? That he lives by a trade that is under the ban of law and respectability is unquestionable—but what of the wealthy monopolists, usurers and extortioners, who, by virtue of ill-acquired means, secure a "pull" and get the chance to pass legislation upholding class interests? To bruise the face of an antagonist in the prize ring is surely no worse than to systematically grind the faces of the poor. The standard of fitness for legislative bodies must be greatly raised, before any objection on the ground of exceptional unfitness can consistently be taken to Sullivan's candidature.

—————

MR. SHARPLEY says, "Silence may be golden, but when I ask a man to pay me what he owes me or name a date when he will, I don't accept silence as legal tender."

HE KNEW THEM ALL.

ENGLISH LITTERATEUR—"Are there many magazines in America?"

CANADIAN DITTO (*pathetically*)—"Wait till I show you my collection of rejection cards."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

REVEREND PAPA—"Did I see you yawning to-day when I was telling the class about Jonah and the whale?"

IRREVERENT SON—"No, sir. I was jest openin' my mouth with wonder."



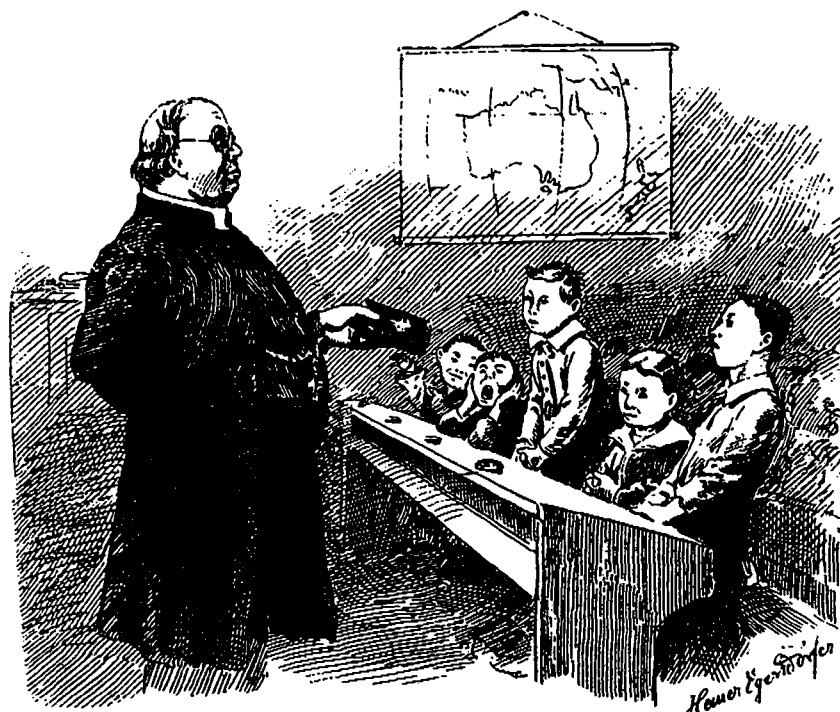
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

LADY OF THE HOUSE—"And you would like to enter my household as cook? How long have you been in service?"

COOK—"Five years, mum."

LADY—"And have you good recommendations?"

COOK—"I should think I had, mum. I can show you five-an'-twenty testimonials from different situations."



ENTOMOLOGY AND RELIGION.

HIS REVERENCE—"Now then, Michael, what is a Protestant?"

MICHAEL—"A divided insect, sir."

HIS REVERENCE—"What d'ye mean; how do you make that out?"

MICHAEL—"Please, sir, the other day you told us that the Protestants are all divided in-sects."

THE OLD MASTERS.

FIRST TEACHER—"Spare the rod and spoil the child, said Solomon, and I guess he was about right. Nothing like a good thrashing to take the cussedness out of youngsters and make good men of 'em."

SECOND TEACHER—"Yes, you can't expect human beings to grow up angels unless you make 'em soar."

IT HURT HIS FEELINGS.

SOLOMON MOSES—"Say, Lichtenstein, I no readt dot Engliche lenkvage ver' goot. Vot vos id on dot sign ennerthow?"

LICHTENSTEIN (*spelling*)—"N-o-s- nose m-o-k-i-n-g a-l-l-o-w-e-d allouad—Nose mocking allouad, ain't id?"

SOLOMON MOSES—"Nose mocking allouad. Bygrashus, dot vos a shame. Gum rightd avay aus. I don't like beebles to make voolishness mit mein nose."

"PICT" AND SCOT.

MCTAVISH—"Did ye see yon Ayrshire cattle at the Exhibition, mon? Werc they no grand? I never saw ony that I likit better. They were picked cattle."

BILLINS—"Pict! I thought they were Scotch."

MCTAVISH—"Aye mon, so they are. What are ye girnin' about?"

BILLINS—"It's a joke. Don't you see? Picked—Pict. Picts and Scots, you know. (*Explains for the next five minutes, and finally redeems himself from the utter contempt of McTavish by standing a hot Scotch.*)

A LITTLE TOO LEAN.

STAGEY—"I see that Sara Bernhardt didn't catch on worth a cent on the occasion of her last season in London. She was a comparative failure."

PARQUET—"Ah, that's strange. What rôle did she appear in?"

STAGEY—"She opened as *Lena*."

PARQUET—"Lena! Well that accounts for it. If she was any leaner than when I saw her last they couldn't see her at all. No wonder she's failing."

WHERE IT WOULD DO MOST GOOD.

PUBLISHER OF DEAD-BEAT PAPER (*to dealer in ready print matter*)—"I am thinking of making some important alterations in my newspaper and extending my business somewhat. I called to learn your terms for a supply of 'boiler plate.'"

DEALER—"Yes, sir. We shall be pleased to supply you. What size are your columns?"

PUBLISHER—"Columns? What's that to do with it? I don't intend it to go in my columns."

DEALER—"You don't? What do you want it for then?"

PUBLISHER—"For lining for the pants of my canvassers."

HE WAS DOUBTLESS UNUSED TO SUCH QUESTIONS.

LADY (*after giving him a supper*)—"Will you saw some wood for me now?"

TRAMP—"I am very sorry, but I have another engagement."

LADY—"And what, pray, may that be?"

TRAMP (*with great dignity*)—"Madam, I am surprised that you should so far forget yourself as to enquire into a gentleman's private affairs."



AN EVIL-MINDED BOOTBLACK.

"SAY, Mister, shall I black your big toe, too?"

A SPORTING EVENT.

FIRST VARSITY MAN—"What was the result of the football match to-day?"

SECOND DITTO—"Oh, we beat them easily. We had only one collar-bone fractured, while they had three broken legs and a couple of sprained ankles. They can't play football."

THE WORST SCARE YET

SECRETARY POPE—"Sir John! Sir John!"

SIR JOHN—"What is it? What terrible thing has happened?"

SECRETARY POPE—"Oh! the papers are full of it. 'The greatest sensation of the age' they call it. They say it will upset the Government."

SIR JOHN (*horrified*)—"Ugh! These hands are clean! I swear it! These hands are clean!"

SECRETARY POPE—"Calm yourself, most noble master and prepare for the awful news."

SIR JOHN—"Out with it, minion! For heaven's sake let me hear the worst!"

SECRETARY POPE—"The members of the Senate have commenced using Brown-Sequard's Elixir of Life. And there will be no more vacancies for party hacks to look forward to." (*Sir John swoons away.*)

A BRILLIANT SCHEME.

JACK—"What possessed you to go to the front of the church with such an ugly-looking girl?"

HARRY—"She is visiting at our place and I had to go with her, and I thought that by making a plunge and getting to the front, people would only get one look at her face. The back of her head would be all they could see when we got seated."

NO WONDER HE GOT THRASHED.

TABBY—"Hello, Tom! you look all broken up. How did you come to get such a thrashing?"

TOM—"Well, I went over to Jones' back yard to lick that Maltese dude he has over there, and when we got nicely started Jones began to play the fiddle. The Maltese was used to it and I wasn't, and the horrible scraping unnerved me so that I got one ear chewed off and my hide scratched into a sieve before I knew what I was doing."

IT WOULDN'T BE UNUSUAL.

ROUNDER—"Waiter! bring me an oyster stew."

WAITER—"There are none to be had in town, sir."

ROUNDER (*settling himself in his chair*)—"Well, send



BREACHES OF PROMISE.

MR. WUZZLE—"Oi'm a-goin' to be married nex' week, an' Oi wants a pair of lavender trous—"

MADAME SMITH—"Sir! We only make ladies' wedding outfits."

MR. W.—"Only for ladies! Why, what ha' you got that ther wrote up fur, then?"

to New York for some, and I will wait. I don't suppose it will take much longer than it usually takes to get a stew here."

HIS STORY WOULDN'T HOLD.

FARMER—"How did you come to get your constitution spoiled so that you couldn't work any more?"

TRAMP—"I went over the Niagara Falls last summer."

FARMER—"You can't make me swallow that. You haven't had a bath in two years."

HE WAS A KNOWING ONE.

JACK—"Why do you mark passages in new books. when you merely skim through them and never read them?"

HARRY—"I want to convince the fellows who will borrow them that I have read them carefully. That is the way to acquire the reputation of being a great reader and student."

SHE COULD SPECIFY.

HUSBAND—"Now, dear you must admit tha you often talk too much."

WIFE—"I never spoke but one word too many in my life."

HUSBAND—"And when was that, pray?"

WIFE—"When I said 'yes' to you when you asked me if I would marry you."



THE DIVERSION OF THE SEX.

MR. QUIGLY—"Where'r you off to, Jennie?"

MRS. Q.—"I'm going shopping."

MR. Q.—"What are you going to buy?"

MRS. Q.—"Buy? Why, nothing, of course. I'm only going shopping, you stupid fellow."

THE DISILLUSIONS OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

CONVENTION OF AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, A.D. 2643—PAPER ON
"ANCIENT ORATORY," BY PROF. DRILITE, INTER-
SPERSED WITH PHONOGRAPH EXAMPLES.



PROF. DRILITE—"Among the most eloquent and brilliant speakers of what was *par excellence* the age of oratory, the nineteenth century, was the celebrated Jonsmith, a few of whose masterpieces, as recorded in the newspapers of the period, have come down to us. At that semi-barbarous period that wonderful instrument, the phonograph, existed only in a very crude and imperfect form, and was not in every-day use as at present. It is to be regretted, therefore,

that very few specimens of the

matchless eloquence of that age, as actually spoken, have been preserved. It was not supposed that any phonograph preservation of Jonsmith's *ipissima verba* existed, but a few weeks ago the distinguished archaeologist, Prof. Daveboyle, in his researches amid the ruins of

ancient Toronto, secured a plate containing the phonographic record of one of Jonsmith's most celebrated speeches. (Sensation.) It has not as yet been given before any audience, as it was thought fitting to reserve it specially for this occasion. You, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, will be privileged to hear for the first time, after the lapse of six centuries, the marvellously powerful utterances of the eloquent tongue that has so long since crumbled into dust." (Applause.)

The Professor starts the phonograph, with the following result:

"Mr. Chairman,—Ahem—The question which we are met here to—ah—to discuss—to consider—is—ah—very important—most important in connection with—in relation to—the—the—happiness—um—welfare of humanity. (Pause.) It—ah—is not often—comparatively seldom, so to speak—I mean that those who can impartially and—without prejudice or party bias contemplate those grand results which would undoubtedly flow from—ah—result from a proper apprehension of the great truths enunciated by our platform, will thereby be enabled to—follow to their ultimate conclusion—ah—to unite with us in declaring their unalterable and undying devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty. (Applause.) But, sir, it must be apparent—I repeat it must be perfectly obvious—perfectly obvious—is it not, sir, unmistakably obvious—to the meanest understanding, so that it is, in fact, brought to the comprehension—comprehension of all, even those who it may be have not given that thought and attention which the subject demands, and would necessarily be thereby—excluded—precluded from forming an intelligent opinion, but—ah—but as I may say emphatically and without fear of opposition—of contradiction—cherish with a zeal, sir—an enthusiasm which does them credit. In no respect—I mean there are times when—when, in spite of all which might—which does at times seem to—to indicate—to point to—the grand and glorious future of our country so long as it remains under the radiant and protecting folds of the flag which never sets, and—ahem—and in fulfilment of their sworn duty as citizens, unite in upholding—in maintaining—upholding *and* maintaining the cause of the Empire of which we form a part—" [phonograph shuts off.]

PROF. DRILITE (*resuming*)—"Ladies and gentlemen, really, this is extraordinary—most extraordinary—a painful disappointment, I am sure, to all of us. It appears impossible that this jumble of incoherent phrases and dislocated sentences, full of repetitions and tautological expressions, can be the utterance of the eloquent Jonsmith, whose speeches are reported to have held his audiences spellbound. In the printed form in which they have come down to us they read smoothly and connectedly, and while not, perhaps, what would be now called logical or characterized by much solidity of thought, they have the force and clearness calculated to appeal to the semi-civilized intellect of the period. We can only conclude that owing to the very rudimentary character of the phonograph at that day, Jonsmith's remarks have been very imperfectly recorded on account of defects in the machines of early construction."

THAT ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

JONES—"That is the dearest restaurant in town."

BROWN—"How do you make that out? They don't charge half as much there as they do at Monico's."

JONES—"But I consider my time worth at least two dollars per hour."

THE CANDIDATE.

I THINK I'll run for Parliament,
 They say I'm just the man;
 Our party want a candidate,
 So if I like I can.
 'Twill cost five thousand—more perhaps—
 'Tis boodle that will count,
 The Grits, they tell me, mean to spend
 A pretty big amount.

I don't know much of politics,
 'Twas none of my concern,
 I've spent my time in getting rich
 And I'm too old to learn.
 But I've the cash to buy a seat,
 And I should like to see
 My name in all the newspapers
 As "Judson Snooks, M.P."

I'll have, of course, to specchify,
 And make some kind of show
 In laying down our principles,
 (What are they? I don't know);
 But I can read the *Empire*,
 And get some pointers there,
 And with the gang to whoop her up
 I'll manage pretty fair.

It hadn't ought to be so hard
 To give the crowd some guff,
 I've just to taffy old Sir John,
 And tell 'em he's the stuff,
 Then say that Laurier aint no good,
 Nor any other Grit,
 And—let me see—aint that enough,
 What more is there to it?

Oh yes, 'twould be the thing to say
 That I have always been
 Quite loyal—since I found it pay—
 To our Beloved Queen.
 You bet the public will catch on
 To sentiments like these,
 Then I'll ring in "the flag what's braved
 The battle and the breeze!"

By gosh! but that's a dandy speech,
 I really didn't think
 I knowed so much of politics,
 Here, fetch me pen and ink.
 I'll write at once to Birmingham,
 It might as well be done,
 Enclose my check and let him know
 That I'm prepared to run.

HE WAS DISAPPOINTED.

MISS RUFFE (*who has just promised to be a sister, etc.*)
 —"Did you really love me? You don't act like a
 disappointed man!"

MR. STUFFE—"Ah, but I am, ye know. I always
 thought you had pretty good taste, doncherknow."

A HOT ANSWER.

MR. LIGHTTHOUGHT—"I was at a meeting of
 Freethinkers last summer, but they made the pro-
 gramme short on account of the hot weather."

MISS GOODGIRL—"Ah, how short they will make
 their programme after a while if they follow that rule."

HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL.

BIGBEE—"I caught a bad cold when I was out at
 the Exhibition."

RIGBEE—"How did you do that?"

BIGBEE—"I stood around too long among the draught
 horses."



PECULIAR OPTICAL ILLUSION.

BIBULOUS GENT—"Whazzer matter thish fu (*hic*) n'ture?
 Nothing but (*hic*) rock'n-chairs?"

ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

CAKE LITTLETON—"Do you know, doctor, that
 when I sleep on my back I'm sure to have a night-
 mare?"

DR. GELL—"Why should you sleep on your back?
 Doesn't it seem more natural to lie on your side?"

INSPIRATION WAS LACKING.

RIEDER—"Young Zuisby's an overrated man. Peo-
 ple think well of him because he writes for the
 humorous papers, but I've heard him talk for hours with-
 out making a single joke."

RUYTER—"I suppose you neglected to show him a
 dollar bill?"

TO THE INVENTORS OF SLANG PHRASES.

DO, gentlemen, please give us something new.
 Has your imagination run to seed,
 Which erstwhile overran with many a weed
 The garden where the flowers of language grew?
 Reiteration doth their freshness pall.
 "Cheese it," "Come off the roof," "Pull down your vest."
 "Let her go, Gallagher," "Give us a rest."
 "His nibs has got a jag on." "Chestnuts" all!
 Played out, N.G., back numbers every one!
 Brace up, galoots, and oil your think-machine,
 Sling us some slanguage—new, expressive keen.
 What are you giving us? Come, now, catch on.
 Show yourselves fly, and flip, and up to snuff,
 And shoot the old, worm-eaten, measly guff!

HE HAD A LEVEL HEAD.

B. JONES—"Do you always take your umbrella with
 you when coming from the office?"

SCHUDJT—"Not by any means! I always make it a
 point to take someone else's."

THEY SHOULD BOTH BE SATISFIED.

YOUNG WIFE (*proudly*)—"Don't you think this
 bonnet becoming, dear?"

YOUNG HUSBAND—"I do, indeed! And (*ruefully*)
 I daresay the bill for it will be coming to me."



COMPLIMENTARY.

IRATE HOUSEWIFE—" Say, you man, that dog of yours has run off with one of my new-baked pound cakes!"

TRAMP—" Oh, don't trouble on his account, ma'am. He's a good deal tougher in the constitution than he looks!"

THE RACE FOR BILLS.

BY EDGAR FRESHUS.

CHAP. IV.

JUSTINE DUNSALLY and Mrs. Metagain went to Aiken. Roland Misfit found himself there shortly afterwards. When Justine saw him, a bird within her burst into song. He brought with him wider vistas and horizons, solid and real. Other lovers might have brought bracelets or diamond rings. But Roland preferred vistas and horizons. They came cheaper. Civilization has made woman monandrous.

"I have been settling my bill," he announced one day. It was a new experience for him, apparently.

"Leave us not," cried Justine, "or if you go you will leave an Aiken void."

That settled it, and they went off and got married.

CHAP. V.

Something of the proverbial *furor* of the dealer in head-gear characterized the conduct of old man Dunsally when the news reached him. Justine had no money of her own, and Paul Dunsally positively refused to do the "Bless-you-me-children" act and share his millions with the newly-married couple. So they went to Europe. People can live cheap in Paris when there isn't any Exposition on. They were nearly starved. Roland did once get a trifle of a hundred thousand or so left him by an old aunt, but that is nothing to people in high society. Moreover, although Justine was as monandrous as ever, he was much the reverse. The brandy in France is brutal. He drank some of it and then he beat Justine. At that moment, dancing in derision before him, he saw the letters that form the monosyllable Cad. Ordinary boozers would have seen snakes.

CHAP. VI.

When Hon. Paul Dunsally died leaving his ten millions to the child of Roland Misfit, the family returned to New York. Money was to him the woof of every

hope, an Open Sesame to the paradise of the ideal. He began musing in the French language as to what he would do with it.

One day it occurred to him to kill the baby, and so have more to spend in having a good time. The great-clock we call Opportunity had struck. So had the street car drivers.

He entered the chamber. A forerunner of a sneer came and loitered beneath the fringes of his moustache.

Just as he had adjusted his handkerchief around the infant's neck, the outer bell resounded. It was Dr. Guy Thoryoung.

"I merely called to mention," said he "that Paul Dunsally died in debt."

"But the ten millions——" gasped Roland.

"Unfortunately it was invested in Niagara and Mimico real estate, *Empire* stock, G. T. R. bonds, etc.," said Guy.

Roland mused. It was in English this time. Fright had visited him, and he wheeled like a rat surprised. Obscurity walked back the horizon and the future grew blank.

CHAP. VII.

Roland's attempt to kill the baby had given Justine a sort of prejudice against him. She locked the door on him.

So he went out and flung himself from Brooklyn Bridge. He experienced a variety of sensations which we have not space to record in the descent. A boat which happened to be underneath picked him up, and he secured a first-class engagement in a dime museum.

A DEMORALIZING GAME.

PASTOR—" It is terrible what demoralizing influences are placed in the way of young people in cities. In addition to the grosser forms of temptation such as theatres and saloons, there are amusements which some people regard as harmless—billiards, pool games and the like, which often lead to evil."

MATRON—" Pool games! Oh, Mr. Groner, don't speak of 'em! If you had only saw the way Johnny and Bertie come in last evening, daubed over with mud from head to foot. Been playing one of their nasty pool games down by the Garrison Creek with the Lafferty boys."

ARTISTIC PLAGIARISM.

CONNOISSEUR—" What did you think of the show of pictures at the Exhibition?"

ARTIST—" Pretty fair, but the judges are a lot of chumps. Some of their decisions were most unfair."

CONNOISSEUR—" Oh, you fellows are always kicking. What's chewing you this time?"

ARTIST—" Why, fancy them giving that man Sherwood a prize for portrait painting, I tell you it's a gross fraud. I am assured that he succeeded in palming off a Reynolds on the public as his own production. Shameful!"

CLEVELAND is endeavoring to organize a Soap Trust. Here 'soaping it will not succeed.—*Hamilton Herald*. The best soap trust, we should imagine, would be cast-steel soap. Diagrams furnished free on application at the office.



IN EXTREMIS.

THE AGED AND INFIRM ONE.—"Here, Doctor, I've brought you a rabbit and a guinea pig see if you can't make up some Elixir of Life out of 'em for me!"

THE FLY KID.

WRITES A STORY OF PIONEER LIFE WHICH DOESN'T GET THE PRIZE.



HE Montreal *Witness* recently offered a series of prizes to be competed for by the school-children of Canada, who were asked to write stories illustrative of pioneer life. Among the competitors was our former contributor, the Fly Kid. His story, which did not get a prize, is given below :

PIONEER LIFE IN TORONTO.

I dont know as I kin tell you mutch about Pioneer Life. The only Pioneer which I ever knowed was grand-pa that is a Member in good standing of the York Pioneers. Pioneer life I guess consists mostly of holding meetins ware sum feller reads a essay, or gets up an' shoots off his jaw excursuns, picnicks and so on. Grand-pa takes 'em all in you bet for he's a hustler, if he is old. There is generally beer, and if the show happens to be run on temprance printciples, sum of the old fellers always has a growler along. It reminds 'em they say, of the good old days of Yore when wiskey was 20 cents per gallon! "Them was the days," says the old man with a sigh of Regret as he wipes his mustash with his coat-cuf an hands the growler to his neigbore. "Them was the days when we uster have Fun." "You bet we did," says the other Pioneer. "But now alas 'tis gone like a dream." And then he tilts her up and lets the flewid gently gurgle. "Do you mind old man Switzer's barn raising onto the 4th concession, and how Jake MickDonnell had to drive to town to git the 10 gallon keg of wiskey filled up agin." "Yes I rather guess so," says grand-dad. "I shant never forgit that high old time. And says he do you mind the big fite that we had with the Grits up at Thornhill. It was in '46 I think. We went at 'em with ax-helves & rocks says he, an' I broke one fellers arm an nigh killed an uther." "Har! har!" says the other. "They don't never have no more fun like that at elecshuns now. They darn't fite nor keep the other party away from the poles." And then they pass the Growler around sum more.

Last time the old man was to a Pioneer cellebrashun he come home with a elegant jag on as ever you seen. He was arm-in-arm with another Pioneer an they was singin,

I've \$14 in my inside pocket,
Look ye there.

He most genrally stops at our house when he's in town, but they had changed the street numbers since he'd been in and he coulident find the place all loaded up as he was.

"Shay ole fel," says he, "suthin wrong."

"Whash matter?" said the other.

"Ware'sh number 106. Ushter be round here. 'Thish numberish over 200."

"'Thash allri'," says the other pioneer "youre drunk—you shec double (hic). See double m'shelf. Le'sh look for 212. Tha'll be it."

An so them 2 pioneers went & woked up the peepel at 212 an made no end of a racket & the cops mite have gathered him in but fortunately it wasnt far from our

place & grand-ma heard the row & went out & led him in by the ear just as quiet as a Lamb.

Thats about all I knowabout Pioneer life an I migt men-shun that this had ought to stimulate feelins of patriot-ism an such, an' I hope it'll get the prize & if it does I'll send you sum more storeys.

DER OXECUTIONER.

HOW vas you, Mishter Editor?
I dinks you recomember
I galled to dook dot noospaper
Vay back in lasht Dezember,

Mein name ist Heinrich Taufelblitz.
I lif dot Markham near,
Yaw, I been varmin' rightd along
For more ash dwenty year.

Mein neighbor Yawcob Schmidt is tead.
Der vay ve all musht go;
Dis vorltd, yust like der breacher said,
Vas a dravelling circus show!

He leaf dot leetle family,
Der lawyer drewd his vill;
Mein grashus! vot you dinks he charge?
A whole den dollar bill!

Und der vill it gind of reads like dot,
Und sgaers me oud mein vits,
"I 'points mein oxecutioner
Mine freund H. Taufelblitz."

Vot vas a oxecutioner?
I dinks me vonce I readt
How he dook a axe und killed a man
I'y gutting off his headt.

But dimes haf changed, und in dese days
Auf a man vas dry dot scheme,
He soon vind somedings oudt so quick
Ash a tomcat licks der gream.

Und anyway der Schmidt is dead,
So deader ash could be;
Vat he vants mit a oxecutioner
I don't could nefer see.

Oh! dot vas all! to sell der goods,
Und settle der estate.
Dot vas all rightd. Yust brint some bills
I dook dem ven I vait.

Yaw! write der bosters out yourselluf,
Mit ledders big und black,
To sort of rouse der beebles oop,
Und but dem on der drack.

About dot 4th concession lot,
Mit a splentit barn und house,
A vine black horse, a goot grey mare,
Und a dozen pigs und sows.

Und don't forgit to put on top,
A goot addractive head,
Kind of like dot, "Hooraw! hooraw!!
Oldt Yawcop Schmidt is dead!!!"

A SOMNIFEROUS SERMON.

MRS. MISSION—"What a delightful sermon Rev. Poundtext gave us to day; and do you know, they say he thought of the subject and plan of it in a dream one night."

MR. MISSION—"That probably accounts for so many of his congregation being asleep while he was preaching it. They wanted to be in the proper condition to enjoy it."

AMATEUR Artists, you will find at The Golden Easel, 316 Yonge Street, a very choice selection of studies to be rented. Artists' materials—opal, plaques, tiles and other articles for decorating. Original paintings a specialty, on exhibition and for sale.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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

No sympathy is given to sufferers from Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, &c., who will not give Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine a trial; its efficacy is beyond question. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

COAL AND WOOD.



TELEPHONE 564.

JOHN KEITH,

92 King Street East, Toronto.

MUSIC.

For You Waltz, Ostlers, 60c.
Fiddle and I, Roeder, 60c.
Little Gleaners' Waltz, Roeder, 60c.
Of all music dealers, or mailed by
Edwin Ashdowny, 13 Richmond St. W., Toronto

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto.
(Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion Parliament.)
FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT.
President, HON. A. MacKENZIE, M.P.
Ex. Prime Minister of Canada.
Vice-Presidents, HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIKIE.
Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.
Apply with references to
WILLIAM McCABE, Man. Director.

Confederation Life
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

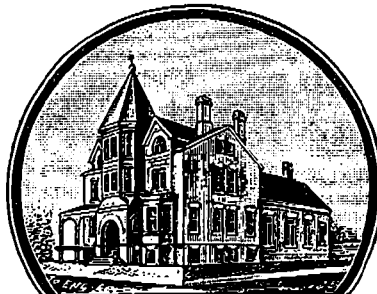
PRESIDENT,
SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G
VICE PRESIDENTS,
WM. ELLIOT. EDWARD HOOPER.

OVER
\$3,500,000
ASSETS AND CAPITAL.

BUSINESS IN FORCE,
\$17,000,000.00.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Man. Director.
W. C. MACDONALD,
Actuary.

Pays the Largest Profits.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.
Thorough Musical Education in all branches.
F. H. Torrington, Director, 12 and 14 Pembroke St.

THE CONGER COAL CO.
(LIMITED) OF TORONTO.
Wholesalers and Retailers of
Hard and Soft Coal & Coke
HARDWOOD AND PINE.

Main Office, No. 6 King Street East; Dock and Sheds, Foot Church St., Toronto, Can.

R. E. GIBSON, Pres. and Treas.
J. F. CLARK, Sec.

CATARRH

THE CANADIAN CATARRH AND DYSPEPSIA REMEDY CO.

Now make this extraordinary and liberal offer to prove to you that Catarrh and Dyspepsia can be cured. A Trial Test Treatment will be given free of charge.

So many sufferers from these twin evils, Catarrh and Dyspepsia—the plague of our country—have doctored in vain with worthless nostrums, and become discouraged of cure, or even relief, that we wish to demonstrate to their satisfaction that **We have Found the Right Remedies at last.** We guarantee instant relief, and a speedy cure of all curable cases, and especially solicit those cases that have baffled other treatment. Our treatment is entirely new and different from all others.

Safe, Agreeable and Reliable. We use no minerals, no mercury, no acids, no irritants, no douches, no snuffs, no inhalers, which are worse than useless—often injurious. **Complete Outfit, including Medicine, \$5 and \$8.**

DYSPEPSIA

"WILD WOOD WONDER"

Is a delightful stomach cordial, made from herbs of the wild woods, and is an invigorating blood-purifying tonic—a perfect regulator of the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and blood, and is a **Guaranteed Cure for Dyspepsia**, with its multitude of complications. **\$1 per Bottle; 6 for \$5** (sent to any address free of charge). For satisfactory proof and trial tests call at or address, post-paid, The Canadian Catarrh and Dyspepsia Remedy Co., 190 King Street West, Toronto.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Continental Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

PROTECT YOUR INTERESTS!

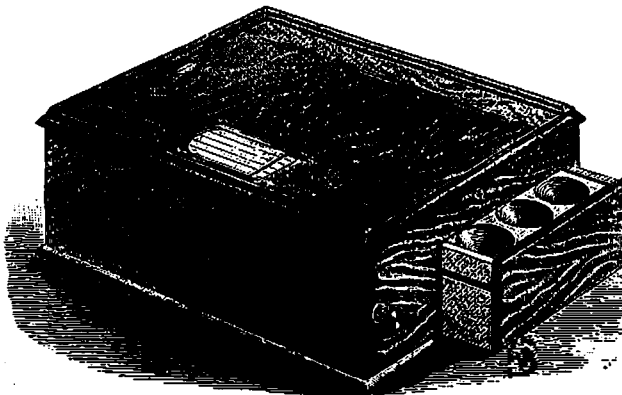
— THE —

CASHIER

IS THE

Cheapest and Best
Cash Register,
Till and Cashier.
Simple, Durable,
and Economical.

Write for testimonials and all information to
Canadian Cash Register Company,
29 Colborne St., Toronto.
Good Agents Wanted.



BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

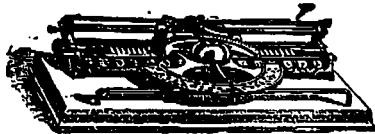
For Young Ladies,
50 and 52 Peter Street, Toronto.
MISS VEALS, (Successor to Mrs. Nixon.)
Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics,
Mathematics, Science, Literature,
Elocution.
Pupils studying French and German are required to converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.
Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes
Young ladies prepared for University Matriculation.

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

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Electric Gas Lighting, Electrical Apparatus and Supplies. Contractors for Electrical Work.
HENRY S. THORBERRY & CO.
39 King Street West, Toronto. Room 2.

The "World" Typewriter—\$10.



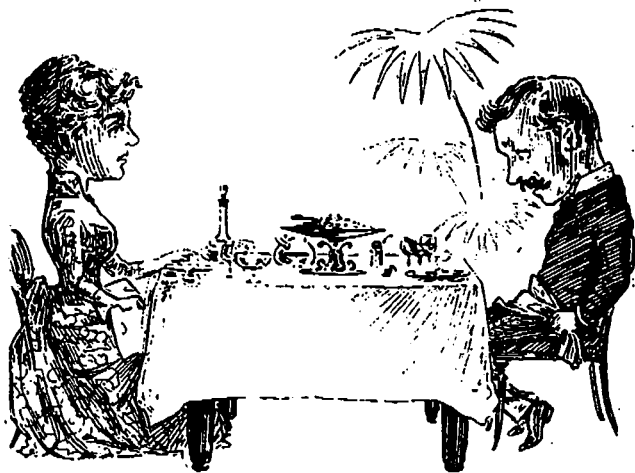
A simple, durable, practical Typewriter. It never gets out of order. Writes easily 35 to 40 words per minute. No typewriter does better work. The Typewriter Improvement Co., 4 P.O. Square, Boston, Mass. Branch Offices—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Selling Agents—T. W. Mess, 1610 Notre Dame Street, Montreal; H. Chubb & Co., St. John, N.B. Agents wanted throughout Canada.



"Oh where did you have those lovely pictures taken—in Paris?"
"Oh, no! at PERKINS' STUDIO, 293 Yonge Street."
"Yes, I believe PERKINS does produce about the best work in Toronto."



Catalogues free on Application.



SOCIAL CONTRASTS—I.

Here he is dining at home, and moved to horror at the discovery of a mushroom too many in the *vol au vent*.

(See page 222.)



Read what Miss Gracie Emmett, the leading star in Mugg's Landing, says:

Buffalo, N.Y., August 17, 1889.
DR. B. COOKE, 88 Peter Street, Toronto, Ont.
Dear Sir.—It is unnecessary for me to mention the great benefit I derived from your treatment, suffice to say I am entirely cured of Catarrh and Chronic Headache of long standing. I cheerfully recommend your treatment to all, especially to the dramatic profession. I am glad to learn you are now in Toronto, my favorite city of Canada, and trust you may do the people of that city as much good as you have done me. Respectfully yours,

GRACIE EMMETT,
Starring as Little Mugg in Mugg's Landing.
Institute for Asthma, Blindness, Catarrh, Deafness, Hay Fever, Piles, Neuralgia, Sore Eyes, and all kinds of Throat and Bronchial Trouble, now open in Toronto. Catarrh a specialty. No drugs or Actina used. Consultation and one treatment free. DR. B. COOKE, 88 Peter Street, Toronto, Ont.

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

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

EAGLE STEAM WASHER.



Good agents wanted. Send for trial machine.

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

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



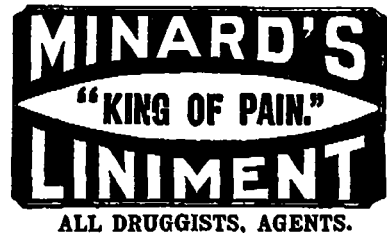
PROVIDENT LIFE AND LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION (Incorporated).

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

IF. W. MICKLETHWAITE,
[Photographer,

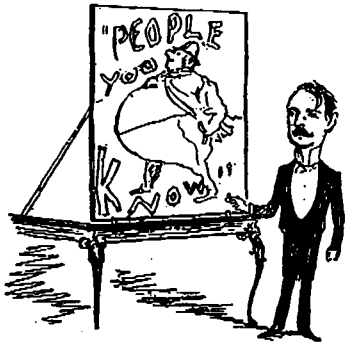
Cor. King and Jarvis Sts., Toronto.

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



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

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.



Mr. J. W. Bengough,

—OF—
"GRIP,"

Will have the Honor of Appearing in his
POPULAR
Caricature - Entertainment

AS FOLLOWS:

Victoria, B.C.	Friday,	Oct. 4
Vancouver, B.C.	Monday,	" 7
New Westminster, B.C.	Tuesday,	" 8
Yale, N.W.T.	Friday,	" 11
Calgary, N.W.T.	Monday,	" 14
Medicine Hat, N.W.T.	Tuesday,	" 15
Lethbridge, N.W.T.	Thursday,	" 17
Fort McLeod, N.W.T.	Friday,	" 18
Lethbridge, N.W.T.	Saturday,	" 19
Moose Jaw, N.W.T.	Wednesday,	" 23
Regina, N.W.T.	Friday,	" 25
Qu'Appelle, N.W.T.	Monday,	" 28
Broadview, N.W.T.	Tuesday,	" 29
Moosomin, N.W.T.	Wednesday,	" 30
Brandon, Man.	Thursday,	" 31
Portage-la-Prairie, Man.	Friday,	Nov. 1
Minnedosa, Man.	Monday,	" 4
Winnipeg, Man.	Wednesday,	" 6
Morris, Man.	Friday,	" 8
Manitou, Man.	Monday,	" 11
Morden, Man.	Tuesday,	" 12
Gretna, Man.	Wednesday,	" 13
Port Arthur,		
Bracebridge, Ont.	Tuesday,	" 19
Gravenhurst, Ont.	Wednesday,	" 20
Barrie, Ont.	Thursday,	" 21
Newmarket, Ont.	Friday,	" 22

Full Particulars of Lectures may be
Found in the Local Papers.

DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER,

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



MR. FORSTER.

PORTRAITURE A SPECIALTY.

Studio—King St. East. TORONTO.

J. C. FORBES, R.C.A. Studio—10 Orde Street.
Lessons given in Painting.

High Class Portraits in Oils, Water-Colors and Crayon.

WEST END ART STUDIO,

375 1/2 Spadina Avenue, Toronto. Mrs. A. S. Davies, Miss M. E. Bryans, Artists. Opal and Ivorine Portraits a specialty. Instructions given in portraits and decorative art on china, satin and glass. For specimens, terms, etc., call at above address.

MR. HAMILTON MACCARTHY, A.R.C.A.,
SCULPTOR, formerly of London, England. Under Royal European Patronage. Portrait-Busts, Statuettes and Monuments. Bronze, Marble, Terra Cotta Studio, New Buildings, Lombard St., Toronto

MRS. VINE, Artist. Portraits in Crayon, Water Colors and Oil. 60 Gloucester St., Toronto.

TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, Etc.

Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

C. C. POMEROY,

The White Store, 49 King Street West.

THE HIGH SCHOOL

Drawing Course.

Authorized by the Minister of Education.

The course is now complete:—

No. 1—Freehand.

No. 2—Practical Geometry.

No. 3—Linear Perspective.

No. 4—Object Drawing.

No. 5—Industrial Design.

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

Price, Only 15 Cents a Book.

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

GRIP PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.
Publishers, Toronto.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$1,200,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

ANDREW THOMSON, Esq., President.
E. J. PRICE, Esq., Vice-President.
HON. THOS. MCGREEVY, D. C. THOMSON, Esq., E. GIROUX, Esq., E. J. HALE, Esq., SIR A. T. GALT, G.C.M.G.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC.
E. E. WEBB, Cashier.

BRANCHES.

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

FOREIGN AGENTS.

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

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

J. O. BUCHANAN, Manager, Toronto.

Summer and Autumn Goods.

Nice, New and Comfortable. Arriving Daily.



We are making a specialty this season of Gents American Goods in fine grades.

87 and 89 King Street East, TORONTO, Ont.

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

LLOYD N. WATKINS,

Teacher of the Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Zither. Residence, 305 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

Be Sure

To ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, if you are in need of a Blood-purifier—the only certain and reliable remedy for pimples, blotches, and all other eruptions of the skin. As an alternative,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

after a trial of nearly half a century, is universally conceded to be the best ever discovered. It is agreeable to the taste, and, being highly concentrated, only small doses are needed.

An old lady of eighty, Mrs. Mary C. Ames, of Rockport, Me., after forty years of suffering from a humor in the blood, manifesting itself in Erysipelas and other distressing eruptions on the skin, at last began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after taking ten bottles, she is now, she says, "as smooth and fair as ever."

Loander S. McDonald, of Soley st., Charlestown, Mass., suffered greatly from Boils and Carbuncles, and for nearly two months was unable to work. A druggist advised him to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after using two bottles of which he was entirely cured. He has remained in good health ever since.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

A. S. VOGT

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

Crab Apple Blossoms.

Extra concentrated. The fragrant, delicious and universally popular new perfume of the Crown Perfumery Co. "A scent of surpassing delicacy, richness and lasting quality." — *Court Journal*.



Invigorating Lavender Salts.
The universally popular new smelling salts of the Crown Perfumery Co. No more rapid or pleasant cure for a headache is possible, while the stopper left out for a few moments enables a delightful perfume to escape, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably. — *Le Follet*.



Crown Perfumery Co.
177 New Bond St., London, Eng. Sold everywhere.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's

FINE SHOES.



Our Own Make. Men's, Boy's, Youths'.
UNEQUALLED FOR FIT AND WEAR.

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

Dentists.

DR. CUNNINGHAM,
Dentist,
Corner Yonge and Edward Streets, - Toronto.

J. A. MILLS,
Dental Surgeon, Graduate and Medallist in Practical Dentistry of R.C.D.S. Office, South-west Corner Spadina Avenue and College Street, Toronto.

SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH,
DENTISTS.

171 Yonge Street, Toronto Ont. Over Imperial Bank.
Entrance on Queen Street.

C. V. SNELGROVE,
DENTAL SURGEON,

97 Carlton Street, - Toronto.

Porcelain Crowns, Gold Crowns and Bridge work a specialty. Telephone No. 3031.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

BEST teeth on Rubber Plate, 58. Vitalized air Telephone 1476. C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Cor King and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

"Canada's High-Class Pianofortes!"

— THEIR —

Unsurpassed Tone

— AND —

Unequaled Durability

HAVE WON FOR THE

MASON & RICH PIANOS

Their Enviably Reputation.

WAREHOUSES:

32 King Street West and 519 Queen Street West.

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

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

DICK & WICKSON,
ARCHITECTS
CORNER ADELAIDE AND TORONTO STS.

- USE -

MORSE'S : HELIOTROPE TOILET SOAP.

SEWER PIPE. A. J. BROWN, dealer in all kinds of Sewer Pipes. Agent for the celebrated Bitchburn Coal Co.'s Pipe, England; also Scotch, Canadian and American Pipe. Office, 323 Carlton Street, Toronto. Telephone 3,504.

LESSONS IN PNEUMATOLOGY.
Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. MENDON, - 236 McCaul Street, Toronto.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM

Prepared by J. A. Gibbons & Co., Toronto. Sold by all druggists. Price 15 cents.

A SPLENDID CHANCE.

WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS "GRIP" AND THE WORLD TYPE-WRITER

For \$10, cash with order.

The price of the Type-Writer alone is \$10. See advertisement of this machine in another column (p. 12).



SOLID GOLD PLATED.

To introduce our Watches, Jewelry, &c., &c., for 60 days we will send this fine, heavy gold-plated ring to any address on receipt of 32 cents in postage stamps; and will also send free one magnificent Catalogue of Watches, Jewelry, &c., with special terms and inducements to agents. This Ring is a very fine quality, warranted to wear for years, and to stand acid test, and is only offered at 32 cents for 60 days to introduce our goods. Order immediately, and get a \$2.00 Ring for 32 cents. CANADIAN WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., 57 & 59 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE"
THOMSON'S
GLOVE-FITTING



CORSET

The Perfection of Shape, Finish, & Durability.
Approved by the whole polite world.
Over Six Millions already Sold.

TO BE HAD OF ALL DEALERS throughout the World.
W. S. THOMSON & CO. LTD. LONDON, MANUFACTURERS.

See that every Corset is marked "Thomson's Glove-Fitting," and bears our Trade Mark, the Crown. No others are genuine.

Grip the Opportunity Instantly.

Messrs. WOODWARD & CO., Electricians, are waiting your orders to give you light and comfort. Cost less than gas. 11 King Street West and 374 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Bound Vol. of "GRIP" For 1888. A BEAUTIFUL BOOK.

We can now supply this volume, for 1888, 320 pages, containing all the numbers of "GRIP" for the past year. The binding alone is worth \$1.25; but we will give the book, a fountain of amusement and interest for all time, for only \$2.50.

Grip Printing & Publishing Co. PUBLISHERS.

YES!

Catarrh can be Cured,

— ALSO —

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

He who advertises no drugs or Actina used depends upon the drugs used in Actina for what little success he may have. Reputation established. Catarrh and Eye a specialty. Cures guaranteed. Consultation free.

Actina Given on 15 Days' Trial.

Send for illustrated book and journal free.



Price, only 3s.

Price, only 3s.

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

THE IMPERIAL TRUSTS COMPANY

OF CANADA.

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

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

DIRECTORS:

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

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

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

This Company is in Possession of a

VALUABLE BUSINESS AND CONNECTION.
All Communications will have Prompt Attention.

The ONTARIO COAL Co.

OF TORONTO.

GENERAL OFFICES AND DOCKS—
EPLANADE EAST, Foot of Church St.

UPTOWN OFFICES—
No. 10 King St. East, and Queen St.
West, near Subway.

TELEPHONES NOS. 18 AND 1059.

We handle all grades of the best hard and soft coal for domestic use, delivered within the city limits, and satisfaction guaranteed.

GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S
(BREAKFAST)
COCOA

Make with Boiling Water or Milk.



AIR BRUSH.

Applies liquid color by a jet of air. Gold, Silver and special medals of Franklin and American Institutes. Saves 75 per cent. of time in shading technical drawings. The crayon, ink or water colour portrait artist finds his labor lessened, his pictures improved and his profits increased by using the Air Brush. Write for illustrated pamphlet; it tells how to earn a living Air Brush Manufacturing Co., 107 Nassau Street Rockford, Ill.

H.H. WILLIAMS

GENERAL REAL ESTATE BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS

PROMPT ATTENTION TO ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO US

EAST END PROPERTY IS LIVELY

RENTS COLLECTED IN ADVANCE AND FOR EVERY DAY OF OCCUPANCY ALL RISKS ASSUMED.

NO CHARGE UNLESS SALES EFFECTED

54, CHURCH ST.

Tenants' gone off the roof without a cent of the Rent!

Can't collect your Rent? Then call on H.H. Williams to collect the Rent for you!

SEND FOR WILLIAMS' LIST.

HOUSES FOR SALE TO RENT

LOPS FOR SALE

SEE WILLIAMS FOR BARGAINS

IF YOU WANT TO BUY OR SELL SEND PARTICULARS TO WILLIAMS

Had the property to rent? Let me rent it in advance