



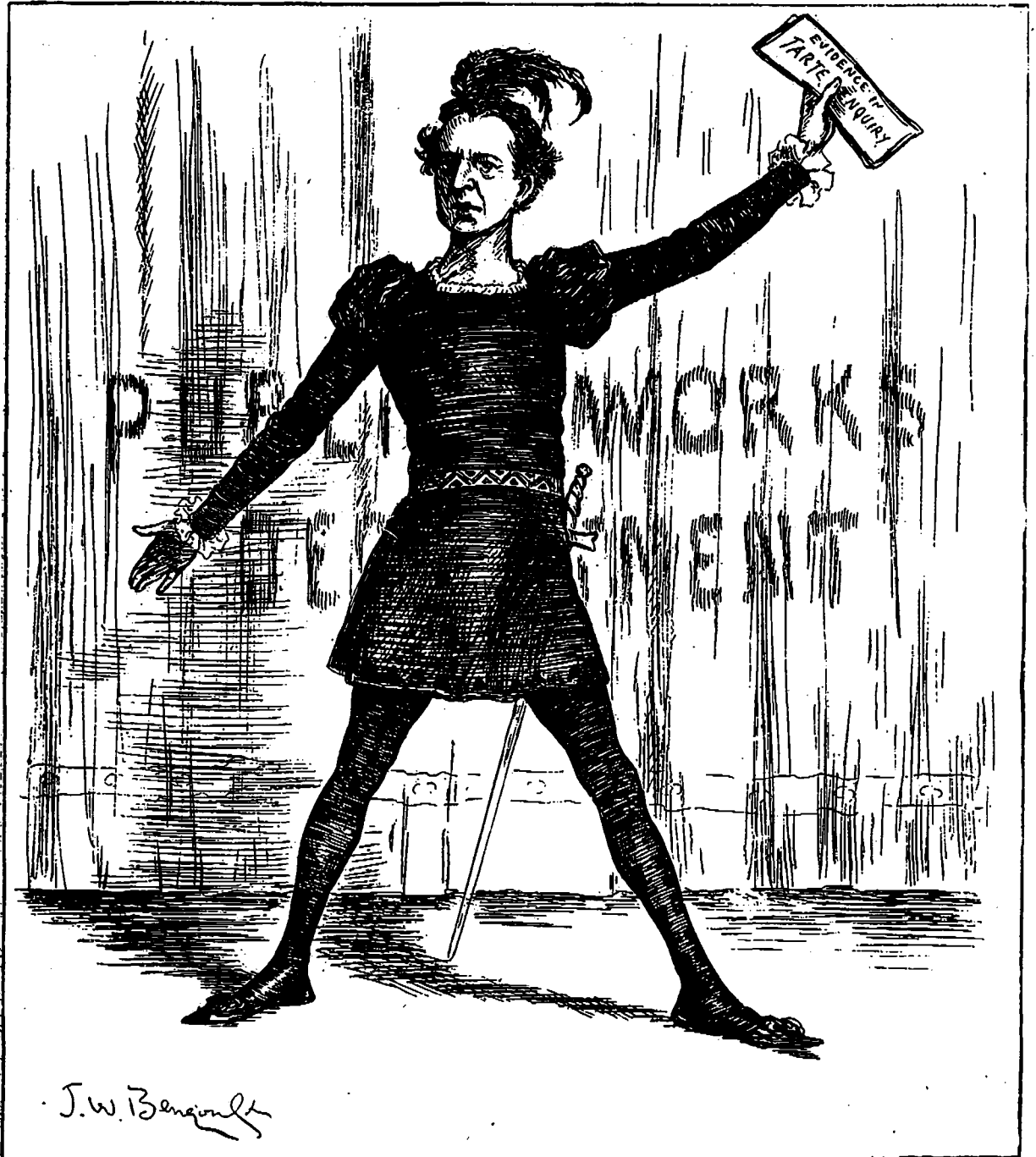
# GRIP



VOL. XXXVII.

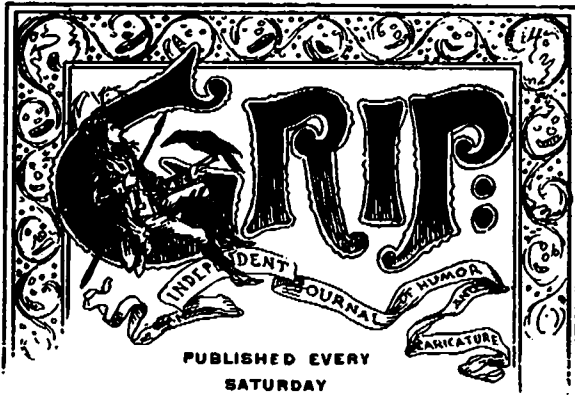
TORONTO, JULY 18, 1891.

No. 3.  
Whole No. 944.



"THUS BAD BEGINS, BUT WORSE REMAINS BEHIND!"

—Hamlet



PUBLISHED EVERY  
SATURDAY

BY THE

## Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President  
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.  
T. G. WILSON.

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 two-cent stamps only.

Messrs. JOHN HADDON & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

### NOTICE.

As many people, either thoughtlessly or carelessly, take papers from the Post Office regularly for some time, and then notify the publishers that they do not wish to take them, thus subjecting the publishers to considerable loss, inasmuch as the papers are sent regularly to the addresses in good faith on the supposition that those removing them from the Post Office wish to receive them regularly, it is right that we should state what is the LAW in the matter

1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.

2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid.

Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

### COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



#### THE BINDER-TWINE DIFFICULTY.—

The binder-twine question was unground in the House of Commons the other day. Mr. Mulock, the farming man from North York, moved that this prime commodity of the agriculturists be put on the free list, so that a "knock-out" might be administered to the cordage combine which is now alleged to be tying up the farmers. The Government, albeit made up of farmers' friends (*vide* campaign literature) could not countenance so rash a step. The motion was voted down on a straight party division. It was intimated, however, that if, in the course of human events, the Canadian ruralists should ever really and truly be squeezed by any wicked combinesters in the matter of

binder-twine, the Government will hasten to the rescue by reducing or abolishing the duties. Thus was an excellent "issue" fashioned and presented to the leaders of the Reform party for their next stumping tour in the country. If they are shrewd enough to use it "for all it is worth" they may literally have the Government "on a string."

HAMLET.—The past week has been one of developments at Ottawa, not only in the Privileges and Elections Committee, but in

that which reviews the public accounts, and in the Committee of Supply. The examination of witnesses in the Tarte enquiry has made the case no better for Sir Hector Langevin, while it has overwhelmed his chief engineer, Perley. That official has admitted before the Committee that Murphy's evidence convicting him of accepting a valuable present of jewelry is true. In the Public Accounts Committee irregularities in the Department of the Interior were discovered, and in the House another scandal has been discovered, involving the Public Works Department in connection with the Kingston graving dock. The general impression left on the public mind by all this is that if it were possible to get at all the facts it would be shown that our Civil Service is a mass of rottenness. If the Conservative party wishes to retain the respect and confidence of the people it will outdo the Grits in the work of exposing and kicking out the rascals who are now robbing the country.

PARNELL said he knew Carlow well, and felt confident of the election of his candidate there by a sweeping majority. Result: Hammond (McCarthyite), 3,755; Kittle (Parnellite), 1,539. The ex-leader of the Irish Party seems to have made the same mistake as a young friend of ours, who went to call on his best girl, counting on his popularity with her pa's dog. "Here, Carlow, good old Carlow; you know me, don't you, Carlow?" he said in persuasive tones as he approached the house. But Carlow didn't know him by a large majority, and the result was that after a desperate run he lost *his* seat, too.

THE temptation to make a play on the title "Order of Home Circles," by picturing a spider-web, as we did in our last issue, was a strong one and we yielded to it. In so doing, we are told we did an injustice to a benevolent institution which has for years been doing an excellent work in this country. The officials in this city, who are certainly men of character and standing, declare themselves able and ready to demonstrate the soundness of the basis upon which the Order is working, and to conclusively answer the attacks which have recently been made in the daily press GRIP's motto being fair play to all, he refers enquirers to the office of the secretary, 44 Church Street, where full investigation into the merits of the Order may be made.

IT is fitting that we should take off our hat and greet our esteemed contemporary, *Mr. Punch*, of Fleet Street, on the auspicious occasion of his fiftieth birthday, which occurs this week. *Mr. Punch* is entitled to rank as the "Grand Old Man" of comic journalism, not only because he numbers more yearly volumes than any other publication of his class, but also because of his high character as a scholar and a gentleman. It may be true, as so often alleged, that *Punch* is not so funny as he used to be, for such men as Lemon, Jerrold, Thackeray, Leech and Doyle are not readily matched, but for real literary merit *Punch* is easily first still. He is, however, so essentially English that only an Englishman can fully enjoy him.

AND now the report is that in all probability the Bureau of Printing "will not stand investigation." This is the Department presided over by Mr. Chapleau, who is looking forward to being placed in charge of Railways and Canals, one of the great spending departments of the Government. Let the Printing Bureau be thoroughly turned over before he is appointed, and perhaps it will lead the party managers to avoid the folly of appointing him.

MR. NICHOLAS K. CONNOLLY appears to have a mo excellent forgettery.



### DISAPPOINTMENT.

1ST DELEGATE—"I've been in Canada here for about two days, and this is the very first Indian I've seen yet!"

2ND DELEGATE—"Yes, and there doesn't seem to be as many bears or as much snow about, either, as I expected."

### WEIGHING THOUGHTS.

Professor Mosso, an Italian, recently ascertained the weight of thought by balancing a man horizontally so delicately that when he began to think the accession of blood to his head turned the scale. When the subject was asleep, the thoughts or visions which came to him in dreams were sufficient to sink his head below his feet, and the same thing took place when he was disturbed by a slight sound or a touch. The balance even indicated when a person was reading Italian and when Greek.—*Ex.*

"AND now," said the Professor, when several minutes had been occupied in carefully adjusting the victim so that a perfect equilibrium might be secured, "you are about to witness, ladies and gentlemen, a wonderful development of modern science, by which we can ascertain the weight of thought. The subject now is in a state of calm and placid quiescence. He is not thinking about anything in particular. But just as soon as his brain is set at work the rush of the vital fluid to his cerebellum will destroy the equilibrium."

"Let her go, Prof.," said the subject.

"I have here," continued the Prof., "a copy of the *Empire*, and as I proceed with the perusal of the leading editorial the subject will doubtless experience the determination of blood to the seat of the reasoning faculties necessitated by the act of ratiocination."

And he proceeded to read the dreary rigmarole abounding in such expressions as "Grit traitors," "annexationists," "apostles of blue ruin," "pessimists," etc., glancing at the subject, who did not seem affected in the least. The auditors smiled and sneered audibly, and made sarcastic remarks about the Keely motor and the flying machine.

"Really," said the Professor, "this is most extraordinary. I cannot understand it. I assure you that repeated experiments have demonstrated beyond a doubt the correctness of our theory. Are you sure that you were listening and fixing your attention on the subject, Mr. Skeezi?"

"Course I was listening to the blamed stuff."

"Well, let us try something else. Here is an article from the *Week* on the necessity of developing a truly Canadian literature. Now, listen attentively, Mr. Skeezi, and try to follow the line of thought:—

The oft-quoted saying, "Let me make the ballads of a nation and I care not who makes their laws," embodies a potent truth which it were well to heed. A nation devoid of a literature is destitute of those mainsprings to heroic action which"—etc., etc.

And so on for about half a column. It was no use. The recumbent listener maintained his equilibrium.

A speech by Ald. Hallam at the City Council produced a slight depression, owing, probably, as some one maliciously observed, less to its own thought-provoking character than to the literary and poetical quotations freely interspersed. And the Professor smiled and felt encouraged.

Then an article by Prof. Goldwin Smith on the relations of Canada and the United States was tried, and the victim's upper section dropped so quickly that he was in imminent danger of pitching head foremost to the floor, had not an antidote been promptly applied in the form of a *Globe* editorial, which brought his head up again with a jerk amid a round of applause. Science was vindicated.

"Now you witness, ladies and gentlemen," said the Professor, "the successful demonstration of our theory. The initial experiments were failures simply because there was nothing in the subject matter presented which could possibly provoke thought of any kind. We will now conclude with one final test, as the subject must be somewhat wearied with conflicting emotions. I hold in my hand a copy of *GRIP*, from which I shall proceed to read the first item that catches my eye.

SAMJONES—"Going to the party to-night, Borax?"

BORAX—"No, don't you see I'm in *dashville*?"

SAMJONES—"Ah, that is a slight disability."

The brow of the subject suddenly became corrugated with the lines indicating mental tension and the concentration of the intellectual faculties. Suddenly his heels flew into the air, his head dropped, and before a selection from "Kit," of the *Mail*, could be applied to restore the mental vacuum, he had slid heavily to the ground, amid a scene of excitement. As he got up and rubbed the back of his head, which had been bruised by the violence of the shock, the Professor was overwhelmed with the warm congratulations of the audience.

### DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW.

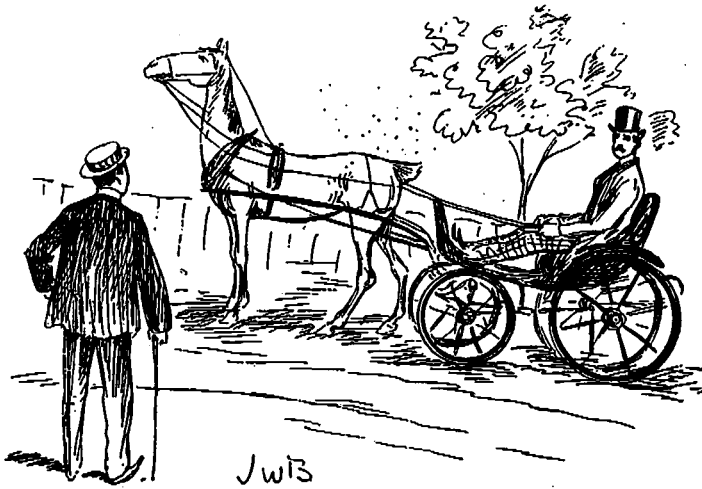
**DUDE** (looking at a group of Dominion Day picnickers).—"These people are—aw—awfully cawse and boisterous in their amusements. Occasions like these, you know, always remind me of the saying that 'a poor man's holiday is a sadder sight than a rich man's funeral.'"

**SOCIALIST**—"Really I don't see the force of the comparison. A rich man's funeral is a rather cheerful occasion than otherwise."

### A DISAPPOINTED BOOMSTER.

"LANDS-DOWNE," shouted the street-car conductor as the vehicle was passing along Queen Street West.

"Oh, come off," growled a disgruntled-looking passenger. "I guess everybody in town knows that by this time, and there ain't no sense in rubbing it into us all the time."



### "HORSE SENSE."

JOBSON—"Fine beast you've got there, Chumpson."

CHUMPSON—"Yes; I think a great deal of this animal."

THE HORSE (*sotto voce*)—"Yes, you *must* think a heap of me, putting on a check rein that keeps me in constant agony, and docking my tail so that I can't protect myself from the flies. Save us from our 'friends'!"

### CONCERNING CYCLING.

JUST about the present time cycling is almost as popular as saying spiteful things about your neighbors. The most widely circulating medium of this class is probably the bicycle. In spite of the many improvements of late years, people tell us that the bicycle is still in its infancy. I presume they refer to the fact that at present it is unable to stand alone. You have to let it hold on to the wall or something, if you don't want to watch it all the time. It is a proud moment for you when you make your first start on your new bicycle. You hop along behind it for a few yards, and then, without a word of warning, you fling yourself recklessly at the concern, turn round gracefully to wave your hand to the sweet face at the window, and the next moment you find you are trying to wave a piece of the road.

The tricycle is a machine of the more staid kind. It doesn't lose its head so quickly as the bicycle, and it is more in favor with people who have a solid objection to coming in at the fag-end of the journey on a police stretcher. Even a tricycle, though, has its drawbacks. As you meander softly along some pleasant country road, it is somewhat apt to disturb your equanimity when you find all the misguided bow-wows of the neighborhood plunging in delirious ecstasy at the revolving wheels, evidently mistaking the concern for a sausage machine.

I am something of a cyclist myself. It is true that I have never broken the record—indeed, I don't remember to have broken anything lately, except my last engagement, which was all the fault of her mother, as I told her in a few well-chosen words. I began cycling under advice. I was looking solid and healthy, I had a really genuine spring appetite, and I could take eight hours' sleep regularly without stopping for breath once the whole time. Then my doctor began to feel uneasy about me. He evidently thought I wasn't doing the square thing by his profession, and he told me I ought to go in for sports a little. So I followed his advice. I began gradually; I put something on the Derby for three years in succession, but I didn't seem to be any the better for it. Then I was told

that I ought to take more exercise. As a matter of fact, I have done this moderately all my life. The most violent exercise I ever remember taking was when, in a regretfully heated moment, I called the old man next door a liar. He afterwards explained that, but for the fact that I was the sole support of an orphaned father, he would have made a mummy of me.

I finally decided to buy a tricycle, as being more to be depended on than other kinds of machines. When you want to stop for a moment on a tricycle you can pull up, and can feel pretty sure that the concern won't play any conjuring tricks with you. There are several ways of getting a tricycle now on exceptionally easy terms. You can either buy it right out, or you can get it on the instalment plan by paying threepence a week for a year, and being summoned for the balance at the County Court. Some people put an advertisement in the paper and say they would like a second-hand tricycle in good repair in exchange for a couple of white mice or a tame canary. But of course, we can't all afford to be so liberal with our household pets.

One of the jolliest forms of cycling is to have a machine with a nice little seat in front for the youngest Miss Thompson. You always put the lady in front, and then if you should happen to run into anything it doesn't matter very much. Indeed, the chances are that you won't get hurt at all. Considered as sport, this sort of cycling is, of course, enjoyable enough; but when the same thing is supplied at a reduced price under Government auspices, it is called the treadmill for short. To a really sensitive girl there are times when tandem cycle riding is capable of producing the keenest and most heartrending disappointment. At a critical moment you lean forward and softly murmur, "Miss Thompson—Mary." On the utmost verge of expectation she stammers, "Ye-es, Mr. Smith?" only to hear you calmly add: "Would you kindly put your best leg foremost and help scramble up the next hill?"—*Arnold Golsworthy, in Pick-Me-Up.*



"WITH A WILD CRY OF RAGE HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET!"

(Extract from Popular Novel).



THE BINDING TWINE DIFFICULTY.

PREMIER ABBOTT (to the Canadian farmer)—“ Have no fear, my good sir ; if I supposed you were really suffering any inconvenience, I assure you I would cut you down at once ! ”

LAURIER AND CARTWRIGHT (sotto voce)—“ Happy thought ! Here’s the issue at last ! Now we have the Government on a string ! ! ”



### A SANITARY DIFFERENCE.

MRS. JIMSECUTE (with a glance at the morning supply of lactea fluid)—“This milk has been well watered, as usual.”

MR. J.—“I don't object to that so much as if it were city-watered.”

### EVERYTHING IN A NAME.

HOW THE ALDERMEN PROPOSE TO RECLAIM CATFISH POND.

Deputation of West-Enders to Committee of City Council—

OH, City Fathers, we again  
Of your inaction must complain;  
We come from Parkdale and beyond  
To speak to you of Catfish Pond.

A reeking, stagnant swamp it lies,  
Malarial vapors thence arise—  
A most insanitary spot,  
Especially when it is hot.

And all the residents around  
Declare that sickness does abound,  
And people from the place abscond—  
They will not live near Catfish Pond.

Abate this nuisance right away,  
The public health brooks no delay;  
Oh, fill it up, or clean it out,  
And loudly we'll your praises shout.

*Ald. Atkinson.*

Good people, what you say is true,  
I deeply sympathize with you;  
One day, while standing on the bank,  
I noticed that the pond seemed rank.

'Tis dangerous to public health,  
And—if we had sufficient wealth,  
We'd gladly do what you suggest  
To gain your influence in the west.

But, as you surely ought to know,  
The civic funds are somewhat low;  
'T would cost the city much too dear—  
We can't attend to it this year.

However, something may be done,  
These foul abuses must not run  
Unchecked by effort on our part,  
Who have your interests at heart.

Now the proposal which I make  
Is to re-name it “Silver Lake,”  
Suggestive of a calm retreat  
By waves pellucid, fresh and sweet.

Who could malarial fever take  
From living close to Silver Lake,  
Where ozone-laden breezes sport?  
Why, 'twill become a health resort!

So Catfish Pond we will reclaim  
By giving it a better name,  
And, as to meet your views I've tried,  
I hope you all are satisfied.

[Exit deputation apparently well pleased with the successful result of their mission].

### THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

SAMJONES—“The more we study the beneficent operations of Nature, the more we will become convinced of what has been termed the inherent fitness of things.”

BORAX—“I don't know. I was out to the Humber last evening, and got nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes. I'd like to know where the fitness of things comes in there?”

SAMJONES—“Why, that's just an instance in point, my friend. Did you never observe that mosquitoes are always found in the dam-pest places?”

### NOT LITERALLY.

SCENE—*The Refreshment table at the reception.*

MR. A.—“Do have something more, Miss B.”

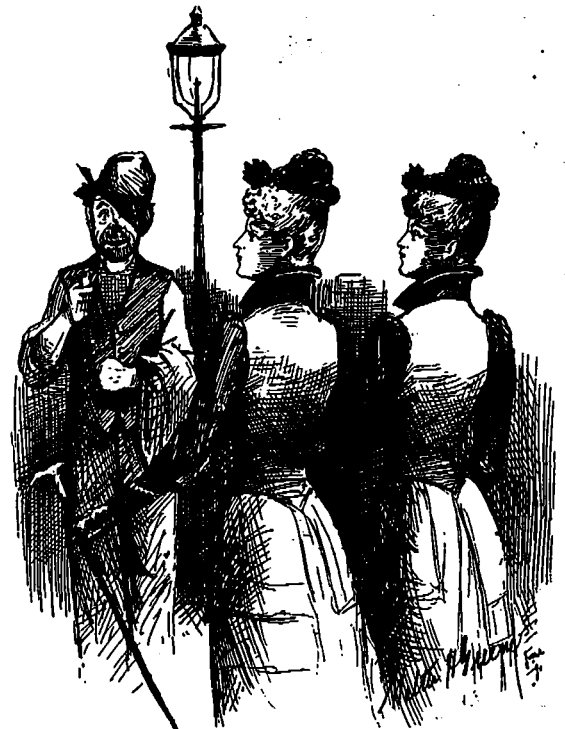
MISS B.—“Nothing more, thank you.”

MR. A.—“Not even an ice?”

MISS B.—“No, I thank you.”

MR. A.—“At least allow me to press you to a jelly.”

N. M. A.



### A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.

GANAGHAN—“Whack fol de riddle! Whisht! Twins—an a pair av thim! Sure, they look enough alike to be triplets!”



A SCALE SHOWING THE GREATNESS OF MERCIER IN QUEBEC.

#### FORGOTTEN ANECDOTES.

DURING the time that Edward IV.'s relations with Jane Shore were causing considerable scandal at Court, two of the Queen's pages, who were waiting at the antechamber, beguiled the time by discussing the tittle-tattle of the day. At last the king's foibles becoming the subject of their discourse, the elder of the young men remarked that in his opinion His Majesty was "sailing very close to the wind."

"Well, I don't know about *sailing close to the wind*," replied the other thoughtfully, "but I feel certain that as I passed the summer-house in the private garden yesterday evening, I saw him *'hugging the Shore.'*"

The Venerable Bede, feeling that his last hour was approaching, called to his bedside a young monk to whom he was deeply attached, but whose moral conduct had lately given the old man great cause for anxiety.

"My young son," said he, "strive earnestly to control these carnal passions and desires which militate so strongly against a saintly life. Let me on the present solemn occasion impress upon you the truth of the text, 'Be sure your sins will find you out.'"

"Indeed, father," replied the young neophyte, "I have carefully pondered those words. I do not so much mind my sins *finding me out*; what I fear is lest on their calling for me at any time they should find me *at home!*"

The saintly man sank back and expired.

Peter the Great was one morning informed that during the previous night part of the foundations of a large hospital near St. Petersburg had sunk some inches, and that it had become necessary to at once shore up the building with beams, pending repairs.

On the monarch arriving at the scene, accompanied by his son Alexis, a workman showed the Czar the extent of the damage and informed him that the whole of the building was then resting on wooden beams.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Czar, "I can remember the time, not so long since, when it was *entirely supported by voluntary contributions.*"—*Pick-me-up.*

#### A GOOD OLD STAND-BY.

EDITOR—"Say, isn't it about time to spring our annual watermelon joke on the long-suffering public?"

ASSISTANT—"Guess so. Let's see, how does it run?"

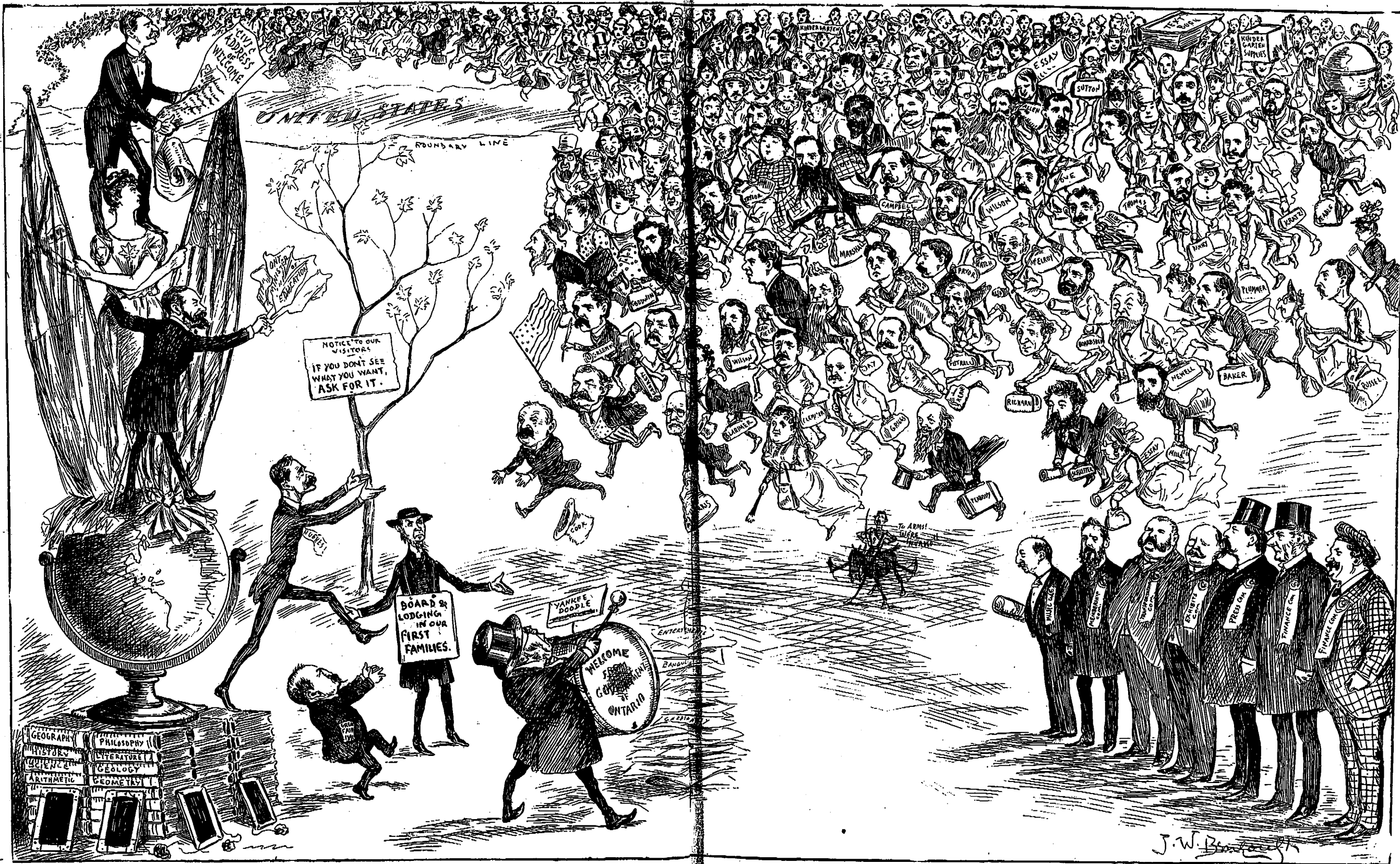
EDITOR—"Boy dies from eating too much watermelon. Write up the item and add 'Wat-er-melon-choly occurrence!' or something to that effect. Haven't missed that joke for the last twenty years."

ASSISTANT—"All right. I'll attend to it."

And this is the way the joke appeared:

"Harry Bentham, a youth living at Mulligan's Corners, ate a large watermelon last week and died in consequence. What a very lamentable circumstance. Ha! Ha!"





THE SCHOOLMASTERS ABROAD.  
 TORONTO WELCOMES THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.





### MEND-I-CAN T.

TRAMP—"Madam, have you such a thing as a bottle of cement about you?"

LADY—"What do you mean, sir?"

TRAMP—"Cause I'm broke!"

### WELCOME, MARMS AND MASTERS!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN from across the line,— You are welcome. Make yourselves right at home. Have a real good time, and if you think of any way in which we can make it better than it otherwise might be, let us know, and we'll try our best. We feel it an honor to have you with us, because you represent the noblest of all professions, and because you are, every man and woman of you, worthy of high personal esteem. The City of Toronto wants to stand well in your opinion, and isn't ashamed to let you know it. We hope you like our town;—being people of sense and education, of course you *do*. What we want to impress upon your minds—especially those of you who are in Canada for the first time, and have come with hazy notions about us—is, that we have a country all round us just as good in its way as this city, and inhabited by people just as nice, hospitable, intelligent and enterprising as you find us to be. You observe the British flag twined sociably with your own star spangled banner here and there? That is to typify our cordial relations with you as neighbors, but it doesn't imply that we want political union. On the other hand, if you meet any cranks who so far forget themselves as to say anything small about your Republic, don't let it trouble you. Every community has a few daft-bodies at large, but they are generally harmless. In the great and glorious work of Education we are one, at all events. We think we are doing nobly at that work; judge for yourselves. Take stock of George W. Ross and James L. Hughes, and tell us if they're not just about as bright men as you've ever met. And recollect that they are only samples of the material Canada is producing. Hail, then, brethren and sistern, our homes and hearts are open to you. May you have a right royal time of it!

### LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE BY THE P—E OF W—S.

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown,  
But my good mother seems to calmly bear it;  
The author should have put the adage down  
Uneasy lies the head that's going to wear it.

### AN IDYL.

THOUGH I'm rather late revealing,  
This here "Idyl of a brook,"  
I have not been idle healing  
Shattered health, and battered look.  
Cause: I took a day at fishing,  
Nor to business would attend;  
The effect: Beyond my wishing,  
Else this never had been penned.

Jim—my chum—proposed the outing,  
So one morn in early May,  
Nothing fearing, nothing doubting,  
Hied we to the brook away;  
Hied we, over hill, through hollow,  
With rod, reel, line and basket,  
Each— for charm—that luck might follow,  
Had his tiny choice filled flasket.

All in time we reached the brooklet  
Where the speckled beauties hide;  
Quickly each got line and hook set,  
And for luck our charm we tried.  
Soon said Jim, "I had a bite, Jack,  
'Twas a beauty, that I know,"  
And I answered almost right back,  
"So had I—a mosquito."

Getting bites and getting bitten,  
Thus we spent the day in sport (?);  
Got all blistered, scratched and smitten,  
Caught no fish of any sort.  
Then I sat me on a saw log  
O'er the water, thinking sin,  
When my patience and the sawlog  
Giving 'way, I tumbled in.

Oh I ye gods and little fishes  
Why did I deserve such fate?  
Could an enemy's worst wishes  
Crave much worse to glut his hate?  
Then in wrath and wet, chill raiment,  
Out I crawled and called on Jim;  
When was friendship dealt such payment—  
"Do you fish by diving in?"

Home we started. I quite nettled,  
Jolting over sticks and stones  
Kept me riled—instead of settled—  
Cricked my back and racked my bones.  
Then I vowed a vow forever  
Solemnly, right there and then,  
That I'd *never, NEVER, NEVER*  
Go a-fishing once again.

Hungry, cold and wet, and weary,  
I arrived at home that night;  
Then, with smile, my wife asked, "Dearie,  
Surely you were (water) tight?"  
And that night I dreamed of taking  
Fish so large I scarce could hold;  
From my struggle then awaking,  
Rose and found I'd caught—a cold.

J. W. JAMESON.

### THE OLDEST RACE.

PROF. BARRENSCALP—"Yes, gentlemen according to the latest scientific researches, the germ theory is sufficient to account for the origin of all terrestrial life—even human life."

STUDENT—"Then I suppose that the Teutonic race can claim to be the most ancient."

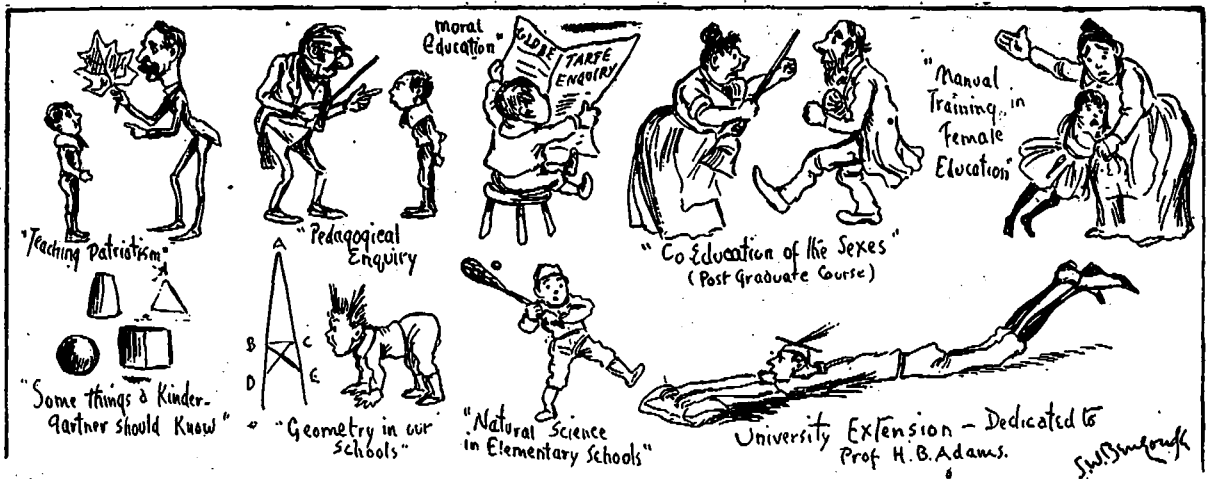
PROF. BARRENSCALP—"I do not see that that follows."

STUDENT—"Why, yes. They go back to the original Germ-man you know."

### A SUFFICIENT REASON.

CRITIC—"Why do you make your hero paint the town red?"

DE RITER—"To give color to my story."



TOPICS DISCUSSED AT THE CONVENTION.

**FITZDUDE TO HIS TAILOR.**

CAMP ISLAND, MUSKOKA, July 12th.

DEAR SIR,—Amongst the correspondence forwarded to me by my landlady in town, I find a note from you enclosing an overdue account. In the note you ask me to remit, and say something about your intention to place the matter in the hands of your solicitor if I do not send you a cheque at once. It is not my habit to conduct correspondence with tradesmen as a general thing, but in this case I make an exception, because your conduct is unusually impertinent even for a tailor. You must have known when you sent your account—the seventh or eighth of the series, if I recollect aright,—that I was not at my town house and consequently that it was not in my power to comply with your request—or perhaps I should say demand—for a cheque. You knew, or might as an intelligent man (which I believe you profess to be), have known, that I was absent from the city. The calendar which hangs in your office—I suppose you have such a thing—would have informed you, had you taken the trouble to consult it, that this is the month of July, and common sense would have told you that I never remain in town after the first of that month. Perhaps you do know that there are no banks scattered among the islands of this watering place, not even sandbanks. If so, I trust you will see the absurdity of your request for a cheque. I thought of your account before leaving town—it was brought to my memory by turning over a number of your beastly duns while arranging my wardrobe—but I did not then give it any attention for the very good reason that I had no money to spare for you. I now believe that, had I by accident fallen in with you at the time, you would have been brutal enough to have accepted the amount of your account (in case it had been offered you), and thus to have deprived me of my usual summer outing with my set. The trouble with you tradesmen is you are too grovelling and sordid. You seem to think it is not a sufficient remuneration for your work in making clothes to see those clothes displayed to good advantage on the forms of members of the upper classes. There is no proper pride in your profession, or you would have a soul above mere “monthly statements.” But I have already made this note much longer than I had intended. I will return to town some time in September, and I will then see what can be done about

paying you the paltry amount you seem so persistent about.

Yours, etc.,

ADOLPHUS FITZDUDE.

**AN OBJECT LESSON FOR ONTARIO.**

HERE'S an interesting clipping from the St. John Sun of July 1st:

After the exercises, Bishop Sweeny spoke to the children, advising them to follow out the kindly teaching of the good sisters, whose care of them had been shown in their happy circumstances to-day, and hoping that their enjoyment of the holidays would enable them to return stronger in body and clearer in mind.

He then called on Senator Boyd, who recalled many circumstances of the past when the Bishop (then John Sweeny) and he sat together on the same seat in the old one storey grammar school in Horsfield street, and of the day when the bishop's father came and told the head master he was glad to hear so good a report of his son, as he was to be a clergyman. Turning to the bishop, Senator Boyd said, we contended for the writing prize, but your lordship won it. How gratifying now must it be to you to see these schools when you recall the day that you asked if the troubles in the system could not be removed, and how they were removed, so that after fifteen year's experience under the same school board there is peace, a better education, and all are living side by side as children of the same Father and the same Queen. Mr. Boyd closed by a touching reference to the translation of Mrs. Furlong, who was a kind friend to the school, urging the children to follow her example and receive her reward.

The mayor followed in an admirable address as a member of the board, expressing his satisfaction with St. Joseph's school.

Mr. March also addressed the pupils briefly.

This, let the Ontario reader remark, is from an account of the closing exercises of the Public Schools, the particular school referred to being St. Joseph's, which is attended by Catholic children, and taught by members of a Catholic sisterhood. It is, notwithstanding, a Public School, being under the control of the General Board of Trustees. The teachers have secured regular certificates, and the books used are those of the other public schools. St. John has outgrown the wretched Separate school system, having abolished it fifteen years ago, as Senator Boyd remarks, with the happiest results to all, and especially to the Catholic people. Once more we ask, why can't we have as sensible and Christian a solution of the difficulty in this Province?

**ADVICE TO HUMORISTS.**

“SECURE the shadow ere the substance fade.”  
Write down your joke as soon as it is made.



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

### EDUCATIONAL FENCES.

A PAPER TO BE READ BY HON. GEO. W. ROSS BEFORE THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

IN this age of Educational Reform and advancement, attention has been properly turned to the matter of school buildings. It is now universally recognized that the character of the edifices devoted to Educational purposes has much to do with the success of the work carried on therein.

As a member of a progressive and enlightened Government, I am prepared to go further, and to declare that very much depends also on the surroundings of school buildings. In the olden days, "school yards" were usually unsightly places, often mere expanses of grassless ground. That sort of thing has now been succeeded by something more beautiful. The gardens, in which stand the Normal school buildings in this city, represent the ideal of school grounds set up by the Government, of which I have the honor to be a member, and it is our wish and intention that the trustees of all schools in the Province shall endeavor to live up to that ideal.

We go further, and insist that the influence of surroundings shall be borne in mind to the uttermost limits of the school yard. What I mean is that much depends upon the character of the fence.

It is not unknown to us as a Government that the fence which surrounds St. James' Square has been adversely criticized. It has, in fact, been laughed at, scoffed at, and sneered at. Even the *Globe*, the faithful supporter of the Government, has declared that fence to be "one of the things that Torontonians are ashamed of."

All this criticism is captious and short-sighted. It only serves to show the ignorance and lack of imagination of those who indulge in it. Permit me to say a few words in justification of that fence. And in one word let me plainly state what does not seem to have occurred to the fault-finders, that it is a symbolical fence. I need not here expatiate on the place and power of symbol in Education. You know all about that. Why, then, should

not the fence surrounding a great school be a vast quadrilateral symbol, a standing—or, perhaps, I should say tottering—allegory?

The fence is *old*. This characteristic is meant to impress upon the youthful mind ideas of veneration, which I think you will admit, are much needed in the present day.

*Secondly*, it is greatly out of repair; the posts are rotten, and here and there the pickets are missing altogether. These facts are intended to impress the pupils, who are constantly noticing them, with the useful thought that mere external matters should never be taken as a criterion for final judgment of that which is within. A man's character may be noble, though his clothes be poor; yet the tendency of human nature is to judge by mere appearances. We seek to give emphasis to this contrast by having a very good Normal School surrounded by a very bad fence.

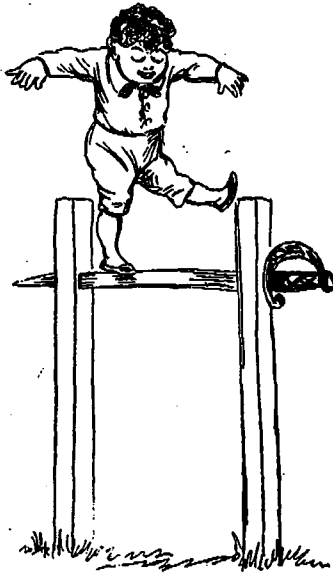
Again, the charge is made that this fence is cheap and nasty. True. But in this day of empty display, is it not useful to rebuke extravagance? Is not that fence a perpetual proclamation of the thrift and economy of the Government? It is a rich Government, with a large surplus, which makes the point all the more forceful, for it must be evident that we could easily afford to have a decent looking fence if that were deemed desirable. This cannot fail to leave an abiding impression on the mind of students, and I am able to point with pride to the fact that very few graduates of the Normal School, who have entered the teaching profession, have ever become notorious for riotous living on their salaries.

Not to detain you longer, I will only, in conclusion, express the hope that our much-abused Fence will hereafter be understood and appreciated.



MR. HARDPAN'S "ART."

SHE (*musings*)—"Mr. Hardpan said last night he would give his right hand if he could only get my "effects." How sweetly flattering of the dear fellow. And he really knows something about art, too."



THE AMATEUR ACROBAT.

"If that feller at the Island can walk on a sharp sword, I can do it, too."



He does it—two.

A WELL-FOUNDED BOAST.

"WHERE are all those people going? Is there a public meeting in that building?" asked one of the educational delegates, as the hacks drove past St. Lawrence Hall.

"No," said the patriotic resident, who was in the vehicle, "those people are going to pay their taxes—the first instalment is due to-day."

"Taxes!" echoed the visitor. "The beauty of your city is so great that I had quite forgotten taxes!"

"Yes, sir," responded the Torontonian while his bosom swelled with pride, "and let me tell you, sir, we have the heaviest taxes of any city on this continent!"

HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL denounced something John Charlton said in the House the other day as being "false as hell." It is now in order for the Methodist Church to bring this member up before the bar on a charge of outrageous heterodoxy.

THE YOUNG LAIRD SAT UPON.

IT was a Bee—an old-time threshing-bee, to which the male element of the whole country-side had been invited.

It was supper-time, and around the well-laden table, improvised for the occasion, were seated sturdy yeomanry—old and young—waited on by rosy-cheeked country lassies—vying with one another in their efforts to stand high in the estimation of these broad-shouldered stalwart youths, who, in turn, were jealous of their bashful attentions.

Bill Hunter, a married man of middle age, strong and stout of limb, quick and versatile of tongue, the acknowledged wit of the township, was seated at one end of the festal board surrounded by his bosom cronies; while at the other end, royally enthroned, sat Peter Dewar, Esquire, heir-apparent to broad estates, being eldest son of the wealthiest man in the district, and an object of deep regard to all parents who had eligible daughters of a marriageable age.

During the course of the meal conversation turned on the prospective joint-stock cheese-factory, a subject freely and widely discussed in that district by the wealthy farmers—Mr. Dewar among the number.

Our friend, Bill Hunter, like Godfrey on the hearse, was not in it, as he had only one cow, which scarcely sufficed to keep him and his family supplied with a necessary amount of the lacteal fluid.

He was silent; but anon, young Mr. Dewar, wishing to "show off" before the bright array of rustic beauties, interrogated him to this effect:—

"By the way, Bill, I hear you intend taking two shares in this factory. Is it so?"

Such an inuendo was naturally greeted with loud peals of laughter from every quarter, while all with expectant faces looked towards poor Bill sitting there with ne'er a smile on his benighted countenance.

"Yes," says Bill, when their risibility had somewhat subsided, "That is my intention"—after a short pause—"I suppose your iather will take a few also."

"Why, certainly!" was the laconic response from our young friend.

"It will be a sorry day for you, Pete," commented Bill.

"How's that?" ventured Pete.

"Well," Bill drily remarks, "when men send their milk to the factory they generally kill all their calves."

Needless to say the young man kept his face closed during the remainder of the evening.

"PARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE."

"THE honorable gent is a liar and sneak,  
And a trickster of lowest degree;  
He's a dickering shyster of adamant cheek—  
A truculent rascal is he!"

"Order!" the House all horrified cried;  
"Take that back, take it back!"  
Mr. Speaker then said, "Yes, so I decide,  
The member will have to retract."

"I will," said the member; "I meant to say he  
Is devoid of all sense of veracity,  
And is gifted beyond Machivellian degree  
With a serpent and fox-like sagacity."

The *entente cordiale* having thus been restored, the House adjourned.

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

## FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A GREAT EXPENSE LESSENED.—Many a parent knows how expensive it is feeding infants with high-priced food. Dyer's Improved Food for Infants, is highly nutritious, made from pure Pearl Barley, and costs twenty-five cents a package. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

## HON. JOHN VROOMAN, TREASURER.

THE election of Hon. John W. Vrooman, of Herkimer, as Treasurer of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association and Chairman of its Executive Committee, and his acceptance of the same, are announcements the *Herald* makes with gladness and regret. It rejoices with Mr. Vrooman's host of friends in the flattering preferment and good fortune that have come to him. Its regret is founded in selfishness, in which a great many people in Utica will unite with all Herkimer; the change takes Mr. Vrooman from central New York, to become a resident of the metropolis.

The magnitude of the trust to which Mr. Vrooman has been called is plainly indicated in the letter from President Harper, apprising the Treasurer-elect of the action of the Directors of the Association. The preferment was unsought, and the action of the Directors doubly underscored the honor. It was a tribute to worth of character, to honest living, honorable action, fidelity in every walk of life, earnestness, sincerity, truth.

John W. Vrooman is about forty-six years of age. His life has been passed in the neighbor-

ing village of Herkimer, where he is everybody's friend and where everybody loves him. He was ten years clerk of the Surrogate Court of Herkimer County, two years Deputy Clerk of the Assembly at Albany, and ten years Clerk of the Senate. For a number of years he was a member of the Republican State Committee, and for eight years Secretary of that Committee. Since leaving the Clerk's desk in the Senate he has been engaged in banking at Herkimer.

Mr. Vrooman's removal to New York and assumption of his enlarged duties will not, as we are assured, interfere with his administration of the office of Grand Master of the Masonic Order of the State of New York. The visitations inaugurated by him will be continued. The routine work of the office will be more conveniently transacted than heretofore, and no congratulations the Treasurer of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association receives will be more cordial and earnest than those which members of the great fraternity which he has served long and faithfully will extend. Those who know him best, masons or non masons, will also extend their felicitations to the Association, on the wisdom it has displayed in selecting a custodian of its funds.—*Utica Herald, Nov. 14, 1890.*

## Armour's Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stook" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

Send to us for our book of receipts, showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago.

## DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

Produces a delightfully Cooling and Invigorating Sparkling Aerated Water.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SEA SICKNESS, ETC.

W. G. DUNN & CO London, England, and Hamilton, Canada. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

# BRYCE BROS., "The Builders"

Have the Largest List of Properties



## For Sale

IN THE CITY

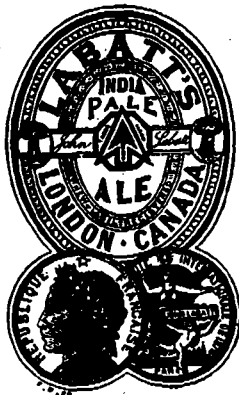
Houses and vacant Land of all classes and descriptions can be had in any part of the City on very easy terms.

Special arrangements made with parties desiring to build.

CALL AND SEE THEM AT

280 KING ST. EAST.

JOHN LABATT,



LONDON, ONT.

Received the highest awards for Purity and Excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Austria, 1877, and Paris, 1878. Prof. H. H. Croft, Public Analyst, Toronto, says: "I find it to be perfectly sound, containing no impurities or adulterations, and can strongly recommend it as perfectly pure and a very superior liquor." John S. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says: "I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops." James Good & Co., Agents, Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD



CONGER COAL COMPANY.

Main Office—6 King Street East.

Buy Your Tickets

Via The H.&C.B.R.R.

To the land of comfortable feet. It is the Safest Line, The Most Comfortable Line of

Boots and Shoes  
In The Dominion. \*

CENTRAL  
DEPOT



H. & O. BLACHFORD

87 & 89 King St. East, Toronto.

TOWNSEND & STEPHENS,

Public Accountants, Auditors, Assignees.

Sherman E. Townsend. H. Seymour Stephens.

Traders' Bank Chambers, Yonge St., TORONTO.

Cable Address: "SEYMOUR."

TELEPHONE 1641.

Agencies at London, Manchester, Leicester, Nottingham, Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Huddersfield, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Paris, New York, and in every City and Town in Canada.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.



I.

See next page.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon.  
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R.C.D.  
Office: N. E. Cor. Yonge and Bloor, TORONTO.  
Over Lander's Drug Store.

W. H. FERGUSON, Carpenter,  
81 Bay St., corner Melinda, Toronto.  
Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Printers  
and Engravers' Jobbing a Specialty.

GAS-FIXTURE  
SHOW-ROOMS  
BRACKETS, GLOBES  
& CHANDELIERS  
BENNETT WRIGHT  
\* 72 QUEEN STREET E. TORONTO

Drink Drink! Drink! St. Leon.



As a preventive of Typhoid Fever drink St. Leon Mineral Water. We have for this fair city of ours one of the worst water supplies, as far as the quality of the water goes, in the Province. According to the press, it is down below second quality. Why drink this horrid stuff when you can get St. Leon Water for 30c. per gallon, or 25c. per gallon if you take four gallons, and we will send it to your house for that. Mr. M. A. Thomas is now down at the hotel at the Springs, and has everything ready, and expects to do a rushing business this summer.

The St. Leon Mineral Water Co. (Ltd.)  
TORONTO.

BRANCH OFFICE:

Tidy's Flower Depot, 164 Yonge Street.



Registered Trade Mark.

SPRING GOODS

FINE AND MEDIUM

STYLE AND QUALITY

COMBINED.



Our Own Make

AND IMPORTED.

79 KING STREET EAST.

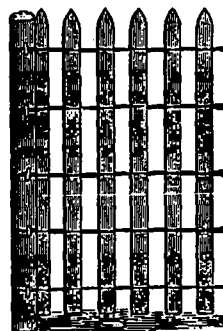
LADIES

Requiring any fashionable and modern Hair Goods in Bangs, Waves, Switches—all long hair—no cord inside. Toupees or Wigs for ladies and gentlemen, ready made, or made to order on short notice.

FRANKLE ARMAND & CO.

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in Fine Hair Goods and Perfumery.

441 Yonge St., and 1 Carlton St., S.E. Cor. of Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., Canada.



PICKET  
WIRE  
FENCE.

The great question of the day with the farmer and every owner of an acre of land is What shall we do for Fencing? We say buy our new Combination Fence and save valuable time, land and money.

Prices from 50 cts.  
(Per rod, 16 1/2 ft.)

Send for Price List

TORONTO PICKET WIRE FENCE CO.  
221 River Street, Toronto, Ont.

NIAGARA FALLS LINE

DOUBLE TRIPS.

Steamer EMPRESS OF INDIA

Leaves Geddes' Wharf at 7:30 a.m. and 3:40 p.m. daily for

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester and New York.

Family tickets for sale. Low rates to excursion parties. Tickets at all G.T.R. and "Empress" ticket offices and on wharf.

**DR. J. FRANK ADAMS,**  
**DENTIST,**

325 COLLEGE ST. . . . . Toronto  
Telephone 2278.

**J. A. Troutman, L.D.S.,**  
**SURGEON DENTIST,**

463 Spadina Ave., 2nd door N. of College.

Makes the preservation of natural teeth a specialty and all work warranted to give satisfaction. Appointments made by Telephone 1749. Night bell.



**REMINGTON**  
**STANDARD**  
**TYPEWRITER**

For fifteen years the Standard. The manufacture now exceeds **One Hundred Machines per Day.** Write for particulars.

GEORGE BENGOUGH, General Agent,  
Adelaide Street West, - Toronto.



\* THE \*  
**YOST**

**WRITING MACHINE.**

(Latest production of G. W. N. Yost, the inventor of the "Remington" and "Caligraph" machines.)

**PROOF OF SUPERIORITY.**

The sale of the Yost now exceeds that of any other machine.

Type-guide insures perfect and permanent alignment. No annoying or expensive ribbon. Ink Pad guaranteed to last six months. Prints directly from steel type, giving clear and clean work. Unequaled for Manifolding. Cannot be strained by heavy work. Type arms tested to last over 30 years. Speed does not impair its beautiful work. Noiseless and portable. Operators supplied.

GENERAL AGENTS

**NEWSOME & CO**  
46 & 48 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

Law and Commercial Stationers, Lithographers, etc., Writing Machine Papers and General Supplies.

**W**ALL PAPERS IN GREAT VARIETY  
**FAIRCLOTH BROS.**

10 SHUTER ST.

We are showing a very large and varied assortment of Wall Papers which will pay you to inspect.

**FIRSTBROOK BROS.**

*Big Kites and Wool Printers,*

KING ST. EAST.

TORONTO.

**THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.**



II.

**PATENTS**

Obtained in Canada, United States, Great Britain and all Foreign Countries. Advice on Patent Laws. Information on Patents given on application.

**FETHERSTONEHAUGH & CO.,**

Patent Barristers and Solicitors, Electrical and Mechanical Experts and Draughtsmen.

Canadian Bank of Commerce Building.

TORONTO.

**PATENTS**

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

Full information furnished.

**DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.**

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

**Ontario Ladies' College**

WHITBY, - ONTARIO.

Affords an exceedingly pleasant home and complete graduation courses in Literature, Music, Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial Branches. Apply to

PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.

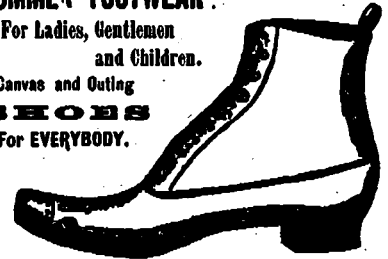
**SUMMER FOOTWEAR.**

For Ladies, Gentlemen  
and Children.

Canvas and Outing

**SHOES**

For EVERYBODY.



WM. WEST & CO.

246 YONGE ST.

**W. H. STONE,** Always open.  
**UNDERTAKER,**

Telephone 932. | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

**Think** Of Buying  
a Typewriter?

Would you like to try a Hammond for 10 days? We'll send you one if you like, and can also furnish a competent operator.

**THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.**

45 Adelaide East, Toronto.



**DO I WANT A CAMERA?**

Send for Price List and information regarding

**NEW INSTANTANEOUS HAND**

**CAMERAS**

And Complete Outfits.

**J. G. Ramsey & Co.**

89 BAY STREET, - TORONTO.

**Vitalized Air Free.**

I will administer the "Air or Gas" free, for one month, and guarantee extracting to be absolutely painless. This applies only to those getting in Sets.

C. H. RIGGS, Cor. King and Yonge Sts.

Telephone 1476.

**Agents Wanted**

To sell the ONLY Picture of

**Sir John A. Macdonald**

IN HIS

**PRIVY COUNCIL DRESS**

Send in your application for territory, enclosing 25 cents for samples.

**GRIP PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.**

28 Front Street West, - Toronto.

**McCull's Lardine Machine Oil.**

It does not gum or clog machinery, and wears equal to Castor Oil.

**THEIR RENOWNED CYLINDER OIL**

Guaranteed to do better and cheaper than tallow. Try above Oils and you will buy no other. Made only by

**MCCOLL BROS. & CO. - TORONTO.**