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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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### Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—From the moment in  
which Sir Charles Tupper arose to move the  
C. P. R. resolutions, the government and  
their supporters became deaf, dumb, and blind  
to everything that could, would or should be  
said on the other side of the question. All  
the arguments of the opposition went for  
nothing—all their amendments, although in  
themselves reasonable and business-like, had  
no more effect than the proverbial "water on  
a duck's back." Mr. Watson moved that the  
C. P. R. be required to give up the monopoly  
clause as a condition of the loan; Mr. Weldon  
moved that they be restrained by the agree-  
ment from spending the money in American  
speculations aside from the contract—both  
these common-sense suggestions were "sat  
upon" by a heavy majority—and all the  
amendments Mr. Blake may propose on the  
second reading of the bill will be treated in the  
same summary fashion.

FIRST PAGE.—In his little speech before the  
curtain on Saturday night, Mr. Henry Irving  
expressed regret that he would not be able to  
play in Ottawa and other Canadian cities. So  
far as the capital is concerned the great tra-  
gedian's failure to appear will not be much  
felt, as the equally great Sir John has been  
playing "Louis XI." for several nights past.  
The terrible dread of political death, and the  
frantic effort to cling to life, have been repre-

sented with a power which Irving could not  
surpass. The part of the "Father" has been  
done by Sir H. Langevin, and the "support"  
has been all that the most exacting star could  
demand.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Creighton has perform-  
ed his annual duty of criticising the Treasurer's  
statement, very much to the satisfaction of the  
party whose ranks he honors, and, on this oc-  
casion, very much to the disquietude of all who  
place confidence in his interpretation of the  
figures. Mr. C. shows that the financial con-  
dition of the Province is bad, notwithstanding  
the clever way in which the figures are ar-  
ranged to tell a different story, and his state-  
ment is certainly worthy of public attention.

### MAKING HIS MARK.

Down at the Union station the other day an  
officer of the law, with a prisoner in charge,  
was walking about waiting for the east-bound  
train.

The prisoner was not a bad-looking young  
fellow. In fact, as between the two, if you  
were asked to pick out the face of a first-class  
ruffian you would *ecce homo* the grim-visaged  
cop.

A benign old gentleman was among those  
whose mingled interest and curiosity centred  
in the uniformed constable and the shackled  
felon. At last he could stand it no longer, so  
approaching he opened conversation in a kind  
voice with the officer:

"Kingston is your destination, sir, I pre-  
sume?"

"Yes, I'm bound for the stone town."

"I have a sympathy for all who are in  
trouble. May I speak a few words to the  
young man in your custody, sir?"

"I guess so."

"His countenance does not bear the imprint  
of the criminal."

"Well, no. Sam aint a tough to look at,  
that's a fact."

"Is his offence a very serious one?"

"It got him a two year stretch, anyhow."

Poor fellow! Probably but for bad com-  
pany he would have made his mark in the  
world."

He has already. Making his mark is what's  
put him in this hole."

"Sir? Do I understand you aright?"

"I said making *his* mark. Mebbe I should  
have said making *a* mark."

"But—"

"The mark happened to be another man's,  
and it was made at the bottom of a bank  
cheque."

Here the captor winked at the captive.

The captive winked back at the captor.

They were near enough to each other for  
the young man to hear the conversation, and  
he said: "Come off, Jack! Come off! the old  
party has had enough!"

The benign old gentleman concluded that  
he wouldn't speak a few words to the young  
man.

### SCENE SHIFTINGS.

"Reading about that concert last night,"  
he quietly remarked, looking up from the  
newspaper at his friend, "recalls the touching  
scene witnessed at the close." And then,  
noticing the perplexed look on his friend's face,  
he hastened to add, "The crush on the stair-  
way, you know."

"Ah, yes!" was the friend's solemn-toned  
response, "and it puts me in mind of the  
moving scene I noticed on my way down to the  
Hall. The characters were a gang of street-  
corner loafers and an approaching policeman."

"That," remarked the other man with ex-

traordinary presence of mind, "makes me  
think of a shocking scene I once was a specta-  
tor of. It was last harvest—out on my farm,  
and, you see—"

"But his antagonist yelled "enough!"

### THE NEW BIZ.

"Morning, Smith!"

"G'day, Brown!"

"How's biz?"

"My new biz, d'ye mean?"

"Your new biz?"

"Yes. Just started farming. Getting ex-  
perience fast, too."

"Go on! What y'giving us?"

"Fact, Brown. Here, I've just been paying  
for that hat I lost on my election bet with  
Williamson, and it has cleaned me out."

"Well, what's that got to do with farming?"

"A little, I reckon. Ain't it an experience  
in tile-draining?"

A handy street car saved Smith. But Brown  
threatens to plug him yet.

James W. Riley, the poet, calls Ella  
Wheeler, who is 32 years old "a girl." This  
is, doubtless, an instance of poetic license.



### THE WHISKEY GROCER'S LAMENT.

Farewell, sweet spirit—whiskey, beer and wine,  
A few brief months, and then a last farewell  
To all these baskets, casks and kegs of wine—  
The people's vote has struck thy final knell!

Farewell, snug nook behind the boxes high,  
Where morning "nip" and evening "gill" have  
reigned,  
For this dear memory I heave a sigh,  
And drop a tear of sorrow all unfeigned.

Farewell, loved customers who came for "tea"  
And gave their orders with a knowing wink.  
Farewell, dear women-folk who used to be  
So fond of groceries in the shape of drink!

Farewell big profits, made on alcohol  
To cover prices cut on reg'lar trade,  
On equal terms I now must fight or fall,  
And ounce the vote that all my ruin made.

## SPRING.

BY AN INDIGNANT BARD.

Tune up your lutes! Tighten now each string!  
I've made my mind up once again to go it;  
Tho' you may deem me an unscrupulous thing,  
I glory in the fact that I'm a poet.  
Confound you, I again will sing of spring,  
And print my song. I want you all to know it!  
Altho' my road is hard I'm bound to hoe it!

I'll sing of spring, of daisies and primroses,  
Of zephyrs soft, of moonlight on the river,  
What do I care if frost still nips your noses,  
And chilling wintry blasts still make you shiver.  
Altho' your hands are numb, your left ear froze is,  
I'll sing of flowing barks of Guadalquivir,  
Until I rise your gall, disturb your liver!

For years have I been made a butt of scorn  
By needy editors in filthy den,  
Who, were it not for many a whiskey horn,  
To brace their nerves could hardly hold a pen:  
Yet at each spring time mostly every morn  
They exercise their wit on me, and then  
They straightway fill themselves with whiskey straights  
again!

Some say they throw spring poems to the goat,  
Others remark they keep a large bull pup—  
And feed him with whatever has been wrote  
(Or written to speak properly)—who'd sup  
On something that perhaps is fit to quote!  
I wish I owned a large gun built by Krupp,  
That I might blow the envious rascals up!

Yes, confound ye! I'll sing of spring  
Long after ye of funny papers  
Up to the golden gates have taken wing,  
And earth's been freed of your unnamy capers!  
I've got a mission great, which is to sing  
(If only to confound the frauds and fakirs  
Not yet been called on by the undertakers!)



THE HISTORY OF LITTLE JOHN THOMAS.

The subject of this sketch is not yet nine months old, and has had less of incident in his life than most youths of his age. He has escaped the measles, small pox and whooping-cough, and the most microscopic of eyes could not detect more than two teeth. This does not prevent his mother from saying that his four teeth are as plain as day. She must mean *fore* teeth as distinguished from back teeth, however, as I expect to live with her for many a day I hope, it is not for me to dispute with her. If she says the child is very like a whale then, marry, a whale indeed it is. A husband and a father must be submissive.

The ravages of time have, however, laid their wintry hand (or hands, as the case may be, with ravages) on the youthful head of J.T. as Mr. Bagstock would say, and unnumbered winters have bleached his scanty locks as white as if he were an octogenarian (if my wife heard me call him such a name as that it would bring this sketch to an abrupt conclusion). The sparse condition to which John Anderson my Jo, John, has been reduced by some bilious poet is verdant and juvenile compared with my John Thomas. It were a figure of speech to call it hair—it is either fur or down, or perhaps both—it is not much of

whatever it is, but that does not prevent much speculation about it. I refrain from arguing whether it will be black or red, or white—I must be satisfied first that it will be anything—the shade will be of little consequence. There is head enough for a Circassian, with two aural appendages sufficient to prop up considerable lateral growth.

These remarks may seem to be ahead of my proper order—I should begin earlier.

Well, then, to be more exact, on the 22nd of February 18—at an early hour in the morning a man wrapt in a huge ulster coat might have been seen hurrying along in the direction of —Street. I was in that ulster. There is nothing unusual in a man hurrying along in a big coat on a cold wintry morning, and the 'might have been seen' phrase is not unknown to the general reader. After I got to —Street I hurried back again, and there was nothing surprising in that as I live in —Street.

I lay down on the sofa in the drawing-room and slept till morning when I answered to the query of "how we all were." I merely refer to this morning as being the last morning on which I have had a decent nap.

I believe that books have been written on naming the baby, and I have seen less entertaining books, I believe that I could write a better book than books of that class even if I were restricted to the same subject, for I tell you that I know what the poet meant when he asked "What's in a name?" There is this much in any name you mention that it won't suit your wife. *Any* name but that she will say, and you just try any name but that and you will find what luck you have had. A very fair plan is this. Suppose you want the boy called John Thomas you can say "I don't know after all, Maria, but that that name you spoke of some time ago was the most suitable."

"What name?"

"John Thomas."

When my wife was bent on calling our innocent boy who did no wrong to anybody, the high-sounding name of Henry Augustus, I rather seemed to like it. In a few days when the glory seemed on the point of being divided, she was less enthusiastic, and finally I discovered a way of fixing Henry Augustus. I told her that Mrs. B., who sits near us in church and whose bonnet is as a garden wall, approved of our choice of a name. That was enough. It was like the egg in the coffee—it settled it.

I beguiled a decent neighbor and the aunt of J. T., to renounce for him the world and its works and pomps, and in due time a distinguished prelate of the church ushered the subject of these remarks into the ranks of Christians. A mug with a suitable legend was struck to commemorate the event, and with the aid of two old champagne bottles I managed to make some cider pass for execrable Moët and Chandon. In order to make the deception as complete as possible, I feigned to be tipsy from the champagne, and made up an entertainment half delirious and half hysterical, which nearly brought me under the notice of policeman X. A cold chicken and cider (as cider) reconciled his conscience, and has since rendered him painfully attentive to the nurse girl and the contents of the perambulator.

It would take volumes to describe what this boy said and did—why he howled and why he didn't—why he was a dear boy and why he was a great pig—how much better he looked than other babies—when he would have a tooth and how many he has now—what color his eyes were and his hair would be—the dread of bow-legs and squint eyes—the fear of talking and walking too early, or not talking and walking at all—the transformation from long clothes to short and the epoch of a night shirt—the jealousy of some lisping supposed to re-

fer to his paternal rather than to his maternal ancestor—the hatred of old friends who failed to enquire about the baby and the reconciliation to deadly enemies who were discovered to have been thoughtful in that direction. He is now bordering on his ninth month, and is what I call a fair, passable boy. I won't go beyond this—my foot is down—his mother has often endeavored to entrap me into other expressions but I haven't given way and don't intend to.



The attraction at the Grand is just what a judicious manager would have chosen by way of a contrast from the Irving performances. Equally admirable in their way are the jolly comedians who, through the medium of this farcical, melo-dramatic, musical extravaganza "Pop," have been keeping the audiences in roars of laughter since Monday evening, and will continue, without mercy on the vest buttons until Saturday night. Go and see "Pop" if you want to realize it. It is good enough to console all the unlicensed grocers in the city.

Henry Irving received a royal welcome from Toronto, and in his turn gave several royal performances. It was confidently said that he would prove a disappointment, but this prediction has been entirely falsified. No better pleased audiences have ever filed out of the archway of the Grand, and the universal opinion is that no better performances have ever been given on our stage. Miss Terry, although seen but little, scored a complete triumph, and the members of the company severally won praise for their ability and intelligence. Toronto owes the manager of the Grand a vote of thanks for this series of intellectual treats.

An enterprising manager here has offered Patti \$6,000 for a concert and one act of opera, the performance to take place early in March.

The exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy opens in Montreal on April 15th. It is the intention of the committee to issue an illustrated catalogue, giving sketches of the principal works exhibited. Lord Lorne's portrait is being painted by Millais for presentation to the Royal Canadian Academy.

"The big bonnet is banished," a fashion journal declares. But while the half-acre hat remains in the zenith of its power the down-trodden male sex must groan in captivity.

Says the *Regina Leader*:—"The most important meeting ever held in the North-West crowded last night into the Methodist Church."

That is the way Nicholas Flood puts it, at any rate. "Is Corporal Michael Casey in the ranks?" inquired Wellington, just before the Battle of Waterloo. "I am, general!" said that gallant officer stepping boldly to the front. "Then," returned Wellington, "let the fight begin!" This was the Corporal's version of it, at all events.

## DOUGH.

(Apropos of verses in "The Century" by J. A. F.)

Oh! say Johnny Fraser, Oh! say Johnny Fraser,  
Now who is the girl that enraptured you so?  
A poet, dear Fraser, should be a star gazer,  
And how does it come then that you've looked so low,  
Is her form so majestic? Is she a domestic?  
Come tell us friend Johnny, we'd all like to know  
About this bewitchin' young sylph of the kitchen,  
Who mashed your young heart with her big lump of  
dough!  
And what were you doing, the young maiden brewing  
In her warm bower suered to pot and to pan?  
It's rather a queer place for doing your wooing,  
And I hope my dear Jack you're not that sort of man.

But don't take too much chances on all the fair Naney,  
Who perhaps have a "cop" hid in closet lain low,  
Or a big soldier, belted, whose thape has quite melted  
The heart of fair Nancy while kneading her dough!  
There's nothing aesthetic or highly poetic  
To see a young girl to her elbows in flour,  
It may do for verses; but p'raps she a nurse is,  
Or lately before's had the back stairs to scour!  
For my part I'd rather see my Nancy gather me  
Bouquet of moss rose or violets! and so  
You can have Nancy if she suits your fancy,  
And likewise the doughnuts she makes with her dough.

TOM BOYLAN.



## MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

PAT SULLIVAN'S "VISIT TO PARLIAMENT."

## MISTHER GRIP.

Wan of those playboys av the Press Gallery av the House (yez will kno THE HOUSE?) is just after playing a purty mane thrick upon an ould frind. Pat Sullivan cum up to town from Whitby lasth week—havin' a short time ago crost over the Salt Say all the way from the flow'ry vales av Killarney,—Pat had an onconsaivable hankerin' to see a rale Parliamt. An, shure, small blame to 'm, poor fellow. All his life, iver since he'd bin a bit av a gossoon, an long by that, Pat had bin hearin' about the grate grandur av a Parliamt in College Green. He had listened—whilst deep indignashun was bustin' his manly buz-zum—to stories about the shame an' the scandal av keepin' the Green Isle Gim av Oshun, an' the finest pansantry in the world (as Dan O'Connell, God be wid his sowl, used to say), out av the Rites av a native Parliamt.

Well, seein' but a mity small chance av iver beholdin' a Parliamt at Home, he med up his mind to cum to Canada, where, he was towld that Parliamts wur quite plintful. "Tim," sez he to me, "I must see what Parliamt looks like. I must see it wanet—jist wanet—an' dhin I'll die aisy." I promised, in an off-hand way, that if he'd hunt me up at Toronto, I'd show him the Parliamt, an' Grand Pan-Jan-Dhrum, an' the Unicorn an' the Lion fitin' for the Crown. Pat tuk all I sed rale sayrious, an' the Grand Pan-Jan-Dhrum was niver wanet out av his hed, so that he evin kipt raypatin' the word to himself all the time—the Grand Pan-Jan-Dhrum—as part av the Parliamt.

"There was a counthryman here lookin' for ye, Misther O'Day," sez the messenger on the

Press Gallery, "Mr. Moses Oates hard him axin' for ye, and he tuk him round to show him the Parliamt Bildins; an' I think (widh a grin) they're now gone to the Zoo, for I hard 'em talkin' about the lion an' sum other wild animal, the panth—No—twasn't the panth-or, twas sum strange animal." "An'," wint on the messenger, "Misther Moses was sayin' that he was bound to show the gint the animated machine, includin' the elefant."

About an hour afterwards Pat cum ruishin' to me widh open mouth an' bawlin' at the top av his voice—"I've seen It!—I've seen It!"

I cud only look me astonishment—as he wint on cryin' out—"I've seen It!"—the Great Pan-Jan-Dhrum, sittin' an' hatchin', an' fed widh flopdoodle—I've seen the Unicorn an' the Lion; an' the Inchaned Mace, mod out av a lump av solid goold, an' which was stole from Ireland! An' I've seen the man with the sword who tackles the dhragon! I've seen Parliamt! 'Tis all wonderful intirely?"

"Patsy, ye omadhan," sez I, "Twont do to be dhrinkin here (I thot he'd bin takin' a sup) be aisy an' tell me what yez mane?" An' after a grate dale av sarcumlocushun, the poor innocent bye towld me the followin':

"Not findin' yez handy, Tim, I towld that dacent, fair-spoken jintleman, with the spectacles, what I wanted. He sed he was a grate frind av yers, and wud show me the Parliamt, the Pan-Jan-Dhrum, an' iverything. He tuk me to what he called the duro av the chamber. 'Look,' sez he, 'look straight fornist yez? There by yez, in the cocked hat an' gown, an' widh the white gloves on, an' his legs acrost, sits the Grate Pan-Jan-Dhrum. He has to remain sittin' ontill the Bills are hatchd an' cum out Acts av Parliamt. Yis, that's how they're brot out. The min yez see talkin' are supplyin' him with the flopdoodle. That's the grate gasheous food av Parliamt. They make it out av their mouths, yez see, in the same way that the spider spins his web. That's the Mace lyin' cushioned on the table. 'Tis an inchaned wand, med av solid goold. 'An' bethune oursilves,' sed he, 'it wanet belonged to Finn McCool, the Irish giant, an' was stolen out av the ould House in College Green at the time av the Union!' Oh, the murtherin' villins, I cudn't help sayin' to meself. 'An' that jintleman with the sword?' I axed. 'Yes,' sez he, 'he's a grate warrior, an' he's engaged to keep off the fiery dhragon, whose tail runs a hundreth miles under Lake Ontario, an' is iver on the watch for a chance to stale the inchaned golden wand, as the Mace is sometimes called.'

"An' the Government?—Whares the Government?" axed I. The Government, he towld me wur just now assistin' in the incubashun av the Bills that bekum Acts av Parliamt. They are, sez he, assistin' the Grate Pan-Jan-Dhrum, an' hev arrived at that stage av the incubashun called Hunky-Dory. But make no noise! They mustn't be disturbed in the process or the eggs would all be addled.

"An' Parliamt?" axed I, "Whares Parliamt itself?" "Yez see the Unicorn and the Lion overhead av the Grate Pan-Jan-Dhrum," he answered, "Parliamt is fast asleep in the til av the Lion at this moment, an' if ye spake a loud word to wake'm, there will be roarin' an' ruckshuns."

"An' Mowat-Must-Go?" I axed in a whisper.—"Whares Mowat-Must-Go?"

"That," he answered, "is a kind av animal invented be a Hated Imaginashun. The unforchunate crayther who invinted it was a crank, an' he's gone an' hanged himself."

Isn't Patsy back to Whitby, who is now tellin' 'em all there about the wondhers av Parliamt and the Grate Pan-Jan-Dhrum, an' I'm in sarch av Misther Moses for a short bit av an explanation, which he will hey to give.

Your true friend,

TIM O'DAY.

## GRAND!

When cabbies on the city stand  
Charge double fare with visage bland,  
If you've a cheaper rig at hand  
'Tis Grand!

A quarter takes you anywhere,  
A reasonable handy fare,  
But O, it makes the cabbies tear  
Their hair!

Then shout their praises o'er the land—  
The coupes for a quarter, and  
The man who took this noble stand—  
Mr. Grand!

## LETTERS TO EMINENT MEN.

TO ALEXANDER MC-SNEESHIN, ESQUIRE.

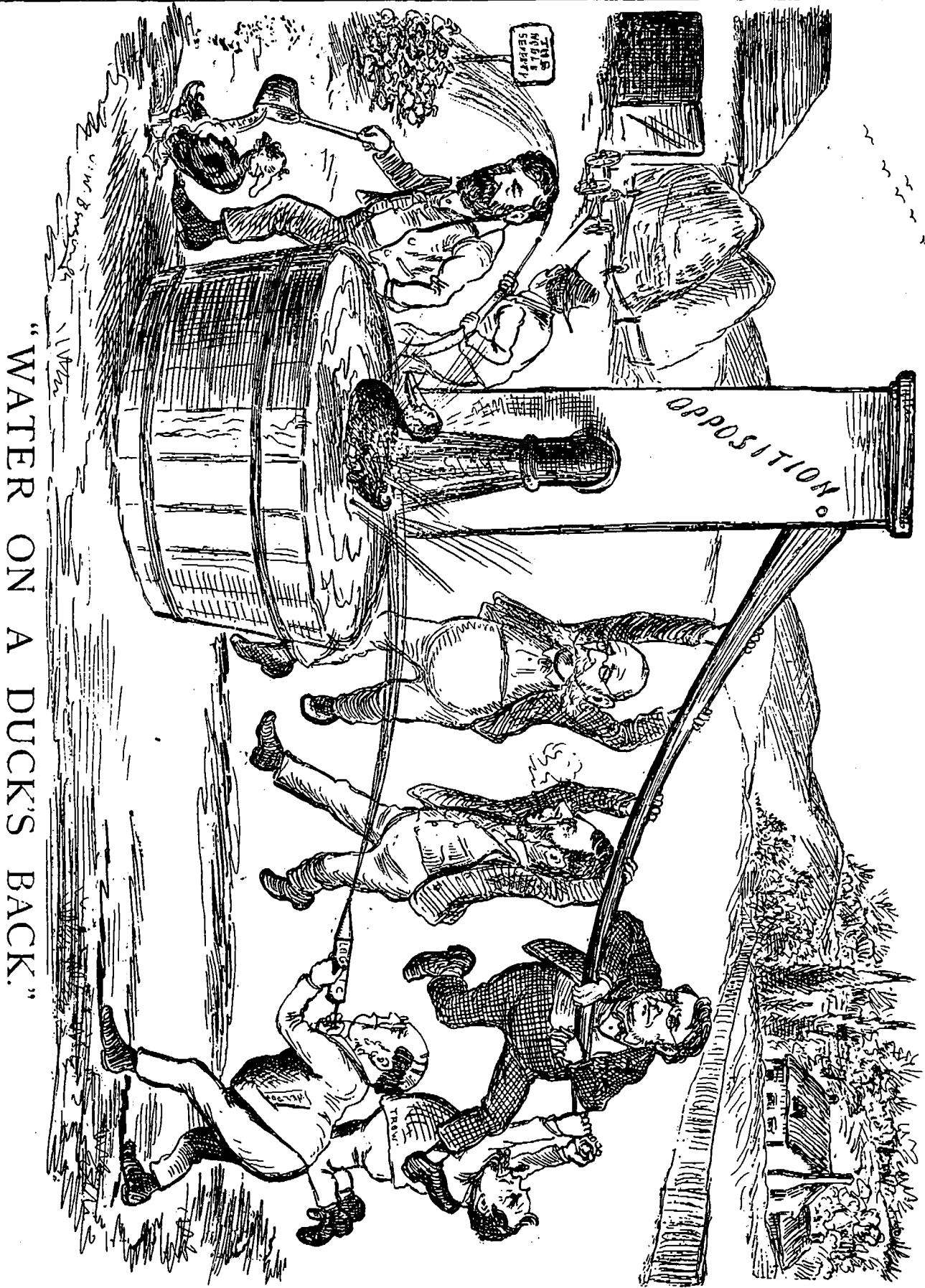
SIR,—It may perhaps somewhat surprise you that I should immortalize you as one of the eminent men of Canada, and on the other hand it may not, for if ever there was a man surcharged with conceit and egotism, you, Sandy McSneeshin, are one. Even in your early days, when you were selling spellings and Loch Tync herrings on the Saltmarket of Glasgow, or as you would call it "Glascie," you thought yourself superior to fellow snob-boys, because, forsooth, you are a McSneeshin, and boasted of your Highland blood and ancestry, as you now boast of being the McSneeshin. It is quite true that one of your sans culottes forefathers, during an unsuccessful raid and with other "rievers" upon the cattle of the peaceful Lowlanders in the vicinity of Glasgow, got captured and was placed in gaol along with the notorious outlaw Robert Roy McGregor, in the "Cross of the Gallowgate," but, with the exception of endeavoring to get into a pair of second-hand breeks, wrong side foremost, he never did anything remarkable, nor was he the chief of the clan, as you pretend, not that that was any great honor, but, like the rest of the humble members of his sept, lived in a very primitive not to say barbarous fashion, and it is said very often took his lunch of oatmeal out of the heel of his brogue, moistened by the waters of the mountain streams. Occasionally, of course, he and the rest of the gang of marauders would hold high carnival, devouring stolen beef and "whiskey" in the peat reek of their Highland cabins.

Now, Sandy, I tell you this aristocratic assumption won't do, in this country, at least. You are certainly a merchant, or rather grocer, and rich, for your success you deserve a certain amount of credit (which, by the way, you never on any account give yourself); I mean credit for goods. I explain my little joke, as it is an established fact that no Scotchman can "tumble" to one except it is clearly explained to him. You live in a fine house, and keep servants to wait on you. True, some of your discharged Sassenach retainers have made the statement that you feed your henchmen on a short allowance of cauld Kail, bannocks and "parritch," but this statement may be a malicious charge on the part of the bounced Saxons; so it must go for what it is worth.

And again, Sandy, I ask you candidly why do you intend running for the House of Commons, now, if you were a Frenchman, even a large number of the "Honorable Members" might understand you, but really Sandy you must confess you speak such broad Scotch, that it is of sufficient dimensions to capsize a mail coach, and your speeches would be lost to the House, the reporters, and consequently the Press. Had you learned the aboriginal Gaelic of your forefathers, the McDonalds, the McHanshons and P'razers thereof might get on to what you meant, but take my advice, given in all good feeling, and stio to your codfish and sugar.

ANGER.

By-the-Way—Milo-stones.



"WATER ON A DUCK'S BACK."



## WHICH SHALL IT BE?

On Carmel's Height when stood the sear of eek,  
 And seaward gazing, darksome cloud beheld,  
 Precursor true of blessings long restrained  
 By heaven's decree—now by his prayers regained,  
 Methinks his faith took wings, each doubt was stilled,  
 Ecstatic joy his glowing bosom thrilled,  
 He knew that hour—as clouds more black and dense  
 Assured the good—a patriot's recompense.  
 Not such the feeling stirred within my breast  
 At sight of cloud, which meets my anxious quest,  
 Above my country low'ring, gathering might  
 As each election trial writhes to light.  
 Ah! no! for not of Heaven's returning smile  
 It speaks; but monstrous, loath some guile,  
 That calls to loyal cheeks the blush of shame,  
 And sadly dims the glory of our fame.  
 Nay, more, presages ruin of our ship of state,  
 When shall have roll'd awhile the wheels of fate.  
 Nor dream, my brothers, it will aught avail,  
 Though wealth argument as in a fairy tale,  
 Arts flourish, commerce spread in bounteous stores  
 The fruits of every clime within our doors,  
 New kingdoms rise within our wide domain,  
 And harvests rich bedeck each smiling plain:  
 How fruitless these to save, let history tell;  
 Full many such have been which nought could quell  
 Till ulcers foul—the lust for power, the greed  
 And cunning craft of men of serpent breed,—  
 Their vitals all consumed, and they, at last, became  
 What they are still—a hissing and a shame!  
 And such thy doom, my country; "Tekel" bright  
 Is writ on yonder cloud as once in light;  
 My heart is faint, my eyes are dim with tears,  
 For, looking down the vista of the years,  
 I see thy crown removed, thy spirit broke,  
 Thy sons the willing slaves of foreign yoke.  
 O treason foul! the dastard words recall,  
 My faith triumphs o'er fears: such fate befall  
 Shall *NEVER*: righteous *ten* had *Sodom* saved;  
 We *millions* live,—the few alone depraved.  
 E'en now, I see, ere breaks the threatening storm,  
 At *toesti* sound, a noble phalanx form,  
 Expel these moral putters from our shore,  
 Or force the rogues turn honest men once more;  
 Erase from honor's scutcheon every stain;  
 On judgment hall, on palace, hut, and fane,  
 In words of flaming characters, inscribe—  
 "Accursed be he who gives or takes a bribe!"  
 And usher in our nation's "golden age,"  
 (Behold with pride its glory-gilded page)  
 When Canada, exalted high, shall stand  
 Majestic, queen of nations; in her hand  
 The two-edged sword of justice; and at her feet  
 Her vanquished foes, while toes with friends compete  
 Her praise to sing: all things, in rich supplies,  
 That make a people good, and great, and wise,  
 She gives, thus linking hearts to her anew;  
 Her sons are men; her daughters good; all true  
 To God, their country, selves, and children fair.  
 And when these last in turn the sceptre bear,  
 They still keep burning bright the former fires,  
 And prove right worthy sons of noble sires!  
 For none shall dare with selfish principles  
 To stain the spotless fame th' Invincibles  
 Then won; their name perpetual fount shall be,  
 Whence every age shall nerve for victory;  
 Though other kingdoms rise but to decay,  
 Our empire's glory ne'er shall fade away;  
 Through storms that rage, through earthquake's shock,  
 It still shall stand—*was built upon a rock*.  
 O heidom glorious! Destiny sublime!  
 Arise, my fellow-men, and make it thine  
 By such like deeds; there is none other way  
 The gainful prize to win. *God speed the day!*

Belleville, Ont.

BEND.

## MEMORIAL LITERATURE.

(By a Member of the Canadian Institute.)

## II.—PIONEER STORY.

I was travelling last week up the Northern railroad, and, getting out on an up-grade, I walked on for some distance with a rather antiquated specimen of humanity from Penetanguishene. He came to Toronto, he said, to give some information as to the early records of the Simcoe district, but no one appointed him in the Memorial Committee, and so he retired in disgust. We became warm friends as soon as I informed him that I also had antiquarian tastes, with a collection of curiosities at home, that had hitherto miraculously escaped the scavenger. Betaking ourselves to the next station, we awaited the arrival of the train, and in the interim he beguiled the time by the following narrative:

Nine-and-forty years ago, he began, this country was not what it is to-day. I here informed him that the changes and other differences in the country would be assumed, and

that the story would probably have been acceptable to the Committee without going entirely through the last forty years. He said he would defer to my opinion, but not to that of the Committee, and, gulping down his resentment, proceeded:

Half-a-century ago, the journey from Penetanguishene to Toronto was no trifling task, but one could ride the whole way and not creep along or walk as they do now. The changes have not all been for the better. However, it is not with such things that we are concerned. On a bright day in August, in the year 1834, two young men were journeying south to Toronto. You can judge of them by their names—one a tall, athletic fellow, merry, brawny, and determined, but withal a merry twinkle in his sound eye. He was Hotspur McBean. The other was the elder, with a hat on him such as the leader of the Opposition wears while his enemy speaks. By right he was named Jago O'Kelly, but it seldom went that far. Jake was his, as often as not; and comrade McBean was better known by the name of Hops. Their destination was a lordly mansion on the west side of the Humber, and at a late hour in the afternoon they came in sight of the town hall at Parkdale, and debated whether or not they would risk the rickety bridge over the tempestuous waters of the Humber.

"There is a log cabin on the western limits of the city," said one to the other, "perchance as it is not yet seven o'clock on this Saturday, that some refreshments may be had therein. What say you comrade?"

"I say that you have forgotten the times and places of muddy York," rejoined Hops. "Know that the seventeen minutes change of time would, even now, have made us late, albeit the cabin you wot of had not been turned into the house for incurables."

"Enough," said the first speaker, and plunging wildly across the intervening railroad crossings and pitfalls they hurried west toward their destination. The shades of night closed in on our heroes—for they were both heroes—as they neared the rickety bridge before referred to. Snatches of conversation revealed the fact that a fair occupant of the lordly mansion had enslaved the heart of Hotspur, and that while he longed to dwell on the delights of the expected greeting, his companion became more silent and occasionally scowled around him in a way that terrified the bears, deer, ground-hogs and wolves that followed in a deadly procession behind them.

"'Tis well for you to lead," said the latter. "The path is not a safe one. Methinks the street-cars no longer use the tramway. Ha! the bridge."

The bridge indeed!

With one skilful push, poor Hotspur with half the railings of the bridge went down into the still, glassy waters below—his treacherous comrade meanwhile retracing his steps to a farm house to devise plans against the fair occupant.

"I fear that he will come not," said the president of Pure Milk Company to his charming daughter Iola, as they sipped their chocolate in the mansion referred to. The fair maiden said nothing, but continued the last novel of Zola and secured another of taffy-sticks while her companion smoked his cigarette.

The remainder of the story can be disposed of in paragraphs.

I forget now who sank into the glassy waters, but he reached the lordly mansion some minutes before the villain, and was afterwards sued for maliciously injuring the bridge.

Wet and disgusted, he searched the dairy farm, and borrowing the clothes of the gatekeeper, awaited the approach of his former comrade.

With one bound he clutched the approaching form and, in the darkness of the night, hurled him out into the lake.

He had mistaken the person, however, and Iola's bright-eyed boy of two years old, never again beheld his grandfather nor purchased a cigarette for him to smoke of an evening on his piazza.

The fate of Jago was never known, but a horse-dealer in the neighborhood narrates a story of two men going through the air into the lake. He probably lied.

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

Some one asked a Marsellaise tenor why he sang only in concerts. "It is very simple," he replied. "One day I fell down stairs and broke my voice, and this is why I only sing in pieces."

Could anything be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy? "Lor', missus," said he, "I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Parvenu, talking about music at Mrs. Suddenriches' reception, "I just dote on them sympathy concerts, and my husband insists on our prescribing for the whole series. Ain't them Beethoven rapsodies real elegant!"

Uncle Lather is an intensely practical man. When he read in the newspaper the report of a murder case, in which it was said that "life's thread was severed by a razor," Uncle Lather exclaimed, "Didn't the blamed fool know that 'ud spile a razor?"

Washington Irving once said to a lady—"Don't be anxious about the education of your daughters; they will do very well; don't teach them so many things; teach them one thing." "What is that, Mr. Irving?" she asked. "Teach them," he said, "to be easily pleased."

A visitor in the country, seeing a very old peasant woman dozing at her cottage door, asks a little boy of six or seven, who happens to be playing near by, how old she is. "I can't say, sir," replies the child politely, "but she must be very old. She has been here ever since I can remember."

The Scotch joke is usually dry; in one case it was wet. An Aberdeen wit had a large, handsome gold-edged card placed high up on his door; in the centre of the card something was written in very small characters. The object naturally attracted the attention of the curious, and the near-sighted had to get very close up to it. Afterwards they found the value of the advice it contained, which was "Beware of the paint."

Among a personally conducted tourist-party of French and Italians stopping for the night at a Swiss hotel, one sat apart and apparently in grief. A lady, wishing if possible to relieve his sufferings, seized an opportunity which occurred to probe his wound. "Ah, madam," he exclaimed, "I am miserable, miserable, because I am poor! I am on my wedding tour and alone, because I was too poor to bring my bride with me."

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.



### PECK'S BAD BOY VISITS THE DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

HOW HE ASTONISHED THE EDITOR—HE TELLS HIM THAT HE'S GLAD HE CONVERTED HIM.

"Hello there! hello, I say," exclaimed the editor, as the bad boy came tumbling with unnecessary noise and clatter into the sanctum. "Guess you're excited this morning?"

"Betcher life I am," said the bad boy, as he flourished the last copy of the *Dominion Churchman* in the air, "betcher life I am."

"What's up now," said the editor, with a beaming countenance, as he saw that the bad boy had taken to religious literature, "glad to see you have a copy of our paper,—hope it will do you good."

"You bet. Lot's of good. There wasn't no encouragement to a boy to be good before, the religious papers were all so down on him. You see a few weeks ago pa came hum awful mad, as if he'd shasayed hisself round the corner on an orange peel, and whisked out one of your papers, Jan. 17th it was, 'See here 'sez he, 'ye young scoundrel, what disgrace ye're bringing on me,' and he reads: *Poison in the Press.—A contemporary draws attention to the abominable literature being issued for the amusement of boys. In the town where one paper is issued, in which a series of most vulgar articles have appeared, describing the adventures of a "bad boy," there has been a terrible outbreak of juvenile crime of the "bad boy" type, which may bring some of these youths to the penitentiary. At another place, close by, no less than seven incendiary fires have been traced to boys who have started on a career of crime in imitation of these popular bad boy stories.*

"My eye! Pa was mad, you bet, and gave me an introduction to the hard side of a bed slat, but I'm durned glad to see you've let up on me in the last one," and the bad boy whirled the paper over his head with a war whoop, and tumbled against the coal stove.

"Look out!" said the editor.

"Betcher life" said the bad boy, "don't want to get burned too soon now, since you've got me respectable and funny like in your paper. But that was rough when you called me vulgar. Glad you've come round, though."

"Well, well—I must explain," faltered the editor.

"There ain't no call to apologize," said the bad boy, with another war whoop, "glad to be in your 'Children's Department,' it'll make it livelier than it ever was before, and 'll please pa to see me in sech good company. Betcher life that was good about Petley's, though he wasn't there neither, I don't have to go to Petley's, to get clocs when there's so many incendiary fires about, how many did ye say—seven? It just tickled pa to death to see me in the 'Children's Department' of a religious paper, all among the good stories, after what ye said about me before. He jest smiled right

down to his liver pad, and promised ma a new dress and a ticket to the opera."

"But," said the editor, "my good boy——"  
"Now don't apologize," said the bad boy, "glad I've converted ye. Betcher life there's some encouragement for a boy," and he went out and hung up a sign in front of the office:—

"Dominion Churchman and Peck's Bad Boy General Advertiser."

### A TERRIBLE WARNING.

THE AWFUL EFFECT THAT MATRIMONY HAD ON A YOUNG MAN.

#### CHAP. I.

Merrily, merrily pealed the wedding bells on the morning when Casabianca Galoot and Maria Poodlepeg were made one. All who saw the happy pair on that joyous day prophesied a life of unalloyed bliss for the young couple, for Casabianca, though not wealthy, possessed talents far above the ordinary run of young men, and these promised to raise him to the highest pinnacle of literary fame; for literature was Galoot's strong hold and, young though he was, he had already written several articles for GRIP, which, owing to a scarcity of copy just about the time they had been handed in, had been accepted and published. Nor were comic and light writing Casabianca's sole forte: he had written scientific essays which had been read before assemblages of grave men with high foreheads, bald heads and spectacles, and a generally musty appearance, and which had been highly commended by these savants. His articles on "The Diversity of Bad Smells along the Banks of the Don," and "Pumpkin Pie as a Deterrent of Crime," had created a very favorable impression, and it was rumoured that the editorial chair of "Victor B. Hall's *Outcry*" might soon be filled by the talented young man, and a brilliant career was prophesied for him. One thing alone tended to mar his prospects, and that was his sensitive, nervous temperament which was so powerfully affected by the most trivial incidents. The sight of a bleeding pig's foot in a cook-shop window had been known to throw him off his base for a whole week, and he had been prostrated on a bed of sickness by sitting down suddenly on a bent pin. These little things will show the reader that the young man ought never to have entered the married state, in which he was so liable to be shocked by unlooked-for incidents such as the sight of his wife's foot uncovered by a boot; the apparition of Maria's beautiful wavy tresses hanging from a hook on the wall, or of her lovely pearly teeth at the bottom of a tumbler of water.

However, he was married, and for six weeks dwelt in a state of unalloyed bliss which he thought would never end.

#### CHAP. II.

"Lend me a couple of dollars, Maria?" he asked his six weeks' bride one morning.

"Cert, Cas; go up into my room and you'll find my porte-monnaie in the pocket of my blue silk dress in the wardrobe; bring it here, that's a good fellow."

Full of the most unflinching confidence in his lovely bride, Casabianca ascended the staircase and sought the garment mentioned. He found it.

An hour elapsed and still Maria sat awaiting the return of her husband. She noticed not the flight of time, for her thoughts were happy ones, but when another sixty minutes had melted into the past she began to grow uneasy and to wonder what detained Casabianca. She was on the point of rising to go in search of him when a succession of shrill, piercing screams rang through the house; screams so terrible and blood-curdling that Maria's spinal

column felt like one long, vertebrated icicle. With faltering steps she flew up the stairs in the direction whence the yells proceeded. She dashed into her bed-room and her heart fell like a lump of dough when she saw what was there. Near the wardrobe stood her darling husband holding the blue silk dress at arm's length in his hand; his eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets in horror, and a wild glare in them showed that reason had deserted her throne and that Casabianca Galoot was a raving maniac. Yell after yell, shriek after shriek, burst from the foaming, livid lips, and as Maria dashed towards him, Casabianca fell to the floor a hopeless, gibbering lunatic.

For two hours he had searched for the pocket in Maria's dress: he could feel the porte-monnaie inside, but where the opening might be was a mystery that had proved too much for the poor fellow's highly-wrought nervous system.

Let other young men of similar temperaments take warning by the awful fate of Casabianca Galoot.

### TEDDY O'TOOLE'S ADDRESS TO "HARD TIMES."

His accidental meeting with his old mate, Tim Carthy, and their conversation.

BY T. MCTUFF.

Arrah! phat brings ye back here ye ugly old villin, Mc moind wid the direst forebodins a fillin'; Shure I thought whin the last toime from here ye wer banished,

Yer writhed ould shadow fur iver had vanished, An' that wid good pilots controllin' the helm Uv our good ship uv State, nivr more in this realm We'd be cursed wid yer presence, and workin' min would liv' employment in plinty, wid cash to the good, Thus givin' thim some uv life's dainties a share. Much loike "Miss McFlimsy wid nothin' to wear." Besides now an' thim a wee drap uv the "erature" To brighten our lives an' enliven our nature, Thus makin' the rough road we thraवल more plisint, Than it has bin in by-gones or is now at prisint; Whin yer sentence was passed, sure I've 'tilley for proof, For ten years ye ue'er in this land would set hoof; Yet here ye are back whin scarce four hev gone bye. Our rulers and jurists aloike to defy, An' ye've ta'en up yer quarters in city and town, Determined to stay there whoever may frown; An' though some mane journals may give it denial Yer presence sets all their pretexs at defial.

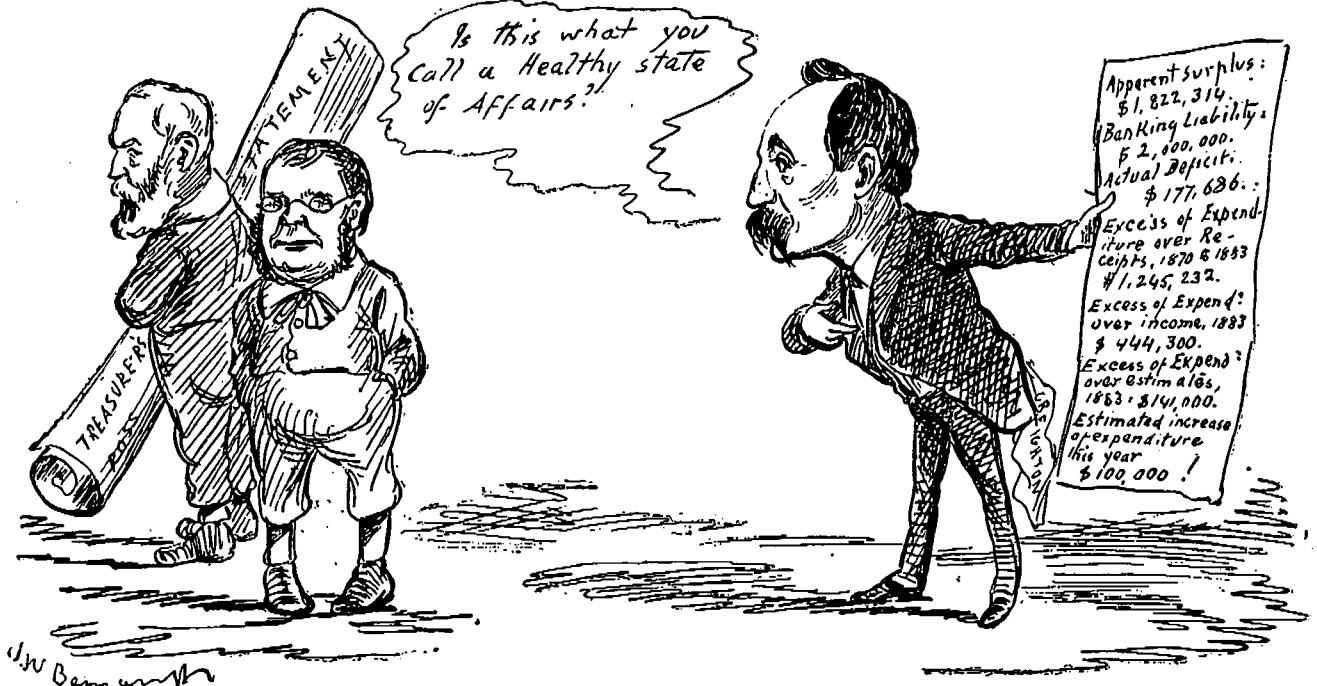
Yet thinkin' perhaps that I might be mistaken, An' that meself only, by luck was forsaken, To-day—as fur weeks past—in travellin' the street Wid me hands in me pockets, I happened to meet Me ould mate, Tim Carthy, a good decent lad:— Says I to meself, Tull, yer in luck now beud! Fur I knew that to labor he ue'er was unwilling! Nor his pockets e'er yit knew the lack uv a shillin'; Even when ould McKenzie was handlin' the Ship, He ue'er had occasion to hang down his lip, For bein' a stout boy, trim, trusty, an' nate, Chuck full of ambition, strong nerve, an' consate, But few boys could bate him from out the Ould Sod At handlin' a pick axe, a shovel, or hod, An' his services always were in good demand If there was ere a tap to be done in the land.

Good mornin', friend Tim, shure I'm glad ye I've met, For me stomach wid trouble is sorely beset: I've travelled a month now a lookin' for work, — An' ye know my dear Tim that I ue'er was a shirk; But willin' at all times to do what I could To furnish me darlins wid raiment an' food: Whilst Biddy, God bless her, is doin' her best— Yet wid all our endeavors we're greatly distressed; An' I thought me dear boy, whin I met ye to-day, That ye might have a dollar or two laid aways, Which ye would for a short time be willin' to lend To aid an' assist yer ould comrade an' friend. The look which he gave me I'll never forget, As wid eyes flashin' fire, an' wid teeth firmly set He rolled out a very christianlike oath— But to publish it here I would be very loath Suttice it to say, 'twas our rulers he cursed, An' he hoped e'er'y mother's son uv them would burst. For whilst they are livin' in bust uv good cheer Wid their cocktails an' punch an' eight thousand a year An' boastin' their millions of surplus galore, We poor min can scarce keep the wolf from the door. That the stories they told us uv forthcoming wealth, Wer nothing but chap trays to elevate self, An' meant but their poor silly dupes to deceive, Whilst we poor gossons each word did believe, Supportin' them in their pretentions twice over Expectin' thereafter to revel in clover,— An' yet found the goose laid the golden egg To plensh our larder, an' fill up our keg.

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OR, THE ANNUAL CASTIGATION OF THE PROVINCIAL FINANCIERS.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

In the spring the trees will start a branch business. Do you twig?

Boston may be the "Hub of the Universe," but you will see by looking at a railroad map that the spokes are all off one side.—Hoosier.

"Papa," said a lad the other night, after attentively studying for some minutes an engraving of a human skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

A bill to prohibit the sale of liquor within four miles of the Californian University is called by a San Francisco paper "An Act to Promote Pedestrianism among the Students."

A Frenchman said to an Englishman—"Tare is von vord in your language I do not comprehend, and all ze time I hear it. Tattletoo, Tattletoo! vat you means by tattletoo?" The Englishman insisted that no such word existed in English. While he was saying so, his servant came up to put coals on the fire, when he said—"There, John, that'll do." The Frenchman jumped up, exclaiming—"Tare, tattletoo - you say him yourself, sare; vat means tattletoo?"

A pretty sharp young fellow visited a hand-me-down store on Main-street and dickered for an overcoat. "Have you one for \$8?" he asked the proprietor.

"I haf de fine goat for—"  
"Tell me yes or no, have you a coat for \$8?"  
"I dells you dat I have de fine goat for \$12."

"Confound you, can't you ausver a straight question in a straight manner. Have you an overcoat for \$8?"

"Mein frend, you vas too fast. I cannot answer dat way. I haf the overcoat for \$12, but if you no take him for \$12, I gif him you for \$10 und den for \$8."  
There was no deal.—Winnipeg Siftings.

When a lawyer tells you he will charge you a nominal fee, of course you will not be surprised at a nominal (phenominal) bill.—Chicago Sun.

A girl aged 14 has been arrested for gratifying an inordinate propensity to kindle fires. She ought to make a good wife, if she got up early enough.—Truth.

The landlord of a French hotel once announced that his country intended to avenge Waterloo. "That you do every day in your bills," said a facetious Englishman.

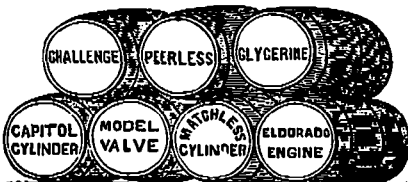
EVOLUTION.

What is a dude, my pretty maid? I've questioned the air and thus it said: "A dude is a weak and anomalous thing With very thin legs that it gaily doth swing As it ambles along in a Newmarket coat. With a seven-inch collar crossing its throat. It stands on the corner attempting to mash The girls as it pulls at a feeble mustache. It says 'Aw, now, weely,' and 'Chummy, I say,' And it tries to be English in every way. It smokes cigarettes and it wears pointed shoes. And it calls on the 'barkeep' for 'lemonade stews.' And—where did it come from? oh, questioner mine, It just evolved, my dear, from a swite."

"Are Jones and Brown on speaking terms yet?" asked one citizen of another a few days ago. "I guess they are?" said the other; "I heard them call each other liars this morning."  
—Newman Independent.

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