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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1885.

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# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company  
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
All business communications to be addressed to  
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. HENCOUGH Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with  
Grip once a month.)

### ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 13.
- No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5. Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7. Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8. Hon. T. B. PARRE:

Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 14.

## Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—“I may tell you plainly,” said Sir John to the Anti-Scott Delegation, “that the Cabinet is not a unit on this question.” It is safe to allege that, in the whole course of his forty years of public life, Sir John never said anything more thoroughly saturated with truth. A Cabinet in which Tilley, the honored leader of the teetotalers, sits alongside of Carling, the brewer of sparkling ale, can hardly be a unit on the question, although blissfully united in the meantime by the band of office. If it came to a question of bringing in radical amendments to the Scott Act in the interests of the liquor dealers, no doubt Sir Leonard Tilley would be heard from, but in the meantime he cannot be said to watch the interests of the prohibitionists very vigilantly. He has remained silent while Carling has been busy throttling Scott Act petitions, and thwarting the public will. What has Sir Leonard said, for example, in behalf of the temperance men of Middlesex, whose petition, signed by a thousand names more than the law requires, was sent in last December and has never yet seen the light of day?

FIRST PAGE.—GRIP feels that any verbal comment on this picture would fail to add anything to its force. If the people of Canada can look calmly upon the rapid growth of this monstrous progeny of misgovernment, let them do so. But when the day of reckoning comes, don't let them say they “didn't know it was loaded.”

EIGHTH PAGE.—If Mr. Blake has any of the politician in his composition, he will lose no time in openly adopting Prohibition as the policy of his party. His hopes for success in the next election depend upon his attitude on this question, but it will not be surprising if he misses the opportunity, and has the satis-

faction of seeing Sir John ride into another term on the winner. That the sly old fellow has his eye on that possibility is plain from stray remarks in his speech to the Anti-Scott Delegation.

### PASSING SHOW.



On Thursday and Friday evenings of this week the celebrated Bairnsfather family, five in number, will make their first appearance here in Scottish Concerts, at Shaftesbury Hall. The name of Bairnsfather is familiar to all Scotchmen, and his rank as a singer of the national songs is such as to ensure crowded houses. The *St. John Sun* declares “he is superior to the immortal Kennedy.”

THE Loan Exhibition, now going on at the Art Rooms, King Street, is well worthy of a visit, containing as it does many works by master hands. A most pleasant and profitable hour may be spent in going through the rooms; therefore, go!



GORDON THE AVENGER.

LET THEM TR-R-R-EMBLE! LET THEM  
TR-R-R-EMBLE!!

### YACHTING RULES.

Having heard that our city yacht clubs are about to introduce the rules and regulations governing the Royal Navy into their code of laws, we beg to make a few suggestions which may not be out of place, for the guidance of young yachtsmen.

1. When dirty weather is threatened, the commodore should tell off a squad of men with holystones and mops to have it thoroughly scrubbed.

2. If three or four squalls come up suddenly, it is advisable to heave two: the further you heave them away the better.

3. Never sail before the wind. Let it overtake you and then go along with it. In a brisk gale don't carry a large press of canvas: many a yachtsman has come to grief by getting three sheets in the wind. No commanding officer should ever “stagger along under all he can carry.”

4. Always weigh your anchor before sailing for the first time, and note the exact weight in your log-book. This will save time and trouble, as unless you do so, you will forget

the weight and have to weigh the anchor every time you sail.

5. Captains' gigs are not now necessary, as the street-cars have reduced locomotion on shore so cheap that no commanding-officer need now keep his own private vehicle.

6. Dog watches are now out of fashion, since the *Olobe* will provide you with all the time-pieces you want for next to nothing, which is their full value.

7. Never sail “full and by.” Wait till you are perfectly sober before starting.

8. In case you should be attacked with sea-sickness, always lay in a good stock of cedar posts, etc. Thus you will be enabled to “heave the log” (of which you must have heard) instead of parting with your breakfast.

9. When attacked by a sudden rush of blood to the head, indicative of incipient apoplexy, open the weather vein, or, better still, the dog vane, if you have any canines on board.

10. Always take a number of cow son board with you in case your steering apparatus should be carried away: these animals will be able to furnish you with their udders. Strange to say the latter are not attached to steer.

11. Never go below by yourself: take a companion.

12. In taking provisions on board you will find it advisable and cheap to use your main-truck to wheel them in.

13. Never over-exert yourself to so great an extent as may cause you to bust your suspenders, as such a calamity will entail the necessity of splicing the main brace, which is highly reprehensible. If any splicing is to be done, send ashore for a competent clergyman and let him do it.

14. Invariably ask your cook for advice when you are puzzled about any difficulty in navigation. The cook is, pre-eminently, a sea-fare-ing man.

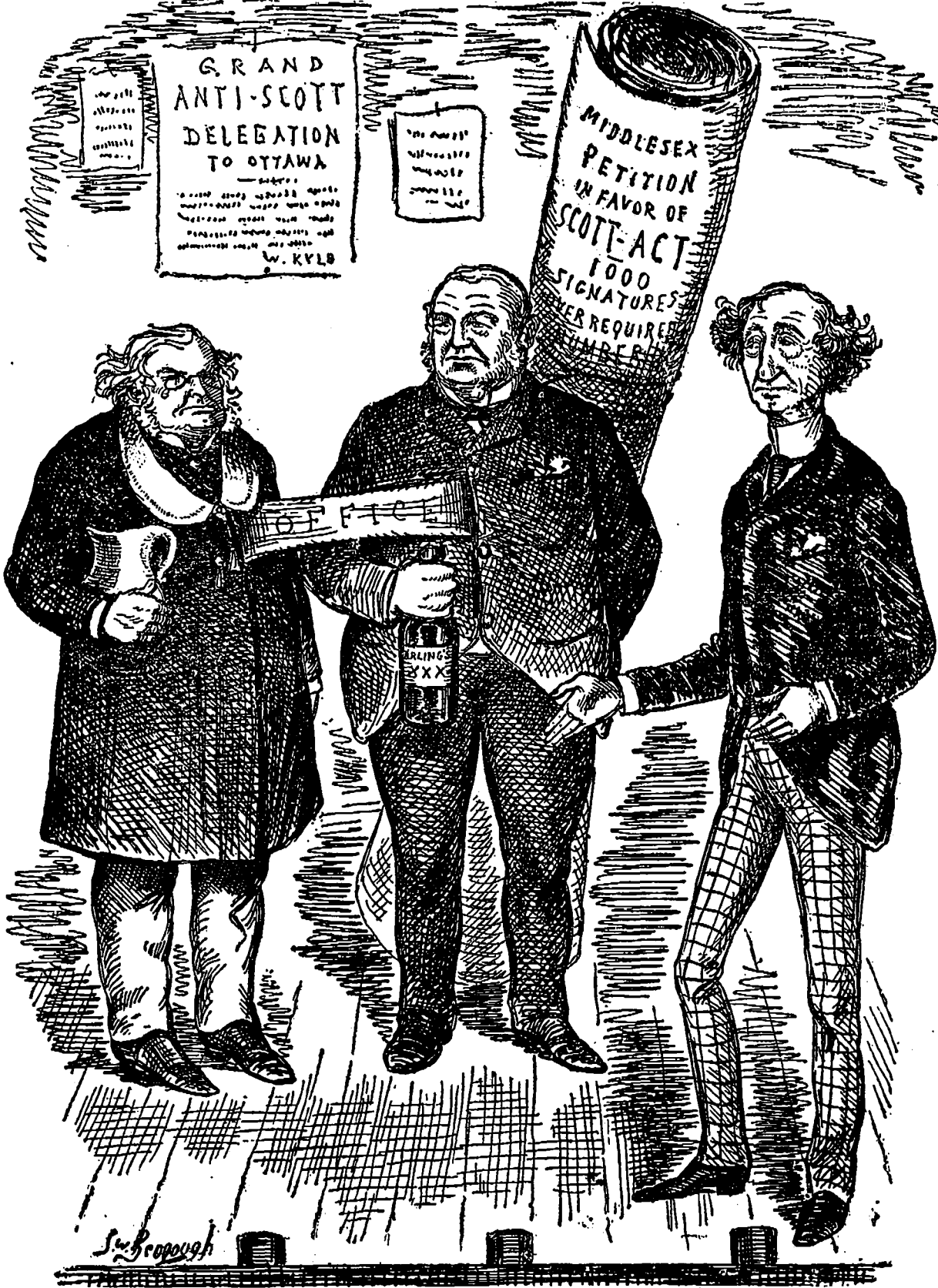
### THE “STANDARD” LITHOGRAPH.

It is reported that a new and revised edition of the new Standard Bank litho. is to be issued by the *Monetary Times*. The broughams and family carriages in front of the fine edifice are to be supplemented with an array of bicycles, showing the junior clerks in knee-breeches and short jackets alighting for their day's work. In the manager's office, a sectional view of which will be given, Mr. Brodie will be seen leaning back in his chair and reflecting on the happiness in store for his stockholders. The various departments will also be shown, and the tellers, cashier, ledger-keeper, and other really handsome *attaches* will be seen bathed in an atmosphere of content and good nature. This will be represented by a subtle tinge of subdued red. It has been arranged with the artist to show Mr. GRIP in the act of making his daily deposit of a fabulous amount. (This is not strictly and literally veracious, but will convey to the public a high opinion of the bank's standing by showing how it is estimated by men of solid position). The new picture may be expected shortly.

### PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.

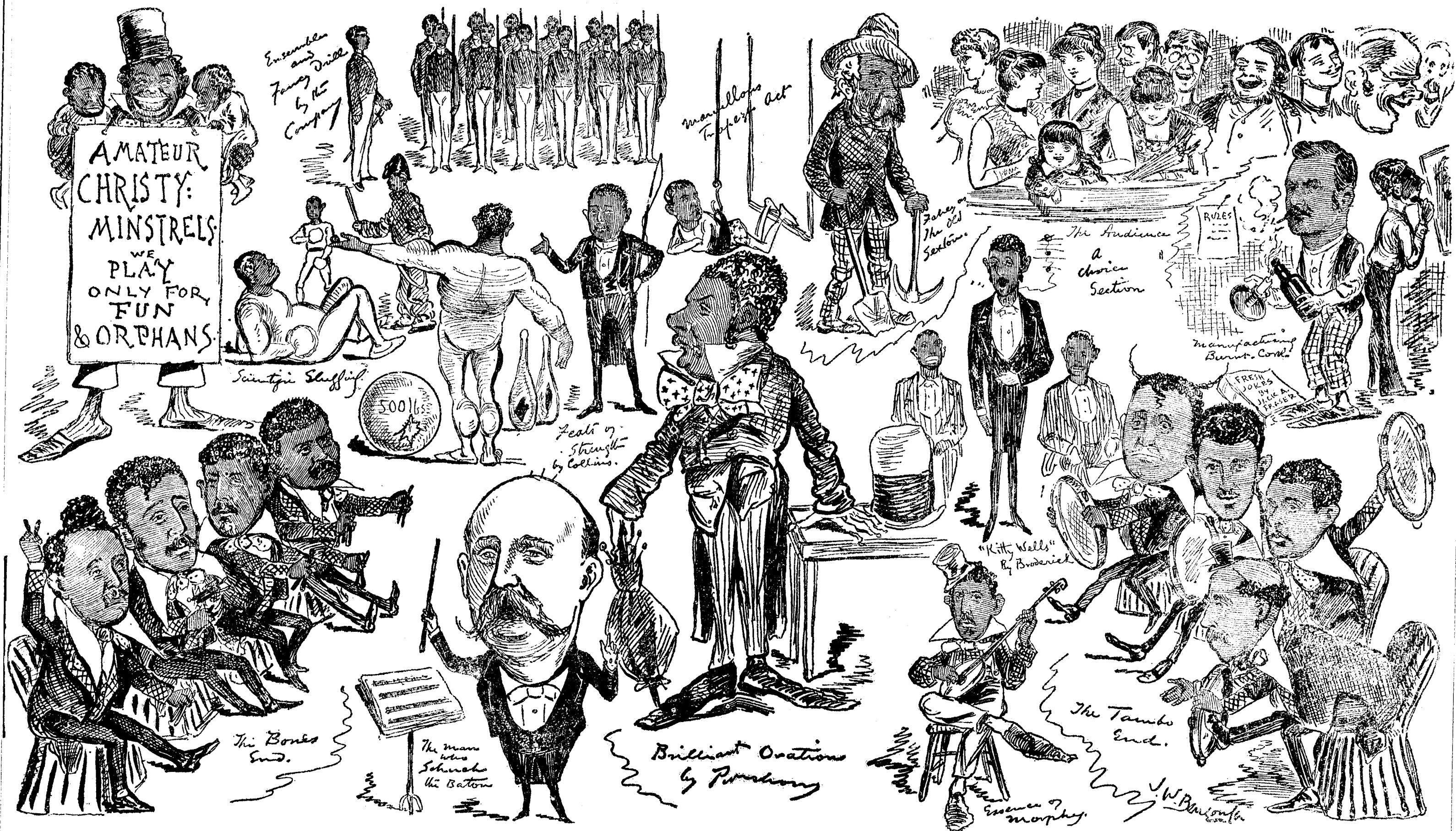
31 Front-street East, Toronto.





“NOT A UNIT!”

I MAY TELL YOU PLAINLY, THAT ON THIS QUESTION (THE SCOTT ACT) THE CABINET IS NOT A UNIT.—  
Sir John to the Anti-Scott delegation.



SKETCHES AT THE AMATEUR MINSTREL SHOW, GRAND OPERA HOUSE, WED. EV'G, 25TH.

**EQUALLY TRUE—THE LATTER  
RATHER MORE SO.**

*Two pen portraits from an Encyclopaedia about to be published and very suitable for the new School Books.*

**CANADA.**

C.—Canada, an extensive tract of land situated in Ontario, part of which is called Quebec, and the remoter portion, Manitoba. The climate is—nine months snow, and three of winter. Product, ice and bear's grease. The former is so plentiful that besides exporting, they build large palaces of it, around which the natives dance in snowshoes by torchlight, and amid a display of fireworks of which the people are very fond—in this particular very much resembling the Chinese. The inhabitants on the lake shores live in small wooden huts on the ice, and live by spearing fish, while inland they hunt wolves, pole cats and other wild animals, and live in houses made of maple logs, which are cut by the teeth of the beaver. Hence the national emblem, a maple leaf and beaver. The natural diet is a kind of porridge made of cornmeal boiled with salt which they eat with maple sugar—a saccharine cake made from the sap of the maple trees. Their clothing for the most part consists of the skins of bears, buffaloes, wolves, raccoons, etc., made into coats and caps. Labor is paid not in money but in produce, hence little progress is made in the arts and sciences. When a Canadian woman goes to church she carries her baby strapped to her back—having first buried the elder ones in snow to prevent their freezing until her return. Her husband walks behind armed with a rifle and snowshoes. The people are very imitative, and much given to aping the manners and customs popular in England, to which country they are extremely loyal. So much so indeed that their prime minister assured that country that at a moment's notice they were ready to sell their coats and pawn their hats, and if necessary deliver themselves up body and soul to help England out of any scrape she might get into. For any such contingency they constantly keep on hand a standing army of trained and hungry buffaloes, bears and wolves with which to charge down upon the enemy, and which, let loose in the field, would no doubt prove invincible. The advantage of this purely Canadian mode of warfare lies in the immense saving of human life, for while the wild animals do the fighting the loyal Canadians can still continue to cut ice, and manage the business of the country. The value of this saving of men, in a land as yet but sparsely populated, cannot be over-estimated. The imitative faculty also crops out grotesquely in their desire for national independence, and their late demand for the right to make commercial treaties with other nations. Of course, such ideas are ridiculous and absurd; but it shows how strongly ancient traditions, such as the Legend of Washington, impresses the savage and untutored minds of these simple children of arboreal nature.

\* \* The writer of this paper, in search of facts, landed at Quebec last January, where unfortunately he got his nose frozen, thus necessitating his return on the same boat. All information required, however, was kindly furnished by Takearise Outofhim, Esq., parliamentary shorthand reporter, who was on his way to England to negotiate with Mr. Gladstone for the expulsion of the Chinese.

**ENGLAND.**

**ENGLISHMAN.**

E.—England, or angle-land, is so called from her peculiar formation, having an unusual number of angles or corners against which other nations are continually knocking their heads or their shins to the extent sometimes of crippling themselves thereon. It is situated somewhere on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and is built on the banks of the Thames—a river whose name is derived from a large newspaper called the *Times*. It is peopled by the descendants of Goths, Picts,

Scots, Normans, Saxons, Romans, Danes—Vikings, and other sea dogs, part of the male population wearing petticoats. On this heterogeneous population the Celts continually make war with an explosive named dynamite. These Celts inhabit another little island close by, called Ire or Anger-land—from the irresistible and hereditary disposition of the natives to fight among themselves and with everybody outside. They are an extremely rich and well to do people, a fact which is established by the vast sums which are annually sent to Rome, the enormous amount of money required to support agents who live luxuriously in France and America, and the supplying of the sinews of an expensive dynamite war, waged on people with whom they have no quarrel—but as one of their defenders remarks—merely as a "safety valve" to prevent worse disaster. In England, yule logs are used for firing, large oxen roasted entire, and washed down with bowls of a drink called wa-sail, forms the national diet. The climate is an alternation between fog and rain, varied at times by a big blow, the force of which is indicated by the number of wrecks lying along the shores. Their imports are wines, brandies, silks, and wheat; their exports, to this country at least—a peculiar product of civilization called the Dude. The popular religion is the Sal., which parades the streets with banners flying and bands playing—not unlike the "Tum-Tum" religious festivities of India. Several Druidical temples are yet to be seen. The country is governed by a Queen, a House of Commons and a House of Lords. The function of the Lords is to say "No" when ever the Commons say "Yes." These lords are chiefly land-owners, who found themselves in possession of lands wrested unlawfully by their ancestors from the people; one man having hundreds of thousands of acres of rich arable land for himself alone, while thousands of others with large families must either pay rent for a miserable apartment in a tenement house, where they herd like swine, or be turned into the streets to die, or be imprisoned as vagrants. These poor people of their penury are compelled to contribute to the support of several princes and princesses of German origin, their children and grandchildren; just as the poor fellaheen of Egypt are compelled to contribute to the support of an extravagant Khedive, with no end of "barbaric pearl and gold." These idle people who live at the public expense would deem it contamination to rub clothes with the very people who support them in luxurious idleness. But like the Emperor who put a tax on dirt they only smell the coin. The laws are very peculiar. A laborer who, with his hobnailed shoes kicks his wife almost to death, is fined; while the desperate mother who steals a loaf of bread for her starving children, is sentenced to six months in Bridewell with hard labor. The children of the very poor sleep on the door-steps of the rich, who, instead of feeding them and sheltering them out of their superabundance, as in duty bound by natural laws, actually pay policemen to drive them away, where to they do not care to ask. There is also another very peculiar law which sanctions and protects a striking feature of English life, viz., the gin-palace. This unique institution has branch establishments all over the land. They are very gaudy, glittering with lights, and are found most flourishing in the meanest and dirtiest parts of the crowded cities. They are patronized by the poorer classes who spend their last cents in the purchase of chemical fluids which have the effect of rendering them insane for the time being. During the paroxysms of this insanity they commit all manner of crimes, chiefly murder, for which they are tried and hung at the public expense; the children of such being left to grow up and swell the tide of criminals, who cause so much trouble and expense to the Government.

Some of the population have called upon the Government to prohibit the sale of the destructive fluids, on the ground that the expense entailed on the country as the result of their open sale far exceeds the revenue derived therefrom. Others take a higher moral view of the subject, but these are considered fanatics. The immense fortunes derived from the manufacture and sale of these fluids however, the consideration of the handsome donations the owners of distilleries and gin-palaces give to the Church, missionary societies and public charities, render it a matter of doubt whether the protection of the law will ever be withdrawn from the opulent sellers and transferred to the less fortunate buyers. The ladies of the upper classes, on great occasions paint their faces, wear feathers in their hair and appear at the public balls and receptions with the upper part of their body uncovered.

\* \* This article on England, the writer has, being a Canadian, compiled from the public prints of the day. Any inaccuracies, therefore, which may be noticed, the press and not the compiler is responsible for.

**CANADIAN.**

The well-dressed man is the envy of all observers. R. Walker & Son's clothing is unequalled for style and value. They make to order at \$4 trousers that are worth \$5.

**THE MEDS. AND THE COAL HEAVERS; OR, THE  
BATTLE OF PARLIAMENT STREET.**

BY A COAL HEAVER.

It was one o' them durned young pups,  
Slugs out to the hosses "Back, haw!"  
The hoss he backs into the ditch—  
"What's that for? I'd like now to know."

I arks, and he ups wi' h'is choek—  
"Twas more nor a faller could stand;  
So we went for 'em lively, you bet,  
With our coal-shovels right in our hand."

One feller, I giv him a mark,  
He'll carry right down to his grave;  
With all the fine larnin' they have,  
They don't know enough to behave."

Well, sir, just that same arternoon,  
With the coal we were joggin' along,  
When a lot more cum kivin' us chin,  
To us six there was more'n ten strong."

But we beat 'em, yes, sir; now you bet,  
They woke the wrong passengers then;  
But they hadn't enough—so at night,  
They were bound to go for us again."

The moment they opened their mouths,  
Right down of the carts we cum hoppin';  
They checked us and fought like old nick,  
But we sent 'em to right about floppin'."

We laid 'em out there in the snow,  
And I guess now the storm has blown;  
Next time they are feelin' so fresh,  
They'll let about coal heavers alone."

**AN EXCELLENT REPORT.**

Hon. Jos. G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I cannot express myself in sufficiently praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great benefit."

**THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.**

Being somewhat in the dark concerning the origin of the war and what it is all about anyway, I determined to obtain some information on the matter, and accordingly accosted my friend Jubblethwaite, who is everlastingly proclaiming that "the Mehdi must be smashed," and who, I supposed, was just brimful of knowledge about the affair.

"Well, Jubblethwaite," I said, "I can't quite get at the ins and outs of this Egyptian business. Now, I wish you'd tell me what it's all about."

"Plain as a pikestaff, my dear fellow;

simple as A, B, C." replied Jubblethwaite, "You see it's the Mehdi."

"Yes; just so. Well what about the Mehdi?"

"Well, he's at war with our troops you see, and he's got to be smashed."

"Yes, exactly; got to be smashed; just so; but what's he fighting about?"

"Why, bless my heart, he's a Mahometan, you know; a false prophet, and he wants the Soudan. He's got to be smashed."

"Yes; that's so; but what's the war about? What does it matter to England whether the Mehdi is a Mahometan or a Presbyterian?"

"Oh! I say, old man; come now, you're not so ignorant as all that. You see Egypt is the direct route to India and Manitoba, and unless we smash the Mehdi we shan't be able to get to Bombay or Winnipeg without going round by Cape Horn. You see that, don't you?"

"Well, hardly. Winnipeg isn't near Bombay, is it?"

"Near Bombay! No, of course not, but the Mehdi won't allow Khartoum—oh! you know what I mean—Gladstone's foreign policy is all a mistake; he should have smashed the Mehdi long ago, and then we should have had no trouble."

At this moment up came Humbledike, painting and red in the face with suppressed excitement.

"Good heavens, here's terrible news from Egypt. I'm afraid there'll be a panic in the money market. Khartoum is in the hands of the Tonquinese, and General Wolseley has started from Korti across the desert, mind, across the desert. Now, my advice always was, 'go by the Nile; don't attempt the desert route; dangerous'—and here Wolseley has started right off across those millions of miles of burning sands. Wolseley is no use whatever. Roberts was the man to send, sir, and you'll see I was right from the start."

"Well, but Humbledike," I said, "where is Wolseley going, and what is his object in being out there at all?"

"Whew! you don't mean to say you don't know! Why don't you read the papers? Why, to smash the Mehdi, of course."

"Of course, yes," interposed Jubblethwaite, with a look of scorn in my direction, "to smash the Mehdi, to be sure. The Mehdi must be smashed before the route can be opened to California, via the Suez and Panama canals."

"But I want to know what the war is all about?" I urged. "How did it commence?"

"Well, you see," replied Humbledike, "Arabi Pasha was in league with the Mehdi, and this of course would never do; British capitalists couldn't stand that, you know; coming it a little bit too strong; so Arabi was exiled to Ceylon, in Slave Island, and the route to India was thus left open. That's plain enough?—well; up comes the Mehdi—"

"The Mehdi must be smashed—" began Jubblethwaite, but Humbledike checked him and went on—

"Up comes the Mehdi; stabs General Gordon in the back, and closes the route to India; down goes Egyptian stock and Khartoum falls. There's the whole thing in a nutshell, my dear fellow," and Humbledike smiled patronizingly at me.

"Hm!" I muttered, "if it be in a nutshell I'm afraid I can't crack it. I'm not a bit wiser than I was at the beginning—"

"Well, my good fellow," broke in both Humbledike and Jubblethwaite simultaneously, "that's your look out. We made the matter as clear as the sun at noonday. We can give you information, old man, but really we cannot supply you with brains."

"No," I retorted hotly, "I don't think you can. Don't seem to have any more than you need yourselves. I think you're a brace of regular duffers with your Mehdis and your

Suez Canals and routes to Manitoba and Bombay, etc., etc."

But my anger would not permit me to say more, and I dashed away, fully convinced that there were hundreds of others who talked about the Egyptian question with so great an appearance of knowledge, but who really knew no more of the matter than my friends Jubblethwaite and Humbledike.

PATERNAL FOLLY.

Two ladies were talking about the incorrigible young son of one of their neighbors.

"That boy," declared one, "is a perfect pest. He will grow utterly beyond control if some one does not soon take him in hand."

"So it seems, from all I hear of him. But you know more about his parents than I do. Can you tell me why his father doesn't use the gad on him?"

"Use the gad on him! Why, if the father had a gad a mile long he wouldn't use it on him!"

"Dear, dear! Is it possible?"

"Yes, it's a positive fact!"

"Well, well! What folly!"



ORLANDO'S REVENGE.

GRIP'S MARTYR AT KINGSTON SUFFERING FOR THE NOBLE CAUSE OF FREE CRITICISM.

Our Own at Ottawa.

Huggins on Compensation to Victuallers—Mose Muggins' Diary—Memorandum "all Dutch"—Awful Mental Strain—Affair of Honor—Possibly Misconstrued.

OTTAWA, Feb. 21.—I thought I could take a rest in Huggins' seat this morning for a change, but found him cramming the Public Accounts. Set out with idea of marking suspicious items—was on second page now—blue mark at every item—awful prospect for supply! He's troubled about the *Globe's* party loyalty—finds it got \$5 70 for Government advertising—no knowing how far such lavish bribes may corrupt its principles. Victuallers have been down from his county—says they're fine open-handed fellows—afraid Scott Act will ruin them—would like to compensate them. But then how make terms with the Hydra-Headed-Demon? Most of his constituents have *hydra-phobia* though they're cold water men. Wishes Government would take some decided stand on the question—easier for him to decide how to vote. Kyle's been at him—doiced sharp fellow—McCraney pooh-poohs Kyle's arguments. On the whole thinks Government should compensate liquor men and Grits ought to raise a howl about it—result, justice done and Government busted—double moral victory!

Saw Muggins in corridor between two United Workmen and two regular insurance men—all

four going with full head of steam—looked as if he'd like to kill somebody—guess I'm safe for half an hour—during this week rather incoherent in places.

Monday.—Grit questions again. Tilley says we've borrowed \$2,000,000 more from the banks since Feb. 1st—makes \$13,000,000 in all. Who says this country's poor? Why, when the Government can't borrow what they want anywhere else they can raise thirteen millions right at home! Good thing for the banks, too—splendid thing to be able to get investments at four per cent—prevents slaughtering of capital on home markets and ridiculously low interest. Orton up again with his Farmer's Bank Bill—says farmers are struggling—what rot—how can they be struggling when wheat's 75 cents a bushel! Casey at Pope again about Section B—let him dig away—won't get much out of Pope—don't know much about Department—keeps all he does know to himself—all reports "confidential"—capital racket that.

Tuesday.—More Section B—more questions—more gas—more returns ordered.

Wednesday.—Licensed Victuallers delegation here—ten of 'em from my county. Showed 'em round buildings—showed 'em down stairs—said it was worst whiskey they'd struck this side of Milton. Tried Senate—down stairs better—can't fool old boys on whiskey—too many Scotties at our end—no intelligent interest in restaurant.

11 p.m.—Licenses vitulars' caucus safternoon. 'Sisted. Wenwithunseesir John—wenwithem russellousdir—thishashwonsday—conneat-nuthin sepfishnoysters. Lotsfizzaoin greesthime aplennid—vintelhus mussave jussis—howduse spell vintelhus anyhow? Mussave emishn linoutwatlossis, thensmitscotac—consushuelanstarhed—self fnatickle probishnisll-vote—self—(Note by Our Own—rest of Wednesday quite illegible).

Thursday.—Believe I'll have to give up politics on account of health. Bad ventilation—carbonic acid gas in House—awful mental strain—head feels queer—been working too hard—feels as if brain was swelled with over work—skull too tight for it. Memory failing, too. There's that mem. I took in French about liquor biz yesterday—can't translate a word of it to-day. Caron can't either—says it looks more like Low Dutch—Kranz can't make it out any better—some words look familiar, too. Heigho, what did we do to-day? Oh, yes, Landry's bill to limit authority of Supreme Court—McMaster very severe—says bill would destroy usefulness of Court—marks very cutting—bill thrown out—guess I'll go to bed.

Friday.—Not much better—no interest in proceedings. Only fun in corridors to-day—Landry dressing down Rouge editor who'd been abusing him—guess he was right enough, too—most of 'em deserve it on general principles. Here they've laid information—beastly nuisance if Police Magistrate fines Landry—make it look like common blackguardly row instead of affair of honor. They say he had a "billy" or some such thing—make it look more so. Biz—passed Cameron's bill let criminals swear in their own defence.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for boots for our boys. They always fit and wear well.

A CAPITAL IDEA.

A club has been formed in Edinburgh with the object of bringing trans-Atlantic students together, and affording them aid in many directions. The rooms are at 37 Chambers Street, where files of the American papers, including GRIP, are kept for the perusal of the boys away from home.

J. FRASER BRYCE,

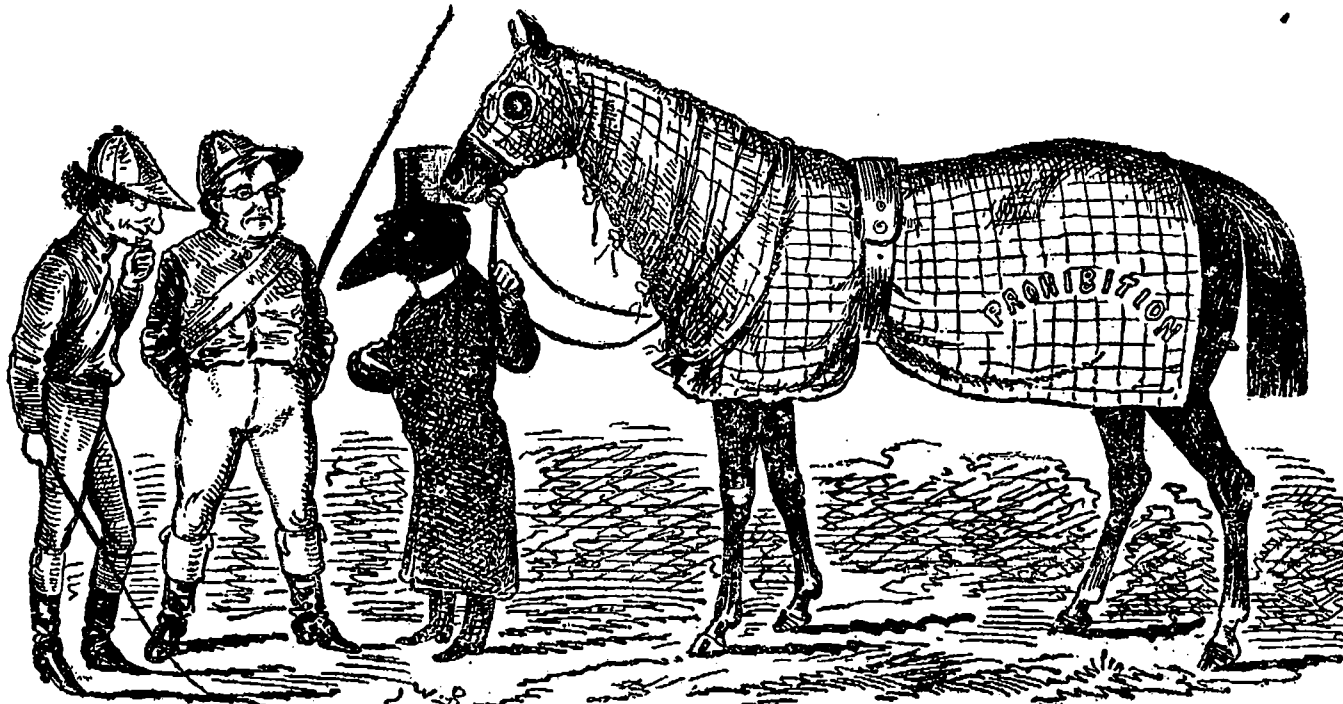
Life-sized photographs made direct from life a specialty. Nothing to equal them in the Dominion.

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Barchard & Co., 97 to 107 Duke St., Toronto.

Manufacturers of WOODEN PACKING BOXES of every description. All Work Guaranteed.

Pioneer Packing Case Factory!



A STRAIGHT TIP FROM MR. GRIP.

THE JOCKEY WHO RIDES THIS ANIMAL WILL RIDE THE WINNER. NOW, WHICH OF YOU MOUNTS FIRST?

The well-dressed man is the envy of all observers. R. Walker & Son's clothing is unequalled for style and value. They make to order at \$4 trousers that are worth \$5.

**CURRENT EVENTS.**

BY LIE STANDER.

A GREAT many maniacs will get it off, so that I fancy I will be able to hide in the crowd: What did Mr. McGaw want to act as a judge at the Roller Rink for? If a prize were offered would he not likely Winnett himself?

INSTEAD of talking about retiring from the political arena, we find John A. Macdonald contesting South Renfrew! Of course, the trifling circumstance that the gentleman in question is plain Mr. John A., and not the Tory leader, has to be taken into consideration.

C. P. R. contractors hired a son of Italy named Ambroggio Lagomarsino. For short they called him Steve Smith, arguing doubtless that an Italian by any other name would work as cheap. This is indubitable evidence that C. P. R. contractors can be witty on the principle that brevity is the soul of wit.

ONE of the subjects discussed at the Simcoe Teachers' Association was "Script vs. Print." The able country newspaper proprietor, as he tots up the big list of unsettled jobbing ac-

counts, softly says to himself: "script vs. print" may be all right enough in its place, but what the land really needs is a satisfying solution of the problem "script vs. printing."

I COULD never see the sense of marking any particular passage in any book I might be reading, that is, unless the book was my own. What I refer to is the habit many nincompoops have of underscoring or otherwise drawing attention to some sentences in the books of the Free Library. I, somehow fancy these book defacers mark the passages which are most descriptive of their own characters, and I have no doubt that the person, (a woman, I imagine), who underlined this passage on the 130th page of the 3rd volume of *The Newcomes*, was just such a dull, lazy, stupid, slow creature as the passage describes. Here it is: "Some women ought to be stupid. What you call dulness I call repose. Give me a calm woman, a slow woman, a lazy, majestic woman." I can just picture the fat thing reading and enjoying those sentences, that is: if she wasn't too dull and majestic to enjoy anything. In spite of the Library rules to the contrary people will mark books, and if the marked passages fail to escape detection when the volume is returned, the chances are some innocent person who takes out the book subsequently is blamed for defacing the papers, and has to pay for the damage done by others.

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