

# GRIP

VOL. XXXVI.

TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1891.

No. 15.  
Whole No. 930.

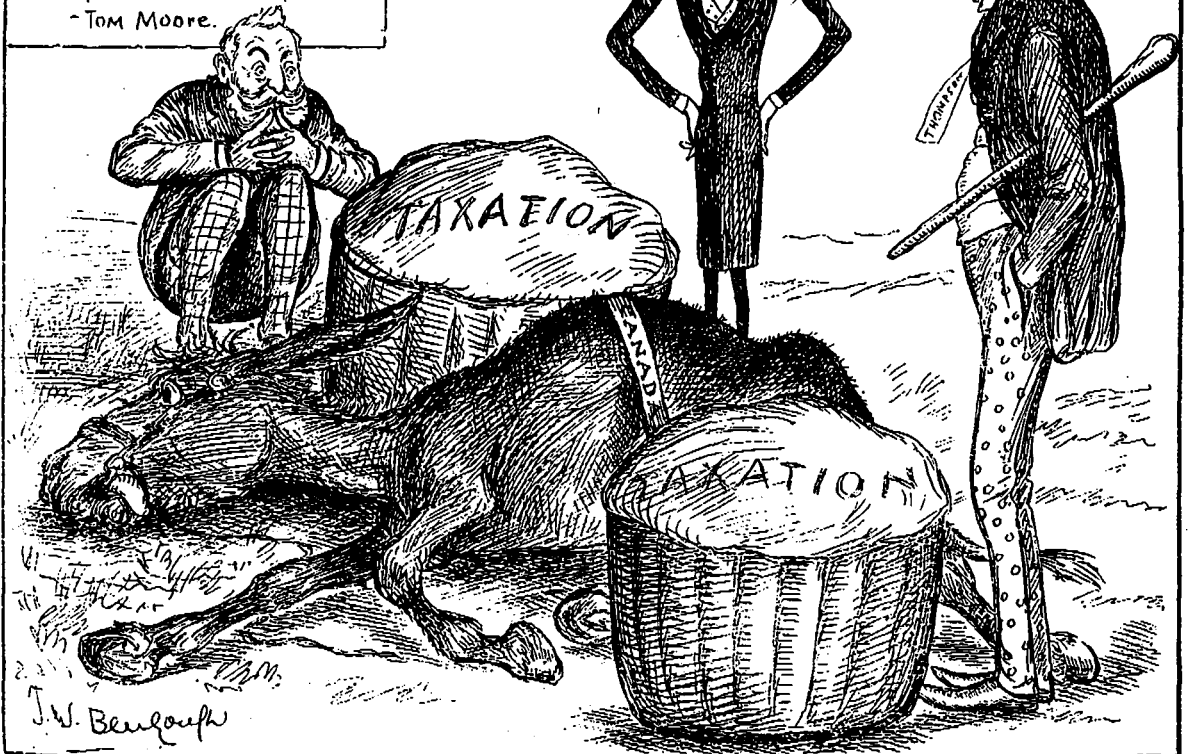
A Donkey, whose talent for burdens was wondrous, so much, that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load. One day had to jog under panniers so ponderous that down the poor Donkey fell, smack on the road.

Meanwhile the poor Neddy, in torture and fear, lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan, and - what was still dolefuller - lending an ear to advisers whose ears were a match for his own!

At length a plain Rustic, whose wit went so far as to see others' folly, roared out as he passed -

"Quick, off with the panniers all, dolts as ye are, or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last!"

- Tom Moore.



THE DONKEY AND THE PANNIERS.

(A CANADIAN ILLUSTRATION OF TOM MOORE'S INSTRUCTIVE FABLE.)

# GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND  
CARICATURE.

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.

HE MUST BLEED FOR HIS COUNTRY—Sir John's Commissioners have gone to Washington, to see what can be done about getting a trade treaty. The Government knows now for sure that reciprocity in natural products only cannot be obtained, and the question to be dis-

cussed is simply as to the number of protected interests that will have to be cut off from our tariff. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* states the case in this way:

"Ever since Sir John A. Macdonald's victory in the Canadian election he has been endeavoring, through the British Legation, to obtain from Mr. Blaine some sort of statement or declaration, however provisional, indicating the kinds and qualities of American manufactures that would probably have to be admitted into Canada free of duty, or at preferential rates in any treaty of reciprocity.

"On this point, however, Mr. Blaine has remained immovable. His position is that the Canadian authorities must either determine among themselves what concessions to offer American manufacturing interests, short of an entire reciprocity in all the products of the two countries, or come to Washington prepared to talk the whole subject over informally and from the very bottom. In other words, Mr. Blaine having gone upon record in favor of full reciprocity, declines to construct a partial scheme, even as a basis of discussion, and puts that task and responsibility upon Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues."

THE DONKEY AND THE PANNIERS.—Comment upon this fable of the celebrated Irish poet would be superfluous. It is interesting to know, however, that, like Scotland's Robby Burns, Tom Moore had clear ideas on the great labor problem, and used the weapon of his wit to attack the absurdities of "Protection." The "Donkey which had such a talent for burdens" was a British animal, but the breed is well known in Canada, and the fable easily bears transplanting.



SLIGHT misunderstanding seems to prevail in Italy on the subject of the United States Constitution. The Italian idea evidently is that Secretary Blaine has a right—and, in such a case as this Mafia massacre, a plain duty—to step into Louisiana and apprehend the leaders of the mob, try them, find them guilty and hang them, by way of reparation to the offended fatherland. Be-

cause this hasn't been done in a prompt and business-like manner Baron Fava has been ordered to pack up and shake the dust of Washington from his shoes.

IF the diplomatic correspondence goes on long enough the Italian Government will learn to its profound mystification that the "United" States are not very much united so far as the relations between the federal and local authorities are concerned. There is no constitutional method by which Mr. Blaine can compel the Government of Louisiana to make amends either for the two subjects of Italy who were lynched, or for the nine American citizens who shared their fate. Louisiana and each of the other States is a tight little empire on its own hook.

"YOUR Majesty," writes Blaine,  
"The case is very plain,  
We can't coerce or bully sovereign States, don't you see  
So, if you think it right  
About this thing to fight,  
Why, fight Louisiana. Yours,  
J. G. B."

THE *Telegram* intimates its opinion that in Judge Dalton's decision in the *quo warranto* case justice was cheated of her prey, to wit, the body and bones of His Worship Mayor Clarke. This opinion seems to be general around town. And yet it must be admitted that the Master decided strictly in accordance with the evidence. There was nothing to prove that the Mayor held a partnership in the contract, and this was the charge set up. Had the charge been that by reason of the arrangement with Mr. Reid, Mr. Clarke received undue incidental advantages, the decision would have gone against him.

IN this case Mr. E. A. Macdonald performed the duty of a public-spirited citizen, fully believing that the Mayor's relations to the city printer were illegal. He acted not for himself but for the city in prosecuting the case, and it would be only fair and decent for the citizens to relieve him of the payment of his share of the costs. If a move were made in this direction it would no doubt be heartily responded to by a great many.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON, as Minister of Justice, proposes that the Manitoba School Bill be sent up to



### VERY PUZZLING.

AUNT MIRIAM (from up country)—“Here I’ve follered that soger chap for mor’n two hours, an’ he ain’t done visitin’ his girls yit. What a sight o’ time he must take to write all them love letters. These city fellers puzzle me so.”

the Supreme Court for a decision as to its constitutionality. This would certainly head off some anticipated unpleasantness in the House, but will the hon. gentleman explain why he didn’t dispose of the Jesuit Bill in the same way? The constitutionality of that memorable measure was not any more above question.

\* \* \*

HERE is a valuable hint for some of our young city reporters:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, March 31st.—Eberhard Von Widerholt, a reporter on the *Deutsch Presse*, attempted suicide at his home Saturday night. He took a dose of tincture of opium and then telephoned his office that a first-class sensational suicide could be had by calling at his house. Emetics were administered and he may recover.

The budding journalist who wouldn’t take a little risk like that for such a “scoop” is not worthy of his profession.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER knock-down blow for the superior creature, man. The top seat in the medical graduating class at Bishop’s College this year is occupied by Miss Grace Ritchie, a young lady of Montreal.

Now where are the squawkers who prate against woman,  
And tell us the study is not her right place?  
Say, how could the class be more gracefully headed  
Than by the trim form of this classical Grace?

\* \* \*

HA! how in the *World* has this escaped the eye of the *Empire*? A piece of the rankest disloyalty on the part of the Grits in Woodstock, the capital of Oxford, the Grit stronghold! During the campaign, as is well known, these disloyal persons trampled on the Old Flag with contumely and cowhide boots. And now they have pulled down the *Standard*, and further made light of it by fusing it with the *Beacon*.

THE *World* asserts that “the United States, the greatest success known to history in the way of modern national development, is a marvellous instance of the effects of protection.” In the same issue it publishes an account of one of those bloody industrial conflicts which are of increasingly frequent occurrence among our neighbors, in which nine workmen, rendered desperate by heartless and systematic oppression, were shot down like dogs by the tools of the protection-created monopolists. This is not an exceptional but a typical instance of the relations between labor and capitalism under the marvellous national development brought about by a protective policy. The tree must be judged by its fruits.

\* \* \*

BY the way, Prof. Ely, one of the best authorities on the social question in the United States, in an article in the current *North American Review*, estimates the number of paupers in the country at 3,000,000. If that is the greatest success known to history in the way of modern national development, what would a failure be like?

### OUR UNDERPAID JUDGES.

A word may be added as to the parsimonious policy of the Dominion Government in regard to the judicial salaries. \* \* \* The salaries were readjusted in 1849, and now, although the cost of living has nearly doubled, the salaries are kept at \$6,000 for chief justices and \$5,000 for vice-chancellors and justices.—*Globe*.

ISN’T it terrible just to think

Of the scanty pay our judges get?

How do they ever buy food and drink?

How can they ever keep out of debt?

A beggarly, mean five thousand a year,

A wretched pittance, isn’t it, eh?

Averaged up it comes pretty near

To seventeen dollars each working day.

Oh, workingmen who in luxury live

On nine or ten dollars a week or less,

Will you not freely more taxes give,

To aid the judges in their distress?

How can you sleep in your beds at night?

Do you not blush when you draw your pay,

When you think of the judges’ pitiful plight,

With only seventeen dollars a day?

Oh, farmers, who toil from dawn till dark

At ploughing—or such light, easy task,

Gaily you rise with the morning lark,

And in noontide heat you merrily bask.

Think of the judge in the crowded court,

Who sits all day hearing lawyers plead,

Compared with this, why, your work is sport.

Oh, assist him now in his bitter need.

The poor, poor judge is the veriest slave,

In his long vacation—two months, no more—

No summer outings by land or wave,

He can’t afford them—he’s far too poor.

With only five thousand—or six, at most—

To pay expenses the whole year round,

Oh, who would covet a judge’s post?

Who could live by tilling the fertile ground?

So workingmen, farmers and all unite

And get up petitions and have them signed.

This flagrant wrong can be soon set right

When it’s brought right home to the public mind.

Our judges must live in befitting style,

While common mortals of meaner clay

May well toil on with contented smile

For a dollar and twenty-five cents a day!

ALTHOUGH a bookworm loves his books he invariably cuts them.

## A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.



I.  
This is M. Feu de Mungie, the world-renowned fire king, who handles red-hot iron bars as if they were nothing at all.



II.  
And this is M. Feu de Munge that same evening, who, while sealing a letter to his wife, let a drop of wax fall on his hand.

## NEWS AROUND TOWN.

(AFTER THE MANNER OF SOME ESTEEMED EXCHANGES)

**MR. JOHN JOHNSTON** is teaming wood for Squire Quackley this week.

Try Buster's Blood Bitters for your corns.

Mrs. Ephriam Smith arrived home last Tuesday from Punkinville, where she was visiting her married daughter. The folks were all well.

Jinkins, the grocer, has prime new butter made out of cow's milk.

Dr. Snorkey is doing a rushing business these days. Give him a trial.

Mr. Crapeson, the undertaker, reports that he has more orders in hand than he can attend to.

Pilkin's Pills for sore eyes. See adv.

Miss Maudie Jones is in town visiting her friend Miss Birdie Muggins. Miss Maudie, you can't come too often.

Fresh eggs taken in exchange for goods at the Old White Store.

Mr. William Muldoon, our efficient constable, captured a drunken man Tuesday evening and placed him in the cooler.

Squire McGregor's gray mare is suffering from an attack of the heaves.

Go to Sam Jonsing's for a good, clean shave.

Maple syrup at Tommy's grocery. See adv.

Etc., etc., etc.

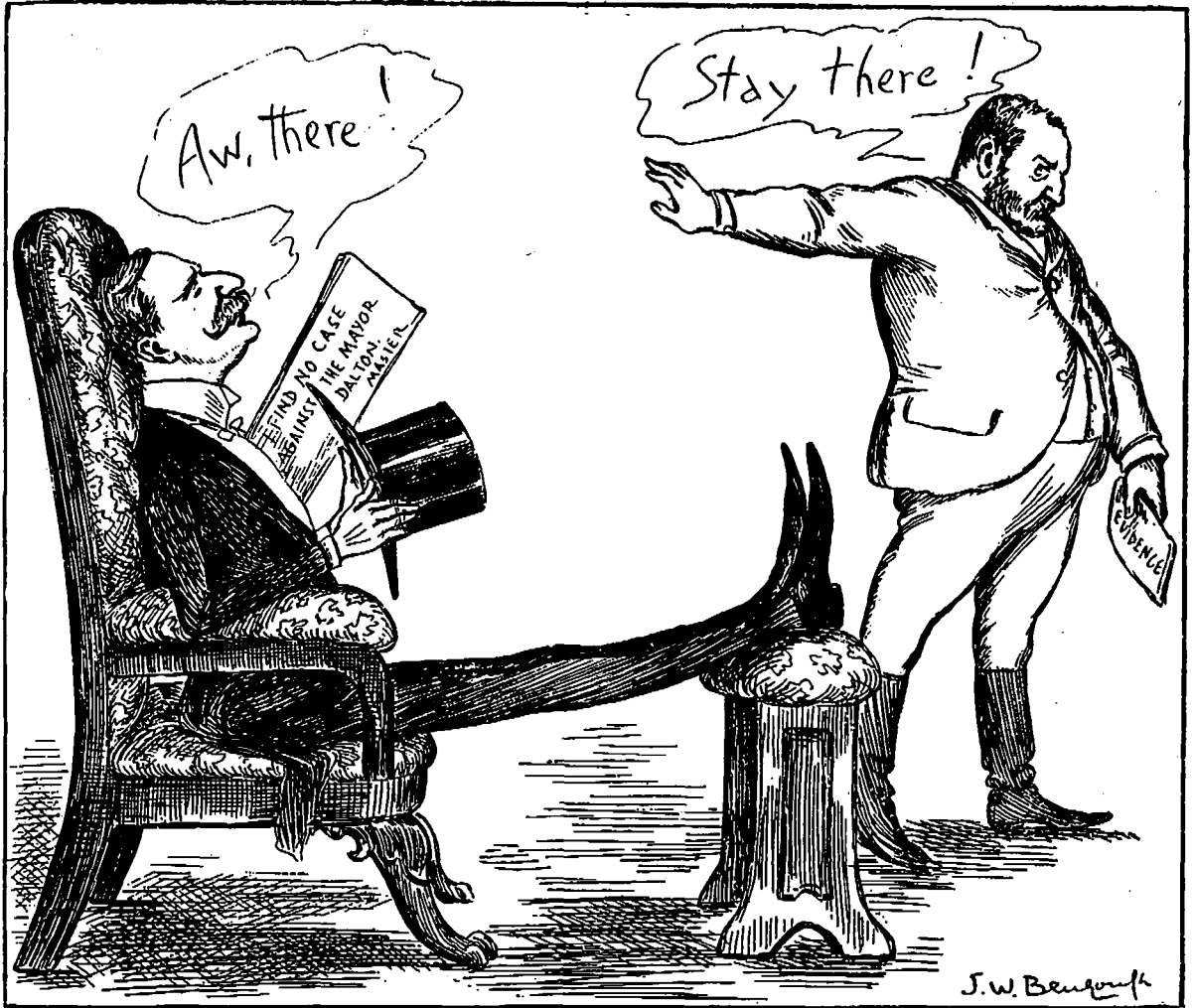
## THE TRUE INWA'DNESS OB DE NOBLE WARD PERTITION.

AS EXPLAINED BY JAY KAVELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

**M**ISTAH GRIP en de gen'al public. When I done give up writin' fo de press, en' GRIP in pa'tickler, an tuk to bein' a rusticrat—a-livin off oder folkses co'n, what I didn't neither sow nor reap nor gather into ba'ns,—I says to myself now I ain't gwine to be a common wo'king passon no mo'—I'se gwine to be a rusticrat. Nuffin so low as workin'. I tuk de swellest house in de ward, I sold my ink bottle, my pen and two cents worf of man'script paper to de co'ner grocery man fo' a 'stallment on de bill I owed him; I trew de ole whitewash brush into de alleyway an' queathed de lime pail to my ole ooman to hol' de suds in; an' den I set my char outside de do' in de sun, an' says I to my ole ooman, says I,—“I'se not gwine to be a wulgar wo'king passon no mo'; I'se gwine to be a rusticrat. I'se gwine to live off de price of dem dar two co'ner lots what I bought fo' twenty dollahs fifteen yeahs ago—dey am wort twenty hundred now. 'Sides, my ole ooman can do nuff washin' to 'spo't de two of us anyhow.”

So ever since I done give up writin' fo' GRIP, I sit on de sunny side ob de swellest house in de wa'd, my cigah in my mouf, an' my plantations a-restin' on de window-sill an' dar I bin libin' a life ob rusticratic kentomplation. I sco'ned to take de least obseruation of de hundreds of common wo'king class s hurryin' home to dinner and back inside de hour fo' fear ob gettin' de pay clipt, a'l dat was too wulgar for my rusticratic tastes. I had to consider my position. I was no wo'king pusson any mo'; I was one of de uppah ten. I was de bery same status as a Dook, an' a Markiss, an' a Earl, gwine to get a title bymeby. (Dis Dominion owes me a title fo' de lots o' whitewashin' I done in my day.) Well now, all dis am de hist'ry an' gran' tottle o' de rusticrat business an' how I com to set up in it; case it was de highest up an' de most honorablest position in de land to be a Dook an' a Markiss an' a Earl. *Now*, I'se gwine to tell yo jus how I came to, trow up de hull blame business an' tuk to my wi' itewash pail, an' my brush, an' my pen an' ink onc' mo.

I hedn't no objection to livin' off my co'ner lot like an earl does, but when I read in de papers bout de Duke ob dis, dat and 'tother ownin' seventy-four an' forty-eight, an' thirty, an' twenty-four public houses—an' taverns an' drinkin' s'loons, I get down dem feet right straight off dat winder sill an' says I to my



CLARKE'S CUSTOMARY LUCK.

ole ooman—Look a heah, Lucy! you jes carry in dat dar rockin' char, I doan sit heah in de sun any mo. I doan sit loafin' in de company of s'loon keepers an' parties what owns public houses an' what lives off liquor sellin' an' misery makin'—no not if dey be Dooks, an' Markisses, an' Earls. It was bad enough fo dis chicken to heah de mos prominent Pesbyterian minister ob dis yer city ob Toronto declar' 'pon soul an' conscience dat it am right to drink, an' dat a man "what lives off drink sellin' can be a good man, aye an' a Christian;" but when it comes to be an English Lord Bishop D.D. ownin' two public houses—den I renounces all sich rustycracy, an' I demands of dat dar Bishop of souls—what do you s'spose dese yer D.D.'s to your name means but Double Damnation, to de poo' wretches who drink yo' liquor, while yo sit up dar as snug as yo please all justified an' sanctified fo' eber an' eber, amen! Eh? Do yo think dis niggah would b'long to any sich 'stocracy as dat? G'long! Don't catch me sittin' in de sun in any sich company as Dooks an' Earls an' Markisses what live off liquor sellin', an' a man'factrin' ob misery an' poverty an' crime an' death. No, sah! Dis chick hab been lab'r'in' under a d'loosion an' a snare; dis chicken thought it was a mighty fine an' hon'ble thing to be a rusticrat, an' sit in

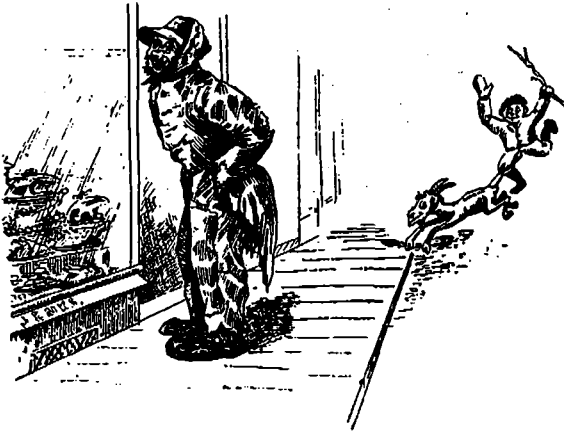
de sun all day doin' nothin' but eatin', drinkin' an' smokin'; but when I fin' my fine Dooks keep de rusticrat pot a-bilin' of'n s'loon keepin', den I strikes my name off de list.

An' now, MISTAH GRIP, fo' feah yo' may think I still got de rusticrat taint 'bout me, yo' jest read dat yer pertition dis chicken drew up to banish de s'loons an' de taverns outen dis noble ward, an' to confine de limits of liquor sellin' to Yonge an' Queen Street. Dis ward am sick an' tired of s'loons an' taverns. We want groceries an' dry goods an' furniture an' all de good things ob dis life, but we haint a-going to keep up no rusticrats an' no s'loon keepers—we haint got a bit o' use for de stuff dey sell. De people ob dis noble ward doan want liquor any mo'—it never did 'em any good an' it done brought 'em lots ob trouble. De great moral clerical s'port ob de s'loon keepers am off on de grand tour roun' de world, an' der ain't another clergyman in dis city darst stand up an' fend de liquor interest—so wishin' good luck to da pertition to renew no mo' s'loon leases, I am

Yo' mos' disrusticratic co'spondent,  
J. K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

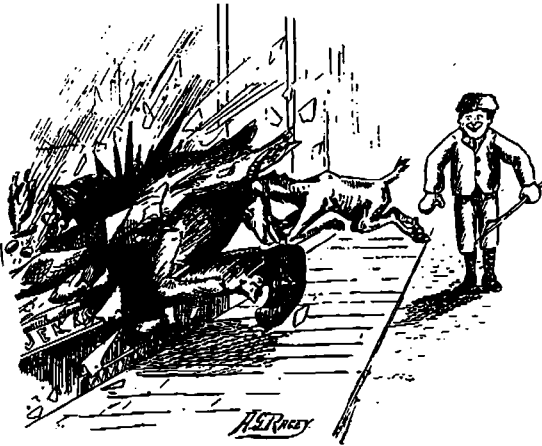
It is usually easy to undo a self-made man.

## ARABIAN NIGHTS UP TO DATE.



I.

ALLADIN SNIPSEY—"Ef I cud only get inside av that windy fer about two minutes, oI reckon there'd be a slight change in its appearance. It makes me smoile to think av it —"



II.

Swish! Bang! Crash! and he had his wish.

## VAN THE GREAT.

SEEING that GRIP has had a good deal of use for the face and figure of Mr. C.P.R. Van Horne in the past, and will, in all likelihood, have more in the future, and, considering that all representations of him in these pages have hitherto been based upon a somewhat antiquated photograph, I thought it my duty to make a personal inspection of the great railroader when in Montreal the other day. Aside from business, it is always a matter of interest to me to meet the great ones of the country for the sake of the educative influence they exhale.

I accordingly went up to the office of the President in the magnificent Windsor Street station and sent in my card. Mr. Van Horne, being a man of powerful intellect, was able to read my writing, and sent a gentlemanly secretary to show me to the board room. He was at the moment engaged, as a matter of course. I took a seat in the sumptuous apartments, and the obliging young gentleman remained with me for company, whiling away the moments of waiting by a kindly effort to impress upon me that as a rule the cartoons in GRIP did not do the President-and-Manager justice, either physically or politically. I am always pleased to hear frank criticisms of

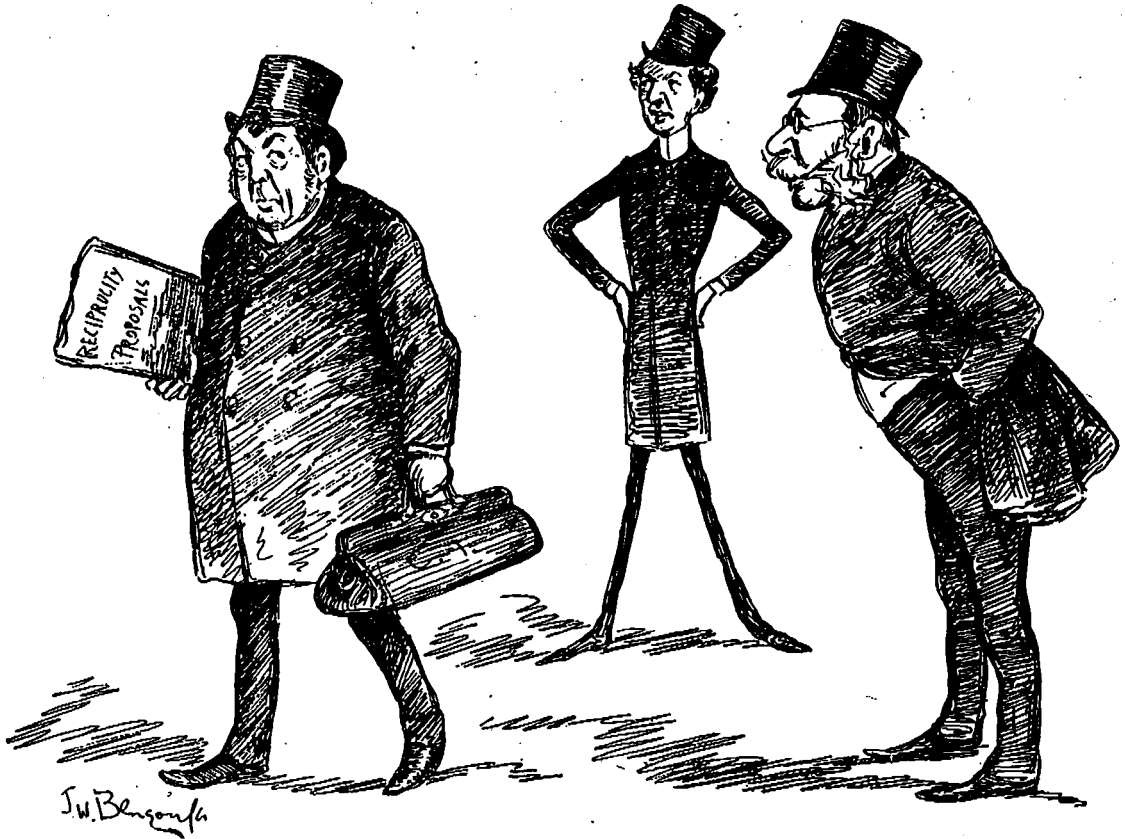
this sort, although they show a lamentable want of confidence in GRIP's infallibility. I generously admitted that it was quite possible the likenesses of Mr. Van Horne were defective, but this was as far as truth and candour would permit me to go. Then the door of the private office opened and a burly figure, surmounted by a genial countenance, in the mouth whereof was firmly fixed the latter portion of a very good cigar, entered and advanced toward me with an active, business-like step. Mr. Van Horne, being used to meeting millionaires and great statesmen, did not blanch in my presence. He shook hands cordially and then helped himself to a seat on the table. I mentioned that I had come to see him for a moment in his capacity as a caricaturist, and not in that of a railway president. He knew, then, that I was not on any free-pass mission, and no doubt felt more at ease than ever.

"Oh, I don't reckon myself a caricaturist," said he, "I knock off sketches habitually just as an aid to thinking."

"Quite so," said I, "but they are good enough as a rule to be treasured by those into whose hands they fall."

"Sometimes. You see I leave them lying around after the business in hand is finished, and they get picked up in that way."

This led by an easy transition to Mr. Van Horne's hobby, which is pictures—not caricatures—but good paintings. Warming up to the subject, as he always does, he got down from the table and took a more comfortable attitude astride of a chair, resting his arms on the back thereof. Then he went earnestly into the subject of painting and painters. He did not mention what I know to be a fact, that he possesses one of the finest private collections of works of art in Canada, and is himself no mean manipulator of the brush. He spoke enthusiastically of the prospects of Canadian art, and had warm words of praise for Peel, Watson, Reid and other native artists. He expressed regret, however, that Watson, who has genuine power of his own, seems inclined to imitate other masters whom he named—and as to Reid, he believed that clever artist was making a mistake in going into the story-picture line, as landscape is really his forte. Mr. Van has small belief in the picture which "tells its own story." In his opinion it becomes a weariness to the flesh, and, unlike the landscape, cannot be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." There is no longer a want of appreciation for good pictures in Canada by whomsoever painted, nor are purchasers sought in vain. Montreal, he affirms, contains more really fine works of art than any American city, New York alone excepted. His criticisms of the different schools and their representatives and his comments on the knavish "industry" carried on in Europe in the production of old masters were exceedingly spicy. If some of our literary journals could secure an article on art from the C.P.R. President it could not fail to be a taking feature. And on the principle that it is the busiest men who have most time for extra work, Mr. Van Horne could, no doubt, be approached on the subject. But he is, as everybody knows, a tremendously busy man. From morning to night (Sundays included, I believe,) he is at it. Not one man in a thousand could "stand the racket" for six months. Yet it is no mystery, when you see him. He never worries; he is not built that way. He is a big man, physically and mentally, but not a bit too big for the amount of energy he contains. Observing that he was "wanted"—as he is about every ten minutes—I rose to depart. "But you'll come up and dine with me and see my pictures?" I regretted that it was impossible on



## OFF TO WASHINGTON.

SIR RICHARD—"Well, good bye, old man, and may the worst possible luck attend you!"  
LAURIER (*sotto voce*)—"Hear, hear!"

account of other engagements. "Then next time you come to town!" With a Chesterfieldian grace I accepted the courteous invitation, and departed with a better idea of Mr. Van Horne, and with the means of doing him more justice pictorially in the future. J.W.B.

## "WHAT CAN WE DO FOR THE POOR?"

THE above question forms the title of an article by Dr. W. S. Rainsford in the April *Forum*. It is a question which is being forced to the front in these days by the growing social unrest of the masses, and many well-disposed people of wealth and education are trying to find the answer. The following are some of the most popular solutions of the conundrum:

- Educate them.
- Enfranchise them—or if that has been done already, give them the Australian ballot.
- Get them to go to church.
- Build nice airy well-ventilated houses for them.
- Provide penny readings and free lectures for them.
- Stop their beer.
- Give them free tickets to soup kitchens and old clothing.
- Tell them to be industrious, patient, thrifty, virtuous, etc., and by and by they will become self-made men.
- All these and many similar schemes have been warmly praised by philanthropists of the wealthy class, but

although these methods have been tried the problem of poverty seems to remain as far from solution as ever.

The benevolent rich don't seem to realize that there is a far simpler plan than any of these which would obviate the need of anybody "doing" anything for the poor, because it would effectually abolish poverty and that is merely to

*Quit stealing from them.*

## L'AFFAIRE NEW ORLEANS.

THE New Orleans affair has not been Baron of material for the jesters. It is said that Italy's hasty action was taken merely for the purpose of removing the representative at Washington, who was not in Fava with the new Italian Premier. Reports have been going the rounds to the effect that Italians are drilling with a view to avenging the lynching. We beg to suggest to them a more terrible form of vengeance. Let them mobilize all the hand-organs in America, send them to New Orleans and play out that city.

## A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

SPACER—"Oh, I tell you what, they are great publishers."

LINER—"What makes you say so?"

SPACER—"They have stolen more books during the past year than any publishers in the country."



### NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

WOOPER—"I—I wish you'd drop the 'Mister,' and call me plain George."

WINNER—"Oh, I couldn't throw your misfortunes in your face that way!"—*Pick-me-up.*

### ON APRIL 1st.

SPRIGGINS—"After all I really do think the world is growing wiser. St. Valentine's day and April Fool day have been practically dropped. I look upon the latter as a silly, idiotic affair that should have been celebrated for the last time half a century ago."

WIGGINS—"Oh, I don't know. A little nonsense now and then is——"

SPRIGGINS (*with energy*)—"A little nonsense? A lot of childish, infernal rot, that ought——"

WIGGINS—"Well, yes, it does make a fellow mad to get fooled, doesn't it?"

### NOT SO STRANGE AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"BANK CHAT" has the following item:—

"On the 11th, Lord Lonsdale accomplished the feat of driving twenty miles over a public highway, with four different hitches in 56 min. 55 4-5 sec.

Well now, really there's nothing particularly remarkable about that. Why doesn't *Bank Chat* get up something of a more startling and sensational character? If for instance Lord Lonsdale had accomplished the feat of driving twenty highways over a public hitch, with four different miles; or, if a different highway had driven twenty miles over four Lord Lonsdales with an accomplished public feat; or if a public feat had accomplished four different miles over twenty Lord Lonsdale's with a highway driving hitches; or if twenty accomplished publics had hitched Lord Lonsdale over a highway feat with four different mile drives; or if a different mile had feated Lord Lonsdale driving four accomplished highways over a public hitch—but in fact there are any number of variations possible with these materials any one of which would have made a much more noteworthy and readable item than that published by our pluthcratic contemporary.

### THE SAFETY BICYCLETTE.

YES! O'Leary was weary,  
For sensations wild and eerie,  
Exciting, rash and skeery,  
On the safety bicyclette.

He was wild with indigestion,  
And in talking out the question  
Of a cure, a friend's suggestion  
Was a safety bicyclette.

So after painful practice,  
During which he badly racked his  
Back, and very nearly cracked his  
Crown, he said "I know it all."

Then, cool as any icicle,  
He jumped upon his bicycle,  
Clad in the rig so nice they call  
The cyclist's riding suit.

And as he swiftly gathered speed,  
Upon his novel metal steed,  
Of things mundane he took no heed,  
It seemed so real ethereal.

But suddenly there came a stop,  
An awful smash, a fearful drop,  
A sick'ning thud, a horrid whop—  
O'Leary was weary.

Yes, there upon that quiet street  
O'Leary with his head did greet  
The pavement (only meant for feet)  
His hind legs kicking wildly.

All busted was his bicyclette;  
Likewise his brand new suit, and yet  
Out of his lips O'Leary let  
Most curious exclamations.

Oh! how he cursed that bicyclette,  
Erstwhile his hobby, pride and pet;  
He swore he'd make the maker sweat,  
And lots of other rubbish.

He cursed the man that led him on,  
He cursed the man that sold him one,  
And swore that he would sit upon  
The man who dared to laugh.

Now O'Leary isn't weary  
For sensations wild and eerie;  
He, having tried the bicyclette,  
Decides he doesn't want one yet.

H. H. GODFREY.

### THAT'S DIFFERENT.

I CAN read and write with ease  
Hindustani, Portugese,  
French, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek and Spanish, too,  
I can play and I can sing,  
I'm quite handy in the ring,  
In fact there isn't much I cannot do

I can spar, and fence, and shoot;  
On the cornet I can toot,  
Some people say quite equal to Liberati;  
But I always lose my nerve  
Every time I try to servé.  
That awful stuff the "dagos" call Spaghatti

MAX

### NO BILL.

BEE SWAX—"Say, did that case against McSloper at the assizes ever come to anything?"

PLUGWINCH—"No, the grand jury found 'no bill.' They showed considerable leniency."

BEE SWAX—"Leniency! I should say that they showed no-bility of character."





HE MUST BLEED FOR HIS COUNTRY.

SIR JOHN—"NOW, MY DEAR MR. RED PARLOR, WHICH SHALL IT BE—A LEG, OR AN ARM, OR A SLICE OFF—ER—WHERE WOULD YOU PREFER? YOU SEE, WE'VE GOT TO SACRIFICE SOMETHING TO SECURE A TREATY!"



**"THE MEANS WHEREBY."**

BROWN—"And you're really in need of assistance, are you?"

MOSE—"Yes, sah; votes wuz quoted mighty low dis yeah."

**COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS.**

**JACK LUCKPENNY** was one of my classmates at Toronto Normal School, that Alma Mater of so many pedagogical lights. Jack had neither the perseverance of the tortoise nor the speed of the hare, so in the race for knowledge he invariably dropped behind. His examination papers were mere tissues of falsehoods, and the A.B.C.'s, whose acquisition is so greatly coveted by "children of a larger growth," seemed quite beyond his grasp. As he himself used to say, it would have required the final letters of the alphabet to fitly express his erudition which chiefly consisted of unknown quantities.

Some years after leaving the Normal, I spent a summer vacation in "doing" the province on a bicycle. Passing through a picturesque Western village, I was struck with the appearance of a handsome cottage on a high bluff. It was surrounded by neat fences which enclosed a thriving garden and orchard. Above the front gate appeared in a crescent of ornamental ironwork, the name "Star of Hope Villa." And on the lawn playing with a pair of chubby little boys, was my old friend Jack Luckpenny. He recognized me as I came up, and after we had exchanged greetings insisted that I should remain to dinner to talk over old times. I readily consented, for I was curious to know the secret of Jack's evident prosperity.

"You are surprised to see me so well fixed Lashum," said my friend, divining my thoughts. "But you will wonder still more when I tell you I've got it all by competitive examinations. You know I wasn't very good at them long ago."

"Why Jack," I replied, "I always thought if you had set your mind to it——"

"O you needn't beat about the bush," he interrupted "I was a booby, that's the long and short of it. The only thing of value I learnt at the old Normal was that it wasn't my normal sphere."

Jack led the way into the house and introduced me to his wife, a pretty, young matron, whose slightly nasal accent revealed her American origin.

"Now then, old chap," said my friend, "while Mrs. L—— and Biddy get the dinner ready, I'll just show you into my study and spin you a yarn."

"Your study!" I cried in amazement, "I thought you had given up the worship of Minerva."

Jack laughed his loud, jolly laugh as he opened the door of a small, neatly furnished room. "I was not a very successful votary at her shrine in Auld lang syne, but I have a study still, or at least I call it one, though it does not look much like the common run."

It certainly did not. There was a centre table holding a large Bible, a concordance, an unabridged dictionary, and writing materials. There was neither library nor bookshelf in the room.

"There, old chum," said Jack, handing me a chair and seating himself in another, "to begin at the beginning, I didn't stay long at the Normal after you left. I got discouraged, and when a cousin who was ranching it out west sent me an invitation to spend the summer with him I determined to accept. But funds were pretty low and after paying bills I found I hadn't enough left for the journey. An aunt, my only living relative, had been paying my school expenses, but I did not like to ask her to pay for holiday jaunts. So I was in a fix. But one day passing down Yonge street I saw in a shop window a jar full of beans, and a notice to the effect that whoever guessed nearest the number it contained would win \$100.

"I tumbled to the scheme at once. I took a jar of the same size as the one in the window, filled it with beans, counted them, sent in my guess and won the money. This success was the starting point in my career.

"I went West to my cousin's, saw the country, and had a fine time generally. But my money soon ran low. I lost ten dollars in a horse race, and then and there resolved to give up all kinds of gambling, a resolution I have never broken.

"Looking about to see what I could do, an advertisement in the papers caught my attention. It announced that a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, but without fortune, having resolved to marry, took the following plan of bestowing her hand. Up to a certain date she would receive offers of marriage, each offer to be accompanied by \$25 in cash and a list of words compiled from the sentence 'Is marriage a failure?' The competitor who sent in the longest list would take the girl, with the dowry thus provided.

"I spent my last \$25 in this contest, and thus won my wife whom you have just seen, with a fortune of \$10,000. Wishing to spend our honeymoon in Europe, I competed for a trip abroad advertised in a weekly paper, winning as usual. We spent several months in Switzerland and Italy.

"Then of course we wished to settle down, and for that purpose required a house and lot. I had now begun to look upon my necessities as so much cash in hand. So I searched the papers for advertisements, and soon found that a weekly journal offered a house and lot to the subscriber who sent in the first correct answer to a certain Bible question. I won the prize in which you are now seated. The only condition attached was that the name of the paper be left on the gate as you see it is.

“ ‘Now my dear,’ I said to my wife, on tak ng possession; ‘if you wish anything don’t tempt the anger of the immortal gods by buying it. Obtain t by honest, open competition, which now more than ever is the life of trade.’

“She has followed this advice, and our side-board is piled with silverware, and many an unbought luxury. In the barn I have a fine pony and chaise, prizes won by the diligent study of this good book (slapping the Bible). I spend most of my time preparing lists of words, etc., and sending them to the shoddy weeklies which run the prize premium racket. I nearly always win and may sign myself J. Luckpenny, General Competitor. I am a leading man in this community, my intimate knowledge of Scripture having enabled me to fill successfully the office of S.S. Superintendent, for the past three years. I have an unique way of interesting my scholars. I prepare a list of questions, each child is required to send in with his written answer the sum of five cents, and the one who scnds in the best answer takes the pool. There is no school in the district to be compared to mine.”

After dinner Jack showed me his garden where grew mammoth cabbages, pumpkins, and turnips every one of which like escaped criminals had a reward upon its head. I bade my friend good-bye, wishing him continued success in his position of living monument to live tradesmen, and feeling convinced there was nothing like premiums to insure fortune.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

**TELEPHONE COMPETITION.**

(WHEN WE HAVE HALF-A-DOZEN RIVAL COMPANIES.)

“HELLO, central! Hello! Put me on to 345!  
That you, Grigshaw?”

“No. Who are you?”

“I’m Billinger. Want to know about that note that matures to-day. Where’s Grigshaw?”

“Don’t know him. Got the wrong number I guess.”  
(Rings off.)

Strange. Grigshaw told me his number was 345.  
“Hello, central! Hallo! Can you tell me William P. Grigshaw’s number. Grigshaw. G-r-i-g s-h-a-w!”

“No such customer.”

Well, well! Oh, I guess he patronizes the Grand Duplex Magentic. They put in a ’phone the other day. They’re only charging \$5. Will I try them?

“Hello, central! Hello! Give me 345! Hello!  
Is that Grigshaw?”

“No ’tain’t neither. You’re the seventeenth man this week that tried to ring up Grigshaw. I’m Joskins, solicitor. No; I don’t know Grigshaw.”

Too bad. He certainly said his telephone number was 345. Yes, here’s a note I made of it. But I quite forgot to ask what system he subscribed to. Wonder if it’s the Grand Universal or Imperial Beaver? John, go down to Peasley’s office and see if he has a Grand Universal ’phone in yet. He told me he was going to let the Company put one in free for him, and, if he has, try and get Grigshaw, and ask him what he’s going to do about that note that matures to-day, and if you can’t fetch him through that, try the Imperial Beaver. I think Mr. Jagger is a subscriber. What a confounded nuisance this telephone competition business is to be sure!

**IN GOOD SOCIETY.**

CHAPPIE—“How do you like my new dress suit?”

10 CHOLLY—“I can’t say, exactly, as I haven’t had a an of it yet.”



I  
SHE—“George, just turn that seat in front of us over, and we’ll have more room.”



II.  
HE—“It works mighty hard—it must be locked.”



III.  
GENTLEMAN (who had been occupying seat)—“No, by gosh, it ain’t locked!”  
—Munsey’s Weekly.

**FIRED FOR HERESY.**

THE Rev. Howard MacQuary  
At last has been left in the lurch,  
The orthodox folks he made weary,  
So they fired him out of the Church.

He is free after truth to go reaching  
And formulate doubts at his ease,  
But the Church must have dogma in preaching,  
And can’t stand his go-as-you-please.

He can hire a hall to orate in,  
And then it is perfectly clear he  
May choose his own way of debating,  
And th’ Rev. Howard may query!

**NATURAL.**

MR. RITER—“Confound this paper. It has published one of my articles without giving me credit.”

MRS. RITER—“Well, dear, that is only what you must expect. Both the butcher and the grocer have refused to give you any more credit.”

**HIS RELATIVE.**

MISS DEBUT—“I never knew until to-night that you have relatives in the city.”

MR. NEWCOME—“But I have none.”

MISS DEBUT—“That is strange. I heard Mr. Brown say that you frequently visit your uncle.”



### TO THE MANNER BORN.

OLD LADY—"What are you smoking for?"

Boy—"Oh, that's all right, I have been brought up in the business. My father is a tobacconist."—*Pick-me-up.*

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. R & T. W. stamped on each drop.

SHE (*delicately plaintive*)—"I am so unfortunate as to possess the gift of divining exactly what everyone thinks of me."

HE (*absent-mindedly*)—"Well, that is unfortunate, by Jove!"

Now is the time when chapped hands and lips are prevalent. Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is a positive cure. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

THERE is an old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun," but from reports heard about "RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER" within the last three weeks, this saying will no longer hold true. It seems that this remedy has so strongly demonstrated its intrinsic worth as a medicine of more than ordinary merit, so as to actually have brought forth an open, public endorsement, proclaiming its virtues, by a "Board of Trade" and a "Common Council" of a city in Missouri, containing a population larger than those of Hamilton and London put together. In Chicago, St. Paul and other large centres scores of endorsements are being given to the manufacturers of this remedy, and last but not least, even our own people of Canada are beginning to open their eyes at what is really accomplished by this remedy. Certainly these things, which are facts and not to be gainsayed, and which stand unparalleled in the history of proprietary remedies, must denote, and this but one thing, that Microbe Killer has merits above the average of medicines and is not afraid to stand on its own record.

THE higher classes are generally the more classes, and the lower classes are usually the hire classes—*Pharmaceutical Era.*

HE taught his wife the sin of dress  
With eloquence and power,  
And then played billiards all day long  
At sixty cents an hour,  
—*Cloak Review.*

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

WHEN I was young and passionate I fell in love with Gretchin;  
I went to see her one Sunday and found her in the kitchen.

I split the kindlings and the wood, and helped her build a fire,  
And as the cook-stove hotter grew, my hopes waxed higher and higher.

"Oh, Gretchen, dear, behold!" I cried;  
"this flame is like my passion—  
It burns, at touch of your sweet hands, in most tumultuous fashion.

Beware, sweet girl, with fire and love 'tis dangerous to tamper."  
"Why, yes," she said, "of course it is, Joe; suppose you shut the damper."

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from one to three months. Our Medicated Air Treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

A COUPLE of Frankford fellows lost their way and were overtaken by darkness in the more unexplored portions of that suburb. "Ah!" cried one, "here's a signboard. Now we'll find out where we are;" and after many efforts one of them succeeded in climbing to the top, and, with a superhuman effort, held himself there while he struck a match and read the inscription: "Use Scrubb's soap, 5 cents."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"WHAT is woman's sphere?" was asked of a normal school girl. "Woman's fear is a mouse," chimed in her little brother.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"AH," said Larry O'Shea, as he gazed in the jeweler's window, "that watch is a pretty good time-keeper, I take it." And he took it.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"IT'S awfully hard," said the Five Dollar Bill as he was borrowed for the hundredth time, "to go through life entirely a loan."—*Washington Hatchet.*

NEW PASTOR (*on his first parochial visit*)—"Is your husband a teetotaler, madam?"  
EMBARRASSED PARISHONER (*hesitatingly*)—"Well, no, he isn't quite as bad as that; but he makes a night of it once in a while with the boys."

### HISTOGENETIC.

THE Secretary of the Histogenetic Medicine Association omitted a word in their adv. in issue of April 4th, which produces an apparent contradiction. It reads "same system (only a different)," and should read "only a different medicine."

TROTTER (*a returned traveler*)—"Montana is a great place for bad liquor."

DOGLY—"Is it?"

TROTTER—"Yes; even the mountains are Rocky"

THE Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, an advertisement of which appears elsewhere, offers the best educational facilities for girls in all departments. Its record as a long established institution of the highest standing should commend it to parents.

FANGLE—"Have you read 'Miss Nobody of Nowhere?'"

CUMSO—"Miss Nobody of Nowhere? No, I haven't read it. I'm tired of these novels of Boston life."

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

FIRST ACTOR—"You never introduce your wife to any of your gentlemen friends. Why is that?"

SECOND ACTOR—"Because it would be of no use. None of them will elope with her. I've tried it time and again."—*Texas Siftings.*

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

CHATHAM—"What was the cause of your failure? I thought you were making money a year ago."

STREET—"I was. I confined myself to selling for cash, then, but I was forced to abandon that principle, and it ruined me."

CHATHAM—"You were obliged to give credit?"

STREET—"No, oh no; I was forced to buy for cash."—*Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly.*

WHEN a fair young girl begins to faint  
A young man's chance is slim;  
He must either let the maiden drop,  
Or she'll get the drop on him.

Burdock  
BLOOD  
BITTERS

CURES  
Impure Blood,  
Dyspepsia,  
Liver Complaint,  
Biliousness,  
Kidney Complaint,  
Scrofula.

"GOODNESS gracious, how fast the time passes! I just got out of jail yesterday, and here I am again."—*Philadelphia Times*.

# Armour's

## Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" 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.

The Toronto Steam Carpet  
CLEANING WORKS.

44 LOMBARD ST. TELEPHONE 2686.

Orders taken at 170 King St. W., 373 Spadina Ave., 358½ Yonge St., 1328 Queen W., Parkdale, and cor. Bathurst and Queen, 586 W.

Pfeiffer and Hough Bros., Props.

## Pleasant Recollections.



Pleasant recollections prompt me to add my testimony that

### ST. LEON MINERAL WATER

is an excellent remedy for **DYSPEPSIA.**

I have used it for many years and derived the greatest benefit from it, and I strongly recommend this, Nature's pure health-restoring water to the public.

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

HEAD OFFICE:

101½ King Street West, Toronto.

Branch Office Tidy's Flower Depot 164 Yonge St.

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 B. 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.

## FIRSTBROOK BROS.

Box Makers and Wood Printers,

KING ST. EAST. TORONTO.

## Confederation Life

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

PRESIDENT,

SIR W. P. HOWLAND, C.B., K.C.M.G

VICE PRESIDENTS,

WM. ELLIOT. EDWARD HOOPER.

OVER

**\$3,500,000**

ASSETS AND CAPITAL.

BUSINESS IN FORCE,

**\$18,000,000.00**

J. K. MACDONALD,

Man. Director.

W. C. MACDONALD,

Actuary

Pays the Largest Profits.

## Ontario Ladies' College

WEITBY, 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.



NOTICE TO

## CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed in the form and manner set forth in the special specifications in that behalf, will be received at this Department until Noon of Wednesday, the TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF APRIL, inst., for certain works in connection with the new Parliament Buildings, namely: (1) lathing and plastering, (2) heating and ventilating, (3) roof covering (slating, copper work, etc.), and (4) plumbing g.

Printed specifications and the special form of tender as to each work can be obtained at this Department. All blanks in the special form of tender are to be properly filled up; and tenders must, as to form, contents and otherwise, comply with the terms set forth in the specifications.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the undersigned, for the amount mentioned in the specifications of the special work tendered for, must, subject to and upon the conditions mentioned in the specifications accompany each tender. Parties tendering for more than one of the said works must, as to each of the works, remit a separate cheque for the amount mentioned in the special specifications relating to each such work.

Security for the fulfilment of any contract entered into is to be given as stipulated in the specifications; but the Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

C. F. FRASER,

Commissioner, etc.

Department of Public Works for Ontario,

Toronto, April 6, 1891.

YOU PAY NOTHING

IT'S FREE

To examine. Cut this ad out and send to us and we will send the Watch to you by express, C. O. D. (all charges prepaid), without paying one cent. You can examine the watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in looking at it. But if perfectly satisfactory, pay the express agent our special Cash Price of \$8.95 and take the watch. No watch like this was ever advertised in a paper before. No such Bargain ever offered. This is a Genuine GOLD PLATED WATCH, made of two heavy plates of 18 karat solid Gold over composition metal, and warranted in every respect. It has solid bow, cap, crown and thumb piece, beautiful mounting style, elaborately engraved and decorated by hand. Joints, cap, crown, bezel and center are all accurately made, fitted and warranted. Beware of imitations. The movement is fine WALTHAM style, richly jeweled, quick, train (18,000 beats per hour), expansion balance, patent pinion, patent escapement, full plate, beautifully finished, accurately regulated and adjusted, and warranted an accurate time-keeper. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. These watches are sold everywhere for \$25.00.

As a guarantee that this is the greatest bargain ever offered, that the watch is worth FAR more than the price asked, that nothing like this was ever offered before, we refer you to any WHOLESALE HOUSE IN TORONTO. Order now, it's YOUR ONLY CHANCE. Address, BEARS & CO., 112 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

# 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.



GOLDEN LION

# R. WALKER & SONS'

## CARPET DEPARTMENT



GOLDEN LION

Our Spring Stock is now complete, and is the **LARGEST** and **BEST ASSORTED** we have ever shown. In style, quality and price it is second to none. In the better class of Carpets, such as **WILTON'S** and **BRUSSELS**, we are showing a remarkably fine range in all the newest designs and colorings; while in the cheaper grades the colorings are ahead of any previous season. We have as usual a number of **SPECIAL LINES** at 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. less than regular prices.

A special line of best **Brussels**, \$1.00 to \$1.10. A special line of best **Tapestry**, 60 cents. A special line of best **English Wools**, \$1.00.

A full range of **Hall and Stair Carpets** in **Brussels** and **Tapestry**.

**Zanzibar Art Squares**, 2½ x 3 yards; 3 x 3½; 3 x 4, at \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.50. Another lot of those beautiful **Moquette Rugs and Mats**.

## Curtain Department.

A splendid range of all the new colorings in **Chenille**. Full stock of **Lace Curtains** in the new **Swiss Effects** from \$1.50 a pair to \$6.00. **Real Swiss, Brussels Net**, and **Antique Curtains** from \$5.00. **Art Muslins**, **Art Cretonnes**, **Art Serges**, very pretty **Cross Stripe Curtains**, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.75, \$3.50 a pair. **Window Shades**, all sizes, with fringe or lace. **Cornice Poles** in wood or brass. The celebrated "**Prize Carpet Sweeper**," the best in the Market. **Carpets made and laid**. **Curtains and Shades put up**.

# R. WALKER & SONS,

33 King Street East, Toronto.



### DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE

Best Tailor System of Cutting.  
Waist Linings cut for 35 cents.  
Ordered Corsets—perfect fit guaranteed.

MISS CHUBB,

456½ Yonge St., just below College.  
Adjustable Wire Dress Forms.



### C. V. SNELGROVE,

DENTAL SURGEON,

97 Carlton Street, - Toronto.

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

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

**DOES CURE CONSUMPTION**

In its First Stages.

Palatable as Milk.

Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

## COAL AND WOOD.



CONGERS COAL COMPANY.

Main Office—6 King Street East.

## Buy Your Tickets

Via The N. & 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. & C. BLACHFORD

87 & 89 King St. East, Toronto.

# TAR & TOLU

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS HOARSENESS

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

PNEUMONIA WHOOPING COUGH,

25 CENTS

25 CENTS

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

I.



"KIND sir, help a poor—"

See page 244

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

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

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Wine Marks (Naevi)—Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, Yonge Street Market.

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

## The CROWN PERFUMERY CO.'S

Celebrated Invigorating

## LAVENDER SALTS

The new and universal, popular Smelling Salts and agreeable deodorizer

Those who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious Perfume, CRAB APPLE BLOSSOM, of The Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their Invigorating Lavender Salts. By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

177 New Bond St., London.

Genuine only with Crown Stoppers as shown above. Reject spurious imitations.



## EARLY ARRIVALS OF Spring Styles

IN STOCK

FOR Ladies and Gentlemen



WM. WEST & CO.

246 YONGE ST.

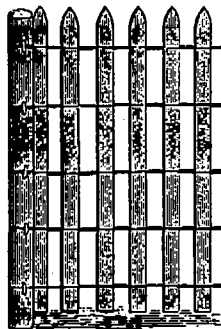


Registered Trade Mark.



**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** instantly, easily, quickly and safely removed with **CAPILLERNE**, and the growth permanently destroyed without the slightest injury or discoloration to the most delicate skin. Discovered by accident. Every bottle is guaranteed by the **CAPILLERNE Mfg. Co.** to be genuine. Mailed free to any part of Canada, United States and Mexico on receipt of \$1.50, or P.O. Money Order. For sale only by our agent.

TRANGLE ARMAND, Perfumer and Hair-Dresser, 407 Yonge St., 407, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Telephone 2498.



## 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.

## CURLINE

Dorenwend's Latest invention for **Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the Hair.** Reasons why ladies should use **CURLINE**: It is simple in application. It retains its influence for a great length of time. It adds lustre, life and beauty to the hair. It avoids excessive use of irons, etc. It is inexpensive. It is entirely free from harmful properties. It saves time and trouble. It is neither gummy nor sticky. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cts. each, or six for \$2.50. By mail, 8 cts. each extra. Manufactured only by



Every Genuine Package bears this cut.

A. DORENWE ND. 103-105 Yonge St., Toronto

**DR. J. FRANK ADAMS,**  
**DENTIST,**  
325 COLLEGE ST. near Spadina, TORONTO.  
Telephone 2278.

• **J. L. JONES,** •  
**Wood Engraver,**  
8½, 10 & 12 KING ST. EAST,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

Telephone 2042. Engraving for all Illustrative and Advertising Purposes.

New Tailor System of Dresscutting.



**SQUARE MEASUREMENT.**  
(Late Prof. Moody's.)  
The leading system of the day. Drafts direct on the material. Easy to learn.  
**J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dress and Mantle Makers.**  
379 Yonge St., Toronto. Agents wanted



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

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

**GEORGE BENGOUGH,** General Agent,  
4 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.

Challenges the world for speed. Fast work does not impair its beautiful work.

Type-arms tested to last over 30 years. No ribbons, shifts, spiral springs or safety pins. Portable, Noiseless, Perfect. Machines sent on approbation. Operators supplied.

GENERAL AGENTS

**NEWSOME & CO.**  
46 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

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

• **LARDINE OIL.** •

The best in the Market for all kinds of Machinery.

**McCOLL'S RENOWNED CYLINDER OIL**

Superior to any in Canada. Manufactured solely by

**McCOLL BROS. & CO. - TORONTO**

**A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.**

II.



"What! won't you take this copper?"  
"My principles prevent me accepting anything less than sixpence."

**PATENTS**

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

**FETHERSTONEHAUGH & CO.,**  
Solicitors of Patents,  
Canadian Bank of Commerce Building.  
(and floor.) 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.

**PATENTS**

**W. J. GRAHAM,** 71 Yonge St., Toronto.  
N.B.—Personally responsible, no fictitious "& Co."



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

**HAMMOND**



**TYPEWRITER.**



**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.

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**

**BEST** teeth on Rubber Plate, \$3. Vitalized air. Telephone 1476. **C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Co.** King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

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



Trade Mark.  
**CORSET**

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

To be had of all Dealers throughout the World.  
**W. S. THOMSON & CO. LTD. LONDON, MANUFACTURERS.**

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