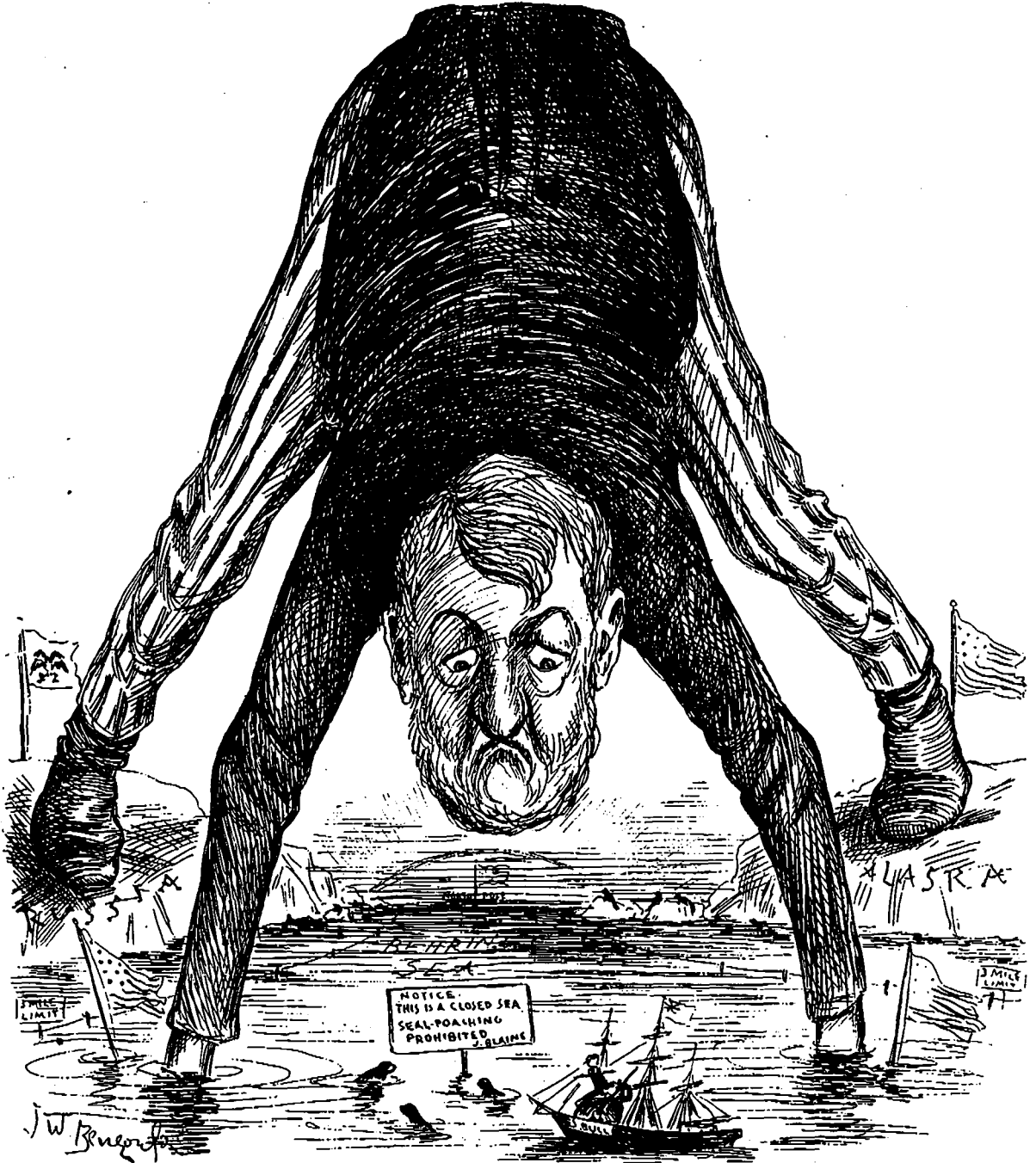


GRIP

VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 9, 1890.

No. 6.
Whole No. 896.



BLAINE'S ATTITUDE ON THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

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 J. V. WRIGHT.
Manager 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 HADDOX & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St. London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.
Mr. NORMAN MURRAY, 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, is agent for GRIP in Montreal.

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.

WORDS WORTHY OF THEIR STUDY.—Mr. Jas. G. Blaine has of late written two or three remarkable open-letters to Senator Frye—remarkable, that is to say, as coming from the "plumed knight" of Protectionism. The

same words from the pen of any Free Trader would have passed without notice, whereas, coming from the great Maine statesman, they are being eagerly discussed from one end of the Union to the other, and amount, in fact, to a new issue in the politics of the day. Mr. Blaine's high official position has something to do with this, of course; but aside from that the explanation must be that words of sound common sense are so seldom uttered in the name of Protection. For, after all, these much-debated letters are but an echo of the idea which has been elaborated in a hundred speeches of Mr. Erastus Wiman. It is that in every case Reciprocity of trade is to be preferred to a Protective tariff—that, in Mr. Blaine's own words—Reciprocity is "the highest form of Protection." The people of the United States consume an enormous quantity of Cuban sugar, and the McKinley Bill

proposes to place unrefined sugar on the free list. Mr. Blaine thinks it would be too bad to let slip this opportunity of obtaining from Spain, as the condition of the free entry of Cuban sugar, the reciprocal freedom of the Cuban market for American products to the same amount. Carried to its logical conclusion all round this reasoning sweeps away the entire tariff, and yet Mr. Blaine, the Protectionist leader, calls it the "highest form of Protection." And so it is. Man is a trading animal, and God meant him to trade as freely as he breathes, otherwise He would not have arranged the world as we find it, with diversified climates, special national aptitudes, and varied products; nor would He have taught us the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man. Free Trade is the highest form of Protection, because it protects the citizen in his inalienable right to buy and sell where he pleases. High Tariffs "protect" him against escaping, while monopolists pick his pockets. The little economic dunces who are managing fiscal affairs in Canada, have heretofore turned a deaf ear to sound doctrine from their opponents, but perhaps they will give heed to these sensible utterances of the great American Conservative.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.—This same Mr. Blaine has also of late been writing some remarkable diplomatic letters to the British Premier anent the Behring Sea seal question. We cannot congratulate him so unreservedly on the figure he cuts in this correspondence, though it is not wanting in effectiveness for Presidential nomination purposes. To make a short story of the columns of matter which loaded down our morning papers one day last week, Mr. Blaine claims that the American ownership of Alaska involves also, so far as seal fishing is concerned, the supreme control of Behring Sea, not merely within the three-mile limit, but from the American to the Russian shore, and north and south to the full extent of the Alaskan shore line. Within this watery domain, which Mr. Blaine classically refers to as a *mare clausum*, the taking of seals by foreigners is prohibited, because such pelagic fishing would soon extinguish the species altogether. To enforce this view of it, American gun boats were ordered to seize and confiscate all "poaching" outfits found within the proscribed limits. Just here is where John Bull objected, and his objection was stated so emphatically that the orders to the cruisers were, for the time being, suspended. John says he doesn't think there is any serious danger of the seals being utterly destroyed, if a reasonable close season is observed; but whether or no he can't think of accepting the Blaine doctrine as to the extent of American authority beyond the three-mile limit. This, says he, is the very doctrine Uncle Sam steadfastly repudiated when it was put forward on behalf of Russia. As the art of backing down gracefully is a part of the education of high diplomats, there is not much danger that Mr. Blaine will persist in this untenable position too long.



THE demand of certain newspaper representatives to be admitted to the current meetings of the Street Railway Committee is unreasonable, and we are pleased to see that a majority of the members of that Committee voted to keep the sessions secret. The business in hand at the present time is of a kind that the press could in no way assist—that of making up a brief for the city's lawyers for use before the arbitrators. To publish information pertaining to this would manifestly be to play into the hands of the "enemy," whereas, if nothing is to be reported, where is the necessity for the reporters being present? When the trial comes on it will be time enough for the gen-

tlemen of the fleet pencil to get to work. People of good sense, who give first place to the interests of the city, will possess their souls in patience till then.

* * *

A PROPOS of the Street Railway, we are greatly gratified to find that some of the clearest headed men in the Council are in favor of at least thoroughly discussing the matter of taking over the franchise and working the railway as a civic department. When the vote was taken it was stated, in rather hysterical posters, that the city would not attempt to work the road; but these aldermen do not propose to let this unauthorized pledge prevent them from going into the subject. GRIP fails to see why the city should not manage the street cars as well as it manages the Waterworks, and, so far as efficient public service and economy are concerned, the latter department will bear very favorable comparison with the Gasworks, which are managed by a private Company.

* * *

THE bugaboo about the awful extravagance and corruption which would be sure to attend civic management vanishes away when the matter is calmly reasoned upon for a little while. A good system is all that is required, and such could surely be invented, if it cannot be borrowed from some other city, which is now showing its gumption by keeping the profits of its public franchises for its own till. We sincerely trust that before the offer of any lessee is considered this important question will be thoroughly gone into.

* * *

FROM an English journal of recent date we clip this interesting item about His Royal Highness, Albert Edward :

The world at large little thinks how hard the Prince works. We have known him run up to town early in the morning to attend some show or other that he has promised to patronise, then some public dinner later in the day, and after that a theatre or dance. Or perhaps he has been at a funeral or wedding in the early part of the day, a levee in the afternoon, and a ball at night. These are bare outlines of what His Royal Highness has to get through. Journeys to and fro, changes of dress, and other duties must, of course, be reckoned for.

Here is a lesson to the other workmen of the day. You never hear of the Prince of Wales grumbling at his lot, or going on strike for shorter hours—though, to be sure, he has been known to ask for more pay.

* * *

IT isn't every city that has so charmingly rural a suburb as our own Rosedale. The lover of nature who rambles there is in an ecstasy with the hills and dales, the wild luxuriance of the trees and shrubs and flowers and grasses—and even the weeds. His artistic eye will rest approvingly on the weather-beaten old fences and the tumble-down houses of the olden time which he finds picturesquely nestling here and there. But, gentlemen of the Council, isn't it carrying rural charm a trifle too far to permit droves of cattle to be kept by worthy citizens inside the city limits?

UNAPPRECIATIVE.

BACH—Have you heard that little Irish fellow who is going around town playing tunes by hitting his chin with his knuckles? It's the funniest thing I ever saw, and the music is really capital! So novel, too.

BENEDICT—What, chin music novel? Oh! I forgot—you're not married.

"TREE MUNSS OLD."

(SCENE—*Mantle Warehouse ; Enter Lady from ta Heelants.*)

HIGHLAND LADY—"I want's plue polis for tree munss old." **LADY IN CHARGE**—"Beg pardon."

H.L.—"Plue polis tree munss old." **L. IN C.**—"You mean a blue pelisse for a child three months old."

H.L.—"Yiss, yiss." **L. IN C.**—"Sorry there are none in stock, but we'll make one to order."

H.L. (walking away)—"Mak to order! Shoo! Child trec munss old already."—*The Bailie.*



A NEW MOON.

DINER OUT—"Wonner wha'sh m-marrer wi' (hic) moon!"—*Pick-me-up.*

BEATS AND TIMBER.

IN *Nature*, of June 19th, appears an account of the proceedings of a meeting of the Physical Society of London, at which Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson gave an explanation of Dr. Koenig's theories of *beats* and *timbre*. The great acoustician was himself present, and performed the experiments in his inimitable manner, the perfection of his instruments exciting the wonder and admiration of Lord Rayleigh and others.

From the above which appears in the *Mail* we judge that the Rykert case is exciting considerable interest in England. In that affair the connection of beats and timber was very obvious. We are curious to know whether Dr. Koenig's theories on the subject coincide with those of the Lincoln electorate. What "theory of beats and timber" is held by the Dominion Government we do not know, but practically the beats have been enabled to get away with a good deal of the timber. "The perfection of the instruments"—the tools of the party—is a noticeable feature of the operation.



FROM AN UNPRODUCED DRAMA BY DUMAS.

ARMAND—"Come! Fly with me, I implore you!"

CAMILLE—"Never! Sir, you insult me."

ARMAND—"What! You will not go?"

CAMILLE—"I will resist you with all the strength of my woman's nature. If you would tear me from this place, you must first drug me and render me unconscious. You will find a bottle of chloroform on the bureau over there."

A BACHELOR'S ADVENTURE AT A LAWN TENNIS PARTY.

I AM a bachelor and enjoy a fair income, consequently I am much sought after by the fair sex; and so fill in my spare time with a round of balls, garden parties and lawn tennis. For the last named game I have always had a great penchant, it affords one so many opportunities for quiet flirtations, and the ladies—bless them—look so pretty in their tennis costumes. In fact, it is the *beau ideal* of a summer game; fair maidens, green grass, flying balls, light hearts, dancing eyes and much laughter; but why go on, when every one knows its many delights?

Last summer I met a young lady at the Thousand Islands. She was very pretty and had many admirers, but I flattered myself then that I was the favorite one, and indeed, had I not been obliged to leave, I seriously think that I would have stood a fair chance of winning her hand. Well, a short time ago, I received an invitation to a tennis party. When the day came it was so sultry that I thought of not going; but when I thought of the disappointment it would be to others, I concluded to go. Would that I had not—besides, another inducement was, that of a new tennis suit I had just got; the trousers might have been a trifle looser, but then I never exercise myself too much. On arriving I was immediately surrounded by my fair friends, who, I could see, were immensely taken by my new suit. But oh, the delight of my heart! when I perceived among the group the one I had met at the Thousand Islands, the charming Miss W. Things went on splendidly till one of the ladies sent the ball over a very high fence. Immediately there was a chorus of "Oh, Mr. Syms!" and the dear creatures looked appealingly at me. I resolved to do or die in the attempt. Taking breath, I made a run for the fence, and by a mighty effort dragged myself to the top and alighted on the other side where I soon found the ball; then I tried to climb the fence again, but couldn't. In vain did I put forth all my strength, while the perspiration rolled down my face, and I felt as though all the

blood was rushing to my head. The dear creatures peered through the cracks, and in plaintive tones asked me what I was doing.

By this time I was utterly worn out and sank upon the grass in despair. Presently Miss W. called out, "Ain't you coming, Mr. Syms?" and I, oh the shame of it! had to answer, "I can't climb the fence." There came a pause, and then, ah! how can I write it, there fell upon my ears the sound of suppressed giggling. Yes, they were laughing, actually laughing at me. Suddenly somebody called out, "Wait, and we will get the ladder," and so the ladder was brought and hoisted over the fence, and I had to climb it and face them. But my misfortunes were not at an end, for as I drew the ladder over and dropped to the ground among the ladies I felt something give way, and the horrible truth flashed upon me that my trousers—* * * ! !

I turned deadly pale and staggered against the fence. "Oh, Mr. Syms, you are ill," cried the ladies, crowding round me with anxious faces.

"Yes, very ill," I gasped, "pray ask Mr. White to come." Mr. White was playing in another part of the grounds. In a few minutes he came hurrying up and I told him in a whisper my trouble. I always thought him a wonderfully ingenious fellow, but never did he show it more than on the present occasion.

"Fly," he said, turning to the ladies, "and make ready a couch, Mr. Syms is very ill," and away they hastened, the dear things.

Then in a twinkling he had me over the fence and through the field; hailed a cab and put me in, and quietly went back to face the ladies and explain the matter as best he might.

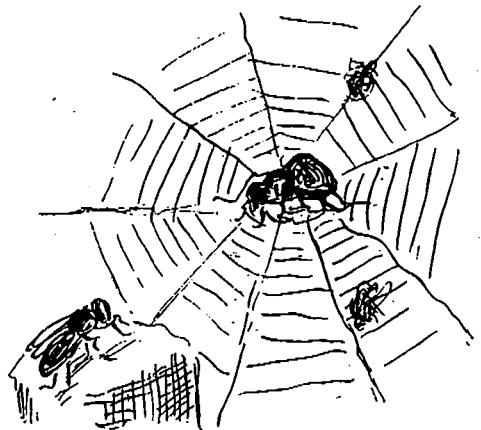
I have never met Miss W. since.

MAC.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE BOOM.

NEW HIRED MAN (*on farm in suburbs*)—Durned ef I ever see land with so many stumps on it afore. I don't see how trees could grow so clost together nohow. You must have had a tough time clearing it.

FARMER—Clearin' it, ye blamed idyut! This here land was cleared nigh onto a hundred year ago. Them ain't no stumps—that's what's left of the cedar block pavement on Aurora Borealis Avenue.



THE FLY FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlor," said the Spider to the Fly.
"With pleasure," replied the Fly—"but not into your dining-room."

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

NAPOLEON was such a confirmed egotist that he always wrote his name with a capital "N" and put an "I" after it.

Julius Cæsar lived abroad all his life, regardless of the expense involved. He was remarkably fond of the classics, and his writings abound in Latin quotations.

Nero is supposed to have been the inventor of the exasperating phrase, "Is it hot enough for you?" which he used to intensify the sufferings of the martyrs whom he burned at the stake.

William III. habitually rode a white horse, which, having been trained for circus performances, had a habit of waltzing on his hind legs.

Carlyle never rode a mule when it was possible to take a 'bus. As a rule he preferred to remain indoors during wet weather.

The Duke of Wellington had an unaccountable aversion to shoveling snow off the sidewalk. He always let the job out rather than tackle it himself.

Henry VIII. was never known to drink lager or reply to a post card.

Nicholas Flood Davin combs his hair with a towel.

The author of the "Beautiful Snow" is male and female, old and young and middle-aged, tall and short, handsome and homely, dead and alive, and characterized by a greater diversity of incongruities than any other writer of the century.

John Milton is wholly indifferent to the remarks of the critics on his poem of "Paradise Lost." The fact that he is dead may possibly account for this.

Shakespeare, an actor who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had an incurable propensity for gagging, is believed to have written some very creditable dramas. He spelled his name in about seventeen different ways.

Pope Iconoclastes XII. was so indolent in disposition that he never even existed.

Xerxes, the Persian monarch, after his return to his country, on being repulsed by the Greeks, burst into tears. "Why weepst, oh, Prince?" enquired Periphastes, the philosopher. "Alas," replied the unhappy king, "I tried to make myself a record in history, but I foresee that my memory will only be perpetuated to fill a long-felt want for copy-book headings commencing with 'X.'" And he went out into a vacant lot behind the palace and kicked himself.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, continually interlarded his

conversation with Shakespearean quotations. He is believed by some people to have been mad, which, considering that his uncle murdered his father, is not remarkable. Such conduct would make most anybody mad.

Ald. Shaw is sensitive about the orthography of his name. He grows highly indignant when anyone inadvertently spells it with a "P."

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was also somewhat touchy on a similar score. A pun upon his suggestive name was distasteful to him, and he once refused to speak to Robert Burns for a week, because the latter had alluded to his *paroxy* humor.

Alfred F. Jury sells (made to order) clothing as cheap as any other tailor, and throws in a lesson on political economy.

Edward Farrer cares so little about upholding the dignity of his vocation as a \$5,000 editor that he writes his MS. in a clear bold hand that the printers can read easily.

THE TWO ADAMS.

VISITOR TO SCHOOL—"I would like, if you have no objections, Mr. Whackler, to put a few questions in Biblical history to the class."

TEACHER—"With pleasure, sir. I think you will find them fairly proficient."

VISITOR—"Well, then, boys, who was Adam?"

THE CLASS (in chorus)—"The first man, sir."

SMART SCHOLAR (who has studied Canadian history, continuing)—"to discover Canadian literature, and his other name was G. Mercer, sir."

QUALIFIED FOR A BETTER POSITION.

JINKINSON—"Hello, Boozer! Where you been this long time? Haven't seen you round lately. You look as brown as a berry."

BOOZER—"Been on my holidays down to the seaside. Had a splendid time."

JINKINSON—"Going back to local work on the *Mud-slinger*, I suppose?"

BOOZER—"Guess not. I think I shall try for a sit as stenographer. No, I never took any lessons, but I think I can claim to be a shore-tanned reporter."

And with a wild snort of glee he crooked his finger and nodded in the direction of the nearest budge dispensary.



EVOLUTIONARY ASSIMILATION.

A Story of Signor Piatti and his 'Cello.—Punch.



FASHION NOTE.

THE novel method of spending the summer by taking long rambles through the city is becoming popular in official circles here.

THE WAR CRY.

SHALL Yankee pirates dare to flout
Our grand old Union Jack?
No! Still Britannia rules the waves,
And soon will drive them back!
Let blood in torrents freely flow--
Canadians shall be free
Whene'er it pleases them to go
And fish in Behring sea.

Where is the slave, the traitor knave,
Whose heart is not aflame
To stand and fight for England's right
Against the Yankees' claim?
Is there a sordid, crawling wretch,
Unworthy of his birth,
Who'd basely yield the foe the field?
Why cumber he the earth?

All who are loyal to the flag,
All patriotic souls
Will treat with scorn the Yankees' brag
So long as ocean rolls;
Old England's might shall be supreme,
And if the scoundrels dare
Just touch another sealing ship,
There's music in the air!

We'll burn their seaboard cities down
And ravage all the coast;
We'll trail through mud the stripes and stars,
And scatter all their host.
A braggart, vain, bombastic crew,
The Yankees cannot fight;
One single red-coat regiment,
Puts ten of theirs to flight!

Oh, no! I'd not enlist myself--
I didn't think of that!
Well, hardly, for my health is poor,
And, then, I'm getting fat.
My business needs my presence, too,
And it would never pay
To go and wade in Yankee gore
At fifty cents per day.

But I'm a thorough patriot
As any you will find;
My folks were U. E. Loyalists
Of the most ultra kind.
And so, although I cannot fight,
I'll do my level best
To whoop it up both day and night
To animate the rest!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(AFTER THE STYLE OF KITTENISH "KIT" OF THE
"MAIL.")

P. Q.—Your handwriting greatly resembles the tracks made by a cockroach which has just scrambled out of the ink and is endeavoring to make its way to the paste-pot. You are independent, timorous, saucy, headstrong, affectionate and prudent, and will probably marry early and often.

ELIZA JANE.—What a nice, lovely, sweet-scented letter you have sent us, Liz! Thanks. Such tokens of appreciation are an oasis in the Sahara as it were. You are graceful, frisky, auburn-haired and sentimental, and when the hour and the man arrives you will do the clinging vine act in a manner calculated to awaken the emotions of an anchorite.

GOLDEN-HAIRED SUSAN.—Your calligraphy denotes perspicacity, frivolity, cupidity, a romantic disposition and ears perhaps a shade too large to suit the contour of your mobile countenance. You would be eminently suited for a waitress in a down-town restaurant or *soubrette* parts on the stage.

WILLIAM J.—(1) No. (2) Yes. (3) Consult a solicitor. (4) Handwriting fair to middling. It denotes courage, affability, earnestness and the cheek of a Government mule. (5) Bartenders wages are not high, and what is worse there are few opportunities to steal nowadays.

LONELY ELINOR.—Your soulful effusion strikes a sympathetic chord in our bosom. Its tone of subtle introspectiveness with its vein of sub-conscious irony, dashed with effusive and half melancholy complacency, recalls the journal of Marie Bashkertcheff. Poor Marie, she died young. Why are these things thus? Probably you did right to refuse the addresses of the captain of the mud scow. It would be hard for one of your refined sensibilities to retain respect for a man whose favorite ejaculation is "begosh," and who chews plug tobacco.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—Glad to hear from you, rosebud. Your handwriting indicates that you are aspiring, phlegmatic, genial, intellectual and lovable. You would probably succeed either as a book agent or as cook on a steamer. If your lover persists in the practice of striking

matches on the seat of his pants, after you have gently but firmly remonstrated, you had better discard him.

BOB FLINDERS.—We are unable to advise you as to how to become a political heeler. The business is generally regarded as a lucrative one. No examination or entrance fee is required. You had better apply to Peter Ryan or Robert Birmingham.

GENTLE ANNIE.—Your handwriting seems to show that you are cultured, good tempered, mirthful, generous and impecunious, with a liking for ice-cream and caramels. You should marry a man of means. Write us again, Annie, when you feel in the humor. We shall look impatiently for your dainty autograph.

HOW SAD.

TWO lilies on a single stem
Within a garden grew,
Bedecked with many a floral gem,
Attractive to the view.

As Julia stooped to cull the flowers,
Said Frederick, "Tell me why
They're like that business firm of ours?"
The maid made no reply.

"I give it up," at length she cried,
"The answer I would learn."
"You might have guessed, had you half tried,
'Tis a joint-stalk concern."

A THRIP ACROSS THE BLUE WATHER.

MISTHER GRIP, SOR.—As its all the go for payple that has anything to say, to rite till the papers, an' more betoken plinty av thim that has nothin' to say—yez'll give me a thrifle av space to tell about me thrip over till Niagary beyant. Fwhin yez rade this, call that Neegary, d'ye moind, an' don't expose yer ignorants. Well, sor, I got a half day off, bein' it was Sathurday, an' out av respect for mesilf I put on a biled shirt an' as purty a waistcoat as yez iver clapped an eye on. Av coorse I had all the rest av the fixins shootable to a gentleman av taste an' position, an' the best hand wid the pick in all the list av the corporation employes. I think I lucked purty foine, for as I wint along down to the *Cibola*, I hard a shmall boy shout ather me, "get on to the Jude," but faix I wud let no wan get on to me, an' its well for thim no wan thried it. On boord the stamer there was a big crowd av all sorts an' sizes, an' some av the purtiest girls yez iver seen, wid black eyes an' hair loike a canary bird—dhrug store blonds a felley towld me they wor, but its jokin' he was, I think. I wint to the bar (begobs I was glad whin I hard they had a bar on boord for the use av the saloon passengers), an' who shud I find stannin' behoid the counter but Johnny Loudon himsilf. Sure I knew Johnny av ould, an' a dacent bie he is. "Irish whiskey for me, Johnny," sez I, "but I suppose I needn't mintion it, as yez know me so well." "No, McGinty," sez Johnny, "ye needn't mintion it, for sorra a dhrup av anything loike that have I in this bar. Lemonade wid a shtick av oice in it is the sthrongest I cud do for you, bad luck to it," sez he. "Sure they wudn't give us a loicense to sell annything worth guzzlin' this sayson," sez he, "but have a cigar wid me, anyhow," an' he handed out a box av good wans, wid the tears in his eyes. I niver cud stand croying, so I excused mesilf an' wint out in the frate shed av the boat an' smoked, lanin' over the bull works an' givin' me moind up to the consideration av the shpread av the Timperance cause, which has now rached so far over the land that, begorra, it takes in the wather, too. Well, ather that, feelin' thirsty wid the



A POSER.

YOUNG GOSLIN.—"Mr. Rocks, I wish—er—that is, I desire—er—the hand of your daughter."
ROCKS.—"That all? What's the matter with the rest of her, then?"

cigar, an' it bein' against me principles to dhrink saft shtuff, I wint in sarch av a dhrink av wather. I axed a lady cud she tell me where they kep the dhrinkin' wather. "The what?" sez she. "Dhrinkin' wather, ma'am," sez I. "Well, yez may dhrink it av yez loike, I suppose," sez she, "some has a taste for it half biled. Its there forninst the paddle box," an' she pinted to the sshot. I wint an' tuck a shmall shwig av it, but it purty near burnt the mouth aff me. I wint up to the captain, who I saw passin' by at the toime, an' smoilin' at me, an' sez I, "Fhy don't yez put a bit av oice in it?" "We will," sez he, "if yez'll get us the oice." "The stameboat ought to shupply the oice," sez I. "Luck at that now," sez he. "Sure, man, you must be grane." "Grane am I?" sez I. "Ye are," sez he, "or yez'd know oice is an exthry. We shupply our passengers wid cool brazes, an' that's the narest we get to oice," an' wid that he wint aff to take a turkey bath besoid the big red shtove they have on the deck. But its long-winded I'm gettin', an' I'll shtop now. Mebbly nixt wake, if I get toime, I'll go on an' tell yez about the thrip. **PHELMIC MCGINTY.**

AN ECONOMICAL BENDER.

JAGSLEY (*staggering home at 2 a.m.*)—"Whoop la! Hurroo! Wake up there and let feller in. Had splen' time. Shaved lot o' money, too—thash-wash matter."
MRS. JAGSLEY.—"Oh James, this is terrible! I haven't seen you in such a condition for nearly a year. Keep quiet for goodness sake and don't let the neighbors hear you. Whatever possessed you to drink so much."
JAGSLEY.—"Thash all ri', my dear. Did it to shave money. We must econmishe theshe hard timesh."
MRS. JAGSLEY.—"Saving money indeed! Squandering it you mean, you brute."
JAGSLEY.—"Not 'tall. Shaved 'bout dollar to-night! Don't you un'shan? After fust Sheptem' drinksh 'll be ten shents apiece. Sho I shave fi' cents on every drink I get 'fore then. Shee? I'm goin' do all drinking I can 'fore they raishe price on us."



A STAGE FARE.
Ham and Eggs.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THEY say our long-headed fellow citizens of British Columbia, who are in the seal-fishing business, have struck a great scheme for setting at naught the American cruisers in the Behring Sea. They have hired German vessels, sailing under the Imperial flag, to do the fishing for them, and the cruisers "dassent cheep a chirp," for fear of the German-American vote! When the stock of available German flags runs out, the scheme can be worked just as successfully with crews of Irishmen.

It would make an interesting situation if Great Britain suddenly assented to the Blainiac logic *re* Behring sea, and then proceeded to apply it elsewhere. Consistently with the doctrine laid down, John Bull could put in a claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the Atlantic Ocean between the shores of Labrador and Ireland, and enforce his rights with gunboats.

PRINCE GEORGE'S expected arrival at Newport has thrown the Ward McAllister variety of the *genus* American into hysterics. Forthwith the whole outfit of principles which are so eloquently aired by the 4th of July orators of the great Republic—those fine old doctrines about the equality of man and the vanity of high birth—are chucked into the waste-paper basket, and these remarkably democratic and republican Four Hundred will proceed to demonstrate that for suppleness of knee and elaborateness of grovel, the American can lick creation.

We wouldn't be understood as seriously supposing that the Newport toady truly represents the American character. The genuine American—such a man as Grover Cleveland or Henry George—will receive the Prince with honest cordiality, and accord to him every respectful attention, for the sake of the great nation he represents. But in this geniality there will be, in the demeanor of these men, the same self-respect as marked the attitude of their forefathers toward another Prince George, yclept the Fourth. And George of Wales, being rather a sensible chap, would probably like the real American much better than the gingerbread variety.

AN ANTIQUE HUMORISM.

THE popular joke about the size of the feet of the inhabitants of Chicago is much more ancient than is generally supposed. The legend that the people of the Western Metropolis are accustomed to shelter themselves from the heat of the noontide sun by lying in the shade of their feet, passes current as a sample of the playful exuberance of American humor. As a matter of fact it dates way back to the dark ages, and all that the American humorist has done is to give it a local coloring. The following passage occurs in Charles Kingsley's novel of "Hereward the Wake," after the hero of which the Canadian poet, Hereward K. Cockin, was no doubt named:

"Martin Lightfoot saw that his appeal to the antipathies of race had told. He therefore followed it up by a string of witticisms upon the Pictish nation in general, of which the only two fit for modern ears to be set down were the two old stories, that the Picts had feet so large that they used to lie upon their backs and hold up their legs to shelter themselves from the sun; and that when they were killed they could not fall down but died as they were all standing."

So that the big foot joke was an old gag even before the Norman Conquest. Verily there is nothing new under the sun—not even a Chicagoan using his feet as an umbrella. We may mention in this connection that GRIP'S jokes are usually concocted in the still hours of the night.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound us,
As we by gas-light write,
Some brilliant thought has found us.

PIRIE'S PROGRESS.

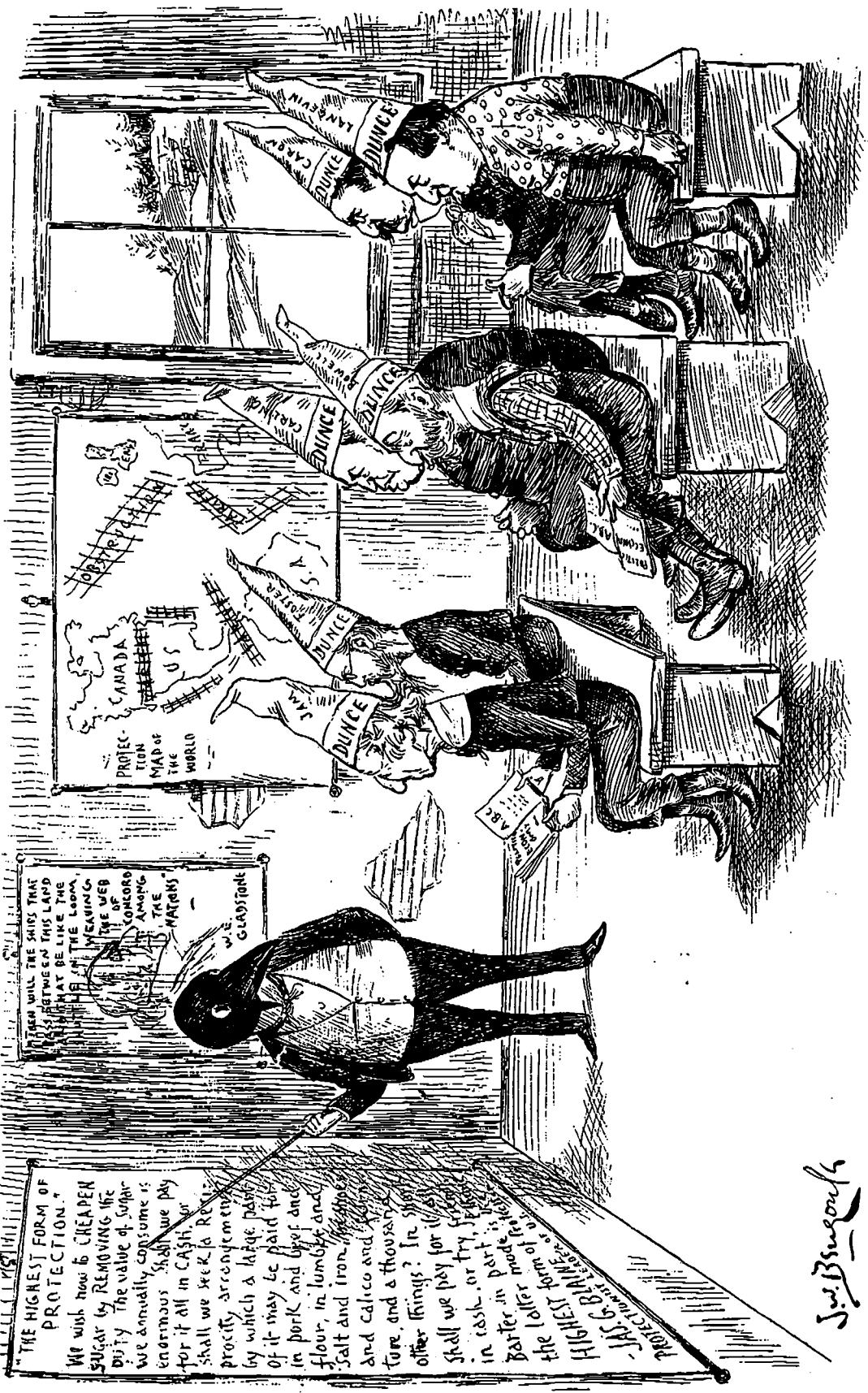
PRENDERGAST—"How Aleck Pirie has developed lately. I didn't used to think there was much in him, but that paper of his, the Dundas *True Banner* is very ably edited. It is doing good work in opening the eyes of the people in that section."

BILLIAMS—"Jesso! They take it as a sort of A-Pirient, I suppose."



DEDUCTION.

TOPSY—"Papa, is mamma made of dust?"
PAPA—"No, my child; if she was she would dry up once in a while."



J.W. Bunsen

WORDS WORTHY OF THEIR STUDY.

(Jas. G. Blaine, the leading Protectionist of the United States, says virtually that Free Trade is the highest form of Protection.)



MATCHLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

FIRST CLERK—"How have you enjoyed your stay in the country?"

SECOND CLERK—"Immensely, my boy! I just revel in outdoor exercise, the woods, fishing and all that sort of thing. It does a man good to get away from his close office and go where there is fresh air and exercise."

FIRST CLERK—"Seems to me you do not look very sunburnt."

SECOND CLERK—"No; the card rooms were on the shady side of the hotel."

THE STATELY HAULS OF ENGLAND.

THE stately hauls of England!
How powerful! How grand!
With mortgages and syndicates
They've covered all our land,
Our dear step-mother country,
(Long may Victoria reign!)
Our substance in a thousand ways
To fat herself does drain.

The stately hauls of England!
How steadily they pull,
How close they shear Canadian sheep,
To send abroad the wool!
But, oh we love the dear old flag
For wheresoe'er it waves,
Men may work fourteen hours a day,
But never shall be slaves!

The stately hauls of England!
What reverence we should give
To those kind-hearted usurers,
For still they let us live!
They let us toil and till the soil
Nor grudge us life and breath,
So they can bear away the spoil
We may work on till death.

The stately hauls of England!
How vast a field they sweep—
Our railways, mines and prairie lands,
Our waters broad and deep!
Alike on farm and factory
The Shylocks tribute lay,
Come rain or shine, good times or bad,
The usurer we must pay.

The stately hauls of England!
The meshes of whose net
For golden fish the wide earth through
By greedy hands are set.
In vain we prate of liberty
Won by our fathers brave,
Who toils while idlers reap the fruits,
Is nothing but a slave.

A CHANCE FOR POLITICIANS.

AMONG the numerous "special attractions" which Manager Hill, of the Industrial Exhibition, announces in connection with the great show is a "log-rolling contest" for prizes. We are not as yet informed of the precise nature of this competition, but assuredly there is no country in the world where such an exhibition could be given to better advantage or ought to excite more emulation than in Canada. Log-rolling has been reduced to a fine art both at Ottawa and in the Provincial Legislature, to say nothing of our municipal affairs, so there ought to be no lack of competitors—especially as there is money in it. No doubt the catalogue of the fair, when published, will show on the list of competitors a number of names familiar in political and civic circles. Party heelers temporarily out of employment during the off-season will no doubt eagerly embrace the opportunity.

A DAY WITH BISMARCK.

PRINCE BISMARCK does not take kindly to a life idleness. He is morose and gloomy.—*Foreign Correspondent.*

7.00 a.m.—Gets up and proceeds to take matutinal bath. Finishes ablutionary exercises. Can't find the towel. Swears.

7.30 am.—Out for a walk in park to get appetite for breakfast. Tries to think what he will do to-day. Can't. Cusses.

8.00 a.m.—Breakfast. Toast and eggs. Toast overdone. Eggs slightly unrefresh.

8.30 to 12.00 a.m.—Smokes. Pipe out of order, and tobacco not up to much. Lager pretty decent.

12.00 a.m.—Lunch, no appetite.

12.30 to 6.00 p.m.—Tries to snooze, but can't for flies.

6.00 a.m.—Gets up feeling meaner than when lay down. Smokes.

6.30 a.m.—Dinner. Guests want to talk politics. Don't feel like talking.

7.00 to 10.00 p.m.—Smokes.

10.00. p.m.—To bed. To sleep. Dreams of the pleasures of retiring from public life. Curtain.

THE NEW STYLE.

BROWNSON—Ah, you haven't gone off to the country yet, McJones.

MCJONES—No, been too busy. My wife and girls are summering at Squigglechunk-in-the-Swamp. They leave there next week to stay for a few days at Podgerville-up-the-Creek, where I shall join them. Have you had your vacation yet.

BROWNSON—Oh, yes. Took a fortnight at Pokerton-near-the Hollow. The family are coming home to day from Scraggsville-on-the-Bluff.

THEATRICAL MENU.

IT may not be generally known to lovers of the drama hereabouts that the Grand Opera House is open. It is the case, nevertheless. Probably owing to the heat of the weather the audiences are quite small, which may account for the fact not being widely known. The piece which is "on" is a serio-tragic-comedy, by O. B. Sheppard himself, entitled "The Old Homestead Redecorated." Only "morning performances" are given, and as the play is

constructed on the Chinese model the doors are open at 7 a.m. and the affair goes on till 6 p.m., the actors commencing next day where they left off the evening before. Neither pains nor expense has been spared in the mounting of the piece, which is a highly realistic picture of house cleaning-day.

The principals of the cast are as follows :

Head Painter.....	Mr. Brush.
Kalsominer.....	Mr. Tinto.
Frescoer.....	Mr. Cherub.
Upholsterer.....	Mr. Stuffer.
Carpenter.....	Mr. Planer.
Boss of the Job.....	Mr. Sheppard.

The minor parts of assistants are in competent hands. Though it is not likely to make much of a record in the box office, this piece cannot fail to add greatly to the glory of the Grand Opera House.

ON DIT.

THAT a high official authority in Toronto is preparing an exhaustive article on "City Roadways and how to Manage Them," for the next number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. In this essay he will endeavor to prove that common sense, economy and experience unite in teaching that the scientific sequence in the building of good streets is as follows :

- 1st. Block-paving.
- 2nd. Construction of sewers.
- 3rd. Re-blocking.
- 4th. Putting down gas-pipes.
- 5th. Block-paving again.
- 6th. Putting down water main.
- 7th. Replacing blocks.
- 8th. Putting wires underground.
- 9th. Blocking once more.
- 10th. Removing blocks to put down something better.

The article will be profusely illustrated with examples taken from the leading thoroughfares of Toronto.

OF COURSE SHE WAS.

BAGSHOT—Louise Michel is one of the grandest women of modern times. She is the Joan of Arc of the nineteenth century.

McSORLEY—Nonsense, she is a crazy Anarchist.

BAGSHOT—Well wasn't Joan an Arc-ist?

AT THE DRUGGIST'S.

CUSTOMER—Gimme a bottle of Dr. Squills' Hop Bitters.

DRUGGIST (handing out bottle)—One-fifty, please.

CUSTOMER—Are you sure this is *Dr. Squill's* Bitters?

DRUGGIST—It's a far better preparation. Dr. Squills' be blowed.

CUSTOMER—That's wot it said. Dr. Squill's must be blowed in the bottle, or it ain't no good. Guess I won't take this. [Exit.]

HIS ESTIMATE.

AMICUS—Have you read that article of Edward Atkinson's in the *Popular Science Monthly*, entitled "Common Sense Applied to the Tariff Question?"

CYNICUS—No; I didn't suppose Atkinson had any common sense to apply to anything.



HIS PLATFORM.

HEELER—"Let's give a cheer for the speaker and then go and have a drink!"

PROHIBITIONIST—"Excuse me, I cheer, but not inebriate."

FRENCH-CANADIANISMS.

UN MARRON RECHAUFFE.

FRIPON—"Comment ca va mon ami? C'est un beau jour pour la race.

COCHONVERT—"Quelle race?"

FRIPON—"La race Canadien Francaise! Houp la!"

COCHONVERT—"Comment? Il y a donc une race aux mulets aussi bien qu'aux chevaux!"

LE TORONTO CARNIVAL.

SACREBLEU—"Ah, mais ils sont droles ces Anglaises! Le Carnival a Toronto par exemple. Quelle bêtise! On s'en rit encore."

JEAN BAPTISTE—"Eh bien. C'est en la raison d'etre. Si on rit encore, le Carnival etait un grand succès assurement."

LE PREMIER PAS.

ORATEUR—"Vive la Quebec! Vive Mercier! Suivez toujours mes amis dans les pas de notre grand Premier."

LE FLANEUR—"Point du tout! Cela serait trop cher."

ORATEUR—"Trop cher! Et comment? Expliquez vous."

LE FLANEUR—"Facilement. 'C'est ne que le premier pas qui coute,' vous savez." **GAVROCHE.**

VOKES POPULI VOKES D. I. *

WHEN the Mayor wants a meeting of the Council, he con-
 When he wants the Council to grant him a favor, he in-
 When he uses aggravating arguments, he pro-
 When he objects to its decision, he re-
} Vokes it.

* D. I. probably means Deadhead Itinerants.

FREE.—In order to introduce our Inhalation treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis free of all charge for recommendations after cure. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

SMALL BOY—"Mamma, mamma; there's a mad dog in the street, and everybody is running into the houses."

MAMMA (*rushing to the window*)—"Where? where?"

SMALL BOY—"Look out! Dodge down! Get under the sofa! A policeman is going to shoot!"—*The Jury.*

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.

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

FIRST TRAMP—"I don't see why our names don't get inter the paper, Bill."

SECOND TRAMP—"Why should they?"

FIRST TRAMP—"Well, I read to-day that a dinner was given to some big gun in San Francisco a day or two ago. We get dinners given to us every day and nothing is ever said about it. Folks is prejudiced, Bill."

THE agony of Dyspepsia is immediately relieved by using Dyer's Quinine Wine. Perfectly harmless, easily assimilated and highly recommended by prominent physicians. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins' studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

PELEE ISLAND WINES.—Where is Pelee Island, anyway? Look at the map of the Dominion at Lake Erie, and so far south that it can hardly be seen is Pelee Island. The Island is noted for its grapes, and "The Pelee Island Wine Co.'s Wines" are household words throughout Canada. Capt. J. S. Hamilton, head of the firm of J. S. Hamilton & Co., of Brantford, Ont., is President of the "Pelee Island Wine Co.," and Messrs. J. S. H. & Co. are their sole agents for Canada. Their Communion Wine "St. Augustine," and their Dry Catawba, Sweet Catawba, Isabella, Claret and Port are really excellent Wines, and are held in deservedly high favor throughout Canada.

MR. MANNERS (*to his hostess, who is carving the roast-beef*)—"O Mrs. Grayvey, does your husband allow you to do the carving?"

MR. GRAYVEY—"Yes; you see I did not do it well enough for her."

MR. MANNERS (*as he receives the outside cut*)—"But some do not like it well done!"

—Puck.

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

FANGLE—"I saw your friend, Mrs. Jay-smith, get on the train and leave town with a married man this morning."

MRS. FANGLE (*deeply interested*)—"Well, I've been expecting a scandal in that quarter for some time. Who was it with, the shameless thing?"

FANGLE—"Her husband."

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

**Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS**

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

ON 40 DAYS' TRIAL THE GREAT SPIRAL TRUSS



The Pad is different from all others. It closes the Hernia as if your extended hand was drawn together and one finger pointed in the centre. Buy, hold positive day and night with the slightest pressure, and healed same as a broken leg. You will be allowed three exchanges during the 40 days. There is no duty to pay when received or returned, which many Canadians found more expensive than the truss. It is the easiest, most durable, and cheap Truss. Sent by mail. Send stamp for illustrated book. J. H. S. CLUTHIE, Surgical Machinist, 134 King St. W., 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.



ARE YOU

A

SUFFERER

FROM SOME

Blood or Skin

DISEASE?

If so! Why not try this remedy at once and experience personally the same satisfaction that thousands before you have.

We Absolutely Guarantee

All claims made by us to be true in substance and fact, and will go further, by agreeing to

REFUND PURCHASE MONEY

If not thoroughly satisfied with the very first trial given to this marvellous remedy by the purchaser. Surely this ought to be inducement enough to persons who have so far failed to find relief from their sufferings with other medicines.

It costs nothing to investigate. Call at our office or write for particulars and they will be cheerfully furnished.

Microbes are the Sole Cause of Disease.

WE HAVE THE

GENUINE MICROBE KILLER.

Will prove it to anyone, whether layman or professional; or stand ready to forfeit \$1,000 to any charitable institute in Canada if we fail.

WE MAKE THIS CHALLENGE ADVISEDLY, with a view to encourage both the public and the professionals to throw aside prejudice and investigate for themselves. We stand ready to abide the decision of such investigation.

Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co. Ltd.

120 KING ST. WEST,

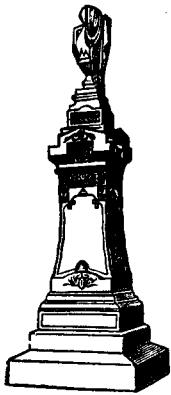
TORONTO, - ONTARIO

Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion.

Beware of Impositions. See our Trade Mark.

HENRY C. FORTIER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

9 a.m. to 6 p.m., 16 Victoria Street.
Evenings, 57 Murray Street.



Steam Marble Works

MONUMENTS

In Native Granite and Foreign Marble.

SELLING AT REDUCED PRICES.

Granite Cutters Wanted.

J. G. GIBSON,

Cor. Parliament and Winchester Sts.

Automatic Swing and Hammock Chair.



This chair is the Best and Cheapest ever offered to the public for solid comfort and rest, and differs from all other chairs, being a **Chair, Swing and Hammock combined**. It is adapted to the House, Lawn, Porch, Camp, etc., and is far superior to the ordinary Hammock in every way. Price, \$3.00. Manufactured only by **C. J. DANIELS & CO.**, 221 River Street, Toronto.

JOY FOR PAIN.



Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Pains in Breast and Kidneys for years very bad. When I stooped could scarcely straighten up, felt miserable. After three months' drinking

St. Leon Water

I found rest, perfect relief. No pains or stifling sensation after eating. I recommend St. Leon.

W. HIGGINS,
823 Queen West.

USE BOECK'S STANDARD BRUSHES. THEY ARE THE BEST.

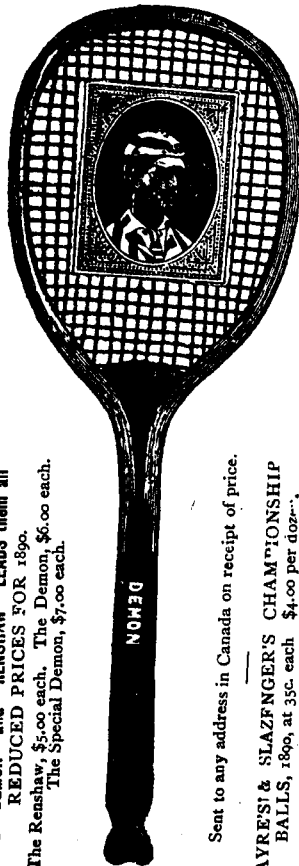


WHERE DOES THE FUN COME IN?

"You appear to be very fond of fishing, Mr. Sissy."

MR. SISSY—"Aw, yes, indeed, when I can get a boy to put on the nawsty worms and take off the dirty fish, and—aw—I like somebody to hold the wod foh me, dontcher know."

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



Slazengers Celebrated Tennis Rackets

THE "DEMON" and "RENSHAW" LEADS them all REDUCED PRICES FOR 1890. The Renshaw, \$5.00 each. The Demon, \$6.00 each. The Special Demon, \$7.00 each.

Sent to any address in Canada on receipt of price.

AYRE'S & SLAZENGER'S CHAMPIONSHIP BALLS, 1890, at 35c each \$4.00 per dozen.

Best Assortment of Cricket Goods in Canada SPECIAL DISCOUNTS TO CLUBS.

GOLDINGHAM & PAUW, Colborne Street, Toronto, Ont.



Beware of Imitations.

THE PARMELEE

Roofing and Paving Co.

Gravel Roofing for all kinds of Flat Roofs. Asphalt Paving for Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc.

Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

51 Yonge Street Arcade.



PROVIDENT LIFE AND LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION (Incorporated).

Home Office, 43 Queen St. E., Toronto, Can. In the Life Department this Association provides Indemnity for sickness and accident, and substantial assistance to the relatives of deceased members at terms available to all. In the Live Stock Department, two-thirds indemnity for loss of Live Stock of its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid etc. WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.

Niagara River Line

In Connection with Vanderbilt System of Railways.

Double Trips Commencing Saturday, May 31.

OIBOLA

Will leave Yonge Street wharf at 7 a.m. and 2 p.m.

Book tickets on sale. Special rates to excursion parties.

Tickets at principal offices.

Every Genuine Package bears this cut.



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

A. DORENWEND, 103-105 Yonge St., Toronto.

The **ALE** and **STOUT** of **JOHN LABATT, LONDON.** is undoubtedly the **BEST.**
TRY IT

JAMES GOOD & CO.

Agents, Toronto.

Wanted! Boys to sell **GRIP** Weekly, in every City and Town in Canada. Apply for terms to T. G. Wilson, Manager Grip Co., Toronto.

Niagara Falls Line

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Boston, and all points east daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. from Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street by the Palace Steamer

EMPRESS OF INDIA.

Family Tickets for sale. Low rates to excursion parties. Close connections. Quick Time. Low Rates.

Tickets at all hotels. W. A. Geddes, 69 Yonge street, P. J. Slatter, C.T.R. ticket office, corner King and Yonge streets, 20 York street, and on wharf and steamer.

IMPORTANT ADVANTAGES

Guaranteed by Insuring in the **TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPY.**

Proper Classification of your risk, and a choice of the best Plans and Policies in existence.

Our Ordinary Life Policy is the only ordinary life policy issued that can neither lapse nor expire as to its paid-up value after being three years in force.

Our Common Sense Renewable Term Plan secures insurance at the least possible cost, and is the safest and simplest plan of natural premium insurance in existence.

Our Instalment Bond is the most satisfactory form of investment insurance possible.

Our Survivors' Endowment Bonds secure a provision for old age for the least possible outlay, and with the greatest possible certainty.

MISS VEALS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Young Ladies.

50 and 52 PETER ST., TORONTO.

Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Science, Literature and Elocution.

Pupils studying French and German converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes.

Presbyterian Ladies' College

BLOOR ST., TORONTO,

RE-OPENS 4th SEPTEMBER.

Literature, Science, Art, Music. Send for Calendar.

T. M. MacINTYRE, M.A., LL.B., Ph.D.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

Whitby, Ontario.

THE MOST ELEGANT OF THE LADIES' COLLEGES

Pupils regularly prepared for Teachers' and University Examinations. Thorough Conservatory Course in Instrumental and Vocal Music. Two full Teachers' Certificates, Grade A, received this year from the Ontario School of Art, and one last year. The chief feature of our Art Department is out-door sketching and painting from Nature, under the direction of Canada's ablest artist. The facilities for pleasant, healthful exercise are unequalled in Canada and unsurpassed on this continent. New gymnasium, new apparatus, brilliant electric lighting, etc., mark the growth of the College and the fresh attractions for next year. The social habits and manners of the pupils receive attention from a Lady Principal of known ability. College will

Re-open September 8th, 1890.

Send for Calendar.

REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal.

LONG BRANCH HOTEL.

This first-class house is fitted up with every convenience and has a splendid *salle à manger* and outside dining-room. The best of everything is not too good for guests. Saturday to Monday trip including boat fare, \$3.00. Continuous boat and train service. Reduced transportation rates to residents.

Head Office, 84 Church Street.

TELEPHONE 1772.



DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE

Best Tailor System of Cutting. Waist Linings cut for 25 cents. Ordered Corsets—perfect fit guaranteed.

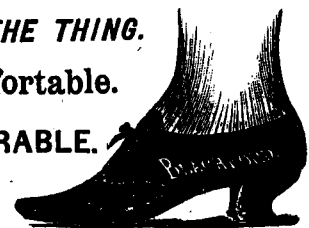
MISS CHUBB,

426 1/2 Yonge St., just below College. Adjustable Wire Dress Forms.

JUST THE THING.

Comfortable.

DURABLE.



Ladies, this cut represents our "Oxford Tie Perfect in Fit, and the Latest Style.

87 and 89 King St. East, Toronto.

LARDINE OIL.

The famous heavy bodied oil for all machinery. Made only by

McCOLL BROS. & CO. TORONTO.

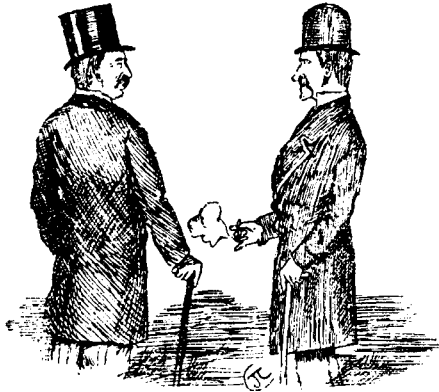
Those who Use it Once Use it Always. Their

* CYLINDER OIL *

Has few if any equals in America for engine cylinders. The finest lubricating, harness and tanners' and wood oils. Ask for Lardine.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. P. SLOOUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



SPINKS—"Hello, Jones! glad to see you back at the club again; wife off to the country, eh?"

JONES—"No, she's got back."



* THE *
YOST
WRITING MACHINE.

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

Acknowledged to be the **Leading Machine**. The work produced from it **Cannot be Equalled** by any other writing machine.

No Ribbon, Heavy Manifold, Unlimited Speed, Permanent Alignment, each type-arm being guided to the printing point. Either Remington or Caligraph Keyboard can be given. Operators supplied.

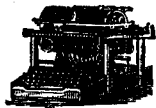
For Law and Commercial work the "Yost" is as far ahead of other machines as they are ahead of the pen.

GENERAL AGENTS

NEWSOME & CO.

46 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

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



REMINGTON
STANDARD
TYPEWRITER.

Has been fifteen years the Standard, and embraces the highest achievements of inventive skill. The claim that other machines are the product of the same brains is untrue.

Geo. Bengough,

63 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS,
DENTIST,
325 COLLEGE ST. near Spadina, - TORONTO.
Telephone 2447.

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

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

FEATHERSTONHAUGH & CO.,

Solicitors of Patents,

Canadian Bank of Commerce Building.
(2nd 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 procured in all countries.

W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

N.B.—Personally responsible, no fictitious "& Co."

Morse's Persian Bouquet

AND HELIOTROPE SOAPS,

Highly Perfumed, Lasting and Healing.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

When I say **Cure** I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of **Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to **Cure** the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a **Free Bottle** of my **Infallible Remedy**. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—**H. G. ROOT, M.O., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.**



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR White Marks (Naevi)—Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis. **DR. FOSTER, Electrician,** 33 Church St. West.

W. H. STONE, Always open.
UNDERTAKER,

Telephone 932. | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.
Branch, 514 QUEEN ST. WEST, opp. Portland.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.

Examinations, Oral or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 237 McCaul Street, Toronto.



Auction Sale of Timber Berths.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS

(Woods and Forests Branch),

TORONTO, 2nd July, 1890.

Notice is hereby given, that under Order-in-Council certain Timber Berths in the Rainy River and Thunder Bay Districts, and a Berth composed of part of the Township of Awere, in the District of Algoma, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on Wednesday, the first day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto

ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to localities and descriptions of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to Wm. Margach, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, for Rainy River Berths; or Hugh Munroe, Crown Timber Agent, Port Arthur, for Thunder Bay Berths.

No unauthorized advertisement of the above will be paid for.



Photo
Outfits.

New Catalogue

1890

Now Ready.

J. G. Ramsey & Co.

89 BAY STREET, Toronto.

STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY,

304 Church St.

J. HOFFLAND.

Parcels Delivered to all parts of City.

TELEPHONE 2444.



Superfluous Hair

Easily, Quickly and Safely
Removed with

"MODENE."

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 Modene M. F. G. Co. Price per bottle, \$1.50 and \$2.50. Mailed free or any part of Canada on receipt of \$1.55 or \$2.60 respectively, or P.O. Money Order. Address,

Tranole Armand, 407 Yonge Street, 407 Toronto, Ont.



"Is it hot enough for you?"
"Hot? No; I'm always cool. I get my clothing at Follett's."

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA

Make with Boiling Water or Milk.



J. W. L. FORSTER.

Pupil of Mons. Bogueureau.

Portraits a Specialty.

Studio—81 King Street East, Toronto.

J. C. FORBES, R.C.A. Studio—10 Orde Street.

Lessons given in Painting.

MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY, ARCHITECTURAL SCULPTOR

In Stone and Wood.

38 YONGE ST. ARCADE.

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

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

KENT BROS' Co-operative Jewellery Clubs

Have Been and Are a Great Success.

26 Clubs and nearly 1,000 members in a year and a half. 10 per cent. discount to Club Members off marked prices.

Send for explanatory circular.

KENT BROS. - 168 Yonge St.
TORONTO.

JAS. MURRAY & CO.

PRINTERS

PAPER RULERS

BOOKBINDERS

Our Establishment is Fitted up to
Execute

FIRST-CLASS
BOOK & JOB WORK

26 & 28 Front Street West
TORONTO.

AIR BRUSH.



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

Crab Apple Blossom.

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



Invigorating Lavender Salts.

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



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

WANTED! BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! TO SELL "GRIP"

Weekly, in every City and Town in Canada.

Apply for Terms to

T. G. WILSON, Manager Grip Co., Toronto.

COAL AND WOOD.



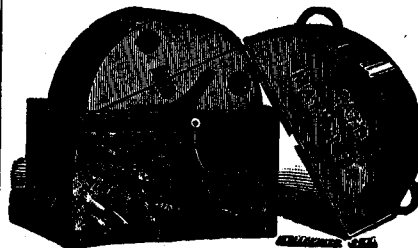
TELEPHONE 564.

JOHN KEITH,

92 King Street East, Toronto.

"EAGLE" STEAM WASHER

Best in the World.



Trial Machine sent for Three Weeks to good reliable Agents, reference required. Territory given away. Wringers, \$3.00 upwards; Mangles, \$8.00. Good Agents wanted. Manufactured by

MEYER BROS.

87 Church Street, - Toronto, Ont.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Prices.