



# GRIP



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"KING OF THE CASTLE."

GLADSTONE—"Well, it's just like this: If Parnell is going to play, I won't, so there!"

PARNELL—"And I want you to understand, Billy Gladstone, that I was in this game before you came, and I don't intend to get out for you, now!"

# GRIP

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Comments

ON THE

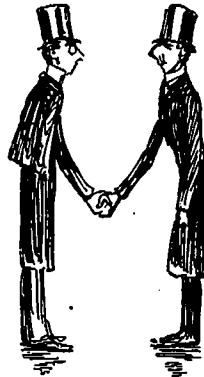
Cartoons.

A SHOCK TO HIS NERVES. — GRIP is a believer in free speech in this free land, and is prepared to listen with respect to the honest expression of opinion on any possible subject. He has neither part nor lot with the hoodlums of alleged loyalty who

consider a resort to ancient eggs or equally malodorous epithets the proper sort of thing in the case of persons who give utterance to Annexationist views. The citizen of Canada who believes that political union with the United States would be best for his country is entitled to as courteous treatment as the man who differs with him. The essence of loyalty is the love of one's land, and the desire which that love inspires to seek the very best destiny for one's people. Some Canadians—not a very large number, however—are convinced that Annexation is desirable because it would secure our highest good in every way. We do not see that the charge of disloyalty necessarily lies against these individuals, because the very same considerations inspire others who are sticklers for the continuance of British connection. Amongst the latter—the very chief of them, in fact—is Sir John A. Macdonald. It has long been Sir John's tacit assumption if not open boast that the party which he leads is, indeed, solid on this point. The Annexationists—otherwise "rebels"—are somehow all in the Grit camp, according to Conservative doctrine. This is what makes it amusing when public men of straight Tory lineage come out as undisguised advocates of Annexation. Some time ago Mr. Sol. White, of Windsor, a well known Conservative member of the Local House, publicly declared himself in favor of union with

the States; more recently Mr. Chipman, of Halifax made similar public declarations, and now we have Mr. Van Cortland Wright, of Ottawa, whose good standing in the Liberal Conservative party nobody will dispute, declaring that his grandfather was a silly old gentleman to become a United Empire Loyalist, and that Canada's interests are inseparably bound up with those of the neighboring Republic. While conceding to these prominent Conservatives the entire right to the expression of their opinions we can't help smiling, you know.

"KING OF THE CASTLE."—The question of the leadership of the Irish party is still agitating both hemispheres of this planet, and at this writing it seems most probable that Parnell will come out winner in the dispute. He has certainly succeeded in adding to whatever fame he previously enjoyed the reputation of being the champion stayer of the world. The proverbial Irish pig could not have exhibited a greater amount of dogged stubbornness than he has done throughout the whole scrimmage. Henceforth this national quadruped should be the central emblem of his coat-of-arms.



R. GIBSON was called upon to respond to the toast of the Local Legislature at the University Medical School banquet the other evening, and humorously protested on the ground that he was not a member of that body, though he had tried very hard to be. He took refuge in returning thanks for the Legislature "in the abstract," not considering it strictly constitutional to undertake any responsibility for the concrete Assembly which he is supposed to know nothing about.

And yet this gentleman who dare not, on pain of some fearful fate, take a seat on the floor of the House, remains at the head of one of the Departments and bosses round a lot of clerks. What have our anti-Yankee friends to say about this unauthorized introduction of the American system into Ontario? It's too bad about the Colonel, who is a real good fellow. Won't some polite member elect oblige him with a seat?

\* \* \*

ON the same occasion Hon. Edward Blake put in an appearance and made a capital speech as Chancellor of the University. He was very heartily received, and everybody was gratified to find him in apparently robust health and fine spirits. Mr. Blake's partial suspension of business in the political department is a loss to the country, which we are sure both parties regret—especially one of 'em.

\* \* \*

THERE is indignation in Montreal because Mayor Grenier signifies his intention of running for a third term, in the face of a pledge given some time ago that it was not his intention to be a candidate again. Mr. James McShane is particularly mad about it, and vows that he will take the field himself and "defeat Grenier ignominiously if he dares to come out." Mr. McShane broadly hints that a man who wants more than two consecutive terms in the civic chair shows the proclivities of a—porker, and ought to be squelched. All of which will be interesting to our own Edward if it should happen to catch his eye.

\* \* \*

WHATEVER Canadians may think of the merits of the Stanley-Bartellott controversy, they may well be of one mind with respect to their gallant young countryman Lt. Stairs, of Halifax, who has just been made the recipient of a handsome and well-deserved compliment in

London. On the evening of December 3rd, a distinguished assemblage at the Canada Club in that city witnessed the presentation to the gallant lieutenant of a splendid piece of plate as a testimonial from the city of Halifax. Stairs won Stanley's heart completely as an intrepid and fearless soldier and an honorable gentleman. He proved himself, indeed, quite the peer of Stanley himself in all the qualities necessary to the prosecution of such a task as the march across Darkest Africa.



CONGRESS is once more in session and President Harrison's message has been handed in and put through the usual gauntlet of criticism by the press of the country. From a composite summary of the criticisms we learn that, as usual, the document is an able and exhaustive treatment of the questions of the hour; that it is exceedingly weak and trivial, but shows the grasp of a master mind, although in every sentence it proclaims that its writer is a weakling who is utterly incompetent to deal with national affairs. The views expressed in the message are sound

and statesmanlike, though at the same time they are fallacious and worthy only of a pettifogging, third-rate ward politician. With the assistance of all these erudite editors the average citizen has no difficulty in making up his mind about the message.

IT CURED HIM.

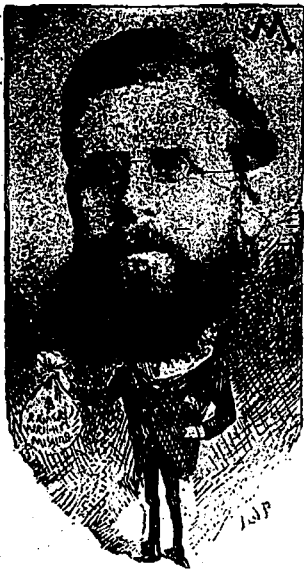
"WHY don't you try the Faith Cure?"  
 "So I did."  
 "And how did it work?"  
 "Oh, successfully!"  
 "By Jove! and it cured your asthma?"  
 "Oh, no! But it cured my faith."

ing public, but also to suggest to Mr. Mulock that it would be a good idea for him to follow up his first donation with another, to be devoted to an investigation of the Laurier cure for political consumption. If he will lay aside say \$50,000, to defray the expenses of a trip to Montreal by Mr. Single Tax Wood or Mr. W. A. Douglas, or some other expert in political economy, for the purpose of finding out precisely what Dr. Laurier's trade-policy lymph is composed of, he will be conferring another blessing upon humanity in Canada. An impression prevails that the specific which is being manufactured in the Liberal Laboratory is of too mild a character to meet the desperate disease with which it is meant to cope. If this is the case, the sooner the public is informed of it the better, and either of the distinguished gentlemen named would be able to give Dr. Laurier such pointers as would enable him to make the lymph all it ought to be. It is unfortunately a fact that most of our political professors have been too busy with the practical details of party management to be able to devote any study worth mentioning to the subject of Economics, and this may possibly be the case with Mons. Laurier.



A CIVIC POSSIBILITY.

MR. ALD. G-LL-SP-E—"Er—were you looking for a good man for Mayor, Miss Queen City?"



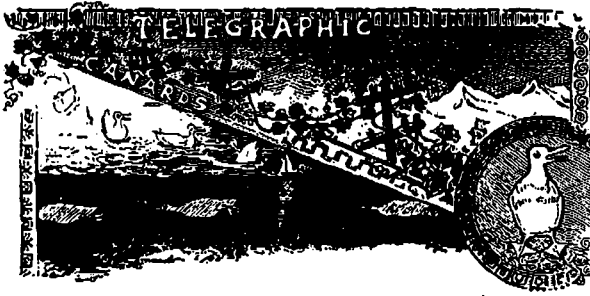
MULOCK'S MUNIFICENCE.

In last week's issue we paid our respects to Mr. Mulock, M.P., and expressed our opinion of his handsome act in connection with the sending Prof. Ramsay Wright to Germany to study the Koch consumption cure. The portrait of the hon. gentleman which embellishes this paragraph was meant to embellish the article referred to, but our engraver, through pressure of other orders upon his valuable time, was unable to finish it before the hour of going to

press. We return to the subject now not merely to give the portrait—of which we are rather proud—to the read-

HON. OLIVER'S LECTURE.

MESSRS. WILLIAMSON & CO. have published Mr. Mowat's lecture on "Christianity and some of its Evidences," in dainty book form. The cover is pure white, fitly emblematic of the Government which the eminent author leads. We haven't as yet given the lecture a reading—(we are keeping it for Sunday)—and consequently are only able now to exhaustively review it. We will refrain from so doing, however, as an example to our critical brethren. The lecturer, with characteristic caution, professes to give only *some* of the evidences of Christianity. This is perhaps why he has not dwelt upon the practical illustration to be found in his own Cabinet or even in that at Ottawa. Modesty may have prevented his doing the first, but why did he omit the second? Was it a want of space, or political jealousy? Aside from all this, the little book ought to, and will be, widely read, and cannot but add to the regard in which Mr. Mowat is held by all parties.



(BY SPECIAL SLACK-WIRE TO GRIP.)

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Parnell has handed in his resignation as leader of the Irish party and expressed profound regret at having, under a misapprehension of the facts, put the Home Rulers and their Liberal allies to so much trouble. He says that, had he known that there was any objection to his remaining in the position of leader, he would have resigned long ago. Confidential friends of Mr. Parnell assert that it is his intention to take a position as private in the Salvation Army. He has ordered his uniform from Poole, the tailor.

ST. PETERSBURGH, Dec. 10.—The Czar took a short walk in his garden yesterday. As the weather was somewhat chilly, His Majesty wore a coat of mail over his steel plate shirt. His outer garment was the double rivetted copper-lined ulster just finished for him at the Peter the Great shipyards, and his legs were encased in his new bullet-proof trousers. During his ramble His Majesty graciously conferred with a trusted official through a knot-hole in the bomb proof garden wall. He expressed surprise on learning that his newly-inaugurated policy of coercion in Finland has not met with the enthusiastic approval of the people of that Province.

BERLIN, Dec. 10.—Dr. Koch is working overtime manufacturing his consumption cure. Your correspondent had the distinguished honor of an interview with the eminent physician to-day. His laboratory was reached with some difficulty, but I managed to get there by climbing up a water-pipe from the top of a neighboring shed. It was impracticable, I found, to get into the room itself, but the Doctor affably conversed with me through a broken pane in the window. He gave me some valuable information as to the proper pronunciation of his name, but I was unable to learn the exact formula for the lymph. This, he says, he is keeping a profound secret, as it is his intention to impart the necessary knowledge to no being on earth excepting only Professor Ramsay Wright, whose arrival he is anxiously awaiting. When asked why he was disposed to bestow such marked honor on Canada, he stated that he had always felt a great interest in the Dominion, since a relative of his, one Herman Von Schlitzerswitzerstochken, had gone to Canada, for the purpose of settling in the Western States, where he was now a prosperous farmer.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 10.—In Congress to-day Mr. Mills, of Texas, in the course of a speech on the tariff, declared that the people had pronounced emphatically against the McKinley Bill. The greatest excitement ensued. Several Republican members swooned in their places, and Speaker Reed turned ghastly red. Mr. Mills, unmindful of the terrible effect of his words, went on to say that as for himself, the late campaign had made him a straight out free-trader. At this utterance an indescribable scene ensued. The Republicans faintly endeavored to cheer, and the Democrats frantically gasped for breath—those of them who remained unpara-

lyzed. It was a memorable session of the House. Mills was not seriously injured.

OTTAWA, Dec. 10.—An emergency meeting of the Privy Council was held this forenoon. All the members of the Cabinet were present. The opinion prevailed about the Departments that the object of the meeting was to devise means of helping Sir Hector Langevin out of the (Mc)Gravy, but on interviewing a member of the Government this evening on this point his reply was very Tarte. He assured me that the only matter discussed was the matter that finds its way into the *Empire* daily in the shape of editorial. It is not at all to the liking of the Government, and an effort is to be made to supply the editor with some new facts whereon to base comments favorable to the party in power.

#### TYPOGRAPHICAL.

"BILLKIN'S PILLS.—Astounding and Unparalleled Cures!" wrote the energetic advertiser. But the intelligent compositor, or the proof-reader, or somebody, transposed the two final letters in the word "cures," and although the ad. was probably more veracious, the proprietor of the specific was mad as a hornet and refused to pay.

#### ODE TO A BURDOCK.

BURDOCK, thou'rt a gentle weed,  
Thriving in the city air,  
Where the vagrant goats do feed,  
Needing not the florist's care  
Squatting on the vacant lot  
Mid tin cans and bits of brick,  
Taking moisture—giving nought—  
Just the ground-hog landlord trick.  
Neither bud nor flower thou hast,  
Merely ugly, spreading leaves,  
And thy perfume—it is nast-  
Ee, whereat the nostril grieves;  
Yet within thy homely stem  
Thou hast sap that's good, they say,  
For the Blood, and so, ahem!—  
Gentle Burdock—bloom away.

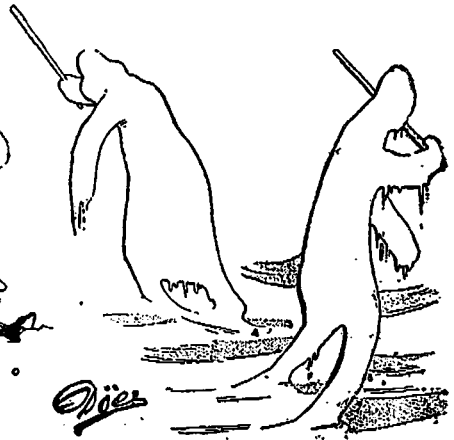
REUB RIXBY.



#### WIT AT OSGOOD HALL.

(A FACT.)

MR. JUSTICE F-R-G-S-N (*interrupting the lawyers in the midst of a tedious though trivial case*)—"Gentlemen, one moment. I just wish to remark that it occurs to me that cases in this court occupy time in inverse ratio to their importance. I believe, if there could be a case about absolutely nothing, it would go on for ever. You may proceed now."



THE FIRST SNOW.

OTH—"Stunning girl!"—Collision—Collapse—Violent Arguments—and Fisticuffs—Blind Man's Buff.—Fick-me-up.

## THE LECTURER'S DEPARTURE FROM LINKUMDODDIE.

(Continued from last week.)



**D**EAR GRIP,—When I got to Linkumdoddie it was half-past ten o'clock, an' the Provost said he was just thinking about rowin' up his watch an' gaun awa' to his bed, thinkin' I wasna comin'. He was a very douce, decent man, an' so was his wife, puir body, an' I maun say that she treated me extraordinar' weel. He said he had twa fine dochters, but they were oot at a party, an' just as he spak, in they cam'. Really they were twa o' the finest an' bonniest lassies I had ever clappit an e'e on, an' if I had

been a bachelor I would hae said, as James L. Hughes said to Miss Doctor Marks the ither nicht, that I would hae nae objection to marryin' them. The auld man, when I cam' in first, had ta'en me up tae a bedroom, an' said I could wash my hands an' gi'e mysel' a bit tosh up the time the wife was makin my tea, an' noo after I had haen a bit comfortable snack an' a crack aboot Canada wi' the lasses, the auld wife hands me a lichted cannel in a cannelstick an' I bids them a' guid nicht an' wussin' them a soond sleep, I opens the door o' my bedroom. Whether the window had been open or no, I dinna ken, but just as I opened the door the draucht blew oot the cannel, an' there I was, like Moses when the licht gaed oot. By guid luck, hooever, it was munelicht, an' no to mak' mysel' troublesome, I thoct I would just draw the blind up a wee an' retire to my couch, as the sayin' is, by the licht o' the mune. So I strips; but just as I was gettin' into bed, I sees a wee bit linen pock, a' floored wi' faltherals in red braid, an' at first I thoct that maybe it was a bit lunch my kind hostess had laid on my bed for fear I nicht get hungry in the nicht-time. But when I tuk it ower to the window an' examined it in the munelicht, what was this but a braw night-shirt wi' ruffles roon' the hands an' the neck, an' a' doon the whole length to the very tail.

I was fairly overcome wi' this token o' respeck, an' consideration for my comfort, for I could see it was a by ordinar braw piece o' nicht raiment, an' I'm sure, if there was a ne, there was a hunder sma' buttons an' button-holes in't. So I shakes the thing oot an' gets inside o't, but I think they maun thoct I was some kind o' a thin, lang haired poet, for it was sae ticht upon me that it gaed crackin' an' rippin' in twa-ree places when I lay doon in't. Hooever, I made mysel' comfortable, an' it bein' a great four poster bedstead, a' hung wi' red damask, I drew the curtains close to keep oot the mune, an' in twa meenits was sleepin', an' dreamin' that the elections were on in Toronto, an' Clarke was explainin' his reasons to me for — But here anither voice brak in on oor worthy Mayor's—a woman's voice—at that, an' says she:

“Did you ever see such a conceited duffer as that man? Why on earth did father get an ass like that to lecture on Canada?”

Wi' that my twa een flew wide open, an' here's me lyin' in the four poster feather bed wi' the curtains a' drawn

roond, an' the licht o' a cannel shinin' in through the chinks, an' twa women pooterin' aboot, an' yatterin' like magpies. Says the ither ane:

“I thought I would have died, the way he sat praisin' up Toronto; you'd think the country was an El Dorado of mineral wealth.”

An' the ane that spak' first, she says:

“Fudge! These Yankees are the biggest liars on the face of the earth. I suppose Toronto is the capital of New York?”

“Oh! why, no! Don't you remember the ice palace in a picture? Well, that was in Montreal.—No.—Ontario is the capital; not Toronto.”

“Well, anyway, it's in America, and it's all one.”

By this time my knees were rappin' thegither, an' the hair on my head was stannin' oot like the skeleton o' an umbrella. I eased mysel' up an' keekit oot, an' there was a ne o' the lasses kaimin' oot her lang hair afore the lookin' glass, an' the ither ane was takin' aff her claes. What on earth was the meanin' o' a' this panyrammy in my room at this 'oor o' the nicht I couldna mak' oot, it really seemed to me as onjustifiable as their remarks.

“Ahem!” says I, gien a wee bit hoast like.

“Mercy! what's that?” says they glowerin' roond, an' catchin' a glisk o' my face keekin' oot atween the curtains, they oot o' the room as fast they could skelp, skirlin'—“Murder! burglars! thieves!” at the very tip-tap o' their lungs.

Of course I got up an' into my claes in a bonnie hurry, but I wasna half riggit, when in strides the auld Provost an' taks aim at me wi' a gun, ready to blaw my head aff.

“Pit doon that blunderbuss,” says I, wi' great dignity. “I think it would set ye better to explain the meanin' o' this extraordinar' ongaun than to stand there cockin' yer auld roosty gun in a body's face.”

“I—I—beg yer pardon,” says he, drappin' the gun. “I thought it was a burglar. But what are ye doin' in this room? My daughter thought you were a burglar. And—and—what's that you have got on you? How dare you, sir, appropriate my daughter's night-dress for your own use?”

“Yer—eh—what?” says I, in perfect dumfoonderation.



### HIS TOUGHEST BATTLE.

*Current sporting note.*—Joe Hess, the reformed pugilist, has been matched to fight the Rum Cuss to a finish, one round every evening till further notice or a knock out.

He'll never be Happy  
till he gets it !!



BUT HE GENERALLY GETS WHAT HE REACHES FOR.

"I say how dare you come into this room and dress yourself in what you found here?" he demandit.

I couldna speak. My brain gaed roond like a whirli-magig, for lookin' about the room for the first time, I saw the terrible mistak I had made—I had come in to the wrang room!

The cauld sweat brak oot on me when I explained hoo the caunel blew oot, an' hoo I got into bed in the mune-licht, an' arrayed mysel' in the braw ruffled nichtgoon. The Provost hooever tuk it a' as a grand joke, an' shewed me into the next room twa doors farrer doon, an' biddin' me gude nicht, left the caunel burnin', and steekit the door ahint him.

Did the man really expect me to sleep after sic an episode as that? Did he really expect me to stand up an' deliver my lecture afore thae twa dochters o' his after sic an experience as that? The thing was onpossible, an' I just made up my mind there an' then to shake the dust o' Linkumdoddie aff my feet, an' so I dressed mysel' an' got ready to tak' the road as sune as a' the hoose was asleep. I think it maun hae been twa o'clock in the mornin' when I opened my room door an' keekit oot, an' by the soond o' snorin' frae a' quarters, I thoct noo was my time to mak' my exit.

I wasna very sure about the geography o' the hoose, but I thoct if I got the length o' the dinin' room I could navigate mysel' some way or ither to the front door, or maybe get oot o' a window. Onyhoo, oot I was determined to get, so I blaws oot my caunel an' slips awa' doon the stair into the dinin' room. There I fand mysel' in total darkness, for the blinds were doon an' the shutters shut, an there was naething for it but to graip my way through the best way I could. So, wi' my twa hands spread oot afore me, I'm feelin' my way along through the furniture when my hand lichts on a human face, an' the next meenit the most onearthly screams got up, the hale hoose waukened, an' the auld man an' his blunderbuss

cam' tumblin' head-foremost doon the stair in his hurry to get to the scene o' action. The lassies, no' carin' to gang back to the bed I had lain in by mistak, had made up a bed for themsels on the sofa in the dinin' room, an' there they were, soond sleepin', when my cauld hand lichted on them. Hoo I got oot o' that hoose—whether it, was by the door, or the window, or the lum—is a mystery to me yet. Indeed, the first thing I kent I was sittin' in a carraige o' the midnight express at half-past twa in the mornin', an' oot o' the window I saw the mune awa' doon in the west, lyin' on her back, an' lookin' as if she had lauched herse to death at the way I ran frae the Provost's hoose to Linkumdoddie station.

Yours truly, HUGH AIRLIE.

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

(LEFT UNFINISHED ON ACCOUNT OF PRESSURE OF BUSINESS.)

- ..... dawn
- ..... morn,
- ..... sing,
- ..... ring.
- ..... holly,
- ..... jolly,
- ..... snow,
- ..... mistletoe.
- ..... earth
- ..... mirth,
- ..... beef,
- ..... relief
- ..... fire,
- ..... higher,
- ..... flagon
- ..... snap-dragon
- ..... Heaven,
- ..... given,
- ..... poor,
- ..... door.



PULLING OFF THE PARASITE.

## ON SMILES AND WRINKLES.

IT was with a feeling of personal sorrow and general regret for the whole army of good fellows that I read a paragraph in a newspaper which stated that "smiles are the cause of all wrinkles."

Served with lemon and sugar, and taken "too early and frequent," they certainly may be. I'd been out the evening before, and could appreciate the points of any sort of a temperance lecture. But that was not the kind of smiles the writer referred to. On looking into the thing I discovered that I'd been reading the woman's part of the paper, which of course the men folks are not supposed to do (unless they're dudes, or something of that sort), and had stumbled on "Hints for the Complexion." It was quite plain that the writer meant the facial play of feature that shows off your best girl's pretty mouth, and produces the ensnaring dimples on her cheeks, and that the writer was a woman, and a silly one, too.

Imagine the desert in our lives if girls began "to take care of their complexions," and never smiled! True, our pockets would be lighter, but think of the confectionery shops that would have to close! No doubt I was a "mean thing" for reading what was only written for the sex, but as the only brother of five sisters I felt justified in doing so. I didn't know but what it might be filled with "strong-minded" stuff since the "Convention" had visited Toronto. I feel I must enter my mild protest, and beg the girls to think seriously of it.

Girls, beware; don't begin the care of your skin too soon. Smiles may bring wrinkles, but they also bring lovers, and you should be willing to run the risk of wrinkling your roseleaf faces until the nuptial knot is tied. After that you can do, of course, as you like. Even then it may be risky to play the Lady Clara Vere de Vere too much on your husband. You know he might seek "smiles" elsewhere, and of a different sort, that would play havoc with his complexion, especially that of his nose.

BROTHER TED.

## WHY IT COMES HIGH.

BATKINS—"I wonder how Frank Smith can have the nerve to ask the city \$5,500,000 for the Street Railway franchise."

BILGRAM—"I suppose because the route is so extensive, and therefore the plant comes high."

BATKINS—"And what has that to do with it?"

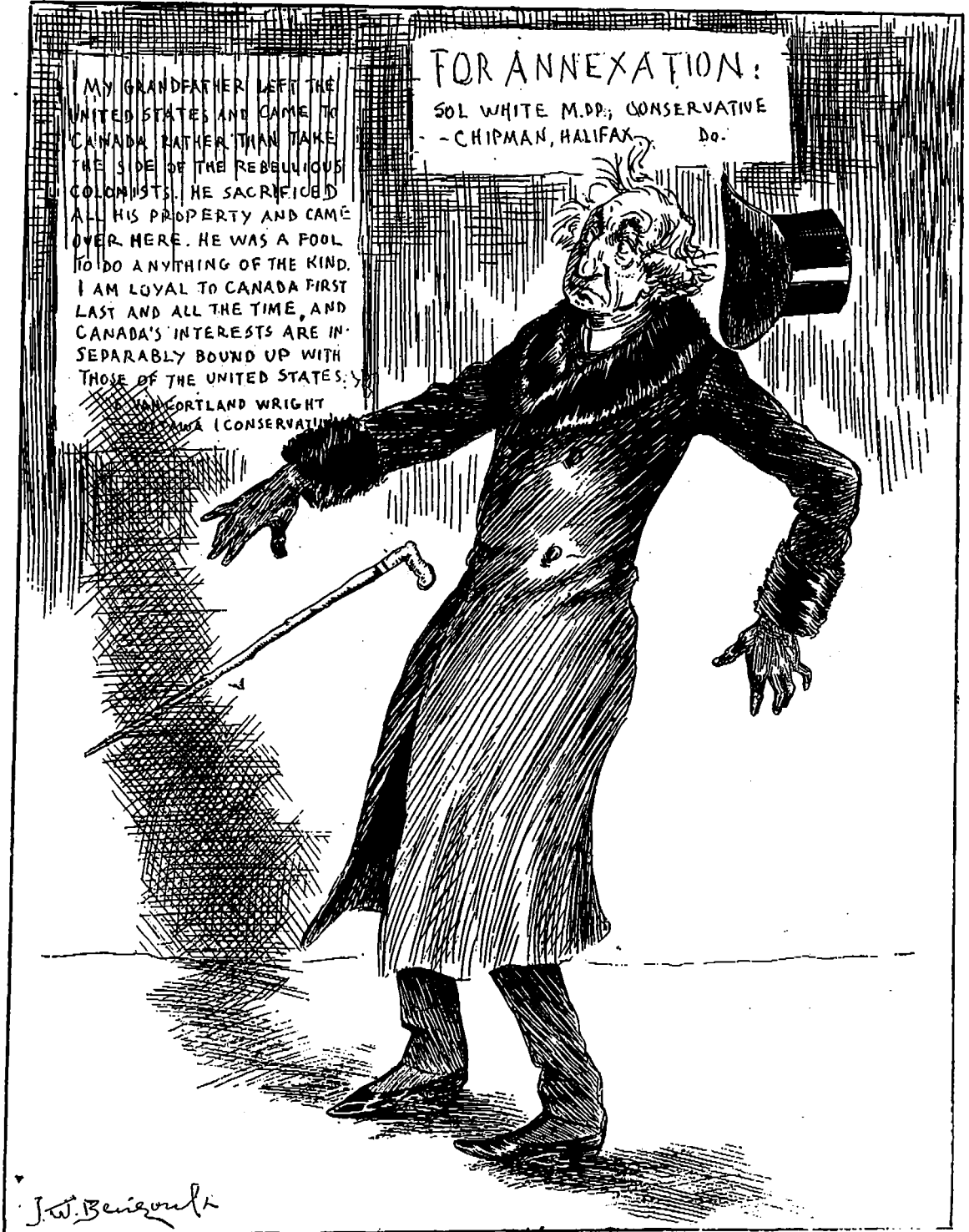
BILGRAM—"Well, the length of the *root* is generally in proportion to the height of the plant."

## TETE-A-TAIT.

BEE SWAX—"Do you believe in this Crematory scheme, Mr. Tait?"

JOE TAIT—"Cremate-tory scheme, eh? You bet I do. There's nothing I enjoy more than giving a Tory a good roasting."





A SHOCK TO HIS NERVES!

SIR JOHN—"Good Gracious! Annexationists! Cold-blooded, outspoken, deliberate and unblushing Annexationists, and not Grits either! Whither, oh whither are we drifting?"



### THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

G. S.—“Ladies and gentlemen, this continent is geographically a unit and commercially one. Further argument is unnecessary.”

### TALK OF THE STREET.

“**A**N’ were ye no at the Paveilion on St. Andrew’s Nicht? Man, but it was just grand!”—“Gillespie? Gillespie’s a Grit, ain’t he? Got no show at all” —“Sorry I moved out to the suburbs. Took me just an hour to get home last night.”—“Yes, I’m going to bring out Johnny as a phenomenal boy singer.”—“What’s this new paper that’s just out?”—“And he gave her the most elegant sealskin sacque” —“Hello, Fred, what about the mash you made Tuesday evening?” —“Extravagance and mismanagement in city affairs. Clarke had it long enough, and” —“Dead? not much it ain’t. Just wait till next election and you’ll see if Equal” —“These infernal slippery granolithic pavements! Third fall I’ve had this season.”—“Perfectly outrageous even for a gas bill. Didn’t burn half that much.”—“Just as jealous as she can be because he took Mrs. Beetlewacker to the theatre.”—“Best story I’ve read in a long while.” —“And first thing he knew the company foreclosed and he lost every blamed cent.”—“Parnell’s all right. The boys is wid him.”—“Boustead ought to get it.”—“*News*, Jimmy, *News*! That feller other side of street wants one an’ I’m sold out.”—“Told him to git right outer the house, and served him right. The fellow is in debt all over town, and can’t support a wife.”—“Vokes is going to get it in the neck this trip, you bet!”—“Had just picked out my claim when the mean contemptible Government shut down on us. Could have made fifty thousand easy.”—“And the way the Snogglethorpes have been putting on style since he got his salary raised is just too disgusting” —“So Larkin puts it all down to his wicked partners. It’s a handy thing to have a wicked partner sometimes.”

### PRIZE ADVERTISING.

(A FACT.)

ONE of our papers recently offered prizes for the most taking styles of advertisements. If this offer had met the eye of a certain Professor Jones-Brown who visited our town last winter, there would have been no chance for the other contestants. Jones-Brown was a born advertiser. He took us down at Blanktown in a manner that was simple, effective and inexpensive—to him.

He was tall, wild-looking, wore his hair long, and had a voice that sounded like the hollow rumblings before the thunder-storm. Now, we’re nothing if we’re not aristocratic in Blanktown, and this fact Jones-Brown grasped the moment he struck the place. He didn’t spend money on printer’s ink to puff himself up, it was none of your so-much-per-agate-line for him. No. He found out the names of our prominent people, and called personally upon them. He introduced himself as “the well-known tragedian, Jones-Brown, from the Jollity Theatre, whom, of course, we’d heard of.” Of course we hadn’t done anything of the sort, but the name did have a familiar sound, and when a man who looks like a prize-fighter tells you face to face that he is a celebrity, it takes nerve to tell him that you doubt his assertion, especially when he shows you testimonials from abroad and the signature of a public man that you recognize.

He said: “As a rule I don’t care to go to small places, but I understand that Blanktown society people are particularly intelligent and literary, and so I have concluded to give my celebrated Dramatic Representation here. Not to the general public—I am so highly-strung I must have a sympathetic audience—but to a select few. Your name has been given to me as a person of education and refinement, one capable of appreciating a subtle rendition of the divine Shakespeare.” I only desire to declaim for the benefit of the first families of Blanktown. When I get a hundred names my list will be closed. I trust I have not been misinformed in regard to you?”

Certainly he hadn’t. That man knew human nature. We weren’t going to be left out of such an exclusive entertainment. We paid our dollar cheerfully to be one of that “hundred.” Though to be sure it showed itself capable of greater elasticity than McAllister’s Four Hundred, we didn’t discover the fact until he had our money and our signature. It was a simple testimony to the great power of colossal cheek and the vanity of the human heart. As to the “entertainment”—well, the Professor elocuted, writhed and rolled on the stage. Society pronounced it a snide show, a fake—a fraud. But Jones-Brown had our money in his pocket, and our names in ink for the next select town he should visit on his gudgeon-catching tour.

### CONVERSATIONS IN THE ELEVATOR.

I.

[SCENE.—Passenger elevator in *Gl-be office*. Present—*Sir R. C.—rtwr—ght and the Elevator Boy.*]

**ELEVATOR BOY**—“Good day, mister. You come up and down here pretty often, don’t you?”

**SIR R. C.**—“Yes, sonny; pretty often.”

**EL. BOY**—“You allers make a bee-line for Mr. W—llis—n’s room when you get out up-stairs, don’t you?”

**SIR R. C.**—“That is usually my destination, my lad.”

"EL. BOY—"Very nice man, Mr. W—llis—n is, too, ain't he? He travels in this elevator every day an' he allers treats me very good. He's the chief editor of this whole big building, ain't he?"

SIR R. C.—"He is, sonny, and if you study hard and behave yourself well you may attain a similarly high and honorable position by the time you are a young man."

EL. BOY—"Yes, sir. Oh, you bet I'm studyin' for all I'm worth. I read the *Gl—be* every chance I get when the elevator ain't agoin', but she's agoin' near all the while. You're a great man, ain't you?"

SIR R. C.—"Er—well—hem!—As great men go in Canada, I think I may say—er—"

EL. BOY—"I knowed you was by the looks of you. Say, I guess you can tell me 'bout this Reciprocity. I've been readin' 'bout it in the *Gl—be*, but I don't think I ketch on to it quite. It says Sir Richer Cartwright is goin' round whoopin' it up fer Reciprocity. What do you s'pose that means?"

SIR R. C. (*slightly embarrassed*)—"Ahem!—er—I suppose it means that the gentleman you have named is conducting a successful propaganda amongst the honest yeomanry, intended to enlighten their intellects upon the politico-economical problem, and to convince them that the existing system under which the husbandmen of the country are mulcted for the benefit of grasping and

heartless monopolies is one that ought to be abolished. That this desirable consummation can only be achieved by the united action of the victimized classes themselves, and requires a victorious uprising on their parts at the ballot box. Do I make myself clear?"

EL. BOY—"Clear as molasses, sir. Geewhittaker, you are a great man, boss! But my Uncle Jim says this feller Cartwright is after office, and that's all he's doin' it for."

SIR R. C. (*warmly*)—"Your avuncular relative is—er—er—a slanderous and mendacious Tory, sir."

EL. BOY—"No, he ain't. He's a clerk down at the Custom House. I guess you don't know him. Don't you s'pose Cartwright is after the fat like the rest of 'em?"

SIR R. C.—"No, my boy. I know him well, and he is a most superior sort of statesman, I assure you. Don't permit your family connections to pervert your young intellect. You have a fine head, and may become the editor of the *Gl—be* some day. But you never will if you allow your wicked uncle to put bad thoughts into your mind."

EL. BOY—"Thank you, mister. I'll keep away from Uncle Jim after this."

SIR R. C.—"Ah, here we are at the ground floor. *Au revoir*, till we meet again."

EL. BOY—"So long, mister. I'll remember what you've said." [Exit Sir R. C.]

#### 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.

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.

The twelfth issue of *Grip's Comic Almanac* is just out and is fully equal, if not superior, to any of its predecessors in point of humorous illustrations and mirth-provoking reading matter. Mr. Bengough's inimitable pencil has lost none of its cunning, and the sketches and funny paragraphs are among the best things of the kind ever issued from the Canadian press. The calendar of remarkable events—including the future as well as the past—provokes much laughter. *Grip's Almanac* is sold by all dealers for the low price of ten cents.—*Newmarket Era*.

GRIP styles itself "An Independent Journal of Humor and Caricature." It is that and more. It is a distinct and powerful moral agency. Canada is to be congratulated on having such a paper. GRIP is sound on the liquor question.—*Canadian Evangelist*.

BEAUTIFUL hands rendered still more beautiful by using Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

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, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

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.

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 St. W., Toronto.

#### GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP's celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send now.

INGRAM BROS., of New York, have favored us with a copy of the Xmas No. of the *Illustrated London News* (American edition.) The publication is, as usual, very handsome, and contains supplementary colored plates entitled respectively "The Swing," "Idle Moments," "Happy Times," and "Little Jack Horner." Besides all this, a complete juvenile paper called "Father Christmas" is given gratis. The whole forms a rare bundle for the season.

#### TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MR. W. O. FORSYTH gave a piano recital at the Toronto College of Music, last week showing himself to be a versatile player. He has a good technique and rendered his numbers with much grace, delicacy and refinement. Miss Mary Hewitt Smart, soprano, and Mr. August Andersen, violin soloist, ably assisted. All are teachers at the college. Mr. Torrington will be pleased to send a prospectus giving full information as to the workings of the College to any one writing for one.

GRIP extends to his esteemed contemporaries, *Puck* and *Judge*, his congratulations on their magnificent Christmas numbers. Both are splendid to a degree. Indeed, we don't believe that anything equally fine could be produced in the world outside of Paris. The reading matter is worthy of the pictures, too, which doesn't "happen very frequent" in Christmas publications.

#### AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

The twelfth annual issue of GRIP's Comic Almanac has been issued, and is serving a good purpose in aiding the digestion of its readers by causing them to shake their sides at its comicallies, sallies, wit and caricature. Mr. Bengough has wielded his inimitable pencil with good and unsurpassed effect in the cartoons and illustrations, and about every figure in the Almanac is a recognized likeness of characters well known and familiar in Canadian everyday life. The calendar of remarkable events displays a wealth of hindsight and foresight that would bring a ripple of mirth across the stony face of the Egyptian Sphinx if it was read in soft whispers to it. The Almanac contains thirty-two pages and is sold at ten cents.—*Canadian Manufacturer*.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. The new Western drama, "Devil's Mine," presents many striking departures from the old method of constructing plays descriptive of life in the primitive west. Indians, long-haired cowboys and bloody encounters (in which the Indians invariably come out second best), have heretofore been the chief points of interest in plays of the Western type. The author of "Devil's Mine," however, has conceived human nature in the west to be about the same as it is in the east, only differently circumstanced. He has, therefore retained enough of the roughness and crudity of Western life to give color to the play. But in this rough and rugged frame he has set a chaste and simple story of pioneer life remarkable for its romantic beauty and its brisk and lively humor. The result is a highly successful play, surpassing the so-called "border dramas," not only in humor and pathos, but in intensity of action and situation as well.

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

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 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.

## American Fair,

334 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 2033.

Christmas Supplies—Books, a layout worth seeing. Beautiful picture books from Red Hand series, 1c. each, and Watt's Songs, 2c. each; Mother Goose Songs, 5c., worth 10c.; Little Folks' series 5c., worth 10c.; Pet's A B C on linen 10c., worth 20c., up to Chatterwell 49c., usually \$1, and Chatterbox 74c., worth \$1.25; Boys' Own Book 74c. Boys and Girls' Annual, \$1.61. Bible Scenes and Paradise Lost and others, illustrated by Doré, \$1.74, usually \$2.50.

Our Christmas catalogue and price list will be out next week, sent free on application. Postage on books remember is only 4c. per lb. or 1c. for 4 oz. In miscellaneous books a fairly well-bound edition of the most famous authors, Dickens' works, Longfellow's, Whittier's and other poems, publisher's price \$1, we are selling this lot at 24c.; Pansys and Elsie's, London edition, beautifully bound, 24c. each. A splendid bound revised New Testament, published to sell for \$1.50, we are selling for 39c. These are a few of our books for the holiday trade. One dollar buys as much here as two usually does elsewhere.

Games—An extensive variety of Bagatelle Boards, newest patterns and well finished, 25c. each, and up to \$4.99. The latter usually \$8 to \$10. Toys in great variety. Our jewellery department shines brightly just now with new and pretty things. Some beautiful friendship rings, worth \$1, our price 28c. In this department our close price tells.

In our furnishing department we are selling for this week and next those Royal Canadian Clothes Wringers, fully warranted for \$2.99, worth \$4.50. Those beautiful Red Chairs, worth \$3 per doz. wholesale, we have on our bargain list for next week at 21c. each.

We are the largest doll store in the Dominion. Come and see them. Space is up.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

# Burdock BLOOD BITTERS



If suffering from any kind of headache take  
**HOFFMAN'S  
HARMLESS HEADACHE  
POWDERS.**  
**MAKE THE TRIAL.**  
It will only cost 25 cents for a box and cannot hurt you.  
**THEY do not affect the bowels**



### 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 to its members. Send for prospectuses, claims paid etc.  
WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.

### CURES

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

# Tigoral

FOR  
**STRENGTH, NOURISHMENT  
AND REFRESHMENT.**

Vigoral contains, in concentrated form, all that is stimulating and nourishing in prime lean beef.

Vigoral is a *foe to fatigue*—a delicious hot drink in cold weather—a comforting and sustaining beverage for travelers, athletes, brain workers, etc.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.

## Jacobs & Sparrow's OPERA HOUSE.

Matinees every

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

WEEK OF DEC. 15th

### The Devil's Mine.

Popular Prices, 15, 25, 35 and 50c.

XMAS WEEK

PAUL KAUVAR.

# JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

Have Just Received from LIBERTY & CO. Five Cases of

## XMAS GOODS

— INCLUDING —

Cretonnes, Silks,

Bead and Reed Portieres,

Palms, Kus Kus Fans, Punkahs,

Tidies and Table Covers.

Also Swiss Brussels Net for Sash Curtains.

34 King St. West, Toronto.

I took Cold,  
I took Sick,  
I TOOK  
**SCOTT'S  
EMULSION**

RESULT:

I take My Meals,  
I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

**FLESH ON MY BONES**

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK.

Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

**COAL AND WOOD.**



**CONGER COAL COMPANY.**

Main Office—6 King Street East.

**TAR & TOLU**

ASTHMA  
BRONCHITIS  
HOARSENESS

FOR  
COUGHS  
AND  
COLDS

PNEUMONIA  
WHOOPIING  
COUGH,

25  
CENTS

25  
CENTS

**Western Canada Loan & Savings  
COMPANY.**

55th Half-Yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Five (5) per cent. for the half year ending on 31st December, 1890, being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum, has been declared on the capital stock, and that the same will be payable at the Offices of the Company, No. 76 Church Street, Toronto, on and after Thursday, the 8th day of January, 1891. Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to 31st day of December, inclusive.

WALTER S. LEE,  
Managing Director.



IRRITABLE CUSTOMER—"I want my picture taken."

PHOTOGRAPHER—"Yes sir; one of these small ones or those fine large ones."

I. C.—"One of those large ones, of course. What do you take me for?"

PHOTO—"Take you for \$2.00 per dozen, sir, cash in advance."

**D. 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.

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

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

**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.

**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. T. & A. CARTER, Practical Dress and Mantle Makers.

379 Yonge St., Toronto.

Agents wanted.

**The Union Loan and Savings Co.**

52nd Half-Yearly Dividend.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been declared by the directors of this Company for the six months ending 31st inst., and that the same will be paid at the Company's Offices 28 and 30 Toronto Street, Toronto, on and after Wednesday, the 7th day of January prox. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 22nd to the 31st instant, 6th inclusive. By order,

W. MACLEAN,  
Manager.

We are ready for you to select your holiday

**GIFTS**

From our complete stock of **SLIPPERS.**

**WM. WEST & CO.**  
246 YONGE ST.



Registered Trade Mark.



**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** instantaneously, easily, quickly and safely removed with **CAPILLERINE**, 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 **CAPILLERINE Mfg. Co.** to be genuine. Mailed free to any part of Canada, United States and Mexico on receipt of \$1.55, or P.O. Money Order. For sale only by our agent.

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

**ALEXANDER MCKENZIE WESTWOOD,** 403 SPADINA AVENUE. Canadian Florist. Weddings and Funerals a Speciality.

**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,**  
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**Pays the Largest Profits.**

# CHRISTMAS



# NOVELTIES.

## Fans, Dressing Cases, Leather Goods and Perfumery

All the leading styles in Evening Fans just arrived from Paris and Vienna, such as Black, Cream and Colored Feathered Fans, from \$1.25 to \$4.00. Hand Painted Gauze Fans \$1.50 to \$3.00.

Ed. Pinaud's Soap and Perfumery direct from Paris. Latest Perfumes, Violet, Wood Violet, Lilac, White Rose, Jockey Club. Colgate & Co's. Soap, Perfumery and Toilet Waters, Cashmere Bouquet Soap 25c., Bay Rum Soap 12½c., Castile, etc.

Latest New York Novelty Hand Painted Linen Photograph Frames. Hand Painted Photo Cases \$1.75. Hand Painted Card Receiver \$1.10. White Linen and Gold Photo Case \$1.00. Colored Satin \$1.75. White Linen and Gold Letter Holders \$1.40.

Leather Goods, Purses, Bags, Card Cases, Dressing Cases. Black and Colored Leather Shopping Bags, Satin lined from \$1.00. New York Upper Ten Leather Shopping Bags with Satin top and cord \$1.20, \$1.75, \$2.00. Solid Leather Purses 25c., 35c., 50c. 65c., 75c. to \$2.00.

Manicure Sets from \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50 and upwards. Dressing Sets complete, Brush, Comb and Mirror \$1.55, \$2.50 to \$9.00. Ladies' Companions \$1.25, \$1.40, \$2.25 upwards. Collar and Cuff Boxes \$1.50 and \$2.25. Writing Cases 75c., \$1.25 to \$1.75. Music Rolls 90c., \$1.25, \$1.50. Card Cases 25c., 50c., 75c., 90c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

### Oxidised Fancy Metal—Useful Presents.

Brush, Comb and Mirror Set \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00. Toilet Bottles \$1.00, \$1.50. Hand Mirrors 50c., 60c., 70c. and 80c. Inkstands 60c., 75c., \$1.00 to \$2.00. Colored Plush Dressing Cases and Ornaments—Handkerchief and Cuff Boxes, Jewel Cases, Ladies' Companions and Work Boxes, Manicure and Perfume Cases.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. A complete line of their latest Booklets and Calendars.

### OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

Is a special feature and we invite correspondence from every town in the Dominion. Correspondents are asked to be as explicit as possible and to enclose the amount.

# R. WALKER & SONS,

83, 85 and 37 King St. East, and 18 to 22 Colborne St.

TORONTO.

**STANDARD STEAM LAUNDRY**

304 CHURCH STREET.

**J. HOFLAND.**

Parcels Delivered to all parts of the City.  
Telephone 2444.

TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, Etc.

Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

**C. C. POMEROY,**

The White Store,

49 King Street West.

**DR. J. FRANK ADAMS,**

**DENTIST,**

325 COLLEGE ST. near Spadina, - TORONTO

Telephone 2278.

**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.

**CANDY.**

Send 50c., 75c., or \$1.00 for 1 lb., 2 lb., or 3 lb. box of best Candy to be had in Canada. Suitable for presents. EXPRESS CHARGES PAID.

**CANDY.**

Purity guaranteed and prompt delivery. Sample orders solicited.

H. Fysh & Co., Confectioners, LONDON, ONT.



KEEPER—"I'm afraid you're a bad egg, Mike; this is the third time I've caught you poaching."

MIKE—"Sure, sir, if Oi was a bad egg Oi wouldn't poach."



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

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

**Results Are What Tell**

The UNIVERSAL

CHICAGO, Sept. 12th.

180 Words 1 Minute.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 1st.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,

Elliott Cresson, Gold Medal.

HAMMOND

**HAMMOND TYPEWRITER COMPANY,**  
45 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

QUEBEC AGENCY:

T. W. NESS, 644 Craig St., Montreal.



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.



**CAMERAS**

For Christmas.

We have a splendid 4 x 5 outfit now with all materials necessary for a finished picture for \$7.50. Catalogue free.

**J. G. Ramsey & Co.**  
89 BAY STREET, 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.

**A NICE XMAS PRESENT.**

I will give a new, latest improved, No. 2 Remington Standard Typewriter insaid with pearl to any person furnishing proof that the inventors of the Remington have since placed any other machine on the market. The superiority of the Remington over all others is attested by the fact that we are manufacturing

OVER 100 MACHINES PER DAY.

**GEORGE BENGOUGH,**  
4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

**PATENTS**

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

**FETHERSTONHAUGH & 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.**

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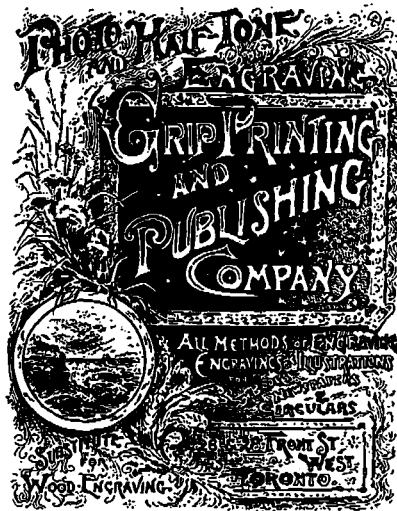
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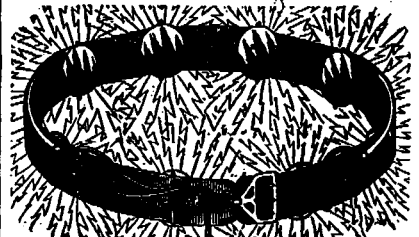
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