



# GRIP



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BY AUCTION!

AUCTIONEER MERCIER—"Come now, gentlemen, give us a bid for this fine, solid, Provincial vote! This is a rare chance! What do I hear for it? Start it at something!" etc., etc.

# GRIP

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CARICATURE.

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH,  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

AT AUCTION—Premier Mercier's demand for a "new deal" by which, in addition to the taking over of Quebec's debt of \$30,000,000, and the cost of the administration of justice in that Province by the Federal treas-

ury, the subsidies of all the Provinces are to be increased, is receiving a great deal of attention from the press. It is lucky that the absence of all other absorbing topics permits of this full discussion, for the proposition is an exceedingly important one. As might well be anticipated, it meets with almost universal opposition in the Ontario papers, because it simply means an addition to the burdens of this Province. The attractive sound of increased subsidy dies away, so far as Ontario is concerned, when we consider the fact that under the proposed arrangement our increased taxation would far surpass the amount coming to us by the new deal. Quebec is certainly in a bad plight, and something must be done, we suppose, to help her out, but it ought to be something which will be permanent, and which will not involve an injustice to the other Provinces. There is no

guarantee whatever that, if this demand is acceded to, it will be Quebec's "last time of asking." The present subsidy arrangement was understood to be fixed, unalterable and finally final. The fact is, the whole subsidy system wants abolishing. Each Province ought to provide for its own revenue by direct taxation, and if the miserable policy of restriction, known under the name of the N.P., were swept away, so as to give the people a chance to do business, there would be no trouble about this. But it will take time to bring about the adoption of sound trade principles, and meanwhile Quebec's case must be attended to. Notwithstanding the opposition of the press, it is practically a foregone conclusion that Mercier's proposal, or something like it, will be accepted. It must not be forgotten that in this connection there is a vote up for auction, and the party that bids most will get it.

ON GUARD.—Mr. Mowat fought a brave and successful battle in defence of our territory and timber limits, and he ought now to come to the rescue against Quebec's proposed raid on our pocket-book. In the former case, however, he was fighting his traditional enemy, the Tory party, and at present the aggressor is of his own political household—for the Hon. Oliver really believes Mr. Mercier to be a Liberal. This will, no doubt, make a difference, but it oughtn't to; and if Mr. Mowat can do anything to head off the raiders he will make himself more solid than ever with the people of Ontario.

OUR highly esteemed colored contemporary, the *New York Judge*, contains in each issue a long editorial article signed "J.A." Seeing that these articles are generally devoted to the belauding of the high tariff system, the initials are very significant. There is a certain animal proverbial for stupidity, known as the J.A., who would, if he used the pen, get off just such stuff.

THE knowing ones who, about July 1st were, with great discrimination, pointing out the Farrar articles in the *Globe*, and commenting on the striking improvement in the writing, were rather disgusted when they found out that Edward did not take up his pen in his new position at all until after the 15th of the month.

THE *Globe* publishes, under the heading of "A Murray Bay Romance":

QUEBEC, July 23rd.—Last Saturday as a young lady was going down a ladder, suspended on the side of the wharf at Murray Bay, into a boat which stood at the foot of the ladder, her feet slipped and she fell into the water. The son of Judge Bosse, who witnessed the accident, dived from the wharf after her. He swam to the surface a minute after with the young lady in his arms. Boats hastened to the rescue and both the young lady and her rescuer were brought ashore insensible.

A better heading would have been "Bosse of the Situation," or something of that kind. The romantic feature of the affair is not apparent, though perhaps the *Globe* man assumes chapter two, in which the lovely rescued and the heroic rescuer confess their mutual devotion and make a wedding of it.

GRIP'S hat is doffed to the gallant little town of West Toronto Junction, and congratulations are extended to all concerned upon the unqualified success of the Civic Holiday celebration there on the 23rd ult. A great and good humored crowd "assisted" on the occasion, and even Toronto's Carnival was outdone in the brilliancy of the goings-on. Mayor St. Leger made a speech at the Grove in which he enumerated with pride the many things which make W.T.J. a desirable place of residence. He omitted the land speculators from his list, we observe. All the Junction needs to make it a model town is the abolition of landlordism, and a new name that can be pronounced in one mouthful.

IF we clearly catch Mr. Blaine's meaning in the seal controversy his position is this: that Behring Sea being a *mare clausum*, it is *contra bonos mores* that pelagic fishing should be allowed, because it is not *pro bono publico*, and moreover, it is *infra dignitate* for the Government of the United States to allow it. This may be sound diplomacy and all that, but what is the reason the English language isn't good enough for correspondence purposes between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations?

\* \* \*

THE Supreme Court of the United States having decided that no State has a right to prohibit any article of commerce from being brought within its borders and sold in the "original package," the whiskey dealers are now setting the laws of prohibition States at defiance, by setting up shops in which all manner of liquid ruin is sold by the bottle, which represents the "original package." Rum sympathisers are shouting that prohibition is thus reduced to the condition of the traditional door-nail, but they overlook the fact that it is equally fatal in the meantime to all license laws, as the imported original packages are legally sold without the payment of any fee. Prohibitionists, so far from feeling down-hearted about this decision are inclined to be jubilant, because it has made prohibition a national issue—the very thing they have striven many years in vain to do. It will prove a boomerang for the rum trade.

\* \* \*



**B**ERNHARDT is coming to America to play "Joan of Arc,"—or Jeanne Darc, as we believe the young person's name really was. The piece was a great success in Paris, where it worked up the volatile Frenchmen to as high a pitch of enthusiasm, as history says the original Joan did their forefathers. It will, no

doubt, take well in the cities across the way, and as the famous actress goes through the thrilling scenes it will make the Free Traders over there wish they had a heroine of the same inspired sort to lead her enthralled countrymen to the overthrow of McKinley and his gang of high-tariff monopolists.

**THE USEFULNESS OF ORANGEISM.**

**S**ENSIBLE MAN—"Where's the sense of all this procession tomfoolery? Orangeism may have been a necessary institution at one time but now it has outlived its usefulness."

**ORANGEMAN**—"That's all you know about it, you blamed fool! Outlived its usefulness, has it? Not much!"

**SENSIBLE MAN**—"Can you tell me of any good it has done lately?"

**ORANGEMAN**—"Yes sir! I'm just the man that can. Three years ago I wasn't making more than a dollar a day. I joined our noble order and now I've got a posh in the City Hall at \$800 a year—and there's lots more than me too. What d'yer say to that, now?"



**RIVAL STARS.**

**FIRST STAR** (*rehearsing a new play*)—"In this scene I am supposed to leave the stage at the rear, while you stand in the front facing the audience. What will be your cue to resume your lines?"

**SECOND STAR**—"The look of satisfaction on the faces of the audience."—*Pick-me-up.*

**PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIK FILOSOPHI.**

**T**HARE iz onli 1 absulootely sertin wa tew tell wether a man iz a filosofher or a krank, an that iz tew wate till about 2 hundred yeres after hiz deth. Ef hiz reputashun haz survived til then he waz a grate filosofher—e knot yew bet he waz onli a krank.

A man wich pretens that he doant gnou the meanin ov the wurd "jagg"—like sum fellers wich hav ben writing intew the papurs laityly—isnt the man that I'de trust to go owt tew change a phive \$ bill. Heez tew inner sent altoogether.

Fur pewer disintrestid benevolents thare iz no klass more notid than distillers an saloonists. Tha gno that prohibishun wil inkreese the amount ov wiskey konsoomed an sew put munny intew thare pokets—an yet tha oppoze it tooth an nale.

A kvestshun in politercal ekonermy wich iz givin a wurthi klass ov offshals around the City Hawl sum trouble iz wether the cost ov jining numerous sossietis—such as Orinjemen, Sonz uv England, &c., is not fully ekwal tew the inkreased saleries they git bi making their selvez solid this wa.

It's awl nonsense 2 sa that collige educashun iz no good on a noospaper. Lattin an Greak an algibrer mite nawt-bee mufch yuse but ef he has pade doo attenshun to atletik sportz the gradooate kan lick the man wich wants to gno "hoo rote that peace" in tew sekonds, wile the unkultered man wood hav tew maik his sneek or git powndid.

Thare is allways hope four the yung man hoo haz phaled in literatoor. Rite it over agen, yung feller, put in sumthing about the Maple an the war uv 1812; kall it "Canadian Literattoor" an it will go.

**AN EPIC OF CHAUTAUQUA.**

(BEING A NOTE OF A VISIT TO THE SUMMER CITY ACROSS THE BORDER.)

AVE you never seen Chautauqua, (New York State, Chautauqua County,) On the bank of Lake Chautauqua, Opposite to Point Chautauqua, Where the famed Chautauqua "Ssembly (Chancellorled by Bishop Vincent,) And Chautauqua L. & S. C. Have their home and chief headquarters? Then, you've something yet to live for! Though I've struck the Hiawatha

Style of amble in this epic, I have neither space nor talent To attempt detailed description Of its infinite attractions; For my editor says "Shorten! Cut it! Boil it down! Condense it, Don't you drag it out Long, fellow, Or I'll squelch it altogether!" So you see I really cannot More than merely briefly mention

'Mongst its list of varied features, Cottages, (about a thousand), Avenues and groves and hammocks, Fishing, preaching, bathing, tennis, Baseball, lectures, entertainments, Shops and stores and elocution, Classes, fountains, news-stands, music, Big hotel, skiffs, yachts and steamers, Dudes and dudines, girls with glasses, Schoolmarms from the entire Union,

Yanks of every style and pattern, Millionaires and plodding scholars, University professors— Such as Yale's most learned Harper, Beaming genially through glasses While he talks on Bible hist'ry In a way no other fellow Ever thought of talking on it;

And McClintock, slight and youthful Master of the English poets; Burnham, Wright and Schaff and Townsend,

Each a star of exegesis— Sherwood, the piano-wizard,

In his classical recitals; Flagler, boss of the big organ,

Always at his post of duty— Ellis, like a half-ton fairy, With a wand to lead the singing,

Miller, model Sunday-schoolist, Cumnoock, prince of elocution,

With his class of readers round him Teaching 'em to do "King Robert"

So's to paralyze the critics; Duncan, full of business

details, Driving round his winged-steed "Peggy," Bishop Vincent, brainey, lively, And his chip—Lieutenant Georgie— Manager of things in general, Popular, polite and polished; These you'll see, and many others Known as veteran Chautauquans, And you'll find upon the platform Night by night (and in the daytime) Singers, lecturers, reciters, Chalk-talk artists, virtuosi, Giving you for entertain-ment

Everything the mind could conjure, If it conjured like the dickens— Everything—yes sir, and more, too! How to get there? Well, I'll tell you: Take the boat here at Toronto, Suit yourself—the trim *Chicora*, With handsome raking red-stacks, And her jolly, smiling skipper, And her genial Irish porter, And her officers and sailors, Decent chaps as ever traveled;

Or her bigger - younger sister, Called mellifluously, *Cibola*, With a captain built to fit her (Which his name McCorkidale is) Note his breadth of beam --(referring Here, of course, to his good nature, And the beaming smile he weareth As he works his various bell-pulls, Or anon, so light and airy Trips about among the people Crowded fore and aft and midships,

Chucking all the pretty babies— Making everybody happy. Either is a gallant steamer, And, with swift and steady side-wheel, In an hour and sixty minutes, Maybe less, she'll take you safely To the dock at old Niagara. Don't get off; stand by the rail- ing,

On the wharf-side of the steamer, And observe the people landing, And the folks who've come to meet 'em, Dressed in fancy camping costumes, Girls and fellows looking pretty— Just as pretty as a picture— (So they think, and 'twould be cruel To disperse the pleasing fiction In those cases where sound judgment Says they're awfully mistaken.) Soon the steamer toots for leaving,



Mr. S. E. Vincent



The Museum



Mr. Lewis Miller



Bishop J. H. Vincent



Prof. Harper



Prof. McClintock



Prof. R. L. Cumnoock



Mr. V. Flagler



Mr Sherwood

And moves grandly up the river—  
Such a river! None can match it  
In America or Europe—  
Deep and green and limpid water  
Mirroring the banks majestic,  
Charming every sense of beauty!  
Lewiston at length—and "cherries!  
"Cherries nice and ripe for eating,  
"Five a bunch, sir, cherries, cherries!"  
And a pack of little urchins  
(Merchant princes of the future)  
Thrust their baskets in the faces  
Of the disembarking people:  
Follow them up the steep stairway,  
Dog them to the railway station,  
Stick to them with "cherries, cherries,"  
Till the train is nearly starting,  
Then with baskets almost empty  
Cut the prices—"Two for five, sir!"

On to Buffalo—grimy city—  
Past the Falls you've heard of, maybe—  
Here you're landed at the depot,  
At a point they call Exchange Street,  
Whence you go in cab or street car  
(Latter marked Louisiana),  
Just a run of some ten minutes  
To the N.Y.L.E.W.

New York, Erie Lake and West-  
ern)

Get your ticket for Chautauqua,  
Ticket reading *via* Mayville,  
On the Pittsburgh branch, and,  
look you,

Offer 'em no "Canady money,"  
'Cept it be a little silver;  
For they seem to have a notion  
That we're shaky, Mr. Foster;  
Bank bills, yea, and legal tender,  
Called Dominion notes, they  
sneeze at—

Treat 'em all as mere waste paper.  
All aboard! A pleasant journey  
Through a very pretty country,  
Where you see the happy farmers  
Rolling in the meadows, laughing  
At the millions they are making,  
All because they are protected  
By McKinley's blessed tariff!  
(This remark is wrote sarcastic)  
"Mayville—all change for the  
steamer!"

Here she lies, just near the depot,  
Small, but very neat and natty,

Dancing on bright Lake Chautauqua.  
Seated 'neath the grateful shadow  
Of the upper deck verandah,  
You may sweep with eye delighted,  
As the steamer leaves her mooring,  
Up and down the lovely landscape  
Of the banks, with farm and cottage  
Grove and field in summer sunlight.  
Right across from quiet Mayville  
Goes the boat to Point Chautauqua,  
Whence again she crosses over  
To the wharf of the Assembly—  
And you're at the summer city!  
Here—but what's the use of trying  
To compress, condense, and boil it  
Down to any space in reason,  
All the joys that now await you?  
Reader—send to George E. Vincent,  
Or to genial W. A. Duncan,  
For a copy of the *Herald*,  
Which will tell you all about it,  
And if you've a week of leisure  
'Twixt this date and end of August,  
For a glorious summer outing  
Which will cost but little money  
While it gives you ample pleasure,  
Go and see this modern marvel,  
Go and revel in Chautauqua,  
You will find no place to match it:  
MR. GRIP'S been there and knows it! J.W.B.



LOVE AND LEARNING.



"I was on the piazza of the  
Hotel Chautauqua. The  
sun was finishing his day's  
outing, and the western  
sky was ablaze with golden  
fire; the sunset was doub-  
ling its glory by  
repeating it in the  
placid waters of  
Lake Ontario. In  
a comfortable arm-  
chair, with a  
weighty volume of  
the "Principles of  
the English Lan-  
guage" upon her  
lap, sat Miss Ma-  
bella Marion St.  
Jackson, gazing  
with poetic mien

through her eye-glasses at the splendors of the dying  
day. Anon a step is heard—a gentle, hesitating step—  
and Mabella is conscious of another presence, though  
her maidenly reserve prevents her from turning to iden-  
tify the new-comer. She is almost sure, however, that it  
is Alonzo Parkinson, and she is right. It is he. But  
oh, she can never know how the mere vision of her  
lovely and learned self is making his heart beat with  
almost thunderous pulsations. Nor has she the slightest  
notion that he has long dreamed of and watched for such  
an opportunity as this! The fire of high resolve lights  
up his eye, and suffuses his manly face with a blush that  
tells the story of his love more eloquently than words  
could do. He is determined to know his fate at once;  
this golden moment must not be lost. He will ask her  
to be his wife! With a few rapid strides he is at her  
side. She looks up, and greets him with a not unkindly  
smile. Hope sets his heart aglow! The sweet lips  
open, and the becoming eye-glasses glisten as she says  
gently, "It's a lovely evening, is it not?" "Lovely," he  
echoes—"it is indeed lovely;—Miss St. Jackson—  
Mabella, do you know what *love* is?" A pretty, puzzled  
look, which adds tenfold to her entrancing beauty, comes  
into her face. "Love?" she murmurs. "Yes," he  
repeats, trembling with hope and fear, "do you know  
what it is?" "Well, it all depends, you know," she  
replies, with the most charming earnestness, "it may be  
used either as an active transitive verb, or as an abstract  
noun." At this moment the sun disappears beneath  
the western waves, and Alonzo Parkinson's heart sinks  
with it.

A THOUGHTFUL GIRL.

ATTENTIVE DAUGHTER—"Oh, pa, you won't  
be going out again this evening, will you?"

FATHER—"No, I think not, Julia. Why?"

ATTENTIVE DAUGHTER—"Well, here are your slippers.  
You'll be much more comfortable if you would take off  
those heavy new boots, which will blister your feet if you  
wear them too long, and put on these nice easy slippers."

FATHER—"Ah, thank you, Julia, I think I will.  
(*Aside*)—That girl is unusually solicitous for my comfort  
lately. Oh, I'm onto her game now. Sure enough,  
there's young Swellerton dodging around the gate-post.  
That accounts for it."



### BLAINE SEES A LIGHT.

CLEVELAND—"Shake, Jimmy! 'For while the lamp holds out to burn'—you know the rest!"

### A RASH WAGER.

THEY were talking politics in a rather excited strain, considering the off season and the heat of the weather. A hot-headed Tory asserted that if Mowat were to go to the people again, he would not have a corporal's guard of followers remaining when the House assembled; and an excitable Grit was just as dogmatic in his assertion, that the next general election would see Sir John wiped out.

"Old Sir John, I tell you, is the most unpopular man in the country. Kingston, where he once had it all his own way, has soured on him completely. Why, he couldn't be elected pound-keeper there to-day."

"You don't know what you're talking about, you idiot. He'll lick the Grits as easy as rolling off of a log."

"Well, I'm ready to prove what I say. Money talks. I'll bet you \$5 that Sir John couldn't be elected for pound keeper."

"You can't bluff me with your big wad of ones. I'll take you. But who's to decide?"

"Well, leave it to Jimson here. He ain't no politician, and I'll be satisfied with his decision if you are."

"That goes. Now, put up your stuff. Now, you prove that Sir John couldn't be elected pound-keeper in Kingston."

"Why, certainly—nothing easier. Did you ever hear of an election being held for pound-keeper in Kingston or anywhere else in Canada? How's that, umpire? If there's no election for pound-keeper, of course, Sir John couldn't be elected for that office, could he?"

"Oh, come off, now. That's a catch—give me back my money."

They compromised finally on beers for the crowd.

### NOT THAT KIND OF "NATIONALIST."

THE following correspondence explains itself:

Boston, July 16th.

HON. HONORE MERCIER, Premier of Quebec.

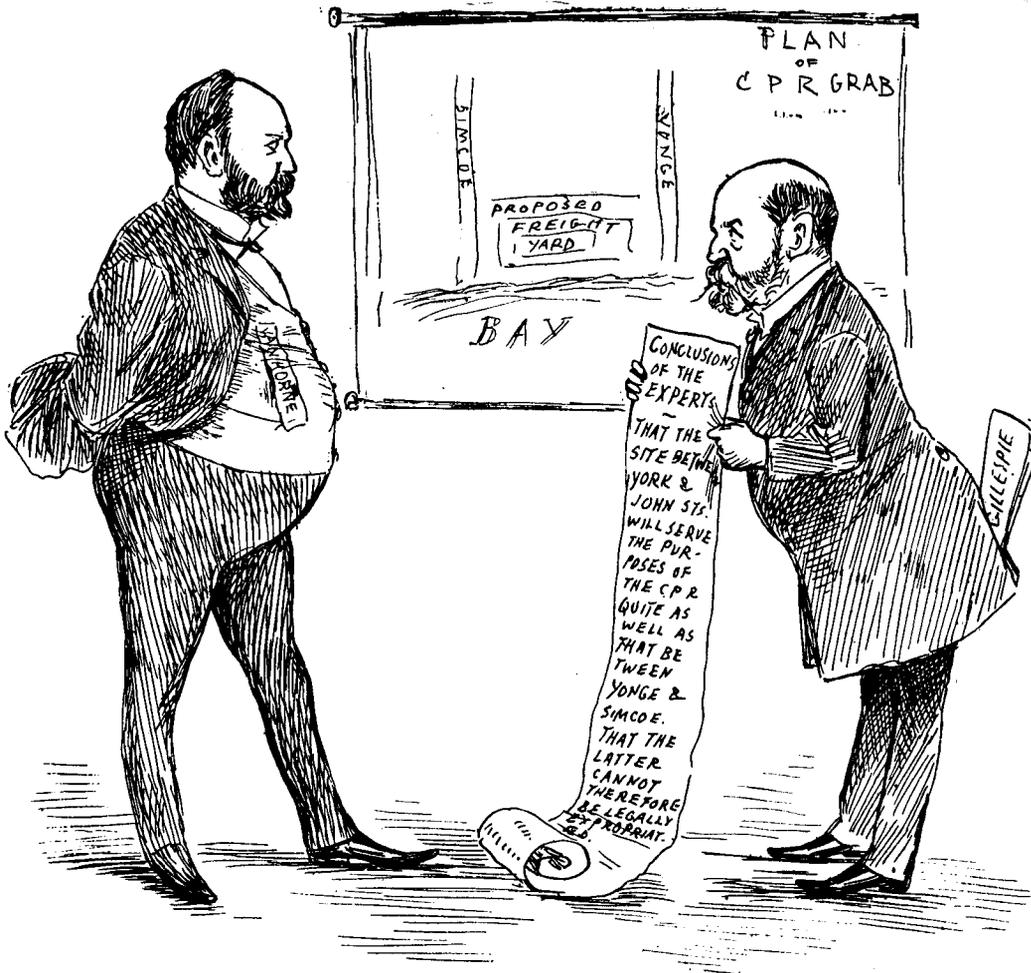
DEAR SIR.—I have just been informed by a friend who knows Canada well, that at the recent election the Nationalist ticket swept the Province, and that your Government represents Nationalist views. I extend you my cordial congratulations, and am delighted to find that the ideas presented in 'Looking Backwards' have taken so firm a hold in Canada, which, by returning a Government pledged to these principles, places itself in advance of every other country.

Respectfully,  
EDWARD BELLAMY."

EDWARD BELLAMY, ESQ., Boston.

QUEBEC, July 18th.

DEAR SIR,—I am pleased that the course of my Government receives the approval of my compatriots in the United



### THE CITY vs. THE GRABBER.

ALD. GILLESPIE (to Gen. Manager Van Horne)—"Will you be so kind as to cast your eye over this?"

States—for your name, though Anglicized, indicates clearly your French origin. The original spelling was doubtless "Belle-amie." Never I have had the felicity of reading your book 'Looking Backwards,' but from the title I judge that we are of one mind as to the work to be done in building up a grand nation French Canadian, which shall wrest from the English the supremacy of the New World.

I have, etc.,  
HONORE MERCIER."

"HON. HONORE MERCIER, Quebec. BOSTON, July 21st.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 18th inst. duly received. You are mistaken in supposing that I am of French extraction or have any interest in the building up of a French-Canadian nation, which I should regard as rather a fanciful chimera. But I do not think that mere differences of race and language ought to separate those who are brothers in the grand work of overthrowing privilege and monopoly and organizing a better social system. I should like to know what steps the Nationalist Government of Quebec is taking or proposes to take in this direction—for surely now that you are firmly established, you contemplate some practical movement for organizing industry. Do you intend to take over the factories and workshops at once, or will you proceed slowly by beginning with the railways and telegraphs? I assure you that the Nationalists of Boston and the United States generally are watching your course with the keenest interest.

Yours truly,  
EDWARD BELLAMY."

"EDWARD BELLAMY, Esq., Boston. QUEBEC, July 23rd.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 21st, I may say that my Government the remotest intention has not, of taking the action most revolutionary and contrary to the principles of true

religion and the preservation of social order which you seem to consider, I know not why, that we might contemplate. You evidently labor under a strange misapprehension as to our principles, which Heaven forbid should meet with the approval of infidels and communists, of whom you appear to be one.

I have, etc., etc.,  
HONORE MERCIER."

"HON. HONORE MERCIER, QUEBEC. BOSTON, July 25th.

DEAR SIR,—You and your Government are frauds of the first magnitude, otherwise you would not call yourselves 'Nationalists' when you don't even know the meaning of the word. Regretting that I should have troubled you under a complete misconception of your position, I remain, yours etc.,

EDWARD BELLAMY."

### A VINDICTIVE EDITOR.

QUIDNUNC (to editor of daily)—"I thought you didn't like Prof. Goldwin Smith."

EDITOR—"I don't, he's a——" (language only suited to the party press).

QUIDNUNC—"Then why do you re-publish nearly all of the Bystander."

EDITOR—"Aha! That's the way I get my work in on him. Nobody's going to pay ten cents for his measly Bystander, when they get it in the Slangwhanger for three."



### THE "DOCKING" FASHION REVERSED.

(What monsters horses would be if they did such things!)

"A ROPE is thrown over the neck of the horse, the ends brought between his forelegs and under the hind pasterns. A sudden jerk draws up his legs—he falls helpless to the floor, and his legs are tied. He is then secured with twitches, [which is twisting a small rope around the nose, which is very sensitive, so as to divert his attention from the tail. Behind is a furnace, knives, a large pair of shears and searing-iron.

"The operator folds back the hair from the joint to be divided; the knife rapidly severs the skin, the huge shears are applied—the horse struggles, and the tail is off. Then the iron at a white heat is applied, and the bleeding is arrested. The cheers of the audience and the subduing influences of the twitch drown the cry of pain, that is never brought from the horse except when in great agony; for this noble animal is one of the few who endure ordinary pain without a whimper. The operation has taken but a few minutes.

"After the horse has been mangled he rises to his feet, and is certainly a different creature! He stands shivering with pain, his head droops, his eyelids close, and the stump of a tail is drawn close to his flanks. He is a perfectly subdued horse! But the surgeon does not think it necessary to explain that the operation performed is very similar to amputation of a leg or arm on the human, and surely no one can say that this is not a painful operation. The parts are supplied with skin, muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, ligaments, bones—in fact the same structure as one's limb—and the same pathologic condition which would exist in man's arm or leg would also take place in a horse's tail; it is just as sensitive to the touch and to pain as any other part of the body.

"Then, the horse has not been placed under the influence of chloroform or ether, or other anaesthetic, to deaden the pain, but by rope's twitch he is held while the knife cuts through his sensitive structure, and when Nature asserts herself, as she does by pouring forth blood from the severed blood-vessels, red-hot irons are applied to the parts until they are fairly burned and cooked to stop the hemorrhage; then, the after pain and suffering, and often the risk of losing the life of the horse by that dreadful and most painful of all diseases, lockjaw, which sometimes follows the operation of docking."—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

### THEY COULDN'T CATCH ON.

THEY were sitting in the reading room of the club smoking and looking over the papers in a desultory manner, the silence being only broken by occasional remarks about the heat of the weather.

"Ah," said Bilderkin suddenly, looking up from his newspaper, "here's an item in the Squigglechunk *Indicator* about a boy who has died from eating too much watermelon. Wat-er-meloncholy end." And he sighed heavily and resumed his reading.

"Ha! ha!" said Jagers, about half a minute after "Don't you see? Good joke, isn't it?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the others.

"Not at all bad, that," said Plugwinch to himself. "Must make a note of that. Guess I'll work that off at Hogaboom's dinner-party to-night."

"Try a little of the cucumber, Mr. Plugwinch," said

Mrs. Hogaboom a few hours later, when the company was assembled round the hospitable board of the Hogaboom mansion in Rosedale.

"Ah, no thanks—don't agree with me. By the way, that reminds me of a good thing I heard at the club to-day. Fellow up in Squigglechunk, Muskoka, ate too many cucumbers and it killed him. What a melancholy affair, eh? Ha! ha! Mighty good joke, that. Don't you see the point?"

There was a dead, depressing silence, during which the hostess looked reproachfully at him, and finally Rev. Adolphus Bland crushed him by remarking that the death of a fellow-creature was not a theme for heartless jocularity.

"Blamed if I can see," said Plugwinch, as he took his homeward way as soon as the laws of etiquette would decently permit, "what them fellows at the club were laughing at, anyhow." And it has been an insoluble riddle to him ever since.

### RYAN AND MULDOON.

OH, say, did yez hear av the illigant scrap  
Betwixt Pether Ryan an' that other chap?  
I don't moind his name, but I'll think av it soon.  
Tare an' ages! I have it—his name is Muldoon.

Sure Pether, ye know, is a heeler by thrade,  
An' not so long since he was registrar made,  
An' the byes wuz delighted—whin up come this loon,  
An' Pether, good sowl, found a job fur Muldoon.

He wuz fixin' the pollin' booths—fwhisper—begob,  
Sure fixin' electors wuz most av the job.  
An' he reckoned the money he'd git for it soon  
Wuz goin' to make him a solid Muldoon.

An' Pether he paid him right square like a man,  
But this divil Muldoon had a blackmailin' plan,  
An' he froze to the boodle—the dirty gosoon—  
That he ought to have divvied, did Místher Muldoon.

So Pether, d'ye moind, soon got onto his thricks,  
Says he, "none av that now—the business you'll fix;  
Go an' whack up wid Fogarty." That was the chune  
Av the slight conversation he had wid Muldoon.

Thin Mul put on airs an' began to talk loud,  
An' stumped Pether Ryan before the whole crowd.  
Wuz he goin' to be bluffed by a blaggardy loon?  
Oh, divil a fear! Sure he wint for Muldoon.

Be the powers av Moll Kelly! I'd liked to been there.  
Whoop! Byes, it resimbed ould Donnybrook fair;  
He bate him an' kicked him, oh, Pether aroon!  
Ye jist wiped the floor in great shape wid Muldoon.

An' fwhat do yez think now? the dirty spalpeen,  
Says he'll give away Pether an' bust the machine,  
He cud ruin the party—an' will do it soon;  
Oh, Pether fwhy didn't yez finish Muldoon?

### NOT MUCH IN THE NAME.

MRS. MIGGLES (*at the Island*)—"Oh my, how refreshing it is to get out by the waterside! I've hardly had a glimpse of the Bay all the season."

MRS. PUGGDORG—"You don't tell me! I should think you'd have a chance to see it sometimes."

MRS. MIGGLES—"Oh no, you see we live miles away—up on Lakeview Avenue."

WHEN is a Nova Scotian's nose like a trumpet? When it is blew. Awful, isn't it?



ON GUARD.

MR. MOWAT DEFENDED OUR TERRITORY, LET HIM NOW DEFEND OUR POCKET-BOOK!



### ONE FOR THE GROOM.

GROOM—" Shall I rub his legs off, sir ? "

EQUESTRIAN—" No, you had better leave them on. I don't want him maimed and mutilated. "

GROOM—" Then what did you cut his tail off for ? "

### O STERN BELLONA.

THE Sergeant called around at the residence of Full Private Plainer and asked after Mrs. Plainer and the children. He seemed pleased to learn that they were all as fresh as paint. The Plainers were delighted to extend hospitality to their superior officer. Mrs. P. offered the gallant Sergeant a cup of tea, which he declined with an objective wave of the hand. P. himself, better acquainted with the requirements of us martialists, produced a jug of ale, which (it is to be regretted), the sergeant swigged up as if he liked it, notwithstanding that it contained eight per cent. of alcohol. Conversation flowed in pleasant channels. The weather was reproachfully spoken of; guesses were made as to what would have happened if Meredith had got in; the enhanced price of eggs was lightly touched upon; and much wonder was expressed with what amount of brazen cheek the present Minister of Finance could face his Sussex Vale teetotal constituents and try to explain away his action on prohibition. On leaving, the Sergeant incidentally mentioned the subject of his call, namely, that there would be a full dress parade for inspection, day after to-morrow, at four o'clock p.m., military time.

Full Private Plainer was one of those good citizens who constantly swear that the country is not worth living in, yet, if occasion required, would lay down his life to preserve its integrity. Of course nobody is silly enough to think that he meant its *political* integrity, for that has been gone long ago. Truth to tell, he never put on his uniform but a glow of patriotism diffused itself under his tunic and he felt like another Salaberry. As to Mrs. P., the feelings of most women were hers. When she saw her husband of everyday life arrayed in warlike panoply, with his bayonet on, she would clasp the armed man to her breast and feel that the country was safe. A thread of fear mingled with her admiration. She would not have been astonished to see him brought home any day in an ambulance, with the Union Jack over him, from having been shot by a gun going off of itself, or from his having been run through the giblets by the sword-bayonet of some awkward recruit in the rear rank. It was a con-

solation, however, to know that in the event of any such casualty Sir Adolphe Caron (having now funds for the purpose), would erect over the remains of the dear departed a monument such as that to Wolfe and Montcalm, and that number six company of the Deathanglory's own regiment would attend the funeral with a band and the dead march in Saul. At the same time she felt that were she to be bereaved she could drive a tenpenny nail through the head of Gen. Middleton with as much satisfaction as Jacl drove a similar spike through the head of Sisera.

Private Plainer knocked off at two o'clock on the day of parade, thus sacrificing half a day to the welfare of his country. On arriving at his home he found everything prepared in readiness for him to take the field. His trousers with the sanguinary stripe were airing astride a clothes' horse. Every button on his coat had been resewn, and a patch put on the inside pocket where a hole had been burned by an ignited cigar after last parade. His boots, although a few sizes larger than Ensign Pluffer's, shone every whit as resplendently as that gentleman's patent leathers. His cotton gloves were white as milk. His cap had a blue and white pocket handkerchief in it to wipe the perspiration from his manly brow. Some little time was lost in consequence of Johnny Plainer having skewered the cat with his parent's bayonet, and a few minutes' delay necessarily ensued in applying a shingle to that scion of the house. At length the warrior was equipped, and, having first presented arms to his wife—the musket raised and brought down with two slaps—he stepped out with martial tread, and, with a pipe in his mouth, marched to the tented field.

When the Inspecting Officer lounged along the line he made a mental note that, although rather round-shouldered and somewhat bandy-legged, Full Private Plainer was a fair enough specimen of the intelligent volunteer soldier. In accordance with laudable custom, the much-befogged Inspector put the perfunctory enquiry, "Satisfied with the service, my man—hey? Now is your time to speak. Any complaints to make?" "Can't say as I have," replied Private Plainer reflectively, "'cept if you could give us clothes that would fit it would be considered more popular. When the coats and pants is served out all the short men always gets the long suits and all the long men the short. It may be nothing but a 'xtromary dispensation of Providence, or maybe it is so in the Articles of War. As to that I can't say."

### IT WAS NOT REJECTED.

ASSISTANT EDITOR—" Here is a good joke. "

EDITOR—" What is it ? "

ASSISTANT EDITOR—" A fellow whose letter I have just opened has enclosed a postage stamp and a note saying: ' If the enclosed is not available at your usual rate, kindly return it. ' He evidently forgot to put his manuscript into the envelope. "

EDITOR—" But the postage stamp is there all right, isn't it ? "

ASSISTANT EDITOR—" Yes. "

EDITOR—" Well, send him a postal card telling him that it is accepted with our best thanks. We will then be two cents ahead at the least. "

" MA, how do people catch the measles ? "

" They catch them-easily, my son. "

## A RAY OF SUNSHINE.

(A Real Estate Office. Agents, sub-agents, loafers, etc., lounging about.)

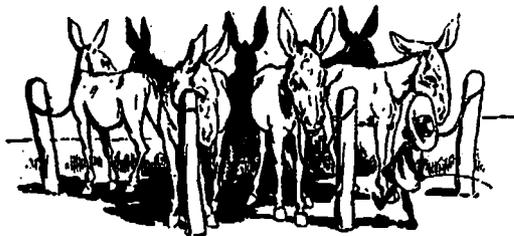
FIRST AGENT (looking over paper)—“Say, what do you think? Here’s a feller advertises that *he wants to buy a lot!*”

OMNES—“No!”

2ND AGENT—“What’s his address? Write him a letter, quick!”

3RD AGENT—“Tell you boys, business is looking up. Going to have a boom again this fall, sure.”

## A HINT TO KICKERS.

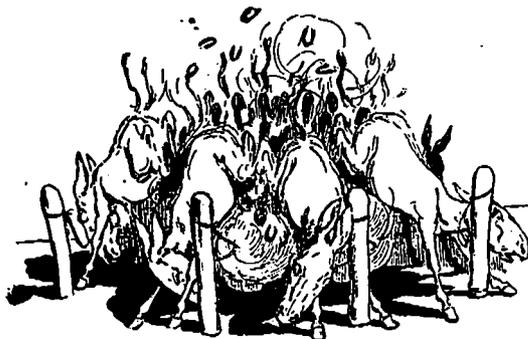


The Seven Mules and Little 'Rastus.

## A WEST END BREATHING PLACE.

OH, have you seen  
The foliage green  
Whose verdant sheen,  
I may remark,  
It never tires  
Him who admires  
The forest choirs  
Of Bellwoods Park?

Fit place for love,  
That shady grove,  
Where lovers rove  
Out after dark,  
That calm retreat  
Your views will meet  
Who free from heat  
Your belle-would-spark.



Little 'Rastus and the Seven Mules.

## THE GREAT TERRACOTTAVILLE FAIR.

THE management of this always popular institution, determined to be up to the times, will spare no pains nor expense to secure the freshest novelties and most sensational attractions, surpassing in interest and fascination those offered by any circus now in the field. It will be a big thing—bigger than ever. If you don't believe it, just look at the posters, or even read the newspapers. They are full of it. Let us enumerate (at ten cents per line) a few of

the novelties which must beseen to be appreciated.

A special extra prize of \$5, supplemented by a year's subscription to the *Terracottaville Times*, has been offered for the great potato-bug-picking contest—free to all—go as you please. A patch of potatoes has been planted on the grounds for the purpose, and left scrupulously unbugged for the purpose. The competitor picking the most bugs in half an hour will be adjudged the winner. A number of the most talented buggists in the Province will compete.

The great fried-liver-eating contest for a special prize and the liver championship of the Dominion, will be a highly enticing event. Among the competitors will be Prof. Zerubbabel Watkins, of St. John's Ward, Toronto, whose feats in liver consumption have long been the marvel of the *cognoscenti*, also Pete Flymoke, of New York, and Groggy Jake, of Hamilton.

Signor Mo Riarti, the great American stand-on-his-headist, has been secured. He will give each day an absolutely unique performance, remaining in an inverted position for a hour at a time and waving his feet fantastically in the air to the music of the band.

By the courtesy of the municipal authorities of Terracottaville, all the stray dogs captured during the exhibition will be publicly destroyed on the grounds, and any of the visitors will be permitted to give their assistance. This cannot fail to interest and impress the intelligent ruralist.

Farmers, catch on! More fun for less money than the Indians! A horse-race, a circus, a dime museum, and a dog fight combined—a lot of big pumpkins and fat cattle thrown in, and all for one quarter! Now's your chance. Embrace it if you would avoid a life-time of poignant regret.



The Seven Mules, Little 'Rastus and a Moral.—Puck.

## THE TORTOISE AND THE STREET-CAR.

A STREET-CAR was once Challenged to a race by a Tortoise. The Street-Car knowing its natural Slowness, determined to put forth all its Powers, but the Tortoise, relying on its Speed, lay down upon the track and went to sleep, whereupon the Street-Car, perceiving its Advantage, redoubled its efforts. The Tortoise, however, awakened when the Street-Car was nearing the End of the race and arrived first at the goal.

MORAL.—Though there be slow things in nature you can never be certain that you have found the Slowest.

## THE RAUGHTER.

A YOUNG man who at danger had laughed  
Once went out for a ride on a raughed,  
When the water was rough,  
And the wind did so pough,  
That everyone said he was daughed!

"THE soul is the body's guest." But not every body can be a host in itself.

"PUCK's" Midsummer Number, is as usual, a jim-dandy in the matter of typography and lithography. Among its varied contents is a short story entitled "Col. Brereton's Aunty," by H. C. Bunner, the first of a series to be published weekly throughout the summer, from this same clever pen.

LOTTIE HOWARD, of Buffalo, N.Y., was cured of sick headache, biliousness and general debility by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, which she praises highly.

The ballet girl arrested for vagrancy had no trouble in showing that she had visible means of support.

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.

QUIMBY—"How do you make your living?"

DR. PELLITZ—"By watching other liveres."

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.

If there were no such word as fail, Wall Street would soon invent one.

SICK Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, etc., are the results of disordered Stomach, and Biliary organs—regulate the trouble at once by a few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters.

EVERYBODY'S business is nobody's business except the busybody's.

#### 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.

THE divinity that ends our shapes is the modern tailor.

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.

NECESSARY to a choice—At least two men at a summer resort.

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.

Too many eye-openers are apt to make a man blind drunk.

"Yes, before he ran off with his creditor's money, Mr. Haffkost used to be an honest tiller of the soil."

"And now?"

"Now he's a *non est* soiler of the till."

BURDOCK Blood Bitters enter the circulation immediately to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, thus renovating and invigorating all the organs and tissues of the body.

ARTIST (boastfully)—"Oh, I can paint anything, sir, that you choose to bring me."

COUNTRYMAN (pointing to a drunkard reeling past)—"I'll bet ye can't paint that chap's red nose in water colors."

The artist admitted that he couldn't.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

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.

CLARA—"The summer is the time for castles in the air."

MAUD (who is going to Europe)—"Yes, and for heirs in the castles."

ALONZO HOWE, of Tweed, suffered thirty-five years with a bad fever sore. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, which he considers almost a miracle.

BLOCKS the Way—The Asphalters.

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.

ENDS in "smoke."—The Modern Dinner.

## 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 stiffing sensation after eating. I recommend ST. LEON.

W. HIGGINS,  
823 Queen West.

USE  
BOECKH'S  
STANDARD  
BRUSHES  
THEY  
ARE THE  
BEST



# 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

TRAMP (to farmer) — "Does this dog bite?"

FARMER — "Sometimes he does and sometimes he don't—it depends on whether he catches his man or not."



Steam Marble Works

MONUMENTS

In Native Granite and Foreign Marble.

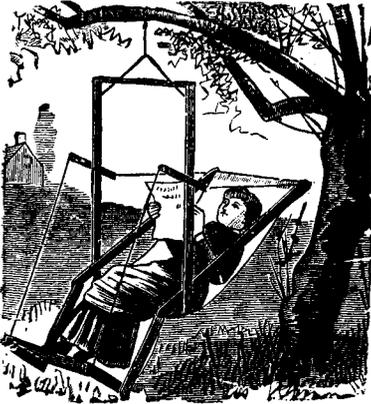
SELLING AT REDUCED PRICES.

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.

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, G.T.R. ticket office, corner King and Yonge streets, 20 York street, and on wharf and st. amer.

ON 40 DAYS' TRIAL THE GREAT SPIRAL TRUSS

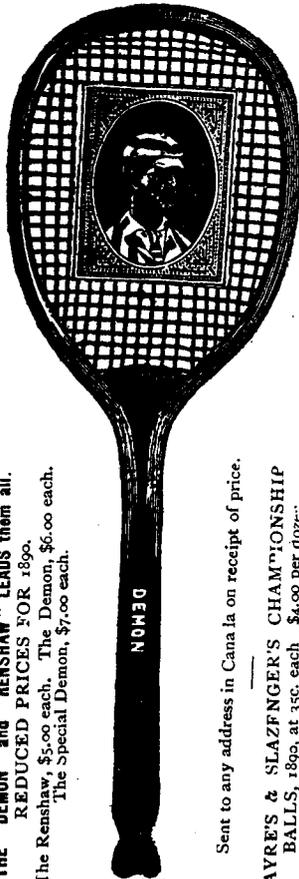
The Pad is different from all others. It closes tight as if your extended hand was drawn together and one finger pointed in the centre. Rugs, held positive day and night with the slightest pressure, and healed same as a broken leg. You will be allowed three exchanges during the 40 days. There is no duty to pay when received. It is the easiest, most durable, and cheap Truss. Sent by mail. Send stamp for illustrated book. CHAS. CLUTHE, Surgical Machinist, 134 King St. W., Toronto.



HIS DESSERT.

PAT—"And what have yez got fer me desart, Biddy darlint? Somethin' swate, ye know, to ate aafter me dinner."  
BIDDY—"Shure, there's the sugar in yer tay."

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



Siazengers 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.

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

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



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.

GOLDINGHAM & PAUW, Colborne Street, Toronto, Ont.

# Niagara River Line

In Connection with Vanderbilt System of Railways.

Double Trips Commencing Saturday, May 31.

## CIBOLA

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.



## 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.

## American Fair,

334 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

New arrivals — Most approved styles of Leather Music Rolls in Black and Tan color, elegant goods, 44c., worth \$1; 98c., worth \$2. Some novelties in Purses at one-half usual prices. We have the largest stock of purses in the Dominion at popular prices. Daisy Fly Killer makes quick work of the flies. We are the furnishing house for Tourists and Campers. All our goods first-class. Our motto is: "Best goods at cheapest possible prices." Store open Saturday evenings, and closes other evenings at six o'clock. Get our Price List and come and see us.

W. H. BENTLEY & CO.

### According to the ACTUARIES' REPORT:

The death claims in the General Section of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution in 1889 were \$350,250 against \$477,240 the table expectation, or 78 per cent. of actual to expected claims. In the Temperance Section the actual death claims were \$219,370, against \$279,580 expected, or 57 per cent. — *Insurance and Finance Chronicle, July 1st, '90.*

That is, mortality in the Temperance Section was 37 per cent. more favorable than in the General Section, although comparatively small in that section. Temperance men should insure in the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company, and get the full benefit of the much lower mortality that always and everywhere occurs amongst total abstainers.

## MISS YEALS' 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.

## 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. — *Le Follet.*  
Made only by the

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

## 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. BLOOM,** M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

## 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 Awers, 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. Margack, 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.



**A NEW SPECIES.**

"Bedad, Micky, and if here ain't a baste atin' hay wid its tail." "Whirra! whirra! What next?"

**\* 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,**  
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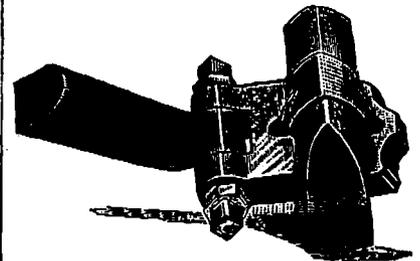
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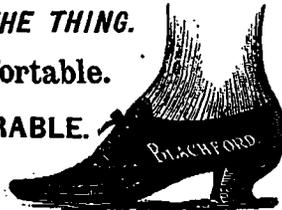
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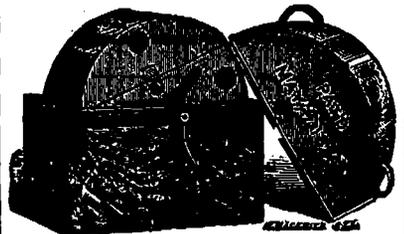
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