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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

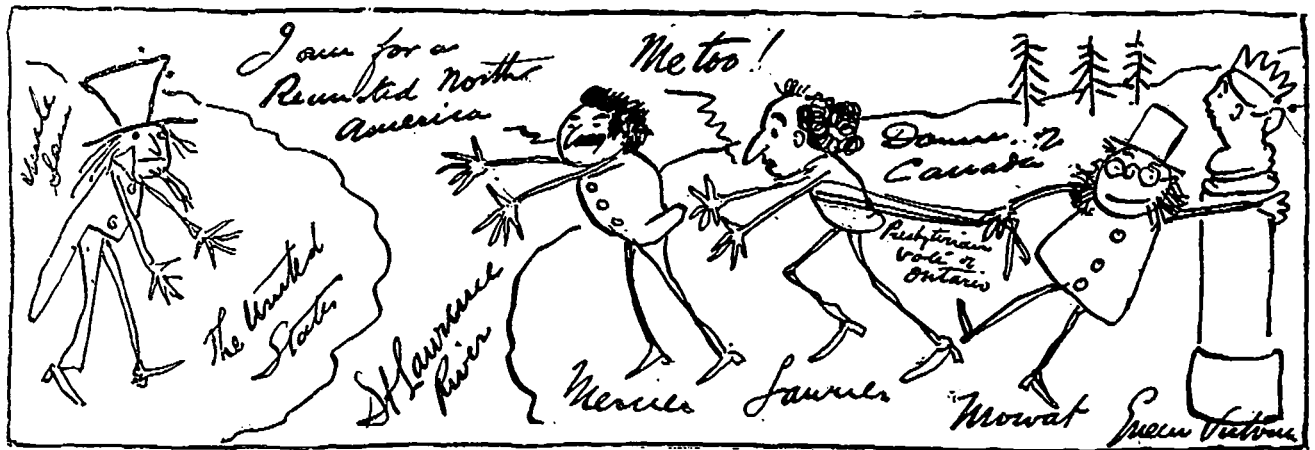
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No. 5.



THE "LEADER" OF FASHION,
LAVISHING HER AFFECTIONS UPON THE PUG, AND LEAVING HER CHILD TO THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE HIRED "HELP."



A CARTOON

DRAWN BY MR. F. W. GLEN OUT OF HIS OWN HEAD FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE UNITED STATES AS TO THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN CANADA.

Mr. Laurier is a sincere Republican and believes that the political re-union of the United States and Canada must, should, and will be consummated, and that such political re-union will promote and preserve the best and highest interests of the Canadian people. His spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Why? * * * * Mr. Laurier is a Liberal French Canadian Catholic. To maintain his leadership of the Liberal party in the Dominion Parliament, he requires the influence and support of Sir Oliver Mowat in Ontario. The Scotch Presbyterians in that province would not support him without Sir Oliver's endorsement.

Sir Oliver is the most powerful advocate in Canada of the *status quo* as well as the most powerful opponent of political re-union. His acceptance of knighthood was a political *mistake* and may cost him his supremacy at the next general election some time this year. His defeat would liberate Mr. Laurier from Presbyterian domination as leader of the party in the Parliament of Canada. Once relieved from Sir Oliver Mowat's dictation, Mr. Laurier no doubt would come forward with Mr. Mercier and demand the independence of Canada.—Vide F. W. Glen's letter in *N. Y. Sun*, Jan 11th.

MR. CORBETT, THE GENT WHO FIGHTS.

It is not to be denied, we suppose, that Mr. Corbett did a useful work in knocking out Mr. Mitchell. The latter was a person who talked a great deal with his mouth, and was disagreeable in many other ways, and a general sigh of relief went up when he fell with a dull and sickening thud at the persuasion of Mr. Corbett's awful fist. Yes, truly it *was* a useful work. But, looking at it in the light of this Nineteenth Century of Christian civilization; weighing it in the scales of the exact justice which demands a fair day's wages for a fair day's labor; placing it frankly side by side with contemporary work that is being done in other departments of human activity—was it really worth the \$50,000 and more that was paid for it? We do not wish in the least degree to disparage the excellent Mr. Corbett, nor

even to seem to speak slightly of a profession which is honored by the *Globe*, *Mail*, *Empire*, and all our other excellent family journals as entitled to a place in their department of "manly sport," but we would like to seriously press the question, Was not Mr. Corbett overpaid? Was he not at least *relatively* over-paid? It was, as we have frankly admitted, a good work to knock out Mr. Mitchell; but not better than to knock out Beelzebub, was it? And yet the average preacher who fights how earnestly soever in the effort to overcome this adversary, never—or hardly ever—gets as much as fifty thousand dollars in a whole year. The school teacher who fights round after round with Ignorance throughout a long and laborious life, is rarely able to leave so much money to his family; the editor, who devotes an earnest heart and brain to the work of knocking out Political Corruption—not for three short rounds aggregating nine minutes in length,—but from early manhood to decrepid old age, is but seldom rewarded with a purse of even half that amount. And we might go on through a long list of the workers who are in various lines doing work almost, if not quite, as useful and meritorious as Mr. Corbett's, but whose reward is beggarly as compared with his. Please understand once more that we are not disparaging Mr. Corbett in these remarks; but if that gentleman is all right, we have only to say that, in our humble judgement, there is something wrong with the civilization of the Nineteenth Century.

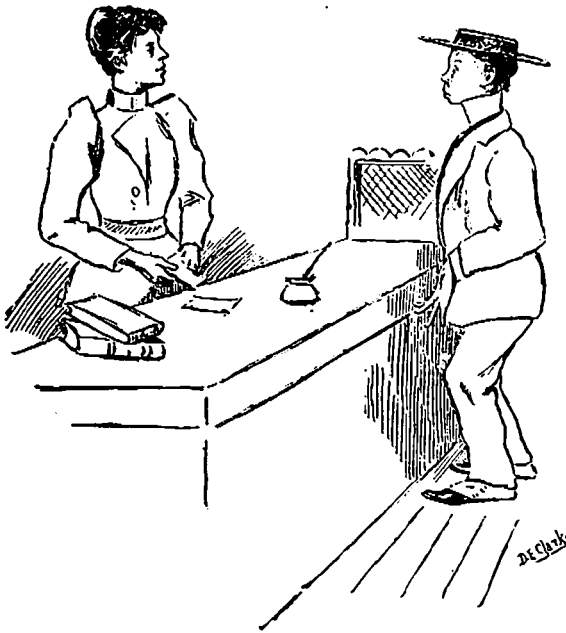
WHAT IS THE LANGUAGE COMING TO ?

THE latest fashionable news from 'ome is that the English tongue is improving greatly, not among the 'aristocracy but the aristocracy of fashion, the extremely toney. "Dook" is now the recognized pronunciation of Duke, and as a final letter is always dropped the phrase is "the dook is huntin', speakin' or shootin'." The adjective "ghastly" has taken the place of *very*, so that we of the upper class speak of the finest effort of the milliner as a ghastly fine 'at,—"ghastly charming, you know, but then anything becomes so ghastly pooty a girl as you, don't you know." Is it not time we had a new dictionary? We mention these changes in the language in hopes we may see them soon adopted in this up to date city of Toronto.



OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS

GETTING INTO THE HANG OF CIVILIZED GOVERNMENT.



AT THE BRANCH LIBRARY.

YOUTH.—“I want to get ‘Nana’ by Zola.”

ATTENDANT.—“I can’t let you have it.”

YOUTH.—“Why not? Isn’t it in?”

ATTENDANT.—“Yes, it’s in; but we are not supposed to give out such works to children under seventeen.”

[Collapse of Youth.]

MR. O’DAY’S CORRESPONDENCE.

The Hon. John Costigan, M.P., Secretary of State, Ottawa.

DEAR MISTER COSTIGAN,

Is it, “Didn’t yez do well?” ye ax. Why, yes, mighty well entirely. Yez did the dacint thing for Blake an’ Home Rule down at the capital. 15 hundred dollars is a snug little penny to get, an’ not to be sneezed at in these hard times. An’ considherin that it was the 3rd. or 4th. time that the hat (without a brick in it) was sint round for the same purpose, the min (an’ women) of Ottawa behaved like bricks, every wan av ’em. Blake—like the waiter—carries all before him wheriver he goes.

Wallace Clark’s subscripshun is a saycrit, av coorse,—an’ tell him, I’d burn like sealin’ wax to keep it, an’ that as far as I’m consarned, thare need be no fear av any disclosure. His hart was always in the right place. For although an Orangeman born, an’, as I’m tould, christened with Boyne wather, he has ever kept thrue to the principles av civil an’ Religious liberty. That is, since he has grown up an’ been on the look out for Number One. To be sure, in his younger days, whin he believed in the ould fallacy about brass money an’ wooden shoes, an’ the layginds about the Papishers an’ the Scarlet Woman—he might have shied a stone at a Catholic processhun, or yelled “To h-ll wid the Pope.” But his naturally good hart is no longer distorted by the airy prejudices av his youth. An’ now as I’ve said, wid Number One always close in view, and a sharp eye afther the main chance, he is prepared not only to consade to Papists thare Civil rights, but to patriotically sarve his country (at \$6,000 a year) undher wan av ’em, an’ give a helpin’ hand to Home Rule, without lettin’ his left hand know what his right hand is doin’. Why shouldn’t this good Orangeman have his lodge, an’ his 12th of July processhun, an’ his fifes and dhrums, an’ his harmless tunes of the Protestant Boys, if he finds his fun—and his pay in it? Shure nothin’ is nobler than to afford to others the manes of exercisin’ their vartues—and their wits,—an’ their

patriotism. An’ this brings me to your own case an’ what’s said about Costiganism. But space can’t be spared, and as the boy said to the doggie, when he lopped off his caudal appendage—I must curtail, until next week.

No. It was no intenshunal omisshun of the Green Linnet of Erin, in me remarks about fine birds. Thare is no comparison bechune that sweet songster av the grove an’ the Yallow Martin.

Tell Wallace not to spare the frankin’ privilege in sindin’ out the lodge litherature, an’ advisin’ the brethrin to keep their powdher dhry, an’ No Surrendher, an’

Believe me, yer thrue frind,

TIM O’DAY.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

II. THE FOXY COMMISSION.

THE Royal Commission of Foxes appointed by the King of Bamboozledom to gather information as to the feasibility of a law for the protection of the Sheep Folds, held a session at the Town of Humbug lately. The Proceedings were of a very Interesting Character and as much to the Purpose as any the Commissioners have hitherto held. The nett results of the Session are briefly summed up as follows: It was the unanimous opinion of the Sheep who were examined, that a law to exterminate Wolves would be a good thing, and could not fail to work Beneficially. The Wolves, whose opinions were elicited, expressed themselves as perfectly sure that such a Law would be foolish and could never be enforced. The Commissioners will report accordingly for the Information and Guidance of the King.

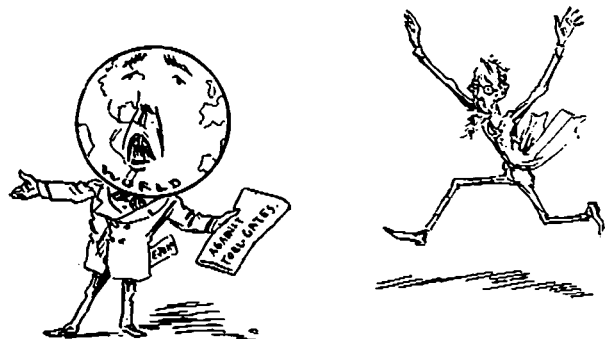
MORAL.—Royal Commissioners who receive \$17 per day each can afford to Indulge in a good deal of Foolery.

THE P.P.A. REMONSTRANCE WITH “GRIP.”

MR. GRIP,

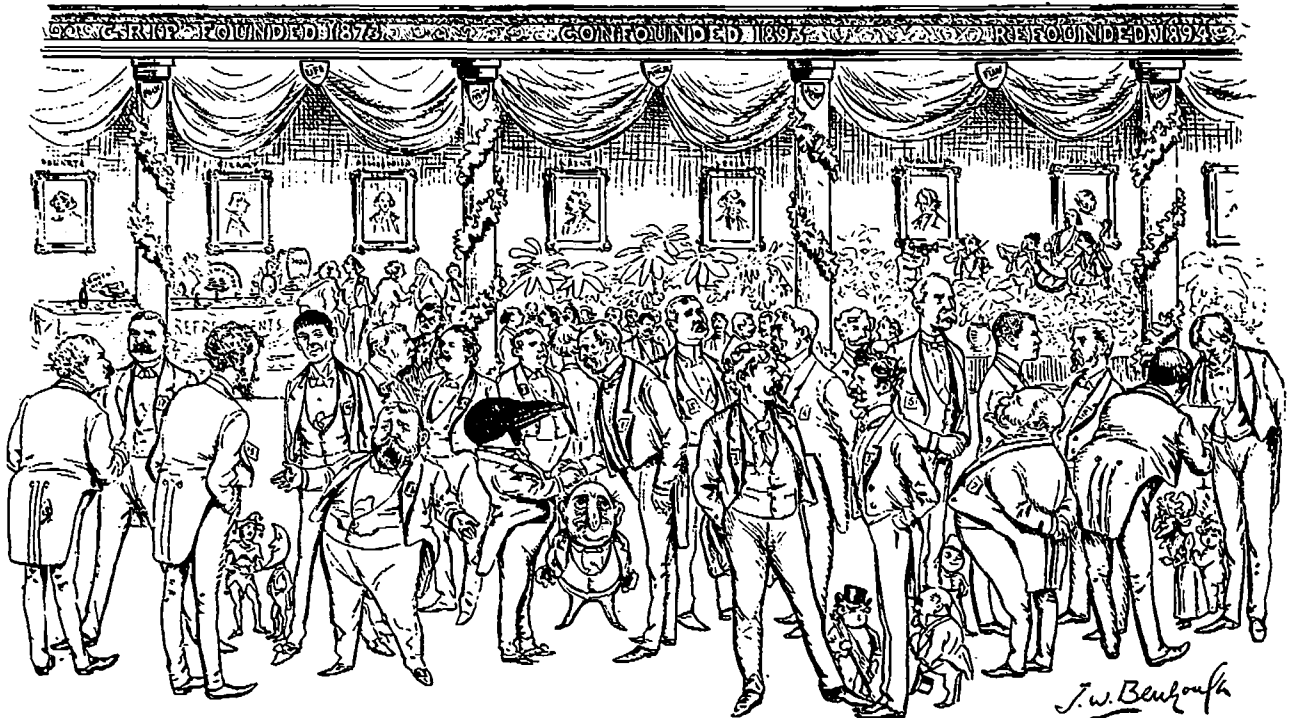
I WOULD ask you, in that spirit of fair play by which I know you are always actuated, to add the following to the lines under the above heading, in your last and oblige,—A P.P.A. Man.

Yes, there will be lots of fun,
Say the P. P. A. ;
When the elections are brought on,
Say the P. P. A. ;
Take the battles we have won,
And the men we’re going to run
We’ll poll every mother’s son
For the P. P. A. !



THE “WORLD” DENOUNCES TOLL-GATES.

FOSTER, (hurrying to the rescue)—“Good gracious, McLean! Stop! Stop!! Don’t you see that you are attacking the very foundation principle of the Protective system? Don’t you know that the Toll-gates promote the prosperity of Toronto just in the same way and for the same reason as the National Policy Tariff promotes the prosperity of the whole Dominion? Stop, man! You’re talking like a free trade heretic!!!”



MR. GRIP'S AT HOME.

GRAND RECEPTION OF CARICATURISTS IN HONOR OF HIS RE-APPEARANCE IN JOURNALISM.

As *Saturday Night* would say, "Among those present were noticed: 1. Sir John Tenniel, *Punch*; 2. Jos. Keppler, *Puck*; 3. Bernhard Gillam, *Judge*; 4. Geo. DuMaurier, *Punch*; 5. Baron C. DeGrimm, *Halle*; 6. Palmer Cox, of the *Brognies*; 7. Thos. Nast; 8. Wm. Parkinson, *Judy*; 9. C. D. Gibson, *Lift*; 10. A. M. Woolf, *Lift*; 11. Grant Hamilton, *Judge*; 12. Tom Merry, *Pall Mall Budget*; 13. Linley Sambourne, *Punch*; 14. Phil May; 15. Anton Oberlander, *Fliegende Blätter*; 16. Harry Furniss, *Punch*; 17. Gordon Thompson, *Pun*; 18. Alfred Bryan, *Moonshine*."

DILLY DALLEIGH.

DILLY Dalleigh, born to doubt,
Hesitate and wonder,
Surely he was singled out
To be Folly's plunder:

On the least enquiry:
First he wasn't—then he was,
Or, he doesn't—then he does,
That is Dilly Dalleigh.

When at school an urchin young
'Twas his forte to dawdle
With the feeble, faltering tongue
In his foolish noddle.
Could he work the rule of three?
First he couldn't—then he could,
Or he wouldn't, then he would,
That was Dilly Dalleigh.

Later on when Jenny fair
Caught his heart and bound it
With the tresses of her hair,
Then sweet Susan found it.
Would he love them equally?
First he wouldn't, then he would,
Or he shouldn't—then he should,
That was Dilly Dalleigh.

And to-day, no longer young,
'Tis his forte to dawdle
With the feeble, faltering tongue
In his foolish noddle.
On the least enquiry—
First he wasn't—then he was,
Or, he doesn't—then he does,
That is Dilly Dalleigh.

Thus, in summing up his creed,
He can never tell you
If to Heaven he gives heed,
And believes in Hell too.

Can he see his destiny?
First, he can—and then he can't,
Or he shall—and then he shan't—
Silly Dilly Dalleigh!

Jas. C. McNally.

SARKASSUM.

AS represented in a little sketch in the present number, the Hamilton City Council for 1894 is composed of sixteen Conservatives and five Liberals. That is to say, the aldermen are so rated in the Political Bradstreet, though as members of the Council Board they are not supposed to have any politics. It was indeed a particularly loud declaration on the part of the new men that "party politics" would be a thing unknown in the present Council, and it was probably a mere coincidence, therefore, that when the striking committee for the year was proposed lately, it happened to contain gentlemen of Conservative color exclusively. One of the five Liberals called attention to this in a casual way, and moved for the substitution of a Liberal for one of the Conservatives, to save the non-partizan character of the Council just a little; but this motion was instantly opposed by another of the noble five. "I am in favor of the original motion," said this member. "We want no party politics here, and as the committee as proposed is composed of seven unadulterated Conservatives, and is pure Tory from head to heel, it cannot possibly be open to the reproach of being mixed up with political parties." This settled it, of course.

By the daily papers we learn that Mr. David Boyle Aztecan some pains to secure for the Museum of Archaeology a number of valuable specimens from Mexico. As they are made from stone, they are doubtless of Chipaway origin.



AN OBJECT LESSON.

SIR RICHARD: "My good man, I wish to purchase your Clothes and give you a new Suit. I purpose emulating the example of Mr. Simpson* and displaying them in the House as an object lesson of the Failure of Protection to help the Canadian Workingman."

WAYFARER: "All right, Guv'nor, yer can 'ave the togs fast enough, and cheap, too; but look-a-'ere, I a'int no bloomin' Canadian Workin'man, I've just landed from Free Trade England!"

*Mr. Simpson, a member of Congress, lately illustrated a speech against the Tariff by displaying a suit of ragged clothes he had purchased from a poor farmer in the Washington market place.

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



SIGNOR F. H. TORRINGTONI.

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

Tom Scroggins was an artless dude, who travelled on his shape;
 With trousers wide, and a ten pound club, and a mouth forever agape.
 He had a tiny property, enough to buy his coats,
 'Twas left him by an ancestor, who lived by shaving notes.

This youngster had a weakness, which all his friends did vex,
 He went to pieces when he struck one of the angel sex.
 Such fires of love unquenchable within his bosom raged;
 He fell in love with every one, and always got engaged.

He tried his luck with all of them, from fifty to fifteen.
 So constant an admirer of the fair was never seen.
 And, tho' some of them of course declined to be his "only dear,"
 His general percentage was about twelve girls a year.

He was promised to "the hired gal," he was plighted to the cook,
 Who clung to him like forty buns, declining to be "shook."
 He asked the widow lady who washed his shirts and socks,
 To lean upon his manly breast secure from all life's shocks.

He had to pledge his "ticker" to get the where withal
 To take young ladies driving, or escort them to a ball.
 His engagement rings were costing twice his income every year,
 He had to stop his smoking, and shut down on his beer.

He thought to travel far away, unto the setting sun,
 Where human foot had seldom trod, and ladies there were none.
 He sought the "wild and woolly west," and wrote home to his "maw,"
 That he had met his fate at last in a lovely Pawnee squaw!

Besieged for "breach of promise," he fled his native land,
 And went to hunt for elephants, o'er Afric's burning sand.
 And when the last of Thomas his afflicted friends did see,
 He was walking arm in arm with a fair young Chimpanzee!

Reginald Gourlay.

STEADY THERE!

STEAD, the London editor, is said to have said that the Governor General said he was going to reform the corrupt Government of Canada. Who said to Stead what he said? And was it Julia said? or was it some other un-Steady medium in-Stead said?

A DOUBLE SUICIDE.

Augustus and Alicia quarrelled. It was dreadful. They bade adieu for ever. Augustus drowned himself in drink and Alicia in tears. Alas!

What do you think of this weather, Bobby? I think (teeth chattering) it is very ni-ni-ni-Icc.

GERTIE GUSHBY.—"O, Capting Boots, I so weally love the army, Salvation and Wegulars.

LIEUT. BOOTS (of the Regulars)—"O, Ah, Yes, Er, 'pon my soul!"

CHAPPY.—Clevah girl, Belinda. I called last night about 10 o'clock and as soon as she knew it was me she began warbling "too late! too late! you cannot enter now," don't you know!"

PULPIT WIT.

"THIS being our Educational Sunday, it is, as you are aware, our custom to take up a special collection in aid of the Educational Fund of the church," said the Rev. Mr. Maxwell to his congregation. "Envelopes have been placed in the pews," he went on, "for the convenience of those who may wish to subscribe; they have not been placed there to be sat upon."



ANOTHER LIE NAILED!

REV. MR. STRAIGHTLEY.—I'm grieved to hear that you attended the theatre recently, Mrs. Wesley, and witnessed the performance of what is called a roaring farce. I was quite shocked at the report!

MRS. WESLEY.—It's all a cruel slander, Mr. Straightley. It was not at the theatre, it was Association Hall; and there was no company, but only one man performing; and he was in full dress, not in costume; and it wasn't a roaring farce, but a standard comedy.

REV. MR. STRAIGHTLEY.—Thank goodness, Mrs. Wesley, you relieve me so much! I went to hear Mr. Leland Powers myself. Wasn't he splendid?

WHY is electricity like the police when wanted? Because it is an invisible force.

CRADLE SONG.

A lovely maid in hammock swung,
She was debonaire and young,
(*Tip 'er airy*)
Loose her curls blew on the breeze,
Said I, "If I do not tease
Tell me your name and country, please,"
(*Tip 'er airy.*)

"Sir," she said in accents meek,
"I will tell you what you seek"
(*Tip 'er airy*)
"I'm of the family of Carey,
And my criss'en name is Mary,
And my country ain't no prairie.
But Tipperary.

THE EDITORIAL "WE" AGAIN.

THE Toronto *Imprint* takes the following from *The Christian Guardian* - "We take the following from the *North Western Christian Advocate*: "We clip the following from the *Christian Guardian* of Toronto, Canada: The *Farm Implement News*, published at Chicago, says: (and then follows a paragraph about our honored citizen, Mr. Massey, of the Massey-Harris Co.) What we want to remark is that such an introductory sentence is enough to give the Gentle Reader an attack of jim-jams.

TECHNICALITIES.

A RAW Irishman, new to the ways of this country, went out to the bush with his boss for the purpose of cutting cordwood. "Blamed if I haven't forgot the canthook! Run back to the barn and get it, Pat," said the farmer. Pat departed at once, scratching his head, but too proud to confess his ignorance of the article wanted. "What in the name of Bryan Boru is a can't-hook, I dunno?" he soliloquized. In about half an hour he returned driving a muley cow. "Sure, sor, this is the only wan I cud foind," said he, in answer to the gaping astonishment of his employer. The narrative ends just here.
Harry Stewart.

DE PHILOSOPHY OB DE SITUATION.

CÆSAR: "What am de matter, 'Rastus?"
'RASTUS: "Matter 'nough, Casar. Dat prohibition measure hab carried, and we can't hab nuffin but sof' stuff at our celebration 'Mancipation Day."
G.: "Rats, dar! I tell you, 'Rastus, you're way off."

R.: "What's dat, niggah?"
C.: "Yes, 'Rastus, you unconsiable ignoramus dat you is; you don' comprestan' politics. See here, de plebiscot am carried, to be suah, but dat don' count for nuffin'. Now ole Sah Oliver, he say, 'Now am de time for Sah John Thompson to ac'; and Sah John, he say, 'Now it am fo' ole Mowat to make a move,' and atween de two de mattah drap,—see 'Rastus? You need'nt cry 'bout dat yit a while."

ANOTHER HEELAN' GREETING.

(*Received last week with subscription enclosed.*)

PARRY SOUND, near Dail-na-ceardach.
20th JANUARY, 1894.

MY TEER MUSTER GRUP,

I WAS unclose you in two dollars, for be shure an' come an' see me effery week 'till my money is gone, an' my credit is no more. My goash, old fallow, (excuse me, I was mean

no profanity), but I was awful glad to find you sittin on my table when I was come home the other few days before. An', as my red headed neebor', John Thomson, up here says, "to be shure I was glad." Man I come ferry near callin' in my frien', John McEachern, so Kursty would pring in the bottle, an' see if there was nossing left in it since Council Election day. But I took a second sought, for Kursty is like yourself' on the bottle. An' she often says bottles is alright for holding catshoop, whatefer, but she says it was the bad husky they put in the bottles that bothered me an' my brother Rotherick, an' fourteen more of us. When she was want us to fote for Muster Blebuscoot, first before the crooket eyed sing that was run for Mayor.

Well, I told her, Kursty, to come in an' see you. You was so round, red, an' rosey, again. We both said, maybe it was goot for some to die—for a short time, so that they would know how many friens they had; and maybe it was better for some if they were to die young and for effer. But we hope you will stay wiss us as long as any bird, in Canada, an' twice as more as any in Muskoka. CRAG-NA-FITHEACH.



SHAME! SHAME! SHAME!

MISS ONTARIO: "And what is this poor old creature imprisoned for?"

SIR OLIVER: "He isn't a prisoner, madam; that is to say, he isn't a *criminal*. It is the practice of our county authorities, you know, to dispose of their aged poor by sending them to jail and clothing them in prison garb."

MISS ONTARIO: "And *you* permit such outrages and pass no laws to prohibit them? I agree with your Inspector of Prisons,* that such a system is inhuman, unchristian and unpatriotic!"

*Referring to this blot upon our county municipal system, the Inspector of Prisons for Ontario, in his annual report for 1891, makes use of the following vigorous language, which, to our mind, is not at all too severe:

"It is a disgrace to the people of this Province to allow their aged poor, who have committed no crime against the laws of the land, to be incarcerated within prison walls, clothed in the distinguishing garb of prison criminals. In most cases these people have lived honest and respectable lives, and, perhaps, have reared and educated large families, but from circumstances over which they had no control, have lost children, property and health. It is inhuman, unchristian and unpatriotic, and should be prevented by the most stringent legislation, if not immediately remedied by the authorities of the various counties."



FAMILY LITERATURE.

MR. HOMESPUN (reading from his family journal).—“Then Jim rushed at Mitchell and smashed him right and left—”

MRS. HOMESPUN.—“The brutes, they ought both to be killed. It’s perfectly horrible! Go on, John, what did he do next?”

WHAT’S IN A NAME?

My first half is Mad—
And that’s rather bad—
My second is Ill—
And that rhymes with kill;—
My whole, you would say, is enough to kill dead
An Order that has such a name for its Head

FOR THE NEXT DICTIONARY.

AD-AGE—To grow old; A-DIEW—A Hebrew; AD-MIRE—To get dirtier; AL-LOT—A great deal; BAGG-AGE The age of a bag; BREAK-FAST—To break quickly; BRIG-ADE—Succor for a brig.

MEM FOR STEAD.—When do two and two not make four? When they stand for 22.

WANTED?—A pair of scissors to cut a caper!

EPITAPH ON A PORTRAIT PAINTER.—Taken from life!

IDENTIFIED AT LAST!

AN account is going the rounds of a printer named J. A. Purdon who has been for fifty three years working at the same case in the same printing office in a little town over in New York State. This must be the party whom we have so long heard of under the name of Job Printing.

BIG THINGS FOR THE CITY.—Judge McDougall has done a big thing for the city in deciding that the Gas Company must pay taxes on \$500,000 additional on its mains. But a Biggar thing re-mains in the appointment of City Solicitor.

THE WIFE’S QUESTION ANSWERED.—“How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?” asked an amiable wife of her husband. “Until he got a wife,” was the calm reply.

Mrs. Partington is horrified to hear that French dancing girls execute their *grand pas* on the stage, with all the people looking at ’em and applauding of ’em, too.

HUMORS OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

FOR MASONS ONLY.—Col. Gibson, the Provincial Secretary, being the Grand Master, it is claimed by the Craft that the office where he sits is rightly situated in the East wing.

TRUE DELICACY.—A letter was received the other day at the office of the Inspector of Division Courts, addressed to Mr. Richard, inspector. It was a complaint from a lady correspondent, who, to shew her extreme politeness, thus addressed Mr. Dickey.

HAIRY PERSIFLAGE.—Two prominent officials in a department in the east wing, one of whom has grey hair and the other, though just as old a man, has hair that looks suspiciously black, had an altercation, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his gray-haired friend: “A person at your time of life, sir, (*looking at the other’s grey head*), ought to have had a long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases.” “Yes, sir,” was the reply, “you may stare at my grey hair, if you like,—my hair will be grey as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you dye!”

NO GO IN HIM.

1st GRIT: “What a pity the Tories can say such a thing about Sir Oliver;—and the worst of it is that it is quite true!”

2nd GRIT (in great alarm): “Eh! What?”

1st GRIT (complacently): “That there’s no go in him!”

HIS AWFUL EYE.—Major L. travelled a great deal in his younger days and is full of anecdotes of his adventures. “When I was once in danger from a tiger,” he told a number of listeners the other day, at the lunch table, “I tried sitting down and staring at him, as I had no weapon.”

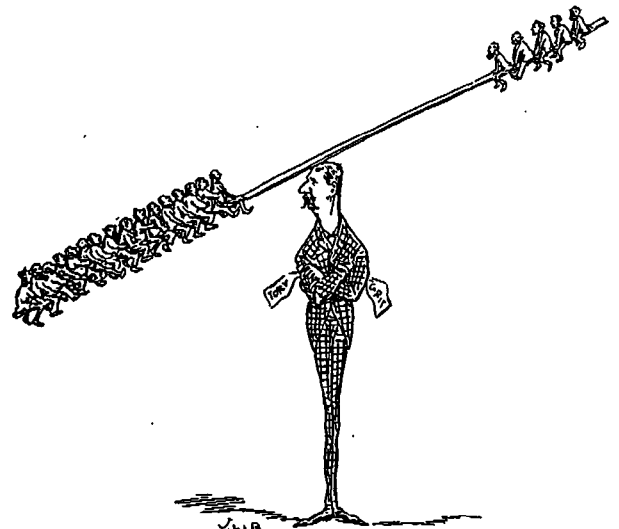
“How did it work?” asked one.

“Perfectly,” replied the imperturbable Major, “the tiger did not even offer to touch me.”

“Strange! very strange! How do you account for it?”

“Well, sometimes I have thought that it was because I sat on a high branch of a very tall tree.”

FISHY.—“That was a horrible affair,” (said an official in a group, who were ascending the elevator on Monday morning)—“the murder of Dean, and the sealing of his remains in a tin box!” “What Dean?” asked half a dozen voices at once. “Sar Dean”—replied the wag, and the elevator man fell into a corner with a dull thud.



HAMILTON CITY COUNCIL.

THE BALANCE OF PARTIES THEREIN. FOR ONCE THE GRITS ARE IN THE ASCENDANT!

JANUARY CARICATURES.

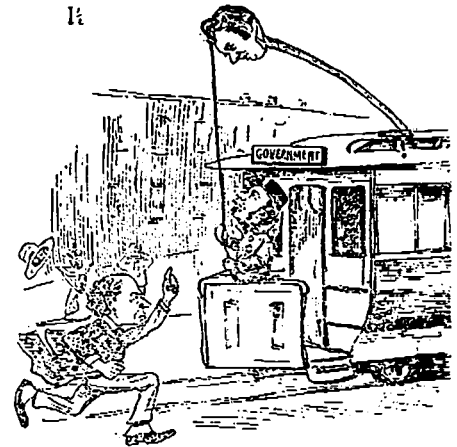
Supplement to "GRIP," February 3rd, 1894.



RELIEF AT HAND.

—Fuch.

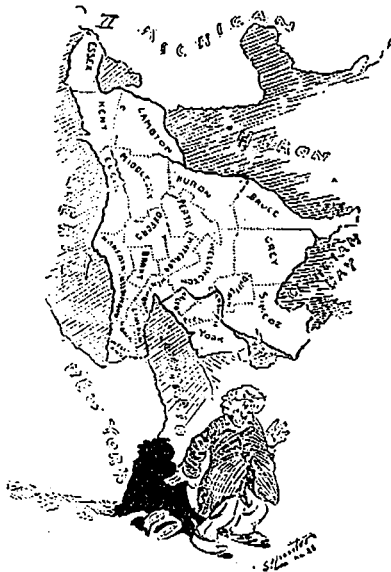
PUBLIC SENTIMENT WIRE.



CONDUCTOR M'CARTHY.—"Supposin' I keeps the trolley away from the wire, why then, will that bloke Laurier get onto the car?"—*Toronto Telegram.*

THE ANGRY ELEPHANT.

[See Map as to correctness of Geographical Outline.]



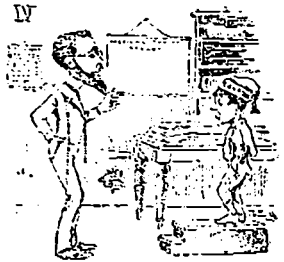
Sir Oliver has already been thrown from its back—(Bruce and Lambton.) It now looks as though it would finally crush him.

—*Toronto World.*



THE DANCE ROUND THE GOLDEN CALF.

—*Melbourne Beacon.*



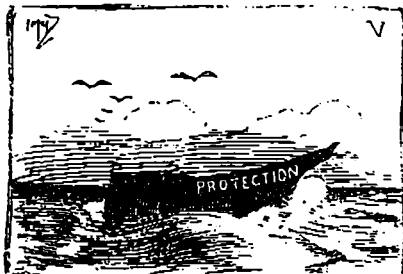
HON. GEO. E. FOSTER—"Say, you young Canadian, I can't cut a tariff to fit you until I get the new fashion plates from Washington."—*London Times.*



THE INCOME TAX WILL NOT HURT THE SKELETON OF AMERICAN LABOR.

WORKINGMAN—"Say, boss, how's this tax on incomes goin' to affect us working-men?"

GROVER—"Not at all, sir; not at all! You won't have any income to be taxed. No income—no tax. Beautiful system! Catches me heavy though."—*The Commercial, Louisville.*



A DERELICT.

—*Melbourne Beacon.*

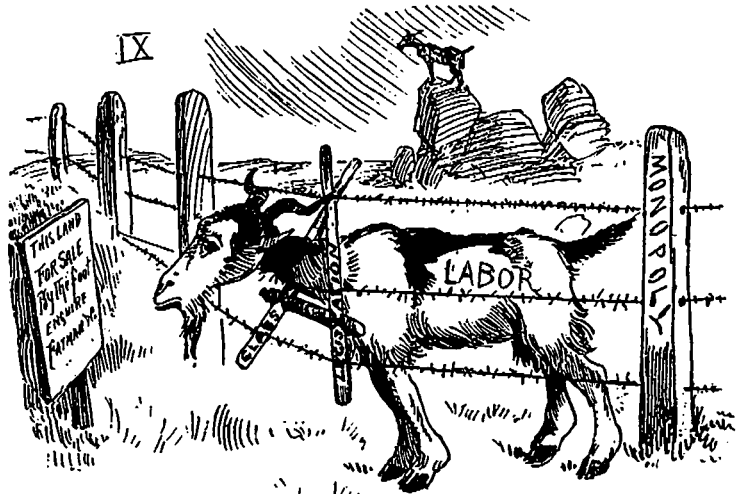


A DANGEROUS PLAY-FELLOW—A FRIENDLY CAUTION TO FRANCE.

—*Sydney Bulletin.*



The Great American Talking Machine by which the minority can kill off the majority.—*Ulk, Berlin.*



A GLIMPSE OF THE PROMISED LAND.

—*Sydney Bulletin.*



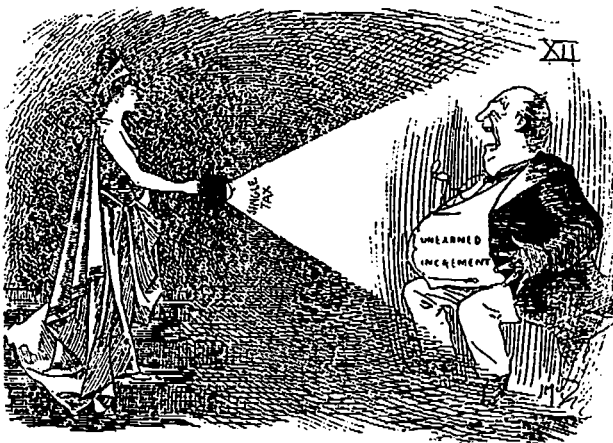
THE OUTCOME OF THE INCOME TAX.

Judging by past experience, if Uncle Sam should try to cover the deficiency in the treasury with a tax on private incomes, his own public income would disappoint him, and he would have his labor for his pains.—*Boston Globe.*



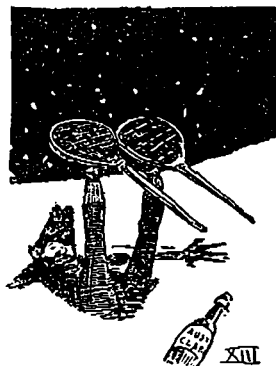
THE NEW DON QUIXOTE.

Volkzeitung, New York.



THE FAT MAN'S HORROR.

—*Melbourne Beacon.*



RECIPROCITY WITH A VENGEANCE.

Mr. F. W. WARD Says: A small market may be found in Canada for Australian wines.

AND in Australia for Canadian whiskey.

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

XIV



SIR OLIVER'S NEW NIGHTMARE.

—Montreal Star.



ONTARIO'S ANSWER.

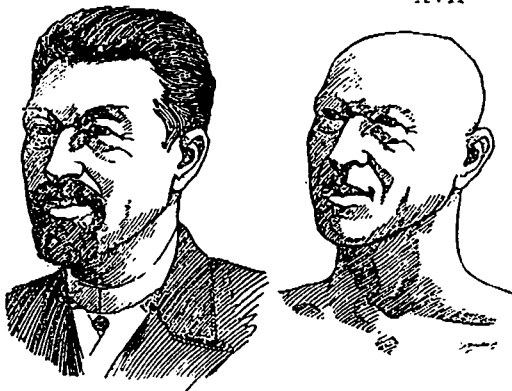
SIR OLIVER: "Dear, me! I had no idea it was going to be such a storm. Where in the world can I take refuge now?"—Toronto Star.



THE "GIANT" DRINK.

Templar, Hamilton.

XVII



IMPROVED VS. UNIMPROVED VALUE.

"Our Artist's attempt to enlighten Mr. Patterson."—Melbourne Beacon.



THE SPAN OF LIFE.

"Hurry up, there! We can't stand it much longer."

—Halle, New York.

XIX



POLITICAL CATALEPSY.

—Sydney Bulletin.



THE PAUPER AND HIS GUARDIAN

—From Brotherhood, London

XXI.



1893.

THE MELANCHOLY RETREAT FROM HAWAII.

(SOMEWHAT AFTER MEISSONIER.)

—Morning Advertiser, New York.

JANUARY CARICATURES

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

No. 1. "RELIEF AT HAND."—*Puck*. Drawn by Dalrymple. The Wilson Bill, now being debated in the American Congress, is in the direction of a lowering of the McKinley Tariff, and for that reason will, in *Puck's* opinion, bring much needed relief to the workers of the United States. *Puck* is not a believer in the possibility of protecting labor by means of a high tariff.

No. 14. "THE POLITICAL TROLLEY."—*Toronto Telegram*. Artist Unknown. The influence of the McCarthy movement is chiefly against the Thompson Government, and consequently favorable to the Dominion opposition. McCarthy may be the means of helping the Liberals to office, though he bears them no particular good will.

No. 2. "THE ANGRY ELEPHANT."—*Toronto World*. Drawn by Sam Hunter. A very ingenious idea well worked out. To see the accuracy of the map outline the picture must be held sideways. The political application is sufficiently clear.

No. 3. "THE DANCE AROUND THE GOLDEN CALF."—*Melbourne Beacon*. Drawn by J. McDonald. The Colony of Victoria, Australia, is under a Protective Policy, a system which the *Beacon* seems to regard as a mere superstition, which is based upon Land Monopoly, and does not work in the interest of the working classes.

No. 4. "U. S. FASHION PLATES WANTED."—*London Advertiser*. Drawn by Buckton Nendick. The Government at Ottawa is postponing action in regard to the Canadian Tariff until the fate of the Wilson Bill at Ottawa is known.

No. 5. "A DERELICT."—*Melbourne Beacon*. Drawn by J. McDonald. A delicate intimation that in the *Beacon's* opinion Protection is a battered wreck, which is fast going to pieces.

No. 6. "A DANGEROUS PLAY-FELLOW."—*Sydney Bulletin*. Drawn by Livingstone Hopkins. Apropos of the new treaty between France and Russia. An insinuation that the Bear may in that connection "take in" Froggy.

No. 7. "THE INCOME TAX."—*Louisville Commercial*. Drawn by Geo. Kerr. The present American Administration favors the imposition of an income tax as a revenue measure. The artist brings out the contrast in the financial condition of the American workingman and the well placed politician at the present moment.

No. 8. "THE TALKING MACHINE."—*Ulk*, Berlin. Artist unknown. Apropos of the late debate on the Silver Question in the American Senate, when certain of the filibustering Silver Senators spoke for hours at a stretch.

No. 9. "A GLIMPSE OF THE PROMISED LAND."—*Sydney Bulletin*. Drawn by L. Hopkins. The *Bulletin* favors the Land Tax, by which land monopoly would be destroyed. This is not the Single Tax, as the Land Tax party would levy other taxes as well. Land Monopoly is personified by the Australian caricaturist as "Mr. Fatman."

No. 10. "THE OUTCOME OF THE INCOME TAX."—*Boston Globe*. Drawn by Sweeney ("Boz"). It will prove practically impossible to collect an income tax from the millionaires.

No. 11. "NEW DON QUIXOTE."—*Volkzeitung*, New York. Artist unknown. Expressive of the desperate but apparently hopeless fight which is being waged against Socialism, etc., in Europe.

No. 12. "THE FAT MAN'S HOROR."—*Melbourne Beacon*. Drawn by J. McDonald. The Single Tax, which would divert ground rent into the public till, is, of course, something that does not approve itself to the man who lives on ground rent.

No. 13. "RECIPROCITY WITH A VENGEANCE."—*Sydney Bulletin*. Drawn by L. Hopkins. Apropos of Hon. Mr. Bowell's recent visit to Australia, some business might be done, the artist thinks, in exchanging Australian wine for Canadian Whiskey.

No. 14. "SIR OLIVER'S NEW NIGHTMARE."—*Montreal Star*. Drawn by J. W. Bengough. The Protestant Protective Association (P.P.A.) has suddenly become a power in Ontario politics, and is very disturbing to the Ontario Government.

No. 15. "ONTARIO'S ANSWER."—*Toronto Star*. Drawn by J. W. Bengough. The result of the Plebiscite vote in Ontario on January 1st was an emphatic "Yes," in answer to the Government's question, "Do you want a law prohibiting the liquor traffic?"

No. 16. "THE GIANT DRINK."—*Templar*, Hamilton. Drawn by Sam Hunter. The liquor trade is a great political power and as such controls the leaders of all political parties.

No. 17. "IMPROVED VS. UNIMPROVED VALUE."—*Melbourne Beacon*. Drawn by J. McDonald. Mr. Patterson, a political leader of Victoria, in replying to the Single Tax argument, urges the difficulty of distinguishing the improved from the unimproved value of land. The artist endeavors to make it plain by showing the difference between the "Improved" and "Unimproved" Patterson.

No. 18. "THE SPAN OF LIFE."—*Hallo*, New York. Drawn by C. de Grimm. Illustrating the desperate condition of labor at present, between the McKinley Bill and the Wilson Bill. The idea is borrowed from a well-known theatrical poster.

No. 19. "POLITICAL CATALEPSY."—*Sydney Bulletin*. Drawn by L. Hopkins. Illustrating the fact that the labor party of New South Wales has come under the influence of the caucus of the Free Trade party, and been robbed of its independence.

No. 20. "INTO THE WRONG MOUTH."—*Brotherhood*, London, England. Drawn by "Cynicus." Much of the charity intended for the poor of the British workhouses is appropriated by the guardians of the paupers.

No. 21. "1893."—*Morning Advertiser*, New York. Drawn by T. Fleming. Cleveland has withdrawn from the attempt to replace Lilioukalani on the Hawaiian throne.

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PRESS COMMENTS.

THE revival of "Grip"—that is, Bengough's GRIP—is like the return of an old friend. There is much in it that reminds us of its former self in its palmy days.—Barrie Examiner.

GRIP—Canada's comic paper is again afloat with Mr. J. W. Bengough at the rudder. It is a beauty, chuck full of good grub, and we join in wishing it a pleasant and prosperous voyage.—Granby Gazette.

WE welcome once more the sprightly GRIP, of Toronto, after a brief suspension. The original founder, Mr. Bengough, is noticeable in its pages, hence its successful publication is assured.—Colborne Express.

CANADIANS generally will be glad to welcome the re-appearance of GRIP under its old editorship, and with every promise of having come to stay. We believe there is room in Canada for one good, thoroughly independent, fearless, cartoon publication, and Mr. Bengough is just the man to supply it.—Orillia Times.

OUR sanctum was enlightened last week by GRIP, whose expected revival we announced in those columns a short time ago. The issue before us possesses all the old time vigor and cleverness of its talented founder. The new GRIP promises to find a vastly increased circle of friends, who will cordially welcome its reappearance.—Hastings Star.

SOME clever and ably illustrated verses pleasantly satirising the Delsarte movement and written and pictorially explained by Mr. J. W. Bengough, are also admirable examples of the editor, in his dual capacity. The chief cartoon is also clever and thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Bengough's attitude, as an advanced Temperance advocate. The revived venture well deserves to achieve a pronounced success.—Vancouver News.

GRIP is alive again and as wide-awake as ever. Mr. Bengough is our most genial satirist. There is no malice in his mirth. The only thing he is really hard on is the liquor traffic. GRIP will be a clean, wide-awake paper, and will give a current, humorous history of the times. In this way it is an education for its readers young and old. We wish it every success.—Onward, Toronto.

THE first two numbers of Canada's funny paper GRIP, which has been revived by the Phoenix Publishing Co. and its original founder, Mr. J. W. Bengough, have been received, and like an old friend, we welcome it back to our sanctum. If the first copies be a fair index, we think GRIP bids fair to regain its aforesaid popularity in the Dominion. We wish the raven unbounded success.—Carleton Place Herald.

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THE young gentlemen who is represented in the accompanying cut as standing around in a promiscuous and non-chalant way is Mr. Herbert Lake, the dentist. It is not often he can be caught "standing at ease," as he is generally as busy as a nailer at his dental parlors, cor. Queen & McCaul, attending to the wants of his suffering fellow creatures who have a preference for Dentists who understand their business thoroughly. Apart from his profession, in which he ranks high, Mr. Lake is a popular man in society.

Mr. J. H. McCLELLAN of Brantford is authorized to act as travelling agent for GRIP in Western Ontario, and to make collections, take orders, and make advertising contracts.

MR. GEO. W. LIDDELL, 40 1/2 Victoria Square, Montreal, is the duly accredited advertising agent for GRIP in Montreal, and is authorized to make contracts for us.

YOUNG CANADA ABROAD.

THERE is quite a Colony of Canadian artists in New York, bright young fellows who are bound to arrive at or near the top of the profession in due course. Just at this moment we recall the names of D. McKellar, Chas. Broughton, William Bengough, F. S. Coburn, Charles Jefferys and John Willing. All except the last named are contributors to the art departments of the magazines and weekly journals, comic and otherwise. GRIP hopes to be favored from time to time by their clever pencils. Already he has given his readers a taste of the quality of Messrs. Jefferys and Coburn. The former is a comic artist of pronounced genius, though too modest by half. His sketches in our last number may be identified as the unsigned ones. Mr. Coburn is an illustrator who is going to give Gibson and the other big New York wells a hard tussle for the top place before long. The excellent half-page society picture in GRIP was a splendid piece of work, but it will be surpassed by his future contributions to these pages. He is our coming Du Maurier.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE next entertainment in the Y. M. C. A. course will be given on the evening of Feb. 6th, by the Temple Male Quartette, of Boston. An excellent musical organization, assisted by Miss Grace Eldridge, reader.

REV. ROBERT NOURSE, of Washington, will follow on Feb. 20. Those who remember this Orator's great lecture on "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will be glad to hear him on "John Bull and Jonathan"

BILL NYE's bald head will illuminate the Pavilion with its intellectual effulgence on the evening of September 7.

Mr. J. W. BENGOUGH, will give an entertainment at Association Hall on the evening of Thursday 22nd Feb., presenting a new and taking programme.

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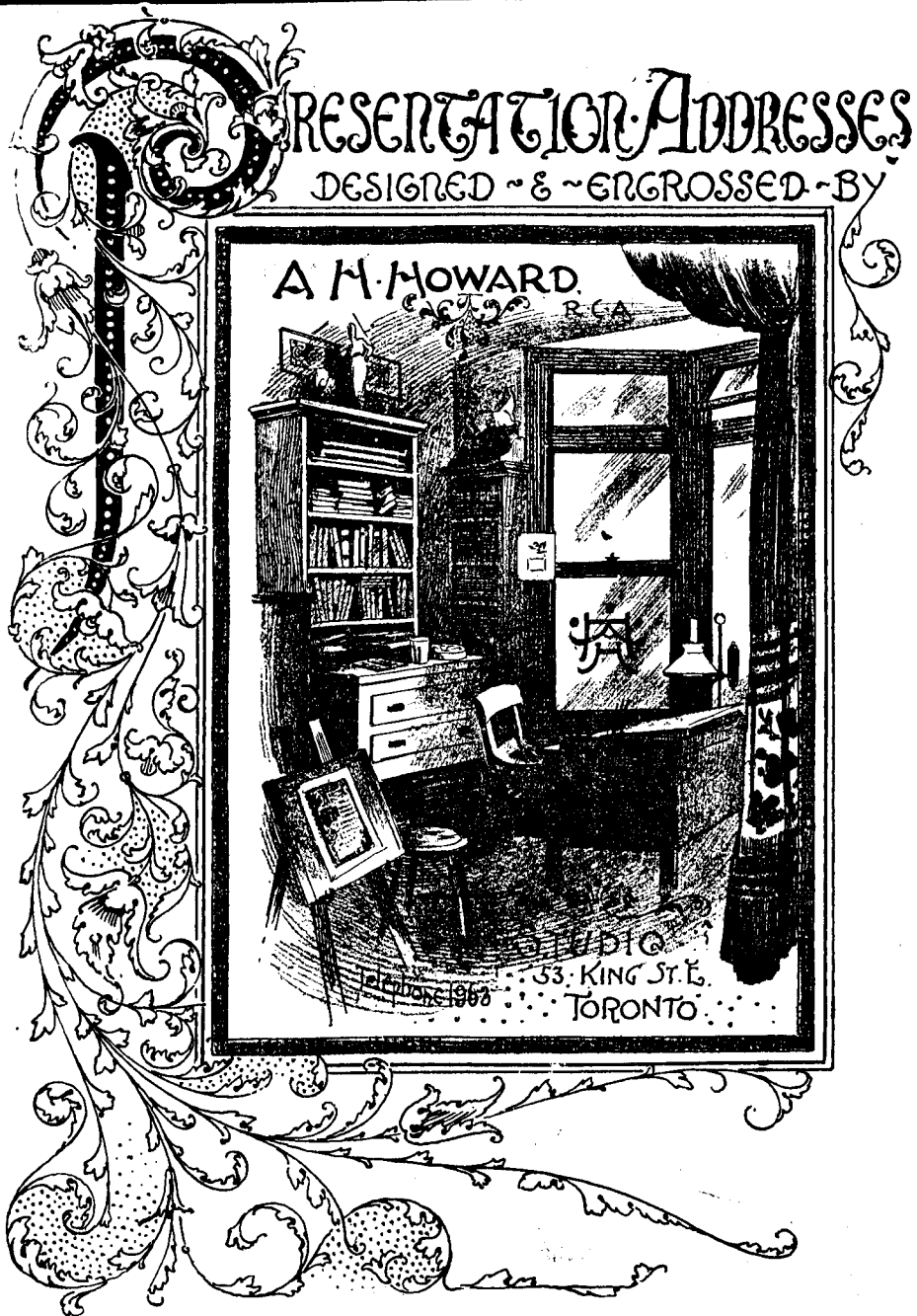
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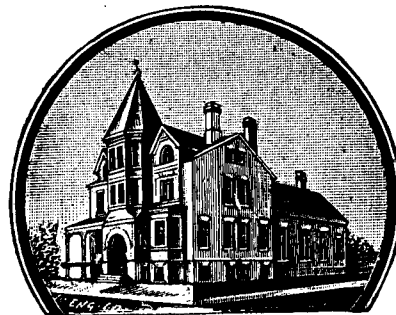
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