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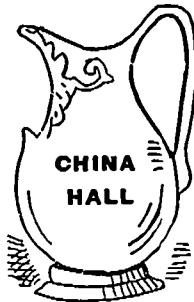
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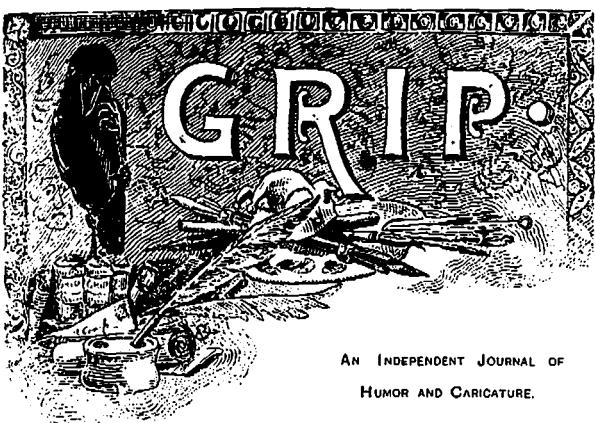
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J. W. BENGough

EDITOR.

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*Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.*

## Comments on the Cartoons.

A SCENE FROM HAM (NOT) LET.—Mr. George H. Ham has honestly earned the title of the Russell of Canada, by the extensive amount of russling he has done in all directions and amongst various tribes and peoples, as the correspondent of the *Mail*. He is an accomplished writer, a busy worker, and, as we happen to know from a long personal acquaintance, a genial and upright gentleman. Of late Mr. Ham has been sending to his paper the results of an extended visit to the Blackfeet Indians, and in connection with Hon. Mr. Macdonagh's recent utterances on the present condition of the North-West tribes, these letters have proved unusually interesting. We have the best reason for believing, however, that Mr. Ham could tell a great deal more about the state of the Blackfeet and all the other tribes than political exigencies will permit the *Mail* to publish. The truth—the whole truth—is known to a few, from private sources of information. If the whole story of how horrible disease, introduced by white wretches in and out of the government service, is consuming the unhappy aborigines; how their native virtue and morality have been undermined and well nigh destroyed by the drunkenness, lying, and abominable wickedness of these same representatives of "civilization," the generous heart of Canada would swell with indignation and a storm of wrath would burst forth that would overwhelm the guilty scoundrels. People ignorant of the facts wonder why there should be rumors of a rising under foot; to those who know the truth it is a marvel that this upright chief should have thus long endured the sight of his people lowly but surely putrefying around him through the vices and crimes cast upon them by a superior power.

### QUEER!

JEAN BAPTISTE Martineau, a milkman of Cote St. Michel, was fined \$20 and costs for concealing a case of smallpox in the Health Court yesterday.—*Montreal Star*, 9th Feb., 1886.

What curious places some people choose to hide things in!

### SQUIBS.

A SEASONABLE consignment,—a case of cold feet.

A job of repairing,—marrying a widower to a widow.

ST.(e)IGHT of hand,—when you offer your hand to a man and he doesn't take it.

To my washerwoman:—"Why stop my clothes so long away, most noble madam? I sent them down a week ago, 'tis time I had 'em."

WHAT is the difference between a tobacco-chewer and an orator? The one shouldn't expectorate before his audience, the other should.

### A LITERARY MAN'S OPINION.

\* \* \* For happy conception and clear execution your cartoons are admirable. They often focus and they often guide public sentiment. You generally grasp the political situation with wonderful quickness.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 8.

E. B. C.

### A PERFECT SAMSON.



HERE were a lot of them, amateur athletes, Fencing Club members, etc., etc., and they were gathered together talking about feats of strength, agility, and the like, young Bob Bungstarter being particularly loud in his assertions of what he could do in the athletic line, and declaring that he could put up a 100 lb. dumb-bell twenty times with ease.

"Pooh, pooh," exclaimed one of the crowd, "that's nothing. You know Jim Dizzyboy? Well, I saw him take two cook-stoves, pretty large ones, too—No. 9's, if I remember right—and put them up with ease. True, he only did it once, but I'd just like to see any of you fellows do it."

"Don't believe it." "Come, I say, draw it mild," and so on, were the expressions of incredulity heard on every side.

"I tell you it's true," persisted the youth who had made the assertion, "he put up two cook-stoves, each weighing about 900 pounds, and both together, too; I saw him; but here's Jim himself. Say, Dizzyboy, I was telling these fellows about you putting up those two stoves the other day; the beggars won't believe you can do it. Isn't it true?"

"Course it is; did it easy," replied Jim.

"Must have taken place mighty privately," remarked one of the unbelievers, "where did you put 'em up, and who saw you perform the feat?"

"Jack here saw me do it," replied Jim, "and I put 'em up at Moses Gorsinkel's, the pawnbroker's. He gave me two cents a pound on 'em. Here are the tickets, if you doubt my word."

Then the amateur athletes, fencers, pugilists, etc., began to disperse like a mist on a summer morning when the sun gets ready for business.

## A WAIL FROM A BOARDER.

Dear GRIP,—Being a great admirer of the British Poet Laureate, I have attempted to write something like his recent production, "Vastnesses." I think my effusion worthy of a place in your columns. I don't know what you think, and I don't know what his lordship may think about it, but surely I ought to know something about my own production. If not, why not?

I may state that I am a resident of a private boarding house, but have had much experience amongst hasheries of all descriptions.

Here is my poem. I have called it

HASHNESS.

Sad hearts upon our dark globe sigh for many a well-loved vanished face,  
As they leave the home and venture abroad to many a cheerless boarding place,  
Where there ill-used stomachs were never at rest, as this poor earth's pale history runs,  
What is it all but a howling for food, and a weekly shower of boarding-house duns?  
Pies upon this side, pies upon that side—a gruesome food that is shunned by the wise—  
The voice of the boarder for wholesome grub drowned in a torrent of pies upon pies:  
Stately purposes wrecked by weak coffee: those bold aspirations that fortunes make  
Knocked clean out in one brief short round by a course of terrible boarding house steak.  
Men who fed on digestible food would cut before their fellows a dash,  
Driven to nothingness, hopelessness, horror—and all by that MYSTERY—boarding house hash.  
Innocence drowned in cerulean milk—what can a boarder of innocence know?  
His course of harsh treatment may drive him to madness and will even write poems to Bl. Snow.  
Ah! boarding house mistress you've much to account for: dire wrecks of strong men cut down in their prime,  
Writhing and groaning in pangs of dyspepsy for eating tough grub in the briefest of time.  
What's Indigestion? A worm that is writhing and tearing and clawing all day and all night,  
And stirred up again in the breast of the sleeper who starts from his horrible dreams in affright.  
Boarding house mistresses, little it recks ye to see your poor boarders with fast fading cheek:  
Little care ye as ye rattle the guilders paid in by your prey at four dollars a week.  
Can ye then wonder that semi-starved boarders speak words of their hasheries, naughty and strong?  
Words that are caused by a system of cruelty, borne by the victims with sufferings long.  
Then in the summer, what bear they—these boarders, as pitching in bed far more dead than alive?  
What but the murmur of bats and mosquitoes that buzz, boom and "thuggle" like bees in a hive.  
Now upon this side, now upon that side, biting first this ear, then nipping the nose,  
Whilst down goes the head of the boarder despairing, and sadly sweats, swelters and sweats 'neath the clothes.  
Have ye the hearts of the feminine gender, boarding house mistresses, have ye no souls?  
Are ye a phalanx of pheninine phuries, living on boarders, like vampires and ghouls?  
Spring and Summer and Autumn and Winter and all these old revolutions of earth—  
What do they come to? The grub never changes, and four times the price is paid that it's worth.  
Give me a porter-house steak, rich and juicy; then from a pewter pot deep let me quaff.  
Where in the world can you find such a beverage as real Henglish ale or the true 'al' and 'al'.  
Boarding house mistresses, pause and think over it: think of the physical ruins ye make  
With your oceans of coffee that ne'er saw the Tropics; your samsomy poultry and muscular steak.  
What is a cornet worth with dyspepsy? What is blue blood when it harbors disease?  
Nothing: so banish your pie so terrific; your terrible pancakes and mystic head-cheese.

## FICTION AND FACT

I.

## HOW THE WORLD HEARS IT.

MR. HUNKY DORY has decided to accept the position of book-keeper with Messrs. Shortyard and Tapestring, which firm we congratulate on having secured the services of so efficient an *attache* as Mr. Dory.

## THE REALITY.

Mr. Hunk Dory, having hustled round for the last six weeks and bored his friends to death to recommend him for the "sit," has at length managed to crawl into the office at Shortyard and Tapestring's as book-keeper, by the skin of his teeth.

\* \*  
II.

## HOW THE WORLD HEARS IT.

WE regret to state that our genial fellow-citizen, Mr. Bibulus Blossombeak, tripped on a defective plank in the sidewalk on Jim Street last evening, and was thrown to the ground, injuring himself so severely that he will be confined to his chambers for some time. He suffers great pain, which at times drives him nearly delirious. We trust to see him about again before a great while.

## THE REALITY.

As Mr. Bibulus Blossombeak was prancing along Jim Street last night in a highly-elated condition, he tripped and fell over his own shadow, sustaining a fracture of the nose and a pair of black eyes that will keep him in his room for some time. The medical man attending Mr. Blossombeak, having prohibited the use of all alcoholic stimulants, the patient, who has been on a prolonged debauch, is on the verge of *delirium tremens* from the sudden cessation of his accustomed liquor. It is a great pity all such drunken bums as Blossombeak do not fall and break their necks and have done with it.

\* \*  
III.

## HOW THE WORLD HEARS IT.

IT is with much pain that we announce the delicate state of Mrs. Vumpty's health compels her to seek renewed vigor by making a trip to Florida, where she will reside for some time. As Mr. Vumpty's business will not permit him to accompany his amiable lady, nothing but the stern mandates of the physician can prevail upon the sufferer to absent herself from her husband's side. We sincerely trust that the genial Southern breezes will, ere long, re-establish the health of Mrs. Vumpty.

## THE REALITY.

Old Vumpty, the stock-broker, having had another flare-up with his vixen of a wife, and finding that he can no longer put up with her tantrums, has decided to pack her off to Florida, where he trusts, so he says, that she will accidentally walk into an alligator lagoon.

(To be concluded next week.)

## A GOOD HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE.

\* \* HAVING been taking GRIP for several years (since '79, I think), it has become a household necessity, and is highly enjoyed by the children as well as by the elders; hoping you will have a continued success, I remain your sincere admirer,

Chesley, Jan. 29.

J. S. McL.



A SCHEME THAT "TOOK."

*Doctor (to burglar making midnight raid).—Er—ah—The valuables are in the room behind me, but as we've a case of small-pox on hand, you'd better let me vaccinate you before—*

*[But the burglar was gone.]*

THE POET IN A BAD WAY.

Oif! I would that the winter was over,  
For the frost keeps me close to my room,  
When I feast on the powders of Dover.  
And sadly reflect on my doom;  
Whilst with plasters of mustard I cover  
My limbs and prepare for the tomb,  
For the doctor says I may recover,  
And so—I prepare for the tomb.

With my feet in a tub of hot water  
I sit and I sigh and I groan,  
For I've pains in each bodily quarter,  
And all ease and enjoyment are flown,  
And I can't get about as I oughter  
For I'm broken up, body and bone;  
And with asthma my breath is cut shorter,  
And my system is lacking in tone.

And my landlady's ordered her daughter  
Not to visit me; wirra! ochone!  
Here I sit in my dark dismal attic,  
Whilst I suffer the pangs of the curse;  
And my language is somewhat emphatic  
For with pain I am ready to burst.  
For each limb that I have is rheumatic,  
And in flannels is carefully nursed.  
But Miranda being debarred from my attic  
By her mother—that's far, far the worst

She'd often come up here to see me,  
She was gentle and fair as a dove,  
And her eyes were so soft and so dreamy  
That I couldn't help falling in love.  
But her mother got mad: oh! who'd be me?  
And she sent her downstairs with a shove.

I've sciatica, gout, cephalgia,  
Diphtheria, asthma and gout;  
And each nerve in my frame with neuralgia  
Goes throbbing and darting about.  
But from toothache I'm free—odontalgia  
For I've had every blessed tooth cut,  
I can't have toothache—odontalgia—  
For I've had every blessed tooth out.

So you see why I'm sad and awairy  
And these doleful expressions let slip:  
For the doctor has cut off my beer, he  
Forbids me the least drop to sip.  
So in words so dolorous and dreary  
I tell my sad tale unto GRIP.

You should not be so angry at your friend for sitting down upon your new Christy, because very often a hat is not really *sett* until it is sat upon. And after all, doesn't the-at look funny?

THE JAPANESE CRAZE.



N many a variety of what is called "society" I've moved, and a satiety I now begin to feel

Of the vapid imitations of the ways of other nations, till I really haven't patience any longer to be still.

And what much my anger raises, and makes me mad as blazes, is to hearin foreign phrases my countrymen converse.

Calling Mary, "Ma'melle Mahrie," and Paris "La Belle Pahree,"

and a supper "petit swalree"; 'tis enough to make one curse.

But I think the latest craze is the daisiest of daisies; I declare it much amazes me, a simple Englishman, To see folks grow sentimental o'er that most unornamental and moon-eyed oriental, the native of Japan. And affecting quite a passion for each Yokohama fashion, spending pocketfuls of cash on queer things from o'er the seas. And evincing by each action the greatest satisfaction in procuring some attraction that is purely Japanese.

Plastering all their habitations with the queerest decorations of that strangest of all nations, the people of Japan, And wearing such odd dresses, figured all with Z's and S's, that a stranger merely guesses which is woman, which is man, Which is father, which is mother, which is sister, which is brother, for they're all like one another; for therein lies the cheese. And if you'd be aristocratic you'll affect to be ecstatic and a regular fanatic in all that's Japanese.

Man's a creature imitative—not an animal creative—and by right he is a native of the woods and jungles wild; Darwin long ago has said it and its greatly to his credit, and if he wasn't dead it would please that savant mild To see us human creatures, with the Japanese for teachers, distorting form and features, like the mild *Sinbades*: Striving hard to show most clearly that we're acting quite sincerely, when we try to be most nearly like a yellow Japanese.

--SWIZ.

CHIRPINGS FROM OUR "COCKNEY SPARRER."

DEAR GRIP,—I know—of course you know—that compared to you Sparrers is very small fry. Prose writers 'as rit "rheims reams on the Jackdaw." Poe-its 'as gone off on the raven. We can't all crow with the blackbird's notes; but put me in a pie (a mag-pie monthly) if you like. If a bloomin' sparrer can't 'old 'is own with any of the big pots aforenamed, though some conceited cusses won't allow we is birds at all, sends sparrer 'awks arter is, which me an' my pals makes it awkward for 'im. Says we is sich dicky birds—meanin' no afront, so don't git yer shirt out. But this yer is digressin', aint the sort of *de-but* to make with *he claw*. What I meant more like bein' 'ad hup afore the beak by some downy cove wot thinks he's in 'igh feather. So I makes my bough (sonetic spellin—d'yer twig) and commences to chirp. Fust thing wot strikes mc (arter the rock a "Canuck" fired, which didn't strike me) fust thing is, 'Ow this slushy mild wether reminds me of dear old Londin. I'd like to be landin' there agin—which I means London—only that's 'ow you says I says it. D'y'e moind bank 'oliday at 'Appy 'Amsted, and 'igate 'ill? The walks round 'Orney Rise, 'olloway an' 'ighbury, with the gals in their new summer muslins and blue noses, and sunshine (five minutes at a time full) and east winds, snow storms and rain the rest

of the day. Them was the times on Easter Monday, named arter the easterly breezes. Then these yer sharp frosts with the roads all slippy like an' slides on the paviment for old gents to risk theirselves, and the poor 'osses floundering in the road. When I sees a small crowd round a fallen equine, givin' 5 different kinds of advice, an' actin' on it in course, it reminds me o' that familiar spot called 'orse lay down. Chip! chip! 'ow's that for a real start on the course. Talking of 'amsted 'eath, etc., an' droppin' a bit of the lingo, doesn't it occur to you that the levelling tendencies of the age are illustrated by the fact that the dropping of h's so prevalent with us brings the Ari stoc racy on the same platform as 'Arry stuck crazy. Chip! chip! Whilst on this theme let me hear clean up a point or two. It has grieved your sparrer to find the unsuspecting Canadian being imposed upon by sparrers wot aint cockney. Low bred, ornithological impostures, hailing from such villages as Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham. Especially inviting to the genuine cockney is the cheek of the denizens from the last named low-cality, who plume themselves on their brazen imitations of our refined gold. Canucks are respectfully warned of this difference, and they are requested to note, especially in the matter of pronunciation, the distinction between their tinsel and our gold, their flickering paste and our sparkling genuinity, between the pure gem and the bruma gem. Chip! chip! chip!

UNCLE SAM'S OPINION.

\* \* \* GRIP is now certainly the finest thing in Canada, and equal to anything on this side.

New York, Feb. 3.

W. B.

KARL'S RUMINATIONS.

THE Bored of Education—The lazy youngster. Save men have so much fear implanted in them that they become rooted to the spot.

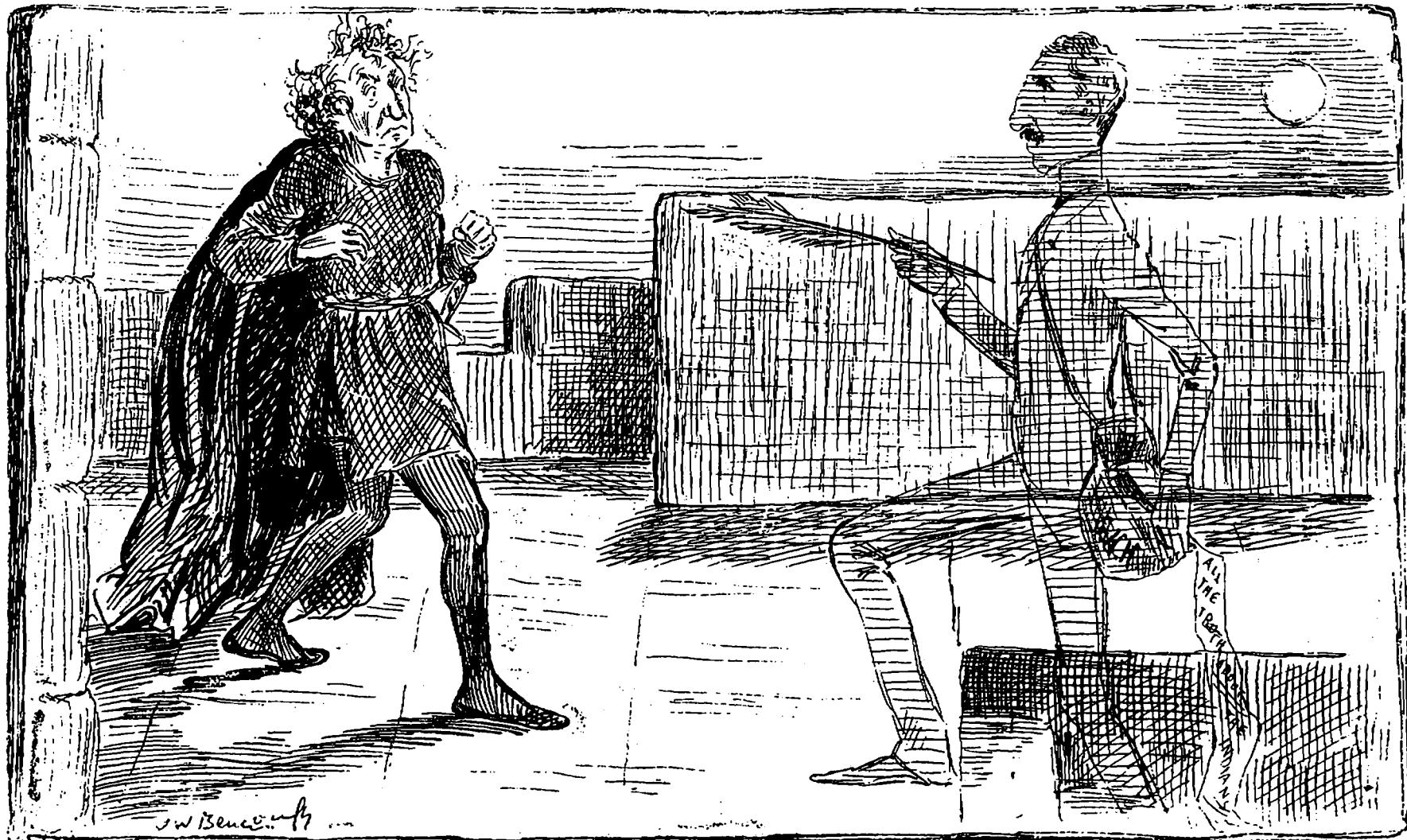
DOES a man always give himself a weigh when he gets sold? Of course he feels cheap and like a person of little sense.

WHAT is the difference between a house being burned *up* and a house being burned *down*? Well, not very much, in our opinion, so long as the insurance policy is safe.

WE sometimes recover what we have never lost, for instance, in the case of our valuable and much-handled old books—"Fast bind, fast find, a proverb never stale in thrifty mind." Shake again!

FORMERLY they punished criminals by putting their feet into the stocks. Now the man who gets ahead in stocks had better step out for a change, for if he stays in he may put his foot in it and cripple himself and lame self up financially. Beware of brokers and bulls.

WE would like to ask the fellow who "caught a cold," how he did it. Did he use a patent spring trap? Or did he run it into a corner? Or did he get his wife to shoo it while he went for the dog, or the police, or a man? Or how? Perhaps how. Well, where did he catch it—by the tail, by the throat, by the head, or by the nose? Perhaps he knows not; and again, perhaps he does. For any information I'll—ca-ca-catchoo! Thanks: you need nod—ca-ca-ca-catchoo!—min', I hab id dow byself—ca-ca-ca-catchoo!!



### A SCENE FROM HAM (NOT) LET.

G. H. H.—But that I am forbid to tell the secrets in the *Daily Mail*, I could a tale unfold of Indian wrongs, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul; of crimes by white men—servants of thine own—that in their devilish blackness do eclipse the horrors of *Pall Mall*! \* \* \* But this eternal blazon must not be to Governmental ears!

—Shakespeare (adapted.)



A SACRIFICING SPIRIT.

AN EPISODE OF THE COLD SNAP.

*Tramp (to Doutkins).*—Sonny, you look most perished, and I can't stand by an' see you suffer. I'm strong an' hearty, an' I don't need this coat. I'll sell it to you cheap. Is it a go, boss? Name the price!

STREET NOMENCLATURE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I am delighted to see that the residents of Hawbuck Street have had the spirit to rise up and protest against such a name as that being borne by the thoroughfare on which they reside. I rejoice to observe that the council at once decided to change that name when it was represented to them that it was objectionable to the Hawbuckites. What does it matter that the street was named as it was for particularly good reasons? Pooh, pooh. And now the name is changed to Homer Avenue! That's something like! So classical! So poetical! And now I think that there are several other streets whose vulgar names should be changed at once. Why not alter Yonge street to Iliad Crescent or Odyssey Boulevard? and surely Via Virgilii would sound better than King Street. You see such names as Yonge, King, etc., etc., are so common. At any rate we might at least name some of our streets after civic officials, etc. We have a Paddy Boyle's Lane, and faith! what better name would you want?

Now, wouldn't Piper Place, Blevins' Bunk, Lobbs Lane, Draper Diggings, Alderman's Alley, etc., be much better than Denison Avenue, Jarvis Street, and the like, though I must say I favor classical names and think Homer Avenue nothing more or less than an inspiration, though I have my doubts after all whether half the residents of Hawbuck Street could tell who Homer was or in what year he was mayor of Toronto. I would willingly wager they don't know what his other name was.

Please use your powerful influence, MR. GRIP, to have all our streets re-named, and advocate the replacing of the commonplace and often vulgar names that many of them now bear by some aristocratic or classical applications, such as Swill-barrel Terrace, Dustbin Row, Xenophon Alley, Aristophanes Promenade, and so on.

Bah! Hawbuck Street! Just think of it! Horrible

Yours, etc.,

"ARTOS."

Socrates Villas, Rosedale.



EXACTLY SO!

*Half-Breed.*—You call me hard names because I rebelled against misgovernment. What better was your own Prince of Orange. Where is the difference?

*Orange Patriot.*—All the difference in the world, you disloyal rascal—King William succeeded and you didn't!

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### DYSPEPSIA.

This prevalent malady is the parent of most of our bodily ills. One of the best remedies known for dyspepsia is Burdock Blood Bitters, it having cured the worst chronic forms, after all else had failed.

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & CO.'s Order'd Clothing Department and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suiting's at \$18, and inter overcoatings from \$16.

"The autumn winds do blow,  
And we shall soon have snow.  
What, hadn't you better get me a pair of W. WEST & CO.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

DR. DAVIDSON removes at once, without pain, bums, blisters, and ingrowing nails—fingernails unfiled—at his office, 71 Yonge Street, cor. King, from 9 to 6, or at his residence, 260 Church Street, from 7 to 9 p.m.

BOILERS regularly inspected and Insured against explosion by the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also consulting engineers and solicitors of patents. Head Office, Toronto: Branch Office, Montreal.

### LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets and 20 York Street.

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## LARDINE!

Still takes the lead for machine purposes.

CYLINDER OILS, HARNESS OILS, WOOL OILS, ETC., ALWAYS IN STOCK.

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Is the best Canadian Coal Oil in the market

MCCOLL BROS. & CO., TORONTO.

Prompt shipment and lowest prices guaranteed.

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STEAM YACHTS AND TUGS.

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NOVEL, SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, ACCURATE. Indicates instantly Weight and Postage on Letters, Papers and Parcels.

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TORONTO, — ONT.

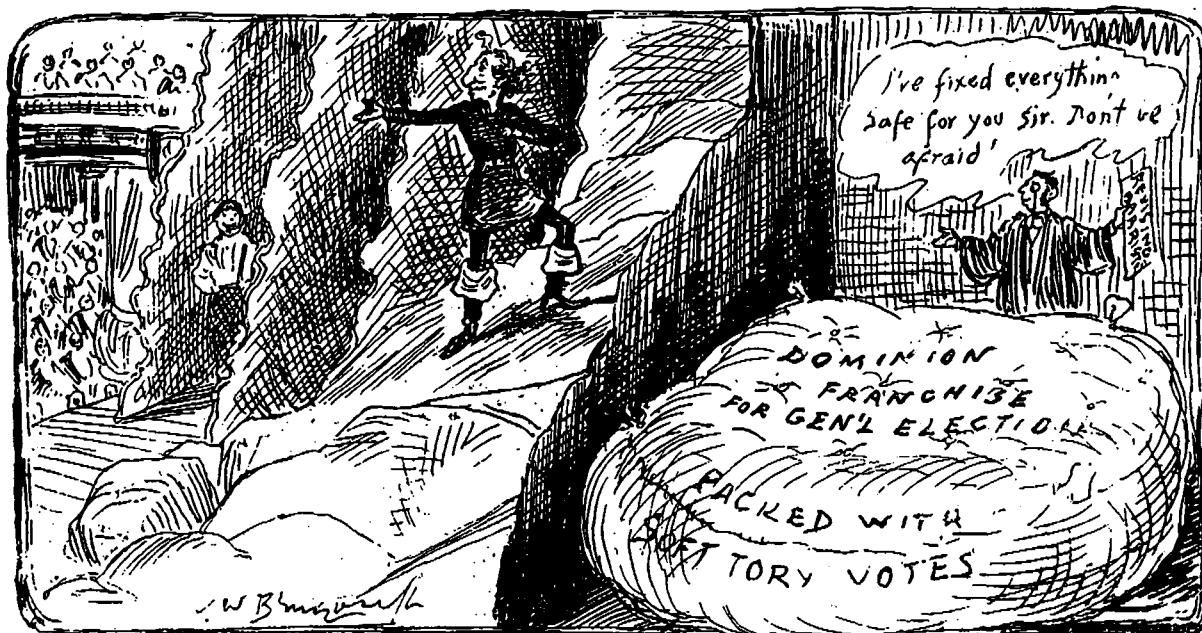
## BRYCE BROS.,

THE LUMBER MERCHANTS  
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Save Money by being your own Landlord. Houses built quickly and on easy terms. Call and see us.

OFFICE REMOVED TO

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TORONTO.



THE FEATHER-BED BEHIND THE SCENES.

*Virtuous Hero.*—Duty bids me plunge into the boiling ocean, but I know no fear. The good are always safe! I shall leap from these rocks without a tremor. Weep not for me—I cannot fail—my heart tells me I shall return anon!

"And since you cannot see yourself so well as by reflection,  
I your glass will modestly discover to yourself,  
That of yourself which yet you know not off."  
For a perfect reflection of yourself, go to BRUCE'S  
Studio, 118 King Street West.

CATARACT.—Sufferers are not generally aware that this curse of our country is contagious, or that it is due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby cataract, catarrhal deafness, and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet, describing this new treatment, is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 300 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*The Star.*

COOLICAN & CO., Real Estate and General Auctioneers, 38 Toronto Street, Toronto. Conduct sales of property by public auction and private sales. Loan money on mortgages at lowest rates of interest, discount commercial paper, and make a specialty of sales of furniture and effects at private residences.

FOREST CITY WIRE WORKS. R. DENNIS, manufacturer of wire work, bank railings, fumits, iron fencing, etc., 211 King St., London, Ont.

USE FRAGRANT PHILODERMA FOR chapped hands. Sore lips. Elegantly perfumed. A toilet luxury. Ladies try it. Ask your Druggists. 25cts.

THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Telkative to her neighbor, Peerless is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a Domestic, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 186 St. James Street, Montreal.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch. I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWMAN's reliable watches, 171 Yonge Street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

The #  
**DETROIT SANITARIUM**  
250 FORT ST. W.  
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## INVALIDS' HOME.

Surpassing any in the United States.  
LOCATION CENTRAL,  
BUILDING LARGE AND NEW,  
ELEGANTLY FURNISHED.  
Beautiful Grounds and surroundings. Splendid  
Bath Department, etc. Send for Circular.

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Manufacturers of  
**CORLISS STEAM ENGINES**  
OF IMPROVED DESIGN.

Unequalled for durability and economy of fuel.  
Send for circular.

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5 GOLD MEDALS Awarded in the  
1883-4 for PEERLESS and other Machine Oils.  
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All those who buy SARNIA STOVES and RANGES are better pleased than a new subscriber to 'Grip.'

ONE LB.! NO NOISE!  
A New and Very Low Priced System of  
Warming Small Houses, Banks, Offices, etc.

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Steam & Hot Water Engineers,  
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I will send a valuable TREATISE FREE to any person desiring the same, that has been the means of curing many cases of Drunkenness, Opium, Morphine, Chloral and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. BOOK, giving full particulars, SENT FREE. Sealed and secure from observation.

Address, M. V. LUBON,  
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## CLOTHING.—

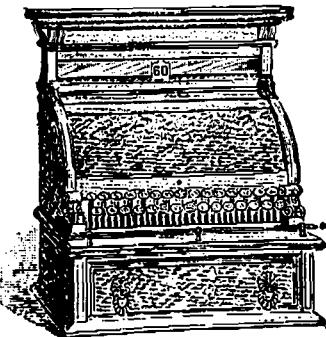
J. F. McRAE & CO.,  
MERCHANT TAILORS,  
156 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Coog & Busker, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, dators, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King Street West, Toronto.

\* GRIP \*

## WATCH YOUR MONEY!

If you wish to keep a strict account of sales, both cash and credit, see the



## NATIONAL CASH REGISTER

Which is the NEW WAY to systematise business, SAVES LABOR, STOPS CARELESSNESS and PROTECTS all concerned, registering accurately and instantly all sales, both cash and credit, making no MISTAKES. For further information write to

J. A. BANFIELD & CO., 4 KING ST. E., Good Agents wanted. No Drones. TORONTO.

### THE NATIONAL ELECTROTYPE AND STEREOTYPE CO. (Limited),

19 to 23 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. The most Complete Foundry in Canada. Fine Book, Cut and Job Work a Specialty. Estimates furnished. All Work Guaranteed.

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Best Value in Canada.  
MORSE SOAP COMPANY.

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Ask your Milliner for the HOLDT SUSPENSORY AND BALANCE ATTACHMENT, which supplies a long-felt want, as by its use the usual annoyance is almost entirely obviated, securing comfort, ease, safety, etc. Ask your milliner for it, or it will be sent (prepaid) by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

JAS. COX & SON,  
83 Yonge St., Pastry Cooks and Confectioners,  
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REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
Commissioner, Valuator, Trustee and  
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Money to Loan, Estates Managed, Properties  
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FELT AND SLATE ROOFER,  
—DEALER IN—  
Carred Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Paper, etc., etc.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE  
To handle something entirely new. Easily carried,  
easily sold, profits large. Teachers during their spare  
moments make enough to pay all their expenses.

Address—  
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## ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

### COAL AND WOOD. TORONTO.

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F. J. SMITH, ESTATE & FINANCIAL AGENT,  
Millieham's Buildings, 31 Adelaide Street  
East, Toronto. Special attention given to the  
management of Estates.

MONEY TO LOAN.

### The Canadian Mutual Aid Association.

#### ASSESSMENT SYSTEM LIFE INSURANCE.

The Fifth Annual Meeting of the Canadian Mutual Aid Association was held at the Company's Office, Toronto, on Thursday, January 26th. The President, Wm. Rennie, Esq., opened the proceedings by congratulating those present upon the great success of the Company during the past year, in which he stated, a greater number of policies were issued than in 1884, notwithstanding the stringency of the times and the unusual competition experienced. A larger amount had been paid out to the widows and orphans of deceased members than in any previous year of the existence of the Company, and the low rate of cost to members being \$14, which provided for payment of 17 death claims, amounting to \$29,456.32, and adding to reserve and disbursement funds \$6,333.18 (including interest added this year), shows that our efforts to give insurance on the assessment system at a cost within the reach of everyone have been successful, and the principle of assessment insurance (insurance at actual cost) proved an accomplished fact. He also referred to the registration of the Canadian Mutual Aid Association as a Dominion Insurance Company, under the new Insurance Act of 1885, which would give it a standing in the country, establishing for it greater confidence with the public, and be the means of extending business to all parts of the Dominion.

From the Directors' report the following extracts are given:

Applications for insurance received in 1885	1,155
Policies issued	1,047
Total membership in good standing Dec.	
31st, 1885	3,450
Paid in death claims (as per Treasurer's report)	\$29,456.32
Added to Reserve Fund	4,770.93
Added to Disbursement Fund	1,562.25

The Reserve Fund is held in trust for members giving security for future payments of policies. The disbursement fund will be distributed to members proportionately at the end of ten years from the date of their certificates. Both funds are accumulating rapidly, and drawing interest which is added to the principal.

Amount of insurance added on the new policies issued in 1885, \$2,300,000; total amount now in force, \$7,624,000.

The following is a list of claims paid, as per treasurer's report:

Paid to beneficiaries of John H. Spence, Bishop'sack	\$1,900.00
W. H. Jackson, Cannington	2,200.00
David Kolson, Hamilton	1,600.00
Wm. Dunn, Ingersoll	1,150.00
R. Ballard, St. Thomas	2,285.23
E. H. Farley, Fenwick	2,182.37
Jane Mills, Enniskillen	2,293.73
Oran Hill, Painswick	2,293.72
Paid to Disability claim of R. R. Baker, Tremont, N.S.	1,100.00
Paid to Beneficiaries of R. Mackinder, Oshawa	1,000.00
Paid to Beneficiaries of W. T. Boyd, Toronto	1,500.00
Paid to Beneficiaries of James Tipling, Wingham	2,100.00

Paid to Beneficiaries of Elizabeth Taylor, Newmarket	\$1,900.00
Paid to Beneficiaries of James Harris, Ingersoll	1,900.00
Paid to Beneficiaries of John Makinson, Ottawa	1,400.00
Paid to Beneficiaries of Thomas Keys, Maple	1,000.00
Paid to Beneficiaries of J. W. Freeman, Simcoe	2,551.27

\$29,456.32

NOTE.—Besides the above payments, we have paid in advance from a further assessment the claims of Thomas Staron, St. Thomas; P. O'Tonnell, Lafayette, Wis., U. S. A. (formerly of Ontario); James Froze, of Bowmanville; James Hamilton, of Saskatoon (formerly of Markham, Ontario). These amount in all to the sum of \$6,600, and will appear in next year's report of the Treasurer—making a grand total paid out in 1885, \$36,056.32.

#### FROM THE AUDITOR'S REPORT.

"We, the undersigned Auditors, have examined the books and accounts of your Secretary and Treasurer for the past year, and beg to report that we have done so fully and completely, and that we find them in a very satisfactory condition. We wish to express our appreciation of the efficiency and business ability of the various officers of the Association, and our satisfaction with the very complete and perfect system in which the books of the office are kept."

"(Signed)

"HENRY GLENDENNING,

"Manilla,

"JOHN WALES,

"Omagh,

Auditors."

After the reading and adopting of these reports, the election of officers took place for the coming year, resulting as follows:

President—William Rennie, Esq., Toronto.

Vice-President—A. Gifford, Esq., Menford, Ont.

Secretary—W. Pemberton Page, Esq., Toronto.

Treasurer—E. H. Hibarn, Esq., Uxbridge.

Medical-Director—R. H. Robertson, M.D., Toronto.

Solicitor—Geo. H. Watson, LL.B., Toronto.

Membership Superintendent—S. W. Hill, Esq., Ridgeville.

Executive Committee—William Rennie, W. P. Page, J. P. Bull.

Votes of thanks were tendered to the Auditors, the President, and also the Agents, who have interested themselves in pushing forward the work.

The above showing of business has, with the exception of a few policies issued in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, all been done in Ontario. The work of the Association will now be prosecuted with vigor in all parts of the Dominion.

WM. PEMBERTON PAGE,

Secretary.

### HOUSEFURNISHING DEPOT.

Folding Curtain Stretchers, Pillow Sham Holders, Carpet Sweepers and everything useful at MACNAIR'S,  
169 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

### LEAR'S

#### NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,

15 and 17 Richmond Street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this golden opportunity.

R. H. LEAR.



Of every form relieved, and 80 per cent. of Adults and every Child CURED.

Send stamps for treatise, price list, your neighbor's testimony. Address,

ECAN'S IMPERIAL TRUSS CO.,  
28 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

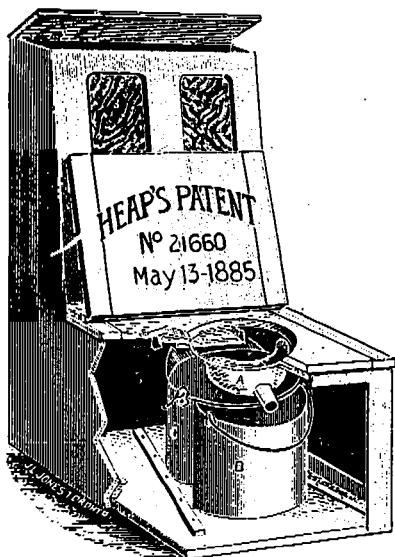
**\$500.00**

## REWARD!

We will pay the above Reward for any case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Indigestion or Costiveness we cannot Cure with WEST'S LIVER PILLS, when the Directions are strictly complied with. Large Boxes, containing 50 Pills, 25 Cents; 5 Boxes \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

— \* G R I P \*

# A SPECIAL SILVER MEDAL AWARDED AT TORONTO, 1885



## INODOROUS PORTABLE BEDROOM COMMODE

A—Urine Separator. B—Urine Receptacle.  
C—Excrement Tank.

Over 16,000 in use. Awarded 16 First-Prize  
Medals.

## HEAP'S PATENT Earth or Ashes Closets

Pat'd Nov. '84, May '85, Oct. '85. Also in U. S. A.

**WHAT IS AN EARTH CLOSET?**—An Earth Closet is a mechanical contrivance to conveniently cover excrement with earth or ashes. This covering at once suppresses all odour and gradually absorbs and neutralizes the matter itself. The pail needs to be emptied about once a week, or when full, and the reservoir to be filled when empty—once in two or four weeks perhaps. Nothing could more perfectly answer the purpose. It gives out no odour; is not ill-looking; its usefulness is not limited.

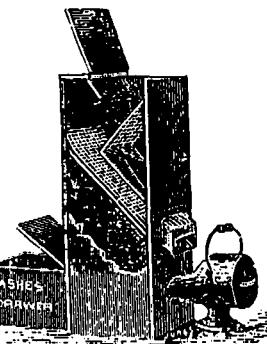
The Earth Closet is regarded as indispensable wherever there are not stationary conveniences in the house; and in respect to smell, "modern improvements" are rarely as satisfactory. It can be placed in a bath room or any convenient place in-doors, or in a shed.

# READ!

"Twenty-five of these Commodes were supplied to the Mount Royal Hospital, Montreal, and the Medical men and lady nurses in charge expressed themselves well pleased and satisfied with them."

Professor Goldwin Smith says:—"I have pleasure in testifying that the Earth Closet (3) supplied by your Company to houses occupied by members of my household, are found to work extremely well and to be very conducive to health and comfort."

Very Rev. Dean Boomer (London), is pleased to testify in the value and usefulness of the Bedside Commode, supplied to him by Mr. Heap. It has fulfilled all the promises made for it in the printed circular, and he strongly recommends it for the use of invalids." (We may add, it is a No. 9 Pull-up Commode and stands by the Dean's bedside, he being a confirmed invalid.)



## AUTOMATIC DUSTLESS Cinder Sifter.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

## Heap's Patent Dry Earth or Ashes Closet Co. (LIMITED).

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE  
LIST AND TESTIMONIALS.

TELEPHONE 65. Mention "Grip."

To Manufacturers—Patent Rights on Sale.

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Office and Showroom :  
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PHOTOS.—CABINETS, \$2.50 PER DOZEN. J. DINOS, 201 to 203 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Go to Kingsbury's 103 Church-st.,  
Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

**A PRIZE** Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE CO., OF HART FORD, Conn.** Capital \$100,000.00. Chartered 1809. ALMBRUST & TILLEY, Managers for Ontario. Office, No. 4, Toronto St., Toronto.

**RUBBER AND METAL STAMPS, SEALS, &c.**—Oldest and most reliable house and greatest variety in Canada. KENYON, TINGLEY & STEWART Mfg Co., 72 King Street West, Toronto.

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**AIR BRUSH WATER COLOR.** LIFE SIZE portraits from small photographs, on silk, satin, velvet, muslin or paper. GEORGE BROWN, Artist, 505 MechInstitute 12jany86



THE NEWEST AND BEST  
Disinfectant and Antiseptic Known.

READ CERTIFICATES EVERY WEEK.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL,

TORONTO, Sept. 25th, 1885.  
From its composition I am convinced that Permangano-Phenylne will be found to be a very excellent disinfectant.

W. B. GEIKIE, M.D., *Dra*n.

TORONTO, Sept. 3rd, 1885.  
GENTLEMEN.—I believe the ingredients composing Permangano-Phenylne are the best in use for disinfecting purposes, and have no hesitation in recommending it.

L. F. McFARLANE, M.D.,  
Prof. Toronto School of Medicine.

Acting Physician Toronto General Hospital.  
For Sale by druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.25 per bottle

PERMANGANO-PHENYLNE CO.,

Manufacturers & Props., 157 King St. West, Toronto.

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“THE DOMINION  
ANNUAL REGISTER AND REVIEW  
FOR 1885.”

The only Yearly Hand-Book respecting Canada, her history, development and resources, now published.

Edited by HENRY J. MORGAN,  
Chief Clerk of the Dept. of State, Ottawa.

Have almost innumerable occasions for referring to it."—*Margrav of Lansdowne, Governor General.*  
"A useful work in every way."—*Hon. Sir J. A. Macdonald, G.C.B.*

"Hope it may result in being an annual register."—*Hon. E. Blake, Q.C., M.P.*

"Should be found in the library of every man who takes an interest in the welfare and progress of Canada."—*Sir Hector L. Langevin, K.C.M.G.*

"You have succeeded in well supplying a want which must have been often felt."—*Dr. Goldwin Smith.*

"Would that it had been in existence since 1792."—*Rev. Dr. Scadding.*

"No more useful publication is issued from the Canadian Press."—*Halifax Chronicle.*

"The future historian of Canada will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Morgan, all the more as the Register is not written from a party point of view."—*Catholic Record.*

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