

BROTHER JONATHAN (soliloquising)---" Ah, she loves me; I know it; I feel it in my very bones. She wants to jine me in the holy bands of political union." MISS CANADA (overhearing the whisper)---" Mr. Jonathan, pray don't deceive yourself on that point. My heart is perfectly whole I assure you. I simply want to trade freely with you, that's all."

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### Comments on the Custoons.



FACTS AND FANCIES.-Right on the heels of Sir John's optimistic speech at the Board of Trade banquet, in which, with joyful iteration, it was declared that Canada was revelling in a prosperity hitherto unknown, comes the report of the Legislative Committee of the Trade and Labor Council with a very different story to tell, so far as the artizans of the country are concerned. The members of this committee are the genuine representatives of the Canadian labor organizations, and their deliverance is made aside altogether from party politics. It is, moreover, the result of a long and careful investigation, and may fairly be regarded as a statement of solid facts as

opposed to the post prandial fancies of the Prime Minister. What is the gist of this report? That the promise of the Protectionist orators has been fulfilled, in the maintaining of steady work and high wages as the result of a high tariff? Not at all. It sets forth the exact state of things which any person with ordinary reasoning powers could have foretold would be the outcome of that shallow scheme. It an-nounces that, as the result of "free trade in men"—stimulated by what may be politely termed whoppers told in the immigration literature sent out by Government agents with reference to the rates of wages in Canada – the labor market of this country has been over-supplied. The direct and inevitable result of this has been the reduction of wages, and its secondary consequence the exodus of large numbers of Canadian workers to the United States. So much for the N.P. as a "protective" agency for the horny-handed son of toil. It ought to be clear enough now that the only way to protect a worker is to prevent the entrance of competing workers. The present highly intelligent system is to let in competing workers and keep out *goods* the workers all need. This plan, of course, makes things lovely for the lucky few who happen to be manufacturing goods upon which the tariff is

heavy, and here we arrive at the active injury the tariff does the Canadian workingman. By the amount of the benefit conferred upon these protected manufacturers by the N.P. is he injured in his capacity as a consumer. Living is made higher at the same time that wages are made lower. It is now in order for the wage-earners to have something to say about this policy. Do they propose to let it go on? If so, they have less spirit and intelligence than we are inclined to give them credit for. The matter is entirely within their power to rectify. Let them but shake their ballots in the face of Sir John, and that sagacious statesman will quickly announce that, after all, the policy of taxing the whole community for the benefit of a favored few is not so sound as he thought it was.

THE TRUE STATE OF HERFEELINGS .- A fortnight ago three of our humorous New York contemporaries, Puck, Judge and Time, came out simultaneously with cartoons on the Annexation question. In each of the pictures Brother Jonathan was represented as courting Miss Canada, and the possibility of an early union was more or less confidently hinted at. From these and other indications in the press across the lines it is easy to gather that the "idea" over there is that Miss Canada is "willin' to be courted," at least, and it is calculated that most girls who go that far are also willing to be won. The analogy between this country and a blushing maiden may be very obvious to the literary mind, but it is a misleading one, all the same. Canada is not willing to be courted ; she is not disposed to give one moment's serious consideration to a proposal of political Annexation from Brother Jona-than or anybody else. Nothing will ever bring her to that pass short of dire necessity, and such a necessity can only arise from two sources-outside force or inside pressure. As to the former, it may be dismissed as something out of the question. The United States will never attempt to annex Canada forcibly. The other is quite possible, and it behooves our rulers to give due weight to this fact. British connection is dear to the Canadian heart: independence with the good will of Britain is perhaps even dearer, but to keep either sentiment in a vigorous and growing state it is necessary that our people should enjoy the measure of prosperity and comfort which they know their country to be capable of affording them under right conditions. It is easily conceivable that a policy of government could be followed which would tend to weaken the patriotism of Canadians by making the country—notwithstanding its natural advantages—an undesirable place to live in. Man has physical and intellectual wants which crave satisfaction, and if by force of law these wants are which crave satisfaction, and if by force of law these wants are brought into conflict with his sentiments, the latter are most likely to give way. This is not random speculation. The pro-cess of turning loyal and patriotic Canadians into Annexationists is going on now. Mr. Sol White declares himself a lover of Canada; and there is no reason to doubt his word, but he is an avowed Annexationist. Why? Because he thinks political union with the States would be for the benefit of his country. Does Mr. White believe that American institu-tions are superior to our own? No: but commercial freedom tions are superior to our own? No; but commercial freedom would be a mutual boon so great as to be worth the price, in his opinion. How many others are drifting in the same direction ? And what is the motive power which is driving them along? The policy of trade restriction. If the Annexationist sentiment ever becomes general in Canada, the unnatural, unchristian and accursed system of "Protection" will be alone to blame for it. What Canada wants is not political union, but free trade with our neighbors. Is it worth while to risk the growth of the Annexation sentiment for the sake of making a few of our manu facturers rich by artificial means?

M.R. THOMAS J. ALLAN, who doubtless speaks from experience, contributes an article to the Bos ton Writer on "The Whole Art of Easy Writing." He says, "The easiest kind of writing is the thing in the daily papers called a 'leader.' There are two kinds of leaders—one is political, and the other isn't. For the former you need a good command of abusive epithets, and some skill in the manipulation of facts, because if the facts are not to your taste you have got to-well, rearrange them. The chief point is to remember which side you are writing on. Writing party leaders is as easy as lying; and it is often very much like it." Now we understand how it is that the chief editors of our Canadian dailies keep in such robust health, and generally inclined to embonpoint. We never understood the true inwardness of leaders before.





PEAKING of leaders reminds us that our recent cartoon depicting the "waiting" attitude of the leaders of the Reform Party has met with the warm commendation of the rank and file of that organization. If the current talk of a dissolution of Parliament and a general election this year turns out

to be well founded, there will no doubt be a frantic rush "to arms," and a sudden awakening to the importance of certain great issues on the part of Messrs. Laurier, Cartwright and others. But all such eleventh hour activity is open to suspicion, and the leaders who let things drift until the eve of an election richly deserve the defeat that usually awaits them. If these alleged Reformers have any distinct views about anything, and ever hope to get those views considered by the people, they should be up and at it while the public mind is in a receptive condition. Political ideas that are not worth agitating in the calm of recess are not worthy of a serious hearing in the midst of a campaign.

THE programme of Canadian literature provided by the Young Liberal Club and carried out very successfully on Monday evening was a happy thought, and will bear frequent repetition. This is a legitimate way of encouraging the growth of our native literature—more pleasant and more effective than the customary method of growling about the non-recognition of Canadian authors through the press. To impress the people with the poetic power of Mair, Sangster, Roberts, Heavysedge and other writers, it is only necessary to have their works read. And if people won't read for themselves the only thing to do is to gather them into a room and read at them.



HIS latest sensation of the Horld---which amounts to a statement that the License Commissioners of Toronto are using their autocratic powers for the benefit of the Reform party-cannot, of course, be founded on fact. How could it? Don't we all know that the Reform party is a highly moral and especially temperance institution? Would the Commissioners of the exemplary Mowat Government encourage subscriptions of blood money from the drunkard factories, and then threaten to cut off the heads of all saloon-keepers

who failed to buy their beer from those contributors? Perish the thought! It is only wicked, unscrupulous Tory Commissioners who would think of working such a scheme.

MANIFESTLY the *World* is mistaken about this. But if—we say IF—there is any truth at all in the charge, we feel confident that the *World* has misread the motives of those who have been gently forcing the saloonists and brewers into the Reform party. It is not for the sake of their votes ; it is only that they may be put in the way of moral reform. And as to those who have had their heads cut off for disobedience, they have thus been firmly and mercifully removed out of a wicked traffic for their own good. The whole thing, when you look at it philosophically, is in the line of Prohibition, and goes to prove that the Reform party really is, as we have already intimated, a Truly Good Temperance Society.

SIR JOHN'S very best joke in his banquet speech was allowed to pass by without the usual recognition of (laughter and applause.) It was his straight-faced allusion to the Canadian Senate as an institution which really fulfilled a useful function. The Gilbertian wit of the thing was evidently too delicate for the guests to "catch on to."



DESIGN OF HAT FOR AN EDITOR'S WIFE OR DAUGHTER.

#### HER MAJESTY'S CATTLE PRIZES.

'O any not very intelligent foreigner, taking an interest in agriculture and live stock, who dips into English newspapers, the following items from a report of the Smithfield cattle show, held in Islington recently, would perhaps appear strange :-- "Prize list : Devon steerssecond,  $\pounds_{15}$ , to the Queen; Hereford steers—fourth.  $\pounds_{7}$ , to the Queen; Shorthorn heifers—second,  $\pounds_{10}$ , to the Queen; etc., etc." One can picture such a foreigner wondering within himself how her Britannic Majesty can find time for fattening steers and heifers; for making herself acquainted with the differences between "polled Aberdeens " and " cross-breeds," between " Norfolk red-polled " and " Welsh runts "; with the advantages of level backs, well-sprung ribs and good quarters! And one can imagine him finding in these items more convincing proof that England is truly a nation of shopkcepers-from its sovereign down! "Albion's monarch competing against Farmer Hodge's fat ox for a prize of a hundred and fifty francs ! "Mon Dieu ! The Engleesh, they are incomprehensible." So one may fancy him ejaculating with a shrug. H.

WHY is a messenger boy like an express train? Because he gets there just the same.



#### "BRETHREN, 'LET US JOIN IN SINGING THAT GRAND\_OLD HYMN, 'HOLD THE FORT.'"

[Sketch from thumb-nail memoranda made at the Methodist Church, Simcoe.]

#### FOREIGN POLITICS.

DEAR GRIP,—Your cablegram addressed "Foreign Capitals" found me at once. I am always to be found at the Paris Bourse, or close by the London Stock Exchange, or inside the Tzar's (never spell this "Czar" in my letters if you please), or, as I was saying, in the 'Tzar's winter palace in St. Petersburg—in fact it was here your message to send you a résumé of foreign politics found me. I happened to be discussing that railway accident with his majesty, and was trying to prove to 'him that it was one of his own officials that upset the train by going to sleep on the rails—the blockhead! You see now the reason? Any Russian official's head would upset a train. His majesty agreed with me, and a large contingent of police are to be at once transported for life to Siberia without trial! Serve them right.

However, what you want is a little sketch of foreign politics, eh? Well, to begin with England, you know, of course, that she has got herself into a nice muddle at Souakin (don't spell that Suakim as you value my correspondence.) Souakin is surrounded with a howling horde of Dervishes. I need not tell you what they are. They are men who spin round like tops till they drop-you have heard of them. General Sir Something Grenfell (Fred, I think he told me his name was, but I was in a tremendous hurry trying to catch a P. and O. boat on my way to Constantinople when I last saw him at Cairo), Fred Grenfell went out and attacked them the other day. He did quite right in my opinion. Why, the whole British garrison was perfectly sick and giddy at just watching those insane Dervishes spinning. Not a man could hold his tumbler to his lips-and they all tried often and long.

Then there is that abominable East African muddle. Some say it has all been caused by Jack the Ripper. How, I cannot quite understand. Probably somebody will ask a question about it in the House. At all events the Sultan of Zanzibar—a regular fire-eater he is—I declined a letter of introduction to him the other day—has been slaughtering right and left. Perhaps *he* is the real Jack the Ripper—people said he was dark and Oriental looking. Probably this is the origin of the story of the cause of the troubles in Zanzibar.

On the whole things are pretty lively. The Cologne Gazette fulminates (this is a pet word of Professor Goldwin Smith's), against Sir Robert Morier for telling secrets to Bazaine, and Sir Robert Morier tries to turn up his nose at the Cologne Gazette, whereat the Nord Deutsche-Allemagne Zeitung, i.e., the North German Gazette, Prince Bismarck's semi-official organ (be sure you get all this rightly printed. That Nord Deutsche, etcetera, is a pretty big gun, and is always referred to with all its titles, but it is only a newspaper after all, you know; and not even an illustrated one—like GRIP!), the N. G. Gazette (the N. G. Gazette !! Ha! ha! I really must show this to his Highness and tell him what N. G. means on your side of the Atlantic. How he will grunt-he is too fat, and his military collar is too stiff and tight to allow him to laugh. It will do his gout good), the N. G. Gazette 1 was saying, and the Fremdenblatt, and the Temps, and the Journal de St. Petersbourg (don't forget the "o"), and the Moscow Gazette, and the Freeman and United Ireland, and the Reichsanzeiger, and the Debats, and the Novoe Vremya (for heaven's sake don't get the Notwe Vremya wrongly spelt, however you pronounce it)-in fact the whole continental and British press had fiery leading articles on the subject at once-and every one of them quoted all the others! But this is an every-day occurrence here.

General Boulanger continues to be elected in scores of Departments. How many seats he already has I have not counted. Probably the whole French Senate will consist of General Boulanger presently. He would like this. There would be no one to oppose him in revising the constitution—that is what he is after. In what direction he wants it revised, whether towards Monarchism, or Orleanism, or Napoleonism, or Opportunism, or Republicanism, or Anti-Clericalism, or Communism, or Feutreme-Left-Centre-ism, or any other of the parties now existing in France, nobody knows. Boulangism is the word now. It sounds loud-mouthed enough, and that is all that is needed.

Will wire more next week. Have to explain the Russian Budget (there is a surplus, for a wonder), to the Tzar now. He doesn't know how to add; he only knows how to subtract :: H

#### "HORRIBILE DICTU."

TO-DAY an ug-ly little pug I in a window spied, A scarlet rib-bon like a bib Around his neck was tied. He wore a star-ing, lordly air, That spoke a haughty mind, And while I mar-veled why such are The pets of womankind, A maid with *leat*-ures ultra sweet Assumed a graceful pose, And kissed that ng-ly little pug Right on his ugly nose.

And since that *mo*-ment filled with woe My soul is in eclipse,

For I have kiss-ed that pretty miss

Full often on those lips.



#### MR. SHYLOCK IN HIS DEFENCE.

CELL you out ? Why, of course. For the payment is due; No, I've got no remorse For my treatment of you. Pack! Travel! Dig out! for the bailiff Is here and the purchasers too. " A hard bargain I made When I sold you the place, And the terms of the trade Would old Shylock disgrace ! Cent per cent at the least on my outlay !" Well, how does that alter the case ? " Kept you slaving for years For mere clothing and bread, See your children in tears And your wife almost dead," The old story-I know it by heart-Stop-I've got none-I know it by head. Now listen :--You've had The full swing of your jaw, Called me everything bad You feel better ? haw! haw! First and last, let me tell you I claim Nothing more than my rights by the law. When I throw you out doors And sell off your last cow, Tis the writ that empowers And the courts that allow ; What ? "Law isn't justice." Indeed, and Why ain't it, and wherefore and how? Why, you block-head, you fool. You ineffable ass-'Tis the people who rule-Not a privileged class-'Tis you and your neighbors who vote For the laws which our law-makers pass, You've a vote and a voice When election comes round, Tis the men of your choice Who with power are crowned ; They are just as you want them and make them. And suit you right down to the ground. "They don't?" Then the blame Rests with you every bit ; You've the power all the same To choose whom you see fit. Did you stand for good laws-equal rights ? No, you just voted " Tory " or " Grit." You're a fool for your pains, Like the rest of your class,

While the toiler remains

Still a party-led ass :

He must carry the burden for idlers And feed on more thistles than grass.

So clear out with you-go! Naught care I for your grief,

What to do you don't know? Why, turn beggar or thief,

Or go to your Grits or your Tories And ask them to give you relief!

PHILLIPS THOMPSON

#### COMING BILLS

A<sup>PPLICATION</sup> will be made at the forthcoming session of the Legislature for leave to introduce the following bills, viz.:—

To change the name of a cértain Western town to Head-and-t-aylmer.

To provide for widows and orphans against the rapacity of liquidators.

To enable the Toronto aldermen to arrive at discreet views on the paving question.

To provide for the "left" candidates in the recent municipal and school trustee elections.



#### RECIPROCITY.

BROWNE (who has just dined)—" And now, waiter, I suppose you want to be feed ?" WAITER.—" Yes, sor; that wud be fair play. Didn't I just feed you?"

To demand that next time Haldimand chooses a representative it may be empowered to hold the man.

To claim for Toronto a place second only to Boston in matters pugilistic.

To introduce a code of Christadelphianism at the meetings of the Separate School Board.

To prove that the *World* completes a revolution every twenty-four hours.

To explain that when John Cameron speaks about the "little *mourning* papers" it is because he is Scotch, and that he really means *morning*.

To congratulate the people of Hamilton on their adoption of the library law in imitation of Guelph, St. Thomas, Toronto and other villages.

To declare in opposition to fact that the members of the Toronto police force belong to the *civil service*.

To incorporate the Mud Navigation Co. (Limited), with power to dispatch packets at regular intervals from Front street to North Toronto, Parkdale and Earnest-Albert-Macdonaldville.

To enable patrons of the Public Library to procure books in less than fifteen minutes by the town clock.

To widen the entrance of the General Post Office in this city to twice its present dimensions.

To include Richmond Hill within the limits of Toronto, and to provide places for Richmond Hill officials who may thereby "get knocked out."

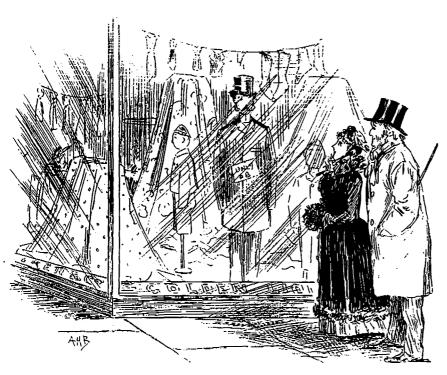
To regulate the sleighing season.

To provide for pensioning retiring aldermen, school trustees and organ grinders.

#### HER GOLD-RIMMED OPPORTUNITY.

ETHEL-" I must see a doctor about my eyes. They are becoming very weak."

ALICE—" Oh, you foolish girl, I wouldn't. You have a splendid chance to wear a pince-nez !'



= GRIP

DIRT CHEAP.

YOUNG LADY FROM RURAL DISTRICTS—" Why, Pa, look there ! Only eight dollars for a Toronto man !"

#### GIRLS' LETTERS.

JUST like the dear creatures who write them. Most enticing before you know what is in them; quite incomprehensible afterwards. Often disappointing; generally unsatisfactory. Occasionally sweet; not seldom spicy. Tantalizing; yet precious. Never to the point when they come; but grievously missed when they do not. Telling you but little, and that flippantly; but bearing signs of much left unwritten. Apparently mere froth; really unfathomed depths. Just like the dear creatures who write them. Happy is the man that hath his desk full of them.

Far be it from me to speak lightly of such missives. And yet it must be admitted that there is often a droll side (but a droll side which only enhances their sweetness), to feminine epistles. First of all the letter proper never contains the real matter in hand; this is always in the *postscript*—just as a woman's real thought is always in her "good-bye," never in her conversation. She will write to you for one particular and specific purpose, and ramble on upon all sorts of gossip till the P.S. is reached, then out plump it comes.

Then there is the matter of punctuation. This is, and forever will be, an enigma. No woman will altogether avoid attempting to punctuate her letter, and no woman has yet succeeded in doing it. The comma they can manipulate; sometimes even the period; but the semi-colon is altogether beyond the horizon of their orthographical vision; and as for the colon, that is a planet which has not yet swum into their ken.

But these faults—nay, they are not faults, they are evidences of the fair writers' large-hearted generosity in trifles, only increase the delight of reading girls' letters— "fairer for a fleck," somebody says. Next, perhaps, to herself, and next to her approving smile, a woman's letter is the most wonderful power on this carth. It may be

### APPROPRIATE.

long?

short, it may be ungrammatical, dateless, unsigned, but—it comes from *her*. It is a direct communication from that unexpressive she. She considered it worth writing, gumming, addressing, stamping, posting. And it is intended for him alone—for not another eye. No wonder he regards it with a feeling of

sacred thing than even her

See how he receives it. How it is at once hidden away—even the innocent envelope with its dainty handwriting—from curious eyes. How it is kept in an inner pocket till he is by

man reading a girl's letter? And its influence—how lasting! It may never be twice read; it may be torn

into shreds, burnt, lost forever-but its influence remains-who can tell how

It is a more

Who ever sate a

H.

reverence.

himself.

speech to him.

WE understand that steps are to be taken to change the name of the Carlton street Presbyterian church to "The Church of the Great Tribulation."

#### MAN OR BEAST.

PROF. (to dass)—"Now, gentlemen, you see before you the gorilla, or rather, a representation of what he is supposed to be like?"

But some evil-disposed person had covered the map, and the students saw before them nothing but the Prof.

#### DESPERATE.

" M R. FEATHERLY, did you drive sister to a last resource when you took her out in your buggy, yesterday?"

"No, Bobby ; why do you ask such a question?"

"Oh, nothin,' on y you'd better, 'cause I heard her say she would have to be driven to a last resource before she took you, that's all."

#### CHUNK OF WISDOM.

MY frens, we shudden jedge er man by his 'pearance. De most benevolent-looking genleman am offen de man wot gives you ten cents an' a kind look ef you save his life.

#### NEW YEAR'S ONE.

"I SAY, Brown, did you hear how Jones put his foot in it the other day?" "No; how was that?" "Well, he went into the shoemaker's." But Brown had fled.

WHAT is that which has neither feet nor legs, yet frequently runs? The water in your tap these cold nights.

38



#### **RHYMES OF THE ELECTION**

THE MAYORALTY HEY talked of running a man for Mayor Against Neddy Clarke you know, But the spirit went out of the whole affair. For there wasn't the ghost of a show. THE COUNCIL.

Harry Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, A peck of pickled peppers Harry Piper picked : If Harry Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, Where is the peck of pickled peppers Harry Discussional for the peck of pickled peppers Harry Piper picked ?

[A prize is offered for the St. John's Ward voter who can rhyme the above off most rapidly without making a break,]

The Ward doth jubilate-Jocose, jocund Joe Tait Will watch its interests with green-shaded eye. He's got a level head. He's floury and well-bread-He needs no puff-he's bound to rise like pic

> John Irwin, change your name-You've surely heard the news? St. John's has put you in the soup, You're now called John Irlose.

When Ernest Albert wants a thing He will achieve it ; Magna est veritas, my boy. Et prævalebit.

> They tried to knock Gillespie out, But the thing could not be done: So ring the jobbery curtain up. And let us have more fun.

Upon the heap of ballots white Neath which the six lie curled. We'll place this little epitaph: "They patronized the World."

Uncle John Baxter came out in the west. And-though he ain't built that way-The run that he made was, as usual, best. And 'round City Hall he will stay.

#### THE BY-LAW

A Dipsomaniac Hospital? Not to-day-not to-day A refuge for the drunkards all? Not to-day-some other day.

While gin-mills flourish, grim, immense. The people fail to see the sense Of going to so much expense-Not to-day-not to-day.

Wipe out the breweries one and all. Shut the distilleries great and small, Then talk about your Hospital, But not to-day-not to-day !

#### TAKING TIME.

"RAMP (in lonely place)—" Could you give me the toime, sir?"

GENTLEMAN (producing watch)—" Half-past five."

TRAMP (producing revolver) - " Thank ye, sor. Now, will you give me yer toime piece?"

#### A NEW INFANT INDUSTRY.

**DE HASS** stood on the corner of King and Yonge with his single glass in his ocular and wearing his usual expression of painful effort, when up stepped a newsboy.

"Say mister, I'll wear that thing for you for ten cents an hour; will you, Mister?"



#### OUR GOTHS AND VANDALS.

Wouldn't some such plan as this have the effect of preserving the Horticultural Gardens from the depredations of the lawless, now that the fence has been taken down?

#### THE FEDERATION ORATOR.

E talks of Britain's glory as revealed in song and story. And allowed by Whig and Tory to exist without a doubt : Of her present, past and future, how like a great free-booter, She has carved the globe to suit her and cut other nations out.

How, the lion's share retaining, she is gaining the remaining Choice portions of earth's surface, claiming every corner lot. Till a Union Jack is floating, and a British eye is gloating.

And a British heart is doting on it in each sunny spot.

- Now to fuse the whole together in an Empire that could weather Political tornadoes fatal to all smaller craft,
- This our patriot endeavors, for he fears the shocks and quivers Felt through all its frame, at present linked so loosely like a raft.

And his heart is in a panic lest the Blue-Nose, and the Kanuck. The antipodean herder, and the rude South Afric boor,

Should prefer their independence, to dancing court attendance On vice-regal puppets chosen from the class that grinds the poor.

So he rapidly discourses on the maritime resources,

- Of the glorious British Empire in its federated state,
- How its hundred ton guns' thunder would assuage the thirst for plunder.

In the Fenian and tail-twister, and their warlike rage abate.

- But O, he never mentions the hosts that draw fat pensions, From the exchequer whose store is wrung from hardened hands of toil,
- Nor the coronetted vampires, that drain the blood of empires, And whose presence were an insult to the sons of Western soil.

Then let him prate and gabble, and bluster to the rabble. Young Canada has no base love for mediteval forms,

Her wide land holds not any son, excepting Col. Denison.

Who would shed his blood to show that it contained such putrid germs.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

#### NOMENCLATURE.

WHAT a name!" exclaimed Mrs. MacCrittik. "Here's an article in this magazine by E. E. E. McJim-They must have had a hard job finding names for sey.

that boy."

"Dunno," said Mr. MacC. musingly, ---- "rather an E's-y job, I should say."

"ALL I ask is a fair hearing," as the special pleader said when he called upon the aurist about his deafness.



#### PORTRAIT OF SAM FEE.

The eminent Chinese engineer of the Marine Department under whose auspices the new steamer for the P.E.I. service was brought from the Old Country a few days ago.

. . . . .

#### THE FLY KID

.... .... ..

CREATES A LITERARY SENSATION IN WELLESLY SCHOOL-HIS INJUN STORY.

#### EDITER OF GRIP:

THE story about Red Handed Rudolph the pirat was a big succes wasent it. It made quiet a sensasion in Wellesley school anyway. Ime fraid I give myself away sumhow in the letter I wrote with it, for the fellers all tumbled and twasnt a bit of use for me to deny it. Mr. Mac says to me hello says he you are a author are you and then he pulled out GRIP and read some of it to the teacher and laughed over it fit to kill, and Jim Hughes when he come round addressed our class and says I hear you have a litterature among yous which bids fair to be a distingished man byne by. I guess the boys must have bought 10 or 12 papers just to read my story. Now I'me going to write you another about Injuns.

#### ROARING PANTHER—OR THE RED MAN'S DOOM. BY THE FLY KID.

About 100 years ago there was a tribe of Injuns which lived in the bush and hunted bufaloes and tigers. The chief of these Injuns was called Roaring Panther. I made this name myself and if you dont like it you may call him something else. He had a bow & arrow and could shoot for about a mile and hit the mark every time. He lived in a wigwam that was all hung round with the skalps he had took off of the heads of the Injuns belonging to other tribes.

#### CHAP. II.

Jake Bowers was the name of a hunter and traper. He was the first white man in them parts and the Injuns dident like him so they was allways trieing to kill him. And git his skalp. But Jake was too sharp for the Injuns. One day when he was traping beavers he seen Roaring Panther and about 100 Injuns scooting towards him. He turned and run and them after him. Every few minutes he'd stop & fire a shot from his trusty rifle and kill a Injun. They fired arrows at him till his hat and coat was all stuck full of arrows. But he bore a charmed life as the poet says.

#### CHAP. III.

When Jake seen that the Injuns was close behind & was bound to catch him he crawled into a holler log. The savages come up & looked all around. But Jake was gone !!—after awhile they started back to their villadge. Here is a fine pine log says Roaring Panther Lets take it along for firewood.

So the Injuns rolled the log along with Jake inside of it.

When I read this to dad he says yes my son there's been considerabul Injun log-rolling lately in Haldimun County and other places—and then he laft. I don't know what he meant.

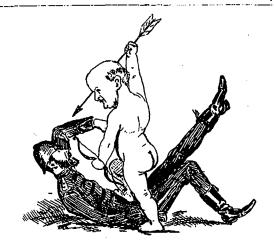
#### Снар. IV.

They put the log into Roaring Panthers wigwam and bineby when the Injuns was wrapped in slumber—and also in there blankets (this is a joke) Jake Bowers crawld out of the log. He took all of R. Panthers scalps and walked off till he come to the Bush when he made the Welkin Ring with his shouts of triumph.

#### CHAP. V.

Then the Injuns were just wild and they started onto the war path. They followed up the path a long time till they came to a farm-house. They kild the farmer and his hired man, and was just setting fire to the house when they seen about 1000 soldjers coming along the war path with Jake as guide. A big fight ensued Roaring Panther tomahawked one of the soldjers and then Jake shot him. The rest of the Injuns was nearly all killed by the soldjers which brings my story to a close.

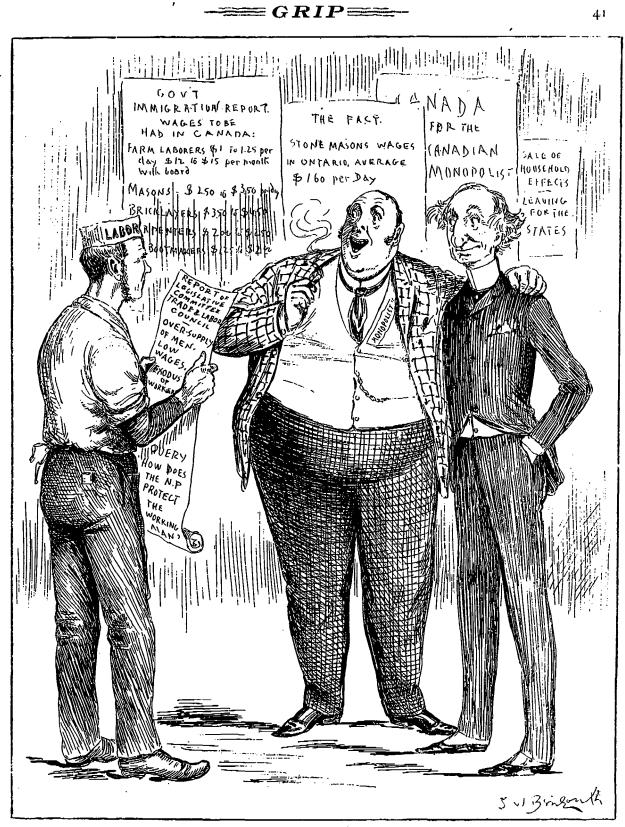
Moral-It is better to be a white man than a Injun.



CUPID VANQUISHING MARS.

(Tableau, very much vivant, at Regina, N.W.T.) CUPID - MR. Davia. MARS - Col. Herchmer.

A short time ago a scrgeant sent word to the Commissioner that he was about to marry. The Commissioner sent back word if he did he would take away his stripes. This is going further against nature than is done in the British army. A soldier can marry. Nor is there anything but an assumed tyranny to prevent a Mounted Policeman doing so. \* \* We consider to use the power of removing men or reducing them in rank to prevent their marrying as warping the regulations of the force to promote immorality. God bids people marry; Commissioner Herchmer says: "No; Heaven is mistaken; I know better; you must not marry; you must not increase and multiply; the decrees of Heaven must bend to my tyrannical will !" Now which will prove stronger—Hymen, Heaven, Nature—or Herchmer and Tyranny? By the way, can a man's stripes be taken away at the whim of the Commissioner or at the whim of anybody who may, can, shall or will, control him at the moment? If so it is a nice state of things.—Regina Leader, Edited by the Ummarried and Unterrified Davin.



### FACTS AND FANCIES.

CANADIAN LABOR.—" Sir John, what do you propose to do about these hard facts, discovered after careful investigation by the Legislative Committee of the Trades and Labor Council? . Oversupply of men under free immigration, reduction of wages as a consequence, and hard times generally—and all under the N. P. that was to protect Labor, mind you!" SIR JOHN.—" My dear horny-handed friend, what are facts to me? You can't have read my late banquet speech or you would know that everything is lovely in Canada under our beneficent Protection policy." MONOPOLIST.—" 'Course it is! Just examine my bank account if you don't believe it!"



#### SO THEY ARE.

At the Asylum, Orillia).

DOBBERLY.—" Aw, paw cweatures, I feel for them vcwy much, doncherknow."

WOBBERLY .- "But aftaw all, do you think they weally have much feeling or sensibility?

DOBBERLY .- " How widiculous of you, Wobberly. Idiots are men just like you and me!

#### "FOSTER "-ING CANADIAN TRADE.



UR Very Special Reporter has only just sent in his report of the Board of Trade banquet. He makes a futile attempt to explain his delay by throwing the blame upon the managers of the affair, who arranged for a brand of liquor far stronger than there was " No reasonany necessity for. able being," he says, "could expect a man to be physically or mentally fit after imbibing four glasses of that brandy, and if arrangements are made for the sale of drink without license on such an occasion, the very least a guest

can do is to patronize the saloon department a little." In short, it is plain that our Very Special Reporter got drunk-no fine phrases and glittering generalities can conceal the fact. We find his report in a condition to corroborate this view. The only thing in it which seems really coherent, though unfinished, is the speech of Hon. Mr. Foster, which is given as follows :

Hon. G. E. Foster, Minister of Finance, on rising to respond to the toast, was received with great cheering. He said :- "Your Lordship, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen: The Government, of which I am a humble member, has made a great country of Canada-great morally, great intellectually, great commercially and great politic-ally (applause). We have done this by sheer force of genius (cheers) and especially of financial genius (renewed chcers). The National Policy was an inspiration (hear, hear) and has made the people wealthy, particularly some

of them (tremendous applause). We do not intend to desert the ship now. Knowing that we are on the right path, we propose to keep straight on to the finish (cheers and applause). We hear bated whisperings of Annexation, but I say we want nothing of the sort (frantic cheers). We Freehave now the freest country on earth (hear, hear). dom is our watchword ! Free speech (cheers), free institutions (renewed cheers), free press (increased cheers), -(terrific free worship (cyclonic applause) and free tracheers) excuse me, gentlemen, I take that last word back. We draw the line at trade and commerce (hear, hear). We have discovered that freedom, so admirable in connection with all other right things, is wrong, dangerous impolitic, absurd, demoralizing and fatal in connection with trade (hear, hear, and cheers). Restriction and fet-ters for trade! That is our platform; that is what has made this Dominion great ! (Applause.) Free trade would kill the country. Look what we have done and are doing ! We have spent millions on our railways and canals, and the free-traders would have us destroy those railways and canals by using them for common traffic, simply for sordid considerations of financial gain ! They would have us open up free intercourse with our Republican neighbors, and before the people they dangle the debasing bait of monetary gain ! (hear, hear.) Gentlemen, are we going to lower ourselves to the position of mere money makers? (cheers). Are we going to make that money out of Yankees, who in the meantime would innoculate us with disloyal ideas? Perish the thought! (Great cheers.) No, gentlemen, we are going to deal with distant nations only--so as to keep our loyalty safe and uncorrupted. We are opening up communication with Chili, and we propose to trade freely with them (cheers). Pray don't The free trade is to be on our side misunderstand me. only. Goods from Chili will receive a chilly reception from our customs officers (great laughter and applause). We are going to trade with Bolivia and Peru, and Cuba and Equador, and Patagonia, on similar terms, namely, we will sell them Canadian goods for ready money. No truck taken in exchange ! (Renewed laughter.) This is something that no ministry on earth has ever done ; but in our hands it will be simple as rolling off a log-or as logrolling (cheers and great laughter). If those distant nations refuse to trade with us on these terms, so much the worse for them ! (Cheers.) We will hand them over to the tender mercies of Sir Adolph Caron and Sir Fred. Middleton (sensation). That will fetch them ! (Hear, hear, and cheering, loud and long continued.) Meanwhile the subsidies and patronage in connection with these trade schemes will make things boom for our own people-those of them at least who own the subsidised steamers. Gentlemen, these are our ---- [The report here comes to an abrupt conclusion].

#### IN A STATE OF DOUBT.

DOLICEMAN-"Come along, now. Are you going home?"

IENKINS-"Goin' home? Thash jus' what I'd like to know: Everythin' goin' roun' so fas' I can't tell."

#### "SEMPER PARATUS!"

BUT, George," said she to the handsome young Grenadier, "what would you really do if there was a. sudden cry, 'to arms, to arms !'"

"Well," said George, "it would depend. If the cry issued from your lips I think I should come."

"SAY, bub, I hear your family are going to have a conversation club at your house this winter.'

"Yep, we got onc." "Who are the members?"

"Me and mother. I furnish the conversation and mother provides the club."

MESSRS. JACOBS & SHAW announce for the week Mr. C. W. Couldock in "Hazel Kirke," one of the most charming domestic dramas ever penned. Of Mr. Coul-dock, the veteran who has ornamented the American stage for so many years, too much cannot be said in praise, especially in his creation of Dunstan Kirke.

A LUCKY TURKEY.—After having listened at a Thanksgiving dinner to Jones' stale jokes. Smith said, "I say, Jones, the Thanksgiving turkey is luckier than we are.

Jones-" In what way ?"

Smith—"He isn't stuffed with chestnuts until after he is dead."- Texas Siftings.

THE Winter Carnival is an established fact in Montreal. It is also a fact that Jelly of Cucumber and Roses will cure chapped hands and beautify the com-plexion. Druggists keep it. Wm. A, plexion. Druggists k Dyer & Co., Montreal.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and per-manent cure of Consumption. Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOVES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

INQUISITIVE SON-" Pa, do you think we ought to annex Canada?"

SPECULATIVE CASHIER-" Well, my boy, that depends upon how the market goes next week."-New York World.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYNUP 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 diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.

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#### HEAR THE RAIL FENCE PHI-LOSOPHER !!!

MY boy, I congratulate you on the fact that you are about to get married to the dearest you the greatest prosperity and happiness. As a true friend, I wish to say a few words to you that the minister may not mention, but are implied in your promise "to cherish and support." This, no doubt, you are most desirous to fulfil, and you have resolved to do so if your life is spared, but should the angel of death take you away, I ask you, have

angel of death take you away, I ask you, have you made the necessary provision for your darling in fulfilment of your sacred promise. Now, as a friend and one who knows the right thing for you to do, I would advise you to invest in the Instalment Bond' of the TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSUR-ANCE COMPANY as they are superior to the endowment policy of any other company, in this that they have a guaranteed cash surrender value after three years. This Company is one of our solid institutions having a substantial capital and full Government deposit. It is exceedingly well managed and has obtained a larger business than any other Canadian Company for a second year of existence.

My boy, the reason it is so prosperous is on account of the true and equitable principles upon which it is established, and the liberal bonds and policies it issues; in conclusion, I would warn you not to delay over this important matter but to decide at once, call on one of the agents of the Company and procure instalment bonds or policy and present. them to your bride.

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diding each memory of the irm), followed by inter-post-office address, and with all blanks in the forms properly filled in. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Education, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be folfeited if the party ten-dering declines or fails to enter into a contract when called upon to do so. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. For the due fulfilment of the contract satisfactory security will be required on real estate or money, or satisfactory approved securities to the amount of ten per cent. on the bulk sum, to become payable under the contract (the amount of above mentioned cheque may be taken as part of said security). To each tender must be attached the actual signa-tures of at least two responsible and solvent persons, residents of Ontario, willing to become surities for the carrying out of these conditions, and the due fulfilment and performance of the contract in all particul rs.

The plans and specifications can be seen in the Reception Room of the Parlia nent Buildings on Front Street, from 9 and 10 5 pm, each week day. The Department will not be bound to accept the

lowest or any tender.

### GEO. W. ROSS, Minister of Education.

Education Department (Ont.), ) Toronto, January 4, 1889.

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