

* GRIP *

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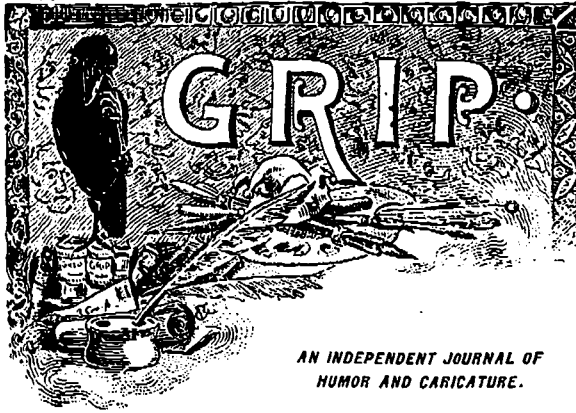
TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1890.

No. 13.
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BEFORE THE COMMITTEE.

C. J. R.—"WELL, GENTLEMEN, THE ONLY QUESTION IS—IS THIS WITNESS CREDIBLE?"



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Comments on the Cartoons.



VERY "LIBERAL" PRUNING.

The quarrel we have with the Liberal Party of this country is that it has no true liberality about it. Like the Republican Party in the United States it trades entirely on the record of the past. The grand historical names of Baldwin, Lafontaine, Brown, etc. are conjured with on the hustings and credit for the splendid performance of these genuine Liberals is taken for their alleged descendants of to-day. It is confidently presumed that this doctrine of apostolic succession will pass unquestioned amongst the people, but there is at least one point of essential difference between the old

and the new Liberals. The great men whom we have named, and others of their time, were men to whom Principle was everything. Having once firmly grasped a principle they were ready to fight and suffer for it, and, if necessary, to forego the sweets of office until the day of complete triumph came. How is it with the so-called Liberals of to-day? They believe in the principle of Free Trade, of Prohibition, of Equal Rights, of Just and Fair Taxation, not to mention other matters of the first magnitude. Do they sacrifice anything for these principles? Do they act as though they really believed in them at all? No. They juggle with them on the low platform of political expediency. The foremost thought in the minds of the leaders is to get or keep office, and hence the halting, compromising, man-afraid-of-his-horses policy which now distinguishes these wearers of the

Brown and Baldwin mantles. The latest illustration of these remarks is furnished by Mr. Mowat in his Bill on the Tax-Exemption question. The true liberal doctrine on this subject is that taxation should be borne in exact and fair proportion by all men and institutions in the community. This sound principle has long been violated in the law by a series of exemptions which cannot be justified by any sort of reasoning. Some of these fall within the scope of Local legislation, and it would be reasonable to expect a Liberal Government, backed by a large majority, to make a clean sweep of them if it undertook to deal with the matter at all. What has Mr. Mowat done with this exemption tree which cumpers the ground? Instead of tearing it up by the roots he has pruned off a few, to wit three, of its smaller branches. Mr. Mowat is "a Liberal of Liberals,"—but we would just like to enquire how much less "a Tory of Tories" could have done in this case?

BEFORE THE COMMITTEE.—The Rykert case was, as per decision in caucus, referred to the Parliamentary Committee on Privileges and Elections, a distinct promise being given by the Government that a verdict would be rendered before the adjournment of the House. This Committee is, of course, decidedly ministerial in complexion whichever party happens to be in power, and it has heretofore shown a not unnatural tenderness toward ministerial suitors who have appealed to it. In the present case it may be trusted to take the most charitable view of the Rykert case. The production of new correspondence, promised by Mr. Rykert, may possibly afford the Committee some ground upon which to base a merciful deliverance, if not an acquittal, but we confess we cannot imagine what this correspondence could be. The letters and other documents already spread upon the records of the House tell the tale with fatal completeness. In the absence of some new element equal to a retranslation of the epistles the only question would seem to be—Is Mr. Rykert as a witness against himself credible?



R. CHAPLEAU'S Printing Bureau has turned out to be just what every student of Governmental methods foresaw—an institution which will do the public printing less satisfactorily and at greater cost than was the case under private contractors. It has also involved the Government in difficulties with the labor

organizations which threaten to affect votes—a consideration which appeals more powerfully to our statesman than any other could. Moreover, it is more than whispered that the Bureau has already become a hotbed of corruption; that, in fact, although established to do only straight Departmental work, it is in reality a "general job" office.

EVIDENTLY old Blood-and-Iron Bizzy has gone permanently out of the Chancellor business. The young Emperor, with tears (we rather suspect of the crocodile sort) in his eyes, has made the Prince a Duke and Field-marshal, and bidden him good evening. And now it remains to be seen whether Germany can be "run" without Bismarck as "chief engineer." We are often told that no mortal man is really essential to any country, and the saying is no doubt true. Bismarck was unquestionably a very great man, but surely the nation of scholars and thinkers has within its boundaries another equally great, now that the hour has come to reveal him. When he steps to the front we hope he will prove to be a statesman whose methods will be a little less detestable than those of Bismarck, which have so long afflicted Germany and amazed the world.

CANADA'S New Party held its second annual convention in this city last week, and got through its resolving and speech-making in a creditable manner. The leaders of the old—and soon to be defunct—Parties have

no doubt read the reports of the convention with trembling eagerness, and if so they have learned the interesting fact that the pledged membership of the New Party is now over 4,000. This means a vote much larger than that number. If the figures in West Lambton may be taken as a criterion it means something very formidable. In that riding the New Party had only fifty pledged members, but polled nearly eight hundred votes. If the old Parties don't like the prospect, they have the consolation at least of knowing that they themselves originated the new movement by their masterly inactivity on the great moral issues of the day.

MR. MOWAT declares that the Third Party stole all the planks of its platform from the Liberals. We are authorized to deny this charge of larceny, and to say that the planks were obtained honestly. It is true some of them were once the property of the Reform Party, but Dr. Sutherland didn't steal them. He bought them at a sheriff's sale of *unclaimed goods*. By the way, this rev. gentleman has retired from the leadership of the New Party, and the place is now awaiting some truly good man who can devote his whole time to the work. What's the matter with Geo. W. Ross? That earnest Prohibitionist can't feel really at home in the Ontario Cabinet, and, salary being no object, why shouldn't he take the vacant leadership?

WE are anxious that the following interesting deliverance should meet the eye of Sir John A. Macdonald, and be by him communicated to his chums in the Cabinet :

That whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the Government of the Dominion of Canada has declared a desire to enter into such commercial arrangements with the United States as would result in the complete removal of all duties on trade between Canada and the United States, he shall appoint three commissioners to meet those who may be designated to represent the Government of Canada to consider the best method of extending the trade relations between Canada and the United States, and to ascertain upon what terms greater freedom of intercourse between the two countries can be best secured, and said commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress.

This is a unanimous resolution of the Congressional Committee on Foreign Relations. As Sir John will observe, it furnishes him a golden opportunity to give such an impetus to the prosperity of Canada as shall cause his name to be blessed for all time throughout the land, and all the bad and questionable things which he hath done to be gladly forgotten. If he is a wise statesman he will hustle the deputations of protected monopolists out of his office, and proceed to "duly certify" that Canada *does* want this good thing.

SOME highly intelligent papers in the States—notably *America*, of Chicago—are advocating the closing of the gates of Castle Garden on the ground that the country is already overcrowded. The territory of the United States is, according to careful statisticians, capable of sustaining at least one thousand millions of people in comfort. There are now only about sixty millions of inhabitants, and yet, according to these intelligent and thoughtful editors, it is overcrowded. This is an interesting paradox worth pondering over. We think we see through it. God made the United States big enough for a thousand millions, but monopolists with their fences around vacant land have made it too small for a twentieth of that number. The cure would seem to be, take down the fences. The single tax would take them down.



THE VERY LATEST THING IN SPRING HATS.

THE politicians on the other side of the line have, as yet, discovered no means of extending the blessings of "Protection" to the working men, but the oppressed Yankee hen is hereafter to be shielded from the competition of the pauper Canadian pullet. The wise men of Washington have put a duty of five cents per dozen on eggs, and there is joyful cackling throughout the land. The egg-consumers over there are also expected to feel happy, and if they can convince themselves that dear eggs taste better than cheap ones, they will no doubt join in the chorus. Meanwhile the common-sense citizens of the country must feel like presenting Congress with an appropriate present of hen-fruit of pronounced antiquity, the same to be delivered with force from the distance of a stone's-throw.

THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

GRIP'S EVENINGS AT THE CITY HALL.—NO. I.



THE Toronto City Council on a field night is "as good as a play"—in fact better than a play, as there is no charge for admission. The Roman mobs who used to clamor for "bread and circusses" would have been entirely satisfied with the meeting on the 17th inst.—St. Patrick's Day more betoken—when the city fathers, inspired no doubt by the traditional hilarity of the anniversary, had a particularly enjoyable *seance*. The principal subject discussed was bread, and it was a circus.

Punctually at the appointed hour Mayor Clarke, resplendent in a wonderfully glossy tile and immaculate white kids, opened the ball.

Roll call, reading of minutes and other preliminaries. Then, settling down to business, several by-laws were rushed through all stages with a celerity sufficient to take your breath away.

"Is't-y'r-plesh-s' bill shall-b' read-first time-carried," says his Worship.

Then the clerk, in a similarly rapid and rather more indistinct tone, reads the title of the bill.

"Is't-y'r-plesh-s' bill shall be read second time-carried!" and so on.

The machine ran along slick and smooth till the bread by-law was reached. Then, to quote the Hibernian bard, "The rows and the ructions they began." Council in committee, Ald. Bell alleged to be in the chair.



Ald. Graham—

I rise—

Chairman—

'Tis quite superfluous to mention
A fact quite obvious. I'm all attention.

Ald. Graham—

I rise to—rise to—

Ald. Frankland—

Say, this is surprising,
He'll soon slop over if he keeps on rising.

Ald. Graham—

You are ill-bred if thus you keep sneering,
Don't interrupt, the point I'm quickly nearing.

No floury speech do I propose to make,
But to this clause I must exception take.

Ald. Hallam—

In Hingland bread is always sold by weight.

Ald. Frankland—

This isn't Hingland I beg leave to state.

Ald. Boustead—

And furthermore, methinks it might be said
We don't want any (H) alum in our bread.

Ald. Hallam—

Now, prithee, gentle James, go sort of slow,

Our Boustead liberties are dear, you know.



Ald. Vokes—

All this discussion is against the rule,
Don't act like youngsters just let out of school.

Ald. Macdonald—

Bread is an article in much demand
Among the bone and sinew of our land,
A great philosopher years since has said
There is much nutriment in wholesome bread.

Ald. Lindsay—

And if we pass intact this useful clause
The act will win us honor and applause.

Ald. Graham—

Not thusly, friend 'tis practic'ly agreed
'Tis a restriction which we dough not knead.

Ald. Macdonald—

But just consider ere you rashly pause,
I mean—

Ald. Graham—

Oh pshaw, vote down the useless clause.

Ald. Carlyle—

Upon which point I beg to disagree.

Several Members—

With whom? With what? With which?
With him? With me?

Chairman—

Is the clause carried? Ready for the question?

Ald. Macdonald—

Bread is a food that's easy of digestion.

Ald. Lucas—

'Tis well observed; it may be also said
That bakers send their carts around with bread.

Ald. Frankland—

Which, if this by-law becomes law, entails
Their also sending round their weights and scales.

Ald. Boustead—

A scaly practice which must not be borne,
'Twould hold the city up to public scorn.

Ald. Moses—

Oh, never for a moment be it said
The public's-corn should stain the people's bread.

Ald. Vokes—

Say, tell us how the question stands or where,
And is there any chairman in the chair?

Several Members—

I move to strike out—order!—carried!
—lost!
What are we voting for?

Ald. Frankland—

I won't be bossed
If there's a point on which I want my say,
I'm going to shoot my mouth off yea or nay.
It seems to me—as it must seem to each
That what we want is liberty of speech,
And if that liberty we should curtail
What would the sordid price of bread avail?
But if that liberty we should maintain—

Mayor Clarke—

Is this in order, sir, I ask again?

Ald. Hallam—

In Hingland, as I previously have said,
The purchaser of bread can get it weighed,
Does get it weighed, he buys it by the pound,
Far the best way, as I have always found.

Ald. Macdonald—

A man who dickers in the hides of sheep
You may depend will get his victuals cheap.

Ald. Hallam—

I won't take sauce from no such flippant jester
Who trades in worthless real estate in Chester,





Ald. Gowanlock—
These personalities are in bad taste,
Our valuable time they greatly waste,
These yeasty frothings all restriction
mock,
Say shall we rise before e-leaven o'clock.

Chairman—
Too long o'er this discussion have we
tarried,
Say are you ready for the question—
carried.

Several Members—
Carried? What's carried? What and
how and why?
I meant to vote against it—So did I.
What did we vote on anyway? Who
knows?

The racket over, the committee rose...

Among the more interesting features of the remainder of the programme was a song and dance by Ald. Hallam entitled :

"LARIAT SMITH."

I beg to call attention
To a circumstance I'll mention,
And I'm sure you'll all agree that
it's a pity
When a rich land owner collars
Thirty-six thousand dollars
For a strip of land that's taken by
the city.
I tell you on my word
It's really most absurd,
'Tis a grievance very far from a
myth.
It would surely be a sin
Should we tamely give in
And be roped in by Lariat Smith.

CHORUS—

And be roped in by Lariat
Smith.



I cannot stand such jobbery,
'Tis nothing short of robbery,
No outrage on the city could be greater.
It clearly stands to reason

That it must—ah—be trea-
son
On the part of the false arbi-
trator.
Let's stand up for the right,
To the last let us fight,
And show we have stamina
and pith.
We must loudly protest
And in legal costs invest,
Ere we're roped in by Lariat
Smith.

CHORUS—

Ere we're roped in by
Lariat Smith.



EXPLAIN!

It would be interesting to have the prohibitionists explain why it is that the rivers that carry the largest amount of water, are the ones that most frequently suffer from swollen heads.

READY FOR THE JOB.

THOSE seers who do not believe that colonies are eternal are already forecasting for a king for Independent Canada. One of the Royal Family, of course. Equally, of course, a German. Prince (late lieutenant) Henry of Battenberg is to spare just now. He is your man.

THE EMPEROR'S DISCOVERY.

THE Emperor sat in his chair of state,
And the Chancellor sat by his side;
The dinner was over, the hour was late,
And the lager was not denied;
When all of a sudden the Emperor frown'd
As he drained an Imperial quart,
And said, "I observe as I wander around
Some things do not go as they ought."

The Chancellor smiled and he snuff'd some snuff,
"If your Highness will kindly explain,
One word from your Majesty's always enough
For Biz.," and he touched his brain;
"Ah! Bizzy," quoth he, "you're a clever old file.
But files must get worn out in time,
And you can't last forever though you may a good while,
For you're not what you were in your prime."

The Chancellor bent with a sorrowful bend,
And said: "Please your Highness to state
Your wishes, and certainly unto that end
The Empire shall bow, as to Fate."
But the Emperor smiled, "I've a question to ask,
And to one of your skill, my friend,
The answer should not be a difficult task.
On what class does my Empire depend?"

The Chancellor chuckled and drained his glass
Of lager, and slowly replied:
"We cannot foretell what may come to pass,
And one's guesses are often belied;
But this is a riddle I well understand,
And the answer I long have known,
The army that fights for the Fatherland
Is the strength that upholds thy throne."

Then the Emperor rose and he touched his crown,
The crown of his head I mean,
And said: "Not a soldier from Moltke down
To the drummer-lad, aged fifteen,
But has due respect and regard from me;
If they fight I will lead the van;
But my Empire's burden is borne," quoth he,
"On the back of the working-man."

Straight Biz., he proceeded his drinks to mix,
His Highness proceeded to talk:
"Yes, we get the money and they get the kicks,
We ride, but they all have to walk;
And the truth at last has made itself known,
Human labor is not a jest,
And the back of the man that upholds my throne
Shall not break for the want of rest."

P. QUILL.

AT THE ART GALLERY.

FRED ("No. 39, Portrait of a Lady.")—Pollie Car-
bon that was, I declare, and a good likeness, too.
Do you notice that in whatever part of the hall you are
the eyes seem to be looking at you?"

REGGIE—"Therein consists the likeness. She was
always following you about with her eyes. Clever man,
the artist."

THE DEACON'S OPINIONS.

DEACON SHORTHORN says the nation's hired men
—public servants they call themselves, quotha!—
are a mean gang. He would not trust one of 'em to
drive a mooley cow to a pastor. Not worth their salt, let
alone wage. Too much jaw and too little work. When
he hears their slack on both sides it shows him how true
are the words of Scripture that all men are lawyers. He
takes no stock in politricks.

WHY is a lady's bustle like an editor's receptacle for
rejected manuscripts?—Because it's a waist basket.



THE CANADA LIFE HERCULES.

THE Contractor inadvertently omitted the legend (as above) in connection with the colossal figure which adorns the front of the handsome new building of the Canada Life on King Street.

TABITHA TWITTERS GOES TO A TOBOGGANING PARTY.

SEEMS if there wudn't be snow enuf to toboggan this season, and I'm glad of it, for last year, speshally when we were makin a tower in the Providence of Qwebec, Hiram wud tobog wether or no, as is not sootable to our time of life, and I can break my skull into vulgar fractions if I have a mind to without goin over a snow bank.

The place we went on one okashun was not an artfishal slide, but a steep hill with many ups and downs and the snow very deep in the hollows. All the company excep me was dressed up in blankets and fandangoes and mocasins, but I stud stedly on my principles and a pair of number seven shoes, and went in my plaid gownd and a respectable bunnet. Hiram urjed me to put a tooke on my head, a sayin as how when you go to Roam you shud do as the Roamins do; I didn't see the aplikashun, tho I did roamins enuf befour I was thro.

My first misadvenchur happened thro treadin on a lump of ice as I was walking up the hill, an findin I cudn't contain my feet and my ballast I sot; but it was a slippery upper crust, and sittins not permanent, and soon I was participated faster over the glistenin surface than any tobogganist. My hart clove in my throat, and my hair wud have stud on end, only thro bein a wig was not affected by my sensashuns. I mite hav been whirlin on yet, but, as bad luck wud hav it, I come into collidgion with the minister who had been visitin a sheep of his pasturage, and was returnin home deep in medicashun and his eyes fixed on the grownd. He was restored to terror firmer when we collode, the violens of the shock scatterin his senses and his sermons and smashin his

spektakles. As we tried to extirpate ourselves from the snow bank on the side of the road my arm was seized by a young Canadian as cudn't haul me up without assistans, I bein a figger of solidity, and soon he got me into a pretty kittle of fish (no reference bein intended to the fisheries and the Dominion Polly tishuns), for when Mr. Rafferty come to help him and tuk me by the hair of the head, not bein my native air, he suddenly found himself seated on the snow with an iron-gray wig in his hands, and him callin out "Och, murther, I've skalped her!"

But all our troubles was at last digested, and we reached the top of the hill and were reddy for the start. I had no mind to risk my neck, but observin that one young lady, Miss Cynthy Jenkins, had made up her mind to go down with Hiram, sez I to myself, "My dooty is to keep alongside of my pardner." So off we starts, me in the front, a young engineer next, then Miss Cynthy, and finally Hiram steerin, an he had about as much idee of guidin a toboggan as he has of propellin the ship of state. I soon discovered that Miss Cynthy had only been makin a catch paw of Hiram, her objek bein to get on that toboggan with the young engineer, and he the same with her, and neither wantin the other to know. I gathered up the subdooed remarks that fell from them, and piecin them together, made out that there had been a misunderstandin witch had happened thro a slit in Miss Cynthy's tongue. Now, I don't hold with courtin' on a toboggan, witch is awkward for third parties not wantin to listen snub rosier, as the sayin is, and meanin Eve's droppin (and I wonder they didn't lay it to Adam insted of Eve, as was mutch more likely to have been prowlin round wherc he had no bizness), but I did feel interested in their makin up, feelin kindly to the engineer thro his likeness to my Hiram Augustus.

Just as I was beginnin to rekuper my equaliveryman, witch had been upset thro fear of Hiram's steerin, insted of glidin strait down the hill we diwerged onto a side track, and then to the main road, and, as bad luck wud have it, a horse and sleigh come dashin along. Hiram forgot his steerin and shouted to the driver, the engineer called out that we had the right of way, I screamed, Miss Cynthy yelled and Hiram seized her as was next to him. The horse becomin startled by the uproar was unmanage-



INFORMATION.

NEWSBOY—" 'Scuse me, boss, but you've got a piece of glass in-your eye!"

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

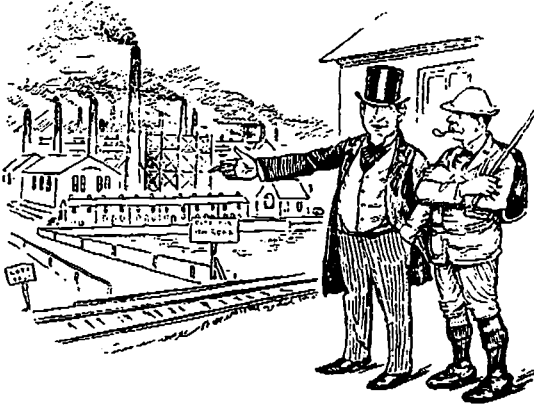
I.

“GO, young man, go, and never darken this door again!”

It was the old story, and Mr. Marrgin was playing the part of the injured benefactor in the most approved fashion. He had just missed a fifty-dollar bill from his safe, and who could have taken it but his confidential clerk, George Spotcash, now standing before him? None of the other clerks knew the combination of the lock, there was not the slightest doubt about the culpability of the accused in the mind of his accuser and judge, who refused to listen to his protestations of innocence. All such efforts were drowned in the moral eloquence of the employer, who thus strove to prevent any further effusion of guilt in the form of perjury.

“For the sake of your father, who was my old friend, I will spare you, young man. I do not even ask you to refund the money. Take it, and take yourself off with it. Go to the States, or some foreign country, and try to rebuild the character you have shattered here. But don't let me look any longer in the face of such low thievery and base ingratitude.”

The broker having risen from his seat to give greater force to his denunciations, now sat down with a severe dignity which would have been much more impressive had he taken the precaution to see that his chair was in the direct line of descent. This not being the case, gravitation allowed him but a squatter's claim upon the floor. The dismissed employee, however, was too much agitated by his own downfall to observe the sudden eclipse of the broker behind his desk. The young man hurried to his boarding-house, packed his trunk, paid his landlady, wrote and posted a letter to his sweetheart, Clara, his old employer's daughter, and took the first train going West. So the curtain falls on these divided friends, the one in a railway carriage, musing on the cantrip tricks of Fortune, the other in his office, pondering the weakness of human nature and the Chicago wheat market.



SEEING IS BELIEVING.

HAVING heard a great deal about the progress of Mimico, MR. GRIP detailed his Imaginative Artist to go up and make a sketch of the place as it really is. Above is the result.

LATER—Evidence is accumulating to prove that our artist was “personally conducted” on his visit by one of the real estate men.

able, and soon we was under his heels, and I was confused to that extent by the stivashun, that I cudn't say witch was his hoofs and witch was my number sevens, nor cudn't distingwish my own head from the engineer's, but the former was perceptible enuf when I found myself lyin in the frozen gutter, and the ice havin stove in my loose wig pins.

At first I cudn't catch a glimpse of the rest of the party, and in my mind's eye alreddy beheld a post mortar bein held on Hiram. But, before long, I spied Miss Cynthy sittin on the fragments of the cutter, a weepin and ringin her hands, and I shud a thot the owner had more caws to weep, his vehicle bein but remnants and his horse shiverin with fright and a lame leg. Not a sine cud I see of Hiram, and in spite of many argymints and his flighty ways on our tower, my hart throbbd troo to the pardner of my yuth, and I looked round for him with angziety on every liniment. At last I made out somethink wavin in the breeze just over the bank. I started to walk to it, but bein no lite wait, I broke thro the upper crust at every step, yet I struggled on till I recognized the tossel of Hiram's crimson tooke. My hart flopped down like a lump of lead, for I knew that at least five-sixths of the pardner of my joys and sorrows (principally sorrows, fur I may trooly say I was weddin to misfortin when I married him) was under the surface, congealin rapidly. I screamed for help, but when it arrived, the pint of the tooke had giv its last feeble riggle. It seems that there was a stream runnin just below where he was participated, and his luck was to break into it, but it'a a mercy he went heels first. We hauled him up at last, but I feared that life was distinct. He lay there as stiff as a becalmed mummy, tho not nearly so brown of complekshun. We rubbed him with snow and a brandy flask, and by and by the prickshun began to rewive him, and the vital spark gave a glimmer.

Thinks I to myself, this will be a warnin to him to refrain from Jimnastiks, but land, he will never take warnin by nothink, and after nearly havin an interest held over him, he went a roller skatin.

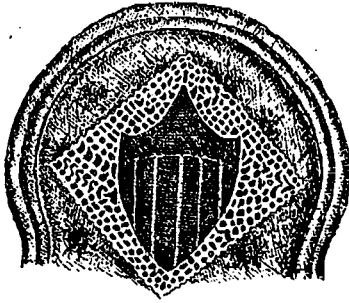
M. BOURCHIER.



A MYSTERY.

LITTLE FAUNTLEROY ROSEDALE—"Gran'pa, what's that?"
 GRANDPA—"That, my dear, is a Toronto mounted policeman."
 LITTLE FAUNTLEROY—"What are they for, gran'pa?"
 GRANDPA—"Well, now, my boy, that is something I have never been able to find out!"

Is the fashionable cape with so many reefs on it the Cape of Storms?



TIDY.



AND THE YOUNG LADY WHO MADE IT.

II.

"Is George not with you?" asked Mrs. Marrgin of her husband. "I thought he was to take tea with us to-night. Clara and I expected him."

"George Spotcash will never take tea here again," said Mr. Marrgin, solemnly. "I have something very painful to tell you about that young man."

"Oh, Henry," cried his wife, in great alarm, "I hope you have done nothing rash. What in the world did you do?"

"What did he do, you mean, Eliza. That young man is on the broad road. He stole a fifty dollar bill to-day, while I was out of the office."

"Nonsense, Henry, it was I who took the money. I wanted to do some shopping, and when I went to the office there was no one there but old Putter, the caretaker. So I just slipped in and took the money myself. Don't you remember teaching me the combination last summer? I meant to tell Putter to tell you, but he was sweeping out the back rooms, and I forgot. I hope to goodness you haven't been making a fuss about that."

"Great Scott!" shouted Mr. Marrgin, "if this ain't a nice mess. Here I've turned off my best clerk and my old friend's son all on account of your folly, Eliza. He will be out of the country by this time."

It was a sad and recriminating family that sat down to tea that evening. Mr. and Mrs. Marrgin mourned their own rashness and each other's folly, while the charming Clara sulked in swainless solitude. However, the maiden found some comfort in the letter from her lover, which glowed with unalterable devotion, and the determination to make a way either for or with himself.

III.

Years passed, and once more George Spotcash stood upon Canadian soil, and before the door of the office whence he had been so unjustly expelled. He was proud and happy. He had already amassed wealth, and the next thing on the programme was Clara.

Mr. Marrgin greeted the young man with embarrassed apologies.

"Ah, George, I am so glad to see you again, and to ask your pardon for——"

"Say no more," interrupted his visitor. "I knew you would soon discover your mistake. And now I am going to make a demand on your liberality which, if granted, will leave me forever your debtor in spite of all the past. I ask for your daughter's hand. I have already obtained her consent, and we only wait for your blessing."

"Well, George," replied Mr. Marrgin, "there is no one to whom I would sooner give her than to the son of my old friend. Still, I wish to secure her future from want, and must insist on some assurance of your ability to support her in the manner to which she has been accustomed. So before you are married and go back to the States——"

"But, my dear sir," again interrupted the ardent lover, "I shall never go back to the States. I am the absconding cashier of the Bank of Blankton, and have heaps of boodle."

"Bless you, bless you, my son," cried the old broker fervently, throwing his arms around the other's neck, while the glad tears coursed down his cheeks. "She is yours, my boy, she is yours. How could I have ever deemed you capable of stealing fifty dollars?"

WILLIAM MCGILL.

LAMENTABLE OCCURRENCE.

IT is with sad feelings we have to record the untimely decease of Boss Bummerson, commercial tourist, at the early age of sixty-eight. We lament this the more, as he never travelled without GRIP in his gripsack, and as his subscription expires in April next, it is not likely to be renewed. On the evening before his lamented decease he supped at midnight with a few friends. Time passed so agreeably that he had barely time to catch the train next morning, without his breakfast. On the road he thoughtlessly partook of a slight refectation of coffee and sandwiches at a R.R. refreshment bar, and immediately fell in—a not unfrequent result of partaking, on that road, of the refectation alluded to. On reaching his destination he took to his bed, crying wildly, "that salmon has done for me!" Having given directions respecting his samples, he repeated a favorite *bon mot* from GRIP and gave up the ghost. Analysis of his stomach showed a deposit of terra cotta from the coffee and several silicious pebbles, evidently the *exuvia* of the sandwiches. There was no trace of salmon. The Com. Trav. Assn. contemplate placing a plain headstone over his remains with a dog-Latin inscription: *In memoriam Bummeri filii. Nec. tamen consumebatur.*



HE FELT LIKE ANOTHER MAN.

"JOHN!"

"'s all ri' my dear, comin' (hic) in minit—Just finishin' (hic) little game with Mr. Sh—Shmith (hic)."

THE TWO DROMIOS.

At Washington. Enter, C.H.T.

BLAINE—What lad are you? Say, are you a reporter?
If so, clear out and make your visit shorter.

C.H.T.—The young man Tupper I, from Canady,
Boss of the pickled mackerel fisherie,
Old Dromio's son.

Blaine—Son of old Dromio, boy?
A baronet ain't he, now? I wish him joy.
Well, Me and Pauncefort have fixed all up slick,
You've only got to sign—then cut your stick.
Perhaps your folks will knight you, if 'taint wrong.
Ta, ta, young Dromio—see you later—so-long.

QUESTION!

DITORS of American "comic" papers have carried the jibe against English wit and humor far beyond the chestnut stage. Poor old *Punch* is a special butt for these awfully clever Yankee cousins of ours—notwithstanding the bad taste involved in such criticism on the part of papers in the same field. As examples of the fashionable sort of thing



take the following from a recent issue of *Puck*:

London *Punch* observes that Tennyson's last published volume, "Demeter," was probably inspired by a gas bill, or words to this effect. It does not take more than two hours of thought to gather the point of this remark of *Punch's*. It is subtle—quite as subtle as the *b* in subtle; you don't know it is there until you see it; but it is there, notwithstanding. It is also a useful jest. It gives a clue to the proper pronunciation of Demeter. Some of us have wondered whether the book was *Demeter*, or *Demayter*, or *Demcter*. Of course, to go with

Punch's joke, it must be the last; and we can not be too grateful to Mr. Burnand for relieving us of our orthoëpistical perplexity. *Punch* is a great and a humorous comic paper.

Or the following very brilliant *not* from a copy of the San Francisco *Wasp*, which reaches our table about the same time:

J. BULL—"Your comic papers are inferior to ours. Their best things are copied from our *Punch*."

JONATHAN—"Did you say that the American comic papers are inferior to the English?"

J. BULL—"Yes."

JONATHAN—"And that their best articles are copied from the British comic papers?"

J. BULL—"Yes."

JONATHAN—"Then the best thing our humorists can do is to copy from some other papers."

Now, it is generally recognized that a joke to be good must have some truth in it. Is it true, then, that the English comic papers are below their American contemporaries in point of wit? We see the leading representatives of both sides every week, and have every opportunity of comparing them, and we say deliberately that, on the whole, the English papers have a decided advantage. As for old *Punch*, it is true that his puns are sometimes rather far fetched, but where is the American paper that ever publishes anything so good as *Punch's* "Model Dramas for Music Halls," his "Guide for Young Reciters," or the series of verses lately concluded under the title of "Untiled"? It would be safe to offer *Puck* a thousand dollars to find anything to equal either of these in his whole file. It is time the meaningless chestnut about English humor was rung up.

HIS CHOICE.

"HAROLD," murmured the gentle girl, a tear dimming the lustre of the spectacles that rested lightly on her Græco-Girtonian nose, "I will not deny that our soul communion, our interchange of impressions, our mental emposia, not only specifically paleontological, but cosmical and metaphrastic in a general sense as well, have been pleasingly Carlylesque. But you have taken advantage of a moment of, perhaps, unwonted soulfulness to endeavor to extort from me a pledge of earthly affinity. You seek to degrade—if I may use so strong a term—our essential psychomachy to the ultimate level of mere inter-social volition."

"Waldonia," exclaimed the youth, "you misapprehend me. I—"

"Hear me out, Harold," she persisted. "I have confessed that I feel drawn to you by many psychocentric influences. But there are other considerations. When two earthly lives assimilate there must be no clashing vagaries, no hygienic polemics. Harold," she continued, in a trembling voice, "pardon the question—there is so much at stake—but do you ever defile your immortal nature by eating pie?"

The young man rose slowly to his feet, and felt around in a vague way for his hat.

"Waldonia," he said, in a voice of tragic misery, "the bitterest hour of my life has come, but I cannot hesitate a moment. I wouldn't give up pumpkin pie for the soulfullest woman that ever squawked! Good evening."

The pale moon rose with a timid, abashed demeanor, and her rays shone mildly and pityingly on a young man with his hat pulled down over his eyes, who was striding down the street, going out of his way to kick savagely at every lone and friendless dog in sight, and talking volubly and recklessly to himself in the dialect of Billingsgate.—*Pick-me-Up*.

TO INCREASE THE SPEED OF YOUR CAMEL.



I.

It is very easily done. Just bait your line with a tempting bottle of soda-water.

A SCHOOL STUDY.

MR. STERN INSPECTOR—"Do your friends ever visit you during school hours, Miss Pretty Teacher?"

MISS PRETTY TEACHER—"Very seldom. We had one yesterday, however, Dr. Devout. Children, what was the name of the gentleman who told us the story, yesterday?"

CHORUS OF CHILDREN—"Mr. Youngblood."

MR. STERN INSPECTOR—"Is it possible?"

MISS PRETTY TEACHER (*aghast, but rapidly recovering herself*)—"Oh, no, children, the gentleman who told us the beautiful story. Well, Charlie?"

CHARLIE—"Please, teacher, the other one told us a story, too."

MISS PRETTY TEACHER—"Now, Charlie, you have made a mistake, think a minute, dear. What was the story about?"

CHARLIE—"Ma said 'twas 'Love's Young Dream.'"

TABLEAU—Miss Pretty Teacher faints.

Cards issued immediately—Miss Pretty Teacher—Mr. and Mrs. Youngblood.



II.

Keep it well in advance of the animal.

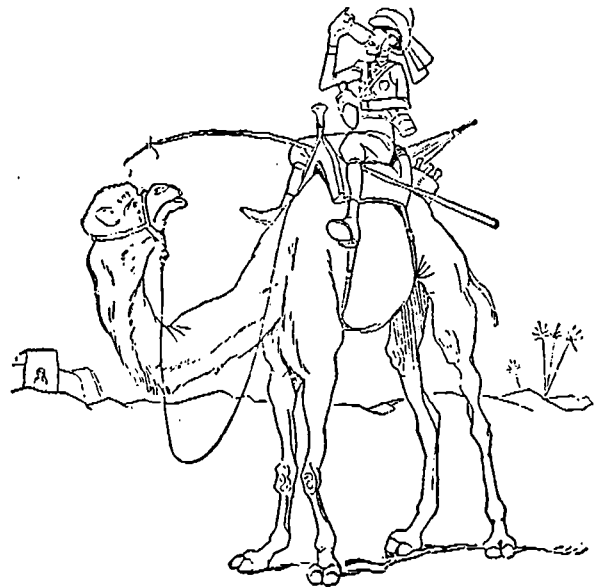
A HINT TO THE FINANCE MINISTER.

DOMINION, Dr.—To 276½ gold pencil-cases for use of the Senate, being 3½ gold pencil cases for every Senator."

There is improvidence here. No man, not even a Senator, can make use of three-and-a-half gold pencil-cases at once. If any of these valuable articles are pawned, would it not pay to buy up the pawn-tickets and re-issue the pencil-cases next session? His financial operation would economize the public purse, and would just suit the minister's calibre.

A HOME-MADE CAPE.

TAKE two Thomas cats, poison them with "Rough-on-rats," and get your school-boy brother to skin them. Stitch together and steep in a bath of ink. Line with a piece of the petticoat Aunt Laura gave you for last carnival. Pass it through a mangle. Then ascertain what is the highest price charged for Russian sable by the furriers who advertise in GRIP, and mention to your envious friends that was what you paid for it.



LARAN D'ACHE

III.

And when you "get there" take it yourself, as soda-water isn't good for an overheated camel.

MILITARY ITEM.

"IT'S queer," ruminated Sniffkins, "how many soldiers owe their lives in battle to the bullet striking a Testament, or a photograph, or something of that sort they are wearing over their hearts. Now, it seems to me that if I had to go into a fight I should wear the family Bible inside the left breast of my uniform, or else dispose an Encyclopædia around various portions of my anatomy."

"Good idea," responded Snobkins, "but I knew a man once who got his life saved just by wearing a plug of tobacco."

"That so? How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, the plug was pretty rank, and the smell was so strong that it turned the bullet to one side and it killed the man who fired it."

MR. TICK—"How long will it take you to make me a suit of clothes?"

TAILOR—"Three days."

MR. TICK—"All right; and I'll settle the bill in just sixty days from to-day. You'll have 'em ready on time, now, won't you?"

TAILOR—"Yes, sir; they'll be ready in just sixty-three days."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

WHAT lovely teeth. Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste is the best thing in the world to keep them so. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

MRS. MC TOOLE—"Are yez gowin' t' buy misfits, P'helim?"

MR. MC TOOLE—"Indade Oi'm not. Phin Oi want misfits, Oi'll go t' Casey, the Tailor on the rocks. He makes foine misfits t' ordher."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

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

MR. FAINWED—"Then you refuse to marry me?"

MRS. MAINCHANCE—"For the present I must. My husband is in good health, and we are the best of friends."

MR. FAINWED—"And you can give me no encouragement?"

MRS. MAINCHANCE—"I will keep your address and if a vacancy should occur I will drop you a line."

(N. B. This happened in Chicago, of course.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

"I HAVE only one last request to make," said the dying man, as he painfully raised his head from the pillow and surveyed the weeping group around his bedside.

"What is it, my good friend?" asked the clergyman. "Anything you ask will be done."

"Then see that the newspapers don't refer to me as 'another old landmark gone.'"—*Lippincott's Magazine for March.*

"I WISH to say to the congregation," said the minister, "that the pulpit is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for the concert in the Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit of the Arch Fund, not the Arch Fiend. We will now sing hymn six, 'To err is human, to forgive divine.'"—*New York Sun.*

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

PHILADELPHIA YOUNG LADY (to Mother, who is giving a dinner)—"Heavens, mother, what are we to do?"

MOTHER (frightened)—"Why, what is the matter, Lulu?"

DAUGHTER—"It is near the hour set for dinner, and the scrapper hasn't come yet."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

MR. TUFFCASE—"There's no use in your chasing me up all the time with that bill of yours. You can't get blood out of a turnip."

SNIP (the tailor)—"I thought I might get a little out of a beet."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

MISS REDINGOTE—"No, Aunt Brindle, I am *not* engaged. When I marry it will be a great man."

MRS. BRINDLE (doubtfully)—"Well, I dunno. You can't always tell how a man will turn out. Now, there's Josiah—"

MISS REDINGOTE—"You don't mean to say Uncle Brindle has ever distinguished himself?"

MRS. BRINDLE—"Well, I'll tell you what he did. I sent him down to the store with a ribbon the other day and he matched it!"—*Lippincott's Magazine for March.*

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

"You don't seem to tumble, my friend, to my joke,"

Thus sadly and glumly a humorist spoke, From his pride in his wit greatly humbled;

But fate had decided the point to reveal, For the solemn old duffer came down with his heel

On a piece of ripe fruit and a part of the peel.

And then you may wager he tumbled.
—*Lippincott's Magazine for March.*

"Do you ever receive contributions written on both sides of the paper?" asked a gentleman, entering a newspaper office. "No, sir, never," emphatically replied the editor. "All right; I was going to endorse this check to your order, but I don't want you to break your rules." Then he went out leaving the editor in a deep green study.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

JUST at this season of the year Boeckh's Boot and Shoe Wiper will be found an indispensable piece of furniture. The crowning merit of the patent is that in one operation the boots are cleaned, sides, soles and uppers. The frame is of metal and so built that the matting can be replaced when worn out. The Wiper is not unattractive in appearance, but better still, it saves the housekeeper a deal of labor and the carpets from destruction. The Wiper is for sale at all the leading House Furnishing and Hardware establishments.

MAUDE—"Oh, Daisy, I saw your new little poodle the other day."

DAISY (ecstatically)—"Did you? Isn't he just too sweet for anything?"

MAUDE—"Yes; but I thought you said some of his pretty curly hair had been burned off."

DAISY—"Oh, it had; but I just patched him up with one of grandma's new 'waves'; it's a splendid match; you'd never know the difference."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

MRS. FRASER BLACKSTOCK'S "Starry Night" waltz has made a very pronounced hit. Messrs. Nordheimer have had some difficulty in filling the orders for it, and a second edition, which was printed a few days ago to supply the demand, is nearly exhausted. The composition is in three movements, each of which is exceedingly catching. It is sure to become as popular on the band-stand as in the ball-room, and we trust it is only the forerunner of many more good things from the same pen.

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

WEARY RAGGLES—"I'm very hungry, sir, an' if you'd give me a dime fer ter git—"

MUSEUM PROPRIETOR—"Hungry, eh? You're just the man I want. There's a pie-eating contest going on inside, but in order to keep up the excitement we must change the eaters every now and then, when the room is cleared. You look like one of them, and you can take his place in a few moments. I'll pay you two dollars an hour for the work."

WEARY RAGGLES (reluctantly backing off)—"I'd 'av' accepted that offer if yer hadn't called it wor-r-rk."—*Puck.*

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

MRS. GROSGRAIN—"I wish I could find a first-class French maid."

MRS. BONTON—"I think I know of one who would suit you."

MRS. GROSGRAIN—"Does she speak Parisian French?"

MRS. BONTON—"The most Parisian kind of French."

MRS. GROSGRAIN—"Does she speak any English at all?"

MRS. BONTON—"A little, I believe."
MRS. GROSGRAIN—"Ah, well, if she speaks any English, you know, that would be an insuperable objection."

PANTS Send three-cent stamp for samples and self-measurement blanks. Will include linen tape measure if you mention this paper

\$3 TO ORDER

DOMINION PANTS CO.
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FREE HEIGHT 14 IN. LENGTH 30 IN. WEIGHT 30 LBS. WILL PLAY 100 TUNES. **FREE**

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For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

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It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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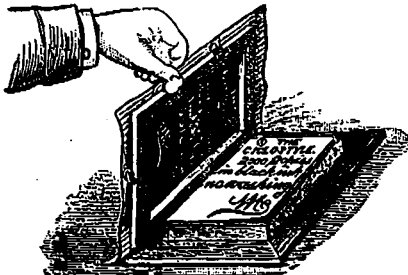
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DOMINIE—"Who put that mark on the blackboard—you Jenks?" JENKS—"Yes, sir."
DOMINIE—"How dare you caricature me?" JENKS—"Please sir, that's the Ottawa river."



Beware of Imitations.



Great healing spring, weak mortals see
Thy hand flowing mercy-DEITY.

MORE THAN WONDERFUL.

To remove deadly sickening poisons, make the weak strong, is wonderful. But to establish in people claiming good health, degrees of strength and enjoyment in life never before attained, is more than wonderful.

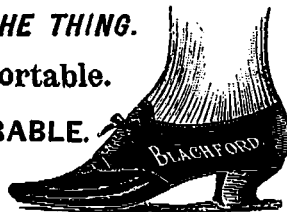
But such is the experience of all who thoroughly test St. Leon Water. "To perfect the organism, regulate and preserve long life, 'tis invaluable."

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Henry M. Stanley,

perhaps the foremost living man in pluck, endurance and achievement, has just completed successfully his last and greatest undertaking, the rescue of Emin. The story of his adventures and discoveries, "In Darkest Africa," will be published shortly by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It will be a thrilling and instructive narrative. Stanley is entitled to the fruit of his labors, and this the Anglo-Saxon sense of justice will secure to him by purchasing

"In Darkest Africa"

the only book in which he will have a personal interest. Intelligent and well-meaning people will not buy the bogus "Stanley books" offered under false and misleading representations, to no one of which has Stanley contributed a line. They will wait for the only authentic book on this subject, written by Stanley himself, and in buying it they will put into his pocket a share of the proceeds of its sale. "In Darkest Africa" will be in two octavo volumes, replete with maps and amply illustrated from Mr. Stanley's own photographs and sketches. Price \$3.75 per volume in cloth. Sold only by subscription. Look on the title page for the imprint of

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N.B.—Send for our 83 page Illustrated Catalogue, free to any address on application. Orders by mail carefully and promptly attended to.

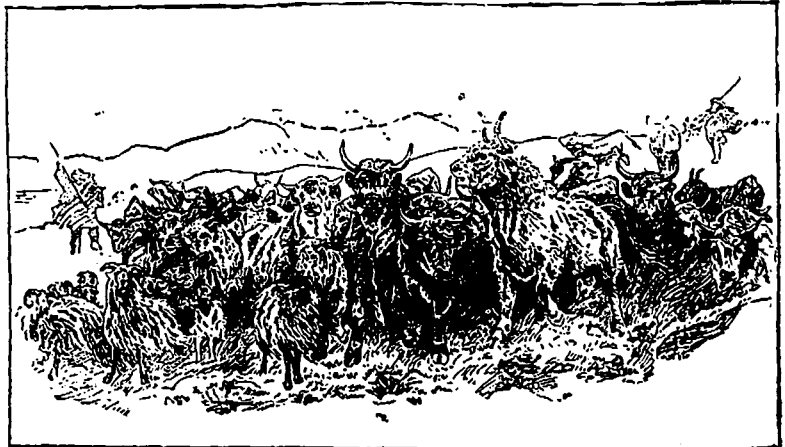
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266 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

"A SCOTTISH RAID,"

By ROSA BONHEUR.



ROSA BONHEUR is the most accomplished female painter the world has ever known. This late achievement represents a drove of long-horned "Eyles" and a flock of shaggy sheep on a heather-clad mountain in the Highlands. The scenery is essentially Scotch. The boldness of feature and vividness of landscape set off the cattle with admirably effect without detracting attention from them. Each animal has its own individuality, which is not lost in the confusion of a general stampede. The texture of their hoary and fleecy coats is marvellously rendered, and the whole grouping is that of a master hand. The air seems cool and misty, and the spring morning, fragrant with the scent of the heather. The birch and the pine darken the glens, and the sedge waves over the moors. In the photo-etching, the greatest care and skill have been used by the engraver to preserve the wonderful effect of the original, and the copies attest the successful reproduction of the great master's work. Size of copies 20x34 inches.

The above superb engraving is a magnificent companion picture to "The Horse Fair," by the same artist. It is the same size and produced by the same process. We will give a choice between "A Scottish Raid" and "The Horse Fair" to every new subscriber to GRIP for a year at \$2.00 cash. Further, we will give a copy of either picture, post-paid, to any of our present subscribers who send us a new subscriber with the cash, \$2.00, a copy being also given to the subscriber; or, we will send either picture to any present subscriber who, before July 1, pays in full to December 31, 1890. Non-Subscribers may obtain a copy of this engraving, post-paid, for \$1.00 cash.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

FOREIGN TRAVELER—"Vaiter, shust run town zhtairs undt ask if dere are any letters for me. My name is Ivan Gasteropodskeloff Mikroshtzavichwalewskoi!"



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: READY.

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Roofing and Paving Co.

Gravel Roofing for all kinds of Flat Roofs.
Asphalt Paving for Cellar Bottoms,
Sidewalks, Brewer Stables, etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
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Nasmith leads at the Present,
Nasmith intends leading in the Future.

STEAM BAKERY,
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AIR BRUSH.

Applies liquid color by a jet of air. Gold, Silver and special medals of Franklin and American Institutes. Saves 75 per cent. of time in shading technical drawings. The crayon, ink or water colour portrait artist finds his labor lessened, his pictures improved and his profits increased by using the Air Brush. Write for illustrated pamphlet; it tells how to earn a living. Air Brush Manufacturing Co., 107 Nassau Street Rockford, Ill.



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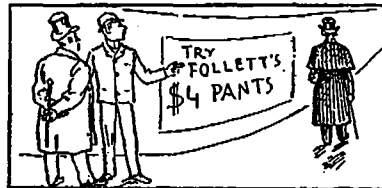
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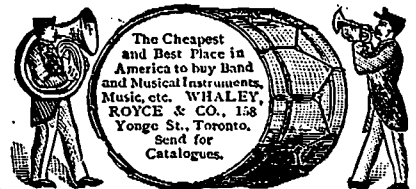
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