



# GRIP



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## THE LOGIC OF THE SITUATION.

BLAKE—"I am convinced that both your policies lead alike to Annexation; therefore I retire from public life."

CANADA—"Nay, Edward, as my greatest statesman, therefore you should remain and show us the way out!"

# GRIP

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J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.



**PULLED ASHORE BY THE FISHERMEN.**—Sir John A. Macdonald's Government has survived the general election and returns to office with a majority which it owes chiefly to the three Maritime Provinces. Two members of the Cabinet, Hon. Messrs Carling and Colby are

amongst the missing, while Honorable Mr. Foster narrowly escaped defeat. The victorious party, led by the *Empire* in a strain of exuberant poesy, is celebrating the event as a magnificent, triumphant vindication of the Government's policy. This is all quite right and natural, and GRIP extends his congratulations to the happy fellows. But the candid citizen who calmly considers the whole matter in a sober and common sense fashion will be forced to admit that there are some considerations which rob the victory of a good share of its glory. Aside from the fact that the constitution was trifled with in bringing the election on prematurely, it is right to remember that the appeal was made to a still gerrymandered country and under a most unfair Franchise Act; worse still, that the voters' lists were unrevised and did not in any reasonable measure represent the present citizenship of the Dominion. If we add to these considerations the questionable methods known to have been openly resorted to in the manipulation of public works for the bribery of whole constituencies (without supposing that there was personal bribery or any bulldozing at all on the Ministerial side) the lustre of the triumph is appreciably dimmed. The *Empire* is convinced that it was the grandness of Sir John's policy that did it Our

own opinion is that if the platforms of the parties had been transposed, there would scarcely have been a Grit member returned to the House.

**THE LOGIC OF THE SITUATION.**—The valedictory letter of Mr. Blake, which was published on the morning after the election, fairly divided with the "returns" the attention of an excited public. This document had been the subject of much speculation during the contest. A letter had been read confidentially to the Reform Convention of West Durham in connection with Mr. Blake's declination of the nomination, and the fact that the full explanation of his position promised therein was not published at once gave rise to a report that its author was out of accord with his party on the policy of Reciprocity. The Conservatives used this assumption industriously, as signifying that Mr. Blake, of course, favored the Government policy instead. It is found, however, that he regards both policies as leading inevitably to annexation, and favors neither. Indeed, it is a little difficult to discover from the document just what Mr. Blake would propose to avert the doom which he sees awaiting the country. Reduced to a sentence or two, the manifesto appears to be to this effect: "Protection cannot continue without landing us in Annexation; Unrestricted Reciprocity cannot be secured except in the form of Commercial Union, which also means Annexation in the end; meanwhile, our state is such that we must have a very high tariff for revenue purposes, while at the same time we badly need extended markets, which we cannot get without Free Trade. Under the circumstances, my only course seems to be to retire from public life. I accordingly bid you all an affectionate farewell." The conclusion seems to us lame and impotent. If Mr. Blake is physically fit for public life, the desperate condition of the country as he sees it, calls for his re-entry instead of his retirement. We cannot spare any statesmen just now.

**AFTER THE ROW.**—It is to be hoped our friends the politicians on both sides will have enough Pickwickian grace about them to overlook the hard things that were said during the campaign. This will not be so very difficult to secure in the case of the victors; and we trust even the vanquished will ere long come up smiling once more. The sensible man takes a generous discount off all the bitter things uttered in the heat of a contest, knowing that in their composition there is about one ounce of dead-earnest to twenty pounds of humbug. Sir John does not really believe (and never for a moment during the campaign believed) that Sir R. Cartwright was a traitor who was conspiring to sell Canada to the Yankees, though he said so pretty often and with a deal of theatrical emotion; similarly, it may be doubted whether Sir Richard and the other Grit orators who went about denouncing the Old Man as a letter-thief, liar, etc., etc., meant that their expressions should be understood in anything but a Pickwickian sense. Now that the unpleasantness is over, GRIP hopes to see a mutual good understanding re-established.

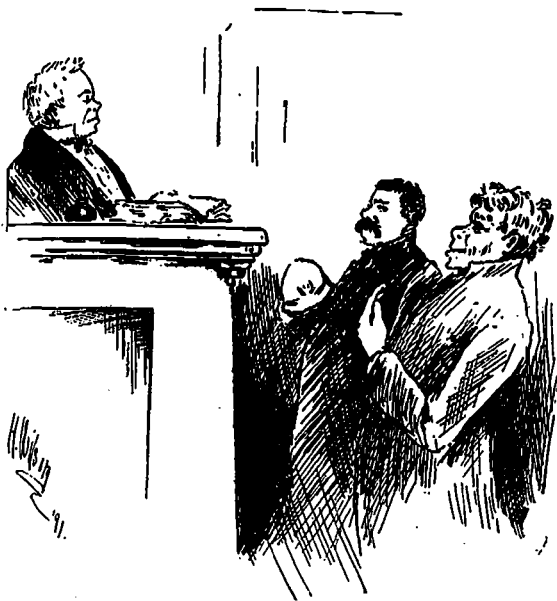


**JUDICIOUS** people living in Toronto have sworn off drinking the city water, since the latest statement pertaining thereto was made by the acting medical health officer. The question is, What are we going to do about it? If the citizens are convinced that hanging Mayor Clarke will cure the difficulty, as the *Telegram* seems

to hint, then let his Worship be hanged forthwith. He is a public-spirited man, and is used to sacrificing himself for the public good, so that he will, we presume, be quite willing. The question—like the water—cannot be left in its present unsettled condition. A vague notion has crossed our mind that the medical experts ought to be equal to the construction of some sort of a big public filter, fitted up with layers of Koch lymph, through which our water supply might be passed and rendered free of microbes. It might be worth while, also, for the police authorities to find out if it is true that ice is being cut from the sewage-infected bay by some of our local ice dealers.

\* \* \*

**A** BIG dry goods house up Yonge Street has added another department — that of shoe-cobbling.



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE.

"He did entreat me past all saying nay, to come with him along."  
—*Merchant of Venice. Act III, Sc. 2.*

Bookselling and umbrella-mending have for some time been recognized branches of the haberdashery trade up there, but cobbling is something of a departure from the legitimate. The enterprising proprietor, we understand, contemplates still further developments in the ramifications of the establishment, and nobody need be surprised if the announcement is shortly made that Eat'em & Co. are prepared to execute orders for well-digging, general house-work, tending to horses, escorting old ladies to evening concerts, spring plowing and conducting evangelistic services on short notice and at reasonable terms.

\* \* \*

AND yet, this big shop is developing along the line dreamed of by Bellamy, isn't it? It is gradually but surely extinguishing that baneful thing called competition. In due time all the other merchants and tradesmen of the city will be superfluities in their present callings, and can devote themselves to something else—if they can find anything Eat'em & Co., are not already doing. When perfection is reached, everybody outside this big shop can sit down and take life easy. The firm's advt. will then read—"You press the button—we do the rest."

\* \* \*

TALKING of Reciprocity with the States, our literary men have been enjoying all the benefits of an arrangement in that line for some time. No writers for the great American magazines get a more frequent hearing than the Canadian poets, Lampman, Carman, Campbell and Roberts—a quartette we have good reason to be nationally proud of. Considering that the effusions of these gentlemen are the spontaneous inspirations of genius and not pumped-up poesy, it is a Reciprocity in Natural Products, too, notwithstanding Blaine's declaration that the States won't have anything of the sort on any terms. The only American writer, on the other hand, who gets access to the Canadian market is Mr. Erastus Wiman, who is neither a poet nor an American, so that the arrangement is literally—or rather literarily—jug-handled, too. *Apropos*

of this, Mr. Campbell, whose home is at Southampton, Ont., has just published a new volume entitled "Lake Lyrics, and Other Poems." Those who are familiar with the poet's charming treatment of the grander phases of Canadian scenery and life will be delighted with this collection. A perusal of it by others will convince them that the high praise bestowed upon the writer by Mr. Goldwin Smith in a late *Bystander* was not undeserved.

\* \* \*

THE *Canadian Nation* says:

In a recent number of the *Toronto Globe* is an advertisement by a Buffalo saloonist offering his business for sale for a thousand dollars, and as an inducement to the purchaser he stated that five thousand laborers passed his house twice daily.

Well, that's all right, isn't it? It won't do the laborers any harm to pass a saloon. It's the fellows that don't pass that come to grief.

\* \* \*

ONE of our exchanges speaks of an "infant baby;" another tells of a "widow woman;" another refers to something that will happen "next Sunday afternoon at three p.m.," and still another has a man "filled full."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Oh, come off! You're too pernickety and punctilious altogether. Would you want anybody to speak of a "grown-up baby" or a "widow man" or "Sunday afternoon at 3 a.m." or about a man "filling himself empty?" Such hypercriticism makes us tired.

## THE ISOTHERMAL LINE.

HOW many lives are thrown away  
In searching for the Pole,  
Because they go by Baffin's Bay,  
To reach the distant goal.

Whereas a governmental chart  
Would give them weather finc,  
Did they but follow from the start  
The isothermal line.

Professor Krank, a learned man  
And patriotic Blue-nose,  
To reason with himself began—  
"I'll solve this question, who knows?"

"With sledge and canines Esquimaux  
I shall begin to travel  
As soon as falls the earliest snow,  
This mystery to unravel.

"A good thermometer alone  
My outfit scientific,  
With records true from zone to zone  
Will give me clues specific.

"For northward though I steer my course,  
Of frost's grim rigor wary,  
I'll westward slant to gain its source  
Through climes that never vary."

This sage began his journey on  
The first snow in December,  
And busy with his task was gone  
Until the next November.

He found the Pole in shape was matched  
By common fishing pole,  
The isothermal line attached  
Had led him to his goal.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

A PATENT medicine advertisement appears with the heading, "Is Life Worth Living? Depends on the Liver." Certainly. Depends on how he lives.



### CLEOPATRA IN AMERICA.

MISS DAVENPORT (to her stage manager)—"What's the meaning of this, Jenkins?"

STAGE MANAGER—"Well, you see, Fanny, the asp has got away, and I thought you could do the suicide act with this well enough till we can catch another snake."

### PROTECTING THE GARDENER.

JAMES DIBBLE, a respected Canadian who grows cabbages for market and whose onions are the pride of his county fair, bought a \$1 package of kindergarten seeds, year before last, and sowed them in Canadian soil under a Canadian sky, and the result was at once gratifying and appalling. It ought to be stated that Bro. Dibble is a pious market gardener, and when he sees the barometer falling never omits the prayer for rain, nor when he observes the glass rising does he forget to pray for fine weather. Consequently, when his plants grew, he had cabbages that could not be induced to go into a barrel, onions of a calibre that fitted the guns on Halifax citadel hill and celery of such pungency that rheumatism fled screaming before it. He had one pumpkin that was a marvel and a mystery. When his rival, Patent Weeder, saw it attained the diameter of three feet he was seized with a fit of hypochondria. When it expanded to four feet five he made his will on the blank order sheet of Simmers' seed catalogue, and when the dimensions grew to five feet four poor Weeder threw himself on his spade and died like an old Roman.

Relieved thus from competition Dibble determined to outdo himself, and last year ordered another \$1 worth of American-grown imported seeds under Mr. Foster's tariff. The package came wrapped up in a great many papers, on each of which were colored chromos of impossible vegetation with minute instructions for growing. There was also enclosed a lithographed offer of a premium of \$50 in Louisiana State Lottery bonds for the largest specimen of dead beet. Of course the packet was seized at the Custom house and it took the gardener's boy, Bill, half a day and eighty-five cents cash to get it out of limbo. In may be well to remember that among the varieties duly labelled were *melonus monstrosus*, *horresco referens*, *pun-kynus umbuggiensis*, *cacodæmon giganteus* and others, but, strange to say, all the seeds bore a marked similitude to each other. Dibble was not familiar with their aspect, but he took his coat off and proceeded to dig and hoe and rake and mellow his seed beds, while Mrs. Dibble sat on an inverted flower pot and looked on. When his whole crop was in, and everything tidied up, our worthy man went west to meet his brother who had been driven

out of Dakota by blizzards. He did not return for two months, when, full of those angel feelings of home, so finely described by our poets, he peeped over his fence and was dazed to behold his garden all one amber sheet of waving gold, with a cloud of wasps and wild bees with very large latter ends alighting on the blooms, the murmur of their many wings making a gentle sough or susurrus like the faint sigh of the far-off sea. Stricken to the heart he dashed his four dollar hat on the ground and trampled on it exclaiming "Bumfoozlius seize me! I might have known it. *They have sent me dandelion seed!*" After many months of pondering he came to see through it. Mr. Foster's solemn imposition of a duty on imported seed led some ingenious Yankee to believe that a business might be done in fleecing Jean Kanuck, and hence the dandelions. A like enough result from a clique of cabinet theorists tinkering a tariff they do not understand.

Honest James had always hitherto done as he was bid and voted the clear tory ticket, but he forthwith joined the Equal Rights schism, and with the ill-directed enthusiasm that so often distinguishes perverts, intends this year to send Mr. Charlton an enormous cabbage head of pure Canadian growth.

### A LAY SERMON.

DEARLY BELOVED, the Scripture teacheth us in sundry places and in divers manners that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. A Sabbath day's journey is also frequently spoken of in the sacred page. Had the Christian Israelites of the year one possessed a J.G.T., Jerusalem Grand Trunk, they would have made their excursions on the seventh day of the week by rail, and there would have been little danger of travellers falling among thieves, excepting those of the restaurant stalls. Ben Hur with his wife Sarai and their children the young Jonathan, Eli, Abinadab, Rehoboam, Adoniram and baby Miriam would have taken with them a paper of dates or grapes, with leavened buns and a leathern bottle containing goat's milk, or even a sample of that unfermented wine that has so exercised the minds of abstinent communicants,—and near some pleasant passenger station, Bethany, or Ramah, or Emmaus, would have picniced under a tree, where the young ones would have played leapfrog or erected a swing, or chased each other and butterflies, the old folks looking smilingly on. There in balmy air, beneath the ripening sun, with the leafy bocages drowsy with the hum of winged insect trombonists and the ground embroidered with the tulip (lily of Solomon), and the peripetetic rose of Jericho, their minds would be restful and serene with the content and serenity that their pure faith lends. St. Paul, and such other of the apostolic band as were not on circuit, would most likely have been of the excursion and tempered any outbreak of vulgarity into moderation. As the luminary of day sank towards the distant sea and with its last rays turned the violet of the hill-ranges of Edom on the horizon to purple, the execrable screech of the steampipe would be heard, and young and old with their return tickets in their hands would run laughing to take their places in the cars. A few minutes would bring them to their homes within the walls of the city of Solomon glooming beneath the malign shadow of the hill of Calvary. Had these Sabbath-breakers been compulsorily confined within the ramparts on the seventh and only day of their rest their wearied bodies would have missed the bracing ozone, and their minds the beauties of the flower-spangled fields and the

common wonders of life and color and all that excites admiration for the beautiful works of God. Imprisoned mind and body would have fallen into sourness and lassitude, if not into worse. My brethren, which is the better, the moral and physical malaria of the town or the vivifying influences, to soul and body, of out of doors? And thou, O Gentile Canadian land! take thou the lesson therefrom. Beautiful though thy cities be, there are yet spaces, lovely, but unbuilt on, that can be visited only on the seventh day by the toilers on six. Fall not then under the numbing gloom of the Sabbatarian, charm he never so puritanically. Do not hang cats on Monday to prevent their catching mice on Sunday. Enlarge not thy phylacteries. Rather open on that restful day of seven thine Art treasures to whomsoever hath eyes, and thereby sooner or later wilt thou reach the soul and refine the taste. Issue special return tickets for the short distance known as a Sabbath day's journey. Trust to the growing education and culture of the People, and do not overlook that the mere putting on of a shirt that hath been boiled and Sunday clothes that have been brushed elevates the moral conduct. As a measure of precaution, merely, render the abuse of any refreshment more deadly than pies and coffee, impossible for the present. In time such abuse, if any, will shame itself down. Fight shy of Synod petitions to Parliament for "better observance." Man's mind can be made pious and God-loving neither by growls of Levites nor edicts of Trajan. For the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. So mote it be.

The hat will now go round in aid of the mission for treating poor hospital children to mutton pies and occasional outings in the country.

**AFTER THE EVENT.**

NOW that the smoke of battle has cleared away, the clear daylight which falls upon the following anti-election forecasts of representative journals makes them interesting reading.

(We have been extremely careful to place our authorities in such order as will indicate to advertisers which paper has the largest circulation—the others follow or precede just as you happen to read, up or down.)

*Dundas Banner*—"It is a foregone conclusion that the People's Party will win, as it deserves to, although the other fellows have a few good planks in their platform too, and 'Who knows what a day may bring forth?'—Romans xii. 16. At any rate, it or they has or have our best wishes."

*The Empire*—"The Old Man, the Old Party, the Old Flag are bound to come out head. Any man may bet his bottom dollar on this glorious certainty."

*The Globe*—"The policy of Cartwright, Laurier, Mercier, Mills and Charlton will be sustained by an overwhelming majority, and Canada will once more rise from its ashes. 'Who would be free, himself must strike the blow.' What if it does lead to annexation? Shall we not continue to have with us Colonel Denison and G. W. Ross?"

*Bobcaygoon Independent*—"Them is our sentiments too, with the change of a single letter. We most respectfully beg to knock the h out of head, and supply a capital D."

*The Mail*—"Our position is a perfectly plain one, and signs are not wanting that on March 5th it will be vindicated by the people of this country. Equal Rights is 'all alive, oh!' This country is bound to have justice, though the heavens should fall, as Milton says. If we cannot get it under British rule, we know where to look for it when we are really in earnest."

*London Advertiser*—"Honest John' is bound to be defeated. He has been heard to say that it is barley possible he will beer-turned. He thinks the 'east is



**CHINA DECORATED AND FIRED.**

rising 'again' Sir John, and that elsewhere mis-chief is brewing. When in town on Tuesday, he was *Carling* mournfully, 'Down went Mac——'

*Hamilton Spectator*—"To the National Policy we owe everything we possess—life, liberty, labor, leisure, Adam Brown, the mountain and even Stinson. Workingmen of Hamilton will for ever squelch the blatant Cartwright-Wiman-Laurierists. Canada will be redeemed. Tall chimneys will spring up like magic, and eggs will be worth twenty-five cents a dozen."

*Hamilton Times*—"The Reformers of this city will astonish the old-time Tories in a few weeks. Hamilton is not Toronto. The people of this city are intelligent, and, what is more, our drinking water is free from sewage, unless when *sticks* get into it, but they don't hurt. The office of the "Spec." will be hung with crape on or about March 6th. To those who run that sheet it will be March the sick-th. Mal-de-mer on the *Macassa* will be a mere nothing to it."

*Telegram*—"We don't care a cent for either party, and we hope the best will win. Any party that does not include Mayor Clarke will suit us."

*News*—"This is a 'Labor omnia vincit' paper, and election day will prove it. Workingmen will go to the polls in crowds, hordes, shoals—Gregg-ariouly as it were."

*World*—"The Old Man, the Old Party, the Old Flag are bound to get there every time. At any rate, we think it pays us to look at it from this point of view just now."

**HE TAKES TO THE WOODS.**

MR. EDWARD BLAKE'S letter declining to be a Parliamentary candidate, about which so much mystery was made during the late campaign, occupies several columns in the dailies. But the gist of it may be given in the words of the darkey preacher, slightly modified to suit the occasion:—

"Bruddern and sistern," says Rev. Mr. Blake, "dey am two roads for dis heah kentry to trabel in. Dars de broad road ob Unrestricted Reciprocity, which leads to Annexation, an' de narrow road ob Protection, which leads to absorption. Darfo' dis darkey takes to de woods."



### IN CHICAGO, OF COURSE.

MR. CUMSO—"Yaas; you're a deuced clever woman. You never give yourself away, do you?"

MRS. OPTWED, (*Chicago "widow"*)—"No; I generally have some gentleman friend to act for me on the interesting occasions."

### WHAT IS RESTRICTED RECIPROCITY.

IN answer to thousands of correspondents who have written to us for an explanation of Restricted Reciprocity, we have to reply that, not feeling equal to the occasion ourselves—that is, in our editorial capacity—we sent out a number of skirmishers to collect the opinions of the most profound thinkers in the community. We give them for what they are worth.

GRAEME MERCER ADAM, ESQ.—"I should take it to imply a desire on the part of the Dominion Government to enter into arrangements with the Government of the United States, or *vice versa*—that is to say, on the part of the United States Government to enter into arrangements with our Government, by means of which certain articles, not of agricultural origin, might be admitted into either (pronounce eyther, please) country, from the other country, on payment of a modified Customs duty in lieu of more excessive charges made hitherto, by and with the consent of the respective Governments interested in the interchange, or inter-exclusion, of 'such-like' products. It is my opinion, however, etc." We omit the remaining eleven pages of foolscap.

WM. HOUSTON, ESQ., M.A., Parliamentary Librarian, Shakespearian, University Senator, and so on—"Give it up."

REV. MR. FENWICK, of Elder's Mills, Chronic-correspondent to Daily Press—"To me it appears an impossibility."

"KIT"—"I think it would be delightful, if confined, of course, to purely mercantile transactions."

JAMES BAIN, ESQ., Chief of the Public Library—"It is beyond my depth."

"FAITH FENTON"—"No well-regulated family should be without it."

GOLDWIN SMITH—"It is a contradiction in terms."

D. O'DONOHUE—"It's neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good herring."

HON. TIMOTHY WARREN ANGLIN, ex-M.P.P., ex-Editor and Professional Commissioner—"Ba-ba! In this solitary instance I agree with Mr. O'Donohue."

HON. ARTHUR STURGIS HARDY—"I never heard of a bigger blank, blank piece of political humbug in the whole of my blank career."

W. T. R. PRESTON, ESQ., Grand Organizer, etc., etc.—"Ha, ha, ha! Yes, no doubt."

HON. OLIVER MOWAT—"I will take it into my serious consideration."

WIDOW SMITH—"If it's so ordained, I'm satisfied."

SIR DANIEL WILSON—"I think so, but in pre-historic times it was otherwise."

W. A. SHERWOOD, ESQ., Artist, Poet and Orator—"I am composing a humble ditty on the subject. It begins thus:—

'Restricted Reciprocity,  
Thou cause of animosity.'

I am now trying to work in pomposity, verbosity, callosity and curiosity."

DAVID BOYLE, ESQ., Faddist in Fossils and Minerals and Dead Injun Truck—"As a radical, I religiously repudiate Restricted Reciprocity."

SIR DAVID MCPHERSON, K.C.M.G. (also more letters)—"No greater blessing could fall upon our beloved land."

CAPT. MANLEY—"Of course, my opinions are influenced largely by the Principal of our Jarvis Street Institution, but, on the whole, I am very doubtful."

J. L. HUGHES, or James L. Hughes, or J. Lachlan Hughes, or James Lachlan Hughes, Esq., P.S.I., Equal Righter (?)—"I think that I am safe in saying that I understand this question thoroughly, and I have no hesitation in affirming that I know whereof I speak when I declare that I believe I am right when I say that I and the Conservative party favor Restricted Reciprocity. It is a good thing, I am sure. I and Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn agree on this point, I am happy to state."

Our readers will be able to gather the cream of mature thought from these extracts, though we regret that we were unable to publish these valuable opinions in time to be of use to the voters of the country.

### ON ELECTION DAY.

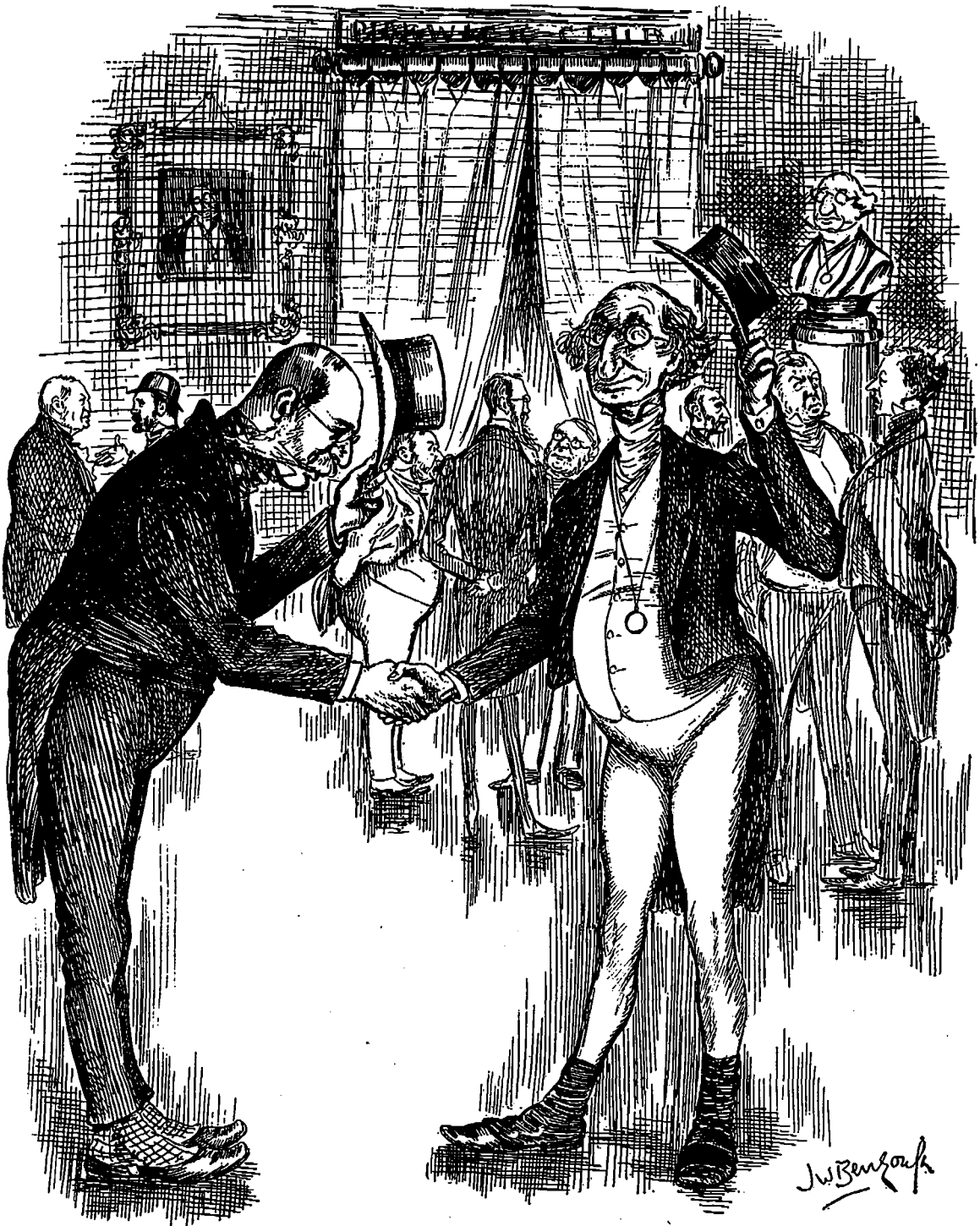
'TIS the voice of the boozier I hear him complain,  
"For a drink of old rye I have skirmished in vain,  
Every bar is closed up and my vitals are dry  
For want of the comfort which budge would supply."

Oh, hard is his lot when elections come round,  
Who, deprived of his regular poison is found,  
How can he enthuse o'er election returns  
When for want of a nip his interior burns?

"Twixt bar-room and bar-room he hovers in vain,  
With a wild hope of whiskey to ease his dull pain,  
The back doors and side doors are all of them locked,  
Thus by fleeting mirage fainting travellers are mocked.

Learn this moral—Don't drink, learn to do without rum,  
Then the longing for liquor to you'll never come.  
But if you will drink spite of all we can say,  
A growler comes handy upon polling day.

MRS. MALAPROP has a clever son who writes for the story papers. She is very proud of him. She is sure that when we are all dead his pretty verses and soulful works of friction will be remembered by our posteriors.



AFTER THE ROW IN THE PICKWICK CLUB.

SIR JOHN A. PICKWICK—"When I used the word 'Traitor,' sir, I did not mean it in a common sense—I meant it in a Pickwickian sense."

MR. CARTWRIGHT BLOTTON—"I feel much gratified by this fair, candid and full explanation, sir. My own observations with reference to a certain gentleman being a 'liar' and a 'letter thief' were in like manner merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction."

## FROM A BUSINESS POINT OF VIEW.



A. — "I thought you said Miss Interview was pretty."

B. — "I said her face was her fortune."

A. — "In what way?"

B. — "As reporter. She has such a cheek."

—  
If from wheat is formed the staff of life, rye supplies the 'stick.'

## LOCAL HOUSE PROGNOSTICS.

WHEN Col. Gibson enters the House of Assembly on the 10th inst., he will be loudly cheered.—Mr. Meredith will not take a very active part in hurrahing.

Mr. Hardy will feel too happy to think of a cuss-word.

Mr. Ballantyne will sometimes forget when to put on the Speakers' apology for a hat—he will also forget when to take it off.

Dr. Baxter will wonder whether he looked as well in the chair, and will be forced to conclude that he didn't.

Mr. Fraser will pull his rowdy hat over his eyes, and pretend he is asleep.

Mr. Mowat will wear the usual "plug," and will address the house in his usual tin tones.

Mr. Ross will look even wiser than usual and will continue to make havoc of the Queen's English.

Mr. Harcourt will try to feel at ease, but the attempt will prove a partial failure.

The Clerk of the House will make up his mind to resign, and the assistant will ditto that he won't have a chance to fill his superior's shoes, or boots, as the case may be.

The Sergeant at Arms will continue to regard himself as the handsomest man in the House. He will also carry a sword.

Mr. Metcalfe will tell a funny story about a horse-race and a cock fight—perhaps.

Mr. Meredith's hair will look as if he couldn't find the "redding comb" when he left home.

Mr. Bronson will look as he always looks.

Mr. T. Gibson will wish he could get back to the farm before Queen's Birth-day.

Mr. Dryden will be very happy, and will frequently wonder how he "got there."

Col. Clarke will think about lots of things. He often does.

E. F. Clarke will never forget that he is running a fourth term as mayor, but that his nose is out of joint all the same.

Mr. H. E. Clarke will rise at least three times during the session to make a speech, and sit down thinking he has.

Mr. Wood will often wonder whether he has any chance of succeeding Meredith, now that Creighton is out of the way.

Several pages will be hit with blue-books.

The "bauble" will lie on the table.

Every member except Mr. Mowat will attend the Opera formerly known as the theatre.

Several members will introduce bills to amend the Municipal law.

All our boys in the Reporters' Gallery will miss the benignant glances we used to get from Mr. Creighton.

## A POET'S DIARY.

Feb. 1.—A-weary with the heartless coldness of a philistine world. Availed myself of Uncle William's invitation to recuperate in the country. Uncle is a farmer. Has gone over to the Grits.

Same date, midnight.—Awaked by a tremendous cock-crow. Thought at first it was one of the French members.

Feb. 2.—Walked forth in the grove behind the barn to note the leafless trees. How soulful are the wintry boughs! Wrote a Sonnet on "Twigs." And sent it to *Empire*. Later.—Sonnet declined. Cannot say I think much of Mr. Creighton's taste.

Feb. 3.—Had narrow escape from Holstein bull. Observed cows resting under tall trees. Wrote a Pastoral on them, sent it to *Globe*. Later.—Pastoral returned. *Globe* not what it was in George Brown's time.

Feb. 4.—Repaired to barn to indulge in reverie; place much infested by rats. Spiders got up leg. How interesting are the lesser works of nature! Wrote a Threnody on the Microcosm. Sent it to *Week*. Later.—Threnody refused, saying they had no use for it. *Week* systematically conspires to crush out native literature. I would not be a Bystander for anything. But such is life. Posterity will judge between us.

Feb. 5.—Heard some sort of bird tapping on shingles of horse stable. How sweet the idea! Wrote Rondeau on tapping and sent to *Dominion Illustrated*. Later.—Polite note from John Reade regretting could not avail himself of Rondeau. Did not expect this from Mr. Reade.

Feb. 6.—Paused to watch innocent gambols of the silly sheep, as Wordsworth calls them. Sudden two fierce ferocious fleecy ones rushed and bunted each other head over heels. Reminded me of Tupper and Cartwright. Wrote an Epic on the incident. Sent Epic to *Mail*. Later.—*Mail* took no notice of contribution. There is something very coarse about the political press.

Feb. 7.—Happy thought struck me about prosperity of farmers hereabouts. Joke humorous to the last degree. Sent it to *Grip*. Later.—Note from Editor saying that in the unlikely event of wanting an old chesnut from Joe Miller he would prefer to select it himself from the printed volume. This I attribute to envy.

Feb. 8.—Bade adieu to Uncle. Returned to town. How very base is the world! Does not know its greatest men.

## GOOD NEWS.

"THE Dominion Trade Returns," read out Yapsley from the morning paper.

"Does it? You don't tell me so? I'm mighty glad to hear that. Its been away a deuce of a long time, that's certain."

## WASTED ENERGY.

HE—"I always think twice before I speak."

SHE—"Really? I never would have suspected it if you hadn't mentioned it."





PULLED ASHORE BY THE FISHERMEN.

RESCUE OF THE GOVERNMENT YAWL AFTER THE GREAT STORM OF MARCH 5TH.

J.W. Beal



AN UP-HILL JOB.

JINKS—"Why so serious, Jobbins? Lost your bets on the election?"

JOBBINS—"Yes; and I'm trying to console myself that although my money's gone the country is saved!"

#### THE VIRTUES OF DEADNESS.

**F**UNNY, isn't it, how deadness or retirement to the seclusion of private life enhances the reputation of politicians in the estimation of the other side? When George Brown was alive and kicking, the Tories could not find words strong enough to use in denouncing him. But no sooner did he depart this life than his former assailants began to vie with each other in passing extravagant eulogiums upon his character. And to-day his memory is continually recalled by the people who formerly maligned him as a reproach to the Grit politicians now in the field for their shortcomings. Mr. Blake, in like manner, has been for years the target for bitter and unsparing abuse. He retires in disgust, and lo! his former enemies suddenly realize what a grand and brilliant and pure-minded patriot he has been all along. No doubt, upon Sir John's ascension from this sublunary sphere, he will be canonized by the Grits and credited with any number of virtues which, during his lifetime, he managed effectually to conceal. In short, death or retirement seem the only means by which any political leaders can get a reputation for ordinary decency outside of his own following. Let us borrow an idea from the recent Mr. Goldsmith, who sometimes wrote things quite good enough for publication in GRIP, setting forth the transforming effect of deadness.

When able men descend to folly  
By entering on public life,  
Abuse oft makes them melancholy—  
What art shall lessen party strife?

The only way to gain the hearty  
Praise and esteem for which they sigh,  
And reconcile the other party,  
Is either to resign or die.

#### THE TORONTO GRIT'S CONSOLATION.

**S**O Cockburn has carried the Centre,  
And Denison's safe in the West,  
And the East has gone solid for Coatsworth,  
Who quickly laid Wheeler to rest;  
What with loyalty, buncombe and boodle,  
The Tories in triumph can shout,  
But there's one little fly in their ointment,  
For Billy McLean is knocked out!

We mourn for "the son of his father,"  
Who didn't pan out worth a cent,  
The people went back on us rather,  
Some day they'll have time to repent.  
The flag-rant appeals of the Tories  
Caught on with the groundlings, no doubt,  
But East York doesn't add to their glories,  
For Billy McLean is knocked out!

They may rave and denounce in their frenzy,  
And tickle the ignorant fools,  
They can't defeat Old Man Mackenzie  
With one of their pliable tools;  
We felt badly on last Friday morning,  
But in spite of the general rout,  
In the East there are signs of the dawning,  
For Billy McLean is knocked out!

Let us get up a sumptuous banquet  
At the club house on Adelaide Street,  
Let the tables groan 'neath the choice viands,  
Order seventeen courses of meat;  
With wine and pastry and pudding  
Let's honor the thirty-six stout,—  
The thirty-six heroes of East York,  
Whose ballots knocked Billy Mac. out!

#### THE VOTER'S DILEMMA.

**H**URRAH for crownless kings who vote!  
Shades of Wat Tyler and John Ball!  
The cottier in his fustian coat  
Has now his courtiers from the hall.

Here are the tickets, Smith and Jones,  
Smith owns the factory in the town,  
And this the creed to which he owns—  
The tariff up, the wages down.

While Jones, the other party's man,  
Would tax the tea and stop the spindle;  
To save the country is his plan  
By letting enterprises dwindle.

And I must choose between these two,  
Or stay at home, the butt of fools,  
Hear hints of what a bribe can do,  
And that's the way the poor man rules.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

#### DURING THE CAMPAIGN.

**C**OLORED GENTLEMAN, to book agent, who has called:—"Am you de candidate foh de Yeast?"

**BOOK AGENT**—"Well, I am not exactly in the Yeast line, although my prospects are rising; I'm selling a book entitled the —"

**COL. GENT.**—"Climb down dar, now, I thought you was Mistah Coatswuff an' dat I was in foh a dollah suah."

#### TOO YOUNG ALTOGETHER.

**G**RIT.—"This country has been run by old fossils and fogies long enough. Give the young men a chance. Laurier is a brilliant young man who would do honor to any country."

**TORY.**—"Oh, he's too young altogether. He hasn't yet attained his majority."

**SIR RICHARD LEADS THE WAR.**

(WITH PROFUSE APOLOGIES TO LORD MACAULAY.)

SIR RICHARD'S come to marshal us all in his armour drest,  
And he has bound a "Free Trade" plume upon his gallant  
crest.

He looked upon the serried Grits, and a tear was in his eye,  
He looked upon the Tories, and his glance was stern and high.  
"And if a friend fall here and there, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray.  
Press where you see my glasses gleam amid the wordy jar,  
And be your battle cry to-day, ' Sir Richard leads the war ! ' "

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day  
We saw Sir John A.'s armament in all its long array.  
Here rode the Sugar Barons bold, and here the Combines grim,  
McGreevy, Rykert, Langevin and every devil's limb,  
And we thought how we'd been taxed to death, and of our children  
dear,  
Who'd streamed across the frontier this many a weary year,  
And we vowed we wouldn't stand it, no, not one single hour,  
And we set our teeth and charged amain right into John A.'s power.

A thousand tongues are wagging fast, a thousand pens in rest,  
A thousand Grits are pressing close behind the "Free Trade"  
crest.  
And 'in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,  
Where'er the foes are thickest Sir Richard leads the war !

Now 'Heaven be praised, the day is ours ; Sir John has turned his  
rein,  
Chapleau has cried for quarter, and Tupper bribes in vain ;  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,  
The field is heaped with N. P. dead, and loud the Combines wail.  
And then—but hold, there's something wrong about the telegraph,  
Why, why do those dense Tory crowds around the *Empire* laugh?  
Hark ! Nova Scotia—Tory gains : Prince Edward Island, whoop !  
New Brunswick solid for Sir John ! Sir Richard's in the soup !

**A HALF PHILOSOPHER.**

MY friend Dornob is half a philosopher, but he is the  
wrong half. He begins what promises to be a  
good thing, but always fails to complete both the  
sentence and the sense. This is exceedingly tantalizing.  
Scores of times I have thought, "Well, Dornob has it  
this time," but, just before he gets to what the Scotsman  
calls "the bit," Dornob imitates grandfather's clock by  
"stopping short," and I have devoutly wished many a  
time that he would carry his imitation a step further.

Last week I made a few notes of Dornob's abortive  
philosophy, and I put it to any reasonable man whether  
I have not a real grievance in being compelled to listen  
to Dornob, for I may mention in confidence that I owe  
him a trifle I can't find it convenient to pay. On this  
account I am, as it were, in duty bound to give him  
audience "in season and out of season."

As I was saying, I made a few notes of his bemis-  
demme sayings, which I beg to lay before you.

Speaking of the late local election in Hamilton, said  
Dornob, "When I think of Gibson, and compare him  
with some of his brother ministers, it seems to me——"  
Then he shut his eyes wisely, and gave his head a few  
abbreviated nods.

"Dornob," said I one morning, as I passed him,  
"what is your opinion regarding the adjournment of the  
Ontario Legislature to take part in the Dominion  
fight?" He replied: "It's just like this; when a politi-  
cal party is in such straits, the people viewing the situa-  
tion seriously, it is but natural to expect——" And this  
was all I got.

Criticising a late speech of the Minister of Education,  
he remarked: "G. W. Ross always reminds me of a wet  
hen; he makes more——"



**SMALL TALK.**

DE MASCUS—"Why don't you grow bigger, Toddles? You're  
the smallest man I ever saw."

TODDLES—"I'm not so doosid small. I once saw a fellah in a  
circus who was so little that he could be put into a handsatchel."

DE MASCUS—"That's nothing. I could cover you with a revol-  
ver if I happened to have one with me."

Of the New Speaker he said: "When a man's nose is  
out of joint——"

Regarding Prof. Hoxfo'd Hashley's tirade "agin" the  
Single Tax movement, this was his utterance: "There  
are men and mice, but when a mouse——"

Sir R. Cartwright came in for his share last Friday,  
when Dornob said of him: "He may be 'a knight of  
high degree,' but——"

Now, MR. GRIP, a very little of this sort of thing goes  
a long way, but when you've got to listen to it every  
day, it becomes positively aggravating. Say, can't you  
start a relief fund or something of that kind to enable  
me to pay Dornob? Really, I would regard it as a great  
favor. Unless somebody does something, I am sure I  
don't know what will happen.

HENRY J. CRAWPHISH,  
*No. 14 Brecknoc Street.*

**PAGAN VERSUS CHRISTIAN.**

YOUNG HOPEFUL—"Papa, would you not rather  
be a Pagan than a Christian?"

PAPA—"No, my boy! Why do you ask such a  
dreadful question?"

HOPEFUL—"Because I have been reading 'Lays of  
Ancient Rome,' and it says:

"Then none was for a party,  
Then all were for the State,  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great.  
Then lands were fairly portioned,  
Then "goods" were fairly sold,  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old."

Why, papa, these Pagans were noble old fellows. 'More  
Pagans,' say I. Don't you think some Christians need  
to be converted? Let's try!"

"CABBAGE BOSS, as the Minister of Agriculture has  
been named."—*London (G.B.) Modern Society.*



“TIS HARD TO PART!”

#### RULES FOR OPERA GOERS.

WHEN rude people glare at you because you have some particularly bright things to say and are afraid you will forget them if you wait till the curtain falls, it is considered *jeu d'esprit* to talk louder than ever and make things as pleasant as possible for the musical cranks.

When a real lady enters the opera house it is esteemed *élite* and *has bleu* for her to leave her chewing gum in charge of a gentlemanly usher, who will, if desired, chew the same till the opera is over.

When the ballet comes on it is thought *eau devie* to look through the large end of your opera glass.

When two sisters attend the opera together, it is not *nom de plume* for one to wear a bonnet and the other to merely wear false hair. It looks as if there were only one decent bonnet in the family.

The custom of throwing things on the stage is not encouraged by the most eminent artists.

Never send a floral lyre to the prima donna. A lyre is a more appropriate gift for the manager.

Such expressions as “bravo,” “encore” and “chestnut,” are not considered *affaire de coeur*. The *bon ton* will merely ejaculate “rodents” to express condemnation, and “*immenza*” to express approval.

Gents will be sufficiently *mise en scene* to abstain from having beer brought to them during the performance. The beer is apt to become flat in transit, and therefore it is advisable to wait till the act is over.

Opera goers from Hamilton can have their overshoes stored in an adjoining building, and thus avoid embarrassing the audience.

Playing progressive euchre in the boxes is not esteemed *entre nous* in the most *chic* circles.

Gentlemen will please not rise in the midst of a *cavatina* and inquire: “Where in thunder is the cuspidor?” Such an inquiry is a breach of all that is *protégé*.

Trousers are a good deal worn by opera-goers this winter.

We have jotted down these few pointers for the unenlightened, without any special thought and without consulting any works of reference. If by these few words any soul is led into the ways of behave, our mission is accomplished, and we are content.

HARRY B. SMITH.

#### SCOTS WHA HAE.

A COPY of the fifty-fourth annual report of Toronto St. Andrew's Society has fallen into the hands of GRIP. The “Sawneys” have a good balance (nearly \$3,000) in the bank—they buried four compatriots during the year—they spent nobody knows how much in other charities, for no figures are given—(they claim “the presentation of a testimonial” that, by the way, had no connection with their society as such)—they had an “annual sermon,” and they had “the biennial occurrence of St. Andrew's ball—always an important social event, which is looked forward to with great pleasure.” It is befitting the importance of such a truly influential organization that the public should know who took part in the “opening set of the lancers,” and that the ladies wore—one, blue satin draped with McTavish tartan; another, red satin with train and cairngorms; a third, yellow *crepe de chiffon*, and a fourth, occidental lace. This sort of thing, with a “Programme of Dances,” shows us how earnestly and intensely the *perfervidum scotorum* burns in the breasts of our Scottish fellow-citizens.

#### WEST YORK.

“COLD day for Grits, for Clement's left,  
Yes, knocked out altogether.”  
“If that's the case it cannot be  
In-Clement sort of weather.”

#### ILLEGAL CONDUCT OF A POLICEMAN.

THE policeman who made an unusually sudden and apparently quite unnecessary descent on the ice at the corner of Queen and Jarvis Streets last Wednesday morning is (at any rate was then) evidently unacquainted with the city by-law prohibiting the use of profane language on the public highway. We know his number on the force, but no pen can give any idea of the force and number of the epithets he employed the moment he discovered the impossibility of getting further down. The road-bed was not perceptibly injured, but he showed marks of abrasion.

#### SCARED AWAY.

MISS LAMIA (*taking card from servant*)—“A card, James? Ah! Mr. Simmons. Did he express a desire to see me?”

TRUTHFUL JAMES—“Can't say he did, Miss. I told him you was dressed up and waiting for him, and he looked kind o' skeared and said he regretted he hadn't time for an intervoo, as he had a man to see round the corner.”

#### RAPID TRANSIT.

EMPLOYER (*to book-keeper, on his arrival at the office yesterday morning nearly five minutes ahead of time*)—“Hallo, Richard! you're a little early, aint you?” “Yes, I know I am. Just as I was going to jump on the street car I found I hadn't any tickets, and that I had left my purse at home, so I footed it all the way.”

#### FROM BAD TO WORSE.

GOODWIN—“Has Tilltapper reformed since his discharge from the penitentiary?”  
FORTESCUE—“No, he's become a lawyer.”



## HIBERNIAN ECONOMY.

MIKE—"Why do ye shmoke such a big poipe, Pat? It must be a powerful sight of tobacker it uses?"

PAT—"Yes, but begorrah, look at the matches it saves."

Now is the time when chapped hands and lips are prevalent. Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses is a positive cure. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

A RACE horse owner should be satisfied when the work of his horse pays running expenses.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

## 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.

A CHAP en route for Boston, who was detained by a delay of three hours at Troy, said it was a Troy weight he had never seen in any tables.

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

THE Square piano has four legs, we know—  
The Grand, three to its frame—  
The upright has no legs to show;  
But it gets there just the same.

—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, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

MISS FITHAVE—"Don't you ever have chaperons in Chicago?"

MISS NUMBINE—"Yes, I had one for a little while once, but mamma never let me have another."

"Why, what did your chaperon do?"  
"She eloped with papa."—*Boston Budget.*

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from one to three months. Our Medicated Air Treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

CLERK (to head of firm)—"I wish to ask you, sir, if you can kindly see your way to giving me an advance of wages."

HEAD OF FIRM—"Certainly, Mr. Phipps, with pleasure. Mr. Blunt (turning to cashier), let Mr. Phipps have adollar on account of his salary, and deduct it when you pay him on Saturday. (Exit Mr. Phipps.)

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

THERE is no rule without its exception. The Czar's rule, for instance, has several exceptions. They are not generally called exceptions, however, but Nihilists.—*Drake's Magazine.*

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A few left—"Clive" Cookers, 39c., worth 75c. Best hinged lantern with guards, 49c., worth 75c.

The greatest variety of tinware. Copper bottom boilers, 99c. each, worth \$1.50; best tin teapots 9c., 13c., 15c., 19c., 24c.; covered chamber pails handsomely painted, 25c., etc.

Acme shoe blacking, 19c., worth 25c.

Satin gloss, 10c., worth 20c.

Nonsuch stove polish, 10c., worth 15c.

Large steel screw driver, 10c.

Hammers 10c., 15c., 17c., 19c. each.

We are closing a lot of handsome imitation leather collar and cuff boxes, 10c., worth 25c. each.

A purchase of carriage whips enables us to sell you a poor one 5 feet long for 7c., a better one for 12c., a good one for 25c., worth 60c.; for 54c. one that has been largely sold for \$1.25. Come and see.

We have spoken of so few of our special bargains and yet our space is up. Come and see and get our new catalogue or send for one.

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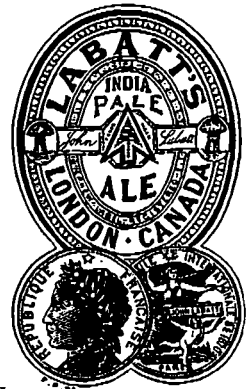
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(See page 180).

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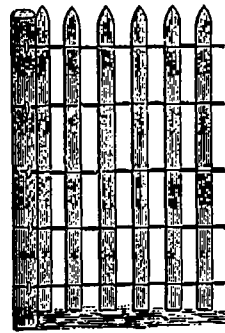
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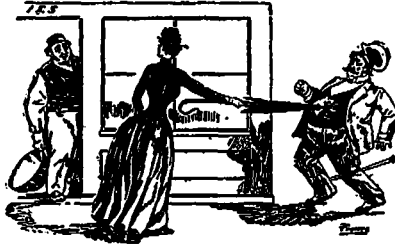
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