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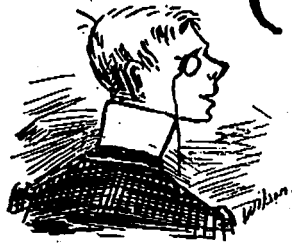
ON THE Cartoons.

AN UP HILL JOB.— Everything indicates that the session of Parliament which is just opening is going to be an unusually lively one. The Government's majority is slender enough to justify the Opposition in hoping for some sort of disaster to the gentlemen on the treas-

ury benches before the House rises, and they may be trusted to bring this to pass if they can. It happens, also, that the Government has an unusually rocky and up-hill road to travel this session. The McGreevy scandal is to be ventilated at whatever cost, and the French contingent is threatening to make trouble over the failure of the Government to disallow the Manitoba Bills. In this matter, however, Sir John ought to be able to count on the support of the Liberals, unless they are prepared to stultify themselves. The tariff requires tinkering again, and this time the tinkers are going to come into collision with the sugar barons; the interecine strife of Langevin vs. Chapleau is still going on in a cabinet which is already short-handed, and, in the event of any undue concessions to the French influence in connection with the school and language question, McCarthy and his followers will have to be reckoned with. All in all it is a pretty gloomy prospect for the Government, but on the other hand let it be remembered that it is Sir John who holds the reins. The majority is slim compared with that of the last Parliamentary term,

but it is probably composed of the good Conservative material that never goes back on the Old Man under any circumstances.

THE WOULD-BE TRAIN WRECKER.—When Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., was out in this country recently on a mission connected with the cattle trade, somebody made a reference to our High Commissioner in London at one of the meetings, and the visitor declared that he had never heard of Tupper in England. It looks as though this had reached the ears of the bumptious baronet, and he had determined to put it out of the power of Mr. Plimsoll or anybody else to profess such censurable ignorance hereafter. At all events, the ridiculous fight he has inaugurated with the Grand Trunk Railway Company is gaining him plenty of notice in the London papers, though for the most part the articles are not very flattering. Sir Charles Tupper is known so well in Canada that his version of any facts in dispute is sure to be liberally discounted. In the present case the general belief is that he *did* make overtures to the General Manager of the Grand Trunk with a view of securing the sort of help in the election which was so cheerfully volunteered by the C.P.R., and it is quite believable that he promised something good in return therefor. Apart from Mr. Sargeant's statements to this effect, Sir Charles' slashing assault on the Grand Trunk and all connected with it has all the appearance of revengeful malice, and is what might be expected from a robust practical politician who had been thwarted at some little game. Tupper's story is that he merely asked Mr. Sargeant to refrain from interfering with the election. It does not appear, however, that he waited upon Mr. Van Horne with the same request. Once more we feel impelled to enquire what Sir Charles Tupper's position under our constitution really is. It is certainly no part of his duty as High Commissioner to carry on outrageous rows of this sort, to the possible injury of important Canadian enterprises, and to the certain discredit of the Dominion.



CIVILIZATION is slowly but surely making headway against the accretions of Barbarism. Another regiment of the Grenadier Guards has mutinied. This is, of course, a high crime and misdemeanor, from a military point of view, but looked at otherwise it seems to indicate a revolt of human nature against

the tomfoolery of militarism. These Guardsmen have, perhaps, begun to think that after all "glory" is a humbug; and that there is no real necessity, why a lot of able-bodied fellows, endowed with more or less intelligence, should resolve themselves into dumb driven cattle and devote their whole time to learning how to butcher their fellow-creatures scientifically. If every other regiment in every other standing army of the world came to the same conclusion and gave the whole thing the shake, it would be a happy day for the world.

ONLY, of course, under the present crazy system of society, such a triumph of civilization would prove a very positive evil—perhaps worse than that of militarism. Because, don't you see, it would tremendously overstock the labor market. The disbanded armies would have to go to work, and the first result of their arrival in the labor market would be a rise in land values for the exclusive benefits of the pocket of landlordism. No, under existing conditions, standing armies are a blessing, and when they come together in what we call war, and mow one another down with Gatling guns and other admirable weapons, the blessing is intensified. Scarcity of human beings is what we need, because, the world being owned by a limited number, there really isn't room for the millions whom the Creator has, for some inscrutable reason, endowed with "the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."



AN INCIPIENT THESPIAN.

BAGLEY—"What, going to leave us, old man?"
 JAGLEY—"Yes, I'm off. I've decided to go on the stage."
 BAGLEY—"Then you want to hustle. The stage started off five minutes ago."

SOME of the London (Eng.) papers seem very much inclined to spell the name of that Canadian enterprise, the Dead-Meat Co., with a capital B where the M is.

HON. OLIVER MOWAT gets credit for being above mere clap-trap, and yet the other day he opposed Mr. McColl's motion in favor of the election of sheriffs, registrars, county attorneys, etc., on the ground that it was the "Yankee system." This brings the Attorney-General down with a dull thud to the level of the 35 per cent. patriots who flourish in our midst. He ought to be ashamed to be found in such company. The day has gone by for this small-minded contempt for our neighbors, who are at least equal to us in mental and moral greatness. The elective system, which Mr. Mowat banishes from consideration with the deadly word "Yankee," is a better system than our own, and there are several other points of government upon which Uncle Sam can give us valuable pointers. The loyalty that inspires Canadians to despise "Yankees" is arrant humbug. We really supposed Mr. Mowat was a bigger man.

IRISHMEN in Canada have no funds to spare for the Parnell and McCarthy emissaries who are now perambulating the country. They haven't lost their interest in the Home Rule question, but they wisely decline to contribute anything until the performance now going on in the Irish side-show is over. Our own opinion is that the patriot who in any event drops pennies into Parnell's hat, with a view of helping his suffering country, perpetrates a practical bull.

MANY of our public men and journals understand economy of truth, but few indeed either know or care anything about the truths of economy. This is the science upon which anything worthy the name of statesmanship ought to be built, yet in Canada as elsewhere,

men pass for statesmen who have never learned its A B C's. Here is Sir John Macdonald, for instance, who is not ashamed to say he believes in the Protective system—a belief which is not one whit less worthy of ridicule than Rev. Bro. Jasper's belief in the theory that "the sun do move." But the truth is spreading. The Kingston *Whig*, for one, has grasped it, or it could never have referred "that wholly useless and everywhere detrimental function—landlordism."

THE WAIL OF NICHOL.

HE IS CHAINED IN BLEAK HAMILTON, AND SIGHS FOR VERNAL TORONTO.

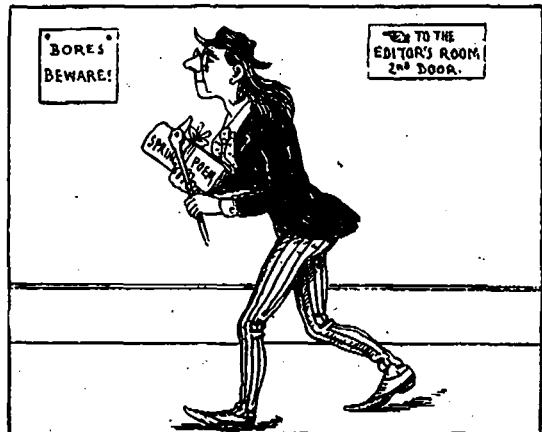
(Hamilton Herald.)

THERE is a marshy spot behind the house where rank grasses grow and the water becomes stagnant. Here last night, while the rain came down, the bullfrogs pushed their way through the sodden ooze of earth, and raised a dismal croak. As the night grew darker the croaking grew louder. By midnight a strong chorus was rising to the gloomy heavens. The slimy things squatting on chilled points of mud above the surface of the gathering water, actually croaked as if they enjoyed it.

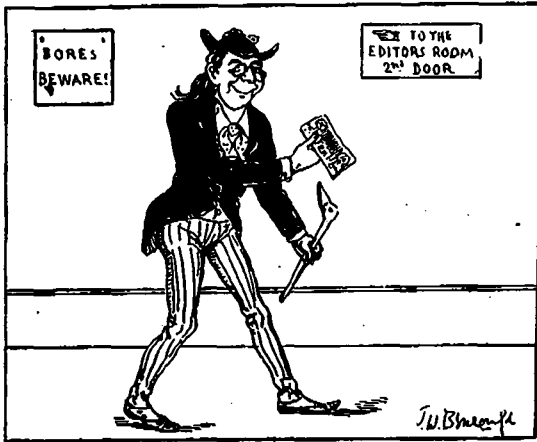
The dreamer, who lay afar off covering his head at intervals to drown the dismal croaking from the marsh, or anon, the steady patter of the rain, anathematized the persistent clamor from the squatting pipers, and yet enjoyed it too. For it brought back thoughts of many things which the cold snows of winter had hid away—the vernal bursting, the warm, golden sunshine, modest violets blooming, dainty and fragrant in cool, sweet spots, all the flower bearing plants of field and wild wood pushing up, up to gather inspiration and color and new life from the glowing sun, early mornings with trembling beads of dew hanging from the points of dainty green spires, birds a-nest building 'mid budding branches, piping merrily the while, and presently the fullness, the proud pomp of midsummer, with its star-lit moon-lit nights, its soft whisperings, its armorous sighs, its mead-scented zephyrs, its grand chorus of myriad insects piping lustily, its blue skies bending to listen to glad birds chanting their delight.

Likewise its girls, its lemonade, its ice cream, its flannel shirts and its general scrumptiousness.

Summer, old girl, come hither. Come. We're weary waiting for you.



THE SURPRISED POET--I.



THE SURPRISED POET—II.

A GOOD SCHEME.

WHEN the Proprietor came in he found the Editor and Business Manager in gleeful spirits. "Biggest thing you ever heard of, sir, for booming the paper and making a nice little pile at the same time," the Business Manager hastened to explain, "my own happy thought!" "Yes, it is a daisy," testified the Editor. "What's the scheme?" asked the Proprietor, the gloom vanishing gradually from his countenance before a ray of new-born hope—"Out with it." "A voting contest for the Most Popular Lawyer, the successful candidate to be presented with a return ticket to the Old Country!" ejaculated the Business Manager. The Proprietor's countenance fell—but didn't hurt itself. "Pshaw!" was all he said. "You think there's nothing much in it?" queried the Business Manager. "There is at least \$150 clear profit on the extra sales of the paper." "Yes," said the Proprietor, "and you'll have to pay that for the ticket. I don't see where the profit comes in." "Pay that for the ticket? That's where you're away off. The ticket won't cost a cent," said the Manager. The Proprietor looked puzzled. "Don't you see, we wait till the close of the contest before buying the ticket. Then we notify the successful candidate of his good fortune. And then the 'most popular lawyer' gets up on his dignity and refuses to accept a free ticket, and——" "Go on with the scheme!" said the Proprietor. "I believe it is a good one."

A BOOM IN STATUARY.

FOR some time the best means of disposing of the dead has been a vexed question. Real estate in the neighborhood of cities is getting too valuable to allow large areas which might be sold at fifty dollars a foot or more to be devoted to purposes of sepulture, and cremation does not seem to be a popular alternative. The *Scientific American* publishes an article giving an account of a new process discovered by Dr. Variot, of Paris, which seems to imply great possibilities in the direction of utilizing the defunct for purposes of ornamentation. He proposes to electroplate the dead, covering them all over with a thin metallic coating which will render them proof against decomposition and preserve intact the form and features.

Think what an opportunity the putting into practice of this invention would give of supplying the long felt want of statutes in our public places at a merely nominal

figure. Instead of having to raise by subscriptions—extorted from an unwilling public—a few thousand dollars, and then hire a sculptor to painfully and laboriously work in bronze, or chisel in marble, a counterfeit presentment of the eminent deceased, which the press declare a marvellously correct resemblance executed in the highest style of art, while the general public pronounce it a hideous caricature, all that need be done is to get the genuine remains of the distinguished personage carefully electroplated, build a pedestal, and set h'm up just as natural as life. No question then about fidelity to nature or the preservation of the likeness—you have the man himself for the mere cost of an ordinary funeral. If Dr. Variot's scheme were adopted we could have statues in endless variety, so to speak—whole rows and platoons of them—from the money we now pay for a single graven image. Think with what pride the citizens could point to the electroplated cadaver of a deceased statesman and say, "Now, there is Sir Hoggery Grabsneak. Yes, I know Montreal and Halifax and Bobcaygeon have what they call statues of Sir Hoggery, but I assure you they are mere imitations. This is genuine."

As for the common herd of corpses who have no claim to municipal honors they can be utilized as house decorations or for the ornamentation of private grounds. There will be no more funerals, of course, and the obituary notices of the future may be expected to read something as follows:

"BILLINGER—Died on the 14th inst., at his residence, Mr. Hank P. Billinger, grocer, aged 54. Electroplating on Thursday at 3 p.m."

"Weep not, dear friends though Hank is dead,
The corpse his spirit animated,
Now that his gentle soul has fled
Will neatly be electroplated.
And as he soars to Heaven away
On angel pinions freshly furnished,
His worn-out tenement of clay
Is shining elegantly burnished."

A CHIP off the old block is frequently a disagreeable stick.



ALCOHOLIC VISION.

JOBBLESON (getting home late from lodge)—"Wow! great (hic) Schott! What a (hic) shnake!!"



NO HELP FOR FACTION FIGHTERS.

PROSPEROUS CITIZEN OF IRISH BIRTH — "G'wan home, an' don't think to ask us for another cint 'till ye have settled the dirty quarrels wid which ye are ruining poor Oireland!"—*America.*

JOHN IMRIE'S POEMS.

WHILE our Canadian bosoms are swelling with pride over the poetic success of William Wilfrid Campbell, whose recent contribution to *Harper's Magazine*, "The Mother," is declared by foreign critics to be one of the great poems of the century, it is timely to call attention to a humbler singer who is, however, perhaps more widely known in this section of the Dominion than Mr. Campbell. We refer to Honest John Imrie, whose new volume of "Songs and Miscellaneous Poems" has just made its appearance from the press. The reader who dotes on Browning will not find much use for this volume, because it requires no mental effort to understand Imrie's muse. She is an innocent, plain spoken little fairy, with a heart brimming over with love and charity for all mankind. She indulges in no high flights, but, on the other hand, she never even suggests a thought which could bring a blush to the cheek of purity itself. Whether these songs and poems entitle their author to a place among Canada's recognized poets or not, they will certainly secure for him a warm place in the affections of all right-minded readers.

TALK OF THE STREET.

AND they say Baldwin won't take it anyway, even if he should head the list."—"Dyes his hair does he? Thought he was looking unusually youthful."—"And then Sam Jones said he wasn't surprised to hear of the failure of the Kaweah colony, because it was a Kaweah (queer) scheme. Not bad, eh?"—"And so she went off to Chicago, and they say she's applying for a divorce."—"There goes Jaffray. Are you looking at him?"—"See here, Bill. If you say my dad's an alderman again I'll lick yer. He ain't no sich a thing."—"Mashed on his mother-in-law! Who ever heard of such a thing?"—"Chickens got into the garden 'fore I was up, and scratched up every blamed seed."—"Big newspaper fake—don't give it away—get up a vote for leather medal to most unpopular alderman."—"Guess there's big booodle!

in this mining business for some of the legislators."—"Blake, who is Blake?" "Used to be leader of the Grits, you know." "Oh, yes, I think I do remember now."—"Ah, Mr. Watts, I see Sexton hasn't buried you yet."—"Came back from Europe last year with several trunks full of dry goods and jewellery and things, and never paid a cent of duty."—"They do say Jumbo Campbell will run for Parliament the first chance."—"Has \$20,000 invested in real estate, but can't raise money enough to buy a spring suit."—"Scheme for a new daily paper don't seem to pan out."—"An', says he, 'the mon that wud support Parnell he's no thrue Irishman.' 'Ye're a liar,' says Duffy, an' wid that—"—"Yes, I happened to be there when the census man called, and she gave her age as thirty-two. Just fancy!" "Yes, I should say it was just fancy."

THE TERRIBLE WORLD.

SCENE—*Sanctum of Editor-in-Chief, Globe Office.*

MR FARRER—"Good morning, Willison. Here's something I've knocked off on the Red Parlor, and the present price of eggs."

MR. WILLISON (*examining manuscript with a varying expression of countenance*)—"Er—this is good; very good—capital. But,—I am very sorry, Farrer,—but I can't let it go in."

MR. FARRER—"Why so; what's wrong with it?"

MR. WILLISON—"Nothing with the article itself. In my opinion it's perfectly sound and well timed. That's why I regret that it will have to be killed."

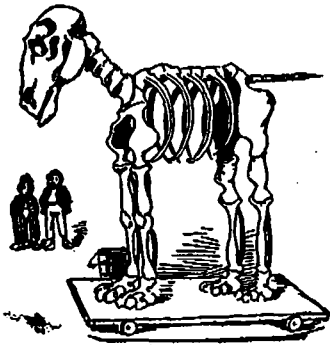
MR. FARRER—"But I don't understand why—"

MR. WILLISON—"You forget that this is the sort of thing the *Globe* was publishing before the *World* compelled us to alter our course."

MR. FARRER—"So it is! By Jiminy, I forgot about that. And I wasted a lot of time and labor on the blamed thing. By all means, suppress it!"

[*Scene closes.*]

THE MASTODON'S MEMORY.



THE skeleton of the Mastodon,
It stood in its wonted place
In its corner up in the museum,
With its calm and placid face;
And for life in that tranquil visage one
Might vainly search for trace.

Way back in the paleozoic age
It had been a gay young thing:
It had seen this wintry world of ours

In its very earliest spring;
But now it seemed as if naught on earth
Could reanimation bring.

Two youths dropped into the museum
And the Mastodon they saw.
They were not impressed by its size; its age
O'rcame them not with awe;
And one was telling a tale whose theme
Was a shot at mothers-in-law.

He reached the point of that dismal yarn,
And both with the laugh joined in,

For the mother-in-law as a theme for jest,
It appears will always win.

Then they both looked up at the mastodon
Whose face wore a cheerful grin.

Oh, then it spake with an awful voice,
Like an antediluvian roar;

And it said, "That story, boys, is one
In my youth I heard of yore:

Now, while you're about it, tell us one
That I never heard before."



—Harry B. Smith, in America.

FREE AMERICA!

SUB-EDITOR OF AMERICAN PAPER—"Say, Mr. Hooperup, there's a report of a terrible eviction case. A woman, who was defending her home against the evictors, was fatally shot."

EDITOR—"You don't say so. Write a good strong article on it, showing what an infernal system of despotism exists in Ireland, in contrast with the glorious liberty of our American institutions. You know how to put it."

SUB-EDITOR—"Yes, but this wasn't in Ireland, you know. It was in Pennsylvania. But I suppose I'd better condemn it pretty strongly all the same."

EDITOR—"You idiot! What are you thinking of? No; if you say anything about it, denounce the lawlessness of the foreign element who think they can come here and have everything their own way."

"In Kansas the women carried all before them in their recent elections."—*London Advertiser*.

How about their bustles?

THE MYSTERY OF "THE BREADWINNERS."

(AFTER THE STYLE OF COL. JOHN HAY.)

THE darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or hear, or see,
Is one of a kind that oft occurs,
Who wrote, "The Breadwinners?"

Some fellow penned a snobbish tale
Which had a most tremendous sale;
Though why or wherefore I don't know,
The derved thing seemed to go.

The writer, I may here remark,
About his share in it kept dark.
The public much a mystery love,
Which gave the book a shove.

At last, when years had come and gone,
A Cleveland preacher he let on
That he himself had done it all.
His name was Mendenhall.

Then Harper Brothers says, "Go slow,
The chap who wrote the book we know.
It wasn't you, as we have proof,
So now come off the roof!"

Then controversy soon was rife,
And pens were dipped for inky strife.
This one and that put in their claim,
Some laid on *me* the blame!

They found out "authors" by the score,
And them which weren't in numbers more.
They called each other as they jawed
Sech names as "fool" and "fraud."

I've sarched in vain from Dan to Beer-
Sheba to make this mystery clear.
The question still discussion stirs,
Who wrote "The Breadwinners?"



"MOVE ON!"

"Move on!" said Peeler Cupid,
"You've lingered long enough!"
Just then a fairy, tripping by,
Caught Brother Wilson's heart and eye;
"Ah! here's my fate," said he, "Good bye—
Dear Cupid, you're the stuff!"

AND SOME FOLKS MISSED IT!



R. LEWIS C. ELSON, of Boston, entertained a complimentary - invitation audience at Association Hall on Tuesday evening of last week with an illustrated lecture on "The History of German Music." The musical people of this musical centre do not seem to know of Mr. Elson,

which is not greatly to their credit. His name is a household word in the cultured circles of New England, and a city with so many musical colleges as Toronto possesses ought to be ashamed that the hall was not packed on the occasion of his visit. Perhaps a good many of the people to whom Messrs. Newcombe sent invitations supposed that the lecture was to be "illustrated" with a magic lantern, and perhaps—though we would breathe this in a very faint whisper—they regarded a lecture on German music as something that threatened to be dry. Well, for once these people were properly punished. They missed the most delightful evening Toronto music-lovers have enjoyed for years. Mr. Elson has a positive genius for the unique line of work he has taken up. His lecture was bright, witty and well-delivered, and pleased the Philistines and the "musical cranks" equally well. At short intervals his references were illustrated vocally in a delightfully off-hand manner, the lecturer proving himself an accomplished pianist and the possessor of a fine tenor voice. The one fault found with the affair was that it only lasted an hour and a half. Next time Mr. Elson comes to Toronto—especially at the same "popular prices of admission"—a rush for reserved seats may be safely counted upon.

EXCEEDED HER MANDATE.

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY (to Woman's Rights deputation)—"Well, ladies, I would like to oblige you, but were I to vote for woman suffrage I should be going beyond my mandate."

STRONG-MINDED SPINSTER—"Well, what of it? I got beyond my man-date some time since, and I don't mind it a bit!"



STARTLING MARINE ITEM.

COLLISION BETWEEN A STEAMER AND A SCHOONER.



AT THE COUNTY BALL.

SNOBBS (a city tailor, who by reason of his marriage into a country family, has been invited)—"Vewy mixed company heah t'night, milord!"

HIS LORDSHIP (sarcastically)—"True. We can't all be tailors you know, Snobbs."

LOST ON HIM.

"NOW this," said Samjones, pointing from the opposite side of Yonge street to the Bank of Montreal, "is one of our principal places of interest."

"Ah, indeed," said the stranger carelessly. "Fine building, but nothing extraordinary."

"I said it was one of our principal places of interest," repeated Samjones.

"Ah, yes. I suppose some people might be interested in it, but I really don't care much for commercial structures myself; have seen so much of that sort of thing in New York and Chicago you know."

And a pained and weary look stole over Samjones features as he bade the stranger good day and hied him to Morgan's for his mid-day lager.

IN GOOD FORM.

"Cordiality in greeting is now the proper thing, coldness and hauteur having gone quite out of date."—*Society Note.*

PIGSNUFFLE (slapping friend on the back)—"Hello, Podwinkle! Ain't seen you in a dog's age. How's your royal nibs? Will you hit the budge? Come along, old man."

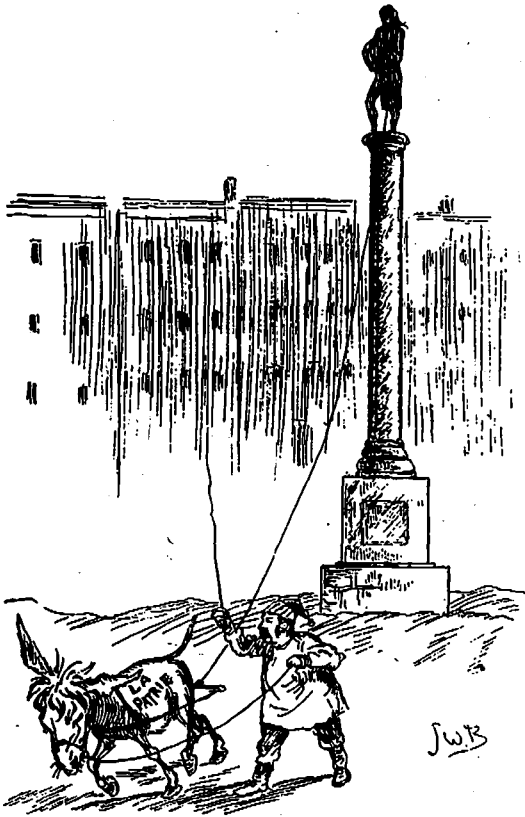
PODWINKLE (stiffly)—"No, thank you. I hate to see a man make an ass of himself."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Oh, take a tumble! You ain't in it, old man. Don't you know that coldness and hauteur are out of date?"

Paddy says, "Be jabbers the lasht letter I got from Moike was a newspaper."

AT THE GRIT CAUCUS.

SPEECH OF MR. M'FEE, M.P.P., ON WOOD'S MOTION TO ABOLISH OFFICIAL FEES.



DOWN WITH NELSON!

(From *La Patrie*, Montreal.)

"We have no doubt that the column of the Trafalgar man needs repairs, but it seems to us that when there will be cash to spend over this illustrious one-armed hero, it should be used only to remove him. We want him no longer in that French section of the city. He never did anything for Montreal, and we owe him no debt of gratitude. We venture to believe that if anyone should keep guard on Jacques Cartier Square, that honor surely belongs to the brave sailor of St. Malo. * * * It is not our intention to appeal to fanaticism, much less to raise race antagonism. We simply claim that justice and that regard to which we are entitled. In the past, the French-Canadians of Montreal may have kept silent through political prudence, but at the present day our patriotism must display more boldness and more pride, and we must not be afraid to raise our heads in those dark hours of trial and national persecutions which we are now going through. Let us hope, then, that at the next meeting of Council there will be some one manly enough to rise and give shape to the patriotic idea that we have just mentioned, that is, to ask that Nelson be removed to Beaver Hall or elsewhere. Let there be no falling off in our ranks, for this is not the moment."

TO WHAT BASE USES, ETC.

PENNER—"Who keeps you in the necessary cash, nowadays?"

SPACER—"My mother-in-law."

PENNER—"But she is as poor as you are."

SPACER—"Yes, but I make money by writing jokes about her for the comic papers."

"THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT."

BANKS—"Why are you so angry? Has that paper published a caricature of you?"

CUMSO—"It has done worse. It has published what it calls an excellent portrait of me."

WE are met here to-day in regard to the matter in respect to which Wood seems to raise such a clatter, Of the payment of registrars, sheriffs and so forth, And as nothing that's said here in secret will go forth, I propose to talk out and my views to define, For I hope that the party will fall into line.

Now, firstly, I hope that we all shall agree To keep up the system of payment by fee; It's true, as Wood says, that the income is bigger Than if it was fixed at a regular figure, But I'd like to know who in this crowd is afraid Of seeing officials sufficiently paid? For, consider this point,—as you very well know, To get these here offices *we* stand a show. It's the regular thing when a fellow has served His party straight through, and has never once swerved, Nor kicked at bad measures, nor yet by his tone Given hint of possessing the slightest backbone, That in due course of time, when he feels like retiring, The Government, greatly such conduct admiring, May give him an office wherein he may doze For the rest of his days in congenial repose. (*Applause.*)

Now, to get such an office has long been my dream, And I think Mr. Wood's a contemptible scheme To cut down the income we ought to enjoy For the time and the talents which now we employ In supporting the Government all through the piece, Till such happy time as we gain a release. He says, does this Wood, that the pay is too great For the services rendered, but here let me state That such arguments don't hit the nail on the head. The official is paid, as I previously said, Not for what little work in his office is done, But for services past ere the goal he had won. Now, regarding the subject from that point of view, I ask are those fees put too high to suit you? Why, the fellow that votes to diminish the pelf Is voting, in fact, to impoverish himself! I'm no such a chump if my feelings I know, I think office-holders should have a good show; I've a promise from Mowat, between you and I, If the sheriff of Wayupnorth County should die, (He's so old that he can't stay much longer on earth), That I shall at once slip right into the berth. And I doubt not that most of the rest are inclined To take the first chance of a similar kind; So I'm going to stick to the old-fashioned rule Of payment by fees and not act like a fool. Why should you and I lose that the public may gain? Need I say any more on an issue so plain? Surely not, for I take it we all are agreed That officials should always be heavily feed.

TOO FRESH ENTIRELY.

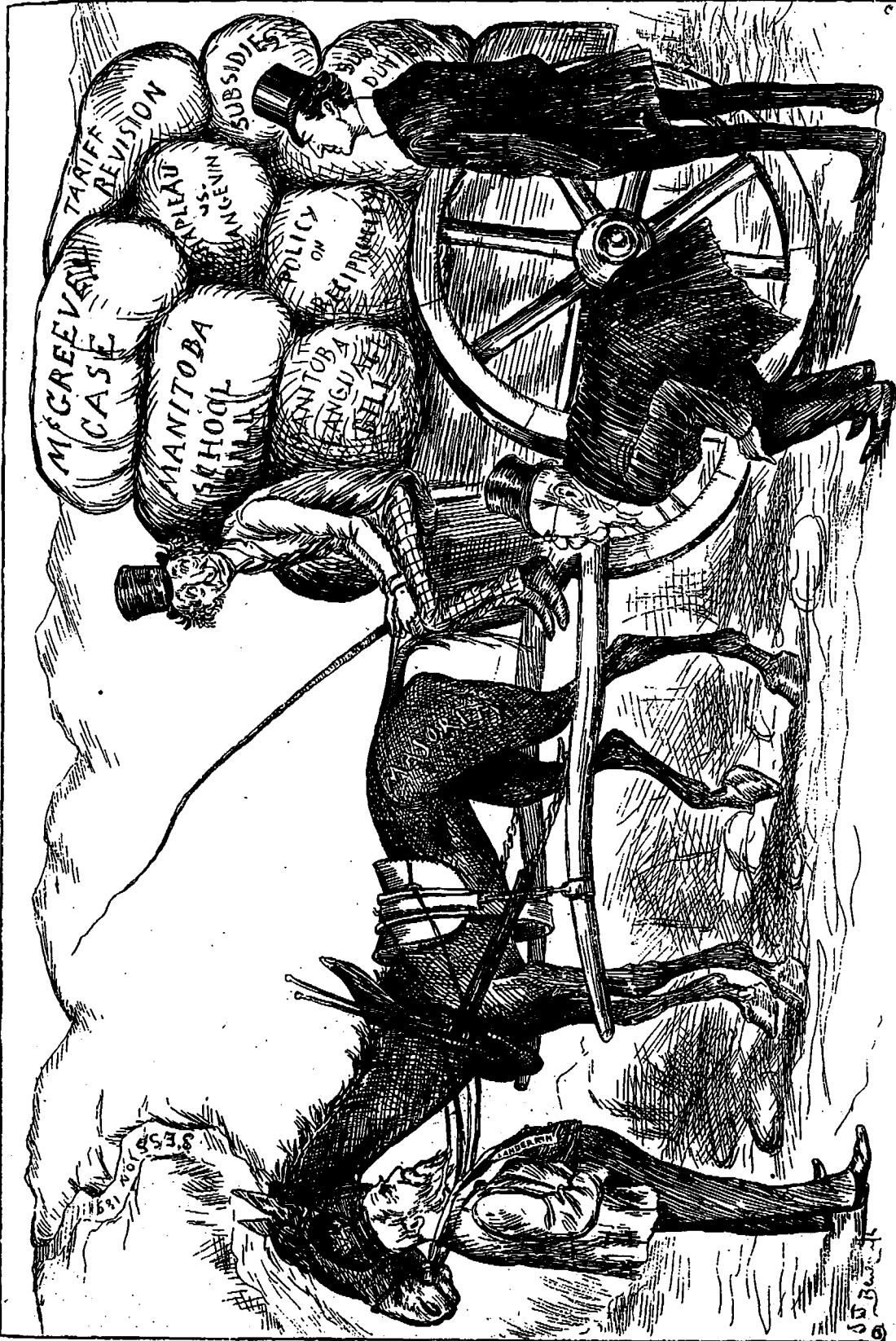
HE was a newly appointed member of Fire Brigade and was just trying on his rubber boots to see how they fitted when an alarm of fire rang out. He hurried to take his place when he was sternly re-called by the foreman.

"Here you, greeny, where you goi? Git outside of them boots darn quick."

"But—but," said the astonished neophyte, "I shall have to have them on to go to the fire with."

"Of course, yer will. Blame yer skin don't yer know nothin'? Its agin all the rulés an' reg'lations fur a fireman to leave the hall with his boots on! Yank 'em off right lively now, an' then put 'em on agin as we drive through the streets. That's the correct fireman style."

THE youthful poet who went to the City Clerk's office in order to take out a poetical licence, was last seen in a Yonge Street store enquiring for the best brand of "midnight oil."



AN UP-HILL JOB.

Laurier — "Your horse has wasted away to a shadow. He'll never be able to pull you through with that load!"
 Sir John — "Don't worry yourself, my dear sir; a good deal depends on the driving, you know."

St. Louis



INNOCENT AS A SPRING LAMB.

YOUNG LADY—"This book on Health says that girls who wish to have bright eyes and rosy cheeks should take a tramp through the woods each morning before breakfast. Can I engage you for the season, my good man?"

TWO VIEWS ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BELLE—(Talking to the hostess at a ball, and surrounded by gentlemen in various stages of admiration).—"Oh, Mrs. Bon Ton, this is the most lovely ball!—(No, thank you Mr. Newsby, I never dance the Lanciers)—I'm sure I never heard such lovely music Mrs. Bon Ton, but you always have everything so—(Oh! Mr. Smit-ten, I am so sorry, but my program is already filled)—Yes, Mrs. Bon Ton, everything is perfectly lovely, and your flowers are exquisite; everybody says so."

(Here hostess goes off and leaves Belle to her numerous admirers).

BELLE (indifferently)—"Is that you, Mr. Lover, I did not know you were here."

MR. LOVER (with despondency unutterable)—"Oh! Belle, when I have been trying to get near you all the evening! But all these confounded fellows —"

BELLE (haughtily)—"Really, Mr. Lover, I would not be vulgar if I were you, but (changing to ecstatic tone) were you ever at such a lovely party?"

MR. L. (hopefully)—"Will you dance this waltz with me?"

BELLE (showing her program with much solid enjoyment)—"You see I positively cannot—Oh! here comes the Marquis L'Vrosbug now."

MARQUIS (with flourish of eye-glass and much bowing and scraping)—"Aw, Mademoiselle, La Charmante, this our value, such happiness for me, as never before I see."

(Exit Belle and Marquis L'Vrosbug.)

BELLE (communing with herself as she moves off)—"Won't the girls be awfully jealous though! I'm sure I

must look well, or the Marquis would not pay such marked attention to me. Oh, what a lovely, lovely, lovely ball!"

WALL FLOWER (sitting with chaperone and glaring angrily at everybody and everything)—"If I were Mrs. Bon Ton and trying to give a ball, I should at least have it within the bounds of civilization. Just listen to that music. Did you ever hear such screeching and scratching as they make of it? And the flowers—such a display is perfectly vulgar—borrowed for the occasion I believe! But, do look at Belle how horrid she does look and her dress so unbecoming—but goodness! her manner is far worse than even her dress. I wonder if she thinks those men really admire her. Its just her loud manner, of course, that attracts them. I hope I shall never fall into such an error.

(Just here Mr. Lover comes up and asks Miss W. F. if he may sit by her. He is suffering agonies and wants sympathy, expecting it from Miss W. F., who was an old chum at school.)

MR. L. (looking after Belle with jealous eyes)—"Isn't she beautiful? No wonder all—everybody—adores her!"

MISS W. F. (who had smiled sweetly at his approach, but was now looking daggers)—"May I ask who you mean by 'she'?"

MR. L.—"Why Belle, of course, who else could I mean?"

MISS W. F.—"Oh! Well I don't see that she looks so remarkably well this evening."

MR. L.—"Of course she is always lovely. Oh, there is no hope for me!"

MISS W. F.—"I cannot see what men find about her to like. I think she is disgusting and not at all good-looking."—(Lover rises, bows, and angrily departs before she can finish.)

MISS W. F. (solus)—"Its my idea that men are all perfect geese. I shall immediately go home. I never was at such a horrid, horrid, horrid ball.

ROLY ROWAN.

THE DEAR GIRLS.

ETHEL—"I am going to pose for an artist to-day."

MAUD—"Dear me. What on earth can he be drawing?"



TRIUMPHANT CONCLUSION OF STANLEYS LATEST MARCH ATHWART AMERICA.

A HARBINGER OF SPRING.

HAIL, harbinger of balmy spring,
Telling of dreary winter past,
The vernal season heralding,
And days of sunshine come at last.

With joy thy tender form I see,
Pledge of the Maytime flowrets bloom,
Thy advent much delighteth me,
Oppressed no more by wintry gloom.

Pent 'mid the city's crowded streets,
Nor bird nor bud can meet my view
To tell the season's coming sweets,
Therefore I'm glad to welcome you.

So hail, once more, thou tiny form,
Of birds and flowers let others sing,
The weather must be getting warm—
Thou'rt the first bed bug of the spring!

THE AGRICULTURAL COMBINE.

THE farmer has hitherto figured in trade only as an individual unit. The single combination allowed him has been with nature. The rules of this association, which is the oldest trust on record, have been handed down as proverbs. "Do your part" is their burden, "and nature will do hers."

But after many centuries of trial the farmer has declared this arrangement unsatisfactory. His partner has never proved herself an adept in commercial matters. When prices were good, and trade brisk, she failed to water the stock sufficiently to make large profits a possibility. When times were dull and merchandise a drug, she would invest all available capital in unsaleable goods which had to be closed out at a sacrifice. The head of the firm is therefore quite justified in deposing such a bungler from the position of chief manager, and assigning her a subordinate post under the clerk of the weather. She will also continue to act as drummer, in which capacity she may be relied upon to present the claims of the house to everyone three times a day as heretofore. But though still retaining an interest in the firm, her name will not henceforth appear in its signature. Instead of "Farmer and Nature," it will be "Farmer and Brothers."

New business combines are generally regarded by the public with disfavor. But I hope the present case will prove an honorable exception to the rule. The farmer has been so long forced to content himself with the crumbs that fall from the table his labor provides that it may be pardoned him if in struggling to his feet in order to take his rightful seat, he should jostle the overflowing platters of Dives. If the new departure will but deliver him in a measure from the tyranny of the industrial proverbs, if he may thus occasionally enjoy larks which are in no way associated with the idea of early rising, if he need no longer plough thorough and deep, while sluggards sleep, but can afford to give that leisure class the moral benefit of seeing him go to work, if it be permitted him in these latter days to pass his time in accord with more modern compilations than Poor Richard's Almanac, all should rejoice that Atlas has at last found a way of resting his shoulders. Let this overwrought Jack Horner have his share of the plums his industry earns even if he has to go into a "corner" to find them.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

PRACTICE.

"ARE you a good judge of chickens, Deacon?"
"Lor, sir, I'd know a good one in de dark."



"MR. MOWAT HAS TAKEN THE FEE SYSTEM INTO HIS CONSIDERATION."

—London Advertiser.

"H. O!"

THERE'S a proverb of old,
By which we are told,
That blood is much thicker than water;
And it may have been so,
A long time ago;
If it was, such things certainly alter.

For I've heard people growl,
Because fish, flesh and fowl
Through their water-taps gushed all day long;
If blood's thicker than this,
Surely something's amiss,
Or another good proverb's gone wrong!

MAX.

KLEPTOMANIACS.

A REMARKABLE fact in regard to this year's conscripts for the German army in Silesia is the extraordinary large number who are maimed in hand or foot. This is said to be due to the growing belief among the peasantry that a war is imminent. The most common form of maiming is the loss of the small toe on the left foot.—*N. Y. People.*

This is a curious form of mania—a sort of clip-toe-mania, as it were. They are evidently disinclined to toe the mark. What mark? Oh, pshaw! that won't do. Emperor William has spoiled that one by firing him.

AT THE BALL.

JACK—"What a lovely girl Miss Blondwigg is! A heavenly flower-like face!"
TOM—"Yes, very flour-like. Look at my coat sleeve. I danced the last waltz with her!"



A QUESTION OF TASTE.

LITTLE SNOBSON (with emphasis)—“Yes, Miss Belform, this is the best place for photographs. The fellow's got taste, y' know—always puts my picture in the window!”

SCIENTIFIC LECTURES TO THE POLICE.

DRS. COVERNTON and Lowe have commenced a series of lectures to the members of the police force with a view to the enlightenment of our guardians on the proper methods of dealing with injured persons who may require the services of the ambulance. There are to be five lectures in the course, and at the close those officers who pass a creditable examination on what they have heard will be awarded a sleeve badge.

We do not wish to forestall the learned gentlemen by publishing in advance the gist of the scientific instructions they will give, but we feel tolerably safe in saying that the following pointers will be expressed or implied in the lectures:

First Lecture.—A general outline of the structure and functions of the body, including a description of the bones, muscles, arteries and veins, the function of the respiration, circulation, and of the nervous system. The triangular bandage.

In this discourse it will be shown that the human body is so constructed that it can only stand a certain amount of rough usage.

The function of circulation will be illustrated by a dissection of the *Globe*, *Mail* and *Empire* in the presence of the class.

The effects of the police court atmosphere on the nervous system will be clearly demonstrated.

Second Lecture.—The general direction of the arteries and the use of the tourniquet; the various kinds of bleeding and means of arresting them.

The difference between the use of the tourniquet and that of the baton on a sick person will be pointed out. Not much time will be spent on “the means of arresting bleeding,” as our policemen are already quite competent to arrest anything.

Third Lecture.—The signs of fracture and treatment of sprains.

The signs of fracture may be illustrated by pummeling the head of a policeman with the regulation club—if one of the students will kindly volunteer for the operation.

Fourth Lecture.—First aid to those stunned, apoplectic, inebriated, epileptic, fainting, and those bitten by rabid animals, the treatment of the apparently drowned, and of scalds and burns.

Any instruction under this head seems really superfluous. Every able-bodied policeman already knows that first aid to any unfortunate is to ring for the wagon.

Fifth Lecture.—The methods of lifting or carrying the sick or injured.

It will probably be shown in this lecture that the usual method of lifting injured people by the scruff of the neck is unscientific.

A REAL GOOD ONE.

AT the National Association on the other evening Bro. MacCorquodale was holding forth in his customary Anarchist vein. “All law,” he said, “rests on brute force—it depends on the power of the majority to coerce the minority. Behind all statutes is the gun—you can't enforce law without the gun.”

“Oh, yes,” said Samjones, meditatively. “There are other means by which it can be done. Can't a law be enforced, for instance, by *obeyin' it* (a bayonet)?”

“Samjones,” said MacCorquodale sternly, “I believe you are here as a paid emissary of the monopolists to turn our proceedings into ridicule.”

“I'm stuck on you,” remarked the stamp to the letter. “That's all right then,” replied the letter, “we will be able to travel together in future.”



A NOTE FOR THE PARSONS.

(Apropos of the late discussion on Dancing)

FIRST LITTLE GIRL—“Let's play keepin' house an' goin' callin', and dress all up in your mamma's best things.”

SECOND LITTLE GIRL—“Eversing of mamma's is locked up, 'cept two skirts wiz no bodies to 'em.”

FIRST LITTLE GIRL—“Well, let's play goin' to a ball.”



"EGGS IS EGGS!"

The sad Canadian farmer's wife
Who by McKinley's lost her
Little perquisite in eggs,
Has a crow to pick with Foster! *

* Eggs were quoted in Detroit on Saturday at 13 cents; duty, 5 cents; price in Chatham, 8 cents. There is no mistaking the meaning of the figures. The Canadian farmer's wife who bought 124 pounds of sugar in Chatham on Saturday gave 12½ dozen of eggs for it. The American going to Detroit market the same day got 35½ pounds for the same number of eggs.—*Chatham Banner.*

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.

JAWKINS—"How did you happen to adopt such a perilous profession as submarine diving?"

RECKER—"In order to keep my head above water."

BILE is nature's true Cathartic. Regulate the Liver to secrete pure Bile and you will obtain regularity of the Bowels and make healthy blood. Burdock Blood Bitters will do this.

"It sells well, and gives more general satisfaction than any blood purifier we keep," says S. Perrin, druggist, Lindsay, regarding Burdock Blood Bitters.

"THEM chops was good, mum," said the tramp. "But I allus likes to finish a meal with sweets. Yer ain't got any cakes have yer?"

"I have cakes of soap."

"Thank yer hearty, mum. But I never touch 'em."

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.

BUNCO PETE—"Well, d'ye go down an' do up Farmer Hasede?"

SLIPPERY JIM—"Yas, I dun him out o' three huner'd, but that wan't no good!"

BUNCO PETE—"Why not?"

SLIPPERY JIM—"I was jest blanked fool enough to trade hosses with him before I left."

CLEANSE the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood, and tone up the debilitated system. You can accomplish both measures in the most easy and natural manner, by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Miss F. Milloy, Erin, tried in vain for two years to cure bilious headache, poor circulation and other chronic ills. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured her.

"YOU mustn't associate with chickens," said Mother Duck to her ducklings.

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because they are not in the swim."

MAUD—"I wish you would entertain George if he comes in; I want to get ready for the ball."

ETHEL—"Will it take you long to dress?"

MAUD—"Yes, quite a while; I have so much to take off."

A GOOD circulation of the fluids of the body is indispensable to perfect health. The Bile, the Blood, the Secretions of the Skin, Kidneys and Bowels, are all purified by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Joseph Shewfelt, Armour, says that he considers Burdock Blood Bitters a life-saving friend to him. It cured him of debility when doctors failed.

THEY sat together, and she said:

"How far is it 'round the world, dear Fred?"

Then Fred, sly rogue, of course, made haste, To glide his arm around her waist.

"Just my arm's length, dear Maud," said he, "For you are all the world to me?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"CINDERELLA's feet were all nonsense. She never had any."

"How do you know?"

"There never was any Cinderella to have 'em."

TALKATIVE THOMPSON—"You see I have become a fixture in New York."

MISS BRIGHT (*briefly*)—"Gas fixture?"

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

BARNES—"I hear there has been some agitation in the works of the City Hall clock."

NORTON—"What is the matter?"

BARNES—"They say that the hands are connected with the movement."

NORTON—"But they are not usually much given to striking."

BARNES—"No; but they say they are tired of working twenty-four hours a day."

NORTON—"Well, they make a good point on the face of it."

BARNES—"Yes; but they won't be able to accomplish much unless they can manage to stick together."

NORTON—"If they do succeed in stopping the works I should advise the winding-up of the whole concern."

DROPSY, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, the irregularities and weakening diseases of Females, are all remedied by the regulating toning power of Burdock Blood Bitters.

D. McCrimmon, Lancaster, had Chronic Rheumatism for years, which resisted all treatment until he tried Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured him.

"Yes it is a great curiosity. You don't often find a lock of George Washington's hair. But you know it's not the rarest."
 "Whose is more so?"
 "Bill Nye's."

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.

"THAT was pretty mean in Edwin Booth."
 "What did he do?"
 "Declined to write his auto-biography and peremptorily refused to let any one else do it."

"Is that you, smoking?" asked the baggage-car of the locomotive.
 "Yes; I'm choo-ing, too," replied the latter.

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.

"WHAT's that Frenchman saying?"
 "He's yelling; 'La Guerre, La Guerre.'
 "What's that. Lager?"

Armour's
Extract of BEEF.

The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.

One pound equals forty-five pounds of prime lean Beef.

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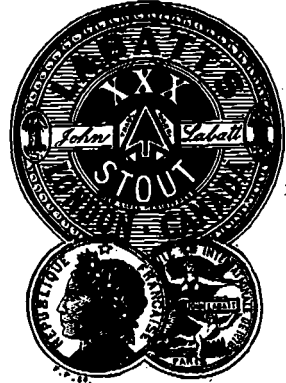
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JOHN POTTS, D.D.
 Don't get fooled with people selling other water-imitations on St. Leon's good name. St. Leon is unrivalled among all competitors.
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Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough

or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

TWO VOICES.



VOICE FROM DOWNSTAIRS—"Eddie, dear, aren't you going to get up? It's getting late."
"EDDIE—"Yes 'm."

(See next page).

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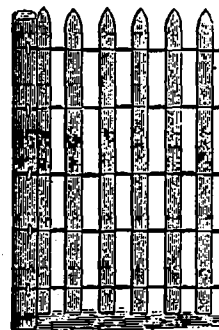
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—*Cour's Journal*.
"It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the Crab Apple Blossom, which is put up by THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a life-time and never tire of it."
—*New York Observer*.

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