

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Good houses this week. CHAS. L. DAVIS as *Alec Joslin*. Distant relative of our old Yankee friend, *Joshua Whitecombe*. Very good actor, Mr. DAVIS. Play might be improved in some respects. Takes so well, however, that the manager has thought best to extend the engagement to the end of the week. Usual Matinee on Saturday afternoon.

AUGUSTUS and NELLY were walking
Through the meadow, one bright summer day.
And merrily laughing, and talking,
When some toad stools they saw, by the way.

"So the toads really use these to sit on?"
Said NELLY—"now don't make a pun, Gus:
If you do, like the subject we've hit on,
I'll deem it the meanest of fun—Gus."
—*Yasrob Strauss*.

"You look as fine as a hired girl," is the way they put it down east.—*The Eye*.

The English language may yet get split up. Men are continually breaking their word.—*Dennetsonville Sentinel*.

An ounce of keep your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Strange, but true. A word in season is scarcely ever spoken by a man in a peppery frame of mind.—*Stamford Advocate*.

Angle worms appeared on the sidewalks, Monday morning, apparently regretting having taken off their winter flannels so soon.—*Danbury News*.

How does painting agree with my daughter? "asked an anxious parent. "It makes her too red in the face," replied the teacher.—*Pulaski Democrat*.

When the noble red man sheaths his knife and says he will lift no more scalps of the pale face, he generally does so with a great deal of reservation.—*Sandy Stone*.

Why can't we call a judge a paragrapher? He makes long and short sentences, and every one finds fault with them and thinks they could have done better.—*Lovell Sun*.

Puck: Youth of the Nineteenth Century—"Go to bed? Why, you said the other day that Mr. PRETTYMAN came to see us all, and so he will be disappointed if LILY and I didn't set up."

If we should live up to the golden rule, what a nice little heaven we should have here on earth; but a great many branches of business would necessarily go under.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

Men can live for years and years with only one lung, but the chap who expects to moved the previous question at a ward caucus should have both his lungs—and his legs too.—*Detroit Free Press*.

This is a good time for charitable feelings; and we hereby forgive all our enemies. We hope they will stay forgiven; but we warn them that they will have to behave themselves mighty sharp.—*Puck*.

A gentleman writes to say that he is hard at work on a new play "similar to SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet." It is perhaps needless to say that this gentleman resides in Boston.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

We know a man who is such a fanatic in the belief that continual progress is essential to his happiness that he will not drink milk because he thinks it is going back to "first principles."—*Hackensack Republican*.

One hundred and twenty-seven of the woman who registered in Boston, failed to vote. They hadn't got their winter cloaks trimmed, and of course "didn't look fit" to go to the polls.—*New Haven Register*.

More Opinions of the Press.

GRIP'S Almanac for 1880 has been received and is now before us. As we turn over the pages and read the comic writings, at the same time looking at the droll illustrations, we remark it is the best Almanac we have seen. If you wish to get over a fit of the blues, or have some hearty laughs, send 15 cents to Bengough Bros., Gurr Office, Toronto.—*Acton Free Press*.

GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1880 has been received from the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto. Taken as a specimen of droll humor and comical illustration it deserves to live for ever, and we hope its annual appearance may be continued for many years. It is sold at fifteen cents per copy. Everybody wants it and everybody must have it.—*Newcastle Advocate*.

Grip's Comic Illustrated Almanac for 1880, published by Bengough Brothers, Toronto, Ont., is just out, and is cram full of fun. It contains articles from many of the paragraphs, and any one who enjoys a hearty laugh can do no better than send 15 cents to the publishers and obtain one.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Union*.

GRIP'S ALMANAC.—The above named Almanac is destined to be universally popular. We have received a specimen copy and can recommend it to our readers without fear of disappointing. The little work is brim full of Bengough's latest witticisms, while the cartoons on the political events of the past year afford an extensive fund of amusement and information combined. No one should be without one. The price is 15 cents.—*North York Reformer*.

Grip's Almanac has arrived at last. It is as full of fun as it is possible to imagine such a pamphlet to be. The Canadian political hits are very good. The illustrations comical in every respect. "Reflections by Miss TALK," collected by F. BLAKE CROFTON, is a pointed and witty article. We hope Grip may meet with a good sale for this the first attempt at a Comic Almanac in Canada. His weather prophecies are most readable: as of this month he says, "expect the weather to be cold if Vennor mildness hath foretold," and for next month he gives us the startling announcement, "this month the sleighing will be good, if snow falls nicely as it should."—*Truro (N. S.) Sun*.



TENDERS

FOR

CORDWOOD AND PINE LUMBER.

The undersigned will receive at his office up to
Noon on the 23rd day of Jan., 1880,

TENDERS FOR THE DELIVERY OF
FIFTEEN HUNDRED CORDS

of Dry Pine, Hemlock, Elm and Basswood, on the

Central Prison Brickyard,

BEFORE THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY NEXT.

Also for the immediate delivery at the Central Prison, Toronto, of the following Pine Lumber:—60 pieces 6 x 6 inches, 12 feet long; 300 scantling, 2 x 4 inches, 13 feet long; 2,500 feet, 2 x 10 inches, board measure; 13,000 feet, 1 x 12 inches, 16 feet long.

Two sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of the contract.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons, &c.

Office of the

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities,
Parliament Buildings,

Toronto, 9th January, 1880.

The red tops add more to the small boy's height than high heels.—*McGregor News*.

If a person should buy all those things which "no family should be without," he would have to erect at least a dozen buildings every year to hold them all.—*Rochester Express*.

A paragraphic Othello exclaims, "I had rather be a tramp and feed upon the vapors of a five-cent lodging house, than to share the credit of the joke I love with him that steals it."—*New York People*.

Somebody remarks: "We never saw a bashful man who was not the soul of honor." Ah, thank you, but we can't help being bashful, although the soul of honor business is awfully lonesome.—*Whitehall Wilkins*.

I think of thee, dear WILLIAM,
And I long to hear from you;
Send me a missive, won't you, please,
Oh, come now, *billet-doux*.

—*Kookuk Gate City*.

The imbibers of champagne will regret to hear that this year's vintage must prove, both as regards quality and quantity, the worst on record. But as long as pure champagne can be made in this country from lager beer slops, cider and chemicals, the imbibers will not suffer by the failure of the foreign vintage.—*Norristown Herald*.

If you wish some man to think often of you and wish you well, borrow \$1,000 of him on your personal integrity, and see the undying interest he will have in you (8 per cent. and commission) till he is paid.—*Chicago Journal*.

A young man, while attempting to fix a "misplaced switch" on a young lady's head in a hall-room, stepped on her dress and "wrecked the train." She told him to conductor to a seat and be more careful in future.—*Wheeling Leader*.

LAMPTON, of the *Stubenville Herald*, says that "newspapers are good for cleaning stoves, tinware, knives, spoons, mirrors, windows, and lamp chimneys." That's right, brother, anything to keep up the circulation.—*Waterloo Observer*.

EMERSON says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thought of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil, devoted exclusively to that use, would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

It is curious to note, says the *New York Star*, how a flaming new silk handkerchief will struggle up from the deepest breast pocket into the light of day and linger there, while the soiled cotton one skulks at the bottom, making only now and then a hasty peep into the open air.

The senior Greek professor in his lecture to the juniors the other day, speaking of the marriage of Venus and Vulcan, remarked "that the handsomest women generally married the homeliest men," adding grimly, "that's encouragement for a good many of you."—*Amherst Student*.

"If you marry GRACE," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I will cut you off without a cent, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot." "Well," replied the young man, "Grace before meat." And he immediately went in search of a minister.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Remarks a writer, "A gentle hand can lead an elephant by a hair." Now, what foolishness that is to put into the minds of children. Why, bless you, elephants don't have hair: they just have hides, that's all. Perhaps a gentle hand might lead them by the tail, but, mind you, we have our doubts even of that.—*Rockland Courier*.

Now is the time for the domestic circle to close around the cheerful fire while pater familias with a reverted flat iron between his knees cracks his fingers a good deal and a hickory nut occasionally, and the children, armed with darning needles and hair pins, scoop around in the intricacies of the nut shells, and everybody thinks he is having a glorious time.—*Cleveland Voice*.