

A New Order.

Dear GRIP:—I have a project of great moment to communicate to you, and in the carrying out of which I crave your patronage and advice. There is a big thing in it, I assure you, and I have been urgently requested to favor the "Dictator" of the *Globe* with the offer of the position of patron or godfather. But I am not to be caught in that trap. He would want to own the whole thing himself, and thus put us completely in the back-ground. I will disclose it to you carefully and gradually, in order that you may not be completely carried away by surprise at its novelty, and enthusiastic admiration at the brilliancy of its conception. You are aware, my dear sir, of the great benefits social, financial, moral, religious and political, and of the rewards, honours, profits and advantages generally that are conferred upon their members by the various and numerous secret Orders and societies established in this country. Now, I am working up a new Order, having all the best features of all known orders, as well as many more new and important ones of my own invention. It will cause the benefits and advantages above mentioned, and now offered by the Free Masons, Orangemen, Knights of Pythias, and Odd Fellows to fade into the most despicable insignificance.

Allow me to enumerate some of our special features, to give you a faint outline of the glories of this new and unrivalled combination of benefits. In the first place, the entrance fee is to be small; much less than that of all existing Orders. This is to prevent the exclusion of any good but possibly impecunious individual.

Next, there is to be no blackballing. We have observed that the blackball seems to serve no purpose whatever unless to keep out occasionally persons politically obnoxious.

All persons are from the beginning of their membership to have as many degrees as they like, and wear as many brilliantly colored cloaks, badges, aprons and ribbons, and as many pieces of jewelry of glass, brass, or any other material, and spangles, stars, etc., etc., as fancy suggests, or they can purchase or carry.

We see no reason why these things should be limited in numbers, or to certain persons who are quite likely to be the meanest in the community. On the same ground and on the ground that they cost neither money nor effort, we will allow each and every member to choose and adopt whatever and as many titles of honour as he can invent, steal or borrow. We have often thought it absurd that men who were almost unknown, or known only to be disliked among their neighbors, should be held in high respect and dignity at the annual meetings of these antiquated societies, and be there addressed as "Most Worthy Grand Hidalgo" etc., etc. We hope by making these honors and titles open to all that some of them at least will be worthily worn.

Then we shall have not only annual dinners, but monthly or weekly affairs of that kind, (in fact as many as we can afford) where we can all get drunk without check. This attraction will, we expect, more than any other we have to offer, induce members of existing orders to come to us. Our rules will prevent us from soliciting members, but we may insinuate that it will pay them to join us. They will understand by this that we are all bound by cast iron oaths to countenance or encourage no one but those of our own order, and those to help in sickness and in death, in difficulties pecuniary, and crimi-

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TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly through Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, }
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879. xiii-6-5t.

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"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Thirteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"GRIP" is particularly clever this week. The cartoon is devoted, as a matter of course, to Hanlan and his victory over Elliott. The centre piece represents the champion between his friends, Ward and Heasley, in the act of putting on his coat and saying to John Bull, who shields the weeping English sculler in his rear, "have you any more champions, Mr. Bull, before I put my coat on?" Besides the main picture there are a number of others on the same subject, viz. Hanlan's select crew of vanquished scullers, six theories how he did it. Time the only sculler who can beat our boy, the news in Australia, &c. The political notes are very amusing and embrace portraits of Sir John, Sir Samuel, Mr. Langevin who declares he was not so great a success in England as Hanlan, Mr. Norquay riding the "English" mule, Mr. Joly, Mr. Macpherson, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Geo. Brown and Mr. John Bright. The letterpress is as usual, quite up to the mark, making altogether an excellent number of this sprightly paper which never descends to anything low or impolite. — *Quebec Chronicle.*

—Bengough's cartoons on the Hanlan-Elliott race are very amusing. They illustrate the various theories of Hanlan's success, and are got up in a manner which would bring a smile to the gravest countenance. — *Addington Reporter.*

Financial.

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nal, and in all contests with outsiders, whether in the way of trade or politics.

And finally, in order that the common prejudice in favor of orders of ancient origin may not prevent our success, we shall christen ourselves "The Sons of ADAM," and declare (and never waver from it) that we have existed as an order from the time of good old father ADAM, who established our ancient and honorable society and initiated the first members.

Yours sincerely,

JONES, P. D., G. M. K. G., etc.

More Ideas on the "Woman Question."

By **SU SCRETTIBLE.**

In the "New Ideal of Womanhood," to which I promised a *critical* reply, I observe the passage, "How often it happens that women, throw their whole being into a precarious affection, because morbidly sensitive to the most trifling sights, and brood over them till their mental balance is seriously disturbed * * * To a woman crushed by a heavy personal grief, nothing can be a greater blessing than a larger interest, whether it be in art, literature, or philanthropic work."

This mistaken theory is not new to me, in fact, some time ago, when G—, no, I will not refer to *him*, the subject is still fraught with pain to a sensitive spirit—but I may say, that in past days, when my heart was cruelly pierced, some persons wished me to try to forget my own affection by working for creatures of a low and uninteresting type. To expect a refined and too sensitive being to be brought into active association with such creatures is simply outrageous, they are all very well to make a good contrast in a poem, or picture, as characters in a novel, or anything of that sort; but when one is yearning for another glance from expressive grey eyes, or longing to hear again the softly modulated tones of a manly voice, it is the refinement of cruelty to drag her—as a *sympathising friend* did me—into a close, dirty, unpicturesque looking hovel, and expect her to be diverted from her sorrows by the sight of a number of cross, untidy, sickly, uninteresting children. I have a *very liberal* mind. If people's souls do not soar above such things, I have no objection to their taking their amusement in their own way. Some prefer making flannel shirts and petticoats for the tropical heathen, others seem to find recreation or solace in soup. (I mean in making it for the poor; one of my friends has quite a mania on that subject). Pray do not suppose that I take no interest in the church, or in charity; indeed, I am invariably energetic, I dote on bazaars, tableaux, strawberry festivals, and everything of that kind in connection with the church. I roused myself sufficiently to sell at the flower table, at a bazaar, just when I was feeling most deeply G—'s *heartless conduct*. I must confess that a little judicious weeping is very becoming to me. Some girls look dreadful after a "good cry." If I were one of that class I would certainly contrive to keep up my spirits by some means. I know a case of blighted affection where the girl is growing more unprepossessing in appearance every day. (She certainly never was a beauty!) If crying gave me a red nose, swelled cheeks, and dim eyes, I would consider it a positive duty to control my feelings. I would write for the magazines, take drawing lessons or even visit the poor, but when the "circled trio of a night of tears," gives an *interesting* melancholy to one's countenance, and adds to the brightness of one's eyes, grief (of course in moderation), is quite excusable.