

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.
 Subscription price, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied. **BENGOUGH BROS.**

USE ONLY

ONTARIO Baking Powder

Ask your Grocer for it.

MANUFACTORY:
 247 King Street West,
 TORONTO. xii-20-17

TO PRINTERS:

WANTED.

CHASE, DOUBLE-DEMY, With Shifting Bar.
 CHASE, DOUBLE-ROYAL, With Shifting Bar.
BENGOUGH BROS.

WHERE DO YOU DINE?
 Why at the **Mechanics' Club Restaurant** to be sure.
 CORNER OF **RICHMOND & SHEPPARD STS.**
 Dinner 20 Cents. xiii-15-3.

CHEAP READING.

We will send to subscribers of "GRIP" any of the following magazines and papers for one year at prices annexed.

- Scribner, \$4. Grip, \$2, both, \$5.
 - St. Nicholas, \$3, Grip, \$2, both, \$4.25.
 - Scientific American, \$3.20, Grip, \$2, both \$4.75.
 - Detroit Free Press, \$2, Grip, \$2, both, \$3.25.
- BENGOUGH BROS.**

WANTED.—5 cents each will be paid for the following back numbers of GRIP:

- Vol. 2. Nos. 2, 16, 23.
- 3. " 7, 17, 20, 19, 24.
- 4. " 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7.
- 5. " 5, 7, 17, 19, 21, 26.
- 6. " 6, 7, 9, 13, 25.
- 7. " 4, 12, 20, 21.
- 8. " 1, 2, 7, 12, 5, 16.
- 9. " 15.

BENGOUGH BROS.,
 TORONTO.

\$1500 TO \$6000 A YEAR. or \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to \$2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$2 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address **GEORGE STINSON & CO.,** Portland, Maine. xiii-10-17

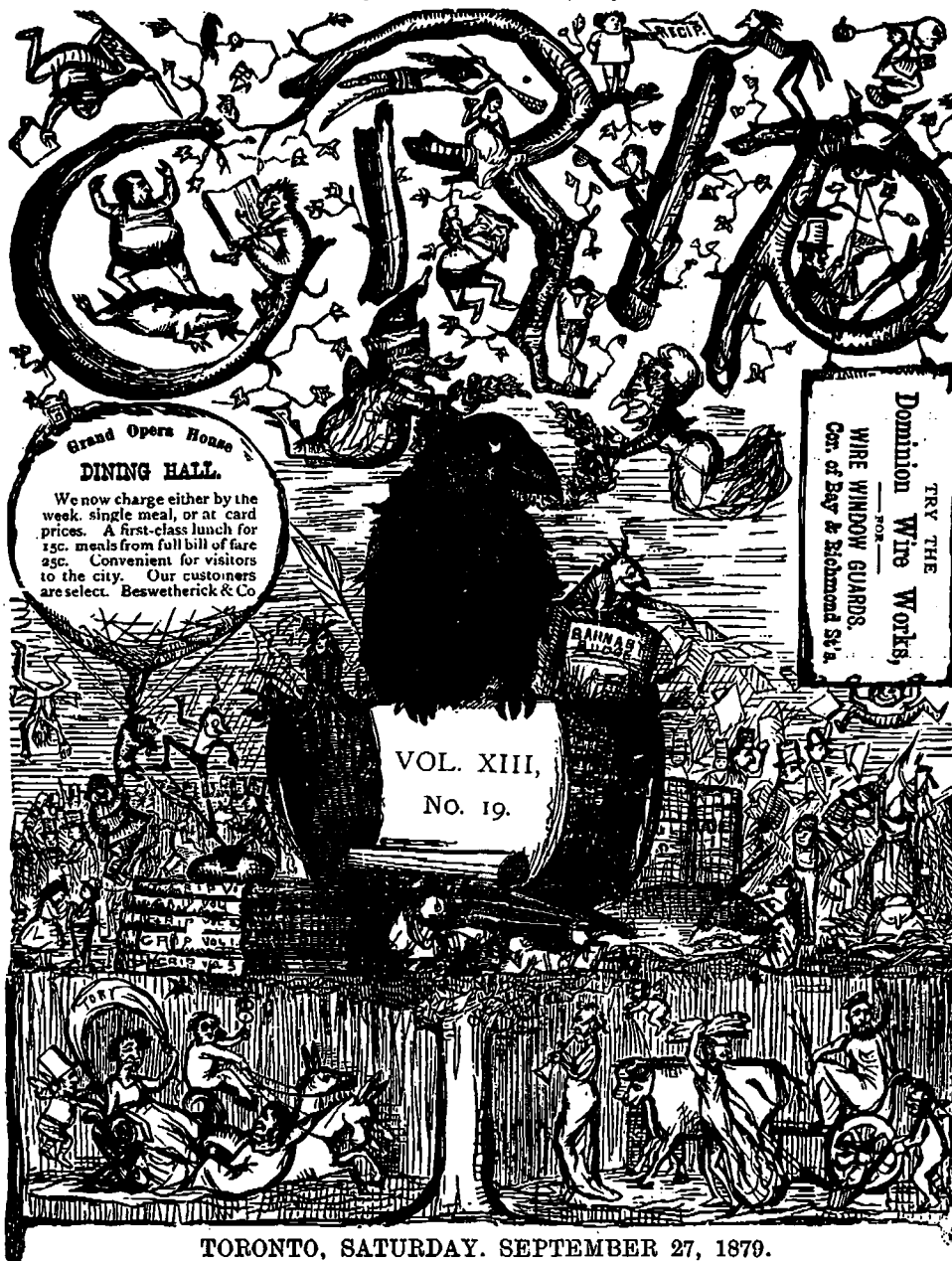
CHOICE MUSIC.

"THE CHAMPION ROCKAWAY."

By **A. KOERBER.**

A dashing and brilliant Composition, sure to please. One of the best yet produced by this popular musician. Printed on the best of paper and embellished with a well executed portrait of the Champion and the Cup. The Trade supplied by **THE TORONTO NEWS CO.**

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

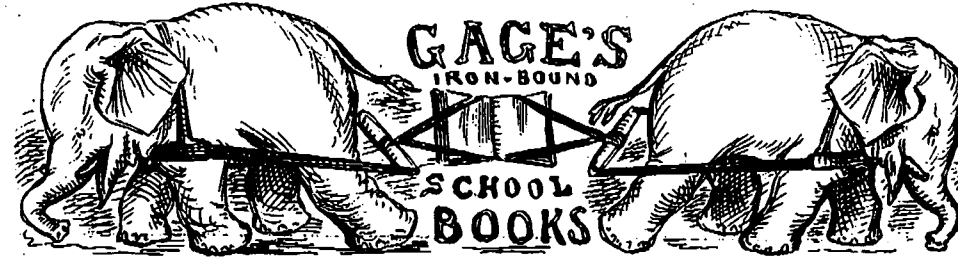


TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1879.

GRIP OFFICE,
IMPERIAL BUILDING.

*The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
 The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.*

5 CTS. EACH.
 \$2 PER ANNUM.



COAL AND WOOD,
 OF THE BEST QUALITY.

AND AT **LOWEST PRICES, NAIRN'S.**

Office, Next Post Office.
 Dooks, Foot of Church Street.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

TINGLEY LIGHTNING STAMP.
 The best in the world. Self-inking, with changeable Rubber Dies, &c. Bank, Dating and Hand Stamps of every description. Agents wanted.
C. S. STEWART & CO.,
 10 King St. East, - - Toronto.
 xiii-15-31

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here! You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we will mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address **H. HALLET & CO.,** Portland, Maine. xiii-10-17

BENGOUGH BROS.
 Are prepared to execute orders for **ENGRAVING** in the highest style of the art.

Type Metal Plates
 MADE FROM
 Pen and Ink Sketches, Photographs, Lithographs, &c.
 More perfect, true and lasting than any wood engraving, and at a much lower cost. Call and see specimens at

GRIP OFFICE,
 Next door to Post Office, Toronto.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY. The tens of thousands who are making exclusive use of the **COOK'S FRIEND** Baking Powder, thereby render **UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY** to its superiority.
 Retailled everywhere. xii-12-17

GERMAN RYE BREAD, FAMILY BREAD, BROWN BREAD, SNOWFLAKE ROLLS, CRUMPTON'S BAKERY,
 171 KING-ST. EAST,
 7 Doors east of Market. xii-20-17

Readers of "GRIP"
 Desiring anything in the Book or Music line, which they may not be able to procure at home, can have them forwarded, at once, if in the city; by addressing **Bengough Bros.,** next P.O., Toronto.

\$300 A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day made at home by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address **TRUE & CO.,** Augusta, Maine. xiii-10-17

Literature and Art.

The MS. of KEATS' magnificent poem of "The Eve of St. Agnes" is the treasured property of Dr. VALERIANA, of Rome.

JAMES PARTON wrote the lives of GEORGE WASHINGTON and Gen. BUTLER without changing his pen, but that didn't redeem the latter's character.

A writer in the *Otgosok* endeavors to show that the most distinguished Russian novelists have not been Russians, but the descendants of immigrant foreigners.

DOROTHEA ALICE SHEPHERD, author of "How Two Girls Tried Farming," recently added to D. LOTHROP & Co.'s *Idle Hour Series*, is none other, it is said, than Miss ELLA FARMAN, editor of *Wide-Awake*.

A translation of M. ZOLA's "*L'Assommoir*" is appearing in a newspaper at Athens, Greece. The critics of to-day do not count the author among the "Greeks;" but per-adventure MACAULEY's *New Zealander* will.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, says the *Boston Advertiser*, is a difficult poet to quote from, for his poems cannot be taken to pieces; but scattered through them all are passages, couplets or single lines of wonderful beauty.

VICTOR HUGO in a recent address makes HOMER and SHAKESPEARE clasp hands across the centuries, and admits the sons of "perfidious Albion" to the classic folds of the Latin nations, and yet the unappreciative Briton refuses this tender of fellowship with lordly scorn.

The death is announced, at her house near Chateau Renault, of Mme. LOREAU, the indefatigable translator of DICKENS, MAYNE REID, LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY, and other popular English authors. Her last collection of ten volumes of travels, translated from various English authorities, was very lately crowned by the French Academy.

CHARLES DICKENS, the second, promises to do honor to the family name. He manages one of the largest printing-offices in London or in Europe. He has very successfully published the *London Dictionary* and the *Guide to London*, and is now preparing a *Dictionary of the Thames*. He inherits his father's love for printing-offices and newspapers.

Messrs. MACLEAR & Co., of this city, announce the early publication of an important national work under the title of *The Scot in British North America*—a companion volume to the *Irishman in Canada*, issued a short time ago. It is to be written by Mr. Wm. J. RATTRAY, M.A., who is known as a finished scholar and writer. Judging from advance sheets sent out as a prospectus, the book will be a most useful one, as well as an ornament to literature.

MAX MÜLLER prefaces the first volume of the important work on the Sacred Books of the East, of which he is the editor, with a striking passage from the writings of Bishop BEVERIDGE, the distinguished Oriental scholar of the seventeenth century. "Indeed," says the Bishop, "there was never any religion so barbarous and diabolical, but it was preferred before all other religions whatsoever by them that did profess it; otherwise they would not have professed it. And why, say they, may not you be mistaken as well as me? Especially when there is, at least, six to one against your Christian religion; all of which think they serve God aright, and expect happiness thereby as well as you."

A Fable.

In a city called Hamilton there once lived a lively cricket, that had a very high opinion of its own cleverness, especially after it had returned home from a long series of conquests over the crickets of the United States. In fact, so great was its elation over these victories that it could hardly contain itself, and much apprehension was felt by the Hamilton people and the general public lest it should burst. At length there appeared in that city a certain DAFT cricket from England, who at once challenged the Hamilton insect to a combat. The challenge was accepted, and the Hamilton cricket walked proudly into the field. At the conclusion of the match, it walked out again, but oh, how different a cricket! The conceit had all been taken out of it, and it looked ever so small and insignificant. It had been disposed of with almost ludicrous ease by the DAFT cricket.

MORAL.—Crickets should not be conceited.

The Complaint of Carraway.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I am the grocer who was lately subjected to the most foul outrage ever perpetrated by kidnapers on a British subject, inasmuch that a cave is imprinting itself on my brain, and I wake up at nights exclaiming to the aroused partner of my woes that I am not Peaches, but a grocer here unlawfully confined. Sir, I want to know why my evidence is not taken in the case. Millions are waiting to hear from my own lips the story of my sufferings. Why am I not sworn? Horrid suspicions creep over me, and I doubt whether my own party—yes, the Grits—may not be at the bottom of it. Was my absence desired? Did G. B., or did the Attorney-General, order that fearful recess to be prepared for me? LOUIS XIII, I know, kept his Cardinal BALUE twelve years in an iron cage. Horrid! If they are not accomplices, Sir, I demand to know why my evidence is not taken.

Yours, in perpetual horror,
C. CARRAWAY.

Growing Strong.

The Rag Baby is getting to be a big, bouncing youngster, and will soon be strong enough to compel the attention of the great politicians on both sides. Already it has captured some of the small fry, for Mr. CHARLEY RYKER has written a letter to tell the world that he has joined the army of the Beaver-backers. The rapid development of the baby is due to the tender and judicious nursing of Capt. WYNNE and Mr. WALLACE, M.P., and when that happy day arrives on which every TOM, DICK and HARRY of us shall have his pockets full of good Government money, the names of these two great financiers will be spoken with uncovered heads.

VERNON,

Manufacturing Jeweller,

159 YONGE STREET.

Watches and Clocks Repaired. Pipes Mounted.

xiii-4-1f

Financial.

\$10 TO 1000

Invested in Wall St. Stock—
Makes fortunes every month.
Book sent free explaining
everything.

Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.
xi-20-1y

Stage Whispers.

Miss CLARA MORRIS is to play a ten weeks' engagement at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, for \$500 a night and all expenses paid.

DION BOUCAULT has produced his new play, "Rescued," at Booth's Theatre, New York. Like all the patchwork of this celebrated literary carpenter and joiner the play leaves the impression that it is but a cleverly contrived story of a very familiar type, over-weighted with tiresome and needless detail.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—*The Juvenile Pinafore Company*, under the management of the indefatigable HAVERLY, largely filled this house during their stay from Monday until Thursday. The want of register in the children's voices of course detracted from the singing, but nevertheless they made a very pleasing entertainment, *Buttercup* and *Deadeye* doing especially well. The latter was irresistibly funny. Next week BARNEY MACAULEY as *Uncle Dan*'s in *A Messenger from Jarvis Section*, a play new to Toronto theatre goers.

It now turns out, that Mdle. SARA BERNHARDT's impresario for the United States is Mr. HENRY C. JARRETT, her English agent. Mdle. BERNHARDT is to go in September, 1880. She is to receive £140 a performance, and £4 a day for her personal expenses, Mr. JARRETT defraying all other charges of every kind, including steamer passages and railroad fares. Mr. JARRETT has shown his customary cautious discretion in postponing the BERNHARDT season for a year. By that time she will speak English enough for one or two parts—and will be worth double the money.

LUCY HOOPER tells this anecdote of FERCHTER:—After his debut at the Theatre MOLIERE, he was invited to go to see SCRIBE. That very day FERCHTER had received two letters, one informing him of his admission to the Academy of Fine Arts (he had begun life as a sculptor) and the other stating that the manager of the Comedie Francaise would grant him a hearing the next day. He showed his letters to SCRIBE, who read them and asked his visitor what his decision would be. FERCHTER drew a coin from his pocket. "I'll toss for it," he cried. "Head, the theater—tail, the Academy." The piece fell head uppermost. SCRIBE invited the future actor to dine with him, and the possibilities of his future career were that evening fully discussed.

The "Member from Cranberry Center" is a local play which has long been a favorite with Boston audiences, as its title role is one of the best assumptions of one of our best comedians, WILLIAM WARREN of the Museum. WARREN is a cousin of JOE JEFFERSON, and though he has not so wide a reputation he is considered to be the equal, if not the superior, of *Tip* in many ways. He is in fact our leading comedian and equally at home in high comedy or broad farce. The "Member from Cranberry Center," the *Hon. Jefferson Scattering Bathkins*, lives but for one high and holy purpose, to frustrate the schemes of the Boston "click," which is Cranberry Center for *clique*. Hence he nobly opposes every measure introduced by a member from the Hub, and is altogether a noble specimen of the sturdy yeoman. *Mr. Bathkins* is hardly a pre-Raphaelite study of the average country member, but it would be untrue to call him a caricature so long as his numerous prototypes continue to meet beneath the sacred codfish in the State House, and air bucolic eloquence, in interminable sessions, every year between harvest and seed time.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH Bro's.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by WM. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

CAUTION.—All our Agents have printed receipts and written authority from us or Mr. W. R. Burrage, our General Agent. The public are advised not to pay subscriptions to others, with whom they are unacquainted. BENGOUGH BROTHERS.

The Closed Exhibition

Pass where the Exhibition
Stood but a week ago,
And view its sad position,
It may a moral show.

Deserted stalls full gloomy
In hundreds all around,
Late in those walks, now roomy,
No standing space was found.

Smashed bottles, broken cases,
Small boys collecting bones,
Some goods yet in their places
It seems that no one owns.

It is our mortal story,
Small Exhibitions all
We've each our day of glory,
The next we're not at all.

The Returning Ministers.

SCENE.—A ship in sight of land. The three Ministers and their new factotum.

Sir JOHN.—(sings):

"For England when, with favoring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steered,
'Stand clear the anchor!' was the cry,
And at the sound the seamen cheered."

Yes, it's deuced jolly getting back. Isn't it? (Looks round enquiringly).

Sir LEONARD.—Certainly, particularly when my protective measures work so well. Don't they? (Looks round).

Sir CHARLES.—Well, ah, um, of course, they do. Oh, of course (oars) they do-o-o! (Sailors run up hatchways supposing all hands called, and run down again). Well, but, ah, yes, after I have got my steel rails so cheap. Splendid protective measure, isn't it? (Looks round in his turn, everybody meets everybody's eyes, and after trying to look grave, all laugh together for five minutes).

Sir ALEXANDER.—Well, I must say, you made people believe you were going to give protection in good style. And it is curious that so many people, of all classes, wise and ignorant, yell with unanimity that you have fulfilled all your promises. Why, here lately I have in England had to declare you never meant what—what all your Protection friends swore you meant to do—nay, what you said

you meant to do. But one thing consoles me. I wasn't there. I made no promise. And going in with, and backing you now, and, ahem, getting a share of the spoils, does not at all implicate me, eh? (Looks round).

Sir JOHN.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no. There's no proverb about receivers, is there? (Looks round).

Sir CHARLES.—And then, we have succeeded so remarkably in getting English aid to the Pacific Railway, that it will be quite a pleasure to meet our supporters, won't it? (Looks round).

Sir LEONARD.—Well, well, who cares? Our majority will stick to us while we're in. Hence out, my private majority was such a small one I shan't get in again. But that asking English aid of yours, Sir CHARLES, was rather scaly. You didn't seem to make out a case. Your request seemed unfounded. But I suppose the consciousness of rectitude and the well-known high character of our Cabinet emboldens, eh? (Looks round).

Sir JOHN.—Come, come, no irony. As to Sir CHARLES' railway request, you know as well as I where we got most of our plans. Isn't it part of PUIPP'S stolen thunder? I know very well he gave the full plan at that meeting at the Conservative rooms at Bay street, before the elections, where he spoke against DAVIN on some confederate debate. He gave a sketch an hour long, with enough reasons, military, naval, civil, and political, to swamp a frigate. Made out an excellent case for English assistance. If it was carried to you, Sir CHARLES, the carrier dropped all the arguments on the way. But I know you would scorn to appropriate another's labors, eh? (Looks round).

Sir CHARLES.—(in thunder tones)—What! (But the forts on shore having immediately fired a gun in reply, the conversation drops, and when they land an hour afterwards Sir JOHN winds up by saying:—

Boys, say as little of what took place in England as possible. We may get ca-h, if—we give 'em a swamping share of the North-west for some British land company. These will of course play the old Canada Co. land grabbing game, so, say nothing. We shall have to introduce 'em as a philanthropic patriotic charitable combination formed to transport the paupers of Europe to the fertility of the Canadian West. By the time they run up the black flag the Grits will be in. Then who cares. *Après moi le déluge*. Speaking of deluges I'm very dry, and they used to keep something near here. (Exeunt omnes).

The English Deputation.

Sir JOHN has arrived home again, and has brought out with him a deputation of English agriculturists whose object it is to spy out the land on behalf of would be emigrants at home. This is one of the most enlightened bits of policy that any Canadian premier has yet hit upon, only, if Sir JOHN is really the high authority, from whom Lord BEACONFIELD obtained his information about the thousands of American farmers who are selling out their places in the Western States and flocking over into the illimitable wilderness of the Canadian North West, he will have to supply these English gentlemen with a sort of spectacles that will enable them to see a phenomenon that doesn't exist, or else suffer in their estimation as an authority on such matters. When the deputation visit the great North West and observe that the exodus is the other way—on account of the peculiar land policy of the government—they will probably be inclined to think that Sir JOHN sometimes sees backwards.

It's an ill bellows that blows no good.

"On Exhibition."

MR. MOULD, the undertaker, visited our Agricultural show last week. What more natural than that he should take a professional interest in the carriage department? Imagine his delight as he beheld in appropriate procession, as if for rehearsal, an infantile hearse followed by an adult bier bearer, and this again succeeded by that which is said frequently to be its precursor, a *lager bier waggon*! Is it not in excellent taste to place thus in cheerful contrast that beer which ministers to natural thirst, and that other bier which we are taught to believe is the path to satisfaction of that soul thirst—quenchless in physical conditions—for the fuller existence of freedom of spirit. Yet 'tis said, lager bier is *not* intoxicating and has no connection with spirits.

It is our melancholy duty to chronicle that the MARQUIS expressed no opinion about the merits of these bier waggons or their suggestive and tasteful classification. Alas! can so poetical an idea have escaped his notice, while all the *E—g T—m's* amateur poet's effusions in his honour have found an honoured place in the Ducal or Royal scrap album?

An Absurd Idea!

It is suggested that the County of York needs a new Court House. The parties implicated in propagating this absurd idea point out that York is one of the chief counties, and Toronto unquestionably the leading city of the Province. They moreover insinuate that the present building is in every way unworthy of such a county and city, being unsightly as to exterior, and inconvenient and unhealthy as to internal arrangements. There is no doubt of the truth of these allegations, yet we desire to put the authorities on their guard against the specious and jesuitical persons who are making them. Their avowed object is to have the present building torn down and a new and elegant structure put in its place. Now, aside from the question of expense—and that should never be forgotten by the poverty stricken women of York, and the indigent people of Toronto, who require all their money for new experiments on the Water-works—this project should be discountenanced on aesthetic grounds. The Court House is the abode of law, isn't it? And isn't the law proverbially associated with narrow, musty chambers, and crooked passages? It would be entirely out of place in fine, new apartments. Again, in the interest of all concerned, it is well that trials should be as brief as possible; but if Judge and jury, witnesses and spectators are made comfortable in a well-ventilated and pleasant apartment, it stands to reason that they will be tempted to sit almost interminably. At present it is well-known that they cannot do so without seriously imperilling their health, on account of the admirably stuffy character of the court room atmosphere. It was only the other day that Judge MACKENZIE felt disposed to get out before he had half finished an important matter. Let us not lay violent hands on this venerable building, which has so well served the purpose for which it was erected!

GRIP met the Hon. WM. MACDOUGALL lately, and enquired with deep solicitude when the hon. gentleman was to attain that high governmental position so much talked about. That hon. gentleman froze GRIP with an icy stare. He then whispered oracularly, "Never write a pamphlet," and walked away. What could he mean?



The Consolidated Mass.

Sir FRANCIS HINCKS is in a peck of trouble, all along of being President of the Consolidated Bank. Somebody in connection with that institution has been emulating the wicked Directors of the Glasgow Bank, with the same general result of wreck and ruin. Sir FRANCIS says the Manager is the naughty party, but the shareholders think that Sir FRANCIS had a good deal to do with it himself. At the meeting held lately in Montreal a vigorous expression of opinion was given on the subject, and the position of the gallant Knight was about as pleasant and edifying as we have here depicted.



Personal.

Appearance of Hon. Sir CHARLES TUPPER on reading the following audacious sentences in the *Ottawa Citizen*, a few days ago:—

"There is another source of dissatisfaction—namely, the uncertainty attaching to situations in the Civil Service. Scarcely has one sifting and shifting process been completed before another is threatened. The utility or advantages of all these changes is more than doubtful, and it would be easy to show that their only result has been to increase blunders and delay in the transaction of public business."

But if Sir CHARLES had not been so hasty he might have noticed that this was an extract from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and had no reference whatever to any alleged Americanizing of the Service at Ottawa.

A Curiosity.

Some huntsmen recently captured a very peculiar looking animal in the vicinity of Port Hope. It would appear that the critter is also highly talented if we rightly comprehend the editor of the *Port Hope Times*, who says:

"It is the intention of the captors of the beast to take it to Toronto, when some of our savans, learned in natural history, may be able to determine its genius."

The Knight and the Distressed Daniels

(AS THE NEXT MEETING WILL PROBABLY BE).

SCENE.—A meeting convened to discuss the affairs of the Clonglomerated Bank. Present, any amount of lady shareholders and some gentlemen. Behind long table, with constables at each end for protection, row of Directors, looking as dignified as possible, and quite astonished to find any lady so impudent as to ask them anything. Audience muttering, sneering, hooting, crying, and screaming by turns.

1st GENTLEMANLY DIRECTOR.—I am amazed—(cries of "So are we! Where's our money?")—that so many apparently respectable people should behave so very—so very ins—strangely, in fact. If there are discrepancies; if money was lent on slight security—(voice, "On no security, you scoundrell!")—I must protest against these harsh—

Miss JONES (lady shareholder).—You told me it was all safe, you villian. You, yes, at a tea party. You said "For security allow me to recommend the Clonglomerated!" Yes. And I shall have to take in washing!

Mrs. BROWN (2nd ditto).—Six small children and a hard cough, yes, and you said at the church-meeting, you villian, "Take the Clonglomerated—"

Miss ROBINSON (3rd ditto).—Robbers, thieves, yes, you are, whited sepulchres, and should have your eyes torn out—"

2nd GENTLEMANLY DIRECTOR.—Really, really,—If money was lent, eh; to large extents eh; yes, to very large extents, eh; it was a grave error, no doubt, but we didn't do it, eh, you—

EXCITED LADY.—You took our money in big salaries, didn't you? No doubt you got a share of the plunder to say nothing, you wolf in sheep's—

2nd DITTO.—Let me at him! (chorus from the crowd, "Shove 'em down here! Hang 'em to lamp-post!")

Sir FINANCIAL JINKS, President.—I really am astonished, ladies—and gentlemen (voice, "Are you astonished to the hand-back-your-salary points.") I am not merely astonished, but shocked particularly at that last observation. I ask you, was this not to be expected? Is it not in due course? Were you not given to understand that things of this sort would occur (voice, "When? How? No!") But I repeat it, ladies—and gentlemen. Are you not aware to what party I have the honor to belong? The great Conservative party, led by Canada's greatest Statesmen, my Gamaliel, at whose feet I sat for many years, only takes occasional profitable excursions, such as to see my late lamented friend, Bowes, of Toronto, and so on. Yes, ladies—and gentlemen. Well, what if irregularities have occurred in banking matters, if we have winked at irresponsible parties getting loans, if we had even found our own account in giving them loans, gentlemen, I mean ladies and gentlemen, had we not a glorious example, endorsed and approved of by the country? Did not the last Conservative Cabinet traffic with the public charters that they might (excited Conservative—"Oh, that was for merely political objects.") No, my dear sir, personal, if they succeeded they were to keep their \$8,000 a year. Well, every available man of them was brought back, and your *Parliament voted for and supported the act.*

Well, after thus virtually saying this sort of thing was all right, what can we in banking institutions do better than give you in commerce the sort of thing you approve of in governments? I don't say we have any knowledge of such things going on, but when we

knew what style of things you liked why should we take care to prevent them? No, my friends, I; a true Conservative, could not—would not—could not think of—running the Clonglomerated Bank on principles in direct opposition to those of which the Parliament approves—I—"

But here a general shout was raised, yells, squalls, outcries, objurgations, screams filled the room, a grand rush was made on the Board, the police thrown out of windows, and our reporter flying for his life, saw over his shoulders the Board of Directors and the President being dragged down street by a furious female deputation, noisily deliberating whether they should hang them there; or carry them further and put them all under the boiler of the big waterworks engine, while shrilly and fitfully above the clamour could be distinguished the voice of Sir FINANCIAL JINKS, brokenly declaring he died a true Con-con-servative, and desiring to be remembered to all the Right Hon-on-ourables at Ottawa.



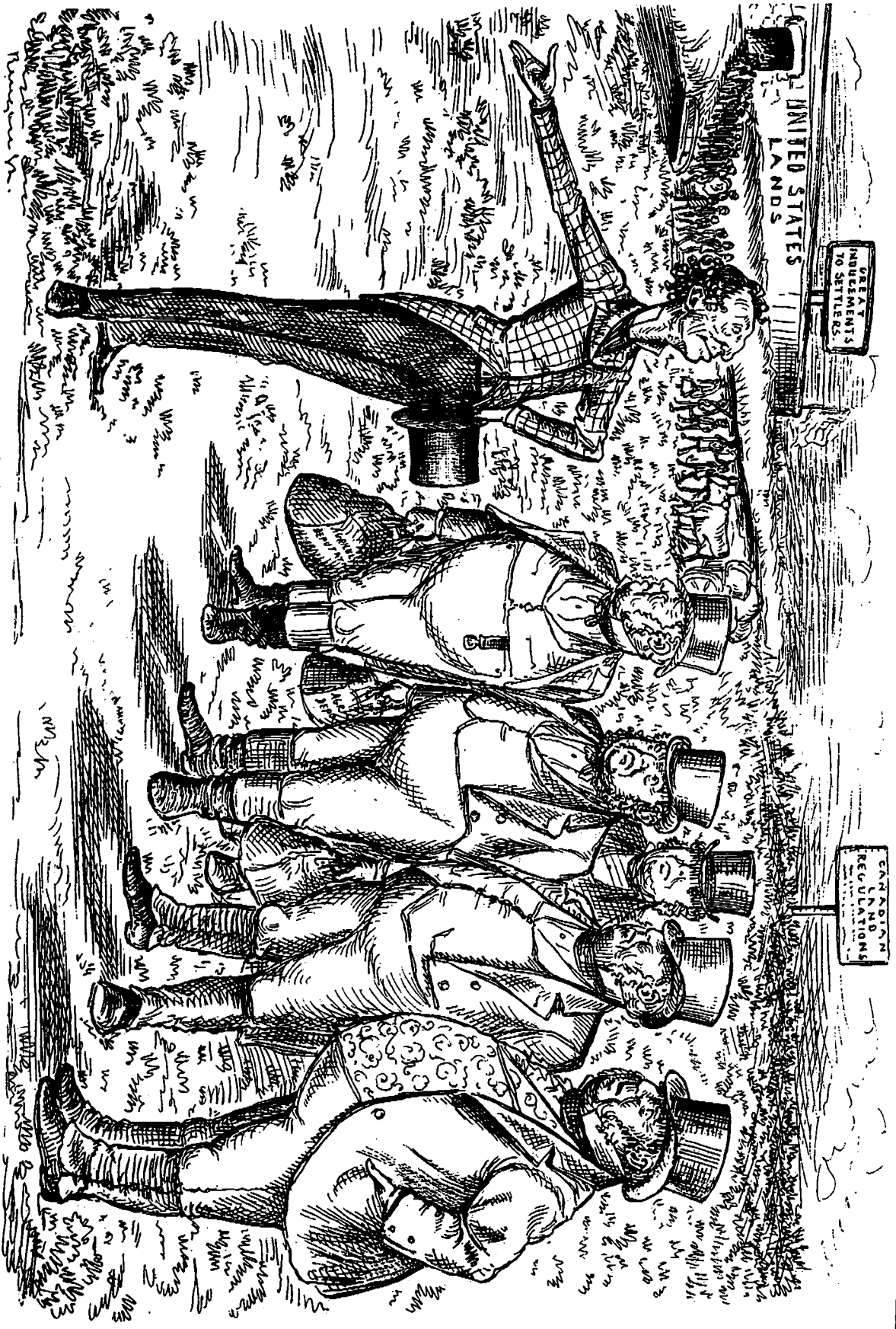
The Deadlock.

This continues to be the attitude of the parties to the Quebec dispute. Mr. JOLY repudiates the idea of being in the position of the coon; at all events he declares that he will not come down at the bidding of the Legislative Council. He will not hear of a coalition, but is bound to fight it out on his constitutional integrity if it takes all winter and a large part of next summer. The old lady, on the other hand, continues firm, with the concentrated stubbornness of fifteen jackasses. She has vowed to bring the haughty people of Quebec to her feet, and perhaps she may do so if she holds on long enough. Meantime, the reckless parties are holding meetings on Sunday, and talking all sorts of outlandish bosh.



SYMPATHY;

OR, THE VISIT OF THE MARTYR LEVELLIER.



SOMEBODY'S JOKE.

SIR JOHN (to English Farmers' Deputation).—"HERE YOU OBSERVE THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN FARMERS SELLING OUT AND FLOCKING INTO THIS ILLIMITABLE WILDNERNESS OF OURS, AS DIZZY TOLD YOU ON 'HIGH AUTHORITY.'"



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A kid-napper—Mrs. WINSLOW'S Syrup.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

Old settlers—The egg-shells thrown out of the coffee pot.—*Syracuse Times.*

A miser never knows the value of a dollar until he urns it.—*Whitehall Times.*

The facts of a hard-fisted man cannot be over-come by making an attack on his grammar.—*Burdette.*

They called the old man a "rattling" good talker because his teeth were loose.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A barber who does a strictly cash business is a model scissors editor. He clips and gives no credit.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Opinions and certain knowledge are entirely different things, but how few recognize the fact. Many prefer the opinion.—*Modern Argo.*

Upon a modest gravestone in Vincennes cemetery appears the plaintive legend, "His neighbor played the cornet."—*St. Louis Times Journal.*

Election day is rapidly approaching, and the man with a vote to sell begins to look as important as a South American war-despatch.—*Rockland Courier.*

We are told that dirt is worked out of the ears by motion of the lower jaw. Perhaps this accounts for the cleanliness of ears among ladies.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The more style and display at the wedding, the more carriages and fine clothes, usually the more glaring headlines when the divorce is announced.—*Stubenville Herald.*

The last number of the Litchfield Enquirer contains two columns and a half of an obituary on CÆSAR. The deceased was well liked in Litchfield.—*Danbury News.*

A New York chemist has a sponge eight feet in circumference. If it only had a cue and a stand-up collar it would beat its way out West in no time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A flirt who has outlived her season of conquest-making, and is yet single, has the consolation left that she may still boast the prints of good fellows.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

Many a woman dusts billiard chalk off her husband's coat, and a big tear stands in her eye as she thinks how late he works nights at his desk by the white-washed wall.—*N. Y. People.*

Too much refinement is bad. Call a San Francisco man square, and he likes it; but a Boston man of culture who called a Friscan quadrilateral, promptly got filled with buckshot.—*Boston Post.*

A young lawyer of Boston says that persons seeking solitude, where they can commune with their own thoughts uninterruptedly, should come to his office, where it is as quiet as the grave.

The excessive use of opium by Chinamen in this country, is attributed to the despondency caused from seeing the Hibernian mandarins in the circus' "Pageant of Nations."—*St. Louis Spirit.*

It being claimed by one of the sterner sex that man was made first and lord of creation, the question was asked by an indignant beau: how long he remained lord of creation. "Till he got a wife," was the reply.

A great many people are leaving England and coming to America. The chief reason for leaving it, so far as can be judged by remarks dropped by the emigrants, is that it isn't worth bringing along.

Women somehow get over childish notions that men never outgrow. Some men celebrate the anniversary of every birthday as long as they live, while women quit doing so almost as soon as they grow up.

Kind oyster, I've important information,
Sing hey, the bully bivalve that you are,
You now will make a succulent collation,
Sing hey the merry oyster and the R.

N. Y. Mail.

"Somebody's waiting for me,"
The home-sick sailor cries,
As far away o'er the sounding sea
He casts his anxious eyes.

"Somebody's waiting for me,"
The truant school-boy wails,
As he deftly doubles up his hat
Under his jacket tails.

Cin. Star.

And now the returned city people write to their country cousins, with whom they have been staying, that they arrived safely, but found the city infected with small-pox, which is likely to last all winter.—*Boston Post.*

Mrs. SMITH, of New York, according to the *Herald*, stole a wash-tub to keep her children from starving. A family that can dine satisfactorily off a wash-tub must be reduced to the very lowest extremity.—*Buffalo Express.*

The papers announced the other day that a Watertown man had died. It has since transpired that it was the man's wife that died, and the papers have kindly consented to make the desired change.—*Bridgport Standard.*

"Prisoner, how old are you?" "Twenty-two, your Honor." "Twenty-two? your papers make out that you were born twenty-three years ago." "So I was, but I spent one year in prison, and I don't count that—it was lost time."

A Boston court has decided that if a woman lends money to her husband she cannot get it back. This is stale news to a great many wives, who arrived at that decision long ago without the aid of a court.—*Richmond Independent News.*

First Boy—"Where yer bin, Billy?" Second Boy—"Bin fishin'." First Boy—"Ketch anythin'?" with an anxious expression on his face. Far-seeing Second Boy—"No. But I expect ter when I git in the house."—*New York Era.*

The summer is past and the season nearly ended, and yet not more than two-thirds of the young ladies have learned to carry their parasols gracefully reclining upon their left arm, as they used to their "dollies" when they were little flaxen-haired fairies.—*New Haven Register.*

The Oil City *Derrick* asks this conundrum: "What is a gentleman?" A gentleman, old fellow, is a man who comes into a newspaper office once in a great while and pays for his paper in advance. We always thought you knew that, else we should have told you before.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

Miss PALLAS EUDORA VON BLURKY
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reasons of things—why the Indians wore rings,
In their red, aboriginal noses:

Why SHAKESPEARE was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of EMERSON'S "Brahma."
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box
And a small geological hammer!

She had views upon co-education
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her glasses were blue, and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a hand-writing clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

—*Scribner's.*

However you may have been trodden upon, however powerful your enemies may be, come to the editor and receive satisfaction. He is all powerful; he will write your wrongs.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

SHAKESPEARE never repeated. There was a gifted little boy in Kentucky last week, who resembled the immortal bard in this important particular. He thoughtlessly twisted a mule's tail.—*St. Louis Times Journal.*

A poor demented person called at a parsonage, recently, where none but a stupid servant was living. "I want to see the Savior of men," said the traveller. The servant, thinking of the old question he had answered a hundred times, said: "He is out of town for the summer!"—*N. O. Picayune.*

If you see a clerk who carus eight dollars a week, and lives at a first-class boarding-house riding in an elegant turnout with his girl, and would like to cruelize him a little, stop his carriage and enquire in a semi-confidential tone: "How long have you been saving up?" It's a sure wilter, every time.—*New Haven Register.*

A Brooklyn woman who married a German count who turns out to be not a count and of no account, prays for a divorce. There is no need of American women marrying bogus counts when the genuine article is plenty and low-priced. It is a commodity, however, which is unusually dear at any price.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

There was a great excitement in front of a fruit commission house on South Water street a little after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon. A party of dealers overhauling and investigating a large lot of peaches which had just arrived in the market, discovered one basket with the fruit just as good at the bottom as at the top. The error was soon rectified and quiet restored.—*Chicago Journal.*

When you see a lady running after a horse car, shaking her parasol like mad, and crying out frantically, "Here, here!" the thought comes that all this trouble and vexation of spirit might have been prevented had she been taught to whistle on her fingers. But her gloves? Ah, yes; we hadn't thought of that. Perhaps it is as well as it is.—*Boston Transcript.*

A bold bad burglar recently broke into the house of an editor, in the watches of the night. The editor awakened and questioned the intruder: "What do you here? What look you for?" Said the burglar, gruffly, "Money." "Hold on a minute," quoth the editor, "and I will help you; I've been looking myself for ten years, but perhaps the two of us may have better luck." Then was the burglar much disgusted, but the editor called it a joke and insisted that the burglar ought to set 'em up.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Canadian Celebrities.

BY ASPER.

No. 1.—SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

On hearing that Sir JOHN had just returned from England, our special "Celebrities" correspondent hurried down to Ottawa in order to see him.

On arriving at the Capital he hurried to the Parliament Buildings, and at the outer door of the Premier's sanctuary he saw seventeen hundred and fifty men pushing and surging up and down, evidently endeavouring to get past a guard of civil servants, who, with brave and haughty front, kept the door against all comers. The strategies and scientific modes of warfare practised by these truly great sentries was something wonderful to the uninitiated observer. One ward politician on presenting himself would be told that Sir JOHN was out. On refusing to believe this, the words, "Official Assignee" would be whispered in his ear. Some few left, apparently satisfied with this tempting offer, but others perseveringly stayed and energetically endeavoured to get past the obdurate gate keepers.

"I am a manufacturer," cried one bloated looking individual, with a heavy gold watch chain, and a prominent stomach; "I want to see about that duty I was promised but didn't get."

"My dear sir, it is the duty of all of us to wait until the N. P. is in thorough working order," blandly whispered one of the C. S.'s. "Come with me, however, and I will see when Sir JOHN will return."

The deluded victim was then led inside, and engaged in a long conversation with his capturer, who faithfully promised that everything he wanted should be laid before the Cabinet and attended to at once. Subsequently his representations were laid before the Cabinet, and attended to by a pale clerk who looked as if he worked too hard after office hours, and by him filed away with a host of papers of a similar nature.

One circumstance was especially noticeable, and that was, that those who waxed wrothy and threatened to secede from the Conservative Party were most politely treated. Those, on the contrary, who had "old Tory" sticking out all over them, were quite snubbed. The reason for this was discovered by our reporter, who over-heard the following whispered remark of one of the gate-keepers: "Oh, that old bloke, he's solid; always voted right, never mind him; but that fellow over there, he voted against us at the Local.—Ah, Mr. —, so pleased to see you! Sir JOHN said to be sure and bring you in."

Our representative immediately took the cue, and approached one of the guards, said in a confidential tone, that he was the editor of a strictly independent journal and wanted to see the Premier.

"Um!" ejaculated the sentry, picking up his ears at the word independent, "weekly or daily?"

"Weekly," said our reporter.

"Can't see you, my friend—Mr. BRAY, I presume?"

"Not much, I represent GRIP."

"O-h-h—that's a different thing entirely. Come inside," and with that our reporter was ushered through the sentry guarded door, past a long file of sentries, and into an inner room. Sir JOHN shortly afterwards entered the room, and grasping our special's hand with that fascinating smile for which he is so famous, said—"Well, my friend, what can I do for you—any little matter of advertising contracts?"

"No, thank you. The fact is, I came to ask your permission to place a short interview with you in our paper."

NEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY.

Grip Job Department.

Everything in the Printing line from a

Label to a Three-Sheet Poster,
WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following rates:

25 Cards, (one name, one style type),	30 cents.
50 " " " "	50 "
100 " " " "	75 "

The following are Samples of Type from which a choice may be made.

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson.

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas James.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William S. [unclear].

Chromo Cards:

(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type)	\$1.50
50 " " " "	1.00.
25 " " " "	75.

Mourning Cards:

25 Cards, (one name one style type),	50 cents.
50 " " " "	75 "
100 " " " "	\$1.25 "

Memorial Cards

Beautiful Designs,..... \$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail,..... 5c. each.
Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Imperial Buildings, (Next Post Office), Toronto.

"Only too happy, I assure you," said the Premier. I am glad, however, it is not a contract advertisement, as you have before this advertised gratuitously and extensively one of my most famous Pacific Railway contracts by means of your cartoons. In fact, you had the effect of considerably contracting my majority. As to the interview, you can just make that up yourself, but I would like you to say that it is a slander to report that we are decapitating all Grit officials. The fact is that both parties abuse me for my system of patronage. If I gave an office to every applicant, really nearly the whole population of Canada would be composed of civil servants. Then, if these were all Conservatives I would lose my majority, as Government officials cannot vote. The real truth of the matter, between you and me, is, that although I never bribe a friend or buy an enemy, I have to—well, make arrangements with those who are neither one nor the other. The shabby fellows—those are the ones who get the soft things. Of course this is strictly private. You might just put in that all Tories applying for office for the next three or four weeks will get a place,—I will be away, you see, and so they will come down here, circulate their money, and increase traffic—and then when I get back they won't have any money to come down with again, and I can get a little quiet. I trust you with all this you know," said Sir JOHN with a sly twinkle in his eye, "because as soon as I shook hands with you I saw that you were a fellow who knew something and would not divulge secrets. Good-bye; fix up the interview to suit yourself."

Diplomatic News.

On dit that Sir A. T. GALT's second mission to Spain has been as successful as his first. He is more than ever convinced that cigars are better in Madrid than in Montreal;—that the Spaniards, though they invented cards, cannot play them. And, pace the *Daily Witness*, the excellency of the "Sherry Wine," as our American cousins call it, has caused him to "go back" on his Sherbrooke Total Abstinence speech. It is understood, that for the foregoing valuable services, Sir A. T. is to be made Financial Agent in London of the Dominion Government.

HON. MR. FABRE.—This representative of Canada at Paris has been charged by the party in Canada to which he belonged with having deserted them, as they say:—

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick on his coat."

Mr. FABRE denies these impeachments. He says he merely changed his opinions like those other great men, W. MACDUGALL, SIR A. T. GALT, and GOLDWIN SMITH.

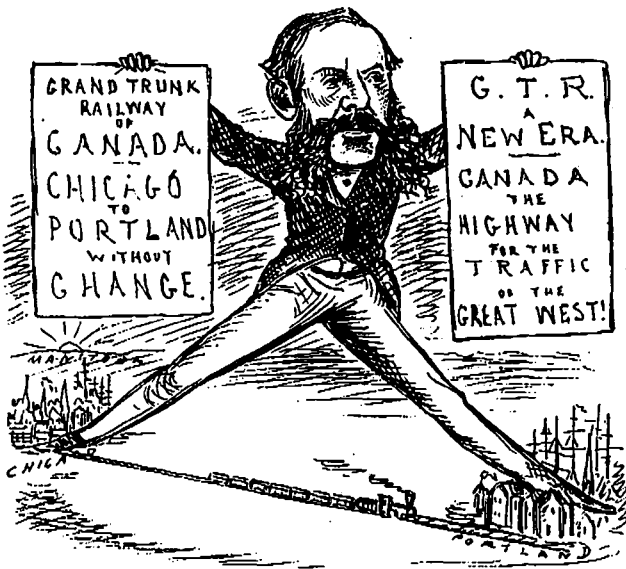
The ribbon of the Legion of Honor is that which the Senator has been put in the way of getting. He is now preparing a series of papers for his own government on the "Present state of French Cookery."

Can it be?

The "Disgusted Reformer" is at it again. He wrote a letter to the *Mail* severely censuring the *Globe* for ill-using Sir JOHN, and declaring, with evident sorrow, that such abuse is likely to endear Sir JOHN to his heart. The letter is dated from Simcoe street. Can it be that Mr. MOWAT is on the eve of going over to the enemy?

GOOD ADVICE.—Don't judge a man by his speech, for he may be drunk.

NEVER make fun of a man's house, for he may get it rent free.



HICKSON'S TRIUMPH.



A PROMISING CHILD.



J. BRUCE & Co., opp. Rossin House.
xii-22-1y.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

PRICE-LIST REVISED APRIL 1, 1879.

Compend of Phonography	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5
Grammologies and Contractions,	10
Questions on Manual,	15
Selections in Reporting Style,	20
Teacher,	20
Key to Teacher,	20
Reader,	20
Manual,	55
Reporter,	90
Reporting Exercises,	20
Phrase Book,	35
Railway Phrase Book,	25
Covers for holding Note Book,	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60
Self-culture, corresponding style,	75
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style,	35
The book of Psalms, cloth	75
Common Prayer morocco, with gilt edges	\$2.80
The Other Life, cloth	50
New Testament, reporting style,	\$2.50
Phonographic Dictionary	1.50
Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style,	55
Pilgrim's Progress, cloth	90
Esop's Fables, in Learner's Style	20
Two Fables and Other Tales, cor. style	20
That Which Money cannot Buy, etc. cor. style	20
Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, etc. cor. style	20
Character of Washington, Speech of George Canning at Plymouth, etc., with printed key, rep. style	20
Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, etc., rep. style	20

Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.

BENGOUGH BROS.,
Next Post Office, Toronto.



People You Meet.

No. 6.—A MAN OF "INFORMATION."

PRESS OPINIONS.

CANADA'S cartoon paper, *Grip*, fills no unimportant place in Canadian journalism. Its impartiality and pertinence, as well as mirth-provoking illustrations, giving it weight and influence with all classes. Its last cartoon suggests the inevitable doom of the Senate. Three withered and impotent old ladies representing the Dominion Senate and Legislative Councils of Quebec and Nova Scotia are seated on a railway truck behind a pile of decayed lumber, labeled "unnecessary expense," and "old fogyism," all unconscious of the fact that the express engine of "public opinion" is coming thundering along and will soon knock them into a cocked hat.—*Chatham Tribune*.

Grip's last is as spicy as ever. The large cartoon represents Her Majesty bestowing upon Sir John his crowning honor. While taking the oath of a Privy Councillor in full court dress, jealous George Brown stands in the rear, with a dish labeled "white wash," and with white-wash brush in hand, crying in doleful tones "he needs an unco dip o' this, your Majesty."—*Truro Sun*.

FUNNY PICTURES.—*Grip* has appropriate pictures for this week's events. The welcome to the Vice-Regal party is characteristic of the little comic journal. Two laughable cuts are produced at the expense of Hon. George Brown, in his abduction, and Major DeWinton, whose importance is shown so that he overlooks not only the "Press" but the Governor-General, who is shown to the "small advantage" when compared with the General Secretary. The opening of the exhibition is comical and somewhat suggestive.—*Kingston Whig*.

S. R. QUIGLEY,
ENGRAVER & JEWELLER,
MASONIC & SOCIETY REGALIA, EMBLEMS, &c.
10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. xiii-4-1y

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Aver's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter corbyn, 144, King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.
Send for circulars. xiii-12-1y

WM. DINGMAN & CO.,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
SECOND-HAND MACHINERY.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS
From a 3 Horse-power upwards.

Machinery Received on Consignment and no Charge For Storage.

40 FRONT ST. EAST & 38 WELLINGTON ST. EAST,
TORONTO.

Entrance on Front St.

THE MOST DESIRABLE LIFE
AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE
ISSUED, IS TO BE HAD
OF THE OLD AND
RELIABLE

TRAVELERS INS. CO.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Before Insuring elsewhere investigate the Rates and Plans of the

"TRAVELERS."

C. F. RUSSELL,

AGENT FOR PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

33 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.
xiii-15-1y