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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

Subscription Price, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 20.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1880.

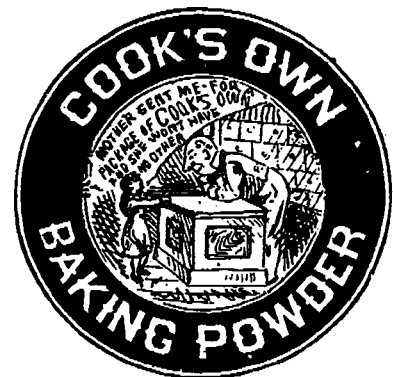
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The Post Vindicated.

Mr. GRIP takes this opportunity of correcting a wrong impression which may have gone abroad in connection with the recent visit of His Excellency Lord LORNE to the mansion of the talented and hospitable Mr. PLUMB. It is stated, in the newspaper account, that the vice-regal guest departed shortly after having taken luncheon, and some people may infer from this that Mr. PLUMB had suggested to entertain his brother-in-law by reading to him the manuscript of his last original poem. This is not the fact; the vice-regal visit was cut short simply for want of time.



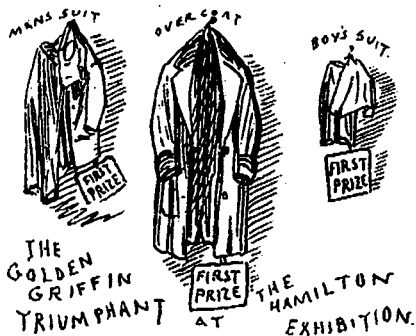
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## Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column

GRIP's "double exhibition number" last week is a curiosity.—*Stratford Beacon.*

LAROCHERE of London *Truth* has a mean opinion of English novelists. He thinks that only about ten of the works in a year are worth reading.

Mr. CAMERON, late of the *Guelph Herald* and the *Commonwealth*, has succeeded Mr. T. J. BELL as City Editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*.

Our ancient and energetic contemporary the *British Whig*, of Kingston, we are pleased to see, is out in a new and improved dress. Congratulations and good wishes, brother.

GRIP has been swelling out to double his usual size during the Toronto Exhibition, and some of his points are capital. His hits don't always suit us, but we enjoy them nevertheless. Everybody with a bit of fun in his composition should take GRIP.—*Owen Sound Times.*

Mr. T. J. BELL, of the *Dundas Standard* (late of the *Hamilton Spectator*), began his salutatory address with the word "Shako." This means that he will make the Grits tremble, and he is just the man to do it if they give him reason. GRIP extends the right hand of good-fellowship to T. J., wishing him all success.

GRIP, of last week, is full of funny things. Its two page cartoon is especially good and witty, while the single page portrait of Mr. BLAKE, leader of the Opposition, as an Irishman looking for a grievance, is very cleverly put. There are many other good things in the columns of our humorous contemporary, which should be seen to be properly appreciated.—*St. Catharines Journal.*

PROFESSOR MINTO, of Aberdeen University, contributed an elaborate, and to our thinking, a most successful, defence of EDGAR ALLAN POE to the pages of *Blackwood*. It is sad to think that, for so many years the character of this great genius should have been so maligned that he has come to be regarded as the type of the most degraded kind of Bohemian literary man. PROFESSOR MINTO deserves the highest credit for the masterly argument he has brought forward in behalf of Poe.

GRIP.—GRIP of last week is of a side-splitting character of excellence. His illustrations of the Exhibition are very provocative of laughter from their fun, wit and whimsicality. The cartoon represents Mr. BLAKE as an Irishman flourishing his shillelah and shouting for something to fight about. The other illustrations are also above par. He has also launched out into a double number for the Exhibition week.—*Owen Sound Tribune.*

The *Court Circular* is so popular with the legal profession, suitors, witnesses and the general public, that its regular publication has been decided on. The first number was issued in connection with the County Court, just closed. The second appeared on Wednesday, containing the docket for the Assize Court. Messrs. Bengough Bros. are the publishers. Members of the legal fraternity who desire to be in the fashion should make it a point to publish their professional card in the *Circular*, which is freely distributed in the Court room.

OUR COMIC FRIEND.—GRIP, in its enlarged form, is entertaining under all circumstances. The last number is largely devoted to exhibition pencillings, all of which are really good and very amusing. The Political cartoons are as pointed as usual. The Kingston mitre will make the clericals smile, while the sketch of Mr. BLAKE, as an Irishman, in search of something to fight, will please the Tory politicians. The *Whig* is pictured as one of the WILLIAM TELLS who refused to bow to the CORDEN hat, our advocacy of a Government policy being in favour of a revenue tariff.—*Kingston Whig.*

OLIVE LOGAN thus describes Mr. BURNAND, the new editor of *Punch*:—"One would never take BURNAND for a humorist of the first water, (as he is) by his appearance. His grizzled hair, parted in the middle and decorously smoothed down upon his forehead, his fan-shaped beard, parted also in the middle and brushed away on each side, his wide turn-over collar, beneath which a large black sailor bow takes the place of the more fashionable styles of neckties, all give him the air of a rather serious man of business, who cares nothing for dress except to be clean and tidy."

The last number of GRIP gives some very severe hits to its clear Grit friends. There is rebellion in the camp on the subject of Free Trade, and all efforts on the part of MACKENZIE and CARTWRIGHT to whip such papers as the *Kingston Whig*, the *Hamilton Times* and the *Toronto World* into shape are unavailing. Then BLAKE is represented as Paddy with his shillelah in hand, spoiling for a fight, and exclaiming, "Arrah, be japers! Av I only had something to fight for, now!" The great trouble is that the mission to England was a success, and nothing is left now but to get up a new programme and cry. But where to get it, and what it's to be—that's the trouble.—*Berlin Daily News.*

## PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, and *Pruett Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tinning's wharf.

TO LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Marxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf, 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare; (good for season) \$1.25.

TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rattlesnake*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—*City of Montreal*, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.

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If you are afflicted with any chronic running sores don't fail to try the above. It succeeds where everything else has failed. Testimonials furnished on application to Mr. Hampton, or to Rev. Thos. Atkinson, Ailsa Craig, Ont. Over 100 genuine cures have been effected this year in Ontario alone.

## Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

CHARLES READE is making a new version of *Masks and Faces*, which is to follow *Hazel Kirke*, at the Madison Square Theatre.

"BIJOU" HERON, the daughter of MATILDA HERON, who has been for the past year in London, is now travelling in France for pleasure with her father and a party of friends.

SIGNOR SALVINI will appear four times at least in his grand role of *Othello*, also as *David Garrick*, the *Gladiator*, and *Macbeth*. He will be accompanied during his tour in the United States by SIGNORA SALVINI and SIGNOR S. SALVINI.

An obituary notice of the late ELLEN TREE KEAN mentions, as a pleasant little incident of her marriage day, that, by a curious but accidental coincidence, the bride and bridegroom appeared together on the stage in the comedy of "The Honeymoon."

THE VOKES family combination for America next spring will consist of FRED and FAWDON VOKES and the Misses VICTORIA and JENNIE VOKES, assisted by Messrs. T. H. POTIER, MEMBER, and G. CECIL MURRAY, and the Misses LOUISE GOURLAY and NELLY CLAIREMONT.

LOTTA, at the Grand, takes every one by storm. Her style of acting is so piquant, from its thorough naturalness, that no one can help being charmed with it. She is destined to be a very great favourite with Canadian audiences, for there is no question of her being the most gifted actress, in her own particular line, that we have seen for years.

GEORGE CONQUEST, Sr., who was wounded so severely at Wallack's Theatre on his first night, may be able to get out and walk around in two or three weeks from now, but to regain his strength so as to appear in public will take several months. He will never again be able to accomplish the leaps which were his speciality. Mr. CONQUEST, however, is a very wealthy man, and there is no need of his appearing on the stage again. He will make no tour of America, but return home as soon as he is well enough.

ONE SCENE occurred at Brompton cemetery a fortnight since which no one has yet noted in print. After the vulgar crowd had withdrawn and the last sod had been placed upon the grave of ADELAIDE NEILSON, a sad-eyed man came alone and fell with one heart-broken sob above the "dim monument" where she had been laid at rest. The man was PHILIP HENRY LEE, once her husband.

Mr. CONNER, of the Royal, deserves the greatest credit for the kind of plays he has put on the stage this season. Unexceptionable in themselves, they have been rendered by really first-class artists. The Paragon Company, in the most amusing comedy of *Dr. Clyde*, have, this week, given the greatest satisfaction, while the revival of *The Galley Slave* has proved the thorough success it deserved to be. Nowhere could a better evening's enjoyment be got than at the Royal.

"FORREST," said Manager G. W. COLLIER, recently, "once said to me: 'There are no great actors. Why, I remember once playing *Iago* to KEAN's *Othello*, and now, always in the Senate scene, when I play *Othello*, I see him, spectre-like, in the wings laughing at my inability to speak the oration. And there's MACREADY. I despise him as a man, but I would walk ten miles through the snow, barefooted, to see him play *Werner*.' This," said Manager COLLIER, "coming from one whose delivery of 'Most potent, grave, and reverend Seignors,' was majestic, and unchallengeable, to my view, speaks well, not only for the modesty of the great American, but volumes for the ability of the distinguished English actors."

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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.**

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

**"Our Financial Article."**

Our financial journals are real sad, just now, about the flow of gold away from Europe towards the United States. The horrible thought begins to dawn upon them that, by-and-by, the United States will have absorbed it all; then nobody in Europe will have any money—unless we send our "rag baby" men away on a "Yurruppian tour," to supply them. We don't share their sadness—for several reasons. Perhaps if the "rag baby" could be thus induced to take a holiday in "Yurrupp" it might be content to stay there; if so, the innocent joy which overspreads so naturally the rag child's open countenance might irradiate ours with a still wider smile. Moreover, it stands to reason that before any nation would permit its markets to be flooded with so valuable a commodity as gold, it would invent an "N. P." to "protect" it from its inroads; while, if that failed to "protect," there is a natural law that never fails. Even gold ceases to be prized when one has too much of it; people want to exchange it for something else. Our financial journals will cheer up, when they find the Yankees spending their gold for the choicest goods they can find in the European markets; but none of them will remember that GRIP told them so. Naturally, comic Editors take no interest in anything that isn't funny. Editors generally esteem gold as a solum subject—just because they never make any. To see the way people smile in order to get some, and smile again after they have got it, there must be something humorous about it. Gold is the most valuable natural substance, just as Love is the most valuable human faculty. When the one is used, and not hoarded up, the other has a chance to spread itself too, in the form of brotherly love. Flimsy paper promises, which carry no gold value, are no more "money,"—are no more useful—than loving words which do not carry their face value of kindly deeds within them. It is positively "funny" how men are deceived by either.

**Mixed Somehow.**

And this is how a contemporary (surely not the London 'Tiscr?') concludes its comments on Lady BURDETT COURTS' marriage:—"It seems as if marriages between January and May were the rule in the Baroness's family, but, in the majority of cases, January is usually masculine." Well, you can't always generally somehow tell. January is (or used to be) the youngest month in the year, and May is not even middle-aged. What does our contemporary mean, anyway? We fail somehow to catch the point of our friend's application either to the case of Lady BURDETT COURTS or that of her paternal ancestor who married Miss WELDON. Will the editor explain which is January and who may May be?

**The Hamilton Exhibition.**

BY A VISITOR WHO DIDN'T SEE IT.

MARIA, and me, and "bub" JONATHAN comed over to gaze onto the Hamilton Exhibition. We kom hum satisfied full up to the brim—just as full as one of your first-class one-horse street kyars, side-wheel steamers, or Dundas Railways. We didn't go to no hotel. I have a brother-in-law; MARIA has a mother. She put us up, and we put up with her. Bright and airy we sot out for the Xhibition Grounds. We waited for the kyars, but nary kyars took no notice of us, and we didn't notice any of them, becoss why, there were none in sight. We had gone to the wrong place to wait. We sot there, however, may-be an hour or more, enjoying the distant view of the mounting, while we roosted on a log and saw JOHNNY's intellect expand as he watched the people scoot by. I liked it; so did JOHNNY. But MARIA got mad, and when MARIA gits riled—though I always maintain my dignity—I have got to submit. "Kyars or no kyars," says she, "I'm goin' to see that thyar Xhibition." "I guess," says I, "the depot is our best holt," says I, "for mayhap they don't stop at pints along the line to let one swing onto the kyars, when he waves his umbrella at them." "Why, aint this the depot?" says she. "Nary depot," says I. Then she said that I had called it the depot when we sot down, which I may have done in a previous state of existence, but certainly not in the present sphere. However, there was no use argufying the case, and we meandered toward the depot. Personally, I don't like riding on the steps of a railroad kyar, but there wasn't no chance to ride anywheres else. JOHNNY suggested the cow-catcher, but MARIA expressed objections rooted on women's rights, and those garments—the badge of slavery which men(?) compel the weaker sex to wear. So JOHNNY was told he was a little fool; and his father, bein' a good deal more growed up, riled innardly over the inference. But I am a man of peace, and bald-headed already, so I meekly said—nothing.

Finally, it was found that the railroad kyars did not go to the Xhibition Grounds at all, and MARIA got madder than ever. She said it was my fault, just as if I had been a railroad conductor or engineer. We were told we had to take the King Street horse-kyars, and thus get thar. We went to seek those kyars, and found them—at least, one of them, with a pile o' people on board—a good, respectable crowd on them, in fact,—and there was standing room for MARIA inside. JOHNNY rested one foot gracefully on the hind step of the kyar and the other on the axle-box, clinging, at the same time, like all creation, to the open window. There was no place left for me unless I hung on by my eye-lashes to the advertisement board on top; so, hearing MARIA beginning her well-known oration on women's rights in general, for the edification of the inside passengers, and, seeing no prospect of doing better, I concluded to stop, and go back to the depot, running the chances of getting *somewhere* by the kyars. I met several saloons on the way, and faced them without finching, commending MARIA and JOHNNY to the care of Providence and the conductors of the horse-kyars.

I think I must have fallen asleep, for I have a vivid recollection of going to the Xhibition, and describing in eloquent language to MARIA and JOHNNY the nateral curiosities of the Xhibition; but she says I was never there at all, and it was only by the exertions of Chief-of-Police Stewart that she ever recovered me. He tracked me to Burlington; thence to Toronto; and, finally, he says, he found me in Toronto, in keen discussion with an "Eternity" man on the subject of the reprobation of the million. This is a vile libel. I *did* see the Hamilton Xhibition, and, with the exception of its being a little mixed, there was no particular fault to find with it. I saw several men processioning. I spoke to LORNE, and asked him about his moth-

er-in-law, and how he got along with her. I subsequently asked him to liquor up, and he said that he had signed the pledge till Mrs. LORNE got back again.

Altogether, in spite of MARIA's cutting-up, I had a good time. I want to know when there will be another Xhibition in Hamilton, becoss I want to leave MARIA to hum, and have the hull thing to myself.

I like Xhibitions. They fit in well with the exigencies of my moral nature. Next morning ain't so good; but then you have to make up your mind to that.

Xhibitions is a great success. MARIA and me don't thiuk the same on this pint, but it is so! (print this in italics), and don't you forget it! On this one fact MARIA's heart and mine don't beat as one; and yet, there has been some beatin', too. But not of hearts.

Yours, YANK F. GREENEY.

**Sad Case of Monomania.**

"Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad."  
—*Comedy of Errors, Act iv, Sc. 3.*

There are, we regret to say, doubts entertained of the sanity of the Minister of Education. It is feared that he is laboring under a monomania that he is the whole Senatus of the University, and that the other members of that court are merely limbs of his, subject to his volition in all things, and liable to be made to come and go at his beck. Thus, at one time, he is said to labour under the delusion that he is to appoint a Dean, and he forthwith issues an advertisement something like this:—

**NOTICE.—IMPORTANT TO PASS-MEN.**

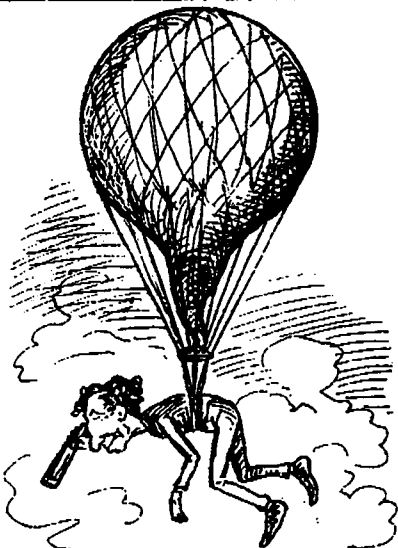
Wanted, a factotum, to fetch and carry at the Minister's will. Sometimes he will be required to be the Minister's right or left hand, as the case may be; to do little jobs of work connected with the Department, such as spelling hard words for the Minister, writing up elaborate defenses of his mistakes, when such occur; addressing his letters, and arranging, classifying, and filing the contents of his waste-paper basket. At other times he may be called upon to act as his foot, and kick any of the refractory members of the Senatus. He may, on occasions, be called on to allow himself to be sat upon by the Minister. Any young man with befitting natural humility who will accept the post, subject to these conditions, need not, necessarily, have any other qualifications. N. B.—No Canadian or honours man need apply. (Signed,) ADAM CROOKS, Minister of Education.

Mr. GRIP having, as is well known, a great deal of skill in mental diseases, and, hearing that all the other learned men were afraid to diagnose this case in consequence of the paroxysms of fury to which the patient was subject—when he did not hesitate to call them "no gentlemen," and other bad names,—resolved to interview Mr. C., and report. He accordingly called, sent up his card, and was admitted. He immediately fixed the minister "with his glittering eye," and took in the situation at a glance. By an intuitive process he saw the most manifest signs of acute *dementia* in the wandering eye of the patient, and proceeded to prescribe, as his invariable manner is, a wholesome dose, compounded of some grains of plain truth, common sense, and ordinary prudence; but the worthy Minister was too far gone, and his stomach too proud, to take kindly to the medicine, and that organ rejected it at once, bringing up with it a considerable quantity of atrabilious matter of an abusive tinge, and GRIP left him, in disgust. His verdict is—"Mad, my masters! mad as the gravedigger in *Hamlet* says all men in England are; and he recommends that Mr. CROOKS be sent there, where his madness will seem nothing out of the common, and where he may be tolerated and his vagaries overlooked." This report he respectfully submits to the Canadian public, and suggests *Coventry* as the spot of Adam's exile.

A prominent politician was serenaded by six brass bands upon his return home, recently. It is not stated what terrible crime he had committed to merit such punishment. This mode of revenge is not an improvement on lynching. —*Norristown Herald.*

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

**GOLD HEADED CANES.**  
50 Patterns. The Nobb't Things in the market. WOLTZ BROS & Co. 29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

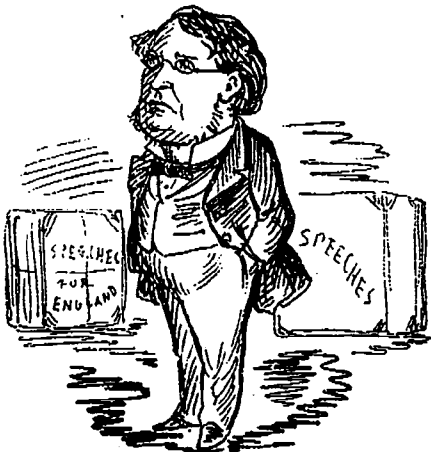


Looking Down on the C. P. Railway

In his speech to the multitude of the faithful who greeted him on his arrival at Montreal, the other day, our sprightly Premier was as gay as usual, and confidentially revealed some of the momentous secrets he carried in his carpet-bag. He did not go into particulars, but he gave just a glimpse of the glorious things in store for the country as the result of the visit to England. One of the delightful assurances was that the Pacific Railway will be built in ten years. Just here, a momentary shade came over the Premier's face, and he said:—

I am an old man, and I cannot hope myself to live to see it, but from a higher, and, I trust better sphere, I shall look down and see the members of the Club Cartier speeding over the continent by a Canadian train.

This statement, albeit uttered in a most pathetic voice, was, according to the newspaper report, greeted with "laughter," which would seem to indicate either that the Conservative Party do not think the chieftain sincere in his intention to go to a higher and better sphere on leaving here, or else that something like the idea illustrated above was what he intended to convey.



The Fellow Who Did It.

You would scarcely think, now, that this was a very desperate character. Judging by the well known principles of physiology you would hardly believe that the treachery of a BENEDETTI ARNOLD, combined with cunning of a MACHIAVELLI, lurked behind those innocent spectacles! And yet, alas if what JOHN A. says

is true, and MR. GRIP by no means doubts the Premier's word, that distinguished statesman affirms that during his recent visit to England, in his efforts to secure the boon he was after, he was met, in all quarters, by copies of a speech delivered by the evil person here represented, which speech was calculated to ruin the chances of Canada in the financial market of the world. These despicable fly-sheets must have been distributed by some equally despicable party,—though, thanks to the persuasiveness of our suave Premier, the wicked scheme was frustrated. These allegations are serious and ought to be enquired into. If it be found that the opposition have really been guilty of underhand treachery, they ought to remain in the cold shades for an indefinite length of time.

THE Republicans don't take kindly to General HANCOCK's letter-writing.—*Lockport Daily Union*. No more would we, if it is anything like some of the "copy" we get slung in at our door.

WHAT DOES the *Evening Terrible* mean by saying in an editorial this week, that "unpopularity is not a crime, and the collection of rents is not an illegal offence." (The italics are ours). We want to know what a legal offence is? Pause, for a reply.



The Return of the Staple Countenance

Master GRIP, overcome with delight at the return of Sir JOHN, with his familiar and easily-depicted countenance, expresseth his feelings by indulging in a carnival of board-fence sketching!

"Official."

MR. J. W. LANGMUIR, Inspector of Prisons, winds up his report of the recent investigations into the MORGAN case as follows:—

Such being the foundation of the charges, it is perhaps unnecessary to notice the other sensational inaccuracies of calling an ordinary dark cell a "black hole," a disciplinary punishment "a murder," a full-grown young man of nineteen "a child," a period of fifty days "a few days," and the officers who are responsible for the proper management and discipline of an important public institution "inhuman monsters," "ruffians," "torturers," and "murderers."—*I have, etc.*

J. W. LANGMUIR, Inspector.

This is certainly candid, but it is not greatly to Mr. LANGMUIR's credit to confess that he has been guilty of indulging in the "sensational inaccuracies" here specified. We particularly wonder that he should have heaped such epithets upon the devoted heads of his subordinates, whom he asserts to be considered decent officers. We hope he will in future try and curb his tongue, and avoid the necessity of making another such humiliating confession.

[The Learned Member of our staff stops the press to say that the phrase *I have*, in the above quotation, is not a confession on the part of Mr. LANGMUIR, but simply a contraction of the official form, *I have the honour to be, my*

dear sir, with distinguished consideration, your humble, obedient servant, etc. This being the case, MR. GRIP hastens to apologize, but would kindly warn MR. LANGMUIR not to indulge in such contractions hereafter.]



Ajax Crooks Defying the Lightning.

MR. CROOKS, Minister of Education, has come out boldly in the character of AJAX in connection with the University Professorships. Throughout the storm raised over his appointment of MR. WARREN to the Vice-Presidency and Chair of Classics, he presented a stubborn front to public opinion, and it was not his fault that the high-handed act then contemplated was not carried out. MR. WARREN, being a native of the temperate zone, found the atmosphere surrounding University College altogether incompatible with his personal comfort, and sensibly withdrew before he was scorched. In certain quarters it was hoped, and believed, that the circumstance had brought the Minister of Education to his senses, and that in future he would be disposed to give reasonable weight to the cry of justice to Canadian scholarship. But their sanguine expectations have been dashed. MR. CROOKS's latest act is to import a man from England to fill one of the chairs, and it will be impossible even for the *Globe* to find a reasonable excuse for him, this time. At all events, the *Globe's* plea as to the superiority of Old Country learning, and the absence of competent native material, must be laid aside. If University degrees count for anything, the imported Professor is manifestly at a disadvantage, for he is only a pass-man, while Canadian honour-men are to be found in abundance. Indeed, MR. CROOKS had no need to go outside of the University to secure a brilliant specimen in the person of MR. ALF. BAKER, who, to his fine academical record adds ten years of experience as a teacher of Canadian youth. These facts, however, go for nothing with our self-sufficient Minister.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of New Hampshire has set his face against "bangs," refusing to confirm a lady who wears her hair in that aboriginal fashion.—*Lockport Daily Union*. In other words, he said to the girls, "you mustn't go bang."

THERE have been a *Lotta* people at the Grand every evening this week. *LOTTA* was the attraction.



# HOME AGAIN!

SIR JOHN.—TILLEY, DEAR OLD MAN, I GREET YOU; HOW'S EVERYTHING HERE?  
 SIR LEONARD.—FIRST RATE, MOST NOBLE CHIEFTAIN; THE N. P. CONTINUES TO HUM;  
 SOBRIETY REIGNS TRIUMPHANT, AND THE BREWERIES ARE PROSPERING GLORIOUSLY!



**THE JOKER CLUB.**

*"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."*

Jonah was the first man to go a fish in.—*Ex.*  
Bald heads can never dye.—*Merriden Recorder.*

Misers generally die of tightness in the chest.—*Merriden Recorder.*

As between Bob Ingersoll and the potato-bug, give us the potato-bug.—*Ex.*

A perfume dealer often gets five dollars for one scent.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

As the days grow shorter we want the bed-clothes longer.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat.*

Widow's weeds are easily removed by an active young husbandman.—*Merriden Recorder.*

A man's slippers are made for comfort and a woman's to show her colored stockings.—*Lowell Sun.*

Editors are always wealthy. Even their composing rooms are filled with coins.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not gold."—*Proof Sheet.*

DEMOCRATIC CITIZEN. "What did you nominate HANCOCK for?" DEMOCRATIC STATESMAN. "To reduce the army."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Darwin says, "Man, only, can whistle." Darwin certainly never lived anywhere near a railroad crossing.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Female economy—buying a half-dollar straw hat, then putting eleven and a half dollar's worth of trimming on it.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

No, Charlie, Rhein wine is not made of melon rinds nor banana peels, but it will throw you just as often, if you fool with it.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"Two of a trade can never agree," said the old adage. What nonsense! How could they make a trade unless they agreed?—*Merriden Recorder.*

Lung pads and liver pads were unknown a century ago, but the foot-pad managed to keep things in a healthy state of excitement.—*Modern Argo.*

"Go see what I have seen; go feel what I have felt," remarked a chap who had made a critical examination of a hornet's nest.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"What a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man can't work at all at all!"—*Proof Sheet.*

No fewer than 141 duels have been fought in France this year. And they have been bitter disappointments to undertakers, too.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What was it that Romeo and Juli-ate?" asks a correspondent. Cold pizen, thou unsophisticated deliver into the mysteries of ancient literature.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

An old gentleman of this city has an heirloom in the shape of a padlock his grandfather used. The original grandfather's keylock, we suppose.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

When a saw-mill is run by water isn't it a boarding-house on the Tanner principle?—*Rome Sentinel.* Certainly not. You can always obtain plane board there.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

Since the ladies began to wear their dresses so tight about their forms, man has surrendered the exclusive monopoly of having the best place on which to strike a lucifer match.—*Whitehall Times.*

A woman near Cairo dressed up as a man to see how much bluff her old husband would take from a stranger. She got forty-six bird-shot in various parts of her body.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Despite all the evil qualities of the fly he is as devoted as a Puritan. You will find him at church three times a day if you chance to go, and he never slumbers, like many of the wicked congregation.—*Marathon Independent.*

"Are you there, my love?" he whispered through a hole in the fence of his beloved's garden. "Yes, darling," was the reply; "jump over." He did so, and alighted in the presence of an enraged mother, a broomstick and a guardian of the night.—*Every Saturday.*

Seventeen obelisks have been removed from the banks of the Nile and set up in various parts of the country. If our poor people can get bread to eat and clothes to wear this winter, they will try to worry along without an obelisk.—*Norristown Herald.*

"A teacher of a brass band is a tutor, and so is every member of the band a tooter," remarks the Keokuk Constitution. We have heard of a member of a brass band "blowing on the big base drum," but we thought the report was an invention of the enemy.—*Ex.*

A girl with a nice clear complexion, is of no account nowadays. It doesn't show that she has been to the seashore or mountains. A rich brown, that makes blonde hair look like thistle down blown against a barn beside it, is the proper thing.—*New Haven Register.*

"Any letter for me?" asked a young lady of the female postmaster, in a country town. "No," was the reply. "Strange," said the young lady aloud to herself as she turned away. "Nothing strange about it," cried the f. p., through the delivery window, "you ain't answered the last letter he writ ye!"—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A new book is called "The Horse's Foot and How to Shoe It." The author, of course, is a man. When you see a book entitled, "The Hen, and How to 'Shoo' It," you can lay a heavy wager that the writer is a woman. What woman doesn't know about "shoo'-ing a hen; no man can teach her—not by a large majority.—*Merriden Recorder.*

After all, there is nothing like a classical education. A certain Boston paper's special correspondent, at the Republican Convention, remarks that Senator CONKLING entered the hall bearing upon his shoulders the weighty influence of the great state of New York as ÆNEAS bore the venerable ACHILLES.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A doctor being out for a day's shooting took an errand boy to carry the game bag. Entering a field of turnips the dog pointed, and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed: "Lor, master, there's a covey; if you got near 'em won't you physic 'em?" "Physic them, you young rascal, what do you mean?" "Why, kill 'em to be sure," replied the lad.—*Boston Transcript.*

An Irishman commences a description of a city, in a letter to his friends, in this wise: "Talkin' about the place, it's a very nate an' hansom' place, considerin' its plainness, an' there ain't a shmallier city in the younyun, nor out of it nayther, what can bate it for size, while for popylation it goes ahead av any place in the worruld with less inhabitants into it, an' as to healthfulness, there ain't a single livin' person dead since I was here.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

**Our Grip Sack.**

OLE BULL's death was not the result of violins.

How many quads to a wrangle? One—at the University.

GREAT extravagance in the City Council—JOHN BAXTER's waist-full-ness.

A MAN "shakes in his shoes" just about the time he sees "snakes in his boots."

DR. MELEN, the great temperance orator, is not a watermelon, as has been maliciously asserted.

Nobody's child—The mariner's buoy.—*Merriden Recorder.* What did he mean by marryin' her, then?

Mary's lamb story has become considerably Molly-fied.—*Merriden Recorder.* And the history of Napoleon is bony-fide.

Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope-ladders out of their shoestrings.—*Proof Sheet.* A case of shoe-fly, isn't it?

CAMERON, of the *Commonwealth*, has started on spec—somewhere in the direction of Hamilton. He tackles the *Spec* under most favorable auspices.

Now there is a cry-sis in the court of Spain. The *Infanta*, to wit.—*Ex.* All right; but whose sis is she? She wasn't "born a twin," you know.

Chic, our lively and most promising New York contemporary has some verses this week on the "Grip-sack man,"—meaning us. But he makes us out to be fearfully bloodthirsty.

It was reported that "the Bernhardt" was coming to the Grand. Our funny man, when he heard it, remarked sententiously, "Too thin!" No amount of persuasion, however, could induce him to explain whether he meant Sara or the report.

Fact for Naturalists. At Bridgeport, Pa., there was seen, this week, a curious freak of nature, viz: a whistling bee. Like trade, bees were wont to hum, but the theory of development has evidently been at work—with the result indicated.

A recent Mongolian import into this city went into ecstasies in front of an open drawing-room window, where a young lady was singing "Kate Kearney." The innocent and bland-smiling Celestial thought the refrain of the melody was "Kick Kearney!"

"Of course, MARY, if you wish to be married there can be no objection; but don't you think it rather foolish?" "P'raps it is, m'm. Do ye think it's my money he's after? May be I'd better wait till I go off on my looks."—*Harvard Lampoon.* Note—MARY is as ugly as sin, —*Ah Sin*, we mean.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a poor speaker. She wouldn't draw worth a cent as a lecturer. Her last speech had the effect of dispersing Parliament, to which it was addressed.—*Detroit Free Press.* Fity they could not get her induced to visit America; she would come in very handy for dispersing some of those electi'n meetings in the States, and that would be surely "a sweet boon," as Artemus Ward used to say.

Marshal Bazaine is said to be greatly affected by the comments of the French journals at the time of, and since, the false report of his death, and he is greatly broken down in health.—*Ex.* We don't see that he has much to complain of. If he had run for President of the United States on the Democratic ticket and been treated to samples of the Republican newspapers' abuse, he might get sick over it; but—the French papers l—pooh!—they can't begin to scold.

**The Widow, the Orphan, and the Witch.**

It was a lonely widow, and but one child had she,  
A virtuous boy, who cheered his Ma with frequent cups  
of tea.



Besides her orphan, nothing else could move that widow's heart,  
Except a deep devotion to high ceramic art.

To buy old china when she went, he thought it quite absurd—  
But of this he was too dutiful to say a single word.

One day she said, "My little son, now give me one more kiss;  
I go to buy a tea-pot rare." She went; he smiled like this.



As soon as she had disappeared he said, "I love the art  
Shown on that willow-pattern plate which holds the ap-  
ple-tart."

The orphan straightway sought that plate, upon the top-  
most shelf.  
In seizing it he fell and broke much porcelain and delf.



"Oh, crickey!" said that orphan, "Ma's chiney's done  
for, now;  
I'd better clear before she comes, for *won't* she raise a  
row!"

He fled, and here you see him gazing at the setting sun,  
Beside a wood, and thinking what he'd been and gone and  
done.



While so engaged a bad old witch, who liked such little  
boys,  
Came up behind and caught him thus;—he dared not  
make a noise.



"You'll make rare soup, my little lad," with ecstasy cried  
she.  
"Oh, no!" he shrieked. "Well, then," she said, "keep  
quiet, and we'll see."

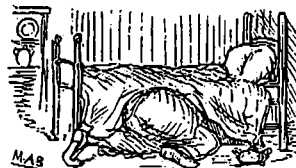
The conversation ceased, and soon she popped him in the  
pot,  
Which her "prophetic soul," that day, had warned her to  
keep hot.

And then she stirred, and sipped, and said, "Oh, my! It  
is so good;  
I wish they'd often come so near a poor old woman's  
wood."



Now, when that tearful widow to her lonely home came  
back,  
She bore a sweet old sugar-bowl with but a single crack.

No orphan came to greet her. Surprised she then did go  
To view her china cupboard; then sought him high and  
low.



Wildly she searched all over, then flew unto that witch;  
"My boy!" she shrieked. The hag replied, "Behold the  
end of sich!"



**Canadian Men of Letters.**

G. MERCER ADAM ESQ., BY REV. E. PELHAM MULVANY.

This eminent literary gentleman is a Scotch-  
man. That is the only stain on his character;  
otherwise he is simply irreproachable. He is at  
present running the *Canadian Monthly*, and  
various other periodicals for Messrs. HUNTER,  
ROSE & Co., and doing it well. He is an Edin-  
burgh University man, and that is almost as  
good as a Trinity College, Dublin, fellow. He  
is, along with GOLDWIN SMITH and myself, en-

deavouring to elevate the moral tone of Cana-  
dian literature to as high a standard as possible,  
despite the opposition of the *Globe* and *Tele-  
gram*. I am glad to say we are succeeding,  
for, since my volume of songs and lyrics was  
issued by that generous firm (HUNTER, ROSE &  
Co.) there has been a much warmer and less  
puritanic flavour in the current poetry of the  
day. Mr. ADAM deserves far more credit than  
is given him for his unvarying kindness to young  
adventurers on the stormy sea of literature. He  
is ever ready with hearty advice and cordial di-  
rection, and, knowing "the ropes" as he does,  
such counsel is uncommonly valuable. We  
hope to hear soon of a work from his pen more  
worthy of being remembered than mere maga-  
zine literature, which is, of necessity, from its  
nature, most ephemeral. More power to your  
elbow, my boy, and sweet luck to yez!

**An Immigrant's Experience.**

Me naam is MURPHY—MURPHY from the  
County Tipperary, an', wid the koinid permis-  
sion of Mistor GRIP, I will give ye a small  
smather av the imprissions fortould be an im-  
migrant from poor, down-throdden ould Oire-  
land. Oi arrived in Taranta just forinst the  
election, an' Oi heard that a man named RYAN  
was runnin'. "Ha! ha!" sez Oi tu meself: "RY-  
AN, is it? Shure, didn't I know TRADY RYAN  
an' the whole family in the Ould Country?"  
"Bedad, thin," sez Oi, "Oi'll see this PATHER  
RYAN, an' Oi'll place my shillelagh at his dis-  
posal." Oh! but he's the mane man! D'you  
know what he done? Oi wint down to him,  
an', sez Oi, "Misther RYAN," sez Oi, "O'im a  
poor bye from Oireland, jish landed," sez Oi.  
"an' heerin yer naam mitioned in the elec-  
tion," sez Oi, "an' knowin', be the same tok-  
en, ye war Oirish," sez Oi, "Oi tuk the liberty  
ov conversin' wid ye in regard to head breakin'  
an' sich. An'" sez Oi, "as Oi am purty  
hard up," sez Oi, "an' ye want a pole booth  
claned out," sez Oi, "me and Mistor DWAN  
will bring a gang down to do it properly; an'  
Misther RYAN," sez Oi, "we'll du it reasonable  
for ye," sez Oi. Wid that he turns around,  
and he sez, "Young man," sez he, "do you  
know that we have an Election Law in this  
country?" "Have ye, indade?" sez Oi, "an'  
for phat's that?" sez Oi. "It's a law," sez he,  
to privint doin's sich as you propose. How do  
I know but this is sum trap invinted by the  
Tory inemy," sez he. Anyhow, be it: and be  
that, he tould me the taverns was all closed on  
Election Day; an' serra a dhrop of whiskey  
could ye get, an' no candidate could presint  
voters wid a half-guine; or what-not; in fact,  
ther: was sorra a bit of foightin', or any other  
divarison. "Tare an' ouns!" sez Oi. "Sure,  
Oi thought Oi was coming to a barbarous coun-  
try, wid Indians an' bears in it," sez Oi, "but  
may the bughboo floy awaw wid me av ever Oi  
wus prepared for this," sez Oi. So, wid that  
Oi wished him good mornin', an' Oi walks off  
down the street, whin a man hums along an'  
shakes me by the hand, and he sez, "Good  
mornin, Mistor DOXONOR," sez he. "Doxo-  
nor!" sez Oi; "me name is MURPHY." "Ar-  
rah," sez he, "yer name is DOXONOR, an' ye  
lived an William Street last Winter." "Ye're  
a loiar," sez Oi, "'twas in Ballinasloe Oi lived  
lasht winter," sez Oi. "Now," sez he, "don't  
Oi know bether; sure, ye have a vote on Wil-  
liam Street, an' yer naam is DOXONOR. But,  
come along," sez he, "an' have a dhrop, to  
keep out the haet." So we wint in, an' had a  
couple ov bowls, an' as Oi had no "rocks"—as  
he called them—he lint me a foive dolllar bill  
to thrate him wid; an' atther a half hour or  
so Oi found me naam was CORNELIUS DOXONOR,  
labourer, an' votin' for BEATTY, an' the house  
Oi lived in on William Street. Oh! but its  
the quare worruld. Afther the election this  
frind of moim gev me another foive to forget  
who CORNEX DOXONOR was. Luck at that,  
now, for an Election Law!

JA KASSE.

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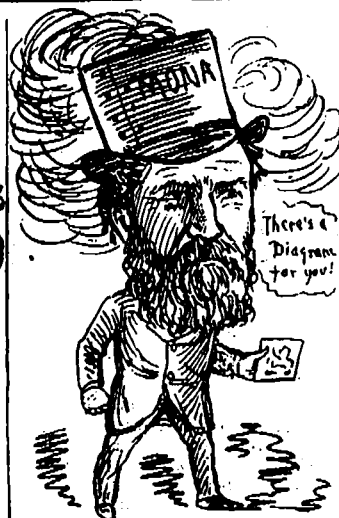
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