

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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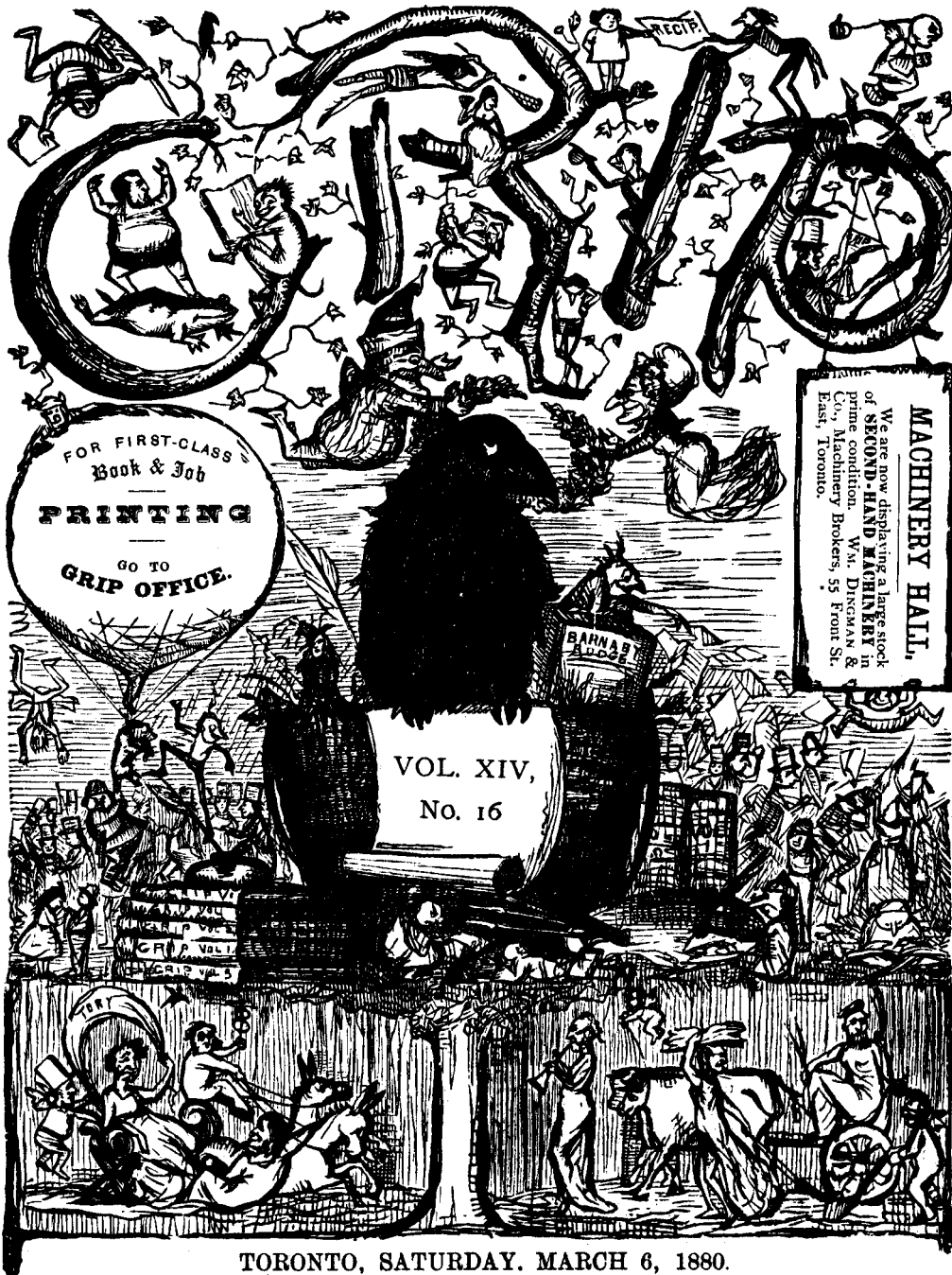
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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.

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"CARICATURE."

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"Mr. CHRIS. COLUMBUS."

A MOST AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE BURLESQUE DIGEST OF THE HISTORY OF CANADA, FROM EARLY TIMES UP TO THE PRESENT DAY.

NOTICE TO SOCIETIES, CLUBS, &c.—Mr. J. W. BENGOUGH may be engaged to deliver either of the above lectures, with *Impromptu Crayon Illustrations*, embracing Sketches of well-known Local Men; or to give his popular "CHALK CHAT" as a feature in an evening's programme. For terms, &c., address—

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Literature and Art.

It is said that SCRIBNER & Co. pay FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" \$200 a month whether she writes or not.

Mr. BRIET HARTE has been invited by SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON to respond to the toast "Literature," at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, on the 1st of May.

Mrs. OLIPHANT, who has serials now running in two English magazines, is probably the most prolific of living writers. Within the past three years she has published five or six works.

In a recent interview the publishers of *Scribner's Monthly* stated that they now have on hand over \$15,000 worth of manuscripts for that magazine, and \$8,545 worth for *St. Nicholas*, all paid for.

Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, the author of "Ginx's Baby," is to be the editor of a new illustrated daily paper in London. It is to be of a satirical turn, and its Parliamentary reports are to come through a telephone.

In the March number, the conductors of *Harper's Magazine* depart from the old custom and give the names of all contributors in the table of contents, a departure which will doubtless be very acceptable to its readers.

The New York Press Association has selected Mr. CHAS. G. FAIRMAN, editor of the *Elmira Advertiser*, to deliver an address, and Mr. CHAS. M. DICKINSON, editor of the *Binghamton Republican*, to deliver the poem, at the next annual meeting. Mr. DICKINSON is the author of "The Children," a poem now going the rounds of the press credited to the late CHARLES DICKENS.

HARPER BROTHERS announce that, six months from date, they will destroy the plates and all copies on hand of *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Bazar* up to the year 1869 inclusive. Parties desiring to complete their files of these journals are requested to send in their orders before July 31, 1880, as, after that date, the publishers will be unable to supply the numbers of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* issued before January, 1870. We suggest to the Messrs. HARPER that a volume of NAST's Tammany and War cartoons would be welcomed by the public.

HOMER was a beggar. SPENCER was in want. CERVANTES died of hunger. TERRANCE, the dramatist, was a slave. DRYDEN lived in poverty and distress. SIR WALTER RALEIGH died on the scaffold. BUTLER lived a life of meanness and distress. PAUL BORGHESE had fourteen trades, yet starved with all. PLAUTUS, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill. TASSO, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings. STEELE, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. ORWAY, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger. BENTIVOGLIO was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected. CHATTERTON, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen. The death of COLLINS was through neglect, causing mental derangement. SAVAGE died in prison at Bristol, where he was in for a debt of forty dollars. GOLDSMITH's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle, to save him from the grip of the law. FIELDING lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. MILTON sold the copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-five dollars, in three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

Cachonson.

The maid was hollow eyed,
(Porcine of easy mind)
"Oh hard!" she sadly sighed,
"Oh fate, why so unchance-d.
"Headcheese so long adored
In vain," the maiden thought;
And thinking felt quite boarded,
Her cachon she'd not caught.
Thus spoke her friend, sausage
"Oh tell me, darling mine,
Is't not as I presage?
'Tis for your porcupine."
"Tis even as you say,
I will no longer fib,
Ham loaging night and day,
To be his own spare rib."

* * * * *

There came a joyful note,
"My own dear pettitto,"
('Twas thus the lover wrote)
"We'll meat at Chicago."

She smilingly complied,
And wed her lover true,
And now the happy bride
Enjoys her barbecue. WEENYPIG.

Grip's Distress Fund.

This is the day of benevolence. Funds are being raised for the relief of Ireland, for the shipping home of PARNELL, and for divers other humane objects. Mr. GRIP, catching the spirit of the time, invites contributions from the charitable for the relief of the distressed members of the Metropolitan Choir who were lately dismissed. He need not say one word on their behalf,—in fact he cannot. Everybody knows how cruelly and unjustly they have been used, just because they saw fit to call themselves a "Church Choir" Pinafore Company, when they might have chosen any other name. They are most deserving ladies and gentlemen—at all events they fully deserved the notices they received from the Board of Trustees. Contributions of tracts on Methodist discipline, or any other suitable articles will be thankfully received on their behalf at this office.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section West of RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN,
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BALDNESS!

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xii-12-1y

Stage Whispers.

"A legitimist triumph."—Miss NEILSON'S performance of *Rosalind*.

"Les Voltigeurs de la 32e," by M. PLANQ ETTE, composer of "Les Cloches de Corneville," and produced last week at the Paris Renaissance, achieved but a moderate success.

JOHN STETSON has secured the New England rights for the "Pirates of Penzance." He gives CARTE his choice between \$20,000 in cash for the privilege and a percentage on the gross receipts.

OLE BULL'S 70th birthday was celebrated by a surprise party, Thursday evening, at his Boston residence. The party was composed of many notabilities including LONGFELLOW, Dr. HOLMES, JAMES T. FIELDS and other distinguished persons.

Mr. IRVING is making a thousand pounds clear profit every week at the Lyceum.—SNYLOCK himself would have been delighted at such a result. He might even have been generous enough, under the circumstances, to forego his pound of flesh.

Miss JULIA WILSON, of the "Denman Thompson" troupe, is a native of a small town just out of New York. Her whole professional career, which covers a term of four years, has been spent in travelling with Mr. THOMPSON, under whose tutelage she made her first bow at the age of sixteen.

BOUCAULT'S new Irish play is to be called "Fag-a-Beallac," that being his way of spelling the old war cry "Fagh-a-Bellagh," or "Clear the way." Its author says the piece resembles "The Colleen Bawn" in the tone of its sentiment, and "The Sbaugbraun" in action. It will be acted first in London next spring.

LAWRENCE BARRETT is to revive "Francesca di Rimini." We cannot refrain from thinking what a grand theatrical climax could be reached by presenting it with MARY ANDERSON as the fair unfortunate Francesca, EDWIN BOOTH as *Paolo* and Mr. BARRETT as *Lancelotto*. It would be worth travelling far to see.

Mr. CLINON STEWART who appears in "French Flats," was formerly known as "Walsingham," of the New York *Graphic*, likewise of the *Baltimore Evening Saturday*. Mr. STUART was a journalist of acknowledged ability, and his letters on theatrical topics were especially interesting; in fact, no writer on dramatic affairs outranked him.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN will soon have companies of "Pirates" on the road. The advertisement for chorus singers for the "Pirates of Penzance" had the effect of attracting hundreds of singers to the Broad St. Theatre, Phila. Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE, Mess. GILBERT and SULLIVAN's operatic manager, examined nearly a hundred applicants. The salaries of the singers will range from \$12 to \$24 per week.

MAURICE BARRYMORE, who is one of the most unfortunate of *jeune premiers*—poor fellow!—has been stricken down with a combination of measles and scarlet fever, and has therefore been replaced in "The Shaughraun," at WALLACK'S Theatre, by J. H. GILMOUR, a young Canadian, who had been acting "Robert Ffoliot." Mr. GILMOUR has a handsome face and a gentlemanly bearing, and is altogether of the Montague type. He plays the part with more freedom than he has displayed in anything he has done.

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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.

Jack A. Macdonnell at the Bar.

(Special Despatch from Our Own Correspondent at the Capital.)

The preliminary exercises being over, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved that Mr. JOHN A. MACDONNELL do now appear at the Bar of the House of Commons.

Mr. JOHN A. MACDONNELL, neatly attired in frock coat and lavender pants, and accompanied by his ever faithful eyeglass, then entered and took up a position at the bar.

The PREMIER hoped the gentleman was well, and that the journey to the Capital had not proved inconvenient to him in any way.

Mr. MACDONNELL replied that his general health was very good, and as for the journey to Ottawa, he rather enjoyed it.

The PREMIER then asked him what he would have to drink.

Mr. MACDONNELL replied that he would take a taste of Highland whiskey.

The glasses having been filled,

The PREMIER proposed the health of Mr. MACDONNELL, which was drunk enthusiastically.

Mr. MACDONNELL, in response, said that he felt honored by the kind regard of the Premier and the Conservative members of the House in general. It would always be his endeavor to do the party a service whenever he had an opportunity. With reference to the episode which had taken place on the floor of the House, he had only to regret that he had not said more to HUNTINGTON while he was at it.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD said it was unfortunate that the House of Commons happened to possess a thing called dignity.

Mr. DALTON MCCARTHY begged pardon for interrupting the Premier, but it was a mistake to say the House of Commons possessed dignity. Dignity was not mentioned in any of the statutes.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. MACLENNAN, M.P. for Glengarry, entered and asked permission to kiss the hand of the illustrious and honored martyr, Mr. MACDONNELL.

The favor was granted.

Sir JOHN, resuming, said that in characterizing Mr. HUNTINGDON as a knave, etc., etc., Mr. MACDONNELL had done only what any gentleman of his mental calibre acting under the same influences would have done.

The drinks having been paid for, Mr. MACDONNELL retired from the bar and the case was ended.

[NOTE.—We are afraid our Special Repre-

sentative has made some mistake in sending the above. As we understood it Mr. MACDONNELL was to have appeared at the other Bar—in the Commons Chamber. But perhaps this was a subsequent occurrence. At all events it is no more farcical than what was reported in the big dailies.—Ed. GRIP.]

The Splendid Young Hero.

It was an ambitious young man,
Whose blood was both ancient and blue,
So at least he averred—and who can
Show that such an assertion's untrue,
Except he who'd imbrue
His hands in the fluid, and show it quite new,
And reddish in hue.

His manners were *comme il faut*,
So a "Gent" has been heard to declare;
His garments were very much so;
And he carried his nose in the air;
While his eyeglass's glare,
And his wonderful stare
And ambrosial hair—
Ah! how lovely they were!

His sneered like the *ancien noblesse*,
Oh, a terrible thing was his sneer,
More than twenty young nurse girls, I guess,
Who marked it had wilted with fear;
And the newsboys, I hear,—
Though it's rather too queer
For belief—used to clear
When they marked him draw near.

It is strange, but the fame he achieved
By merely existing, was not
Sufficient to please him, he grieved
Like a commoner man at his lot;
He said life was "rot,"
Unless one had got
In the Commons a spot
To make speeches red-hot.

He longed for the time to get ripe
When HANSARD should follow his name
With columns and columns of type,
Yes, he craved for political fame;
But to Canada's shame,
And his party's great blame,
His excellent claim
To election was treated as game.

But think ye this hero was balked?
No, he felt the hot blood of his race
Impelled him to act—so he walked
Right into the House, eyed the Mace
With a proud, haughty face,
Put his thumb, with much grace,
To his nose in that place,
And thus gained in HANSARD a space.

The wild cheers of members arose,
For beauty and courage so great,
Ten ministers rose to propose
A grant for a service of plate
At the cost of the State,—
And named a committee to wait
And beg the young hero to state
If he would accept, ere too late.

A Sigh for the Good Old Times.

DEAREST MR. GRIP,—I lately read an account of a very interesting lecture by Prof. HICKS, of Montreal, on "Women in Canadian History," and I take the liberty of sending you the following little extract from it: "The government also was not satisfied with merely facilitating marriage, but went so far as to stimulate it by bounties on early marriage and by penalties for celibacy. In addition to the king's dowry, which was generally fifty livres in household supplies and a barrel or two of salted meat, twenty

livres were given to men who married before the age of twenty and to girls who married before sixteen, while any father who neglected to marry his children when they had reached the age of twenty and sixteen was fined." This, Mr. GRIP, was the French Government of Canada in the olden time, and a dear, sensible old government I think it was, too! Our present rulers profess to be Conservative, but they have quite failed to conserve this excellent arrangement. They also claim to be paternal in their policy, but they do absolutely nothing to persuade the young men of to-day to take us girls off the market. I do hope that when Sir JOHN and his colleagues have got entirely under the control of the Quebec party (as I am led to believe they soon will be) this delightful French idea will be revived. Until then,

I remain,
Yours hopefully,
A. SPINSTER.

P. S.—You needn't remind me that this is leap year. I have tried it, and it don't work.

Athletics a la Mode.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR: I wish, through the medium of your widely circulated and esteemed journal, to challenge LYNCH and JOHNSTON to a wrestling match, any style, any number of falls, for any amount of money, upon any date and in any place. I mean business. LYNCH and JOHNSTON have been indulging in a good deal of talk lately; let them now put up or shut up.

Yours,
(Signed) DUNCAN C. ROSS,
Champion.

Editor Grip.

SIR:—I observed DUNCAN C. ROSS' challenge in your sporting columns, and have only to say that he is a great big blow. I mean business; and I want you to tell ROSS that I am ready to meet him anywhere on any terms and give him his choice of holds and ten seconds of a start. If he don't come to time after this notice, I will have nothing more to do with him.

Yours,
(Signed) THOS. LYNCH,
Champion.

Sporting Editor of Grip.

SIR:—In reference to ROSS' challenge, I have to say that I have repeatedly written to him accepting the same on his own terms, but without receiving any answer whatever. He is afraid to meet me, and in my opinion is nothing but a blowhard, and you can tell him so.

Yours,
(Signed) JOHNSTON,
Champion Athlete.

Editor Grip.

SIR:—Do you know anything of the whereabouts of LYNCH and JOHNSTON? They have taken no notice whatever of my challenges. They are evidently afraid to meet me. I will wait one week longer, after which I will drop them, and publish them to the world as putty men. We have had enough talk, let us have some wrestling now.

Yours triumphantly,
(Signed) D. C. ROSS.

Editor Grip.

SIR:—We the undersigned would like to know what has become of ROSS, the self-styled champion. We have hunted for him in vain—he is evidently hiding from us, because he knows we mean business. We have had enough talk, let us have some wrestling now.

Yours,
LYNCH & JOHNSTON.



Sunday Work!

The *Globe* expresses an anxiety to have it definitely declared exactly what the law relating to Sabbath observance in this country is, and it hails the action against the Opera House Sunday Concert managers as a test case. The question must have peculiar interest for the illustrious journalist, for he is aware that, if strict justice is done in the premises, he will himself stand alongside of the Opera man in his punishment. The type in which Monday morning's *Globe* expresses "its amazement, its surprise" at the conduct of the Sabbath breaking Mr. BARNES, is, in a great measure, set up during the sacred hours. The non-Sabbatarian composers, in fact, find it convenient to go directly from the parquette of the Opera House to the news-room of the *Globe* office, and they do not wait till the clock strikes twelve before taking off their coats. If an information is laid against Mr. G. B., that gentleman's only defence can be that the Sunday night composers are engaged upon goodly matter—the manuscript of a sermon, perhaps, or more probably one of those costly cablegrams scissored from the Sunday edition of the *New York Herald*.



The Black Flag

Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition at Ottawa are very much shocked and grieved at the sad condition of the workingmen in that city and elsewhere. They feel very much disposed to weep, and would do so if their time permitted it. But most of all they feel sorry to see the black flag hoisted. They know from experience that it must make

the Government feel very uncomfortable, and if there is one thing more than another that they object to, it is embarrassing a Government. Some evil-disposed persons insinuate that the black flag is a source of secret pleasure to the Oppositionists. Perish the thought! Does the above sketch look like it?

Shakespeare a Greek.

The *Mail* says:—

"The Greek poet declares it is good to have a giant's strength but cruel to use it like a giant."

In Scene II, Act 2, "Measure for Measure," *Isabella* says,

... O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

One might apply the passage in "Measure for Measure," immediately following the above to the *Mail* writer:—

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
Like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.



One Benefit of Our School Arrangements.

ANXIOUS MOTHER, (*Pathetically alluding to her poor, emaciated little son, who attends one of the City Public Schools, and, like many others, has had his health impaired by the long hours, severe discipline, and disproportionate tasks imposed in those absurd institutions.*)—Now, Mr. MEDICUS, as a man, and a School Trustee, don't you think a radical reform in our Public School arrangements is imperatively required?

Mr. MEDICUS.—As a man and a School Trustee, perhaps I do; but, madam, you must recollect that I am a Doctor, also!

As Sacred as Possible.

Mr. BARNES, of the Royal Opera House, says of the goddess individuals who do not go to church on Sunday:—

"These people do not stay at home, and I think that there are worse places that they can go to than my house, where they will hear good music, as largely sacred as my means will permit."

This reminds one of the mother who said, "My girls have as good an example of piety from me as any one can give, who only has two dresses a year fit to go to church in." It also recalls Sir JOHN's claim that he has been as honest a politician as possible—in the circumstances.



Teaching His Grandmother to Suck Eggs.

Master DALTON MCCARTHY is a very clever little member of the House of Commons, and undoubtedly knows a great deal more than many of the big boys on the Grit side. But still he oughtn't to be proud of his attainments, and above all things, he should be very careful not to presume to teach his grandmother HOLTON to suck eggs. It is not likely he will do so any more, after the lesson he got the other day. The good old lady had expressed some opinion on a point of constitutional law, in connection with the MACDONNELL case, when Master DALTON got up and snubbed her, saying she was quite beyond her depth in such a subject. He then took to laying down the law himself, but that very remarkable lad BLAKE happened to be on hand, and showed poor DALTON that he himself was blundering most absurdly. Whereupon it is said young DALTON blushed most profusely, and muttered something deprecatory of the whole egg-sucking business.

Sound on the Cake Question.

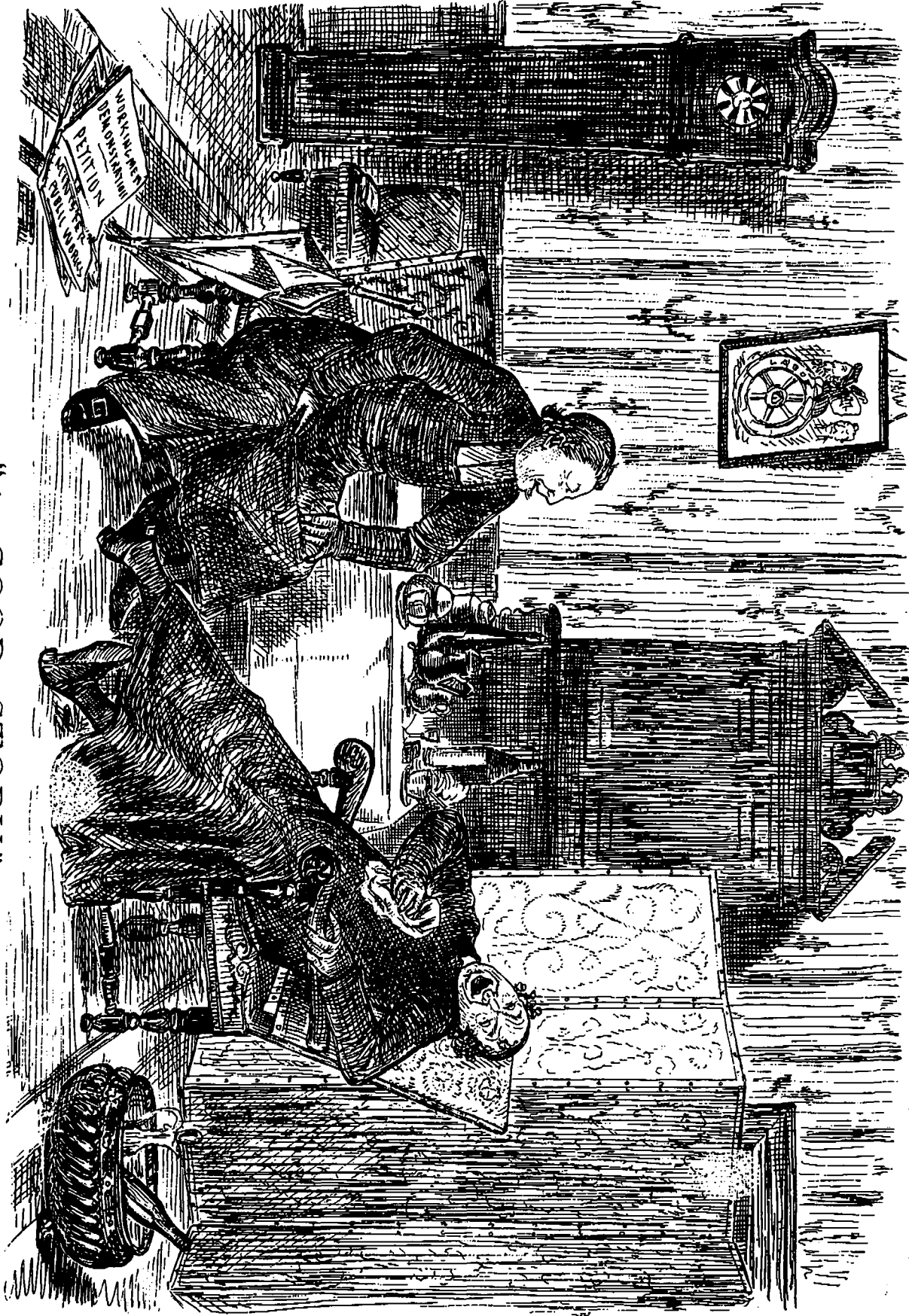
"Bishop Sweatman has forbidden a clergyman of the Diocese having an election cake at a tea-meeting, on the ground that they are indelicate and impolite."—*Despatch to the papers.*

This is as it should be; they are also indigestible, your Lordship!



Grip to Parnell

We don't want any of your Irish political palaver in Canada; there is the gentleman you want to talk to!



"A GOOD STORY."

(PROBABLY ABOUT THE HUM OF PROSPERITY AMONGST THE WORKING CLASSES.)



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Can decoy ducks be frightened away with a wooden "shoo"?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

The man who has nothing to say is wise enough not to open his mouth and tell you about it.—*N. Y. News*.

The tyrant GESLER originated an oft-repeated expression when he said "blood WILL TELL."—*Meriden Recorder*.

Says JONES: "I hate a fool." "Yes," replied SMITH, "like hates like." They meet as strangers now.—*Boston Transcript*.

"There she blows!" was the exclamation of the Nantucket sea-captain when his wife commenced to scold him.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

We regret to announce that the old Lent jokes of last year are about to be returned and without interest.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

When JOHNNY was asked if he was learning the art of skating very fast he answered, "Oh, yes, I tumble to it."—*Buffalo Courier*.

The man who is ashamed of the age in which he lives, is not aware that the age cares nothing at all about his bashfulness.—*Modern Argo*.

With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance.—*Extract from a romance*.

"BOB INGERSOLL is about to take up his residence in Chicago." We thought the Colonel always denied the existence of such a place.—*Norristown Herald*.

A new use has been found for boarding-house buckwheat cakes in the oil region. They are utilized for patching up second-hand steam boilers.—*Corry Herald*.

"Shall I hereafter darn your stockings?" is said to be the fashionable language for a young lady to use when making a leap year proposal.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald*.

A medical journal tells of a man living five years with a ball in his head. We've known ladies live twice as long without anything but balls in their heads.—*Honma (La.) Courier*.

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician while going his rounds. "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."—*Honma (La.) Courier*.

Doctors now say that boiled cow's milk is not good for babies, it is better raw.—*Exchange*. The doctors are right; a raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one.—*Philadelphia News*.

It was a delicate piece of sarcasm in the boarder who sent his landlady last evening a razor, neatly enclosed in a handsome silk-lined case, and labelled "Butter-knife."—*Hartford Post*.

In our criticism of MARY ANDERSON'S "Evyadne," Saturday night, we omitted to mention the diamonds, which took their parts with consistency and conscientious devotion to detail that was very praiseworthy.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

Western papers are discussing the question, "Shall married women work?" Unless they do we suppose a good many husbands of the period will starve to death.—*New York Express*.

They have a railway running to the summit of Mount Vesuvius now. There are no drinking saloons on the way, but when you get to the top you will find plenty of the crater.—*Cin. Sat Night*.

The Danbury News, in a long article, tells "How a Hat is Made." The simplest cheapest and quickest way to make a hat is to bet on the winning candidate at the election.—*Norristown Herald*.

Pretty girl from Columbus avenue buying a valentine—"I want something that shows—a cultivated feeling you know; nothing common like pansies and violets." She didn't get it.—*Boston Courier*.

The Irish people can't eat the speeches made in this country over their woes, nor yet make soup of the resolutions passed at mass meetings. What they want is pork and potatoes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The coundrum class will please stand up. When is a mug of ale like a target? When you draw a bead on it. Why is a silly young lady like a match? Because she is light-headed.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

A bevy of Chicago girls, at a recent wedding threw their slippers at the bride on her departure on her bridal tour, for luck. One of them hit her, and her funeral transpired three days later.—*Somerville Journal*.

It has been demonstrated that a house broom left lying around under the table and on the back steps lasts just as long within two days as one for which the wife takes ten dollars' worth of trouble.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Cheap swell (trying to do the grand) — "Haw—waitaw—bottle of champagne." Waiter—"Yes, sir. Dry, sir?" Cheap swell—"What's it to you whether I'm 'dry' or whether I ain't? Bring the wine."—*London Fun*.

LOUIS KOSSUTH says that idiot is a word of Greek extraction, and meant with the Greeks a man who cared nothing for the public interest. This is hard on the class of eligible voters who remain away from the polls on election day.—*Chicago Journal*.

JONES says his wife is the most thrifty woman he ever knew. "Why, sir," he says, "she made ten bedspreads during the last two years; made them herself, sir, out of the patterns she collected in her shopping tours during that time."—*Boston Transcript*.

Distinguished people who find it necessary to send messages to the Czar at regular intervals, congratulating him upon his escape from attempted assassination, ought to have printed blanks on hand ready to fill out, as they would save time and trouble.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Nothing so takes the courage out of the social story teller as to relate a funny yarn to an absent-minded man, who not only neglects to laugh, but five minutes later tells the funny man his own story and expects him to be intensely amused.—*Mauch Chunk Democrat*.

We said, the other day, "A millionaire with a boil is not a bit happier than a beggar in the same predicament," and forty-seven millionaires have called upon us for an explanation. Once for all, we must say right here that we haven't time to fool with millionaires.—*N. Y. Express*.

While General GRANT is in Mexico he will have an opportunity to study the beauties of a country that is strongly opposed to a third term. In fact, it is only about once in two thousand years that a Mexican president is permitted to complete his first term.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

An army officer is retired when he goes out of service, and a wheel is retired to go into service again. When a sheriff releases a prisoner he loses possession of him, and when he releases a house he regains possession of it, and this is a howling old language of ours, isn't it?—*Philadelphia Press*.

We protest against the folly of this senseless demand that the money of the land should be kept in circulation. That's just the trouble with it; it circulates too fast. What we are trying to do is to stop a little of it right at the very number where the carrier leaves our letters.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The statistical person who desires to know the number of valentines that went through the mails on Saturday, can only obtain it by the rule of three. As the common sense of the world is to its folly, so is the average daily number of letters to the love missives on St. Valentine's Day.—*Greenwich Observer*.

In a little family discussion, the other day, the madam remarked, somewhat tartly: "When I marry again—" "I suppose you will marry a fool," interrupted the husband. "Beg your pardon," said she, "I will do nothing of the kind. I prefer a change." The lord and master wilted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"When a soldier is ill," says *The Yonkers Statesman*, in a spirit of mirth, "he becomes a six-shooter." Our obituary editor tearfully suggests that such jokes are worth weapon over.—*Oscego Record*. We're happy to say we cannot understand your shot, it's bullet too. We're not sorry we big-gun this volley.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Extract from a remarkably sharp boy's composition on tobacco: "The habit of using tobacco is very bad: in fact, my Third Reader says it is disgusting. Even hogs won't use tobacco. But that's because they ain't persevering. No one likes tobacco the first time. And if hogs would only stick to it a little while, there wouldn't be no more said about their refusing the filthy stuff."—*Puck*.

A Buffalo saloon keeper has fallen heir to an Austrian estate of \$3,000,000. Virtue is always rewarded. If this saloon keeper had been a wicked editor, working twenty-seven hours a day, the probabilities are that he would not have fallen heir to a single cent. When he comes into possession of the money the world will be in about the condition the moon now is. And PROCTOR says that it will take a few billion years to effect this change.—*Norristown Herald*.

"What a delightful place the country must be," said young FITZALMONT to an ethereal being who had lived on a farm all her life. "Nothing to do but to pluck buttercups and daisies, and hear the little birds chirping all day. And then the gurgling brooks. Ah, me! we city folks don't know what the country is." Then the maiden looked up into his face with the coyest kind of a smile, and warbled: "You're way off, young'un; this is pig-slickin' time, an' we don't have no daisies an' buttercups an' gurgling brooks. Somebody's been a stufferin' you!" That young man will not visit the country soon again.—*N. Y. Express*.

To Arms! To Arms!!

The Province of Quebec is called to arms! Hear the war-cry of *Le Courier du Canada*:

Occasion is given us to return to the charge, and as French Canadians, we demand justice, and claim our rights; it is, probably, only by dint of entreaties that we will succeed. Well, we will go to work again, and invite our friends to give us a helping hand.

The war that for a time did fail now trebly thunders on the gale, and—what is the cry? Readers, keep your seats! Don't let us have any panic. The French Canadian warriors are armed with entreaties, not with bludgeons. They do not intend to precipitate a gory revolution; they do not mean to join the outraged mob of working-men and lead the attack upon the trembling Minister of Public Works. They only seek by regular, constitutional means to secure a constitutional right which has been basely withheld from them. If you would know in precise terms what the row is all about, here you have it; *Le Courier du Canada* demands that HECTOR LANGEVIN shall be forthwith knighted!!

The Kind old Gentleman and the News-boy.

He was an old gentleman of most benevolent appearance, and gazed with a pitying smile on the newsboy who shouted by his side, "*Globe, Sir? Telegram, Sir? only one cent!*" The kind and venerable face, the sad contemplative eyes, seemed to signify that the old man sorrowed over the young child condemned to earn his daily bread so miserably. The boy felt the influence of the glance, and in the quiet voice of one assured of a purchaser, again named the papers, as he held them at the length of his ragged arm.

"Evening papers, my child," said the old man gently, laying one hand on the boy's head and with the other feeling his pocket for a coin. "Evening papers—have you change for a fifty-cent piece, my good boy?"

The eyes of the child filled with tears as he heard the sympathetic tones, and he thought of the dead parents who used to love him—when they were sober.

"Yes, Sir," he answered, with the natural exultation of a capitalist.

The old gentleman held out the coin, and from the depths of his poor, thin garments, the newsboy produced a quarter, a ten-cent piece, and fifteen cents in coppers. Giving them for the large coin he stood with the proud consciousness of arithmetical exactitude while the Senior counted the change.

"Thank you, my boy," said the old gentleman, while he slipped the money into his trousers pocket, "your kindness has saved me from a long walk. I was going to get change to give my little grandchild a cent for the purchase of taffy. I regret that I receive both the evening papers at my house."

And he walked away with the happy smile so beautiful in the old, while the newsboy's soul raged within him so that his lips refused to utter the thoughts that arose in him.

Riot in a Church.

The Methodist Church at Maitland was recently the scene of a terrible row. At a "literary entertainment" some wicked person introduced a clothes-horse which, being covered, was to be used as a screen in facilitating the realistic presentation of a dialogue. The clergyman on coming in objected to the profane clothes-horse and attempted to remove it by force. He evidently thought it was a sort of "Pinafore." The trustees of the clothes-horse resisted the pious man and a regular riot took place.

Idyls by Our Own Idylor.

NO. 3. A PASTORAL AGONY.

So rich a man as farmer JOHN
I never saw before,
He counted fifty thousand pounds,
And weighed two hundred more.

This farmer JOHN he lived in Kent,
A typical JOHN BULL,
He tilled his yielding acres till
His till was brimming full.



He cast a loving eye upon
His milk-maid ADEGAIL,
He told her so one day, which made
Her turn a milky-pale.

He promised she should be supplied
With velvets, silks, and satins,
Rich carpets in her pew at church,
For when she went to matins.

"O! stay thy tongue" the maiden said,
"I cannot hear thy prayer,
Go choose thee from the market town
The fairest of the fair."



"A decent lot of good hard cash
I'd look on with regard,
But oh! it is a lot too much,
And oh! a lot too hard."

"For woe is me, misfortune's cup,
I've drunk it to the dregs,
My love for forty days has gone
To jail for poaching—eggs."

"You hesitate? Oh! say the word,
The village bells shall seal
Our wedding joys in peals as sweet
As any cauldron peel."



And when he found she would not lend
An ear to what he said,
He took a gun and shot himself,
(He took it in his head.)

The maiden went in mourning, for
She felt that she must needs
Plant flowers upon his grave, and clothe
Herself in widow's weeds.

Meanwhile her love, from jailers hands
Had suffered much abuse,
And swore he'd not break fast again,
Till he had broken loose.

One day he slipped away the while
The turnkey was asleep,
And bounded off to keep his joy
In bounds with every leap.

And with his ADEGAIL he crossed
To Texas in a yacht.
They bought three hundred acres there,
And settled on a lot. A. H. H.

The N. P. and Antiquity.

By Professor Tertius Undermud, M.C.Y.F.C.H.S.N.G.

To Mr. Grip.

SIR:—The *Globe* and its following of Grit papers have been pitching into Sir JOHN, TUPPER, TILLEY, and the Tory party, on account of the much-abused National Policy, of which they (the Tories) are the reputed authors; but, Sir, I trust I will be able to show you that the idea is a very ancient one, and was introduced in the days of what Mr. G. BROWN would call (had he flourished in those times) "French Domination." I must give credit to the *Mail* for first finding this out. It was in 1665, in the time of LOUIS XIV., of France, that COLBERT, the successor of Cardinal MAZARIN, wrote to M. TALON who was then a sort of deputy minister of Finance in Quebec, urging him to establish manufactures, &c., which the said TALON did, as the *Mail* says, "to the great advantage of New France."

Knowing the *Mail* to be suspected of being somewhat "off its nut" on the subject, and being anxious to find out the truth of the matter, I took the G. T. R. for Lower Canada, and called upon a very particular friend of mine, MONSIEUR MONTMORENCI MAZARIN McMULLIGAN, a Seigneur, and a lineal descendant of the old noblesse (on his mother's side, his father being from the County Cavan, in the Black North,) to see his valuable collection of State papers appertaining to the earliest days of the French occupation. I asked the favor of a personal inspection (telling him my object), which was cordially granted. I looked up the year 1665, and will give you a few extracts from correspondence which touches on the question—freely translated.

Letter from M. Talon, Quebec, to M. Colbert, Paris. (Private) Quebec, July 1, 1665.

"My Dear Colbert,
So glad that old MAZARIN has got the bounce (*son couge*) I am happy to state that I have followed your advice as to getting up a National Policy, and have pleasure in informing you that we have started a moccasin and shoe jack factory, which so far has proved a great success. We have entirely excluded from our market the works of the accursed Yankees, (*sacre Bostonnais*) and if everything goes well, we may soon expect a big boom (*grande fureur*) in its favour."

A toi, TALON.
To M. Colbert, Paris. N.B.—We are shortly to open a Toboggan Mill.—T.

Letter from Mdlle. Camille Brauharnois, Versailles, to M. Talon, Quebec, Versailles, Dec. 23rd, 1665.

"My Dear Monsieur Talon,
I have to thank you very, very much for your beautiful presents; they are quite unique, and the toboggans are quite too awfully nice for anything. It has been rather dull here lately, on account of the poor old K—g being unwell. Herr DOPERSAUTERS, his German physician, (this is *entre nous*) says he drinks too much *cau de vie*, and if he be not careful may have the Jim Jams (*Jagues Confections*). I hope not, as it will make things unpleasant around the Court. * * * * * Lady MARY SLIDEBOUT, from England, the Fraulien VON BUCKERIE, and I, are going to the Alps next week to try the toboggans on the slope of the Matterhorn. Won't it be awfully jolly (*tres charmante*)?"

Votre Ami, CAMILLE BRAUHARNOIS.

To M. Talon, Quebec.

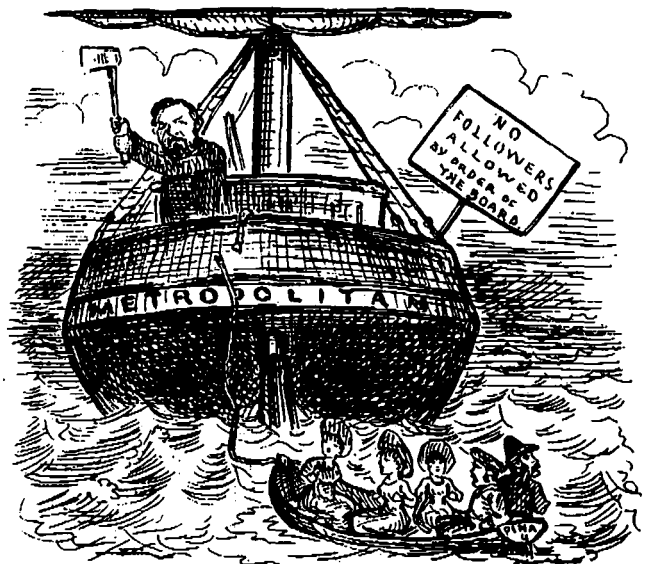
P.S.—The moccasins are elegant, but the shoe packs are rather heavy, and as Lady MARY says, are "not the cheese." (*cest ne pas la fromage*). C. B.

Now, Sir, this paper is not written in a partizan spirit, but merely to "give honor where honor is due."



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Mr. JOHN A. MACDONNELL at the Bar of the House of Commons.



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His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger."



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Out Adrift!

They're adrift! they're adrift! and it serves them well right.
They've to blame but themselves for their sorrowful plight:
He's a man of his word, is good Dr. P.,
And he vowed he would put down this small mutin-ee.
With a sweep of authority, certain and swift,
The Opera-singers are all sent adrift,
Which will teach all mankind that no Pinafore boat
At the stern of the Methodist vessel can float!

Searchings.

AFTER THE MANNER OF GOLDWIN SMITH.

I am not sure the world is wrong,
I know it can't be right:
At pulling down I'm very strong,
But I cannot set things a right.
It's clear that evil has no right
This lovely world to mar,
(Excuse me, I'm not quite prepared
To go so very far
As to say this world is lovely—
Reasts on each others prey;
The decay of other forces
Is the life force of to-day.)
I'll admit all things are evil,
Mankind the worst of all,
A kind of hopeless mortal
Holding himself in thrall.
I'll not admire the sunshine
For after day comes night.
I shall despise the moon-beam,
Because his not so bright
As the brilliant glare of noon-day,
Because man's sin brings pain,
The happiness of lovers
Is a phantom of the brain.
The songs of little children.
Are no better than the wail
Of the tortured slave of Cuba,
Or the convict in the jail.
The mother by her cradle,
No happiness shall know,
Because at some far distant time
Her child to death must go.
Now this is Pessimistic,
If any human brain
May understand that mystic
Night-mare—"Tis in vain—
I cannot hope to fathom
These new and grand ideas,
The Nihilism of the heart,
The negation of the spheres.

M. S.

What the Ghost Said.

The question of the day is this: "What did the ghost tell Mr. WEBSTER?" When the correct answer is ascertained GRIP predicts that it will be found that the angelic visitor solemnly warned the clergyman not to sleep alone in a large house after eating an indigestible supper.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

Every cartoon in the last number of *Grip*, alias the Canadian *Punch*, is provocative of laughter. We have, in the smaller pictures, an illustration of the story told in the House the other day that on the Intercolonial R.R. an anxious mother quited a noisy passenger because she didn't want him to wake Tupper. The mother in the picture is Sir John, and a nice old dame he makes, pictorially; and the passenger is Mr. Mackenzie, who is clamoring for returns.—*Kingston Whig*.

—Our lively friend *Grip* has an admirable cartoon on the visit to the Northwest. "The fast young man of Ontario" appears arrayed in the latest stripes of fashion, with half cocked hat, cigar rampant, corkscrew pendant, etc. The Hon. Oliver gravely points to the long bill for lush and receive of a vacant stare. Judging from the excellent map of the route which adorns the background the visit may not be altogether fruitless, as the array of "old sagers" strewed along may yet bring forth a goodly crop of old rye.—*St. Catharines Journal*. (Conservative.)

"GRIP."—The last issue of GRIP is one of the best we have had for some time. Its leading cartoon represents the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, as "the fast young man of Ontario." His Honor is engaged in smoking a cigar, his cocked hat is carefully worn on the side of his head in regular "b'hoj" fashion, and he seems to be listening in a sort of "don't care" way to the remonstrances of Mr. Premier MOWAT, who points out the long array of wines, cigars and corkscrews in a particularly long bill. A map hanging on the wall shows the route of His Honor and his party, across Manitoba. The idea is excellent and the manner in which it is carried out is very clever. GRIP improves regularly as it grows older. We couldn't do without the little joker now if we wanted to. It has become a kind of weekly subbeam.—*Quebec Chronicle*. (Reform.)

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