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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.

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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 XVI. No. 15.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or consultations for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.

Olive Logan predicts a boom in the lecture business. She doubtless bases her prediction on the high price of eggs.

Mrs. Florence J. Duncan's "Barn Beautiful," a dramatization of her own successful book, "Ye Last Sweet Thing in Corners," is shortly to be played at the Vice-Regal Theatre, Ottawa, under the patronage of the Princess Louise.

Rev. Hilary Bygrave, the new pastor of the Unitarian Society, is a decided acquisition to the intellectual force of this city. His sermons and lectures are characterized by great beauty of expression and depth of thought. Our Unitarian friends, indeed, are usually happy in having clever men in their pulpits.

Straws, of Louisville, Ky., is the latest addition to our exchange list. It is a weekly, made up after the style of *Punch*. It is full of humor, pictorial and otherwise, and typographically it is—well, superb is the only word that will do it anything like justice. We hope to imbibe much pleasure through our *Straws*.

The Oyster.

Is a gregarious animal, and always keeps his bones on the outside.

Although not absolutely given to intemperance, yet he gets tight pretty often.

His favourite drink is bitters; but he never stands treat, he is so close.

His disposition is soft and credulous, and he frequently gets sold.

Although it is sometimes difficult to draw him out, a child with ordinary capacity can easily take him in. An oyster has only one joint, and that serves as a hinge for his hall door.

When two of them go into business they never keep a joint account, as the scarcity of these articles render the trouble unnecessary.

Talking of partnership, they would both be sleeping partners, as they are always in bed.

In selecting a mate he has not very much choice left him. He must take his neighbor, and she may be his grandmother for all he knows. I never had the pleasure of witnessing an oyster courtship, although I have heard of "an oyster crossed in love," and seen fellows with about the same intelligence and conversational powers as the oyster trying on the same dodge. However, in imagination I can see him gazing with open-mouthed admiration at his fair companion, as she gracefully reclines on her glossy shell in full ball dress, and detect the faint but tell-tale blush that mantles to her eloquent and expressive features, as she softly closes her shell, and shyly hides herself from his impassioned glance. Sentiment in an oyster!

(I feel dimly conscious that there is a deep and mysterious joke somehow connected with the above sentence, but do not consider myself equal to the task of working it out.)

There is certainly nothing dry or formal about a courtship like the above.

His religious principles are not generally known, but he is supposed to be a hard-shell Baptist, and a believer in total immersion.

The young oysters keep close to their parents, and they present the appearance of a very united family. So strong is the bond of union existing between them, that if you remove one the others will invariably follow.

You will never find any philopotas in oysters, but Siamese Twins is a common occurrence.



Lighthouse Service.

TENDERS will be received by this Department at Ottawa, up to the 5th MARCH next, for the supply of 100,000 Gallons, Imperial Measure, per annum, more or less, for one or three years, at the option of the Department, of the best quality of Double-Distilled Standard White Extra-Refined PETROLEUM OIL, deliverable at Goderich, Montreal, Hamilton, Quebec, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., in such quantities and at such times as the Department may desire.

The Oil must be free from acid or other impurity; must weigh, at 62° Fahr., not less than 7.85 lbs., nor more than 8.02 lbs. per gallon; must withstand a flash-test of 130° Fahr., and in all other respects must comply with the provisions of "The Petroleum Inspection Act, 1880," 43 Vict., Chap. 21. In burning for 12 hours it must produce a brilliant and nearly uniform flame, neither crusting the wick nor discoloring the chimney. If from any cause the light diminishes more than 15 per cent. during the trial, the oil will be rejected.

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TENDERS will also be received, up to the same date, for the Charter of a STEAM VESSEL to deliver Supplies and Lighthouse Materials to Lighthouses above Montreal, including those on Lake Superior. Charter to commence at Montreal on the 5th July next. Steamer to be ready at the Lachine Canal Basin to take in cargo on the morning of the 2nd July. Full particulars as to description of vessel required and nature of services will be supplied on application.

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WM. SMITH,
Deputy Minister of Marine, &c.

Department of Marine, &c.,
Ottawa, 31st January, 1881.

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Pearls are sometimes found abiding to the shell, or enclosed in the body. This is supposed to be the result of disease. Probably it is the oyster's way of having corns, but it certainly looks rather miserly, gathering wealth all his life and making no use of it. Now it strikes me that if mothers-in-law would only take that kind of sickness, married men would be much happier. What visions of future wealth they would indulge in. How anxious they would be to get the old lady to live with them. Supposing several fellows had married into the same family, what lively times they would have until it was decided who was to have her. Then with what alacrity he would *hoyster* into a wagon and drive her home, inwardly calling her his darling old "mother of pearl."

But let us turn away from this sickening exhibition of human avarice, and go back to the placid and contented oyster. Whenever you see him begin to open his shell without any apparent cause, you may conclude that he is bad; but if you are undecided you can consult your olfactories; if that does not convince you, you can taste him—and then doubt will vanish like mist before the morning sun, and your taste for oysters will probably vanish as suddenly.

The young oyster leads a happy though sedentary life. He has no desire to travel or seek amusement abroad, but is content to pass his days in bed. I am therefore of opinion that laziness and want of ambition are his distinguishing characteristics. If he makes too much noise, his mother can never come around and spank him with the back of a brush; she can only call through the partition and tell him to "shut up."

There is never much clamour about an oyster, although it would not be surprising if there was, considering he often has a clam for a neighbor. As a rule he is very well behaved and never uses profane language, "By Valve" (bi-valve) being the worst that can be laid to his charge on that score. He is never troubled with rheumatism, for reasons that are sufficiently apparent. Suppose the hinge of your hall door were afflicted with rheumatism, what would you do? Why, treat it with silent contempt. If you have a barrel full you can feed them by pouring over them a mixture of salt water and bran or oatmeal. Those on top fare pretty well, but in my humble opinion it is hardly fair to those underneath. How would you like to have your soup or coffee poured over a score of fellows before you got it? It seems to me that there is room for improvement in the way of feeding them. Why not do so with a spoon or feeding bottle. The idea is worthy of consideration. Like the cat, the oyster is very much attached to his home; but unlike the cat, he never returns after he has once been removed from it.

He has a vulgar habit of smacking his lips when eating, but he is not alone in that respect.

They say that you can hear them opening with a little "click" when the tide commences to rise. This suggests a train of thought. Why not tame an oyster, and thus always have at hand the means of ascertaining when the tide turns. The subject is fraught with interest.

I have studied the oyster a good deal and thoroughly understand his feelings, apparent as well as real. Often have I fooled around his apparent feeling in the almost vain attempt to get at his real ones, and got at my own instead. (In connection with this, I may here state that the phenomena of an oyster knife gliding swiftly over the shell and unobtrusively entering one's left thumb, is not sufficiently rare to excite surprise, but is quite painful enough to justify unparliamentary language.)

It ought to be pleasant to hear something on the subject more than "Fresh oysters, 15c. a plate." Our sensual appetites have been pampered quite long enough; it is high time our intellectual ones had a treat.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the fool.

Injustice to the Orangemen.



R. GREP, Sir,—I wud lock til gat the privilege av spakin a few words threw the loyal columns av your paper, to give expression to the indignation sir, that is felt be me and many other Orangemen, consarnin the ensult that has lectely been offered til us be the Government. I have writ til the Meel, which I have always taken that paper, bein a good Consarvatiff as all

the mibbers av our glorious, pious, and immortal Protestant order is, but, sir, they refused til prent me letter, and traited me wuth contempt. Sir, I say we are bilin over wid anger an wruth at this action av the Governint, meen ye that, now! I suppose yez know what I am alludin to, namely the orthers the have given out that Oringemin belongin to the Suvil Sarvaco howidin government situations must kape a suvil tongue in their heads an kape from spakin insultin towards the Papists. Has it come to thus, in Canady, sir, that the glorious prenciples av Protestantismes to be trampled down in the soort av way? Has the walls av Derry been definded in vain, and has the wathers av the Boyne been med red weth the blood av good solid Protestants wuth no better result nor this? Is the Twelfth av July to be blotted out av the mimory of Christians be the tyrant heel av a Governint in the Dominion of Canady? Be the mimory av the Cavan Blazers, an the fifes and drums av Londonderry, no! Sir, I thought this was a free country; I was towld that the gran prenciples av suvil an religious loberty took pleece in Canady. But sir, what keim av freedom do yez call it whin a Protestant in the Suvil Sarvice is towld he must refrano from spakin out what he thinks av the accursed system av Popery, an darsn't aven about "to h—l with the Pope" or he will be turned out av the situation he got be votin for the Consarvattiff Party? Yes, sir, I'm wan that goes in for makin up a new Party—wan that will let is kape our offices an say what wo plaze about the Papacy! I've quit takin the Meel, an I take no paper now but GREP, whech I know to be a leberal paper in the thrue sense of the word.

Yours thruly,
DONNEGAL MCGUIRE.

The Legislative Symposium.

No. II.

The regular meeting night of the Legislative Symposium having again arrived, the House adjourned early and there was a general rush to the refreshment room and a clamor for oyster stews, &c. Pardee happened to observe carelessly that there seemed to be quite a *fiurore* and was stuck for the first round, though he vehemently protested that he hadn't the slightest intention of a play on words, and that if he had he would have done something better than revamp so time-honored a witticism as *few raw*. The Commissioner sighed as he pocketed the quarter which the waiter returned out of the \$2 bill which he planked in payment, and drawing a memorandum book, made the following entry, "Unforseen and unprovided for—\$1.75."

"Well," said Dr. Boulter sympathizingly, "if I did have to pay a fine for a joke I'd make a better one than that, anyhow."

"I don't think you could, Boulter," observed Meredith with a malicious twinkle in his eye.

"Why, yes I could too—nothing easier." "For instance?"

"Well he might have said that the boys are a jolly set of *raw-oysterers*."

"Very good, very good indeed, Boulter," said the urbane Symposiarch. "Drink up gentlemen—another round—as for me I'll take a cigar."

"But—but—" stammered the portly doctor, "I didn't propose to make any joke—not at all—I was only trying to improve on Pardee's pun. It's the same old joke. The feller that was up in the Police Court said it was the same old drunk, you remember."

"Oh, come now Boulter, that won't do. You're fairly in for it," said Pardee; "Why, you might as well try to get the railway committee to revive the grouping clause as to get out of it now."

"Next!" said the Symposiarch.

No response for some time, until at length Striker, with some remark about an observation said to have been made by the governor of North Carolina, said he would put his humor in the form of a conundrum, and that they might order their soda water while he was thinking it up. After five minutes deep reflection he evolved the following:

"Why is the present session like a hog stuck between the rails of a fence?"

Every one gave it up of course, and then Striker triumphantly gave as the answer, "Because it's mighty difficult to tell how long it'll take to get through."

Striker was just about to settle the bill when somebody exclaimed, "Why Striker, there's no joke about that, you know."

"Is that your official ruling?" he asked, appealing to the chair.

"Yes," replied the Symposiarch, "strictly speaking, that is not a joke, although I suppose we'll have—"

"So much the better for me," shouted Striker, "somebody else may pay for this round. If I haven't made a joke, of course I'm not liable."

There was a whispered consultation and finally the Symposiarch said, "Well, toll Phillips to make out the bill in due form for 'shovelling snow' and send it in to the Department to-morrow. Now, gentlemen, we will have a song from Brother Lauder, with tambourine accompaniment by Caldwell, to the tune of 'One more River to Cross; you will please join in the chorus.'"

The Opposition leader here rose looking very dignified, and hastily draining his goblet, drew a roll of music from his pocket and began thusly:

When we want a Professor our boys to teach,
One more river to cross,
Mr. Crooks goes to England his end to reach,
One more river to cross.

CHORUS.—One more, &c.

They say that Canadians have no brains,
And don't know enough to go in when it rains.

'Tis Oxford and Cambridge that must supply,
The learning of this com-mun-i-ty.

We haven't enough of the cultured sort,
So first-class professors we must import.

'Tis very strange that if this be true,
We don't send to England for Ministers too.

Let's write to Gladstone this very year,
And beg him to ship us a new premier.

If England's to find us our men of books,
They can send us a man to improve on Crooks,

Now then all—together,—Chorus.

One more river-r-r
One more river to for-r-r-dan
One more river
One more river took Ross.

"Our friend" said the Symposiarch, "has a fine mezzo soprano voice, though a trifle shaky in his upper register. His rendition is characterized by an intense soulfulness which imparts to the execrable sentiments of the libretto, a vorisimilitude which may momentarily appeal to a shallow sentimentality though naturally repugnant to every right minded man. I am afraid he is at heart a Communist, if not a Nihilist. Nevertheless *encore!*"

"When you remark, noble Symposiarch, upon the soulfulness of the melody," said Badgerow, "the thought naturally occurs that it is very natural inasmuch as the piece is a *solo*. Not quite so much water as last time, waiter, and don't forget the lemon."



Sir John's Absence.

The prolonged absence of Sir John Macdonald from the House since the passage of the Syndicate Bill was commented on all over the country, and everybody appeared to be at a loss to account for this strange conduct on the part of the Premier. It may therefore interest the public to learn that the right honourable gentleman was in retirement in his study, with the series of Grip's Syndicate Cartoons before him, endeavoring to convince himself that he had performed an act which reflected credit upon him as a statesman. Eventually he gave up in despair, and has returned to his seat looking as jolly as ever.

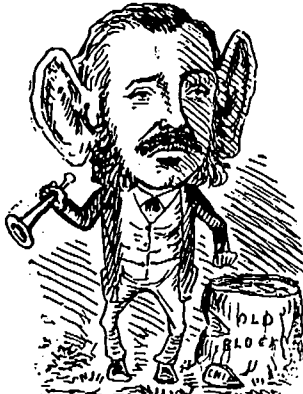
Waiting for the tied—the crowd outside of St. James' at a wedding.

Query.—Ottawa off place like Ottawa forever remain the capital of Canada? is a question that Ottawa heavily upon people who care for such matters, which, I trust, dear reader, is more than you or Rideau.

"My dear," said young Mrs. Golitohum as she took down her back hair, to Mr. Golitohum, who had just come in redolent of onis root, "My dear, why are you like Toronto harbor?"

"Perhaps because I'm not deep enough for you, love," ventured Mr. G.

"No," calmly said Mrs. G. "No. It's because you always have a bar near your mouth, and a lot of buoys around you. Do you see the Point?"



Another Charlottetown Ear

Which is dreadfully abused by the "intolerable noise" made by workmen, whose duty of supporting their families makes it necessary for them to do more or less vulgar hammering.

A Hero in Disguise.

The recent episode of the escape of prisoners from Kingston Penitentiary was distinguished by a touch of pathos which must make it memorable to all who read the accounts published in the papers. The spirit of self-sacrifice displayed by the convict Wright in risking his own liberty by helping along poor old Blake, contrasted with the selfish cowardice of the other fugitives who thought only of their own safety, was an honor to human nature. GRIP believes that the solitary cell is not the means of reclaiming a man who is capable of such conduct. A free pardon, accompanied with a few kind words of advice and encouragement would be more likely to make this man what he ought to be, and the Governor-General could not go far wrong in trying this new method of moral discipline in his case.

Grip's Money Article.

Merchants are buoyant. Stocks are almost in a boisterous state. And all this boyish glee is caused by our noble Finance Minister's proposal to ease us slightly of our burden of taxation. For instance cocoa-nuts—present duty, \$1 per hundred—are in future, "when from place of growth," to be taxed only 50 cents. What a boon to the itinerant vendor! It is relief from burdens like these which gives a lasting impetus to trade and imposes an added weight on the digestive organs. But more, liquorice root—think of it! liquorice root!—to be free. It is even acknowledged that the imposition of any duty on this article was a mistake, and every boy and girl in the Dominion says "Amen."

Nor is this all. From an entirely different kind of a minister comes a further ray of hope for trade. A certain Rev. gentleman in this city has been unearthing the giants of the past. His Rev. words is passed for it, that they were at least 16 feet high. If he could be induced to bring them back, re-instating the present degenerate race in their earlier privileges as regards height and corresponding breadth, what a decided impetus trade would receive!!! At present the Rev. Dr. W—only ventures upon a useless theory. Reduce the theory to practical utility, and—immediately the demand for dress goods would be active, nay frantic, bad stock in trimmings would melt off the storekeepers' shelves, lockets would be converted into earrings and their sale doubled at once, broad-cloth would seem narrow to 16 feet of humanity; but—it is too much. "Taint true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'taint true," for the best "N. P." the most affective stimulus to trade and manufacture, would be to increase the size of our population. The next best possibly would be to decrease their sighs by decreasing the burdens which cause them.

The Prize Fighter's Protest

AGAINST THE BILL NOW BEFORE THE HOUSE.

Here's a pretty go—blest if it ain't enough to make a man swear—
If we do steal a few rounds no reporter musn't be there—
An' yer calls this a free country—gammon! out an' out rot—
Is we agoin' to put up with this kind o' thing or not?
Ain't they been down on us enough, them chaps wot makes the laws?
I'd like to take 'em one down and 'oother come up—
Why? cause
Don't they leather each other up there—fight it out tooth and nail?
And ain't the hull story next day in the papers for sale?
Wot's the differ I'd like to know twix them cusses an me?
On'y this—I musn't fight it out like a man, d'ye see—
I musn't handle my maulers—whilst they though I tell't, May hit as they like either over or under the belt.
They wants all the fightin' themselves—with their laws an' perlice,
They hunts us poor coves right an' left—an' we ain't any peace—
It's as hard now to git up a mill an' fight it out square, As to make some o' them parliament chaps understand wot's fair.
Rabbit 'em all! 'tain't enough to chivy us round an' round—
They're down on the papers now—puttin' them in the pound;
If we does give the bobbies the slip an' fight it out bold—
The press musn't say a word—nobody musn't be told.
Do they think we ain't any feelin's, the selfish old blokes?
Wan't I proud when I see in the papers the lickin' I giv' Jim Stokes?
Wot's the good o' pluck, or stanin' up game till yer win?
If I can't see it all in the papers I don't keer a pin.
They wants to make us all babbies I think—that's wot they do.
Did yer ever see sich a lot—sich an out an' out crew.
O' blessed old wimmen? time was when a cove wur a king,
As carried the belt—an the nob's thought a heap o' the Ring.
But they're down on us here as if we wur blackguards an' thieves—
I won't stan' it—if this here's the law for the States I leaves—
It all serve the Queen right—she can't never expect us ter stay
An' be treated by preclous old muffs in this kind o' way.
GARDE.



The Lone Fisherman.

Mr. Phipps has been quietly angling in the financial and political stream, and has brought up a very startling fact on his hook. It is a statement which shows that the St. Paul Syndicate are, by the terms of the contract, going to receive \$300,000,000 more than the Canadian Syndicate asked. If the amount wasn't so trifling it might be worth while for our patriotic and economical Government to look into the matter.

Extracts from the New Political Dictionary.

INDISPOSED, adj. Drunk; laid up from the effects of guzzling; incapable of attending to public business through whiskey.
BUDGET, n. A long speech intended to prove that Providence does not control human events, and that a diminution of exports is a sign of prosperity.
BUNCOMBE, n., (Bunkum). A long reply to a Budget speech.
BORE, n. That portion of a session of Parliament which follows the passage of an Act involving the ruin of a country.
MONOPOLY, n. A nasty name for a very nice arrangement by which a few gentlemanly vampires are allowed, generally on certain monetary conditions, to suck the public blood.
PARTISAN, n. A virtue which incites members of Parliament to vote straight at the dictation of the party whip, regardless of the weal or woe of the country.
SENATE, n. An automaton for registering the decisions of the Lower House when a Conservative Government is in power.
OPPOSITION, n. A broom with which Party attempts to sweep back the ocean.
GRIT, n. A small and insignificant particle which prevents the political machinery from working smoothly.
CARTWRIGHT, n. A tradesman whose business is to tire Parliament by making too many spokes.

We Take Water.

Dr. Bergin, M.P., expostulates with us for having made some comments on the report that on a recent occasion he published in his local paper, a parliamentary speech which he had not delivered in the House. The Dr. denies the allegation, and we accept his denial of course, though it obliges us to believe that the Ottawa correspondent of the truly good London Advertiser must be far from a George Washington. We took this alleged fact from that correspondent's letter, and made a few playful but sensible remarks upon it, to the effect that if a good many of our M.P.'s got their speeches printed without inflicting them orally upon the House, it would be a blessing. We still think so, but nevertheless we frankly apologise to the worthy doctor for having caused him annoyance by repeating the false story of the wicked correspondent.



The Canadian Navy.

Mr. GRIP learns with a feeling of patriotic pride, that since the gracious and generous present of a training-ship was made to the Dominion by Her Majesty, a nautical ambition has begun to fire the breasts of the rising Caundian generation. That our country possesses the material for a navy that shall renew the glories of Nelson cannot be doubted by those who have witnessed the furor for wash-tub naval demonstrations which has broken out amongst the youngsters since the *Charybdis* was so kindly handed over to us. This spirit ought to be carefully nurtured, and it might not be amiss for our enterprising Governor-General to lend the charm of his name and influence to a movement for the establishment at the capital of a Marine Academy, liberally stocked with troughs and wash tubs and paper boats, for the systematic training of our aspiring children. This would form a sort of Kindergarten introduction to the more advanced Institution that will be needed for the education of our coming cadets. There should be no delay about this important matter. Dr. Wild says war is coming, and in the equipment of the Canadian navy, "England expects that every man this day will do his duty!"



THE SYNDICATE GIANT.

FEE, FUM, FI, FO,
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF ONTARIO.

BE HE ALIVE OR BE HE DEAD
I'LL GRIND HIS BONES TO MAKE MY BREAD.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

MR. SPOOPENDYKE'S ACCIDENT.

'Why, what's the matter, my dear?' cried Mrs. Spoopendyke as Mr. Spoopendyke limped into the room and dropped into a chair. 'What on earth has happened to you?' 'I fell down and killed myself,' moaned Mr. Spoopendyke.

'How, where?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, bustling around him, all nervousness. 'How did you do it?'

'Slipped on the ice, and broke my arm from head to foot,' sighed Spoopendyke faintly.

'Great gracious!' ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'whereabouts? Where did it happen?'

'Out doors, dod gast it! Where d'ye s'pose I did it? Think I brought the ice in the house and then laid down on it? Oh, dear! I'll never get my clothes off again. I've got to sit here and die,' and Mr. Spoopendyke leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes with resignation.

'I'll help you off with your hat and overcoat,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, tenderly. 'Let me help you.'

'Be very careful about taking off my hat,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, rousing up. 'Take it off easy, or you'll hurt my elbow. Pull the left arm of my overcoat down, so it will slip off. What ye doing? Trying to skin me? That sleeve is full of broken bones, I tell ye. Now help me into a chair. I knew I must go sometime, but I never expected to die so suddenly as this,' and Mr. Spoopendyke lifted his sprained arm and dropped it again to see if there was any animation left in his system.

'Can't I do something for you, dear?' asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, with tearful eyes.

'If you could sing a hymn without starting up the cats, it might make my last minutes more peaceful,' replied Mr. Spoopendyke, putting his feet on a chair, and composing himself for dissolution.

'You'd better let me attend to your arm,' recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'If it is badly sprained, you ought to have something on it.'

'Didn't I tell ye it was broken? Just got a curiosity to see it, haven't ye? Can't wait for the post mortem, can ye? Go ahead. Do what you please. In a little while I'll be beyond pain. Just take it and do what you like with it.' And Mr. Spoopendyke stuck the maimed arm out straight, and waved it around like a ham.

'If you'd let me rotate it a little, and then bind it up with arnica, you'll be all right in an hour,' cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke affectionately.

'Rotate it, then,' murmured Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I don't suppose it will make much difference to my estate. Take it down in the kitchen and rotate it. You might—hold on, dod gast it! What d'ye think I am, a pump? Got an idea I'm a clock? Let go that arm, will ye?' And Mr. Spoopendyke pranced around the room. 'Oh! you're a surgeon, you are. All you want is a bucksaw and a broken balustrade to be a medical college. Going to pull it out by the roots? S'pose that's a tooth? It isn't; it's an arm, and it's busted like a torpedo!' And Mr. Spoopendyke, who had been brandishing the injured member, began to stroke his shoulder and sympathize with himself.

'Let me bathe it in arnica,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'That's the best thing in the world.'

'Yes, dear,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke regarded his wife with one eye, and grunted feebly.

'And you'll put on a silver plate with my name and ego, and get a few flowers? You don't want many. I shan't miss 'em if there ain't more'n six. Will you attend to it?'

Just let me turn up your shirt sleeve and I'll fix it in a minute.'

'Very good,' said Mr. Spoopendyke. 'I don't suppose it will do any harm to hurry matters. Is my dress suit all brused? Have I got a pair of socks that my immortal soul won't shine through the toes of? 'Cause if I haven't, you'd better use some of your measly arnica on my clothes. If you think I'm going into the tomb all covered with grease, and my shirt flapping around me like I was clothes-line, you're mistaken, that's all.' And Mr. Spoopendyke eyed his wife gloomingly while she prepared to lave his sprained shoulder. 'Will you put me in a casket?' he moaned, and she began operations. 'Yes,' answered Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I'll see that you have lots of flowers and a big fu

'I don't want any big funeral. S'pose I'm being cut off in the midst of my usefulness just because funerals are cheap? Have you got a clean handkerchief to put in my pocket when I'm dead?'

'Certainly, dear,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, and having thoroughly bathed the arm, she bandaged it carefully. 'Don't you feel better?'

'Perhaps if it were amputated in time I might get well,' rejoined Mr. Spoopendyke, hitching his arm around to see if he could find a pain anywhere. 'What kind of a cravat have I got to wear in case of—in the event of—the worst?' And Mr. Spoopendyke approached the climax of his question as becomes a man who shrinks from the inevitable.

'The one you've got on will do, won't it?' inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'No, it won't, either. Is that all I've got? Expect I'm going to be buried among strangers in a dod gasted necktie that won't hold together four days longer? Calculate that I'm going to the promised land as though I was hunting for a job? Want me to prowl around among the other late lamented as though I'd hustled up in business? Think I'm a measly tramp?' And Mr. Spoopendyke tore off the tie and stamped on it, and then dove into bed.

'Can't you bring up my breakfast?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke the next morning. 'My arm's so lame I can't go down stairs.'

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought it to him, and an hour later, when dressing, he asked for his necktie.

'I wish you'd look for it,' said he querulously, 'You know I can hardly move.'

'Here it is, dear,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'You tore it off last night with your sprained arm.' And she left for down stairs without waiting to hear his remark about 'measly wives, who only need a long beard and comic song book to be a Solomon.'—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A National Poet at Last!

It is with great pleasure that Mr. GRIP gives to his tens of thousands of critical and cultured readers a few selections from a patriotic poem shortly to be published, sent to him by a valued contributor, the author, Mr. GUSTAVUS STASINUSCH, of Tamravnille. Mr. GRIP withholds the criticism asked for, as the selections from the different cantos are somewhat fragmentary, and occasionally rather abrupt in their endings, preferring to leave it to a "generous public" to judge for themselves of the intrinsic worth and manifold beauties of the composition. The poem is entitled

THE VALLEY OF HOPE.

Canto 1.

This is the prairie primeval, the far famed Saskatchewan Valley,
The new home of plenty and peace, therrefuge of Europe's starved millions;
For those who had sipped on burgoo, in the bleak heathery highlands of Scotland,
Or lived on potatoes and salt in the Boycotted bogs of old Erin.
For the clod-hopping, swiping chaw-bacon, who followed the slow-tail in Albion,
The dreamy, big pipe smoking Dutchman, much given to pretzels and saur kraut,

The yellow-haired, ruddy-cheeked Dane, son of the valiant old Vikings,
The swarthy padrone with his fiddle and harp from his sunny Iliad,
The lantern-jawed Yank from the States, with plenty of cheek and as brassy
As the "off-side" of Cartwright's famed shield, that he showed to the folks in old England,—
All can have plenty and peace in the noble Saskatchewan Valley.

Lo! see the train from the east, and mark now the courteous conductor,
Blue are his cap and his coat, gorgeous he is and brass buttoned.
Onward he goes with the punch, and smilingly puncheth the tickets,
Through twenty-five first-class coaches, and seventeen palace and Pullmans,
Crammed full of fares for the West, for the famous Saskatchewan Valley!

Canto 2.

Can this be the land where of yore, Bub Walsh and his mounted policemen
Scoured the wide plains for the "Rum Fiend," that is, for the Yanks who sold whiskey
To "Lu," who would hang up his blanket and rifle to get *Scento-sar-bon*,
(Thus contravening the statute, in such case made and provided),
The land of the Cree and the Blackfeet, and Sioux who with Bovine Recumbent,
Crossed from the Yellowstone canons, and squatted around here promiscuous?
Confound the old varmint
But this has got nothing to do with the fertile Saskatchewan Valley.

The bleak, biting blizzards that blew their blasts from the Boreal boulders,
Now never visiting the land with its teeming and dense population
The breeze that the settler gets, from the mouth of the stumpy pelican,
Furnishes wind in abundance, for all of his modest requirements.
The caribou, coyote, and crane, the buffalo, blackfly, and bison,
Have all fled away to the Rockies, from the land of new civilization,
Leaving the yeoman in peace, as by his fire side in the autumn,
He looks on the festoons of pumpkins on strings, decorating the rafters,
Smoking his pipe in content, he thinks of his barn and out-houses;
Replete with the golden-hued corn, the products of the fertile Valley.

Canto 3.

The yeoman now londesth his grain, to send by train to the seaboard,
And smilingly perched on the top, he driveth down unto the station.
Joyously now he dismounts, and walketh straightway to the agent,
"Tell me, oh agent," he sayeth, "tell me your rates to the seaboard?"
"What you charge on my wheat and my corn, my pork and my fowls and my garden snags,
"So that I may kalkilate how much I can make off my clearing,
"And stow it away in the bank, to provide for my years fast declining?"
The agent he taketh a pencil, and ciphereth long on a paper.
High-toned and haughty the agent, his style of the *nil admirari*,
"We will charge you," he sayeth, "let me see—railways are doosid expensive,
"And as we have no competition, we'll charge you just what it will "carry."
"But after you've paid the through freight, you still will have five cents a bushel,
"And reflect what is better than all, you have your fine home in the Valley."
The farmer he museth and museth and —

An article in an exchange is headed, "Meteor by Daylight." If there are any prying eyes in the neighborhood he will prefer to "meet her by moonlight."—*Norristown Herald*.

Did you ever notice how formal a man becomes after he holds a situation a year or so? Still, it's but natural a fellow should get stiff after being in one position a long while.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

"Now I understand," remarked Oldenborg with a sigh, after vainly trying to get a view of the stage over the bonnet in front of him; "now I understand what they mean by their 'height of fashion.'"—*Boston Transcript*.



Waiting for Hanlan.

Hanlan seized a piece of paper and a lead pencil just before going on board the steamer at Liverpool, and wrote to the *Sportsman* to take back all he had, under mis-information, written against "his old friend Dave Ward," and to express the hope that Dave's hand would be the first he would shake on his arrival. In the interests of peace and good will amongst men, Genr hopes Mr. Ward will be on the pier at New York in the attitude pictured above, and he feels sure the Atlanta fellows will be only too glad to let him be the first to grasp the champion's extended and victorious hand, ere they whirl him off to Delmonicos.

A Modern Psalm of David.



In those days there reigned at Rediaw, that is in Autowah, a mighty king, Jon-Lorn, the son of Anguile.

2. And he gave a great feast and called together all his people from far and near, that he might decide who was the greatest amongst them at the game of Teuys.

3. And he said unto his chief steward, take thy pen and write quickly, even unto Flori, the son of David, and bid him come with his captain and his people, and their sons and their daughters, that they also may take part in the games.

4. Now, Flori hardened his heart, and heeded not the words of the king, Jon-Lorn, nor did he bid Arma-Geddon, his captain, nor the young men, nor the maidens, to the feast prepared by the king.

5. And it came to pass that Arma-Geddon, (who was a Brokah, and a man of peace, albeit a centurion in the milishah,) chided Flori for having withholden from him the command of Jon-Lorn, the king.

6. Now, Flori, the son of David, was a mighty man of war, a valient man, comely in person, a cunning player on the harp, but prudent with his shekels.

7. And he liked not the words of Arma-Geddon, his captain, but rose up early in the morning and took himself to the street of the Saint, which is called *Xavier*, where congregated the moneylenders and the usurers, and the brokahs.

8. And he covered his face with his armour, which was brass, and girded on his umbrallah, a weapon which mon borrow but return not,) and his sling was in his hand.

9. For he said, have I not often bragged of the lion and the bear which I slew, and this Philistine, being afraid, will fly from before my face.

10. But Arma-Geddon went his way to the temple of mammon, selling 'short' and 'long,'

scooping both ways, (after the manner of the brokahs) even until the hour when Flori awaited him at the gate.

11. And as he went forth, he took only his staff in his hand, and his scrip.

12. Now Flori, the son of David, met him, saying unto him, I wager thee fifty pieces of silver that I smite thee, and, moreover, fifty pieces that I slay thee either here or in the court, which is called *Rackitt*. And he poked him with his umbrallah.

13. But Arma-Geddon, the brokah, waxed exceeding wrath, and struck him with his staff and smote him hip and thigh, even until the blood ran down his face.

14. And Flori bethought him of his sling, and he slugged him in the vernacular, and even with chunks of ice.

15. And he said, I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the field, —but he did not.

16. And it came to pass that when the Philistines, and the brokahs, and the moneylenders saw that their champion had prevailed, they raised a great cry of joy, and they ordered many bottles of wine amongst them.

17. For they said, Lo! our champion, a man of peace, has beaten the man of war, the sculpter of images, and player on the harp and sackbut, even the *bozah*.

18. And Flori, the son of David, retired to his tent, and bound up his wounds, and cursed Arma-Geddon, but he tore not his hair, for he had none.

The Montreal Mayoralty Election.

BOSS BEAUDRY SOLIMQUIZES.

Eh bien! Monsieur Nelson, pouf! by gar! you tink you be ze *Maire*? I tell you Sar you make one grand meestake, what for you dare contest wish me ze honaire of ze chaire? You have mooch plenty impudence, I tink, I snuff you out more quick as one small wink. What! you not know I am ze chief, ze Bo. s? I lift my hand *mes enfants* they you toss out in ze cool—oui—eh? You tink I care mooch plenty people ask you run for *Maire*, and none ask me? non! not one leetle pin, I am ze Tweed, ze Boss, *me foi*, I win. You bring out Rivard one—two—year ago—Bon! you offend me—I sall tell you so—and now I have ze—*quel*?—ze teet for tat. I knock you higher zan one beeg cocked hat. You be ze *Maire*? at! bah! *je pense que oui* when our beeg mountain jumps into ze sea. You no speak French, Sar—*horreur*—yet you dare tink such an *ignorant* sall have my Chair? Non! non! *rieuse garcon* wait, *attendz*, zen I send you where I send ze Orangemen—*Chez vous, oui, home*, juste like one leetle dog with tail between his leg when he be flog. There you sall learn that I great Beaudry claim ze right to choose *le Maire* or be ze *Maire moi-meme*. GARDE.

Out on the Loaf.



The bakers are going out on strike and the employers feel rather crusty about it. That the men should like to take a little loaf once in a while is only natural. Discontent has been bred in their minds by harsh treatment, and although we do not say *well done*, donghy blame them for striking? Not at all.

We only hope the bread will not rise too much, and seeing that the price of flour has gone down we fail to perceive why the masters can't give better wages without raising the price of the staff of life. It is not likely the strike will assume the dimensions oven national demonstration, as the employers will no doubt be able to get a fresh batch of workmen.



"What Will He Do With It?"

Scene.—Office of *Bystander*.

Little Journalist.—Mr. Smith, I hear you are going abroad to England for a year, and that *Bystander* is to be dropped until your return. Now, this would be a misfortune, and I just dropped in to say that I am prepared to carry it on for you, if you will give me reasonable inducements.

A St. John Fog.



Senator Boyd, being an Irishman, has a silver tongue, and his speech on the Syndicate bargain was characterized by wit and eloquence accordingly, but he has also a clear head, and therefore it is easily seen that he supported the bill under tremendous disadvantages. In his opening sentences he said pathetically that they, "the simple ones from down by the sea" were "almost lost in the mist of debate." Now a St. John man ought to be able to see through a fog without any trouble, and it is only too evident that the "mist" that bothered the worthy Senator on the occasion was the sophistry he was compelled to use throughout his address. To prove this it is only necessary to quote the reason given by Senator Boyd why the atrocious bargain should be satisfied—words which formed the keynote of the speech.

"That this road must be carried out to the end at some time is granted on all sides. Our liability is undoubted. 'It's in the bond'; this agreement must be cancelled by all parties, or the promises carried out, or we must stand before the world branded as covenant breakers."

Are we to understand Senator Boyd to hold that the Senate has no independent function, but is simply a registering machine for the Lower House?

Rev. Dr. Wild's next sermon is to be on "The Men who lived under Water." It is not true that the rev. gentleman will use a diving bell in investigating this subject, though it is one that will naturally carry him beyond his depth.

"Your little birdie has been very, very sick," she wrote to the young man. "It was some sort of a nervous trouble, and the doctor said I must have perfect rest and quiet, and that I must think of nothing. And all the time, dear George, I thought constantly of you." The young man read it over, and then read it through again very slow, and put it in his pocket, and went out under the silent stars, and kept on thinking and thinking and thinking. He only kept on thinking.—*Rockland Courier*.

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Or else you'll raise a row.



Depressed Manufacturer.—How's business? Not so good, sir. I have not sold so much stuff to foreign customers as last year.
Finance Minister, (with buoyancy) Why, sir, (as I said in my Budget Speech) diminished exports are an evidence of improved prosperity!!

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C. EUG. PANET,
Deputy Min. of Militia and Defence.
Ottawa, February 17th, 1881.



1ST GENT.—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathe, and that those veins did everly bear blood."
2ND GENT.—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."
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The first B.A. Examination will be held on Monday, the 18th July, 1881; and the second B.A. Examination will be held on Monday, the 24th October, 1881.
Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1881 and 1882, respectively, can be obtained on application to the Department.
The University authorities have intimated that the regulation for Degrees in Law are at present under revision, but copies of the revised regulations are shortly expected, and due notice of their receipt will be given to intending candidates in the usual way.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,
Provincial Secretary.
Provincial Secretary's Office, Toronto, 18th Feb., 1881

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