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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.

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. 15.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1880.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

Phonographic Publications.

ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Table listing various phonographic publications and their prices, including 'Compend of Phonography', 'Exercises in Phonography', and 'Phonographic Dictionary'.

EXTRACTS.

Table listing extracts from various works, such as 'Ten Pounds and Other Tales' and 'That Which Money cannot Buy'.

SELECTIONS.

Table listing selections from various works, including 'Character of Washington' and 'Address of the Earl of Derby'.

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The West Toronto Stakes.

It so happens that this number of GRIP comes out just when the great West Toronto race is at its hottest. The excited crowd run hither and thither, and those sportingly inclined are offering to back their favorites at any odds.

THE COMING DRINK

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DESTINED TO ENTIRELY SUPERSEDE TEA AND COFFEE.

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AUGUST NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and student in Canada.

We are in receipt of a monthly magazine entitled "The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer," which is, as its name implies, a paper devoted to the advancement of the art of phonography, which has now become almost an essential feature in a common English education.

"I have returned to St. John this A. M. [July 14] after an absence of ten days. On my arrival I found your gem of a monthly awaiting my return. Had I known it was here I should have made a short cut through the fields and would have had the pleasure of feasting on the WRITER several days earlier.

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both common print, cartoon portrait of James Crankshaw, formerly of Manchester, who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c.

Subscription \$1.00 per Annum, Single Copies 10c. Send for Sample Number. BENGOUGH BROS., Publishers.

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

Miss CARY is re-engaged for this Fall with Mr. MAPLESON.

SARA BERNHARDT will probably appear for one night at the Grand.

BRIGNOLI is next season to occupy TOM KARL'S place with the Emma Abbott Opera Company.

Mr. COOL BURGESS is to be a member of NICK ROBERTS' "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe this season.

At Quebec last week an audience of 6000 assembled to hear the music of the band of the "A" Battery.

The Royal Opera House, Toronto, opened this week with Col. WARNER'S new Yankee comedy "Speculation."

SAMET has made a furore in London as a violinist. His wife was—possibly still is—TERESA CARRERA, the pianiste.

Miss MARY ANDERSON gave a birthday party on her twenty-first birthday, recently, at her cottage, Long Branch.

HARRY LINDLEY, the well known comedian, has leased a theatre in Charlottetown, P. E. I., and engaged a stock company for the season.

KATE CLAXTON opened her season in Halifax last week with a good company. "Frou-Frou" will be produced by them for the first time in Canada.

It is said that ADELAIDE NEILSON leaves a fortune of a quarter of a million of dollars. She has been buried in the beautiful cemetery at Brompton England.

The new German prima-donna Frau ROBINSON has a fine soprano voice, but it betrays somewhat of the harshness which is often found in German vocalists.

The TANDY Brothers' Concert Company gave a very successful entertainment at the Thousand Islands Park this week. The Kingston *Whig* says 3000 persons were present.

The cable announces the death of OLE BULL, the great violinist, at Bergen, Norway. He made his first visit to the United States in 1843, and gave concerts in all of the principal cities.

Mr. W. G. WILLS, author of *Jane Shore* and other dramas, is engaged on a new tragedy. Mr. WILLS, like ROSETTI, is a distinguished painter as well as a poet. Two of his pictures were much admired at the Academy.

The list of opera companies for next season comprises the STRAKOSCH & HESS opera company, which opens in November; MANN'S Boccaccio company, which opens in October at Philadelphia; the BLANCHE ROOSEVELT company, which begins an engagement at the Union Square on the 13th of September; GRAU'S French Opera Bonfie company, which plays an engagement at the Standard Theatre, New York and in New Orleans; MAPLESON'S Grand Italian Opera company, probably opening in October, with GERSTERAUD without NILSSON; D'OYLEY CARTE'S Pirates of Penzance combination, with a new opera by GILBERT and SULLIVAN, in preparation for an opening at BOOTH'S; M'cAMBRÉ'S French Opera company, which opens in New Orleans in November; The Boston Ideal Opera company, consisting of MYRON WHITNEY, TOM CARL, FEESSENDEN, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, MARY BEEBE, and other well known artists; DALY'S Sea Cadet, HAVERLY'S Juvenile Opera, and MILES' Juvenile Pinafore companies.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

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

To LOUNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 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. from 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.; *Rothsay*, 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.

INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS in *The Accident Insurance Company of Canada*. Travelling Tickets at the rate of 25c. a day, and Policies issued for stated terms granting indemnity for bodily injury and loss of life. Apply, BUCHAN & CO., General Agents, 52 KING STREET EAST. "Buy a ticket before you start on your journey"

WEST TORONTO ELECTION

POLLING DAY, SATURDAY, AUG. 28, 1880.

Hours From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

YOUR SUPPORT AND VOTE

ARE REQUESTED FOR

Ald. PETER RYAN.

of St. George's Ward.

The unanimous choice of the Liberal party in convention assembled as their candidate, in opposition to the nominee of the Government at Ottawa, and as a

Supporter of the Hon. Edward Blake.

Vote for Ald. Ryan and protect yourself against the burdensome taxation of the Ottawa Government and against the proposal of Mayor Beatty to abolish the Provincial Legislature and Toronto as the seat of Government. XV—14.

NOW READY.

ISSUED AUGUST 1ST.

American Newspaper Directory

FOR 1880.

Twelfth Annual Volume.

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It gives the Politics, Religion, Class or Characteristics.

It gives the Days of Issue.

It gives the Editor's Name.

It gives the Publisher's Name.

It gives the Size of the Paper.

It gives the Subscription Price.

It gives the Date of Establishment, and the best obtainable information about the circulation, and several valuable tables and classifications.

Revised annually, and information brought down to the latest date.

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10 Spruce St., New York.

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Mr. H. A. CROPLEY, Fredericton, N.B., will commence about the 1st of September the issue of a new paper called *The Capital*.

The *Christian Helper*, Toronto, contains an admirable poem by Mrs. J. C. YULE, also a review, from a highly favorable standpoint, of Mr. GOLDBWIN SMITH'S "Life of COWPER."

The World is the name of a new Liberal daily published in Toronto by Messrs. HERRON & MACLEAN. Typographically, it has been defective thus far; but it displays considerable editorial vigor.

Miss S. M. HITCHCOCK, a New York lady, has just purchased HENNER'S new picture, "Une Madelaine," for 15,000 francs. The painting, which is life-size, and, in HENNER'S opinion, one of the best he has produced, was intended for this year's Salon, but could not be finished in time.

The second number of the *Anglo-Israel* has put in its appearance. This sheet represents the cause of those who maintain the notion, contrary to the established laws of the science of language, that a Semitic people (Israel) can possibly be identical with an Aryan people (Anglo-Saxon.) We now want a journal to prove the identity of chalk and cheese. But when the human being is a lunatic, there are no assignable limits to his "theories."

VICTOR HUGO looks well, but old age is at last beginning to show its effect on his still vigorous frame. The redundant white hair is thinning on the crown of the nobly-poised head, and the broad shoulders show a slight but perceptible stoop. He looks now like a man of seventy; five years ago he might have been taken for one not yet sixty. Yet the keen eye is as brilliant, the step as firm, the deep, soft tones as musical as ever.

A small cartoon, with a recent issue of *Grip*, is very suggestive. It pictures a scene between Sir A. T. GALT and his military attache. In reflecting, no doubt, upon the manner in which he has been overshadowed by the Canadian Ministers now in London, he is made to remark in a melancholy sort of way, "My usefulness is gone. I might as well return to Canada." To which the attache (accompanying his words with a profound gesture) replies: "By no means, sir, don't think of it! What would I be without you." The language put into the mouth of this subordinate official pretty fairly describes the situation. The military attache requires Sir A. T. GALT much more than the High Commissioner has need of him, while the country has use for neither.—*Kingston Whig*.

It is said that the Toronto newspapers have agreed to omit all mention of the Provincial Fair, and that they will put forth their greatest energies to attract the crowd to the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, their expectation being that they will thus be able to illustrate the superiority of Toronto over Hamilton as a place for holding fairs.—*Hamilton Spectator*. This is but an illustration of what the *Advertiser* said some time ago, that the Toronto papers have been supplanted in their cosmopolitan capacity, and that they are now simply local papers, published in Toronto. They cannot make or mar anything outside of their own city. The commendation of the Toronto papers may do for Toronto. London and Hamilton must look out for themselves. It is pleasing to know they are capable of doing so.—*Western Advertiser*. *Grip* being like other Toronto papers, simply "a local paper" cannot make or mar anything out of Toronto. It is, therefore, only in Toronto that *Grip*'s opinion will circulate to the effect that the *Advertiser* man has, in the above remarkable effusion, "written himself down an ass."

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First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY I. W. BENGOUGH.

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

CAUTION.

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

To Correspondents.

R. J. Cartwright.—You are quite right. TRILLEY is not justified in following your example in indulging in financial *hocus-pocus*, to make his account come out square.

Ratepayer.—By no means; you are altogether astray. The proper way is to lay down water pipes first, then put on the pavement, next put down gas pipes, then finish up the job. The City Council understand their business.

Anxiety.—The word *Eclectic* means, according to the dictionary men, "chosen from various sources." When used as the title of a magazine, it implies that the contents are cribbed from other magazines which are not protected by copyright; when applied to a Religious Congregation, it is generally understood to mean that the members are a queer lot and raked in from all quarters. *The Eclectic Church Association* is, orthographically speaking, a synonym for the Church of Go-as-you-please.

G. Smith.—We know of no legal means by which you can compel that *Globe* correspondent (whom you aptly describe as "obstreperous, not to say, insolent") to fall down and worship you. This is a free country, and the law takes no cognizance of such matters. Your only plan will be to cultivate a literary style so attractive, and a mental and moral character so sweet, that he will be constrained *volens volens*, to pay you the homage he at present withholds. There is no use in "showing him up" in the *Bystander*, as you suggest.

Backing Down.

The author of the structures upon Toronto Churches which appeared in the *Montreal Spectator*, and upon which we commented a few weeks ago, is apparently anxious to qualify his untruthful assertions. In the last number of that journal he says:

"I have the authority of distinguished ministers of the Gospel for what I wrote respecting Toronto, and also the support of our most influential newspapers, notably the *Mail*. If it were necessary I could give the names of several of the ministers and organists and churches interested, imputed by me to be exceedingly short of funds and subjected to scandal. I am surprised that a respectable weekly like *Grip* should become incensed at what I wrote, for it must indeed be misinformed and ignorant of the state of affairs in our churches, to publish such a bitter contradiction of my statements. I should advise *Grip* to study as much as possible the true interest of Toronto and her

churches before assuming to give the lie direct to a statement that can be supported by facts."

Grip considered and still considers, that he had good cause to become incensed, as a citizen of Toronto, at what this writer originally said. He now intimates that he merely "imputed" that certain of our churches, ministers and organists were "exceedingly short of funds and subjected to scandal." His real assertion was that Toronto congregations as a rule cheated their pastors and organists out of their salaries, and that there was not a church in this city which was not floundering in financial embarrassments or had not its own scandal. The "true interests of Toronto and her churches" are not served by wholesale slander of this kind, and *Grip* feels some satisfaction at the evidence that this reckless scribbler shows a disposition to modify his original exaggerations.

The Mackonochie Candle.

Several letters have lately appeared in the *Globe* and other clerical journals eulogizing our late visitor to Toronto, the Reverend MACKONOCHE, of Ritualistic fame. *Grip*, of course, endorses all this. He honors the man who has done his utmost to undo the work of the Reformation; yet there are other things to be considered. While *Grip* has the greatest respect for the genuine Catholic Church, which does such a good work in its own way in this country, he has no great respect for sham "Catholicity," a mock mass, MACKONOCHE'S masquerade in imitation vestments, and his great achievement of burning a candle before a picture in his church. Did not Bishop LATIMER, on one memorable occasion, say something about lighting a candle that day in England, which should never be put out? *Grip* backs Bishop LATIMER'S candle against that lighted by Mr. MACKONOCHE.

Grip's Society Stories.

NO I.—FANNY'S FATE—A TORONTO TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER I.

They met at a party at her mamma's house. She wore a muslin too thin for a bathing-dress, and too *decolette* for a variety show. His diamond studs flashed from the bosom of one of those perfect shirts made by a Toronto firm, to whom we will not give a gratuitous advertisement. He was a clerk in charge of the till in her papa's bank. They loved each other. Their marriage was planned, a house was taken and furnished, the bridesmaids and the flowers were ready for the feast.

CHAPTER II.

He sat with his arm describing an arc coincident with the circumference of her waist. He had just put the engagement ring, a hoop of rubies, on her finger; when the moon emerged from a cloud, the light flashed on a second hoop of bigger and redder rubies! By the same moonlight he became aware of a second coat-sleeve encircling her waist!

CHAPTER III.

The rivals met in mortal combat. They had dipped their hands in the same bank-till; they had put their arms round the waist of the same MATILDA. There would have been a differentiation of noses, and the survival of the unfittest, but for the arrival of a policeman and two mothers-in-law. The latter claimed the two young men, who were also braeclothed together by the police officer, who soon after married MATILDA—whose name was also JANE.

CHAPTER IV.

The policeman committed burglary and bigamy; he rose to be a magistrate, a deacon, a bank director! Their brazen wedding will be attended by a select circle.

Resignation.

The melancholy musings of merchants and mechanics over their money matters and mercantile miseries, who, after the specious promises of Sir JOHN are *hopefully* waiting to share the benefits of the N. P. and Rag Baby schemes.

(After Longfellow—a long way.)

There is no stock however watch'd and tended,
But some "job lots" are there;
There is no credit trade how'er defended,
But "dead ducks" form a share.

The land is full of merchants, all decrying
The hardness of the times,
Of working men on N. P. booms relying
Yet cannot get the dime's.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the hum arise,
But oftentimes political convictions
To reason shut our eyes.

There is no dearth; what seems so is transition:
This life of want and care,
Is but a suburb of the times elysian
When all will plenty share.

She is not dead—the *child* of our affection,
But gone into that school,
The temple of rag-money and protection
Sir JOHN and TILLEY rule.

But we, aware the troubles that we suffer
We brought upon ourselves,
Yet only wait a chance to lay those duflers
On their respective shelves.

Then free'd once more from shackles we had woven,
When promises were cheap,
When next the *Fox* proclaims his true devotion,
We'll closer watch the sheep.

Meanwhile Sir JOHN might hire the famous TANNER,
To let our workmen see
How they may starve in a becoming manner
Under the great N. P.

SWEET WILLIAM.

A Queer Plea.

Quoth the *Globe*:

"Mr. RYAN is a fit and proper person to represent West Toronto in Parliament. There are great questions at issue which he is competent to deal with, and not one on which his religion will influence his action."

This extract is taken from an article which was written ostensibly to anticipate and overcome the anti-Catholic cry, but surely no greater attack was ever made on the Romish faith than is contained in it. O, why didn't the *Mail* discover this, and properly castigate the *Globe* for its insinuation that Mr. RYAN'S services in Parliament would be valuable because "his religion will not influence his action."

An Election Song.

For Toronto West hurroo!
Says the Shan Van Voght!
'Tis bold RYAN we'll put through,
Says the Shan Van Voght.
No Rag-baby ladge we wear,
We bate BAREY though he's mayor,
If we don't, oh but it's quare,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

Sure ye know we'll put ye in,
Says the Shan Van Voght!
Won't ye stand the whisky thin,
Says the Shan Van Voght!
Won't ye stand it once agin,
When as member ye get in,
You contrarriest of min,
Says the Shan Van Voght.

The *St. Mary's Argus* well says:

"His ideas may not accord with those of some of the other friends of the institution. The whole trouble, it seems to us, might have been avoided had Mr. CROOKS chosen a Canadian, and we hope it cannot be said truthfully that there are no graduates of the University that would not have been as successful as any imported article."

The *Argus* is a Reform paper; its censure of Mr. CROOKS' anti-Canadianism is creditable to the self-respect of the Reform press.

MARY had a little lamb,
But mint sauce scarce a drop,
She paid a quarter when she went
From Mr. COLEMAN'S shop.

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 Nobblest Things in the market.—WOLTZ BROS & Co.
29 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

The West Toronto Candidates.

As the eyes of British North America, if not of the world, are at present fixed upon the West Toronto election, Mr. GRIP has secured, regardless of expense, authentic portraits of the candidates, accompanied by brief and touching biographical notices:



MR. JAMES BEATY, D.C.L., Q.C.

JAMES BEATY was born years ago, of U. E. Loyalist stock. As a boy, he hankered to become a pirate, so his parents apprenticed him to a lawyer. As he always had a strong desire for office, this suited him very well. In due time he was called to the bar, where he soon reached the position of a Junior Counsel, and having displayed unusual brilliancy as a forensic orator, he was created a Q.C. He bore up under this dignity so bravely, that Trinity College imposed another batch of the alphabet upon him, to wit, D.C.L. Mr. BEATY not only achieved renown as a lawyer, but became also distinguished as a man of letters—two epistles from his pen having become historic. Throughout his career he has borne an excellent character, notwithstanding that he has spent a large portion of his time in the company of aldermen and city contractors. In the West Toronto contest, Mr. BEATY appears as the representative of the straight-out Conservatives, appealing to the electors on the strength of the National Policy, with special emphasis on the coal tax. He confidently expects to be elected.



MR. ALEX. W. WRIGHT.

This gentleman is still a mere kid, having seen comparatively few summers. Notwithstanding his youth, however, he is a very distinguished party. By profession he is a journalist, but during election contests he generally takes up the calling of a Workingman, and accepts engagements as an orator. He is highly

effective on the platform, and has an international reputation as a speaker. The election of General WEAVER, the Greenbacker, to the Presidency of the United States, could not have been secured without the aid of Mr. WRIGHT's speeches—delivered during the campaign at an enormous salary. Mr. WRIGHT comes before the electors of West Toronto as a straight out Conservative, plus the Rag Baby and Reform Land Policy. He is sure of election.



MR. F. C. CAPREOL.

The subject of this sketch was born about seventy-eight years ago. When quite a lad, he was presented by his Sunday School teacher with a pretty book, entitled—"Perseverance Gains Success." He read this book carefully and sincerely believed every word of it. About the same time he conceived the project of a ship canal across Canadian territory, to connect Lakes Ontario and Huron. With indomitable zeal he set about the accomplishment of this great work, and after years of heroic endeavour, and valiant conflict with all sorts of obstacles, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself nominated as M. P. for West Toronto. He has not yet lost all confidence in the little book of his childhood, but fully believes that the H. & O. ship canal will yet be built. Mr. CAPREOL is eminently a man of faith, for he expects to be elected. He enters the field as a straight out Conservative, plus the Ship Canal.



MR. PETER RYAN.

Mr. RYAN, as his name would imply, is an Englishman. He emigrated to Canada some

few years ago, and went into business as a merchant. Being comparatively green, and unused to the ways of the country, he allowed himself to be elected to the City Council. As an alderman, his record is a brilliant one, and it is to his energetic efforts alone that Toronto owes the excellent condition of her streets and gas-pipes. In the present contest he comes out as the representative of the Reform Party—minus Gritism and the *Globe*—announcing himself in black letters as a supporter of Hon. EDWARD BLAKE.

Angelina Thompson on the Fall Fashions.

Dear Mr. GRIP:

I am so pleased to see that you do not give all your space to those horrid politics, and wouldn't it be nice for you to sometimes have a little about the new fashions. I am sure it would interest your young lady readers more than all your witty sayings about Mr. BLAKE being implicated in the Pacific Scandal. I wonder who Mrs. PACIFIC was, and if Mr. BLAKE thought her pretty?

Well now I will give you a few hints, just by way of specimen, which I have prepared from information received from several of our leading *modistes*.

Bronze will be a favorite color for promenade dresses this Fall. Gold will be worn increasingly as trimming for black silk. Skirts will be *rus de terre*—evening dress will be low from the neck and high from the ankle. All below the chin will be considered "neck," and all above the boots "ankle." Gold and brass will be favorite colors for ball dress—considering the low necks, perhaps brazen will be the more suitable of the two.

I am, dear Mr. GRIP,

Yours truly,

ANGELINA THOMPSON.

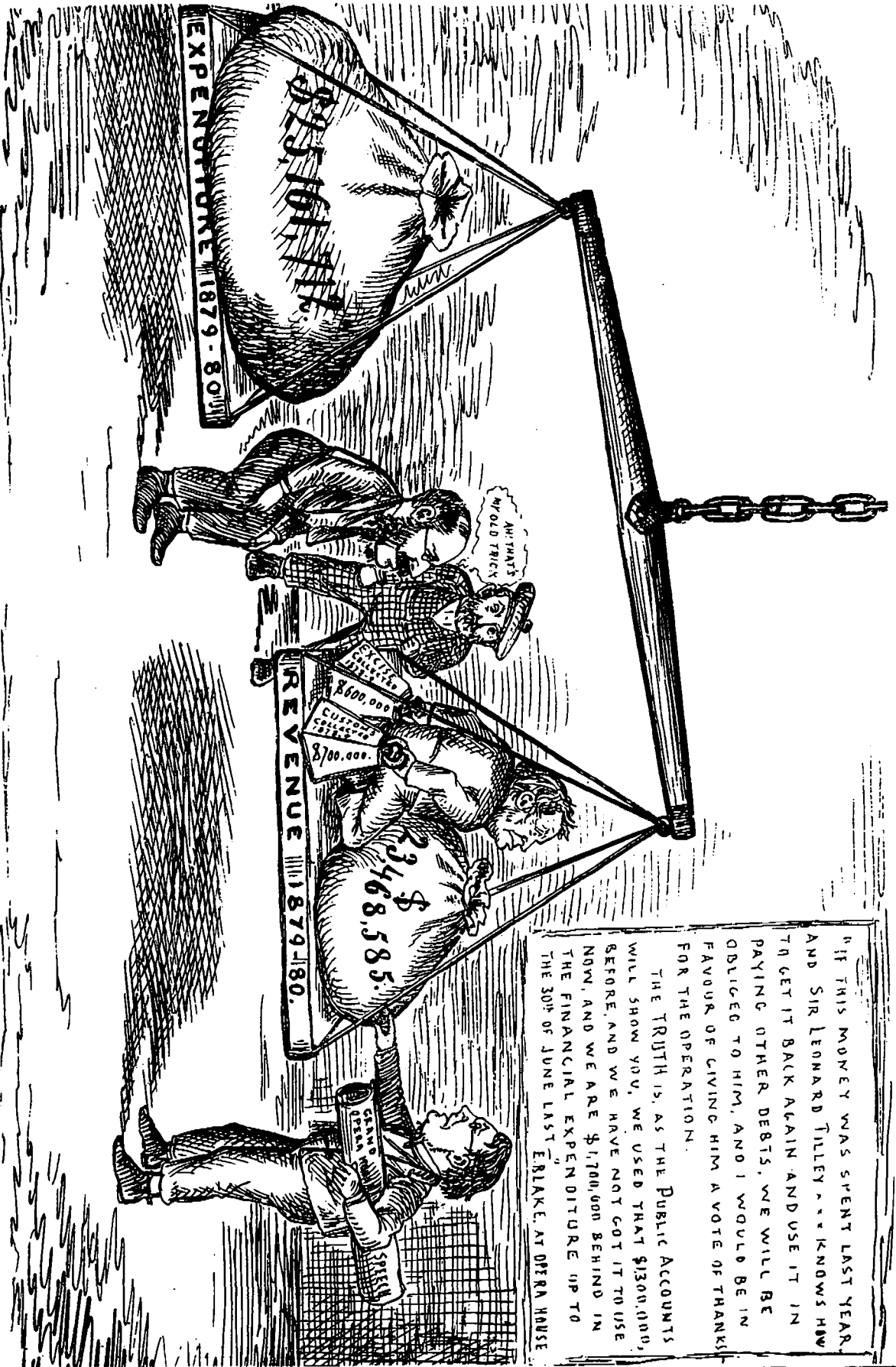


A Suggestion.

Mr. GRIP respectfully submits the above suggestion to the notice of the Hon. the leader of the Opposition, and other politicians who may be called upon to make long speeches. The strain which continuous speaking imposes upon the lungs is very severe, and no orator should be without this admirable contrivance. At the Opera House on Saturday night it was calculated to pain the heart of the most Liberal Conservative, to witness the evident discomfort of the Hon. EDWARD under repeated calls of "speak louder." In reply to these demands he could only suggest that if the auditors would remain perfectly silent, he might make himself heard. Now, had he been wearing one of these pads, he might have talked on indefinitely in a tone of thunder which would have overborne all opposition. Not only so, but the pad would have enabled him to be more logical; to state more facts, and to give wittier repartees to those who interrupted him. Let the Reform Party get him one without delay.

Advice to those who have lost their health. Try to recover it again.

"WEIGHS THAT ARE DARK, AND TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN!"





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Over halls—roofs, of course.—*Omego Record*.
The fan market is slighty.—*Wheeling Leader*.
The debentures of the city of Cork should be floated easily.
The church is the pew rest place on earth.—*Steubenville Herald*.
Gets the best of grub—Paris Green.—*Boston Jour. of Commerce*.
The shades of night go about dewing good.—*New Orleans Picayune*.
Maybe it was an idea that struck Billy PATERSON.—*Salem Sunbeam*.
The dandy who means well is not a mean swell.—*H. Clay Lukens*.
Now, gardeners, bring in your truck; and your sunstruck, too.—*Kokomo Tribune*.
Waving a red petticoat before a fierce bull gives the animal the scarlet fever.
Don't despise the lowly. The under jaw does all the work.—*Boston Transcript*.
The Detroit *Free Press* asks:—"Is a clothing store a coterie, a pantry or a vestry?"
Stiggles says there is too much roam-ants about camp life, to please him.—*Syracuse Times*.
Missouri girls are sweet Mo-lasses, but cannot be called syrup-titious.—*Keokuk Constitution*.
The bathing suit levels all ranks. Even sex and age approaches equality.—*Salem Sunbeam*.
Because an old man looks fine and sere that doesn't make him a financier.—*Fat Contributor*.
How many young men there are, who like corn, turn white when they pop.—*Whitehall Times*.
The best kind of liniment for Mexican bandits is the Mexican must-hang.—*Whitehall Times*.
There would be more Arctic expeditions if there were women at the poles.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.
Goat milk should be termed butter-milk because the goat is an acknowledged butter.—*Derrick*.
Fashion notes—Those that go to pay dress-makers' and milliners' bills.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.
An old thermometer is never very popular. Nobody wants to see a thermometer over seventy.—*Seth Spicer*.
A woman who has four sons, all sailors, compares herself with a year, because she has four seasons.—*Kokomo Tribune*.
Many a woman toxophilite before marriage who put sin the sharp arrows of quivering conversation thereafter.—*Yonkers Gazette*.
A man who was sparking a vinegar-faced old maid said he was trying to make his favorite drink. He referred to sour mash.—*Argo*.
Beans are not very largely cultivated in Russia owing to the irreconcilable aversion that exists there to the poles.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.
The man who advertises for a lost umbrella and expects to see it again, expects what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.—*Breakfast Table*.

It's small use for some people to be laying up treasures in heaven. They will not get a chance to take an invoice of them.—*Bloomington Eye*.

"What are the wild waves saying?"
"Nothing, love. You have probably taken too many hard boiled eggs for supper."—*Gate City*.

No wonder young ladies are so strongly in favor of bay windows, for they are such nice harbors at night for smacks.—*Lowell Sun*.

A Binghamton young man who is sparking a Dutch girl over in the 5th ward, talks wisely of foreign courts and foreign relations.—*Ed L. Adams*.

The greenback party has now simmered down to almost its original constituents—bull-frogs and lizards, and they are mighty slippery.—*Every Saturday*.

The United States are about to be swallowed up by Great Britain, at least the country will be captured by the Hancock and English—men.—*Waterloo Observer*.

A temperance lecturer may present a very strong argument, but he cannot always make those who differ with him "take water."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The Bernhardt makes no bones of announcing that she has a skeleton in her closet, and will bring the same to this side for advertising purposes.—*Lockport Union*.

If lawyers offered prayers to Heaven one half as often as they offer them to the court, there might be some chance of one or two of them getting in.—*Every Saturday*.

When a tramp desires a glass of water now, he steps up to the front door, rings the bell gently, and politely asks for a Dr. TANKER breakfast.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Young ladies who wish to have small mouths are advised to repeat this at frequent intervals: "FANNY FINCH fried five floundering frogs for FRANCIS FOWLER's father."

NO SAMUE, although we grieve to be the means of blasting your high toned hopes, you are not a Duchess merely because your husband is a Dutchman.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A hen-pecked husband said in extenuation of his wife's raids upon his scalp: "You see, she takes her hair off so easily, she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

It is very natural for the city clergy to want a vacation and go off to the cool mountains in hot weather. Their business is to preach against hot places.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

The busiest man in the world is the one who has no employment of his own. He feels compelled to give such minute attention to the details of other people's business.—*Fulton Times*.

The editor wrote "A minister without a charge," but the compositor who set it up "A minister without change," knew as much about religion as the editor—if not more.—*Norristown Herald*.

Mrs. URSULA HUMPHREYVILLE, of Northfield, over a 100 years old, recently sat four times for her photograph, and came out of the ordeal in full possession of all her faculties.—*Danbury News*.

Said JONES: "FRED GRANT won't have so soft a thing as he has had." "I don't know," replied ROBINSON, "he'll have a soft thing so long as he keeps cool and don't lose his head."—*Lowell Sun*.

TANNER's fast is not original. The old gentleman, NOAH, lived forty days on water.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*. But was eager at the end to Mount Ararat he could get hold of. Shem on you for reviving such memories!—*New York News*.

He called her a lazy, good-for-nothing slattern, and she only javed back; but when he finally said she was a miserable diaphanous monad, she just went off to her own room and wept.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

It seems that New York city is sinking beneath the waves at the rate of several inches each century, and the *Rochester Herald* is already beginning to worry about the future fate of the obelisk.—*Buffalo Courier*.

SMITH to BROWN, going home from the club in the small hours of the morning: "I am awfully late, BROWN; what'll you say to your wife?" BROWN: "Oh, not much; good morning, my dear, or something of that sort; She'll say the rest."

"How do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" the teacher asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart bad boy stood up and said it depends a great deal whether it is applied to a man or a bee. Go to the head, young fellow.

The remarks of Mr. NEPTUNE as he sits on his gigantic clam shell and views through his trident the bathing costumes, and the pump forms inside, would—well they would not look well in so moral a paper as the *Union*.—*Lockport Union*.

"By gemini! its twins," said an astronomical father. And he cogitated how he could planet to support them.—*American Punch*. Smart astronomer, that, not to know that the only proper way is the milky way.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

"Has the cooking book any pictures?" asked a young lady of a bookseller. "Not one," replied the dealer in books. "Why," exclaimed the witty miss, "what is the use of telling us how to make a dinner if you give us no plates?"—*Exchange*.

A learned man says that one of the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle may be translated: "Is it hot enough for you?" And, strange to say, right underneath it is a grave-stone device, giving the writer's age and date of his death.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

Pat: "Well, Dan, and have ye heard the news—have ye heard that Rory, the miller's dead?" Dan: "Rory the miller is it that's dead now? but ye don't say so, and he was a young man too." Pat: "Faith, an' that's thrue for ye, Dan: he was such a young man, now, that I expected to see him at my own funeral instead of me going to his."

A clergyman asked his Sunday-school: "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer; and the clergyman, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time saying, "What's this? what's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw bone of an ass, sir."

The people of a New Hampshire town are so fearfully lazy that when the wife of a minister who had just settled in that town asked a prominent citizen if the inhabitants generally respected the Sabbath and refrained from business, he replied: "Confound it, ma'am, they don't do enough work in a whole week to break the Sabbath, if it was all done on that day."—*Post*.

"Bub, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out a half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water, and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

Grip's Gallery of Illustrious Canadians.

GOLDWIN SMITH BY GORDON BROWN.

We commence our series of condensed biographies with this gentleman, who, although not to the manner born, is entitled to the foremost place in this country, from a purely literary point of view. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH was born in the ancient City of Bristol, the birthplace also of CHATTERTON. At school he was distinguished for his quickness and scholarship, although he got into serious disfavor with the head master and the ushers from being suspected of a design to annex the High School to a large, and by no means select, common school over the way. Yet the youthful GOLDWIN showed his sense and integrity by opposing a plan got up by some clever but bad boys for the construction of paper lamp-chimneys, to be issued on the credit of the entire school, and to be warranted as good as glass. But GOLDWIN got into a bad habit of fighting with a boy rather smaller than himself, whose name was GRIP. They frequently struck each other, and many complaints were made that both these boys, who were the cleverest boys in the school, used to waste each other's time in calling bad names. GOLDWIN hit the hardest, but GRIP had a bad habit of hitting below the belt. However, GOLDWIN survived all that GRIP could do to him, and grew up to be a big man, and went to Oxford, where he was so successful, that at last he was promoted to Toronto. It has been the practice of some partizan but unprincipled journals in this country to throw mud at the Crystal Palace which over-arches the blossoming of this exotic genius, forgetful of the fragility of the cucumber frames which cover their own small area of manure. Here, it suffices to point out the vast compass of his erudition, the free range of his thought, the fountain of pure, clear, vigorous speech which flows from the "Grange," and the kindly encouragement held out thence to the young writer and thinker. Henceforward, any writer in the *Orbit* who shall call GOLDWIN SMITH any bad names, from "carpet-bagger" downwards, shall be condemned to learn by heart at least two pages of the *By-stander*.

(Next week GRIP hopes to publish the second biography in this series, the Life of GORDON BROWN by GOLDWIN SMITH.)

Tabitha on the Society of Decorative Art.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I am glad to see that you suggest that we should have a Society of Decorative Art in Toronto. I have known ladies who sent their drawings, carved work, and etcetra, over to the Society in New York, because they did not know how to sell them here. I think that Canadians ought to be too patriarchal to allow their art work to go out of the kuntry, because there is no sale for it here. I feel sure that if a kommitty of Toronto ladies would undertake it, they could organeyes a Society, like that in Montreal, to encourage the art work of the kuntry, and to assist ladies who are badly off to make a little money for themselves. Only last month I went off on a visit to Twitter's Clearins, and a young gal there was showin me some etchins she had done on wood. She had panel skreens, and fans, and table tops. Some etched with flowers and birds, and etsettra, and some with character tures; and others agin with them Chinese figgers. As I sed before, I'm not an art cricket; but I've seen enuff paintins and sich to know that she was an artist, and I tried to persuade her to send her work to the Montreal Society, but she sed she could not afford to pay the express. If she had any place where she could sell them in Toronto, she could easily send them there. I know that she sold them all to some summer-visitors at the Clearins for almost nothin, and I felt riled when I heard about it.

I know that a great many young Canadian gals have talents for art, but, of course, it wants direction and cultivation. I am glad to see that the Ontario Society of Artists and their Skool of Desine are doin well, but we want somethin more than that. Some people say that even if we had a Dekorative Art Society in Toronto, we might have plenty of work sent to us, but there would be no one to buy. I think that is a mistake. I have known Canadian people who have gone to Urope and spent their money in byin paintens and statoory, and of course they would have a better chance to get real art work there; but in some cases they have paid a large sum for work that was not artistik, and they might better have laid out their money in their own kuntry. Hopin that some of the Toronto ladies will take an interest in it, and send to Montreal or New York for a circular to find out how the society is carried on,

I sine myself

TABITHA TWITTERS.

The Girl with the Buttercup Hat.

A ROMANCE OF THE NOBLE WARD.

WILLIAM NASSAU PITT MCGOWAN

Was as fine a lad as ye'd wish to see.

A quieter boy was not in town,

(Except when he'd get on a bit of a spree.)

'Twas a sight to see him on the glorious Twelfth

When he'd rattle his dhrum with a rat-tat-tat,

Or taking a schooner while dhrinkin the health

OF BELINDA JANE with the Buttercup hat.

I'll tell ye the tale as he told it to me,

I'd believe every word that he'd say, do ye'moind.

Sure I used to nurse him on my knee

Before we left Belfast behind,

And came to Quarybec by the Allan loine.

And this is the story he told quite pat,

Though the poor boy's nearly out of his moind

All along av the girl wid the Buttercup hat.

"BELINDA JANE was my throe love's name,

And she lives in the Ward on Agnes Street.

Her 'pin-back's' made of muslin de laine,

And she's No. 3 boots on her purty feet.

Her father's a very respectable man

And her mother's the same, though she's rather fat;

She sports thread mittins and a monogram fan,

But the pride of her heart was the Buttercup hat.

"The other night when the moon was up,

And the bay was as smooth as a looking glass,

For a dollar and a half I sold my pup,

('Twas a beautiful 'bull' that would take no 'saxe.')

Says I to myself, 'It's a mighty fine night,

I'll get a nice boat wid a fancy mat,

And take a row in the bright moonlight

With BELINDA JANE and her Buttercup hat.'

"We got a foine boat, and I pulled away

As far as the Gap, till t'w was nearly ten.

'It's quite delightful,' BELINDA would say,

As I'd head the boat for the city again.

But the night grew cloudy, and the wind arose,

And I thought it was time to get out of that;

For I knew she was anxious about her clothes,

But what troubled her most was her Buttercup hat.

"Soon the moon went down, and the wind and rain

Came over the water straight from the North;

I tried to make headway, but all in vain,

Though I used the sculls for all I was worth.

'She's filling with water, and we've 'ot no pail'

Says BELINDA, who looked like a drowned rat,

'Never mind,' says I, 'you must try and bail

Her out with your lovely Buttercup hat.'

"With many a sigh she took off her hat,

In form it was like a big sugar scoop,

And down in the wet stern sheets she sat

And laded out the water like five cent soup.

At last we arrived at the boat house door,

Poor BELINDA JANE was soaked clean through;

In a towering rage she jumped ashore

And says, 'Mister BILLY, this will do for you.

"You great big snoozer, it is all your fault!

If it wasn't for you, it wouldn't have occurred.'

I tried to pacify her wid a treat of malt,

But she was in such a rage she wouldn't hear a word.

'If you call on me agen,' says she 'look out,

For I'll tell JOHNNY FOLEY just to knock you flat;

Sure the wather's running down me like a wather spout

And ruined entirely is me Buttercup hat!"

And now the poor boy he's taken to dhrink,

And every dhrink goes to his head.

He says he cannot sleep a wink,

And only wishes that he was dead!

But he swears he'll break poor FOLEY's neck.

If he tries with BELINDA to fire off his chat,

He'll brak him all up like a total wreck,

As bad as BELINDA'S Buttercup hat!

Peace to his Ashes.

Under the head of "News from Montreal," we find the following item:

"The Board of Health has issued an order that each householder should have *his* ashes in a vessel separate from other refuse. The ashes are collected and used by the Road Department for making footpaths."

Has it come to this? Is cremation so popular in Montreal that the resulting handfuls of "pearl grey dust" have accumulated into the proportions of a nuisance? Must the good and great submit to be abated in a scavenger's cart, and, above all, are his feelings to be shocked by that most unkind cut about "other" refuse?"

Judging from the lively character of the average Montrealer as evidenced during the sweet simplicity of strikes and in the Arcadian pleasures of Orange processions, we should expect the footpaths to rise *en masse* to resent such an insult. If they submit tamely to be trodden down by the degrading boot-heels of the Board of Health, we must erase from our commonplace books the well-known line:

"Still in our ashes glow their wonted fires."

Next time we are cremated in Montreal we will have our stone pickle-jar conspicuously labelled "Hands off!"

Our funny contributor lately met an old and impecunious beau who, while boasting of his conquests among the fair sex when young remarked, "Ah! at that time the whole world was running after me." "Including the Sheriff, I presume," said our contributor.

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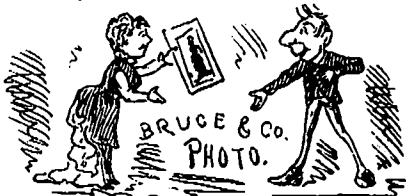


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Yours truly,
BUZZARD SEN.

"We need aid for our Sunday school picnic," said the Superintendent. "Yes," remarked a youth with a Webster head. "Lemonade."—Kookuk Gate City.

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