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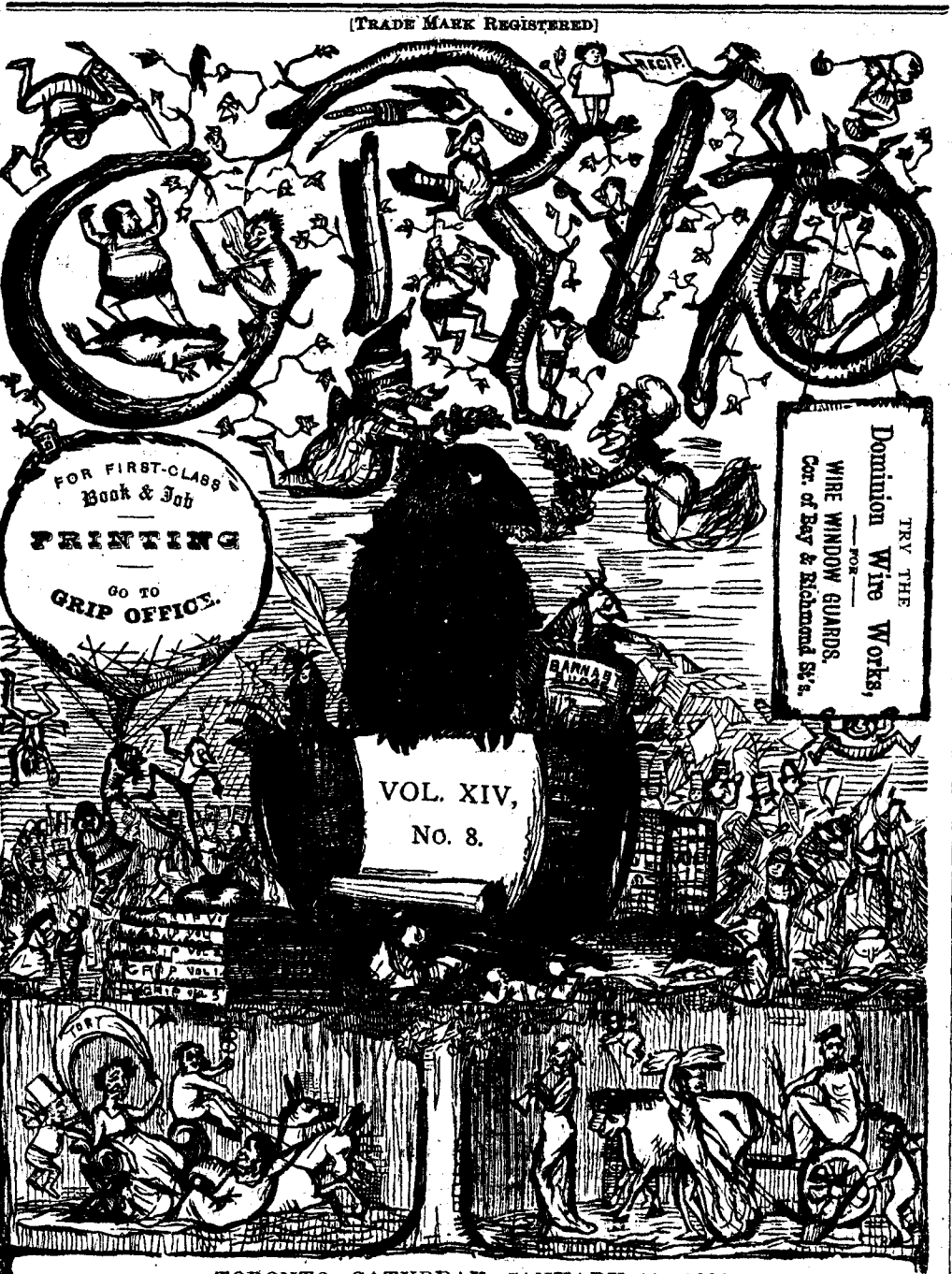
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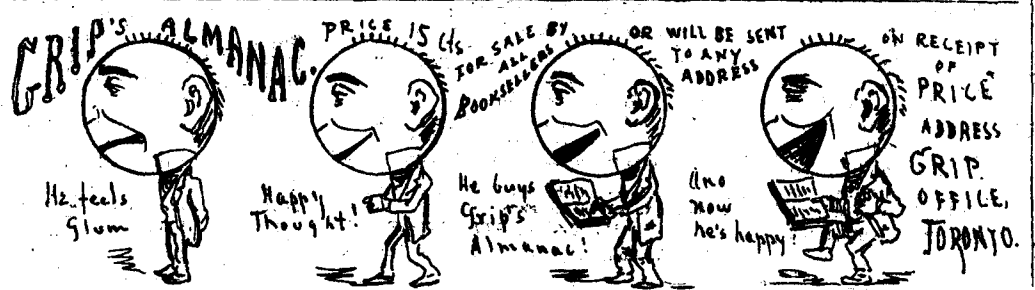
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Literature and Art.

The Art School of the Ontario Society opens next week.

An open meeting of the Toronto Woman's Literary Club was held at the residence of the President, Mrs. EMILY H. STOWE, M. D., Church Street, on the evening of Friday last, the friends of members being invited. Interesting original papers were read by Miss DE CUE and Mrs. SHAW, the subject of the former being "Life in San Francisco," and the latter "Men's Rights," which she treated in a sarcastic vein. Both papers were loudly applauded. Vocal and instrumental music was furnished by Misses HAMILTON, MCKENZIE, STOWE and JENKINS, and Mr. and Madame STUTTFORD, which was much appreciated, and Mr. SHAW gave a pleasing recitation.

Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE has not been idle with her pencil since she has been in Canada. At the London Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colors (now open), Her Royal Highness has contributed some very interesting drawings, which are thus spoken of by the art critic of the *Chronicle*:

"We do not remember to have before seen Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE to such advantage artistically, or exhibiting so many works at one time as in the present collection. Five of the seven works from Her Royal Highness' pencil are reminiscences of her Canadian home—'Fishing on the Restigouche, Canada' (51), some human beings in most quaint-looking canoes, fishing; 'Views from Citadel, Quebec' (115), prettily touched and effective sketches; 'Courtyard of the Citadel, Quebec' (148); 'Lumber village on the Ottawa'; and 'Laril, a half-breed Indian boatman' (153), a drawing as good in character as in color; and two others—one a scene in Cumberland, 'View from Manchester,' and the other in Dumbartonshire, 'View of Woods, Roseneath' (168)—6th showing thoughtful observation of nature as well as no little executive skill."

FREDERICK DIELMANN, known to the reading public as an illustrative artist, and to the art world by his studies of heads, has acquired a high reputation during the past few years by his admirable illustrations in the magazines. He is an excellent type of a class of good artists rapidly growing in numbers who have turned their attention to magazine illustration by the high stamp of artistic work now required on their pages. He was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1849, and taken early in his childhood to Baltimore. He received his art education in the various schools of the Royal Academy, Munich. He was one of the original members of the Society of American Artists. His studies are painted with great minuteness of detail and exercise of technical skill. C. S. REINHART is another good type of this class of artists. He is more prolific than DIELMANN and does much work for the illustrated papers in addition to the magazines. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1844, and in 1868 began the study of art in Paris, going afterward to Munich, where he studied drawing, etching and painting. In addition to his illustrative work he exhibits frequently oil and water color paintings at the National Academy of Design. His strength lies chiefly in figures, and in his late sketches of Puritan scenes he has won marked success. JAMES E. KELLY, perhaps the most versatile in illustrative work of the three mentioned, was born July 30, 1855. He received his art education at the Academy of design, and the Art Students' League in New York. He has been very successful in depicting action, and his figures of men and horses are well chosen. In all his work the anatomy has been blocked out severely, and in none of his illustrations do we find an imperial moulded form where beautiful outline attracts rather than strength and action.

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Stage Whispers.

The WILLIAMSONS are making money in Australia.

Miss KATE CLAXTON goes to San Francisco in the spring.

Manager A. M. PALMER has engaged Signora MAJERONI.

W. G. WILLS is rewriting the drama of "Black-eyed Susan."

Miss CLARA MORRIS will depart for San Francisco in a few days.

MAUD GRANGER is to be married. The gentleman is not known.

M'me SINICO, now at the Haymarket, London, is shortly to be heard in Paris.

Washington, D. C., reports that theatre parties are becoming quite fashionable in that city.

The New York *Sunday Times* says that BARTLEY CAMPBELL is spending his money like COAL OIL JOHNNY.

DEN THOMPSON and his manager, J. M. HILL, contemplate purchasing the Gaiety Theatre, Boston, and fitting it up in superior style.

Mr. and Mrs. MCKEE HANKIN and Mr. SHERIDAN go to London in May to bring out "The Danites" at Mrs. BATEMAN'S Sadler's Wells Theatre.

At the Opera Comique, London, during the Christmas holidays, there were matinees of "Pinafore" performed by children. This caper is copied from America.

Recently Mrs. B. A. COTTON, wife of the well-known performer, secured a verdict of \$5,000 against the Stonington Railway Company for injuries she received in consequence of a passenger-car in which she was seated having left the track.

Miss ANNIE E. DICKINSON's play of "Aureliana" has, it is said by Manager MACAULAY, been taken to Europe, there to be put upon the stage. Mr. MACAULAY adds that Miss DICKINSON is now writing another play on a Russian subject.

Mrs. CHANFRAU accompanies her husband, Mr. F. S. CHANFRAU, on his tour this year, though she does not play with him. On his New England tour she has been appearing at the matinees, but with no pecuniary success. It is understood that she has definitely given up the idea of starring alone.

GILBERT and SULLIVAN's new Comic Opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," has been produced in New York with signal success. The libretto is in GILBERT's best vein, while the music is of a higher class than that of "Pinafore." Many of the characters are counterparts of the "Pinafore" celebrities, although the plot is entirely different. On the whole it is a pronounced improvement on "Her Majesty's Ship."

The principal item of gossip in the *Athenaeum*, is the announcement (the only correct part of which appeared in *Truth* five weeks ago) that "the drama Mr. TENNYSON has written for the St. James" is founded upon a story in the *Decameron*. As a matter of fact, Mr. TENNYSON did not write the little piece referred to—it is absurd to call it a drama—either for the St. James or for any other theatre. Some time after it had been completed it was indirectly offered to Mr. HARE, and he accepted it.—*London Truth*.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

A Romance of Leap Year.

MARMADUKE MCGUIRE McCARTY

Was a youth of birth and rank,
Stylish he, and strong and hearty.

Kept the ledger in a bank;
Took his soda at the club, or
Else perhaps at friendly house,
Made a point in friendly rubber,
Or whirled his girl to waltz of STRAUSS.

MARMADUKE MCGUIRE McCARTY,

On New Year's day set out to call
On her, who at an evening party
Stole away his heart last fall.

MARMADUKE, although his passion
For the lady was most warm,
Knew she was a belle of fashion
While all that he possessed was "form."

MARMADUKE MCGUIRE McCARTY

Thought for sure beyond all doubt,
Should he propose, old MORTARTY
Would "sit on him" or "fire him out."
For her papa had oft been known to
Take a youth who did propose,
When at the door, where he'd been shown to,
And bang the suitor on the nose.

And with his form mop the verandah,
Then march him to the postern gate,
Boot him till he could not stand, or
Fire him forth in the darkness straight.
And now it was that young McCARTY
With fear and trembling called at noon,
Enquired for Miss MAUDE MORTARTY,
Who led him into the drawing room.

He bowed his best, and Miss MORTARTY

Blushed, when he wished him, "happy new year."
Electrified was the young McCARTY
When she smiled and said "My dearest dear
"Four years I've waited for this *leap* a

"*Tele* with you—'tis Leap Year now,
"A.D. One thousand eight hundred and eighty."
And she rested her ear on his manly brow.
And the old man came in and caressed them,
And cordially gave his consent,
Behold how kind LEAP YEAR has blessed them,
They'll married be before it's Lent.

No CARDS.

Mrs. Perkins on Buttons.

It was one of those charming and peaceful interiors that the domestic artist so loves to portray. The hour was evening. The last meal of the day was over, the music of the children hushed in balmy repose. Mr. PERKINS, on one side of the table, read his paper by the light of the glowing lamp. Mrs. PERKINS, on the other, and by the aid of the same luminary, worked an antimacassar in a new crewel stitch. The pleasing silence had for some time remained unbroken, when, upon turning over a page of the evening contemporary, Mr. PERKINS opened his mouth.

"Those brown trowsers of mine, MARIANNE," he began in a gentle, almost deprecatory tone.

"SAMUEL!" interrupted Mrs PERKINS so

shrilly that her husband gave a little jump in his chair. "Don't tell me that the buttons are off those trowsers again! I declare to goodness, I never in the whole course of my life met a woman who was such a martyr to buttons as I am. I don't say you cut them off, I don't say you do it on purpose, mind! You'll never have it to reproach me with, that I make an accusation I can't prove. Not at all. But I do say this, SAMUEL, that you're the unluckiest man with buttons I ever heard of. I believe its the way you bounce into a chair—though that wouldn't account for your wristbands, I suppose. Why can't you learn to walk differently, then? It must be the way you walk. I was looking after you, the other day, as you went down street trying to overtake that Mrs. RABESQUE. Horrid little flirt, don't you suppose she thought you a softy for your pains? And, I declare, the way you swaggered along was something too ridiculous in a man of your age. I wish you could have taken a lesson in walking from my dear father, SAMUEL. He stepped about so softly, I don't believe he ever lost a button in his life.

"Oh! I am sure, my dear," said Mr. PERKINS politely. "if I had been married to your mother I would have walked quite as meekly, myself. But as to those brown—"

"That's right! Sneer at your mother-in-law every chance you get. And you'll wear a thing without ever taking it off your back for three weeks at a time, and then blame me for not sewing the buttons on! I suppose you've got those identical trowsers on at this moment, with your suspenders pinned to them, and when the pin ran into your back just now, you thought it a fine opportunity to turn round and abuse me. I hope I do my duty every Saturday, SAMUEL, in the way of mending and darning, as a Christian woman should. But it's your buttons on the other days of the week that upset me, and I don't believe the consolations of religion take buttons into account. There! I tell you, SAMUEL PERKINS, it makes me feel wicked to see you coming round, with an injured air and a button off, at all times and seasons, and expect me to sew it on. It's no matter what I happen to be about: oh, no! Whether my hands are in pie-crust, or I'm dressing for a call, or—or—*anything*—I must stop and sew it on!"

"Yes, MARIANNE," said Mr. PERKINS who had caught a word here and there. "What you say has some elements of justice in it, I admit. But what I was about to remark was—"

"Some justice, indeed!" burst out Mrs. PERKINS afresh. "Is it to be expected that I should always have the exact button, the exact thread, and the exact needle at hand to suit all emergencies? Why, if you'd even pick up your coat and waistcoat buttons when you see them drop off, it would be a great point gained. But I suppose now you wouldn't take fifty dollars and run along the sidewalk on King street after a button you saw rolling away? oh, SAMUEL?"

"Well," said Mr. PERKINS slowly, "I don't know—"

Whereupon his wife burst into a triumphant laugh, exclaiming, "now isn't that too like a man? But you'd let me leave my work next day and go tramping a mile and a half into town looking in a dozen shops for a match to the button."

"The shops are very gay at this season, I believe," observed Mr. PERKINS.

"Very! But isn't it a curious thing that a woman doesn't lose her buttons so? You see this shabby old gown of mine? this is the third season for it, you know—and not one button gone!"

"Look here, MARIANNE, suppose you come down town with me to-morrow, and buy yourself a new one. It is a long time since we went shopping together, my dear, isn't it? About those trowsers I—"

"As to those brown trowsers, SAMUEL, you know how I have always hated them. I see you haven't got them on after all, and while I think of it, I believe I'll go and make them into a bundle, and lay them aside for Joe in the morning. He's kept the sidewalk so beautifully. Sew buttons on them again I won't, not for—"

"Why, MARIANNE, that's just what I've done myself," exclaimed Mr. PERKINS. "I've been trying to tell you all evening that Joe—"

"SAMUEL, I don't believe you!" said his wife promptly; but after a few minutes she took occasion to leave the room, or was for some time absent, examining the wardrobe upstairs. The conversation did not run on buttons after her return.

New Year Resolutions.

MAMMA to six-year-old son: You know, FRANKY dear, when the New Year comes, everybody makes new resolutions; and now, I want my little boy to tell me what he has resolved to do, or to keep from doing, all through this new year.

FRANKY, with a large piece of butter-toffee in his mouth: What are real lutions, mamma?

MAMMA, more distinctly: New Year resolutions, FRANKY. Whatever naughty things you did last year, you will determine to try and not do, this year. Now, dear, think of one.

FRANKY: I can't think. Tell me again. MAMMA: Why, you see, good people want to get better every year they live. And on New Year's day, they begin to remember how much better they might have been in the past, and so resolve to be different in the future, and this is what is called making good resolutions. Now, FRANKY, I want you to make some.

FRANKY: I don't understand it yet, mamma. Say it some other way.

MAMMA: Why, dear, think of something you used to do last year that I wouldn't like you to do, and then make up your mind, very earnestly, that you won't do it this year. Now, darling, think hard! What is it you're not going to do?

FRANKY: Ain't butter toffee awfully sticky?

MAMMA: Why, yes, dear, it seems to be, but I want you to think about what I'm saying to you now, FRANKY. Aren't you going to be very much better than you ever have been next year?

FRANKY: Oh, mamma, you said *this year* the other time—you know you did!

MAMMA: Well, of course, dear, I mean this new year that we have just entered upon, and which we may speak of as next year, as so little of it has yet elapsed. So, tell me darling, are you going to try and be a good boy this year, or next year?

FRANKY: I don't care, that's not fair. That's two years, mamma, and you said only one year, at first, and FREDDY JACKSON'S waiting for me on the sidewalk, all this time, and if you make me be good for two years, he'll go home, and then I can't show him my new sleigh, and you said I might. So may I go now?

(Exit FRANKY, while mamma's face assumes a thoughtful expression.)

A fashion magazine says: "Usters will be worn somewhat longer this winter." Well, then, by George, the men who wear them have got to wear stilts, that's all.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*



Davin the Scientist.

A couple of individuals came to town the other day and opened an exhibition, their stock in trade being a living rooster with his head cut off. Before the show had been going on long the enterprising proprietors thereof were apprehended at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the case came up before the police tribunal in due course. The defendants were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, who is not only a brilliant lawyer but an eminent scientist, and as a necessary consequence they got off scot free. Mr. DAVIN's line of defence was that there was no cruelty in the case at all. This he proved by shewing that the rooster had not really lost his head any more than the counsel for the prosecution. He still retained a certain amount of brain—a good deal more than was possessed by many roosters whom he (Mr. D.) was acquainted with. This was not intended as a covert allusion to the city aldermen or other respectable persons. The learned counsel went on to shew that the cruelty in such a case all depended on the amount of material that was taken off the head. For example he himself had been robbed of all his hair, and yet he had felt no pain or inconvenience, and did not think of bringing an action against Dame Nature. Scientific experts were put in the witness box to corroborate this theory of the learned counsel, which they did to the satisfaction of the Magistrate, and the happy defendants left the court in company with their brilliant adviser, who metaphorically speaking wore a rooster's feather in his legal cap.

Elegant Extracts from the reflections of a National Tomnoddy.

Vulgarity is so much an English characteristic that one is always inclined to suspect a well-bred Englishman of being a man of rank. The Englishman of rank however seldom incurs suspicion in the way indicated.

There are no vulgar Irishmen,—the nation is too imaginative to sink into the sordid commonplace which is the essence of the vulgar character.

If all but Scotchmen were destroyed there would be no vulgarity. It is after all a quality ascertainable only by comparison with refinement, and in a Scotch world there would be nothing with which vulgarity could be compared.

The reason why a vulgar Canadian seems so very vulgar is that one expects a perfectly free man, who must have had opportunities for education, to be high minded, easy and refined.

The most offensive animal in existence is the Canadian, who, in trying to pass himself off for an Englishman, imagines that he deceives his hearers into the belief that they see a foreign and not a native flunkey.

The meanest of all flunkeys is he who, being awed by rank, assumes to it an insolent demeanour. No—a lower depth is reached by the individual who brags of being insolent when he really acted the lick-spittle.

As one is so much in his own society he should strive to make that as refined and agreeable as possible.

The Rev Dr. JOHN HALL is said to have received over \$10,000 in wedding fees during the last year.—*Exchange.*
Wouldn't it be more appropriate to spell him Rev. JOHN HAUL?



INDEPENDENCE

LEADS TO



ANNEXATION.

Exempt us from Exemptions.

MR. GRIP hopes that the Hon. OLIVER MOWAT will be deeply impressed by the cartoon in this issue, and that he will not after examining the picture and remarking upon the faithfulness of his own portrait, quietly relegate it to that capacious receptacle of forgotten lore which he calls his consideration. The subject of the abolition of exemptions is one which has had consideration enough, and now demands action. If the Premier feels disposed to do a genuine kindness to his struggling fellow citizens, he will signalize the new year by easing them of the load of taxation, they have to bear under the present unjust system of exemptions.



The Maine Political Trouble.

Reformed gamblers may be classed among the ex-ports of this country.—*Marathon Independent.* And vicious children among the imp-orts.

The Bystander.

THE BOOK.

An Idyl after Tennyson.

"Speak, babbling book," said I, and in this rhyme
The cerulean Stander-by replied.

I leave my haunts to hoot and spurn
In many a lively sally,
The things that most Canadians learn—
The *Globe* and *Mail* I rally.

On thirty texts I lay it down;
I keep my readers busy;
Poke fun at BLAKE and GEORDIE BROWN;
And take a slap at DIZZY.

And still toward UNCLE SAM I go
Across the brimming river,
Canucks may come before they know
To go that road forever.

Poor Nation, did you die, your wits worn out,
Striving to make Canadians think like men?

I moralize on Tory ways
In stinging sharps and trebles,
Consume with scorn LORD LYTTON'S bays—
And fling some well aimed pebbles.

O'er many a British sin I fret;
Frown down the Jingoos shallow;
And more than once I earn and get
The praise of schoolboys callow.

I chatter, chatter never—no;
But loyally deliver
The thoughts to make Canadians go
Cross Uncle SAMMY'S river.

But GEORDIE chatters more than book: he's heard—
Old GEORDIE—every day where spreads the *Globe*

I hear the stout rag baby shout.
Though others say he's walling,
He yet may turn both parties out
Though in the States he's falling.

With here and there a slight mistake
O'er men and things I travel:
Some epigrams of value make,
Some knotty points unravel:

Queer inferences draw, and show
Just how, across the river
Canadians really ought to go
And lose themselves forever.

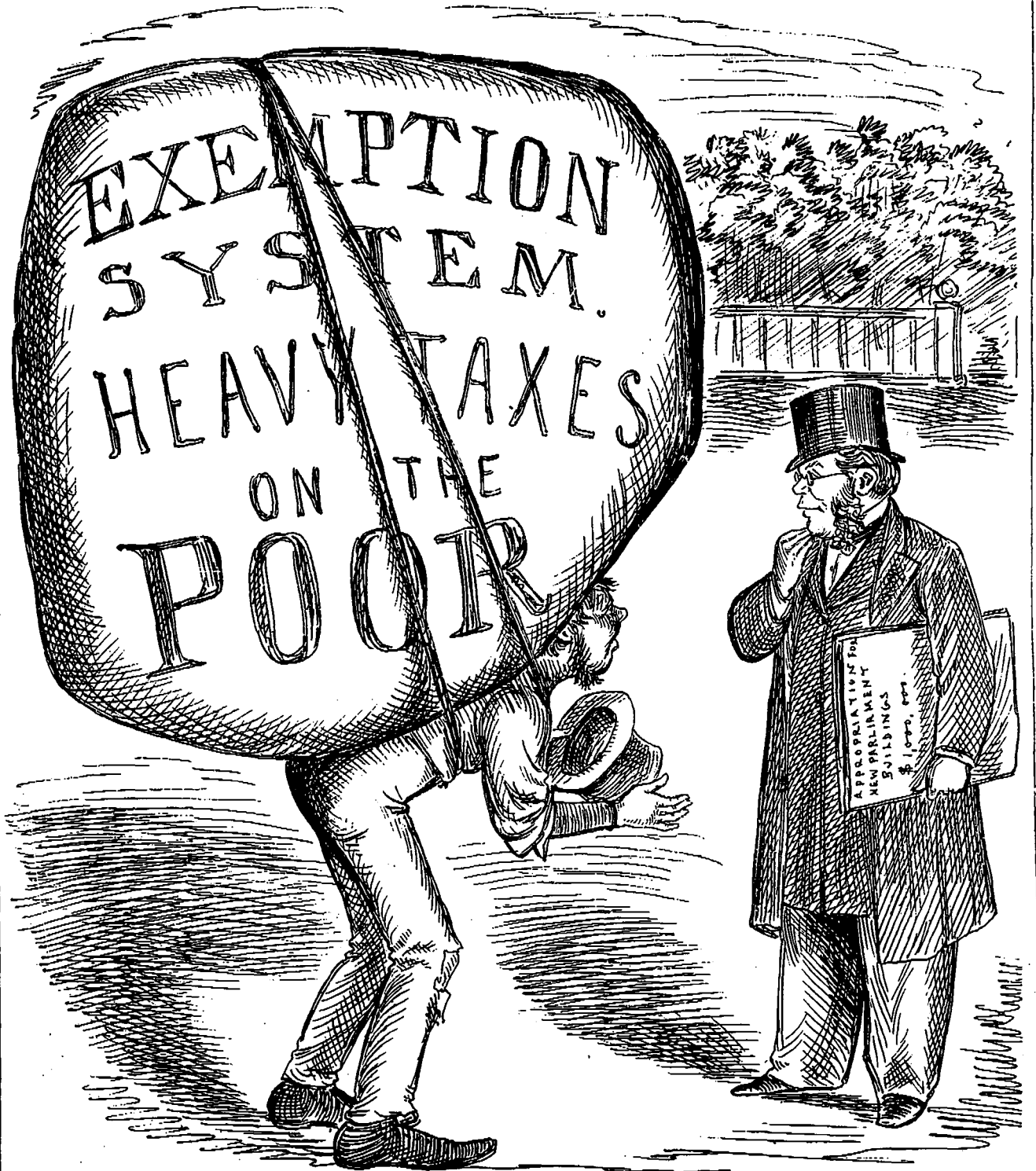
Oh—darling ALEXANDER GALT—the one,
The only man who gets a word of praise.

I rail at wicked party plots
From cerulean covers,
I show that liberals and Scots
Of Grip stripe can't be lovers.

I slip, I always gloom, I glance
On him who party swallows;
Long to get GEORDIE down and dance
Upon him till he hollers.

And always still I plainly show
My writer's nervous shiver;
In fear Canucks will never go
Cross Uncle SAMMY'S river.

A clock pendulum is bound to keep time
if it has to swing for it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*



WHEN SHALL THIS BURDEN BE REMOVED?



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

It is a fact that a hoghead is larger than a hog.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Courtship is a draw game—marriage is a tie.—*Chicago Journal.*

Writers should belong to the orthodox church.—*Danville Sentinel.*

The painter who fell over with his ladder full of paints went down with colors flying.—*McGregor News.*

When a thief snatches a watch and transfers it to a confederate, he does so merely to pass away time.—*N. Y. News.*

It is found that Mrs. SOUTHWORTH has killed over 700 persons in her novels, and is still at large.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

Many a writer of note languishes in prison. Put another man's name on the note, you see.—*Marathon Independent.*

A man arrested for bring a barn, whereby its contents were destroyed, said he didn't know it was loaded.—*Boston Transcript.*

Paragraphers will not be allowed in boat-houses, hereafter, they have so many old saws at their command.—*Yavoc Strauss.*

It was a merciful police justice who told us, once upon a time, that he'd rather commit a blunder than a prisoner.—*N. Y. News.*

When a thing you much desire is just beyond your reach, a man sadly realizes that Contentment is better than reaches.—*Whitehall Times.*

Before marriage a girl frequently calls her intended "her treasure," but when he becomes her husband she looks upon him as her "treasurer."

Men are naturally poor cooks. This was demonstrated in army days, when officers going to house-keeping always made a mess of it.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Toronto GRIP thinks Uncle Sam wants to re-open the fishery question. Well, we're not afraid to tackle it. "Have you had a bite?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

No matter how low down a man gets in the world, there are two things he can always get, somehow or other; good advice and bad whiskey.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

"Money," says Mr. TALMAGE, "is a golden-breasted bird with silver beak." Yes; and it's a kind of poultry that most men are particularly fond of.—*Chicago Times.*

The Washington *Capital* remarks: "Some of our slow subscribers, who may not find our paper in their mail, can understand that its absence is due to their unremitting kindnesses."

All doctors recommend people to go to sleep lying on the right side. This is all the better if you are a little deaf in the left ear and don't get home till late.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A bicycle rider was thrown off his fiery, untrained, steed and fatally injured in Chicago, and the citizens want the Governor to appoint another Thanksgiving day. All the good things are coming in a heap this year.—*Norristown Herald.*

We never met an organ-grinder, no matter how humble he was, who wouldn't put on airs every time he saw a group of children playing in front of a house.—*N. Y. News.*

"I allus takes things as they come," remarked the tramp, as he lifted the apple pie that had been left out of doors to cool, and industriously ambled out of sight.—*Rockland Courier.*

There is something soft and tender in the fall of a single snowflake, but when it comes to crawling out in the morning and shovelling away a big drift, its ornery, mean and disgusting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Along late in the forenoon JOHNNY was found crying as if his heart was broken. "Why, JOHNNY," said his mother, "what's the matter?" "Boohoo, boohoo," he shuffled, "it's nearly dinner time and we'er goin' to have turkey, and I ain't hungry."—*Steubenville Herald.*

A poet says: "Love holds me so! I would that I could go! I flutter up and down, and to and fro. In vain—Love holds me so." Eat a raw onion just before you go to see her and she will loosen her grasp and throw up a window. Paste this in your hat.—*Peck's Malheur Sun.*

There is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old the other day, "I wish you would not leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."—*San Francisco Post.*

"Some more cheese, please," said a small boy of eight to his papa at dinner. "No, my child," was the reply of the prudent parent, "you have already had enough. When I was a child I had to eat my bread and smell my cheese." Well," said sonny, "please give me a piece to smell."—*Portland Transcript.*

"MARIA," observed Mr. HOLCOMB, as he was putting on his clothes, "there ain't no patch on them breeches yet." "I can't fix it now, no way. I'm too busy." "Well, give me the patch then, an' I'll carry it around with me. I don't want people to think I can't afford the cloth."—*Unknown Ex.*

A little girl in the infant class of a Sunday-school thoroughly appreciated the difference between being good from choice and from necessity. At the close of the school one day the teacher remarked, "BECKIE, dear, you have been a very good little girl to-day." "Yes, I couldn't help being good; I got a tiff neck," BECKIE replied, with perfect seriousness.—*Unknown Ex.*

Presidents of nearly a dozen prominent colleges deny the statement made lately by a religious newspaper that our best schools teach that physical man was evolved from irrational animals. If, now, they could deny authoritatively that man himself is generally an irrational animal they would afford unspeakable consolation to politicians and preachers.—*New York Herald.*

When a young man makes the acquaintance of a pretty girl in a car, and takes a seat beside her, he feels as if he was in Paradise, and he wishes the journey was two thousand miles long instead of only ten miles. He keeps on wishing this until one end of his shirt-collar slips its cable and climbs up toward the top of his ear. Then the young man would prefer a seat on the coal-box near the door, and wishes he was going to get off at the next station. A collar warranted not to leave the moorings at unexpected periods would drive all the others out of the market.—*B. Dadd.*

The man who can devour a dozen and a half raw oysters at one sitting, is the man for eighteen ate he. (What ho, without there! Seize him and hurl him from the loftiest battlements of the donjon keep, into the foaming portcullis that flows past the postern gate). It is done. The limpid ripples of the silently flowing turret close above the eddying sally port, and all is over.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Scene—Gold Hill Public School. Object lessons in the primary class. Subject, grammar.

Teacher—"Form a sentence with the word 'dead' in it."

First Pupil—"A deaf man cannot hear."

Teacher—"Correct. Next, form a sentence with the word 'blind' in it."

Second pupil—"Pull down the blind."

Sensation in school.—*Unknown Ex.*

The story is told of a clergyman, that, after preaching an interesting sermon on "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said, "I liked that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church for three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."—*Unknown Ex.*

A few jokes about young ladies embroidering slippers for holiday presents to friends, are now in order.—*Cin. Saturday Night.* Are, eh? Well, here goes on the slippery subject: EM BROTHER, a favorite in Cincinnati society, was observed the other day to take out a new horse blanket to the croquet ground, and trace over its entire extent sinuous lines in charcoal. When asked what she was doing, she replied, "O, I'm designing a slipper pattern for the Fat Contributor, but I'm afraid there isn't cloth enough."—*Buffalo Sunday Times.*

Dreamily wrapt in reverie sits the maiden. JOHN, dear JOHN, is coming up for the holidays and the whole business is to be settled. They are engaged, of course, but the day, the joyous day, when the wedding ring—ah, the door bell rings. The postman leaves a letter. With heart beating quickly she breaks the seal. "Well, old boy, going up country to see my little 'mash.' She's a daisy, but she'll have to go. It'll break her heart, but she has no money. I've made an impression on LONORUNSE's oldest and susceptible daughter." She reads no more. JOHN has mailed the wrong letter and she's mad, tearing mad; for two months ago she'd thrown aside honest JNO. HARDWORKER because he had no style about him, and now she's reaping her reward. This story might have been strung out in five numbers of the *Weekly Continuation*, but we prefer giving it in a lump.—*New Haven Register.*

It isn't every man who can make a good stinging retort, neat and at the same time merciless. To do it well requires perfect coolness, great precision in language and rare laconic talent. LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON caught it the other day from FRANK LOCKWOOD. His lordship said in a speech at the Conservative Club, King's Lynn, "I have a great many friends among the Liberals with whom I often smoke a cigar and drink brandy and water." He then described Mr. LOCKWOOD, the liberal candidate, as a "political fledgling." Now mark what Mr. LOCKWOOD said in reply. "Lord CLAUDE HAMILTON has called me a fledgling. I don't know when Lord CLAUDE was hatched, but from what I gather from his speech, he seems to be a gentleman who is old enough to drink brandy and soda, and is young enough to talk about it." While this is hardly definite enough to fix his lordship's age, it is sharp enough to fix him.—*Tribune.*

Our Serial Story.

Parents, guardians and all thoughtful teachers of youth must be aware that the literature furnished to the rising generation is shamefully tame and goody-goody. Mr. GRIP, determined to do his share in rectifying this crying evil, has engaged the celebrated author, Mr. JIMUEL BRIGGS, to write a thoroughly blood and thunder serial for the young, and here goes for the first instalment.

The Pirates of Toronto Bay:

A MORAL STORY FOR BOYS.

BY JIMUEL BRIGGS.

CHAP. I.

Whatever booms the hour brings. Remember still that time has wings. And if perchance—some careless phrase Should speak to thee of bygone days, I really don't see that it makes any particular difference.

—Enripides.

"Telegram, sir?" said the newsboy. He was poorly clad and shivered in the keen March air. "Only one cent."

"In which respect it resembles a missionary," said the interrogated citizen. "No, you need not laugh unless you want to—the jest is somewhat ancient. Give me a paper,—and these" as half a dozen others rushed up, "are the children of poverty and indigence. Didn't ever reflect, my boy, upon the wrongs of the poor and the grinding despotism of capital?"

"Never!"

"What n—ot at all?" said the citizen, suddenly checking his too indiscreet utterance. "Ah, 'tis sad. Mark you proud and haughty aristocrat, rolling luxuriously in his gorgeous chariot! Dost not know that his wealth is wrung from the toil-worn hands of labor. How long is this injustice to continue? Think of these things."

"Gimme my cent fur the paper," responded the newsboy.

"Ah, true, I had forgotten; here—do not lavish it in reckless extravagance and dissipation."

He has gone. But his words have sunk deeply into the plastic mind of his youthful auditor.

"No more," he mutters, between his clinched teeth, in the intervals of his engrossing vocation, "no more will I—Telegram, sir!—submit to the scorn and contumely of the proud—Telegram, sir!—and unfeeling, who care no more for the sufferings of the poor than for the veriest worm that they tread beneath—Telegram, sir!—their feet.—Telegram, sir! No, I can't change no five dollar bill, so git a paper from some wealthy cuss, and go to thunder, for I've quit the business and I'm going to be a pirate! Ha, ha!"

CHAP. II.

The stars that gem the vault profound, In emblematic nucleate throng, Whisper a semblance rarely found, The utterance of a stater's song: A thought which brightens to the last In memory of the bioplast.

—J. D. Edgar.

Come with us, gentle reader, to the pirate's cave. The casual stroller upon the sandy shore of the Island in Toronto Bay might have observed a lowly fisherman's cot upon a narrow point of land seemingly devoid of the appurtenances of luxury. Had he entered, however, and pressed the secret spring concealed 'neath the humble door-mat, a trap door would have flown open, leading by a flight of steps and secret passage way to the haunt of the gang of free-booters, which have long been the scourge of Toronto Bay.

The scene was one never to be forgotten.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on THURSDAY, the TWENTY SECOND day of JANUARY next, for the following supplies, viz:—

Grey Military Flannel, 30 inches wide, 50c. to the yard.....	3,000 yds.
Brown Duck, 12 oz.....	2,500 "
Woolen Undershirts, full fashioned, (double breasted).....	750 "
Woolen Drawers, full fashioned, (double seated by extra thread of yarn).....	7.0 pairs.
Woolen Socks, long legs.....	1,500 "
Stockings, long legs.....	750 "
Mitts, long wrists.....	500 "
Blue Artillery Cloth, (shrunken) 54 inches wide.....	1,200 yards.
Scarlet Serge, (shrunken) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
Scarlet Cloth (shrunken) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
White Serge lining, 35 inches wide.....	500 "
Yellow Overall Lace, 2 inches wide.....	2,000 "
Yellow Russian Braid.....	2,000 "
Helmets with spikes & chinstraps complete.....	300 "
Forage Caps.....	400 "
Buffalo Coats made from No. 1 Summer robes.....	150 "
Waterproof Sheets, 4 ft. by 6 ft.....	200 "
Moccasins, all loose, large sizes, 6 inches high in leg.....	500 pairs
Kit Bags.....	400 "
Mosquito bars.....	100 "
Gauntlets, Buckskin, unlined.....	250 pairs.
" Teamsters, Deerskin, unlined.....	100 "
Blankets, 10 lbs.....	300 "
Towels, large, linen.....	300 "
" small.....	500 "
Nose Bags.....	300 "
Curry Combs, Web handles.....	100 "

MATERIAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS.

Crained Leathers, 18 to 22 feet each side.....	280 sides.
No. 1 Canadian Kip Skins, 10 to 12 lbs, each.....	1,400 lbs.
No. 1 Spanish Sole Leather, 18 to 24 lbs. per side.....	3,350 "
No. 1 Slaughter Sole, for heel stiffeners, 15 to 18 lbs. per side.....	150 "
No. 1 Russet Sheep Skins, for linings.....	17 doz.

The skins must be neatly trimmed, have a good spread and be free from holes.

Patterns of all Articles, except Leather, may be seen at the Department.

The Flannel, Brown Duck, Leather, Red and Blue Cloth, Red and White Serge, and Yellow Lace and Braid, to be delivered at the Penitentiary, Kingston, within six weeks of acceptance of contract.

The other Articles to be delivered at Ottawa, not later than 1st April.

Every article will be subject to examination and rejection if not fully equal to sample.

Freight charges from places of shipment to Kingston or Ottawa, as the case may be, to be paid by the Contractor.

Any Customs duties payable on the above supplies to be paid by the Contractor.

Printed forms of tender may be had on application to the undersigned.

Samples to accompany tenders.

Tenders may be for the whole or any of the above Articles.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Payment for these supplies will be made on the 3rd July next.

No payment will be made to Newspapers inserting the above advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

J. S. DENNIS, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

FRED WHITE, Chief Clerk, OTTAWA, Dec. 22nd, 1879. xiv-7-31.

BALDNESS!

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

Send for circulars. xii-12-1y

Financial.

\$10 to \$1000! Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N. Y. xiii-22-1y

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profit divided proportionately. Investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & CO., 56 Exchange Place, New York. xiii-22-1y

The spacious apartment lighted up by costly chandeliers and adorned with the choicest *chef d'œuvres* of the old masters; heaps of glittering spoil littered in careless profusion upon the mahogany table and tessellated pavement, and the swarthy, dark-haired men, who occupied their time in alternately brandishing on high their trusty blades, and quaffing the choicest vintages of France from richly chased goblets, could not but impress the most careless beholder. All pirates are swarthy and black-haired. No red-headed, blonde-complected fellow could earn his salt at the business.

There was a respectful hush as a tall youth, whose form displayed the asymmetry of an Apollo entered the apartment with a panther-like stride.

"What ho! brave comrades all."

"No hoe, most noble captain—Our hands have long been strangers to the weapons of servile toil," said a heedless youth.

The captain's brow darkened. Other men would have broken into a storm of passion, but he maintained his imperturbable calm and drawing a revolver shot the rash speaker through the heart.

"Discipline must be preserved," he said sternly. "Without it there is an end to all authority.—How many times have I told you that the regular thing when your captain enters is the 'Pirates' Chorus?'"

The following appropriate air was then rendered in a manner which reflected great credit on the performers:

THE PIRATE'S CHORUS.

Who would not be
A pirate bold,
With a thirst for Blood
And a lust for Gold,
For we sail the sea
Ha Ha!!
So wild and free,
Ha Ha!
A merry, merry pirate band!

"Excellent," said the chief. "If, however, I may be allowed to criticize a performance which is first-class in the main, you RINALDO are a trifle shaky in your upper register. You GOUZIO might have inverted somewhat more feeling and *abandon* in it were, to the latter section of the chorus, and as for you, BERTRAND de SANTIAGO, your pianissimo notes are well nigh inaudible. Practise it for an hour daily. Still you're improving and 'tis well. A month since, when we captured our last prize in Ash-bridge's Bay, the chorus was shamefully rendered, as the *Mail* remarked at the time it was an insult to a Toronto audience."

CHAP. III

And if mid distant scenes we pine
For some familiar spot,
'Tis surely
If otherwise, why not?
—P. E. W. Moyer.

The decks of the good ship *Armintha Jane* reeked with gore and tobacco juice. The pirates, after a determined resistance, were masters of the situation, and the captain, JASPER COURTLEY, falling on his knees before the successful freebooters begged for his life.

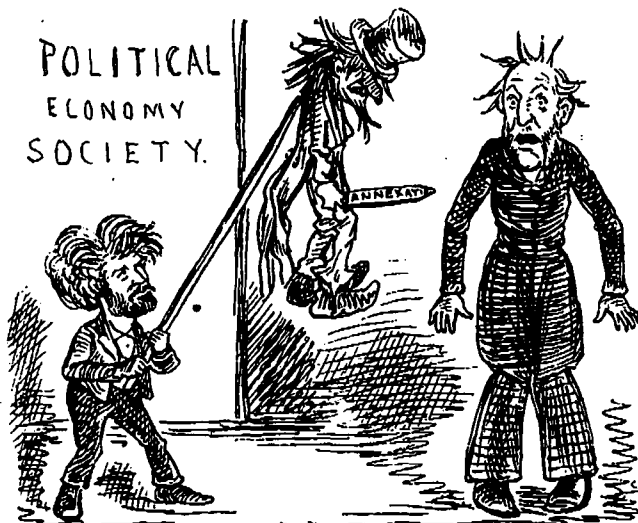
"Wretch, you shall die," thundered a voice of command. "Ay, if you had 1,000 lives, all insured. Dost not know me? Ay, gaze on these features and recognize in Red Handed RUDOLPH the dreaded pirate of Toronto Bay, the humble newsboy whom once you spurned from your door with the paltry excuse that you didn't want any *Telegram*! Now! Ha! ha! ha! You shall die!"

He died. I-o-dide of potassium, but that was not what ailed Capt. J. COURTLEY to any extent. The detectives are working up the case.

(To be continued).

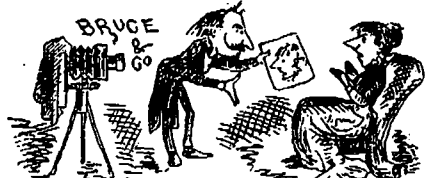


"THE BYSTANDER." ISN'T THIS RATHER A MISNOMER FOR A PARTY WHO JOINS IN THE FRAY?



THE ANNEXATION SCARE.

O! read some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!



J. BRUCE & CO.
HAVE THE POWER TO BESTOW THAT GIFT
AT
118 KING STREET WEST.
xii-22-ty.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

REVISED PRICE-LIST OF ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

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

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

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Next Post Office, Toronto.

A Fish Story.

ED. I. TORIALLE.

The father took his little boy,
And placed him on his knee,
And told him all about the fish
That swam around the sea.

"What crazy things the fishes are,
To get caught in a net,
If I," said JOHNNY, "was a fish
I'd have more sense, you bet!"

"They are, indeed, a crazy set,"
The father did explain;
"For when they're found within a net,
They always are in-seine."

Opinions of the Press on Grip's Almanac.

GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1880, has been received, and fully bears out the promise indicated in the sample sheet sent us, being witty and wise, and full of good and amusing jokes and nicely illustrated. Price 15 cts.—*Ottawa Sound Tribune.*

GRIP'S ALMANAC.—We have had the pleasure of reading this comic work and feel sure that it will be welcomed in every Canadian home. It is full of humorous sketches and reading matter; the "hits" are good and it deserves a liberal support.—*Whitby Gazette.*

GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1880 has been received, and a comical little book it is. Of course it contains a large number of illustrations, political and otherwise, which are very amusing. It, we have no doubt, will have a large circulation. It is for sale at the book stores.—*Kingston News.*

GRIP'S ALMANAC.—This very amusing and profusely illustrated annual for 1880—as full of fun as an egg is of meat—is to hand; and we congratulate the publishers of Grip upon their success as Almanac makers. Its "political record" alone is well worth the price. Our readers should obtain a copy at their earliest convenience.—*Newmarket Era.*

"GRIP'S" ALMANAC.—Grip's almanac is capital. It is funny, clever, neat and useful. In some respects it is equal to Vennor as a weather prophet—at all events one may follow it with more certainty. The cuts are well executed, and the letter-press is in every way worthy of the clever pen which freshens and enlivens the pages of our Canadian Punch every week.—*Quebec Chronicle.*

We have received from Messrs. Uglow & McGiffin Grip's Almanac for 1880—a perfect repository of wit and sarcasm. As an almanac it is entirely on the safe side, as its monthly record, so far as its cartoons are concerned, refer to events of the present year. All the prominent political events of the past year are there portrayed in the order of their occurrence. The weather predictions are exceedingly funny.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

CORRECTION.—In the list of Canadian newspapers given in GRIP'S ALMANAC, the circulation of the *Whitby Chronicle* was stated as 700. This was a typographical error for 1700.

S. R. QUIGLEY.
ENGRAVER & JEWELLER,
MASONIC & SOCIETY REGALIA, EMBLEMS, &C.
7 1-2 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO. xiii-4-17

HEWITT Fysh,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
CHOICE CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY,
222 YONGE STREET.
Wedding cakes a specialty. xiv-3-22

SALMON ANGLING.
DEPARTMENT OF MARINE & FISHERIES,
FISHERIES BRANCH,
OTTAWA, 31st Dec., 1879

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to 1st April next, for the ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:

- River Kegashka (North Shore).
- Watsheeshoo do
- Washeecootai do
- Romaine do
- Musquarro do
- Pashasheeboo do
- Cornelle do
- Agwanus do
- Maggie do
- Trou do
- St Marguerite do
- Pentecost do
- Mistassini do
- Beesie do
- Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).
- Nouvelle do
- Esoumenac do
- Malbaie (Sagor Perce) do
- Magdalen (South Shore) do
- Montlouis do
- Tobique (New Brunswick) do
- Nashwanak do
- Jacquet do
- Chalo do
- Jupiter (Anticosti Island) do
- Salmou do

Rent per annum to be stated; payable in advance
Leases to run from one to five years.
Lessees to employ guardians at private cost.

By Order,
W. F. WHITCHER,
Commissioner of Fisheries.
xiv-8-4t.