

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**

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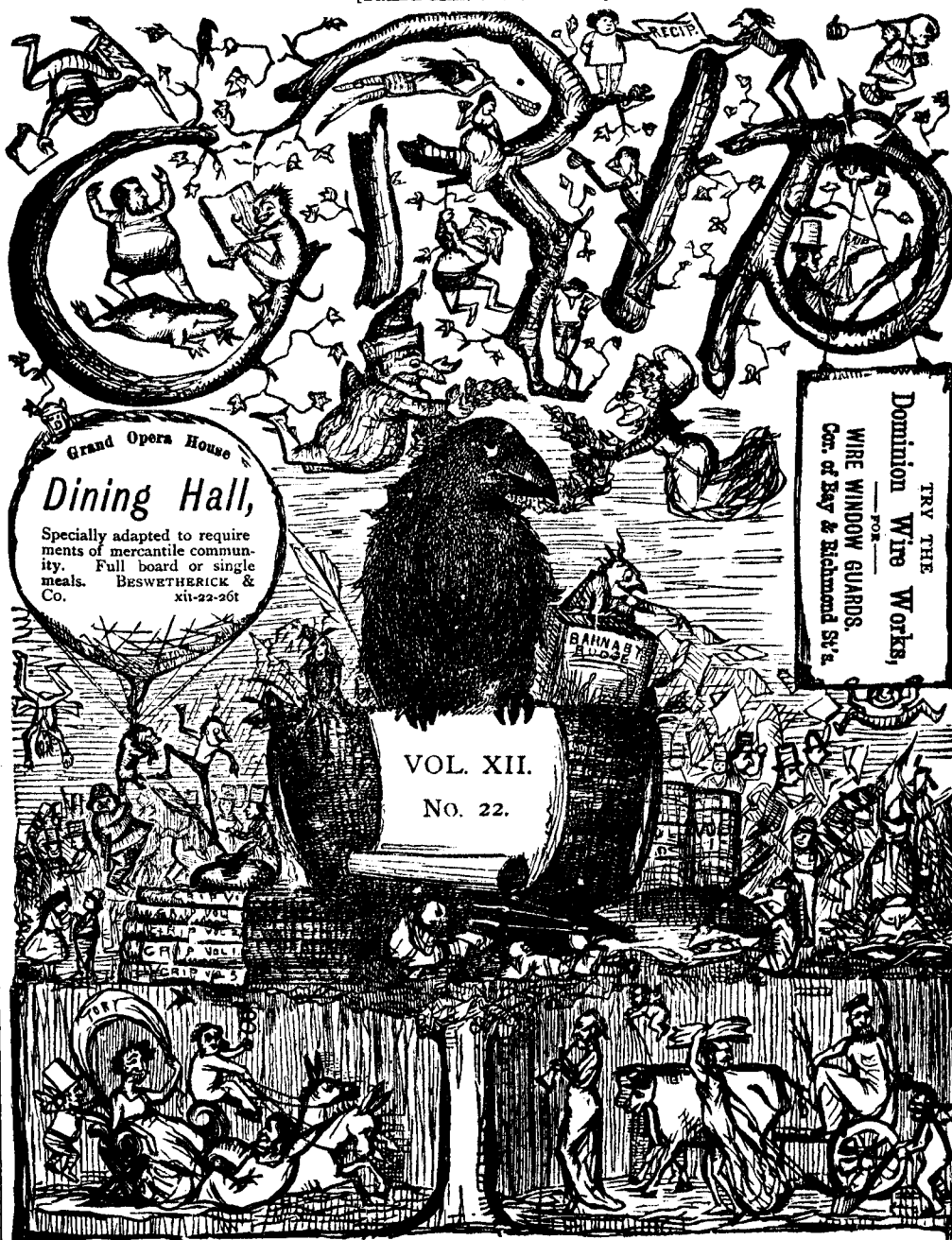
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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**Stage Whispers.**

It is reported that **SANTLEY** will come with **Col. MAPLESON** to this country next fall.

A recent benefit for the family of the murdered actor, **PORTER**, in Philadelphia, netted \$1,500.

Miss **BLANCHE THORNE**, niece of **CHARLES R. THORNE, Jr.**, will soon make her *debut* in San Francisco.

It is said that **Mr. JAMES O'NEIL**, now of San Francisco, has had **GEORGE ELIOT'S Daniel Deronda** dramatized for him.

**Mr. STANLEY**, the distinguished English tenor once so much admired by American audiences, will never, it is said, return to the stage.

**Mme. GERSTEN** gave a grand concert at Steinway Hall, New York, on the 10th inst., in aid of the German Hospital and Dispensary, assisted by other eminent artists.

The play next in order at the Union Square, "Lost Children," is an adaptation by **Mr. CARACUAN** of an old French melodrama. It will follow the "Faulker's Daughter."

**AIMEE** begins to get wild about singing operatic music. She has studied "Carmen" and some other roles belonging to the repertoire of the Opera Comique, expressly for her American season.

The play that failed ludicrously at **NIBLO'S** last winter under the title of "New York and London," has just met with a second disaster in London, where it was called "The New Babylon."

Miss **LILIAN NORTON**, an American singer, had a chance to sing once in Milan, and she calls herself **GIGLIO NORDICA**. She expects to ride to popular favour on the **GIGLIO—New Orleans Picayune**.

Miss **HACK** has definitely decided not to return to America next season. She has been offered and probably will accept an engagement for a season in Madrid next fall, and for the following season she has already had an offer in Milan.

"Romeo and Juliet" has been translated into Bengali. In this translation Romeo becomes **Ajaysintha**, and Juliet becomes **Valosvati**, and it is very effecting to hear **Valosvati** exclaim: "Ajaysintha! Ajaysintha! Wherefore art thou Ajaysintha?"

**CAMILIA URSO** is almost the only woman who has ever attained eminence as a violinist, and yet the art of drawing a beau is innate with the sex.—*Cincinnati Commercial*. They all do it; only they don't make the same noise about it.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton*.

**COGGSWELL** and **MACK** who pretend to fight every night on the stage as **Col. Elevator** and **Prof. Gillifod**, in **GROVER'S "Our Boarding House"** company, fought in dead earnest across a breakfast table in a Pittson hotel. They threw crockery and chairs at each other and inflicted many disfiguring wounds.

**GEORGE**, the Count Joannes, has appeared in New York as **Lord Dundreary**. In a card he says: "I should degrade my intellect if I studied such an idiotic, stammering, sneering, hopping, though humorous character. It is an insult to God's creation. My point is the *lex talionis*, the "law of retaliation," in my endeavour to imitate **E. A. SOTHERN** as **Lord Dundreary**, and to do that I descend to his level, as it would be impossible to raise him to my own."

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**Literature and Art.**

**GLADSTONE'S** magazine articles have been translated into Greek, and have been published in a Greek paper. They read very smoothly in Greece.

**Mr. BRET HARTE** and **Mr. HENRY JAMES** have been elected members of the new **Rabelais Club** in London, formed to promote earnestness, erudition and manly strength in literature. **Lord Houghton** is one of the members.

**Miss ELLA DIETZ**, whose poem, "The Triumph of Love," met with such a flattering reception from the critics, is contemplating a volume of her shorter poems, some of which have been set to music—music, by the way, of her own composition.

**EMERSON**, on his 70th birthday, was on shipboard. One of his fellow-passengers congratulated **Mr. EMERSON** on his birthday, health and vigour. "Yes! yes!" said the Concord sage, in his most reflective tones, "but I consider it the end of my youth!"

It is no secret in literary circles that the life of **Mr. CARLYLE** (whenever that interesting but melancholy task comes to be undertaken) will be written by **Mr. FROUDE**, the historian. **Mr. FROUDE** has for years been collecting materials for that purpose with the sanction and aid of **Mr. CARLYLE** himself.

**Mr. GEO. STEWART JR.** delivered his lecture on **Emerson** here this week. The essay was brimful of information about that sage, and all his illustrious contemporaries, given from the standpoint of personal acquaintance. **Mr. STEWART'S** platform style is easy and quiet. This was his first appearance as a lecturer in this Province.

The new tax on cheap imported literature has brought forth some new publishers of "Libraries," and **J. Ross Robertson's** 15 ct bonanza gradually slips through his fingers. The tax is strongly objected to by the general reading public, but the American authors are overjoyed, as they are now certain of having their books stolen as fast as written.

**ROBERT BROWNING** has accepted the Presidency of the new **Shakesperian Society**, which was left vacant at the time the society was founded and was not to be filled "till one of our greatest living poets sees that it is his duty to take it." "The Dramatic Idylls" **Mr. BROWNING** will shortly publish will be six in number, "Martin Relph," "Pheidippides," "Halbert and Hob," "Ivan Ivano vitch," "Tray" and "Ned Brabs."

**KINGLAKE**, the historian of the Crimean war, casts his eyes down when his photograph is taken, and this gives him a mild and retiring appearance. People will hardly believe that he is 68 years old. The effect that his sarcastic, studied and circumlocutory rhetoric had upon the court of **NAPOLEON II.** probably retarded his work, if it did not through the influence of the English Government, wholly discourage him.

HERE is a recent pen sketch of **TENNYSON**:

"He looked tall, somewhat stout, round-shouldered, and he walked with a stick, as though the gout was hanging about his legs or feet. He had a long beard which almost buried his face, and wore a pair of large, round, Chinese-looking spectacles. He had on a very broad-brimmed, weather-worn felt hat, dark trousers, gaiters, several undercoats or jackets, covered over all by a thin, shabby-looking red tweed dust coat, buttoned very tightly, as though it were much too small for him. Dangling outside, from what should have been a clean white shirt-front, was a pair of large gold-rimmed nose spectacles."

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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 Baby Elephant.

The celebrated White Elephant attached to Messrs. TILLEY & Co's Dominion Circus has brought forth a dear little calf. This interesting event took place at St. Catharines, a few weeks ago. The offspring, which has been christened the "Rag baby," is doing as well as could be expected, and promises to be as large and white and clever an animal as the N. P. itself. It is of course somewhat feeble as yet, but under the tender and even affectionate care of ISAAC BUCHANAN, Captain WYNN and Master WALLACE, who have undertaken to rear it, it will soon be strong and hearty. Its principal food is hair-brains stewed with clap trap, and fortunately this country affords an unlimited supply.

## Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS AND CELEBRATED MEN.

## II.—THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CHARTA.

On the death of RICHARD I. (him who cured de lion), the crown of England was laid upon a sideboard until little Prince ARTHUR should have been measured for a suit of clothes to go through the coronation ceremony with, but in the meantime, a mean man, named JOHN, meanly seized the bauble and put it on his own head. He subsequently requested a party named HUBERT to scar ARTHUR'S eye out, but HUBERT couldn't see it. JOHN then proceeded with his reign under the name, style and firm of King JOHN. Some historians give him the surname of LACKLAND, because he didn't own much real estate, notwithstanding that he had plenty of opportunities of robbing the public till. He really was a poor man (comparatively) and it's greatly to his credit, under the circumstances. We opine, however, that if JOHN had any surname at all it was probably AMICDONALD, or should have been. It is not our intention in the present brief paper to enlarge upon the character and career of this King JOHN; we intend to confine our remarks to the circumstances attending his memorable and most gracious act—the signing of *Magna Charta*.

The reader may perhaps be aware that, previous to the signing of this grand document, the people of England didn't enjoy much more civil and religious liberty than

the people of the United States do to-day, who have emigrated from China. The prerogatives of the Crown were not clearly defined, which was a constant source of trouble to the French members, and often sent the party papers into fits. Former kings had shamefully abused their constitutional privileges, and ground the people under the iron heel of tyranny. King JOHN, however, was "England's greatest statesman," as well as a truly good man, and he was determined that the Barons and the rest of the folks should suffer wrong no longer. He determined to give them *Magna Charta*—which should be a guaranty of liberty for all time. To accomplish this desirable end, JOHN set himself in opposition to the popular will, and endeavored to surpass all his predecessors as a tyrant and a task-master. He was ten times more high-handed than LETELLIER; and as defiantly regardless of constitutional usage as MOUSSEAU. Of course the good King only did this to impress upon the Barons the necessity of the *Magna Charta*; and at length they became impressed. They called a caucus, Nov. 29, 1214, and drew up a round robin which they determined to present to his Majesty. They shook hands all round and swore that they would see the matter through. Some time after this they laid their demands before the King by a deputation, which was politely introduced by Lord-in-Waiting FRAZER. King JOHN replied in the form of words which is still in use in all our government departments, "I'll take your business into consideration." He didn't believe the Barons were really ripe for *Magna Charta* yet. He said he would see them later, say about the middle of April of the next year; and in the meantime, in order to stir them up to a sense of their true interests, he raised an army of foreign troops to fight them a little. At the appointed time the Barons waited upon King JOHN again, professing to feel exceedingly ready for *Magna Charta*, even if they had to pay for it with a few thousands of lives. The King longed to bestow the Great Charter upon them, but still he thought they were not yet prepared for it, and he felt obliged to decline their pressing invitation. At this point open war ensued, the conduct of the truly good statesman King being entirely misunderstood by the Barons. The overwhelming forces of the latter soon subdued the royal troops, and with unkind rudeness King JOHN was requested to be on hand at Runnymede, on Monday, June 15, to wind up this Charter business. Of course the King was on hand, and gladly signed *Magna Charta*, remarking as he threw down the pen, "With all my heart, gentlemen; why didn't you say so before?" Some historians seek to rob King JOHN of the glory of this noble act. What would not such historians do? They would even deny to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD the credit of passing Confederation and several other measures which he opposed until further opposition meant a loss of place. Out upon such!

## Shakespearian Readings.

SIR HUGH ALLAN:—Want no money, Sir JOHN, you shall want none.  
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii., Sc. ii.

ALECK PIRIE:—The devil take one Party and his dam the other.  
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv., Sc. v.

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE: Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp?

—*As You Like It*, Act ii., Sc. i.

MOUSSEAU (to LETELLIER): You shall be soon despatched.

—*Henry V.*, Act ii. Sc. iv.

GILMOLR (to DOMVILLE): Ha! o' my life, If I were young again the sword should end it.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. i.

HON. DR. TUPPER: Shall I tell a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. i.

T. OMPSON OF CARIBOO (rising in the House): If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

—*Julius Caesar*, Act iii. Sc. ii.

CHORUS OF ALL TORY EDITORS, LED BY TOM WHITE AND CHARLEY MACKINTOSH: Bind the offender, and take him from our presence.

—*Cym.* Act v. Sc. v.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD (to OUVIMET): This speech of yours has moved me.

—*King Lear*, Act v. Sc. iii.

JOSIAH BURR PLUMB: Ay, much is the favor of heaven-bred poesy.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii., Sc. ii.

LORD CHELMSFORD: O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!

Possess them not with fear! Take from them now

The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers!

—*Henry V.*, Act iv., Sc. i.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH: Approved warriors, and my faithful friends, I have received letters from great Rome.

—*Titus Andronicus*, Act v., Sc. i.

BUNSTER: I am too blunt and saucy.

—*Cym.* Act v., Sc. v.

HON. L. H. HOLTON: Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.

—*Pericles*, Act i., Sc. ii.

RAG MONEY WALLACE: Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish, fowl old man.

—*King Lear*, Act iv., Sc. vii.

HON. MR. MOWAT (at Globe office): Is CAESAR yet gone to the Capitol?

—*Julius Caesar*, Act iii., Sc. i.

GRIP: Let me have men about me that are fat,

Sleek-headed, and such as sleep o' nights.

—*Julius Caesar*, Act i, Sc. ii.

THEY are beginning to tell HANLAN that the other chap is a HAWDON to beat.

WHEN you offer a tramp bread, and he makes a rye face, you can conclude he prefers whiskey.

JEFF DAVIS is of a forgiving nature.—*N.Y. Herald*. Yes, he was for giving the North fits in the late war.

MR. TILLEY is supposed to be an orderly and well behaved citizen, but by his tax on sugar he undoubtedly encourages the people of this country to raise cane.

Was the late overwhelming defeat of the Grit Government of Prince Edward Island due mainly to the moral force of the Rev. STEPHEN G. LAWSON'S saintly editorials in the *Presbyterian*?

IS IT true that Mr. AMOR DE COSMOS intends applying to Parliament to have his name amended again, with a view of limiting his "love of the universe" to that portion of it outside the Chinese wall?



**The Dartmouth Sugar Refinery.**

The accompanying little sketch, which comes to Mr. GRIP from Nova Scotia, is humble in an artistic point of view, but looked at through patriotic and moral spectacles, it is worth more than any of the best works of PRANG. To a Canadian it is simply priceless, for it attests at once the material prosperity of the country, and the rectitude of her leading men. It illustrates the development of home industry under the new Tariff, which development was prophesied and promised by our statesmen. To come down to particulars, it may be stated that during the late political campaign, Dr. TUPPER and his friends told the people of Nova Scotia that if they voted for the National Policy they would have a Sugar Refinery at Dartmouth. The grateful Blue-nose artist in the above form records the joyous fact that this promise has been realized. The sketch is a faithful representation of the Dartmouth Sugar Refinery, which has just got into operation. Our countrymen, heretofore unfamiliar with great industrial establishments, must not mistake it for a picture of a Mic-Mac brave extracting the sweets of office from Nova Scotia sap-heads; it is, we repeat, a correct representation of the only Sugar Refinery at Dartmouth—the full fruition of Dr. TUPPER'S promise!

**New Edition of an Old Ballad.**

AS SUNG BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

I'm far from my dear native shore,  
 'Neath a chilly and desolate sky,  
 Where violent partizans roar,  
 And politics run very high;  
 And they've got me just now in a fix,  
 And against me the editors foam—  
 Through one of my Minister's tricks  
 Referring a question to Home;

*Chorus.*

I feel very weary and sad,  
 I wish my "instructions" were come;  
 I'm surrounded with men who are bad,  
 O, write me a letter from Home.



**AN INTERNATIONAL POINT RAISED.**  
 (OUR BOY'S CARBUNCLE.)

**The Hon. Members.**

*Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.*

FROM M TO O.

**Mr. McHAGGIS M. P., Glencobar.**—Highland chieftain. Forefathers came over with WOLFE, and were at the capture of Quebec. Once Jacobites; now reconciled to circumstances, and think calmly about the "wee German lairdie;" also CAITWRIGHT. Ultra loyal; grandfather commanded company of fencibles at Queenston Heights; commands company of Volunteers himself. Biggest company in Canada everywhere; no man under six feet, flank men seven feet high more or less; all of them sledge throwers; will undertake to "clean out" with self and men any battalion in the force. Apologises to Excellency for not appearing in Highland costume. Don't mind the cold weather, but small boys throw snowballs at him when in kilts and it is undignified to chase them. Has one hundred pipers in a' among his constituents, who will gie His Excellency a "blaw" should he ever do them the honour to visit his neighborhood. His people have plenty of everything and always have had. Don't care about merits of the Tariff or for anything or anybody—says "G a ma ta thu" and departs.

*Mem.*—Fine specimen of Thane, this member, and doubtless hospitable. Would like to visit him when he is in good humour, otherwise not. Perceptible odour of eau de Cologne—or something spirituelle—after departure.

**Mr. NASBY M. P., West Bingen.** Smart young member. Says his constituency is not excelled in Ontario. Like; the Scotch. Has plenty of Scotch supporters. Can "spoke" the Gaelic himself, used to read it up in evenings while at the University. Think: it double discounts Greek; Latin nowhere alongside of it. Knows Irish too, had to study that for Hibernian supporters. Same thing as to German. Mixed constituency, his. Takes interest in railways and drainage of swamps, anxious as to efficiency of Civil Servants. Has plenty of money. Keeps family carriage, and all that; constituents well off, or if not, their own fault. Would be glad to entertain Governor should he come his way. Graceful bow, and exit.

*Mem.*—Very accomplished gentleman this; would like to pay him a visit myself. See future "Honourable" in him, if he don't fall into evil associations.

**Mr. ORSON M. P., Cat Portage.**—Western member, constituency sparsely settled, and people of romantic habits. Takes great interest in Lo, the poor Indian. Thinks they have not fair treatment. Don't see why that Injun who perhaps goes to England and receives good education, should be restricted in his liberties. Likes Injuns; has lived amongst them, and knows all about them. Is a strong Protectionist; and wonders why duty is not put on head-work and moccasins in the new Tariff. Everything and everybody is protected except the poor Indian!—Excellency yawns; Hon. member takes it for exit cue. *Exit.*

*Mem.*—Fine man, but think he has got Injun on the brain.

If our esteemed Governor-General never does another distinguished action during his term, his name will ever bloom in our annals. He has shown a respect for the opinion of his mother-in-law, which is as brave a thing as any man dare do.



**The Rag Baby at Ottawa.**

It is altogether likely that Mr. WALLACE, the rag-baby representative of Capt. WYNNE in the House of Commons, will object to our pinning a placard to his coat-tail inscribed "This is a noodle." He will say that it is a want of common sense which leads us to imagine that he is a noodle, when everybody knows he is, on the contrary, a decent member of Parliament. And yet this same Mr. WALLACE advocates the irredeemable money fraud, and thinks it sensible to take pieces of paper and convert them into currency by merely writing "This is money" upon them, having no basis of gold. If by a fiat of the Government certain scraps of paper may be transformed into money; than by a fiat of GRIP certain paper members may be taken for donkeys.

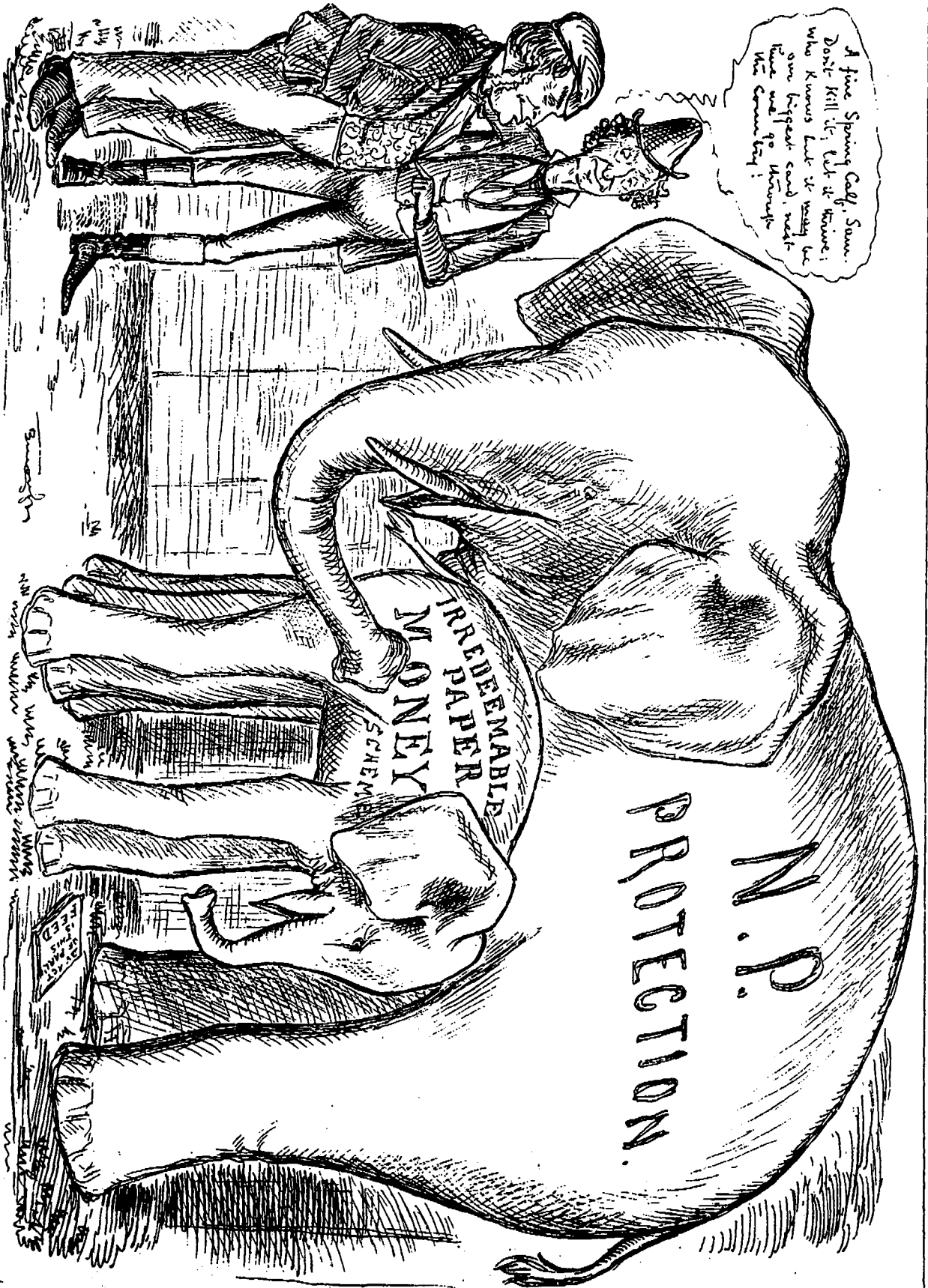
"I am prepared to swallow it whole."—*Speech of Mr. DOMVILLE M. P., on the Tariff.*

A conjurer seemingly rash  
 May swallow big jack-knives or swords,  
 Some swallow gin cocktails and smash,  
 Some swallow their vows and their words;  
 These to DOMVILLE are but a small sup,  
 His feat quite surprises the town;  
 As with one most Tariffic gulp,  
 He swallows the Elephant down.

**The Edgar Medal.**

One evening this week the room of the Reform Association, on King street, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony. Mr. GEO. W. FIELD, a clever young member of the Parly, was presented with a handsome gold medal, offered by Mr. J. D. EDGAR to the writer of the best essay. For the benefit of those who have not seen this medal, GRIP (who is similarly situated) has much pleasure in presenting an engraving of it below. If the picture does not faithfully represent the medal, it is the fault of our artist's head and not of his hand, and no doubt the genial EDGAR will overlook it.





THE (RAG) BABY ELEPHANT.



## THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

This is the walking year; the next will be leap year.—*Camden Post*.

Of what sort of metal is a political ring made?—*Rome Sentinel*. Steal.

HADAD, the Cadadiad rower, has a bad code id 'is' ead.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Female compositors are continually setting their CAPS for the editor.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

Texas papers speak of summary executions. Kind of noose summary, as it were.—*N. Y. Herald*.

The gardener who is training "scarlet runners," cannot be getting up a walking match.—*London Times*.

Pinafore hats for ladies are out. They have been pinned altogether too far behind heretofore.—*Norristown Herald*.

It is about time for venerable hens to come forward and be hung up in the market for spring chickens.—*Utica Observer*.

When a woman promenades the streets leading a dog it looks as if she couldn't get anything else to her string.—*Phila. Chronicle*.

The Pope has sent 5000 lire to the relief of the Hungarian sufferers. The lire is a coin, not a sewing machine agent.—*Danbury News*.

A Pinafore Reform Club, with a pledge binding the members "hardly ever" to drink, would be a popular institution.—*Boston Traveller*.

The *Herald P. I.* man speaks of the toothache as the grinder-pest. Has he forgotten the hand organ manipulators?—*Marathon Independent*.

It is a good suggestion that a negro minstrel blacks his face in order to hide his blushes when he makes his usual stale jokes.—*New York Herald*.

The most economical man is reported as living in the second ward. He took a bung-hole to the cooper to have a barrel made around it.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Poor and hard worked horses must eat their meals whenever and wherever they can, but the aristocratic nag always dines at a table d'ot.—*N. Y. Mail*.

A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* suggests the following change in a familiar line:

"For men must work, and women must walk."

Benjamin West says the kiss of his mother made him a painter. If Benjamin, however, had lacked genius, the kiss might have made him a whitewasher.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The result of protection in Canada has been immediate. Two prize fighters went over from the United States and got up a big mill there last week.—*Boston Com. Bulletin*.

"Dot Pinafore" expresses a vas a noos ance," remarked a Teutonic gentleman to a genial conadjutor. "Auf you tole a veller somedings he speaks noing but blains English oter he say: 'Vot, hardly sometimes refer?' Vot kind of language is dose?"—*N. Y. Tribune*.

MAN can do many things, but there is one thing he can't do—he can't button on a new collar, just after cutting his thumb nails, without looking up in the air.—*Boston Globe*.

THE wisest men have generally built up their reputation by keeping their mouths shut. Let men who buy rags and sell fish regard this as a personal item.—*Detroit F. P.*

"JANE," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire we might have some heat in the room." And they hadn't been married two years, either.—*Boston Journal*.

The exercise of whipping carpets is recommended for the development of muscle. Don't let your wife do it, or she may get the start of you in development.—*Chicago Journal*.

They are cutting down the trees so fast in some of the Western States that in the event of another war there will be no place for a drafted man to stand behind.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

TALMAGE may be guilty of heresy, burglary, arson and murder, but the one great fact that no one can go to sleep under his preaching should weigh tons in his favor.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Men who make a pleasure of work are not often found, but there is always a look of enjoyment on the face of the man who pounds the bass drum in a brass band.—*Newark Call*.

A harness maker in Syracuse who ran away with another man's wife, and was pursued and chastised by the wronged husband, returned home a saddler if not a wiser man.—*Rome Sentinel*.

LOVE rules the court, the camp, the grove, and earth below and heaven above, but it never sewed a gray patch in the seat of your husband's black trousers. That isn't love. That's revenge.—*Andrew's Bazar*.

The *Danbury News* man is going to try to eat ten soda crackers in ten consecutive minutes.—*New York Herald*. So he's in for a square meal, is he?—*Rome Sentinel*. Yes, but he will find it as dry work as comic lecturing.

In a street car. Lady in shabby dress to animated tailor's model standing in front of her. "Will you please ring the bell sir?" "Pawdon, madam, I'm not the conductaw—ah." "Indeed? What are you?" He gives it up.—*Puck*.

E. C. STEADMAN, in one of his poems in *Scribner*, asks, "Why should I fear to sip the sweets of each red lip?" Don't know, CLAUDE, unless it is because the new style of coloring now used is poisonous.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

When the mild spring days come, if they ever should, look out for the showy thirty-five dollar baby carriage pushed along the sidewalk by a bedraggled looking mother who hasn't had a square meal all winter.—*New Haven Register*.

A quiet young man at a party being asked what instrument he preferred, modestly denominated the whistle. Being further pressed to explain what kind of a whistle, he blushing murmured the "Six o'clock whistle."—*Danbury News*.

The following scrap of conversation was heard on the street early last evening: First young man—"MARY ANDERSON appears at Newark to night." Second young man—"Is that so? How many miles is she going to walk?"—*Newark Sunday Call*.

There once was a fellow named KNOT, Who pined as the weather grew hot;

As a general rule He couldn't keep cool, And he sweat and he swat and he swot.

—*St. Louis Journal*.

Agricultural hints to ladies.—Now is the time to do your spring sewing; but first prepare a rich top-dressing of straw, ribbon and feathers, in which it is not too early to set out flowers and vines. This dressing is imperative, as it will make even the cabbage-heads look well.—*Boston Transcript*.

A WRITERS at the TALMAGE trial in Brooklyn, being told that he talked so fast the stenographer would not get half he said, replied that half would be quite enough. And so it is with the country; if it should hear from but half of TALMAGE in the future, it would hear quite enough.—*Detroit F. P.*

With strawberries selling at a dollar a quart, and other luxuries equally high, it is some comfort to know that the necessities of life are still within reach of the poor man. Ten dollars will buy a season ticket to the Utica base ball ground for 1879. And still people are not entirely happy.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Mrs. BROOKS, we believe, would find cheese sculpture to pay bet'er than butter. We could then piece before our guests a cheese but of perhaps a favorite deity. How aesthetic to exclaim, "Mr. Smith, let me assist you to a small chunk of Minerva's left ear." There's millions in it.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Miss DODS' cooking lecture, the other evening. Lady soliloquizing: "Now that she's got it cooked, I wish she'd tell us how to use up cold mutton." Next lady overhears and remarks: "I have some infallible recipes." First lady, alert with pencil and note book: "Will you please favor me?" Second lady—"Six boys!"—*Phila. Bulletin*.

The farmer scythe as he rakes his field  
From morning until night,  
The tater-bug chews the budding corn,  
Hoe! such a harrowing sight!  
The plow stands by and does its share—  
Weed rather say no more—  
But such a thrashing the reaper got  
Was never seen before!

—*London Advertiser*.

The reason that gentlemen do not often attend millinery openings is plain enough. When they go to the theatre they have such an admirable opportunity for the study of feminine head gear, that they not only don't care to visit the "openings," but sometimes the wretches don't properly appreciate the advantages the ladies so unselfishly bestow on them.—*Boston Transcript*.

Full soon on the flowery meadow,  
The lambkin will gambol and play;  
Full soon in the aisles of the orchard,  
The blossoms will fall in a spray.  
Full soon in the domiciles scrubbing,  
The girl will wax angry and faint;  
Full soon we shall see on a placard,  
Look out for the paint.

—*N. Y. Star*.

A COBORO (Canada) woman has been sentenced to one week's imprisonment for having two husbands. There is something unjust about this sentence. A man convicted of bigamy would have been imprisoned for two years, and there seems to be no valid reason why woman should not in this case be accorded equal rights. There may, of course, have been extenuating circumstances. The first husband may have worn a wig.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

**Lament of J. A. M.**  
*"Fam satis superque."*

How sorry I am  
 I have been such an ass,  
 As to bring myself down  
 To so lowly a pass;  
 I have trifled with friends,  
 And coquetted with foes,  
 That I now can scarce tell  
 Which way the wind blows!  
 It is now very clear  
 That I'm losing my power,  
 And shall soon have to seek  
 For another "right bower,"  
 As unless I can hit on  
 Some new "thimble-rig,"  
 I shall soon have to "foot it,"  
 And give up my gig;  
 For the game's nearly up,  
 And a "gone coon I'll be,"  
 Unless I find out  
 How to "bark a new tree."  
 Now this trip o'er the water,  
 I don't like at all,  
 As it surely will lead to  
 Our well deserved fall:—  
 Our ambassador also  
 I very much fear  
 Will be "posted" right back  
 With a flea in his ear,  
 For thirty-two thousands  
 Will not be enough,  
 To save us from getting  
 A Royal rebuff;  
 But worse still—LETELLIER  
 The noble St. Jusr.  
 Will rise up a knight  
 To retain his high trust.  
 Thus, we who have treated  
 The Marquis with scorn,  
 Will find that, like SAMPSON'S,  
 Our locks have been shorne.

DARIUS.

Quebec, 10 April, 1879.

**Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.**

TORONTO—(Continued).

The tourist on viewing the Parliament House, cannot but be struck with its severely chaste and simple architectural design. Built at a period when luxurious "canoe couches damask" were unknown, the architect caused it to be constructed in harmony with the primitive tastes of the early inhabitants of the country, whose highest notions of the sublime in architecture were derived from a contemplation of their meeting houses with steeples either of the pepper-box or

**EXTINGUISHER**

order of design. Little did the architect dream of the great change that would, before many years, take place in the ideas of the ambitious descendants of the plain-going citizens with whose tastes he endeavoured to coincide. If he had known that in after years some of the resident Ministers would have their apartments so palatially furnished and adorned with such voluptuous belongings, that weeks would be expended in legislation touching the enormous sums spent thereon, he would have modelled it after the

**PALACE OF VERSAILLES**

or the Stadt Haus of the Grand Duchess of Lagersweipen. We have searched the archives of the Canadian Institute in order to find the date of the laying of the foundation stone (or rather brick) of the House, but after deep research we remain still uncertain. In its varied career it has been a Lunatic Asylum, and a barrack room, and in years past the private sentinel did "sentry go" at every corner. Some say it was designed by

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.**

**PASSENGERS**  
 FOR

**Manitoba, the North West Territories,**  
 OR ANY POINT IN

**WESTERN CANADA OR THE UNITED STATES,**  
 Should remember that this is the most comfortable and direct route; and the only line in Canada running the

**CELEBRATED DINING CARS,**  
 in connection with the Michigan Central R. Rd., between Suspension Bridge and Chicago. Wagner's Sleeping Cars attached to all Night Trains, Parlor Cars to Day Trains.

**THROUGH TICKETS** by this Popular Route can be obtained at Lowest Rates at All Principal Stations, and from Agents representing the Line throughout Canada.

F. BROUGHTON,  
*Gen. Manager.*  
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**THE LEADING HOTEL IN ONTARIO.**

Thoroughly heated with steam throughout.  
 Elegant passenger elevator.  
 Prices graduated according to rooms.

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*Proprietors.* xii-22-3t

**W. G. BALLS,**  
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40 VICTORIA ST., Near General Post Office.  
 Clothes cleaned and repaired on the shortest notice, with regard to the strictest economy. xii-20-4t

**WESTERN ICE COMPANY,**

Office: 147 Richmond Street West.  
 We have on hand the  
**Largest and Best Stock of Beautiful Clear Ice**  
 For office and family use in the city.  
 Wm. BURNS & Co., Proprietors.  
 xii-20-3t



**MAIL CONTRACT.**  
**TENDERS.**

Addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on

**FRIDAY, 2ND MAY, 1879,**

For the conveyance of Letters, Papers, &c., between the several Street Letter Boxes in the City of Toronto, and the Toronto Post Office, on a proposed Contract for Four Years from the 1st July next.

Conveyance to be made in suitable Vehicles, to be approved of by the Department, drawn by one horse or two horses, at the option of the Contractor.

A full description of the Service required, and further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained, at the Toronto Post Office, and at the office of the undersigned.

**MATTHEW SWEETNAM,**  
*Post Office Inspector.*

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE, }  
 Toronto, 2th April, 1879. } xii-21-3t.

**Good Words from the Great Weekly.**

Canada has been a sort of a grave for comic papers. They have started up in Montreal, Toronto, and elsewhere, but invariably flickered and went out. This was not caused by a lack of a sense of humour in the Canadian people, as the FREE PRESS has a large circulation in the Dominion, which is evidence that the Canucks know a good thing when they see it. What was lacking in their comic journals was humour. They had everything else. About six years ago, Grip started in Toronto, and it possessed not only humour, but in its cartoons great genius, and it has become a power in the land. Last week it doubled its size and quadrupled its cartoons. So cutting are its hits on public men and journals that the Globe a few days ago saw the necessity of devoting an editorial to one of its cartoons, while the Premier, not long since, alluded to Grip on the floor of the House, and its admirable cartoon caused considerable discussion among the M. P.'s. Mr. J. W. Bengough is the Nast of Canada.—Detroit Free Press.

**INDIGO JONES,**

others that it was built in the days of the early GEORGES. In these opinions, however, we are not inclined to agree, for although the building has a decidedly

**HANOVERIAN LOOK**

about it, being composed almost entirely of brick, once red, but now, after the lapse of so many ages, divested of that cardinal virtue; and, from the evident antiquity of the crumbling walls, which threaten at any moment to collapse and bury the collective wisdom of Ontario in their ruins, we would pronounce the building of much more

**ANCIENT DATE.**

However, we leave that question for the antiquary to decide. The Building is beautifully situated, fronting the Bay, whereof a splendid view is obtained by merely ascending to the roof; and the G. T. R. sheds in its closer proximity afford quite a source of languid amusement to the permanent clerks, as they watch from the departmental windows the labourers at work in the

**"SWEET SUMMER TIME,"**

and await with pardonable impatience the hour of Four P.M. The House has two wings, East and West, respectively flanking the main or centre building. These wings are devoted to departmental "work." In the centre building is the Legislative Chamber, which may with propriety be called the *Alma Mater* of all the celebrated politicians of the country. Here MACKENZIE (Wm. Lyon, not SANDY of that ilk.) used to make his famous speeches and get pelted with paper balls and other light articles by the playful Tory members. Here it was that "Big Thunder" uttered his famous oration, when the mutilated memo. from the great BLAKE told him—"you had better speak now." It is a gorgeously appointed apartment; its windows hung with costly crimson damask of the same pattern as the celebrated canoe couch. The Throne or Speaker's Chair has a very awe-inspiring effect on the visitor as he enters. Scoffers of grovelling tastes have likened it to an overgrown cottage piano, but the fact remains, that the Speaker in his gown and cocked hat, the Clerk in his official robes, the Mace on the table, not to mention the Sergeant-at-arms with his

**DEADLY RAPIER**

at his side, give the scene a sort of demi-semi-air of Royalty, which is very useful in awakening the newly arrived country member to a proper sense of his own importance in being a member of the

**AUGUST ASSEMBLY**

to which he has been introduced. It has been darkly hinted that the place is to be pulled down, and another and more pretentious building erected. We would be sorry to see this ruthless act of Vandalism, especially as, from all appearance, if left alone for a very few years, a mound of brick like ancient Babylon will be all that remains of the Old Parliament House.

**A Pinafore your thoughts!**

The new pavilion in the Gardens will be a better place for vocalists than the old one, though not half so airy.

AND now our City Council want the Government to hand the rifle butts over to them. They say the butts are of no use to the volunteers, when at rifle practice, as they are situated immediately behind the targets. GRIP hopes the Minister will drum out the petition of the Council.



THE CHARGE OF THE RATHER LIGHT BRIGADE, IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

**J. BRUCE & CO. PHOTO.**

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."  
While we admit that Shakespeare is right, up to a certain point, we cannot agree with him altogether. We do not think that persons can tell truly what they are, until they have had their portraits taken at

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xii-22-17

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**Financial.**

**\$10 TO 1000** Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.  
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xi-20-17

**The Charge.**

I  
Four o'clock, four o'clock  
The tower clock thundered,  
Into the division list  
Rushed the half hundred—  
N. P.'s to right of them—  
N. P.'s to left of them—  
N. P.'s in front of them—  
Threefold outnumbered.

II  
Take the vote, JOHN A. said—  
Was there a Grit dismayed?  
Not though MACKENZIE knew  
The country had blundered.  
Stormed at with N. P. yells,  
Boldly they rose and well,  
Boldly their vote to tell,  
Noble half hundred.

III  
Rose all at once in air—  
Rose with their scalplocks bare,  
Voting the tariff down,  
While the world wondered;  
Each hero unappalled  
Stood till his name was called—  
Then they sat down again,  
Just half a hundred.

IV.  
Then, when the vote was o'er,  
Came a derisive roar,  
Vollying and thundering  
From N. P.'s to right of them—  
N. P.'s to left of them—  
N. P.'s behind them—  
Threefold outnumbering.

V.  
No'er shall the glory fade  
Of the wild vote they made,  
'Gainst the N. P. arrayed—  
Not to be plundered!  
Honor the charge they made,  
Honor the light brigade,  
(Rather too light we'er 'fraid  
E'en to bring back Free Trade),  
Noble half hundred!

MAY the Postmaster General's visit to  
England be called a for-LORNE hope?

**VERNON,**  
MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,  
159 YONGE STREET.  
Watches and Clocks repaired. Pipes Mounted.  
xii-19-8t

**AGENTS, READ THIS.**  
We will pay Agents a Salary of \$100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free, Address, **SHERMAN & CO.,** Marshall, Mich.  
xii-16-3m

**BALDNESS!**  
Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Aver's, or Hall's hair restorers, have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corybn, 61 King-street East, (late 132 Church-street), 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-12-17

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