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Literature and Art.

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

The *Servech Owl* is the name of a new paper at Plainfield. Must be an evening sheet.

Franz Listz has been longer before the public than probably any other artist now living. He made his debut about 60 years ago, and still plays professionally at intervals.

J. W. Sweezy, the sparkling wit of the *Williamsport Breakfast Table*, has torn himself away from the sanctum and is seeking rest and recreation in the mountains. We poorer journalists cannot afford such delightful rests.

Mr. R. G. White, in his latest *Atlantic* article makes the interesting and significant statement that Rachel, in a personal interview with him, expressed the deepest admiration for Shakespeare, and something like contempt for Corneille and Racine.

Earl Marble, of the *Boston Post* and the *Cambridge Tribune*, has accepted the editorship of "Folio," a monthly publication of Boston, which he will make a lively and original magazine. Mr. Marble retains his other positions and will necessarily be about the busiest literary man at the hub.

Grip has taken possession of its new and handsome building. Grip evidently has a strong hold on the citizens of Toronto. Grip quotes liberally from the *Sun* and *Sunday Item*. Grip is edited with masterly ability. Grip, consider we have given you a grip. Your success has been well-deserved.—*Phila. Sun*.

The many friends and admirers of Mr. Homer Watson will be pleased to learn that he is at present hard at work at his home in the village of Doon. Although at the time of our visit he was busily engaged on his picture for the forthcoming Academy Exhibition in Halifax (and which, though without pretending to offer any premature criticisms upon it, bids fair to be greatly in advance of any former work from his easel), he nevertheless found time to have an hour's chat with us, in the course of which he expressed his intention of leaving for the Continent some time about September next, there to further pursue his studies.—*Cor.*

The Bobcaygeon *Independent* of last week has this friendly paragraph:

Grip, dear delightful Grip, is thriving. Everybody ought to subscribe for Grip, and nearly everybody who has taste or brains does subscribe. Grip has enlarged its staff, and with advantage. There is a new pencil perceptible in its engravings, and a very elegant and facile pencil it is. The work was probably proving too heavy for Mr. Bengough, the cartoonist, and he had to get assistance. He has been fortunate in his selection. Grip is a journal of which Canada may be proud.

The pencil to which this appreciative allusion is made is that of Mr. R. Harris, whose contemplated departure from Canada is elsewhere mentioned. The cartoon on the London disaster, one of his contributions, was indeed an elegant piece of work.

We exceedingly regret to announce that Mr. R. Harris, R. C. A., is about to leave Toronto, and this feeling will be shared by all his brother brushers, who, without exception, esteem him as a man and admire him as an artist. Mr. Harris is about to take up his residence in Europe, where we hope and believe he will soon make a name which will shed lustre on Canada. It is not unlikely however that the walls of the Ontario Exhibition room will be occasionally graced with his works sent from abroad, and we also have peculiar pleasure in stating that Mr. Harris has promised to contribute sketches from time to time to *The Panorama*, a new weekly illustrated newspaper shortly to be launched by Bengough Bros.



Department of the Interior,

OTTAWA, 25th May, 1881.

WHEREAS circumstances have rendered it expedient to effect certain changes in the policy of the Government respecting the administration of Dominion Lands, Public Notice is hereby given:—

1. The Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, were rescinded by order of His Excellency the Governor-General in Council, on the 20th day of May instant, and the following Regulations for the disposal of agricultural lands substituted therefor:

2. The even-numbered sections within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt—that is to say, lying within 24 miles on each side of the line of the said Railway, excepting those which may be required for wood-lots in connection with settlers on prairie lands within the said Belt, or which may be otherwise specially dealt with by the Governor in Council—shall be held exclusively for homesteads and pre-emptions. The odd-numbered sections within the said belt are Canadian Pacific Railway Lands, and can only be acquired from the Company.

3. The pre-emptions entered within the said belt of 24 miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway, up to and including the 31st day of December next, shall be disposed of at the rate of \$2.50 per acre; four-tenths of the purchase money, with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry, the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

4. From and after the 31st day of December next, the price shall remain the same—that is, \$2.50 per acre—for pre-emptions within the said belt, or within the corresponding belt of any branch line of the said Railway, but shall be paid in one sum at the end of three years, or at such earlier period as the claimant may have acquired a title to his homestead quarter-section.

5. Dominion lands, the property of the Government, within 24 miles of any projected line of Railway recognized by the Minister of Railways, and of which he has given notice in the Official Gazette as being a projected line of railway, shall be dealt with, as to price and terms, as follows:—The pre-emptions shall be sold at the same price and on the same terms as fixed in the next preceding paragraph, and the odd-numbered sections shall be sold at \$2.50 per acre, payable in cash.

6. In all townships open for sale and settlement within Manitoba or the North-West Territories, outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the even-numbered sections, except in the cases provided for in clause 2 of these Regulations, shall be held exclusively for homestead and pre-emption, and the odd-numbered sections for sale as public lands.

7. The lands described as public lands shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, cash, excepting in special cases where the Minister of the Interior, under the provisions of section 4 of the amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last session of Parliament, may deem it expedient to withdraw certain farming lands from ordinary sale and settlement, and put them up for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in which event such lands shall be put up at an upset price of \$2 per acre.

8. Pre-emptions outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, to be paid in one sum at the end of three years from the date of entry, or at such earlier period as the claimant may acquire a title to his homestead quarter-section.

9. Exception shall be made to the provisions of clause 7, in so far as relates to lands in the Province of Manitoba or the North-West Territories, lying to the north of the belt containing the Pacific Railway lands, wherein a person being an actual settler on an odd-numbered section shall have the privilege of purchasing to the extent of 320 acres of such section, but no more, at the price of \$1.25 per acre, cash; but no patent shall issue for such land until after three years of actual residence upon the same.

10. The price and terms of payment of odd-numbered sections and pre-emptions, above set forth, shall not apply to persons who have settled in any one of the several belts described in the said Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, hereby rescinded, but who have not obtained entries for their lands, and who may establish a right to purchase such odd-numbered sections or pre-emptions, as the case may be, at the price and on the terms respectively fixed for the same by the said Regulations.

Timber for Settlers.

11. The system of wood lots in prairie townships shall be continued—that is to say, homestead settlers having no timber on their own lands shall be permitted to purchase wood lots in area not exceeding 20 acres each, at a uniform rate of \$5 per acre, to be paid in cash.

12. The provision in the next preceding paragraph shall apply also to settlers on prairie sections bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in cases where the only wood lands available have been laid out on even-numbered sections, provided the Railway Company agree to recipients where the only timber in the locality may be found on their lands.

13. With a view to encouraging settlement by cheapening the cost of building material, the Government reserves the right to grant licenses from time to time, under and in accordance with the provisions of the "Dominion Lands Act," to cut merchantable timber on any lands owned by it within surveyed townships; and settlement upon, or

sale of any lands covered by such licenses, shall, for the time being, be subject to the operation of the same.

Sales of Lands to Individuals or Corporations for Colonization.

14. In any case where a company or individual applies for lands to colonize, and is willing to expend capital to contribute towards the construction of facilities for communication between such lands and existing settlements, and the Government is satisfied of the good faith and ability of such company or individual to carry out such undertakings, the odd-numbered sections in the case of lands outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, or of the Belt of any branch line or lines of the same, may be sold to such company or individual at half price, or \$1 per acre, in cash. In case the lands applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the same principle shall apply so far as one-half of each even-numbered section is concerned—that is to say, the one-half of each even-numbered section may be sold to the company or individual at the price of \$1.25 per acre to be paid in cash. The company or individual will further be protected up to the extent of \$500, with six per cent. interest thereon (to be paid, in the case of advances made to place families on homesteads, under the provisions of section 10 of the amendments to the Dominion Lands Acts hereinbefore mentioned).

15. In every such transaction it shall be absolutely conditional:—

(a) That the company or individual, as the case may be, shall, in the case of lands outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, within three years of the date of the agreement with the Government, place two settlers on each of the odd-numbered sections, and also two on homesteads on each of the even-numbered sections embraced in the scheme of colonization.

(b) That should the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the company or individual shall, within three years of the date of agreement with the Government, place two settlers on the half of each even-numbered section purchased under the provision contained in paragraph 14, above, and also one settler upon each of the two quarter sections remaining available for homesteads in such section.

(c) That on the promoters failing within the period fixed to place the prescribed number of settlers, the Governor in Council may cancel the sale and the privilege of colonization, and resume possession of the lands not settled, or charge the full price of \$2 per acre, or \$2.50 per acre, as the case may be, for such lands, as may be deemed expedient.

(d) That it be distinctly understood that this policy shall only apply to schemes for colonization of the public lands by Emigrants from Great Britain or the European Continent.

Pasturage Lands.

16. The policy set forth as follows shall govern applications for lands for grazing purposes, and provisions to entitling any application the Minister of the Interior shall satisfy himself of the good faith and ability of the applicant to carry out the undertaking involved in such application.

17. From time to time, as may be deemed expedient, leases of such Townships, or portions of Townships, as may be available for grazing purposes, shall be put up at auction at an upset price to be fixed by the Minister of the Interior, and sold to the highest bidder—the premium for such leases to be paid in cash at the time of the sale.

18. Such leases shall be for a period of 21 years, and in accordance, otherwise with the provisions of Section eight of the Amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Session of Parliament, hereinbefore mentioned.

19. In all cases, the area included in a lease shall be in proportion to the quantity of live stock kept thereon, at the rate of ten acres of land to one head of stock; and the failure in any case of the lessee to place the requisite stock upon the land within three years from the granting of the lease, or in subsequently maintaining the proper ratio of stock to the area of the leasehold, shall justify the Governor in Council in cancelling such lease, or in diminishing proportionally the area contained therein.

20. On paying the required portion of stock within the limits of the leasehold, the lessee shall have the privilege of purchasing, and receiving a patent for, a quantity of land covered by such lease, on which to construct the buildings necessary in connection therewith, not to exceed five per cent. of the area of the leasehold, which latter shall in no single case exceed 100,000 acres.

21. The rental for a leasehold shall in all cases be at the rate of \$10 per annum for each thousand acres included therein, and the price of the land which may be purchased for the cattle station referred to in the next preceding paragraph shall be \$1.25 per acre, payable in cash.

Payments for Lands.

22. Payments for public lands and also for pre-emptions may be in cash, or in scrip, or in police or military bounty warrants, at the option of the purchaser.

23. The above provisions shall not apply to lands valuable for town plots, or to coal or other mineral lands, or to stone or marble quarries, or to lands having water power thereon; and further shall not, of course, affect Sections 11 and 29 in each Township, which are Public School lands, or Sections 6 and 26, which are Hudson's Bay Company's lands.

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

LINDSEY RUSSELL,
Surveyor-General.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Although a fortnight has elapsed since the *Mail* so far forgot itself as to give publicity to that discreditable tirade against the leader of the Opposition, the adverse criticisms of the Canadian press are not yet all spoken, and it is not too late for GRIP to touch the subject with his pencil. The article in question has been attributed to Mr. Plumb, and that gentleman has not, so far as we are aware, denied the soft impeachment. From what we know of Mr. Plumb's parliamentary career we think him quite capable of writing the article, he being a partisan of the most bitter description. The attack extended over about four columns, and was considered vile and calumnious by respectable men of both parties; but it also had its humorous side. The vicious boy in our cartoon, who savagely assaults a monstrous guy of his own making is a perfect parallel for the mad partisan who disgraced journalism by this bit of impotent and unbecoming fury. Mr. Blake can well afford to smile at it. GRIP does not by any means pose as a Blakeite, but he—in common with the writer of the *Mail's* article—knows Mr. Blake to be a man of sterling honor, clean hands and high ability. He may be fairly open to attack on the political side of his character, but the pen that would try to filch from him his good name deserves the contempt and scorn of every decent man.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Congregational Union, which has just concluded its annual session, was occupied for a considerable length of time over the question of admitting Bond-st. church to fellowship. The pastor of that church, Dr. Joseph Wild, is greatly given to politico-prophetic-religio-speculative discourses, and this does not find favour with some of the brethren. However, after a hot discussion, the church was admitted, and GRIP extends his blessing on the happy Union.

The county of Middlesex has shown herself the most enlightened in the Province by being the first to abolish those antiquated nuisances, the toll-gates, and this action of the County Council is, it is said, to be reciprocated by the London aldermen who will forthwith do away with market-tees—another relief of the dark ages. Now, let the county of York—the intellectual centre—follow this shining example.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lockwood.—Many thanks. Keep right on in the good path.

Liberal Conservative, Port Perry.—We have not devoted much attention to the science of Astronomy, but think we may safely assert that the recent eclipse of the moon was not caused by the shadow thrown over the prospects of the Liberal party in this Province by the defeat of Mr. Bigelow in North Ontario.

Angelina D.—Dry your pretty eyes, Angelina—we are sure they must be pretty—and don't allow yourself to believe that a dark shadow hangs over your engagement because Edward proposed on the evening of the eclipse. Why, the moon shone brightly beyond the shadow, just as somebody's face did when hidden by somebody's manly breast. There, don't blush, dear—Mr. Gurr was not present, but he is a gentleman of vast experience.



Poetic Fragment of the 19th Century.

Duette.—Cantata.

ONTARIO AND JAMIE McDONALD.

She.—Why didnae ye gang awa, Jamie,
Why didnae ye gang awa, Jamie,
Before ye tried wi' a yer nicht,
To gie my neck a thraw, Jamie?

He.—Before I gaed awa, lassie,
I had nae thocht awa, lassie,
O' meddlin' wi' your purkin streams,
Your shiles, and booms, an' a', lassie.

This is hoo it cam', lassie,
This is hoo it cam', lassie,
Johnny made me sign a screed,
O' balderdash and flann, lassie.

And this he said to me, lassie,
And this he said to me, lassie,
That ye had spurned him frae your soil,
And he'd flout you till he'd dee, lassie.

She.—O now at last I see, Jamie,
The dread I hae to dree, Jamie,
Through Johnny's spite for Kingston's slight,
Tortured I'm to be, Jamie.

I see ye'r no' to blame, Jamie,
Gae awa' an' stay at hame, Jamie,
An' tell your illu-nostet countrymen,
O' laws ye little ken, Jamie.

I'll nurse up a' my grief, Jamie,
Till I can get relief, Jamie,
And then I'll thrive like invalid,
That's fed on tea of beef, Jamie.

When comes that bonnie day, Jamie,
This shall be the way, Jamie:—

Prologue a la Shipton.

Trains (Ontario, not Syndicate) to the Sault shall free,
Buck Shot and Louse Creeks shall be free,
Also the river Missis-sippi,
And Ontario shall have her awarded boundaree.

The Nights of Damon.

A BAD DREAM.

It's strange how all the fellows in our bank (I'm a bank-clerk you know) came to call me Damon. I get nothing else at home, since our Irish cook said one day, "If iver there was a damon let loose from the pit, Master Gustus is that same man." The name stuck to me after that, I suppose because I resembled him. I don't know much about him, except that he was twin-brother to Pythias; it beats my time to remember all about heathen deities and such lumber.

I often hear about the "Nights of Pythias," and "Malta," and those old coons; but I'm willing to bet my new spring suit against a pair of old boots, that they don't put in such nights as I do. I wish to remark that if anyone sleeps worse, or is more restless and uncomfortable, has more night-mare, and bad dreams than I do, I hope his reason will stand the strain; that's all. I thought I stood it pretty well, but it must be telling on me some, for I heard my father say to my aunt, "It's a terrible affliction for me to have a half-witted son." She answered, so kindly—she always sticks up for me when the gov. is hard on me—"I don't believe he's even half-witted."

I put in a fearful night on Tuesday. Perhaps you'll remember it was hot. Well it was awfully hot as—as possible. I went to bed that night—I don't always, sometimes I'm carried—

and to save my precious skin I couldn't keep still. I tossed and rolled, I plunged and kicked, first at the head of the bed, and then at the foot, I threw the clothes first one side, and then the other; but the more I twisted and turned, the hotter I got, and the farther off sleep scemed. At last I threw the shutters wide open, rolled the bed broadside to the window, and in native attire lay down as close to the ledge as I could; and before I had time to begin kicking again I fell asleep.

And then I had an awful dream! I dreamt I was Roscoe Conkling! Roscoe Conkling, with the cares of state weighing him down, and aristocratic aspirations pushing him up! I thought I was the greatest man in America, and therefore in the world. I ran the machine of politics, I pulled all the wires; without me the party and the nation would fall to pieces. Not only would all officers of state come and go as I bid them, but they would not move at all without my direct command. Even the President, who is almost, but in my opinion *not quite*, as good as a king, was subservient to me. The General before whom rebels fell in consternation, before whom a nation bowed in homage, quailed beneath my eagle eye. He was completely under my thumb. *My thumb*, not over large, well-shaped, and *clean*, held Garfield down and kept him there. That's what I and Conkling dreamed.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," I was still Conkling, but suddenly, as the mule turns and kicks the man who thinks of nothing but mounting him, so Garfield gave me such a rise as stunned me completely. When I collected my senses, I roused myself in my majesty and remonstrated. The message I received in reply was worthy of a canal-driver, and was to this effect, "Roscoe, my boy, if you are trying to run James Garfield, you'll find you have the pig by the wrong ear." Such a plebian expression!

When I found I could do nothing with him, outraged and indignant I determined to throw down the gauntlet, resign my position, and say to the people whom I had graciously allowed to elect me to the Senate. I appealed; but alas! alas! I fear it was a wrong move! I greatly fear I'll have to retire to private life, where I try to make out I wish to be. My most stalwart supporter said to me the other day, that after making such a confounded fool of myself the sooner I retired the better.

But though I felt dejected, almost despairing, my intrepid spirit, that has carried me through so many campaigns—political—that has triumphantly led me through caucus and convention, did not desert me. If Albany would not come to me, I must go to Albany. If the members would not rally round me and vote for me unanimously, I must go to each, and implore, with tears if need be, that they re-lect me.

If I should, if by any diabolical means I should be left out, where would be my brilliant schemes for a third term for me and Grant? Where would my empire be? How could I ever hope to become a duke, or an earl, or even a lord? A great quaking and trembling seized me, as a voice, a prophetic voice, seemed to moan in my ear, "Never again, never again, will you luxuriate in your place in the Senate. The seat once honored by your occupancy will be pressed by Roscoe Conkling no more. You will be a laughing stock for the nation, and the Administration will go on and prosper."

Fifty fiends seemed to begin to dance and chatter around me, while I shivered and shook with fear; when suddenly I awoke to find considerably more than my feet and ankles hanging out of window. I didn't get over shaking for hours after I woke up, but, while my teeth chattered, I cursed Roscoe and all connected with him. I've had a cold in my head ever since, and I can't say "dose" plain, dard it! All the fellows laugh at me, and I ain't proud, but if I do say it myself, I'm the most miserable fellow in our bank.

WHO'S AFRAID?



AND it came to pass in these days that our junior devil, having read to our royal bird, Grip, a great many articles from a great many magazines and newspapers on the popular subject of annexation, the aggravated bird, drawing himself up after the manner of his noble ancestors, said in his most musical and sonorous tones, "Who's Afraid?" and Satan junior, feeling the full force and significance of the legend, laughed a laugh that meant nothing less than daggers and proud scorn, scythes, mitraliensers, and other fancy implements of modern warfare, and snapping his fingers in the faces of certain imaginary foes of the Old Flag, poured the contents of the first phial of wrath on certain imaginary heads as follows, and went back to talk to Grip and get his opinion of this the first effort of his lyric muse.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Put their heads together;
"Let us make our country Free,"
Said the oldest wether.

"Canada must go to pot,
If we twan don't oil her;
See, her soundest timbers rot!
Big hole in the boiler!"

Tweedledee, with gravest nod,
Held the same opinion:
"We must give the ship a prod,
And shake the whole Dominion."

Then your prophecy comes true,
Uncle Sam rejoices,
Singing 'Yankee Doodle-doo'
Fifty million voices."

"Four frail millions looking on,
Wriggling in disorder,
While we three, Clark, you and me,
Scoot her o'er the border.

"Not a tongue will dare to wag,
Not a gun be triggered,
But we're modest and won't brag,"
Tweedledum he snickered.

Tweedledee he paced the room,
"Sure as twankay's twankay,
Old Canuck may fret and fume,
Three cheers for the Yankee!"

Why, the thing's already done,
Have we three not spoken?
Pass her over now, my son,
England's heart is broken!"

"Sarve her right," quoth Tweedledum
"Sure as I'm a Prophet,
We have saved this noble land,
Going down to Tophet;

No more lords and dukes and that,
No more Royal candy;
Shoddy's King and Caliphat,
Yankee Doodle dandy!"

Then the Eagle screamed a scream,
Sent it down the ages,
With the mighty names in full
Of three loyal sages.

Jonathan he hugged the girl,
Millions more have thronged to;
Parson wed them with the King
That Boss Tweed belonged to.

Highly Improbable.

It is related that Mr. George Hague having met Dr. Wild just before service on Sunday night, the following colloquy ensued:—
"Will you preach the plain gospel this evening?"
"Not this evening."
"Some other evening?"
"Good evening."

There is one good thing about this whole business of a man's conscience smiting him—generally he isn't hit very hard.

"Look at It."

Somebody in Charlottetown, P. E. I., sends us a paper in which the following advertisement is conspicuously marked:—

A CARD OF THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Justice Young cannot return to his Chambers in the Law Courts, after an absence of TWELVE MONTHS, owing to the painful accident he met with in Broomfield Street Church, Boston, Mass., U. S. A., in June last, without publicly thanking God for sparing his life, and blessing the means employed for his recovery. He would gratefully acknowledge the marked consideration shown him by every member of the Bar; and also the sympathy and kindness extended to him by all classes of the community.

The sender of the paper writes in the margin, "Look at it!" Well, we have looked at it. Perhaps our funny correspondent expects us to poke a little ridicule at Mr. Justice Young for being so old fashioned as to imagine that he is under any obligation to the Deity for his recovery. If so, he must find somebody else to do the poking—somebody with less respect for the religious convictions of other people, and less sense of what constitutes a fair subject of humor. We do not know Mr. Justice Young, but we venture to say he is as much of a man as anybody who would take this ad. and "look at it" with the eye of ridicule.

Now's Her Chance.

Montreal has been appealed to by her sister, Quebec, for a little financial aid to the sufferers by the past fire. Of course the commercial metropolis will be equal to the occasion. As in the case of the lamentable St. John fire, she will magnanimously put her hand in her pocket; but Grip hopes she will not, as in that instance, forget to take it out again.



JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION ON "MEN."

Men are two-footed animals. They are sometimes big, and sometimes little. Extra big men generally travel with circuses, and so does extra small men.

Most men get married. My pa once got married and I've often heard him telling ma that he would never get married again. Ma says its "sour grapes," or something like that. She also says that no one would have "such a bald-headed, grey-haired, 72 year old baby like him."

Men likes to join secret societies, leaseways my pa does, for he has a "lodge meeting" every time there is a public supper within twelve miles of town.

Ma, she says men are frauds, they are delusions. Pa says women are worse, though Aunt Sue chimes in with ma, and says not to mind what pa says, coz he'll just say that for pure cussed spite.

Another peculiarity about men is, that they can never find anything, not even a collar or a tie; and its always, "Mary! where's my collar?" or "Where in the dickens has that tie gone?" and he gets twice as mad as a hornet when he gets the answer, "John, my dear, where'd you leave it?"

But, I've forgotton to buck my wood, and here comes dad up the steps, and I think his steps sound like biz. If he sees me at this composition he'll read it and,—oh! pity me! I think, however, it will never get to school if he once seed it.

JOHNNY.



THE RULING PASSION.

SCENE.—Near Rosedale. A Fact.

He.—A beautiful sunset, isn't it?
She.—Lovely! And such fashionable colors, too!!

A "Poser."

Deer Editor, a'm seek ov luv;
I ax for u'r advice,
Mi gurl is purty iz a duv,
But feekid as a mice.

Hur brow iz lak the yallo gold;
Hur I s iz lak a dam,
Wherin you'd wish, when u'd behold,
U wuz a tod—to swim.

Hur cheek is lik a heaped up plate
Ov gud potato smash;
Tu bus them—Oh it wud be grate,
They ar mor sweeter than hash.

Hur mouth iz lak what bootchers mak,
In pigs necks—red az rose,
Hur teengirs tallo candles lak,
Lak polliwogs hur tose.

Deer Editor, what I wud ax
Is how tu cort an spark,
A'm shi tu her as iz the wax
Tu fire; ples listen up the dark.

Pictou, N. S. A. B. C.

Deserted.

When the wildcat says the grace, before he tastes his meat;
When the wild boar cleans his face, before he goes to eat;
And shines his boots and combs his hair, when he goes out to woo—
Then—then my love will I a tear let fall for losing you.

When the tiger joins the church, and when the Syrian bull,
When the hyena leaves his lurch, to ope a Sunday School;
When buffaloes mid-wives become, and jaguars nurses kind,
Then will a sigh for you be drawn, for my poor restless mind.

When in the pulpit cobra stands, and thunders against sin;
When with the wolf the lamb shakes hands, and monkeys cease to grin;
When hens invite the fox at night, to come and visit them,
And spark their daughters; then my sight tears (shed for you) may dim.

When across Niagara's fall, the hippopotamus
With wife, stove, wheelbarrow, and all, runs on a rope like bliss;
And when the elephant and sloth, wheel on a circus pole,
Then do I promise on my troth, to fill with tears a bowl.

When wolves and bears are dubbed M.D., when skunks retail cologne,
And when old women cease to say, "The best meat's on the bone;"

When hares are constables, and keep the lion locked in jail,
Then do I promise you to weep, the full of a big pail.

Pictou, N. S. A. B. C.

The poet may rave over the maid of Athens; but we prefer a good pot-pie. And, for that matter, it's made o' fat hens, too.



RIB - STABBER REDIVIVUS !

(See the *Mail* of Monday, 6th inst.)

. See comments on page 3.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

THE AMATEUR LAWYER.

The young lawyer conducting his first case before a jury is worthy of the deepest commiseration. Take him, for instance, in the criminal court, before which he has a case. While the prosecuting attorney is tying the first witness into bow-knots and untying him again, the amateur sits listening intently, but endeavouring to look as unconcerned as a marble statue in a thunder storm. He throws in timid objections every time he thinks he sees a hole, and as each one is overruled by the court he puts on a stern look as much as to say:

"I'll knock the wind out of that in the supreme court."

When the prosecutor, usually an old and able attorney, dryly says, "Take the witness," the youthful aspirant trembles a little and endeavours to swallow something that is sticking in his throat. He feels that every eye in the room is upon him, and that they are as hot as stove lids. He fires a few invidious questions at the witness and warms as he proceeds until he is brought up standing by: "Oh! your honor we object to such irrelevant questions," followed by a few scathing remarks from the prosecutor. The court sustains the objection and advises the young lawyer to keep within the bounds, which sets him to wondering wherein flounder the bounds are. Objection follows objection, and each one is promptly sustained. He wonders why it is that a free and independent people will tolerate such one-sided justice. He lunges ahead blindly now, until he becomes so confused that he does not know whether he is a practising attorney with a gilt sign, or a fly-wheel on a steam wood-saw. Finally he runs out of questions, and with a sigh of relief, or something, tells the witness: "That's all."

So he grinds through, and at last the prosecutor rises and proceeds to address the jury in a masterly style. As he progresses he picks the evidence produced by the defence into particles fine enough to be incorporated into eddies. The youthful Blackstone wrestler begins to feel uneasy as his mind reverts to the fact that in a few moments he must deliver his maiden speech. He wishes the prosecutor would hold his grip and keep it up until time to adjourn court, feeling satisfied that he could make a splendid speech the next day after a night's fighting on the evidence. He tries to remember what the witnesses swore to, but cannot recall their evidence to save his life.

The prosecutor finally winds up with a grand peroration, and as he says: "And in conclusion, gentlemen of the jury," the youth nervously fingers his moustache, if he happens to have one about him, and wishes he had never begun the abominable business. Cold chills are fingering him all over the back as if measuring him for a new shirt, and his spinal column acts like it was tired and wanted to sit down a while. Like Banquo's ghost the lump in his throat won't down by an obstinate majority, and he swallows at it and wonders what he is going to say and how long it will take him to say it.

As the prosecutor calmly takes his seat the young lawyer rises and moves to the front. He dare not look at the audience, and tries to imagine there is no one in the room but himself and the 12 sphynx-like forms in the jury box. The eyes of each juror are fixed upon him, and he would almost relinquish his hope of heaven if some one would raise a cry of fire to divert their attention until he gets a start. Finally he shrugs his shoulders and manages to remark: "Gentlemen of the (swallow) jury." Very good. He then surveys them for a moment, and every man in the box thinks he is endeavoring to read their thoughts, but he isn't. He is wishing to gracious he could read his own

thoughts. At last he strikes out and goes for them about their intelligent looks, and how he feels that his client's interests are safe in their hands. At the same time he feels serious doubts as to their safety in his own hands. He worries through his speech with an average of two swallows at that lump to the sentence. The prosecutor closes the argument and the case goes to the jury, who retire to a secluded room to chew tobacco and ask each other what they thought of it. It so happened that the flimsy testimony against the accused warrants a verdict of not guilty, whereupon the amateur grasps his client's hand and whispers: "It was a hard fight, but I got you out of it?" Then he rises, loads up enough law books to swamp a mud-scow, casts a triumphant look at the prosecuting attorney, who smiles pleasantly in return, and walks slowly and majestically down the side to the door with as much dignity as if he owned a western railway. Oh, you can't deny it, even you old veterans—you've all been there!—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

WHY MR. SPOOPENDYKE AND HIS WIFE DID NOT GO TO THE MASQUERADE.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hurried in, hot and breathless, late from his business, "did you get me a fancy dress for the masquerade to-night?"

"It's all ready" replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, beaming. "You go as—let me see— I go as a Spanish guitar girl, and you go as—as—it's either Louis XIV., or Oliver Cromwell, or Sir Robert Burns, I've forgotten what the man called it."

"I do, do I?" said Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring around. "I go as one of 'em, do I? As they are all dead, and as I will do for all three, praps you'll get me a coffin. Show me the coffin. Fetch out the interconvertible catafalque and help me on with it. Has it got sleeves?"

"It isn't a coffin," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke, "it's a doublet and—"

"It's a doublet, is it? Well, that relieves me of one of 'em. I thought from the way you spoke, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it was a triplet. Is there a trousers with it? Got a shirt? I told you to get me a ban-it suit, didn't I? Fetch out this Cromwell business? Show me this man Burns! Any sword go with it?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke brought forth a worn red velvet jacket, trimmed with tarnished braid, and a pair of yellow velvet knee-breeches, slashed up the sides. This she supplemented with a felt hat and a pair of jack-boots armed with spurs.

"Maybe it's a bandit snit after all," she suggested.

"Which is the Louis XIV. end of this thing?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where does the Oliver Cromwell part begin? Show me the Burns element on the schedule! If I'm going to get into this thing chronologically I must begin with the measly king and wind off with the dodgasted poet; which is the king part?" and Mr. Spoopendyke shot out of his business suit and drew on the velvet trousers—"Where's the rest of 'em!" he demanded, surveying an expanse of unclotted limbs. "This whole thing is only one leg. Where's the pair for the other leg? Give me some trousers," and Mr. Spoopendyke scowled about him.

"Don't the boots come up and meet them?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, in some trepidation.

Mr. Spoopendyke pulled on the boots, but still there was an exposed space of nearly a foot.

"I suppose this bare-legged arrangement is the Burns part," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "He was a Highlander, and this much of me is Burns. Show me the Cromwell part now. Is that hat it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke put on the hat and breathed hard. "Where's the rest of me? My head and legs are all right; bring me my back and stomach!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke handed him the jacket, and he plunged into it with a jerk.

"That's what you wanted?" he howled. "Couldn't you make more'n three epochs of me? Didn't the man have but three historical dates? Pull that jacket down a couple of centuries, can't ye? Don't you see the dod-gasted thing is two hundred years from reaching the waistband of the Burns breeches?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tugged at the abbreviated coat and snorted with wrath.

"Maybe that was the way it was meant to go," argued Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I saw—"

"You sawed off the coat and pants; now s'pose you saw off a rod of this hat and patch 'em out again!" And Mr. Spoopendyke thrust his arm to the shoulder through the Covenant-er's hat, and split the coat of the lamented Louis from tail to collar-band. "Look out for some Scotch romance!" and he ripped off the pants and fired them into the grate. "Here comes another page in the annals of crime!" and the boots went out of the window.

"And we—can't go—go to the mas—masquerade at all?" sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Write an epitaph on the back of my neck, and I'll go as a tombstone!" yawned Mr. Spoopendyke. "Put three bells in my side and a torn stair carpet at my back and I'll go as a French flat! Discharge the hired girl and get up a cold dinner, and I'll go as a boarding house! But if you think I'm going to any measly masquerade in baro legs, like a baby, and bare-backed like a circus, just to advertise a hymn-book, a gin-mill, and a broad-ax factory, you're left, Mrs. Spoopendyke. You hear me? You're left!" And Mr. Spoopendyke drew on his night-shirt.

"It's too awful mean for anything," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she laid away the Spanish guitar girl's costume, and warned up her crimping-pins. "I tried to get something that would suit him, and he don't appear pleased with it. Another time I'll get him a sheet and a pair of socks, so he can be a Roman senator, and if he is disappointed and tears 'em up it won't cost so much." With which profound reflection Mrs. Spoopendyke said her prayers, and planting her cold feet in Mr. Spoopendyke's bed, sank gently to rest.

A quiet game—Whist!

His far route blackened a good many men.

Always goes around with a long face—An alligator.

The load believes that hop-position is the life of trade.

If a pig's leg cured is a ham, is a grown hog's leg a hammer?

You cannot judge of a woman's weight by the volume of her sighs.

Electricity in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.

"No use stalking?" said the forester when he arrested a deer-stealer.

In Texas when a man wishes to cut an acquaintance he uses a bowie knife.

"Fine feathers do not make fine birds," but they certainly do make fine beds.

Westport will plant 500 acres with onions this year. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

"That is what I like," said the tramp; "good country board," as he laid himself down on the floor of the barn.

"Chin Long" is the name of a Charlestown washerman. He should have been a lecturer.

A new definition—A jury is a body of men organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer.

A young man in Laramie has such an exalted opinion of himself that he has to sit up on a step ladder to pare his corn.



A CONFIRMED SINNER.

Park Eschortor.—Young man, do you drink liquor?

Young Man.—Don't mind if I do. Thanks; where'll we go?



WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MESMERISM.

Last night was, I suppose, one of the most eventful of my life; it was chuck full of events.

I'm spending a visit to an uncle of mine on the other side—that is, it is of course on this side, but I mean in the States. This is a busy sort of a place, not a hundred miles from Detroit, but with all its "booms" and bustling it don't come near being as nice as Toronto. It struck me as quite a coincidence that the Duke of Sutherland, or the Juke, as they say here, and his party, should arrive the same day as I did.

My cousin proposed that we should call and see him the next day, yesterday. "Damon," he said, "its only proper you should call and tell him how the Markis of Lorne and Louisy are." I said I'd go, and all that night I sat up altering my clothes, to be like I had heard the Duke wore his, so that he would recognize me at once as a kindred spirit. I cut off about half a yard off the lower end of my coat, so that it wouldn't near touch a chair when I sat down. I also took seams in my trousers, so that they were skin tight. It took me till dawn to get it

sowed up right, and then it was all wrong. When I tried them on I sat down and wept, for they did look shocking. My coat was crooked, and the stitches showed fearfully. When I went down to breakfast my cousin—such a cad of a fellow—laughed till I thought he'd choke, till my uncle reproved him and told me he was sure I looked quite distinguished.

I must say I felt awful at first, when we went out, but I began to feel like myself after a bit when I saw how I attracted everybody's attention. As my cousin said, "I was the observed of all observers; the cynosure of all eyes." I walked along swinging my cane, apparently unconscious of the admiration I was receiving.

We called at the hotel where we had heard the Duke put up, but we found he had left by the early train. It was too bad he missed me. I guess he'd have stopped over if he'd known I was here. In the hall we met two men, and as we passed one of them said, "Ain't he a sanguinary swell? It must be the Juke." The other replied, "I should expect-rate!" I felt flattered, and was even more so when a gentleman, a reporter I should judge by his neat appearance and good clothes, stepped up to me and asked most civilly, "Do you speak German?" I answered, "Very little," and would have said more, but my low cad of a cousin burst out laughing, and I hurried outside; I was so ashamed of him.

We walked around, "doing the city," all day. I even stood up to eat my dinner, not but what I was tired enough, only my clothing would not admit of my sitting down. In the evening I persuaded my cousin to go with me to hear a mesmerist lecture, and make experiments. I always liked something literary, when there are no variety shows or circuses. My cousin sat down, but I leaned against the wall in a *neglige* attitude.

I laughed, one positively couldn't help it, the people made such fools of themselves. Of course, as I said to Hate, they were hired to do it; but it was amusing anyhow. The Professor invited anyone who wished to go up, and Hate went, but he didn't go on the stage. A minute or two after a young man came down near where I stood, and held out his hand so pleasantly, "Why, my dear Duke, I'm so glad to see you! The Professor was sure it was you. He's dying to see you, but he can't leave the stage. If you'd just step up he'd be so glad. He hasn't seen you, you know, since he was in England last year." I murmured something about not understanding him, but he wouldn't hear a word, but marched me up to the stage.

The greasy old Professor actually hugged me, and he dragged me out on the stage and introduced me as "His Grace the Duke of Sutherland." The audience booted, and the Professor began feeling around my face, waving his hands about and making antics. I began to feel sleepy, and I must have gone right off, for the next thing I knew I found myself sitting on the floor of the stage cuddling up my coat as if it were a baby, and feeling it out of a saucer. I looked around, and then it burst upon me that my cousin Hate had put them up to mesmerising me.

I did not say a word, but I threw the saucer at the Professor's head, and rushed out through the audience, scratching, kicking, or biting anyone who tried to stop me.

Hate told me I had made a perfect ninny of myself, dancing, making stump-speeches, singing songs, crying, laughing, and acting like a maniac. I couldn't make him stop till I tried to thrash him, and then he had to carry me home with a broken head and a black eye.

I had lost my coat, spoiled my hat, and ruined the rest of my clothes. I'll have to wait in this miserable hole till the gov. sends me my other suit. Every time Hate sees me he says, "Damon, I thought you didn't believe in mesmerism?"

Old Friends with New Faces.

"Ye cannot enter now," a duet between the Toronto public and the officials of the Normal School grounds.

"These Normal School grounds, fair they seem and green!

Why closed each Sunday by place-proud routine?"

"Against the rules, ye cannot enter now!"

"Mid those cool shades, this sultry Sabbath day, The people's wives and children fair would stray!"

"The rules forbid; you must not enter now."

"It is God Friday—for one hour at least."

Unlock the gates to men from toil released!"

"It is too slim—the rules exclude ye now."

"On Saturday at five, our working men, Who toil through all the week, excluded then?"

"Just so, go, go! we close the gardens now."

"For whom then are these flowers and shady nooks?"

"For the great CARETAKER and greater COOKS."

The people's interests are nowhere now!" M.

We were all on the roof of the piazza watching the eclipse, and when the moon had crept almost entirely under the shadow, the "war man" likened its appearance to a flying bomb, another suggested a fire-balloon, and then all analogies were ended when the juvenile (after the lapse of a few minutes) remarked "Doesn't the earth cast a dirty shadow"?

SLASHBUSH ON "THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION."



"Almiry," said Gustavus Slashbush to his sister, who was trying on her new bonnet, a present from her brother, before the looking glass that adorned the mantelpiece surmounting the kitchen fireplace. "Almiry, I'm

growing sick and disgusted with politics and public men. I am losing confidence in all of them—" I should think you'd order, after making a beast of yourself along with them newspaper fellows at that dinner in Toronto last week," replied his sister with some asperity. "Almiry," said Gustavus, solemnly, "I beg that you will not mention again that horrid affair. Most of the guests were merely representatives of the press, and, indeed, some were only "employees," not considered by their employers entitled to the dignity of the former title. Almiry, I allude to our most prominent public men. I have been reading the *Mail* very attentively lately, and I have every confidence in its utterances, and cannot but admire its caustic and out-spoken remarks. Now, Almiry, what does it say about the "leader of the Opposition," a man whom I hitherto thought was at least a respectable person?" "Don't know, nor don't care. Durn the humint, it won't sit straight, no how," said Almiry, to whom politics were as naught. "Why, it says," continued Gustavus, "that he is an undermining traitor to all his political friends, that he betrayed the *Globe*, and "speak now" Wood—that he was "perfidious in the extreme" to Mr. McKenzie, that he is suspected of "slamming sickness," "his smile hardens up to a sneer or a scowl," and that in fact he is the very worst of the lot who joined in "the saturnalia of Grit corruptionists which the people closed in 1878." I tell you, Almiry, I'm sick of the whole affair! I thought all along he was a gentleman, but after getting such a "setling out" as that, I'm sick—" "You'll be a damned sight sicker if ye don't unlatch them hosses and bring them to the barn mighty quick!" interrupted Slashbush *per se* who had just driven home. "Consum ye, hurry up or I'll pack ye off to Toronto for good!" Gustavus humbly obeyed.

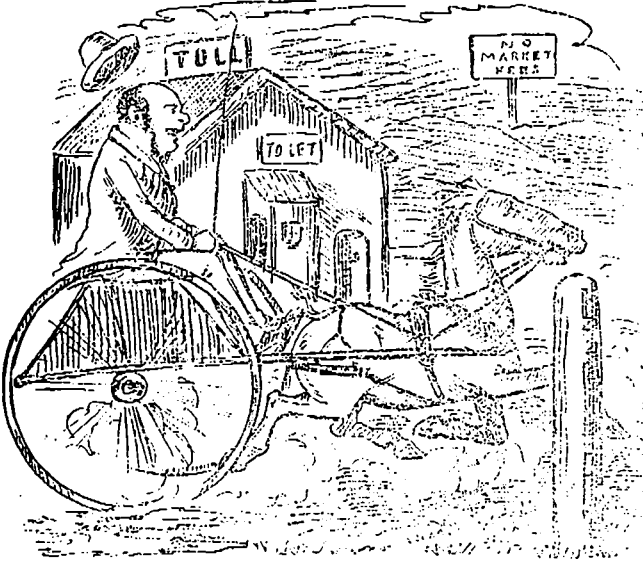
Another company is being formed to explore the Arctic Ocean. Take our advice—the Arctic Co. shun.

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

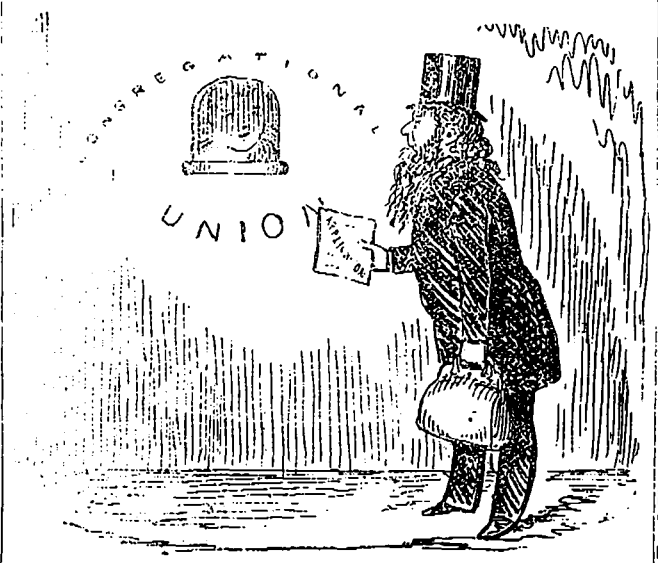
VOL. THE SEVENTEENTH, No. 5.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 18TH JUNE, 1881.



THE HAPPY MIDDLESEX MAN!
Toll Gates abolished and Market Fees to follow suit!



PASS!

* See comments on page 3.

"THE PANORAMA,"

BENGOUGH'S ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS.

55 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO, JUNE 5, 1881.

On or about the First of July, next, we propose to issue the first number of an Illustrated newspaper, which will thereafter be issued weekly, from our new Office, Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

This newspaper will be known as "THE PANORAMA," and as the name implies, it will endeavour to present a pictorial record of passing events, with special reference to the tastes and interests of the people of the Dominion of Canada. Illustrations of interesting Events, Ceremonies and Celebrations, sketches of the internal arrangements of our Public Institutions of Education, Charity and Punishment, views of Public Buildings and Manufactories, and Portraits of representative Canadians in the walks of politics, law, literature, art, etc., together with occasional sketches of Canadian scenery, will form the field of our artists' efforts.

It will be our special care to study *Originality* and *Timeliness* as well as artistic merit in our illustrations. The artistic control of "THE PANORAMA" has been placed in the hands of a thoroughly competent artist.

While Canadian affairs chiefly engage our pencil, arrangements have been made with a competent artist in London, Eng., Mr. E. P. Canning, to act as our special commissioner. Having long been a resident of Canada, this gentleman will consult the tastes of Canadian readers in the choice of his subjects for illustration. "THE PANORAMA" will also be represented by a competent resident artist in every important city and town in Canada, who will furnish *authentic* sketches illustrative of notable occurrences that may from time to time arise.

The Editorial control of "THE PANORAMA" will be in the hands of Mr. J. W. Bengough, and the paper will maintain an attitude of strict independence in all respects. The questions of the day will be discussed with brevity and vigor. In the literary department as well as in the artistic, originality will be aimed at. Each number will contain a concise summary of current news, with special departments devoted to Music, Art and Society.

"THE PANORAMA," purposing to be the Representative Popular Illustrated Newspaper of the Dominion, will be published at a price hitherto unprecedented in the annals of American Illustrated Journalism, namely \$2.50 per year or 5 cents per copy.

In form it will be eight pages, each page being 12x18 inches in size, enclosed in a wrapper upon which alone advertisements will appear. For advertising terms, trade rates, &c., address

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