

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied. **BENGOUGH BROS.**

USE ONLY

ONTARIO Baking Powder.

Ask your Grocer for it.

MANUFACTORY:
247 King Street West,
TORONTO. xii-20-17

TO PRINTERS:

WANTED.

- 1 CHASE, DOUBLE-DEMY, With Shifting Bar.
 - 1 CHASE, DOUBLE-ROYAL, With Shifting Bar.
- BENGOUGH BROS.**

WHERE DO YOU DINE?

Why at the **Mechanics' Club Restaurant** to be sure. CORNER OF **RICHMOND & SHEPPARD STS.** Dinner 20 Cents. xiii-15-3.

CHEAP READING.

We will send to subscribers of "GRIP" any of the following magazines and papers for one year at prices annexed.

- Scribner, \$4. Grip, \$2, both, \$5.
 - St. Nicholas, \$3, Grip, \$2, both, \$4.25.
 - Scientific American, \$3.20, Grip, \$2, both \$4.75.
 - Detroit Free Press, \$2, Grip, \$2, both, \$3.25.
- BENGOUGH BROS.**

WANTED.—5 cents each will be paid for the following back numbers of GRIP:

- Vol. 2. Nos. 2, 16, 23.
- " 3. " 7, 17, 20, 19, 24.
- " 4. " 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7.
- " 5. " 5, 7, 17, 19, 21, 26.
- " 6. " 6, 7, 9, 13, 25.
- " 7. " 4, 12, 20, 21.
- " 8. " 1, 2, 7, 12, 5, 16.
- " 9. " 15.

BENGOUGH BROS.,
TORONTO.

\$1500 TO \$6000 A YEAR, or \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to \$2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free: samples worth \$5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address **GEORGE STINSON & CO.,** Portland, Maine. xiii-10-17

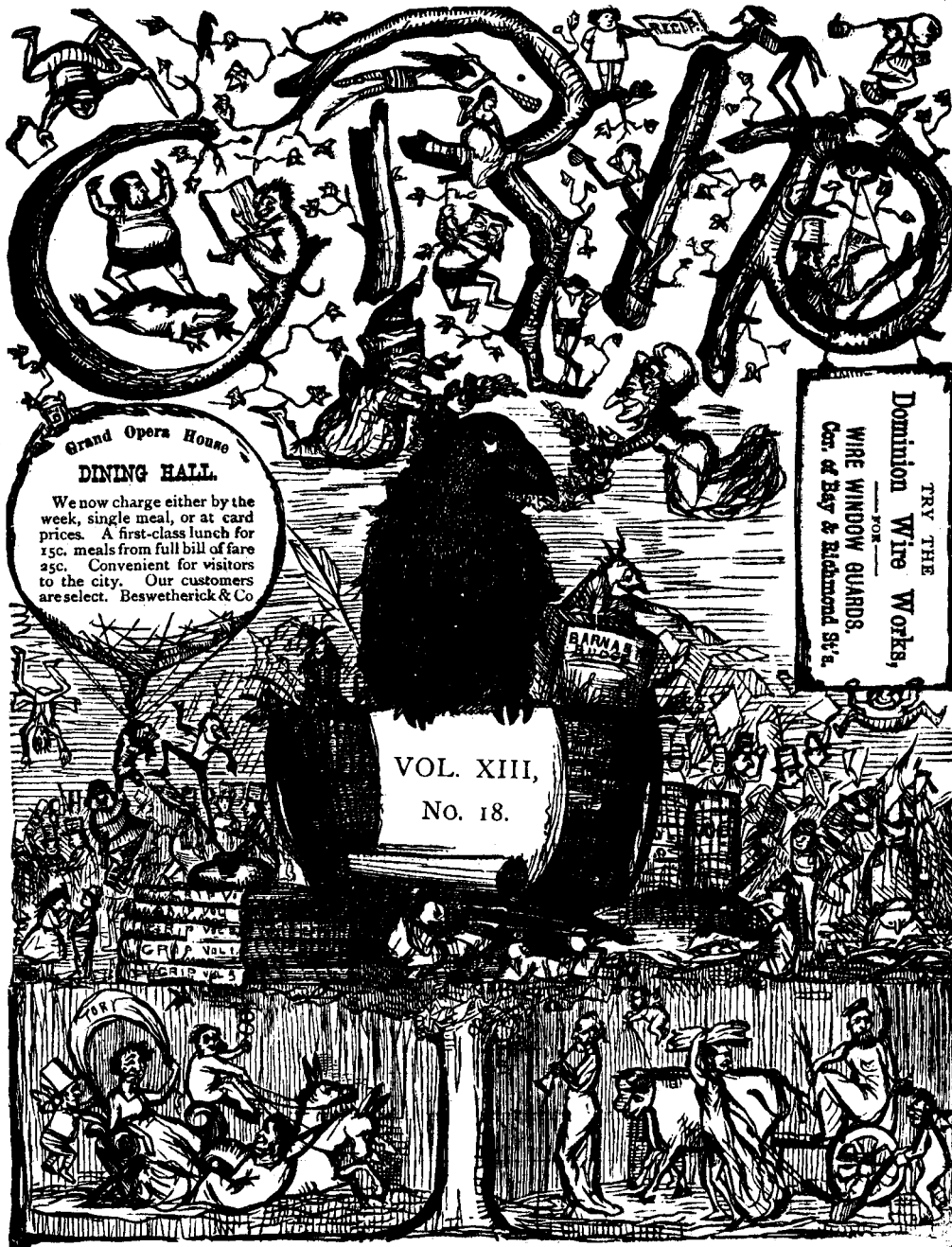
CHOICE MUSIC.

"THE CHAMPION ROCKAWAY."

By **A. KOERBER.**

A dashing and brilliant Composition, sure to please. One of the best yet produced by this popular musician. Printed on the best of paper and embellished with a well executed portrait of the Champion and the Cup. The Trade supplied by **THE TORONTO NEWS CO.**

[TRADE MARK REGISTERED]



Grand Opera House DINING HALL.
We now charge either by the week, single meal, or at card prices. A first-class lunch for 15c. meals from full bill of fare 25c. Convenient for visitors to the city. Our customers are select. **Beswetherick & Co.**

TRY THE **DOMINION WIRE WORKS,** FOR WIRE WINDOW GUARDS, Cor. of Bay & Richmond Sts.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

GRIP OFFICE, IMPERIAL BUILDING. } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
 } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.



GAGE & CO'S
INDESTRUCTIBLE
Iron-Bound School Books.
—EXTRA PRIZE—
At Industrial Exhibition, . . . Toronto.
A strong man cannot break the back from its fastening, and we believe the Binding will never wear out.—*Port Hope Times*
W. J. GAGE & COMPANY, (Late Adam Miller & Co.,)
Educational Publishers, Booksellers, &c., TORONTO.

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.

TINGLEY LIGHTNING STAMP.
The best in the world. Self-inking, with changeable Rubber Dies, &c. Bank, Dating and Hand Stamps of every description. *Agents wanted*
C. C. STEWART & CO.,
10 King St. East, - - Toronto.
xiii-15-3t

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we will mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address **H. HALLET & CO.,** Portland, Maine. xiii-10-17

BENGOUGH BROS.
Are prepared to execute orders for **ENGRAVING** in the highest style of the art.

Type Metal Plates
MADE FROM
Pen and Ink Sketches, Photographs, Lithographs, &c.,
More perfect, true and lasting than any wood engraving, and at a much lower cost. Call and see specimens at
GRIP OFFICE,
Next door to Post Office, Toronto.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY. The tens of thousands who are making exclusive use of the **COOK'S FRIEND** Baking Powder, thereby render UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY to its superiority.
Retailed everywhere. xii-12-17

GERMAN
RYE BREAD, FAMILY BREAD, BROWN BREAD, SNOWFLAKE ROLLS,
CRUMPTON'S BAKERY,
171 KING-ST, East.
7 Doors east of Market. xii-20-17

Readers of "GRIP"
Desiring anything in the Book or Music line, which they may not be able to procure at home, can have them forwarded, at once, if in the city, by addressing **Bengough Bros.,** next P.O., Toronto.

\$300 A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day made at home by the industrious. Capital not required, we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address **TRUE & CO.,** Augusta, Maine. xiii-10-17

Literature and Art.

The Society of American Artists is represented by many of its members at the Munich International Exhibition lately opened.

Sir J. WATSON GORDON has founded a chair of the fine arts at the University of Edinburgh, and that institution is elated in consequence.

The three London exhibitions, namely, the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery and the Society of Painters in Water Colors, closed on August 4th.

"CHAM," the great French caricaturist is dead. His father was COUNT AMADEE NOE, a French peer, though "CHAM" was more than his father's peer in the art line.

Prof. SEELYE, of Amherst College, holds that MACAULAY'S History owes its origin to the WAVERLEY novels, and that SCOTT, in founding the historical romance, founded also the romantic history.

An American lady who recently heard LISZT play, says:—It was a dreamy, melancholy strain, with a rapid, running bass, very sweet, and played excessively pianissimo—the wonderful tone he was so celebrated for. Except for this there was nothing very extraordinary in his playing.

The death is announced from Paris of ALEXANDRE JEAN BAPTISTE HESSE, the celebrated historical and portrait painter at the age of 73 years. He was born in Paris in 1806 and was a pupil of Baron Gros. He succeeded DELACROIX in the Academy of Fine Arts in 1868. His two works, "The Funeral of Titian" and "The Triumph of Pisini," have always been considered masterpieces. The latter is in the Luxembourg collection.

A group in colors by CARMONTELE has been published, representing MOZART when about seven years of age, seated at a harpsichord, his father standing behind him with a violin, his sister on the further side of the instrument with a music sheet in her hands. The original drawing was made about 1763, and is an excellent example of CARMONTELE'S manner of drawing, invariably in profile, with much taste and spirit and abundance of character.

The late CHARLES LANDSEER gained his election as academician with a picture called "The Eve of the Battle of Edge Hill." A curious story attaches to this picture. When it was nearly finished EDWIN LANDSEER was asked by CHARLES to come and look at it, and remarked that it was a very good picture, but "how nice a spaniel would look in that corner." CHARLES said, "Will you put it in, then?" at which the master took up the brush and at once painted in a fine old English spaniel with some leather despatch bags lying on the ground by him. The picture was duly exhibited and admired, the spaniel especially; but the dealer who bought it bethought him that Sir EDWIN'S dog would be worth more than the whole picture. So he coolly cut it out and sold it, fitting the place by a common dog copied from it. Several years afterward the owner of the picture showed Sir EDWIN, with some pride, the picture in which he had painted the dog; but the great master "declared he'd be hanged if he ever did that dog." The picture was examined more closely, and then the trick was found out. The identical picture, as cut out and put on another canvas, was recently sold for \$215.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SPECIAL EXCURSION,
23RD SEPTEMBER,

TO
Montreal, Ottawa, and the Dominion Exhibition.

Fares—Montreal and Return, Direct, \$6.

Montreal and Return, via Ottawa, \$7.50.

Proportionate fares East and West.

JOSEPH HICKSON,

General Manager.

Montreal, Sept. 12, 1879.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
OF CANADA.

Dominion Exhibition
OTTAWA,

22nd Sept. and Following Days.

Tickets will be issued to Ottawa and return

From the 22nd to the 27th September,

For the above, at single fare, valid for return until the 30th September, inclusive.

JOSEPH HICKSON.

Montreal, Aug. 28th, 1879.

General Manager.

VERNON,

Manufacturing Jeweller,

159 YONGE STREET.

Watches and Clocks Repaired. Pipes Mounted.

xiii-4-11

FREE LITERATURE!

AT THE

LI-QUOR TEA Co. of LONDON, Eng.,
295 Yonge Street,

xiii-2-11

6 Doors north of Cruickshank

Financial.

\$10 TO 1000 Invested in Wall St. Stock makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y. xi-20-17

Nearly every attendant at the late Odd-fellow's sermon was a nod-fellow.

When a man becomes so poverty stricken that he enters a walking match, could it be said he makes use of a pedal extremity?

The latest thing in boots,—stockings.

The end of the Quebec crisis,—the letter "s."

Mr. GRIP, hearing that is the intention to offer him the position to Legislative Councillor at Quebec, begs to decline the honour, not that he is insensible of its value, but that he very much doubts its permanence.

Stage Whispers.

A New York paper says:—"MARIE ROZE carried off all the honors of the opera season in London." Where were GENSTER, PATTI, NILSSON, KELLOGG, and the others? No doubt Madame ROZE accomplished a fine success, as she deserves, for she is an excellent artiste, yet the efforts of the other great singers can not be entirely removed.

It has come out through a lawsuit between the managers that *Pinafore* at first failed to draw well in London, the receipts averaging for weeks only about \$200 a night, while the expenses were \$350. But the contract stipulated that it should be performed at least 100 times consecutively, and before that period had expired the profit was \$2,500 a week.

JOHN HULLAH, LL.D., the English musician, who has done more to popularize music in England than any other man, has visited the schools of the continent, and he says that while the system of teaching music in the primary schools in Holland is excellent and in Belgium is good, the boasted popular system of Germany is worse than worthless.

The energetic and accomplished Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY has earned with her beautiful voice a beautiful home in Portland, Me. The house is of brick and round stone, and is surrounded by a pretty lawn. It is furnished daintily and adorned with many works of art. Miss CARY'S married sister keeps house for her, and it is there that the singer, when not busy in her profession, reads, knits stockings, studies and rests.

A notable performance of "As You Like It" is to be given in Manchester next month for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the late CHARLES CALVERT. The cast includes Mrs. THEODORE MARTIN (HELEN FAUCIT) as "Rosalind," TOM TAYLOR as "Adam," ALMA TADEMA as "Beau," LINLEY SAMBOURNE as "Charles the Wrestler," and LEWIS WINGFIELD as "Orlando." HELEN FAUCIT was a celebrated actress forty-five years ago, and her appearance as "Rosalind" of all characters in the world, will be interesting, not to say curious.

At the Royal "Under the Gaslight" draws its multitudes of admirers of the sensational drama. The play is well put on, a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Oofy Gooft sustaining the role of "Snorky" very creditably. Our old acquaintance "Spack" of whom one of our morning contemporaries speaks as "one of the few actors of the old school" (what old school?) had a good share of well deserved applause. After the first night every thing went as smoothly as could be desired, and large houses throughout the week has made the heart of the management glad.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, the tragedian, recently played an engagement of ten weeks, under the management of W. H. FRZGENDALD, through California, Oregon, Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming and Utah Territories. It was the largest engagement ever played by any star in that section. BARRETT'S share for the California tour amounted to \$21,000. Mr. BARRETT'S week at the Grand has of course been brilliant. Taken for all in all, BARRETT is the finest tragic actor at present on the American stage. Manager PIRROU gives us a pleasant transition from grave to gay in bringing on HAVERLY'S juvenile *Pinafore* Company as the next attraction. This will undoubtedly be the hit of the season and cannot fail to pack the house at every performance.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH Bro's.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by Wm. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



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.

CAUTION.—All our Agents have printed receipts and written authority from us or Mr. W. R. Burrage, our General Agent. The public are advised not to pay subscriptions to others, with whom they are unacquainted. BENGOUGH BROTHERS.

Home Again.

(See Cartoon.)

Young Canada has been waiting anxiously for the return of Sir JOHN and the other great men who went away across the ocean, because they promised to bring him something nice from England. Now they have returned, and the little boy, all glowing with delightful anticipation, rushes to meet them and receive the expected good things, but Dame BROWN, the housekeeper, steps forward and arrests the little fellow's enthusiasm by telling him that Sir JOHN has brought him nothing; that the Ministerial mission to England turned out a complete and lamentable failure. This, however, is only spite on the old lady's part, for how does she know what may be in the satchels before the satchels are opened? Young Canada has every confidence in his clever Uncle JOHN, and doesn't mind what poor old Dame BROWN may say. When those satchels are opened, he feels sure he will find heaps of gold to build the Pacific Railway, and lots of other beautiful and useful presents.

The Governor General's Speech.

AT THE TORONTO CLUB.

In rising to respond I do feel most profoundly grateful for your loyal toast, And tho' I've been at banquets o'er and o'er I've never seen it better drunk before; I'm not surprised, however, for I know You love your Queen—respect, revere her so, You're ever ready, 'tis well understood, To drain a bumper—when the wine is good. Your compliments to me and my LOUISE, I'll take *cum grano salis*, if you please, So far as I'm concerned, though I aver You couldn't say words sweet enough for her. We've been delighted with our visit here, With balls and shows and passes to the Fair; And standing, as I feel I am to-night, In presence of a company so bright— (Who lead the city which leads all the land, A city with a future great and grand, Which even now is known to world-wide fame.

Connected as it is with GRIP's great name). I only wish I could find words, I do, To say how greatly we're obliged to you

For all the arches, bunting, gas and fuss You've been so good as to get up for us. Be well assured my interest in your state Is now, as in the past, extremely great, And though the N.P. was a bitter pill, Old England loves her wayward daughter still;

And now, lest I should over-strain my tether, I'll here remark you have delightful weather; And glorious crops, in fact so very big— That PAT, I'm told, feeds peaches to his pig. Talking of pigs, I think it very sad That public life is looked upon as bad, And men of cleanly hands and wholesome scent

Feel indisposed to enter Parliament, Which should an object of ambition be To men of every talent and degree. I've understood—(of course I've not been there

Like DUFFERN, behind the speaker's chair), I've learned it from reports—not *Globe* or *Mail*,

Which sometimes in veracity may fail— That foremost members of the Commons House

Have oft indulged in most outrageous rows, Which might be cured if makers of the law Would only fetch their wives to Ottawa. Again I think you for the toast, my dears, And now I'm done. (Prolonged and hearty cheers).

Caught!

CETEWAYO, the Zulu king, has been captured by Major MARTER, of the 1st Dragoon Guards. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will no doubt rejoice over this, but the rest of the world will go into mourning when the funny men begin to write about the royal captive suffering Marterdom, etc., etc., etc.

Our Contribution.

Personal anecdotes of the Princess LOUISE are now in order. The *Hamilton Times* relates how Her Royal Highness once looked around in church when she was a young girl. Mr. GRIP therefore believes that the following little story will prove interesting to the public: One day when about eight years old, LOUISE was sitting at a window in Windsor Castle, when a fly alighted on her royal sleeve. Being at the time intent on her Art studies, the Princess did not observe the bold and daring fly, when all at once, and without any apparent cause, it flew away, and hasn't since been seen. This is another illustration of the genial good nature for which Her Royal Highness is famous.

The British Capitalist thus Choekloth to Himself.

Hurrah! Hurrah! far across the sea, PUPPERS' N.P. Elephant dances with glee, it thought it had got the best of me! it hadn't got tamed entirely, you see. It's awfully nice—in fact awfully jolly, to live by one's wits, but it's reckless folly. It can't be expected I'd be such a fool as to sell my goods without getting full—payment in kind. I don't want to buy. For Canada's wretched stuffs I don't sigh. I want her grain and produce and "sich," but I'll not buy for nothing although I am rich. I will buy from those nations who aren't so mean as to think at exchange I'm so woefully green, that I'll pay hard cash when goods will do to purchase supplies and yield profit too. I don't care where I buy my goods. That's true; but then I've my own to sell, and Canada isn't quick out of the woods: her N.P.'s hardly begun to tell. Wait till she's got a lot of stuff, enough for her home needs—aye, more than enough,—and hasn't got produce or

fruits of the soil to feed her too numerous sons of toil. Then I shall rise in truth and might, not unkindly, but wishful to do the right, and teach her the lesson of wise trade laws—that men don't buy goods without some cause. If I can't have the grain I really need, and must take goods in payment instead: I must have these cheap because they are nasty, compared with mine. So don't be too hasty, dear Mr. PUPPERS, to invent N.P.s. that rest on nothing, the people to please. If you will manufacture I don't object, if you do it well and don't reject the material which the Dominion possesses, and take to utopian Yankee "guesses" at laws of trade. These can't be compelled, but move with a force which is never repelled, by foolish nostrums. Take this as your motto,—retire to consider it, to some cool grove:—A nation's resources, by labour and skill formed into usefulness find ranks to fill all over the world, and need no protection, because they prove *useful* to each and to all, if adapted for wear or for work in perfection. The nation that loves good work never can fall. Take hold of that motto with strong, steady grip, and banish delusions. Just give them the slip.

Can there be Anything in It?

The night was rude and dark,
The wind did loud complain,
None up but weather clerk,
A making of it rain.

Not one but he and me,
Yes, and two fellows more,
Whom sudden I did see
Come out of tavern door.

One of them there did say,
(I in the dark stood by)—
"Want to be rich?—you may
Make just as much as I.

"This is the way 'tis done,
New is the plan and fine
Go strong A. number 1,
Into the building line.

"Build houses everywhere,
Then fail—a div'end pay,
But sell some first, with care
To put the cash away.

"Or to storekeeping take,
Or build a big grist-mill,
Or anything—but break
On this formula still."

"But how shall I begin?"
Asked sad the other one;
"With pockets bare of tin,
"Spec'ating can't be done."

"Oh, can't it?" asked his friend,
"That clog don't hamper much.
There's folks to you will lend—
Banks—sociations—such.

"Make some official twig,
He'll lend—if—if—you hear,
He gets a bonus big.
Quite private: don't appear

"In balance sheet, I guess,
And when they go to smash,
The public will express
Surprise they lent their cash

"On such security.
'Grave error,' 'twill be thought.
'Over-credulity!'
And who can tell 'twas bought?

"The means are there, I say,
To build or speculate."
The rascals went away,
I home, 'twas getting late.



Lord Lorne and his Art Idea.

His Excellency and the fair Princess did the Art Society the honor of paying their rooms a visit last Friday afternoon. While there his lordship made a little speech in which he "trotted out" an original idea—namely, a suggestion for a Canadian Academy of Art. Mr. GRIP, who was an attentive listener to the noble MARQUIS, thinks the idea a good one, and hopes it may be practically carried out before very long. Eloquent speeches will no doubt assist the project, and good wishes will also do much to bring the Academy into existence, but a quantity of hard cash would undoubtedly do more than either. Let our public men bear this in mind, and act upon it. Happily there is no law to prevent a MARQUIS or a PRINCESS or other high-born personage from contributing liberally to so good a work.



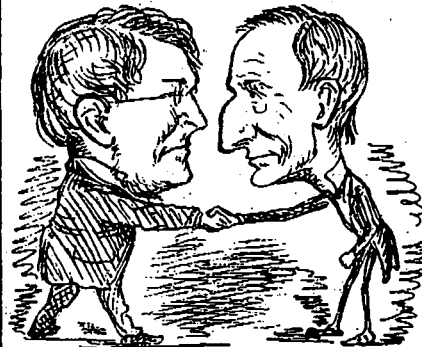
The Advertising Scullers.

Early in October HANLAN and COURTNEY are to meet in aquatic combat. The prize is \$6,000, offered by the Hop Bitters Manufacturing Company of Rochester. The sporting world is on tip-toe of anticipation over the coming race which, it is expected, will demonstrate just what each of the scullers can do in the way of rowing. Meantime the enterprising Hop Bitters makers are exhibiting their skill as advertisers, by converting the two celebrated oarsmen into billboard carriers. It was a happy thought, and ought to bring twice \$6,000 into the coffers of the shrewd Yanks who conceived it.



The Quebec Coon.

The constitutional question in Quebec seems to have resolved itself into a case of DAVY CRICKETT and the Coon, the venerable Legislative Council and the unfortunate JOLY playing the respective characters. The Premier must "come down"—there is no other way out of the dead-lock. We hear it said that the Local Government intend to abolish the Council, but it appears that the Council can only be abolished by a vote of its own members. In the meantime there is no danger of any of the old gentlemen entertaining that idea, and so long as they remain a solid body of opposition partisans, it is equally vain for JOLY to expect anything like fair play at their hands. Therefore, unless he intends to remain up the tree until a majority of the Council die off, and good Rouges be appointed in their places, he must make up his mind to come down handsomely.



International Courtesies.

HON. ED. BLAKE.—Very happy to welcome you, Mr. EVARTS, as the greatest lawyer of the United States.

HON. W. M. EVARTS.—Delighted to meet you, Mr. BLAKE, as the brilliant chief of the Canadian Bar.



After the Zulu.

They say the Zulu King's name ought to be pronounced KETCHEWAYO. General JOHN BULL, who has been pursuing him in vain for several weeks, is of opinion that the correct pronunciation is CANTRECHEWAYO.

The Exhibition.

If you want to see machines
Want to carrots, view, or greens,
Bedsteads fine on which to sleep,
Oxen huge, or long-wooled sheep,
Augers with which wells you bore,
Spouts that lots of water pour,
All the things with which to dig,
Shovel, spade, and pick-ax big,
Wondrous houses built of soap,
Rolls of canvas, heaps of rope,
Wheat in kernel, wheat when ground,
Big sized horses prancing round,
Little fishes under glass,
Chickens steam-hatched in a mass,
Pictures bright and dresses fine,
Finally a place to dine,
If you wish to see these things,
Fly at once, for time has wings,
While it yet is open, go
To the Exhibition show.



Oshawa v. Whitty.

Little Miss OSHAWA has taken the pouts, because little Miss WHITTY has been privileged to nurse the royal dolls for a whole hour. This is very wrong. Children shouldn't pout, nor let their angry passions rise. If Miss OSHAWA wants to have the Marquis and the Princess to fondle for a little while let her be a good girl like Miss WHITTY, and build a railroad and a big college, and have a town council that it is worth a traveller's while going out of his way to see. Then she shall have the royal visitors, so she shall.



THE RETURN FROM ABROAD.

G. B. TO YOUNG CANADA.—HOOT, LADDIE! YE NEEDNA' RIN TO WELCOME THEM. THEY'VE BROUGHT YE NAETHING! THEIR MISSION WAS A FAILURE!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A round trip.—The waltz.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The barometer is a great storm scouter.—*N. O. Picayune*.

Time is money; note the price paid for Rarus.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It's a wise railroad stock that knows its own par nowadays.—*Boston Courier*.

Garlic cures gout, but there is nothing really good for garlic.—*N. O. Picayune*.

The watch lacks self respect; it is always trying to run itself down.—*Boston Post*.

Nearly every man at a horse race is a better if not a happier one.—*Boston Transcript*.

Honesty is the best policy. An on-est bird hatches the most eggs.—*New York Mail*.

Some of our subscribers are trying to kill us with kindness—unremitting kindness.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

"Whole hug or none!" as the young fellow said to his betrothed who was inclined to flirt.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The lamb is an emblem of humility as well as purity. There is no cheek to the lamb's chop.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a hotel landlord announces that "we are full," don't always imagine they mean the hotel.—*Syracuse Standard*.

"Mamma, can't we have anything we want?" "Yes, my dears. But be careful and don't want anything you can't have."

Dr. MARY WALKER justifies her little freaks by the unanswerable assertion that this is a freak country.—*Kansas City Times*.

"A Farmer" is respectfully informed that weeds on the farm are got rid of by a little husbandry. So are those on a widow's bonnet.—*American Punch*.

One of our old bachelor friends says the parting of lovers is sickening. Perhaps there's too much ta-ta emetic in it to suit him.—*Glasgow (Ky.) Times*.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS says nobody should smoke in the presence of ladies. Do the ladies hear? It is time for them to get out of the way.—*Buffalo Express*.

Statistics prove that women's teeth decay at an earlier age than men's, which conclusively proves that spruce gum is more injurious than tobacco.—*American Punch*.

We know of a great many men who are so anxiously advocating the payment of the national debt that they forget all about those contracted by themselves.—*Elmira Gazette*.

During their vacation most of the school-boys have become rusty, but in one week more they will be as accurate as ever with the putty blower at short range.—*New York Star*.

When RICHARD GRANT WHITE read an extract from one of SARA BERNHARDT letters in which she used the word "appalused," he turned up his fine nose and said: "And this is the creature that has turned the head of all Europe! Well, may I be ginswizzled!"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Heat told me
Hot true he'd be,
But my warm heart is sad,
Freeze left me lone,
Ice sob and moan,
My heart is snow more glad.
—*Marathon Independent*.

The school-boy will gloat for half a day on the enigmas in a puzzle column, but when he comes to getting his regular arithmetic lesson he considers it the greatest bore on earth.—*Rome Sentinel*.

The sin of ambition by which the angels fell, will never be marked down against the young man whose sole effort is to carry a light cane and a still lighter mustache.—*New Haven Register*.

It was an unfortunate mistake of the compositor to put under the head-line "Reduction in the Price of Gas," the statement that Mr. — receives only fifty dollars for a lecture, now, instead of a hundred, as formerly.

One of our druggists was complaining yesterday that business was dull, as every one had gone to the fairs, but he added that they would come back sick, and he thought that would help matters out.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

Rural Etiquette: Guest—"Don't you know any better than to walk into my room without rapping? you see I am all undressed!" Servant—"Oh! you needn't excuse yourself, mum; I don't mind."—*Andrews' Bazar*.

A lazy man, having a wife named Hope, whose custom it was to pull off her husband's boots every evening, was wont to exclaim on such occasions: "How truly it is said that 'Hope is the yanker of the sole.'"—*Yonkers Gazette*.

They asked a crier in one of the courts if he did not find it difficult to while away the time during the hearing of dry cases. "Oh, no," was the prompt reply; "I just lean my head back and sleep the sleep of the judge."—*French Witticisms*.

JOSEPH COOK is at Ticonderoga ciphering out the reason why the unknowable preponderance of the luminous ego causes the heterogeneous infinity of the deplorable bioplast to give way before the laughter of the soul at itself.—*St. Albans Advertiser*.

A woman who was having her first introduction to the telephone was told by the operator to place the instrument to her ear and listen to the words the wire would speak to her. "And now," she said in all innocence, "shall I talk with the other ear?"

A park policeman seeing a yellow dog near two handsomely-dressed women, approaches respectfully and says: "Does this beautiful little creature belong to you, ladies?" "Mercy, no!" Park policeman (lifting his cane)—"Get out o' here, you beast."

There will be five Sundays in next February. Think of so much Sunday night bliss in the shortest month. But then this won't happen again in forty years. Let the old gentleman remember this and be hopeful when he lays in the winter coal supply.—*New York Express*.

He was a plain old Grauger, and when his son informed him that he had determined to go to college and learn something, the old gentleman looked straight at him and said, "Now, look-a-here, JOHN, you may learn readin', ritin', spellin', rithmetic, and a little jography, but if you grapple with any o' them there dead langwidges, I'll kill you when you come home, so they'll do you some good."—*Norristown Herald*.

It is against the law to carry concealed arms, yet it is nothing uncommon on moonlight evenings to see young ladies with half concealed arms around their waists.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A member in the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the president said: "Mr. —, do you suppose a General would address his soldiers in the manner in which you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death."

An Irishman requested Postmaster MAYO to superscribe a letter to his brother, recently. "And where shall I direct it to?" said the official. "Be jabbers, I don't know at all; but they told me you had a book with every post office in America in it, so they did!"—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

A reporter for the *Argo* was out this week for a few days and found prevalent these popular prejudices: "Men do not like men pianists, men singers, lady punsters, whistling women, or men who part their hair and name in the middle; and women do not like men poets, timid lovers, vain upstarts or algebra."—*Modern Argo*.

When two couple of young people start out riding in a two-seated carriage, they are happy as four loving claus until the shades of evening approach, and then the couple in the front seat begin to realize that the crying need of this great, free and majestic country of ours is—a two-seat carriage with the front seat behind.—*Puck's Beeswax*.

An agent was in recently to sell us a safe. We investigated, and found that a safe was a square iron box used to put money and valuables in for the convenience of burglars, who otherwise might experience a difficulty in finding them.—*Marathon Independent*. Safe, eh? Thought those were refrigerators. You mean those things with a knob on the door covered with figures like a thousand-mile ticket or a lottery advertisement.—*Puck's Sinner*.

Bethlehem, N. J., is now full of hay fever victims. They don't escape the disease altogether, but it don't tackle 'em so severely as at home. The language heard at the hotel there is peculiar. A guest will throw his eyes heavenward and remark, "Id loogs like raid this—atcheoc—mordig." "Yes," replies another, "I thig—aitchuuu!—I thig—aaa-cheecee!—yes, I thig we'll have sub—kratschuuu!—fallig weather be—cheec aitsch!—forre evedig."—*Norristown Herald*.

"Can it be possible my ALGERNON no longer loves his little brown-eyes? Can it be that her caresses have become irksome to him at last?" said a heart-broken young pullback of our local Nobility to her "studdy company" the other evening as the latter seemed inclined to remove her clinging form from his breast. "Your ALGERNON is all right," said the youth, with an uneasy squirm, "but if you don't let up a minute, TILDER, the spiral of my stud will come out through my backbone, sure."—*San Francisco Post*.

People have become so suspicious of champions that a row between man and wife is looked upon as a put up job unless the stove is smashed and the windows busted out.—*Ex*.

The fact that "virtue is its own reward" is perhaps the reason while people abandon it for something that brings a more tangible recompense. Let us have a proverb Reform Association.—*Boston Post*.

You never hear a pressman contradict anyone. He always replies: "I had an impression thus and so."—*Ex*.

Dreadful Diabolicalisms!!

MYSTERIOUS MALPRACTICES ON A MERCHANT!!

FROM *The Toronto Terrible.*

We have to record one of the most mysterious, wonderful, terrible, dreadful occurrences ever truthfully recorded by the *Terrible*, or mangled and mendaciously misrepresented by the other journals. Whether are we drifting? What is amongst us? Kidnappers—yes, kidnappers are walking their nightly round, and BURKE and HARE redivivous in full blast in Toronto. It is no novelistic story—it is no work of fiction—we herald. Our respected proprietor has always scorned to pay for such articles—it is one of the axioms of his trade. No, listen to the doleful tale.

The night was black as thunder. It may also be remarked (a fact unnoticed by the morning journals) that the blackness was of a dark colour. At the dead and buried hour of midnight a black coach, drawn by sable steeds, stopped at the residence of Mr. COURAGEOUS CARRAWAY, the well known grocer. Striding to his door, six minions of the law presented a warrant for the arrest of Mr. CARRAWAY, written on superb yellow parchment, bound with red tape, crossed, and heavily appendaged with waxen seals. CARRAWAY, Esq., had arisen, and in the belief that it was burglars, had seized the largest of his stock of home reserve cheese knives. But seeing the name of WILSON to the document, he said, with the touching submission of the Grit persuasion, "MOWAT is great, and WILSON is one of his prophets. Lead the way. I come." He came, first providing himself with a large sum of money. Ha! Why? Had he committed guilt? Did he mean to use bribery and big pushes on the venerable WILSON? But to proceed, first remarking that he wore his usual grey suit. It has a darn on the rear edge of the left lappel. We wish the reader to notice that only the *Terrible* has noticed this, which and such is the cause that its circulation is the largest in the world. (N. B.—Advertisements one cent a word. Fortunes are invariably made hourly by advertising with us; the morning dailies have no circulation at all.) They got in, they drove off.

It seemed as if they never would stop. CARRAWAY had expected to be tried by the justice. He was tried by the journey. The dark myrmidons round glared fiendishly at him. They spoke not. The black steeds rushed faster and faster through the pitchy night. Hope withering seemed to fly, and Mercy to sigh farewell. Wild phantoms of the night appeared to gibber at the cab windows, and goblins to thrust out their long and snaky claws from under the seats, gasping for the heartstrings and hauling at the soul of CARRAWAY. (The reader will please notice how superior this style is to that of the mornings, who have in fact no style). CARRAWAY was in agonies; he began to suspect these might not be officials of the law. What then? Horror on horrors' head, could they be Tories in disguise? The little crooked one had a look of Sir JOHN! The stout one might be TUPPER! The carriage stopped. Where were they? In a deep and fearful ravine far remote from civilization. There they got out, and ordered the captive CARRAWAY to follow! He hesitated. What did they mean to do with him in that dreadful place? To what fearful death was it meant to put the devoted Grit? Would they toast him gently, or boil him hard, or fry him with red pepper! All the long and grisly list of tortures he had read of flashed grim before his eyes. All his past life danced in wild panorama before his view.

NEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY.

Grip Job Department.

Everything in the Printing line from a

Label to a Three-Sheet Poster,
WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following rates:

25 Cards, (one name, one style type),	30 cents.
50 " " " " "	50 "
100 " " " " "	75 "

The following are Samples of Type from which a choice may be made.

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson.

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Chromo Cards:

(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type)	\$1.50.
50 " " " "	1.00.
25 " " " "	75.

Mourning Cards:

25 Cards, (one name one style type),	50 cents.
50 " " " "	75 "
100 " " " "	\$1.25 "

Memorial Cards

Beautiful Designs, \$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail, 5c. each.

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Imperial Buildings, (Next Post Office), Toronto.

Well for such grocer at such moment, if he have not sanded the sugar, well for him if his shop-boys still dealt out undiluted tea, well if conscience whisper not "Chicory!" in his ear. In desperation he got out; he gazed around in despair. A light flashed in the distance; 'twas a ray of hope to the soul of the grocer; he rushed for it. The myrmidons seized him; they pointed pistols and blunderbusses at his head. "Fire," cried the desperate CARRAWAY, "sweet and decorous it is to die for one's country, and MOWAT lives on Simcoe street to avenge me!" Then ensued a fearful combat in the valley of darkness, far surpassing that of CHRISTIAN and APOLLYON. The grocer with the might of despair smote his assailants down; they rose up; they piled on him; he threw them off; he rushed for the light; he broke in the door. The family rushed forward; CARRAWAY on his knees presents the forged warrant for protection; the light of the fire flashes on the retreating robbers. *Tableau!* (Observe. No paper found out all this but the *Terrible*, Ads.—1 cent a word.)

They armed the grocer; they armed themselves; they bristle with revolvers; they proceed to the city in battalia; they deliver CARRAWAY at his house. In the afternoon the *Terrible* reporter discovered a fearful cave hewn in the rock; he explored it; 'twas for the grocer. There, bereft of aid, he was to be immured. The reporter scized on the door; he tore it from its hinges; like Sampson bearing the gates of Gaza he bore it through the streets. It is to be seen in the *Terrible* windows. (Advertisements 1 cent. a word). Other gentlemen have been or are about to be entrapped. Dangers stalk all around us. At any moment we may be immured in caves. What is to be done? And through it all there is the consolation that the *Terrible* is on hand to describe all that happens, and much more. Greatest circulation in the world, or in Toronto, any way, or in some parts of the city at least. Advertise. (N. B.—The *Terrible* is open to agreement with any other grocer who thinks a sensation could be got up in foregoing or any other manner. Caves, doors, cabs, heavy and light villains, manufactured with promptness and despatch, at reasonable rates. (Advertise).)

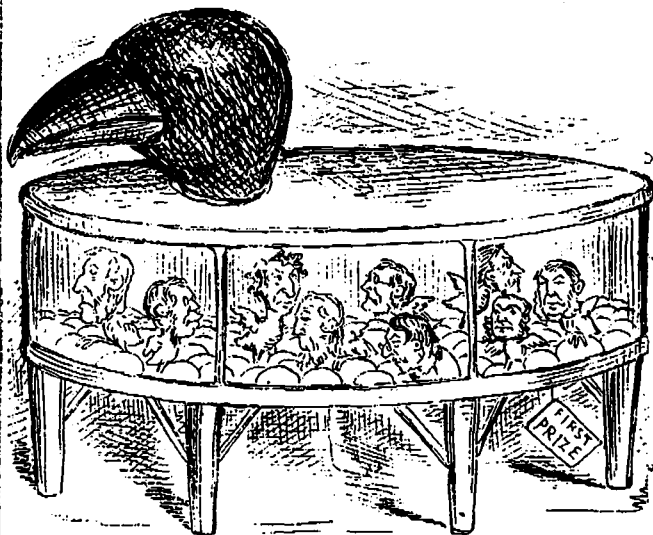
2nd N. B.—GRIP can do it better still, and, though he can't tell what his circulation is, as the first-class mathematicians he constantly employs to count it always die of fatigue as they approach the terrible total, yet it is wonderful. (Advertise; also, \$2 a year.)

Editorials in a Telegram.

A GREAT CRY is being raised at present against LANGEVIN for neglecting his duties at Ottawa and meddling in Quebec affairs. If LANGEVIN is doing so, he is to be blamed; but if he is not doing so, most people will agree with us that he is not blameworthy.

It appears that JOLY is determined not to resign, after all. Perhaps this is for the best, so far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, and perhaps it is not. One point, however, we venture to think is quite clear, namely: the present Quebec Government will be as good as the late one if it governs the province as well.

MR. BLAKE has not yet been elected to the House, and the Ottawa Opposition are beginning to wonder why. There is no doubt that Mr. BLAKE is a man of fine character, and a great source of strength to his party, and when he comes out for re-election he will no doubt be triumphantly elected, always provided, of course, that he isn't defeated again.



GRIP'S PATENT STEAM EGG-HATCHER.



OUR LAND POLICY. UNCLE SAM.—If you want a good farm come right along with me. You see you ain't wanted in this country.



There are beauties of Nature and beauties of Art
And beauties of form, face and mind;
But the beautiful Photographs taken by BRUCE
Are made up of all these combined.

J. BRUCE & Co., opp Rossin House.

xii-22-1y.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

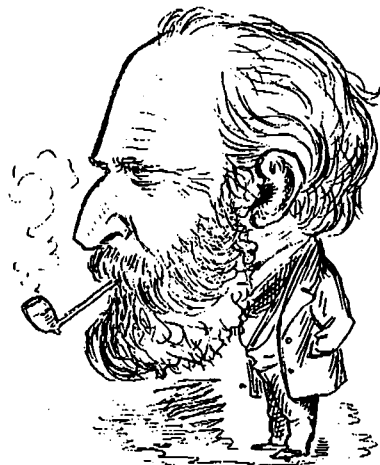
PRICE-LIST REVISED APRIL 1, 1879.

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

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

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Next Post Office, Toronto.



People You Meet.

No. 5.—MR. CITY COMMISSIONER COATS-WORTH.

PRESS OPINIONS.

Grip has put on a spurt this week and produces a copy everybody should see. His scene representing the opening of the great exhibition at Toronto is really good, while his full sized page cartoon affords a good idea of the welcome extended to the royal visitors of the Queen City—*Elora Express*.

Grip has a laughable cartoon of the attempted kidnaping of Hon. George Brown. Two men with slouched hats over their eyes are represented, one bearing each end of an emaciated old man with a frightened visage and a tremendous pair of feet.—*Fredericton Star*.

Grip hits off the situation in Quebec very happily. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor—a capital likeness by the way—stands between Mr. Joly who holds a scroll bearing the words "Policy majority four," and an enraged old woman labelled Legislative Council who shakes her umbrella at Dr. Robitaille threateningly and says "You must either kick him out or starve." Behind this "fossil" is a table full of liquids and solids tearing the legend "The Supplies." Sir John, Chapleau and Langevin are interested spectators of the scene. His Honor in despair says "I cannot kick him out; you see my usefulness is gone." A portrait of Mr. Letellier hangs on the wall as a warning, and a ball on the ground has these words "A Ministry having a majority shall not be dismissed in any case, Tory doctrine." The cartoon is admirable in every way. The other cuts are also first-class, and the letter-press is as good as ever. Grip is by all odds the best conducted comic paper we have ever had in Canada, and it deserves substantial encouragement in the way of a large circulation.—*Chronicle, Quebec*.

S. R. QUIGLEY, ENGRAVER & JEWELLER, MASONIC & SOCIETY REGALIA, EMBLEMS, &c. 10 KING ST. EAST. TORONTO. xiii-4-1y

BALDNESS!

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

Send for circulars. xii-12-1y

FOR FIRST-CLASS PHOTOS.

GO TO J. B. COOK, PHOTOGRAPHER,

(Successor to S. J. DIXON),

Albert Hall, 191 & 193 Yonge-st.

Unequaled in Canada, judging quality of work and prices. Cards from \$1.00 per doz. up; Cabinets, from \$3.00 per doz. up. Four large sized Ambrotypes for 50 cents, the best in the city, and satisfaction guaranteed to all or no charge. xiii-11-8t.

THE MOST DESIRABLE LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ISSUED, IS TO BE HAD OF THE OLD AND RELIABLE

TRAVELERS INS. CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Before Insuring elsewhere investigate the Rates and Plans of the

"TRAVELERS."

C. F. RUSSELL,

AGENT FOR PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

33 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

xiii-15-3t