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EDITOR'S NOTE.

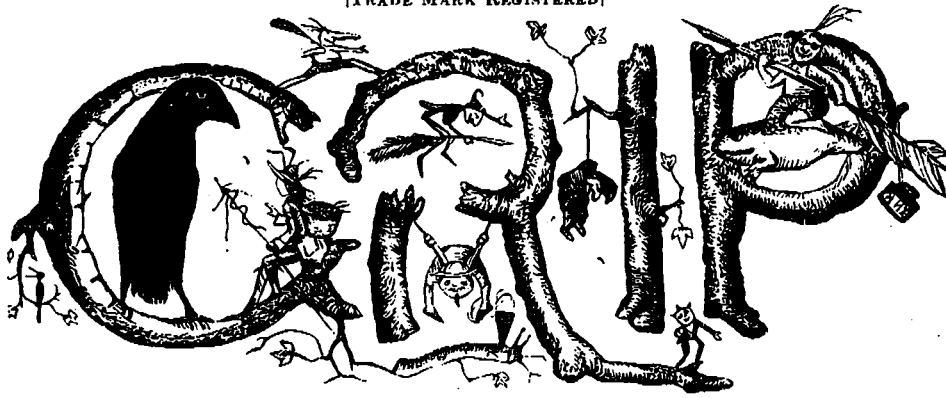
ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

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BENGOUGH BROS.



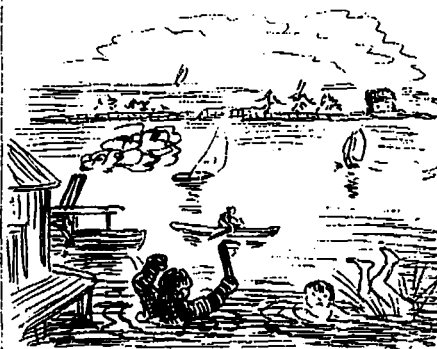
The grabest Beast is thr Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl; The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

VOLUME XV. No. 19.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1880.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

THE LEADING UNDERTAKING ESTABLISHMENT, J. YOUNG'S, 361 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION.



The Water-Police. A suggestion for the Harbour Commissioners—submitted with profound aspect, although a trifle late in the season.

The Incorporation of the Village of Mudfrogs; AND HOW IT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

The citizens of the ancient village of Mudfrogs have lately been much excited by a few restless spirits, who, like a certain antiquated dame of uncertain age, are just beginning to think it is necessary something should be done, in order to bri g out the merits of its citizens before the public. This feeling having continued some time, it is becoming a chronic disease in the minds of the citizens of Mudfrogs. Several hole and corner meetings have been held, and at last they have got a fixed idea. A want had long been felt of a Public Grindstone, and in their united wisdom they have come to a resolution to have one erected as soon as possible, so that every man who has axe to grind need not to trouble his neighbors any more. Two certain lawyers, for the present have taken hold of the cranks, to put the stone in motion. The stone having once begun to roll, they feel certain of obtaining constant employment, when the village of Mudfrogs has grown sufficiently large to become a corporation.

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FOR several years we have been identified with shorthand writers of all schools, in the way of supplying phonographic literature, conducting manuscript phonographic magazines, and—by virtue of the official position of one of the members of the firm—in conducting negotiations between phonographers on the one hand, and Insurance Companies, Newspaper Publishers, Lawyers, and the Professions, on the other, with the object of furnishing the former with employment and the latter with assistants. Our relations with the fraternity in all these branches have been most pleasant, and we have been enabled to secure permanent and lucrative positions for phonographers who, without the assistance proffered them, might to-day have been plodding on in small towns at poor salaries. The extending of a helping hand to Phonographers striving for positions in which they might both utilize and increase their knowledge of the "beautiful art," has been in the past a labor of love—no attempt being made at a system of registration; and the endeavor to meet the wishes of employers and employees has, therefore, been made under many disadvantages, which have now been removed by complete organization.

PLAN.—We shall keep a register of names of all applicants for employment, each one furnishing us with full particulars as to speed, education, salary required, etc., upon a blank form prepared for the purpose. A nominal charge of \$1 will be made for registration. This fee will include all expenses—correspondence, advertising, etc., until the applicant is settled in his situation, when a nominal commission on the annual salary secured will be received—payable on receipt of the first month's salary.

PROSPECTS.—The field for the employment of Shorthand Writers who can bring to their work a thorough knowledge of the art, a clear head, energy, and will to work, is unlimited, and we have unsurpassed facilities for finding out vacancies and learning just what kind of men are wanted.

Shorthand Writers who are out of employment, or desire to improve their positions, will be furnished with a blank form for registration on receipt of a 3c. stamp. All correspondence confidential.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS, Shorthand Employment Bureau, 30 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Canada.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

MR. S. J. WATSON, the Librarian of the Ontario Assembly, is now engaged in compiling a new catalogue of the books in the library, covering all the books which have been added up to the present time. It is expected to be completed by the beginning of next session.

The *Court Circular*, a most convenient compendium of information regarding the law courts here, has been issued. It is very neatly got up, and gives very important intelligence, for jurors and clients especially, the acquisition of which will save them a great deal of trouble.

THE Toronto GRIP, Canada's humorous illustrated journal, comes to us this week twice its usual size, with a double page cartoon by BENGOUH, entitled, "Going to the Fair!" Its witty paragraphs are a vast improvement on those of its London contemporaries.—*The Statesman, Yorkers, N.Y.*

STRUGGLING authors are confronted by the following rehearsal of familiar facts: THACKERAY was not known as an author until nearly 40. SCOTT was 43 when "Waverley" appeared. RICHARDSON became an author at 51. DEFOE was 58 when he wrote his first novel. "Gil Blas" was not finished until the author was 67.

GRIP of last week fairly beat itself. No comic paper ever published in Canada could at all compare with it. The cartoons are just excellent, every one of them striking the object with telling force. No person who pretends to keep up with the times can afford to be without Canada's comic paper.—*St. Mary's Argus.*

GRIP's issue for this week is quite up to the high standard attained in last week's issue. The number is a double one, and is full of the laughter-provoking cartoons and paragraphs. We notice a column of original matter in the way of jokes introduced under the exceedingly appropriate title of the "GRIP sack." We hope to see the paper permanently enlarged to its exhibition size in a short time.—*The Toronto World.*

A WORK of art, at present displayed in the show-window of Messrs. GAGEN & FRASER's photographic studio, King Street West, is attracting a great deal of attention and admiration. It is a full-length photo of a handsome young lady (Miss MORPHY), enlarged from a cabinet photo, and coloured in the most delicate manner by the skilful hand of Mr. GAGEN. The background is in a new medium, embracing both oil and water-colour work. The figure is gracefully posed, and the rendering of the complexion, dress, and surroundings, is highly artistic. The enlargement was made by an original process lately discovered by this firm.

A NEW humorous journal, entitled *Chic*, has just made its appearance in New York. Its size and style it is similar to *Puck*, though, in our opinion, surpassing that paper typographically. The cartoonist of *Chic* is W. G. KENDRICK, a clever draughtsman, who, if we mistake not, is a Canadian. At all events, he received his earliest training on one of our native journals, the *Illustrated News*, of Montreal. Mr. L. HOPKINS, one of the best of American humorous artists, is also on the staff. The literary department of the paper appears to be in able hands. GRIP wishes his new contemporary every success, and shall be pleased to make room for the lively little maiden on his exchange list. *Chic* is published weekly, at 21 Park Place, N. Y.

GRIP had the pleasure of a call, the other day, from the genial representative of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, who is in Toronto attending the convention of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. Mr. C. is a characteristic Chicago journalist, and worthily represents one of the best papers in that city. We are gratified to learn that, in connection with all our visitors, he fully appreciates the efforts the Ontario brethren have made to entertain their guests.

GRIP.—Last week's GRIP is funnier than ever. The cartoon, "Rolling Home," is rich in pure wit. Sir JOHN and Sir CHARLES are "Half Seas Over," and the vessel is pitching tremendously. Sir JOHN is on his back, and Sir CHARLES pitching head foremost from his berth. The ower is falling on Sir JOHN's nose, and the caraffe is following suit; lamp and glass, and a hat, are in mid air, and the table is canted half over. The floor of the state-room is strewn with documents. The artistic excellence of the cartoon is great. The falling articles are really falling—not stuck on paper. The illustrations of the "Fair" are also decidedly good, and one little picture of Hon. E. BLAKE as a negro minstrel singing, "Oue More River to Cross," (the general election), to reach office on the other side, is capital. GRIP has spread himself for the Exhibition, and has done it well.—*Owen Sound Tribune.*

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

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

TO LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf. 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare; (good for season) \$1.25.

TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicara*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—*City of Montreal*, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.

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M MATHEWS, Secy.

GEO. HALLEN, Curator

Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

SINCE the beginning of PATTI's career she has made \$6,000,000.

It is said that MARY ANDERSON will be two shades handsomer this year than ever before.

MANAGER CONNER announces as his next attraction at the Royal, the Paragon Comedy Company, in the new and successful play of "Dr. Clyde."

MR. J. GORDON SHERIFF, the well known tenor, formerly preceptor of COOK'S Church, has returned and taken up his residence in this city.

THE pavilion at the Gardens has been crowded nightly with large audiences, partly, no doubt, attracted by the Reunion of Oddfellows which was an immense success.

REMENYI is about to begin a tour of forty performances in Canada. He plays in Shaftesbury Hall on the evening of October 11th. We trust he will have a reception befitting his extraordinary merits as a violinist.

THE Passion Play, representative of the last days of JESUS CHRIST on earth, will be produced at Booth's Theatre, New York, December 16, under the management of HENRY E. ABBEY. No applause will be permitted.

OF the choral works given in Great Britain last year, those by HANDEL head the list with one hundred and ten performances, sixty of which were of the *Messiah*. MENDELSSOHN is next, with seventy-four performances, twenty-eight being of the *Elijah*.

EVERYBODY was delighted with the American Band at the Reunion. Such enthusiasm was never before manifested by a Toronto audience, and will never be eclipsed until our own bands can give us as good a performance. And why can't they, with sufficient practice?

RICE'S BIJOU OPERA COMPANY act very charmingly at the Grand. On Monday evening they had a bumper house, and the audiences have been fairly good since. The counter-attraction of the Oddfellows, at the Horticultural Gardens, has, no doubt, materially affected the audiences at both theatres, but, all who possibly can, should see the excellent acting and singing of the Bijou company.

MISS MCMANUS, a young protegee of Mr. TORRINGTON's, made a most successful debut as a singer before the magnificent audience gathered at the Oddfellow's Reunion on Tuesday evening. In addition to a peculiarly clear and sweet soprano voice, the young lady possesses a pretty face, and an easy, natural manner on the stage. She promises to be a popular favourite before long. Mr. TORRINGTON's performances as accompanist on this occasion were as usual masterly.

MR. JOHN THOMPSON and his company are the present attractions at the Royal. Mr. THOMPSON is well known to Torontonians as a clever protean actor, whose name was long connected with the drama entitled "On Hand." His present piece, "Around the World in eighty minutes," has been written with a view to displaying the Comedian's versatility in character acting, and his wonderful musical faculty. The plays are highly amusing, and have nothing objectionable in them. MR. CONNER shows his good sense in engaging only such companies as are morally worthy of the patronage of respectable people.

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



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.

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

A Short Sermon on "Grip."

GRIP is delighted to notice that the *Baptist Teacher* for October, published in Philadelphia, opens with an editorial concerning his Ravenship. It is written in Rev. Dr. HENSON's vigorous style, and he knows what he is dealing with when "Grip" is his subject. The article opens with this ringing sentence:—

If there is any one thing, in these days of flaccid and fibreless muscle, that is wanted more than almost any other thing, it is that which is known by the name of "Grip."

Every diligent reader of these pages will heartily endorse this sentiment, the popularity of which is evident from the fact that GRIP's circulation is now double what it was one short year ago. But Doctor HENSON, in dissecting the subject, deals with more subtle material than muscle, and adds:—

So there are consciences that seem to be nerveless and flabby, and incapable of grasping moral principle; and this species of conscience was never, perhaps, more common than now. There is such a thing, also, as a "Grip" on the conscience.

Unscrupulous and unreliable public men and politicians will readily feel the force of this remark, as they have frequently been subject to editorial flagellation by both pen and pencil, through the medium of GRIP's printed and pictured pages. Those men know to their cost that verily there is such a thing as a "Grip on the Conscience," and they have felt, too, that same Grip upon the "flaccid and fibreless muscle," quivering under the firm grasp of a pair of sharp and tenacious claws.

The *Teacher* closes with the following sentence:—

With all your getting, get understanding; and to your understanding, add also GRIP.

This advice is worthy of the Doctor of Divinity who gives it, and his ministerial brethren will do well to heed it. Grip is happy in numbering, on his ever-augmenting list, many ministers and teachers of morality; and it is his proud boast that nothing published in his columns is beneath the notice of the most learned, or inconsistent with the morals of the most scrupulous.

In Monday's *Globe*, in the Editorial Notes and Comments, it is mentioned that motions were made in Court yesterday (*Sunday*) to have certain attorneys struck off the roll for non-payment of moneys! Well, well, we did not think the *Globe* had fallen so far from its high estate as to allow such a glaring breach of the *Sabbath* to pass without scathing comment. However we suppose it was on account of the peculiarly meritorious nature of the action that the *Globe* let the matter go. Well fares the land, in spite of all they say; for trade is booming, and the lawyer men decay.

Effects of Theological Discussion.

Some time ago we paternally warned our *confere* of the *Bowmanville Statesman* of the danger of allowing theological discussions to go on in the columns of his paper. We expressed a fear that his naturally sweet disposition would become tainted with the *odium theologium*; but he wouldn't heed us, and persisted in his evil career. Of course our prediction has been realized, and, as a warning to all who would disregard the words of GRIP, we reproduce the following item from the *Statesman* editor's pen, to prove that he has been transformed from a truly good man into a pugnacious and dangerous character:

It was fortunate for the publisher of the *News* that we were away on Saturday, when he visited our office, and made use of such beastly, disgusting language in the presence of our workmen. Such conduct is becoming only to bar-room loafers, or street roughs. Take warning: don't do it again.

We have no doubt that, had a collision occurred on this occasion, the *Statesman* sanctum would have reeked with clotted gore.

Gush.

What is the matter with the *Mail*, anyway? Mr. BUNTING has surely imported some writers from the office of the *London Daily Telegraph*. There has been any amount of gush in its columns lately. The subjoined extracts, from the account of the Toronto cricketers' doings at Philadelphia, will serve as samples:—

The Canadians unite in speaking in the highest terms of their warm reception on the cricket field by the ladies of Philadelphia, for their impartiality in bestowing their applause, and their generous sympathy extended to them throughout the whole match, which rendered the international match of 1880 one of the most pleasant on record.

Come to think of it, the language, high-falutin' though it is, is appropriate, after all, for the Kanucks must have had a high old time. There were drawbacks, however:—

One shudders to compare the numbers who throng to see any cricket match in Philadelphia, and the scanty attendance which is almost invariably the fate of every cricket match in Canada.

Shudder is good. "A dread, ineffable horror" comes over one, when one thinks of the fate that awaits every cricket match in Canada. The writer then proceeds, most ungenerously, to remark on the want of discrimination on the part of the Philadelphia ladies, and mentions a man called *fidus Achates*, who used, when we knew him, to spell his front name somewhat differently. Friend FARRAR, give that correspondent plenty of rope. We want to see what he can do in this line.

Billingsgate Journalism.

Now let me sing, in dogg'el rhyme,
The story of the press sublime,
Beslavered with the nasty slime
Of personal abuse.

An Editor, named Gordon Brown,
Now "runs" the *Globe* (and runs it down);
He'll never miss a chance to crown
Professor SMITH the "Denise."

I would not sully GRIP's clean page
By quoting here the words of rage
In which the *Globe* assails the Sage
Residing at the Grange:

But let it now suffice to say,
He does not have it all *his* way,
For GOLDWIN SMITH gives him his pay,
Whenever'er he comes in tange.

On GOLDWIN BROWN's devoted head
Rains fast a Billingsgate of lead
(Type-metal, hardly need be said,
To make my meaning plain).

Oh! GOLDWIN SMITH; Oh! GORDON BROWN;
Oh! ALEC PRIZE; do not frown,
But listen to a simple clown—

For what he says is true:—
Disgrace your able pens no more,
Or, our Lieutenant—"Governors"
Will have to punch you all full sore,
And then the day you'll rue.

J. A. KASSE.

It is not true that Alderman PRIZEN is preparing "keep off the grass" notices to put up in the Toronto Zoological "Gardens."



The Essence of Bystander.

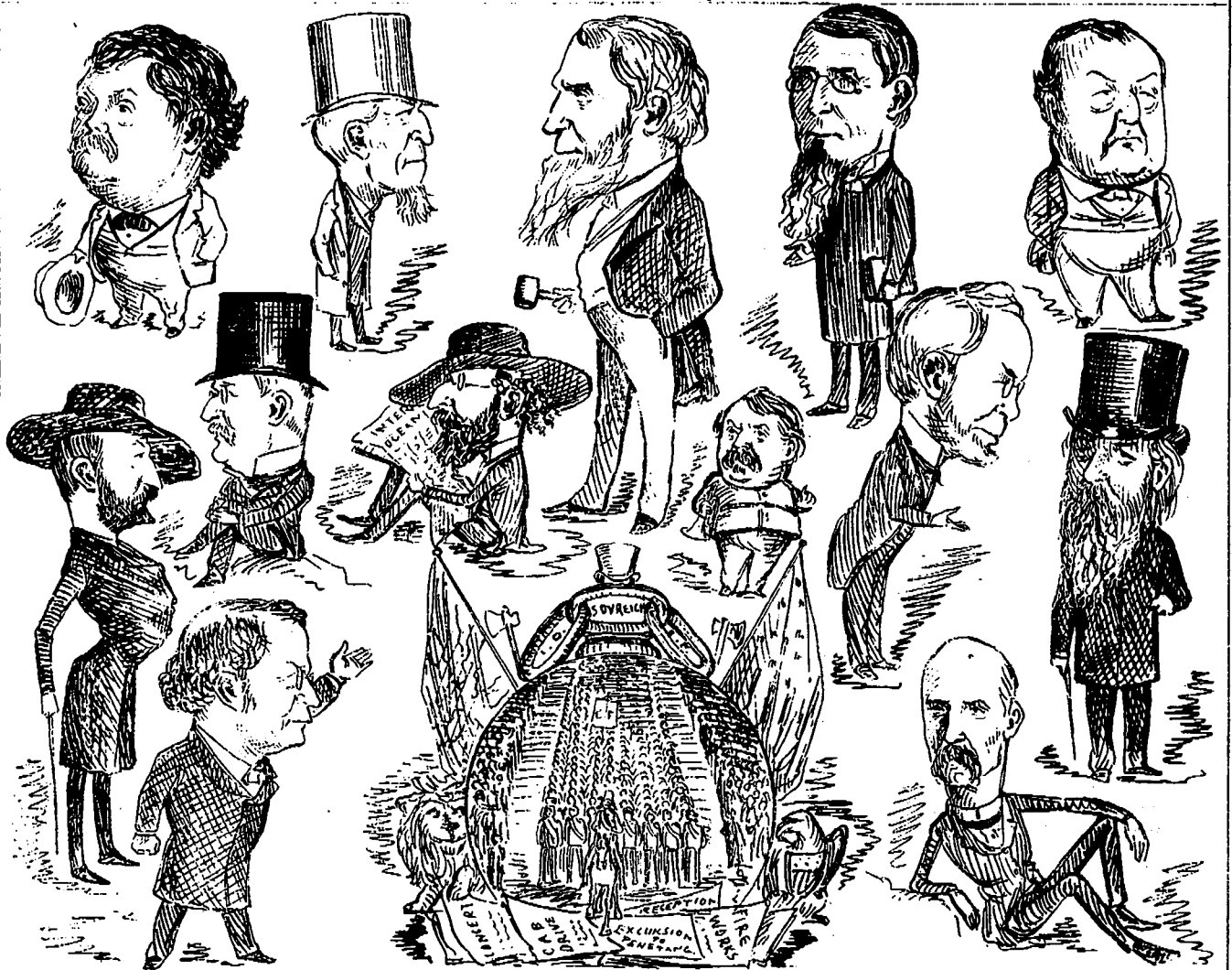
E came in without invitation and seated himself in our Easy Chair. He wore a dejected air, and we saw at a glance that he was a disappointed and unhappy man. Ourselves and the ROTHECHILDS never have anything to do with unfortunate men. He rolled up his orbs at us appealingly. We regarded him as austerely as possible, and remarked, that, to the best of our recollection, we didn't know him. He heaved a deep sigh, elevated his feet upon our desk, and feelingly exclaimed:

"I know it;—of course you don't,—nobody knows me. In the words of that beautiful hymn, 'I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger, I'm an alien, I have no friends; I'm a cosmopolitan, I have no country. Nobody cares for me;—in fact I-I-I-I'm a Bystander!'" Wiping the gathering moisture from his eyes he proceeded. "I behold the moving panorama of the world go by, I do, and I'm allus movin' in the wrong direction. I am,—that's the way to see the whole business quickest. I've tramped all over the *Globe*. I have—so to speak,—I've spurned it with my feet. What? *carry*—no sir, the *Mail* don't carry me, and I don't carry the *Mail*. I'm independent; we just treat each other respectful when we meet. We may differ, but we are brothers. But sentiment ain't nowhere. Economy, profit, convenience, them's the words to make things hum. That's the reason the most unexpected things are sure to happen. A close commercial relation is one of them,—I go in for that—its a comin'. I'm down on aristocracy, I am. Every man's a friend and brother—shake agin, old fel—it's a comin' too. Say, give me a dollar jis fer illustration, ye know. What say?—one sided relation? Guess ye forgit what Solomon sez 'bout castin bread on the waters. Wall, ye yield—good—knew you would. Debit Uncle SAM, a dollar—that's reciprocity—that's poolin, the incomes. Never mind where it comes—it does ye credit. Canuck, credit to head and heart, one dollar. Don't it read nice, old fel? What's money agin such a reputation for charity? Now what is this dollar? It's fiat money, and I'm down on fiat money, I am. What right has anyone to impose this piece of paper on me for a dollar? Legal tender—that's tyranny. What, convertible into bonds?—resources of the whole country the best security for a promise to pay? Bad outlook when the taxing power can't rely on its own promise?—see here old fel,—stop! That's all nonsense. I've thought of all that, I have. Do you ever drink? No! You're wrong agin. I don't think much of this temperance business myself. The Lord made wine of water,—wherefore? Cause it was better, I guess. Appetites is peculiar and constitutions is various. There's a synopsis of my sentiments. Good mor'n old fel." Whereupon the Bystander made an end of his periodical visit.

We mention, incidentally, that All-around THOMPSON (at the Grand) is not, as generally supposed, on the staff of the *World*. This mistake arose from the fact that the reporters of that petty sheet are all around. Too much so in fact.—*Toronto Telegram*. And that paper acts on the square.—*Globe*. And does not steal *Mail* matter like that—man opposite.—*Mail*. GRIP wants to know if the Exhibition is to blame for this ebullition of it among his city contemporaries.

Ask your Grocer for MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE. Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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PENCILINGS AMONGST OUR ODDFELLOW GUESTS.



CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.



'ALE FELLOW, WELL MET!

"HE TRUSTED THAT THE BUSINESS WOULD SO CONTINUE TO INCREASE, THAT THE PROPRIETORS WOULD FIND THEMSELVES CRAMPED FOR ROOM, AND BE OBLIGED, IN CONSEQUENCE, TO EXTEND THEIR QUARTERS."—Sir. S. L. Tilley's speech at Oland & Co's Brewery, Dartmouth, N.S., reported in the Herald, (Conservative).



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A grave charge—a corpse. — *Syracuse Sunday Times.*

There's many a slipper 'twixt mother and son. — *Meriden Recorder.*

Poet Poe was a ravin' poet. — *Meriden Recorder.*

Limerick: No, an undertaker is not an engraver. — *Boston Post.*

What is a rivulet? A small stream. What is an inlet? A small tavern. — *Puck.*

The girl of the "period" comes to a full stop before a new bonnet. — *N. Y. People.*

Tanner was kept alive by drink. By his swill power, as it were. — *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A test oath—Edison. Why? Because he is an experimental enss. — *Meriden Recorder.*

How high is the cat's waul?—*City.* Fourteen bricks, a bootjack and a macking brush. Didn't you ever get up to C? — *N. Y. People.*

The man who digs a hundred feet into the ground for water gets a long well. — *Marathon Independent.*

The Baroness Burdett Coutts is pitying George Eliot for being married to such an old man. — *Boston Post.*

If a mule had as many legs as a cockroach this country wouldn't be so thickly populated. — *Meriden Recorder.*

A man who always is hunted by the sheriff may be chased although not always virtuous. — *Whitehall Times.*

"A full vote, a free ballot and a fair count." — *General Hancock.*—Come, General, don't be joking. — *Gowanda Enterprise.*

Exile the man who laughs out loud. 'Taint stylish, and, if he keeps it up, patent medicine men must starve. — *Keokuk Gate City.*

No, DELIA, you can't make pancakes out of the base ball batter, although the pitcher often catches the batter. — *Whitehall Times.*

JOHNNY says he has to stay at home and take care of the baby because it is getting teeth in, and he thinks it is tooth in. — *Waterloo Observer.*

It is not dangerous to hunt ducks in the evening, unless the old man is standing at the front gate with a bludgeon. — *Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A travelling dramatic company is playing "The Hidden Hand." Probably a new version of BRET HARTE's popular "Heathen Chinee." — *The Statesman.*

C. D. CLOTHES passed through town, the other day, on a tramp. — *Marathon Independent.* Some editor, undoubtedly, who had lost his pass. — *Lockport Union.*

In San Francisco, swill is sold by the hundred weight. — *Ec.* Where there's swill there's a weigh. — *Whitehall Times.* How did you know? We weren't a weigher.

It is a difficult thing for a dog without a tail to show his master how much he thinks of him. — *Hackensack Republican.* The bad boy, however, can't induce a weary tin kettle to pursue that dog.

ELDER Thompson died last week. The funeral was a large one, and there was a drink after. It was Elder-bury wine that was consumed on the occasion. Apropos!

A company is being organized in Holland for the importation of American live meat. That is all right. You just want to remember there is an immense difference between live meat and live cheese. — *Meriden Recorder.*

"The men have beaten the horses in the Chicago racing contests," says the *New York Commercial*, "but man has never fairly measured his strength with the donkey." Pahaw! wasn't BEN BUTLER fairly beaten when he ran for Governor of Massachusetts?

"If you are a quiet, honest citizen of Galveston, how did these skeleton keys and brass knuckles happen to be in your coat pockets?" "I reckon, Judge, me and the policeman must have changed coats in the scuffle. We were very much excited." — *Galveston News.*

A debtor's tree—Willow—*Whitehall Times.* A boarding-house keeper's tree—ash.—*Yawcob Strauss.* A daily newspaper's tree—ex tree.—*Steubenville Herald.* A practical joker's tree—oaks.—*Saturday Breakfast Table.* And a sailor's tree—the 'elm; and the oars-man's tree—the rowan. Next?

Just as the visitors in the country and at the seaside get fairly used to washing their faces in a tin basin of water, and wiping them with a very familiar towel, it is time to pack up and go home where the comforts of life are abundant. The season isn't quite long enough to permit of having a real good time. — *New Haven Register.*

A southern man has been in a trance, and says a great flood will come upon the earth in 1882, and will destroy all but the perfect. My gracious, brethren, won't it be odd? So very many newspapers and no subscribers! We'll have to go into the ministry until the country populates up again. — *Argo.* And we—let's see. We'll start a camp meeting. — *Gowanda Enterprise.*

THE intelligent rustic has been somewhat victimised in Toronto this Exhibition time. Not to mention the picking up of his stray change and his too recklessly displayed jewelry, some practical jokes were played on him. He was sent to a drapery establishment in vain search of bread and treacle; to a book-seller's for stock soup; to the *Sentinel* office for marmalade; to the Editor of the *Tribune* for the score and words of "the Boyne Water"; and to the Grange to ask for a sight of Gordon Brown's portrait.

"Are seeds of the future lying under the leaves of the past?" is the very pertinent inquiry of a knowledge seeker. They may be; or it's barely possible that the seeds of the past are lying under the leaves of the future; or the leaves of the future may be lying under the seeds of the past; or the seeds of the leaves may be lying under the future of the past—at any rate something is lying, and if you expect to get through a heated political campaign like this without it, there's where you dispose of yourself. — *Marathon Independent.*

Gen. HANCOCK does not like to be bored with a certain class. He says: "There is nothing congenial about this thing. These miserable fellows worry me to death. They come here from all parts of the country, even from Arkansas and Texas to tell me how many they can command. Worst of all they want to exact pledges that I will give them offices for their services. Did you ever see such a hungry crowd? Why, my dear friend, this thing is worse than Williamsburg, worse even than Gettysburg! They take me in front and rear, they outflank me, and, worst of all, they cut off my retreat. The locusts are as nothing to them." — *Gowanda Enterprise.*

Our Grip Sack.

A BUFF-ER—An Orangeman.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE.— "I take lemon in mine."

"A stick and hang fellow"—A paper hanger.

PITTED against the small-pox—Vaccination.

"ANTI-FRICTION metal"—All the quarters you don't handle.

RULED out of court—The young man who was jilted.

LOST cats should be available for advertising purr-pusses.

HUB-BUB.—At Boston, on Friday,—over its two hundredth birthday.

HINT to politicians. Millers make poor party men. They are generally bolters.

"Ours is an unfortunate lot," says a Toronto graduate. Yes, sonny, there are Crooks in it.

THERE is a merchant in Port Hope by the name of Wickett; young ladies there are anxious to know if he is a single Wicket.

CUSTOMER: What is beef's heart this mornin' Mr. Cleaver?

BUTCHER: Thirty-five cents, sir.

CUSTOMER: Well that is "high art."

"THERE are only 150 different ways of putting up peaches," said a young lady to our funny contributor; "which way do you prefer?" "I prefer putting them down," was the reply.

"HAVEN'T I *sinew* before?" we said, a day or two ago, to a tall and athletic Niagara district Editor, who rejoices in the cognomen of BONE. "You mus' let up, GRIP," he replied with a grin. And, having regard to his bulk and biceps, we did.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER is so enthusiastic a teetotaler since he went to England that he refused to sit in the cabin of the steamer because it was called *the Saloon*, and, though he was sick, he scouted the idea of brandy, which SIR JOHN kindly suggested. Who says he is not consistent after that?

THE *Globe* reporter begins—"Disastrous fire! The stables of the 'Black Horse' and other property destroyed!" and then he goes on to say "yesterday evening a disastrous fire began at the south east corner of the stables belonging to the Bay Horse Hotel, on Front street, etc." Mark the astonishing inaccuracy (for a reporter) in the names of the hotels. It was the Black Horse stables that were burned; the Bay is "a horse of quite another colour."

It may not be generally known,—for our daily contemporaries have, somewhat meanly, failed to mention it,—that, at the recent gathering of Oddfellows, a medal was offered as a prize to the brother who should exhibit the most efficient and suitable Grip for the Society's use; and it was unanimously awarded to BENGOUER BROS.

THERE are some queer people in the World. One of them advertised in the columns of that lively little journal as follows:

WANTED—BY A RESPECTABLE YOUNG man—in a Presbyterian—in a wholesale flour & feed store as salesman. Work no object.

GRIP feels a brotherly interest in this fellow. Presbyterian, who is "a respectable young man in a wholesale flour and feed store," but it is a puzzle to find out from his ad. just what it is that he "wants." It might have been presumed that it was a situation, only the respectable young man explicitly states "work no object." Perhaps he wants a few lessons in the art of perspicuity.

The Yarn of the "Ballahoo."

It was the good ship *Ballahoo*
Whose history I shall tell to you.
Her skipper's name was Capt. BATES,
And WILLIAM THOMPSON was her mate's.
Bold PETER, HARRY, JOE and BEN
Were good, old-fashioned sailor men,
All thoroughgoing salt sea dogs,
And with a thirst for countless "grogs,"
With boundless tastes for boundless "nips,"
In bucketfuls or little sips.
The others, PATRICK, NED and MIKE
Were not the kind of men you'd like;
They'd scruple not to tell you lies,
Or say rude things about your eyes,
And all possessed in various ways
Some other mean and nasty traits.



One day the captain as he walked
His quarterdeck, and sang and talked,
Observed, about his weather team,
A bloodstained pirate's horsepipes gleam.
The pirate was a lanky craft,
With tapering spars well raking aft;
The black flag flying from her gaff
Would make you weep instead of laugh,
And o'er her rail grim faces peered
As up the bloodstained pirate steered.
The agony of Capt. BATES
Was only equalled by his mate's
At hearing all the orders grim
Which shortly were addressed to him:
"Ahoy! Aboard the *Ballahoo*,
Back yer main-yard! quickly too,
Up with yer helm and I leave her to."

The captain did as he was bid;
Close up the bloodstained pirate slid,
And, shortly after, thirty-four
Of rats such as he'er before
Upon the *Ballahoo* had stepped,
Upon the luckless vessel leaped,
The rage and horror of the crew
Upon the ill-starred *Ballahoo*
Was only equalled by the mate's,
And by the skipper's, Capt. BATES.

The pirates tied the luckless crew
In cramped positions, two by two,
And bound the legs of Capt. BATES
Securely to his frightened mate's.
Cold trampling fits attacked their knees,
Which shook like boughs from aspen trees;
Cold perspiration from their necks
Quite literally washed the decks.



The pirate chieftain gravely took
From out his vest a little book
(Like one in which you write receipts
For making pies and cooking meats).
He said: "Oh listen, all of you,
Belonging to the *Ballahoo*;
I'm not so bloodstained as I look,
I've got some questions in this book,
And on my honor now I say
If you but answer one, to-day,
I'll let you go scot free away;
But if you can't, you'll walk this plank,
And have none but yourselves to thank.

If you had seen the pallid look
Spread o'er the face of MIKE, the cook,
And o'er the mugs of PAT and NED,
You'd just have laughed till you were dead.
The pirate in a solemn tone
Resembling much a bagpipe's drone
Propounded from his little book,
"Pray who was Mr. PICKWICK's cook?"
"Tell me who was Invention's mother?"
"And who was SIMON PETER's brother?"
"Enumerate the lending facts
Connected with the Book of Acts?"

"Tell me that most unhappy date
On which poor Captain COOK was ate?"
"How many, pray, are two times two?"
"And who invented Irish stew?"
"Try to recall the best receipt?"
"For curing corns on gouty feet?"
"How do you make a Gordian knot?"
"What was the creed that PRATO taught?"
"Who was it BODICEA cursed?"
"How do you cure a drunkard's thirst?"

The pirate stopped, quite out of breath,
And lo, before him, still in death,
Lay all the erstwhile happy crew
That worked the good ship *Ballahoo*.
And cold and still lay Capt. BATES,
His legs still lashed unto the mate's,
Bold PETER, HARRY, JOE and BEN,
Those good and thirsty sailor men,
Lay one and all so pale and dead,
And so did MIKE and PAT and NED.
These awful questions chased away
The breath from their unhappy day.

Bemoan with me the ill-used crew
That sailed the good ship *Ballahoo*.

**The "Ladies' Journal" Man.**

Mr. GRIP has had a number of letters of remonstrance addressed to him over the "Enterprising Publisher" last week. He has, in consequence, a fine collection of autographs of the leading journalists of Toronto in his waste-paper basket. Every individual publisher in the city thought that he was meant. Mr. GRIP therefore, this week, sets the matter at rest by giving the portrait of the particular man obscurely referred to in said poem, and takes this opportunity of explaining why it could not have been GORDON BROWN, because G. B. isn't nice looking, and his "nose and chin they threaten ether." (See GRIP's sketches of Gordon, and consult the works of the late R. BURNS, Esq.). Nor BUNTING, because, at the Exhibition time, he spread himself over all the flagstuffs in the neighborhood, and every one was thus familiar with his *tout ensemble*, and couldn't make any mistake about his identity. Nor ROSS ROBERTSON because R. R. doesn't know enough. Nor HORTON, of the *World*, because ALBERT is too good looking. Nor WOOTTON of the *Dominion Churchman*, because he's too goody-goody. Nor CLARK of the *Sentinel*, because he's too fiery. Nor the *Tribune* man because he's too green. Nor BOWLE, of the *Irish Canadian*, because he's too hot. We forget what is the particular point, Fahrenheit, where he affects water—but it's pretty high. The "Boyne water," however, affects him right away.

GRIP hopes the discussion will now cease and the persecution close.

Canadian Men of Letters.

REV. C. PELHAM MULVANT, BY G. MERCER ADAM, ESQ.

The subject of this sketch was born in Ireland, and he has ever retained feelings of fervent patriotism towards the land of his birth. So much is this the case that he always displays a map of it immediately beneath the anterior rim of his hat. He is entitled to the highest praise for his literary talents which are exhibited in his various contributions to leading magazines in the shape, both of prose and poetry. In the latter he has been charged with being of "the fleshy school" and a follower of SWINBURNE, but the charge is unfounded, for Mr M. himself informs us that his favorite models and the ob-

jects of his profoundest admiration are, and have always been, the works of the late Dr. ISAAC WARRIS, and the selection known by the name of MOODY and SANKEY'S. His writings are remarkable for their clearness (except when he writes in Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Persic or Bengalee), and are pervaded by a wonderfully strong religious feeling. He is a rigid ascetic, and it is darkly hinted that he wears a hair-shirt. He is a strong High-Churchman, and has a great partiality for stoles and candles and gargoyles and chasubles, and the various other paraphernalia of ritualism. He also strongly advocates the confessional, at least, for ladies, and scouts the idea of its having any but the most beneficial effects. He has finally taken up his residence in Toronto, and bids fair to eclipse even GOLDWIN SMITH by the brilliancy of his contributions to Canadian literature.

A Journalistic Blunder.

"Three daughters of W. H. Gibbs, Esq., of Oshawa, have married gentlemen residing in Cincinnati. Mr. Gibbs calls himself a strong advocate of the N.P., but this isn't the way to encourage home industry."—*Markham Economist*.

Dear brother scribe, 'tis sad to see you make
So very grave and glaring a mistake:
Economist domestic you may be,
But not *domestic*, or you'd surely see
How GRIPS is patriotically wise,
And to dispose of surplus produce tries.

"Home industries," my friend, could never meet
Encouragement more suitable and sweet;
When costly stock accumulates, be sure
That exportation is the common cure:
SMITH, MILL, and BASTIAN must be telling fibs
If a good move has not been made by GRIPS.

Three foreign swains three well-bred damsels choose,
And, when they own them, how can they refuse
To lead them, feed them, homeward book them through,
Pay cost of carriage, and the duty too?
Transport and export are at once achieved,
The nymphs are happy, and papa relieved.

Newspaper Morality.

This week there seems to be a regular *emancipation* among our brethren of the pen. There must be a strong religious revival spreading among editors, and we are glad to see it. We only hope it is both infectious and contagious. A few of the good men are shocked at the unacknowledged scissoring of some of the other Saints of the sanctum. We don't want to give our *confresses* away, but, if they don't mend their ways, we will state plainly that the *Napance Beaver* and the *Belleville Intelligencer* are in doubt which is the culprit. The *Beaver* man is charged by the *Intelligencer* man with,—well—theft, with malice prepense, and the funny thing about it is that the latter says in plain terms, that if the former does not repent and mend his ways, he himself will, in virtue of the *lex talionis*, steal wholesale from the *Beaver*. There is a similar racket among the scribes of the Maritime provinces, but we can't somehow remember which exactly was the felon—they got so mixed, and there were so many of them. Anyhow "Ancient Henry" seems to be "to pay." At the same time, in spite of the proverb, there seems to be no lack of hot pitch-into into each other. And, to cap the whole, the *Guelph Mercury* calls the *London Tiser* the biggest liar in America. Evidently the millennium isn't quite here yet.

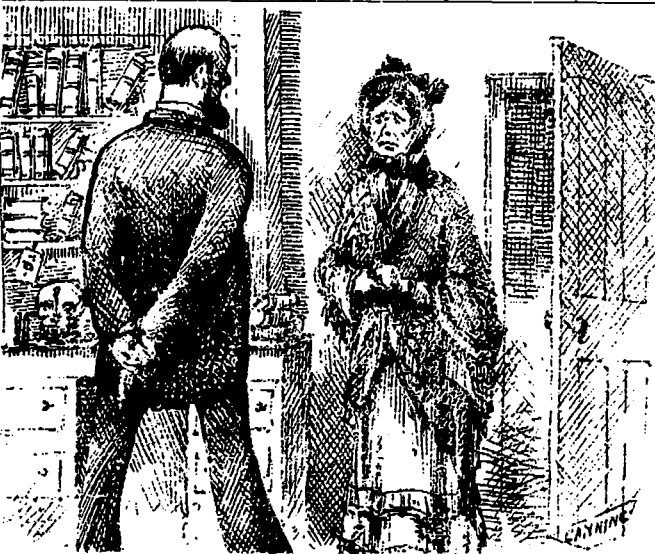
When you see a young man sitting beside a much banged or frizzed young lady in a railroad car, or a theatre, and his arm sort of instinctively crawls around the seat in close proximity to her dollar store necklace and back hair, you may feel assured that he is not her brother. And the chances are less than one in a hundred they are married.—*Meriden Recorder*.

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A MEDICAL PUZZLE.

Female Patient.—If you please, Doctor, what can yer do for my eyes? Oi've got *ulsters* in them, and oi've tried every druggist store in the city for a rimidy!



MURDER WILL OUT!

Lady Visitor.—Is Mrs. JONES at home? *Servant.*—No, ma'am. *Lady.*—Kindly give her my card; now, don't forget! *Servant.*—Oh, no ma'am; I'll run right up and give it to her now!



1ST GENT.—What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood?
2ND GENT.—Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.

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A little story about a Minister.

BY JA. KASSE.

There was a little minister, his name was Adam Crooks, (But he had no connection with the ring for making books) And he wasn't quite a duffer, so at least I've heard it said, For he kept a stock of wisdom stored away within his head.

Now he was very humble, was the hero of my tale, And he felt that aught Canadian of a certainty must fail, So when'er the University had need of "men of books," He imported them from England, did this clever little Crooks.

He made them all Vice-Presidents, with salaries to match, (What cared he for Canadians when he'd made an English catch.) And he told the old professors they might lump it or might like, For he knew (the clever minister) they didn't dare to strike.

Thus be treated learned Canadians with the bitterest contempt, And seemingly forgot that he himself was not exempt; And that his education, which apparently he prized, Had been got among the people whose acquirements he despised.

Though the Minister was clever, he could never, never guess The meaning of the axiom "the great includes the less."

So if you will be patient for another verse or two I will point a little moral (as the poets always do

If Canadians are not fit to be professors then) 'tis true Their qualities as Ministers are sadly lacking too, So if you'll be consistent, Oh! most honest Adam Crooks, Hand over your portfolio to an English "man of books."

"Well, I declare, I don't know what to preserve this fall," exclaimed Mrs. FUSSAHOUT—"Peaches is high, and plums isn't worth putting up and quinces is as bad as hive syrup." There is no knowing how much longer she would have gone on if Mr. FUSSAHOUT had not suggested that she might preserve her temper for want of anything better. Then she stopped. But he didn't. He left.—*Pact and Fancy.*



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- Resaw, 24 in. saw, pulley on mandril to 6 in., rollers 8 in. long, 4 in. diameter, cuts straight or bevel. Made by Smith, Smithville, U. S.; cost \$150. Price \$75.
- Gauge Lathe, bed 9 ft. long, 21 in. wide, 2 1/2 ft. high, will do plain or fancy turning, all complete; cost \$210. Price, \$75.
- Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 2 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 8 ft. long, bed 1 ft. wide, bottom of frame 2 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Smith & Co.; cost \$600. Price \$325.
- Machinery taken on consignment. We guarantee every machine leaving our establishment in good working order.

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