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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, GRIFF office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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THE Canadian Pacific Railway Co. EMIGRATION TO MANITOBA AND THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST. SALE OF LANDS.

To encourage the rapid settlement of the Country, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will be prepared, until further notice, to sell lands required for agricultural purposes at the low price of \$2.50 an acre, payable by instalments, and will further make an allowance by way of rebate from this price, of \$1.25 for every acre of such lands brought under cultivation within three or five years following the date of purchase, according to the nature and extent of the other improvements made thereon.

The lands thus offered for sale, will not comprise Mines, Coal or Wood lands, or tracts for Town sites and Railway purposes.

Contracts at special rates will be made for lands required for cattle raising and other purposes not involving immediate cultivation.

Intending settlers and their effects, on reaching the company's Railway, will be forwarded thereon to their place of destination on very liberal terms.

Further particulars will be furnished on application at the Offices of THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, at Montreal and Winnipeg.

By order of the Board,
CHS. DRINKWATER,
Secretary.

Montreal, April 30th, 1881.

4-6-81



Department of the Interior,

OTTAWA, 23rd May, 1881.

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

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 The Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, were rescinded by order of His Excellency the Governor-General in Council, on the 20th day of May instant, and the following Regulations for the disposal of agricultural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

2. The even-numbered sections within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt—that is to say, lying within 21 miles on each side of the line of the said Railway, excepting those which may be required for wood-lots in connection with settlers on prairie lands within the said belt, or which may be otherwise specially dealt with by the Governor in Council—shall be held exclusively for homesteads and pre-emption. The odd-numbered sections within the said belt are Canadian Pacific Railway Lands, and can only be acquired from the Company.

3. The pre-emptions entered within the said belt of 21 miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway, up to and including the 1st day of December next, shall be disposed of at the rate of \$2.50 per acre; four-tenths of the purchase money, with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry, the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

4. From and after the 1st day of December next, the price shall remain the same—that is, \$2.50 per acre—for pre-emptions within the said belt, or within the corresponding belt of any branch line of the said Railway, but shall be paid in one sum at the end of three years, or at such earlier period as the claimant may have acquired a title to his homestead quarter-section.

5. Dominion Lands, the property of the Government, within 21 miles of any projected line of Railway recognized by the Minister of Railways, and of which he has given notice in the Official Gazette as being a projected line of railway, shall be dealt with, as to price and terms, as follows:—The pre-emptions shall be sold at the same price and on the same terms as fixed in the next preceding paragraph, and the odd-numbered sections shall be sold at \$2.50 per acre, payable in cash.

6. In all townships open for sale and settlement within Manitoba or the North-West Territories, outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the even-numbered sections, except in the cases provided for in clause 7 of these Regulations, shall be held exclusively for homestead and pre-emption, and the odd-numbered sections for sale as public lands.

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

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

9. Exception shall be made to the provisions of clause 7, in so far as relates to lands in the Province of Manitoba or the North-West Territories, lying to the north of the belt containing the Pacific Railway lands, wherein a person being an actual settler on an odd-numbered section shall have the privilege of purchasing to the extent of 250 acres of such section, but no more, at the price of \$1.25 per acre, cash; but no Patent shall issue for such land until after three years of actual residence upon the same.

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

Timber for Settlers.

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

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

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

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

Sales of Lands to Individuals or Corporations for Colonization.

14. In any case where a company or individual applies for lands to colonize, and is willing to expend capital to contribute towards the construction of facilities for communication between such lands and existing settlements, and the Government is satisfied of the good faith and ability of such company or individual to carry out such undertaking, the odd-numbered sections in the case of lands outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, or of the Belt of any branch line or lines of the same, may be sold to such company or individual at half price, or \$1 per acre, in cash. In case the lands applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the same principle shall apply so far as one-half of each even-numbered section is concerned—that is to say, the one-half of each even-numbered section may be sold to the company or individual at the price of \$1.25 per acre to be paid in cash. The company or individual will further be protected up to the extent of \$500, with six per cent. interest thereon till paid, in the case of advances made to place families on homesteads, under the provisions of section 20 of the amendments to the Dominion Lands Act hereinbefore mentioned.

15. In every such transaction it shall be absolutely conditionally—

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

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

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

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

Pasturage Lands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Payments for Lands.

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

23. The above provisions shall not apply to lands valuable for town plots, or to coal or other mineral lands, or to stone or marble quarries, or to lands having water power thereon; and further shall not, of course, affect Section 11 and 20 in each Township, which are Public School lands, or Sections 8 and 26, which are Hudson's Bay Company's lands.

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

LINDSEY RUSSELL.

Surveyor-General.

25-6-81

TO BUSINESS MEN.

MERCHANTS desiring to advertise their business in an ATTRACTIVE and EFFECTIVE form, should communicate with BEECHOUGH BROS., Toronto, and order an edition of their

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This is a sheet, in newspaper form (any title selected), filled with amusing reading matter and profusely illustrated with comic cuts adapted to any specific line of business, and also a double column displayed advertisement. Distributed freely to customers, this forms one of the most attractive and lasting advertisements a merchant can secure. For terms, etc., address GEO. BEECHOUGH, Manager GRIP Office.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest beast is the ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Citizens of Canada, without regard to political opinion, will have received with gratitude the announcement that Sir John Macdonald's illness is not considered serious. Sir Andrew Clark, an eminent physician of London, whom Sir John recently consulted, gave it as his opinion that prostration from over exertion was the sole cause of the Premier's illness, and that "he was not troubled with any organic disease." In the natural ecstasy of the moment we may well conceive of the witty leader winking at Mr. Gordon Brown (whom it is likely he chums with in London) and remarking that his chief organic trouble ceased when the *Globe* ceased to be an organ.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We have already recorded the fact that Hon. Mr. Langevin has been made a knight. The occasion of our pictorial allusion to the subject is that gentleman's recent internee at Montreal, when, in an address to some of his admirers, he hinted that the honor was rather unexpected on his part. This is what in parliamentary language might be called a whopper. It is notorious that Sir Hector chased after his tinsel ornament with all the eagerness and recklessness of the proverbial boy after the traditional butterfly.

The Fortune Bay dispute has been settled by the payment of an award amounting to \$75,000 to the "outraged" American fishermen. Great Britain being in this case the losing party, of course the money has been promptly paid over, though in our opinion no more flimsy claim was ever laid before a court. However, it is done, and verily Uncle Sam has found Fortune Bay happily named. And, by the way, if a few minutes' fishing on a Sunday is worth \$75,000, our Uncle can't very well hereafter dispute the value of our fisheries at large, can he?

Answers to Correspondents.

W. C.—Lindsay.—Good; come again.

M.—Halifax.—If you will hand your contributions over to Mr. Baker and have him put them through his lobster-boiling machine before sending them to us, perhaps we might be able to find space for them, and at the same time preserve their essence. At present they are ever so much too long.

Ardent Liberal.—We really cannot tell you why Mr. Blake wears spectacles instead of using an eye glass. Write and ask him. Stay, though; it has occurred to us that it may be because he prefers them.

Undergraduate—McGill.—We agree with you that a gentleman of Principal Dawson's world-wide reputation would have better consulted his dignity had he declined to take a rank below that conferred on a mere politician with a record none of the cleanest.

Alfred J. Bry, Montreal.—You ask us why we do not follow your example and adopt the first person in our articles. We reply that we are not enamored of its use as exemplified by you in the *Spectator*. We have no taste for an unstinted parade of the egotistical "I."

W. P. Ham-ul.—You object to being dubbed a prodigal, and say you have always been a Liberal at heart. Very well, Sir William, we accept your statement, and the next time you leave your friends for a far country we shall understand that it is only for a visit.

H. G. Joly, Quebec.—Pleased to greet you as a correspondent. We admit that we have somewhat neglected our English-speaking friends at Quebec, but will endeavor in future to give more attention to the House of which you are—permit us to say—so distinguished a member.

Garde.—We hold over the matter of your lengthy letter until the settlement of the matter in question.

Our Intentions.

Our brother of the San Francisco *Wasp* has written a splendid little editorial, which expresses so neatly the intentions of Grip's publishers that we print it here:—We mean to make this journal a first-rate journal. We mean to make it grave, gay, lively, and severe. We mean to unload its defects and double up its merits. And, as the youthful Disraeli, his lips touched with a live coal from the altar of prophecy, said when his maiden speech expired in a storm of derision: "The time will come when you shall hear us." In return, we will hear you, good friends. We will ask your assistance—we would fain have your shoulders to our wheel. Every man has in him latent possibilities of literary achievement. No man but from the treasures of his observation or experience can draw forth some interesting anecdote, sketch, or thought, and put it into a setting of words. Literary composition is an art; one may not have studied this art. His expression may be crude and faulty, but that can be amended by him who knows the trick—by us. Send us the cub and we will lick the interesting little beast into shape, if needful. Ladies are born writers, and right tenderly do we deal with what they honor letters by writing. Shall we not, then, hear from them? Ah! if they but knew how we love them! We will pay, too, where payment is required—not much, probably, at first; only a trifle more than we can afford. But the broad sunlight of the prosperity now dawning shall assuredly gild an increasing output of shekels from our swelling store. We shall be rich—rich as old Croesus; then we shall not forget our friends, but with a reckless and prodigal hand make their bottom dollar smile welcomes to thick-coming companions of its kind. See if we don't.

"HERALD" AND "GAZETTE" AGAIN.



The pertinacity with which the Montreal *Herald* and *Gazette* insist upon quarrelling with each other is something remarkable. They rival the celebrated Kilkenny cats in persistency, but we sincerely hope the ultimate result will not be so awful. The managing directors of the two companies have lately been at it tooth and tail. Both were mem-

bers of the Committee of Arrangements for the Allan dinner, and a question as to who was responsible for neglecting to send tickets to the editor of one of the evening papers originated the dispute. He of the *Gazette* opened the ball with a letter, published in his paper, stating that he was not present at the meeting of the committee at which arrangements were made for the issue of the press tickets, and therefore he disclaimed all responsibility for the neglect; adding that if any one were to blame it must be the managing director of the *Herald*, who was secretary of the committee. He of the *Herald* followed, in his paper, with a dignified rebuke and an attempt to prove that the *Gazette* director's statements were inaccurate. *Gazette* director replied viciously, and so the fun waxed fast and furious. Other letters, besides the published ones, passed between the belligerents, copies of which, as curiosities of literature, GRIP is fortunately able to lay before his readers.

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF "GAZETTE" TO MANAGING DIRECTOR OF "HERALD."

James Stewart, Esq.

Sir,—My name is White and so is my record. Ask John A. if you doubt it. You say I was present at the meeting of the committee. You—well, you do what no gentleman does.

Yours,
RICHARD WHITE.

M. D. OF "HERALD" TO M. D. OF "GAZETTE."

Richard White, Esq.

Sir,—Who cares what your name is? I say you were present at the committee meeting, and can prove it. Apart from this my word is as good as yours and better too. Ask Mr. Huntington if it isn't. You're a whippersnapper.

Yours,
JAMES STEWART.

M. D. OF "GAZETTE" TO M. D. OF "HERALD."

James Stewart, Esq.

Sir,—Whippersnapper eh? Wouldn't you feel more comfortable if you apologized immediately if not sooner. Suppose you do—your nothing but a miserable Grit anyway, and I don't want to be forced to buy a new whip to snap round you.

Yours,
RICHARD WHITE.

M. D. OF "HERALD" TO M. D. OF "GAZETTE."

Richard White, Esq.

Sir,—Apologize! and to you? Never!! You challenged my veracity in your wretched old rag of a paper, and no man does that with impunity. Buy your whip if you want to—who's afraid? You just come over here and I'll show you what pi is.

Yours,
JAMES STEWART.

M. D. OF "GAZETTE" TO M. D. OF "HERALD."

James Stewart, Esq.

Sir,—Shan't come over, shan't buy a whip—dignified contempt, that's the ticket for you—but don't you dare to look at me again. You're a low bred person, sir—yes sir, that's what you are.

Yours,
RICHARD WHITE.

M. D. OF "HERALD" TO M. D. OF "GAZETTE."

Richard White, Esq.

Sir,—Look at you—oh! no. I never look at insignificant things—too much trouble. Fancy a humble bee buzzing about "dignified contempt," ha! ha!

Yours,
JAMES STEWART.

GRIP regards the above letters as models of a lively and graceful style.

The cycle of life—Baby, girl, woman, wife, baby.—Etc. Sometimes its baby, girl, woman, old maid, poodle dog.



THE ST. JOHN EDITORS.

When Stanley went to Africa in obedience to the mandate of the New York Herald, he found Livingstone in the wilds of the interior, and the meeting between the two famous travellers has become one of the great events of history. Quite a different scene will be enacted if the editor of the St. John Telegraph ever catches that other Livingstone, who edits the Sun in that city. These two editors, though each is a gentleman of the most placid and benevolent appearance, have been waging a wordy war for some time back, and the climax has just been reached by a threat from the Elder of the twos to what he will do with the other if he ever finds him at the top of a convenient flight of stairs. The Sun man is fairly staggered at this outburst, and appeals to the public to know what such a reverend looking person as the Telegraph man would look like when doing such a very rude thing. Mr. Grip endeavours to answer the question in the above pencilling.

John Tomkins on the Education Department.

LETTER No. 1.—THE GROUNDS.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Allow me through your universally circulated paper to correct a mistake strangely current in Ontario, and especially among the good people of Toronto, that the Education Department buildings, museum, library, and grounds are the property of the people. No, sir! Buildings, library, and grounds are all for the exclusive benefit of the officials, and the Toronto people are only tolerated, as it were, under protest, and with regulations stringent enough to prevent the mere outside public from fancying themselves entitled to any consideration. To begin with the grounds.—These are among the prettiest in the city—abundant shade of pleasant trees, flowers and fresh green sward, seats everywhere.

For talking age and whispering lovers' made.

Now why are these grounds locked against the people on Sunday, the only day most of them can possibly enjoy a walk with wives or sweethearts? I have repeatedly met ladies with their little ones trying in vain to get into these grounds on a Sunday afternoon. One of them explained to me that the children lived close to the grounds, and were too young to walk to a more distant pleasure garden. But not only on Sundays are the public excluded. On last Good Friday I had the rashness to venture in with my two little girls; we were promptly ordered out by the caretaker's daughter. The caretaker seems to be supreme autocrat of these beautiful gardens. Of course it would be quite too much trouble to expect him to watch the gates on Sunday. It would hurt his feelings and perhaps wound his conscience. But let the public learn their helpless insignificance from

Sir, yours, JOHN TOMKINS.

A Summer Hymn.

Now doth the busy lemonade,
Improve each shining minute;
It gathers victims every hour,
With the stick that's always in it.

It makes the small boy double up,
It grapples with his sister;
It's just about as safe to take,
As sun upon a blister.

And soda water, too, abounds,
A pleasant sort of tonic;
But you should watch the shopman's face,
And note his smile sardonic.

For he knows well that when the heat
Is hot enough to smother,
And thirsty throats get very dry
One drink invites another.

Ice cream, as well, is in the hut,
With purpose fell, tenacious;
It's very good when on the tongue,
But afterwards—my gracious!

And so the public thirst is slaked,
It's gullet lubricated,
It's pocket lightened, but to find
The drought is re-instated.

Ah! reader, then, the water shun,
That's fortified with soda;
Ice cream avoid, flee lemonade,
As you would a snake or toad, Ah!

And if you must your thirst assuage,
Take my advice and keep it in;
Cold tea's the very thing you want,
But don't drink it till you steep it.

SEARANTON.

In the city column of the Guelph Mercury we read:—

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.—J. T. Day having an eye to the spiritual welfare of the printers of the Mercury has presented a number of the employees with a revised edition of the New Testament. They are now for sale at the bookstore.

This appears to be a bad case of misplaced benevolence. Surely Mr. Day could never have imagined that the Mercury fellows would have gone and sold his gifts. Or is it possible that the "bookstore" alluded to has three golden balls over the door?

THE PROPHET AND THE CAT.



VENNOR PREDICTED A BACKWARD SPRING.



BUT WAS MISTAKEN AS USUAL.



ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A LIE, SIR!

WITH APOLOGIES TO "BEN BARRACLO" IN "HILES TAYLOR."

Madill's elected, Bigelow's whipped!
All on account of a lie, sir!
Our North Ontario flag is dipped,
All on account of a lie, sir!
They said our promises were rot,
And blamed us for the Act of Scott,
And so our party wouldn't vote,
All on account of a lie, sir!

The Tories have lectured a snip of a youth,
All on account of a lie, sir!
They voted 'gainst O. Bowat and Truth,
All on account of a lie, sir!
Macpherson's pamphlets were scattered free,
Their "facts" and "biggers" were gipped with glee,
And thus they've gone and sat on me,
All on account of a lie, sir!

Slashbush and the Smith Dinner.

The hands of the old Dutch clock in the kitchen of the Slashbush mansion indicated that the hour was 11.50 p.m. Almira sat knitting by the table. A troubled look overspread her usually cheerful visage. Ever and anon she would rise and peer forth into the outer darkness through the window looking out at the front gate. "Land sakes!" she murmured to herself, "what on airth has become of Gustavus? I told him to look out when he went to Toronto and hurry home as quick as he could. Perhaps he's been way-laid and robbed. 'Thar's that watch—'" Her fears were speedily dissipated, however, for the object of her solicitude at that moment made a somewhat eccentric entry by the kitchen door. But was this Gustavus? His eyes were ablaze; the bow of his new blue necktie was turned from its proper place, and had taken up a position under his left ear, and his hat—his new silk hat had as many angles in its outline as an ancient fortress! "Laws a mussy," said Almira, "what's the matter?" "'s all right," replied Gustavus. "All right! Hip! hip! rah! Ha! ha! ha! The Tory tiger and the Grit lion!—no, the Grit lamb and the Tory tiger! and the Canada First! 'rah! zip!"

Almira grew deathly pale. Had the workings of his too thoughtful brain unhinged it? "Gustavus, what is the matter?" "Whas the mazzer with me? What! Been to the hic—Smis dinner along with the boys. Telegram boys, Globe boys, Mail boys, World boys, Gurr boys, newsboys, all the paper boys. Boss time. Hurray! I tell ye, Almira, Grit lamb—no, lion—not all all, tiger—shall lie down with—with—hic—Golden Smith. Golden! Golden's a boss boy I tell ye, Almira! The tiger shall lie down with the Grit! Hip! Hip! Hip!" "Dod darn my dod-darnation buttons!" roared old Slashbush, who had arisen from his couch to find out what the cheerying was about. "If the tarnaal critter isn't drunk as an owl; pull off his boots and throw him on the sofa, I'll tend to him with an ox gad in the morning! I knew the darned skeezicks would come to no good," and the old man went up stairs to bed again.



GOOD NEWS FROM 'OME !

DR. ANDREW CLARK.—You only require rest, sir ; you are not suffering from any organic trouble.

SIR JOHN (aside to *G. B.*)—Wonder how *he* found out that the *Globe* is not an organ.

* See comments on page 3.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

PHILISTA DEFIANT.

(A Fragment of the Fiction of the Future.)

CHAPTER XLIX.

In which Aestheticism, assisted by a Teapot, is the Cause of a Division Between Friends.

Mrs. Vamp's High-Art boudoir in South Kensington was arranged and arrayed for the reception of a visitor. That visitor was Betsinda Grig—Mrs. Grig, of Clapham Park—"a dear creature," as Mrs. Vamp would often remark, "though quite too awfully utter Philistine."

Mrs. Vamp's boudoir was not a spacious one, but to the æsthetic soul the intense is the Un-conditioned. What Mrs. Vamp's boudoir wanted in compass she make up in crockery, of which she had a large collection, disposed in every unlikely and inappropriate position about the walls thereof. For the incongruous and the Utter are One! The pick and pride of this collection was for the moment a Teapot, an entirely too precious monstrosity in Blue, a Thing—say rather an Entity or Presence—to doat on by day and dream of by night.

Mrs. Vamp, who had long yearned to divert her friend Betsinda's errant feet from the pathways of Philistia into the pleasancess of Art's Elect, had to-day urgently summoned her to inspect this fætid Portent, together with a pair of Japanese idols, a couple of blue-moulded bronzes, an etching by Bristler, a drowsy crayon sketch of Simple Simeon, and a new ballade by Bowdewow. Mrs. Vamp adjusted her rust-tinted tresses against the verdigris-lined wall-paper, twined her scant skirts into right classic contortions, crooked her elbows, cranked her knees, threw the needful expression of hollow aghastness into her eyes, and had then finished her preparations for the reception and conversion of the pretty Philistine her friend even unto the setting forth of two spiritually edible lily-branches, intensely pulled.

Mrs. Vamp reached the Teapot from its dark retirement, and placed it between the two lily-branches.

"Well, Sara," said Mrs. Grig, with some stoniness, "what is that?"

Mrs. Vamp's countenance expressing nothing more definite than a hungry agony of ecstatic absorption, Betsinda added—

"Is it one of the things they give away at cheap advertising tea warehouses to every purchaser of their superior Souchong at two and eight?"

"No, Betsinda, it is not!" was Mrs. Vamp's murmurously reproachful response.

"Well," said Mrs. Grig, with a short laugh, "it looks remarkably like it, only more cracked."

"Betsinda," Mrs. Vamp returned, with a glare of hollow yearning, "this is the finished fætid incarnation of the Utter. It is the symbol and quintessence, quite too consummately Too, of what that dear Matthew Arnold sweetly calls 'the eternal and unseizable Shadow, Beauty.' A Thing to love, to languish over, to clasp and covertly caress, to yearn intimately into, to classically attitudinise around, to gasp and rapturously groan at, to pat, to pet, to paint, to prorate about, to prostrate one's soul before, to hng in silence, to worship in company. In short, as the Supreme Symbol of the Supernal, the uttermost utterance of the unutterable Utter, it is a Thing to Live up to. Oh, my Betsinda, will you not essay to live up to it?"

During this touching address Mrs. Grig regarded the Teapot with coldly critical disfavor. "Well," said she, with drawingly deliberate acerbity, "it's dreadfully cracked, and horribly

ugly, if that's what you mean by Unutterably Utter and all the rest of it. And, upon my word, Sara, I think you must indeed be living up—or down—to it, for you seem to get more decidedly cracked and more utterly ugly every day."

Mrs. Vamp went more deeply, darkly, un-beautifully sea-green, which is the Aesthete's substitute for a flush. For a brief space she seemed to be agonisedly wandering in the spiritual Inane.

Then Mrs. Vamp resumed: "The Aesthetes, Betsinda—"
"Bother the Aesthetes!" said Betsinda Grig.

Mrs. Vamp looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation; when Mrs. Grig, folding her arms in a manner more suggestive of Madam Angot than of High Art, uttered these memorial and tremendous words,—"I don't believe there are any such people!"

Mem. by Scholast of the period.—But there were! Unlike her celebrated antitype in circumstances somewhat similar, Mrs. Betsinda Grig had not hit upon the truth, the Aesthetes not unaptly, being, like the apocryphal Mrs. Harris, mere creatures of the imagination. It is to be supposed either that Mrs. Grig was driven into desperate denial by the iterated nr genesies of Mrs. Vamp, or that she had been reading the *Daily Gasometer*, a sceptical and superlative journal of the time.—*Punch*.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a storekeeper asking for his account who had not a "bill to take up?"

Did you ever know a lodging-house landlady who would own to bugs?

Did you ever know a man who did not think he could poke the fire better than you could?

Did you ever know a tailor who was not prepared to sell you as good a suit for \$20 as the one you've got on at \$35?

Through all financial panics the puzzle fiend remains solvent.—*New York News*.

You can always tell a "duck" of a bonnet by the way it "sets."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A servant girl in love presents a fair picture of domestic bliss.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

Color-blind—the woman who can't tell when her husband has the "blues."—*McGregor News*.

Never put off till to-morrow going out to see the man you can see between the acts.—*Chic*.

A man's tongue often betrays him, but he can always count on his fingers.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Is summer coming this year? No, not this year; another year. New Year.—*Louisville Journal*.

A little "tatty" is a dangerous thing. Therefore deal it out in large quantities.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Singular that when we are feeling a little nervous we fly to a stimulant to nerve us.—*Boston Times*.

A western editor wrote an article on "Rhubarb," and the compositor made pi of it.—*McGregor News*.

The healthiest physician has to get sick once in a while to set the public a good example.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

A New York policeman has been promoted because he caught a miserable cold one day.—*Philadelphia News*.

A canal differs from most things in one respect—it is always filled before it is opened.—*Syracuse Evening Herald*.

An Illinois girl has bought an omnibus line. Bound to have a "bus" if she don't lay up a cent.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Gate posts should be set out firmly. A great deal may hinge upon them, as your girls grow up.—*New Haven Register*.

"I'm just getting my hand in," said the irate feminine as she clutched her husband's hair.—*New York News*.

Cats give the sublimest evidence of faith. In the midnight serenades no doubting Thomas is ever found.—*Glasgow Times*.

Woman regards house-cleaning as a failure unless it gives her a worse back-ache than her neighbor has.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

An Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he performed some heroic deed. He eloped with her mother.—*Andrew's Bazar*.

One of the greatest trials of a young lady's life is when she tries to get a half gallon foot into a quart shoe.—*Kit Adams, Modern Argo*.

"There's no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added, "I'm glad there isn't."—*Detroit Free Press*.

While a female fiddler was playing for a dance in Colorado her house took fire and burned to the ground. Like Nero, she fiddled while Rome was burning.—*Modern Argo*.

In Yonkers, N. Y., cucumbers are selling for 35 cents apiece. This exorbitant figure places cramp, colic, and kindred luxuries clear out of the reach of the poor.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

We used to stand up in the school-room and declaim: "Ten mills make one cent." White-lie Reid, of the *New York Tribune*, insists that "one Mill makes one fortune."—*Fulton Times*.

Letters are very devout. A great many of them go to Mass every day.—*Phila. News*. A large number of them go directly from Mass to Cin, and some straight to Rouen.—*Yavob Strauss*.

Jones has got an idea. He suspects that Newfoundland was so called because of the Newfoundland dogs that inhabit that country. Nobody but Jones would ever have made so startling a discovery.—*Boston Transcript*.

The last faint spark expires, and the tenacious individual who bravely kept his New Year resolutions has broken them with the same hammer that flattened out his thumb on the new parlor carpet.—*Rhinback Gazette*.

A minister preaches on the question "What is the Sabbath?" Around here Sabbath is the day when you lie in bed longer in the morning, and wrestle with your collar-button until it is too late to go to church.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Some one asked Bishop Peck at the recent Maine Methodist Episcopal conference, if a clergyman ought to run for Congress. The Bishop thoughtfully replied, "Yes, yes, when it is perfectly evident that he is fit for nothing else."

"Let us play we were married," said little Edith, "and I will bring dolly and say, 'See baby, papa.'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now, I want to look through the paper.'" Children have strange ideas of grown folks ways, now don't they?—*Boston Transcript*.

A Sunday-school teacher in Maine, who has grown eloquent in picturing to his pupils the beauties of Heaven, finally asked: "What kind of little boys go to Heaven?" A little four-year boy held up his hand. "Well, you may answer," said the teacher. "Dead ones!" the little fellow shouted.—*Et*.

Some people can invent awful mean shms. When the Jenkins girl was whaling away at the piano and pestered the next door neighbor, the next door neighbor came out on the steps, listened to the noise a minute, looked up to the Jenkins girl's mother who was at the window, and said, "Got plumbers at work in your house, haven't you." No wonder those families don't speak now.—*Boston Post*.



A LONDON SCARE.

Mr. Gladstone was terribly agitated. He felt sure he saw the ghost of a distinguished Personage—but it was only our own dizzy Premier taking a walk down the sunny side of Pall Mall!

Fortune Bay.

A BALLAD.

As sung by the Yankee Fishermen.

Come all ye jolly fishermen, from Boston down to Bangor,
Who sail beneath the stars and stripes, amid the ocean's spray,
I'll sing to you a story, that will arouse your anger,
How we were used and much abused, way down to Fortune Bay.

One morning we'd put out our nets to catch the cod and mackerel,
It was on a Sunday morning (better day the better deed),
We sat down upon the hatchways, and took a chew to-backer all—
There's nothing half so comforting, as Old Virginny's weed.

When suddenly came down on us, the natives of the Island,
A fierce and hungry lot were they, a hundred men and more,
They raised our nets and tackle, and took them on to dry land,
And burnt them all before our eyes, upon Newfoundland's shore.

And what was their excuse for this?—they said that it was Sunday,
And we were breakin' of the laws, that rule their barren isle;
But what the deuce was that to us, we couldn't wait for Monday,
It was fish that we were after, and we had to make our pile.

Of course then such an outrage, we'd not suffer with impunity,
And as soon as we'd got home, the country heard us say our say,
And our Government at Washington, took the first opportunity,
To tell the British of our wrongs, way down to Fortune Bay.

Our Minister in England, was fearful mad and ragin',
That such a trick by colonists, upon us should be played,
And he knew how they at "home," deal with matters mere Canadian,
And that the claim, how'er absurd, would certainly be paid.

And so it was, old Johnny Bull, was shivering and shakin',
And altho' we broke the local laws, of his own provincial grounds,
To pay us for the nets and gear, the colonists had taken,
He handily made it up to us, with fifteen thousand pounds!

So success into the stars and stripes, of this our glorious countree:
It's the flag that makes old Johnny Bull, just shiver in his boots,
And a fig for all Canadians, and their impudent effrontery,
We can beat them just as easily as young Bartlett did Miss Counts.

Wasted sweetness—Two pretty girls kissing each other, when a poor forlorn wretch of a bachelor looks on longingly.

The Legrees of Education.

A Sarnia Model School boy was threatened with a thrashing for fighting, and locked up in a room until his teacher could get time to administer the promised castigation. The lad did not relish the prospect, and made his escape from the room by jumping out of the window to the yard below, a distance of thirty feet. He has not been seen since either at home or at school. —Globe.

Inspector Garr thinks this is altogether too thin. Why, it was just the other day that a "sweet girl graduate" of sweet sixteen had her tender hands bruised and blistered by one of those educational Legrees, and now here we have a Model School boy jumping from a window thirty feet high to escape "the promised castigation!" Now, there are a few items of information anent the stepping down and out of that boy which Inspector Garr would like to be in possession of, viz:—1st. Where's the other boy? It takes two to make a fight. 2nd. What were they fighting about? Did the other boy call him names? or throw stones at his little brother? or insultingly challenge him to deeds of derring-do, under the mistaken impression that he was one of the soft fellows you only find between the covers of your Sunday School novel of the mild type? or did some starry-eyed graduate so bewilder them with her soft glances, that each mistook one for "tother, and fell to pummeling each other on the head of it? 3rd. Hasn't flogging been abolished in the army? If so, seeing that a precedent has been established, would it not be wise to adopt it and abolish flogging in public schools? Who wants to have their sixteen-year-old girls disgraced and their Model School lads fleeing from home like criminals because of teachers of Judaic temper? 4th. Where is that boy now? We want him. For, "he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day." And you bet the man of whom that boy is the father will come in handy at the next Fenian invasion. Come back, sounny; Inspector Garr will protect you.



THE PRESS ELEVATOR!

Mr. Garr offers his profound acknowledgments to his big contemporary the *Globe*, for the very flattering suggestion that he, and not Mr. Goldwin Smith, is the real elevator of the Canadian press, and that therefore he should have received the dinner which Mr. Bystander ate the other night. Mr. Garr modestly acknowledges that the *Globe* is certainly correct as to who is the real elevator of the press, but as his authorized representative was present at the banquet alluded to, and had several "helpings" more than the guest of the evening, he feels that no injustice has been done him in the premises. Besides, Mr. Garr neither expects nor desires any tangible recognition of his services by the press men; it is as much pleasure for him to elevate them as it can be for them to get elevated; and therefore, with another respectful bow to the *Globe* man for thus doing us proud, Mr. Garr resumes his task by giving a pull to the bell cord, and carrying his esteemed passengers higher and higher.

Phillips.

We have taken a fancy to Phillips. His post office address is Ottawa, and he writes—what shall we say?—well, he writes acrostics. Others have written acrostics, too, but none so brilliantly as Phillips, in proof of which we copy from the *Montreal Gazette* his latest and most exquisite production:—

"WITH HONOR CROWNED."

SIR H. L. LANGRISH, K.C.M.G.
Sovereign of Imperial Britain,
India's Empress fitly crown'd,
Round thy throne thou wisely callest
Heroes in all walks renown'd.
Look on those whom knightly honors
Everingly thout'st thrown around,
And amongst the brilliant gather'ing,
None more worthy will be found,
Gallic son of this Dominion—
England's grandest colony—
Vainly shall you seek his better
In truth, in faith or loyalty,
Nor loving homage unto thee.
Knight of unblemished fame or deed,
Canada's favorite son and best,
May further honors to him speed,
God's blessing on him ever rest.

J. A. PHILLIPS.

Ottawa, 24th May, 1881.

Grip is ready to risk his reputation as a critic on the assertion, that for sweetness of rhyme, felicity of expression, and profound truthfulness of sentiment the above acrostic is unrivalled in the annals of Canadian poetry. If any are disposed to carp, we point triumphantly to the eighth, eleventh, twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth lines for convincing proof of our assertion. The national heart will beat responsive to these lines. For ourselves, we can only parody the words of one of our old, and exclaim in the depth of our admiration, "If we were not Garr we would be Phillips."

Human nature reveals itself in the smallest concerns of life. A lad was watching a man beat a carpet and said, "That wain's boy must have good times. Why, that man couldn't lick the stuffing out of a ten cent doll."



LEFT!

Grand tableau at the conclusion of the farce played by Roscoe Conkling and mister Platt.

Ta Reason o't.

She will be hearing a great deal shust now about music. The will all be takin' aboot their organs, and their peccanos, and their feedles, but no wan whatever has wan word to say aboot ta pappipes. Losh man, she will pe go to ta Caledonian games at Lucknow wauise. There's where ta musie will pe. There was sixteen pipers and they was all playin' a different tunc comin' down ta street, and py gosh ta musie was gawnd. Whyfor is ta reason why all ta goot sogers will come from ta Heclans? Pe cause ta pappipes will pe at ta head of ta regiment. Whatformore will pe ta reason why ta Frenchman will run away when she'll see ta Heclan sogers in Egypt, and ta sot it was ta sogers' wives drest out in ta Sunda braws? It was pe cause ta heord ta pappipes play "Ta Camels is Comin'," and not one was left to tolt ta tale neftomere. Ta pappipes is a goot musie, and so is ta kilts, and mype she'll wrote you a letter aboot ta kilts again. TOOGALL.

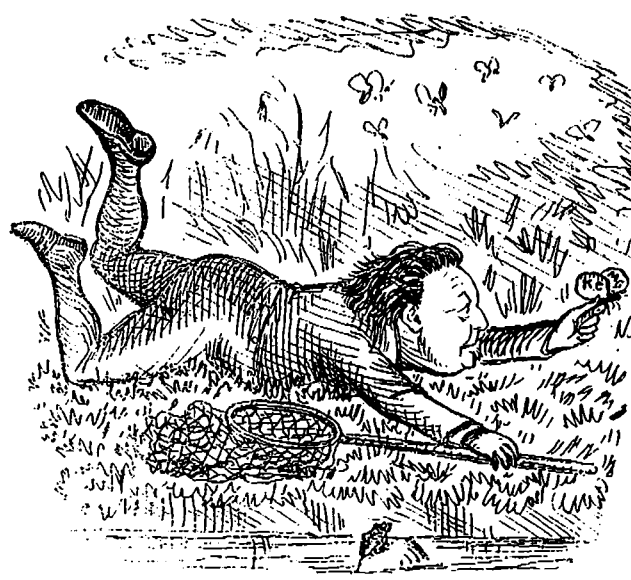
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JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM.



FORTUNE BAY—HAPPILY NAMED!

Uncle Sam has caught a Gudgeon!



THE BUTTERFLY CAPTURED!

(Quite unexpectedly, though, after a very tiresome run!)

See comments on page 3.

Literature and Art.

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

A. T. Brierley, of New York, has been sketching at Atlantic City. He is now painting a wreck he found there.

Will S. Hays, the song writer, is candidate for Mayor of Louisville, and the opposition fiendishly charge him with being the composer of "Mollie Darling." Such mud throwing should be frowned down.

Mr. T. McGillienny, our esteemed cotem. of the Goderich Signal, has come to the sensible conclusion that "it is not well for man to live alone," and has taken to himself a partner—for better or worse—in the person of Miss Sarah Dutton, of Stratford.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, the well known leader of the Confederate States, was this week a guest at the Queen's Hotel here. In a conversation with Mr. Mulvany, of this paper, Mr. Davis announced that his "History of the Confederation," a work upon which he has been engaged for several years, is now completed, and will shortly be published in England and America.

Subscriber for June contains the following sonnet, a copy of which was sent to a New York lady by Lord Stanhope. "I have added also for Mrs— a little poetical tribute, of great merit, I think, as a composition, and commended by the subsequent celebrity of the author. It dates so far back as 1839." The original of the portrait is now the Countess of Stanhope.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE LADY MAHON. 1839.
 FAME Lady! thee the pencil of Vanlyke
 Might well have painted; thine the English air,
 Gracious yet earnest, that his portraits bear.
 In that far troubled time when sword and pike
 Gleamed round the ancient halls and castles fair
 That shrouded Albion's beauty; 'tho' when need
 They, too, tho' soft withal, could boldly dare,
 Defend the leagured breach, or charging steel
 Mount in their trampled parks. Far different scene
 The bowers present before thee; yet serene
 Tho' now our days, if coming time impart
 Our ancient troubles, well I ween thy life
 Would not reproach thy lot and what thou art—
 A warrior's daughter and a statesman's wife.
 B. DISRAELI.

"NEVER SAY DIE!"

LET ADVERTISERS WEIGH THIS WELL!

"GRIP"

Is absolutely the best advertising medium in the Dominion of Canada for the following amongst other reasons:

- 1st. It goes regularly every week into the hands of 10,000 people belonging to the best classes of the population.
- 2nd. It is bound and preserved in hundreds of homes and is consulted in reading rooms throughout the country every week by many non-subscribers.
- 3rd. An advertisement in an ordinary daily or weekly newspaper perishes with the interest in the paper itself that is the next day or week. An advertisement in the pages of Grip is of permanent value.
- 4th. Grip's advertising space being limited, every advertisement is read by nearly every person who takes up the paper.
- 5th. Considering the unequalled value given, Grip's advertising terms are more moderate than those of any other periodical in Canada.

In confirmation of these claims the following letters speak for themselves:
 STRATFORD, May 27, 1881.
 MY DEAR BENGOUGH:
 Your advertisement is the only one that has given me any adequate return, and I have spent a good deal of money in advertising this year.
 Yours truly,
 C. W. YOUNG,
 Agent "Mackinnon Pen,"
 TORONTO, June 7th, 1881.

MY DEAR "GRIP":
 It affords me great satisfaction to give my testimony to the value of Grip as an advertising medium, seeing I have received many convincing proofs that an "ad." in it is a good investment. Only a few days since, while making a portrait of a four year old son of one of Lindsay's prominent citizens, I was agreeably astonished to hear him giving as a recitation my advertisement in the current number of Grip, showing conclusively that you were an esteemed member of the household, studied and prized by even the children as well as by the older folks. Wishing you still greater success in your useful as well as brilliant career, while I hope to enjoy some further fruits of it in my own business, I am, dear Grip,
 Very truly,
 J. BRUCE,
 Photographer, Toronto.

For advertising terms call on or address
 BENGOUGH BROS.,
 55 Adelaide Street East,
 Or Mr. GEO. CRAMMOND, Advertising Agent,
 At same address.

Literature and Art.

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

Munkacsy has completed the picture he was unable to finish for the Salon, and a fortnight since invited the press to examine the work.

Edouard Detaille, bent doubtless on further studies for his military pictures, has gone to North Africa to join the French Tunisian corps.

Cabanel does not improve as a colorist; for the color of his picture, "The Choice of the Caskets," from "The Merchant of Venice," in the Salon, is said to be extremely crude.

Toronto is to be visited on July 1st by the members of the Michigan press, with their wives and sweethearts. Come right along, ladies and gentlemen, and we'll make things just as happy for you as we know how!

Messrs. Shelby, Pullman & Hamilton's Canadian Circus exhibited in this city on Wednesday and Thursday to delighted audiences, the doors having to be closed before the hour announced for the performance, and hundreds were obliged to return home disappointed. The procession was only average, if not below, but the inside show was highly satisfactory.

Many of our musical readers will learn with some degree of interest that Mr. Hamilton Corbett, the well known Scotch vocalist, has just concluded an engagement with two Scotch gentlemen, by which he will be "farmed" for eight months, commencing in August next. Mr. Corbett is to go anywhere and sing anything Scotch, five nights a week, and for his services will receive a sum stated to be not far short of £1,000.

The Spirit of the Times says "The 'Bijou Mascotte' started ahead, keeps ahead, and has crowded all rivalry off the track." The "Mascotte" is the latest of Andrew's comic operas, and we learn that the version now running so successfully at the Bijou Theatre in New York is from the pen of Mr. Fuller, the author of "H. M. S. Parliament," "Flapdoodle," &c. The translation was made very rapidly, only three days being allowed for its completion.

DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. LINOLESE PAIR RESUMED!