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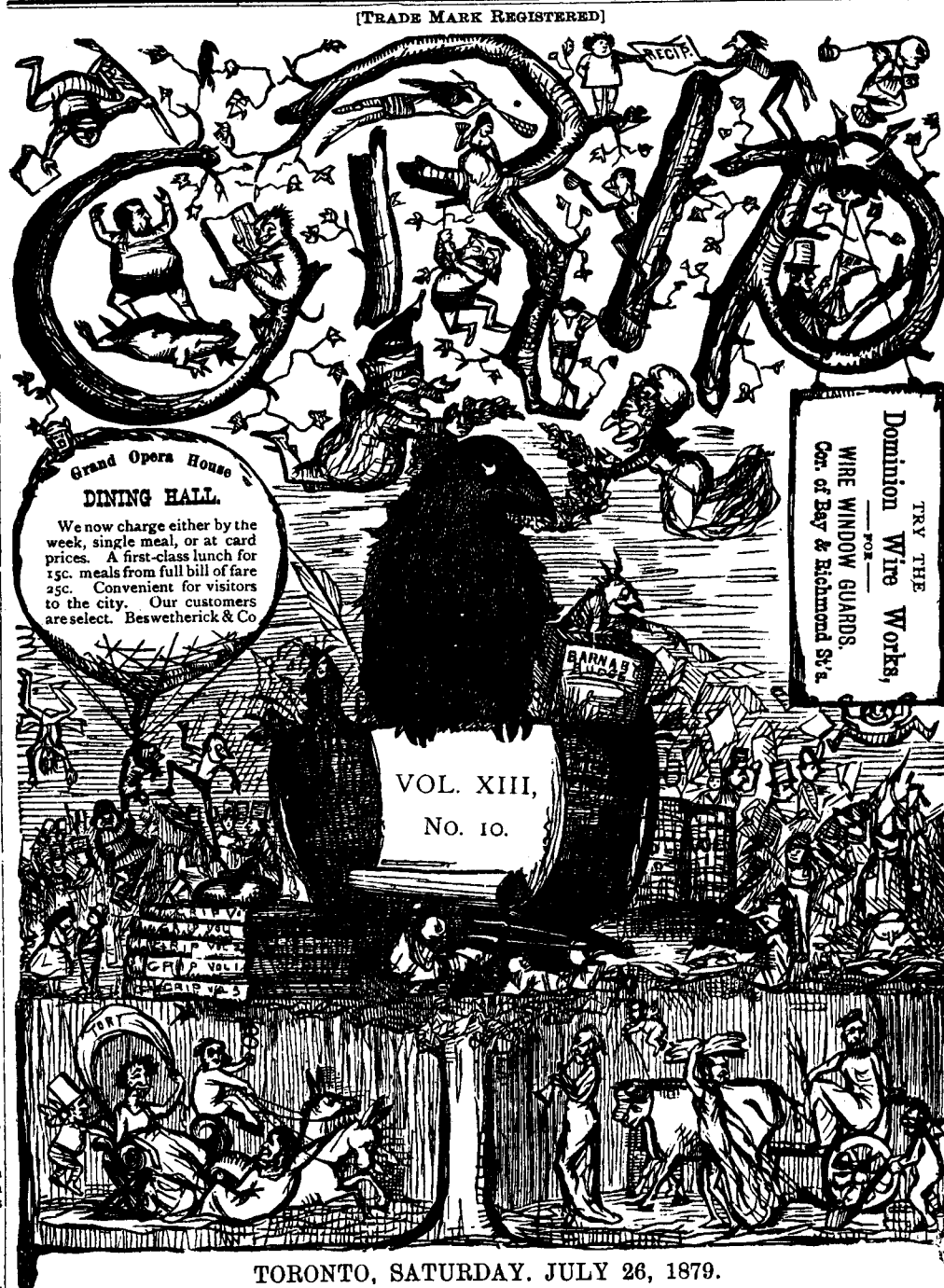
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"THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE."

Another edition of "GRIP" of June 21st, containing this cartoon, is now ready.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

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

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A gentleman leaving the city offers for sale a copy of ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA, complete in 2 Vols., bound in half Morocco with gilt edges, for only \$30. cost \$39.50.

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Literature and Art.

HENRY GRENVILLE has written eight novels within three years.

KINGLAKE ascribes much of his love of the East to his mother's reading Homer to him in his childhood.

ROBERT LOWELL, the brother of the poet, is writing a novel based on life as it was in Boston and Cambridge, Mass., during the early part of the Colonial epoch.

A colossal statue of Buddha has been dug up on the spot where the founder of the most wide-spread religion in the world is known from external evidence to have died.

MEISSONNIER began a decade ago a portrait of the late Prince Imperial, which he laid aside when the events of 1870 interrupted the work. He will now finish it and send it to the Empress EUGENIE.

GEROME, the painter, is credited with the remark that young American women have the loveliest faces he has ever seen. He often walks along the boulevards of Paris and drives in the Bois purposely to admire them.

The historian GREGOROVIVS is now, the *Academy* says, engaged on a life of Pope URBAN VIII., and has collected many important documents elucidating the policy pursued by that pontiff during the thirty years' war.

Mrs. C. A. PLIMPTON, of Cincinnati, has discovered how to make figures in relief on pottery, and exhibits several specimens of her work at the art sales rooms. She has been trying to find out the secret of producing these figures for some time, and after several failures has succeeded in making figures in four colors.

The *Academy*, of London, says of Mr. William Winter's "Thistle Down," that it is "a stronger book than its modest name denotes," and that "there is considerable force and pathos in many of the lyrics." It takes exception to an expression in one of the poems, and then adds that "such a poem as 'The Last Scene' ought to cover a multitude of sins."

Here is an advertisement from a London paper:—NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—Mr. CHAS. READE, finding that all ordinary advertisements have failed to keep thieves and vagabonds from pirating, 'It Is Never Too Late to Mend,' now advertises for thief-takers, and will give a handsome reward to any person who will give him timely notice of piracy, and furnish him with the means of bringing it home to the deliberate criminals who commit it in the teeth of this notice."

Germany is rich in works of art and on art. And why should it not be? For it has had more than twelve centuries in which to collect and produce such works! The well known publisher of art and illustrated works, Mr. Paul Neff, of Stuttgart, is now engaged in bringing out, in semi-monthly issues, folio form, what will be, when completed, a magnificent work of art and on art, under the title: "The French Painters of the Eighteenth Century. A Collection of their most important Works. Edited, with Descriptive Text, by A. von Wurzbach. Heliotype by M. Rommel." This work will be completed in thirty issues or parts, and contain about sixty heliotype and photographic reproductions of as many paintings of the leading French painters of the eighteenth century.

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AN Auction Sale of the Leases of Nineteen Timber Limits, situate on Lake Winnipegosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder.

Plans, Descriptions, Conditions of Sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By Order,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Dept. of the Interior,
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

xiii-10-6c

Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway.

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EDMUND WRAGGE,

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PACIFIC RAILWAY. TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, West of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run North-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighborhood of the 4th base line, and thence Westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879.

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21-20-17

Stage Whispers.

Miss FLORENCE DAVENPORT has given up the idea of opera, and will go into the theatrical profession.

AGNES BOOTH, the actress, assists her husband to keep a hotel during the summer at Manchester, N. H.

Last week we had HAVERLEY's Minstrels at the Royal two nights and a matinee. They played to large houses. We listened to the "old, old story" of the chicken walking through the soup on stilts, and other pre-historic jokes, coeval with the fossilized animal from which the troupe derives its name. These "upheavals" can be tolerated when from the ordinary aggregation of burnt cork "artists," but there were 40 of these—40—we repeat it—40!

Speaking of the performance of the Colored *Pinafore* Company, in Boston, a correspondent says: "The performers go through their parts with the courage and coolness of sublime ignorance, interpolating, revising and amending the text at their sweet fancy. There was richness in the original idea of making a sentimental "Little Buttercup," out of a bum-boat woman, though all of our American actresses seem to have entirely missed the author's meaning; for the original and only bum-boat woman is a horrible cross between "Sairey Gamp" and "Pleasant Riderhood," a voracious, foul-mouthed, lying, gin-drinking, libel on womanhood. To make of such an original the sentimental maiden who chants sweet ditties by moonlight to a tender hearted captain was extravagant enough. When the transformation is carried further, and she becomes a dusky damsel with a tendency to double-shuffie, imagination fails to take her in. As this is about the worst stage of the *Pinafore* mania, so it is probably the last of it, on the public stage at least. Amateurs will hold on to it for a few decades, probably, after which it will pass a century or two in the living death of the circus and minstrel company and then find a quiet grave in Harper's Drawer, Ayer's Almanac, or some other department of contemporary oblivion."

At the Gardens, the Fifth Avenue Opera Company had the benches well filled, notwithstanding the secession of the two "leading" people, Mr. LAURENT, and Mlle. CORRELLI, whose roles, however, were subsequently filled by other members of the company, the new *Josephine*, Mlle. ELLANT becoming quite a favorite. The new *Rackstraw*, Mr. NORMAN, though a pleasing tenor, is hardly of the physique that the "remarkably fine seaman" is supposed to be; nor did he display the exuberance of spirits for which that historic personage the "British Tar" is so famous. He should endeavor to infuse a little more life into the part. The Captain, Mr. BRAND, was good, as were the crew. *Deadeye*, Mr. STURGES, has an excellent voice, which he knows how to use; his make-up, however, was a trifle too grotesque. The First Lord, Mr. BURNETT, was deservedly well received, as were his Sisters, etc., etc.—. This company intend producing *Fantantitza* at the Gardens sometime next month. A word. Why don't the management furnish the stage with that very necessary appendage, a drop curtain? The lengthened contemplation of canvas guns or other stage properties does not help the imagination in entering into the spirit of the expected representation. And would it not be well to give the auditorium a gentle ascent from the orchestra? These are almost absolute requirements to make this place a successful "Summer Theatre."

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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"Wild Sports of the West."

MUSKOKA FELIX—NIMROD'S PARADISE—A NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

From the Journal of our Sporting Editor.

Monday morning. Stroll by Queen's—great surprise! Meet friend from Europe—Lord BALLTODY, north of Ireland—Castle Batherem. Visited him last spring—great Irish peer—now strictly incog—SHAMUS O'SHAUGNESSY in hotel book. Left retainers in Griffintown for short holiday—all from "Black North." Expect they will enjoy themselves—Irish fashion. My Lord going "to do a bit of shooting and fishing in Muskoka"—will I join him? Certainly. Told him plenty stories while in Ireland of buffalo, bear, grizzlies, catamounts, and Injuns. Assume the DAVY CROCKETT role. Take Northern train unattended, and escape the dread "address" from burghers *en route*. Ha, ha! They are foiled! They know not we are people of distinction. Arrive in Bracebridge. Hire Injun and canoe. Unpack munitions of war. Lion guns, with two ounce balls. Shot guns. Duck gun warranted to kill an acre of ducks in one broadside—quite *mittrailluse*. Prepare to start for camp. Injun anoints himself with fat pork—no shirt. Atmosphere unlike Bendamere, or "Araby the blest." Advises us to use cosmetic—"Flies no like grease"—Refuse. Reach encampment. Muskoka soil—rocks and sand. Leave Chipeway in charge of commissariat—two pounds bread and cheese, and imperial gallon of KILLAMAN'S Irish whiskey. Start for woods. No bear, no deer, no wolves, no nothing but chipmunks—yes; flies, of course, —Mosquitos, sand flies, black flies, and and "bull-dogs," or Cariboo flies. Lordship sees black animal slowly approaching. "Be japers its a bear!" Bang! "Down he comes! Fix bayonets and charge on him!" Find wounded heifer. Owner approaches. Countryman of his Lordship. Obligated to pay \$20 for the "baste" shot. Lose our way. Give five dollars to Irishman to pilot us to camp. Nearly blind with mosquitos. Arrive in camp. Injun has "received nomadic friends of his tribe; whiskey all gone—warriors dead drunk. Canoe stove

in. Give Irishman ten dollars to pilot us through the woods to village. Obligated to use mosquito preventative—murder! Cologne no where! Arrive at Bracebridge blind. Passengers leave our car on entrance. Railway people object to carrying us. Explain matters—Are suffered to proceed. Arrive in Toronto. Nearly arrested by "peelers" as tramps. Get to Queen's. Obligated by landlord to take bath before admission. His Lordship goes to bed ill. Takes the next steamer for Belfast. Says he has had enough of "Canadian sport." Farewell! *Bon voyage!*—Adieu!

Our Own Dick Deadeye.

As soon as the Premier gets time he must turn his attention to the appointment of successors to Profs. McCaul and Croft in our University. It is suggested that the opportunity should be taken to establish a chair of Constitutional Law. If this is acted on there can be no possible difficulty in making a choice of a professor, after the display of legal and constitutional acumen made by Mr. R. W. Phipps, N. P., in his LÉTELIER letter to the *Globe*.

Some of our steamboats run regular excursion trips on Sundays just now, and the authorities decline to stop the practice, on the ground that the working classes need rest and recreation, and Sunday is their best day for getting it. The engineers and firemen of the boats no doubt endorse this idea.

The *Chicago Journal* announces that much of the tobacco which is being smoked or chewed this year was last year stored in the yellow-fever districts of the South. Upon reading this, the judicious young man will cease to buy tobacco, and take to borrowing from his friends.

The present night editor of the *Globe* is no doubt beloved by the printer who happens to get his elaborate headlines to set up, but the general public would like him better if he always took care to print the news he announces in such a loud manner.

The *Globe* ought to write a scathing article on the Sunday meeting of the Dominion Cabinet, which, according to the *Hamilton Times'* correspondent, was held last week. And then it ought to be discovered that no such meeting was held. And then the *Mail* ought to chuckle.

Some people are born great, others achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them, but Miss ANNIE EDWARDS, of this city, snoozed herself into renown. She attended a prayer-meeting in the Metropolitan Church, fell asleep during the service, was locked in until 2 o'clock in the morning, broke a window, and was arrested in the act of creeping out. Hence her name has been telegraphed to all the papers.

The moral of this sad case is, don't make your meetings so dry that people will go to sleep in them.

The boat-builders and boat-house keepers of the city ascribe the improvement in their lines of business directly to the N. P.—which being interpreted means, NED'S Presence.

The sea serpent is on hand promptly for the opening of the seaside season. He has just been seen by the crew of the pilot schooner *Advance*, in the Gulf of Mexico, heading in a south west direction and going at the rate of nine miles an hour. On his way to Long Branch, undoubtedly!

I read the *Mail's* column of "Personals" with considerable interest, but here is one item from Tuesday's edition, I don't quite see the drift of:

Mr. Henry Beatty, of the Beatty line of steamers: Sarnia; Mr. E. Patrick, Clerk of the House of Commons, Ottawa; Mr. S. S. Peck, M.P.P., Munden; Mr. A. H. Webster, freight agent Erie railroad, Buffalo; Mr. W. C. Ruger and Judge Wallace, U. S. Court, Syracuse, N.Y., are at the Kossin House; also Dr. Volney, of Brockville.

Finding that the Twelfth of July celebration is so delightfully in keeping with the genius of Canada, the Belleville Orangemen have determined to celebrate the Twelfth of August, too, that being the anniversary of the opening of the Gates of Derry. Medically this is unfortunate, as two big speers so close together must be bad for the health.

Of course in other respects it is all right and most praiseworthy. The Twelfth of August should be held sacred by all means. If the Gates of Derry hadn't been opened on that occasion, there is no doubt the Derry people would have been uncomfortably hot, and Canada would at the present moment be suffering all the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition.

If members of opera companies don't like to be arrested and locked up, they shouldn't get tight and raise a disturbance at the wharf, as *Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.*, did the other day. Our policemen are utterly impartial and inexorable, and they'll

Teach you all ere long,
To refrain from liquor strong.

The HANLAN Homestead Fund appears to get along slowly. Up to the present time \$2 800 have been secured, and I suppose five, ten or twenty thousand are wanted. How would it do to call upon EDWARD himself for a portion of that \$32,000 he is said to have brought home in the shape of winnings?

But perhaps the rumour of his having won that amount is unfounded. Mr. LANGEVIN happened to be in England at the time of the race, and the person who started the report about \$32,000 probably got that eminent statesman mixed up with the Oarsman.

Lieut.-Col. Gibson, M.P.P., won the Prince of Wales' prize of £100 and a badge yesterday at Wimbledon, with a score of ninety-four. This is certainly most creditable, and we congratulate the gentleman upon his success.—*Hamilton Times*.

And GRIP extends the same to Hamilton, On having such a clever M.P.P., No riding can produce a greater gun, He'll be a man of mark most certainly.

Hint to those in want of employment—Look for it.

If the dead body of a free-booter is cremated isn't it a *pyre-atical* affair.

When HANLAN gets into his new homestead he will think its very like a *rovo-manse*.

Fish are said to be good brain food. There must be some mistake here as many fish when landed are *in sine*.



The New A. D. C.

Col. Gzowski has been honored with an appointment as A.D.C. to Her Majesty the Queen. GRIP extends his congratulations, and signalizes the happy event by making a portrait of the gallant Colonel. The distinction has been well earned, for "a better officer don't walk the deck, your honor," if we may be permitted to use a Pinaphorism Under his command the Canadian Team at Wimbledon have covered themselves with glory, and received complimentary notice from Royal Dukes and Cabinet Ministers, on account of their neat, soldierly and highly civilized appearance. They have also done better shooting than any other commanding officer could get out of them. Her Majesty is to be felicitated on having secured so competent an A. D. C., for GRIP has no doubt Col. Gzowski will be able to perform the arduous and important duties of the position with credit to himself and all concerned.

Mrs. Lapseesling Attends "Penny Readings."

Last week I attended "Penny Readings" in a rural parish. A penny is merely an anonymous omission fee, as tickets were fifteen cents, or more, at the auction of the purchaser. The problem was not curtailed to readings, but consisted of oral and instrumental solars, dialogues, and original enunciations from SHAKESPEARE and other extinct poets. The first piece was TENNYSON's "Battle of Waterloo." Words would be inaccurate to describe the reader's somniferous tones, he roared rapidly, till I would in vain have closed my ears to the voice of the stormer. As this youth is studying for the church my serious infection is that he will be inextinguishable as a *similar syllabus pew ranter*.

Though I am not myself a musician, I can depreciate the art, and well I know, as Mrs. HEMAN's portrays, that "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." But on this occasion I was evolved in inexplicable confusion of mind. The second performance was to have been *Pantasm*, by A Flat Major, but the Major was evidently a falsetto, as a young girl, (perhaps his daughter) appeared. Though she patiently thought herself the Supreme Madonna of the entertainment, I would not attempt to extricate her style,

and though I am not an amateur in architectural musical terms, I feel convinced that any implicit cricket would agree with me in saying that the thrills and octagons were fingered in a subdwanant manner.

A soprano sympathy followed, and then elections from "The Idols of a King" were read by another executionist, in such a lack the most voice that it nearly caused my risible tears to flow, though his enumeration was so ineligible that his meaning was a mitigation to my understanding. I could not even declare with any degree of opacity, to which king he had deference; but I think it was SOLOMON. Ere my emotion was alienated, a young man, whose voice was a terror, sang, "Oh, Share my Cottage, Gentle Maid." He gazed at me as he warbled, but I thought of the late lamentable TOBIAS SAPHSEESLING, and enclosed my heart to his syrian walls.

The performance was closed, or in professional terms the maledictory was pronounced by a sextant from Know-me-Oh and Tullia; it is very old, and very pretty; but I wish that HOMER and other dogmatists would not use absolute terms which procure their meaning. What sense is there in the remark "Entreat, arise, to wink at spears till they return"?

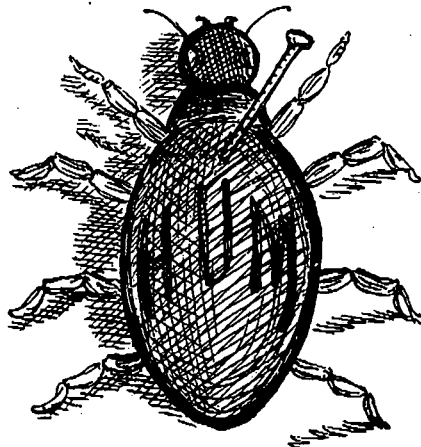
Belleville.

HON. BILLA FLINT, of Belleville, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in that place by writing to last Saturday's *Intelligencer* some of his reminiscences. He tells of a great many things which were not to be found in Belleville fifty years ago, but the list might have been made a good deal longer. For instance, fifty years ago Belleville had no newspaper with such an outlandish name as *Daily Ontario*.

Fifty years ago there was no railway connecting Belleville with Picton, and travellers were obliged to stage it across Prince Edward County.

Fifty years ago there was no handsome and commodious station at the Grand Trunk railway.

Fifty years ago the *Intelligencer* didn't rejoice in Government "ads." etc., etc.



The Hum of Prosperity.

There has been a great deal of talk of late about the Hum of Prosperity, which is said to be travelling through this happy land, and Mr. GRIP, believing that his readers would like to see a correct portrait of the aforesaid Hum, has secured a specimen and pinned it up here before them. It will be observed that this Hum is a species of bug.



Our Mayor.

His Worship the Mayor is said to be agitating for an official chain and gown, to wear on the occasion of the forth-coming Vice-Regal visit, but some of the Aldermen do not approve of his suggestion. Moreover, the *Telegram* sneers at the proposition. GRIP comes to his Worship's defence, and says he shall have a chain and gown, and also a Scotch bonnet and kilt, and a boy to hold up his train, too, so he shall. One glance at the little sketch above is sufficient to convince the most stubborn Alderman that the dignity of the city will be greatly enhanced if our Chief Magistrate is fitted out in an imposing and at the same time typical style. The gown and chain as above will fully gratify our civic pride, while the headgear cannot fail to charm the heart of the Governor and his royal spouse.

The Golden Wreath.

POOR TRACY TURNURELLI
Who lived upon his wit,
Was anxious—very anxious,
For a Governmental "sit;"

So with prodigious labour
He raised a golden wreath,
And offered it to BEACONSFIELD,
Who threw it in his teeth.

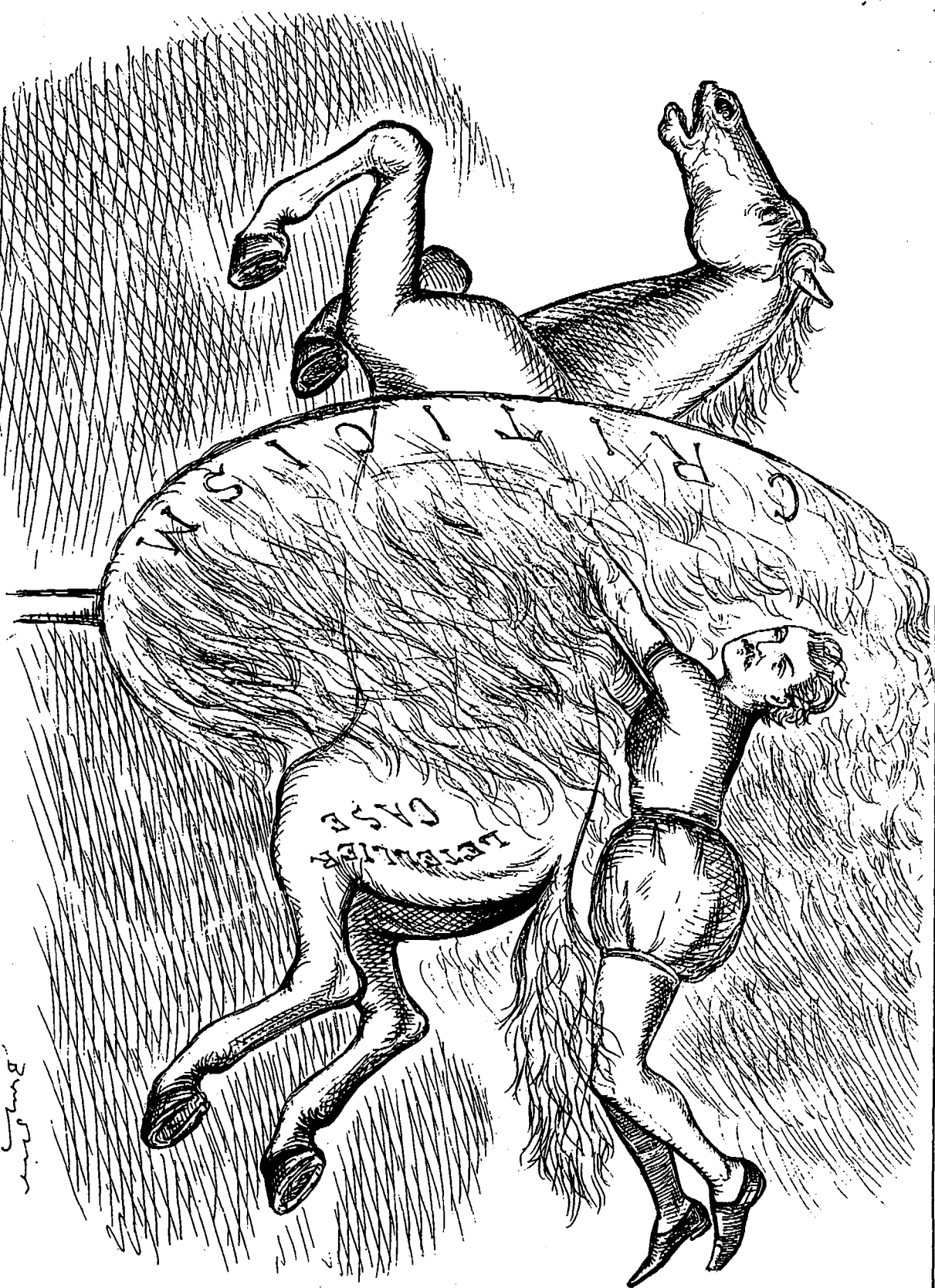
This unexpected conduct
Upon old DIZZY's part,
Has very nearly broken
Poor TURNURELLI's heart;

But still he needn't languish
Nor throw that wreath away,
He perhaps might get an office
If he gave it to—some other Premier.

Naval.

We perceive that a retired naval officer has opened a boarding house in Muskoka for the accommodation of tourists and invalids. Here is the right man in the right place. A man who can hand reef and steer and "ship a salvagee," is just the one to see that the gear of the pleasure boats is safely and securely fitted, and coming from the Royal Navy he would very naturally know the proper way to "receive boarders."

THE POLITICAL "FLAMING ZONE."





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The fly is never positive. He always specs so.—*Cin. Star.*

Women's rights are the mates to women's lefts.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Brown College graduates are spoken of as Brown bread men.—*N. Y. Star.*

Fine clothes do not make the man until they are paid for.—*Boston Courier.*

Speaking of TALMAGE, brevity is not the soul of DE WITT.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Does the tide become full from carrying too many schooners?—*Philadelphia Item.*

Beware of the man of one book—especially if he is the agent for it.—*Albany Argus.*

Dead men tell no tales, because their tomb stones do it for them.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The greatest perfumer we know of is the centre of the world.—*Troya County Record.*

Give a woman a hen instead of a gun if you want to see her shoot.—*Ottawa Republican.*

In France every man is of noble blood; that is to say, he is descended from a pere.—*Boston Post.*

The highest mountain gives the finest view, but give us a little one for ascent.—*Boston Post.*

In selecting a barber, remember that a fulness under the eyes denotes language.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

An electrical girl has been discovered in Canada. She ought to marry a good conductor.—*Free Press.*

"VENNOR predicts a wet summer, with cold and frosts." But Vennor we to get it?—*Norristown Herald.*

England may be "mistress of the C's," but she has never yet been able to fairly master the H's.—*Yankee Paper.*

Let it be Recorded, said the newspaper reporter to the teamster whose load of wood was overturned.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Why are good resolutions like a squalling baby at church? Because they should always be carried out.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

It is strangely singular how much the boy with a pair of new suspenders hates to wear a coat.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

A lover will often take a whole year to press his suit, when any smart tailor would do it for him in less than an hour.—*New York News.*

There is one field of labour that women can never enter—collecting bills; for "women's work is never dun."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Two bottles of "unfermented wine for communion purposes" exploded in Norwalk, being disturbed by its unusual surroundings.—*Danbury News.*

The oldest Mason is to be matched against the oldest Odd Fellow in a go-as-you-please contest to see which will die first.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the ear.—*American Punch.*

A country girl getting off a train at Cape May, was asked if she might be helped to alight, and she replied that she did not smoke.—*New York Herald.*

Said he, as he stole one, "I seal my love with a kiss." And she, suiting the action to the word, replied, "I seal mine with whacks."—*Boston Transcript.*

A poet in the *Whitehall Times* exclaims: "I am haunted, wierdly, by the dripping of the rain." The *Boston Post* would advise new shingles as a remedy.—*Er.*

The boy who calls another bad names does not become dignified when he heaves a rock at him, although he adds stone to his remarks.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"Scratch a Russian, and you'll find a Tartar," and scratch a match on the parlor wall and you'll find the old lady down on you like a thousand of brick.—*New Haven Register.*

It was a self-made doctor in Michigan who wrote to JOHN BRIGHT asking him how his disease got along, and he is justly indignant that his letter was never answered.—*Detroit Free Press.*

People who wonder why it is that the fly always goes for the human head, should remember that insects in general show a decided preference for the softest spots.—*Phila-Chronicle.*

And the night shall be turned into gaslight,
From our brow the sweat we shall wipe,
Then grab the pillow by the back of the neck,
And give the mosquito a swipe.
—*N. Y. Express Coates.*

An editor being asked, "Do hogs pay?" says a great many do not. They take the paper several years and then have the postmaster send it back marked "refused."—*Shelbyville (Ill.) Union.*

Several boys weeding onions at Southport were prostrated by a stroke of lightning. Boys whose fathers own onion beds should cut this out and paste it in their fathers' hats.—*Danbury News.*

If NOAH had foreseen the future, and killed the two mosquitoes which took refuge in the ark, he would have rendered some of the strongest words in the English language unnecessary.—*Exchange.*

"This," said the dentist, "is my office."
"And that?" inquired the visitor, pointing to the apartment where stood the tooth-pulling chair. "Ah, that," replied the proprietor, "that is my 'drawing' room."—*Chicago Journal.*

"In childhood's happy, sunny days, we take no note of Time," sang an old poet. And that's where you get stuck. Be wise. Take a note of time and everyone else. And bond and mortgage when you can get them.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

This is the season of the year when the good little boy refuses to go in bathing with his companions, because his mother forbid him, stays on the bank to mind their clothes and scoots for home after tying knots in the sleeves of their trousers.—*Puck.*

Mistress (to new cook)—"Now SARAH, remember if you are strictly honest and economical in your marketing, I will give you a few shillings extra per month." New cook—"Thank you, ma'am; I will think it over, and let you know in the evening."—*Funny Folks.*

A Bridgeport young man who looks deep into the foundation of things went insane the other day. Investigation followed, when it was discovered that he had been studying over the problem why the last exercises of a college are called commencement. The strain had been too much for him.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

Pour into your friend's ear great nuggets of wisdom, bristling with the choicest eloquence, and he will say, "JONES is a good fellow, but a confounded bore." And let him talk for an hour, and though you utter not a word, yet will he go away impressed with your distinguished intelligence and miraculous conversational powers.—*Boston Transcript.*

When the robin jumps along the lawn or flies from tree to tree scattering the dew-drops from the leaves; when the bee coquets with the flower; when the first golden beams dart from the sapphire skies, and gild the filmy clouds; when the clover trembles in freshening breeze, and when all nature seems imbued with the charms of paradise; then, it is sweet to turn over in bed and take another nap.—*Uncle Sam.*

A Roseville young lady has invented a capital plan to keep a horse up to his pace when she is out riding with her lover. She doesn't like the use of the whip, and so when the animal lags a little in his gait she turns to THEODORA a pair of rosy lips, and then an emphatic smack breaks the stillness, and the horse springs forward at the sound as if he had been touched by an electric battery.—*Newark Call.*

When P. T. BARNUM, a young man poor and in debt, left Danbury, he said to Judge WHITTLESEY: "I will pay that bill when I get rich." The judge drew down his judicial features, and disdainfully replied: "That will be when a sieve holds water." In a few years the visionary young man was in a condition to pen the following brief letter to the judge: "I have fixed that sieve."—*Danbury News.*

A young lady book-agent called on us the other day with a volume of prose and poetical selections, which she thought we could no longer do without. We told her that the book would not benefit us. "Why," she replied, "here are the ideas of many writers on various subjects, and surely a hundred heads are better than one. Now"—firting over the leaves of the book—"let us see what is said under the chapter of Kissing." "Yes," we assented, "when it comes to kissing even two heads are better than one, but the subject can be thoroughly discussed without referring to a five hundred page book." And we didn't invest.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Canadian Government has resolved to civilize the Indians and train them up in the way they should go. The red man is to be made a gentleman of culture—agriculture. Thirteen Canadian farmers are to go to the Northwest to teach the Indian idea how to make corn shoot. These grangers are to get \$750 a year and "found." They are found in agricultural implements, and among the farming implements each receives a bowie knife, a revolver, a Martini-Henry rifle, and several hundred rounds of ammunition. All scalping is barred out and will be declared foul. Probably the Canada ruralist will sit on the fence with a rifle across his knee, a revolver in one hand and a bowie in the other, shouting to the perspiring Indians in the corn fields, "Hoe faster, you red fiends, or I'll open out on you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Queen's Navee and the Police.**MAGISTRATE**—Who are you?**FIRST PRISONER**—I am the mon-ark of the seas!**MAGISTRATE**—Oh, indeed! And your friend? (To Officer)—Desire that remarkably fine young man to step forward. Now, sir, who are you?**SECOND PRISONER**—One of the men, your honor.**MAGISTRATE**—You look like a smart young man.**SECOND P.**—Yes, your honor, although I say it myself, there isn't a smarter—**MAGISTRATE**—There that'll do. But both of you are charged with using—to put it mildly—harsh language on the Queen's Highway, or rather on Yonge street wharf.**SECOND P.**—Your honor, if you will kindly permit me, I will explain. My friend and I were "rehearsing," as we were waiting for the boat (my friend being about going to New York), we had got as far as "demme it's too bad!" when the constable "pulled" us.**MAGISTRATE**—What ship do you belong to?**PRISONERS**—H. M. Ship *Pinafore*.**MAGISTRATE**—Well, I can't help thinking the Service is going to the deuce when I see a Lord of the Admiralty along with a common seaman. Can either of you dance a hornpipe?**PRISONERS**—No, your honor.**MAGISTRATE**—Ah, that looks bad! I had some idea of sending you to a dungeon cell, but in consideration of your being British tars, you can go. So top your booms, my hearties, and sheer off.**PRISONERS**—Aye, aye! your honor. Thank ye. You yourself have said it—you are an Englishman!**Two Petitions.**

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, ETC., ETC.

May it Please Your Excellency:

We, the dutiful and loyal Grits of the Dominion approach you to say that we think it your undoubted duty to refuse the iniquitous advice of JOHN A. and his miserable colleagues in *re* the LETELLIER case. And we have no doubt whatever but you will do so. It cannot be otherwise. No member of the House of ARGYLL was ever yet known to trample upon the constitutional liberties of the people to serve the wretched little ends of faction. We have the utmost confidence that you will prove yourself a true ARGYLL in this affair, but if you don't, you will find some interesting reading in the organs of our party. Beware!

We have the honor to be, etc.,

G. BROWN, and others.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, ETC.

May it Please Your Excellency:

We, the superloyal and dyed-in-the-wool Tories of this Dominion approach your person with profound politeness, and hope your Excellency's health is good. We also wish to say that we have no doubt you will act upon the advice of your Ministry and dismiss LETELLIER. The House of Argyll has never yet submitted to tyranny, and we hope it never will. Now of course you know that LETELLIER is a tyrant, and you cannot more highly honor your family crest than by kicking him out. By so doing you will also save our friends the trouble of resigning. We fully trust you will act upon this suggestion of ours, but if you do not, look out for lively notices in our papers. We have the honor to be &c.,

U. E. CLUB and others.

**REGULATIONS****Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.**

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of Disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt A, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion Lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B, shall be disposed of as follows: The even-numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections, to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty acre homesteads, shall consist of the westerly halves of the easterly halves, also of the easterly halves of the westerly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of \$2.00 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in belts B and C of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E shall be as follows, viz: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter, at the rate of 6 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 annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the bal-

ance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next, up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

12. "Claims to Dominion lands, arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

LINDSAY RUSSELL,

Surveyor General.

xiii-10-4t

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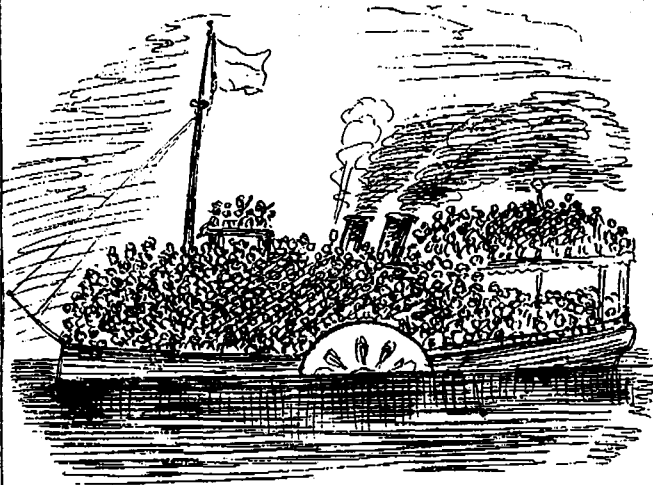
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GEO. LAIDLAW,
President C. V. R.

xiii-10-2t.

An interesting experiment it being tried at the Zoological Gardens. Eggs laid by an ostrich have been cunningly painted to resemble an emu's, and placed under a male emu to be hatched.—*Ex.*

Thus do the scientific fellows emu's themselves.



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"I'll paint your picture, darling," cried
An artist to his lovely bride,
"I'll dip my brush in colors rare,
And show the world that thou art fair."
"No don't," she answered, "what's the use,
When I can have it done by Bruce?"

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Seraphine.

BY EDGAR ALLAN P.

The skies they were brilliant and azure,
When I called on my own SERAPHINE,
My own darling, sweet SERAPHINE!
I was certain, and so was her ma, sure,
That a finer day never was seen.
Their lawn was as large as a pasture,
With its exquisite tinting of green;
It's so lovely! you'd say if you'd cast your
Eyes on the beautiful scene.

My own SERAPHINE, with her tresses
So bright, said, "'Tis awfully warm!"
I agreed—'twas excessively warm.
She wore just the sweetest of dresses,
Made out of white muslin or lawn;
I suggested a walk on the lawn,
(I don't mean the muslin or lawn)
While her tresses the light breeze caresses,
I feel I am dreadfully gone."

Then my darling with parasol o'er her,
Said, "Let us go where it's less waum;
For it's quite too most dreadfully waum."
It was then I thought of the *Chicora*,
And assured her the Lake must be cawm.
I said, "Let us take the *Chicora*."
Then my angel sprang up like a fawn.
Dear SERAPHINE, how I adore her!
As we walk to the lake from the lawn.

We're on board and away past the Island,
When suddenly rises a storm,
A terrible, old fashioned storm!
O, could I once set foot on dry land!
With my SERAPHINE whom I have torn
From her pa and her ma, I'm a vile and
Wicked wretch! Bring me a horn
Of brandy and water—What! Nigh land?
My SERAPHINE safe from the storm,
Oh! bring me a duplicate horn!

So silent and sad and so limp was
My SERAPHINE—so was her lawn,
(I refer to her white dress of lawn).
She said she as wet as a shrimp was,
My attentions she treated with scorn.
Disgusted and angry the nymph was,
As we now reached the gates of the lawn,
She said that a shame and a sin 'twas
To coax her away from her lawn
To the lake with its terrible stawm!
(Her accent is of the *haut ton*).
So I've never more stood in that lawn,
The dreary and desolate lawn!

S. R. QUIGLEY, ENGRAVER & JEWELLER,
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