

*J. W. Bencough*

**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**

**GRIP** is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.  
Subscription price, \$2 per annum strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied. BENGOUGH BROS.

**USE ONLY ONTARIO BAKING POWDER.**  
ASK YOUR Grocer for it.

**Bone Manure!**  
Pure Bone Meal, warranted best quality. Super-phosphates. Ground bones for Vineries. Rates moderate.  
Factory, Esplanade & George Sts. Address R. POLLOCK, 191 Jarvis St. xii-3-6m.

**J. O'CONNOR, Boot & Shoe Maker,** 30 Victoria St., Toronto.

**WANTED.** - Second-hand Show Cases. Must be in first-class condition. BENGOUGH BROS.

**FARM FOR SALE. 100 ACRES**  
In the Township of Uxbridge. Would exchange for entire horse, weighing 1,700 or 1,800 pounds, and not more than 8 years old. BENGOUGH BROS.

Received Jan. 8, 1879,  
**PITMAN'S Teacher, Exercises and Dictionary.**  
If those customers who favoured us with orders during the past two weeks will kindly repeat, they will be filled without delay. BENGOUGH BROS.

**FARM FOR SALE.**  
A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 31 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is

**A Capital Orchard**  
of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres. On nine acres of this Orchard the trees are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.  
BENGOUGH BROS.,

**REAL ESTATE AG'TS**  
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS.  
Next Post Office, Toronto.

**DIARIES FOR 1879.**

*Wallets, Purses, Pocket Books, Letter & Card Cases,*  
&c., &c., &c.

**BROWN BROTHERS,**  
Manufacturing Stationers, TORONTO.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



**Relief Plates,**  
TYPE HIGH.  
Any Subject to Order.  
BENGOUGH BROS.

**CAUTION.**  
Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

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

**LECTURE SEASON 1878-79.**

Mechanics Institutes, Literary Societies, Y. M. C. A.'s, etc., are respectfully informed that  
**MR. J. W. BENCOUGH**  
is prepared to accept engagements during the coming lecture season, to deliver his new humorous lecture  
**"ALL ABOUT CARICATUREING."**  
Sketches of public notabilities, events of the day and Local men (the latter done in coloured crayons). For terms, dates &c., address  
**GEO. BENGOUGH, "GRIP" Office Toronto.**

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

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

**\$1.50**  
Will Wash and Rough Dry 100 Pieces, at the  
**TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.**  
Cor. Bay & Wellington.  
OFFICE: 65 KING ST. WEST

**DELAMERE, BLACK, AND REESOR,** Barristers, Attorneys, Solicitors, &c., 17 Toronto St. T. D. DELAMERE, DAVIDSON BLACK H. A. REESOR.

**MOWAT, MACLENNAN, & DOWNEY,** Solicitors, etc., Queen City Insurance Building, 24 Church St., Toronto, OLIVER MUWAT, Q. C. JAMES MACLENNAN, Q. C. JOHN DOWNEY, THOMAS LANGTON.

**BIGELOW, N. G., BARRIS-TER-AT-LAW,** etc. Offices -Stanton's Buildings, north-west corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

**BENGOUGH BROS.**  
Are prepared to execute orders for

**ENGRAVING**  
in the highest style of the art.

**Type Metal Plates**  
MADE FROM

Pen and Ink Sketches, Photographs, Lithographs, &c.,

More perfect, true and lasting than any wood engraving, and at a much lower cost. Call and see specimens at  
**GRIP OFFICE,**

Next door to Post Office, Toronto.

**TO PRINTERS.**

**WANTED.** - A Newspaper Mailing Machine and Brevier suitable for setting up list. Apply to  
**GEO. BENGOUGH**  
Toronto.

**FOR SALE.**  
**Breech Loading Rifle,**  
Manufactured by Frank Wesson, Boston, Mass. Cost \$35, will be sold for \$20. Owner has no use for it. Apply to  
**GEO. BENGOUGH,**  
Grip Office.

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 11TH JANUARY, 1879.

**TO NEWSDEALERS.**—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

**The Opening of the Local House.**

"The business of Ontario can as well be conducted by the different County Councils, as by the Local Legislature."—*Country Paper.*

Don't tell me of abolishing, and totally demolishing  
The "Local," we'd look smallish when each winter we would miss  
The Guards on gay steeds prancing, the Artillery advancing,  
And the riflemen and redcoats! It's just splendid, so it is!

We would miss the Gov'nor's carriage, which the vandals would dis-  
parage,  
And the coachman in his livery, and the footman all so grand,  
It's a sight to see him driving up His Honour and contriving  
To guide the fiery horses, as he holds them four in hand.

We would miss the smiling faces and the charming airs and graces,  
Of the ladies in the "Chamber" when the Gov'nor makes his bow;  
And the Colonels and the Majors, and the rest of the old stagers,  
And the *Aide de Camp* so dashing, we can't do without them now.

We would miss the noise and bangin' of Major GRAY'S big cannon,  
And the gunner in his Busby with the rammer in his hand,  
And Colonel OTTER mounted and officers uncounted,  
And we'd also miss the music of the gallant Queen's Own band.

Then away with false economy, crude notions of autonomy,  
Don't speak of County Councils, of your village Solons wise,  
Your Municipal Meetings with their little frauds and cheatings,  
Your cross-road school house caucuses I totally despise.

A fig for the depression, we yet will have our session,  
"The heart that ne'er rejoices" is like that of frightened mouse,  
You can bet your bottom dollar, I'll take off my hat and holler,  
Till I burst my paper collar at the opening of the House!

**The Rencontre.**

It happened—(the lakes between the Dominion of GRIP and those of UNCLE SAM being frozen over)—which is of annual occurrence, as every London editor or other equally educated person knows—that GRIP, who is an adept at all exercises, ordered his attendants to bring his skating apparatus. His skates, his fur boots, his seal-skin pelisse and sable cap (the one with the \$5,000,000 diamond in front) being brought on four large silver salvers by four gorgeous footmen, he was soon equipped, and parting like a flash from Northern shores, soon found himself half way across Ontario, when he was aware of a personage approaching.

The person was tall, of an aquiline nose, keen eye, and long swinging arms. He wore no furs, but a swallow-tail coat, plug hat, trousers too short, and top boots. In his mouth was a cigar of amazing size. He skated towards GRIP with great rapidity and stopping suddenly, remarked without removing his cigar,

"Wall!"

"Sir," returned GRIP, executing an amazing figure on the ice to avoid overturn.

"Yew," returned the stranger, "air GRIP. I know yew by yeur pictur."

"You, Sir," flashed back GRIP, with the instantaneous rapidity of that Great Personage, "are my BROTHER JONATHAN, and my UNCLE SAM. I know you by the similarity to the drawings I have made of you."

"Let us liquor," said U.S.

"I have no vices," replied GRIP.

"Then heow in thunder dew yew give so many ad-vices? asked B.J.

"In my capacity of Viceroy, Sir," replied GRIP.

"Jest so, the Murkis late arrove bein' only for shew, like," answered the other, "I am here, Sir—"

"I allow it," answered GRIP, gracefully.

"Don't be so all-fired quick," retorted the interlocutor. "I am here ter send ter Canady my Christmas congratulations. That young Dominion hez come out. She hez made a step. She hez stepped out from the

effete monarchies: she hez snapped inter fragments the crumblin relics of Eu-ro-pean tradishun, she hez splintered into eternal kindlin the rotten fabric of Eu-ro-pean free trade. She hez done well. Her name shall shine like the everlastin galaxy deown the path of centries yet ter cum, and she shall take her stand on the lofty pinnacle of American exaltation, side by side with the glitterin bird of freedom and the blazin genius of liberty, and scream in thunder sounds, echoin from peak ter peak tu all eternity her mortal defiance of the nations yet unborn. Here is a glorious futur—her tremenjis path flashes threw the storm and hurricane like iled lightnin threw a knot-hole. She shall be a success, if—"

"If what?" asked GRIP.

His expression sank, his eye was less bright, his high hat drooped. "If," he said in subdued tones, "if she knocks caucuses, nominations, wirepullers, and all that derned lot sky-high, kicks party sappeads outer office and puts her knowin one ter the front, she shall."

He turned and skated off with such velocity that—but description fails.

**Paddocks and Preserves.**

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

SCENE. *Mansion on Crescent—Time 1 a.m. Tuesday Morning. Mrs. JOHN FITZ BEVERLY BUDGE sitting in parlour in front of expiring fire, en dishabille.*

Mrs. B.—Dear me, what possibly has become of FITZ BEVERLY? Where can he be? If he were not one of the domesticated and strictly regular of men, I would entertain fears that he had joined that horrid U.E. Club, which he was almost persuaded to do by that odious Mr. LARKYNS, and possibly would have done so had I not unildly admonished him for thinking of such a thing. Heigh ho! (*Yawns*) but business I suppose, business must be attended to. He told me last week they were about to take stock in the warehouse. Poor fellow he must be almost—Hark! what's that? (*Rises, goes to window and sees three men staggering up steps singing "It's a great institution that's over the Don"—Whoop la! Two of them go away—the third is J. F. B. BUDGE.*)

FITZ B.—(*Outside*)—"It's a great institut—Open the door! I—whoop!—can't find the (*hic*) handle.

*Mrs B. opens door. Enter FITZ B.*

FITZ B.—H'lo MARIAR, 's that you? thought you was in bed—(*hic*)—It's a great insti—(*hic*)—was a mazzer, old girl? go (*hic*) to bed, don't want supper—had supper—bet yer life—had good supper—(*hic*)—It's a great Institution that's over the (*hic*)—whoop! was a mazzer wish me? hooray.

Mrs. B.—(*Aghast*)—Well, upon my word, Sir! If any one would have told me—but never mind! (*Tearfully*) JOHN FITZ BEVERLY BUDGE if you have a gleaming ray of self respect left in you, if you do not want me to fall at your feet a hopeless maniac; nay, if you wish me not to return to my father's house in Yorkville—happy home which you induced me with your false flattering tongue to leave, and become your wife, and the wretched and blighted being you now behold, explain your disgusting, brutal and most infamous conduct to-night!

FITZ B.—H'lo, was a mazzer, M'RIAR?

Mrs. B.—Explain, monster! explain, or I leave this roof this night for ever!

FITZ B.—Needn't get mad M'R. 's all right. Ye see (*hic*) to-day 'slection day—not this day (*hic*) you know—yesterday 'lection day—went to the polls like a (*hic*) man. (*Fiercely*) I go in for 'semption! BEATY, you know—CLOSE told me that (*hic*) MANNING said paddocks and lawns sh'd be 'sempted, I go in for paddock 'semption' (*hic*) church 'semption, (*supraoiously*) I tell you I go in for 'semption of (*hic*) everything. Say M'RIA you ought hear JOE BANKS at the R'yl. It's a great institution that's over the—Hoop! Hooray! (*Tumbles through fire screen, kicks aquarium into fernery as he falls, and goes to sleep on a cactus plant.*)

Mrs. B.—My father's a Q.C. By all the powers,

He'll move for my divorce e'er many hours!

Tableau—Curtain.

**A Proclamation.**

Whereas Our Parliament of Canada stands Prorogued to the Eighth day of the month of February next, NEVERTHELESS, for certain causes and considerations, We have thought fit further to prorogue the same to THURSDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of the month of FEBRUARY next, so that neither you, nor any of you on the said EIGHTH day of FEBRUARY next at our City of Ottawa to appear are to be held and constrained: for WE DO WILL THAT you and each of you, be as to Us, in this matter, entirely exonerated: commanding, and by the tenor of these Presents, enjoining you, and each of you, and all others in this behalf interested, that on THURSDAY, the THIRTEENTH day of the month of FEBRUARY next, at Our City of OTTAWA aforesaid, personally you be and appear, for the DESPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our said Parliament of Canada, by the Common Council of Our said Dominion, may, by the favour of God, be ordained.—*Canada Gazette.*

All, every and the whole (*hic*) of which verbosity, circumlocution, and stilted redundancy, means, implies, indicates, intimates, proclaims, and gives notice, that Parliament is to meet on the Thirteenth of February for the despatch of the N.P. Elephant and to do the usual treating.



**The Lyall Family.***From the Archives of Canadian History.*

BY DR. GONOFF.

Author of "The Life of VON SHOULTZ;" "The Windmill;" "We will gather by the River;" "Chippeway and Chatteguay;" "Buckwheat and Breastworks;" "Cabbagetown under the old *Régime*;" "The old vet;" &c., &c.

## CHAP. I.

It was in the spring time, many, many years ago; before the first contract was given on the York roads; before the *Globe* Printing and Publishing Company was formed; before the Pacific Scandal, or the Railway connected therewith, was thought of; when the dusky Chippeway camped in the Queen's Park, and dried his coon skins nailed to the trees on the site of the University, (ah, think of that ye B.A.'s, while ye make "draw shots" in the Rossin House billiard room) and his squaw picked huckleberries in the (now) Normal School grounds; when the only indication of the white man's presence in this region was the odour of gin and the crack of the *fusil* of the *courier du bois* on his hunting and trapping excursions from Montreal. Yes, it was a long time ago, when old ULYSSES EPHRAIM LYALL took passage from the city of Boston in the Schooner "*Wallflower*," for Halifax. It was just after the surrender of Lord CORNWALLIS, when old U. E. L. found that it would be uncomfortable for him to live anywhere among rebels, for had he not like a sturdy old Tory as he was, served as a sutler in the old times under BRADDOCK and the afterwards arch traitor WASHINGTON, against the French and Indians, and narrowly escaped on several occasions having his hair raised by the latter in that disastrous campaign; and still later had he not served the cause of that most respected Monarch of beloved memory, King GEORGE THE THIRD, by selling cows and other produce to Col. CARLTON and his officers to appease the appetites of the brave Hessians in their command? And, moreover, his commissariat transactions brought him into a decidedly bad odour with the "Rebs," on account of his occasionally driving off their cattle and selling them to the troops in mistake for his own, his excuse being that "Anyway, it was for the cause of King and Country," which excuse though an excellent one at the time, was now in the language of one of his Hessian friends, Quarter Master Sergeant LAGERDRINKEN, *aus ga spiel*, especially the first portion thereof. So on the receipt of the news from Yorktown, the good old man sold his stock and effects, barring his wardrobe and an ancient sabre, which he had erstwhile flourished among the rear guard of the Royalist armies, and embarked as before related for the inhospitable shores of Nova Scotia, just as the sun was setting, and as the old patriot looked sorrowfully westward over his ungrateful country's shores, from Bunker Hill and the adjacent heights to his disgusted senses came the ear piercing notes of the continental fifes playing

"Yankee doodle, doodle doo,  
Yankee doodle dandy,  
We'll all go down to Boston town,  
And eat mollasses candy."

On his arrival at Halifax, U. E. L. was but coldly received by the Blue-noses, who stigmatized him as a blanked Yankee; while the gentle Acadians denounced him for a *Sacic Bostonnais*, one of that accursed race that each year beat them out of their hard earnings by purveying unto them hickory hams and nutmegs manufactured out of basswood. Like the celebrated exile "who came to the beach" he might well have uttered in the language of the poet

"Sad is my fate  
A home in a country remains not for me."

But the old man had very little sentiment and although a Tory he had a good deal of grit in him. So refreshing himself with a "chaw" he said "By the great horn spoon! These infernal blue nosed lobster catchers and French pea soup swillers can go to thunder! I'll go west up to Canady and try my luck dickerin' with the Injuns areound Lake Ontario," and the next day he set sail on board the "Polly Ann," brig of Bristol. LEWELYN AP JONES, Master, for the Port of Quebec.

(To be continued.)

**The Wonderful Christmas Adventure of Mr. Bounce.**

A Hundred Thousand Million Pounds.—it sounds quite large in rhyme, And is more money than I've had in pocket for a time; In fact, when moneey, in the bank parlance, was rather tight, I've known when its possession would have been an object quite, And Mrs. B. (my name is BOUNCE, an ancient Norman name, In conquering WILLIAM's firey troop my great ancestor came, DE BOUNCE of ancient Bouncefortbras)—yes, Mrs. BOUNCE to me Has mentioned that she wished some pounds and shillings frequently, When I had no such articles—for had I such possessed, By all the souls from bodies dashed when he laid lance in rest— Yes, by his mighty battle-axe and boots of black bull hide— I had no patience known till I with her should all divide. I had them not; yet I of late did such full stern refuse. Ay, more, a treasure to enrich a thousand greedy Jews,

Beyond their utmost avarice, as I will to you show.  
Prepare yourselves to hear a tale of wonder and of woe.

Beyond the Burgh of Clark—a place where I do now reside,  
Mid snow and ice in glaciers piled in cold profusion wide,  
I lately found a pleasant road unknown to common men,  
I would give all—but Mrs. BOUNCE—to find that road again.  
How I approached I know not, and its gate doth no one know;  
Oh, there no winter tempests roared; oh, there no ice nor snow;  
Oh, all the gales of Araby perfumed its foiests wide,  
And crystal rivers rolled their floods through pastures green beside,  
And happy shepherds ruled their flocks beside the pleasant way,  
It surely was old Arcady had sprung again to day.  
To what a castle there I came, of pearl and diamond all,  
What welcome shouted from the gate and thundered from the wall,  
How courteously its owner's words of kind reception fell,  
Past, past what I can picture far, far past what tongue can tell.  
How lordly was the banquet spread within the rooms of state,  
How page and squire and seneschal did in attendance wait.  
What beauties and what sages thronged, what knights of valour keen,  
How rich the pageant flashing all in gold and silver sheen,  
Full mirrored back by walls of glass, by sculptured ceiling crowned,  
What heavenly music rose and fell with stange enchanting sound.

How long endured this revelry I may not think to say,  
But had it been a thousand years, untired I there might stay.  
Yet paled the light, yet ceased the dance, yet fell the voice of song,  
And every reveller reposed on gorgeous couch along,  
Of richest velvet and of silk, all wrought and broidered rare,  
With sparkling fringe of jewels great encircled everywhere.  
O, of these stuffs could I convey one bale to Mrs. B.,  
She would not change for Meaford town nor little Thornbury.

How shall I tell what next befel, if I would credence gain?  
But ah, the fearful record is imprinted on my brain.  
Forgetful of that injured spouse, the faithful Mrs. B.,  
Next day that noble lord and I embarked for Italy,  
For he with foreign travel meant to exorcise dull Care,  
And I agreed—O, tell her not—his pilgrimage to share,  
I should not so have acted—I—what matter though one's mate,  
Occasionally scold—but I was driven on by Fate.

We sailed, and from our vessel's wreck we two alone saw land,  
Before our arms in Grecian woods recoiled each dark brigand,  
What grizzly hordes of famished wolves on Russian steppes we slew!  
How flashed down Ganges' cataracts our desperate canoe!  
We charged amid the deadly shock of Europe's armies vast,  
In dread sea fights we nailed the flag against the shattered mast,  
We shared the wars and shared the sports of Afric's negro men,  
We tracked the tiger to his lair—the lion to his den,  
We saw the ancient pyramids, and dug in ancient Troy,  
We sailed to far Australian lands, and to Chinese Amoy,  
We lived beneath the quator's glow, and at the frozen Pole,  
We rode express by railroad cars, and sailed where oceans roll,  
Through courts, and towns, and palaces of all the world we passed,  
Then home returning, came to where we started from at last.  
Now said my noble comrade straight, "Remain, good friend of mine;  
And I'll give you—" he named the sum I state in my first line,  
"Alas," I cried, "though friendship's ties would bind me here to thee,  
I have but stol'n myself; I do—belong to Mrs. B.!"

I pass a blank that intervenes; I know not how it came,  
I lay upon a sofa; one was calling me by name,  
And said "If one will be a pig, a hog, a brute, a beast,  
And make a perfect gobbling match from harmless Christmas feast,  
And lie like that till twelve o'clock—" I cried, "Her voice; 'tis she!  
Back from ten thousand dangers, love, I have returned to thee."  
"The only danger was you'd choke;" she said, "I heard you dream,  
I'm off to bed." She went, I too, perplexed in the extreme.

I don't care what she says—I mean—but anyway, you won't  
Repeat that slight remark. I say, Philosophers, they don't  
Agree what time is, and it may be possible that we  
May live for years elsewhere while here we seem asleep to be,  
I know I those adventures had, and when my road I find—  
But somehow its approach has passed completely from my mind.  
I wander past the village bounds to find where it has got,  
Past HIRAM ANDRUS' new brick house, and up by HOLDSHIP's lot,  
I climb by MARSH's domicile all whitened on the hill,  
And though I haven't found it yet, I'm loo'ing for it still,  
And, for her unbelieving ways, when I it find, you see,  
I don't know that I shall so soon return to Mrs. B.

—R. W. P.

THE *Globe* dramatic critic says, "The snow-storm scene again called forth the plaudits of the audience. Miss WARD carried the house by storm."

THE London *Advertiser* is writing a series of articles under the startling heading, "What will become of us?" Well, JOHN, if you don't get those unspakable Tories out of office soon, we don't really know what your fate may be. Perhaps MCKENZIE BOWELL will dismiss you, and give the *Advertiser* to the poetical editor across the street.

Grip and St. Nicholas \$4.00.

# ST. NICHOLAS,

SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE  
For Girls and Boys.

## An Ideal Children's Magazine.

Messrs. SCRIBNER & Co., in 1873, began the publication of ST. NICHOLAS, an Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, with Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge as editor. Five years have passed since the first number was issued, and the magazine has won the highest position. It has a monthly circulation of

Over 80,000 Copies.

It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition of it is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached the editors' ideas of best, because her ideal continually out-runs it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after. To-day ST. NICHOLAS stands

### Alone in the World of Books ;

The New-York *Tribune* has said of it: "ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The London *Literary World* says: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's press."

### Good Things for 1878-79.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,

#### "A Jolly Fellowship."

Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The scene of this story, like that of the very successful one, "What Might Have Been Expected," published in ST. NICHOLAS, is laid in the South. For the girls a continued tale,

#### "Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"

By Katherine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Deilman, begins in the same number, and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called

#### "Rumpty Dudget's Tower,"

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of ST. NICHOLAS, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps, to let her five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "letter-box" and "Riddle Box."

### The November Number.

Attention is especially invited to the November number, which in many respects approaches nearer to our ideal than any number we have issued. It contains 72 pages, and its illustrations throughout are fine and varied. It begins two splendid serials. Its shorter papers represent a wide range of subject,—History, Travel, Fune, Poetry, Adventure, Science, Natural History, Home-life, Sport, and lively narrative,—the whole crowned by an appropriate Thanksgiving story.

Throughout are seen evidences and fruit of the editor's recent travel across the continent, and Mrs. Dodge's inimitable touches everywhere show the heartiness and zeal with which she resumes active editorial management. One long article and two poems in this number bear the signature, and in the Letter-Box she talks pleasantly with the young folks about her delightful journey to California.

There is a fine portrait of FRANK R. STOCKTON, accompanied by a sketch of his life.

Terms \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a Number.

SCRIBNER & Co., 743 Broadway, New-York.

Subscriptions received at GRIP Office, Toronto

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

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

BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto.

NEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY.

## Grip Job Department.

Everything in the Printing line from a

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

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

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

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

1  
*Robert Taylor.*

2  
*William Richardson.*

3  
*Miss Maggie Thompson.*

4  
*George Augustus Williams.*

5  
*Mrs. Thomas James.*

6  
*William Arthur Crawford.*

7  
*Miss Susie Wade.*

8  
*Byron W. Scott.*

9  
*William Shakespere.*

**Chromo Cards:**  
(Five Beautiful Pictures)

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

**Mourning Cards:**

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

**Memorial Cards**

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

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

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

**BENGOUGH BROS.,**

Imperial Buildings, (Next Post Office), Toronto.

## TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

Just to hand a full Stock of ISAAC PITMAN'S Text Books.

Compend of Phonography	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5
Grammalogues and Contractions,	10
Questions on Manual,	15
Selections in Reporting Style,	20
Teacher,	20
Key to Teacher,	20
Reader,	20
Manual,	50
Reporter,	75
Reporting Exercises,	20
Phrase Book,	30
Covers for holding Note Book,	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60
Self-culture, corresponding style,	60
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style,	35
New Testament, reporting style,	\$2.50
Photographic Dictionary	1.00
Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style,	50
Extracts, corresponding style,	20

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

**BENGOUGH BROS.,**

Next Post Office, Toronto.

**BEST** business you can engage in. \$5 to \$50 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth \$5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

### List of Books For Sale

AT GRIP OFFICE.

Harmony of the Gospels (2 vols.)	\$1.00
Types and Emblems, Spurgeon.	60c.
The Domestic World, by the Author of "Enquire Within."	75c.
Sermons by Talmage, (cloth).	\$1.00
Sermons by Cochrane, (morocco).	\$1.50
Studies for the Pulpit, 300 Sermons.	\$2.00
Lectures & Sermons by Punshon, (morocco).	\$2.50
Toronto of old by H. Scadding, D.D., (morocco).	\$3.00
Songs of our Youth, with music, by Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."	\$2.50
Views and Interviews on journalism.	\$1.00
Workshop Appliances by Shelly, (cloth).	\$1.00
Elements of Mechanism, (cloth)	\$1.00
Stones Crying Out, (cloth).	\$1.00
Business by a Merchant, (cloth).	\$1.00
A Legend of the Grand Gordons, Illustrated.	\$3.00
Gill's Stair Builder,	\$4.00
New Elements of Hand Railing, by Riddell.	\$7.00
Ellen Manners,	\$1.00
May Lawton,	45c.
Anna, the Runaway.	45c.

### REWARD CARDS.

100 Proverbs of Solomon.	15c
100 Sayings of Jesus.	15c.
100 Sayings of St. Paul.	15c.

Sent to any address, postage paid on receipt of price.

U can make money faster at work for us than at any thing else. Capital not required; we will start you \$12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address, TRUB & Co., Augusta, Maine.

### Financial.

**\$10 TO 1000** Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y. XI-20-17.