

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

EDITOR'S NOTE.

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



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 12.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

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TOM POT a gentleman was not. Though quite a ladies' beau; He had a sit in a bank that stands Bankrupt long ago.

He wore fine clothes and brilliant ties, And hats with gaudy brim; Yet though a big stick sported he, 'Twas tick supported him.

For Oh! 'tis sad the truth to tell About the teller gay; He hardly ever had a cent His increased duns to pay.

Yet so smooth tongued was TOMMY P., So rough his cheek and chin, That when duns went "to take it out" He always "took them in."

So thus along with dashing style Tom's life did daily glide; Till one fine night he fell in love— Fell course from which he died.

Now TOM found TILLY ever cold, Yet always heated so When'er he'd go and touch on love, In fact 'twas touch and go.

So one bright day in dark despair, He, rash, broke out in grief; "Oh, TILLY SHORT, I've loved you long, I long for you in brief."

The mild drew back in deep affront, Then bowed in sternest way, Passed back her locks, pitched high her key, Then curtly did say,

"A bank clerk's cash I wouldn't mind, Though 'tis a chequered lot; But never can I wed a man With so vile a name as POT."

TOM sent a cable to his ma, Then round his kneec square put A piece of rope, and stringing up, The thread of life did cut.

And as he died, that's while he lived, Though up, he down did jot, "As when man dies, earth goes to earth, So here goes POT to pot."

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JULY NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer. A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The whole make-up is creditable, and we commend the WRITER to all students of the beautiful art of phonography.—Galt Reformer.

We have received from Bengough Bros., of Toronto, the second number of THE CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER. The number before us is an excellent one, and will be found valuable to students of phonography. The magazine is the advocate of no particular system, but gives equal prominence to all. Specimens of phonographic writing are given, and each number is illustrated by several comic cuts from the pencil of Mr. J. W. Bengough, GRIP's cartoonist. The magazine deserves the hearty support of all stenographers and students of shorthand writing.—Kingston News.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and student in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, well written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of GRIP's cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, which makes the magazine more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The Shorthand Writer is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect.—London Advertiser.

"I have returned to St. John this A. M. (July 14) after an absence of ten days. On my arrival I found your gem of a monthly awaiting my return. Had I known it was here I should have made a short cut through the fields and would have had the pleasure of feasting on the WRITER several days earlier. Perhaps you will receive the statement with a smile, but I am guilty of offering you nothing in the form of an exaggeration when I say that since the last No. of the WRITER with its funny pictures came to hand, I have gained 22 lbs avoirdupois, so heartily have I laughed over the cartoons. Tell Bengough I am indebted to him for being instrumental in securing for me a new lease of life, for I was one of the most consumptive looking bipeds that ever existed on the crust of this terrestrial sphere. The Miscellany will always be on hand to assist in extending the circulation of its Ontario chum."—T. W. Bell, Editor Printers' Miscellany St. John N. B.

SHORTHAND LITERATURE.—The second number of the "Canadian Shorthand Writer," illustrated in the most humorous manner, has just reached this country from Messrs. Bengough Brothers, of Toronto. It is quite a remarkable production, combining both common print, cartoon portrait of James Crankshaw, formerly of Manchester, who has established a branch of the English Phonetic Society in Canada; pages lithographed in different systems of stenography and phonography, including shorthand articles on Shakespeare and Shorthand, Napoleon's shorthand secretary, phonographic numerals, &c. An Irishwoman is picturesquely represented in a scolding mood, speaking to her husband at the extraordinary rate of "three hundred words a minute!" The great Napoleon is represented as sitting contemplatively on the rock of St. Helena and saying, "I wish I had somebody to take me down now!" The get-up of the number is good.—Newcastle, Eng. Courant, July 6th.

Subscription \$1.00 per Annum, Single Copies 10c. Send for Sample Number.

BENGOUGH BROS., Publishers.

**Actors, Orators and Musicians.**

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

The Shaughraun Company are acting Gilbert's comedy of "Pygmalion and Galatea" at Dundurn.

Mr. F. A. BURNAND, author of "Happy Thoughts," succeeds Mr. TOM TAYLOR as editor of *Punch*.

JOHN HABBERTON, the genial relative of "Helen's Babies," has written a comedy-drama. It is called "Deacon Crankett," and the promise is that it will be produced at the Brooklyn theatre in September next.

Mr. C. F. FRAZER, Superintendent of the Institution for the Blind at Halifax, is at present in this Province, spending his vocation in the useful work of delivering lectures, with a view to raising money for gratuitously supplying the blind with books printed in raised characters. We sincerely hope that the public will sustain Mr. FRAZER heartily in his good works by giving him large audiences, which his lectures certainly deserve aside altogether from their admirable object. It is estimated that there are three thousand persons in Canada afflicted with blindness, for whom the government have provided efficient educational institutions; but for some reason which we utterly fail to divine, these schools are not recognized by the Education Department, but are under the charge of the Department of Prisons and Public Charities. This is a very grave blunder, to say nothing worse. The unfortunate persons who seek an education in these schools are neither prisoners nor paupers, and it is shameful that such an indignity should be put upon them. We call the attention of the Government to this matter, in the hope that they will do a simple act of decency by transferring the Blind Academies to the Education Department forthwith. Another point in this connection may be stated. Principal HUXTER is limited, in giving his annual reports, to 800 copies of those relating to the progress of the Blind establishments under his care at Brantford. Surely the interest taken in this class of our fellow-citizens would warrant a less niggardly supply; and if sufficient interest does not at present exist, a more general distribution of these reports might serve to arouse it.

Mr. PITOU announces a series of five or six grand concerts at the Horticultural Gardens, commencing Monday, August 16th. The artists engaged are Miss Isabel Stone, the favourite Boston soprano, who, it will be remembered, visited us about two years ago as *prima donna* with Gilmore's Band, when she was received with great favour; Sig. Brignoli, the great tenor, also a favourite in this city; Miss Fannie Hantz, pianist, of New York; the famous Weber male quartette of Boston—Mr. W. R. Bateman, first tenor; Mr. E. F. Weber, second tenor; Mr. W. S. Vinal, first bass; Mr. George R. Titus, second bass; and Mr. George W. Colby, accompanist. The programmes are all well selected, and there will be an entire change each evening. Monday, August 16th, being Civic Holiday, it is proposed to make it a grand gala night. On that occasion there will be a magnificent display of fireworks in the Gardens by Prof. Hand, with music by one of our best bands, and a concert in the Pavilion. The programme for the evening will be so arranged that the display in the Gardens will not interfere with the concert in the Pavilion, and those attending the concert will have an opportunity of listening to the band and witnessing the fireworks from the balconies of the Pavilion

during intermission, and after the concert. Tickets will be sold in advance at Nordheimer's, admitting the holder to the Gardens and concert; and for admission to the Gardens only, on the evening of the 16th, at the Box offices at the Gardens.

**PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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EXCURSIONS To Oakville every day, 25c.; to Burlington Beach Wednesdays and Saturdays, 50c. Convenient hours—Leaving 11.30 a. m., arriving 6 p. m. No night exposure.

**Authors, Artists & Journalists.**

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

New York rejoices in the possession of an Egyptian monolith.

The Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, form a first-class illustration in *Scribner*.

A process of indelible photographic hand painting has been invented by Professor PITON.

Miss OAKLEY'S drawings of the "Happy Hunting Grounds" are materially inferior to the other illustrations in this month's *Harper*.

FREDENI DIELMAN, the American *genre* artist, is the subject of an excellent article with reproductions of his sketches in the *Art Amateur*.

Our comical little contemporary, *Grip*, is steadily improving. This week's number contains several cartoons, each of which conveys as much meaning as a lecture.—*Kingston Whig*.

We understand that Mrs. C. BEDDOE, (nee Miss REID) has decided not to sing any more in public. The omission of this talented lady's name from our concert programmes will be severely felt.

DE NEUVILLE'S great painting, "The Defence of Rorke's Drift," is sold to W. H. VANDERBILT for £3,000. ELIZABETH THOMPSON BUTLER'S picture on the same subject is to be sold to the Queen.

The *Mail* has followed the *Globe* in assuming the quarto form, and now Toronto has two of the neatest, as well as most influential, papers on the Continent. *Grip*'s hearty congratulations go with them both.

We have read with pleasure "The Happy Family," and "The Lord Mayor of York," by Hereward, a Toronto writer, whose wit, as is light, sparkling and incisive as the sword of his warlike Saxon namesake.

The first annual report of the Montreal Society of Decorative Art is issued, and conveys the gratifying fact that the Society is a success, financially and otherwise. Why cannot Toronto have a similar institution?

ARTEMUS WARD'S mother, Mrs. BROWNE, is now living at Waterford, Me., where her humorous son was born and is buried. She is seventy years old and still bright and busy, having retained the clear and sunny disposition which her son inherited from her.

The *Art Amateur*, New York, August, 1880, contains a charming design for a plaque from a sketch by LOUIS LELOR, and a drawing by J. O'B. INMAN from the painting of W. BOUGVEREAU, of Paris (1880), a maiden defending herself against love. Both figures are good—the maiden's self-defence is too much like self-surrender; her face is too much like that of a woman.

*Grip* for the 24th inst. is, as usual, good. It goes in most lively terms for the Minister of Education in Ontario, and for the dishonest book monopoly that for a long time he has allowed. Mr. CROOKS, the Minister of Education, has fallen into severe hands when *Grip* takes hold of him. Satire and pictorial sarcasm may in time bring this potentate within the bounds of common sense.—*Truro, N. S., Sun*.

We have received from the author, CHAS. HORETZKY, Esq., late of the C. P. R. Survey, a copy of a very interesting pamphlet on the Pacific Railway and the North-West lands. The author states many startling facts which it behoves the people of the Dominion to know, and withal argues the subject in a very vigorous manner. He is decidedly opposed to the land grabbing scheme proposed by the Government, as every sensible and patriotic Canadian ought to be.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

**To Correspondents.**

A. G.—Would be pleased to have you call personally at editorial office, if convenient.

**Sir John Macdonald in London.**

Sir JOHN MACDONALD is to stay another month in London at the earnest entreaty of Royalty and the nobility, backed by the beautiful Mrs. LANGTRY, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Mr. STURGEON. The *Globe*, GRIP opines, is mistaken in supposing that Sir JOHN has failed in his scheme of selling the North West to English landgrabbers. What really took place is as follows: Sir JOHN had an interview with a gentleman of illustrious Hebrew descent, over whose place of business are emblazoned his armorial bearings, three balls *d'or*. Not even the *attache* was admitted. That formidable official remained outside the door, where he displayed his nationality by whittling a bit of hard wood with his sword, which had become rather blunt by constant cutting of tobacco on late festive occasions. "Dear Uncle," said Sir JOHN, "can't you raise the money for us? We'll not only sell you the land, but will help you in every way to fleece the people." "It is not de monish," was the cold reply, "de monish I might get from a shentleman in the next street; but where wash your security, my tear?" Sir JOHN then spoke of the stability of the Conservative government, but the Israelitish gentleman put his finger to his nose, with an incredulous shake of the head. "Where wash your leading shentlemen of capital, my tear?" he then added solemnly. Sir JOHN mentioned his own name and that of Sir CHARLES TUPPER; but a more emphatic shake of the head and a loud laugh was the only response. Fried fish and some excellent London Old Tom were then produced, and some minor financial negotiations were proceeded with, relating to a silver watch of the Canadian Premier's, on which a small temporary loan was effected. As they returned home to the hotel Sir JOHN generously treated the *attache*; this, however, is an expensive process, and it is probable in the present aversion to war of the GLADSTONE government, that at Sir JOHN's departure the *attache* will accept a position as full private in the Afghanistan army, thus initiating the policy favoured by Sir JOHN, of Canadian aid to Imperialist wars.

**A Certain Sort of a Bird.**

We have reason to know that our remarks in last week's issue ament the *Canadian Spectator's* libellous strictures on Toronto churches, have not been without effect in Montreal. The pages of that journal are not likely to be sullied with a similar effusion hereafter. While considering Mr. BRAY, the editor, fairly responsible for what appears in the *Spectator*, we are pleased to learn that he was not the writer of the article in question. It was the precious production of a contributor who resides in the city whose churches he slanders so freely.

**"The Intellectual Centre."**

Mr. GRIP, while on his travels of late, fell in with a few choice spirits, who happened to represent the several sister cities of Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, London, and St. Catharines. The conversation, of course, took a home-lauding direction, and, not unnaturally, Mr. GRIP alluded to his native place as the intellectual centre of the Dominion. Very much to his surprise this was met with a general chorus of dissent.

"Pooh!" exclaimed Mr. LONDON.  
"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. MONTREAL, and,  
"Humph!" echoed all the other fellows simultaneously.

Mr. GRIP, though deeply grieved and hurt, still maintained his imperturbable good humor, and calmly repeated his boast.

"Intellectual centre?" quoth Mr. MONTREAL, quizzically, "and pray, what are we to understand by the adjective?"

"Why," answered Mr. GRIP, firmly but politely, "I mean that the Queen City of the West is the recognized centre from which emanate the influences which characterize the refined civilization of the present day, so far as Canada is concerned. It is the seat of all the various Institutions which distinguish an advanced state of society, such as the University, the —"

"Go on!" exclaimed the listeners, all in a breath, "the University; what else?"

"The University," repeated Mr. GRIP; "yes, gentlemen, the University, and —"

"And the Free Public Library," suggested Mr. MONTREAL.

"Well, as to a Free Library," said Mr. GRIP, in a somewhat humbled tone, "we haven't exactly got that yet, but —"

"And Public Baths," put in Mr. KINGSTON.

"So far as Public Baths are concerned," answered Mr. GRIP, in a still milder tone of voice, "we have expectations of —"

"And a Decorative Art Society," added Mr. LONDON.

"Of course, Art is a thing which requires time," said Mr. GRIP, in an apologetic key, "but, then, we have —"

"Literary and Scientific Societies for the working people," suggested Mr. HAMILTON, with a knowing wink at his companions.

"Well," said Mr. GRIP, curtly, for by this time his long suffering urbanity had quite given way, "Toronto has good drinking water, excellent streets, a picturesque Island, the champion oarsman, a brilliant galaxy of politicians, more lawyers than you could shake a stick at, and the University, and again I repeat that she is the Intellectual Centre of the Dominion!"

This appeared to "squelch" the argumentatively inclined fellows, for the conversation was immediately changed to that interesting and usually safe subject—the weather.

**We're All Going!**

Mr. JOLLYMAN went home with a beaming face the other day, much to the surprise and delight of his wife.

"What's up?" queried the good woman, eagerly.

"Listen!" said Mr. JOLLYMAN, and he produced his newspaper and read: "*Chicora*—excursion to Rochester—Genesee Falls—select party—no overcrowding—tickets sold by subscription only—band on board—glorious time—meals and every accomodation furnished—fare only \$2.00. Civic Holiday, Aug. 16th, that's what's the matter HANNAH, and this household's going, and don't you forget it!"

Some of our citizens are agitating for the establishment of Public Baths. GRIP joins in this very sensible petition, and would suggest that the Council at the same time provides a public horse-pond for the special use of women who scandalize the public with "confessions."

**A Wonderful Machine.**

The following passages are said to be extracts from Sir SAMUEL TILLEY's private Records of his late inspection in Western Ontario. How they came into our possession, or why Sir SAMUEL never gave them to the public before, are questions which are neither here nor there, so long as the reader finds them interesting and instructive.

London, Ont. Spent a pleasant time here. Fine healthy city, with rich light soil, favorable to growth of native manufactures. Was shewn through several admirable establishments. Was particularly interested in inspecting the great scandal manufacturing machine, the "Enterprise," connected with the office of the *Free Press*. Mr. BLACKBURN, the highly intelligent overseer of the concern, politely accompanied me, and in the most affable manner explained the various parts of the mechanism, and its *modus operandi*. I did not take notes of his remarks, but if I recollect right, he said this somewhat novel annex to a legitimate newspaper establishment was erected for the purpose of multiplying the coppers of the *Free Press*. He then went on to explain that the raw material from which the coppers were ultimately extracted was imported principally from Toronto, where the *Free Press* kept special scavengers who made it their business to rake over the garbage heaps at the back doors of unfortunate churches, etc. The offensive matter thus collected was forwarded to London by special box car, and on its arrival it was secretly conveyed to the office of the *Free Press*, and dumped into the machine. After being boiled down to a convenient size, it was lifted out and carefully placed upon a stone, where leads were inserted abundantly, and startling headlines added without stint. The workmen who thus manipulated the matter, Mr. B. remarked, were obliged to wear bandages over their noses, but otherwise the job was not so utterly repulsive as one might think. When properly trimmed, and pronounced ready, the "Scandal," as it was called, was made red hot and plumped into the newspaper form, where it appeared side by side with the respectable matter. As soon as the paper was off, the coppers commenced automatically to roll in at a prodigious rate. Mr. BLACKBURN said it was undoubtedly a big thing for the newspaper business, but he regretted that he couldn't conscientiously affirm that the N. P. deserved all the credit of it.

**An Answer Wanted.**

In one of his clever and forcible addresses at Hamilton, during the Scott Act agitation, Prof. FOSTER made a point which we endeavor to illustrate on the eighth page of this number. He drew a parallel between the dealer in obscene literature and the dealer in intoxicating liquors, and asked why the law shouldn't interfere with the latter as well as the former. If the one traffic pollutes the mind, the other debases both mind and body; neither dealer gives any real value for the money he takes over his counter; and both are equally non-producers, if we except the ruin and death the saloon keepers produce. The question which is asked in our cartoon is one that has never yet been satisfactorily answered by public opinion. Let us have a straightforward reply!

**In Memory of E. M.**

(Late a Contributor to the columns of GRIP.)  
DIED JULY 29, 1880.

And thou art gone, the sunshine of whose laughter  
On this our page still lingering appears—  
So bright the light—so deep the darkness after—  
The source of smiles beside the fount of tears!

Not here unmournd, unhonored, thou departest,  
Nor wit unowned, nor worth unvalued be!  
The amaranth wreathed by poet and by artist,  
In this sad hour I consecrate to thee.

C. P. M.

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

**E. HOWARD & CO'S Celebrated Key and Stem Winding Watches.**  
WOLTZ BROS. & CO. Sole Agents, 14 King Street West, TORONTO.



**Ambidexterity.**

Mr. GARR begs to submit the above design as a suitable one for a new coat of arms for the Lieut.-Governorship of Ontario, during the incumbency of the present able governor. It combines many features which must recommend it to the public taste. In the first place it represents, typically, the character of the Province, which is agricultural and cattle-cultural, as distinguished from manufacturing. Secondly profusion, abundance, plenty, cornucopia, etc., are admirably indicated by the two full streams of milk falling simultaneously into the two pails, and this also is highly typical of our Province; again it delicately implies the practical and useful nature of the duties entrusted to our Lieut.-Governor, and lastly it may be taken, if anybody sees fit to so take it, as a striking emblem of the handiness of the Lt.-Governor, who, apparently without an effort, performs the clever and lucrative feat of milking two cows at one and the same time. The last interpretation of the design may appear far-fetched, however, and GARR casts the whole responsibility of it on the Lindsay Post, and other journals who have lately been commenting on Lt.-Gov. ROBINSON'S ambidexterity.

**Sung by John A.**

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?  
Are the wild West Toronto Grits  
In painful suspense now enquiring  
O, why don't he issue those writs?



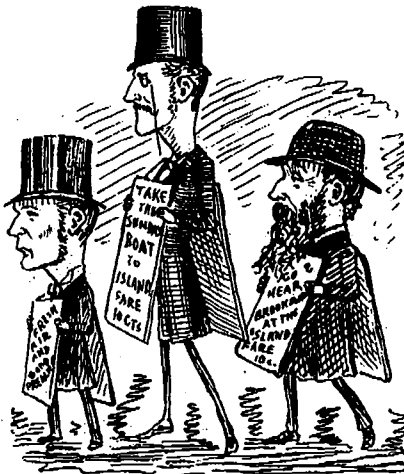
**Shakespearean Studies.**

No. 1. HAMLET.

Ham.—“The times are out of joint, O, cursed spite,  
That ever I were born to set them right!”

**Sir John Misrepresented.**

Our distinguished Prime Minister, the Right Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, K. C. B., was royally entertained at dinner the other night by some of the Conservative upper crust of London. On the auspicious occasion Sir JOHN made a characteristic speech, which unfortunately appears to have reached this country in a lamentably garbled and misrepresented condition. His subject was British Connection, and he is credited with having spoken warmly in favour of preserving the bond which now unites us to the mother land. This must be either a stupid blunder of the cable operator, or else a wicked invention of some skulking grit. We all know that Sir JOHN is nothing if not consistent, and we are also aware that only a few months ago he said, through his chief organ, that if the N. P. damaged British connection, “so much the worse for B. C.” These two positions cannot be reconciled, and, so far as GARR is concerned, he prefers to believe that Sir JOHN spoke boldly to the same effect on the occasion alluded to. It would be so unlike him to do otherwise!



**Utilizing the Clergy.**

The last number of *Scribner's Magazine* had an article on the “Curiosities of Advertising,” in which an account was given of many ingenious dodges resorted to by enterprising business people for popularizing their goods. The writer might have added an interesting paragraph to the article by talking about the clever manner in which certain ferry-boat proprietors in Toronto have recently secured a business boom on Sundays contrary to law. Ordinary ferrymen, finding themselves surrounded with legal prohibitions, backed up by the unanimous voice of the orthodox pulpit and the force of public opinion, would probably be content to “lay up” on the Sabbath day; but these ferrymen are not ordinary. They have conceived the happy thought of uniting the Gospel with the mouthful-of-fresh-air philosophy, and have succeeded in enlisting several innocent and unsuspecting reverends to become the instruments of carrying out their scheme, which has proved successful beyond expectation.

DR. TANNER'S performance is proof that a fast life may be lived, and yet nothing taken stronger than cold water.

TONSORIAL.—As this is the time of year when considerable attention is given to the dressing and arrangement of the hair, we subjoin a few styles in vogue: Brokers like the hair *short*; borrowers prefer their's *long*; spiritualists like the hair *medium*; carpenters like the hair *shingled*; farmers object to a *short crop*; artillerymen prefer *bangs*; and the Prince of Wales likes the *hair apparent*.



**An Oriental Story.**

The erudite editor of the Bobcaygeon *Independent* publishes the following beautiful and instructive story. Mr. GARR, ever anxious to encourage original researches into Oriental literature, embellishes the narrative with a picture which will be likely to render it more interesting to the people of this western continent. In the interests of art and letters, Mr. GARR will be most happy to accommodate the *Mail* with the loan of the engraving, if that enterprising journal would like to publish it. Here is the story: “A philosopher, like all philosophers, was poor. At times he was hungry; at all times ragged. He offered to a Pasha to teach his donkey to read in five years, but during the difficult task he was to be clothed in purple and fine linen, fed on the best and lodged in a palace. If he failed the penalty was to be death. One day an old friend met him leading forth the donkey to the grove where the lessons were supposed to be given, and he said, ‘Surely you do not expect that ass to read?’ The philosopher, putting his thumb to his nose, winked one of his learned eyes and said nothing. ‘But,’ continued the friend, ‘if you fail at the end of five years you will surely be strangled.’ ‘My friend,’ responded the philosopher, ‘you forget that in that time the ass may die.’”

**The Classical Professor.**

(After the heart of the “Hamilton Times.”)

I am the very model of a true professor classical,  
My sight is short, my nose is long, my specs are greenish  
classical;  
In scholarship I'm double first, you've heard of my pro-  
fundity,  
My brain is large and active and of wonderful fecundity.  
I'm of a sober turn of mind and thoroughly respectable;  
I take no pleasure in the *son* and all their ways delectable;  
I'm reading Homer day and night to brighten up my  
mettle some,  
And never think of going to a picnic or a kettle-drum.  
I never play at croquet nor mix in high society,  
Nor sit in upper tandom's lap and compromise my piety;  
I never go to tony balls, I deem them sheer frivolity;  
I read the classic page of GRIP when'er I thirst for jollity.  
I never play at billiards, nor indulge in pleasures yachtical;  
In fact I don't do anything terrestrial or nautical,  
Except to lecture undergrads in manner most jacksonical,  
For I'm the very model of a true professor classical.

A young Englishman just out, named MOON, has been appointed to a permanent situation in the Interior Department at Ottawa, over which Sir JOHN is the presiding genius.—*London Advertiser*. Our cotemporary may be too fast in speaking of this situation as permanent, for we all know that the Moon is subject to change. GARR hopes this young Moon may enjoy his present “quarters” however.



# THE MINISTERIAL "MARK TAPLEYS!"

"GLORIOUS NEWS! WE'VE FAILED IN OUR MISSION, AND THEREBY SAVE OUR COUNTRY FROM RUIN!!"



## THE JOKER.

**"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."**

Trance fixed; Cured by clairvoyant.—*McGregor News.*

Boat race in future will be spelled bought race.—*Somerville Journal.*

Never kick against a thermometer when it is down.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

The most popular suit in Chicago is the divorce suit.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Caught in the act—The performer who forgets his part.—*New York News.*

Is a logger-head one made by the consumption of too much lager beer?—*Waterloo Observer.*

"Doing to others as you would have them do to you."—Kissing pretty girls.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The editor who calls on his girl the oftenest attends the most Press excursions.—*N. Y. Monthly Union.*

Some women were evidently "born to blush unscen," at least, they are never seen to blush.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

It was a Yankee wrestler who went over to England and got floored, who didn't like English downs.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The ugliest suits a woman can get into are a red flannel bathing-suit and a suit for breach of promise.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Never look down upon a man because of his occupation. The collector of kitchen refuse may be an offal nice man.—*Boston Transcript.*

The small boy now goes swimming, and when he comes out of the water and looks for his clothes he finds they are koot.—*Wm's report Breakfast Table.*

"Honesty is the best policy," but as the world wags now-a-days, it is no small matter to earn money enough to pay the premium.—*Turner Falls Reporter.*

It's swimmin' the boys like these hot days, and it's women they don't like—their mothers, you know, who forbid them going near the water.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

An amateur punster informs us that some houses have wings, and he has often seen a house-fly. We thought no part of a house save the chimney flue.—*Norristown Herald.*

An impecunious man generally designates a \$10 note as a "William," because he is not on such terms of familiarity with it as would entitle him to call it "Bill."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Every once in a while some bloated bondholding editor slings off an article headed "Pay as you go." Well, that's been our invariable rule for years. But we seldom go.—*Meriden Recorder.*

GRACE held a rope while WILLIAM attempted to climb up to her window. But when she heard her parent's footsteps on the stairs and let go of the rope, then it was that her lover fell from Grace.—*Proof Sheet.*

We have been obliged to cancel our trip to the Thousand Isles and Coney Island this summer, on account of particular business this month. If we get the man to renew the note before next month, we may go, anyhow.—*Breakfast Table.*

The *Whitehall Times* sagely asks, "Are the ladies in favor of a free press?" A man who has been married thirty years and doesn't know how this is by experience, would need a diagram to understand the answer to that question.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Unless you give me aid," said a beggar to a benevolent lady, "I am afraid I shall have to resort to something which I greatly dislike to do." The lady handed him a dollar, and compassionately asked: "What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?" "Work," was the mournful answer.—*Ex.*

An obstinate problem will occasionally obtrude itself upon the simple mind. How is it that so many men who have nothing wherewith to pay for their bread, their clothing and their newspapers at home, are able to pass themselves off as millionaires during a long season at Saratoga and the Thousand Islands?—*Fulton Times.*

An article now going the rounds of the press, entitled "The Disadvantages of Wealth," is supposed to have been written by a newspaper man who never had over twenty-five cents in his pocket at one time, and who has been sold out by the sheriff three times in six years. The greatest disadvantage of wealth is its distant, unsociable manner.—*Norristown Herald.*

The inscrutable beings, known as "boys" are proverbially more quick-witted than men in getting out of a scrape. A lad was being catechized by his pastor, and had the question put to him as to the number of things necessary in the right of baptism. He replied, "Three." "Stupid boy!" exclaims the holy man, "everybody knows that there are only two—the prayer book and the water. What do you mean by three?" The boy's prompt answer came in the form of the question, "And how about the baby?"—*Ex.*

A Sangamon County girl is very indignant because in reply to her query, "What is suitable for a graduation speech?" we recommended a percale dress with the usual flounces, and a fuchu or two slung on where they would do the most good. The dear creature now says that she referred to her essay, and wants us to choose between "What Shall We Do With Our Boys?" "Life's Aims," and "Does Protection Protect?" In regard to the first, we should say that it was just as well to wait until the boys arrive before worrying about them. The second is all right, but "Do Bustles Bust?" would be more suitable for a woman than the third.—*Chicago Tribune.*

JOHNNY'S ESSAY ON DOGS.—Last summer our dog Towser was a lyin' in the sun trine to sleep, but the flies was that bad that he culdn't, cos he had to catch 'em, and bime by a bee lit on his head, and was wakin about like the dog was hisn. Towser he held his head still, and when the bee was close to his nose, Towser winked at him, like he sed you see what this buffer is doin' he thinks I'm a lily-of-the-valley which isn't opened yet, but you just wait till I blossom and you will see some fun, and sure enuf Towser opened his mouth very slow so as not to friten the bee and the bee went into Towser's mouth. Then Towser he shet his eyes, and his mouth too, and had begun to make a peaceful smite when the bee stung him, and you never see a lily-of-the-valley ack so in your life.—*Ex.*

## Spoopendyke's Prayer Book.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. SPOOPENDYKE, cheerfully, "be lively. It's twenty minutes past ten and we musn't be late at church. Most ready?"

"Yes, dear," beamed Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, "I'm all ready. Got everything?"

"I think so. Hymn book, umbrella and—where's that prayer book? I haven't got the prayer book."

"Where did you leave it?" asked Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, turning over the volumes on the table hurriedly.

"If I knew where I left it I'd strut right to the spot and get it," retorted Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "I left it with you. Where did you put it? Can't you remember what you do with things?"

"I haven't seen it since last Sunday," returned Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, faintly. "I know," she continued; "perhaps it is at church."

"Perhaps it is," mimicked Mr. SPOOPENDYKE, "perhaps it got up early, took a bath and went ahead of us. Did you ever see a prayer book prowl off to church all alone? Ever see a prayer book h'ist up its skirts and strike out for the sanctuary without an escort? S'pose a prayer book knows the difference between a church and a ham sandwich? Where did you put it?"

"I mean you may have left it in the pew rack. You know you did once," suggested Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE.

"I didn't anything of the sort. I brought it home and gave it to you. Where do you keep it? What did you do with it? S'pose I'm going to swash around through the service without knowing whether they are doing the Apostle's Creed or an Act of Congress? Spring around and find it, can't you? What are you looking there for? Don't you know the difference between a prayer book and the Wandering Jew? Find it, can't you?"

"Never mind it, dear," fluttered Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, "I know all the responses, and I'll help you along."

"Oh, yes, you know 'em all. All you know about religion wouldn't wad a gun. All you want is a bell and a board fence to be a theological seminary. Think you can find that prayer book between now and the equinoctial?" howled Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "Got any idea whether you sold the measly thing for china vases, or stirred it into the wheat cakes?" and Mr. SPOOPENDYKE plunged around the room, tumbling books about and breathing heavily.

"I don't see the use of making such a fuss over a thing you don't really need," sobbed Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE through her indignant tears.

"Oh, you don't!" raved Mr. SPOOPENDYKE. "You don't see any use putting things where they belong, either, do you?" and Mr. SPOOPENDYKE spun around on his heel like a top, and knocked over a Parian jar.

"Wait a minute, my dear," said Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE, looking at him earnestly. Then she went behind him and fished out the prayer book.

"Got it, didn't you," he growled. "Had it all the time, I s'pose. Where was it, any way?"

"In your coat tail pocket, dear," and Mrs. SPOOPENDYKE jabbed the powder puff in her eyes, and stalked down stairs, leaving her liege to follow.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

A young lady in Wabash County who had charge of a toll gate, was dismissed last week because she failed to collect toll from her lover. She never tolled her love.—*Keokuk Tribune.*

**Reflections by Mrs. Sapsusling.**

I wish the Mystery of Education would inaccurately a School of Manners in Toronto. I should feel no surmise if strangers should commend upon the abstinence of scivility among us. The other evening I heard a young person (I can't imply the name gentleman to him) ask another young person of the female sect if she had seen GOLDWIN SMITH's cow puer. I remarked that I knew that the Professor would like to possess anything remarkable in the literary line, but I did not think that he had a pronominal of that description, and asked if the animal was on exhibition. Both the young persons laughed in the most superstitious manner, and made some remarks about the *Saturday Review*, which I told them were quite irrelevant to the subject. I also observed, in my most mystical manner, that I felt satisfied that they had both studied the rudiments of learning.

I observe that the papers publish a list of the young ladies who passed the examinations at the University. I cannot see the object of printing a list of that kind, any one might pass an examination. Though I do not wish to see all our young women prodigals of learning, I think that injustice is not credible to the papers; and trust that they will consider the subject and publish the names of those who went through the examinations.

The Mystery of Education seems to have got into a regular quadrangle. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Crooks has acted in a very undignified manner. He actually put a young man into a classical chair, and elevated him over the heads of several highly respectable and literal professors. I think that gymnastics should be taught in every educational constitution. But making dignified Professors take part in them is a decided breach of sobriety, and makes me doubt Mr. Crooks' stability. I suppose the next thing we shall hear will be that he is advertising a performance on the tight-rope. As I supposed that classical chairs must be fashionable, I have heard so much about them lately, I went to the Oshawa Cabinet Factory, the other day, to order a set for my drawing room, but the young man in charge was evidently a new hand, for he declared that he had never heard of them.

I read, with feelings of consumption and anger, that a meeting was held in St. James' school room to form an association to embrace all the choirs of the Church of England in the city. I have lately been rejoicing in the fact that a more loving and friendly spirit was beginning to parade the churches of that denunciation, but this is carrying things too far. To say nothing of the other pastures of the flocks, was the Dean aware that such a meeting was held in his school house? Was Mr. RAINSFORD present? Who is to embrace the choirs: the association or the committee? I see also that they propose to make the chants and hymns more uniform. I think this must be a mistake, and that the uniform is intended for the members of the choirs, which is, in my opinion, an unnecessary trouble and expense.

A short time ago, I attended a concert, given in a city school before it broke up for vacation. The room was full of parents and admiring friends, every parent being full of precipitation to see the sparks of genius in his offspring, and watch them extinguishing themselves. The pupils truly formed a galaxy of youth and beauty. One young lady read an estuary of her own supposition, and her master, in presenting the prize, repaired her with Cicero or Solomon, or one of those anti-delusions. Most of the prizes were presented by a young clergyman, who bestowed many complicated epitaphs upon the pupils, and made a factitious speech about sweet girl graduates having gold on their hair, referring, I suppose, to crowns of some kind. As I watched him bowing in a grateful aptitude, I infected upon the inexorable subject of clerical fascination, and then dissolved to inveterate it at some anterior time.

**Ethel Embonpoint Vere.**

ETHEL EMBONPOINT VERE was a lady of great renown; Her father he ran a brewery van In a populous country town.

"ETHEL EMBONPOINT VERE, How do you do, my dear? Your willowy grace and classical face Have captured my heart, I fear."

ETHEL EMBONPOINT VERE had lovers at least a score; Her first was a knight, Sir TIMOTHY TITE, A fellow of sixty or more.

"How are you, Sir TIMOTHY TITE? And how do you feel to-night? But you haven't a tooth, my elderly youth, Get away, you detestable fright!"

Twirling his elegant cane, came a fellow of money and rank,

His family's blood commenced at the flood, FITZHAM, of the Cobokok Bank. "Elegant Mr. FITZHAM, Tell me now how you am? But you'd far better bolt, my thoroughbred doit, And your bag with collaterals cram."

Along with self-satisfied air came Mr. Attorney VANDRIEF A fellow of might in a quibbling fight, And of prime pettifoggers the chief.

"Quibbling Mr. VANDRIEF, Excellent legalised thief, Put your head in your bag, you brot-en-kneed nag, Or you'll come to unlimited grief."

In a ponderous, corpulent way came Dr. JOHN ICOLMILL; When sickness was aife, then he with his knife Would hack and would mangle and kill.

"Bloo-thirsty JOHN ICOLMILL, Your presence is making me ill, Pray show us your back, you bloated old quack, Or your infamous life blood I'll spill."

The next was a stock-broker bold, a chap with a ready pen;

He was charged to the lips with lies and with quips, Though CKIPS was the best of men. "I don't want to hurt your pride, My man of unlimited side, You stock-broking jobber, you clean paper dauber, But just take my advice and glide."

ETHEL EMBONPOINT VERE, in the way I have shown above,

Rejected with scorn each suitor forlorn Who proffered his maudlin love. "Miss ETHEL EMBONPOINT V., Now, what would you say to me? I think you will guess her answer was "yes," For I suited her just to a T."

My income was fairly good, but a clerk in a pea-nut stand Is a real good catch and appropriate match For the wealthiest girl in the land.

So she up and she said, said she, "Get your bottommost dollar on me: To-morrow at two I'll be married to you Are you satisfied? Dear Mr. B."

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The deaf man still walketh on the railroad track, and thus doth the coroner obtain the necessary wherewith to purchase suit beers and penny apiece pretzels. — *Keokuk Gate City.*



33d SEMI-ANNUAL

**STATEMENT**

OF THE

**TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.**

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1880.

PAID-UP CASH CAPITAL . . . \$600,000.

**ASSETS.**

Real estate.....	\$ 846,172 00
Cash on hand and in bank.....	253,912 58
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate..	1,924,397 87
Interest on loans, accrued but not due....	47,712 26
Loans on collateral security.....	68,900 00
Deferred Life premiums.....	61,001 36
Premiums due and unreported on Life policies.....	37,998 94
United States Government bonds.....	280,150 00
State, county and municipal bonds.....	366,411 00
Railroad stocks and bonds.....	602,785 00
Bank stocks.....	663,234 00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. stock.....	19,200 00
<b>Total assets.....</b>	<b>\$5,171,875 01</b>

**LIABILITIES.**

Reserve, four per cent. Life Department.	\$3,321,525 58
Reserve for re-insurance, Ac't. Depart..	310,391 82
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities.....	210,096 00
<b>Total liabilities.....</b>	<b>\$3,842,023 40</b>

Surplus as regards policy holders. **\$1,329,851 61**

**STATISTICS TO JULY 1, 1880.**

Whole number of Accident Policies written.	605,009
Who's number of Accident Claims paid,	46,899
Total Amount Accident Claims paid,	\$3,690,000
Total claims paid in Life Department.	\$1,525,090

**A GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICY,** which any agent will furnish at short notice and trifling cost, covers the risk of such disasters as those on the

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**TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.**

THE time for receiving tenders for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to 2nd August.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

15-7-11

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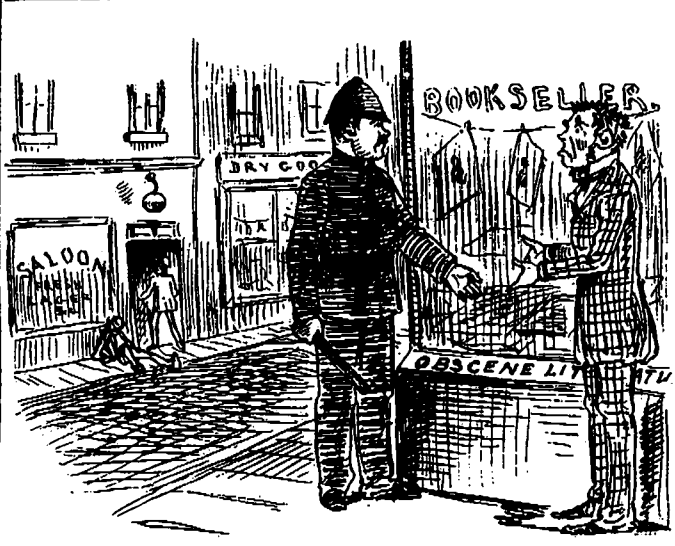
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*Bookseller.*—Why should I have to shut my shop while you allow that ramseller to keep open across the way?"

*Respectable old Party.*—"Phew! Where's the polecat, I wonder?!" [He forgets that he has a copy of the London *Free Press*, Handford edition, in his pocket.]

Ang.—"Mine eyes had play'd the painter, and hath still'd thy beauty's form in tablet of my heart."



ANGEL.—"Be practical Augustus, you know the impression would be much more prominent if st'd'd on one of BRUCE'S beautiful tablet pictures."

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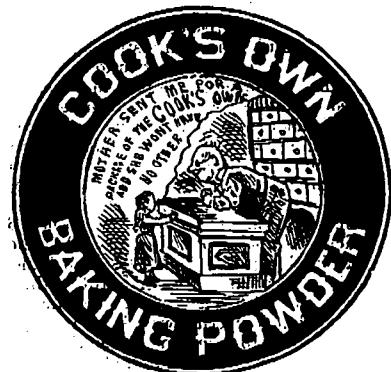
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