

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.

MANUFACTORY:
247 King Street West,
TORONTO. xii-20-17

SAMPLE SHEETS
—OF—
New Year's Calling Cards,
Ready December 1st,
BENGOUGH BROS.

ZELL'S
POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA,
Complete in 2 Vols., bound in half calf, Morocco with marble edges, for only \$30, cost \$39.50.
Address,
X. Y. Z. GRIP Office.

SECOND-HAND JOB TYPE FOR SALE.
SPLENDID VALUE.
Send for Sample sheet.
BENGOUGH BROS.

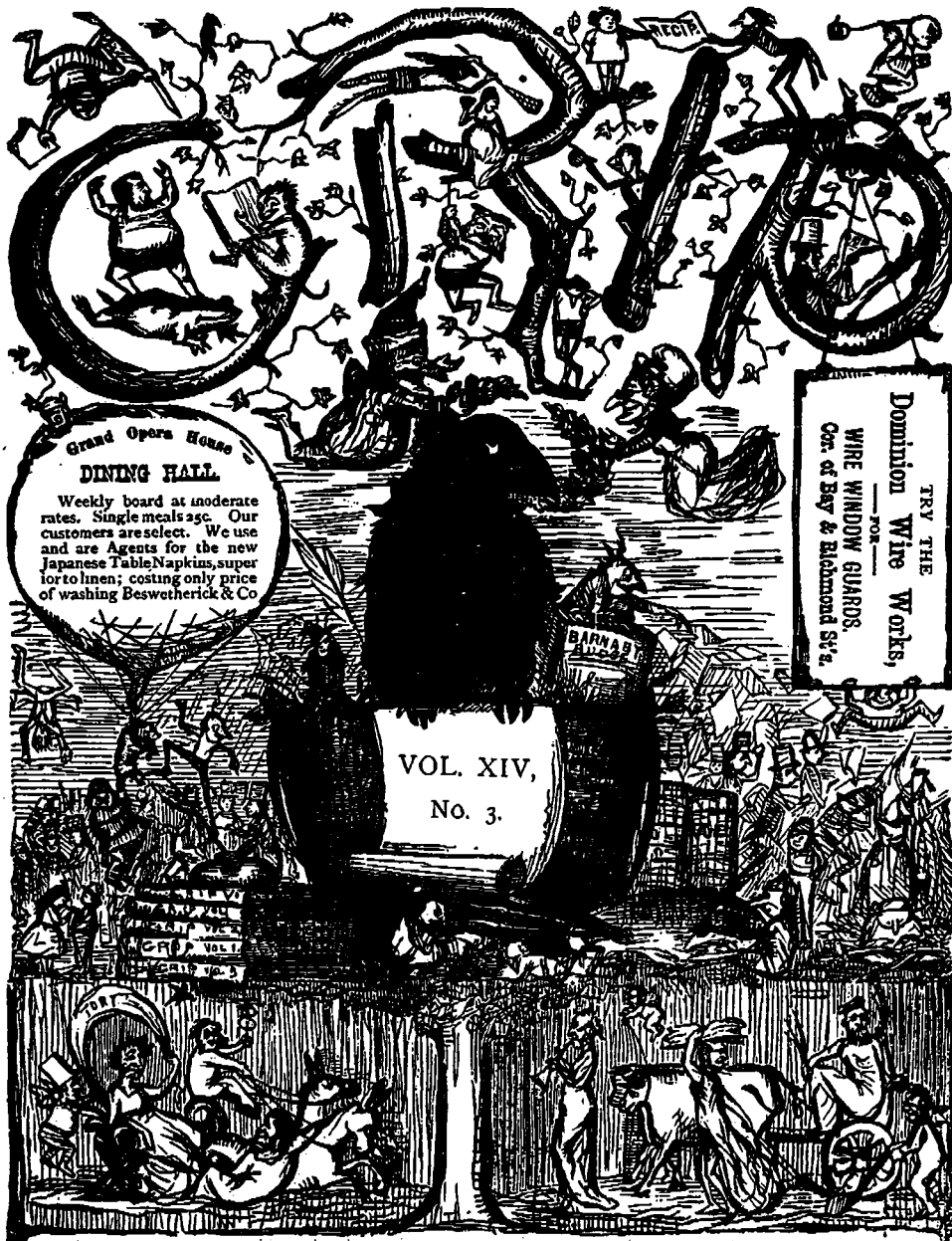
CHEAP READING.
We will send to subscribers of "GRIP" any of the following magazines and papers for one year at prices annexed.
Scribner, \$4.50, Grip \$2, both, \$5.50.
St. Nicholas, \$3, Grip, \$2, both \$4.50.
Scientific American, \$3.20, Grip, \$2, both \$4.75.
Detroit Free Press, \$2, Grip, \$2, both, \$3.25.
BENGOUGH BROS.

WANTED.—5 cents each will be paid for the following back numbers of GRIP:
Vol. 2. Nos. 2, 16, 23.
3. " 7, 17, 20, 19, 24.
4. " 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7.
5. " 3, 7, 17, 19, 21, 26.
6. " 6, 7, 9, 13, 25.
7. " 4, 12, 20, 21.
8. " 1, 2, 7, 12, 5, 16.
9. " 13.
BENGOUGH BROS.,
TORONTO.

\$1500 TO \$6000 A YEAR, or \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to \$2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to this business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address **GEORGE STINSON & CO.**, Portland, Maine. xiii-10-17

LOOK OUT FOR
GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC!
FOR 1880.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



Grand Opera House
DINING HALL.
Weekly board at moderate rates. Single meals 25c. Our customers are select. We use and are Agents for the new Japanese Table Napkins, superior to linen; costing only price of washing Beswetherick & Co.

TRY THE
Dominion Wire Works,
—FOR—
WIRE WINDOW GUARDS.
Cor. of Bay & Richmond St's.

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.

S. GOULDEN, JEWELLER.
4 King St. East, Diamond Mounter &c. Every description of Jewellery made to order. Fine rings a specialty. Repairing, Gem setting &c.
xiv-3-17

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we will mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address **H. HALLET & CO.**, Portland, Maine. xiii-10-17

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.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY. The tens of thousands who are making exclusive use of the **COOK'S FRIEND** Baking Powder, thereby render **UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY** to its superiority.
Retailed everywhere. xii-12-17

CRUMPTON'S
Snowflake Rolls, Family Bread, Brown Bread, Rye Bread,
Baked and delivered Daily.
CRUMPTON'S
Bread and Cake Bakery, 171 King Street East.

Readers of "GRIP"
Desiring anything in the Book or Music line, which they may not be able to procure at home, can have them forwarded, at once, if in the city, by addressing **Bengough Bros.**, next P.O., Toronto.

\$300 A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day made at home by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls rake money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address **TRUE & CO.**, Augusta, Maine. xiii-10-17

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.
GRIP OFFICE; } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
IMPERIAL BUILDING. } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

LOOK OUT FOR
GRIP'S
COMIC ALMANAC
FOR 1880.

Literature and Art.

The closing of the National Gallery in London during October is considered by the *Athenæum* needless and vexatious.

The Belgian government has ordered a picture from CHAS. BAUGNIET for the Brussels museum of Modern Art, now building.

DEL SARTO's fresco of the Holy Family, known as the "Madonna del Sacco," in the Church of the Annunciation, at Florence, is being destroyed by leakage.

Dr. PAUL RICHTER has been studying the Mss. of LEONARDO DA VINCI, in the Royal Library of Windsor, and will give some of the results of his work in the "Life of DA VINCI," soon to appear in the "Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists."

Thanks to the success of the Franco-American Lottery, the whole of BARTHOLOMÆ's colossal statue of Liberty will be completed in less than two years, and before its departure for its transatlantic destination will be put together temporarily for inspection by the Parisians.

A fine art gallery is to be opened in London, the character of which will be purely dramatic, and the object to bring together a variety of paintings illustrative of theatrical art, including portraits of deceased and living actors. The distinguishing feature of the collection will be that it will consist solely of contributions from actors and actresses of the British stage.

The model of the proposed bronze statue of WM. CULLEN BRYANT, to be erected in Central Park, has been finished by J. S. HARTLEY, the sculptor. The poet is represented as seated musing in the open air, in a rustic arm-chair. He leans his head on his right hand, while his left hand is on a sheet of paper lying on his right leg, showing that he is composing. On the sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs from "Thanatopsis" and the "Flood of Years."

The deterioration of WILKIE's pictures has for some time past been deeply regretted by visitors to the National Gallery. "An Artist," writing to the *Athenæum*, suggests that, having the inevitable end in view, an end which the stopping of cracks and other reparations can hardly even delay, it would be desirable at once to have copies to be made from these and other pictures—copies of an extremely faithful character, and of a quality such as shall represent the peculiarities of the technique of WILKIE and other painters. This suggestion deserves the immediate attention of the authorities.

Considerably less than a century has elapsed since HORACE WALPOLE said that Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS in his old age had become avaricious, because he asked 1,000 guineas for the picture of the three Ladies WALDRAVE! Formerly his prices had been much lower—only 200 guineas for a whole length portrait, 100 for a half-length, and 70 for a "kit-cat." It is needless to say that no one would part with the portraits for such a figure now. In 1774 for instance, Lord CANNYNGHAM gave Sir JOSHUA 70 guineas for the *Strawberry Girl*, which Lord HERTFORD paid £2,205 for at SAMUEL ROGERS's sale in 1836. The great name of GAINSBOROUGH reminds us of a still more conspicuous instance of the same kind. The celebrated *Duchess of Devonshire* was bought by WYNN ELLIS for £65, and was re-sold, as everyone knows, to Messrs. AGNEW for 10,000 guineas.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

So great has been the demand for recent numbers of this magazine that the monthly circulation has increased more than 20,000 copies within the year, and the edition for November, 100,000, was exhausted two weeks after issue. The English edition has recently doubled, and the magazine has everywhere taken its place as the most handsomely illustrated popular periodical published in the English language. Every number contains 160 pages of contributions from the best American authors, and from 50 to 100 wood engravings. The publishers call attention to the following

Announcements for 1880.

The Reign of Peter the Great, by Eugene Schuyler, will begin in an early number, and continue through two years. It will be a work of great historical significance and of rare graphic and dramatic interest. Bureaus of illustration have been established in Paris and St. Petersburg, specially for the execution of the pictorial part of this enterprise—an enterprise involving a greater outlay than any previously undertaken by a popular magazine.

Three Serials in Scribner's Monthly by American Writers.—*The Grandissimes*, a story of New Orleans Creole life, by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days." *Louisiana*, a new novelette of American life, by Frances H. Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." *Confidence*, by Henry James, Jr., begun in the Midsummer Holiday (August) number.

Canada Picturesque.—A number of papers by Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, and W. G. Beers and Chas. Farnham, are in course of preparation for SCRIBNER'S which will give thorough accounts of the historical, political, picturesque, and other phases of the country.

Papers on Art.—The growth of art has made it necessary for the modern magazine to devote considerable attention to this subject, and in this respect SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY will continue to occupy the leading place, both in the judicious selection and in the artistic execution of the subjects chosen.

Posts and Poetry.—Edmund Clarence Stedman will contribute to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY during the coming year critical essays on this subject, including the beginnings of the poetic art in this country, and its subsequent history. Richard Henry Stoddard will furnish studies of subjects connected with English poetry, the first paper being on "The English Sonnet."

Saunterings with Dickens.—A number of unique papers to be contributed to SCRIBNER by Alfred Rimmer, Esq., of Chester, England. For the illustration of these, Mr. Charles A. Vanderhoof has been sent on a special trip to England.

Practical Papers on Home Subjects.—This class will include a number of finely illustrated papers on "Small Fruits and their Culture," by Rev. E. P. Roe, of Cornwall, N. Y., one of the most successful of horticulturists. Papers on "Church and home Architecture" will be contributed by Russell Sturgis, Esq.

Sports and Recreations.—In addition to an illustrated account of the recent excursion of the Tile Club in a Canal-boat, there will be a number of special papers during the year, upon odd personal experiences, such as Porpoise-Shooting, Walrus Hunting, Lobster Fishing, Canoeing in the Rapids of the Hudson, and several papers of a novel character.

Other Features of Scribner.—"Extracts from the Journals of Henry J. Raymond," edited by his son H. W. Raymond; Accounts of the South Pass Jetties, American Arms and Ammunition in Europe. The U. S. Coast Life-Saving Service, The New Albany Capitol, Child-Saving Work, etc., etc. Sketches of Louisiana Life and Scenery, New-York City and Vicinity, American Life in Florence, Kansas Farming, California Mountain Sheep and Forests (by John Muir), House-hunting in Paris, Sheep Ranching in the West, and many other interesting subjects. And there will be the usual variety of essays, poems, and short stories.

Price, 35 cents a number, \$1.00 a year. For sale and subscriptions received by all Booksellers, Newsdealers, and Postmasters, or sent post-paid by the publishers on receipt of price.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 B'dway, N. Y.

Benzough Bros., will receive subscriptions for *St. Nicholas* \$3, or will send *Grip* and *St. Nicholas* to one address for \$4.50, or *Scribner's Monthly* and *Grip* \$5.50 or *St. Nicholas* the *Monthly* and *Grip* \$8.

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-1y

Stage Whispers.

Our readers will all have heard with feelings of pain, of the burning of the Grand Opera House of this city on Saturday morning. The loss of three human lives lends a deeply mournful aspect to the disaster. It is understood that Mr. MANNING, the proprietor, will proceed immediately to rebuild, and the new house is promised in time for Miss NEILSON's engagement in February.

At the Royal on Monday and Tuesday, Mr. BANDMANN received benefits, which were well patronized. Much sympathy is felt for this distinguished performer, who lost his splendid SHAKESPEREAN wardrobe, comprising costumes donned in former days by MACREADY and other eminent tragedians and valued at the handsome sum of \$20,000, by the Grand Opera House fire. The "Queen's Evidence Combination," with Mr. GEO. C. BONIFACE as leading attraction occupy the boards here this week, and after them comes the favourite HAVERLY with his mastodon Minstrels. Mr. CONNOR for the time being has the whole dramatic field to himself, and will doubtless endeavor to bring on the very best talent procurable.

The quality of the German stage in New York is much better than is supposed generally, and its merits are appreciated by few of the large number of people that supports the theatres. Aside from the drag upon its success, found in its presentation in German, we still would be inclined to think that its uniform excellence would attract more who are not thoroughly conversant with the language. To students of German it is invaluable, and it attracts lovers of legitimate drama, for the plays, always of the higher class, follow one another rapidly, and are acted as well, or better than any in the city.

The Court Theatre in applying to the ever-ready and ubiquitous Mr. BRYON, the management has done well, and "Courtship" bids fair to prove as great a success as any of its predecessors. The plot is very slight. *Miss Millicent Trevelyan*, a rich young heiress, living in a somewhat curiously isolated position, is sought in marriage by two lovers. One of them cares only for her money, the other, "self-made man," is anxious to improve his social position, and fancies that his best chance in doing so lies in a marriage with a lady of rank. There is also a third lover, a country squire of moderate fortune, but he does not declare himself, and can only be considered a *pretendant* by implication. After a bespeak at a local theatre, *Miss Trevelyan* decides to try her suitors in the style adopted by *Portia* in "The Merchant of Venice," which she has just witnessed. Two acts are occupied in the test. In one the young lady represents herself as almost portionless, to the second as of low birth, to the third as both. The Squire, *Trentham*, who has hung back through fear of seeming a fortune-hunter, avows his love and is accepted. And with the close of the second act the play appears to end. Not at all. In the third and last act, which is by far the most dramatic piece of work that Mr. BRYON has given us, *Millicent* avows the deception that she has practised, and estranges her honest lover *Trentham*. A surprise to the audience and actors reveals the fact that *Millicent's* uncle, whose legatee she has been, is not really dead, but has been striving all the while to save her complete happiness. And on her union with *Trentham* the curtain falls upon a triumphant success.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by WM. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH BROS.

NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

The Editor of GRIP's forthcoming Almanac desires to thankfully acknowledge contributions for its pages from Mr. JAS. FOSTER COATES, *N. Y. Express* and Mr. ED. L. ADAMS, *Marathon Independent*, and E. D. DEEMING, *Gowanda Enterprise*. They are spicy, too. He has still a warm spot for the other funny fellows.

Amen.

ADMIRAL AMEN is getting up a Franco-American Company to construct the long looked for Nicaraguan Canal, and it is rumoured that Gen. GRANT, (U.S.) is to be the President. No "Britishers" are allowed to hold any stock in the Company. This is quite a new departure, British gold generally being quite acceptable to most people. However, the bloated Briton may console himself with the thought that he has sunk enough money already in the Egyptian, Turkish and other bonds, and no doubt, too, he will be glad to respond to the Company's decision with a hearty Amen.

Dyspeptic Papers.

No. 2.—HAGGIS AND NATIONAL SOCIETIES.

The immortal haggis testifies more than all their victories to the courage of the Scottish people. TOM BROWN, sitting cold and wet on the top of a mail coach, felt a surly pleasure in the endurance so dear to the heart of every Englishman. It must be some such feeling which causes Scotchmen in all lands to gather round the haggis on St. Andrew's night, and prove their bravery by assaulting their hereditary enemy, and their more than stoicism by looking cheerful as they devour him.

They get together to show one another that the awful thing has no terrors for them under the changed circumstances of life in a new country. For three hundred and sixty-four days in the year they live on Christian viands, abandoning their hereditary "spunc meat" for substantial food, and eating real puddings after tangible dinners. But they have a secret fear all the time that they are becoming effeminate, even as the Scotch hunter did as he kicked away the lump of snow from under his son's head, with the

observation that he would permit of no luxurious habits in his family.

Your true Scot feels that there is something incongruous—even wicked—in being habitually well fed. Reflective by habit, he muses on the vicissitudes of humanity, and never loses sight of the possibility that even individuals of his race may revert to the primitive condition of their ancestors, to whom plenty of "parritch" was the *summum bonum*, and an occasional haggis necessary to make them content with their ordinary fare. Wishing to prove themselves equal to any fate, Scotchmen abroad cling to the annual haggis as a touch-stone of their capacity to meet ill-fortune.

It is not inconceivable that in old days gaunt Scots may have required no unusual fortitude to devour the fearful composition of sheep's stomach and nasty sweet things. It may have seemed no worse to them than treacle-and-sulphur to the lank youths at Dotheboy Hall. They proved their endurance by merely existing, being even mighty men of valor on the thinnest sustenance. But now that they have wherewith to line their stomachs every day, it is indeed an evidence of sublime courage that the haggis is annually cooked and cheerfully eaten. Such, at least, is the belief which prevails with the dyspeptic.

An occasional objection is made by native Canadians to the yearly Scottish glorification. But it is hard to understand why anyone should find fault with their St. Andrew's assemblage. Could it even have been thought strange that the children of Israel should have rejoiced periodically in companies at their escape from the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage? Have not Scotchmen in Canada every reason to exult exceedingly that they are not in Scotland, a country where banks fail and directors are wicked? It is indeed strange that they should enjoy one another's company, but perhaps their apparent merriment when met together is due to the knowledge that they are not compelled to meet so many Scotchmen every day, nor to confront the terrible haggis more than once a year. It is reported that a great deal of toddy is necessary to make them wait contented for the better associations of the St. Andrew's morrow.

Englishmen and Irishmen in foreign lands are like Scotchmen in this habit of assembling together once a year. A common thankfulness at the change of *habitat* is really at the root of these national demonstrations. It is possible that Canadians might have national societies in Paradise, any other change of residence after the introduction of the N. P. would be so much for the worse that each man would bemoan his sad fate in solitude.

A Little Mixed.

Dramatis Personæ:

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE,
HON. EDWARD BLAKE,
HON. GEO. BROWN.

The scene is laid in BLAKE's office, Toronto.
Time—The day following the recent banquet at Ottawa. Hon. EDWARD and Hon. ALEX. discovered conversing familiarly.

HON. ALEX.—Weel, ma gude fren', what think ye o' this banquetting beesness? Sic a daft-like set, to be banquetting an awfu' scoundrel lek you mon. Dinna ye ken hoover, it has a mighty effect upon the country. The people are sic awfu' fules, they really think JONE A. has benefited the country. (Aside—Alas! that they should be so near right). Would na it be a grand idea, to have the

great Reform Pairty tender *their* leader a banquet?

HON. EDWARD—Your ability, my esteemed friend, as a philosopher and manipulator of men, has never been denied; and this excellent idea you have promulgated, gives but another proof of your sagacity in dealing with mankind. And I am sure you will not accuse me of egotism, when I say I shall receive with pride and satisfaction any honor the great Reform Party may confer on me.

HON. ALEX.—Aye, mon, but it should be the leader, the chiefest, ye ken, that should be banquetted.

HON. EDWARD—I quite coincide with you, my dear sir, and as leader, I may—

HON. ALEX.—Leader!! Are ye daft a' thegither, mon? Who made ye leader?—I—

(Enter GEO. BROWN.)

GEO.—Hail brithers in a mighty cause! What's a' the contravarsity?

ALEX.—(Excited)—You mon, BLAKE, dares to say he's leader o' the Pairty—

HON. EDWARD.—(Sneeringly)—That MACKENZIE fellow, fails to perceive his "usefulness is gone"—

GEO.—Aye, aye; but dinna squabble, bairns. I ken yer baith wrang. I—I—I, (very impressively and planting his left half-acre very fiercely on the floor), AM THE "PAIRTY" AND THE "PAIRTY'S" LEADER!!

(Tableau).

The Hunting of the "Hum."

There was an F. M. who said "Come, I'm determined to capture this "hum,"

"And will be easily found,
Till if not, I'll be bound
I'll indulge in a jolly good "bum."

His face that at first was all glee,
Soon lengthened—the shape of a V—
As he'd peer through the gloom,
To discover the "boom,"

The Griots would all chuckle—"heh, heh!"
"What d've see?"

No music enlivened his way,
No mirth—tho' at one place, they say,
Some indigent Tories
Climbed up on a door as
He passed, and said, feebly, "Hoo—ray!"
That's their way.

He talked to the people of hope,
And gave himself plenty of rope,
But the people thought half he
Related was "taffy,"
The other half chiefly "soft soap,"
Merely "tropo."

Said he, "It becomes very clear
To some other point I must steer.
What the deuce has become
Of the "boom" and the "hum,"
I can't tell, but, for sure, they ain't here,
'Twould appear."

When home he returned to his folk,
They asked him, by way of a joke,
If he'd "captured the hum,"
And he merely looked glum,
Put his hands in his pockets and spoke—
With a (h'm h'm) choko.

"I found it a terrible tug
To make things in Ontario snug,
This blessed N. P.
Is too many for me,"
And the people called him—a hum-bug.

Tough Mutton.

Last week the *Mail* gave in its telegraphic brevities the following extraordinary story:—

"Fourteen fat sheep belonging to MR. THOMAS JOHNSTON, were left last night in BILLLOCK's butcher yard, London East. This morning ten of them were found dead and greatly mangled, but still alive. They were attacked by dogs, and being confined in a small space were easy victims.

Considering that ten of them although found dead and greatly mangled, were "still alive" we can hardly see the propriety of calling them "easy victims."



Is this what is Meant?

The *Globe* of Wednesday stated that it had reason to believe that "the regulations for grinding in bond are being systematically evaded." We should think it had "reason to believe" so! Why, didn't the Hon. SAMSON BLAKE publicly cast off the bonds at Bowmanville and make a deliberate declaration to the effect that he wasn't going to grind any more for any man?

Our theatrical critic says, "The great interest in *Pinafore* is Dead-eye think."

When a paragrapher is corned, he often crabs another's jokes.

Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN should get their lives insured; *Pinafore* is being murdered throughout the country, and the blood-thirsty performers may take a fancy to the authors next.

Evening Terrible Editorials.

SIR JOHN stands pre-eminent as the one statesman of Canada, because he succeeds in obtaining credit in some quarters for all the progressive legislation of the past forty years. It was no blame to him that he of old took an attitude of opposition against the unscrupulous agitators whose success caused him wisely to seize the last moment for giving the people many reforms.

Nothing can be more disgraceful to a politician than to lose office as the consequence of maintaining doctrines which circumstances render no longer expedient. At the same time a strict adherence to principle is the one thing to be demanded of those who are placed in responsible public positions. Mr. MACKENZIE showed his utter incapacity as a leader of men in not seizing the opportune moment to follow where the protectionist wing of his party pointed the way. It is because Mr. BLAKE may be depended on to refrain from forcing his opinion on a reluctant Liberal party that he is the hope of all those who take wide views of the exigencies of the situation. The inscrutable silence of Mr. BROWN on the agitation of compulsory minorities will never have the effect of causing the foremost of the younger Reformers to conceal his intention of making changes sometime or other. This quality of intention to do at the right time what may happen to be popular is what makes Mr. BLAKE so formidable an opponent. It is a pity that Sir JOHN and Mr. BLAKE could not join together and affect the precisely opposite reforms which we see so plainly are absolutely necessary.

Affectionate.

Hon. J. H. POPE is Minister of Agriculture. He loves the honey-handed son of toil, as a dear, though humble brother, but it is the noble yeoman who has the strongest hold on his affections. At the "working-man's" reunion on Tuesday evening, he said that he envied the working-man, who, after taking off his "leather apron" in the evening, retires to his cheerful cottage and the bosom of his family. But the farmer! why, he would like to hug the matron (the farmer's wife), and, as for the farmer's daughters, he sees nothing objectionable in actually kissing them. Here is a sensible Minister. GRIP quite agrees with him. What could be nicer than kissing a farmer's daughter at the conclusion of her song of "Silver Threads," or "Starry Waves," while she has been taking, in the language of our statesman, "a turn at the piano?"

The Banquet Jokes.

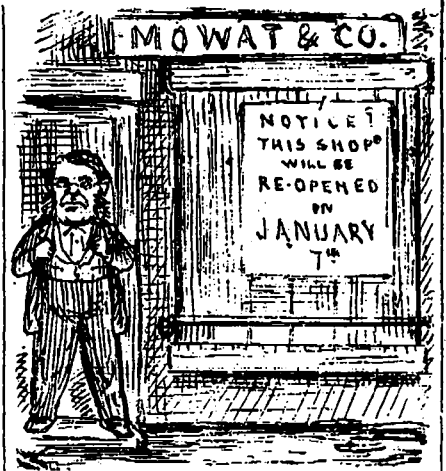
SIR JOHN's jokes, at which the Ottawa banqueters laughed "fit to kill," have almost drawn tears of pain from the eyes of the *Globe* magnate. This is, to say the least, a striking phenomenon. It by no means explains it to say, sippantly, O, well, the *Globe* man is a Scotchman, and a Scotchman can't see a joke, for it so happens that there were several Scotchmen at the banquet who could discover and laugh at the jokes almost before they were uttered by the speaker—though it is possible their wits were somewhat sharpened by a lively sense of favors past or future. The *Globe*'s own explanation of the matter is that there was nothing worth laughing at in the speech—except the portions uttered in downright seriousness by the Premier. This cannot be true, for surely the *Mail* would not pronounce it a masterpiece of wit if there were no jokes in it. Mr. GRIP is inclined to think the defect is in the *Globe* man's vision, and so he has generously come forward, and supplied him with a few "helps to read"—by means of which it is hoped he may be able to spy out the hidden humorisms.



Something for the "Boy."

JACK.—Watsy'r hurry JIM,—where y'r goin'?

JIM.—Down to see if I can't git that situation in the Custom House. I heard the Boy wot was there got bounced out. It's a boss sit, too! Big wages, and nothin to do but behave yerself!



The Local Shop.

OLIVER MOWAT & Co. beg to announce that, having secured a new lease of the above premises, they will re-open the same for the transaction of business on the 7th of January next, when they will have the pleasure of displaying a fine new stock of bills, acts and measures, embracing everything likely to be called for by the public. That department of the premises known as Mr. Mowat's "Consideration," is now chock full of goods, some of which may possibly be placed before customers this season. Amongst the articles there is a Bill abolishing Tax Exemptions, which may or may not be brought out, as circumstances direct. The public are cordially invited to call for anything they don't see. By adhering to his past practice of square dealing, and by strict attention to business, Mr. Mowat hopes to retain the large patronage with which the people of Ontario have favoured him in by-gone years.

The Hum.

SIR TILLEY.

All our factories are running,
 Busy hands at forge and loom,
 Business is getting stunning,
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

Brighter days for shopmen looming,
 The N. P. begins to bloom,
 Brighter days apace are coming,
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

How the Grits do daily cackle,—
 At their bosh I crack my thumb,
 The N. P. they cannot shackle,
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

G. BROWN.

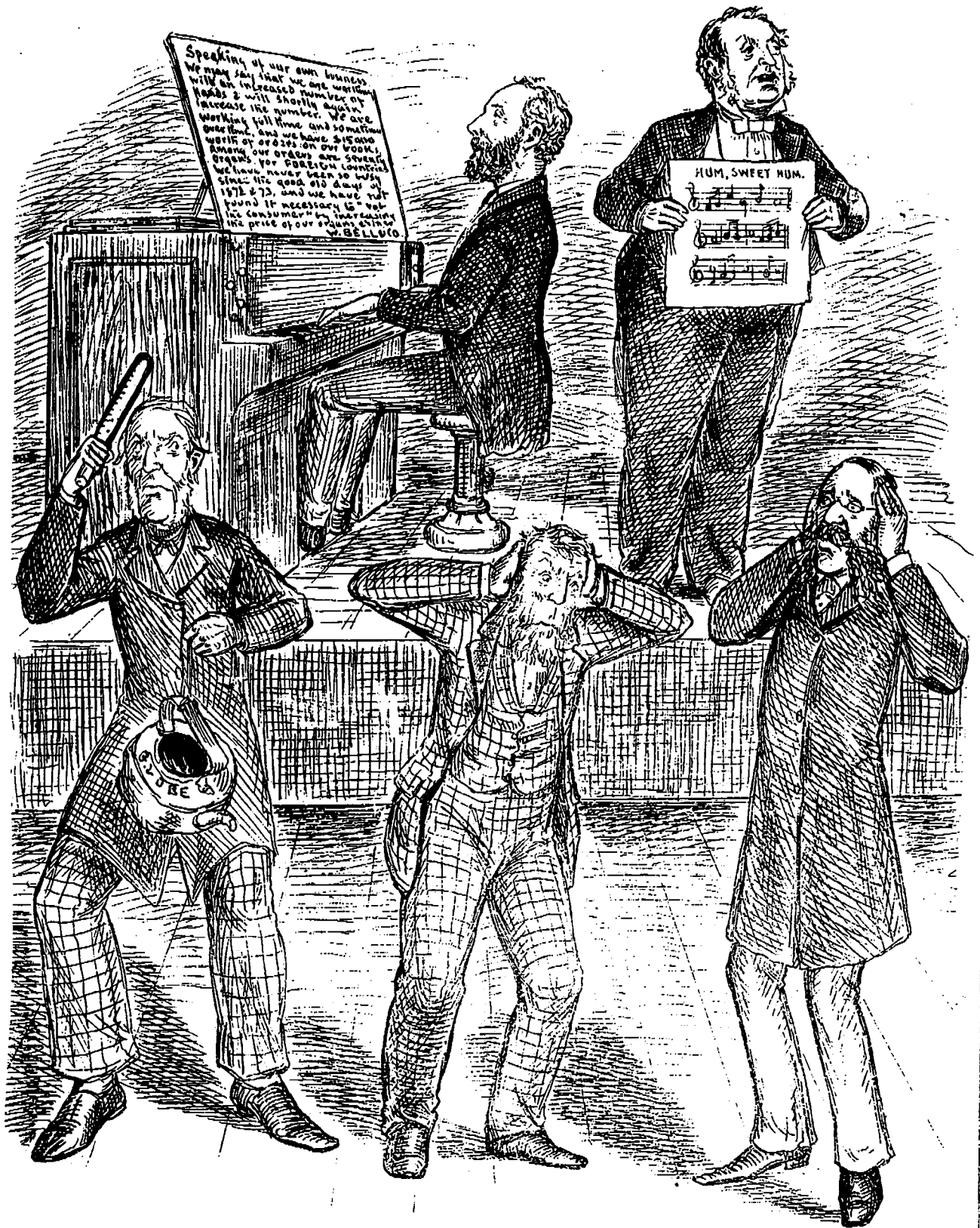
Vast monopolies are springing
 Up and down the land of gloom,
 The N. P. is ruin bringing,
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

See our people starving, dying,
 Each to fill a pauper's tomb,
 Yet the Tories go on lying,
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

Hear them talk how very silly,
 When so many lack a crumb,
 Cease your blowing, Master TILLEY,
 Hi, Ho, Hi Ho, Hum!

Tips and Wings

Are very fashionable for ladies bonnets this season. Mr. GRIP don't mind giving any lady a tip, but cannot promise a wing.



SIR SAMUEL'S HUM IN GUELPH.
A TUNE CERTAIN PARTIES DON'T LIKE.



"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A gem that every woman possesses—*Strategem.*—*McGregor News.*

The running race that benefits the world is the mill race.—*Adams.*

Don't let your angry passions become yeasty.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Farmers, look to your interest—particularly if it is overdue.—*W. S. Way.*

A suitable texture for a baldheaded person would be mo'hair.—*Marathon Independent.*

Nausea seldom affects an acrobat. He is used to having his stomach turned.—*N. Y. News.*

A man never knows how many friends he has until he goes into office, or how few until he goes out.—*Balt. Every Saturday.*

The secret of many a man's unbounded success is that he always kept himself and his ventures within bounds.—*N. Y. News.*

Should the people of Leadville ever run short of bullet material, they might start a crematory and sift the ashes.—*Rock. Express.*

A cotemporary speaks of its "corps" of contributors. The intelligent compositor should be added to them.—*Norristown Herald.*

The individual who wrote "O, Solitude, where are thy charms," was a business man who didn't advertise.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"Dare to do write," would be an excellent motto for editors who never have anything original in their papers.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

A young lady attending balls and parties should have a female chaperone until she is able to call some other chap her own.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Ute Indians are a mean treacherous lot, but none of them wear their watch chains from the top outside pockets of their coats.—*Whaling Leader.*

If a hunter will only hunt long enough he will be sure to pull his gun over the fence by the muzzle, and the day he does that he quits hunting.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The saddest hour of a young bride's life is when she discovers that she hasn't got a mother to get up of a cold morning and start the kitchen fire for her.—*Way.*

"Chicago has *chie*," says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, in a complimentary mood. Very true; but the English way of spelling that sort of *chie* is check.—*Balt. Gazette.*

"Revolutionists," said DUMAS, "are a good deal like the street-sprinklers—they can make it muddy in sunshine, but they can't make sunshine when it is muddy.

It is not strange that writers sometimes get puzzled in their choice between "that," "which" and "who." Relatives are always more or less troublesome.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some unscrupulous paragrapher has been listening to what young ladies on the street were talking about. But all that the abandoned wretch could make out was, "A—nd he said."—*Ev.*

You nail a political lie by hammering it down with a bigger lie.—*Modern Argo.*

Every lady who goes to the theater has a perfect right to wear a high hat. The people behind her should have secured the seat in front. If they did not she is not to blame.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The boy looked on the burning deck,
His parent tossed in the fire;
And fervently wished to wring the neck
Of that sanctimonious sire.
—*Oswego Record.*

A Chicago belle, while traveling through Rhode Island, put her car out of the window to hear the distant roar of the ocean; all the fowls in the State went to roost and the cows turned homeward.—*St. Louis Spirit.*

The New York *Star* relates that a Boston woman cut her dress from a pattern in a magazine dated 1873, before she discovered that it wasn't 1879, and it took two doctors to tide her over that long, lonely night.

Although fraud may be written on the face of the insurance companies, and though corruption may be their head-light, we cannot but feel kindly toward them when we reach out after a blotting pad.—*Fulton Times.*

JONAS SAUNDERS, of Indiana, tied a cow's legs to keep her from kicking over the milk pail, and when she tried to kick she fell over on him and broke his back. There is such a thing as being too smart.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A drink-as-you-please society has been organized in New York City. In other cities that we know of, whole blocks of citizens have long belonged to such an organization, by a mutual though unexpressed understanding.—*Chicago Journal.*

It used to be a common thing at a social gathering, for one man to get another's hat, but now things have changed, and if you succeed in getting away without wearing off some woman's hat, you are a lucky chap.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The weird glory of Halloween fell upon Danbury, Friday night. Sentimental young ladies looked timidly into the future for the coming husband, while the coming husband was around heaving cabbages against people's doors.—*Danbury News.*

One of the most pleasing illustrations of check is when a man writes a letter to a newspaper, of no earthly interest to anybody but himself, and not only demands its publication, but that five or ten copies be sent him. They are always sent.—*Boston Herald.*

Mother—"His name is GEORGE SMITH."
Father—"You mistake; it is JACOB."
Son and Heir—"M! 'tain't either; it's JOHN."

Mother—"So it is! I knew it was something that began with G." (*Applause.*)—*Ev.*

The subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Says SMITH, "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds young FITZ-NOODLE, "I've got that kind of a dog myself."—*Ev.*

We were thinking last night, as we ran through the elections returns, that it was singular that young men should persist in kissing their own girls at parties when they might just as well improve the opportunity and do a little general and promiscuous kissing. From our own limited understanding of the subject we should say this would be all clear gain, as they can kiss their own girls any time.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

As the evenings begin to spin out, the young people begin to have sociables. A sociable is a place where you go and watch your hands and feel rigid till ten o'clock, when you refresh on all kinds of cake and coffee, and then go home to have the night mare.—*Marathon Independent.*

When an Ohio bank president will pay \$4,000 for a "gold brick," worth about a dollar and a half, can a newspaper man be blamed for buying a horse whose teeth have been ficed down?—*Detroit F. P.* We should say certainly not, when it is remembered a newspaper most always prefers a complete file.—*Richmond Baton.*

As Thanksgiving day comes next week, we trust we shall be very thankful, and while newspaper men are reveling in the luxuries of "roast goose stuffed with sage and inyanas," let us remember the thousands of poor readers who are unable to pay their subscriptions, and pity them.—*Toronto Graphic.*

"Those suspenders, madam, are long enough for the shortest boy or short enough for the longest man; they will just fit your fine looking youngster." "Perhaps so; but I don't want to see buttons on his boot-legs; I want them to hold his pants on. Them suspenders is long enough for the Colossus of Rhodes." "Just so, madam; I sold old Colossus a pair out of the same box yesterday."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

The other day there died a performing bear, the property of a brewer. The owner was so overcome with grief that he got drunk and went stumbling about, weeping sometimes over the body of the dead bear and at others over a barrel of beer. When rebuked for his folly, he replied that it was all the same thing, for whether he cried over the bear barrel or bear, he was certainly weeping "over the bier of his own bruin."—*Unknown Exchange.*

A piece of poetry written some years ago contains the line, "hear the muffled tramp of years come stealing up the slope of Time." This is all right and probably suited the age in which it was written, but now-a-days it would be more appropriate to say: "I hear the ragged tramp of 27 years come shuffling up the garden walk, and I'll fly and lock the door before he steals the overcoats in the hall." Time works wondrous changes, and poetry must be made to fit the age in which we live.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A young farmer in the country wants us to give him some hints on fall plowing. All right, we will do it. In the first place, select your fall. Don't pick out a fall that is excessively cold nor yet too warm. And while a very dry fall doesn't plow easy, neither would we recommend one that was wet to an extreme. About a medium fall, we should say, if we were going to plow it ourself. Having settled on a fall that suits you, take a plow and plow it. Don't be afraid to ask questions at any time. It is for the purpose of answering them that we are here.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale-faced freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed I could; but I promised my mother never, never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't, no-ne-ver," and as his emotions overpowered him he pulled out his kerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three faro chips, and a euchre deck, and somehow or other the professor took no more stock in that freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.—*Phila. Telegraph.*

Pictures of Society.

BY ASPER.

No. 2.—YE OLD POLYTYCIAN.

Ye old polytycian is a great character. He is a man who hath, during his lifetime, seen many and bitter struggles, and not uncommonly knows more about what measures are ye best adapted to serve ye publik than any statesman, however famous, of either ye Tory or ye Whig party. He doth pass his time when election times are not at hand in catching his friends and acquaintances by ye button-hole at ye street corners, and in ye clubs, and expounding to them ye true and correct principles of polytycal economy and other puzzling questions of ye state. Nor doth he let them go easily, but if they do, to ever so small an extent, endeavour to break away from him, he doth all ye more din into their ears ye same refrain again and yet again.

If he be of ye Whig persuasion he doth in ye roundest terms abuse ye Tories and their leaders. If of ye Tory party, he doth, on ye contrary, stud no measure of good whatever in ye opposite side, but doth denounce all them that hold views contrariwise to his as knaves, or fools, or both. Nor doth he always give a full meed of praise even unto his own leaders, but oftentimes saith, that in ye distribution of offices they do shew neither discernment nor judgment. He doth accuse them of passing by ye just claims of those who have stood by their party in ye brunt of ye fight, and of putting into comfortable positions young upstarts, who have done their cause more harm than good. He doth generally conclude his dissertation by a prediction that if this course is pursued much further, it will ruin ye party, and alienate from it men of good principles and correct views.

But when ye time comes in which ye voters do exercise their franchise, then, indeed, is he in ye height of glory. No longer doth he abuse his leaders, but is always ready to defend their actions of however destructive a character. He doth take his place at ye committees, of which he is oftentimes made ye Chairman, and doth shew to ye uninitiated and inexperienced how profound is his knowledge of all things and persons.

If any person doth express a doubt as to how such an one may vote, he doth sapiently, and with a wise look upon his venerable countenance, exhort them "to leave him to me, and I will see to him." He doth thus in many cases deter ye eager from canvassing ye voters, and doth persuade them to leave it to him, in which event ye most probable result is, that ye voter will vote for ye party contrary to what was expected of him.

As ye election contest approacheth its consummation, oftentimes this old fox will enquire as to where ye money will come from, and when told that there is no money, will declare that ye elections are not what they used to be in ye good old times; and in many instances he will then retire to his home disgusted and disheartened, and will take no more interest in ye elections. The reason of this is hard to discern, although some evil disposed scandal-mongers do darkly hint that these old persons do come out of elections in which there is plenty of money with their pockets more replete with wealth than when they went into them. This, however, may be slander, and ye writer doth not vouch for ye truth thereof.

When ye votes are polled, again doth ye old polytycian come forth in glory (that is, provided that his side are victors in ye strife) and doth shout himself hoarse in loud sounding praises of his candidate. But if ye

FARM FOR SALE,
Or Exchange for City Property.

That valuable farm, containing 50 acres and being the N.W. 1/4 of Lot 8, Con. 2, of the Township of Rench, County of Ontario. There is an orchard of 60 fruit trees of choice varieties, a frame house, and a barn with stone foundation and underground stables. The soil is a rich clay loam.

GEO. BENGOUGH,
Drawer 2673, Toronto.

Second-Hand Machinery.

WANTED.

Shingle Machine. Double Edger. Band Saw. Wood Turning Lathe—large. Shaping Machine. Jig Saw. Lawn Mower. Yacht Engine—8 x 10, and Screw 38 in. diameter. Cylinder Press—Double Royal. Machine Lathe 14 ft. bed, 22 in. swing. Hand Biscuit Machine. Give description and number of knives.

FOR SALE.

3 h.p. Engine with 4 h.p. Boiler. 6 h.p. Engine with 7 h.p. Boiler. 30 h.p. Engine with 40 h.p. Boiler. 68 h.p. Engine with 2 Boilers 48 inch shell 22 feet long 16 in. flues. 1 Boiler 44 inch shell 21 feet long 14 inch flues. 1 (Stearns) Circular Saw Mill. 1 (Stearns) Log Turner. 1 (Stearns) Double Edger. 1 Stock Gate with Crank Shaft. Crank Pulleys and Press Rollers. 1 Slabbing Gate with chain feed. 1 Counter Shaft (4 inch) 7 feet long with Pillar blocks, drums and pulleys. 1 1/2 inch Circular Saw. 1 1/8 inch Circular Saw. A lot of drums and pulleys suitable for a mill. 1 No. 1 Gordon Press (new). 1 Water Motor, good as new. Power Mortising Machine, Wooden Frame. We are agents for

Reid's Patent Seamless Water Trap,

The best, because the strongest Trap in the Market. We invite the inspection of Plumbers and Architects.

WM. DINGMAN & Co.,
55 FRONT STREET EAST.

All Machinery taken on consignment and no charge for storage. We guarantee every Machine leaving our establishment in good working order.

Financial.

\$10 to \$1000! Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 7 Wall St., N. Y. N.Y. 22-17

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and operating many orders in one vast firm has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of \$25 to \$10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & CO., 56 Exchange Place, New York. N.Y. 22-17

N. P. Jokes.

(The following are patented. Any person publishing them, will suffer the full rigor of the law).

The Quebec Government's motto—No tri-FLYNN!

That the N. P. will LEONARD (*lean 'ard*) on the poor man, can now be authoritatively denied.

The *Globe* man evidently intends to hammer away at the N. P., TILLEY either busts it, or vice versa.

"Can TUPPER Canada be relieved for a short time, from building railroads for the whole of the Dominion?" is now a pressing question.

Quite likely a number of those who are quoting With approval E. BLAKE on compulsory voting. Should the boon be bestowed they so ardently long for, Would turn round on the system they go in so strong for, "Down with tyrannous laws! British freedom forever!" What, vote on *compulsion*? No never, sir, never.

The most profane nobleman in Europe—the DUKE OF MECKLENBURG *Schoerin*,

other party do gain ye day, he doth remain at home, and doth declare to all comers that he did always foretell defeat, and doth say that ye new and young blood do not perceive how to properly manage affairs of such moment and importance, and that if ye election had been organized and conducted as he desired, ye result would have been widely different.

And afterwards he doth repair to ye winning candidate, and doth boldly proffer his request, and being refused, doth betake himself of ye nearest hostelry, and therein doth, in a cup of sack, drown all his cares and sorrows.

A Catechism on Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest.

BY ZEDEKIAH TIMBERTOP.

Q.—What do you understand by the term "Natural Selection?"

A.—The term "Natural Selection" may be defined to mean, that phase of mind by which a person, or persons, naturally choose that which they like best.

Q.—What do you understand by the term "Survival of the Fittest?"

A.—This may be explained as just the opposite of the old saw "The weakest goes to the wall."

Q.—Can you give an instance of "Natural Selection?"

A.—Yes, the result of the last General Election, when the people naturally selected those who promised to do the most for them.

Q.—What is the end scientists hope will be reached by this theory?

A.—A gradual approachment of the various races existing on the earth's surface to perfection.

Q.—Can you give any instances either in the case of races or individuals in whom some result of this theory is apparent?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Name them?

A.—Well, there is "Canada's Greatest," the "*Globe* Magnate," the Canadian people, and the average Canadian Politician.

Q.—As to "Canada's Greatest?"

A.—Well, nothing is more clearly shown than "Natural Selection" in his case in the occupation (politics) he chose for himself, for the way in which he hoodwinks men, and twists them round his finger, shows that nature intended him for nothing else than a Politician, and then he is about the only survivor of all his early contemporaries and that proves the survival of the fittest.

Q.—As to the "*Globe* Magnate?"

A.—The theory is sufficiently proved in this case by the fact that he is the "*Globe* Magnate," if further proof be needed, it may be stated that he is also "The Grit party," the Ontario Government, the editor of all the Grit newspapers in the Dominion, and a great many other things.

Q.—As to the Canadian people?

A.—They have proved their right to be examples of the theory for all time, for, having lost their heads, is it not natural that they should have an "N. P." and should now want a National currency?

Q.—As to the average Canadian Politician?

A.—Well, the average C. P. proves his claim to this distinguished position, seeing that it is second nature to him to select the fattest jobs he can lay his hands on whenever he gets the chance, and he will live longer, and grab more in the course of his life, than any dozen ordinary men.



CAN'T SEE THE POINT.



MILK AND STRONG STUFF.

O! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!



J. BRUCE & CO.

HAVE THE POWER TO BESTOW THAT GIFT

AT
118 KING STREET WEST.

xii-22-17.

TO PHONOGRAPHERS!

REVISED PRICE-LIST OF ISAAC PIT-
MAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Compend of Phonography	5	cis.
Exercises in Phonography	5	
Grammologies 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	35	
Railway Phrase Book	25	
Covers for holding Note Book	20	
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60	
Self-culture, corresponding style	75	
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style	35	
The Book of Psalms, cloth	75	
Common Prayer, morocco, with gilt edges	\$2.80	
The Other Life, cloth	50	
New Testament, reporting style	\$2.50	
Phonographic Dictionary	1.50	
Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style	35	
Pilgrim's Progress, cloth	50	
Esop's Fables, in Learner's Style	20	
Ten Pounds and Other Tales, cor. style	20	
That Which Money cannot Buy, etc. cor. style	20	
Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, etc., cor. style	20	
Character of Washington, Speech of George Canning at Plymouth, etc., with print & key, rep. style	20	
Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, etc., rep. style	20	

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

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Next Post Office, Toronto.

"Milk for Babes," &c.

The room in which the great ministerial banquet was held the other evening was brilliantly decorated, and mottoes more or less appropriate were displayed upon the walls. Amongst these was one which bore this strange device—"Milk for the babes; meat for the strong men." It has puzzled a good many to find out the peculiar appropriateness of this quotation under the circumstances. It is suggested that the ministers sought in this round-about way to comfort the hearts of the rag-baby sponsors, and admonish them to go slow in their agitation. Another conjecture is that a scarcity of viands being anticipated, notice was thus given that meat would only be supplied to those gentlemen who commanded big majorities in their constituencies—in other words, were politically "strong men." These explanations are plausible enough, but appear rather far-fetched. Isn't it more likely that the motto was intended to indicate the line which should be drawn when the cloth had been removed—on one side total "babes," who would be bountifully supplied with milk or water, or both mixed; and on the other, the "strong men," who could take strong stuff. The word "meat," as everybody knows, may be used for liquid as well as solid refreshments.

A Bone! A Bone!
WHAT DID HE SAY?

The *Globe* reports that SIR JOHN, at the "banquet," said in his great speech that MR. MACKENZIE threw the title proffered him, "like a bone to that hungry dog, the renegade Tory, CARTWRIGHT." The *Mail* says SIR JOHN'S words were, "he threw the title to that renegade Tory, CARTWRIGHT, as one would throw a bone to a hungry dog." Others who were present say the language was, "like a bone to a renegade dog, he threw the title to the hungry Tory." Although, indeed, we learn from high authority that what was really said was this: "he threw the title 'boned' from the Imperial Government, like a hungry Tory to a renegade dog." Compliments are so rare among political opponents now a-days, that it is a great pity that the great statesman's remarks were not more accurately reported.

S. R. QUIGLEY, ENGRAVER & JEWELLER,
MASONIC & SOCIETY REGALIA, EMBLEMS, &c.
7 1-2 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, TORONTO. xiii-4-17

HEWITT Fysh,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
CHOICE CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY,
222 YONGE STREET.
Wedding cakes a specialty. xiv-3-12

WM. DINGMAN & CO.,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
SECOND-HAND MACHINERY.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS
From a 3 Horse-power upwards.

Machinery Received on Consignment and no Charge
For Storage.

42 FRONT ST. EAST & 38 WELLINGTON ST. EAST,
TORONTO.

Entrance on Front St.

"GRIP" Now in its seventh
year and Thirteenth
Volume, and more
popular and influential than ever before.

\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"GRIP" AGAIN GOOD.—The impartiality of *Grip*, the comic paper, is beyond doubt. This week the *Grip* are receiving the lion's share of attention. The leading cartoon represents Blake, as a member of the "Pinafore crew, in the act of resenting Brown dictation. The Hon Geo. takes the part of the captain, who attempts to 'tax' the insubordinate tax, and put a straight jacket upon him, the poem upon the event reading:

"The Blakittie Grip is a soaring soul,
As free as a mountain bird,
His energetic fist should be ready to resist
A dictatorial word!"

Mr. Gordon Brown, eating humble pie, the defeat of Mr. Joly and the triumph of virtue in the person of Mr. Chapleau; the "hum" hunt, and Haalan and the "great big cal" are all laughable drawings, which do the facile pencil of Mr. Bengough much credit.—*Kingston Whig*.