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FOR 1880. JAN 8 1880



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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.

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COAL AND WOOD, OF THE BEST QUALITY. AND AT **LOWEST PRICES.** **NAIRN'S.** Office, Next Post Office. Docks, Foot of Church Street.

Literature and Art.

M. RICE is again in Paris, having returned from his sojourn in Venice.

The Musee Violet le Duc, a new collection of historical monuments, is to be established in Paris in honor of the late architect.

The first prize of 15,000 francs in the competition for the best design for a memorial of the defence of Paris has been awarded to M. BARRIS.

HENRY HUGH ARMSTEAD, the sculpture and designer, and JOHN EVANS HODGSON, the painter, have been elected to the Royal Academy.

The Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures in oil, at the Dudley Gallery, contains four hundred and seventy-one cabinet pictures. Six pieces of sculpture are also exhibited.

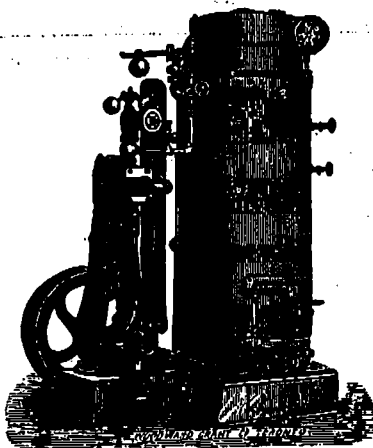
JULES ELIE DELATNY has been elected a member of the French Academy of Fine Arts to succeed the late ALEXANDER J. HESSE. M. BONNAT was his chief opponent.

"OUIDA's" name is ROSE DE LA RAMA, and she is the daughter of a Frenchman. More information than this the most indefatigable interviewer has not been able to get from the author. She lives in a lovely villa about two miles from Florence, where she is surrounded by books, pictures, and what she prizes more than both of these, dogs. She has a burying-ground on the place for her dogs, where they are laid away with a tenderness that is not always bestowed on the human race.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, held last week, Mr. THOMAS EAKINS was unanimously chosen as successor to the late Professor SCHEUSSELE, chief instructor in drawing and painting in the Academy. Mr. EAKINS is a native of Philadelphia, studied in Paris under GEROME and BONNAT, and is best known in this country by his large picture, "Prof. Gross," which received so much criticism in the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists in New York.

The Queen has sent to the South Kensington Museum a number of objects from Zululand, which were placed in the first court last week. The largest object is a basket for carrying grain, which was taken at Upoko in June last. There are also wicker spoons for straining beer, a wood pipe from Pondoland, a metal body-scraper, a Kaffir snuff-box, a signal-whistle of wood from Secocoeni's country, a magnetic stone to be worn by a chain, from the same place, a Zulu comb, a necklace as worn by Kaffir women, and a specimen of a head-ring worn by Zulu married men.

In the inner court of the Louvre, called the Sphinx, the marble fragments are now being put together which form the pedestal of the statue of Victory in the hall of the Caryatides, and which represent the front of an old Greek war vessel. In 1868 M. CHAMPOISEAU, the French Consul at Samothrace, found the statue of Victory and sent it to Paris; but the remains of the marble pedestal had to be left behind on the island until the present government supplied M. CHAMPOISEAU with the means of despatching them to France. There are twenty-four marble blocks altogether in the pedestal, each of them weighing from nearly one ton to more than two tons. The pedestal is of considerable value and interest, as it forms almost the only complete model of an old Greek war vessel which has been preserved. It dates from about 280 B. C.



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1880. MAYORALTY. 1880.

JAMES BEATY, JR.,

Respectfully requests the votes of the Electors of Toronto for re-election as Mayor.

Election 5th January, 1880.

iv-27-21.

To the Electors of

ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

Gentlemen:—

You are respectfully requested to re-elect

PETER RYAN

BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

By Order of "GRIP."

xiv-5-21.

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. Wintercorbyn, 124 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.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL earns \$900 a week now, so it is reported. He used to get \$25 per week as a newspaper reporter.

Miss JOSEPHINE MEERER recently gave a lecture on her Indian experiences, and she has since been offered two hundred dollars a week and her expenses to travel as a lecturer upon that subject.

CHANFRAU paid C. W. TAYLURE only \$300 for the American drama, "Kit," and CHANFRAU has made over \$70,000 out of it. The play, before he accepted it, had been condemned by several New York managers.

M. W. LEFFINGWELL, the comedian, left behind him a son who is likely to achieve considerable success upon the stage. He has received many excellent notices for his work upon the stage this season with NEILSON's company.

Manager McDOWELL informs us that the coming theatrical sensation is the new political burlesque "H. M. S. Parliament, or the Lass who loved a Government Clerk." The idea was suggested by GRIP's cartoons, and the play was written by a gentleman in Ottawa for the "Shaughraun Company," who will produce it in Toronto shortly. The characters and chorus are all to be made up to represent prominent Members of Parliament, viz: TILLEY, MACDONALD, MACKENZIE, BLAKE, WHITE, &c. Each party will have an opportunity to express their sentiments in a satirical way on the Budget Speech, the N. P., the Boom, &c., &c. This is something decidedly new, and we hope it may, as it probably will, prove a great financial and artistic success.

CAMPANINI, with his fine talent as an artist, and his remarkable popularity, is withal as modest a man to-day as when he was struggling for a bare living, ten years ago. Instead of "putting on airs" and exhibiting himself for a consideration at a fashionable hotel, he is content, during his engagements in New York, to occupy part of a small and modest house near the Academy. There is no style about it at all, and I dare say there are third-class singers who would not consider it good enough to live in. He has been married several years and his wife, a lady who had gained some popularity in opera in Europe, fully shares his simplicity of taste. They live quietly and happily in plain apartments, and keep house just as modestly as before the popular tenor became the favorite of the opera world. CAMPANINI receives a salary of 18,000 francs (something over \$3,500 a month,) for about ten months in the year. He has been offered 20,000 francs per month, but he prefers his engagement with MAPLESON to one at a higher rate with a manager less reliable. MAPLESON never breaks up, or down, and he always pays promptly. Out of an income of \$35,000 a year, CAMPANINI can, of course, save money, and as he has no extravagant habits, he can save a good deal. He means to have enough to keep him comfortable when his time comes to retire, though, as he is yet only 33, that time may still be far off. I understand that he has just made a contract to sing in seven concerts, when the opera season is over—four in Boston and three in Cincinnati—for \$3,500. CAMPANINI is MAPLESON's surest card. He never fails to please, and what is fully as important to the manager—he scarcely ever suffers from the "indisposition" that is so common among singers. He takes the best care of himself, physically, and is always in good order for work.

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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.

Our Carriers' Address.

Mr. GRIP's carrier boys will have a neat little address to present to our city subscribers with this issue. After presenting it they will wait long enough to enable each genial subscriber to put his hand in his pocket—and fetch it out full.

The Mayoralty.

Who'll be Mayor for 1880? Mr. ANGUS MORRISON says he will, if the citizens have no objection; and Mr. JAMES BEATY opines that it will be a gentleman about his size and appearance. On another page of this issue will be found a pictorial argument which may assist some of our ratepayers to form an opinion as to the relative merits of the candidates. Mr. GRIP's preference, it may be seen, is given to our present Mayor. It would be easy, however, to produce a good many points in favour of Mr. MORRISON. For instance,

1. He is a jolly good fellow, and highly competent to fill the chair—at a dinner party.
2. He looks very pretty in frills and ruffles.
3. He has done his best to encourage water-drinking amongst our citizens by the gift of an elegant fountain.
4. He is never absent when he makes a speech; he is all "here."
5. He has been Mayor before and proved himself a master of the art of how not to do it.

Why do Summer Roses Fade?

A PSYCHOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

The super-consciousness of egotism is seldom without its reflex influences. The contact of a subtly magnetic nature with more profuse and introspective ones tends to irradiate as with lambent sun-gleams the entire moral environment. Whereas, on the other hand, the perplexities which result from a too fervid differentiation are directly in the ratio of its irrespectiveness.

ELVINA MULREUNAY, the daughter of aristocratic and wealthy parents, whose life had never known the sordid cares of a more humble lot, awoke to a sense of the futile self-absorption which ever and anon culminates in the contemplative mind. Thought-germs slowly fructifying in an intellect of the expansive order, opened strange vistas into a realm of opal-hued splendor. "O life," she murmured, "what are these ideals, so evasive and yet so potent, which evermore flit athwart our pathway? What those strange faint murmurings, these restless voices which seem to speak to my soul?"

"It is the hum!" said her father, who had overheard her soliloquy. He was a Tory.

CHAP. II.

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, a tall, fair-complexioned young barrister, strolled carelessly along the main street of the village. "So," he soliloquized (if our characters did not have this convenient habit the labor of the novelist would be much more arduous)—"There is no condition so problematical that hope will not illumine by a fitful radiance the gloomful hour. But yesterday, and the proud daughter of yon bloated bond-holder, MULREUNAY, barely deigned a passing nod of condescension—but now her glance has a tenderness which augurs success to my suit. Even her haughty father bids me welcome to his mansion. To-night will I seek her presence and woo her with my most poignant conundrums I will ask her how to give a friend a good send-off, and when with the frankness of a perhaps too reticent nature, she gives it up, I will tell her to bid him bestride the kindly mule. The mule, by the way, is not a fur-bearing animal. Oh no. Much otherwise."

CHAP. III.

'Twas a scene of revelry. The mansion of the banker FERDINAND MULREUNAY, whose name indicates his patrician Norman blood, was brilliantly illumined, and a gay throng of knights (recently created in honor of the safe return of the Princess LOUISE) cavaliers, members of the U. E. Club, and reeves of the neighboring townships, were assembled within its walls. The wassail bowl went round with jest and song. Fairest among the fair was ELVINA, whose radiant cheek lighted with a flush that mantled to her peerless alabaster brow, as RANDOLPH CHURCHILL propounded the conundrum of the evening:

"Why are the people of Canada the humblest?"

"But," observed a personage commonly reputed to be the editor of the *Bystander*, "the question is based upon a historic fallacy. The people of Canada are not the humblest. Their condition is infinitely superior, for instance, to that of the Zulus or the Abyssinians or the Patagonians. In fact many other nations at various epochs of the world's history have presented in their manner of life and their acquaintance with those—"

"Oh, hire a hall!" impertinently observed Sir FREDERICK CLARENCE DE BILKINS, K. C. B., whose affectionate care of LOUISE's pet spaniel during her absence had procured his promotion to the ranks of the Canadian aristocracy.

The *Bystander* withered him with a glance of scorn.

"The answer is," said RANDOLPH, "because they have been *blest* by the *hum-hum-blest*, don't you see?" [Applause.]

At this stage of the proceedings our reporter left.

CHAP. IV.

A deep gloom settled down athwart the once joyous features of ELVINA MULREUNAY. Blithe and bloomsome girlhood, had gone, and the current of her young life was perturbed by an unknown woe.

"No," said her father, "thou shalt never be the bride of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."

"!!!?"

"Miserable girl, he is all unworthy of an alliance with our house and lot. He is the dupe of designing knaves—the propagator of a heresy which outrages the holiest sentiments of our common humanity. He is an advocate of the Rag Baby."

ELVINA fell fainting to the floor.

The demon of gold and greed had triumphed.

CHAP. V.

The following note was received by the author after sending in the foregoing chapters:

"Our space is limited—boil down—wind up your story.—ED. GRIP."

"Never," said ELVINA, "will I wed the insidious DE BILKINS. He has no soul—no aspirations towards the absolute. How true and yet how beautiful are the touching lines of the poet,

"No evanescence blooms beyond the mist
Which holds chief consciousness in potent awe,
Alike in sparkle of the amethyst
And deathless motives such as Nihil saw,
A recognition which perchance may claim
A boundless apt serenity of space,
Puissant frenzy sharing yet the blame
Which ill-esteemed besides in every case."

'Tis ever thus. And if, in the weary march of life a drooping spirit may be cheered to struggle on towards the goal—if the seeds of good may have been planted or the eye unsealed to greet with prophetic vision the harbinger of a bright future, the object of the writer will have been achieved.

Please send \$5 by the boy.

THE END.

Rural Rhymes.

NO. 3.—THE GIRL IN THE CALICO DRESS.

Oh! what to me are your jewels and silks,
If the girl is fair to view;
Let me look on her silken hair,
And her eyes of azure blue.
The simple tastes of the rustic maid,
In her springhood's loveliness,
Is the magnet that holds my heart in thrall,
To the girl in the calico dress.

I see our maidens parade the streets,
In a wealth of laces and flowers;
I see them in gossamer robes fit by
When music asserts her powers.
Such baubles will never assail my heart,
And willingly, I confess,
I would choose far simpler, calmer joys
With the girl in the calico dress.

How sweet when the evening shadows flit,
Among the trees by her rural cot,
To sit on the stoop with the girl you love,
In her charming polka dot.
Oh! the joy one feels at the whisper'd word,
Or the fond and warm caress,
As your arm encircles the polonaise,
Of the girl in the calico dress.

To see her fresh as the morning rose—
No praises her tongue can utter—
Milking the cows in the pasture near,
Or up to the wrists in butter.
And to hear her laugh with the boys at play,
I worship her none the less—
For a romp is better than doctor's drugs,
With the girl in the calico dress.

She has no piano to thump and grind—
She embroiders no fancy slippers,—
But she's hefty at cooking and churning cream,
And handling the delf and dippers.
Yet she trips the light fantastic toe,
Like a fairy I must confess—
Last year she was belle of the Granger's ball,
Was the girl in the calico dress.

Now if I was only a marrying man,
And was looking out for a mate
To cheer me along life's dreary way—
I soon would know my fate;
For I'd fly on the wings of love, or else
I'd take the lightning stage express,
For a private interview with the papa
Of the girl in the calico dress.

Beggars often present an imposing appearance.

When sun spots appear, "old sol" is only putting on his specs to get a better view of the earth.

Prof. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, talks of the immensity of space. But where is the immense city?



The Bystander Before the World.

Mr. GRIP has too much respect for the impersonality of journalism to reveal pictorially or otherwise who the *Bystander* is, but the above allegorical sketch will indicate plainly enough what the *role* of that distinguished individual is to be. He is revealed as the school-master abroad, and his mission is to teach the world all it ought to know. It is to be hoped the world will be an apt pupil, and fully appreciate the trouble the *Bystander* puts himself to in issuing month by month his invaluable lesson-sheets. If the year 1880 does not turn out to be happier than any of its predecessors, it will not be because the nations of the earth did not get full instructions as to their proper course of conduct.

Soft Money.

A tramp, on being asked his views on the "Rag Baby agitation," answered that the plan was useless unless the hearts of the people were softened at the same time.



Irish Sufferers.

Mr. GRIP respectfully begs to introduce this interesting family group,—a fair specimen of many more to be found in our city—to the notice of those benevolent people who are getting up the fund for the relief of the Irish sufferers. Mr. MCFINNIGAN and his household have a good claim to a portion of the help, for in the first place they are Irish sufferers, and in the next place, Charity commences at home. There can be no objection to our charitably disposed citizens contributing of their abundance to the relief of distress in distant parts of the world, if such assistance is really called for, but it seems

rather ironical benevolence to reach the hand of charity over the heads of the poor whom we have always with us, to feed the poor of another community. In the case of Ireland it is not clear that foreign assistance is as yet invoked; at all events that is the view expressed by the Catholic clergy of Montreal, who have issued a circular admonishing their people to govern themselves accordingly.



He Scents Treason.

Mr. GRIP hails with delight the formation of the Montreal Political Economy Club, for it promises to break up the monotony now reigning in public affairs, and furnish food for his pencil in the near future. If, as the *Globe* thinks, it is a veritable hot-bed of treason, so much the better. Nothing suits GRIP's fancy so well as flaying red-handed traitors. In the meantime we can discover nothing very portentous in the fact of a few good natured gentlemen meeting together to demolish choice dinners, and to make little speeches on Independence, Annexation or the N. P. The Rev Mr. BRAY appears to be the head and front of the organization, and we have every confidence that his cloth if nothing else will prevent him from sanctioning the wholesale assassinations which lay members may determine upon.



Military Law.

"A Private should not obey an illegal order of his Officer."—JUDGE DAVIS

Private BRIGGS finds some difficulty in the way of putting the above advice into practice. (He has been ordered to retire, but doubts the legality of the order).

The Distinguished Arrival.

We cordially greet Mr. EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY, who has arrived and registered at the World's Hotel, though we are sorry to observe that

his *valet* is that same seedy-looking individual who accompanied the late Mr. EIGHTEEN-SEVENTY-NINE. It is to be hoped that our distinguished guest will not be with us long before he will be able to furnish his *valet* with a new suit of clothes, and otherwise improve his appearance, or, better still, banish him altogether. So far as Canada is concerned, our Finance Minister will be only too happy to aid in the latter course. Mr. EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY arrives at a very interesting period of the world's history, as he may see by glancing at the pictures on the wall. All the nations are in a turmoil. England is being led into debt and dishonor by the scheming BRACONSFIELD; Ireland is indeed a land of ire, and the unhappy landlords are being rent in pieces; Germany struggles with the poisonous reptile of Socialism; the Russian bear has overturned the Nihilist hives and is in a peck of trouble with the bees; the French Republic is again tossed upon the stormy sea of internal strife, and the storm-cloud of Communism once more rises above the horizon; the Sick Man of Turkey is as sick as ever; in the United States the great fight of partyism waxes hot, and the ghost of CAESAR rises once more to frighten timid souls; and in Canada the ins and outs are at it hammer and tongs as in days of yore. Wherever the eye falls it meets scenes of strife and misery. Let us hope that Mr. EIGHTEEN-EIGHTY may have the pleasure of replacing all these grim pictures with scenes of peace and comfort before he leaves the World's Hotel.



The Coming Session.

The members are about to be called in once more, and it is to be hoped that each one of them will be furnished with a copy of the *Bystander* with a blue line around the paragraph referring to the prodigious waste of valuable time which usually marks the sessions of the House.

There will probably not be much improvement in this respect, however. Sir TILLEY will possibly occupy a couple of weeks in explaining the meaning of the word "boom"; then TUPPER will follow with a fortnight's speech on the iniquity of buying steel rails before they are needed; then the country expects a ten days' oration from BLAKE on the beauties of unstraightened circumstances; then MACKENZIE must occupy a month or so in sifting all the corrupt acts of the Administration during the recess, and of course we shall hear from Sir JOHN about the same length of time on the essential connection of potato bugs and Grigs. Meantime the country will scrape around and raise the necessary funds to pay our patriotic legislators their \$4 per day and mileage.



DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL AT THE WORLD'S HOTEL.
 "MR. 1880 AND VALET."



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Thanks.

Mr. GRIP wishes to convey his best thanks to the members of the paragraphic fraternity who so generously contributed to his ALMANAC—as well to those whose articles the editor was obliged to omit for want of space, as to those whose contributions appear. The ALMANAC is now abroad in the land, shedding its rays of humor, and receiving the kindest notices of press and public.

The greediest man in the world—The railroad hog.—*Modern Argo.*

He won her, she won him, and that makes them both one.—*Lampton.*

It's hard to fool castor oil—that is, its hard to take it in.—*Unknown Ex.*

No fair-minded man will find fault with the grab-bag.—*Boston Transcript.*

As the school boy's brain is bent so is the Latin verb declined.—*N. Y. News*

GRANT parses "Presidency" and "White House" as indeclinable nouns.—*N. Y. People.*

Crows are the worse behaved of birds because they carry on so.—*Denisonville Sentinel.*

A Texas man has been born without a brain. The jury box yawns for him.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Mrs. SPIKE says orchestras are immoral because so many base viol men belong to them.—*N. Y. People.*

"Time is money;" but it wouldn't seem so, judging from the way some people spend it.—*Ed. I. Torridale.*

"What struck you most in Italy?" a newly returned traveler is asked. "The sun," says he.—*New York Herald.*

Teacher—"Bob, what's the meaning of sweet-meats?" "Canned fruit put up for company."—*Pulaski Democrat.*

If it be true that circumstances form character, some persons have led very uneventful lives.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The youth who mustard enough courage to kiss his sweet heart is now suffering from a blister on his lip.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A young fellow who had a rich aunt to keep him in money, referred to her as his fine aunt cial backing.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The human skeleton consists of over 200 distinct bones, a regular bone anser for the medical student.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

What an object of pity that man is whose extreme sense of dignity won't allow him to have any fun in the world.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

A man named ICE is in the West Virginia prison. They do not allow him a fire for fear he will escape by thawing out.—*Oil City Derrick.*

If deaf persons can hear through their teeth, why cannot the blind be made to see through their eye teeth?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If some men were as thin as the assertions they make, they would have to be tied down to keep from blowing away.—*Heavy Weight Chrystal.*

The manner of the man who shrinks from responding to a sentiment offered at the festive board partakes of quail on toast.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The woman who sews patches on the seat of her boy's pants, is the real messenger of peace. She heels the breeches.—*Keokuk Gite City.*

"This is a high-handed outrage," as the boy remarked when he found that his mother had put the cookies on the upper shelf.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is stated that EDGAR A. POE was an inebriate. He even confesses in one of his poems to one sup on a midnight dreary.—*Marathon Independent.*

A few years' experience as editor of a country paper will "knock the stuffin' clean out" of a fellow's poetic imagination.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"How long shall girls be courted?" asks an English newspaper. Not later than 2 o'clock in the morning, we think, excepting when it rains.—*Elmira Free Press.*

The mercury is gradually sinking lower and lower, and the first thing we know it will be a candidate for governor of Kentucky.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Breeches of promise—those which your tailor for the last two weeks has been assuring you would certainly be finished by Saturday night.—*Sunday Voice.*

If a man is bald it is said to be conclusive evidence that he has been thoroughly married. A smooth head and a smooth life seldom go together.—*New York Herald.*

The only bulb that will keep all winter without being wrapped in sixteen old dresses and laid down cellar is that little fellow in the thermometer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If a man can't make both ends meet let him sit down on the end of a shaky barrel. When the head caves in the problem will be solved to his complete satisfaction.—*N. Y. People.*

A woman may be strictly temperate, yet when she is continually looking at the reflection of her back hair in the mirror, she raises the glass too often.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Another American girl is to marry a nobleman. Why is it that our girls refuse to support their own countrymen? There is a lack of patriotism somewhere.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A writer says that "the ballot is the only protection the American citizen is in need of," and yet the average American will keep right on carrying an umbrella when it rains.—*Rome Sentinel.*

We know of a benevolent man who is always sorry he didn't send a Thanksgiving barrel of flour to somebody, but he never thinks of Christmas until it has gone by.—*Elmira Free Press.*

"It is vulgar to pay more than \$50 for a Christmas present," says an exchange. Perhaps it is; but if any of our friends should break this rule on our account, we shall overlook the offense.—*Boston Post.*

"Idleness always envies industry," may be a truthful old adage, but we can distinctly remember the time that we could sit on the fence and watch our respected father and brother IKE hoe corn and not envy 'em a bit.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

There was a young man from Cabul,
Who tried to shake hands with a mule,
His neighbors took pains
To hunt up his remains,
And they wrote on his tombstone—Phool.
—*N. Y. People.*

EDISON makes light of a piece of paper. We suppose it is too late for suggestions, but if he is looking around for incandescent substances, it strikes us that still better results may be reached by using a section of a politician's nose.—*N. Y. People.*

Drunkenness causeth all crime; rum causeth drunkenness; sugar-cane maketh rum; niggers grow sugar-cane. Hang the Ethiopian! This is a chain of reasoning. The reasoning of the inquisition hath always consisted of chains.—*Puck.*

When you see a young man in gorgeous apparel walking about the streets with his arms in curves from his body like the wings of an over-heated turkey on a summer's day, it isn't because he is in pain. It is because he has been "abroad."—*Lovel Courier.*

Will science please stand up and tell us why a girl who freezes to death every time she has to sweep off the front steps, can ride fifteen miles in a sleigh with nothing around her but some other girl's brother's arm, without getting a blue nose?—*Meriden Recorder.*

'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark, 'tis sweet to hear the hum of bees and the merry laugh of childhood, but there is something about the sound of a man learning to play the cornet in the room next to yours that reminds you of an exhausted paragrapher trying to snatch a dead joke out of its coffin.—*Merry Andrews' Bazaar.*

In this season of benefit fairs and suppers, the church expects every man to do his duty. Monday it is a ham, Tuesday it is a chicken, Wednesday, it's a cake, and the plot begins to thicken; Thursday, it's an oyster supper, Friday, you must buy a ticket, Saturday, it's something else, and if you don't take it all in, well, it's because you're wicked.—*Stamford Advocate.*

It is astonishing, now that we come to think of it, how intoxicated a man can get on turkey and cranberry sauce sometimes.—*Pomeroy Democrat.* Yes, and we know a man who became so thoroughly drunk, merely by going down to post his books, that two policemen couldn't convince him that he wasn't a candidate for the Presidency.—*Oil City Derrick.*

One of them says: "So many poets die ere they are known." Too true, too true! When an editor discovers the quality of his verses he kills him on the spot without stopping to ascertain his name. The poet's father should take him around and introduce him to all the people in the country, and then it might be different. He would be known before he died.—*Norristown Herald.*

"This is a cold world"—especially in the winter time. But Prof. PROCTOR says it will not be as cold as the moon now is for 2,500,000,000 years yet. Some of us may be dead before that time arrives. The Washington monument may be finished inside of 2,500,000,000 years, but it is feared HANLAN and COURTNEY will still be wrangling over their forthcoming boat race.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Hum Amongst the Poets.

Whatever the real facts may be as to the present state of business, the Finance Minister may congratulate himself that at all events he has caused a hum amongst the poets, and Mr. GRIP has to suffer the consequences. This week he is favored with two effusions on the all absorbing topic, and as they are from opposite directions he deems it fair to give both bards a hearing. "FELIX FLASHES" comes from the Maritime Province of N. B. and singeth as follows:—

THE HUM.

How doth Sir LEONARD K. C. B.—
Improve each shining hour;
While "hum" bug Griis—the drones, you see,
Abuse upon him shower.

He flies about from hive to hive,
And notes the lively "hum";
While dronish mar-plums vainly strive
To prove it all bunc-hum.

The factories all employment give
For those who want to work;
So there is no excuse for drones,
Who labor like to shirk.

The Grit press seems to take delight—
In each Canadian town—
To prove us bankrupts to the world,
And cry our credit down.

But such we know is not the case,
And dare them to the proof;
When asked to meet us face to face
They always stand aloof.

The tariff is an ogre grim
Which tariffs the Grits,
They can't see it's u-tiley-ty,
And therefore "give it fits."

The times may be a little hard,
And trade not over brisk;
A darkening cloud may now obscure
The noonday sun's bright disc.

But be assured to every cloud
There's a silver lining,
And though its face is now obscured
Twill soon be brightly shining.

Don't mind these foul ill-omened birds
Who croak of "ruin blue";
Stand firm—do right—be just—work hard,
And we will yet pull through.

The next comes from the west, and is pitched in quite a different key, to wit:

How cruel fraud;—inflating public sense,
With stones for bread, prolonging keen suspense,
How strange, 'mong mortals that there should be some
Content to grind that flimsy thing called "Hum."

"Where is it?" asks the working class, who wait,
All patience, for their wage to rise in rate,
While consolation only comes to some
In faintest echoes, singing, "Hum, sweet Hum."

Untutored classes are, by this strange test
Confused, 'mong wildest fancies, and perplexed,
Their faculties, by sophistry made numb,
To know the meaning of this strange word "Hum."

And men of letters wonder—well they may,
By WEBSTER guided, and in reason say,—
"Why label noise, that cannot e'er be dumb,
The symbol sure, of true commercial "Hum."

Do bees not, when disturbed, in hum rebel—
'Mong broken quiet, leave their work and call?
Then may not men with spirits sad and glum,
Be sinking, mid excitement's boasted "Hum."

And what if scanty stores alarm the hive,
Doth it not hum, its loss of hope to thrive?
Then may the humming making mortals grum,
Be wide apart from bustling, healthful "Hum."

But doubts are hidden 'neath the party cry,
Which to conceal, the crafty pen must ply
In cooked reports, for false and true must come
Within the Royal Speech the word called "Hum."

'Tis then, if not before that day, we trow
The country cheated will be made to know
From conquered sophistry, in truth may come
Through other hands, to all the land a "Hum."

When a man gives another a chew of tobacco for a pinch of snuff he is only giving him a *quid pro quo*.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on THURSDAY, the TWENTY SECOND day of JANUARY next, for the following supplies, viz:—

Grey Military Flannel, 30 inches wide, 5/2oz. to the yard.....	3,000 yds.
Brown Duck, 12 oz.....	2,500 "
Woollen Undershirts, full fashioned, (double breasted).....	750 "
Woollen Drawers, full fashioned, (double seated by extra thread of yarn).....	750 pairs.
Woollen Socks, long legs.....	1,500 "
" " Stockings, long legs.....	750 "
" " Mitts, long wrists.....	500 "
Blue Artillery Cloth, (shrunk) 54 inches wide.....	1,200 yards.
Scarlet Serge, (shrunk) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
Scarlet Cloth (shrunk) 54 inches wide.....	600 "
White Serge lining, 35 inches wide.....	500 "
Yellow Overall Lace, 2 inches wide.....	2,000 "
Yellow Russian Braid.....	2,000 "
Helmets with spikes & chinstraps complete	300 "
Forage Caps.....	400 "
Buffalo Coats made from No. 1 Summer robes.....	150 "
Waterproof Sheets, 4 ft. by 6 ft.....	200 "
Moccasins, all loose, large sizes, 6 inches high in leg.....	500 pairs.
Kit Bags.....	100 "
Mosquito bars.....	400 "
Gaunetelets, Buckskin, unlined.....	350 pairs.
" " Teamsters, Deer skin, unlined.....	100 "
Blankets, 10 lbs.....	300 "
Towels, large, linen.....	300 "
" " small.....	500 "
Nose Bags.....	300 "
Curry Combs, Web handles.....	300 "

MATERIAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS.
Grained Leather, 18 to 22 feet each side.... 280 sides.
No. 1 Canadian Kip Skins, 10 to 12 lbs. each 7,400 lbs.
No. 1 Spanish Sole Leather, 18 to 24 lbs. per side..... 3,350 "
No. 1 Slaughter Sole, for heel stiffeners, 15 to 18 lbs. per side..... 150 "
No. 1 Russet Sheep Skins, for linings..... 17 doz.
The skins must be neatly trimmed, have a good spread and be free from holes.
Patterns of all Articles, except Leather, may be seen at the Department.
The Flannel, Brown Duck, Leather, Red and Blue Cloth, Red and White Serge, and Yellow Lace and Braid, to be delivered at the Penitentiary, Kingston, within six weeks of acceptance of contract.

The other Articles to be delivered at Ottawa, not later than 1st April.

Every article will be subject to examination and rejection if not fully equal to sample.

Freight charges from places of shipment to Kingston or Ottawa, as the case may be, to be paid by the Contractor.

Any Customs duties payable on the above supplies to be paid by the Contractor.

Printed forms of tender may be had on application to the undersigned.

Samples to accompany tenders
Tenders may be for the whole or any of the above Articles.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
Payment for these supplies will be made on the 3rd July next.

No payment will be made to Newspapers inserting the above advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

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

FRED WHITE,
Chief Clerk,
OTTAWA, Dec. 22nd, 1879. xiv-7-3t.

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. xiii-22-1y

A GOOD PLAN. Combining and operating many orders in one vast sum 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., 55 Exchange Place, New York. xiii-22-12t

"TYPES OF MANKIND."—Printer's types.

Proverb in Paris:—"WORTH makes the woman."—*Ex.* And often unmakes the man who foots the bills.

Pyctures of Society.

No. 3.—YE YOUNG POLITICIAN.

BY ASPER.

Ye young Polytician if possible knows more than ye old one, but as a rule strange to relate he follows on whatsoever side of Polytics his father doth happen to favour, although he always doth aver that ye old man doth not influence his ideas one jot or tittle. He doth attend meetings of ye electors, at which he oftimes makes himself conspicuous by his remarks on ye opinions of ye speakers, and ye interruptions thereof with ye noise of stickes on ye floor, and other means by which he doth manifest his disapproval of ye sentiments of ye orators.

He is puffed up with vanity, and doth entertain a most high opinion of himself and his abilities. He doth generally have one man in polytics whom he professeth to honour above all others, and he will swear with great oaths that that man is always right in whatsoever he doeth. Sometimes indeed on being argued with he finds that he hath not the means of answering his opponent and then he doth close the controversy by averring that what the other man saith, "is alle rotte."

In this manner he doth dispose of his antagonist, and doth gain the admiration of all beholders. At ye elections he doth go forth with canvassing-book in hand, and if perchance ye section that he importuneth in, doth give to his candidate a majority of votes, he doth vauntingly and boastfully claim ye whole credit for himself, and doth assert that it was he who carried ye warde.

After ye elections are over he doth as a rule imbibe freely of sack and other wines, and doth loudly praise his own side and abuse ye other in round terms.

He doth longingly look forward to ye time when he shall be returned as a member of ye Parliament of ye King, and doth give his fellows to understand what great measures he would inaugurate were he there. But alas! such is the fallacy of human hopes and wishes, that ofttimes he doth sink down to ye level of what is called a Ward Polytician, and even sometimes falleth so low as to become an alderman.

Conversational Brilliancy of New Year's Calls.

FITZ AUGUSTUS, entering first drawing-room: Compliments of the season, Miss BLANCHE—aw, thanks! Had many calls? This is my thirty-fifth—been at it all day. Had many Christmas cards this year? I sent a couple of hundred, by Jove! They walk off with a tremendous lot of money, don't they? Thanks, no! No coffee—thanks so very much! Good-bye, Miss BLANCHE!

Ditto, entering second drawing-room: Thanks, Mrs. MACFLITHERS! The same to you, I'm sure. What a very charming selection of Christmas cards one had to choose from, this year. Did you send many? Think I must have sent a couple of hundred, by Jove! Had many calls to-day? This is my thirty-sixth, I believe. Thanks, no coffee,—very fond of it, but it affects my nerves, you know. Good-bye!

Ditto, entering third drawing-room: Compliments of the season, Miss CARRIE! Compliments of the season, Miss NELLIE! Compliments of the season, Miss KATE. You've had any number of Christmas cards this season, I suppose? Very pretty, this season, are they not? I sent a tremendous number this season, myself. Had many calls? This is my thirty-seventh—pretty fair day's work, don't you think so? Thanks, no!—must deny myself, though so awfully fond of it! Good-bye! Good-bye!

24 May 79
88 King St East

THE STANDARD ALES, PORTER & LAGER are brewed by T. Davies & Co.

VOL. THE FOURTEENTH, No. 7.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 3RD JANUARY, 1880.



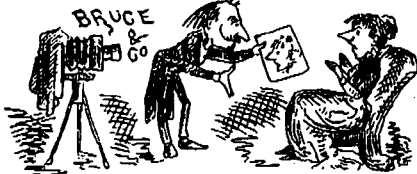
A HUM, FOR SURE!

SIR DICKEY.—Yes, of course you hear a "hum;"—that arises from a want of honey in the hives, though.



WHO'S THE BEST MAN FOR MAYOR?

O! want some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!



J. BRUCE & CO.

HAVE THE POWER TO BESTOW THAT GIFT

AT 118 KING STREET WEST.

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Compend of Phonography	5 cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5
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Ten Fables and Other Tales, cor. style	20
That Which Money cannot Buy, etc. cor. style	20
Being and Seening, Aly 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.

Sir. Tilley's Triumphal March.

CHORUS OF MANUFACTURERS.

See the Finance hero comes,
Looking for the N. P. hums;
Let us drain a welcome cup,
For our trade is looking up;
Let us feast him—laud his name,
Hero bold of N. P. fame,
Now depression's cloud is rent,
Workmen happy and content!

CHORUS OF TORY FARMERS.

See the statesman proud advance,
Let our youths and maidens dance,
Let us tell of grain rics full,
Prices $\frac{1}{2}$ on wheat and wool;
Though we could not help a frown,
When MACKENZIE kept us down,
Now we welcome him with glee,
Hero of the great N. P.!

GRAND CHORUS OF WORKINGMEN.

See the Finance humbug comes,
With his N. P. booms and hums,
We will let him plainly know
Food is up, and wages low;
Tea and sugar, clothes and such,
Almost now beyond our reach,
Let him know his fate in store;
No N. P. deceives us more.

Our funny Contributor informs us that on Christmas day he was in receipt of numerous valuable presents of stationery, etc. These gifts consisted of a large and varied assortment of wrapping paper sent by young lady friends with requests to send them copies of GRIP for 1880 containing his (our Contributor's) jokes. Our Contributor adds that the only Christmas cards he was in receipt of were postal cards from his creditors, requesting immediate payment.

MARY ANDERSON is doing the biggest business ever known on the Kansas and Missouri Circuit. At Kansas City hundreds were turned away.

SELLIVAN has received very handsome offers from Mapleson and Carl Rosa for an original opera. Perhaps he does not see the beauty of the "offer."



S. R. QUIGLEY,

ENGRAVER & JEWELLER,

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Will be ready in good time for the occasion.

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Have Removed to more Commodious Premises,

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