

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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" 3.	" 7, 9, 17, 20, 21, 23.
" 4.	" 2, 4, 5, 6.
" 5.	" 3, 7, 17, 19, 21, 26.
" 6.	" 6, 7, 9, 13, 25.
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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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Literature and Art.

MAX MARETZEK is of opinion that the day of Italian opera in America is over. After giving his reasons for this opinion he adds: "All this will lead to American opera, with American artists. The time is at hand when we will have American opera in America, German opera in Germany, and Italian in Italy, and so on. Why should we not have American opera? Have we no talent? The best proof that can be shown is that the best artists in Europe are Americans. There is an immense amount of dormant talent in America besides, which is only waiting for a change to be brought out."

The Danish poet GRUNDTVIG, in Mr. Gosse's opinion, is of foreign writers the one most near CARLYLE in temperament. He saw him in July, 1872, when he was the oldest poet then alive in Europe, and he seemed the oldest man he had ever looked upon. For one of ninety he could not be called infirm. He looked like a troll from some cave in Norway, and as if he might have been centuries old. Seen in the pulpit, for the poet was a preacher, too, he looked like some forgotten Druid that had survived from Mona, and could not die. The next day he took to his bed, "and in a month the grand old man was dead." Like CARLYLE's genius, his was destructive. Throughout his long life he gloried in opposing himself to conventional forms and conventional aspirations. In the mere act of fighting he found exhilaration.—*Ex.*

MARK TWAIN is writing a new book, and here is what he said about it to a *World* correspondent:

"It is a gossip volume of travel, and will be similar to the 'Innocents Abroad' in size, and similarly illustrated. I shall draw some of the pictures for it myself. However, that need not frighten anybody, for I shall draw only a few. I think the book will not be finished in time for the summer season, but will appear in the fall. I call it a gossip volume, and that is what it is. It talks about anything and everything, and always drops a subject the moment my interest in it begins to slacken. It is as discursive as a conversation; it has no more restraints or limitations than a fireside talk has. I have been drifting around on an idle, easy-going tramp—so to speak—for a year, stopping when I pleased, moving on when I got ready. My book has caught the complexion of the trip. In a word, it is a book written by one loafer for a brother loafer to read."

There is quite a rage in London for decorating rooms for receiving visits, like the studio of a painter. Velvets, stuffs, and silks of the last century, old tapestry, etc., are worth their weight in silver, and have become quite fashionable; it is found that dark dresses look well and gain brilliancy, or stand out well, as I believe artists say, on the ground of the rooms thus adorned. The rich faded old draperies and stuffs are adroitly hung over sofas, screens, pianos, and adapted to the walls; old china, vases, and everything in the way of what we call bibelots, or nick-nacks, are quite prominent features in the reception rooms. Pianos are now no longer placed against the wall, but turned into a corner, draped with old HENRI II. embroidered velvet, or LOUIS XV. silk, held up by a Japanese or China vase, and the person seated at the instrument faces the public. As this fashion has been gradually increasing for the last ten years, France, Italy and Spain have been ransacked of these old textures, and now the Lyons and Paris manufacturers are all composing imitations of old stuffs.

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

Conducted by J. G. HOLLAND.

The Handsomest Illustrated Magazine in the World.

The American edition of this periodical is

More than 70,000 Monthly,

And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"HAWORTH'S" by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass of Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

"FALCONBERG," by H. H. Boyeson, author of "Gunnar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-45, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mosty illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the rarest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyeson, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on *How Shall We Spell* (two papers by Prof. LOUSSIERY), *The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places* (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), *Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archaeology, Modern Inventors*; also *Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems*; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of *New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements*; *Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.*; *Book Reviews*; fresh bits of *Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.*

Terms, 4.00 a year in advance; 35 cents a number.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 & 745 Broadway, New-York.

Subscriptions received at GRIP Office.

Stage Whispers.

MODJESKA sailed for Europe May 24. A ticket for twelve nights of opera in 'Frisco costs \$60.

ADELAIDE NELSON appears at Booth's, New York, Oct. 6.

LOTTA is said to be 32. Those who haven't seen her believe it.

PATTI and NICOLINI open in Brussels the 29th for a short period.

WILHELM, the violinist, played in Buffalo on Friday of last week.

Mr. N. C. GOODWIN can imitate a dozen familiar actors to the life.

Miss MARY ANDERSON is said to have cleared \$85,000 this season.

Mrs. D. P. BOWENS is domiciled at her home in Manchester-by-the-Sea for the summer.

BYRON's new play, *The Girls*, successor to *Our Boys*, has been bought by LESTER WALLACK.

FRANZ RUMMEL, the pianist, returns to Europe towards the close of the current month.

FLORENCE DAVENPORT has gone with her sister FANNY to California. FLORENCE does not act.

The juvenile *Pinafore* company has made a great success at WALLACK'S, New York, and the engagement is likely to be prolonged.

MARY ANDERSON desires it to be distinctly understood that she has "shook" all her former pieces, and deals in nothing but t-r-a-g-e-d-y!

Miss ADELAIDE NELSON feels able to play only four nights a week in the part of "Julia" in *The Hunchback*, at the London Adelphi Theatre.

LOUISE POMEROY denies the report that her company had disbanded. She has assumed the entire management, and reports business in the South very satisfactory.

HENRY RUSSELL, the singer of the "Life on the Ocean Wave," the "Maniac," the "Ship on Fire," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and other songs universally popular upwards of thirty years ago, is still alive and hearty, and appeared on the stage of the Haymarket on the occasion of Mr. LAMAN BLANCHARD'S benefit.

LEVY, the cornetist, received a great welcome in Montreal, the serenade given to him, at his hotel, ending in a perfect ovation, fully 5,000 people having assembled to do honor to the occasion. After repeated calls for LEVY! LEVY! he appeared at one of the windows of the hotel, and was met by a perfect shower of long and enthusiastic applause.

The play of *Diplomacy* has not proved fortunate to professionals on this side of the Atlantic. First, MONTAGUE died; then GRANGER fell sick; then GEORGIE DREW BARRYMORE'S ill-health caused her retirement; and finally its stage-manager, B. C. POTTER, was assassinated, and the leading actor, BARRYMORE, dangerously wounded. The London *Figaro* says: "It is to be hoped that the English Ambassador will keep a keen watch over the case. Mr. MAURICE BARRYMORE, whose wounds were expected to prove fatal, is an English gentleman and a graduate of Cambridge, where, until he—on his marriage with the daughter of Mrs. JOHN DREW, of Philadelphia—adopted the profession of the stage, acted as a tutor.

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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.

Titles.

Full low each stoops to rise a K. M. G.
And strut in light reflected from a Crown:
The beaten leaders prouder stand to-day
Untitled men—MACKENZIE, BLAKE and BROWN.

Our New Knights.

The blue blood has been coursing wildly through the veins of our native aristocracy ever since the creation, on the 24th inst. of the fresh batch of Canadian Knights, and ever the plebeian order of society have been considerably excited at the event. It is not so much the impressive character of the ceremony itself, nor the peculiarly hole and corner manner in which it was performed, which has caused this universal sensation, as the announcement that the honor was conferred on account of CONSPICUOUS MERIT in the recipient. Millions of GRIP's esteemed fellow-citizens (who don't keep themselves posted on contemporary history) are utterly at a loss to know what conspicuously meritorious things have ever been done by Messrs. TILLEY, CAMPBELL, TUPPER, HOWLAND or CARTWRIGHT, and so Mr. GRIP, as in duty bound, will briefly give them the desired information.

Sir SAMUEL L. TILLEY.—This gentleman receives the honor for conspicuous merit as a teetotaler, in the midst of a perverse and wine-drinking Cabinet; also, as a Financier, he having by one masterly stroke of Policy put an end to the depression, and restored prosperity to the languishing industries of Canada, and all this "without any increase, but only a readjustment of the tariff;" also, for distinguished favors to JOHN BULL in connection with said tariff.

Sir ALEX. CAMPBELL.—This statesman is decorated for distinguished services during many campaigns; especially for the masterly manner in which he thwarted the Kingston Grits in their attempts to unseat the Right Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, by making himself scarce when called on to give evidence.

Sir CHARLES TUPPER.—This gentleman has exhibited conspicuous merit as a refined, moderate, reliable and long-winded stump-speaker; also, as a subject for *Globe* editorials; also, a friend of Nova Scotia, in bringing that Province into Confederation, and afterwards advocating a duty on flour, etc.; also, for understanding the medical art, but refraining from practicing it.

Sir WM. P. HOWLAND.—This gentleman receives the honor of Knighthood for con-

spicuous merit in minding his own business, and never making any stir whatever in public life; also, for being the father of such a jolly, bright and useful member of society as Mr. WILLIAM H.

Sir RICHARD J. CARTWRIGHT.—This gentleman is knighted for conspicuous merit as a fly on the wheel; also for distinguished tenderness and moderation towards his political opponents; also, for his gallant though unsuccessful attempts to prevent TILLEY from "perpetrating his policy of plunder"—(for doing which Her Majesty has been pleased to knight the said TILLEY).

Model Speech by Hon. Chris. F. Frazer.

Gentlemen and Co-religionists:

I am anxious to go back again to my snug place in the Local House, and I call upon you to give me your votes to that end. Far be it from me to appeal to your religious prejudices; I do not ask you to support me because I belong to the same church as you do. No; gentlemen, not at all. To ask you to do so would simply be to insult you, for it would be the same as intimating that possibly you would vote against me. Now, gentlemen, I need hardly say that for any of my co-religionists to vote against me is out of the question. Remember, I do not ask you to vote for me on co-religionist grounds; I take it for granted you will know enough to do so without being asked. Again, I strongly protest against appeals for support being made on the ground of nationality. You are all Scotchmen; I am a Scotchman; and I may just state that I firmly believe there are no people on earth like the Scotch. Yet, do I ask you to support me because I am your fellow-countryman? Never! gentlemen, never!—that is, hardly ever. I am aware the Tories make sectional, national and sectarian appeals to the people. But we never do so! At least I don't. I am not doing so on this occasion. I ask you to particularly notice that I am not doing so. You all know me; I feel it unnecessary to formally ask you to pledge me your support, for the very fact that I am of the same race and religion as yourselves should be sufficient to secure my triumphant return!

The Art Society.

Mr. GRIP took a quiet and contemplative stroll the other day through the spacious galleries of the Ontario Society of Artists, and is delighted to pronounce the exhibition of this year a grand success. The walls are fully covered in the three departments, of oil, water and pencil work, and excellent indeed are most of the performances. But the reader must see it for himself, no description can do the exhibition justice. A striking new feature is the display of work by pupils of the Art School, and nothing could more eloquently sing the praises of Mrs. SCHREIBER, Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. MATTHEWS, Mr. PERRE, Mr. FRASER, and the other genial and enthusiastic teachers, than these pencil drawings, which show the wonderful progress of the students. The future of art in Canada is bright if the public will do its duty in upholding the good work now going on.

As a devotee of art in its best and purest forms, GRIP deems it his duty to call attention to the performances of the Swedish Ladies' Quartette, to be given at the Royal on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week. Nothing more charming in the musical line is likely to be enjoyed in this city for many a day, and no lover of music will willingly miss the treat. A matinee will be given on Wednesday afternoon.

The "Economy" Catechism.

As illustrated by the precept and practice of various Canadian Governments.

By ZEDEKIAH TIMBETOP.

Question.—What is Economy?

Answer.—In precept, it is an exceedingly useful subject for talk at Picnics, Political Dinners, etc, and is much valued by both political parties.

In practice, it is a lost art.

Q.—Do all political parties agree as to what constitutes economy?

A.—No, it depends upon whether they are "ins" or "outs" how they look at it.

Q.—Define Economy as understood by a party in power.

A.—Economy, as understood by a party in power, is: However much they may have accused their predecessors of extravagance, nevertheless to continue the expenditure as they found it, and even increase it in order to provide for the "faithful," and should any unpleasant questions be asked, declare emphatically that the additional expenditure is unavoidable, owing to obligations incurred by your predecessors which you have now to fulfil.

Q.—Define Economy as understood by a party in Opposition.

A.—Economy, as understood by a party in Opposition, is: Under all circumstances to assert and maintain, that the expenditure of the Government is outrageous and extravagant.

Q.—How many kinds of Economy are there?

A.—There are a good many kinds, but only three that are very prominent, viz: "Economy," "Partial Economy" and "Rigid Economy."

Q.—What do you understand by "Economy?"

A.—"Economy" is really reducing public expenditure, and curtailing the expenses of government. (N.B.—This sort is very much out of date now-a-days).

Q.—What is "partial economy?"

A.—"Partial economy," is making a "readjustment" among the staff of several departments, and cutting off the heads of a few officials drawing small salaries, so as to show an apparent decrease, and afterwards making things sweet for everybody through contingences.

Q.—What is a "rigid economy?"

A.—"A rigid economy" is practiced by making a sweeping reduction in the number of officials (being careful always to cut off the heads of your political opponents), and, by-and-bye, quietly fill up their places by giving them to friends of your own party, taking advantage of the occasion to pitchfork a few extra "standard bearers" into nice soft berths when you are about it.

Q.—Which of these kinds of economy is most in favor with politicians?

A.—The latter, because the expression "rigid economy" sounds well on the hustings, though somehow the candidates always forget to explain how it works.

Q.—Is not this costly to the people, and should it not be altered?

A.—Yes, it is costly, but it won't be altered until the Civil Service is made permanent, offices being filled by promotion; all new offices being filled from its ranks.

Q.—Why, then, should this not be done?

A.—Because the bulk of the voters do not appear to understand the full extent of their interest in the question, and the wire-pullers and party hacks, on both sides (who all hope some day to be office-holders themselves) won't be in a hurry to enlighten them.

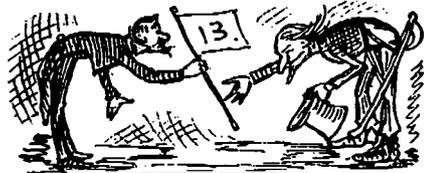
The Great Review at Montreal.
(By our Special Artist.)



DEPARTURE OF THE GALLANT QUEEN'S OWN.



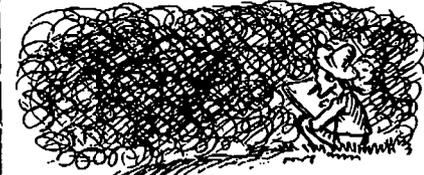
UNCLE SAM SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.



THE MAYOR OF MONTREAL PRESENTS A BEAUTIFUL FLAG TO THE 13TH BROOKLYN.



OUR ARTIST MAKING A SKETCH OF THE REVIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN.



THE SHAM FIGHT AS SEEN FROM THE SAME POINT.



THE QUEEN'S OWN BEARING OFF THE PALM.

A Flea for the Toronto Lawyer.

The Local Legislature of Ontario is composed of sturdy yeomen and Toronto lawyers, and the people outside seem to have got it into their heads that the latter predominate to an uncalled for extent. Just now there is quite an outcry in some of the constituencies against the great evil of Toronto lawyerism, and in one case at least, it has resulted in a split in the ministerial ranks—Mr. CROOKS being opposed by another Reformer on this ground. Now, GRIP seizes this opportunity to put in a word for the gentlemen of the long robe. Lawyers have for a long time—in fact from a period “to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary” as old BLACKSTONE would say—been made the victims of the general abuse of the world, and the very fact that they still live and retain a reputation for good nature proves beyond doubt that, as a class, they are decidedly superior to the common herd. Toronto lawyers especially have been maligned, and perhaps there are no members of the profession in the wide world who represent its virtues better than do these very men. It need not be pointed out that Toronto's lawyers have made their city what it is. Everybody knows that Toronto is perhaps the most law-abiding place of its size in America. And why is this? Perhaps you think it is because our dangerous classes have a wholesome fear of our Police force? Well, so they have, and very justly—but falling into the hands of a Toronto peeler is as nothing compared with falling into the clutches of our lawyers, and the people know it. Go to the police court any morning, and keep your eye on the unfortunate prisoner as he is pushed into the pen. To be sure he casts an uneasy look upon the Magistrate, and an abashed glance at the Bobby on the witness stand, but mark the startled expression in his features as his eye falls upon the array of lawyers sitting at the table before him! It is not hard to tell who he most dreads! Why is it that many of our merchants refrain from failing? Do they fear the police? No. Is it because they do not wish to encourage the Assignees? No, it is because they, too, have the fear of our lawyers before their eyes. Again, it will be admitted that Toronto is a great boon to the Province in general, furnishing a market for produce, and providing the people with many blessings—including illustrated humorous papers,—and would it be fair to this city to put upon her the burthen of supporting her lawyers without assistance? Recollect that Toronto's bar is well nigh innumerable, and not a few of the juniors have no visible means of support. To deplete the ranks by putting a few scores into the Local House, and thus giving the others a slight chance for a few weeks each year, is at once benevolent and reasonable, and we feel sure our friends in the country will think so too, when they give this matter their sober consideration. Many more arguments, even stronger than the foregoing, might be made on behalf of our clients, but space forbids at present.

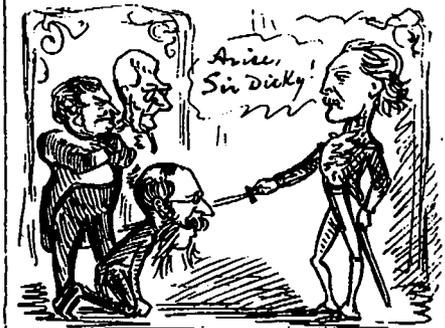
The refined, edifying and amusing six-days pedestrian match is over. WALKER has proved his right to his patronymic by taking the first money, and “poor old man” NELSON has been rewarded with the second purse. They can now sit down, and spend the remainder of their days getting their feet restored to their normal condition, and the crowd in the Rink may retire. Of course there will be no more of this cruelty, as the question of the extent of human endurance, which was the grand moral question to be decided by the race, has now been settled.



SPECIMENS OF THE KILLED. SPECIMENS OF THE KILLERS.



GRAND INTERNATIONAL FEAST OF REASON AND FLOW OF HIGH FALUTIN'.

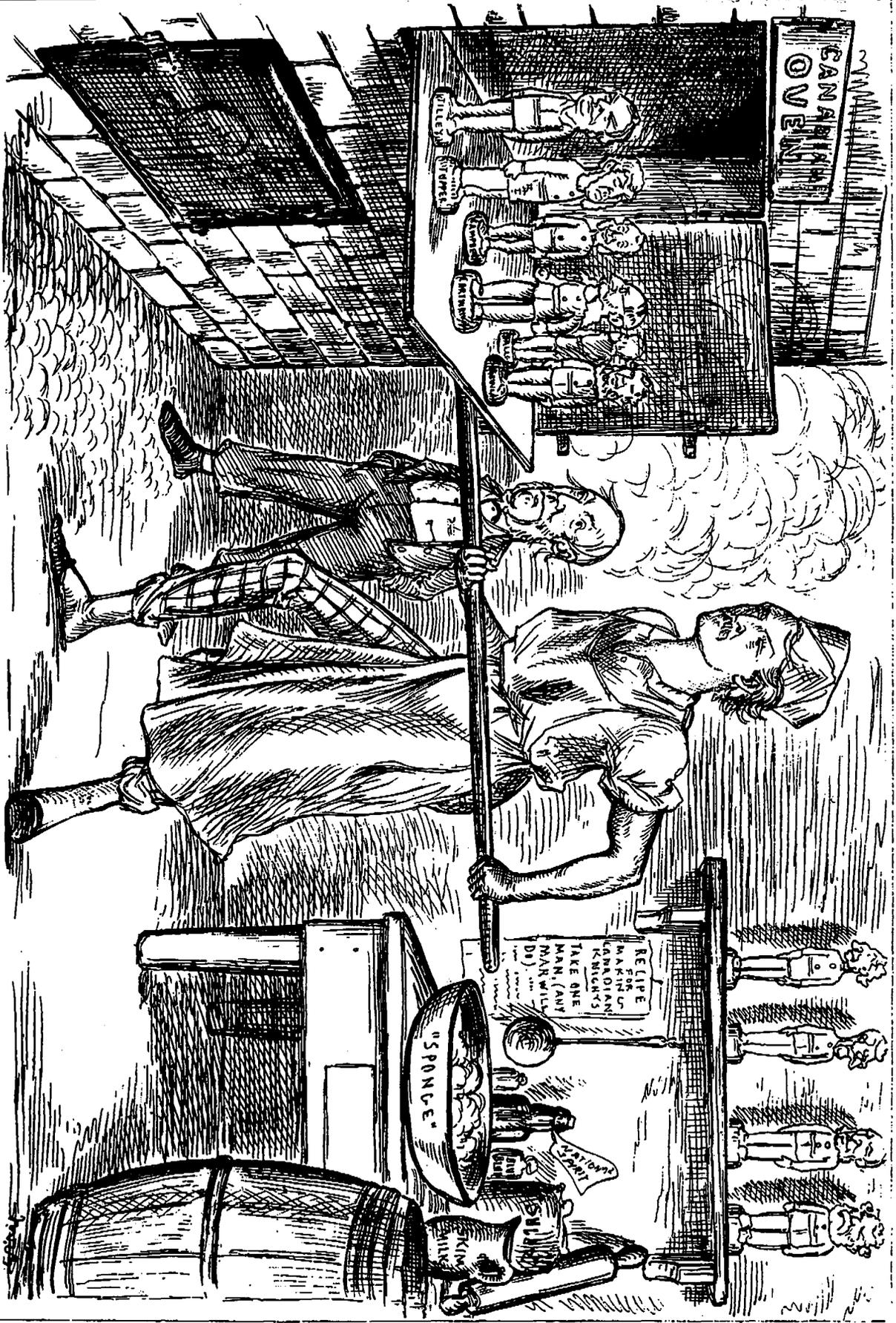


INTERESTING CEREMONY AT THE WINDSOR HOTEL.



THE ONLY NIGHT-HOOD G. B. WANTS.

THE London *Herald* calls the 24th the “birthday of Her Royal Highness.” And still the *Herald* is one of the most reliable of organs, and almost too loyal for anything.



A FRESH BATCH OF GINGER-BREAD KNIGHTS.

ADAPTED FROM GILRAY'S CELEBRATED PICTURE.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The early passenger catches the train.—*Ex.*

A suitable dowry for a widow is a widower.—*N. Y. Star.*

"What is truth?" inquires an editor. It's hard to tell.—*Toledo Commercial.*

A bird on the bonnet is worth two in a milliner's show-case.—*Syracuse Times.*

Saucisssenkartoffelbruchsauerkrautkranzwurst is a favorite German dish.—*Exchange.*

The most treacherous memory in the world belongs to the young man with a new watch.—*Meriden Recorder.*

It is the quality of the music that makes it necessary to chain the monkey to the hand-organ.—*Uncle Sam.*

Buttercups are plentiful on the outskirts of the town.—*Norristown Herald.* Remnants of broken *Pinafore* companies?

A San Antonio mocking-bird whistles for help so naturally that policemen run and hide themselves on a quiet beat.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A book just published is entitled "Sayings and Doings of Great Men." We noticed that the "Sayings" have a large majority.—*Utica Observer.*

The boy who had to be driven to the bath tub last winter, now bathes for hours at a time in the canals and rivers.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"What a delightful fellow that Edward is—so jolly—his pocket-book always open." "N—Yes; to anyone that wants to put anything in it."—*Ex.*

It is one of the physiological mysteries why a boy's hands will blister so much quicker on a hoe-handle than they will on a base ball bat.—*Steubenville Herald.*

It is always the big fellows who get to the front in the crowd. Look at the strawberry box for instance; the little ones are always at the bottom.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

The flea, says the *Boston Transcript*, is the politician of the insect world. He is ever itching for place, creates no end of disturbance, and you never know where to find him.

The human skeleton consists of more than 200 distinct bones. So when a man says every bone in his body aches, you may know he is the landed proprietor of 200 achers.—*Bulletin.*

When SILA(T)R(E)SPE(A)R(E) wrote, "What's in a name?" he was probably thinking of the time when his own name wouldn't be spelled alike by any two people in the world.—*Hawkeye.*

KIND OLD LADY—"Here, you bad boy, stop dragging your little brother along like that: you may kill him!" BAD BOY—"Gar! Don't care; got another in the house."—*Uncle Sam.*

Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his marble head, and he's mad in a minute. Language is a slippery thing to fool with much.—*Boston Post.*

At St. Anne's Sabbath School in Lowell, in answer to the question, "Which is the greatest church festival?" a little orphan of 6 years promptly responded, "The strawberry festival."—*Lowell Courier.*

Papers with patent intestines are just coming out bright and fresh with the newsy statement that a "prize-fight between DWYER and ELLIOTT to take place in Canada is talked of."—*O. C. Derrick.*

It is said that Mr. HENDERSON, husband of LYDIA THOMPSON, has retired with a fortune of half a million. So, perhaps, it is about time for him to get a divorce and let some other fellow get rich.—*Jersey City Journal.*

Eighteen young ladies play base ball in New York. Hope they are good catches. Archery is to be fashionable among the ladies, and very properly; every young lady should know how to manage her beau.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Mrs. PARVENUE wanted to make a collection of antiquities, and when a connoisseur told her she should have something as a nucleus, she said no; if she could not get an old cleus she wouldn't have any.—*Steubenville Herald.*

MARK GREY, who attempted to assassinate EDWIN BOOTH, may be insane, but investigation fails to show that he was ever crazy enough to hang hideous blue dishes on his wall on the plea of having an æsthetic taste.—*Norristown Herald.*

A repeater tried to vote a dead man in San Francisco, and a little Irishman objected. "On what ground?" said the judge. "Because," said PAT, "the man died in the Fourth Ward, and ye are after voting him in the Third."—*Boston Courier.*

If a country editor's purse was as long as the time his delinquent subscribers take to pay for their paper, and as well filled as his imagination, what a mine of wealth he could command! And if—but let's leave the painful subject.—*Hack. Republican.*

A hairpin is a very useful thing to a woman. It serves the purpose of a toothpick, buttonhook, and hair-fastener, but all this is no excuse for having one in your vest pocket, when your wife don't know where it comes from.—*Binghamton Republican.*

Now is the season of the year when the man who sees the sign "Fresh paint," will walk up to the door, leave the marks of his dirty fingers on it, and go away muttering to himself, "That's so." This proves that he is just about as fresh as the paint is.—*Ex.*

A railroad traveller who had "five minutes for refreshments," undertook to call for a plate of "Saucisssenkartoffelbruchsauerkrautkranzwurst," and the train was at the next station, twenty miles distant, before he had the dish half named.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Have you heard the news, my dear?"

"No, what?"

"DIANA and FLORENCE have made up."

"No; have they, though?"

"Yes; each frankly admitted that the other was wrong, and perhaps she was too, and now they are the best enemies in the world."—*Ex.*

Such is the formidable antagonism of the sexes that a chance to give a Roland for an Oliver is never lost. "Don't you think that a good likeness of me?" said a pretty wife to her small fraction of herself called her husband: "Very good." was the reply, "except that there is a little too much repose about the mouth."—*Hack. Republican.*

Let us whisper a word to our young friends: "Don't waste any time 'learnin' to write 'poetry.'" Become a left-handed batsman. You can name your own terms, and, by standing in with managers of the game, make more money in a single season than the yearly receipts of any poet who ever wrote an English verse.—*Toledo Blade.*

When a woman's eyes sparkle and her face glows from the fire within, while her tongue rolls off information about igneous rocks and stratified rocks, silurian rocks and conglomerate rocks, of calcareous rocks and argillaceous soil, it is safe to say she was born in Boston, or at least has an uncle living in Massachusetts.—*Erle Herald.*

An ambitious young clerk in a wholesale grocery establishment resolves to enter the civil service and so presents himself before the examiners. One of the questions is, "What is coffee, and where does it come from?" "O, come now, you know," says the candidate; "I can't give away the boss—allow me to plead privilege. That's a professional secret."—*Ex.*

If you were to accuse Miss ANAÏNE DE FLUKEY of overweening self-conceit, you would not abash her in the least; she would retort that one has a perfect right to admire the masterpieces of Nature. The day after the announcement of her engagement to FRED DENY, an old friend offered his congratulations. "Not me," she said, and she twined her nose haughtily—"congratulate FRED."—*Puck.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in sending a poem to the *N. Y. Tribune*, says in a postscript: "Poems are rarely printed correctly in newspapers. This is the reason so many poets die young." Of course, after this information, very few newspapers will hereafter correctly print the verses of young poets. The poems will always be given to the "intelligent compositor" to put in type, and the proof-reader will forget to read the proof.—*Norristown Herald.*

He was a venerable and agricultural looking man, attired in the latest New Jersey fashion, and he stood on a street corner near Washington Market. Holding up his left hand and gazing reflectively upon three pieces of string tied around an equal number of fingers, he soliloquized: "That's to remind me—get a spool of cotton; t'other means, don't forget the calico; but, what in thunder's this one for? Ah, by gum! that's don't get drunk again."—*N. Y. Com. Advr.*

A resident on Bush street who had a horse to sell was directed to a citizen on Ninth avenue, who wanted to buy, and after a little talk the two made a trade. The Ninth avenue man gave an old horse and \$28 in cash for the other, and everything seemed perfectly satisfactory. In a day or two, however, the Bush street man returned and said: "You and I made a trade the other day?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"You are a member of the church, I understand?"

"I am."

"Well, that horse you traded with me has a spavin, and you never said a word about it. What sort of trickery is this for a Christian man to engage in?"

The other entered the house without a word, and after a minute reappeared with the family Bible and said:

"Mr. Blank, here is my guide and consolation. I have read this book through and through, and if you will take it and find where a Christian man is required to point out spavins in a horse trade I'll buy you a better horse than you ever owned!"

The Bush street man went home with new thoughts in his head, and he has said no more about the exchange.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Our Own Dick Deadeye ;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

Mr. SPECTATOR BRAY, of Montreal, compares PHIPPS attacking MACPHERSON to a little dog barking at the man in the moon. True; and the spectacle of Mr. BRAY rushing to the defence of the Saugeen Giant on every possible occasion is as diverting as the sight of a bantam hen shield ing her half grown Shanghai chicken from an approaching thunder storm.

I won't go to this Paragraphers' picnic they talk of getting up. I enjoy wit, and relish an occasional dip into the columns written by the clever young men who will meet on that occasion, but I am afraid I would never survive a personal meeting with them all in a crowd. No; I really can't go, unless impromptu puns and revamped paragraphs are absolutely prohibited.

Glad to see EDDY BLAKE coming out of his shell again, and looking and speaking well. Mr. B. is a very promising young man, but as yet he hasn't performed much in the way of statescraft. Let us all stand back and give him air; there is no telling what he may do yet. Meantime I hope he may find his projected stumping tour beneficial to his health.

I believe it costs Mr. BLAKE a great effort to make speeches on Local or even Dominion affairs. It is his good nature which consents to the importunities of his friends. Not that it is any trouble to him to command language or thoughts, but simply that he feels no interest in the struggle, compared with what SIR JOHN, or Mr. BROWN or Mr. MOWAT does. The language of his heart very likely is—Give me an Imperial arena or give me—my law books.

Puck is at it again, throwing filth at the Marquis of LORNE, an occupation which no doubt disgusts respectable Americans even more than Canadians. We all enjoy fun, and no one would relish a fair joke against himself more than Lord LORNE, but Puck's effusions are not witty; they are spiteful, vulgar and nasty, and would probably give the Governor pain if he ever saw them, which it isn't likely he does.

I would like to be able to draw like KEPLER, and to conceive ideas like BUNNER, but I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, than publish a paper which a pure-minded man couldn't take home and spread out on his dining-room table.

One branch of business at all events has revived wonderfully under the N. P., and that is the manufacturing of Canadian Knights. Mr. CARTWRIGHT will neither deny nor grumble at this. But a revival in any other branch would have been quite as useful and acceptable to the people at large. No doubt it is very kind of Her Majesty to occasionally decorate a few of our prominent men with the gew-gaws of knighthood, and undoubtedly it tickles the favored fellows nearly to death, but the whole thing is distasteful to the present generation, and out of sympathy with the genius of this Continent.

and I should like to know why ALEX. MACKENZIE was left out of the list. To be

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THE London Advertiser is inundating the West with crocodile tears at the wickedness of Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, who, it is alleged, in a speech delivered at one of Mr. MEREDITH's meetings, said that most of the emigrants brought out by the MOWAT Government were "low blackguards from the slums of London." Mr. TAYLOR denies that he said so, but this doesn't mollify the pain of the Tiser a bit, and it demands that the vile slanderer should be punished; that the respectable but maligned emigrants should rise in their might and crush the impious TAYLOR—by voting against MEREDITH! This is the poetic justice of election times.

sure, sensible man, he refused the honor once before; but so did GEORGE BROWN, who has had to repeat his editorial utterance, "respectfully declined." Her Majesty seems determined to make a knight out of the Globe-man, and next time she will probably succeed. But MACKENZIE should at all events have been asked. Surely his services have been as distinguished as those of CARTWRIGHT, or TILLEY, or TUPPER, or CAMPBELL.

* * *

They say LANGEVIN was to have been included in the ceremony, only he happened to be out of the country. Too bad! He would make a most fragrant knight. But he can be put in the next batch, along with HUNTINGTON, and RYKERT, and CURRIE and JOHN JOSEPH HAWKINS and CAUCHON, and a few other distinguished people whose hands are clean.

* * *

By the way, I beg leave to nominate JACK A. MACDONELL for some honor or other at the hands of Royalty. He is undoubtedly the most distinguished pawty in the country at present. And his services in the House lately have never yet been recognized, as they ought to be. Shouldn't he get the Grand Order of the Garter—or the Boot, or something?

Scene in the Globe Sanctum.

Editor-in-chief to Sub-Editor.—I want you to write a notice of PHIPPS' pamphlet; a good, breezy notice; strong as you know how, understand?

Sub-Editor.—Aye, aye, Sir.

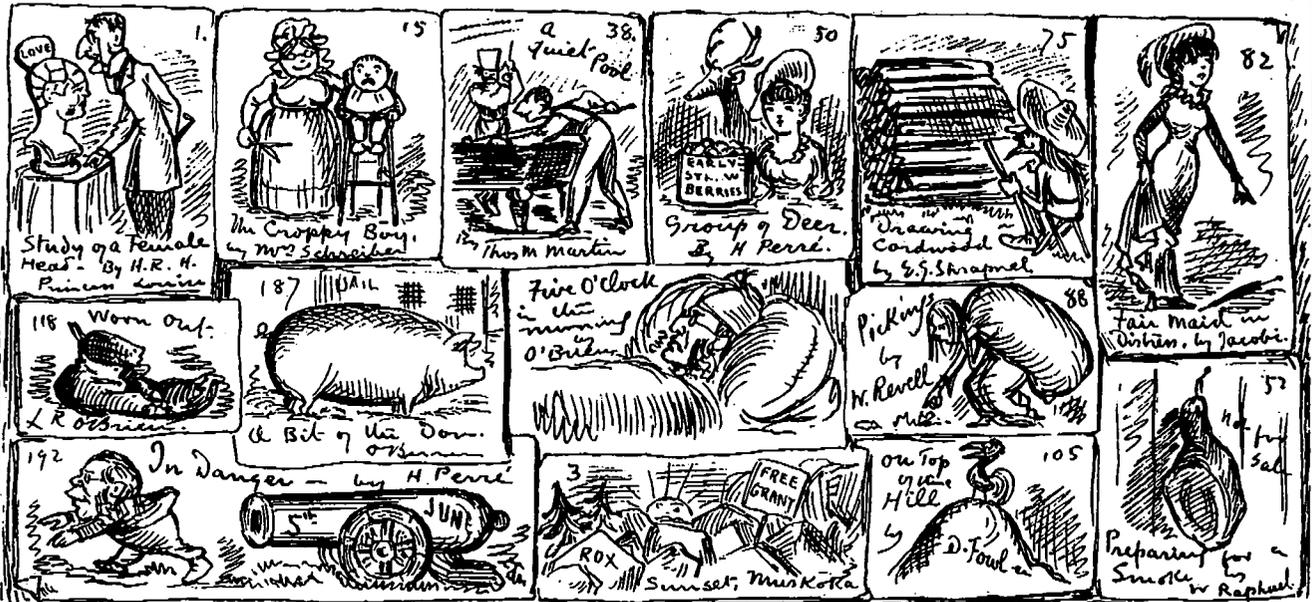
Retires to his desk. Returns in half an hour and submits the following: We have had the curiosity to glance into the pamphlet issued by poor Mr. PHIPPS, the unfortunate body who is being made a tool of by the Tory faction. To say that the pamphlet is idiotic would be too flattering. It is the most unique example of imbecility we have ever had the misfortune to see. If there are any electors who can be influenced by such twaddle, we are willing they should vote against our Party; we would be ashamed to cast our votes with them. PHIPPS ought to go and bathe his head.

Editor-in-Chief (after reading notice).—O, you thick headed lozel; you have written a notice of PHIPPS' stupid Tory pamphlet! I meant you to refer to his clever and brilliant brochure in support of MOWAT! (Exit in disgust).

GRIP extends the right hand of fellowship to the National, which last week made its debut as a comic illustrated journal. Its typographical appearance is neat, and the contents, both literary and artistic, are highly creditable. The cartoons are by Mr. W. O. ANDREWS, a gentlemen whose clever pen and ink sketches have frequently attracted notice in the city. Now that he has a permanent sphere of labor, we trust his talents will be rapidly developed. The National professes to be independent in politics, and it certainly is independent—of one party. Mr. ALECK WRIGHT, the popular Reform orator, is the editor.

"The Queen's own returned home by special train on Sunday afternoon, having left Montreal about 11:30 the same night."—Globe, May 27.

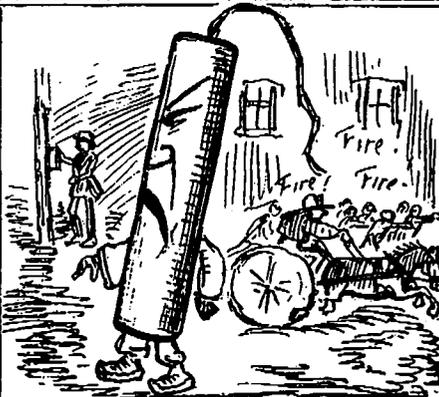
This is the fastest time on record. Electricity is "no where" alongside of a Grand Trunk train, or—a Globe reporter.



THE GEMS OF THE ART EXHIBITION—WITH MANY APOLOGIES TO THE ONTARIO SOCIETY.

Chesterfield says: "Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable." Perfection is a comparative word, and changes as our ideas expand, and our knowledge increases. What was accepted as perfection a few years back, would not bear comparison with the artistic work now taken at

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We are not anti-Chinese, but THE FIRE-CRACKER MUST GO!

THE Lindsay Post man believes in capital punishment, and thus inflicts it on three of its political opponents, in giving a report of a recent meeting:

"Mr. A. WRIGHT was welcomed by a chorus of yowls, led off by Percy Smythie, Bray, the hectoneer, and Jimmy Lennon, with a few other choice spirits scattered over the hall."

WHEN a man and a brother who has been gathered in by the servants of the law for being a little "off" beseeches you to suppress his name in the paper, and don't beseech you to take a 3 cent glass of lager, it is time negotiations closed.—London Herald. Yes, and when a newspaper man goes around drinking three cent lager with police-court vags. it is time his boss knew about it.

A story is going the rounds about a young woman who went to Winnipeg from Ontario, and was seen, loved, proposed to, and married by a nice young man the very next day after her arrival. This probably accounts for the interest excited in the female community by the announcements of excursions to Winnipeg, and hereafter passengers on board PRETTIE'S trains bound to the North-West need no longer wonder at the crowds of respectable looking spinsters who stand on the platform gazing wistfully into the cars, like so many penniless boys at the door of a circus.

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