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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1880.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON THE INITIAL NUMBER.

It is a serial which is calculated to be of great public utility as well as of benefit to the fraternity. It exceeds the liberal anticipations of its merits.—Toronto Telegram.

"I like its style and the cosmopolitan spirit in which you have started. I shall be glad to do all that I can to support such a magazine as you claim this will be and as number one is."—Dan Brown, Secy., Chicago Bureau of Phonography.

"Your publication is in all respects first-class, and if conducted in the manner proposed, should receive the hearty support of all wide awake Phonographers. I hear nothing but the heartiest commendations from my friends who have received the first number."—Theo. C. Rose, Secy. New York State Stenographers' Association.

It is a neatly printed and well illustrated magazine, in which specimens of Isaac Pitman's, Munson's, Graham's and Benn Pitman's systems are exhibited. We trust that those who are interested in the subject of phonography will feel it their duty to support home enterprise by subscribing to this periodical, which will only cost them the comparatively small sum of one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.—Montreal Gazette.

cosmopolitan in character, its aim being to bring into communion the various exponents of the beautiful art of phonography rather than the advancement of any particular system. The first number, which we have just received, contains, besides a fund of useful information, interesting papers from Mr. E. E. Horton, a Toronto Superior Court official reporter; Mr. Lionel Percival, private secretary to Hon. S. C. Wood; Mr. Thos. Bengough, reporter of York County Courts, and others. To the student of phonography especially will this book commend itself, and any young man whose ambition leads him to aspire to something higher than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water can scarcely do better than subscribe for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, select a "system," and begin the study of stenography, a step which he will never regret.—Chatham Banner.

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The Canadian Shorthand Writer is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Eysel, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

Don't forget the performances to be given by the celebrated BERGER family and SOL SMITH RUSSELL in the Horticultural Pavilion next week. For date and particulars see the daily papers.

Mr. LAWRENCE BARRETT is writing a life of FORREST, which is to be published by Messrs. ORGOOD & Co. This will form one of a series of actors biographies to be published by the same house. Mr EDWIN BOOTH, it is said, will write the life of the elder BOOTH.

TORONTO PIANO-FORTE PLAYERS' CLASSICAL CLUB will give their first concert on Wednesday evening, 23rd inst., in NEWCOMBE'S Hall, cor. Church and Richmond sts. As frequent opportunities of hearing classical music are necessary to instil a taste for it, the Club intend next season to give a concert on an average every month, and as their object is not to make money, the conductor, Dr. STRATHY, has decided that the charge for tickets will be only 25 cts., to defray necessary expenses incurred. In the above concert BEETHOVEN'S 2nd Symphony will be performed, and not the 11th as misprinted in last issue.

THE ST. ANDREW'S CHORAL SOCIETY gave their second concert on Thursday evening, 10th inst., in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. Notwithstanding the heavy fall of rain and the thunderstorm that took place just before the concert began, there was a large audience, which would have been larger but for that circumstance. The affair was a decided success in an artistic sense. The chorus sang in time and tune, and there was little or none of that harshness so often met with in choruses, besides a very good attention being paid to the phrasing of the music. The orchestra, although small, also performed very smoothly, producing a pleasant combination of tone which told well in their accompaniments. The first number was an overture by NICOLAI, in which LUTHER'S choral, *Zine Feste Burg, &c.*, is taken as a subject or *cantus firmus* and treated contrapuntally, being performed alternately between chorus and orchestra. In this the weakness of the orchestra was made more perceptible when the chorus ceased, and the composition apart from the choral did not amount to much. Mr. DOWARD (tenor) sang the *recitative* and *aria* "Comfort ye" and "Every valley" from the *Messiah*. His good quality of voice told well in the *recitative*, but in the *aria* that flexibility of voice necessary for its proper performance was wanting. In the passage on the word *exulted*, where the voice proceeds to the key note from a higher note of the scale each time, his intonation was not true, especially at the minor 7th interval. We mention this particularly that he may be more careful for the future, this being one of the most striking passages in the *aria*. Mr. SCHUCH (bass) sang the *recitative* and *aria* "Thus saith the Lord" and "But who may abide," with evident ease, and considering the difficulty of the figures in the *recitative* managed to get through them very creditably. He keeps excellent time, which no doubt those accompanying him found the comfort of. The piece of the evening was the "Lauda Sion" of MENDELSSOHN. Space will not allow us to say more of this composition than that it is truly MENDELSSOHN, in one of his happiest moods, and the performance of it was thoroughly enjoyable, being given with remarkable precision and good effect, the long continuous running figure in the accompaniment to the last chorus being well kept up by the orchestra. It was much appreciated by all present.

SHARP SIXTH.

The P. E. Divinity School.

The Annual Convocation of this Institution was held on the 10th instant. The chair was taken by the Bishop, supported by Vice-Chancellor BLAKE in a purple *chimere* and richly embroidered gold stole. Principal SHERATON wore a *chasuke* of cloth of gold, the rich head *orpluveys* of which attracted universal attention. The Rev. SEPTIMUS JONES wore the simple costume of an archdeacon of the Primitive Church. The chief speakers were the leading High Church clergy of this city, the puritan simplicity of whose plain black cossocks, straw hats and cotton umbrellas, were a contrast to the more picturesque costumes which their brethren of the P. E. Divinity School had borrowed for the great occasion only, from the lore of the Church before the Reformation, thus affording a striking illustration of the principles enunciated by the Professors of P. E. D. S.

After a spirited discussion between Principal SHERATON, and the Rev. S. JONES, as to whether Archdeacons should wear rosettes on their shoes as well as in their hats, the High Churchmen had the field all to themselves. The general tenor of the speeches delivered by these gentlemen was to the effect that they were glad to endorse the good work done by clergymen who differed from their own school of thought, and by their presence at this imposing ceremonial to give their adhesion to those principles of toleration and mutual forbearance, so dear to common sense and so necessary to the unity of any church.

A novel undertaking—writing a work of fiction.

Song for the Canadian Cricketers in England—"Jordan has a hard road to travel."

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Jean Baptiste*, Tinning's wharf.
 TO LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 11.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf, fare 25cts.
 TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m. 2 and 4 p. m. Church st wharf, fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.
 TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.
 TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare (good for season) \$1.25.
 TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.
 TO OGDENSBURG.—Steamer Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 11 a. m., Mowat's wharf, Yonge st.
 TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.
 TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—City of Montreal, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.



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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE construction of Lock Gates advertised to be let on the 3rd of JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—
 Tenders will be received until

Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By order,

F. BRAUN

Secretary

Department of Railways & Canals. }
 Ottawa, 13th May, 1880. } 4t-15-5

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

That bright little illustrated Canadian weekly, *Grip*, is always welcome to our table—and our shears.—Quincy (Ill.) *Aryo*.

Two composers, MM. BARBEDETTE and DAN-TRESME, and a musical critic, M. CHARLES BEAUQUIER, are now members of the Chamber of Deputies in the French Parliament.

Mr GRAVES has retired from the *Summerside*, P. E. I. *Journal*, leaving Mr. BRENNAN, his late partner, in full control of that paper. We hope the *Journal* may continue to flourish under the new arrangement.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, the author of *Madame Bovary*, has died of apoplexy, at his country seat, near Rouen, aged 58. His death was caused by excessive smoking. He had a peculiar pipe that he never quit, even during his meals.

A great gathering of the *litterati* of the Dominion and the United States is announced to take place in the city of Quebec on the 25th of the present month. Several eminent writers from Europe are also expected to be present.

The *Grand Prix Monthyon*, lately awarded to Mr. L. H. FRECHETTE by the French Academy is the highest distinction that body can confer. In money it means \$2000 or thereabouts, but as an honor it is invaluable. How many of our readers possess these native works that have attained such success abroad?

Mr. W. S. GILBERT'S house is full of HOGARTH'S work; yet he declares that he surrounds himself with HOGARTH because the success of that painter encourages the belief that any human being may aspire to immortality. For the older masters his admiration is very sincere. His library and dining room are adorned by charming drawings by VOLTERRA, CARACCI, WATTEAU, and one magnificent SALVATOR ROSA, whom he reveres as the prince of scenic artists.

Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the experienced war correspondent of the *London Daily News*, is coming to this country in September, to give a lecture on "Royal People" he has met. He has known most modern kings and emperors, and has seen them under circumstances of war and difficulty which are historical, and the treatment of which gives more than a merely temporary interest to his lecture. Mr. FORBES is a handsome, soldierly-looking person, and a man of humor and of intellectual cultivation.

Du MAURIER'S drawings will show posterity the affectation, cant and conceit of the last quarter of the nineteenth century; TENNIEL'S cartoons will be the reflection—allegorical for the most part, and when most allegorical most successful—of historic incidents and characters. This is caricature of the sort which was understood and practised a century ago; and the test of caricature is perhaps the capacity of the artist to point some moral or to hinge some lesson in the portrait of an individual, or of a group of individuals, as well as to burlesque the countenances and features of individuals.—*London Times*.

The Western School of Art and Design at London appears to flourish. From the Secretary's report read at the annual meeting the other day we learn that there was much interest taken by a number of advanced pupils in mechanical an architectural drawing, most of whom by their work showed rapid advancement in their various branches. A modelling class was also formed, in which the pupils have shown much proficiency, and the result has proved satisfactory. During the year, much progress has been made by many of the senior pupils, so that they were advanced into the color classes. During the third term the number of pupils in attendance was sixty.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



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.

To Correspondents.

W. H. F., Ottawa.—Have written you privately.

Tabitha Twitters.—Unfortunately your esteemed contribution arrived too late for this issue.

The Legend of Jon Ah.

HOW HE WAS A FALSE PROPHET, AND WAS MADE CHIEF MANDARIN.

From the Chinese of Ah Sin.

In the days of the second dynasty, when MA KEN SI was chief mandarin, there came a scarcity on the land, and the merchants could not sell their merchandise, and the farmers who sent their barley to the land of the men who say unto you "Let us liquor," could not get the price they got aforesaid. Whereupon all men were discontented, and said, "Of a truth something ought to be done!" But the chief mandarin MA KEN SI said, "Verily, all ye people of the land are as the wheel that turneth, and I am as the fly that sitteth on the wheel and taketh his ease thereon!" And so MA KEN SI smoked his opium pipe and did nothing. Then there arose a false prophet whose name was JON AH and spake smooth things to the men of the land, and kissed their wives and daughters and persuaded them to make him chief mandarin. So MA KEN SI was deprived of his mandarin's cap, and after being put in the pillory for many days was beheaded. And JON AH was made chief mandarin, and lived in a palace, and filled himself with pleasant things very exceedingly. And he showed the men of the land a talisman called the En Pe, and said "Lo! put your trust in this, for this shall deliver you from the scarcity, and shall increase your gains from the men who say unto you "Let us liquor," and from the men beyond the sea who cry "Arf and Arf." And the men of the land believed for a time in the chief mandarin, JON AH, and in his talisman the En Pe. But soon they found that the En Pe was only an old medicine bottle which had been cast away as useless by the men beyond the sea who say "Arf and Arf." And the men of the land said, "Surely, we are done brown, and JON AH hath blackened our faces." And the daughters of the land said, "Of a truth it was in vain that he kissed us, and spake pleasantly to us, as saith the poet: 'Verily, the soft words of delusion butter not the parsnips of fact.'" And they arose and took away from JON AH his mandarin's cap, and put him in the pillory, and cast dirt in his face, and cut off his head. And they smote all his relations and slew them, and took the En Pe and cast it into the sea. Then the land prospered and men said "it is good."

The Annual Press Excursion.

The regular annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association will be held in Toronto probably in the last week of July, when the Grit lion and the Tory lamb will lie down together and discuss the beauties of the *Globe's* now evangel of political "sweetness and light." After getting through this business pleasantly, the genial brethren, with, it is hoped, a goodly number of their sisters, their cousins and their wives, will start off on the usual excursion, which this season is to consist of a journey to Thunder Bay, and a special trip from that point over a section of the Canada Pacific Railway one hundred and fifty miles in extent. The party will be chaperoned by Mr. BARLOW CUMBERLAND, who will no doubt prove himself a most desirable guide, philosopher and friend. Jolly *Times* may be expected, as the *Mercury* in that part of the *World* is never too high, while every editor who participates will be a *Spectator* of some of the grandest scenery on the Continent, and the trip up the railway may be considered an *Era* in his life. Those editors who must remain at the *Post* of duty, will have to content themselves with reading the *Review* of the trip furnished by their more fortunate confreres in their respective *News-papers*. GRIP wishes the party *bon voyage*; may the Grit *Banner* and the Tory *Standard* be entwined in peace, and may all party tunes be strictly prohibited as usual.

Important Letter from Mr. Mackenzie.

The Shades, June 12.

Mr. GRIP, Sir.

I am amazed to see the amount o' commotion which has been caused in the ranks of the Reform Party an' in the press by the rumour that I am about to become a member o' the Government. Without consultin' me, the editors in general g'ive you rumor a maist expleccit denial, an' scoot the hale story as a silly canard. Alloo me to say that in takin' this course they are a trifle ower fast, and I wad thank them to haud their horses. It is my intention to become a member o' the Cabinet vara soon; I ha'e given the mether my maist careful attention, and I am convencent that in takin' this step I will be servin the best interests o' the countra.

Wi' mony respects,

Yours truly

ALEX. MACKENZIE.

P. S.—The Cabinet I allude to, ye maun understand, is one to be formed shortly by the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE.

The Book of Unthaackerayed Snobs.

NO. I. THE SNOB IN PETTICOATS.

Unfortunately, the genus snob is not confined to the wearers of broadcloth, for specimens of the species, masquerading in petticoats, are not uncommon. Perhaps the most unwholesome samples of women to be met anywhere are the fashionable and would-be-thought-fashionable flibusters, who, taking many forms, are met in kitchen and in drawing-room, in cottage and mansion. Every female snob, no matter whether of high or low degree, clings with jealous tenacity to the liberty of free speech. No one and nothing is free from their interminable prattle. They are not passive victims but active aggressors, letting their tongues rage like fire,

"Defaming and defacing, until they leave,
Not even LAUNCELOT brave nor GALAHAD clean."

Female snobs have a double motive in life—to commend themselves to men and to pose in positions which neither their intelligence, means nor manners fit them to fill. In order to achieve these ends, their lives are one long string of falsehood, resorting to a series of simulations and dissimulations, shifts, expedients and manoeuvres. Should the female snob of high

degree fail in achieving the first of these two ends, as she gradually ages and becomes a fossil, she assumes various positions. Sometimes she becomes a professed misogamist, loving to babble of the splendid matches she might have made had she been so minded. Others develop into benevolent bullies, and with pachydermatous boldness, begging circular in hand, attack the pocket-books of others, hinting at the danger of spiritual penalties if refused. Still others enter the region of metaphysical mysteries and either become ritualistic devotees or atheistical philosophers. Unnatural as the foregoing types of the aged female snob of high degree may be, they are bearable when compared with the same character who affects the dress and manners of the Miss just out of her teens. These aged angels, made up with puffs and padding, lean, angular and often all askew, after spending long hours at their toilettes, dispert themselves at some entertainment with all the friskiness of a fashionable nymph, persuading themselves that the lords of creation are flim-flammed by the show. There is nothing real or loveable about them. Still considering themselves in the marriage market, they are always on the look-out for a good catch, and all the rest is tinsel, frippery and paste.

While the female snob of low degree is by force of circumstances free from some of the idiosyncracies of her more aristocratic sister, she is none the less unloveable. Her supreme desire is to be thought genteel, and to accomplish this end she bedizens herself like a macaw, wearing feathers and artificial flowers in great profusion by way of head-gear, and is ready to bear any amount of matrydom for the sake of wearing a boot a size too small. Like the female snob of high degree, the one of low is chronically affected by the husband headache, but he must be genteelly employed, mere honesty and industry being minor matters compared with rank and station. In her own home this fragile creature is not altogether an angel, the goody, goody, simpering manner assumed abroad being laid aside. The house is "pokey," her father "rough-mannered," her younger brothers "smell of boy" and her elder ones are not sufficiently "stylish." If asked to help her mother in the household duties, she does so in a jerky, irritable manner and is often hard on the cottage crockery. At home, this specimen of the female snob is much of a shrew, abroad, she is fastidiously correct, at all times she makes vulgar pretensions.

All female snobs, whether of high or low degree have a few idiosyncracies in common. To their parents they are an anxiety, to their sister they are rivals, to society they are useless, to the world a burden, which would get along just as well without them. Nothing is sacred, good or true in their eyes; money and position is their religion, pleasure their god, and distressing ignorance their failing.

"Working Both Ways."

The *Maritime Farmer*, of Fredricton, appears to be "all at sea" in dealing with political matters; at all events he is pretty much mixed on the question of the N. P. Speaking of the recent arrival of Sir SAMUEL TILLEY at his old home, we are told

"He was, of course, glad to escape from the gloomy political and commercial atmosphere of St John, and steep himself in the sunshine of the capital, to get out of the way of the blank looks of disappointed manufacturers, ship builders and office seekers, and find himself among friends."

From this we would be inclined to draw the inference that the N. P. had not turned out to be all the Maritime fancy had painted it, but after reading on a few lines further, we come upon the following:

"But who here could entertain doubts of the success of the National Policy after enjoying a short interview with the Finance Minister, and listening to a rapid exposition of its actual working from his lips!"



Art Criticism.

Distinguished Subject.—Ah! very good, Mr. FOWLES, very good indeed; the figure is masterly; the likeness is very striking, and the cheek is simply immense!

Consolation.

The boys at the University were a good deal cut up to see a young lady's name figuring at the head of the Honor list in general proficiency, but they are consoling themselves with the reflection that if she isn't a man, outsiders may not be any the wiser, as she fortunately bears the name of CHARLES. There is a good deal in a name, after all!

The Sisters. A True Story.



CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time there lived in a pleasant part of British North America, two pretty little girl's, twin sisters, whose names were respectively UPPER and LOWER CANADA. They were the daughters of a wealthy old gentleman, and spent their childhood very happily side by side. As they grew older it was observed that their taste and dispositions were by no means identical. Miss UPPER proved herself to be a thrifty and industrious girl, with decidedly progressive ideas; her sister, on the other hand, loved nothing more dearly than ease and comfort. She was not what might be called lazy, but still she would much rather continue to wear an old dress than go to the trouble of making herself a new one.



CHAP. II.

Of course it was not very long before lovers began to put in an appearance, and here the differing tastes of the two young ladies began to make themselves manifest. The young man to

whom Miss UPPER gave the preference was a steady, sober and intelligent person, who treated her with the utmost respect, but never gave way to theatrical emotion. His name was OLIVER MOWAT ONTARIO. Miss LOWER's favoured suitor was a very handsome and talented young gentleman, who wore a most killing moustache and long wavy hair. He looked for all the world like an opera tenor, and it is needless to say entirely captivated the heart of the giddy and romantically-inclined maiden without an effort. His name was MONS. CHAPLEAU QUEBEC. In due course the two happy weddings were celebrated, and both couples started out in life with a fair competency, and high hopes for the future.



CHAP. III.

Thirteen years of married life have passed by, and we now revisit the respective homes of Mrs. ONTARIO and Mrs. QUEBEC. This is where the moral of our story comes in, and we particularly request the reader to mark well what he sees on entering those homes. We first step into the pleasant and comfortable residence of Mrs. ONTARIO, and the first glance assures us that things have gone well with her. Everything about the house betokens thrift, and when we converse with her and her cherry little husband, we are delighted to learn that they have added largely to their possessions in land, that they enjoy many of the luxuries of life, and have no less than \$5,000,000 of surplus cash in the bank.



We take a glance into Mrs. QUEBEC's abode, and what a different spectacle meets our eyes! Alas, we behold on every hand the evidences of extravagance and bad management. The hapless woman and her incompetent, though still beautiful husband, present a picture of forlorn misery. Their furniture is out of repair, there land has diminished in value, and a terrible debt of \$15,000,000 hangs over their miserable house. We learn that a short time ago, driven to desperation by the recklessness of her husband and his friend DE BOURCHVILLE, Mrs. QUEBEC got a writ of separation from him, and called in the assistance of one JOUX, a man more after her sister's choice. Under this gentleman's able management, affairs were beginning to assume a more hopeful appearance, when with fatal fickleness, Mrs. QUEBEC again gave way to the importunities of MONS. CHAPLEAU, and took him back again, since which time everything has been on the downward path. Alas! we can only drop a tear for the poor woman's misfortunes and pray she may get more sense before it is too late.

The *Globe* appears to be printed on a Gordon Press.

It is announced that the Credit Valley Railway will not commence to carry the mails over their line for about a month yet. From this we presume that the Company refuse to carry any but fare passengers.



Bad Company.

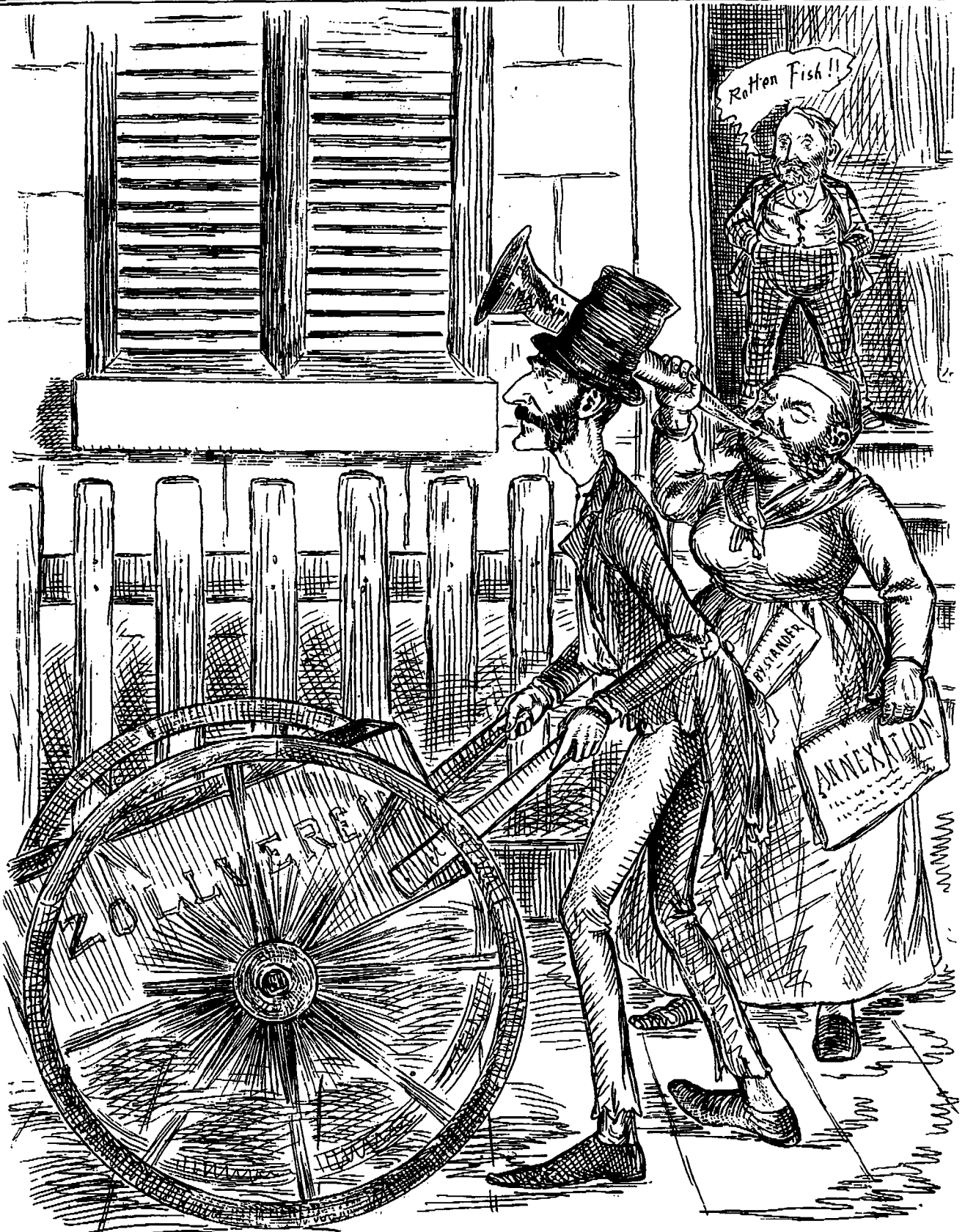
Mr. WALLACE the indefatigable nurse of the Canadian rag-baby has not been so circumspect in his conduct recently, as his past history would lead one to expect. He has been to Chicago with his charge, and from reports concerning him we learn that he experienced a terrible fall from grace and has been seen in very bad company. Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY and Mr. DENNIS KEARNEY the sand lot orator of San Francisco are not the fittest companions with whom to entrust one's reputation. We are not so much surprised at nurse WALLACE consulting with nurse ANTHONY, for we all know how fond old women are of gossip and exchanging ideas, and no doubt, the Canadian nurse was anxious to hear particulars from the American one regarding her method of treating the baby. But that the highly respectable Canadian M. P. should hob-nob with the hoodlum KEARNEY, certainly surprises us. KEARNEY's choice of language is not elegant, his delivery is more forceable than pleasant and we are much afraid that nurse WALLACE has not benefitted in a moral sense by his trip, whatever may be said in favour of his having had a good time generally.



No Danger!

Anxious Parent—O goodness! MAUD! Go away from that dog, he'll bite you!!
MAUD—No he wont; he tant bite at dis end!

A Halifax druggist advertises a "delicious perfume" called "*Mayflower Cologne*." This desirable toilet preparation is *not* made by boiling up the highly flavored articles in BAKER's notorious newspaper.



THE FISHY MERCHANTS.
"FINE FRESH ZOLLVEREIN, ALL ALIVE!!"



'THE JOKER CLUB.'

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A two-foot rule: Don't wear tight shoes.—*Hackensack Republican.*

His attitude is always imposing—the swindler's.—*American Punch.*

A fatal miss-take—Marrying a girl for her money.—*Lockport Union.*

Virtue comes in small packages, but Vice by the baleful.—*New York News.*

Knocking a friend down is a sure way of dropping an acquaintance.—*Wild Oats.*

Money lenders are experienced in the matter of who to let a loan.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

The lion must be drawn somewhere, viz: in the circus procession.—*Boston Transcript.*

Truth is mighty and will prevail—when there's more profit in it than telling a lie.—*Staubenville Herald.*

Falsehoods not only disagree with truths, but usually quarrel among themselves.—*Salen Sunbeam.*

To laugh with the lips is mockery. The genuine laugh cracks the crusts round the heart.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

The day wore on. Well, what did it wear?—*Exchange.* Wore the close of the day, of course.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

An exchange advises its readers never to snub a boy. We fancy they'll find it much safer than snubbing a grown man, though.

A lady residing in one of our suburbs boasts that her daughter is not only studying Latin and Greek, but "Transcript."—*Wild Oats.*

In writing a letter enclosing a subscription to this paper, you may write on both sides of the paper if you want to.—*Winston (N.C.) Leader.*

Sal Soda was sent to the workhouse yesterday for telling a lye to the officer and trying to soft-soap the Judge afterwards.—*Cin. Star.*

The quack doctors themselves should not be a drug on the market, when it is known that they can be utilized as pillar shams.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The great demand of newspaper men in this country is a paste that will never get on the wrong side of the clipping.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Some writer has said that "Right injures no man." It don't eh? May be all the pugilists hit out with their left, but we presume to disbelieve it.—*Marathon Independent.*

What makes the average small boy crazy and out of patience with everything, is to be obliged to roll his baby brother around in a carriage while a base ball match is being played.—*Wild Oats.*

The young man who propels a fruit store next door was startled the other day by an old lady, who as she gazed at a fine stem of bananas, meekly enquired, "What kind of sassage is them?"—*Onesago Record.*

A St. Louis millinery window displays a fashionable bonnet of the season of 1776. Kissing a girl in those days was like crawling up a stove pipe for a gum drop. It was good if you ever got there.—*St Louis Spirit.*

There is probably nothing so exhilarating in the experience of the amateur gardener as when he steps upon the hoe and the responsive handle immediately arises to implant a fervent kiss between his eyes.—*Boston Transcript.*

Now while the breezes go reeling
O'er meads which the buttercups dapple,
The small boy's industriously stealing
The immature apple.

—*Wild Oats.*

Full many a gem of spurious ray serene,
The spotless shirts of hotel clerks do bear!
Full many a simple, ignorant sardine
Believes them purest stones of value rare!
And that's where they're fooled.

—*Modern Argo.*

One of the largest retail firms in the city went to the trouble to get the greatest dandy they could find for their hosiery department. They explained that it took a call to display fancy stockings to advantage.—*Philadelphia Item.*

An English physician has carefully noted the effects of oatmeal on the human system, and he says it makes people cross, stingy, and sour-tempered. Judging by our own experience this is not an oat-worthy observation.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

If the man who undertakes to grasp the remnant of a lighted cigar between his fingers suddenly drops it, swings his arm in the air and dances around wildly, you may know that he has discovered that facts are not the only stubborn things in existence.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

"By Geowge," said Mr. TORLOFF, as he twirled his light-complexioned cane about his fingers. "That gwil is as good as an awtficial ice machine. Aw! I inquired if my company would be, aw, acceptable, and by Geowge, she simply looked at me. Aw! I felt vevy queeah."

—*Haven Register.*

A blue sapphire has recently been found that weighs over a pound, and which is estimated to be worth about \$16,000,000. Our advice to the owner of that sapphire is not to put on too many frills. A sapphire that isn't worth as much as an early strawberry is nothing so very great.—*Peek's Sun.*

No, son, no; you needn't be afraid of it. Just drink a tub full of it, if you wish. No man ever got drunk or learned to be a drunkard, drinking Sunday school lemonade. You might get the dropsy, or you might drown yourself with it, but it will never make you drunk.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Been out of town, Fritz?" "Yasse; took a run to Boston for a few days." "Meet anybody?" "Oh, yes; met the Beans. Know them? Very nice family; great friends of the Porks of Chicago. Always together. Believe they're in partnership. Pork & Beans." "Aw!"

—*New York Commercial.*

When a pair of lovers are sitting alone in the parlor conversing about love and other sentimental things, the suddenness with which the young man changes the subject to domestic economy, when the lady's paternal parent unexpectedly enters the room, almost makes the young man's collar button fly off.—*Binghampton Republican.*

ADOLPHUS wants to know what love is. Well ADOLPHUS, old boy, we'll enlighten you. Take one hunk of taffy, 17 moonlight excursions, a stroll in the park, two games of fofoit, 33 trips to the opera, \$14 worth of ice cream, three tons of osculation, a pair of lavender pants and a cutaway coat. Stir well with the old man's No. 11 cowhides, mix in an elopement and it is ready for use.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Mr. ERNESTUS BROOKS, of the *New York Express*, will start the school in journalism at Cornell University with a course of lectures on the subject. "First class in journalism, stand up. What is the chief working material of the American paragrapher?" The student will be expected to answer, "The mule, the goat, the bent pin, the mother-in-law, corset, paste-pot and scissors." "Correct—give an example." Student—"A man once examined the hind leg of mu—" But we forbear.—*Norristown Herald.*

"With the annual concurrence of Decoration Day," remarked Mrs. GOODINGTON at breakfast this morning, "my mind goes back to the times of the torbillion. How well I remember my first visit to the tainted field! How pneumatic it all appeared, just like some of the scenes predicted in 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' The lines of snowy canvass, the troops marching about with their bayonets blistering in the sunshine, and the officers riding fugnaciously hither and yon. It made DANIEL all worked up. I remember how he straightened up and wished he was young enough to join the ranks of his country's defences. DANIEL had a very compulsive natur." And the old lady, as usual, entirely forgot Decoration Day and the soldiers in contemplation of the dear departed. Her teacup was held nervelessly in one hand, and the bit of bread in the other remained untasted. She did not notice even that TOMMY had torn a strip off her brand new apron for a military sash.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Collingwood paper treats its readers to the National Anthem in Gaelic. We gladly reproduce it:—

"Dhia gleidh ar Bhanrigh mhor,
Beatha bhuan da'r Bhanrigh choir,
Dhia gleidh Bhanrigh,
Tnair buaidh dhi' us solas,
Son agus ro ghloirmhor,
Fad 'chum riaghlaidh oirnn!
Dhia gleidh Bhanrigh!

A Thighearn' ar Dia eirich,
Sgap a naimhdhean eitch,
Us leig lad sois.

W) M, F, E, L, G, O, D, O, M, G, I, G, I, V, M, E, A, N, Y, M, O, - M, O, R, E, G, A, L, L, C, Good bye boys!

[NOTE BY EDITOR—A few minutes after giving down this item to the printers we were called to the door to witness the man who undertook to put it in type being carried home on a shutter. He struggled manfully at the task, but, as we all know, human endurance has its limit. He was the only support of his widowed mother!]—*Barrie Advance.*

PARIS WIT.

Beginning of a story. Once upon a time there was a child so prodigal that all the calves fled at his approach.

Some men are born financiers. A youngster, studying sacred history, came to the story of JOSEPH and his brethren.

"Were the brothers greatly to blame?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir, they were greatly to blame."

"Why so?"

"They sold JOSEPH too cheap."

A doctor had discovered an infallible remedy against the cancer. He lately undertook a splendid case, treated it splendidly and buried it ditto. Yesterday, while lecturing to his anatomical class, he said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to demonstrate to you, by an examination of the proper organs, that my patient died cured."

The Abbe VENOISIN was a courtly diplomatist. He once called upon the Prince de Conti, who, being in a bad humor, turned his back on him.

"Ah, Monseigneur," murmured the Abbe, "I had been told that you were ill-disposed toward me, but am delighted to know the contrary."

"Contrary! How so?"

"Because your Highness never turns his back upon an enemy."

An ancient magistrate, having become mayor of his commune, gave the civil blessing enjoined by law to a young couple. After having asked the sacramental question.

"Mademoiselle—, do you consent to take for your husband M.—, here present?"

"Yes, sir."

The ancient magistrate turned to the young man, and mindful of his former functions, said, with great gravity:

"Prisoner, what have you to say why sentence should not be pronounced on you?"

Pomp de Scallawag; his Temptation and Fall.

A FIRST-CLASS RETURN TICKET FOR THE "M—L."

In Blackstock town there dwelt in state a darkey known to fame,
Who bore, with lardy dardy grace—the fascinating name
Of POMPEY PUSHCART BLACKAMOR DE SCALLAWAG,
Esquire,
An unsophisticated Nig, emphatically "queer,"
A lowly born philanthropist, who often came to grief.
'Bekase de white-trash swar I hab de mo'hals ob a tief."

Yet POMPEY was not always thus; in bygone happy days,
He walked, with free and easy grace, by virtue's pleasant ways,
But,—Eden like—the snake appeared,—oh, heritage of shame,—
A horse (Tory party) hack, P. SCALLAWAG became;
(This wicked act was more than bad, 'twas sacrilegious too,
For him whom Nature made a black, these Tories made a "Blue.")

As H-K-Y P-P-E-R's *protège*, with brimstone, fire, and sword
He bore the tarnish'd Tory flag throughout de noble Ward,
'Twas said, by those who ought to know, a grand, a glorious sight
To see that tattered flag upheld by this sweet darkey "light";
And edifying too to hear him swar and howl and brag,
"De futur' ob de Ward's upheld by P. DE SCALLAWAG."
"But U. E. clubs," and "S. S. Funds."—by wicked tongues tis said,
Shook POMPEY from his centrepiece, and turned his wooly head;
The great Pa-c-fic S-c-n-d-l too, could not be said to tend
Towards those paths of rectitude, where truth and honour blend;
And so to cadge and read the "M—L," became the sole desire
Of POMPEY PUSHCART BLACKAMOR DE SCALLAWAG,
Esquire.

His stomach yearned for fairer fields, and greener pastures new,
Which artless him was granted in, an (unsought) in-ter-view.
With D-n-son,—un brave sabreur—who thought a change of scene,
Would *suscitate* this *polished black*, by turning him to Green;
The seigneur of that "Moated Grange," who's tessellated halls,
Held *Don DE PUSHCART* long enough within its hal-
lowed walls

But time rolled on to liberty, which little change twould seem,
Affected not this African's calm, philosophic dream,
Of wooing fortune's fickle smiles, by living on his wits,
And "articles of vertu," which consist in scraps and bits.
Whose costly repertoires compose a complicated mass
Of greens, old irons, rags and bones, and spifflicated glass.
He prowled around, "upon de square," till wicked thoughts, alas,
Stole round this guileless son of HAM, that wrought in scraps and glass,
Ah! eagerly his pouting lips, and wicked rolling eyes
Would twitch and gleam, with all the force of honest enterprise,
Which little enterprise was this—"to leab de glass and rags
And vest DE PUSHCART'S capertal, in cotton sacks an' bags."

Alas!! "DE PUSHCART'S capertal" did not amount to much,
(The root of evil's mighty shy of Pomp's financing clutch),
3 little bills was all he had, "an' mortgaged obry cent,"
3 dollars "chalked" fur whiskey "straights" de balance due fur rent;
But what cared he about "de rent," de rent must wait awhile,
And as fur GRAB, de landlord's frowns, I'll take dem out in 'smiles.

As old JOHN BUNYAN quaintly says, "It fell upon a day,"
When cocks delight to bark and bite, and "sooner" dogs to lay,
That POMPEY PUSHCART BLACKAMOR DE SCALLAWAG,
Esquire,
That unsophisticated Nig, who did to wealth aspire,
Cast wistful eyes across some bags a few short weeks ago,
When passing by the biscuit works of Ovens, Flour and Co.

POMP's guardian angel whispered low that pleasant morn in May,
"De fohman at de factory, is—so all de Gentiles say—
A moh'l, an' a nice young man, a Plymuff brudder, too,
So min' yer P's and Q's ole boy, is inny device to yoh,
An' dont ye swar, nor obfuscate, nor gib yerself away,—
Yah, yah, but when ye git dem bags, yoh'l not be fur astray."

Per Jove! before the morn had fled, POMPEY, with his little cart
Was "circumittiwating" round dat Plymuff brudder's heart,

By telling him—in confidence—"ob all de legion' host
Ob secks" he did "prefer and lub de Plymuff brudders most;
Dey was gallophus gen'l-men, de fohmost'in de land,"
And POMPEY was "proud to offer dem a coloured brudder's hand."

Alas! no mortal tongue can tell, how POMPEY "nailed" the lot,
And by a verbal I. O. U., "discharged" his little "shot,"
But, sad to say, that's all he paid, for never, nevermore,
Was seen that guileless troubadour, from Africa's verdant shore.
And soft "dat Plymuff brudder" sighs, The Martyrs stake and fire,
Is nought to what I'd like to give P. SCALLAWAG, Esquire.
He's wiled now from Blackstock town, but oh, it was not shame
That drove to exile's bitter arms this nig of doubtful fame;
'Twas pity, sorrow and disgust, which smote that prince of mokes,
For evry day they bored him with old R-D-N's ghastly jokes,
And all men swear "ole POMPEY" was right, for plagiarised and stale,
Are *all* those nigger yarns that swell the columns of the "M—L."

Nonsense.

An Agnostic once lived in Toronto,
Whose canine companion named Ponto
Got drowned in the bay,
So he sadly did say
"What dogs has my hapless dog gone to?"
There was a young man of Parkdale,
Who loved both lager and ale.
He drank with all comers,
With beats and with bummers,
And now that young man is in gaol.
A journalist given to puff,
Published long columns of stuff.
They appeared every day
In an immodest way,
Till the public cried out "hold, enough."

A Sensative Critic.

The Hamilton *Spectator*, which accords Vice-Chancellor BLAKE high rank as a temperance lecturer, is grievously offended by the use that gentleman made in his lecture in Hamilton the other evening of a well-known quotation. Mr. BLAKE was reported to have said:

The Premier of this Dominion speaking on the death of a prominent statesman of this country remarked, "What shadows we pursue." This may be true of a statesman, but utterly untrue of a Christian. We are engaged in no paltry undertaking to build up some kingdoms here to-day and gone to-morrow, but assisting in building that everlasting kingdom which shall never fail."

This sounds as innocent at least as a great many references which are uttered every Sunday from the pulpits of our land; but the *Spectator*—true to name—saw in it reflections on the Conservative chieftain, and an attempt on the part of the lecturer to "get in a little political work on the sly for the benefit of the family." Lest the reader should fail to see the point—or, more properly, perhaps, the "spec"—GRIP begs to quote the learned criticism, and assures the reader that if he will look through the *Spec's* specs, he will be well repaid the trouble:—

Now why should Judge BLAKE quote this from the Premier of this Dominion, and why should he invest it with a sinister meaning which nobody ever saw in it before? As a scholar he surely knew that Sir JOHN was but using an old and familiar quotation, one which no doubt had its origin in the Latin poet's line, "pulvis et umbra sumus." Which of the moderns rounded it out into the full sentence, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," is a matter of dispute among the curious in such matters. It concludes one of CAKLE's finest bursts of stormy eloquence. It was the exclamation which rose to the lips of the Duke of Wellington when he saw Mr. HUSKISSON crushed to death by GEORGE STEPHENSON'S first locomotive on its trial trip. It has floated through literature for generations past, and Judge BLAKE is the first man who ever found a succession of irreverence in it.

We suggest to the Hamilton preachers that they be very careful in the use of figurative language, lest, quoting the text "all flesh is as grass," the editor of the *Spectator* should charge them with a personal reflection on himself.

Perhaps the *Spectator* will give us a learned disquisition on the old couplet:—
The horse that bit his master—how came it to pass?
When he heard the good pastor say—"All flesh is grass."

The great walking match came to a Clow's on Saturday night.

A new novel is entitled "A Drop of Black Blood." This is the first instance on record of a drop of black blood being re(s)ad.

A *Southern Belle* hailing from Cuba arrived in the City of Toronto the other day, and was *Picton* for a wife *ferry* soon after landing.

The recent cool weather must be on account of the snow-shoe walking match at the Rink. The clerk of the weather stands no nonsense, and mocking is catching.

The canine species is endowed with instinct, and the human with reason, but when the weather gets hot it makes no difference—the dog, as well as the man, *changes his coat and pants!*

Have no fears for the woman shot out of the cannon. Her feet are large enough to protect the rest of her body.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wasn't it because this was a *big feat* you thought of that?

Observe the way in which the circus clown rolls his eyes when he answers his own conundrum of why a monkey, the Prince of Wales and a bald-headed man resemble each other. The head movement of the performer is everything, as the jokes themselves are somewhat mouldy.

Our Funny Contributor met a man in Lindsay lately, suffering from an overdose of absinthe, and expressed his sorrow at seeing him in such an emotional condition, but the man insisted on his perfect sobriety, saying that he had not tasted liquor in four years. "Great Cmsar!" remarked our contributor to a friend, "that's a long time for a drunk to last!"

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Tenders will be received until
Tuesday, the 22nd day of June next.
Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after

Tuesday, the 8th day of June.

By order,

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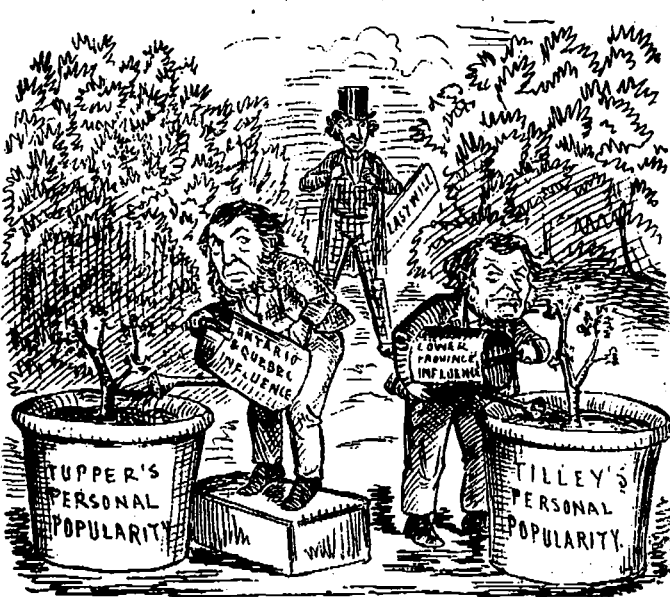
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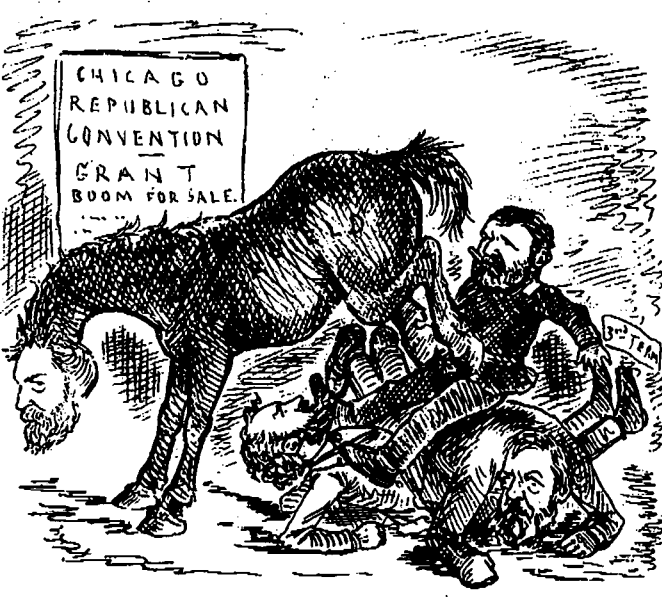
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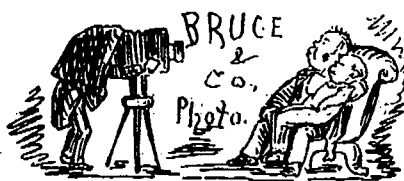


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A Superfluous Industry.

Mr. GRAY inspecting the Government establishment for the manufacture of Canadian soldiers, at Kingston, popularly called the "Military College," which he finds to be a most useless and expensive affair, which the country could very well dispense with.

His Country's Benefactor.

Mr. D. A. JONES, of Beeton, Ont., certainly deserves some handsome recognition from the Government for his unexampled efforts as an emigration agent. We learn from the papers that this gentleman, entirely at his own private expense, has just brought to Canada several colonies of the most industrious natives of Cyprus and Palestine, with the intention of settling and supplying work for them in the northern part of this county. In view of the tremendous sums of money spent by the Government in endeavoring to bring out emigrants, and the comparatively trivial returns secured for it, surely the enterprise of Mr. JONES is most praiseworthy. Of course the colonies alluded to are made up of mere honey-bees, but in point of industry they will compare most favorably with any other class of "farm-laborers" secured by the Government, and will assuredly add vastly more to the "hum of prosperity" than any human importations would do.

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