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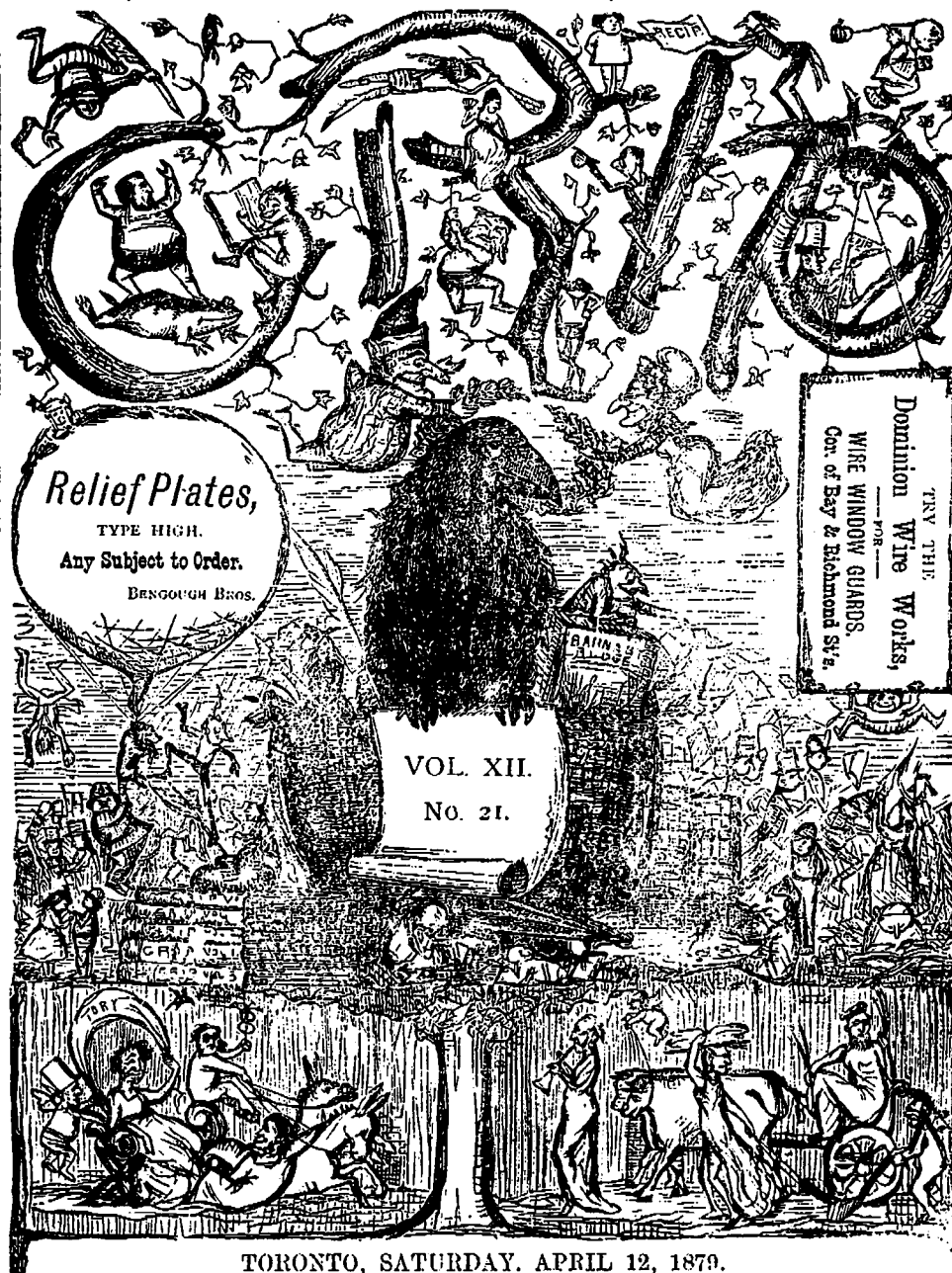
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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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Stage Whispers.

Miss ISABELLA McCULLOUGH (Mme. BRIGNOLI) has resumed her old place in the choir at St. Stephen's Church, New York.

Dr. HANS VON BULOW is writing recitatives for BERLIOZ' opera, "Beatrix and Benedict," for the Hanover Opera House next season.

"Our Boys" was played in London for more than three years continuously, and by the end of that time it had killed three of the actors and sent two more to the lunatic asylum. These long runs may be fun for the author, manager and public, but they are hard on the actors.

"When you go into a dramatic agency now," remarks HARRY HAWK, the comedian, but two questions are asked: 1. 'Can you sing?' 2. 'Can you walk?' If you can sing they ship you off with a 'Pinafore' party. If you can't sing, they match you for \$10,000 to walk against the Canadian pet."

WILLIAM CARLETON, the baritone, has made a hit as "Escamillo" in "Carmen," in Glasgow, Scotland. He writes, regarding the London performance of "Pinafore," that "SULLIVAN'S instrumentation is charming, and the American orchestra gives a faint idea of its excellence and bigness."

The first choice ticket for JENNY LIND'S first concert in Providence, R. I., for which \$653 was paid by Col. WILLIAM ROSS, who died there on February 24, hangs in a frame on the walls of the Ross mansion in that city. It bears the signature of JENNY LIND, and the receipt is verified in the handwriting of P. T. BARNUM.

A new opera called the "Phantom of the Sleeping Car," is to be produced soon. It is by WAGNER, and will be in charge of an experienced conductor. It will be given nightly, and probably have a long run. Its berth will be hailed with rail pleasure. Tickets may be had at all the railroad stations.—*Whitehall Times*.

BRONSON HOWARD'S play of "The Banker's Daughter" has had a remarkable run in New York. On the night of its 100th performance people were unable to find seats in the crowded theatre. It is at last to be withdrawn in a week or two, and at present it is intended that its one hundred and fortieth representation will be the last of this run.

English papers are puzzled about Miss KELLOGG'S future movements. The *Figaro* says: "Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG will sail on the 12th of April for London, to undertake, it is said, a European tour under the direction of Mr. MAURICE STRAKOSCH. It is difficult to quite understand what this means. Miss KELLOGG is not engaged at either of our opera houses, and it is clearly unwise to begin an opera tour either in the English provinces or on the Continent in May.

Toronto is favoured this week with a visit from GILMOUR'S band of New York. This celebrated combination of artists would form a great attraction of itself, but the treat is greatly magnified by the addition of Miss STONE, the great singer, and Mr. LEVY, the finest of all cornet-players. Lovers of first class music should seize the opportunity of enjoying a rare evening's entertainment. A matinee is given on Good Friday and Saturday, and performances on both evenings, at the Grand Opera House, under the management of Mr. PIROU.

A Parliamentary Ballad.

Which relateth the almost Tragic Encounter between two Bluenoses.

I.

WILL GILMOR rose in the Commons Hall
To denounce the great M. P.,
And showed how the lumbermen would fall
In the Province of N. B.
How the Megquidavic to the sea:
In gloom would henceforth flow:
How grass on the mouldering sawdust heaps
Luxuriantly would grow:
How the border smugglers would go
To the State of Maine for powder,
And the native clambake disappear
Like a flash of pow-ow-owder:
How the spruce, and pine, and hem-hemlock,
And the curling hackmatacks,
Would echo no more the ringing blows
Of the sturdy woodman's axe:
And how it was worse—es! far, far worse—
Than African slave-ree.
To live in a land that was under the curse
Of the National Policy.

II.

The salt, salt tears they dropped from his nose,
As he told his tale of woe,
And he sroto the desk with his red right hand
'Till he quivered beneath the blow:
But yet his heartless auditors
With laughter were o'er borne—
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"
"Laugh! laugh!" said he, in a towering rage:
"Laugh! laugh! ye fiends, with joy,
At my plaintive tale, while they weep and wail
On the banks of the broad St. Croix!"

III.

His glittering eye upon DOMVILLE rests,
And there falls upon his ear,
Amid the din of the laughing House,
The Major's shrill "hear! hear!"
And he shouts: "That dagger in his mouth,
Three years ago or more,
Did stab me with a cowardly stab,
Across this very floor!
He said I was a bankrupt, sir!"
"Was it not true?" asked JEEMS,
"It was a coward's slanderous charge!"
The GILMOR fiercely screams,
"I paid one hundred cents! CENTS!! CENTS!!"
On every single dolly
And I am sure that specimen
The example cannot feller!"

IV.

Then, "Mr. Speaker," the Major shouts,
"I beg to say I rise
To ask the member to assume
A gentleman's disguise!"

V.

This added fuel to the flame
Of Bluenose GILMOR'S rage,
And it seemed that nothing less than hair
His anger would assuage.
"I am not free with others' gold,
You fraud financial!
I humbugged not constituents,
You fraud political!
And if you dare to tackle me,
Whoo-hoop! by the great Lord HARRY!
I'll polish you off till your other arm
In a sling you'll have to carry!"

VI.

"Shame!" "Put him out?" "Shut up, shut up!"
The Tory members cried:
But GILMOR like a hero stood,
And all the crew defied.
"Come one! come all! this rock shall fly,"
He said, with Scotland's King,
"From its firm base as soon as I!"
None ventured in the ring.

VII.

Our hero, taking the Speaker's hint,
No more on this did say,
But told how his people could emigrate
To Pennsylvania,
To Ohio, to Massachu,
And to the Mississipp,—
By rail, on foot, by land and sea,
Away they all would skip.

VIII.

And then he received a message from JAMES,
"To step for a moment outside,"
But thought of the BUNSTER-CHEVAL ROW,
And remained his friends beside.
While the Major roared round the corridors,
Like a tiger in search of prey,
Unfil, with fretting, and fuming and thinking,
His anger melted away
To such an extent that he listened to friends,
And finally did agree,
That in lieu of the blood of the lumberman,
He'd take an apology.

Literature and Art.

PARKMAN is now actively engaged on his new work, "MONTCAIM and the Conquest of New France," which, we believe, is to complete his series.

Of Prof. W. K. CLIFFORD, who died recently in England, HUXLEY once said that he had "the finest scientific mind that has appeared in England for fifty years."

Mr. GEO. STEWART, Jr., has severed his connection with *Rose-Belford's Magazine*, and goes to Quebec, to take an editorial position on the *Chronicle*. Success to him.

WALT WHITMAN'S health is better than it has been since he had an attack of paralysis in 1873, and he thinks of visiting California this year. He will be sixty years old on the 31st of May.

The humorist LOCKE (Nasby) has made a drama of the "Widow Bedott" papers, and will have it brought out soon. The Bedott Papers were written by a lady resident of Whitestown, N. Y.

Mr. JAMES HANNAY, of the *St. John Telegraph*, has written a history of the Maritime Provinces which has just been published. The work is pronounced by competent critics the best yet produced on the subject, both in design and literary finish.

The Ontario School of Art has just closed its winter session, and on Thursday afternoon an exhibition of the work of the pupils in pencil and oil was opened at the Art Rooms. The display is eminently satisfactory, and both teachers and pupils are to be congratulated on the progress manifested.

The last issue of the *Bangor Commercial* contains an announcement that Messrs. BASS, MUDGE and GETCHELL will publish it in future with Mr. G. B. GOODWIN as editor. We congratulate the *Commercial* on securing the services of such an able journalist as Mr. GOODWIN, who as editor of the "All Sorts" column in the *Boston Post*, has acquired a wide celebrity.

It is not entirely certain that Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER will thank the *Hartford Sunday-Journal* for describing him as "a decidedly foreign looking personage, with longish, curlish, blondish, grayish, hyperionish hair, a full Gottingen beard, romantic nose, thick eye-brows, a bright, good-natured eye hidden behind specs., the whole apparition decked in Siberian ulster, turbanish seal cap and heavy brogans."

THOMAS HARDY, who is the only rival of WILLIAM BLACK for the honour of being the most popular of recent English novelists, is 38 years old, and was educated in a provincial village, becoming as one might fancy from his figures of speech, the apprentice of a country architect. In London, however, he became a student under BLOMFIELD and a disciple of the Gothic school. He won prizes in architecture, and studied to be an art critic. Finally he chose fiction.

Of the late ELIHU BURRITT'S works the *Providence Press* says that he "intended to leave all his copyrights, his manuscripts, his library and his literary remains with a professor of Brown's University, on condition that the latter should edit such manuscripts and republish such books as might be expedient, annotating and correcting them up to date. The offer was declined, the learned philologist being unwilling to risk his reputation on Mr. BURRITT'S publications.

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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.

To Correspondents.

SPORT.—We should say that the people likely to make the best pedestrians would be the *Lap-landers*.

BIG INJUK—Yes; there is an Indian tribe called the Cheyennes, pronounced *Coyenne*. They pepper the Whites when they get a chance.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER—O. Do the inhabitants of the North of Scotland use the same articles of diet as those living in the South? *Ans.* There is but little difference; it's much the same all over.

Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS AND CELEBRATED MEN.

I.—THE ROMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND.

In the year 55 B.C., Gen. JULIUS CÆSAR was Roman through Gaul with a large army on a career of remorseless conquest. He had obtained the nomination to the governorship of Rome, at a recent caucus of his party, and was now endeavoring to lay in a large supply of glory to help him in the approaching election. He also wanted tin,—for we regret to state that under the imperfect civilization of ancient Rome, politicians were sometimes known to practice bribery and corruption. Well, after tramping all over Gaul with his band of ragamuffins, breaking street lamps, assaulting the police, and brutally murdering thousands of official assignees, the General reached the northern shore of the country, and pitched his tents at Calais, where he intended to enjoy a little sea-bathing. Happening to cast a casual glance across the Channel, his eye struck the chalky cliffs of the coast of Britain. The eye was not seriously injured, though it was observed that CÆSAR winked with it at his lieutenant, who happened to be standing by his side. He had conceived a happy thought. He had determined to invade the tight little Island, whose reputation as a Free Trading country, and a perfect *El Dorado* for tin had long been familiar to him. He formed his plans without delay; and when it was suggested that perhaps the Britons would prove too many for him, he curled his scornful lip, elevated his Roman nose, and remarked that "if the Zulus could get away with JOHN BULL, he guessed the Italian troops wouldn't have much trouble."

The fires being lighted on the steamboats, and a large supply of rosin and pine laid in the engine rooms, 10,000 infantry soldiers were stowed on board, and at midnight, on August 26th, B.C. 55, the stern lines were cast off the spiles, and the invasion started. When they got out a distance in the Channel the troops all got sick, and the scene which ensued is without a parallel in history, if we except a few occasions last summer which excursionists on the crowded *Maxwell* may remember. Gen. CÆSAR himself was dreadfully unwell, and everybody who saw him felt sure he would throw up the whole project. But at 10 o'clock next morning he had reached Dover, and soon recovered his usual health. To their great astonishment, the invaders found that the Britons had, in the meantime, adopted a Protective policy. The banks were bristling with armed warriors, who looked down from the tall perpendicular cliffs and taunted the Romans with "How is this for high? If you want to get in here, you must scale these rocks!" CÆSAR replied that, as in the case of Mrs. SIDDONS' performances in the Grand, the price of admission was altogether too steep; so he moved down the coast about seven miles, where he found a flat place. Here the troops disembarked and waded ashore, when, without even waiting to change their clothes, they proceeded to a lively skirmish with the natives. None of them caught a cold, however, because CÆSAR, with the forethought for which he was noted, always kept his army supplied with —s* celebrated Vegetable Cough and Cold Preventer. Having overcome the "weak and inefficient opposition" (to quote from the *Mail*)—CÆSAR planted the Roman standard, which bore the strange device S. P. Q. R., which probably meant *Small Profits and Quick Returns*, because this conquest didn't amount to anything, and the invaders soon returned to Rome. Next year CÆSAR made another raid, having found that the previous one hadn't turned many St. John ward votes in his favor. This time he took with him 80,000 men in 800 vessels, and the venture proved an unqualified success. In fact no equally great performance of *Julius Cæsar* has ever been presented to the British public. Having accepted the resignations of the various British Chiefs, CÆSAR imposed a heavy tribute to be paid to Rome, and went home to howl on the hustings about his famous victory. But it seems the Britons never paid any of the tribute, which shows that the United States is not the only nation that goes back on its agreements. This was bad for CÆSAR in the campaign, for Roman statesmen, like SAMUS DAYUS, of East Elginorum, got up and declared that they "didn't give a — for England!" and in the midst of the excitement, as the reader may remember, CÆSAR was fatally stabbed through the toga by a miserable Grit named BRUTUS, and had to retire from the field. Thus endeth this reading.

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"Things are not what they Seem."

The London *Free Press* administers a paternal "slap aside of the head" to those muddy-pated Custom House officers who began to collect duty on certain weekly papers, under the impression that they were included in the tax on "periodicals." It appears that weekly papers are now excepted from the list, and of course the Grits say that the Government were obliged to remove the duty in the face of the general howl raised. The *Free Press*, however, affirms that the trouble was that people in general, and customs

officers in particular, didn't know what a "periodical" was. Quoth the editor:

"It is now seen that the fault lay with our zealous officials, whose duty was to have ascertained from Ottawa what was really meant by the term "periodical" rather than to have set up their own improper estimate of it."

Only a few days ago the Finance Minister found it necessary to explain that the duties on ship-building materials didn't at all mean what the ship builders imagined; and in view of these constant troubles, arising out of the gross ignorance of the public, GRIP begs to suggest the appointment of a large batch of profound individuals, to be known as Interpreters of Plain English, whose duty it shall be to show that the Tariff doesn't mean what it says whenever it comes into conflict with the views of a formidable portion of the community. Perhaps Dr. TUPPER could arrange for this while re-modelling the Public Works Department.

Flambeau Flashes.

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

WHAT is gas-talk quoted at in Ottawa?

ICE is very properly in the free-zedule.

DOES a knave in the church deserve an *ave*?

THE Policeman's Motto.—"Give us arrest."

IF March is the most disagreeable month, April is s-appiest.

IS the duty on playing-cards for the "protection of game?"

A PAWN-broker may be a very intemperate man, and yet "keep the pledge."

THE lay of the hen is heard.—*N.Y. Express*. Pretty good for the *Eggs-press*.

IN what year was coffee settled?—*Boston Post*. Wasn't it B. 40. Before tea; see?

"BEAUTIFUL Spring,"—as the young man said who saw a big flea jump off his adored one.

WHAT did REBECCA draw at the well?—*N.Y. Express*. Don't know, unless it was a water-colour.

THE small boy is never proud of his tore clothes.—*Meriden Recorder*. Because the other boys tare at him.

JUDGE a wood-chopper by his good acts.—*Dan. Sentinel*. That's a good one, GREENSLERT, when did you hatch it?

MOTHER EVE was a good little girl at school. She never went out without leaf.—*Puck*. You speak figuratively.

FABER the pencil man is dead, but no man ever left more marks behind him.—*Boston Post*. EPITAPH—He lead a good life.

A CARRIAGE maker's wife said she "was tired of hearing her *hub's* tongue waggin' so much, and that's why she wheeled 'round and spoke to the other fellow."

IS THE "Daughter of the Regiment" any relation to the son of a gun?—*Somerville Journal*.—Can non be found to answer this question? it ha-d ought-ter be an easy one.

EVIDENTLY there were no soup houses or free lunch routes in Esau's time.—*Wheeling Leader*. That's only a soup-house-ision on your part. Were there any in Æ-sup's time?

DID you ever know an inkstand up for its writes?—*Meriden Recorder*.—Don't know, but will inquire of some paper on whom we can de-pen-d, and let you know write away.



"Parliamentary Companions."

GRIP invokes the public sympathy for these two unfortunate individuals, DOMVILLE and GILMOUR. Their circumstances are particularly distressing, even in this day of widespread suffering. They are poor (very poor) representatives of dignified constituencies. They have had the misfortune of being thrust into a public position which makes their poverty painfully conspicuous. Their resources are so very limited that they have hitherto been unable to do anything but follow the steps of their respective parties in the capacity of "backs." But their sorest want, the great need which induces the benevolent GRIP to make this plea on their behalf, is a want of Parliamentary manners. They have recently given a public exhibition of their ignorance of the rules of politeness. Before the assembled Commons they have used vulgar language towards one another, to the scandal of the whole country. GRIP charitably attributes this to their want of knowledge, their education having evidently been neglected, and in the above little sketch he has sent them abroad to collect alms from the sympathetic Public, who may rest assured that anything they may kindly drop into the hats will be conscientiously devoted to the object of securing these unfortunate members the benefits of a training in good behaviour. It is GRIP's intention to place them under the instruction of Prof. FANNING as soon as sufficient funds have been collected.

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FROM J TO L.

MR. JUMVILLE, M.P., Brunswick. Hard some member this, though features sadly contorted with inward pain. Cares of state, perhaps. Make enquiries. Mistaken! Hon. mem. reminds me appearances are deceptive. Wouldn't think, to look at him, that he would challenge anybody to meet him in corridor. Chief requirements of constituency—more N.P. Says he gets letters every day complaining that flour is too cheap, and that there are some Grits still in office.

MR. KILMORE, M.P., Susanna. Hon. mem. slightly hurried. Cravat in disorder. Says he met Mr. JUMVILLE as he came in, which accounts for it. Chief requirements of constituency—less N.P. Says it is certain ruin. Claims to be little of a politician, however; poetry his strong point. At request recites some original lines, beginning, "I gaze, and wonder as I gaze." Is empha-

tically of opinion that Confederation will be a failure unless JUMVILLE and duelling are suppressed.

M. LESANGUINANE, M. P. *Papincaville*. Hello! what's the matter with you? what on earth has got into all the Hon. members to day, anyway? This is a very bad case. Visitor furious and wild to an alarming degree. Faces floor like unto a pedestrian coming home on his twelve thousand and sixty fourth and last "lap." Call in guard for protection. Hon. member subsides, but would like to know if we have Responsible Government in Canada? (*Guard withdrawn*). Tell him I am under the impression that we have. Says *No!* we have *not!* If a measure that has passed both Houses of the Canadian Parliament (probably the finest deliberative body in the world, and of which he has the honour to be a *membare*) has to be sent to the tape and sealing-wax office in England to be 'vised by a pack of imbecile, counter-hopping, left-handed relatives of an *effete* aristocracy, then by ten thousand thunders! he (the Hon. gentleman) thinks it high time to—(Call in guard again. Remind Hon. gentleman that we have "a dungeon on board.")

II. G. apologises for warmth. Guard withdrawn. Hon. mem. elevates shoulders and *Exit*.

Mem. Hardly know what I should do in this case, but would advise cold baths and antiphlogistic treatment.

Mixed.

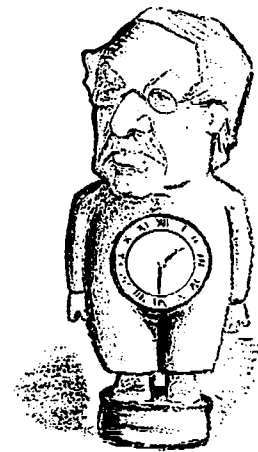
MR. GILMOUR, in his memorable speech on the Tariff, said, "The gentlemen now lowing at the public crib would have the fashion of their countenance changed down in New Brunswick, and be driven forth like NEBUCHADNEZZAR of old to eat grass as oxen." In this striking agricultural simile, Mr. GILMOUR undoubtedly meant to hit the Ministerialists, but he has struck the other fellows instead. The Conservative "kine" are not lowing at the public crib; they have their snouts deep into it, and are switching their tails in ecstasy; it is the Opposition herd that is standing out in the cold and piteously bellowing for a taste.



SCENE.—TABLE D'HOTE, MONTREAL.

WAITER.—Will you have your eggs boiled hard or soft, sir?

FIERY FRENCH EDITOR (*Anti-LETELLIER*)—No, sare! *boil* not at all, sare! I vant zein raw, and if LETELLIER is not turn out, I vant zein *stale*, sare!



The Niagara Clock.

The above illustration represents an elaborate and costly time-piece, of original pattern, recently presented to the House of Commons by the electors of Niagara. In its qualities as a clock, no less than in its external design, it is unique. When wound up and started it is warranted to go for an indefinite period, the passage of time being indicated by a dull, monotonous rumble, instead of a regular tick, tock, as in ordinary chronometers. It is in this respect an allegorical representation of the famous river which shares its name with the constituency, for

"Men may come, and men may go,
But it goes on forever."

It has another peculiarity, namely, that it does not keep time; on the contrary, it wastes it. As may be gathered from the above imperfect sketch, the clock itself is a masterpiece of the carver's skill. The figure is cut from the wood of the plum tree, highly polished, and ornamented with brass. It is a classic study representing *Ajax defying the Lightning*, although we are quite prepared for the *London Advertiser* to insinuate that it bears some resemblance to a modern work known as *Josiah defying the Lockjaw*. When this artistic and ingenious clock was first placed in the House, its presence afforded the members a good deal of amusement as well as instruction, but the novelty appears to have worn off, and many members on both sides now regard it as more or less of a bore. This feeling is plainly indicated by the following epigram, which bears evidence of having been written by some witty member—possibly MACKENZIE:

O, Niagara's Clock should be put on the shelf,
For it stands ninety years on the floor;
It is dryer by half than chaff is itself,
Though it weighs not a pennyweight more.
It gets up on its feet when the House begins to sit,
And it quits when the House doth arise—
It will stop, short, never to go again
When J. B. P. dies.

IT APPEARS that Messrs. YOUNG, FRAZER and MACLEAN charged about \$5,000 for their work in framing the National Policy. This, in connection with the fact that our City Council lately paid \$39 for getting a few fire alarm cards framed, seems to imply that the framing business is in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the hard times.

DR. TUPPER's Bill provides for a Minister of Railways. The Dr.'s main-line of argument is that the Public Works Department is at present too big. We suppose the Opposition will rail against the measure, when it is submitted to their tender mercies, but we engine them to be reasonable, and allow the Minister of Public Works to switch off a portion of his arduous business.



NO "PROTECTION" FOR THE GOVERNOR.

SIR JOHN (*With admirable dryness, archness, etc., etc.*)—My dear Marquis, one of us deserves the abuse, but you don't surely expect Toryism to abuse ME, do you?



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The *esprit d'corps* displayed by the humorists of the American press is most admirable. It ought to bring a blush to the cheek of the party politicians—(if the p.p. have any cheeks). In illustration of this good fellowship, it may be mentioned that Mr. GRISWOLD (the "Fat Contributor") recently enlarged his paper, the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, and the first page of the new issue was composed entirely of witty pieces, in prose and verse, sent in by the members of the happy fraternity from all parts of the country. Our readers will thank us to supply them with a taste of this unique dish, which we proceed to do:

(Chas. C. Johnson, Wheeling Leader.)

Why do we laugh? Aye that's the question!
DARWIN, who hath mounted the step-ladder of science,
Holds forth in books, at two dollars each,
Sold only by subscription, that man is but
The descendant of an animal, and yet BARNUM
Would give half his kingdom for any four-legged
Beast that could "haw-haw" even as badly
As a circus clown.
The truth is, for statistics of which please address
E. J. PERKINS, that laughter is heaven-born—
But to the conundrum hinted at in the first line!
(No prizes given for successful answers, as
This paper is not "Puck" nor the N. Y. "World.")
We laugh because about fifty paragraphers
Of the American press, hold a concave mirror
Up to nature, and make current topics as pleasing
As a big insurance policy to the widow of a dead husband.
Their quirks, their puns and queer conceits,
Are, to a newspaper, what the sparkle is to champagne,
Without which, we would hold it cheaper
Than a poor article of St. Louis whiskey.
"Let me write the paragraphs of a paper,
And I care not who writes the editorials,
Said one of the happy philosophers whose head
Is a level as the composing stone
Of a first-class job office.
Therefore, it is decided that a man
Who makes a nation laugh is entitled to
About \$100 a week damages. Yet the fact is
That he can only recover about \$15;
But he is bound to get justice in
The higher court above, and
Don't you forget it.

(De Witt G. Ray, Utica Observer.)

You always find a Rear Admiral in the front rank.

"I've enjoyed this tete-a-tete," as the cow said when the milk-maid left her.

Three lumps of coal soaked in kerosene, and a chimney with a good draft, are warranted to create a grate few-roar.

He was a callow youth just from college and as he stroked his upper lip he murmured: "I have a hard time getting down to work."

(W. E. Williams, Fulton Times.)

The American citizen is no less distinguishable for the number of pockets he has in his pants than he is for invariably depositing his wealth in that particular one which has a hole in it. The fact is an awful warning to men to keep their pants tucked in the top of their boots.

(E. P. Brown, of the late Cincinnati Breakfast Table.)

Edison keeps on inventing, without scarcely stopping for meals and sleep. Mark it—that man will yet stumble on some means of making a wife's millinery bill seem reasonable to her husband.

"When the swallows homeward fly." If this is a conundrum our guess is that the circus begins about the time a growing boy shoves his knees under the dinner table and gets his elbows well in play. If they don't fly then, the boy ain't well, that's sure.

(W. J. Lampton, Steubenville Herald.)

Roll on thou deep and sharp old paragraph-er, roll! ten thousand subs sweep up to thee a payin'; man marks the earth with ruin, you mark his name off the book when his time's up—unless he pays.

(E. P. Nowell, Chicago Commercial Advertiser.)

A dissipated individual is dizzy pated.

The sea-sick man finds it hard to hold his own.

An imposing ceremony—the marriage of a bigamist.

Can a man who rightly divines the location of a rich mineral ledge be properly styled one of the miner profits?

The Texas Legislature has enacted that all trains shall come to a halt before crossing the State line. Many people come to a halt after crossing it.

(Eugene Field, St. Louis Times-Journal.)

With stealthy gait she sought the gate,
To see the distant sea—
The scene there seen was of a seine
Dragged leeward o'er the lea.

The bell that tolled told that 'ere belle,
That evening dew was due,
But still in still of eve she waits,
With blushing hue for Hugh.

(J. L. Thwing, Fond-du-Lac (Wis.) Reporter.)

A comma may be the shortest pause known to man, but from the brevity of the stay of old Tray, who thrust his nose into a dish of milk at which puss was feeding, the other day, we are led to doubt if in the experience of the dog he ever found anything to make a shorter stop at than the cat's paws.

(Tom Chrystal, Hackensack Republican.)

"Give me a royal sentiment,"
A captious coquette said
Unto a penny-a-liner bold,
With no sense in his head.

He took some pennyroyal from
A boquet in his hand,
And gave it to her with a smile
So child-like and so bland.

"This is not sentiment," she cried,
"It isn't worth a cent!"
"It may not be," said he, "but still,
It is the scent I meant."

(M. Quad, Detroit Free Press.)

Two Ohio Nimrods, camped in the woods of Michigan to hunt game, followed a bear track for three days before discovering that "Bruin" was a land-looker from Chicago who walked with his toes turned in. They tried a shot at him but he got away.

(Geo. Riley, Jr. Oswego (N.Y.) Record.)

She was a high-born lady,
And her mamma's only darter;
They moved in the best society—
In fact the cream of Tartar.

Sally Ratus was her name—

It made the household gleam—
She never toiled for love or fame,
Not even soda senn.

(Maybury Fleming, New York Mail)

"I've done it," cried Smythekins, interrupting us as we were writing an epic, "I have begun to play the great American game of poker." "Ah!" said we, "how did it happen?" For Smythekins has always expressed the opinion that poker is vulgar. "Why," answered the guileless young man, "As I was passing Pettimore just now in the street, he slipped and fell. He called me and I raised him." Smythekins has the utmost confidence in our forbearance, but he went away as soon as he said that.

(Louis C. Prindle, Bridgeport, (Conn.) Standard.)

A Bridgeport poet says he sings because he can't help it; and, we might add, because his neighbors can't, either.

(H. C. Bunner, New York Puck.)

"I catch your drift," as the man said when the snow from the roof fell on him.

(J. C. P. Holden, Yonkers Gazette.)

A spring opening—the night latch.

None but the drivers deserve the fare.

It's a nil wind that is most popular this month.

Feminine beauty is often obtained through saucer-y.

If thou crowd it too heavily thy wit will be sure to find thee out of ideas.

(Edward C. Edwards, Boston Transcript.)

When James's mamma has company, she does not make James wait till the nice dinner is all cold. She does not give James the poorest piece of meat nor the piece of pudding that is burnt. She treats James as though he were company too. Why, one day, she gave James the only piece of pie on the plate; so that Charles's mam-ma, who was at dinner did not get any. And James's mam-ma knew that Charles's mam-ma was very fond of pie. Now, I think I hear you say, "Why, this story is about my own dear mam-ma. She always does just the same as this James's mam-ma does."

(Geo. W. Peck, Peck's (Milwaukee) Sun.)

A fashion note says: "Square necks are much worn on low corsages. V necks are also seen; but round low necks are preferred by most young ladies for ball toilets." We prefer round, low necks, and object strongly to square necks because the corners cut your arms, and the V necks (which means five dollars we suppose) are too costly.—*Oil City Derrick*. That man is either crazy or drunk. He don't know anything about fashions. A square neck is the upper works of a dress under the throat gashed down about two chains and three links, thence west two chains; thence up there to the place of beginning, leaving a clearing that makes you feel as though the wearer ought the have a window pane in the sash to keep from catching cold, and you think you are just about glazier enough to set the glass. With so many free schools it is sad to see a young man of so bright a mind as the "Derrick" man, so misled about fashions.

(Nat. Burbank, New Orleans Picayune.)

Widows' weeds are easily removed by an active young husbandman.

True journalism shoots folly as it flies; but it is folly to think folly can ever be killed by a wing shot.

(Cecil T. Eagnall, Turners Falls Reporter.)

To the poor all things are poor.

The boy who puts his thumb to his nose has Billingsgate at his fingers' ends.

Shakespeare said that a lion among ladies was a dangerous thing; but Shake had ought to hear them a-lyin' among themselves.

An art critic, who has an unfortunate habit of occasionally indulging in more wine than his health demands, recently determined one day after luncheon, to pay a professional visit to a private art collection. Arrived in the first room, he found himself opposite a large mirror. Mechanically he drew out his pocket book and therein wrote, "No. 1.—Study of head and shoulders; unnamed; an old toper. Fuddled condition excellently rendered; most likely a portrait. Seem to be acquainted with the original."—*Ex.*

The Plea for the Bay.

A venerable lady I, my name it is Toronto, I had a fish pond nice in front my door yard as you'd want to, A pretty place to go upon an evenin' out a sallin', All calm and smooth though weather bad outside might be prevailin'.

And lots of birds and sich there was for them as cares for gunnin', Wich it is a hexercise that I could never see much fun in, But bless you, Sir, the birds all now turns up their nose and flies, Sir, At vapours wich from that there pond continual arise, Sir.

They've spiled my pond with stinkin drains, till it is worse than pyson, And built up railway sheds till it I scarce can get my eyes on, And now they're lettin all its banks wash off—well, there'll be sorer When all the pond is quite destroyed, and maybe that's termorrer.

Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.

TORONTO—(Continued).

AMONG the many "lions" of Toronto, to which we have to draw the attention of the tourist, is one that alone will repay him for his journey from, let us say New Orleans or Galveston, or in fact anywhere within a radius of two thousand miles or so. It is

OSGOODE HALL.

This magnificent structure is built in the pure Græco Roman style of architecture, the architect no doubt choosing that as being especially fitting for an arena wherein the intellectual combats between so many learned members of the Hall would take place, not to mention the severe encounters of the numberless students who are continually wrestling with the "authorities," alas, too often to the students' discomfiture, as is testified after each successive examination by the cloud of feathers darkening the northern sky from the aspirants for legal honours who have been ruthlessly

PLUCKED

by the Benchers. The stranger, gazing for the first time at the stately facade from a short distance, say the south side of Queen Street, would imagine it built of Roman marble, from the dazzling whiteness of its walls, but we are compelled to acknowledge that its immaculate appearance is due to a lavish expenditure of

WHITEWASH.

But let us approach the ponderous iron gates guarding the well kept grounds, so tastefully decorated with choice shrubbery. We enter the

MAIN HALL.

Here a scene presents itself that cannot but make a lasting impression on the beholder—a long expanse of Mosaic flooring of intricate pattern and brilliant coloring; stupendous columns, standing in majestic rows, each bearing the admonitory legend in quaint old English,

"Ye Professione and ye Publick
Are respectfullie requeste dede
To aide in preserivinge
Thys building from Injurie."

Whatever tribe of barbarians the profession and public are supposed to keep a look out for is not stated. It, of course, refers to bygone times, as the savage races inhabiting

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

Press Notices of Recent Numbers.

GRIP has been enlarged to octavo form, making considerable improvement in its pages. With additional space the humorous quips and snarls which makes Grip a favorite are able to take a wider range. The cartoon this week represents the *Globe*, in the person of Hon. George Brown, as "Mr. Facing-Both-Ways." The familiar physiognomy adorns both sides of the head. One addresses a Canada farmer, saying, "You'll get no better price for your oats: the other a cabman, "You'll have to pay more for your oats." The idea originates from two contradictory extracts from the *Globe*. There are several other designs more or less pointed, among which is Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, as a policeman, lugging off a *gamin* by the collar. A "Kind Gent." (Sir John A.) interposes, saying, "Been stealing the brains of the Opposition, has he? Pshaw! let him go—its only petty larceny!" It is a good number all round.—*London F. P.*

The Toronto *Grip* comes to our table this week. It is modeled after *London Punch* and contains lots of good things. We can hardly afford to give *Grip* the "sack."—*New Haven (Conn.) Register.*

Grip—the *Punch* of Canada—has made an improvement which must prove very acceptable to its readers. *Grip* is published at Toronto, Ont., at \$2 a year.—*Norristown Herald.*

GRIP.—Our Canadian comic paper after nearly six years of vigorous life, has adopted an improved and enlarged form, its eight pages giving more space for its jests on men and manners, and for its impartial hits at both political parties. The cartoon in the first enlarged number is an amusing and lifelike portrait of Mr. George Brown, with two faces under one bonnet telling the farmer on one side, "you'll get no better price for your oats," and the cabman on the other, "you'll have to pay more for your oats" while a placard in the background inscribed "Panic—Great rise in Oatmeal Porridge—Scots to Arms," gives another view of the subject. There are several other laughable illustrations. "Grip" has achieved success and deserves it.—*Peterboro Review.*

the ward in the surroundings of the Hall, hitherto considered unattractive, are now completely subdued and kept in tolerable order, thanks to the efforts of

MR. ALDERMAN PIPER,

who, it is said, they look upon a sort of CETEWAYO. But the "notice" still stands as a memorial of "old time rocks." Further on, we come to the great central Quadrangle, beneath the dome. The many colored rays of light descending through the stained glass of the windows overhead give a beautiful and Slavator Rosarish effect, especially when lighting up the portraits of different legal dignitaries on the walls, and giving to each like so many Admirals, a distinctive colour. Chief Justice C. P. of the Blue; Chief Justice Q. B. of the Green; and

VICE CHANCELLOR OF THE RED.

This light, perhaps, is not the one to which Mr. BERTHOE, the artist, would choose to have his pictures exposed, but the public, notably that portion thereof from the remote agricultural districts, think it "looks lovely," and everybody knows that in this country we must yield in matters of taste, as well as in everything else, to the

GREAT AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS,

(see *Globe* of any date). We were conversing the other day with a learned gentleman from the city of Dublin, while lunching with him at the U.E. Club, when he gave us a glowing picture of the grandeur of the Four Courts. We told our friend Mr. D that his Four Courts were as nought compared with the

FIVE COURTS

we have at the "Hall": Court of C.P., Court Q.B.; Court of E. & A.; Chancery and Surrogate Courts, each and several with a sort of purgatorial attachment called, we know not why,

CHAMBERS.

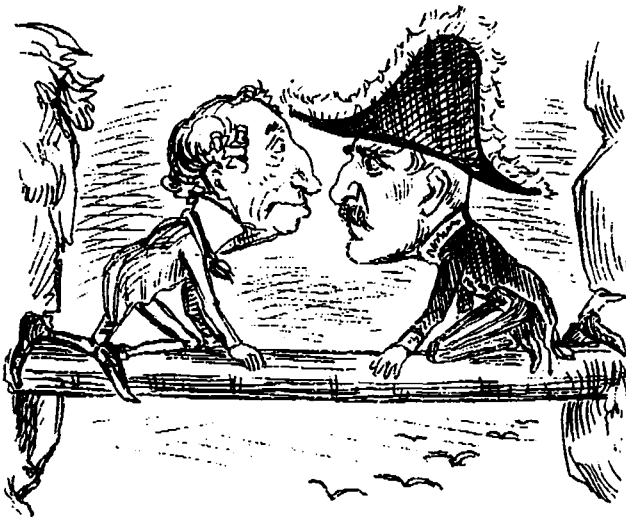
It is in the "Chambers" that the unfledged members of the Law Society get their "baptism of fire," and move for one thing or another of minor importance appertaining to different suits. If HIRAM BUTTERNUT, of York County, yeoman, will cast his eye down his last bill of costs in re Your Rail Fence Line, he will observe a great many mysterious and abbreviated items, in this tenor: "attg. chs. for &c. \$1.00"; attg. chs. to obtain &c. \$1.50"; attg. chs. for &c. \$1.00; attg. chs. again and again &c." This the funny law student calls "chamber work."

It would be impossible in this short paper to describe all the fine points of Osgoode Hall, the Court rooms, library, stamp office, &c. We only give a slight synopsis of the great institution in order to impress upon the tourist's mind the manifest advantage and pleasure he will derive from a visit to this chaste Temple of the Law.

GEORGE PAW, a clerk in the Halifax Post Office, was suspected of stealing money letters. Inspector DREWE set a trap and caught the naughty paw which had been opening them.

A BOARDER in a private boarding house, in St. John, observed a hair in his hash at breakfast the other morning, and smilingly remarked to his landlady that it put him "very much in mind of a mussed-hair." A giddy youth said, "hair! hair!" and the landlady gave them notice to immediately seek some more suit-table quarters.

GENTLEMEN of the cloth.—Table-waiters.—N.Y. Mail. Gentlemen of the press.—Cider makers.—*Boston Punch*. Gentlemen of the bar—Tipplers.



THE CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION:
Which of them will go?



THE REFORM BOYS COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS.

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The Constitutional Question.

SCENE.—Lobby of the House, Ottawa.

1ST. MEMBER.—Your attacks on the Governor-General are scandalous! It's JOHN A. you should blame, for the constitutional rule is that the Governor-General can do no wrong

2ND. MEMBER.—Well, and isn't it another rule of the constitution that JOHN A. can do no wrong?

Do horse-chestnut trees have fine foal-ings? SHOULD a man "go on a tare" if the tariff raises his spirits?

THE Poll hair Regions.—Customers' heads in a barber's shop.

BECAUSE ice runs at the approach of fire, would you accuse it of coward-ice?

WHEN you read a joke in the Oil City Derrick you see the point derrickly.

THAT joke in GRIP lately about not taking Stock at par, was a first class par-agraph.

IN one case a relapse set in and in the other he sets in real laps. What is the question?

WHEN the Sultan has his favourite wife removed from the room isn't it putting out the "Light of the Haram?"

THE reason tramps get so much bread is probably because they loaf round so much. An aristocratic tramp is one who prefers the upper crust.

IF the tax on snuff is reduced there will be more pinching times than ever.—Ex. There's snuff used now a days goodness nose. If you think it's sneezy thing to get off another joke on this, just try it.

IN a pedestrian match among the poets, the belt would be undoubtedly carried away by GRAY an account of the beauty and symmetry of his I.E.G.—New York Commercial Advertiser. Couldn't BYRON faster?

LORD PALMERSTON once said, speaking of the Turks, "What energy can be expected of a people with no heels to their shoes?" The noble lord was right. Without heels no people can be elevated in the scale of humanity.

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