

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



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.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. }
No. 24.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1880.

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"We Public Men."

His Worship of Ottawa, in a speech the other day, pathetically referred to the martyrdom which "we public men" have to suffer at the hands of the newspapers. Alas, it is too true! The noble army of TWEEDS, MACHINROSSES and other patriots cannot be permitted to serve their country by engaging in a little innocent contract-fleeing without being talked about and abused by the public press. The only way they can avoid this suffering is to cease serving their country in that particular way.

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Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

Mr. GEORGE LUMSDEN, who has been for a number of years connected with the *Hamilton Times*, and has for over two years filled the position of editor-in-chief, has been appointed deputy to the Provincial Secretary of Ontario. We congratulate Mr. LUMSDEN on his appointment.

Scribner's Magazine has come out with a new design on its cover—in fact with a new cover altogether; an improvement, of course, for *Scribner* never goes backward. The present design is more simple than the one just discarded, and will be much more to the liking of people aesthetically inclined.

THROUGH a combination of untoward circumstances the October number of the *Canadian Shorthand Magazine* failed to make its appearance with its usual promptitude. Arrangements have been made by which it is hoped this delay will not occur in future, in view of which the friends of the *Magazine* will kindly overlook the disappointment this time.

Littell's Living Age keeps up its character as a first rate eclectic magazine. The current number contains the cream of the late English magazines and reviews, with the continuation of "The Portrait of a Painter by Himself," and "Bush Life in Queensland." A new volume began with October. Subscription price \$8. LITTELL & Co., Boston.

A NEW penny rival to the sixpenny weekly papers in England has been announced, under the title of the *Society Times*, and the list of contributors which has been put forward—all of them men of high repute in the literary world—gives an earnest of a high-class publication, free from vulgarity, issued at a low price, and destined to kill the less strong of the present weeklies.

GRIP's Comic Almanac for 1881 is going to be a stunner, and don't you forget to buy one. Fold this paper once from top to bottom and you have the size it is proposed to have the Almanac, which will contain about sixty pages, brimfull of original matter profusely illustrated. We hope to have the brochure on the market by the middle of December. The first edition printed will be about 10,000. Advertisers will consult their own interest by making early application for space.

"THE WORST BOY IN TOWN," by the author of "Helen's Babies," is a recital of a series of pranks played by a warm-hearted and lively boy, whose parents did not know how to manage him. As a study of what Mr. CHADBAND classifies as the human boy, it is not to be compared to MARK TWAIN'S admirable "Tom Sawyer," and an absurd chapter of moral is tacked to the end of the story. But some of the stories are undoubtedly funny.

THE proprietors of the *Magazine of Art* (Cassel, Pettey, Galpin & Co., New York), have much pleasure in announcing that its success is so continuous and gratifying as to justify them in developing the magazine into the form which, from the commencement they had hoped it would ultimately reach. They, therefore, beg to announce that, with the November part, not only will the number of pages be still further extended, but the size of the pages will be also considerably enlarged, and the general character of the magazine so far improved as to more than justify, it is believed, the increase price (40 cents) at which it will be published.

THE POLITICAL CARTOON in GRIP last week is an exceptionally clever and telling one. It is entitled "the Abortive Trick." There are two other smaller cartoons also exceedingly clever—

"the Canadian Sphinx" (SIR JOHN), and "Prometheus at Ottawa," representing a fat railway contractor being disemboweled by the cormorants, Chapleau and Macintosh. GRIP is now eight pages, four of which are illustrated, and yet the price is no more than it used to be when half the size. Every Canadian should read GRIP—sure cure for dyspeptic melancholy.—*Meaford Monitor*.

GRIP for Saturday 16th is as amusing as ever. His cartoons are striking, especially the full page one. We chanced the other day to get a glimpse at the pile of GRIPS which comes to this Post Office, and we were astonished. It is really surprising how the citizens of Owen Sound can appreciate fun. We sincerely trust that when our ravenous friend comes to present his "little bill" to his patrons here, he will meet with as good success as we have—yes, and a little better.—*Owen Sound Tribune*.

THE issue of the *Varsity* for last week shows a marked improvement on the preceding issues, though, as we have before said, the paper has, from the first, given promise of being really a representative University paper. All the articles are well worth reading, and bring to the discussion of *Varsity* and educational topics the best talent of our day and country. "Some Sixameters" is one of the best things we have read for a long time, placing, as it does in an intensely comical light, the co-education of sexes, which is so graphically depicted in the mutual admiration glances exchanged between the gownsman and "the fair girl-graduate" on the title page of the *Varsity*.

IN the matter of journalistic enterprise, religious newspapers are, as a rule, behind the age. We have known of their editors actually declining proffered help in the way of shorthand reports of speeches of special importance. The *Christian Helper*—the leading Canadian Baptist newspaper published in this city, has furnished a noteworthy exception to the general rule, and last week surpassed itself by publishing, during the session of the Baptist Union of Canada, a special daily edition, containing phonographic reports of the proceedings, and illustrations of prominent persons and institutions connected with the body. Such enterprise is to be commended. The interests of Christianity are surely as important as those of politics, and the most sluggish local political paper makes a "big push" when special occasions arise. When a famous clergyman, who was advocating the need of education for the clergy, was reprimanded by a rustic with the remark, "God does not need your learning," he uttered the well-known retort: "Neither, I am sure, does He need your ignorance!" Religious publications might take a hint from the clergyman, and a lesson from the *Christian Helper*.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

Mr. DUNBAR, our gifted young sculptor, is hard at work in his new studio, on King Street West, near the Royal Opera House.

LORD DUNDREARY, (there is only one), is so ill that SIR WILLIAM JENNER and SIR JAMES PAGET have held a consultation over his case. It is a great pity if his disease should turn out "one of those things which no fellow can find out."

DION BOUCECAULT'S Irish play, "O'Dowd," was recently produced at the Adelphi, London, for the first time. It has a strong national bias. The hustings speech was received by the audience with mingled hisses and cheers, and much excitement prevailed.

The veteran orator, JOHN B. GOUGH, is to give another lecture in Shaftesbury Hall on Friday evening, 29th inst. This time the old man eloquent is to discourse on his own experience, under the title of "Twenty years after." The Committee, bent on giving everybody an opportunity of enjoying this treat, have adopted popular prices.

Mr. HALL, the painter of the portrait of REMENZI, which has been so deservedly admired on all hands, is a young artist who has been residing in this city about a year. His studio is in the Union Block, opposite the Post Office. A life-like portrait of Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS has lately left his easel.

Mr. HAWKEY'S lecture on "Abraham Lincoln," on Thursday of last week, was a fair success. The matter of the lecture was good, but there was a manifest lack of elocutionary training on the part of the lecturer, and, as might, perhaps, be expected, he did not seem to be so thoroughly at ease as a successful lecturer should be. With more preparation, Mr. HAWKEY ought to take a good position in the ranks of those who "orate."

OF REMENZI'S three violins, one is a Stradivarius, called the Princess, and valued at \$5,000; the second is an Amati, of the same value, and the third, called the Crown Prince, and used for parlor playing, valued at \$3,000, was made by Mr. COLTON, of New York, who works so slowly and carefully that, should he work till very old, he would complete, it is said, only about fifteen violins.

Mr. CORNELL is to be congratulated on the enterprise and tact which enabled him to bring about the performances, in concert, of two such artists as REMENZI and JOSEFFY. Astronomers foretold some remarkable conjunction of stars for this season, and this was decidedly one of them. Of course, the artists acquitted themselves in such a way as to paralyze the pen of the most captious critic. On the second night, REMENZI was presented with Mr. HALL'S admirable portrait of him, as a *souvenir* of his visit, amid the warm applause of the audience.

Mr. PIRON'S next attraction is D'ONLEY CARTE'S Company in the "Pirates of Penzance," a piece which is safe for packed audiences during the week. Those who heard this opera on a late occasion at the Gardens, will not be persuaded to stay away, and all who didn't hear it, will seize the present opportunity, so that pretty much everybody is bound to be there. And truth to say, nothing better is likely to be offered for their amusement during this or any other season.

The town votes Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS a success in her new departure. The audiences at the Royal have been large and fashionable, and they have been royally entertained. The first night, especially, was brilliant, when the charming lady appeared as *Juliet*, and fairly represented that splendid role. The memory of NELSON will fade while this new embodiment of beauty and genius remains above the horizon. Mrs. SIDONS' engagement ends with this week.

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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.

"TIMOTHY."—Please call or send your address to the office of GRIP.

New Industry—N. P. For Ever!!

A Manitoba exchange has the following:—"There is a great dearth of marriageable young ladies in this part of the Dominion."

GRIP at once sees an opening for some of those young men who find it so difficult to earn their living now-a-days, and are driven to walk King Street in a forlorn way, trying to gather some small comfort from the smiles of those young ladies "who do so easily beset them."

NOTICE TO INTENDING HUSBANDS.

The undersigned have entered into arrangements in some of the leading Ontario markets, and are now prepared to furnish intending husbands in Manitoba with a superior class of wives, in every way warranted to suit the climate well.

N.B.—A small stock of choice widows for sale at a bargain.

Now, wouldn't that sort of thing draw? Why, a roaring trade would be got up in a month. All our lonely girls would get married off, and the company could declare a first half-yearly dividend of 40 per cent.

Pairs of 'Em.

The following appears in the columns of a contemporary:

"Pair of Geese; W. Ventress, Mrs. James McConnell. Pair of Ducks; Mrs. Thos. L. Davis, Mrs. James McConnell."

In connection with the latter observation, not being acquainted with the parties, we can't

say about the truth of the description, but anyhow, it is a dreadfully public avowal. The former observation strikes us as being a trifle personal. We infer that a rush of prize lists has driven our contemporary into a temporary fit of insanity.

Captain Tom's Meditation.

The "boys" were all in session down at the corner grocery when Capt. Tom came in, and, sitting down upon a biscuit box, took his usual "chew," and then proceeded to meditate; expectorating meanwhile upon the stove, and contemplatively rolling his "quid."

it down. Well, next mornin' there was that cat on the door-step, mewin' as usual. Then the boy he took un' tied a stone round its neck un' threw it inter the pond agin.

TIMOTHY.

A Colloquy on Boats.

(By Cablegram).

AUSTRALIA (loquiter):—

Hurrah for the land where the gay cockatoo Enlivens the soul of the sad kangaroo.

CHORUS—

"Sing loud all ye beasts in the 'scrub' and the thicket, Oh! where is the fellow can equal our TRICKETT?"

CANADA (respondet):—

Hurrah for the land where the solemn chipmunk Sings psalms to brighten the down-hearted skunk,

CHORUS—

You may easily beat us at bragging or cricket, But HANLAN'S the fellow to wallop your TRICKETT.

AUSTRALIA:—

The "bushrangers" perched on the gy-bark trees. Sing silly sonatas and trumpety glee,

CHORUS—

"Sing loud all ye beasts in the 'scrub' and the thicket, Oh! where is the fellow can equal our TRICKETT?"

CANADA:—

Canadian wolverines, squirrels and owls. Give vent to their feelings in deafening howls.

CHORUS—

You may easily beat us at bragging or cricket, But HANLAN'S the fellow to wallop your TRICKETT.

If beasts get excited, then why shouldn't we Sing loud in the height of our pride and our glee? "Hurrah for NED HANLAN! If anyone can. He'll settle this lengthy Australian man!"

CHORUS—

Hurrah for NED HANLAN; let's shout it once more. May he soon be crowned "King of the shell and the oar!"

GRIP's last cartoon represents the political prestidigitator, SIR JOHN, unrolling a string from the mouth of a Pacific Railway Commission witness. His right hand has apparently forgot its cunning, as he tells the audience that he extracted a ribbon of the wrong color.

Ask your Grocer for MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL AUCE. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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The Lilliputian Romanists, or, "High" Jinks at Holy Trinity.

The mingled amusement and contempt which we have put into the face of the respected prelate in our picture, must be the expression with which he looks upon the present goings on in the Protestant Church of Holy Trinity—if he thinks it worth his while to give them any attention at all. The reverend and Protestant incumbent of that church appears to be making the most of his like-minded guest, the reverend and Protestant J. KNOX-LITTLE, and they are having what their Methodist brethren would call a glorious time of it. The spirituality of the Christian religion is being forcibly displayed by means of gyrations and genuflections, and the adaptability of the gospel to sinners is being beautifully illustrated through chasubles, stoles and other millinery. No doubt the good Mr. DARLING is happy—comparatively—for we cannot help thinking he will never feel perfectly at ease until he has passed from the make-believe to the real, and transferred his allegiance from Bishop SWEATMAN to Archbishop LYNCH.



The New Cromwell.

It is recorded that on a certain occasion that grand old fellow, CROMWELL, whose gorged always rose instinctively against sham in any shape, marched into the House of Commons, and, pointing contemptuously at the golden mace, thundered out: "Take away that bauble!" Mr. GRIP, a latter-day embodiment of the Cromwellian virtues, re-enacts the role of the great Protector by metaphorically marching into the Local House of Ontario and ordering the veritable bauble of a mace, which lies upon the table of the Assembly room, to be taken away instantaneously. And let the equally ridiculous cocked-hat, and all the other tawdry emblems of mock royalty be pitched out too; for, besides

being a laughing-stock to all sensible people, the office which they symbolize is enormously expensive. The people of Ontario are paying \$700,000 per year to keep up a lot of tomfoolery and snobbery under the title of a Lieutenant-Governorship, while many deserving institutions of an educational or charitable character are languishing for want of funds. It is high time common sense had a place in public life.

Who is Moses Oates?

The excitement which is raging in the Western peninsula of Ontario around this question is apparently spreading eastward, as is attested by the following letters which have found their way into Mr. GRIP's post-office box. :-

MR. GRIP—Sir—Please inform the public that MOSES OATES is not a member of our family, and, so far as I know, is not a York Pioneer.

Yours, &c.,
R. OATES, Y.P.

EDITOR GRIP—Sir:—I am not MOSES OATES, nor do I know who that individual is. Please publish this and oblige

Yours,
D. J. MACDONNELL, B.D.

MR. GRIP—Sir:—I understand that I have an unfortunate resemblance to the notorious weather prophet of the West—MOSES OATES. This resemblance is purely accidental, as I can assure you I am not the aforesaid OATES, nor will I hold myself responsible for any debts he may contract.

Yours,
O. MOWAT.

MR. GRIP—Dear Sir:—Notwithstanding a striking resemblance in personal appearance, MOSES OATES and I are two entirely distinct and separate personages. I am the leader of H. M. L. Opposition; he is a weather prophet. We are both great successes, especially he. The confusion, I suppose, has arisen through the frequency of the expression, "It hakes" seems to feel his oats." Please publish this and oblige

E. BLAKY

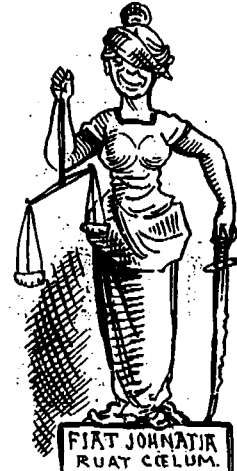


The Heartless Minister.

Sir LEONARD TILLEY is known to be a humane and kindly gentleman, and yet he is represented in this sketch in an attitude of monstrous heartlessness. Has GRIP, then, misrepresented the noble Knight? GRIP never misrepresents anybody, and he is prepared to stand by this picture to the last. If there is a terrible inconsistency in the attitude of the Finance Minister, as shown here, it is nevertheless his present position exactly. The *Mail* of a recent date declares:—

There are destitute and thoroughly deserving people in our midst who are without fuel and almost without the means of keeping body and soul together.

Now, it stands to reason, that if Sir LEONARD TILLEY has the means of alleviating this distress, and fails to do so, he simply mocks the sufferers. And everybody knows that he forms one of a Cabinet the members of which have often declared that it is in the power of the Government to remove the distress of the people. He is cognizant of the suffering, he claims to have the power of curing it, and he doesn't do so; ergo, he is a heartless wretch as represented above. Q. E. D.



Statue of Justice.

Designed by Mr. GRIP, R.C.A., and proposed to be erected upon a pedestal of brass in Parliament Square, Ottawa, to commemorate the faithful and single-eyed labors of the Royal Commission appointed to investigate into Pacific Railway matters.

Apology.

FROM AN OTTAWA EXQUISITE TO HIS DULCINEA FOR HIS HAVING FORGOTTEN FANNING'S INSTRUCTIONS ON A MOMENTOUS OCCASION.

Be pleased to forgive and forget
That once, on the street, when we met,
I was stupidly blind,
Or was troubled in mind,
And so, blind as a bat,
Never lifted my hat
To one, whom to greet is a pleasure;
But of this be assuredly sure,
That, as long as the earth shall endure,
I shall scan every face
Of the whole human race,
Lest again I offend,
By thus cutting my friend,
For whom my esteem's beyond measure.

I may add that it's not very clear
How I passed you without recognition;
For it must be that, when you are near,
I would know it by pure intuition.



An Embryo Democrat.

GAMIN, (pointing to number over the door) - 329! Gimmimy, BILL, this must be whar GARFIELD lives!



EMPTY HONOURS!

HON. W. MACD—LL.—“THE DISHES ARE VERY COMPLETE, AND MY APPETITE IS EXCELLENT, BUT—!”



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A hollow mockery—Echo.—*Bloomington Eye*.
The hired girl is made to order.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Edison is up to his elec-tricks.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

"Put up jobs" are now in order—by the stove-man.—*Phila. Item*.

Bonds that are hard to redeem—vagabonds.—*Valleja Chronicle*.

Straw hats and straw drinks depart hand in hand.—*Chicago Journal*.

Extract from Bacon—A slice from a ham.—*Somerville Journal*.

The wind has color, for haven't we heard of the dark blew?—*Salem Sunbeam*.

A good place to catch a runaway father—Bag-dad.—*Richmond Baton*.

A lawyer's daughter calls her numerous suitors sundry plaintiffs.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

Funny, but you wouldn't patronize a tailor unless he gave you fits.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

A physician, like a glazier, gains fame from the number of pains he sets right.—*Lockport Union*.

A recent experience has convinced us that Jon never tackled a stovepipe.—*Hackensack Republican*.

"It is better to give than to receive." This applies to taffy as well as a kick.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

A good question to ask a policeman—Does your mother know your route.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

It is difficult to become familiar with the wheels of a watch, so many of them travel incog.—*Ev*.

Good silver coin is known by its ring, and so also is the good circus.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

They have decided to put the obelisk on a knoll. Very appropriate place for a knolled thing like that.—*Ev*.

First year of marriage, he thinks her an angel. Second year, he wishes she was one.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

Why is the traveller stopping at Brussels like a well-known country paper? Because he is a *Waterloo Observer*.—*N. Y. Times*.

"Backward, turn backward, oh time! in thy flight," says St. Julien as he starts off on his race against his record.—*Oil City Derrick*.

An artist may paint only the features of a Presidential candidate on a banner, but his character soon comes out in the canvas.—*Richmond Baton*.

The Spanish people go to a great deal of trouble to call an infant an infanta. We can't see how the final letter helps the baby any.—*Detroit Free Press*.

What a mule loses in the efficiency of tail he makes up in toughness of hide; and that's the way he gets even with the dies.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

President HAYES has a mountain named after him, and feels in consequence as if he were a bigger man than old Mr. MAHOMET.—*Elmira Free Press*.

Many a book agent and canvasser has discovered that the "welcome" on a door-mat refers to the third house around the corner.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Judge—"See here, prisoner; if you do any more lying you won't get off with three years!" Prisoner—"But, Judge, how many d'ye s'pose you'd gimme if I'd tell the truth?"

The man who is asked to guess a lady's age and doesn't guess several years less than he believes to be exact, is making an enemy and doing truth no good. *Detroit Free Press*.

Autumn gilds the leaf. Of course she does. That's her business. If she didn't we'd get some sort of a machine to do it for her and dock the old gal's wages.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Seymour mechanic who picked up a piece of hot metal by mistake, let go of it so quickly as to throw his shoulder out of joint. This is the fastest time on record.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Some young ladies go to the post-office in the evening to wait for the mail. Others go to wait for the male.—*Norristown Herald*. Well, what's the difference—only a letter!—*Phila. Item*.

A young man on Main street says he is going to attempt the feat of going forty days without working. He says if his employers do not watch him he thinks he can accomplish the task.—*Rockland Courier*.

A slanderer says: "When an American is abroad and is puzzled about what to order, he falls back on ham and eggs." The ham part is all right, but falling back on eggs is not so nice.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"In hot weather I think I can stand the cold weather best, and in cold weather I think I can stand hot weather," recently remarked a Chicago man. And then, with a look of disgust continued: "But the fact is, I despise weather altogether!"—*Chicago Journal*.

A small glass of lager is always called a "pony" while a large one is called a "schooler." It makes but little difference whether you go on horseback or take a schooner, the passenger is surely transported toward his pier.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

"Uneasy frog" and "happy duck" are the names of two new colors for female fixings. The man who invents the names of colors must be a college graduate and possess a massive intellect. Sooner or later he may strike upon "stubborn mule" and "lucky spider."—*Norristown Herald*.

"ELLA, is your father at home?" said a bashful lover to his sweetheart. "I want to propose something very important to him." "No, CLARENCE, papa is not at home, but I am. Couldn't you propose to me just as well?" And he did with perfect success.—*N. Y. Telegram*.

A few weeks ago while the eminent violinist, WILHELM, was coming down stairs, a careless man trod on his j and nearly pulled it off. For a day or two the physicians thought they would have to amputate it, and thus compel him to wear a wooden one all the rest of his days. But he and it are now out of danger.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.



THOUSANDS SPEAK!

Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by Physicians and Apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

Our Grip Sack.

THE oldest revolver—the world.

PERPETUAL motion—the ever-circulator.

THE man who drinks 'alf an' 'alf gets of'en off.

DOES the Glass Hen bring chickens into being through the hatchway?

THE JOSSEFY-REMEMYI concerts were immense. We are Hungary for more!

WHY is a man who dislikes Irish fuel like a Hibernian vegetable? 'Cos he's a peat-hater.

JONES says he "don't mind fleas, if the 'tarnal critters wouldn't keep such a gettin' up and sittin' down!"

"I HAVE done the state some service" is what Sir ROGER TICHBORNE (*nee Orton*) says, after seven years in jail.

Maritime Farmer is the name of a Fredericton journal. Ploughs the deep, and is one of the main-tenants we suppose.

OUR bachelor contributor wants his inexpressibles repaired. He advertises for a reseat. That's what he pants for.

"HONESTY is the best policy." From a burglar's point of view this is uncertain. It depends upon the efficiency of the police force.

APPROPRIATE slang for Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL when he becomes convinced of his false position on the lager question—"I take water!"

THE only change in the moon is "quarters." The "man" there knows nothing of ten or five cent pieces. What does he do when he wants a plug of "chewing?"

BABIES are now all the rage. There's the elephant baby, the new Spanish baby, and the rag baby.—*Cleveland Voice*. You, surely cannot have overlooked "Baby Mine." Don't say you have never heard of it, or else we shall have a mean opinion of the civilization of Cleveland.

SAYS a childless husband to a friend who is bowling two olive branches before him in a carriage and has two others tugging at his coat tails behind:—"Happy is he who hath his quiver full of them." "I don't know that," retorts the other, "it will depend upon the financial bulk of the quiver."

THERE is a movement (whether due to the N. P. or not we pretend not to say), for the introducing of beets among our agricultural friends. That is all right, but several of our fellow editors are clamorous for a movement with a different object, viz:—the uprooting of the beets already in the country.

It is reported that a Kingston Road pastor proposes to use incense to overpower the odor arising from a dead polecat which some sacrilegious scamp has placed under the chapel. He had better not try the experiment, for the introduction of this Romish innovation will be sure to displease the congregation who are incensed enough already.

THE Gargling Oil Company of this city, is constantly in receipt of business letters from all parts of the country. The following is a specimen of a dealer's letter-head in Nebraska, who patronizes red ink and a rubber stamp: "— & Co., Dealers in Drugs, Dri Gudz, Hatz, Kaps, Buts, Shuz, Hard, Kwen and Glassware, Harness Wagons, Gran, Redymad Klotthing, Pork and Produs Jenerally." We think the above, which is given literally, is entitled to the cake as a specimen of the absence of all known rules of orthography.—*Lockport Union*. Nonsense, man! It is only a specimen of the working of the Spelling Reform.

The Real Truth about the Barque Ballad.

Though "that old villain Capt. BATES"
Of "bloodstained pirates" boasts and prates,
And WILLIAM I. gives him the lie,
And lays the blame on potent "rye,"
And though the pirate takes his oath
That he quite coolly killed them both;
We don't believe the *Ballad*
Was ever launched upon "the blue."
There never was a Capt. B.
There never was a WILLIAM I.
There isn't any pirate GRAEME,
There never was a schooner *Flame*.
The yarns are concentrated "lye!"
Of deep and dark Tartarian dye.
And let the man who wrote this stuff
Consider we have had enough.
In future *truth* will be a boon,
So take a warning, friend B-T-H-N-E!

ED. GRIP.

Notes from the Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP—I am altogether out of sorts. It's not that I've been out at night; it's not that I with duns am pressed; it's not that I am soft with love; it's that confounded jelly-cake I ate and can't digest. (I may as well observe that that is something after Ingoldsby's Legends, or you will be chirping around about it's not being strictly original.) Were you ever at a religious tea-fight, that is, a Tea Meeting in connection with a church or a chapel? But of course you have. You have been to everything and every place where pretty girls are to be found. Isn't it just awfully jolly while it lasts? But, oh my! the results are terrible. No man, troubled with the possession of a stomach, should attend them, unless fitted with a cast iron diaphragm, or diaphragm, or a diarr—something,—you know what I mean. Well, I dropped into one of these spider webs the other night. There were the usual long narrow tables, the big wash boilers of steaming Sou-chong, the hum and buzz of many voices, and the general excitement and hilarity which must naturally exist where ninety-five in every hundred are innocently glorying in the idea that they are getting thirty cents' worth of grub for their quarter, whilst the five waiters are sardonically revelling in the knowledge that by a bountiful generosity with other people's victuals they are causing the ninety-five to be hopelessly ill on the morrow. It is nice, though, to sit between two pretty girls sipping tea and nibbling snaps whilst every few moments some other darling creature drops over your shoulder with a plate of blamed deception, and smilingly entreats you to "Just once more, if only ever so little." And what can you do but take another little bit, utterly regardless of a future state, or the eternity of torment. Ah, me! the result! Pitching and tossing around all night. Dreams! such dreams! You dream that you have a boiler of hot tea under the small of your back, a gigantic slap-jack cake, having alternate stratas of india-rubber, whilst a juvenile Mont Blanc rests upon your legs; tragic gents with tin dippers on their heads, and jug bracelets around their wrists, spin you like a tee-totum, and pour cold water on your middle; and fair haired angels, in brown holland pinafores, make you open your mouth and shut your eyes, and fill you up with tarts, or rather dabs of asphalt on the half shell. Oh, it is too terrible! I may perhaps feel better in a day or two, and will write you again. GADFLY.

We read in an exchange a paragraph that Mr. A. W. WRIGHT, who is at present stumping Maino in the interest of the Greenback party, is being styled "Hon. A. W. WRIGHT, of Toronto, Ont.," by his supporters. The same exchange sneers at the idea of Mr. WRIGHT's being dubbed "the Honorable," and suggests that he might as well be made a knight at once. This is "wrote sarkastik" by our contemporary, but GRIP only wishes that a few of our Canadian Knights were (intellectually) as worthy of the honor as Mr. WRIGHT most undeniably is.

My First Buffalo.

'Twas at the early age of six,
I read a story, "*Squatty Dick's*
Adventures" on the prairie wild,
(I was a cultivated child.)
This story influenced me so,
I longed to slay a "*red-skinned foe*,"
I yearned to raise an "*Injun's* *law*,"
And massacre a "*grizzly bear*."
I buried torrid on "*mustang steeds*,"
And dreamed all night of "*drawing beads*,"
Of "*Injun maids*" and "*prairie grass*,"
(I was a strange, infantile ass.)

II.

I think I may as well confess
I loved my spinster governess.
She then was turned of thirty-five,
(She's ninety now if she's alive.)
I longed to fly with her from home
To where the wolf and red-skins roam,
To where the "*fragrant prairie rose*
Is trampled down by buffaloes
Who thunder past in wild career,
Pursued by herds of spotted deer.
I vowed with her I'd westward go,
(I was a little ass, you know.)

III.

My madness rose to such a height
That I proposed to her that night.
I said, of course, the usual things,
I called her "*angel minus wings*,"
I painted bright the happy life
She'd have as my beloved wife,
I said "without you, welcome death,
(As PETER the apostle saith),
Let us like lovers westward go
And slay the stately buffalo."
She boxed my ears, but—let it pass,
(I was an awful little ass.)

IV.

I wept upon my brother's breast,
For I was very much depressed.
He was a funny little chap,
Said he "You shouldn't care a rap;
Cheer up my boy, be gay and jolly,
Begone dull care and melancholy."
With aphorisms such as these
He sought my aching heart to ease.
His maxims touched me all the more
Considering he was only four.
Said he, "Forget that heartless jade.
You've been an ass, I am afraid."

V.

He said, "To-morrow let us go
To seek the "*bounding buffalo*,"
That maiden would be out of place
Where "*red-skin foes*" your footsteps trace.
She cannot use a "*shooting iron*,"
She's only fit for reading BYRON.
What would you think were JULIA'S tresses,
To ornament the "*sarminits*" dresses.
Let us alone to-morrow go
To slay the "*stately buffalo*,"
Forget your slightly ancient lass,
Be sensible and not an ass.

VI.

Next morn we took my father's gun,
A handsome double-barrelled one,
And sallied forth to vacant lots,
And other unfrequented spots,
Where elephantine, horny cows
Delighted on the grass to browse.
Said I, "Pray mark that awful cow,
Observe the horns upon her brow;
Observe her most ferocious tail
That slashes like a farmer's flail.
Look at the way she gnaws the grass,"
(I was observant, though an ass.)

VII.

Close hid behind a maple tree
I fired at her with savage glee.
What with the flash, the smoke and roar,
I don't remember any more,
Save, taking straightway to our heels,
And hearing some unchristian squeals.
Oh, how we ran! I left the gun,
That handsome double-barrelled one.
Oh, how I hated home to go!
I spoke, and told my brother so,
He said "As I've remarked before,
"You are an ass." I said no more.

VIII.

A kindly neighbor told the tale,
My mother's kindly face grew pale.
She firmly doffed a high-heeled slipper,
Remarking, "Please extend your slipper."
The air, of course, grew thick with squeaks,
And real able-bodied shrieks.
My brother, too, received his share,
And told his *ma* he "didn't care."
He said "When next I hunting go
I'll carry home the buffalo.
But as to brother John, alas,
I sometimes fear he is an ass."

Another Bulwark Going.

The campaign against the venerable Grand Jury is quiet, but the *Globe* has founded the war-note against the County Courts, claiming that their usefulness is gone. GRIP does not propose to argue the question, but simply desires to show caws why an order of abolition should not be issued without previous most serious consideration. This appeal is made in behalf of the younger members of the legal profession. If the *Globe's* arguments prevail, what is to become of the legal talent of this young Canada of ours? Deprived of those splendid opportunities which the precincts of the County Court afford—shut out from the exercise of his forensic talent in the august presence of the Division Court Judges (that Court being conducted in the interest of the "poor man," and, therefore, in direct opposition to that of the lawyers),—and—but we dread to venture on the unexplored ocean of dreadful results to follow if this course is adopted. Chaos wouldn't be a circumstance to what would follow. In the name of our budding Q. C.'s we protest against the innovation.

It is a Pity

That a brilliant orator and a sincerely good and devoted man, as we take the Rev. Mr. KNOX-LITTLE to be, should be surrounded with such a cloud of form and ceremony that his power is greatly diminished.

That the Government will not have SIR CHARLES TUPPER investigated, pronounced guilty, and transported to Patagonia, so that the readers of the *Globe* may be saved from further suffering on the subject of Section B.

That the Hon. OLIVER MOWAT is not able to reconcile his appointment of CAPT. PRINCE and JERRY MERRICK to good billets in outside counties with his reputation for doing justice to local municipalities.

That the *Telegram* cannot give its patrons as much original matter in each issue as the *World* contains.

That Mr. McMMASTER should have come out for the Majority and destroyed Mr. CLOSE'S chances for election.

That HARRY PIPER'S museum is threatened with prosecution as a nuisance, when the public-spirited Alderman really intended it as a great moral institution.

That every person who goes in for the true and the right, don't subscribe for GRIP.

HOME NEWS FROM ABROAD.—A woman who kept a boarding-house in Ottawa, Canada, has recently attempted to commit suicide. In the States, it is generally the boarders who feel like putting an end to their existence.—*Puck*. In Toronto the boarders are different. They want to immolate the boarding missus; to lay her with the hashes of her house in fact.—*Grip*. Let's see, the incident scarcely seems familiar, yet it must be true, as *Puck* is reliable. Ah! we have it now—it was the boarding-house missus who invested three dollars and a half in boarding-house butter, which in three days became so strong that it threw every boarder out of the house, and, on the fourth day, flung the woman herself out of the second story window. As the woman declined to give any explanations, the people generally put it down that it was an attempted case of suicide, hence the report abroad.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

"Old age," says the Phrenological Magazine, "is almost invariably accompanied by a prominent chin." The lady who does not put up her hand to her chin upon reading this paragraph may safely conclude that she is still a daisy, if not a dumpling.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

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OLIVER MOWAT DISPOSES OF TWO TROUBLESOME "KIDS."



1ST GENT. "What is it that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did surely bear blood."
2ND GENT. Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.
Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Autobiography of a Jack of all Trades.
FIRST CHAP.—AS A BRAKESMAN.

At the age of eighteen I determined to become a railroad man; not from any special predilections for the profession, but I thought that success in it was certain, as my family had great influence with some of the railroad magnates. My name is TURNER WHEELER, and I am, in more ways than one, a remarkable man, standing as I do 6 ft. 8 in. in my stockings, and weighing 480 lbs. A word from my father to Mr. Lawless, of the Hog's Hollow Railway, (my father had been coachman with Mr. L. fifteen years before) secured me a position as brakeman on that line, and I said to myself "Turner! in future the future lies before you." "Trust no future, however pleasant." "Act, my boy, in the braking present." "Be not like a dumb driven cattle," and other brave remarks occurred to me, calculated to sustain my drooping spirits in my separation from tender home-ties. At six, one morning, I joined a goods train at the depot, and, stepping on to the roof of the rear car, I sat down and awaited developments. The conductor watched me for a while, and then said: "We'll be off in a minute or so; g'lang and take off all the brakes. Hurry up, now!" The train had been brought up "all standing" and the brakes had not been relieved. At my best speed I pursued my dangerous way from car-roof to car-roof, removing *boldly* the brake-wheels and carefully pocketing them. I wrenched them all off without very much trouble, and then resumed my seat, conscious that I had done my duty.

Then we started. It was highly exhilarating. I sat with my legs dangling over the edge of the roof of the rear car, and it was jolly to see how fast the track sped away from beneath me. Quite attractive, in fact. I had not sat there long before my reverie was abruptly broken by a tremendous blow which I received on the back of my unfortunate head. For a moment I was completely dazed, and only recovered myself in time to see the ruins of a totally demolished bridge, which crossed the track, vanishing in the distance. My head had come in contact with the arch and utterly ruined it. As it was, I can't see, to this day, how I escaped without a broken head. Presently the conductor looked out of his window, and said, "Mebbe you don't hear I'm whistling down brakes, or has that bridge knocked the ears off'n ye? You're a nice kind of a blockhead, you are." "Mercy on us," I roared, "how can I down brakes when I've got them all in my pockets?" "We're dead men," solemnly said the conductor. "We have to bring up here in a switch to let the 7.30 express pass us. A nice pass your idiocy has

brought us into." While we were thus speaking we entered the switch at the rate of thirty miles an hour, which, by rights, we should have crawled into. In the distance ahead we could plainly see the 7.30 express tearing down the track in its desperate speed. Not an instant was to be lost, so, removing my pipe from my mouth, I stepped down and took a firm hold of the buffers of the rear car. I stopped the train in quite a short time, amid great applause from the engine-driver and conductor. Now the unexampled meanness of that railway company deserves to be held up to the scorn of a discerning public. Notwithstanding the fact that I had saved their train from utter destruction, they docked from my wages enough of the "wherewithal" to replace the brakewheels which I had unwittingly torn off. Then the road commissioners who owned the bridge which my head smashed, entered a suit against the railroad for very heavy damages, and the company, without the slightest compunction, compromised the matter by promising to discharge me. They did so. I truly hope that that railroad will be a financial failure. Such people as the Directors look mean alongside of the old rabbit who dicoured her step-children. I am at present out of employment. Any company requiring the services of a man like me have only to send their address to this office.

Greece Declares War with the Turks

Again to war, Hellenes!
Again to Europe show
The sword that smote for freedom
Her first barbarian foe!
As now the Turk, the Persian
Was Europe's pest and yours,
Ye smote his hordes to Hades
That day whose fame endures:
Ye bade his Satrap's purple
Athena's shrine adorn!
Ye gave his host to fatten
The Marathonian corn.
Again to battle, fathers!
To conquest march again!
Let not our Tartar tyrant
On Europe's soil remain!
Be they as were the Persians—
And as your sires be ye;
And hear from every people
The blessings of the Free.

Oh!
Dr. BUCKE, physician of the London Lunatic Asylum, says (in *Scribner* for October) that WALT WHITMAN is "one of the greatest, if not the greatest, man that the world has as yet produced." Well, well! "Evil communications corrupt, etc." Dr. B. ought to be in no way insulted if we say that there is an erratum in the description of him that opens this paragraph. For physician read patient. We suppose he meant that WALT WHITMAN was the greatest man who had been for some time, (or "ever" if you like), an inmate of the London Lunatic Asylum.

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