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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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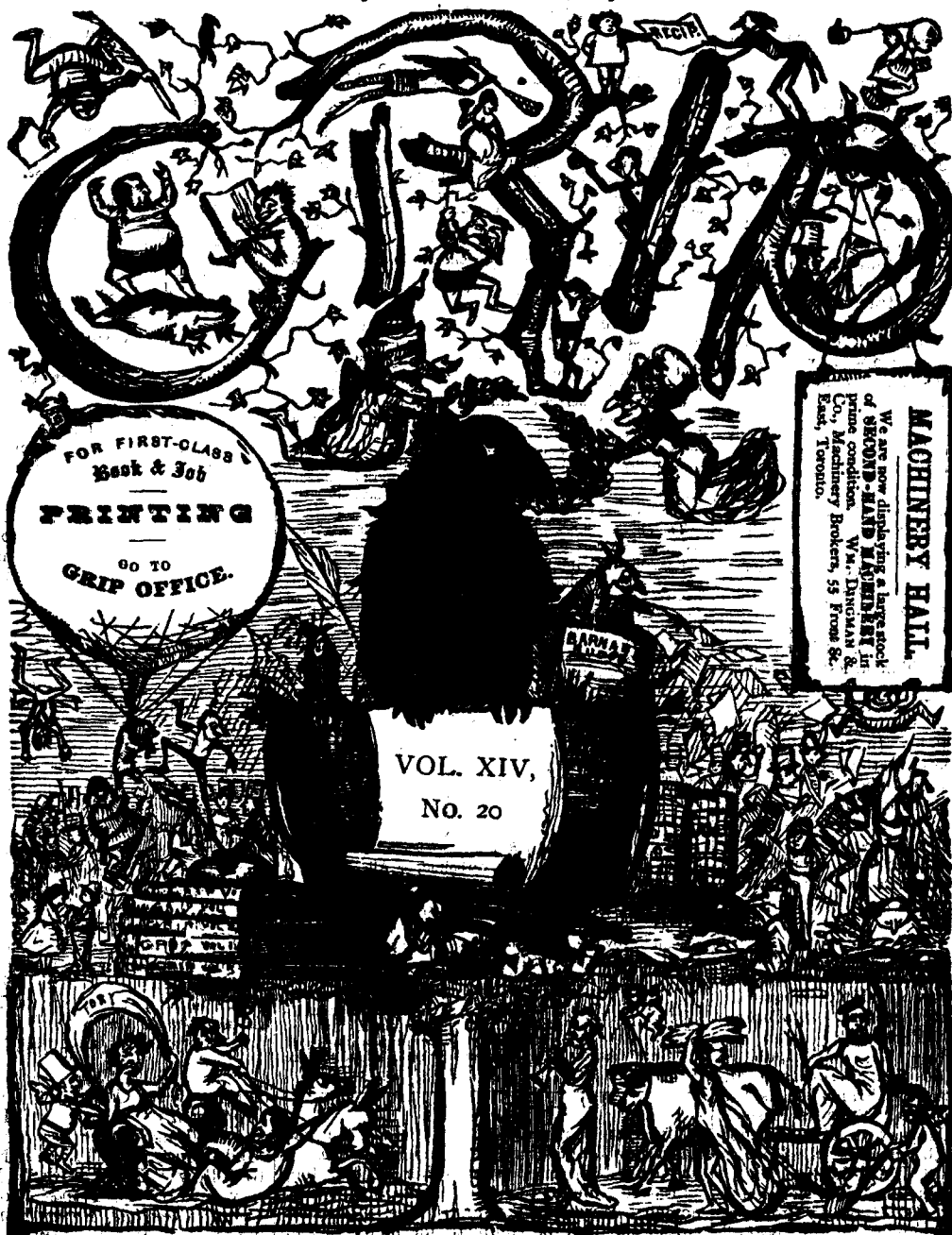
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TO PHONOGRAPHERS

We have in contemplation the issue of a **MONTHLY PHONETIC JOURNAL**, 16 pgs., at 10c. per copy, or \$1 per annum, and will be glad to receive the names of all persons engaged in the study, or who are in any way interested in the project. Phonographers will do us a favor by giving us their views, as the publication will depend on the interest manifested.

BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1880.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

THURLOW WEED is losing his eyesight and says that he can scarcely recognize faces.

THEODORE MARTIN, author of the "Life of Prince Consort," has been knighted and made a K. C. B.

ARCTIC FORBES, writer, rider, reporter and military man, will certainly, so he says, come to this country this fall to lecture.

The next volume of DICKENS' letters will be read with deep interest. It contains the much talked of correspondence between Mr. DICKENS and the late Lord LYTON on the subject of "spiritualism." These two famous writers hold opinions on that subject precisely opposite each other, and their letters are understood to convey the grounds for their antagonistic beliefs. The mystical tendency early foreshadowed in "Zanoni," and which found confirmatory expression in "A Strange Story," was characteristic of a mind readily attracted by theories and their alleged illustration in facts which were repugnant to the author of PICKWICK and the creator of GRADGRIND; and it will be to many a subject of curiosity to see how the respective notions of these two celebrated men were set forth and upheld.

RICHARD A PROCTOR has been writing to the New York *Herald* his opinions of THACKERAY and DICKENS, his criticism being evoked by the report of the interview with THURLOW WEED. PROCTOR considers that neither of the novelists showed skill in their plots, though DICKENS excelled THACKERAY in this respect. In drawing character THACKERAY is said to surpass DICKENS, and to be far ahead of SCOTT. THACKERAY'S power of portraiture is especially marked, says PROCTOR, in his women, though it is the custom of women to say that THACKERAY'S creations are all alike. Each of these characters is strong and individual. DICKENS' women on the contrary are patchwork, being derived in some cases, from four models. In the same way DICKENS' men were combinations of different characters known to the author. PROCTOR is of opinion that DICKENS had little creative faculty, but excelled in both, and the authors wrote English about equally well. GEORGE ELIOT is as far ahead of THACKERAY as THACKERAY is ahead of DICKENS—a distance as great as that which separates BROWNING and TENNYSON—so says PROCTOR.

That many actors and actresses of the French stage devote considerable attention to literary pursuits is well known. MM. COQUELIN and MOUNET SULLY are lecturers. M COQUELIN cadet writes in the *Tintamarre*, under the signature "Pirouette," and will shortly publish a volume, "Le Livre des Convalescents." M. TRUFFIER, of the Comedie Francaise, is the author of a volume of poems, "Sons les Frises;" MM. TRUFFIER and CRESSONNI, of the Odeon, are writing "Trilles Galantes;" M. DUPONT VERNON is the author of "L'Art de Bien Dire," M. M. POREL and MONVAL are at work on a history of the Odeon. M. GEORGES RICHARD, of the Odeon, has had a hand in "Les Enfants," three acts, "Pierre Gendron," three acts, with LAFONTAINE, and in "Hoche;" M. PIERRE BERTON, of the Vaudeville, is the author of the "Jurons de Cadillac;" M. LAFONTAINE has written a novel, "La Servante." There are other less known actors who are also writers, but among the ladies Mdle. SARAH BERNHARDT has written "Impressions d'une Chaise," for the *Globe*; Mdle. ROUSSEIL, a novel, "La Fille d'un Proscrit;" Mdle. LEONIDE LEBLANC, "Les Petites Comedies del' Amour;" Mdle. THERESA wrote ostensibly her memoirs, with MM. ALBERT WOLF and ERNEST BLUM; Mdle. SUZANNE LAGIER is writing her "Confidences," and Mdle. THENARD is writing a monologue, "La Presentation."



WELLAND CANAL.

NOTICE
TO

Machinist-Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications, and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into the contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

F. BRAUN.

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
Ottawa, 20th March, 1880.

xiv-20-01

BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-corn, 144 King-street West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-17

TO PRINTERS.—We have a Hoe Cylinder double-demij, which can be run by either hand or power. It is a first-class press, and may be seen in working order at "GRIP" office. Our only reasons for selling it to replace it by a larger press.

BENGOUGH BROS.

Fame!

Mr. GRIP'S triumph is complete. He has had a new brand of cigars named after him—a first-class, genuine, Havana-filler article, too, as indeed it ought to be, to deserve such a cognomen. Hereafter the joy of the intelligent subscriber may be complete, for he can sit in his pleasant home-circle, after dinner, and smoke GRIP'S jokes and GRIP'S cigars at one and the same time.

Mr. ROBERT ITERSOLL, having declared that SHAKESPEARE was not a believer in the truths of Christianity, Dr. BOLLES, a Cleveland clergyman, a student of the great dramatist, has undertaken in a series of lectures to show that he believed, not only in a Supreme Being, but in the incarnation of the Divine in Christ, and in a special overruling Providence. He sustains his position by many quotations, proving that SHAKESPEARE drew largely from the Bible and had a full and sympathetic familiarity with the prayers, ritual and ordinances of the church.

Stage Whispers.

BAILEY, the Danbury *News* man, is writing a play for SOL. SMITH RUSSELL.

Evangeline, by "Our Photograph Party," is the attraction at the Royal this week.

M. RUBENSTEIN has gone to St. Petersburg to produce his new Russian opera, *Kalachnikoff*.

It is given out that SALVINI will act in America next season, under the management of Mr. HAVERLY.

MISS ANNIE PILLEY made her first appearance in New York city last Monday evening, at the Standard Theatre, in *M'iss*.

LAWRENCE BARRETT will make a professional tour in England during the coming season, beginning an engagement in Liverpool.

E. F. THORNE has had a new play written for him by JOHN HABBERTON, author of "Helen's Babies." It is entitled *Deadwood Chimes*.

FRANK BANGS will bring out his new play founded upon Dumas' novel, "Joseph Balsamo," at the Walnut-street Theatre Philadelphia.

REMYNI, the prince of violinists, makes his second appearance here on the evenings of April 8th and 9th, in Shaftesbury Hall. Secure your seats now if you intend to hear him.

MISS BLANCHE DAVENPORT, in consequence of the inability of MAX STRAKOSCE to keep his musical craft fully manned, has come to a halt in her operatic career, and will teach music in New York.

The deadhead service for a first performance at the Comedie Francaise comprises 822 places; 223 for the press, 75 for the administration of the theater, 128 for the *societaires*, 60 for the employes, 85 for the authors, 50 for the artists playing in the piece, and the rest for the public generally.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The marvellous Wizard, HERRMANN, is at present performing at this house. Everybody has heard of this wonderful man, for his name has long been a household word; everybody should now seize the opportunity of seeing him. He brings several clever specialty artists with him.

H. M. S. Pinafore, with an amateur and fashionable crew, is about to be launched in Dublin under the patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough, in aid of the Irish distress. The performance is to take place in Dublin Castle. A member of the vice regal staff, well-known on "the boards," takes the part of "Sir Joseph Porter."

MISS ROSE COGHAN is studying up *Peg Woffington* in "Masks and Faces," in which she will make her first appearance in the Maddison Square Theatre, New York. It is to follow "Hazel Kirk." DOMINICK MURRAY is to be the *Triplet*, TOM WHIFFIN the *Colley Cidder*, and EFFIE ELLSLER the *Mable Vans*. THOMAS WHIFFIN'S wife and C. W. COULDOCK will also be in the cast.

The Dramatic Fine Art Gallery, of which a good deal has already been said, was opened to the public in London recently. The exhibition is of pictures, first by, and secondly of, dramatic celebrities. Few could have imagined that so many ladies and gentlemen connected with theatrical affairs are able to handle the brush and palette with more or less success; and when the idea was first mooted it was plainly asserted that, as an exhibition by dramatic artists it would probably prove a failure. That such is not the case is amply proved by a glance at the catalogue.

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EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the Editor; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with Grip's business department. Our authorised canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.



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.

An Unpublished Passage.

The following touching passage was, by some means, omitted from Sir A. T. GALT'S speech at the farewell banquet tendered to that gentleman prior to his departure for England as Canadian High Commissioner:

"Gentlemen, I am sure you will excuse these tears. On an occasion like this, an ebullition of tender feeling cannot argue any want of true manliness; on the contrary, I cannot but think you must consider it greatly to my credit. In leaving the shores of this dear country of my adoption, I am severing many tender ties, and even the contemplation of the truly immense time I expect to have in London with the fellows at the clubs, doing Pall Mall on sunny afternoons, riding in Rotten Row with the lords and ladies—perhaps even in the near vicinity of Mrs. LANOTRY,—going out to five o'clock teas with dukes and duchesses, sporting my figure at select garden parties, and passing many a happy night at the Christy Minstrel's show.—I say, notwithstanding all these bright visions, I cannot suppress the feelings of grief which rise up in my heart when I think of the ties I must sever. I must, for example, tear myself away from Mr. BROWN and the *Globe*; and I leave it entirely to your imagination to picture the distress this causes me. What a dear, devoted friend that journal has been to me! How graciously has it always spoken of me—when I have *pro tem* acted in accord with the Parity! In a moment like this, I think only of those occasions, and I dismiss from my recollection all the sharp and bitter taunts it has uttered against me on other occasions, when *pro tem* I have sided with the other fellows. I dwell upon those passages in which generous things have been said of my commanding intellect, my polished manners, and the unswerving rectitude of my public life; I forget all the articles in which my resemblance to the chameleon, politically, has been the theme. Yes, gentlemen, in parting with the *Globe*, I break a very tender tie indeed! Excuse these tears. But a still deeper depth of feeling is touched in my breast when I think of severing myself from TILLEY. Poor Sir LEONARD SAMUEL! I don't know what he will do

without me. I have been his guide, philosopher and friend, and have come to regard him as an affectionate father might regard his dear little toddling child. I do hope he may be able to get along without me, though I must confess I have painful apprehensions on the subject. I do hope, gentlemen, you will all keep a kindly eye upon him, and those of you who happen to know more about the National Policy than little Sir SAMUEL knows—I hope you will give him the occasional benefit of your advice. I could depart with a tranquil mind if it were possible to arrange that Mr. PHIPPS should step into the place that I occupied as *chaperone* to the Finance Minister, but, alas! that cannot be. The aid of that masterly mind is denied him. Mr. PHIPPS has become soured upon the Government, and he is now wholly given up to the contemplation of the "Conservative failure"—the failure to accept of his services when they were so generously offered. The only ray of hope I see is Mr. WALLACE, and I indulge the persuasion that under the paternal care of that distinguished gentleman the Finance Minister may be guided through the fog which envelopes his path. And now, gentlemen, I must close. You will bear my voice no more for a long time. My parting word is to be kind to Mr. BROWN and the *Globe*, and oh, take care of TILLEY!"

The Cost of Victory.

THE UPSHOT OF A RECENT GREAT LABEL SUIT.

Enter—THE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

I'm a bogus son of Mars, and I thank my lucky stars That I'm innocent of wars, excepting at home; I lately had a toss from a lubber big and cross, Who imagined he was boss wherever he'd come.

He thought he'd use his lash about some missing cash And knock me into hash with wondrous *clat*; But I made the fellow snort, for I hauled him into court, And provided lots of sport for the limbs of the law.

No dimes had I aboard, so I well could afford To let myself be floor'd, and lie upon my back; Then, to his great dismay, when he thought he'd gained the day, He had everything to pay with *Cheque*, *CHEQUE*, *CHEQUE*.

Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Exit*—LT.-COLONEL.]

Enter—KNIGHT-ERRANT.

Injustice and outrage my wrath do arouse, And the cause of The People I'll ever espouse: I'm no fear'd of JOHN BULL, nor of SANDIE, nor PADDY; But aye keep me clear of a sodger laddie.

To succour my neighbour by impost opprest, My guid, trusty lance is ever in rest; I'll fight again, lees, for the Deil is their daddie, (But no if they're tauld by a sodger laddie.)

Yin day I was sittin' an' suppin' my brose, When the smell of a swindle cam' into my nose: Up I joomps, and I says, 'Eh, sirs! I am ready,' But the culprit, alas! was a sodger laddie.

I kenn'dna my peril, but at him I went, And in huntin' up proofs all my moments were spent; As became a Knight-Errant, my labour was steady, But I was gay rash wi' my sodger laddie.

Now, a' things were gathered and look'd vera clear, And I put them in print without ony fear: Gran' triumph an' joy I was feelin' a'ready, When a shock I received from my sodger laddie.

'Twas a writ or a summons, or somethin' like that, For libel, defamin' an' goodness kens what: I beat him at la' but no property had he, So I'd to pay all for the sodger laddie.

My freens and my brithers! noo joost take a hint, 'Twas for you an' your pouches my money was tint. Come, pass round the bonnet, JOHN, SANDY an' PADDY, Make up what I've spent on the sodger laddie. T.

A Theory.

It is suggested that BENNETT'S attempt at assassination was inspired by an ambition to have his portrait published in the *Globe*. We cannot accept this opinion. BENNETT was manifestly reckless, but not quite so insane as this would imply. We think he was actuated by a desire to get hanged.

The Grip Sack.

PACKED BY OUR OWN PARAGRAPHERS.

Spring fever.—Jumping a board bill.
A typographical error—a careless compositor.
The charge of the light brigade—\$2,50 per 1000 feet.

DEAN SWIFT was witty, but CRANMER was martyr.

Who is this PETER SPENCE that is sent to His Holiness at Rome so frequently?

The Czar don't read newspapers any more. He is afraid of seeing daggers.

The paradoxical carriage builder makes many doubletrees out of one single tree.

Spring theatrical intelligence. Black Rook companies are deluging the country.

HAYES believes in hanging.—*Detroit Free Press*. Yes, in hanging on to TILDEN'S chair.

A large proportion of the patent medicine now in use is medicine-gular ingredients.

A man don't always love his wife in reality, but a bird generally loves his mate in 'er nest.

Men are sometimes pressed for cash, but all the girls we know are pressed for the fun of the thing.

It is not the square thing; to arrest people for crookedness, and permit the Credit Valley Railway to go free.

The Wingham brass band has did for want of money. The members refuse to issue notes except on a gold basis.

A mean man, a cent with a hole in it, and a contribution box, are three things which invariably go together in this world.

If this nation should drink as much milk as whiskey, what would we do for water to wash our clothes with?

How do the busy Macabees
Delight to bark and bite;
They gather money from each tent—
Then o'er the pile do fight.

The compositor was told to set an advertisement for the opera, and as he took the copy he remarked: "If it has no *Fatinizza* fraud."

A fellow took his girl out riding one day, and the carriage upset. Since then they are not seen much together, because, he says, they had a fall out.

If the blind of earth should be suddenly restored to sight, a significant amount of spurious shekels would have to seek a new haven of rest.

Spain wants to borrow \$150,000,000. Sorry we haven't the change about us; but the fact is, you see, we have just invested in a whole bunch of spring onions.

When you buy a glass of peanuts at the railway station, don't get embarrassed if the youth who superintends the place scowls at you. He is not president of the road, although he may be some day.

The night is growing late, and as the stars Begin to stretch and nod and yawn and wink,

A basso voice the tranquil stillness mars,
With: "BUB, it's time for you to go, I think."

A man who says he is in destitute circumstances writes and asks us what to do. Keep right on being destitute, of course. Great guns! You wouldn't be so foolish as to thirst for work when there's such of lot of charity lying around loose, would you? Summer not far off, too!



Grip welcomes G. B. back to the land of the living!

The Tea Seizure.

The very latest illustration of the adage that "History repeats itself" is given on the last page of this number of GRIP. Our Minister of Customs, emulating the heroic and now universally applauded action of the citizen of Boston, who hurled the British tea-chests into the waters of their harbour has seized and (figuratively speaking) disposed in a similar manner of a cargo of what he considers Yankee tea, lately arrived in the harbour, of Toronto. It is doubtful, however, whether future generations will give him unqualified praise for this deed. In fact already there are some who fail to see a complete parallel between the cases, but affirm that whereas the Boston incident was a display of patriotism, the Toronto affair was a display of ministerial stupidity. This question will be settled when it is officially decided whether Messrs. LAMB'S cargo was a direct shipment from Japan, or a crooked consignment from New York. Meantime, Mr. GRIP is not amongst those who speak of Mr. BOWELL'S conduct with severity; in the temperate language of DICK DRABEYE we are inclined to say, he means well but he don't know. It would be profitable for the Minister, however, for his future guidance, to study DAVE CROCKETT'S maxim: Be sure you are right before you go ahead seizing things.



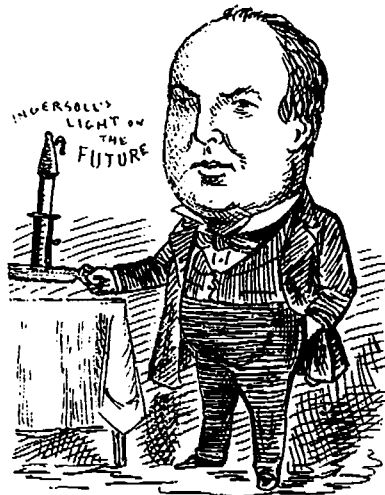
A Parliamentary Gulliver.

"After recess, Mr. FARRON resumed his remarks. He said that some hon. gentlemen might think he was too hard upon the ex-Finance Minister (cries of "Oh, no," and laughter) but he had no intention

of dealing too severely with that gentleman, for he of all men had been instrumental in returning the Conservative party to power."—*Report of Budget Debate, Globe, March 31.*

Aspiration.

She was a maiden of twelve summers. A far-off look of trust, of faith undimmed by the rude touch of time, lay in her dreamy eyes; her glad young life seemed to blend in harmony with the soft beauty, the tender melancholy of the scene o'er which she gazed. He was of maturer years, of radiant brow and "sapient eye serene." His arm was gently wound about her, her golden head was pressed against the collar of his coat. The vision of her fair young beauty passed before him like a gladsome dream and—he was happy. "AMELIA," he whispered, "will it ever be thus? Will the current of our love be ever suffered to ripple on as now like the smoothly-flowing numbers of some soft melodious song?" She said, "GEORGE, how much better you look in your Sunday suit than you do in that odious butcher's apron! You won't always be a butcher's boy, GEORGE, will you, dear?" "No, AMELIA,—a thousand times no! What? chain my lofty aspirations within the narrow circle of a plebeian occupation,—fetter the noble instincts of my soul by iron bands of rough, unwholesome toil? Never! dear one, never! hence base ambition, hence lowly lot and grovelling fear,—Creation's heir, the world is mine!" "Oh, GEORGE, that will be so nice, and we'll make old Mr. GRIFFIN give us peanuts and taffy then, won't we, dear, and we won't have any naughty butcher's aprons that don't look nice on GEORGE, will we dearie?"



Suggested Peroration for Ingersoll's Lecture.

Ladies and gentlemen, you have given me a very patient and respectful hearing; you have good-naturedly received my jokes, albeit they must have grated harshly on the feelings you have hitherto spoken of as sacred; you have applauded my utterances of moral truth, and you have listened to my fiery invective against things you have all your lives considered holy. Now, let us brush all this aside, and put the whole matter in a nut-shell. I don't know any more about the hereafter than you do; there may be a hereafter, or there may not. We have to do with the present life, and the question is, which is better here and now—Christianity or Atheism? Is there any balm in either of them for the pains and trials of this weary life? Has Atheism any purity, strength, and beauty

which Christianity does not possess, and as a matter of fact, are Atheists better, purer and happier men than Christians? These questions each of you must answer for himself, and without any reference to the froth and chaff with which I have entertained you for the last two hours.



Lower House Inquisitiveness.

The other day old Madam Senate, at Ottawa, was requested to send in a full account of the moneys paid to her members on account of their valuable services last Session. She did so, but with a very bad grace. By the mouth of Sir ALEX. CAMPBELL she gave the Lower House people to understand that although they had an undoubted right to look into these matters, she thought it highly impertinent of them to criticise anything they should find in the returns, for in the interest of the harmonious relations of the two Houses such critical examination was best left to the old lady herself. This may be very fine and dignified, but from certain alleged facts which have reached Mr. GARR'S ears, it is by no means a work of supererogation to look into the purses of our Senators after pay-day.



Public Indignation!

Conservative Chiefstain to the would-be Assassin Bennett.—What do you mean by attempting to put Mr. BREWS out of existence, you miserable wretch! Do you want to ruin the prospects of the Conservative Party and bring the Grits into office again!!



A LITTLE THING ON ICE!
 OR, SAMMY TILLEY DESERTED BY GALT.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A sickly argument is ill-logical.—*Ottawa Republican*.

The Gem Puzzle was invented by a block-head.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

The schoolmaster who sat on a bent pin got off a bright thing.—*Philadelphia Item*.

There is no home however watched or guarded but one 15 is there.—*Lockport Union*.

Selling 9 cent sugar for 10 cents is among the grocer pleasures of life.—*Marathon Independent*.

Fashionable young men are like theatre bills. They are posted on the waltz.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Some moralists tell us to keep our tempers; others advise us to get rid of them. Which shall we do?—*Lowell Sun*.

"Paper bricks" are spoken of in a Western article. We have 'em here—fellows that pay their subscription in advance.—*Boston Com. Bul.*

Since the girls commenced to wear bangs, it is impossible to tell one who has combed her hair and one who has not.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

Now that diamonds can be made by the process of chemistry, it will be harder than ever to distinguish the common people from editors.—*Rockland Courier*.

The reason a man does not listen to anything when he is mad, says CARLILE, is not because he won't, but because he can't, being on his ear at the time.—*Danbury News*.

The man who will wait two hours for his turn in the barber's chair, will get mad and thrash and scold if a shirt button isn't sewed on in just ten seconds.—*Hartford Sunday Journal*.

An exchange refers to the language of the postage stamp. But we do not think the postage stamp has any language that expresses anything. If it had we believe it would holler "enough" when it is licked.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

They talk about the weakness of our army, and the impossibility of putting one in the field at short notice, but let the government issue a call for 400,000 major-generals, and we'll bet they'll get 'em in two days.—*Boston Post*.

A New York weekly gives five rules for a reform in spelling, and in a postscript says: "No change in proper names." How are young ladies going to exercise their leap year privileges if there are to be "no change in proper names?"—*Norristown Herald*.

A lady in Louisiana demonstrates to her satisfaction that spring chickens can not be hatched from the aligator eggs. The venerable hen was as much astonished at the extraordinary result of her labors as the lady was.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

According to the *Oil City Derrick*, GILMORE has changed the last two lines of his "Columbia." They now read: "In awe and reverence we waits, for Thee to save the United States." If that won't do, try this: We've got the git, the vim, the sand, to make things boom in Yankeeland.

Leadville is rapidly becoming civilized. Six months ago a poor man who never kept his agreements went there and they roughly called him a low-lived liar. Now they use the more gentlemanly description of "a good fellow, but a little forgetful." He struck a rich mine about four months ago.—*Boston Post*.

A Tennessee man accidentally shot a dog, and in trying to explain to the owner how it occurred accidentally shot him. A coroner thought he ought to explain how he shot the man, but couldn't get a jury that was willing to listen to the explanation; they were kind of shy of him, as it were.—*Boston Post*.

A crimson rosebud into beauty breaking,
A hand outstretched to pluck it ere it fall;
An hour of triumph, and a sad forsaking;
And then, a withered rose leaf—that is all.—
Chambers Journal.

An ancient toment on the summer kitchen;
A bootjack raised, a solemn caterwaul;
A moment's silence, and a quick departure;
And then, a wasted bootjack—that is all.—
Cincinnati Gazette.

The spring stock is now beginning to arrive at the millinery store, and, while speaking of the fact, we are reminded that here is where the bachelors have the advantage of our married friends. The bachelor can go by a millinery display without his heart jumping to his throat.—*Gowanda Enterprise*.

"How much are these goods a yard?" said a gentlemen in a dry goods store the other day, as he picked up and examined a piece of ruffled silk. "Good gracious!" cried the horrified clerk, "that isn't for sale! That's the end of a lady's train! She's just gone up to the third story in the elevator."

HIGHLAND SERVANT.—How much are your post-cards?

POSTMASTER.—Sevenpence per dozen.

H. S.—How much is a dozen?

P. M.—Sevenpence.

H. S.—Gie me twelve, and ho' much are they?—*Glasgow Bailie*.

Pleasure and business. Lady—"A pretty sight, isn't it, doctor? I don't see any of your little ones here! I hope you don't disapprove of juvenile parties?" Dr. Littlelums (famous for his diagnosis of infantile disease)—"I, my dear madam! On the contrary—I live by them!"—*London Punch*.

He axed if he might see her home;

She axed him in to tea;

He never hesitated, but

Axepeted speedily.

Axminister carpets on the floor,

And things axessory;

"I wonder," thought he, "is this all

Axessible to me?"

Just then the Widow B. came home,

Quite axidentally,

And with her broom that young man's leave,

Axelerated she.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

"Porter," the fat passenger said, with just the intonation of ten cents in his voice, "Porter?" "Yes, sal," said the porter, with the clam, trustful inflection of a quarter in his reply. "Will you bring your brush for a few moments? Not that," he added, as the porter made a drive at him with a wisp broom, "not that; bring your shoe brush, I want to clean my gums." The porter's eyes walked out on his cheeks and looked at each other as he brought the shoe brush and stood staring to see the operation begin. But he was mistaken. The fat passenger only wanted to clean his rubber overshoes. And the porter heaved a sigh of profound relief when he saw it was so.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

At dinner she had a doctor on either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

"You are an ojus, hidjus, ijjit, my dear!" said a playful mamma to her daughter at dancing school the other day. "Oh, my dear Mrs. T—," sighed one of her neighbors, "what wouldn't I give to have your knowledge of Latin."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man, who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus:—"Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply:—"Er—er—not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

It was a high school graduate,
Who biscuits tried to make,
Already having tried her hand
At a batch of pig-lead cake.
She stirred away quite faithfully
Until did ache her bones,
But the product of her long day's toil
Was sold for paving stones.
—*Mount Holly Herald*.

She wore the prettiest, frizzled hair,
Of yellowish, golden sheen,
Her style, it was so debonaire,
And haughty was her mein;
Her actions, grace in every move,
Her walk! oh, heaven's gait!—
In fact, a creature made for love,
But, alas!—her shoe was 8!
—*Derrick*.

R. J. BURDETTE, the *Hawkeye* man, has the following good word for the "commercial traveller":

"What would I do without 'the boys'? How often they have been my friends. I go to a new town. I don't know one hotel from the other. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or a tremor. He calls to the bus-driver by name and orders him to get out of this now, as soon as we are seated. And when I follow him I am inevitably certain to go to the best house there is in the place. He shouts at the clerk by name and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps at the register again and watches the clerk assign me to 98. 'Ninety nothing,' he shouts, 'who's in 15?' The clerk says he is saving 15 for JUDGE DRYASDUST. 'Well, he be blowed,' says my cherry friend, 'give him the attic and put this gentleman in 15.' And if the clerk hesitates, he seizes the pen and gives me 15 himself, and then he calls the porter, orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in 15, and then in the same breath adds, 'What time will you be down for supper, Mr. BURDETTE?' And he waits for me, and, seeing that I am a stranger in the town, he sees that I am cared for, that the waiters do not neglect me, he tells me about the town, the people and the business. He is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of new stories, always good natured; he frisks with cigars, and overflows with 'thousand mile tickets'; he knows all the best rooms in all the hotels; he always has a key for the car seats, and turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on the wood box or stand on the platform to accommodate a lady, and he will give up his seat to an old man. I know them pretty well. For three years I have been travelling with him from Colorado to Maine, and I have seen the worst and the best of him, and I know the best far out-weighs the worst. I could hardly get along without him, and I am glad he is so numerous."

"Some Mistakes of Ingersoll."

To imagine that he is a profound reasoner, and an authority on matters that are "spiritually discerned."

To imagine that he would be allowed to deliver his lecture in the Holman Opera House, London.

To lecture for two hundred dollars a night, when he might be serving his country by stumping against TILDEN.

The Voice of the People.

WHERE ARE THE POLICE ?

To the Editor of the Evening Telegram :

Sir,—I would like, through the medium of your valuable columns, to draw attention to the disgraceful practice of throwing tin tobacco-stamps on the sidewalks. Several times I and the members of my family have been most heartlessly sold by mistaking these stamps for five cent pieces, and our feelings of humiliation and indignation have been augmented by the boorish laughter of bystanders, who have been witnesses of our mistake. Sir, I appeal to the *Telegram*, as the true friend of the people, to see to it that this outrage is no longer indulged in, and that the parties who perpetrate it are forthwith brought to justice and punished, as they so richly deserve. I enclose my card and remain,

Yours, &c.,

A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN.

City Hall, Toronto.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT.

To be given by the

CITY MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY,

In aid of the City Streets, on

MONDAY, 5th APRIL, 1880.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Drum SoloALD. DEARING.
He having been a "Drummer" for many years, a great treat is expected.

Hints on "How to get a free Lunch"ALD. BAXTER.
This gentleman is thoroughly familiar with his subject, and will doubtless treat it ably.

Song—"The Dear Cedar Pavement".....ALD. McMURRICH
This exquisite song begins,

"Where the dear cedar pavement isn't wearing,
Or being cut to pieces by each dray,
You can bet your bottom dollar it's preparing
To make the City pretty steeply pay."

Song....."Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut".....ALD. WALKER.
Song....."Darkies come up".....ALD. PIPER.

INTERMISSION.

During intermission the audience will be allowed to examine the many curiosities of the Council Chamber, among them Auditor HUGHES.

PART II.

Quartette "Heimrod's little Bill."
Messrs. HARMAN, CLOSE, MORRISON, TURNER.

Chemical Experiments with fire water and gas (especially gas).....ALD. FARLEY.

After an exhibition of scientific aerobic tumbling, in which some of the members of the Council will show how easily and gracefully they can vault over election promises and vote for the Frontage Tax.

BRO. HALLAM will pass around the hat. BRO. LOVE will hold the door till the hat's full.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

JOHN TENNIEL, the celebrated cartoon artist of London *Punch* is 60 years old. He created his own style, and is considered self-educated.

Globular Reform.

Air.—The Meeting of the Waters.

Oh, there's not in this land a journal so near
As issues each morn from our long busy street :
'Tis the boast of the country, the toast of the town,
So brilliant its staff—and its studies so known.

How white is its paper, how glossy and tough !
Nor ever will tear though the handling be rough ;
And to students of Nature its pages are feasts,
For the sketches they bear of the rarest of beasts.

Of the themes it discourses so vast is the range
That still there is novelty, still there is change ;
Full six are in stock, and what more could ye seek ?
There's one topic at least for each day in the week !

And what are the six ? I shall tell you no myth ;
There's "The Scandal," "Sir BOLUS" and "Bystander
SMITH,"
"The Hum" and "Rag Baby," but still you may see
That nothing can match the eternal "N. P."

How harmless, how courteous, how polished the wit
That flows from the pen of the CHESTERFIELD Grit !
Though fomen in thousands upon him should fall,
He never will tarnish his weapon with gall.

Yet with all its perfections, absurdly he dreams,
"Still better that sheet may be made than this one :
"If money and brains can illumine its page
"It shall shine above all the bright orbs of the age."

As the year just departed its terminus neared
A mighty and strange manifesto appeared :—
"Oh, promise of joy ! When the new year comes round
"More dear to your hearts shall that journal be found.

"The sheet shall be quarto, and doubled in size ;
"So pasted and trimmed as to gladden your eyes."
But we feared lest its columns no longer should show
Those Christian epistles by LANGTRY & Co.

Yet bright were our hopes, and we said with a laugh,
"Can this fancied improvement extend to the staff ?
On this earth are there scribes still more skilled to debate,
Who, instead of *six* topics can write upon *eight* ?"

Vain, vain our surmises, the year rolled away ;
All remained as before, but the luckless delay
Was blandly explained, and subscribers assured
That March shouldn't come ere Reform was secured.

Now the Ides and the Nones of rough March have gone by :
Can it be that the promise is all in my eye ?
The "quarto enlargement"—"improvement" ?—Oh, say
Can these be but phantoms to lead us astray ?

An Intercepted Letter.

The following letter was recently picked up—not in a spittoon—and sent to us for publication. It is evidently written by a good Reformer at Ottawa. We suppress all names not necessary to the proper understanding of the letter.

DEAR—,

Do you remember that day in Ottawa when we went into MACKENZIE'S office together, I to use the influence which a Reform member should have had with the Premier for the purpose of getting you the contract we wore after ? Well, well, our revenge is near at hand, we're going to cut him to the heart at last. Little he cared for the loss of office, though I must say he seemed to feel hurt by the people going against him. And now we're going to leave him *en masse* and stick up BLAKE in his stead. I rejoice to have revenge after all. Let me go back to that day—recollection of the past will sustain the present.

He was sitting, you remember, writing, like a clerk ; slaving, I may say, as he always would do, when it would have been better for the party had he been seeing people and winning, dining and poking bartenders in the ribs, jovially, like JOHN A. But he never could be taught these little arts—do you know I fear BLAKE never will poke a bartender in the ribs or play billiards in his shirt sleeves with a horse jockey ? Oh, there is sad lack of generalship in our leaders—I often wish I had chosen the other side. But it did seem then that reason must tell in the long run, and it was certainly with the Grits then as now. But I digress. Lot me see—I was talking about that day—yes—in his office. "This," said I, "is my particular friend, and a strong supporter of the party." And I mentioned your name. Do you remember his face ?

"Mr.——, did you say ? Mr.——, who tenders for the iron work ?" said he.

"The same," I answered. "He would like to get that contract."

"His tender is too high," said he.

"They are all Tories under me," you remarked.

"I don't know any Tories in my official capacity, sir," said SAWNEY. Always that touchy he was—no *savoir faire* when approached. Dash me—he was like a girl of sixteen, ready to take offence at a little loose talk. Gruff and unsociable !—ah, yes, we may well complain and depose him ! "But you know good Reformers in your official capacity, don't you ?" said you. JACK.—that was a mistake. "I have the sorrow to know that some scoundrels call themselves good Reformers," said he.

Now how could he have known that we wore in partnership ? He must have had reason to believe that you were connected with me and I with you, else why should he have used the word "scoundrels." It was unmannerly—very—we are going to depose him on account of his bad manners. How many of his old followers have been insulted by him in the same way and for the same reason that we were !

Well, you remember he would not talk contract and we went out and got drunk on the six as all reputable Grits must. Great inconvenience not to be a Tory and do the thing like men in public. So deuced hard to get a soda and brandy next day ! I swore to be revenged in the morning for my splitting headache—he was responsible for it, most assuredly. And now we are going to depose him—because he didn't make friends ! It does me good to repeat it. BLAKE is a great and good man—that's a subsidiary reason—and he will help us to raise the standard of purity to some practical purpose. There were never men more justified in making their public leader a scape-goat.

There was no gin and talk about Mac—, no gin to his friends and talk for himself. He wouldn't turn out BLOOMERT to give M.'s uncle a Postmastership ; he wouldn't buy land for canal purposes from LAFLAMME, he don't dress well enough to suit. But what's the use of going over the reasons why we wish to get rid of him ? The next time we get in we want to make something by it—that's the fact, and Mac is not the man to wink hard. You have no hopes that BLAKE will be better ? Neither have I, but he will run off the track with some impracticable project, we shall get rid of him too, and sample round till we get the sort of leader we want. Will write again next week.

Always yours in purity,
X—.

To the Hon. George Brown.

Of times with pen or pencil we assail,
In harmless play, some one whose "triple mail"
Guards like a tower a brave and noble heart
That never quailed at envy's venom'd dart.

When prospering breezes on his course may blow
Our steams of satire on his head may flow ;
These may the cares of home or state beguile,
At these the man of generous soul will smile.

Limner nor scribe would open here his breast
To hate or malice as a welcome guest :
The public action such may haply scan,
Whilst he can love and venerate the man.

Thou hast been taught with Reason's earliest light
To own the hand that guides the planet's flight.
With thee we join to thank the guardian Power
That wrought escape in perils darkest hour.

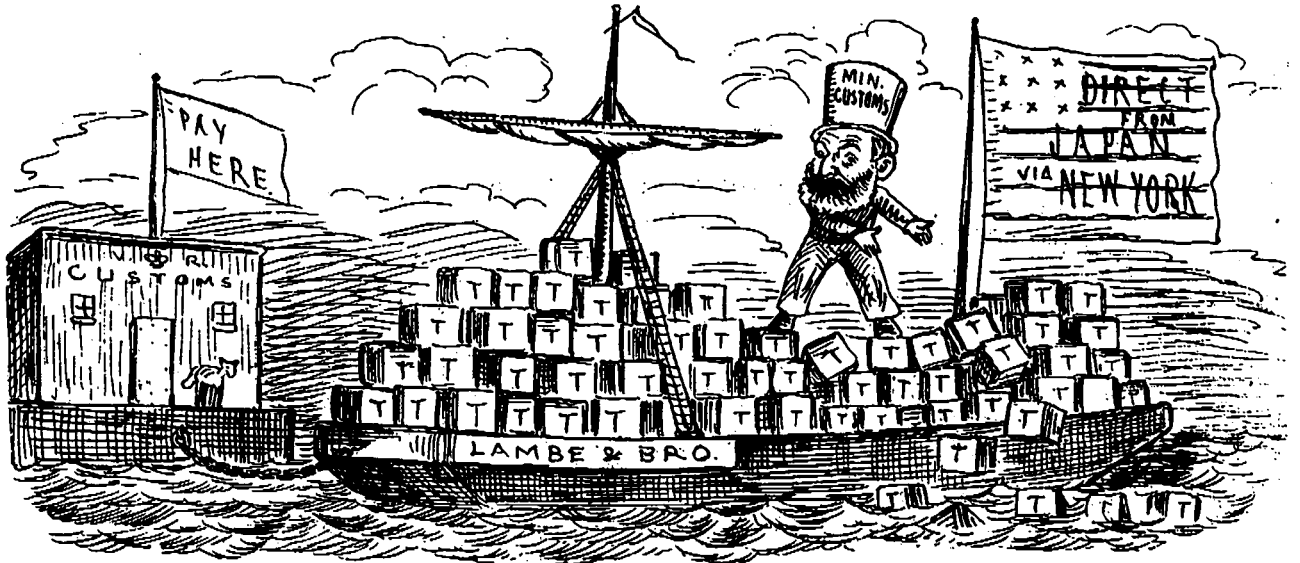
This is the moment when each petty spite
Will cover abash'd and vanish into night :
All creeds, all races and all parties pray
For thee a lengthened and a happy day. T.

The gloomy and disappointed ice man will be glad to learn that VENNOR has the measles.

CHRISTOPHER WEIDENHEIMER, of Listowel, fell into a tank of boiling water, and the local papers allude to him as "our esteemed citizen."

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S, 287 YONGE ST.
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.
See T. & B. on each plug.



HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF. OUR MINISTER OF CUSTOMS THROWING YANKEE (?) TEA INTO TORONTO HARBOUR.

"The very dimples of his chin and cheek,
His smile, the very mould and frame of hand
And nail, and finger.



Bring your little darlings to **BRUCE**, who is famous for the way he succeeds in catching their pretty childish poses and expressions.

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

vii-22-17.

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Defence not Defiance.

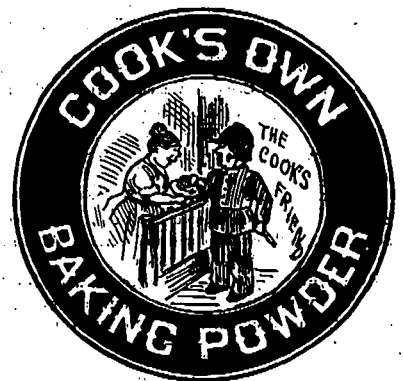
'Twas noon; the sun stood resplendant, high over the weather-cock on uncle EPHRAIM's barn. The dinner horn, like the storied instrument of the hunter, was heard on the hills. Thrice had his eldest sister, ELMIRA ANN, tooted her loudest and most prolonged toots, yet GUSTAVUS SLAS'BUSH heard them not. The patient eyed oxen at the plough had reached the extreme end of the furrow, and stood reflectively with their heads touching the rail fence of the dividing line. He sat on one of the yet remaining pine stumps musing: "Oxen," he murmured, "Oxen is essentially an Anglo-Saxon word. It has the only purely Saxon termination left unaltered in our language by the usurping Roman, Dane, and Norman. Shall the noble Anglo-Saxon race ever be as completely swamped as its sturdy original tongue? I think I can with confidence say No! Even the wretched Celt-tonic Yankee has at last reluctantly admitted the power of us Canadians; of us, the purest and most brilliant minded branch of the great A. S. race. Yes, the vicious, grasping and insatiable bird of prey that typifies the character of the besotted nation it represents, distractedly tears his fussy feathers and screams wildly when he beholds from his mountain nest the mustering of our forty thousand volunteers at their annual drill, and reflects that we have "800,000 more" of hardy sons of toil ready to receive the invader, should any have the audacity to attempt it. Let 'em try it or! Ha! Ha! we would bring a hundred gunboats on the lakes, each armed with guns of the heaviest calibre. We would commence at Ogdensburg and blow it skyward! then Oswego, Rochester (with shells from the lake) then Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago in succession, distributing a few shells here and there at minor points as we go along, by way of local freight. I would concentrate forty thousand men on the Niagara frontier! forty thousand at Detroit! forty thousand at Chateauquay! forty thousand at—" "GUSTAVUS," said ELMIRA ANN, who with dinner horn in hand, had run down from the house, "You'd better get off that stump and hurry home to dinner, or father will be after you with his gad in about a minute!" "Geewhitakers!" said GUSTAVUS, as he hurriedly came to the ground, leaving a fragment of his attire attached to the stump—"Great Washington! I'll get it worse than a Yankee invasion!"

HEWITT Fysh,
Manufacturer of all kinds of
CHOICE CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY,
222 YONGE STREET.
Wedding cakes a specialty. xiv-3-12t

FARM FOR SALE,
Or Exchange for City Property.

That valuable farm, containing 50 acres and being the N.W. 1/4 of Lot 8, Con. 2, of the Township of Reach, County of Ontario. There is an orchard of 60 fruit trees of choice varieties, a frame house, and a barn with strong foundation and underground stables. The soil is a rich clay loam.

GEO. BENGOUGH,
Drawer 267 1/2, Toronto.



For sale by all leading grocers.
Toronto Agency, 19 ADELAIDE ST. EAST.

FOR SALE.

A DESIRABLE DWELLING HOUSE, No. 2 Smith's Terrace, Seaton Street. The house (which is comparatively new) contains ten rooms, tastefully painted and papered, and is in excellent condition throughout. Hard and soft water on the premises; also a work shop suitable for a carpenter or painter. Will be sold on easy terms, or would be leased for a term of years at a liberal rate to a suitable tenant. For particulars apply at Gear Office, Adelaide Street.

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Adelaide St. West Mr. AUG. PIRRU, Manager.
Open for the Season. Saturday Matinees.

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Popular Saturday Matinees and Evening Performances.

Try the **ALBERT COFFEE ROOMS** for DINNER.
Best Brands of OYSTERS Always on hand. Prices, with Tea, Coffee or Cocoa
11 ALBERT STREET, TORONTO.

6 Tickets for \$1.00
Raw 25c., Stewed, 25c., Fried, 30c.
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