

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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VOL. XIV, NO. 13

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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.

The death is announced of the Countess IDA HAIN HAIN, known as the authoress of many books. The Countess was born in 1805.

The *Artist* is the title of a new English sixpenny paper, to be issued monthly, for the special use of those engaged in the pursuit of art.

It is publicly announced that the Pope intends to publish the catalogue of the Vatican Library, and has named a commission to consider the best means of carrying out the intention.

KOSSUTH's Memoirs will shortly be published in five different languages; and we are glad to know that peculiarly the publication will give a sum of money to the distinguished patriot, of which, alas! he stands greatly in need.

The *Portfolio*, as usual, appears as one of the best art periodicals, and the best, certainly, that makes etchings a special feature. In this number we notice, for its extreme clearness and softness, a portrait by REMBRANDT reproduced in facsimile by AMAND-DURAND.

REINHART's drawing of the Tile Club at work, in a recent *Harpers Weekly*, has the merit of being very well arranged and attractive as an illustration, even though it has positive faults in the drawing that the generous use of large masses of black partially conceals. Mr. REINHART, however, does so much good work that occasional faults may be excused, if not overlooked.

Madame COBAN is a distinguished Norwegian writer, who did not attempt authorship until she was nearly sixty years old. She has produced since then five romances, which are described as charming. Her children were established in life, her health began to fail, and her duties and amusements as a woman of society grew irksome. So she went to live in Rome, where she has renewed her youth in literary work.

The book of TENNYSON's Songs set to music, announced some time ago by the HARPERS, is now issued. It is an extremely handsome volume, and comprises many of the most delightful of the laureate's verses. There is no poet of this age who has written so much that might be sung, unless we except LONGFELLOW, who has a command of capital movements, not excelled by even TENNYSON. The music of the book is the work of many composers, some of wide repute, some not.

The *American Art Review*, now in its third number, offers us as an apology for being late that the illustrations were destroyed in the recent Boston fire, though this seems to have had no effect on the character of the contents except that subscribers must wait until the succeeding number for the heliotype of "The Sick Donkey." The main article is devoted to the late WILLIAM M. HUNT, and Mr. LINTON has engraved, with his acknowledged skill, the portrait of Mr. ALLAN WARDNER, from Mr. HUNT's painting, which original is in the possession of Mrs. WILLIAM M. EVARTS—Mr. WARDNER's daughter. The wood cut is very well printed. Mr. BENJAMIN again has something to say about the tendencies of art in America, and we read with much interest the biography of STEPHEN J. FERRIS, an American etcher, a specimen of whose work is to be seen in the accompanying etching, "Devil's Way-Algiers."

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Stage Whispers.

GERSTER has not sung this winter. She will perhaps visit America this fall.

The Haymarket Theatre is scarcely likely to be opened quite so early as was hoped. The decorations are so elaborate and the alterations so important that much has to be done. "Money" will be the opening play.

MARIE VANZA is the professional name that Miss VAN ZANDT, granddaughter of the late SIGNOR BLITZ, will adopt in the French capital, where she is shortly to appear. Her debut among the Parisians will be at the Opera Comique, as *Mignon*, which she will follow with *Dinorah*, *Amina* and *Cherubino*.

PATTI's business in the West has been very bad, and it is stated that in San Francisco the manager had to borrow money in order to go on to Australia. KERTEN, the pianist, left before the party sailed, and FISCHROFF, PATTI's treasurer, after quarrelling with the prima donna and her husband, started East.

M. VAUCORBELL, the courteous director of the Grand Opera of Paris, has received another delicate hint. M. FAURE who for several seasons was the leading artist of the Grand Opera, has flatly refused to return there, and has accepted an engagement at the Opera Comique to sing in "La Perle de Brazil," "Dinorah," and other operas.

The other night in Bradford, Pa., some bootblacks were ejected from the theatre for having stolen their way in. By way of revenge they resolved to enter the house next night and cry "Fire!" during the performance of Miss KATE CLAXTON, in the "Double Marriage." They were overheard, however, and their plans were frustrated by the manager, who warned the audience in advance.

The Grand Opera House was opened with great *clat* on Monday evening in the presence of a large and brilliant audience. Mr. PITOU made a neat inaugural address, after which Miss NELSON read an opening ode. Mr. MANNING, in response to a call, made a few remarks. The play "As You Like It" was then proceeded with, when Miss NELSON as *Rosalind* revived all her old time popularity. Next week the attraction is the "Arabian Night" Combination.

W. S. GILBERT, in conversation said: "We hear that enterprising managers are threatening to pirate the "Pirates of Penzance," and we shall resort to two methods to prevent their success. In the first place, we have taken measures to prosecute them the very day they announce the play without permission, and we shall punish them to the full extent to the law. In the second place, we have made arrangements to send out at once five distinct companies to play "Pirates" in all the principal cities. We feel sure the law will protect us. Not only is our copywright bomb proof, but as the play is not published we are protected by common law against all such plunderers just as much as if they were to break into our houses. To publish the play in this country is to print it and offer it for public sale. Until we do this, it is our private property, and to appropriate it is theft. We have agents in all the principal streets waiting for the pirates to advertise their scheme, when they will be pounced upon with an injunction. We like Americans and are proud of our reception in this country, but we shall certainly defend our rights."

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH Bro's.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by Wm. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



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.

"Ask Mamma!"

Leap-year, and of course the ladies
Have the privilege to pop,—
I, a bachelor at forty
Cherish once again a hope
That my chances are not vanish'd,
But 'er winter frosts can thaw,
I may tell some blushing maiden,
Ask mamma.

That, I take it, is the right way,
Our positions now reversed,—
I have got my lesson learn'd:
I have got my part rehearsed,
She must make the first advances,
With no reference to her pa,
Mine will be the right to answer,
Ask mamma.

What a bother it will save me,
And expenses too, not small,
For of me is not expected
Trettings out to rout and ball,
I have had my share of these things,
Though no recompense I saw,
Still I'm single, and who wins me
Asks mamma.

Come now maidens, ye now verging
On the shady side of life,
Do not let false pride detain you,
If you would become a wife,
Courage, be not shy or backward,
Put your faith in that old saw,
"Faint heart never won a husband,"
Ask mamma.

Wasted Enthusiasm.

Something very funny happened when the Marquis went to Halifax to meet his Royal spouse. The *Globe* correspondent said:

"An hour before his arrival the saluting battery stationed on the Citadel had mistaken a signal at the Railway Station, and thundred forth a salute of welcome, which had to be repeated when the train arrived."

Such a waste of good noise was very shocking. Think how the enthusiasm of the loyal city spent itself an hour too soon, and had to be pumped up again. But the occurrence gives a hint which the Marquis would doubtless be glad to have acted on. Why not in future fire off all salutes and addresses, why not get through the whole tomfoolery of a reception before their Excellencies arrive? All practical purposes would be achieved by that plan and the Marquis and his wife would escape much boredom.

A SETTLER.—Miss BILKINS to her chaperone—Why am I like the letter Q? Give it up? Well, it's because I am always followed by U.

Economy.

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

I.—"A new walking suit I must and will have," she said, meditatively. "But I know no use to go and ask JOHN for another \$25.00—he was too cross when I got my prune silk. Besides, times are so hard, I'm going to be very economical and try a new plan. Cook says her other mistresses always did it, so why shouldn't I? One can't always be helping one's unfortunate neighbors—one must help oneself sometimes. Why can't one's neighbors be thrifter?" So she hardened her heart, and paid stealthy visits to her wardrobe and bureau-drawers, extracting therefrom sundry and divers articles of wearing apparel, male and female.

II.—Having collected together a goodly bundle, she awaited the hour when her husband was immersed in business cares in his office down town, and sending for the Negotiator of Second-hand Clothing, she thus addressed him: "Things do accumulate so, you know, that I hardly know where to stow them away, sometimes. These things are not of the slightest use to me—they are only in my way—but the reason I am not sending them to the charitable institutions, as I usually do, is that—well—I had a particular reason for not doing it this time. I—I—a—have never disposed of anything in this way before. I—ah, well—how much will you give me for these things?" The guileless Israelite glanced, with unexpressive countenance, at each garment, as she held it up, then spreading out his hands and bowing low, he said, "Lady, how mooch you vant? Name your own price!"

III.—Charmed with the snavity of his address, she answered, "Well, the things originally cost over fifty dollars, as you may very well see, but I shall be satisfied if you give me thirty. (And I can trim it with brocaded velvet," she added to herself). The G. I. throwing back his head uttered a long, low derisive "pew!" and exclaimed, "Pardon, lady! But that's one too mooch very funny—what you call it—joke—heh? I give you one tollar and half for the lot—they're not worth one cent more! Look at that jacket, lady! Too short for the fashion—who'll buy that? Not servant girl when missis wears a long one. I bought a real sealskin jacket yesterday for fifty cents. That bolonaise—bah! The sleeves all vorn out. That shawl—must be dyed before it sell. Silk dress? yes, yes, I see—it will cut up for trimming, that's all. Waterproof, betticoats, bonnets, bah! rags! You take one tollar and half, lady?"

"Are they really worth no more?" (feebly). "My vord of honour, lady; and I vilinot make fifty cents by the transaction. But, still, lady, you can have one better bargain if you vill. You throw in two or three pair Mister's trousers, one coat, some white shirts, and I give you this bootiful toilet sett of Bohemian glass mit your tollar and half—real Bohemian glass, lady. I come from there—I get them cheap—I have brother in the trade. They make you pay fifteen tollar for the same article at the China Hall, my vord of honour, lady! Ah! now! see! you will agree? Good! you know when you get a bargain. You know the real Bohemian glass! Good-bye, lady! Send for me when you have more old thing in your way!"

IV.—Took place when JOHN came home and with the contrariness of masculine nature insisted on arraying himself in certain garments which MARY is sure he hadn't thought of before for six months. "MARY," said he kindly, as he emerged from the closet empty-handed, and glanced at the mantelshelf, "if you swapped that dark gray suit of

mine for those red bottles, you've been pretty badly done, my dear! I suppose he told you they were Bohemian glass, eh? You didn't know there was a shop on Yonge street, where you could buy them for fifty cents a pair, did you? But, never mind! a new suit will only cost me \$25.00.

V.—"He thought the things so shab-ababby," said she going into hysterics on the bed, "I was ashamed to take even a dollar and a half for them. Oh! boo-hoo-hoo! Nobody's to dare to speak to me for a mouth—do you hear, JOHN? Nobody!"

A Lesson.

In the course of his account of the Bid-dulph tragedy, the reporter of the *London Free Press* says:

"It is mentioned above that in the house of James Maher a small bundle of paper spotted with blood was found between the rafters and plate by the police on Saturday. It was a section of the *Weekly Free Press* of the 13th of March, 1879, in which a detailed account was given of a masked burglary in Deerfield, Michigan, and the supposed *modus operandi* of the robbers. Who knows but that the Donnelly tragedy was planned after this one. The coincidence, even if the wholesale murder was not based on the Michigan plan, is not the less singular."

It is not at all impossible that the reporter's conjecture may be well-founded, and the moral of it ought to be plainly apparent to the editor of the *Free Press*, and all the other editors who often go out of their way to publish sensational criminal news for the edification of their readers.

Idyls. By Our Own Idyl-er.

No. 1.—TOM WILDMAN.

TOM WILDMAN was a cabin-boy,
And sailed the ocean blue,
He'd be a man before the mast,
Before his mother, too.

Learned was he in ropes and spars,
And blocks, and all ship's gear,
But though he knew no end of ropes,
Ropes and knew him, I fear.

When first he went a voyage to sea,
He longed for sight of earth,
He was so very sick, he wished
He could throw up his berth.

But use has stripped the sea of fears
For this bold ocean rambler,
He cared naught now for pitch and toss,
Being nothing of a gambler.

But soon poor TOM was doomed, for winds
Of violence 'gan to blow,
Great billows swept the vessel's deck,
And washed her hands below.

They knew not what to do, the ship
She reared like any prancer
Till soon they had to axe the mast
But found it wouldn't answer.

The ship went down with TOM on board,
Who bravely kept his post,
While with the vessel's log the crew
Made rafts to make the coast.

And when they brought the news unto
Tom's dad, he was appalled,
He died, poor man, and left no heirs,
For he was very bald.

The moral of my tale, now told,
I leave you all to guess on,
Short though it is, I fondly hope
It yet may prove a less'n.

In answer to numerous anxious enquiries from zealous Custom House officials, we would inform them that the poem entitled "The Spirit Anchor," which appeared in our last week's issue, has no reference whatever to an "anker of brandy."



Mr. Phipps Vindicated.

Somebody has been trying to play a trick on the worthy Mr. Phipps, by tacking the republican and annexation sentiments of others on to his coat-tail. For several weeks the erudite and innocent gentleman was quite unaware of the fraud, and went on the even tenor of his way with conscious integrity and an umbrella. When he observed the general public pointing at him and making remarks, he naturally thought that they were indulging in reminiscences of the National Policy agitation, and commenting on the heartless cruelty with which Sir John had treated him. But he happened to pick up a newspaper, and there he learned to his amazement that he had started a Republican Club; he picked up another and was surprised to find that he had also established a Politico-Economic Society; then he picked up another and another newspaper, and was shocked to learn that his fame in these new characters had become national. Instinctively he clutched pen, ink and paper, and wrote a letter to the *Globe*. GRIP need not tell with what brilliancy, incisiveness and purity of English he repudiated all knowledge of or connection with these movements, and thus rescued his name from the odium which jealous and mendacious men had attempted to cast upon it. Phipps is himself again, and hereafter he is determined not to allow the affairs of state to prevent him from keeping an eye on his coat-tail.



"Sat Upon!"

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again" we are told, and we have now an excellent opportunity to find out whether there is really any truth in the financial theories of

the Beaverbackers, for the Rag Baby has been crushed to earth with a vengeance by the learned Professor. The *Bystander*, weary of the erect attitude, looked around for a soft spot, a la TILTON, and he thought he found it in the soft money movement, whereupon he impulsively and emphatically sat down on the child. The youngster is apparently in a very nasty predicament, but its sponsors have by no means given it up for lost. They say Prof. SMITH, though a clever and brilliant man, is not very weighty, and there is breath in the Baby yet. Meantime the "Shylocks" and the hard-money fiends are dancing with glee, but Mr. GRIP stands by with impartial composure, waiting for further developments, and equally ready to welcome the youngster back to life and liberty, or to drop a few briny tears over its untimely demise.



No Lynch Law for Canada

One of the most startling and ominous features connected with the tragedy lately enacted in Biddulph township, is the absence of such a public sentiment of indignation as would assuredly be called forth by a similar outrage in any other section of this Dominion. There are special circumstances which perhaps account for this, and which might possibly exert the same influences elsewhere, but none the less is it to be deplored. Not only is there a lack of sympathy for the victims, but even a tendency in some quarters to palliate the deed. It is hard to believe that such a spirit could exist in this enlightened Province, as would lead to the utterance of such sentiments as have lately been heard in Biddulph. Next to the murder itself, nothing could be more shameful than this. It will be for the law to fittingly rebuke this feeling by dealing with these butchers as they deserve. Canada is not disposed to allow Judge LYNN to take up his residence on her soil, and if there are people in Biddulph who are disposed to act hospitably towards him, they must be shewn how fatally their sentiments differ from those of their respectable fellow-citizens.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE—The baby's mouth.

Seasonable.

Two seasons there are
Which we have to regret,
A season for payment
And a seizin' for debt.



Eddie and His Hobby.

The little public boys are flocking to Ottawa for their annual diversion, and amongst them is the darling of the nation, EDDIE BLAKE. Everybody is delighted at the prospect of seeing this promising youth in the public arena once more, and there is a general disposition to hope that before long he will begin to fulfil his promises. Of course he carries his hobby with him, and perhaps during the session he will fetch it out and ride it a little for the amusement of the spectators. Mr. GRIP hopes the lads will behave themselves this term better than they usually do, and spend at least a portion of their time in working for the indulgent public. This remark is not meant to apply to EDDIE, who is always a well-behaved and industrious boy, whose only fault is too great a fondness for indulging in visions.



Enterprising.

GRIP is always much pleased to have an opportunity of complimenting his journalistic brethren on their spirit of enterprise, and he can no longer refrain from singing the praise of the *Globe* for its recent displays in this direction. Of late the *Mail* has been making gigantic strides in public favor as a newspaper, by its liberal and enlightened policy lately inaugurated. At a very considerable outlay it has effected an arrangement whereby it is enabled to publish the special despatches sent to the *New York Herald*. This seems to be rather a brilliant achievement, until we compare it with the marvellous stroke of the *Globe*. To use a gaming phrase, G. B. saw the *Mail* and went it one better. The public began to say that the *Mail* was the best paper for news, when presto! out comes the *Globe* with *Herald* despatches too! But the superiority of the *Globe's* enterprise is shown in the fact that whereas the *Mail* pays a big figure for its despatches the *Globe* gets them for nothing, in the manner illustrated above



PROPOSED CHANGE IN THE LEADERSHIP OF THE REFORM PARTY.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Now is the time for leap year parties—wre mean old maids.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

Never sell on a low market—never sell out when you feel cheap.—*McGregor News.*

Cats see clearly at night by a special pervision of nature.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The one man to whom practice is dearer than theory, is the lawyer.—*Rochester Express.*

Great Britain is troubled with frequent attacks of Indle's position.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hot-tempered men, like fires, are put out by being played upon.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Brevity is the soul of wit, but it has to be stretched out a good deal sometimes to get enough for the uppers.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Man may grasp and save, all through life, but it ends there, for all he takes when he dies in his departure.—*Stevensville Herald.*

A stinging rebuke—the one a young man gets for sitting down on a wasp.—*Ottawa Republican.*

When a doctor's business is at a standstill he feels terribly out of patients.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The country has too many reformers and too few men who go to bed at nine o'clock in the evening.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

If DELILAH were alive now she could have a boom in barbering boarding-house butter and taking away its strength.—*Wheeling Leader.*

It doesn't annoy a fellow half as much to have his heart bleed for the poor as it does if his nose bleeds for three minutes.—*New York News.*

The only instance of leap year privilege yet noticed is that of a woman being seen down town after her husband.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

"Call me early in the morning, call me early, mother, dear," is not to be quoted after this year, because it's sleep year, you know.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

It is supposed to be a smart man who knows on which side his bread is buttered, although anybody can easily find out by dropping it.—*Danbury News.*

A Sacramento paper speaks of a Senator "with a half-jaunty air about him." Many of them do have a sort of demijohny air about them.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

The boy that complained of having the stomach ache, in order to be excused from his lessons, was evidently under the influence of sham pain.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Cincinnati *Saturday Night* mentions a young man who kissed a young lady against her will. The proper place would have been against her mouth.—*Waterloo Observer.*

"Aha," said Czaridine, knocking over a prodigal chicken, which had returned home after a week's absence. "that pleases me when chickens come home to roast."—*Whitehall Times.*

Ten-button kid gloves are much worn and very expensive. Now if some physician would only come forward and say it was sure death for a woman to wear them, wouldn't the men feel happy!—*New York Express.*

A beautiful girl up town, received a fragrant bouquet from one of her many admirers. "How lovely!" exclaimed the ecstatic fair one; it fumigates the entire domicile.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

Last week at the High School a teacher asked a class of girls for an illustration of adhesion and cohesion acting together. "Tally on a stick," came from a pupil in the far end of the room, amid peals of laughter.—*Newark Saturday Call.*

The man who runs a push cart, shouting out fish for sale, is an orator who carries everything before him.—*N. O. Picayune.* Ten to one, like any other orator, he has a self-fish motive in making himself heard.

A California boy got mad and threw a stone at his mother. She picked it up and found it had fifty dollars worth of gold in it. In addition to this, she ran the boy under a shed, and cuffed him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The meanest man yet reported is one who, when his year-old baby was in need of something to "cut" teeth on, punched a hole through a three-cent piece and hung it around the child's neck by a string.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Who wouldn't be a sailor? All you have to do is to yell "aye, aye, sir" at the top of your voice about once in ten minutes. The rest of the time you can look over the ship's stern and watch the sharks.—*New Haven Register.*

An East Boston man sent a coffin to a friend as a practical joke, and the man who received it went and sold it for \$17 to an undertaker, and is ready to be made the victim of just such another humorous trick.—*Boston Post.*

"Professor PERRY has devised a dispersion photometer." If it can disperse a crowd quicker than a man going around with a hat taking up a collection, his photometer may be regarded as an overwhelming success.—*Norristown Herald.*

When the pet of the household falls down stairs or off a sofa, instead of running for the camphor bottle or arnica, a liberal dose of frosted cake should at once be given internally. Try it and be convinced.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

The only time in life when a woman seems to be happy is when she calmly sits down and attempts to trim a new bonnet with old trimmings. She seems to be truly happy; but what a Vesuvius is at work in her!—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Great men do not consider themselves above everybody else: 'tis those ignorant little runts who wear standup collars and sport canes and who refuse to pay their washing bills, that think everyone beneath them.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When you see a poor, soiled, forlorn fellow reeling along the sidewalk, knocking himself against the passers-by, and shaking hands with telegraph poles and awning posts, take pity on him. He is suffering from an attack of dipsomania.—*N. Y. Mail.*

"How far," asks an exchange, "will bees go for honey?" The answer to this conundrum is unknown to us, but it is a well-known fact that a bee will go miles out of its way for the purpose of stinging a bare footed boy on the heel.—*Norristown Herald.*

Man wants but little ear, below, nor wants that little long. Man wants but little ear-bologna, wants that little long. Man wants but little leer; wants but litter here below; wants but little LEAH below; wants but LITTEL here below; wants but little ear b'low, etc.—*Eugene Field.*

The O'FINIGAN—"Bedad, sorr, we were pestered wid those rascally spies of Government reporters at our meeting last night." The O'BRADY—"Rinnints o' Tory barbarism, sorr. Be more careful, sorr, stand at the door, and don't let a man in unless he comes himself."—*Journal of Education.*

Old Lady: "I dinna ken what ails folk that canna like folk as folk should like folk; for an folk liked folk as folk should like folk, folk would like folk as well as folk ever liked folk sin' folk war folk." If we catch the old lady's meaning, we are inclined to think she is right.—*Rochester Express.*

Notwithstanding the great cost of paper and the hard times in England, TENNYSON keeps grinding out poetry:

MABEL's sitting in the firelight,

Waiting for her lover true;

All the room is filled with darkness—

'Tis the shadow of her shoe.

N. Y. Express.

"Gentlemen, come up again," was the invitation of a red-nosed individual who had been treating all round, "come up again," and the crowd gathered at the bar expectantly. "I now wish to re-treat," and he bowed himself out, leaving the followers of Bacchus more disappointed than astonished at his wit.—*Rochester Express.*

Read this item to your landlady, and if she doesn't clasp her hands in wonder and give vent to the most rapturous admiration, make up your mind that she is going to lose money at the boarding-house business. The wife of a wealthy Cincinnati book-binder has managed to live nineteen days on two white beans.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"Well, I declare for it," said old Mrs. NICKELPINK, "if things ain't a comin' to a pretty pass. Them politics fellers up in Maine has been talkin' of fightin' and shootin' all along, and now I s'pose they've got at it, for the papers says they've got a duel in the legislature. It's about time a stop was put to such a heathenism practice."—*Rome Sentinel.*

"To be plane with you," said the carpenter, "I see no shaving in the scheme." "You don't!" ejaculated the cooper, "well it adze largely to your income." "Is that awl?" added the shoemaker. "No," answered a printer, "if he'll stick to it he'll form an idea of what it is to rule." "Pshaw," exclaimed the bank cashier, "these are only figures of speech; he must protest against the thing." "No," said the untutored blacksmith, "I've blowed for him, an' he must anvil accept the job." "That settles it," said the coffee merchant, and the meeting adjourned.—*Rhinebeck Gazette.*

A sad-eyed stranger in poor clothes stopped a citizen on the street yesterday and said: "Excuse me, but I understand Cincinnati is the largest tobacco market in the world. Is my information correct?" "It is, sir," replied the citizen, an enthusiast on Cincinnati's greatness; "it is decidedly. Last year our receipts and shipments—" "I'll not trouble you for the statistics," said the sad-eyed man, interrupting. "I am satisfied of the magnitude of the business, and on the strength of it will make bold to ask you for a chew." The citizen gave him his plug and passed on.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

That Dog next Door.

He wasn't like any other dog I ever saw, that dog next door. He held himself aloof from all common canines. Poodles, terriers, spaniels had to do him humble reverence. He was a veritable Squatting Taurus—no disrespect intended to the celebrated Sioux Chieftain, of course. In his own opinion, he was a very superior dog! in mine he was ditto.

He didn't howl all night, and bark and get into mischief generally. No; not he. He was demure; alarmingly so. All the little arts for managing dogs recommended by those who have made canines a study, proved failures when applied to this specimen.

We had just moved into the house. Mrs. SPILKINS had tired of our former residence, and desired a change. After considerable searching I finally chose this place. It was in a quiet street and had a small garden in the rear. Mrs. SPILKINS was delighted with it; so was I. We were separated from our neighbors by an immense high close board fence. That augured well. We would be safe from intrusion.

My introduction to that dog next door was somewhat startling. Mrs. SPILKINS wished to keep poultry; she *must* keep poultry. I quietly resisted, she became furious. So after a fortnight's discussion the poultry business was commenced. One night, when the snow was about three feet on the level and the mercury almost out of sight below zero, one of those angelic poultry crossed the lines and perched on our neighbor's clothes-line. Of course I had to follow the wanderer. Without misgiving—I didn't know our neighbor possessed a dog at the time—I sallied forth. Reaching the fence, I crossed it after expending an immense amount of energy and engineering skill. Exulting in my success, I was about to seize the feathered fiend when—it flew, and a cramp suddenly seized me in the calf of the leg. Shooting my hand down with frantic quickness it came in contact with—that dog next door. His sullen jaws were closed on my extremity. Without stopping to explain matters I scaled the fence at one bound—it seemed the easiest thing in life to climb it then—and put distance between me and the friend that stuck closer than sealing-wax. I explained to Mrs. SPILKINS that I had received a severe fall, and she, good soul, believed me. My surgeon and tailor received each a job, and in a week I was around as usual. That finished the poultry business, I gave them a dose of Paris Green and it had the desired effect.

My next encounter with that dog occurred shortly after.

I was sitting one night in an easy chair before the fire with my feet encased in slippers, engaged in perusing the last GRIP and looking forward to a good night's reading, when Mrs. SPILKINS frantically exclaimed: "PHILIP AUGUSTUS!"

Something terrible was coming, sure. When Mrs. SPILKINS said "PHILIP AUGUSTUS" in that painfully earnest way there was something going to happen. Nerving myself to hear the rest, I said:

"Well, my dear!"

"You know PHILIP, this was washing-day and my clothes are all out, and its storming so hard I fear they'll be destroyed. Do bring them in like a dear!"

Who could resist that appeal? I couldn't; probably not so much from the force of the appeal, as from the little unpleasantness that might follow if it were not responded to. So after resuming my boots, ulster and several little etceteras, I went forth into the storm, and what a storm! The wind seem-

ed to drive in every direction and the drifting snow was blown most unmercifully into one's face and eyes. With a feeling of desperation I made for the clothes, and began tearing them from the line. After toiling an indefinite length of time, I had succeeded in loading myself with nearly all of them, when a blood-curdling sound reached my ear. It was the fierce growl of that dog next door. The next moment he was tugging viciously at my armful of clothes. Leaving the better part with him I struck out blindly for the house. As fate would have it, a barrel, half-full of ashes, was before me, and I doubled over it in a way that causes an icy tremor to steal over my frame when I recall it. Over we rolled—barrel, ashes, clothes, etc., of course I was the etcetera—in a confused heap.

When I entered the house there was blood in my eye; at least there ought to have been for I felt very savage. I told Mrs. SPILKINS that the clothes were so fast to the line, that it would take a thousand tons of dynamite to remove them.

Next day we moved. And Mrs. SPILKINS "never could tell why."

Another Fable.

THE PEN, THE BOIL AND THE COTTON.

A Brown steel Pen having said that there was bad matter in a Boil, the latter, fancying itself concealed in Cotton, protested that it was free from all corruption. The Pen immediately plunged through both Cotton and Boil, and the matter flowed from the wound to the great pain of the foolish boasting and the entire indifference of the saturated Cotton.

MORAL—One had better have his vices suspected than exposed.

Straight where she strayed, with stride he strode,
Said sighed he on the sod and said:
"Say, see I sigh and sue you so"—
She had no heed, but hid her head—
Maud's mood the mud of mead made mad,
Nor answer knew she now but "No."
—Kansas City Times.



TENDERS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Indian Tenders," will be received at this office until noon of the 1st MARCH 1880, for supplying the following articles, or any of them, at the undermentioned places, or any of them, by the 1st JULY next, in such quantities as may be required; also, for supplying any of the same articles or others described in Schedule obtainable at this office, at any of the places in the Northern or Southern districts of the North West Territories, and at any date or dates between the 1st JUNE, 1880, and the 30th MAY, 1881, and in such quantities as may be ordered:—

MANITOBA.

St. Peters, Fort Alexander, Broken Head River, Rosau River, Swan Lake, Sandy Bay, Long Plain.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, LAKE MANITOBA AND THE WEST OF IT.

Manitoba House, Ebb and Flow Lake, Lake St. Martin, Little Saskatchewan, Water Hen Lake, Riding Mountain.

LAKE WINNIPEG.

Black River, Berens River, Fishers River, Grand Rapids, The Pas Mountains, Norway House, Cross Lake, Dog Head, Blood Vein River, Big Island, Sandy Bar, Jack Fish Head, Moose Lake, Cumberland.

LAKE OF THE WOODS AND EAST OF IT.

Shoal Lake, Coutcheching, Lac Seul, Rat Portage, Mattawan, Islington, Assabasking.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Ellice, Touchwood Hills, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Walsh, Fort McLeod.

Flour,	132,800 lbs.	Whiffletrees (for ploughs)	130
Tea,	6,736 "	Whiffletrees (for harrows),	16
Sugar,	5,975 "	Scythe Stones,	144
Tobacco,	3,999 "	Sickles (steel),	258
Bacon,	30,166 "	Grain Cradles,	135
Beef,	15,000 "	Scythes for do	135
Pork,	20,850 "	Flails,	292
Woolen Shirts,	250	Hose (steel)	
Stout Trousers,	250	Garden,	458
Canvas Shirts,	250	Do (to in. turnip)	178
Canvas Trousers,	250	Shovels (steel),	58
Moccasins,	500 prs.	Do Scoop,	28
Ploughs,	21	Blacksmiths'	
Harrows,	45	Longs,	23
Scythes,	209	Pick Axes,	36
Snaiths,	209	Hay Knives,	23
Hay Forks,	132	Shingle Nails,	2,500 lbs.
Axes,	865	Borax,	92
Hoes,	1,134	Blue Stone,	400
Spades,	572	Fanning Mills,	22
Grindstones,	78	Pit Saw Files,	180
Cross Cut Saw	144	Pit Saws,	24
Files,	114	C. C. Saws,	24
Hand Saw Files,	120	Hand Saws,	96
Carts,	29	Hammers,	12
Cart Harness,	29	Augers,	120
Light Waggon,	6	Rakes,	171
Double Harness,	6	Nose Bags,	34
Plough Harness,	38	Plough Lines,	40
Plough Harness,	38	Toil Chests,	22
Ox,	56	Frows,	23
Do Pony,	54	Single Barrel	
Sweat Collars,	88	Guns,	45
Ploughs, breaking,	125	Double do do	45
Plough Points, extra,	360	Gun Caps,	800

Ammunition and Twine.

- 4 Hand Saws 26 in. } Equal in quality to 5 x 5.
- 4 Rip do 28 " }
- 4 Jack Planes, ordinary C. S., double irons with stand.
- 4 Steel Squares, 24 by 18, divided to 8ths.
- 4 Sets Augers, 1-1 in., 1-1 1/2, 1/2, short convex eye cut bright.
- 4 Drawing knives, extra quality, solid C. S. 13 in.
- 4 Cast Steel Hrench Axes, handled, best quality.
- 4 Adzes, handled, (house carpenters best C. S.)
- 4 Solid Steel Claw Hammers, Canadian patent.
- Chisels (socket firmer) with ringed handles 1 1/2 in., 1 1/4 in., 1-1 in., 1-1 1/2. 1-2 in. socket, cast steel handles.
- 4 Oil Stones.
- 4 Oil Cans.
- 4 Scratch Awls.
- 8 Gimlets 1/2, 1 1/4.
- 4 C. S. Compasses or Dividers.
- 4 2-Foot Rules, 4 fold arch joints.
- 4 Shoning Pincers.
- 100 Cows, 25 Yoke of Oxen, 12 Bulls.

Forms of tender and schedules containing full particulars may be obtained on application at this office, whereas as well as at the Indian Office, Winnipeg, samples of some of the articles can be seen and descriptions of the other articles can be obtained.

Each party or firm tendering must submit the names of two responsible persons, who will consent to act as sureties, and the signatures of the proposed sureties must be appended to a statement at the foot of the tender to the effect that they agree to become surety for the due fulfilment of the contract, if awarded to the maker or makers of the tender.

By order,
L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy Superintendent General
of Indian Affairs.

Department of the Interior,
Indian Branch,
Ottawa, 28th January, 1880. xiv-12-4t

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 GRIP Office, Adelaide Street.

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-cornby, 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. xiv-12-1y



SO MUCH ALIKE.

SIR JOHN—What are you going to give 'em at your table this time?
 EARL DIZZY—Very little of anything; what have you got?
 SIR JOHN—Just about the same.



THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE.

"Two minds with but a single thought,
 Two hearts that beat as one."



J. BRUCE & Co.,
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Next Post Office, Toronto.

So Much Alike.

Speaking of the "ridiculously close resemblance" between DIZZY and JOHN A., it has been often remarked that this extends beyond mere outward appearance. This issue of GRIP contains an illustration of this fact. Both premiers are at present in the act of meeting Parliament; both are about to submit rather meagre bills of fare, and both have reason to apprehend that the greater part of the session will be occupied in defending their Governments from merited attack.

The Presidential Race.

In deference to a wish expressed by some of his patrons across the line, Mr. GRIP intends in the future to give American politics the benefit of his clarifying pencil occasionally. This week he epitomizes the presidential contest, which appears to be taking the shape of a three-legged race. The Republican couple are GRANT and BLAIN and the Democracy is represented by TILDEN and SEYMOUR. At this stage of the proceedings it is impossible to say what the result will be, though it seems tolerably certain that some of them will fail to be elected. GRANT appears to be the favourite. He has a great reputation as a soldier, and has taken many a fortress. In fact it is said he will take any thing the office seekers give him. He is also heavy on cigars, so the contest so far as he is concerned is sure to end in smoke. TILDEN is the leading Democratic candidate. He feels so anxious to serve his country that he has made great personal sacrifices to gain the presidency. Not only has he spent barrels of money, but he has made up his mind to get married. It will be too cruel if the ungrateful public leave him at home with a weight of domestic care on his shoulders in addition to the natural disappointment he will feel.

Strange Effect of Joy.

The Halifax correspondent of the *Globe* asserted on the 2nd inst. that on the very day of the arrival of the Princess her husband was taken to the lunatic asylum! It would have been much more seemly to take the Halifaxians there, who turned out to gape at a lady on an exceedingly cold day.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
 Adelaide St. West Mr. AUG. PRYOR, Manager.
 Open for the Season. Saturday Matinees.

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 Popular Saturday Matinees and Evening Performances.

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 CHOICE CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY,
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 Wedding cakes a specialty. xiv-3-12

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 stone foundation and underground stables. The soil is a rich clay loam.

GEO. BENGOUGH,
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"GRIP" Now in its seventh year and Fourteenth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

\$2 Per Annum, Free of Postage.

PRESS OPINIONS.

GRIP deserves increased prosperity, and should receive liberal support. It is one of the best educators we know of, and if taken into the family circle—as it can be—with pleasure and profit—it would stimulate the desire of the younger members of the family to acquire a knowledge of public affairs. It should be in every house; so should GRIP'S Almanac.—*Lindsay Post*.

GRIP'S Comic Almanac for 1880 is out. It's a buster. The man who advertises anti-fat medicine may sell out, for everybody is going to "laugh and grow fat" over this side-splitting little volume. "It will bear reading all the year round. Don't forget to ask your bookseller for it. And if he hasn't got it, tell him to send for it.—*Fredricton Farmer*.

Happy is the individual who has received a copy of the GRIP Almanac, from Toronto, Ont. As for ourselves we have done nothing but laugh since first looking into its contents. It is brimming over with good things, not sensational and otherwise, and one must be sure their vest buttons are sewed on strongly before they commence reading the funny morsels it contains.—*Meriden (Conn.) Recorder*.

Try the ALBERT COFFEE ROOMS for DINNER.
 Best Brands of OYSTERS Always on hand.
 Prices, with Tea, Coffee or Cocoa
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 Raw 25c., Stewed, 25c., Fried, 30c.
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