

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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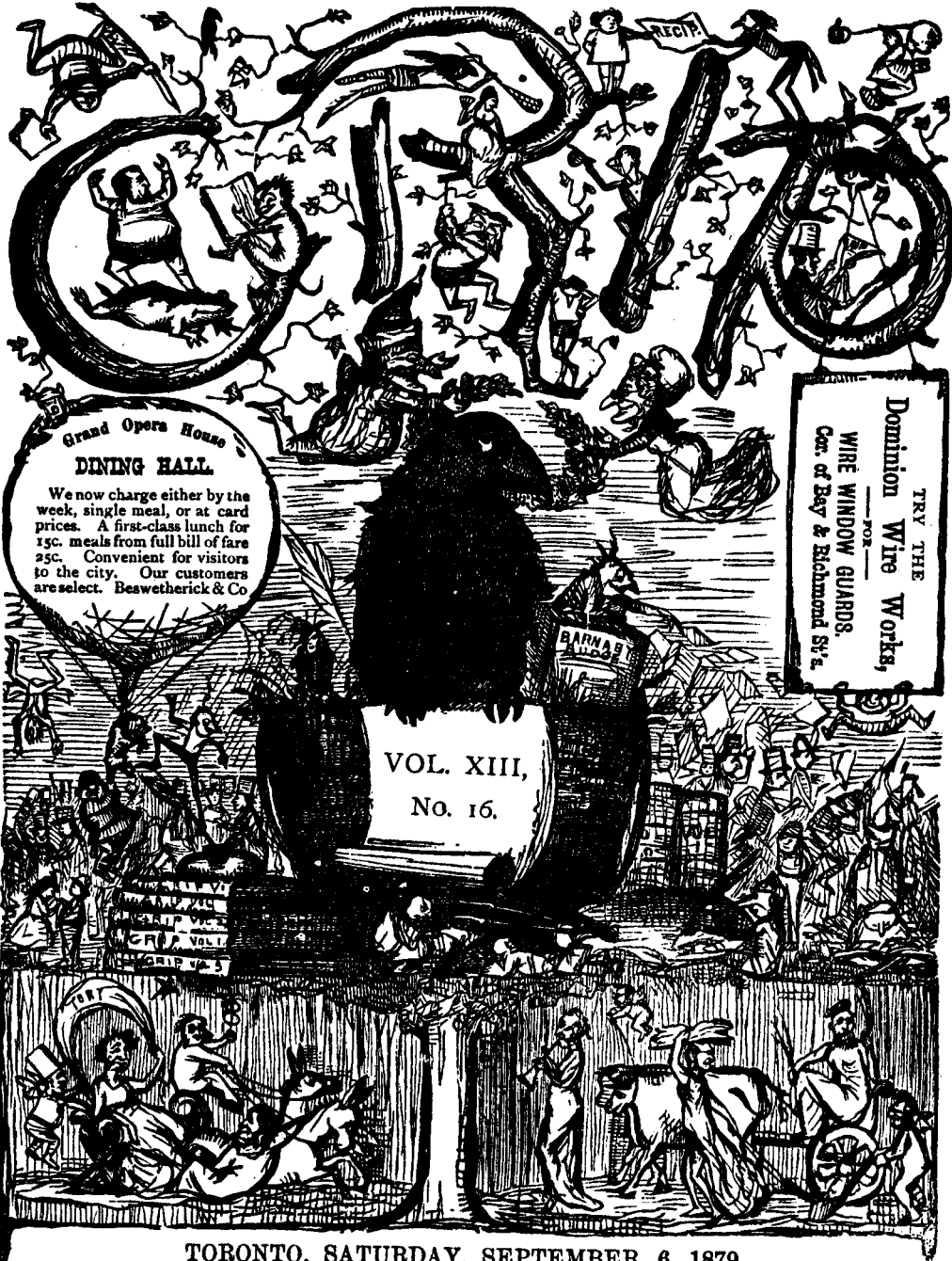
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

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Literature and Art.

National schools of drawing are to be established in Paris, and lectures on art will be given at the city's expense.

Mr. MILLAIS is quoted as saying that Miss ELIZABETH THOMPSON'S (Mrs. BUTLER) drawing is almost unrivalled in respect of exactitude.

A large picture of the late Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON in Zululand is being painted by Mr. R. C. WOODVILLE, a well known young English painter.

The sculptor MERCIER has been appointed officer of the Legion of Honor and the painters BASTIEN-LAPAGE, FANTIN-LA-ZOUR, EHRMANN, together with the lithographer CHAUVEL, have been nominated Chevaliers.

Before distributing the prizes at the Westminster Industrial Exhibition, Lord BEACONSFIELD delivered a speech replete with good sense and good advice, and his lordship will have rendered an important public service if his address stimulates the working man to devote some part of his leisure to the production of works of industry of such excellence in design and workmanship as to make them really works of art.

In the "Life of Charles Lever" occurs this pleasant paragraph about the bright novelist:—"To judge from the exploits of Lorrequer and O'Mally in the field of flirtation, LEVER might well be supposed to have had considerable experience and aptitude as a Lothario; but his companion from youth, Major D—, assures us that this was in reality not the case, for although delighting in female society, he seems to have never had but one real love affair—the one which began in his boyhood, and ended only with his life." LEVER read all his novels to his wife, and pruned as she pleased. From the day she died, he felt that his right hand had lost its cunning; and in dedicating "Lord Kilgobin" to her memory, he declares that it must be his last.

And this is said of TENNYSON. LONGFELLOW'S great contemporary—A clergyman has recently died in Lincolnshire, England, who, it is said, was the man that won the affections of that "shallow-hearted" Cousin Amy, familiar to every one who knows TENNYSON'S "Locksley Hall;" and who does not? He was very fond of horses, and extravagant stories are told of his love for dogs. It is to him that the following lines refer:

"As the husband is, the wife is. Thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.
He will hold thee, when his passion shall have lost its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

SIGNOR V. CESATI writes to the *Rassegna Settimanale* that he had often wondered why LONGFELLOW should have employed in the title of "Excelsior" the masculine adjective in preference to the adverbial neuter form. Encouraged by an American friend he wrote to the poet and received the following reply: "MY DEAR SIR: I have had the pleasure of receiving your card, with your friendly criticism on the word 'Excelsior.' In reply I would say, by way of explanation, that the device on the banner is not to be interpreted 'ascende superius,' but 'scopus meus excelsior est.'

This will make evident why I say 'Excelsior,' and not 'Excelsius.'" With great regard,

Yours truly,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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The Royal Academy has never been honored by a picture from Mr. BURNE JONES.

MARK TWAIN has got a great deal more money for his play, *The Gilded Age*, than SHAKESPEARE got for all of his dramas. Now, which would you rather be SHAKESPEARE or MARK?—*Boston Post*.

Stage Whispers.

A recent outgoing vessel had among her passengers a Mr. and Mrs. PINNER and two daughters. That's one pinner-four company less in the country. Thank Heaven!—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

The report that SARA BERNHARDT is to receive about a thousand dollars a night during her American engagement will probably lead hundreds of good girls to become poor actresses.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Miss MINNIE HAWK has just given in London her hundredth representation of *Carmen*. She was surrounded by flowers and received a memorial of the occasion in the shape of a beautiful Spanish necklace.

Miss FLORENCE HYDE and Mr. IVEF, members of a London *Pinafore* company, were recently drowned in the Avon, near Bath, while on a boating excursion, just after finishing an engagement at Bath.

The new comic opera by Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN, entitled *The Bold Burglar*, to be produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, in the fall, is described by the London papers as a humorous satire upon the romance of crime.

"The Octoroon" occupies the boards of the Royal Opera House this week.—The play is well put on, and admirably acted by the GOTTHOLD Combination. Notwithstanding the fact that the Sentimental Negro is to a great degree "played out" the good acting of the company, and the intrinsic merits of the play, could not fail to make it a success. The peculiar weather of course "hurt the house," still the audiences were very fair and decidedly appreciative. It would be invidious to particularize any of the actors, as they all took their respective roles well. We were glad to see one of our Toronto actors (Mr. ALLAN HALFORD) in the part of *George Peyton*, which he played with his usual carefulness and good taste. Next week MCKEE RANKIN and *The Danites*.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed at Covent Garden last week, says *Figaro*, when Madame ADELINA PATTI, took her usual annual benefit. The opera selected for this occasion was ROSSINI'S "Barbieri di Siviglia," and directly her smiling face was first seen, she was greeted with a volley of hisses, hooting, and whistling from the gallery. Counter demonstrations were vigorously made in other parts of the house, but Madame PATTI, bursting into tears, retired—closing the balcony window behind her, and after a painful pause the curtain was dropped. Presently the curtain rose again, and the great *prima donna*, greeted by cheers so loud and enthusiastic that hostility was silenced, came forward and sang. "Una voce poco fa" (transposed into E major) with the exquisite finish of style for which she is famous. From this point all signs of enmity ceased, and the bouquets, wreaths, and other floral tributes showered upon the *beneficitaire* after the "lesson scene" would have filled a good sized wagon. The withdrawal of Madame PATTI's name from the programme of the Italian charity concert recently given appears to have given umbrage to some Italians, who adopted an ungenerous mode of expressing their displeasure. They were soon silenced, and this petty spite was rendered additionally contemptible by the fervent applause bestowed on Madame PATTI throughout the opera by the large audience, amongst whom their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were conspicuously demonstrative.

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.

CAUTION.—All our Agents have printed receipts and written authority from us or Mr. W. R. Burrage, our General Agent. The public are advised not to pay subscriptions to others, with whom they are unacquainted. BENGOUGH BROTHERS.

The Ball.

"I want to go to the ball,"
The eager maiden cried;
"The Marquis he might dance with me.
If with none else beside.

Papa must get a ticket, he
Has influence, I know;
The charming Princess I must see,
Oh, I am bound to go."

That parent stern the ticket might
Full easily have got,
But buy the ball dress for the night
He swore that he would not.

And now at the Pavilion gay,
White Pa with Ma appears,
At home does that sad fair one stay
Dissolved in bitter tears.

Grip's Guide.

FOR THE USE OF VISITORS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The Distillery.—In the east end of the city stands this extensive and benign Institution. The visitor will be well repaid for his trouble in going down to see it,—perhaps, indeed, he may be asked to wet his whistle. There are some things about this large concern which teetotalers do not heartily approve of, but the visitor, whatever his opinions on the temperance question, can gaze with interest on the apparatus through which swill is distributed to the carts, and thence to the cattle of the city milk-men. For many years the distillery has been doing this noble work of manufacturing cattle-food, and widows and orphans throughout the land rise up to call it blessed.

Hanlan's House.—Of course the stranger will go over and see HANLAN'S house on the Island. No stranger will neglect to do this unless he is utterly devoid of—ten cents. The most interesting portion of the home-stead to the ordinary tourist is the bar-room, which contains several photographs of the great oarsmen. To get a proper view of these it is necessary to stand up close to the bar. Lager is sold at this bar, but that need not interfere with the business in hand. The Sportsman Challenge Cup is on view in the

adjacent parlour. It is a beautiful ornament, and is freely offered to any visitor who can take it away. To see the Champion himself it will be necessary to go over sometime when he is at home.

The Filtering Basin.—While on the Island let the intelligent visitor not fail to see the celebrated filtering basin of the City Water-works. It was built for the purpose of securing good, pure water to the citizens, but up to the present time it has failed to do so. If the visitor is lucky he may be able to fish out of the Basin some of the \$100,000 the City has already sunk in it. An opportunity will probably be afforded at the same time of seeing some of our distinguished engineers and Aldermen, as it is said some of them are always wandering like disconsolate spirits up and down the side of the Basin, scratching their heads and wondering when they will "get the blamed thing to work right."

The Union Station.—This very handsome and commodious building is, as its name implies, used in common by the various railway companies. For example, if you want to go by the Western or the Northern, all you have to do is to go across the Esplanade to a little shed, and wait there. An hour can be spent very pleasantly at the Union Station, provided you do not belong to the travelling public. It is delightful to watch the trains come in, and to hear them putting on the steam brakes under the echoing roof. This roof is surmounted by a tower, containing a clock, which keeps good time, but is not, as the *Globe* guide affirms, a "striking object."

The Parliament Buildings.—On Front street west you will find the Provincial House of Parliament. When you come to it, perhaps you had better ask some small boy you meet whether that miserable old red brick shanty is the place where your members voted for the salary grab; otherwise you might mistake it for a boarding house. The beauty and costliness of the historic fence which encloses the grounds, however, will more than make up for the deficiencies in the outward appearance of the building. You are at liberty to walk through the Parliament House and there you will find a large assortment of happy and high-salaried clerks, many of whom are "agin the Government." The Ministers' apartments are elaborately and gorgeously furnished with card-tables and canoe-couch damasks.

The Effect on the Illustrious Visitors

Grip's special reporter, disguised as a footman for the occasion, can give the only true and undoubted account of what the I. V.'s really thought of certain features of the reception. Two things puzzled them extremely: They were two pictures, which in transparencies and characters met them everywhere.

"What," asked the M. of L., G. G., etc., etc., of his illustrious and female companion, "can you chiel be intenant to represent? Gin I thocht for ac moment that siccar a queer, white-veesaged, cruds and whey, dae-wi-me-as ye-please sort o' ceevedveedual represent ony o' ma deesteengueused ancestors, I wad—I wad fin out the perpetrator, and put an end tae his usefu'ness wi ac clour o' the claymore o' MACCALLUM MORE, I wad!"

"I agree with you," remarked the aristocratic lady at his side, "but I am equally at a loss to discover who is meant by the awful-looking female who is placed as the *vis-a-vis* of the monster to whose appearance you so properly object. I do not know who she may be, but I certainly never saw anybody like her, and I think if they be people to whom Canada is indebted—York Pioneers,

or anything of the sort, their extreme and unhappy ugliness might have prevented them being chosen for exhibition on occasions of this nature."

"True," said the M. of L. "Conseederation for the feelings o' their surviving descendants suld hae prevented sic an exhebection."

And nobody in the suite had the audacity to inform the I. V.'s that the portraits were supposed to be their own. It is to be hoped nobody will.

The True Explanation.

SCENE—An English dinner table. Present DIZZY, (familarly known as Lord BEACONSFIELD) and JOHN (called for short Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN MACDONALD, K. C. B.)

DIZZY—What astonishes me, Sir JOHN, is the utter abandonment and confidence the Canadians appear to have in your ability to execute promises made them by you. Now, you promised the most wonderful results from your National Policy. Then, the Pacific line you promised to build. Why, the Yankee one—an easier line—cost \$250,000,000—didn't it? How do you persuade them? The secret will be invaluable to me, especially in view of the coming elections.

JOHN A.—Elections, my Lord? You should send for PHILIPS—we found him invaluable to us for that job, can tell you; and so did MOWAT since. But as for N.P. promises after we threw him overboard, none of us knew how to fulfil 'em. As for the Pacific Railway promises, we do it by a system of alternate blocks.

DIZZY.—Eh?

JOHN A.—Alternate blocks. That's to say, if every second citizen wasn't a consumed blockhead they'd never have believed us.

DIZZY.—Ha! ha! Very good. (*Left drinking*).

The New Regimental Requester.

SCENE—Quebec—Enter a Marquis. To him a Mayor.

THE MAYOR—Your Grace's Most Noble Honor, we implore protection!

THE MARQUIS—Why, Mr. Mayor, I thought you had got too much of it. Times harder since you got it, at least so the U. S. Consul writes?

THE MAYOR—Not at all, Your Honor's Most Excellent Majesty—I mean—that is, I don't mean—that is, although the times are harder, I did not want protection from the times—that is—I—(*is extremely stuck*).

THE MARQUIS—Take time, Mr. Mayor. What do you want protection for? Who from?

THE MAYOR—From the Quebec rioters, Your Illustrious Excellency. I think if we had a British regiment here—

THE MARQUIS—Will you pay for one? About half-a-million dollars a year are all they cost each, Mr. Mayor.

THE MAYOR—We did not contemplate that, Your Lordship's Grace. Indeed it was thought that the money benefit to the city by military expenses might pacify—

THE MAYOR—Indeed, Mr. Mayor! So that, instead of paying for police, you wish the police to pay the rioters. Let me recommend you to raise a proper force yourselves, and if you can get them to serve on *those* terms, I have no objection. JAMES, show Mr. Mayor to the door.

THE MAYOR—But, Your Excellency's, Grace's Lordship's Honor's Illustrious Majesty—

(*But the Marquis has gone, and the Mayor goes away very sorrowful*).



The Quebec Deadlock.

The old lady of the Quebec Assembly is angry and indignant, and not without cause. She has been shamefully ill-used by the unspeakable JOLY, and all for doing her duty. A few days ago she felt it incumbent upon her to do something to prove to the beloved people of Quebec what a useful institution she was, so she rose in her dignity and refused to pass the supply bill, thus throwing the machinery of state out of gear, and putting the odious JOLY in a very uncomfortable predicament. It was no more than he and his atrocious government deserved, however, for they had in the most aggravating manner withstood no less than twenty-two votes of no confidence in the Lower House. Now, what was the reward of the venerable Assembly for thus going out of its way to do the people a favour? Did JOLY lower his piratical colours, and make way for a better and more trustworthy man, to wit, M. CHEAPLEAU?

Of course he did not; he has not sufficient patriotism for that. On the contrary, he stiffened his neck, and coolly adjourned the House, thus leaving the estimable old Assembly in possession of the public funds, and exposed to the violent hatred of the civil servants, who, in the meantime, are deprived of their wages. Everybody must admit that the old lady's indignation is well-grounded, for was it not a most outrageous thing for JOLY to adjourn before he got the supplies? And can anybody doubt that he would have got them, if he had waited long enough?

In The Lone Land.

SITTING BULL INTERVIEWED.

(From our Sporting Contributor.)

In the morning our host, Major WALSE, made his appearance, and trusted that his hospitality did not prevent us from being "inclined" to sleep. This remark, be it understood, was a joke of the stern commandant, referring to our position on the slanting planks constituting our bed. It being the only pun ever perpetrated by that redoubtable warrior, it should—like the equally famous joke of SHEERMAN'S, 'We'll Raleigh round the flag,' on entering that city—be placed on record. An opportunity occurring, I drew the Major aside and said, "How is this, BUB; you wouldn't so ruthlessly slaughter those bottles in the old times; at least you used to respect the one in the 'shell case' in the store room of the Artillery School." The Major looking hard at me, closed one eye, tremulously motioned

me into his own private quarters, and said, "What'll you have?" * * * Bidding the fierce Major good bye, we proceeded, guided by two friendly and oleaginous Indians, to the quasi hostile lodgings of SITTING BULL. "Souita-wa-boo down-a-slim shaganane couin us weep," said our gentlemanly boss guide, which being interpreted meaneth, Behold the wigwam of the long knife slayers.

We were led in blind-folded and, sitting in an arm chair in blue and gold, before a table in red and green, upon which was placed what appeared to be a bottle of Burgundy, we beheld a rather gentlemanly fellow smoking a partaga cigar. He was in his usual evening costume, and looked to great advantage when in his usual recumbent position, but on rising we noticed that a portion of his attire was mutilated in the manner peculiar to the red man. This was the great SITTING BULL, the terror of the whole American army. "Be seated, gentlemen," said he. "No doubt you are surprised to see the usual advancements of civilization in my surroundings, but since your people sent amongst us your educational agents, under the leadership of Mr. DAVIN, we have progressed wonderfully, and it was only the other day a retainer of mine from the city of Dublin observed that I was almost equal in point of erudition with a Trinity College M. A. We will now join the ladies." And during the remainder of the evening we passed the time at a quiet game of whist in company with the great chief and his charming wives.

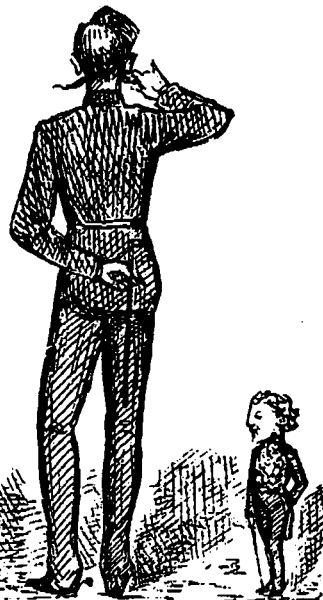
I trust, my dear GRIP, that this slight sketch will dissipate in some measure, in the minds of your readers, the general idea as to the character of SITTING BULL.

On the Streets.

SAMUEL MASHEM, Esq., of the Bank.—Don't you think, AUGUSTA, that King St. has an arch look quite *fin-in* to it?

AUGUSTA.—Oh, that's on account of the *Bal Sam*.

(Here Yonge St. intersects).



MAJOR DE WINTON AND THE PRESS.



The Kidnappers.

Mr. GRIP's feathers stood on end as he read the *Telegram's* long account of the kidnapping of Mr. JAFFRAY. With the utmost impatience he dashed through the redundant and tiresome preface, with the most eager interest he devoured the dramatic incidents of the narrative, and with unlimited joy he found that it "all ended happily" for poor Mr. JAFFRAY. In truth, it was a most outrageous affair. Unfortunately the perpetrators have escaped, but it is to be hoped the lessons taught by this occurrence will not be allowed to do so. These lessons are obvious. In the first place, never go out to see a man at a late hour of the night; secondly, have nothing to do with politics, and particularly avoid supplying any government with groceries. It is plain that Mr. JAFFRAY'S renown as a government contractor had marked him out as a victim for the kidnappers.

There is evidence that the desperados who kidnapped Mr. JAFFREY intended to carry off the Hon. GEORGE BROWN as well. A couple of suspicious parties waited on that gentleman, and tried to entice him out of his house on some specious plea, but, thanks to his long practice at sniffing corruption afar off, the venerable head of the Pairty smelled a rat, and refused to go. What a happy escape! And yet there are some, no doubt, who would be able to contemplate such a scene as that depicted above with composure, provided the ruffians didn't hurt their victim. The Dominion Government sincerely rejoice at Mr. BROWN'S escape,—as, in the present state of the finances, they would be in no position to pay the ransom of a million dollars which would surely have been demanded, though we cannot doubt they would most readily vote that amount, or even twice as much, rather than lose Mr. B.

The Arch.

The arch, the arch, the horrible arch,
Stuck in the way that the crowd must march.
Ugly old boards half covered with green,
What is it put there for?—what does it mean?

It wasn't put there to declare we are glad,
Glancing once at it makes everyone sad.
No, this is it, very plain now to see,
Monument mourning the broke down N. P.

Hollow like promises made by JOHN A.
Green like the people he fooled in that way.
That's it exactly; yes, ever small leaf
Waves in memorial over our grief.

When the procession nears no one should shout,
Ah, and the MARQUIS should be told about it.
One should mention with visage severe,
"Sir, you're expected to cry a bit here."

The crest of the Marquis of LORNE consists of a Boar's Head. In view of the address-reading nuisance from which his Lordship suffers, it is suggested that the spelling should be changed to Bore's head.



GRIP WELCOMES THE VICE-REGAL VISITORS.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A stuck up thing—a show-bill.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton.*

The old man of the sea was an ocean buoy once.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Fame might be aptly illustrated by a swing made of cobwebs.—*Whitell Times.*

A witty orator is generally given to making jaw-ular remarks.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The wise man freezeth not to his fellow who is a chunk of vice.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The girl that brushes up the parlor in the morning uses a dust-stir.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Helen, of Troy, found Paris green. Death ensued as a matter of course.—*Boston Transcript.*

N. Y. People: It is always the smoke from the other man's cigar that is offensive to the young lady.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women" want to ride on top.—*Baltimore Evening Saturday.*

The sun is 20,000 times larger than the earth, and yet it persists in striking so small a thing as a man.

A countryman seeing the sign, "Hands off," innocently asked if they had gone on a picnic.—*New York Herald.*

"I can't go myself, but I'll send a hand," remarked a mother, reaching for her boy and giving him a swipe across the ear.—*Steubenville Herald.*

A lady is very much like a gun. Her locks may be all right when she sets her cap, but she won't go off without powder.—*Toronto Graphic.*

Opium is a costly drug, but the young man who is unable to maintain a phial of paregoric, ought not to take his marriage vow.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

The name "eagle" was a happy designation for our gold coin, considering that riches are prone to take unto themselves wings and fly away.—*Boston Transcript.*

Some of the fools have gone to the country, but quite a number remain in the city and distinguished themselves by watch chains worn outside their coats.—*Puck.*

Milwaukee Sun: To illustrate that the climate of Minnesota is productive of softening of the brain, it is announced that the State is to have a "croquet tournament."

The Ex-Khedive to New York: "Since I made you a present of the Egyptian obelisk I have failed in business. Couldn't you allow me \$30 or \$40 for it?"—*Cin. Inquirer.*

It is the man whose wife makes him stay at home to do a churning when he wants to go to the circus, that is most bitterly opposed to the exercise of the one man power.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Women are clamorous for honorable business at which they can gain an independent livelihood, but the trouble is, about the only openings they happen to discover are millinery openings.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

Music may have "charms to soothe the savage breast," but a sixteen octave dinner gong has a more soothing effect upon the civilized breast of a hungry man than a whole brass band.—*Middletown Transcript.*

Think of the gorgeous beauty of the butterfly, with his fluffy plumage decorated with the colors of the rainbow, and remember that he attained all his finery just as mortals have theirs—by grubbing for it.—*New Haven Register.*

Spelling reform has been advocated, with poor success, for many years. Many superfluous letters are used in spelling, but then many superfluous words are used in swearing. Let us have a swearing reform!—*N. Y. Express.*

That was a pretty compliment paid by a member of the Chinese Embassy the other night to a young lady. Gazing down at her really pretty shoes, the Oriental remarked: "I love your English large feet."—*Boston Journal.*

"What does 12mo mean?" asked a pupil of her teacher, a few days since. "12mo? Why, don't you know what that means? It means the same as d&d&cowly. Haven't you seen it in advertisements in a newspaper?"—*Onesago Times.*

News despatchers are becoming too laconic; here comes an item from Switzerland about a flash of lightning that killed a farmer and a cow he was milking, and not a word about whether it curdled the milk or not.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Is that the way you go on all day?" said Mrs. Jobbins, as she beheld her husband going through the physical accompaniments of a yawn. "Oh, no!" he replied, "I always take care to save myself for the home-stretch."—*Andrews Bazaar.*

It is said that "it requires a great deal of boldness as well as caution to obtain a fortune." If some the American people could swap off some of their boldness for a few caution, there would be less complaint of hard times.—*Marathon Independent.*

The father who is wondering what profession his son shall enter is hereby reminded of the fact that nothing is more standard than good bar soap. It sells in localities where the voice of law is never heard, and it sells for cash.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"They are trying a lot of Pinafore singers in there," said Smith to Jones as they passed a building whence floating strains of "A maiden fair to see," etc. "Glad of it," returned the misanthropical Jones; "hope they'll give 'em sixty days and costs."—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

WANTED to OBLIGE.—Lady (to a servant who has given notice three days after her arrival): "But if you didn't mean to stay, why 'did you take the place?" Servant: "Well, 'm, when I see you at the registry office you looked so tired and fagged I took your situation out of charity like."

Reflections of a practical man: "We are going to have a bad year. I must undergo some hardships and make some sacrifices. First: I will lower my servants' wages. Second: I will give no more tips to the waiters at my club. Third: I will get invited out to dinner as often as possible."—*Paris Figaro.*

"What are you looking for?" asked one of the Widow Bedott's two daughters, who were entertaining two young fellows on the piazza, rather late, one night last summer, of their mother, who seemed to be hunting some time around the front yard. "The morning papers," answered the widow. The young men left.

"What! You are aware that this poor fellow had just lost his wife, and instead of sending him the smallest word of condolence, you dun him for the 200 francs that he owes you!" "Hem! I know that there are griefs which no words can console, and I thought I was doing him a service in giving another course to his sad thoughts!"—*French Paper.*

"The time of lovers is brief," sings SWINBURNE. He referred to an instance in his own experience, when he and his girl barely had time to spring to opposite ends of the sofa before the old man entered the door, ostensibly to hunt for his glasses, which excuse he gave himself dead away upon, as those articles of sight were conspicuously perched upon the top of his head.—*Rockland Courier.*

Boston Transcript: Mrs. A—"Somebody's in the next room. I wonder what they're doing." [Looking wistfully at the keyhole.] "I've got a good mind to peep." Mrs. B.—"Oh, I wouldn't; tisn't right." Mrs. A.—"I don't care; I'm just dying to know." [Puts eye to keyhole, but immediately takes it away, disconcerted.] "Hm! the key is in." Mrs. B.—"Yes; so I found before you came in."

GALILEO WAS RIGHT.—A drunkard is staggering along the boulevards, knocking against lamp-posts, and, with great dignity and earnestness, solving their problem how to be in two places on the side-walk at once. The passers stare at him and laugh till he halts, and, with a painful effort, collecting himself, says: "Galileo was right—the earth does move!" and crumbles upon a shapeless ruin upon the pavement.—*Paris Star.*

A correspondent of the *New York Sun* writes: "A farmer had a ten gallon keg of whiskey in his cellar; he was going away to be away ten days; before going he told his wife that for every day he was away she should draw one gallon off the keg, and put back one gallon of water; she continued this for ten days. How much whiskey was in the keg at the end of ten days?" This is an easy one although it may not appear so at first sight. At the end of ten days the keg contained ten gallons of whiskey—such as is sold at seaside and many other hotels.—*Norristown Herald.*

They walked out of the theatre arm in arm. She was as dainty as a princess and prettier than an opening flower. The long, soft, white feather hung gracefully to her shoulder, and her long, delicate, slender hand held a sumptuous fan.

He looked pretty spooney himself, but he felt good.

"How did you like the opera, pet?" he faintly inquired, and the delicious little angel looked up into his face, and while the gasbeams lighted up the bit of court plaster on her chin, replied:

"It's the boss!"—*New York Star.*

The baby rolls upon the floor,

Kicks up his tiny feet,

And pokes his toes into his mouth—

Thus making both ends meet.

The dog, attached to a tiny pail,

Goes howling down the street,

And, as he madly bites his tail,

He maketh both ends meet.

The butcher slays the pensive pig—

Cut off his ears and feet,

And grinds them up into a sausage big—

Thus making both ends meet.

The farmer scoops his skiny hens,

And feeds them with choice meat,

The means must justify the ends,

And so he makes them eat.

—*Hackensack Republican.*

People Who Couldn't Think of Going to the Citizen's Ball, and their Reasons.

Mrs. CHUMLEY (first family in Canada). Because everybody will be there.
 Mrs. GRUVNER JONES GRUVNER (double first f. in C.). Because nobody will be there.
 Mrs. BEAQUITTE (county family). Because her grocer will be there.
 Mrs. PONQUIAS (c. c.). Because her *drapaw* will be there.
 Miss PRUDHOMME. It's too Scotch and she fears the men will wear kilts.
 Miss MCTAVISH (from Drumlogie). Because it is not Scotch enough and the men won't wear kilts.
 Mr. BUZZARD (workingman). Because "dress clothes" don't become him.
 Messieurs BIVINS, BAVINS and BOVENS (of the Wythyme Bank). Because their clothes are at their common uncle's, and their salaries are overdrawn.
 Mr. GRIP. Because he's hard up and can't go.

Mrs. Lapsusling goes to a Pic-nic.

It was with much deprivation of mind that I consented to accompany the SIMPKINS' to a pic-nic across the water, and when I arrived at the wharf, and saw the turbaned waves and the anonymous clouds floating on the sky, I felt that I had a severe headache, and that home would be the best place for me; but Mr. SIMPKINS assured me, while he fixed his eye of roaming firmness upon me, that the cool breeze on the water would soon cure my head, and I felt that retreat was impossible, so I consigned myself to my tomb, and embarked on the treacherous ailment.

AUGUSTA SIMPKINS and young Mr. BUNTING embarked with me, but I paid no attention to them, for I sat on the bow of the boat, dissolved in a state of gloomy precipitation, till we arrived at our designation, then I muttered an explanation of relief, but my delight was damped by the discovery that my dress, which is not of a washing material, had been hanging over the side of the boat, and was, therefore, to speak paregorically, a *watery waste*. However I was thankful enough to have arrived in preparative safety, and jumped up with so much fragility, that I upset a basket of provisions, and becoming diffused, stepped upon a bottle of ginger ale, which I shattered to tatters, one of which lodged in my foot, and some time collapsed before I exculpated it, and then, leaning upon Mr. BUNTING'S arm, I limped ashore, swallowing my feelings though I almost choked with the effort. I hoped to sit under the dark folios and shade of the forest trees, and shelter my aching head and rest my wounded limb; but the only shady spot was seized by several ladies, who began at once to prepare the eligibles for tea. While they were doing so, I sat on a sand-bank scorched by the sun, and walked over by innumerable ants. The young people strayed about apparently enjoying themselves. One couple sat down on a half-burnt log near me, the young lady seeming quite unconscious of the fact that her white dress would be irreverently ruined.

While I sat watching them I heard young BUNTING speaking of me in a most disrespectful manner as "that old porpoise," and then I discovered from the conversation that when I upset the basket I had admonished a veal pie, some lemon tarts and a jar of honey. However, I was obliged to compress my resentment, and accept his assistance in limping to the table. We were scarcely seated when we heard the libations of distant thunder and saw the clouds gathering on the horizon overhead. I have only

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50 " " " "	50 "
100 " " " "	75 "

The following are Samples of Type from which a choice may be made.

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Robert Taylor.

2
William Richardson

3
Miss Maggie Thompson

4
George Augustus Williams.

5
 Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6
William Arthur Crawford.

7
Miss Susie Wade.

8
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25 Cards, (one name one style type),	50 cents.
50 " " " "	75 "
100 " " " "	\$1.25 "

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Beautiful Designs,..... \$ 1.00 per dozen.
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 Printing addresses on Cards, to cents extra for each Order.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

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a diffused idea of what happened after that; there was a dreadful storm, thunder and lightning which was densely livid. I felt that I should either fall a hapless victim to the fiery ailment, or be participated into a watery grave, but neither of these ~~and~~ calumnies came to pass. I reached home alive, but in a state of nervous prostration. I have not yet recovered. I am still a prisoner in the house with a linseed poultice on my wounded foot, and a severe attack of influenza. It seems highly prodigal that I may have a refracted illness. In any case, my mind is made up on the subject of picnics. The widow of TOBIAS LAPSUSLING will never again be produced to attend one, they are a deluvian and a scare.

The Water Works.

1st ARCHITECT.—I propose a long wooden pipe, solid oak, out into the lake. As the present pipe to the island has been a failure, this one, built on the same principle, is certain to be a success. It will only cost fifty, sixty, or seventy thousand dollars, and—

2nd ARCHITECT.—I propose a tunnel—a tunnel,—a tunnel—a lighthouse on it—solid concrete, out to deep water. Only seventy or eighty thousand dollars—nothing, nothing, nothing at all!

1st ALDERMAN.—We want you to test the pipes, in company with the city engineer.

CITY ENGINEER.—I refuse to consult with some of 'em. Won't do it. Professional dignity of state. Some of 'em did something. What's that? Was it as bad as the Pacific Scandal? No. Why don't I refuse belief in John A.? This has nothing to do with that. My dignity, sir! respectability, sir! position, sir! (*Sits down out of breath.*)

2nd ALDERMAN.—The citizens are indignant at the delay.

3rd ALDERMAN.—Some of 'em in my street got a horrid dead many-legged six inches long in the pipes, and were coming in procession to my house determined to make me swallow it, only HARRY PIPER headed 'em off and treated all hands.

4th ALDERMAN.—I am threatened to be tarred and feathered if the water keeps so bad.

5th ALDERMAN.—What are we to do?

1st ARCHITECT.—(*screams*)—Build my pipe!

2nd ARCHITECT.—(*yells*)—Build my tunnel!

COMMON SENSE ALDERMAN—(*rising to order*)—Gentlemen, hear me one word on the question. What is the need of going into the lake at all? Simply that the sewage from the bay flows past the Island. Now, we have some clay, to dig a trunk sewer along the city front which will carry away all the sewage down the seashore heights, and float it down the lake. Why not do this now, and do away with the need of going out into the lake at all, as there will be no sewage there then?

1st ARCHITECT.—And build no pipe!

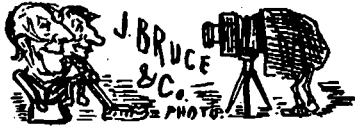
2nd ARCHITECT.—And dig no tunnel!

GENERAL CHORUS OF ALDERMEN.—Non-sense! No, very good! Humbug! Trash! Sound sense! We'll do it! We won't! You're a donkey! You're another! (*Left disputing.*)

The Hamilton Cricketers have returned from their tour in the States covered with glory. They whipped everything before them, and scooped up the Yanks with the utmost ease. There is no doubt they can beat any club on this Continent, playing their eleven against twenty two, or even forty. Hurrah for our boys! And still we don't blow about it, as the Americans would have done had it been the other way on.



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AUCTION SALE

OF THE

LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.

A N Auction Sale of the Leases of Nineteen Timber Limits, situate on Lake Winnipegosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder. Plans, Descriptions, Conditions of Sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By Order,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Dept. of the Interior,
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

xiii-10-6t