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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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VOLUME XV. }
No. 10 }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1880.

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An Indignant Reformer.

You ask why **SIR JOHN, SIR C. TUPPER** and **MR. POPE**, have the hardihood to burden this country with their expensive trip to England. We believe these gentlemen are acting from a conscientious wish to redeem the honor and credit of Canada, by paying the hotel bills which they left unpaid in London last year. They may not get credit so easily this time, but it is to be hoped that **SIR A. T. GALT** will be liberal with board and stimulants. If not, **GRIP** delicately hints that **SIR JOHN** and his colleagues might with great benefit to this country undertake one of those fasting matches now becoming so popular.



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JULY NUMBER NOW READY.

THE CANADIAN
Illustrated Shorthand Writer.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHONOGRAPHERS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS ON NUMBER TWO.

THE CANADIAN Illustrated Shorthand Writer is one of the latest journalistic efforts of Toronto, and promises to be very popular. —Norwich, Ont., Gazette.

From all appearance this little magazine will be a welcome guest among all writers of the art, irrespective of any particular system. It is perfectly cosmopolitan in character, and contains new and interesting matter in regard to the different subjects treated. It is published both in its typic and lithographic portions, very similar to that of the Review, and will undoubtedly prove a valuable acquisition to shorthand literature. —The Shorthand Review, Cleveland, O.

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER" is the title of a well-edited and well-printed magazine, the second number of which has just been issued from GRIP office. Unlike some journals devoted to shorthand, this one is perfectly neutral as between the various systems, and it numbers amongst its contributors disciples of the two Pimans, Graham, and Munson, besides one or two who acknowledge none of these men as their master. The Writer is full of interesting matter about shorthand and shorthand writers, not the least entertaining feature of the magazine being the cartoon and cartoon portraits by the artist of Grip.—The Globe Toronto.

CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER.—The second number of this journal, under the editorial management of the Bengough Bros., has many valuable features to commend it, especially to the profession and student in Canada. It gives about all that is interesting in the way of news in shorthand circles, we I written articles, with clever illustrations from the pencil of Grip's cartoonist, upon timely topics, and numerous specimens of shorthand written in the different standard systems, which makes the magazine more than usually interesting to those who like to know what can be done in systems with which they are not acquainted. The Shorthand Writer is a first-class phonographic magazine in every respect.—London Advertiser.

We are quite sure that the expectations of Canadian shorthand writers have been more than realized by the initial number of this publication. The appearance of the first number will at once dissipate any misgivings as to the manner in which the publishers intend to do their share of the work, for so far from fearing competition with American shorthand publications, it is far superior to any of them that circulate in Canada. Typographically it is all that could be desired both in letterpress and phonography, while every line of its editorial and contributed articles will prove interesting to all shorthand writers, whatever their grade of experience. The Canadian Shorthand Writer is edited by a well known practical reporter, and it numbers among its contributors many of the leading phonographers of the Dominion. To the student of phonography it will, on that account, be invaluable; for everyone who has gone through the experience of acquiring a knowledge of the art knows that he has much to unlearn which he has learned amiss from the text books, when he comes to apply his knowledge to practical purposes. The subscription price is \$1 a year, and the address of the publishers, Bengough Bros., Toronto.—Sarnia Observer (edited by Mr. Geo. Eysel, of the House of Commons Gallery).

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

Our Music Editor, "SHARP SIXTH," will furnish critiques of performances of high class music for this column. Managers are requested to enclose programme with tickets, which should be forwarded on the day preceding the concert. Critical notices will also be given of music publications sent to this office.

BARRY SULLIVAN and CHARLES WARNER will come over in the fall.

JULES VERNE is fifty-one, has good health and is industrious. He has earned \$250,000.

SARAH BERNHARDT opens at Booth's Theatre on November 8th and remains four weeks.

JOSEPH COOK is going to Europe in September. He has finished his western lecturing tour.

The EMMA ABBOTT Grand English Opera Company will make a ten months' tour next season.

ALICE OATES is to leave comic opera next season, going out as the bright particular star of an entertainment, called "Long Branch."

It is rumoured, we believe on good authority, that SARAH BERNHARDT is about to visit Canada during her approaching visit to the western continent.

Miss MINNIE HATCK has been singing with great success in "Lobengrin," "The Taming of the Shrew," and other works, at Stuttgart and Mannheim.

On dit that GEORGE GORDON, of the Brooklyn Eagle, and WILLARD SPENCER, a brilliant composer of Brooklyn, are preparing a comic opera. We look for a racy libretto and sparkling music.

Mr. FRANK CONNELLY is the author of a new extravaganza which will be put upon the road next season with the popular GEORGE DENHAM and Miss BLANCHE CHAPMAN in the leading parts.

ED. THORNE has entered into partnership with BARTLEY CAMPBELL for next season. He will play leading business in the "Galley Slave Combination." Mrs. THORNE will also be in the cast.

The "Spanish Students" were pretty well patronized. The effect of the many guitars and mandolins was novel and not unpleasing, but too monotonous for so lengthy a performance.

A new song, "The Summer Night," words by CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, music by a Toronto young lady, will shortly be published. The words will appear in the forthcoming *Canadian Monthly*.

A public discussion took place on Sunday morning, at Dufferin Hall, between Mr. COOK and Mr. C. P. MULVANY, the latter maintaining the philosophical validity of Theism. The discussion was carried on upon both sides with great good humor.

Mr. HANDFORD is announced to "lecture" morning and evening, next Sunday, at Albert Hall. We believe this is the out-come of a movement said to have been initiated by some young men for the purpose of retaining Mr. HANDFORD as pastor.

The Cincinnati *Saturday Night* gives a long list of minstrel celebrities who have made large fortunes on the stage, but died in poverty. The moral is that successful comedians ought to retire when they have secured their pile, and go into the newspaper business if they want to keep it.

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.—This opera was brought out this week with much success at the Horticultural Gardens. The singing was of a high order, especially that of the *Pirates*, the *Major-General* and the *Police*. The grouping was effective and artistic. Much credit is due to

the orchestra for the correctness with which the music was rendered on Monday night, in the absence of any score. Clearer articulation of the words in singing, is in this, as in most musical efforts of the present period, a consummation devoutly to be wished 'pr.

A leading daily journal in Toronto, which lately professed to have been converted from journalistic wickedness, has been apparently cribbing from the art criticism in the *Canadian Monthly*. Oh, fie! Better learn Dr. WATTS' spirit-stirring hymn:

"Why shall I deprive my neighbor
Of his goods against his will?"

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL, who is about to revisit America on a lecturing tour, is the daughter of a clergyman, and is forty-five years of age. She at one time enjoyed the pleasures of fashionable life, but soon became devoted to improving the condition of working women. She is a favorite of the Queen.

PLEASURE SEEKERS' DIRECTORY.

TO HANLAN'S POINT, ISLAND.—Steamer *St. Joan Baptiste*, and *Provelt Beyer*, running every 15 minutes from Tinning's wharf.

TO LORNE PARK.—Steamer *Maxwell*, 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m. Church st. wharf; Queen's Wharf. 15 minutes later. Returning leaves Park at 12 noon and 6 p. m. fare 25cts.

TO VICTORIA PARK.—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a. m., 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m. from York st. wharf; Church st. wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts.; 50 tickets for \$5.

TO PORT DALHOUSIE, ST. CATHARINES, &c.—Steamer *Pictou*, daily at 2.45 p. m. Custom House Wharf.

TO HAMILTON VIA OAKVILLE.—Steamer *Southern Belle*, 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m., fare 75cts.; return fare; (good for season) \$1.25.

TO NIAGARA.—Steamer *Chicora*, daily at 7 a. m.; *Rothsay*, 7.15 a. m. and 2.30 p. m. Afternoon fare for round trip, 50c. Yonge st. wharf.

TO MONTREAL.—Steamers daily at 2 p. m. Yonge st. wharf.

TO CHARLOTTE AND OSWEGO.—City of *Montreal*, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m. Returning Mondays and Thursdays from Oswego 1.30 p. m. Charlotte at 8 p. m.

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TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.

THE time for receiving tenders for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to 2nd August.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

15-7-11

Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

The *National* has a good poem "Christianos and Leones."

La *Gazette de Sorel* contains a pretty poem by A. DUMAS of the school of child-poetry made fashionable by VICTOR HUGO.

Mrs. KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN's new volume will appear very soon. It consists of lyric poems of remarkable originality, power and pathos. At the same time we look for Mr. CHARLES G. ROBERT's *Orion*.

The *Montreal Spectator* of July 17, pronounces Toronto the wickedest city in Canada. This is quite in the *Spectator's* usual form, a mixture of Sadducean irreverence and Pharisaical self exaltation.

The July *Harper and Scribner* are charmingly illustrated. The "Society poem" in *Harper's* is very good. "Sunrise in the Alleghenies" is a lightly drawn and graceful sketch. The "Coney Island" pictures are capital.

GRIP suggests that at the September Exhibition in Toronto, a convention should be held of Canadian literary men and women. Mayor BEATY, would no doubt lend aid to such a project. GRIP invites attention and comment from those interested.

How Canadian Literature is valued in the sister Province is shown by the attempt made to arrest for some trifling debt, the most brilliant of Lower Canadian authors on the eve of going to France to be crowned by the Academy at Paris for his poems. This was no doubt "pour encourager les autres."

The *Hamilton Times* is wide of the mark in calling the new Toronto *Commonwealth* "an atheistic organ." The *Commonwealth* will be nothing of the sort, we are informed on good authority. Its mission will be to represent minorities on political questions, and to advocate an advanced position of independence.

The first volume of the *Educational Monthly* and the current number are before us. They show a high standard of ability, and Mr. MERCER ADAM, the editor, deserves credit from the teaching profession, for the thorough and fearless way in which he has exposed the action of the Educational Department. The *Educational Monthly* is far the best Educational organ the country possesses. It fired the first shot in the fight against Mr. CROOKS and his camarilla, the end of which is not yet.

A decided improvement is visible in Canadian literature, especially that which belongs to its centre, Toronto. The *Canadian Monthly* for July is unusually bright and varied. Few lyrics that we have read in serial literature are more beautiful or pathetic than that by *Esperance*. There are several other lyric poems, all of remarkable merit. "Marian's Miseries" is a story of a flirtation, which ought however to have been carried to its legitimate conclusion. The addition of a bric-a-brac department is a great improvement to a Magazine which in Mr. MERCER ADAM's hands, is in no respect inferior to the best American or English serials.

Mr. CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, joint-author of "Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets," has received a letter from Mr. GLADSTONE's Secretary, who has been directed to express "the lively satisfaction which Mr. GLADSTONE has experienced in the perusal of Mr. MULVANY's poems." Mr. MULVANY has also, this week, received a letter from Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, conveying his approval of the article referring to his system of philosophy in the *Educational Monthly*. GRIP is always pleased to chronicle such evidences of appreciation of Canadian Literature.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

To Correspondents.

Live Oak, Quebec.—Not suitable for our columns.

M. S. S., Port Hope.—Have returned MS. and written you.

W. A. S., Owen Sound.—Your contribution is under consideration.

Tourist.—Take your wife to the Point Farm, Goderich. It is the Wright thing to do.

Not a Student.—Much obliged for suggestion. You can safely leave the matter in our hands.

Historicus.—You are right as to BRUMMER'S discovery of Bismuth. To him is due the germination of the German nation.

Angelina Thompson.—A modified crinoline will dominate in skirts this fall. Grandmother's clocks will still be worn in the stockings.

Teacher, Ottawa.—Thanks for your hearty and appreciative letter. GRIP will always strive to do his duty to the public, whether his services are recognized or not.

John Tomlin.—You ask for a rule as to pronunciation of the French language. The best rule we can give is to pronounce it in the way most opposite to what you would naturally suppose to be the right way. But you may improve yourself much by carefully watching the way in which Frenchmen pronounce our English language.

A Sensible Idea!

Dear Mr. GRIP:

I have often affirmed my opinion, which is shared by the Reform Party in general, and thousands of others, that the present Government of the Dominion is of no use at all. Tories have laughed at this, for by some who got extremely indignant at it. Now, sir, I have the satisfaction of being in a position to demonstrate the truth of my assertion. I would merely call your attention to the fact that the whole gang of them are away from Ottawa bag and baggage at the present moment, (with the exception of your pair, insignificant bodies, TILLEY and AIRKS,) and I would leave it to any sensible person to say if the country is getting along just as well as when they were at home? I think it would be advisable to abolish the Ministry altogether, sir—excepting we have a good Reform Government—and run the affairs of the Dominion with the assistance of Mr. GRIP alone, who I am sure is perfectly competent to do it with ability and economy.

Yours truly,
SANDY MCGRATH.

"Knownothingism."

GRIP, as the recognized leader of those who stand up for Canadian rights as opposed to the anglophile policy of the Minister of Education, rather glories in the attacks which the *Globe* is making on "Knownothingism." GRIP proclaims himself an undisguised "Knownothing," if that is what a Canadian patriot ought to be called. He knows nothing more discouraging to native students than the policy Mr. CROOKS is following with reference to the University professorships. He knows nothing more humiliating to old and competent professors than to have a foreign youth of 26 elevated to a Vice presidency over their heads; and he knows nothing more unbecoming a Liberal journal than to encourage a Minister of Education to persist in a course which is condemned on all hands as both illiberal and short sighted.

Our Educational Department.

In view of the approaching Examinations GRIP supplies his readers with the following invaluable specimens of model examination questions, which will be found to convey information not attainable from the authorised or unauthorised School Manuals.

HISTORY.

An ancient ballad has the following verse—

Last night the Queen had four MARRIES—
To-night she will have but three—
There was MARY BEATON and MARY SEATON,
And MARY CARMICHAEL, and MARY.

Who was "me"? Who was the Queen?
What was it all about?

The word "Tory" originally signified a "robber." Shew from the history of the N. P. the etymological propriety of this party name.

Name in consecutive order King HENRY THE EIGHTH'S mothers-in-law.

BOTANY.

Explain how you would turn over a new leaf? State the family to which the root of all evil belongs.

Is a genealogical tree necessarily an exotic? With what flower of a natural order is it best to play the game "He loves me, he loves me not"?

PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE.

Describe the Comic Vein. Give a diagram of an ear for music. State how you would dissect a Limb of the Law. Explain the action and functions of a dead-head. Is the heart out of position when it is worn upon the sleeve? How would you stop the circulation of a slander? What is the best course to pursue when cut by a lady? How would you give unbiased treatment to a dress which had been badly gored? How would you improve the hearing of a door-post? How would you resuscitate the Queen's English after it had been murdered by School Inspectors?

ARITHMETIC.

Compute the blunders in MACLELLAN'S School Manuals. Estimate, if possible, the amount of money which the Ontario public have been forced to pay to book-peddling Inspectors. Define the square on which the Education Department should act, but does not. Calculate to what fraction Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH can give his neighbors a piece of his mind, and yet retain a portion for his own use.

As we do not wish to put too great a strain on the intellectual faculties of our readers we reserve a continuation of this series of examination papers for next week.

Shooting at Wimbledon.

"This WIMBLEDON must be a fool-hardy person," exclaimed Mrs. MALAPROP, as she opened the morning paper; "he's allowed himself to be shot at every day this week, though none of 'em appears to have hit him yet!"

To Whom it May Concern.

An esteemed subscriber—who really ought to be one of our staff—queries as follows:

DEAR BRD,—What is the cause of you not having arrived here for two weeks? Are you too weak? Please come. Has your feed run out? Let me know.

Yours truly,

C. T. A.

Correct, Mr. C. T. A., you guessed it the first time. GRIP doesn't like to appear ravenous, but he has been obliged to adopt the plan of stopping short when subscriptions expire, so as to secure uniform payment in advance. His subscribers, who are men of business, understand the necessity of this, and bless their hearts, they don't object to it. They promptly send along the requisite \$2 bill and say "come again." Every well-regulated bird must have a bill, you know, and to be of any use that bill must be in advance.

Ballade.

Being the Second of the Songs for the Education Department.

In our Department of Education
Which HUGHES instructs and MACLELLAN rules,
As either edits with approbation
Arithmetic books for the Public Schools,—

Great CROOKS is sitting between two stools—
This book-selling ring with pirated books,
And the press that not for a moment cools,
Such *crux* awaiteth the crooked CROOKS.

Great CROOKS insults the Canadian nation,
And Canadian interests over-rules—
He looks with much disapprobation
On Canadian colleges and -schools.
His love for Canada quickly cools,
For 'aughty' English swells he looks,
Great swells whose shells are in Hoxford pools—
For in such delighteth the crooked CROOKS.

Of WARREN, M. A., he makes importation,
Which causes poor Canada to blush like *gules*
At the other professors' humiliation,
Who object in this case to be CROOKS' tools,
His purpose is obstinate as a mule's
And wise as a mule's most near relation
Education Goose he cooks,
To get great WARREN, M. A. high station,
Such craft possesseth the crooked CROOKS.

ENVOY

But Canada's firm determination
When on such conduct she sternly looks,
Is to say with decided disapprobation,
"Go, git, vamoose" to the crooked CROOKS.

Sunday Reading.

The *Mail* has this week come out with one of its remarkable leading articles, on the subject of Sunday Schools. Some time ago this able journal took a tone of subacid hostility to religion in general and Christianity in particular. This, however, was found not a paying line of business, the bulk of the Tory party retaining an attachment to the faith of their childhood, which seems to have little weight either with their leaders or their chief journal. So of late the *Mail* has rather patronized the Christian religion, and on Saturday came out with an article on Sunday Schools, which we take to be one of the finest specimens extant of the art of going round a subject without going into it. The general impression left in our mind after reading it was that the *Mail* man did not think much of Sunday Schools, and had certainly never been a distinguished alumnus of those institutions.

Injustice in Ireland.

GRIP profoundly pities the rich Irish landowners who have ratted from the Liberal Party because of Mr. GLADSTONE'S very revolutionary land laws, which will prevent the landlord from evicting the tenant as long as the famine continues. The heartless landlords will no longer be able to indulge in the pastime of turning out mother and children to die in the winter snow. Poor landlords! Despicable GLADSTONE!



Keep the Wheels Greased.

Mr. GRIP, who knows more or less about everything, flatters himself that he is particularly well posted on railroading, and if he had only been aware that his friends of the Credit Valley line were in trouble he might have given them the benefit of his advice several weeks ago. He is pleased to know that they have extracted themselves from the temporary difficulty, however, without his assistance, but even now a few words of counsel may not be amiss.

The secret of successful railway management may be conveyed in one brief phrase, namely, "Keep the wheels greased." Every truly great railroader, from STEPHENSON down to BURDGES, has acted upon this principle, and without a practical application of it no Company ever flourished. Superficial observers may labor under the delusion that it is only necessary to apply grease to the wheels, but sometimes it is made manifest that not only the actual running gear of the trains, but the employees—especially if they threaten to go on strike—must be occasionally greased, to ensure their smooth working. Grip's advice to the Credit Valley, therefore, is to keep a good stock of grease on hand, and apply it liberally all around. If this is attended to, no future trouble need be apprehended, and the road will become all that the fancy of GEORGE LALDLAW has painted it.



The Conquest of the United States.

Business has been so brisk in Canada of late that our people haven't had time to talk about the recent remarkable conquest of the United States by Canadian forces, much less to indulge in the national demonstrations which the importance of the event would justify. It shall not pass by without being celebrated, however, for

GRIP must have his crow over it if nobody else does. There is so little of national enthusiasm in this blessed Dominion—thanks to those who throw cold water on Canada First movements—that it is quite possible some of our readers may not be aware that an invading force recently left the shores of Canada with the avowed purpose of capturing the neighbouring Republic. Yet such is the case. These desperate warriors numbered only a dozen or thereabouts, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in discipline and heroism. They were armed with curious crooked sticks netted at one end, and wore a breezy but picturesque uniform consisting of striped blue and white tunics, brown trunks, stockings and slippers, their heads being crowned with skull-caps. The captain of this noble band determined to make short work of the campaign by moving directly on New York. The American forces, however, were on the alert, and the invaders, on reaching Staten Island, found a tremendous host ready to defend their native land. Several pitched battles followed in rapid succession, but the Canadians proved more than a match for the enemy, scoring a brilliant victory on every occasion. Having subjugated the regular troops brought against them, the invaders planted an ornamental silk flag upon the battle field in token of victory, and then, (contrary to the usages of civilized warfare, we regret to say) proceeded to demolish a vast quantity of cakes and pies belonging to private citizens. Not content with this, they next attacked the private citizens themselves, directing their forces principally against the defenceless young women. The object of the invasion having been fully accomplished, the Canadian warriors returned home without the loss of a single man—though some of them who were single men before they left Canada may not long remain so, as a consequence of the invasion. Yes, the United States is conquered—hereafter Lacrosse will be their national game, and base-ball will take a back seat!

Abusive Language.

This morning at the Police Court of Public Opinion, an interesting case was heard. It consisted in a chronic dispute, between a gravegentleman who gave as his occupation that of Professor, and who claimed to be employed in the *Bystander* office, and an elderly female, resident on King Street, and for many years employed in the service of the Grit Party. The Professor had been at one time in the service of *Mrs. Globe*, but they fell out, and now the neighbours complain a great deal of their abuse of each other. *Mrs. Globe* was most noisy and violent, but what she wanted in wit, or rather in "wut" she made up for by getting people in England to write letters abusing the Professor like a pickpocket. The Professor, who had once lived in Bilingsgate, London, England, had the command of a copious vocabulary of invective, and every now and then said things of *Mrs. Globe* that went all over the city, and make her fit to run up the telegraph poles with rage. He would say "The old lady is more old than lady-like. She never knows her own mind, and mistakes for a sharp stiletto, the incompetent blunt bodkin with which she tries to stab in the back those who don't care to be forced to listen to her anile and vapid chatter." The worthy Magistrate advised both parties to be better behaved and more full of Christian charity. We trust his counsel may lead to a happier state of things.

A lunatic in Brooklyn, N. Y., has challenged Dr. TANNER to a fifty days go-as-you-please starving match. This sort of thing is even more objectionable than the pedestrian mania, but it cannot be questioned that it is a highly appropriate form of amusement for the hard times. This is emphatically a *fast* age we are living in.



Historical Repetitions.

History has a habit of repeating itself, and sometimes such a repetition may be anticipated. Here for instance is a case in point. There are a great many Canadian knights strolling about the streets of London at present, and amongst them there is a venerable gentleman known as Sir HUGH ALLAN. Another is called Sir JOHN A. McDONALD. Now, supposing these distinguished personages should happen to meet one another—that would be the first historical repetition, for it is well known that they met in the year 1873. Then, suppose Sir JOHN should intimate to Sir HUGH that the Canadian Government contemplated building a certain big railway, and were looking about for a company that would undertake the job. That would be repetition No. 2. And then suppose that Sir HUGH should hint that he would like to get the charter, and Sir JOHN should reply that he might have it "on certain monetary conditions." This would be a very striking repetition of history, too.



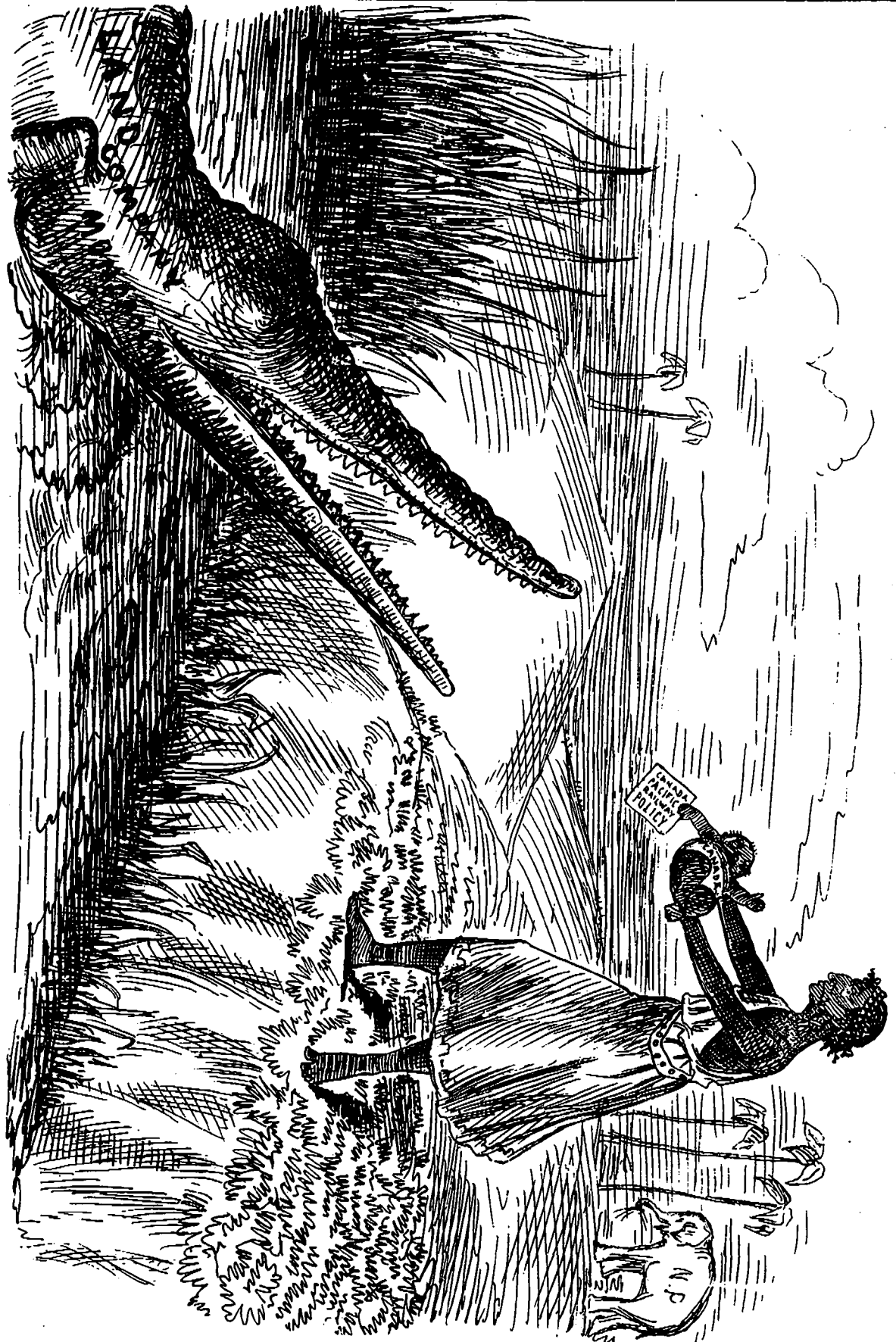
Imaginary Conversation.

Husband—This extraordinary man, TANNER, persists in his fasting experiment, my dear. I observe by the paper that he is in his twenty-third day, and is going along famously, in fact he is getting fat on it!

Wife—He's a most absurd and fool-hardy creature, as I've said before. I wonder that you take so much interest in him and his ridiculous experiment.

Husband—*Ridiculous*, my dear? Not at all; on the contrary, I look upon Dr. TANNER as a most remarkable person, and I do feel interested in his experiment, as every practical man ought to. Why, my dear, if it can be demonstrated that the people of this country, for instance, can subsist comfortably without eating, it will be the grandest thing that ever happened; it will reconcile them to the National Policy!

Good hiding places—slaughter houses.



THE CANADIAN GANGES;

OR, THE CONTEMPLATED SACRIFICE.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Cats are purr-ramble-late-ers.
A put-up job—Raising a parasol.—*Ex.*
Whom the gallery gods love, die in the last act.
The land trouble in Ireland made many Patriots.
A journalistic fight—A paper mill.—*Rome Sentinel.*
Walls may have ears, and keyholes often have eyes.
Parachutes—a brace of duck hunters.—*Marathon Independent.*
What's bonnet without a "b" in it?—*Hackensack Republican.*
Bad company is a bad thing for bad men.—*Philosopher Wilkins.*
Utah girls are earnest advocates of more-menism, not Mormonism.
Never count your cold chicken before it is hashed.—*Whitehall Times.*
A magnetic man should not possess too much irony.—*Hackensack Republican.*
No newspaper man ever died of swallowing a \$20 gold piece.—*Brooklyn Leader.*
MILTONIC motto for a waiter: "They also serve who only stand and wait."
The naked truth often makes evil-doers blush.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*
Sunday is decoration day with the average going woman.—*Steubenville Herald.*
It was so hot to-day that husbands and wives couldn't even get up a coolness.—*Ex.*
Gets the best of grub—Paris Green.—*Boston Jour. of Commerce.*
A very popular shade for the coming Summer is the shade of the trees.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*
The idle should not be classed among the living; they are a sort of dead men who can't be buried.
The society lady never sheds tears. She knows enough to keep her powder dry.—*Boston Transcript.*
Every year the winter grows milder. The time will come when sleighs will be fitted with mosquito nets.
There would be more Arctic expeditions if there were women at the poles.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*
"Ichabod." We are at a loss to say what blackmail really is—unless it be DRUM's lover.—*Yonkers Gazette.*
How to make a little money go a great way: Send a three-cent piece in a letter to China.—*Somerville Journal.*
There may be "just as fine fish in the sea as ever were caught," but the trouble is to hook them.—*Bloomington Eye.*
I. TOLDOVOSO is one of the most knowing men in the country, though to be sure he is a little late.—*New Orleans Picayune.*
The railroad to the top of Vesuvius is now completed, and a crater enterprise the Italians have never seen.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Seneca is reported as saying, "I would rather make my fortune than expect it." So had we all, but the trouble is in doing it.—*Ex.*

When a Chinaman was saved from drowning by being pulled from the water by his pig-tail, he feebly murmured: "I thank queue."

The uses of adversity
May be sweet as honey's wing,
But we'd rather have some other chap
Than ourselves to test the thing. —*Lampton.*

"Woman," says St. BERNARD, "is the organ of the devil." And man, he might have added, is the monkey that dances to the music.—*Louisville Courier.*

Off in the stilly night,
E'er slumber's chain had bound me,
I lay and swear with all my might
At the cats communing round me.

A young lady of Vallejo is so modest that when she retires at night she puts a weight on the album containing the photographs of her gentlemen friends.

I'll winter night fair ISABEL;
I'll spring upon my knees and tell
No girl is hand summer than she,
And that she autumn marry me.

GRACE: "I am going to see CLARA to-day. Have you any message?" CHARLOTTE: "I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."—*Ex.*

So close is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can. —*Emerson.*

It is well for a man to mind his p's and q's, but the married man who is an inveterate billiard player will find that his q's interfere with his peace.—*Ex.*

The housewife now busieth herself with the various berries, putting up all she can, that JOHN HENRY may put down all he can later in the season.—*Ex.*

Squash Pie—These pies are often made at picnics by young men wearing light trousers. When a blackberry pie is set down upon, the squash pie is made.—*Puck.*

Quack—"So you prefer my medicines to those of Dr. PILLSBURY?" Mrs. MULLIGAN—"Och, indade, doother, dear, ye're a deal better than the other old 'umbug."—*Ex.*

Putting it neatly. Said the little pet of the household on her last birthday: "It's a lovely doll, dear grandpa and grandma; but—I've been hoping it would be twins."—*Ex.*

A young lady will smile sweetly while the hair dresser is banging her over the head, while a similar treatment would make a young man ferocious.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

PROCTOR says that the ocean contains about 2,500,000,000 tons of water. That's all right. Now let us hear from the back counties about lager beer.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

A Welsh society called the Eistedford has been celebrating a feast somewhere in the East. One can't help wondering how the society got such a cold in the head.—*Richmond Independent.*

"And now the prudent farmer man,
Into the town doth jog,
And gets a sign for apple time,
Which reads, "Beware, the dog."

Dr. HALL says that every blade of grass contains a sermon. We can understand why some people shave their lawns down so close; they want the sermons cut short.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Life is like a pack of cards. Childhood's best cards are hearts; youth is captured by diamonds; middle age is conquered with a club, while old age is raked in by the insatiable spade.—*Whitehall Times.*

A lady says that one of the reasons why Gen. HANCOCK was so successful in getting the nomination at the recent convention was, that his badges were in the fashionable heliotrope shades.—*Ex.*

A heartless, wicked Burlington huckster woman, at that, successfully palmed off upon a young married man, six bantam roosters, about seven years old, for spring chickens.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When reform spelling becomes universal a dime novel hero can write "I kum uv a proud an hotty rase" without giving himself dead away as regards his early education.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

An article is going the rounds, entitled "What Kissing Really Is." Gentlemen, there is no use in trying to explain what it is, for you can't. Be satisfied that it is, and always will be.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Nowadays it is impossible to listen to the conversation of half a dozen young society people, without feeling that the American language should be more appropriately called the American slanguage.—*Norristown Herald.*

A beautiful widow of Newport, R.I., having her chalet to let for the season, was asked what induced her to desert such a charming retreat. "Too much balcony and too little Romeo," was her reply.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The table waiter was putting some butter on a small dish used for that purpose, when the call-bell tapped. "Hold on a minute," said the waiter to the dish, "I'm called little butter-cup."—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

A religious newspaper prints an article headed: "How to get and keep boys in the Sunday school." The surest way to get and keep them would probably be to have a Christmas tree every two weeks the year round.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The Elmira Free Press asks in a flaming head line; "Shall we drive away money?" Well, not much, MARY ANN. All that troubles us is not being a sufficiently powerful magnetizer. If you must drive it, however, head it this way.—*Ex.*

JOHNNY says it may be true that a women's work is never at an end, but he is of the opinion that it should be stated at which end, as his experience with his mother's slippers inclines him to the belief that the statement taken generally is incorrect.—*Steubenville Herald.*

JOHN BROUGHAM'S WIT.—The late JOHN BROUGHAM was well known as a wit, and his replies were always on the spur of the moment. At a banquet in New York he was seated next to Coroner CROKER. A toast was proposed, and BROUGHAM asked the Coroner what he should drink it in. "Claret," said the Coroner. "Claret," was the reply, "that's no drink for a Coroner! There's no body in that!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The great trouble about the summer complexion the girls get at the shore is that it takes so long to wear off. Of course one must look brown in the fall, but it is provoking to be obliged to look brown for two or three months. The Montfitzburgs, who spend the summer in the back part of their house, put their summer tan on with a brush. You can't tell it from the real article, and when you get tired of it, off it comes.—*Boston Transcript.*

Five entombed skeletons have been discovered in Switzerland, which, from the absence of metal ornaments and other indications, are supposed to belong to an age prior to that of bronze.—*Exchange.* Our exchange need not get so excited over the skeletons of the age of bronze. We in Toronto possess a Minister of Education who certainly belongs to the age of brass. GRIP has also the happiness of possessing over five thousand young lady readers who belong to the age of gold.

The Book of Unthackerayed Snobs.

NO. 5.—WARD POLITICIANS.

In these degenerate days, when statesman means demagogue; when wisdom means knavery; when politics means plunder; when patriotism means partyism; when fitness for an appointment to office is measured by the number of votes which the applicant carries in his vest pocket; when it takes the whole patronage of the Administration on the one hand, and a "bar'l" of money on the other, to conduct an election; in these degenerate days, ward politicians, political slysters, *et hoc genus omne*, acquire a certain amount of importance and notoriety which would never be theirs if intelligence, probity, and general ability was the standard by which they were measured. It is a satire upon Canadian politics that such a hybrid cross as the ward politician, should be a possibility. Little men, with smaller souls, caring nothing for their country but much for themselves; their whole ambition, office or self-aggrandizement, they are a curse to any constituency which possesses them.

It is an ill-wind which blows good to no one; and the period of preparation which precedes a general election puts a fair quantity of ready-money into the pockets of many needy gentlemen. Every would-be member of Parliament who goes into the battle is the centre of a small host of camp-followers. The larger the constituency, the more numerous and more assiduous will these harpies be in their attentions and in their importunities. Directly the preliminary business of private nomination is past, they lose no time in getting the ear of the ambitious neophyte and proceed to explain how the business can be done and his election made sure. Everyone of these harpies is possessed of some infallible *modus operandi* by which the old trick can be secured, it only wants money to put it in operation, and if that is forthcoming, then they will pierce the chinks in the rival candidate's armour, and send their own man triumphant to Ottawa. The first question which puzzles these worthies is: "How much money can the Parliamentary aspirant put down?" If he can only "come down" with a limited quantity, then the ward politician diminishes in his enthusiasm and proceeds to explain what he considers a reasonable sum, and without which he fears defeat; but, if on the other hand, the aspirant bleeds handsomely, then his camp-followers set to work, flatter him with promises and false reports, and in numerous cases manage to lose him the election. They are arbitrary in their rules. They refuse to permit their man to select his own mode of procedure; he must comply with theirs and with the regular rules of the game, which they have adopted. All these harpies are mercenaries, and their loyalty is not to be depended upon.

Ward politicians are not confined to any particular class. Small tradesmen jostle second-class doctors and lawyers, while men of humble station are not unfrequent. Some of these characters are glib speakers, and are quite competent to harangue a ward meeting, and so it not unfrequently happens that their services are in demand. If ward politicians are debarred from entering Parliament themselves, not a few of them turn their attention to municipal matters and run for aldermen. They are full of self-love and self-interest, and any opening which affords them an opportunity of bringing themselves into notoriety, or of making a dollar, is not to be rejected. As aldermen, these worthies are not a credit. The council-chamber when they happen to be there in force, is not a stately symposium, marked by a dignified reticence or gnomie wisdom, but it has more the aspect of a free-and-easy without the beer. What the quack-doctor is to the orthodox M.D., the ward politician is to the patriot. Politics, with them, is a vein to be worked upon purely commercial principles, and it matters little

whether it be the Dominion, provincial, or municipal politics, the one end these gentry seek is self. They are political Barnums, with few, if any, ideas of their own to propagate.

With a few exceptions, ward politicians are decidedly vulgar in conversation and in appearance. They are coarse, over-fed individuals, constantly smoking cheap and nasty cigars, and with a strong affection for bar-rooms. Some of these have a strong taste for horses and for betting, and like most "sports" are boisterous and pronounced in manners. To see these worthies in their glory, however, is during election times. Then it is that they come out strong. Every one of them, at such times, has some tremendous secret in his possession, acquired direct from head-quarters, which is going to influence the electors right and left. The workingman, at election times, is their particular concern. With less brains themselves than the average dunce, they have the cheek to advise others how they should vote, particularly upon questions they understand more about than their advisers.

Mr. Crooks' Usefulness Not Yet Gone.

It takes all sorts to make a world. Flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches have a mission to fulfil for good, only that the profoundest researches of science have not yet discovered it. Similarly, Mr. Crooks has a peculiar sphere of usefulness, which he is only beginning to develop. This obstinate incapacity of the Minister of Education is uniting the Tory and the Reform journals, who agree like brethren in condemning Mr. Crooks.

Grip's Dream.

I had a dream, which was not all delusion—
SIR JOHN MACDONALD as LORD OTTAWA,
Walked in close converse with SIR EDWARD BLAKE;
LORD TUPPER gave six millions to endow
An hospital for crippled politicians,
Of which the first inhabitant was CROOKS,
CROOKS, the conundrum-named, the incurable.
The unprogressive and remorseless CROOKS?
In a straight-waistcoat he was tightly bound,
Yet cried with foaming lips for English swells
To come and be promoted over all
The vulgar heads of native graduates.
The guileless *Globe* much praised the gentle *Mail*
For earnest, pious, leading articles—
The *Mail* commended much LORD GORDON BROWN,
Both jointly said that if SIR GOLDWIN SMITH
Should grow more amiable, he scarce could live,
The angels could not spare so meek a man.
Such things I dreamed, but scarce shall waking see.

The Refinement of Irony.

Our leading Reform contemporary has just been publishing a *resume* of an interesting article, which has lately appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of an English writer of considerable general ability and sarcastic power, and a man who possesses a large fund of information concerning men and things—MR. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. MR. HOLYOAKE some time since visited this continent, and the article above referred to gives some of his impressions and experiences in the United States and Canada. In touching on that portion of the article which gives that gentleman's views of the Dominion, or what he saw of it, the journal in question, apparently in all seriousness and good faith, has reproduced in its columns the following rich extract:—

"The abounding courtesy of the press, and the cultured charm of expression by the *Spectator*, of Hamilton, and the *Globe*, of Toronto, were equal to anything I had seen anywhere."

GRIP would be truly grateful to any of his numerous friends who would give him the date of MR. HOLYOAKE'S visit to this part of the world, so that he might search the files of the *Globe*, in order to secure a literary treat. Doubtless, about that time there appeared in the paper some eloquent remarks on corruption in connection with railroad charters, a chaste essay on "DR. TUPPER'S — S," a refined review of the policy of "SIR BOLUS," a gentle critique on

the social and convivial habits of a certain RIGHT HONORABLE —, or could it have been a philological article on TARADIDDLES? How charming!

Hamlet's Soliloquy,

Adapted to the Use of Mr. FRANK SHANLEY, on his Resolving to Resign his position in Toronto.

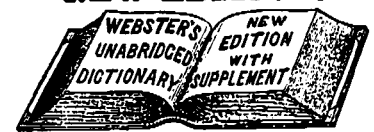
To go or not to go, that is the question—
Whether it pays me best to still accept
The jeers and rudeness of outrageous aldermen,
Or by resigning end them. To quit, to "git,"
To take the post New Brunswick railways offer,
To be the Intercolonial's grand Panjandrum,
But will it pay—or is that railroad solvent?
Aye, there's the rub—well, I must mend my manners.
Be not more proud than those who are my betters,
Nor treat the lower class of those "blue noses"
As I did these galoots at City Hall,
As if they were mere slaves, unfit at that
To carry offal to the urrine race.
To make a change I'm not too old or young.
And in my mouth must keep a civil tongue.

"Only a woman's hair"—poor dupe!
It scared him from the restaurant soup.

Scribblers' is a spirited serial because it has so much of *Holland's*.

They say the young Oxford importation has gone home again. We trust this will be a WARNING to MR. CROOKS.

There was a strange person named CROOKS,
Who permitted unauthorised books
To whose direst distress
The Ontario press
Overwhelmed him with justest rebukes.

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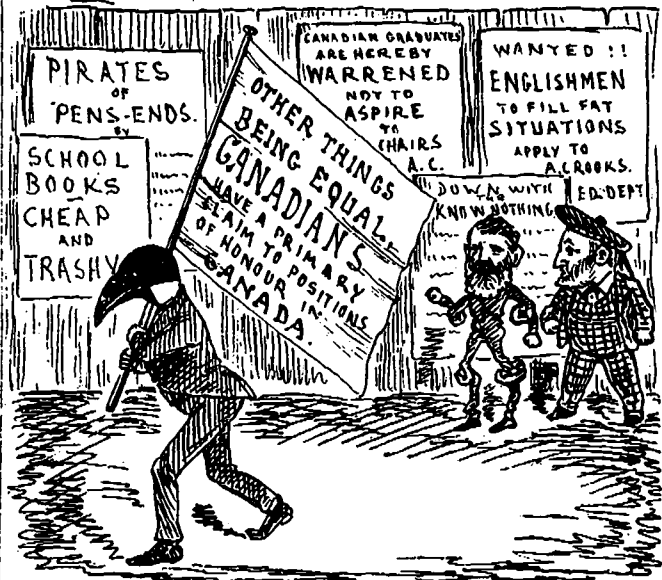
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Modest William's Request.

(Discovered among the MS. in the Harleian Society's Library, and supposed to be by Dr. WATTS, author of the well-known "Billy's Request.")

A pirate bold was WILLIAM R., Who seldom went to sea Without he caught a little whale, And brought it home to tea.

His simple, generous mind was such— Let not the cynic rail— He'd give his wife the larger half And only keep the tail.

Did any beggar at his door For crusts or coppers seek, He gave them of his choicest store And made them stay a week.

While on the high seas roaming far The claims of business pressed, Not he, to shrink from acts ordained By duty's stern behest.

To every humble tar he seized Some kindly word he'd speak, While all the while the hot, hot tears Were raining down his cheek.

Of course the fame of deeds like these Extended far and wide, His country saw his pure, unsullied Life with honest pride,

And recognition of his worth Resolved that he should find, A Bishopric they pressed on him But this our WILL declined.

Proud knighthood's glittering rank was next At his disposal placed, Then W. rose and said, he spoke With no indecent haste.

"Your very flattering honor, sirs, I courteously reject, My humbleness is great I know, But what do you expect?"

"True virtue is its own reward, The truly good and great Can never find their chief reward In worldly rank and state."

Much more he said which I, alas, Can never, never tell, In truth I did not stop to hear— I knew it all so well.

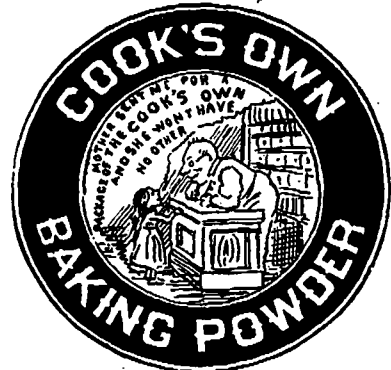
Methinks these noble words I heard Which you will all admit, Reflect great credit on his mind So seemly and so fit.

"Go tempt me not with worldly gear, Or hollow fatuous tasks, A simple Bank-directorship Is all your WILLIAM asks."

E. C. R.

An Episcopal or Catholic Church has more chants to learn to sing than any other.—Steu-benville Herald.

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