

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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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.

Judgment was given on Monday in the case of GEO. STEWART, Jr., vs. ROSE-BELFORD Publishing Co., in which the plaintiff claimed a royalty on the sale of a book he had written for that firm. The decision went against Mr. STEWART, on the ground that he had made no specific arrangement about remuneration, and that the work had been done in his capacity as editor of *Belford's Magazine*. This may be good law, but it is poor consolation to Mr. S., after all his hard work. GUP trusts that ROSE-BELFORD & Co., will have enough feeling to do the fair thing, notwithstanding their legal victory.

Mr. GLADSTONE has received the following message sent by the President of the Bulgarian Assembly: "In the darkest moments of our national life, in the moments of sufferings and neglect, all the Bulgarian nation with joy and enthusiasm heard from you a word of compassion, protection, and consolation. Not heeding the difficulties and the prejudices around, you defended bravely the just cause of an unfortunate nationality, the liberty of humanity now liberated. The Bulgarian nation, in the person of its full National Assembly, performs a great and very sacred duty in tendering its deepest and most heartfelt thanks to you and your noble colleagues for the sympathy you manifested and still manifest towards the Bulgarian nation in the work of its liberation."

The literary and biographical essays included in Mr. GLADSTONE's recently published "Gleanings" are of great interest, especially those on TENNYSON and MACAULAY. The former, published more than twenty years ago, is thoroughly appreciative and just; the latter is by far the best criticism of the great writer that has been written. Whilst eulogizing all MACAULAY's fineness of character and his enthusiasm and industry in political and literary matters, Mr. GLADSTONE does not forget to censure his reprehensible obstinacy in refusing to correct the numerous and elaborate misstatements and misrepresentations with which his "Essays" and "History" abound, notably in the cases of WILLIAM PENN and SIR ELIJAH IMPEY. The Essay on Bishop PATERSON was evidently a labour of love, and the reader of that on LEOPARDI will find that Mr. GLADSTONE's acquaintance with DANTE is hardly less profound than with HOMER.

ALMA TADEMA's pictures for the Royal Academy number among them one which is, perhaps, as strong as anything he has painted. It is called "Down to the River," and the scene is, of course, in ancient Rome. A Roman matron with her child and maid, about to take a boat across the Tiber, are descending the stairs with its balustrade of Sienna marble, to where two boatman—one a handsome Roman, the other a rich-colored blackamoor—are bidding eagerly for her custom. A splendid bridge crosses the picture full in the sunlight, and casting its yellow reflections into the dull, greenish-toned stream, above a strip of intense blue sky, gains yet greater value from the precious fleck of vermilion which belongs to a figure in a chariot crossing the bridge. Mr. TADEMA's other pictures are the "Feast of Pomona," a wild dance round an apple-tree white with blossoms, and "A Hearty Welcome," where matron and little maiden greet each other in a garden full of sunflowers and bright with crimson pillars.

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Stage Whispers.

Mlle. EME ROSEAU, the "Baby Mine" singer, is Mrs. EMELINE REED, when she is at home.

HENRY IRVING is playing "Claude Melnotte," in London. The "Pauline" is Miss ELLEN TERRY.

It is said that JAMES O'NEIL, now of San Francisco, has had GEORGE ELIOT'S *Daniel Deronda* dramatized for him.—*Buffalo Every Saturday*. Ah, yes! Our literary staff is busily engaged in dramatizing the New York City Directory.—*Puck*.

Mrs. GEORGE MACDONALD, wife of the Scotch poet novelist, in 1877 arranged the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress*, and it was performed at a private entertainment in Lord DUNCE's dining hall, London, each part being taken by members of Mr. MACDONALD'S family. Rev. EDWARD EGGLESTON says the performance was charmingly simple and wondrously affecting and effective.

A French correspondent writes as follows concerning Miss EMMA C. THURSBY: "A young American cantatrice of the highest promise has just appeared, to delight the concert-going public by her brilliant qualities. Miss EMMA THURSBY possesses a beautiful voice and she is evidently an accomplished musician. Her performance at M. PASDELLOP'S concert last Sunday electrified the audience, the perfection of her method and her marvellous execution of the most florid passages revealing an artist for whom a very bright future is in store."

It is not correct as asserted by the *Gaulois*, that MARIO has gone mad. The fact is that under the protracted influence of disappointment and pecuniary difficulties the poor great artist has been lately laboring under softening of the brain. The disease having assumed a disquieting character, it has been found necessary by his friends to put him under medical supervision. There is nothing akin to madness in his case; he is always sober in temper and gentle in manners. But there is reason to fear lest he should linger long in a hopeless condition.

The two gentlemen that visited Toronto last week speak in the highest terms of praise of the attention showed them by the officers of the Philharmonic Society of Toronto. They were at the depot to meet them with a carriage; bespoke the best treatment for them at their hotel; wanted to pay their bills, gave them the best seats at hall for the oratorio of "Elijah," and introduced them to some of the best people. The next day the President, Mr. S. NORDHEIMER, placed his elegant carriage, horses and driver, at their disposal, and lunched them at the Toronto Club, and could not do enough for them.—*Buffalo Every Saturday*.

The dramatic critic of the *Buffalo Every Saturday*, thus speaks of the two principal actresses in *Evangeline*: "Miss VENIE CLANCY has greatly improved since last here, both in manner and in voice, and is certainly one of the brightest and prettiest young ladies on the stage. She received very gracefully an elegant basket of flowers on each night during the "Prison Scene," and was also encored in her song. Miss LIZZIE WEBSTER, who I hope will never leave the opera bouffe boards, as her future husband, Mr. NUNNEMACHER, assures me she intends doing this season, while not in such usual good voice, was very entertaining, and her wonderfully perfect little person was gotten up as gorgeously in outward apparel as the first butterfly of the summer."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

To Correspondents.

Quip, Windsor, N. S.—Not considered suitable.

THE Session at Ottawa is ended, and the grand allegorical tableau of the Triumph of Virtue, as represented in our cartoon, occupies the centre of the stage amid a blaze of colored lights, as the curtain goes down. The Opposition are crushed; the Ministry are jubilant. The outside public, too, cannot but rejoice that the trouble is over, for every day of the inconsequential squabbling means a pile of hard cash out of the people's pockets. And what have we got for our money? Heaps of first-rate, practical measures. In the first place, there is the National Policy, which has already inspired new life and vigor into several shingle mills, and brought the blessings of high wages to many a horny-handed son of toil; next we have a splendid assortment of Official Assignees, a boon for which the country cannot be too thankful; then we have been favored with the appointment of a new Postmaster in Toronto, and several new officers in many other parts of the country, in all cases, of course, effecting a great saving of money; again, we have received the head of LUC LETELIER, a measure which must give universal satisfaction; and further, we may mention the Act repealing the Insolvency law, a most meritorious measure. These are but a few of the Acts passed by the present active and energetic Administration. Much more has been accomplished since Sir JOHN returned to his old seat. HANLAN has beaten HAWDON; the Long Island prize-fight has passed off amid great *eclat*; ROWELL has carried away the pedestrian belt, Parole has won the thousand guinea stakes at the races, and several circuses are announced to make their entrance into our disenfranchised and glorious country! Long live good Government!

THE Prince of Wales introduced a Bill into the House of Lords the other day to legalize marriage with deceased wife's sister, but it was defeated. From this we gather that not many changes of sentiment on this matter Heir Apparent as yet amongst the noble Lords.

The Hon Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FINALE.

Terrible *contre temps* this morning, DWYEN and ELLIOTT argument. Members forget they are not in the House. Forbear giving names—call them respectively X Y Z. Last interview of the season.

THE SCENE—Members heard arguing outside. Enter unannounced altogether.

Mr. X.—Your excellency I have to lay before you—

Mr. Y.—(interrupting)—Don't lay anything before him, he'd walk off with it. He's a pyrite your Excellency.

HIS EXCEL.—(aghast)—What? a pirate? Mr. Z.—I beg to reiterate the statement made by my honourable colleague, he's a pyrite, and a copper pyrite, that's why he's got brass enough to buck in here ahead of us.

Mr. X.—Your Excellency will perceive that the buffoon who has had the audacity to address you last, has been emitting some wretched attempts at punning on the words pyrites, brass and buccaneers to cast a slur upon an industry that I have been engaged in.

Mr. Z.—I may be a buffoon, but I have never yet been accused of being a "chicken lifter."

HIS EXCEL.—(in despair)—What is a chicken lifter?

Mr. Z.—A hen thief. I've enquired at the honourable gentleman's hotel, and find that he is very liberally supplied with spring chicken—and the landlord don't pay for them.

Mr. X.—For your foul language the presence of the Governor only restrains me from quickly "cooking your goose."

Mr. Y.—Say that ore agnin, although my Hon. friend don't mind you much, I'll rise to a point of order and—

Mr. Z.—Never mind, I don't care a copper for him, he's an undermining bore. (all rise and grapple)—Prastorian Guards called—members secured—Tableau—Quick Curtain.

* * * * *

Distribution of Characters at Close.

To the Editor of GRIP,

SIR:—As you apparently approve of my proposal with reference to the "Canadian School of Poetry," I will give you my idea of the manner in which it should be conducted. In the first place, I think it should be called the "Chaucerian Academy," or "Chaucerian Poetical Institute;" it would be a delicate compliment to the "Father of English Poetry."

Secondly—Oh dear! I feel as if I were writing a sermon. I am sure I never can put my opinions under different heads, in fact, I find it impossible to keep them arranged in my own. Papa says that I am very unsystematic. I am sure that he thinks that our brains are full of pigeon-holes and that we should do up our thoughts in parcels and stow them away as he does the papers in his office. But I wander from the subject, I had got as far as secondly. 2ndly, we will suppose that the school is established and Professor and pupils assembled. The first thing to be done is to choose a subject; I should think it well to begin with a Love Poem, for there are many people who are not much affected by the beauties of nature, there are many in whom Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "soulful of involuntary unbelief;" or Mr.

MORRIS' "Mythological Story;" or "vials of tribulation and wrath" poured out by other poets, would awake no responsive chord; but most young people can be brought into a sentimental frame by pondering on the materials for a Love Poem, and though original sentiment is not necessary, it will lighten the work of the professor if the pupils possess it. There is an excellent recipe for a Love Poem in "The Inspired Singer Recipe Book." We are told to take two large and tender human hearts, which match one another perfectly. Arrange these close together but preserve them from contact by placing between them some cruel barrier. Wound them both in several places and insert through the openings a fine stuffing of wild yearnings, hopeless tenderness, and general admiration for stars, etc. There are many other useful recipes in the book. It would also be necessary to have several volumes of poetry, from which ideas could be gathered. Some people call the use of other peoples ideas plagiarism. I do not. When I buy anything, I consider that it is my own property, and if a man chooses to cut his sentiments into given lengths and sell them as poetry, my opinion is that those who buy may make use of them as they please. As you may have observed many of our modern poets agree with me in practice, though not in theory.

Having selected subject and sentiments, the professor should hang printed lists of words that rhyme with each other where all the class could see them. Many words, for instance, rhyme with light, as blight, flight, midnight; then there are such words as cling and wring which are suggestive of dependence and heart breaking. The professor should throw out a few remarks suggesting such ideas; then the class should begin the poem; it might be limited to six verses, the first and third lines of the first verse to end with light and sight, the second and fourth with shine and twine and so through the remaining verses. The pupil must be dull indeed, who would not soon become proficient under such favouring influences. I think no one need despair. I have known girls at school who could hardly distinguish one tune from another, but by practising a great deal they became brilliant musicians, with a surprising amount of execution. Poetic execution could, I am sure, be acquired in the same way. JACK (my brother), says that murder would be the more correct term, but poor JACK is quite destitute of the finer feelings. However he has promised to help me with the sample poems for next week's paper as I have really been too busy to prepare them. As this is a subject in which the public should be interested, if any of your correspondents can propose a better mode of conducting the Poetical Institution, I shall be delighted to listen to their suggestions.

Yours faithfully,

SU SCEPTIBLE.

Candour.

MR. ALEX. WRIGHT may be a very tricky politician, but he is at all events candid on the subject of Federal Interference. He got up boldly the other evening at a public meeting and moved a resolution affirming the proposition that the Local and Dominion Governments ought to work together, and in fact ought to be of one Party. After that we are prepared to hear ALEXANDER declare that bribery funds for the Provincial elections ought to be voted regularly in the Committee of Supply at Ottawa. But, by the way, Mr. WRIGHT is one of the humorist; so perhaps his resolution was intended for a joke.



A MORE stupendous piece of folly than the attempted construction of the Canada Pacific Railway beyond our North West settlements was never, in GRIP'S opinion, entertained by any intelligent nation. The absurdity of the thing is only equalled by its expensiveness, and were it not that the crazy undertaking is likely to land us in bankruptcy, we would laugh at it as a huge joke. Of course railway communication with Manitoba is a necessity, and has been achieved. There is no call whatever for doing any more just now. It has always appeared to us that none of our public men ever really believed in the "Policy," but both parties have allowed themselves to be committed to it. The above map gives our own private view of the project—both Grits and Tories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS AND CELEBRATED MEN.

NO. VI.—THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

The intelligent reader who has scanned the picture of King WILLIAM on horseback, which always accompanies the advertisement of L. O. L., No. 7936, must be aware that the Battle of the Boyne was fought in the year 1690, for that date is written in bold figures just under the off hind foot of the prancing charger. He is also probably aware that the parties engaged in that memorable fight were King WILLIE of Orange, and King JIMMY of Scotland, and that they were fighting for—but of course the reader has heard all about it from the dusty and perspiring orators up in the Queen's Park on many a 12th of July. It was a glorious, pious and also immortal affair, and so is its annual celebration, barring, perhaps, the piety. It is believed that on the occasion King WILLIAM crossed the Boyne, though none of the banner-painters appear to have seen him go further than a couple of yards from the shore. His army consisted of a strong force of lodges, embracing thousands of deputy district grand masters in flowing red robes and white factory-cotton trousers. Mr. MACKENZIE BOWELL and ex-Mayor MISCALF were unavoidably absent, but notwithstanding this the display was most imposing. The noble defenders of civil and religious liberty marched into battle to the inspiring strains of "Teeter-tawter," and "Boyne Water," played simultaneously by twenty-five life-and-drum bands belonging to the 'Prentice Boys and O. Y. Britons. We needn't describe the fight, further than to state that it was a success. It was more general in its character, and more respectable than some of the fight which occur on modern Twelfths. And, by the way, it didn't take place on the Twelfth at all, but on the First of July. There must have been some misunderstanding about this; and it is strange that such a mistake could have been

made. Perhaps King WILLIAM had no almanac at hand, and merely guessed at the date; or very likely he was knocked a little out of time on the occasion. Subsequent conventions of grand lodges have, however, left the matter alone, and we think very prudently, for it would be a most calamitous thing to crowd the Orange demonstration into the First of July, which is already full of firecrackers and general combustibles. The battle of the Boyne is worthy of being commemorated, for it secured the blessings of liberty to Irishmen of all creeds. Its indirect fruits are also notable. It has secured to the horny-handed son of toil (who is a native of the Emerald Isle), an annual holiday on which he may indulge his appetite for ribbons and rosettes without sacrificing his reputation for sanity. It is the only day in the year on which he can do this. Again, certain candidates have to thank King WILLIAM for a solid vote which in many ridings is simply irresistible. To secure this vote a man must be liberal and enlightened in his views, a friend of progress and good government, and in favor of equal rights to all. So that the country and Parliament are benefited at the same time.

Crowings.

CANADA'S way of HAN'LIN' the ears surprises JOHN BULL.

A POPULAR BEVERAGE.—Fresh from the press.—Tyne-sider.

THERE is danger of Toronto becoming known as Golgotha—a place of souls.

THE DIFFERENCE.—HANLAN won as he liked. HAWDON would have liked as he'd won.

'ANLAN and 'AWDON.—The Englishman's feelings—ex asperation. Ditto's pronunciation—in-aspiration.



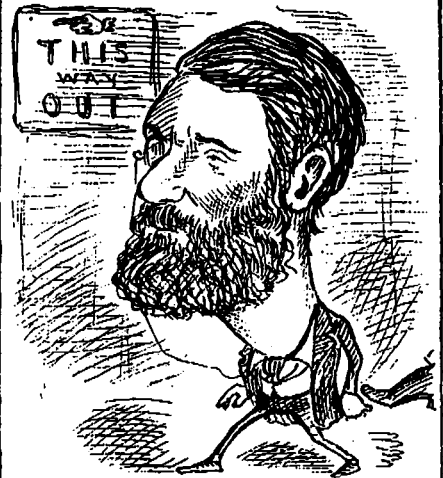
Mr. Phipps' Terrible Revenge.

R. W. P. (log).—Now, sir, in retaliation for your treachery and cruelty to me, I am going to return the Mowat Government to power, and see how you'll like it! Tr-r-remble, thou wretch! !

"LIERS IN WAIT."—Bakers, whose 4 lb. loaves contain but 3½ lbs of bread.

MISS-PRONUNCIATION.—Ladies of Toronto will persist in speaking of the now Lord Bishop of Toronto as a Sweet-man.

CLOCKED stockings should never be allowed to run down.—Boston Transcript. This is a ticklish subject to discuss.—Boston Post. They should certainly be up—to time.

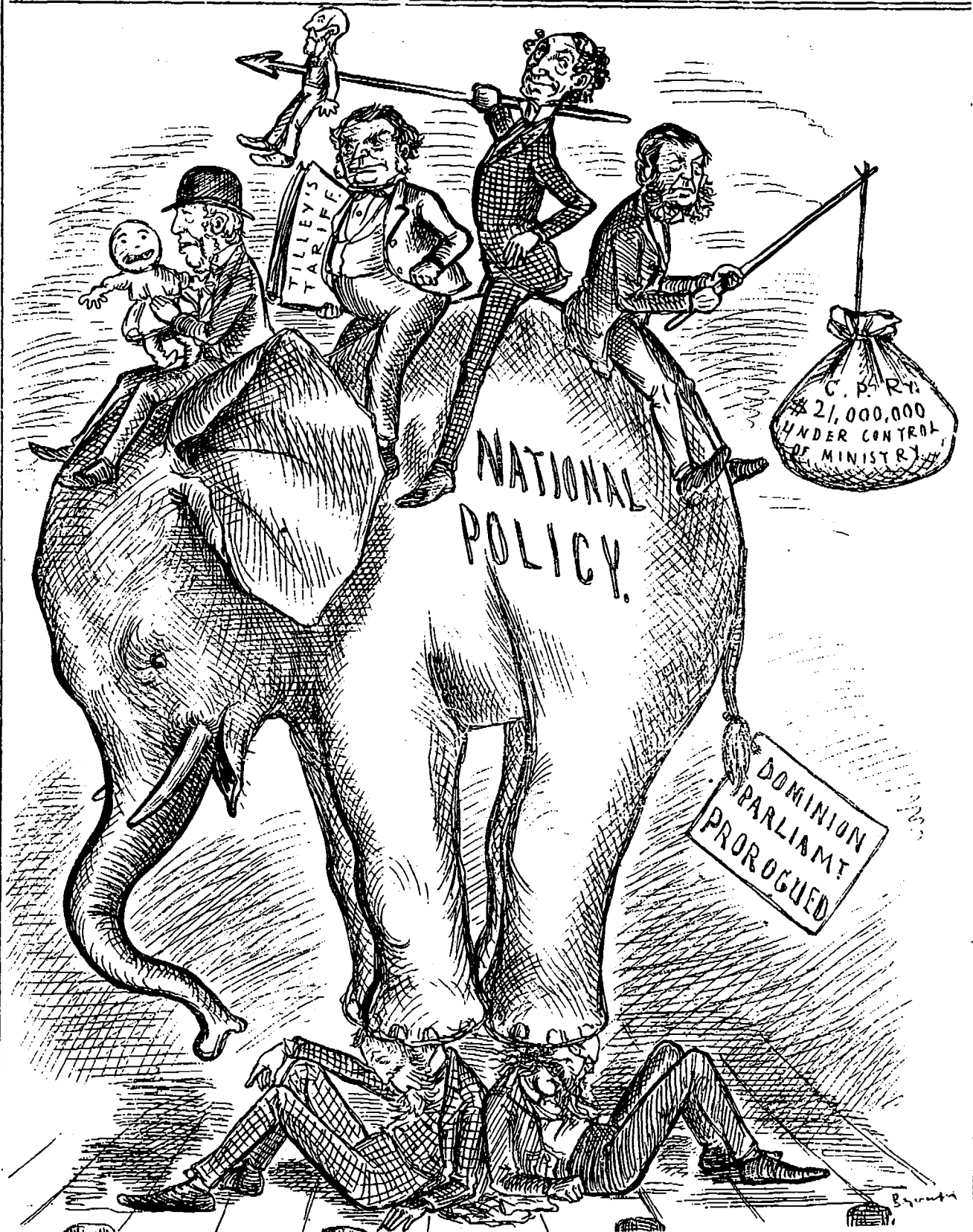


Grossly Insulted.

I am angry, dweadfully angry. Of cawth it isn't good fawm to be angry, because a fellow cawn't manage his eyeglaus unless he contwols his feelings, you know, but I am angry nevertheless. And I think I have vewy good cause, too. I have been grossly insulted in the pvesence of the whole countwy, and ewry fellow in the Club knows about it. I suppose you wead about it, dear boy, didn't you?—the wow in the House the othaw day. That beathly Globe fellow pwinted a lot about it. But I am not so angry at the Globe fellow, who is a wetchd Gwit, and docsn't know any bettaw, as I am at the Speakaw; who belongs to the Liberal-Consewvative Pawty, and ought to have good mannaws. The Speakaw actually had the pwesumption and the ashawance to awdaw me out of the chambaw! And what for? Why—aw—simply because I took the oppawtunity of expwessing my sentiments on the flaw of the House like a twue Bwiton; simply because I uttared a few sentences about that vulgaw fellow HUNTINGERON, to the effect that he was a wogue and a liaw, or something of that sawt, I don't wecollect pwecisely. Yes,—aw, my boy, the Speakaw awsked me to wettire! And I did wettire; though I came back once or twice maw, just to shew them I wasn't to be cwushed out in that mannaw. And then the covespondent of the Mail, too,—the fellow who dwinks bwandy and soda with me, and is like a bwothaw—he adds insult to injuwry by weferring to me simply as "a person"—docsn't even mention my name! But the wuffest pawt of the whole dweadful mess is that the Wight Hon. Sir JOHN has had me bwrought to the baw of the House. I thought I could take anything fwom Sir JOHN in the way of a joke, but down't you know, this is weally going too faw with it. Of cawth, I'm not a membaw of the House, and stwictly speaking it was a piece of impudence on my pawt to do what I did,—but isn't the Pwemier a fwend of mine? But no mattaw; I will weak a terwible wevenge for this!

Grip's illustration of the Hanlan-Hawdon race is capital. Canada's comic journal is a creditable sheet. Let it keep independent in politics and it must succeed—in fact it is the only way it can succeed.—Kingston Daily News.

Thanks; don't be alarmed about our independence, brother. Whenever you find us hitting anybody who don't deserve it, just let us know, and we will take back the blow and apologise. And if you observe any rascalities which have escaped our lash, don't be too bashful to mention them.



CLOSE OF THE PLAY AT OTTAWA.

GRAND TABLEAU.—THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A monarch of the seize—the sheriff—*New Haven Register.*

To make a fine eye water—Stick an onion to it.—*Glasgow Times.*

A wife in the house is worth two in the street.—*McGregor News.*

Grass gets its dew—about the only thing in the world that does.—*Et.*

It is better to be the Czar, when he is shot at, than the crowd.—*Old City Derrick.*

If an old sheep can only jump a fence they call it a spring lamb.—*New York Herald.*

Advice to the dressmakers—Be sure you are right, then go ahead.—*Whitehall Times.*

As the sleepy spring fever comes on get out your awnings and yawnings.—*New York Herald.*

Nervous, ejaculatory women belong to the order of migratious animals.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Prof. PIAZZI SMITH fortells a "glowingly-hot" summer. It can't get above '70 anyhow.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Mr. and Miss KEETER are preparing for business and the presenting of their little bills.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Trust not the circus athlete as he bowingly enters the arena. He is a man of revolutionary intentions.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Our First Baby," is the title of a new book. It is bound in muslin, of course, and has a weak back.—*Spring City Sun.*

The Americans had to pay ROWELL here, but the Englishman have had to Parole well over there.—*N. Y. Commercial Adv.*

When an obnoxious lecturer is frescoed with chickened eggs, can it be called a spawn-taneous ova-tion?—*Chicago Com. Adv.*

A Nevada tramp applied to a doctor for some work and the doctor asked him what he could do. "Well," said he, "I could dig graves."—*Et.*

A enthusiastic Utica communist hates kings and aristocrats so heartily that he proposes to put an end to the royalty on patents.—*Utica Observer.*

Time is money, and leisure is five cents to the man who reads the morning paper on a newsdealer's counter without paying for it.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Visitor.—"Mrs BOBITOL at home?"
New Footman.—"Mrs. BOBITOL is not at home, sor. But I don't rightly know if she won't see you!"—*Punch.*

"Columbia, the gem of the"—Dominion of Canada threatens to secede. Great Britain says, "Do union, and I'll fetch you back again."—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Since the war everyth'ng has gone down, except the price of postage stamps. Where are the newspapers that do the national fault finding?—*St. Louis Spirit.*

We have met many people who never knew enough to attend to their own business, but they always knew how to run a newspaper.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

And now the young man whose steps totter as he goes to the wood-pile to saw a stick, steps off in a walking match with the vigor and elasticity of a Jersey bull.—*Editor Green-slit.*

Would'st know what lesson hums the bee,
With dapper wings unfurled?
Translated means that sweet bees hum
"Bees-hum-thing in the world."
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

DEXTER SMITH has written a Decoration Day song entitled "They died for you and me." Probably refers to the old fellows that we hired to color their hair and whiskers and go out as substitutes.—*Boston Bulletin.*

A gentleman from Leadville, Col., is in the city exhibiting specimens of gold and silver ore from the mines out there. He did not bring a specimen of Leadville bread. It was too scarce and costly.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Anxious mothers are not in so much fear as they used to be about their children getting drowned while in swimming, but they have to keep a bright look-out to prevent their doing themselves to death in walking matches.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

There is an innocent abroad here in Toledo He asked a friend what was the best bait for fish. "Try angle worms," said the friend, and may we be homeswogled if that mau hasn't had every boy in the city trying to find him triangle worms.—*Toledo Commercial.*

"What is love?" inquires a poet whose verses appear in the Philadelphia *North American.* The idea of a poet not knowing what love is. It's so long ago that we almost forget, but so far as we can remember, it was a sort of heart toothache.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

How doth the little housewife now improve each shining hour? She trots around with broom and mop and mind intent to scour. O, mortal man—unhappy soul, so hopelessly demeaned! O, happy man, if man there be, whose house need not be cleaned.—*St. Louis Journal.*

Nothing is so painful at this season of the year, as the disheartening spectacle of a nine-year-old hen, looking through the fence at a man digging a garden, while she exercises her rugged legs and incisive claws on the plank walk, just keeping in practice until the garden is ready.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

A man and a wife can never agree upon what constitutes a tidy-looking room. A woman will grow irritable when she finds half a dozen cigar stumps sticking to the scorched mantle-piece, and he can't be expected to keep calm when he finds a bunch of long "combing" in his shaving mug.—*Puck.*

Times have been so hard in the West this year that a great many people have been obliged to discount their crystal and china weddings from three to seven years, in order to raise the wind at that particular time when a financial atmospheric disturbance would most happily and forcibly strike them right where they lived.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

A party of artists and art critics came to the following conclusion regarding their dinner: That the hash was low in tone and defective in composition; the beer well-drawn but flat; the anatomy of the turkey strong; the bread too freely handled; the veal raw and cold, and hurried in execution; the butter strong, the coffee weak, except in the foreground; and altogether too much impaste in the bill.—*Hamper's Bazaar.*

The picnic season is approaching, and the wise man, when he goes out in the morning and meets a decorated job waggon jammed full of happy sweltering children, who are trying to sing in the intervals of having their livers jolted up against their palates, the wise man returns home and arms himself with umbrella and overshoes, for he knows it will rain that afternoon.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Indignant father to his son, whose picture has not even been skied at the Academy:

"You're a nice artist. Here you are 45 years old Christmas week, and yet no picture of yours has ever been received."

"But, sir!"

"Silence, sir! Don't you presume to 'but, sir,' me. Sir, at your age RAPHAEL had been dead for ten years."—*Et.*

When a student at the bar is called up for examination he is asked the question, "What is law?" Whereupon he replies, his eye in a fine freazy rolling: "Law, in its most general and comprehensive sense, signifies a rule of action. In this sense it is applied indiscriminately to all kinds of actions, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational." Three years after he has begun practice, if he is asked what law is, he answers disgustedly, "Law is a deuced uncertain way of making a precarious living."—*Newark Call.*

A very amusing scene transpired in the justice court yesterday. A constable was preferring a charge against a party whom he had arrested for drunkenness, or rather was giving in his testimony relative to the case. "The prisoner," he said, "was lying upon the steps of May's drug store; he was abusive in his language to passers by, besides which he called me a fool." The prisoner conducted his own defense, and at this point he said, "You mean to say that I called you a fool, do you?" "I do," was the reply. Then turning to the court the prisoner said, "I would ask the court if the fact of my calling that man a fool is an evidence that I was drunk?"—*Waterbury American.*

It is evident that Pinafore has about had its day with us. We have been Pinafored to death. We look with indifference upon Sir JOSEPH PORTER with his inevitable "sisters and his cousins and his aunts." In fact we have come to dislike any allusion to them. Dear little BUTTERCUPS have ceased to be dear, and are remarkably cheap now—hardly worth five cents a cup. JOSEPHINE, the handsome captain's daughter, or the handsome daughter of the captain, for the captain isn't generally selected for his good looks, has ceased to charm, or DICK DEAD-EYE to appal. RALPH RACKSTRAW may be an able seaman, but he isn't able to interest us any further in his love affairs. Swapped for some one else when he was a baby, he may be traded off again without creating the least excitement. We have been raked Pinafore-and-ast repeatedly, and can't stand any more of it never. What, never? Well, h-a-r-d-l-y ev—bang!!! [Note by the publisher—Dear Suffering Readers: It is not often that we resort to the Texas code and take the law into our own hands, nor do we approve as a general thing of shooting a newspaper writer while working at his desk, but in this case we feel perfectly justified. A placard has been hung up in our office for some time proclaiming that the penalty for getting off a Pinafore "gag" by any writer for the SATURDAY NIGHT was death, yet the writer of the above has seen fit to disregard it and has met the doom he merited. His body awaits the coroner.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.

TORONTO—(Continued).

THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

Gentle spring has come, and has remained with us some weeks. Ethereal mildness, hitherto looked upon as its unfailing companion, has not yet arrived; but will probably with the next steamer. What pleasant memories are associated with spring!—the period of the year when youthful swains and tender maidens open their souls, surcharged with poetry, and send their effusions to the different local papers, or perchance *The Evening Telegram*, in which such contributions are "welcome." In this connection we boldly say that if there is a place more calculated than another for the purpose of courting the divine muse, that place is the Horticultural Gardens.

This charming spot is the delight of our citizens, old and young—of all tendencies and tastes. Some visit it to court the muse, others to court the nursery maids, who, with their tender charges, religiously come every fine afternoon to the "Hulchy Culchy" Gardens (as their aforesaid infant care pronounces it), and pretend to read ten cent novels under the shade of the umbrageous oaks.

We will not attempt to describe, or botanically designate, the component parts of the floricultural display that makes up the flower beds, gorgeous in all the colors of the rainbow, and emitting a fragrance delightful as that which is popularly attributed to

ARABY THE BLEST,

nor the marble fountain throwing aloft its mass of crystal water, pure and bright from the filtering basin on the Island, which, descending in glittering mist like miniature diamonds, distributes itself around, rendering brightly green, and awakening to new life the fuchsias, regulias and gymnamiums, smiling in their beds in its vicinity—(oh my!)—And then

THE PAVILLION,

the pleasantest place to hear summer concerts or theatricals in the city, where, instead of being jammed in the stuffy parquette seat of a theatre, or perspiring in a melancholy lecture room, you can sit *al fresco* in the balmy breeze (barrin' its raining) along side of your adored one, and listen to the tuneful SALLIE HOLMAN in her role of *Josephine*, or weep sympathetic tears with some heavy tragedian while you perfume the air with your choice partaga. The pavillion, like unto the "course of Empire," or a Manitoba emigrant, has taken its way westward from its former site in the centre of the Gardens. It is an airy and fairy like structure, built of light material in order that if it should happen to "come down by the run" (as some obvious and ill-natured people say it may) it will not endanger the heads of the fashionable audience underneath. We would advise all our country friends by all means to patronize the Gardens. Everything is free—only a small contribution of 25 cts. at the gate.

The Philadelphia *Record* estimates that already \$238,000 has been paid in that city to witness performances of *Pinafore*.

A "Life of Admiral FARRAGUT," by his son, LYAL FARRAGUT, will be published in the fall by D. APPLETON & Co. The book will contain the letters and diary of the late Admiral, from his entrance into the Navy at the age of ten years to his death, and promises to be as interesting as it is important.

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NEXT SATURDAY,

17TH MAY, ON CLUB GROUNDS, JARVIS ST. 100 yards dash, 120 yards hurdle, quarter mile, half mile, one mile, and three mile walk.

Silver medals for first and second in each race. Above are open to all amateurs, and entries, accompanied by entrance fee of 50c. for each event, will be received up to Thursday, 15th inst. Admission to grounds 25c.

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Press Notices of Recent Numbers.

The happy talent of *Grip's* artist for presenting the situation at a glance was never more conspicuous than in the recent cartoon, wherein the well-known N.P. Elephant was fondling its new-born irredeemable-currency offspring, while Sir John adjured Mr. Tilley not to kill the calf, as they might want to ride it in the next political campaign.—*The Globe*, *Apr. 28th*.

Canada, following in our footsteps, already has its protective tariff and its growing Chinese question, and is being further Americanized by the development of the germs of a Greenback party. Its "rag baby" was successfully ushered into the world at a meeting recently held at St. Catharines, Ontario, where resolutions in favour of a Canadian paper currency were adopted. *Grip*, the Canadian Punch, in a recent number, hits off the situation capitally; the new issue being represented as the offspring of the Protection elephant. Sir John Macdonald, who rode into power on the parent animal, gazes on the calf with an expression of sly satisfaction, and says to a supporter, "Don't kill it, let it thrive; who knows but it may be our biggest card next time we go through the country." Well more unlikely things have happened.—Boston, (U.S.) *Traveller*.

The Assignee.

Said he, "Of late I used to be
A blooming official assignee;
I overhauled the papers and I scrutinized the books,
And searched well for errors in crannies and in nooks:
At meetings of the creditors my eye was ever peeled,
And I kept a bright look out for everything revealed;
I could white-wash a creditor and make him pure as snow,
Till joyfully he would through Insolvency go.
But now, alack-a-day! my occupation's gone,
I walk around all night till the breaking of the dawn:
I'm almost a maniac, as you can plainly see,
Since RICHARD passed the bill to repeal Insolvency!"

ii.

Then I took out a paper, and showed him how the Senate
Objected to the measure, and in fact were dead "agin' it."
I advised him to go home and take a ten grain pill,
For the Senate snubbed the Commons and quashed the
little Bill:
Then the stranger jumped and doffed his hat, and gave
cheers three times three,
Saying, "Bully for the Senate, I'm again an Assignee!"

Legal Delights.

We wonder if the young gentlemen who compiled the programme of toasts for the forthcoming banquet of a certain legal literary society ever read OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' harrowing account of the fate which once befel an individual who allowed himself to be very funny? We fear not; otherwise they would never have dared to cram so much dangerous wit into so small a compass. We shall not be surprised—though of course we shall be exceedingly pained—to hear that, in the midst of the after-dinner performances, on the coming occasion, a sudden explosion occurs which will rob the profession of several scores of promising barristers and attorneys. If this dire calamity does happen, the person or persons responsible for the authorship of the toasts and sentiments—(especially the sentiments)—will assuredly have reason to resolve, with the hero of HOLMES' poem, that never again will he "be as funny as he can." But perhaps the reader, who cannot hope to get a smell of the dinner, is anxious to get a little taste of the programme, and by way of gratifying this reasonable desire, and at the same time giving the unknown legal humorist the benefit of our columns, we transcribe a few of the toasts:

CANADA:

"For we ourselves have said it,

And it's greatly to our credit,

That we are Canadian;

And in spite of all temptations

To belong to other nations,

We remain Canadian."

—H. M. S. Pinafore.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT, ETC.:

"And the lean and hungry raven,

As he picks our bones will start,"

To see "N.P.," "LEBELIER," graven

Neatly on our blighted hearts."

—Old Song.

ARMY, NAVY AND VOLUNTEERS:

"Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip

That they took me into the partnership,

And that joint partnership I ween,

Was the only ship that I ever had seen.

But that kind of ship so suited me

That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navvy."

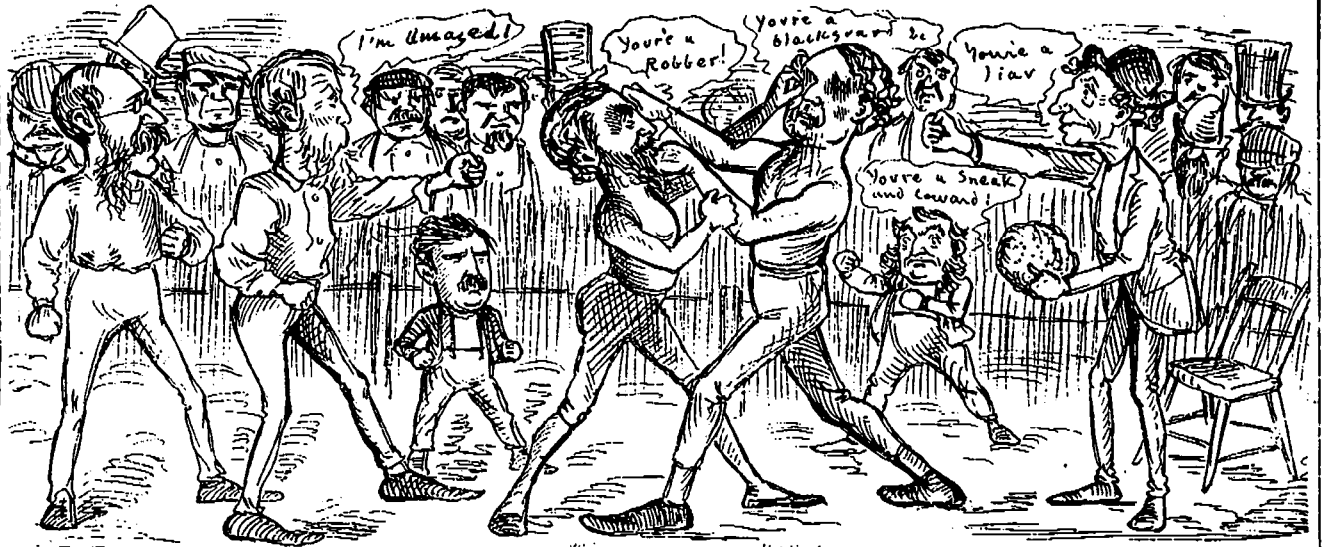
—H. M. S. Pinafore.

THE LADIES:

"Our sisters, and our cousins and our aunts,"

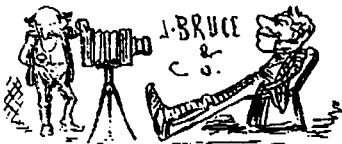
—H. M. S. Pinafore.

GRIP hopes the merry young students of the grave old profession will enjoy themselves at their feast of reason and flow of soul, and have no cause to deem themselves sadder next morning. Also, he hopes that the wit in the programme may, after all, prove harmless.



DWYER-ELLIOTT AT OTTAWA.

AND STILL WE WONDER THAT AMERICAN ROUGHS MAKE CANADA THE SCENE OF THEIR DISCREDITABLE FIGHTS.



"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer."

There are seasons in a man's life when the truth of this old proverb is clearly seen—but in no case is delay more reprehensible than in neglecting the opportunity of having your portrait taken at

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xii-22-17

The Recent Fight.

NOT for the purpose of making the paper sell, nor for the gratification of a depraved taste, but from the lofty motive which actuated the *Globe* and *Mail*—namely, the salutary disgusting of the public—GRIP proceeds to give an account of the recent DWYER-ELLIOTT fight:

First Round.—From the reputation of the men, it was expected that some gentlemanly science would be displayed; but it turned out to be far otherwise. After a little preliminary dancing around, DWYER, with hands well up, let out a feeler, and HUNTINGTON said Sir JOHN A. was a miserable charter-seller. Both men claimed first blood.

Second Round.—This was a horrible bout. ELLIOTT got in a hard one on DWYER's face, and DWYER bruised ELLIOTT's eyes. TOM WHITE gave HUNTINGTON a fearful pummeling, and both men went down at the ropes, bleeding profusely.

Third Round.—DWYER came up quickly. ELLIOTT responded, and received a crushing blow on the forehead. HUNTINGTON got a few heavy blows in on the countenance of WHITE, to which WHITE replied by calling HUNTINGTON a robber, and reading out charges from a newspaper. The men clinched and fell heavily.

Fourth Round.—ELLIOTT already appeared groggy, and his eyes presented a horrible appearance. DWYER danced around and hit his opponent a terrible blow on the head, knocking him down. Sir JOHN MACDONALD delivered one from the shoulder, giving HUNTINGTON the lie direct in the teeth.

Fifth Round.—Both hit out with terrible force and viciousness. ELLIOTT fetched DWYER a severe blow on the cheek, and DWYER got in a crashing knock on ELLIOTT's swollen eye. HUNTINGTON responded that if JOHN A. was outside of the House he would call him a blackguard—Cries of foul arose at this point, but JOE GOSS wouldn't admit it.

Sixth Round.—ELLIOTT held DWYER, and got in a few terrible blows, but DWYER got free and pummeled ELLIOTT's face out of all shape. CHARLEY RYKERT said COCKBURN was a coward and a sneak. MACKENZIE responded with a sharp blow on RYKERT's eye. [The rest of this report is held over, out of respect for our country.]

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