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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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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of GRIP Office.

The Orillia Times has a new heading which adds materially to the appearance of the paper.

Mary Anderson has a death mask of Shakespeare and one of David Garrick among her numerous art treasures.

The Weekly Gazetteer is a new paper just issued at Montreal in the interest of the travelling and advertising public.

Josoffy, the celebrated pianist, will make an extended tour of the United States under the management of Henry Wolfsohn.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, the novelist, is establishing in New York City, a bureau for the transmission of American news to the London Standard.

The Whitby Gazette, after nearly twenty years of life as a Reform newspaper has gone over to the majority and now sings the praises of the N. P.

Mrs. F. J. Duncan's happy hit on the resthetes, "Ye Burn Beautiful," continues to command a lively sale. Two new editions have recently been issued.

At the recent funeral of M. Seguin, the murdered correspondent of the Paris Telegraph in Tunis, a crown was laid upon the coffin in the name of the Tunis women.

M. Victor Hugo has no reason to complain of a loss of popularity. The first edition of his last poem, "Les Quatre Vents de L'Esprit," consisting of 17,600 volumes, is exhausted.

Mr. W. W. Lauder, son of Mr. A. W. Lauder, M.P.P., has shown a wonderful taste for music, and he is now studying under Liszt, at Leipzig. He has been highly honored at Rome.

Grace Egerton (Mrs. George Case), the gifted actress and vocalist, once a favorite in this city, died in Montreal on Thursday, and last week there was married at Kingston, our Ontario poetess, Mary McColl, the fair author of "Bide-a-Wee."

"Both sides of Manitoba" is the title of a fat and weighty pamphlet just issued by Mr. Jeff Gee. The author discusses all the pros and cons of Nor West Emigration in an exceedingly lively and humorous style. Aside altogether from its practical character the book is well worth reading.

The British American Workman is a new monthly publication designed to occupy the same field as that so ably filled in England by the British Workman. The first number (July) is before us and presents a neat appearance. The matter is of an elevating character, and the illustrations first-class. It is published by Messrs. Bengough, Moore & Co., Toronto.

Our citizens are at present enjoying an operatic treat such as they have rarely if ever before been offered. The performances alluded to are those of the Norcross Opera Company, which are being given in the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens. The company, which is composed of genuine artists, headed by the gifted prima donna Miss Helen E. H. Carter, are rendering the popular comic operas, "Olivette," "Mascott," etc., in a style which leaves nothing to be desired. After the pitiful frauds with which our music-loving public are so often victimized it is refreshing to receive a visit from a troupe of artists who are really capable, and no person who enjoys good comic opera well rendered should miss the opportunity of witnessing at least one performance by the Norcross company. In addition to Miss Carter, the following well known artists appear: Miss Mary Carlton, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. J. A. Sturges, Mr. J. A. Greensfelder, and others.

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C. W. YOUNG,
Agent "Mackinnon Pen."
TORONTO, June 7th, 1881.

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It affords me great satisfaction to give my testimony to the value of GRIP as an advertising medium, seeing I have received many convincing proofs that an "ad." in it is a good investment. Only a few days since, while making a portrait of a four year old son of one of Lindsay's prominent citizens, I was agreeably astonished to hear him giving as a recitation my advertisement in the current number of GRIP, showing conclusively that "you" were an esteemed member of the household, studied and prized by even the children as well as by the older folks. Wishing you still greater success in your useful as well as brilliant career, while I hope to enjoy some further fruits of it in my own business, I am, dear GRIP,

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Literature and Art.

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

Edwin Booth plays at Booth's for the entire month of October. In November-Rossi, who opens at the Globe, Boston, will follow.

Emilie Melville, supported by a numerous and well drilled opera company, will star through the Eastern country next season in light operas.

John Habberton is writing an accentric comedy for W. J. Ferguson, in which there is a probability of his starring should his health permit.

William Castle has abandoned the project of organizing an opera company to do light operas for the present, and has engaged with the Emma Abbott Company.

"Concy Island" will be presented at the Madison Square next month. It is Hazel Kirke under another name, modernized, and with some slight changes.

Conly, the basso, has signed with the Emma Abbott Company, the special purpose being that he shall sing "Falstaff," in Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Willie Edouin's "Sparks" Company arrived from San Francisco on Saturday. Marion Elmore is engaged for next season to play the part formerly performed by Julia Edouin.

Dr. Arthur Sullivan having resigned, Dr. Stainer has entered upon his duties as Principal at the Normal School for music, Kensington Gore. The students' concerts are to be opened to the general public at a nominal charge.

Eliza Weathersby has come back from Europe with a pretty younger sister, who, it is alleged, can sing and dance and fascinate as Eliza used to do in by-gone seasons. The new-comer's name is Miss Emie Weathersby.

Lovers of music in New Orleans are determined to have another and superior opera company, during the winter, to the ill-fated Ambre-Tournie-Debeauplan organization. An excellent organization is now being gathered in Paris.

J. B. Little claims that his sensational play, "Saved from the Wreck," is identical with "The World." His drama has been acted for eight years, and it contains lines and incidents that are found in the melo-dramatic spectacle at Wallack's.

Mary Anderson is one of the best horse-women at Long Branch. She rides a pacer and attracts the admiring attention of the fashionable who throng Ocean avenue. Miss Anderson's cottage is near that of John Hoey, on Cedar avenue.

We have been favoured with a glance at the proofs of a large number of engravings made for "Picturesque Canada" and can assure the subscribers to that work that they need fear no disappointment as to its character. If the entire art work is as good as the specimens we examined, "Picturesque America" will be decidedly eclipsed. It is expected the first number will be issued next month.

An action for libel has been commenced by Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic of the Daily Telegraph, against the editor of the Referee. That journal recently gave currency to a statement that a dramatic critic of a London daily paper had recently received from Admiral Glyn £500 as a *donneur* for complimentary notices of Miss Neilson, and it was hinted very broadly that money was obtained by threats that certain incidents in the life of the late actress might be brought up. No names were mentioned, and not a word was said by the Referee of Mr. Scott's connection with the facts to which reference was made. Why that gentleman, therefore, insists upon wearing the cap thus offered is, to say the least of it, very remarkable.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The act of the demented Guitreau was done, according to his own declaration, for the purpose of "saving the Republican Party." It is not beyond hope that it may really affect that great end, though not in the way intended by the assassin. It has effectually opened the eyes of the people of the United States to the magnitude of the spoils system which curses their civil service, and may tend to nerve the arms and swell the ranks of the reformers who have been manfully struggling against this great evil. The tragic event of July 2nd may also, it is hoped, act as a timely admonition to our own public men. Canada is fast following in the steps of the Republic in the matter of the odious axiom, "To the victors belong the spoils." Notwithstanding the sensible warning words of Dufferin, spoken as his valedictory, the struggle of the office-seekers has gone on as recklessly as ever. Indeed, there is practically little difference between the methods of the two countries; the advent of a new government at Ottawa is now as much the signal for a general scramble for places as it is at Washington. It was the spirit of partizanship, bred by the spoils system, that nerved the hand of Guitreau, and Canada has more of that demagogical spirit than any other country of equal population on earth.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Appearances indicate that Gladstone will be permitted to crown a life of unexampled brilliancy and success with an act of statesmanship which will be a fitting keystone to complete the arch. His Irish Land Bill is now regarded with favor by a large section of the people of that turbulent isle, and is generally looked upon as containing the basis of a really permanent settlement of the grievances so long complained of. The House of Lords, of course, has acted with the obstructionists, but the opposition of the aristocratic faction is now likely to be borne down by the overwhelming force of popular opinion. Paddy Gladstone has his nag well under way, and these old boys will have to clear the track or the jaunting car, containing the whole weight of John Bull, will go clean over their venerable but puerile forms.

To Correspondents.

A. S., Montreal.—Yes, of course we do.
H. M. W.—Too late for this issue.
Author, Montreal. We cannot undertake to return manuscripts. Copies should be kept.

An Advertisement.

My name is Bill Jones, and my age twenty-two; My hair is dark brown, and my eyes are light blue; My brow is expansive, the people all say; And in spite of my trials, smiles o'er my lips play; My cheek is as ruddy as a bright blooming rose; My chin wears a dimple, and as for my nose, It is not a Grecian, but a pure aquiline; In fact I'm as handsome as ever was seen, By any fastidious lady.

A "lady's companion" I wish to become, Who has in the bank a considerable sum; She must have a temper—and keep it herself— (If she don't, she had better remain on the shelf.) As for recommendations, I've them in galore, And a similar "place" I have ne'er filled before, So now if you wish me, send quick by the post, A letter and photo—or your chance may be lost— To Bill Jones, At Blank Square, Ninety-two.

The City.

How many have sung the praise of mine, And all the country's wonders fine, Of sheep and goats, of wheat and oats, And even of wasels, frogs, and stoats? But I will chant the city's praise, Nor follow the popular country craze— Oh much maligned, yet often kind, Great world of progress, thought, and mind, With joy I recall thy steeples tall; Who sees not thy goodness is awfully blind.

What is it the country is noted for, eh? Is it horrible beasts that on other ones prey? Is it bullocks and pigs of remarkable girth, Or horses and sheep of phenomenal worth, Or trees and flowers the best upon earth? Whatever is wonderful, fine, or fair, Come up to the city, you'll find it there.

Do you want to see the tall palm tree spring, And up to the sky its great branches fling, Or do you think much of the butterfly's wing, Or beautiful birds that quite heavenly sing? Be it bird, beast, or fish, or a mineral thing, What is it, what is it you most admire? In the city its plenty your eye will tire.

For the city's museum, the spade and pick Have robbed of its treasures earth's covering thick, Every mineral is there with long names and to spare, Gold, silver, and tinning-fork, metal so rare— The best of fine cattle, the best of their milk, The best of all fruit, of all flowers, of all silk, Are all sent for the city's particular ilk— It is just as if mad, the poor country folks had Elected to keep for themselves what was had.

I was once in the country where fig gardens waved, It was by the sea side, and the fishermen braved The toils of the ocean, their brows were engraved With wrinkles like ruts in a road that's not paved— These fishermen old, with their manners so bold, Would scurree sell you some fish if you offered them gold.

When I wanted a fig, why I went to a store, And got figs from a hundred miles off or more: All the produce you know to the city must go, Little fruit is ate there where the apple trees grow.

But the best of the town are its men of renown, Its learning, its genius, its courts, and its crown, Its colleges, temples, its science and art, And its homes of allaying the sufferer's smart, But the best of the best are its ladies, I ween, From the smiling young seamstress right up to the queen.

"He's a Cockney," you say, "let him have his own way, He was bred upon paving stones, mortar, and clay, For the town at its best with prosperity blest, Can't compare with the country by nature's hand dress't."

That's just where you make a confounded mistake, For the country all animal longings may slake, But sooner or later you'll find by-and-bye, Man has multiform needs which it cannot supply.

"Grip" on the Good News of the President's Recovery.

One serious word our comic page must say, By that sick chamber pausing, hushed, and awed, In hope that he, her stricken chief, this day, To the Republic be given back by God! Let that high heart and gallant voice grow strong, Or more persuasion in their weakness now, Rebuke the license that doth freedom wrong, And brand foul murder's stain on faction's brow. C.P.M.

SLASHBUSH ON THE U. S. SITUATION.



"I'm glad of one thing," said Gustavus Slashbush to his sister Almira, as they sat in the shade of the old homestead, looking in admiration at the fields and orchards extending far away to the edge of the beach which that formed the western boundary of the Slashbush estate. The setting sun's rays lighted up the luxuriant fruit of the cherry trees, which drooped beneath their weight. As the novelist says, "It was, in truth, a lovely scene."

"Yes, Almira, I'm glad of one thing—he's not a Canadian after all."
"Who on earth are ye talking about now?" asked his sister.

"Who! Who, but the infamous villain whose features are so graphically portrayed here," said Gustavus, producing from his pocket a *Globe* with a cut of the assassin Guitreau emblazoned thereon.

"Why, that's a colored man," exclaimed Almira, "what about him?"

"No, Almira, it is *not* a colored man, except that he being a red handed assassin may entitle him to be called so. I suppose the special artist of the paper wished to paint him in as dark colors as possible, that's all. No, Almira, that is a flattering portrait of the wretch who shot President Garfield."

"What made he shoot him?" asked the matter of fact though uninformed Almira.

"Ah! Almira! why, indeed? That's what puzzles a great many. If he was an antocrat like the Czar of Russia, who sends thousands yearly to the mines of Siberia for life, or even some of the other great potentates of Europe, who virtually beslave their young men for years in military servitude, there might be some apparent excuse given for the act; but in a country which claims to be the best governed and most enlightened on earth, it is sad to think that such shocking affairs should happen.

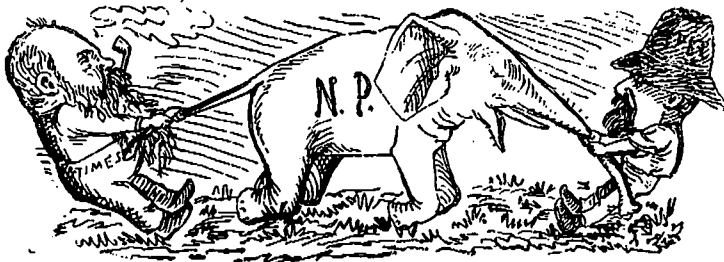
"Perhaps he had somethin' agin him privately," suggested Almira.

"No, nothing of the sort, except that he was disappointed in getting a situation he looked for, as was the case with thousands of others. Ha! thousands, that's where it is! There's a thousand applicants for every vacancy, and in the States at election times many people get imbued with the idea that because they have made it their business to work for a party's interest they *must* have something from the nation to repay them for their exertions. You'll see it here, Almira, often enough, but the feeling is not quite so strong, because there is not such a clean sweep made of government officials as in the States. I'm glad the people over there are awakening to the fact. It is the desire for the "spoils of office" that has caused this dastardly deed," said our philosopher. It is the spoils

"Spiles!" said old Slashbush, who at this moment opened the back door and came upon the scene. "Spiles! Git up and harness that bay team in the democrat waggin, or I'll spile you," and the old man retired muttering, "What on earth am I to do with that lout-tongued critter?"

Nursery Rhymes.

There was an old shoddy named Crichton, Who rode out each day in a plichton, He said he'd more room, In a kaudat or brougham, But the plichton was more clevichton. There was a young lady named Vaux, And her lovers all bothered her saux, That she thought it beftin', To give them the mitton, And replied to them all, "Not for Jaux."



THE N. P. IN HAMILTON.

Mr. Plumb will no doubt be surprised and delighted to see the N. P. elephant's familiar form in these pages again. We feel compelled to trot him out *approprios* of the scrimmage which has for a long time been going on between the Hamilton papers. Notwithstanding the hot weather the scribes of the *Times* and *Spectator* continue day after day to tug and pull at the tail and trunk respectively of the huge critter, much to the amusement of their readers. The *Spectator* man undertakes to prove that the N. P. elephant has been a blessing to the country, especially Hamilton and vicinity. The *Times* man denies the allegation, and proceeds to prove that the N. P. is and always has been a fraud. GRIP is not disposed to join in the ruction; he finds it more comfortable to lie down in a cool place and laugh at the show.

Our Trip to France.

Said Senecal to brave Chapleau :
 "Across the ocean let us go -
 "For going I've reasons not a few,
 "And you have "fourteen thousand" too;
 "With health and fortune 'twill agree
 "To see our "banquets" a Paris -
 "I think that I'll require Faucher,
 "You'll bring Mathieu—What do you say?"

Said brave Chapleau : "I am your man,
 "I'll close the House soon as I can;
 "I'm weary of this long debating,
 "I hate to hear those Rouges prating;
 "For not a feather in my hat,
 "(Although that's what I'm driving at),
 "Can I tuck in while Joly's there,
 "Who baits me as a dog a bear;
 "Then Irvine, watching every turn;
 "And Mercier, with his words than burn;
 "Panning Marchand and Langelier,
 "Who keeps old Robertson at bay;
 "Meikle, and Watts, and all the best,
 "To drive me mad they do their best;
 "McShane, and Nelson, Lovel too,
 "And all their hateful "Liberal" crew,
 "Fierce Gagnon, "Montmorency" Charles,
 "With jibes, and bites, and growls, and snarls—
 "Even placid Ross, in doggerel rhyme,
 "Accuses us of many a crime,
 "But Timonorez will do the job;
 "Il passera tous ces gueux au bob,
 "Then, when the atmosphere is clear,
 "We'll take our pleasure far from here.
 "An *abus confiant* we'll fly away,
 "For every dog must have his day,
 "And wag his tail—or else they say,
 "His tail will wag him quite away."

Do we require to be magicians,
 To guess what these two politicians
 (In the Rouge mind) will seek to do,
 When they have crossed the biny blue?
 The one will try his best to get,
 As much at least as friend Paquet;
 The other fight to get the share
 Of plunder left by Wurtle there.
 (They'll take it *without indignation*,
 Nor once think of their lofty station.)
 If conscience rouses sad reflection,
 Mathieu will *move the precious question*;
 If any scamples rack their brain,
 Marlicau will make all matters plain,
 Just as the *influence vulgare*,
 When seen from different points of view,
 To "Reds" appears abomination;
 To "Blues," the saving of the nation.
 They'll try to sell our railway too,
 (That elephant for "Red" and "Blue.")
 So sure the object of their mission,
 Would they refuse a fat commission?
 "Ah! *L'astuce voir s'ils viennent, Jean*,"
 They'd grab it *inamuablement*.
 And all the time that they're away,
 They'll leave the reins with Loranger,
 While Ross, and Robertson, and Flynn,
 And Lynch (perhaps) will all join in
 A hymn of praise to brave Chapleau,
Premier Ministre et grand héros.
 We'll have reports when they return,
 From which their enemies shall learn,
 That all the bargains Chapleau's made,
 Have left poor Joly in the shade.
 Spite of their waste and deficits,
 (Which Langelier throw into fits)
 They'll milk the poor Canadian cow
 Until she's dry—then make their bow.

Black-Balling Barristers.

The R. C. Y. C. held an "At Home" at their new Club House on the Island recently and their guests, especially the ladies thereamong, report having had a really "scrumptious" time. From all accounts there is no way of getting into the aforesaid Club, just now, except at entertainments of the above description. For some reason or other the "legal" members, whose number is somewhat large, have taken to black-balling nearly every candidate for admission, unless satisfactory evidence is produced that he is either fully or in embryo a "limb of the law." And so, it is said, the work of rejection goes on, with little or no prospect of the nuisance being speedily abated. It occurs to us as almost a pity that Gilbert had no foreshadowing of this state of affairs when *Pinafore* was under construction. What a suggestive little addition could have been made to Sir Joseph Porter's celebrated history of his early life and advice as to the best plan to be pursued in order to secure a Lordship of the Admiralty! As everyone of course remembers, Sir Joseph, in reciting his training as an Attorney's clerk, pointed out the advisability of any pushing person's sticking to some such pursuit, and keeping religiously away from the salt water, if he desired to become a celebrated naval commandant. And to-day he might add that, if one seeks the membership of the R. C. Y. C. it is not his character as a gentleman that is looked into—certainly not his acquaintance with yachting as an art; but his association with and progress in mastering the profession of shady transactions, and the successful trickery which has attended his practice at the "Bar," the latter (it may be) in more than one sense of the term. Mr. GRIP would advise the legal luminaries on either side of the Bay to "let up on this *Pinafore* business," and restore the dignity and respectability of an erstwhile irreproachable club.

Canada First!

"I have read," said Mr. Wisacre, meditatively, "with a bursting heart, of the man who brought a panful of earth from the 'ould sod,' and sat down in it every St. Patrick's Day. But in enthusiastic love of country he does not equal the Canadian who had a farm left him in England, and who took with him a large box of choice Canada thistles, which he planted in his front garden. This was, indeed, the acme of patriotism!"

To the Sparrow.

You noisy, belligerent sparrow!
 Why do you our feelings so harrow?
 To wake us from sleep,
 With your discordant cheep;
 Methinks I could choke you, sweet sparrow!

A Charge on the Church Brigade.

BY A. TENNYSON, PORT-LIRATE, HAMILTON, A.D. 1881.

Half a block, half a block,
 Half a block downward;
 All down Main street,
 More'n a hundred,
 Stood the church-door brigade,
 Watching the dress parade,
 Watching the woman show.
 More'n a hundred.

Brainless church-door brigade
 Was there a swell dismayed?
 Not though the fools well knew,
 People dumfounded,
 Asked what they stood there for,
 Glowering like idiots, or
 Grinning at girls that pour
 All in review before,
 More'n a hundred.

People to right of them,
 People to left of them,
 People in front of them,
 Moved and meandered.
 Frowned at by beau and belle,
 Shameless they never quail;
 Lounging *en route* to hell.
 More'n a hundred.

Was there a head once bare?
 One "Christy-stiff" in air?
 Not if they knew it! while
 All the town wondered;

While the low ribald joke,
 All through their ranks bespoke,
 Galoot and Jackass,
 Clothed in religious cloak,
 Of eye and tobacco smoke
 Redolent, while murmured
 Folks, "Such a crowd to pass,
 More'n a hundred!"

Parents disgraced by them!
 Deacons ashamed of them!
 Preachers, well-knowing them,
 Why don't you thimble
 Words hot as shot and shell,
 Weapons you use so well
 When you're depicting hell?
 Go for these gaping gawks!
 Go for these loafers there!
 More'n a hundred.

When will the scandal cease?
 Oh, the disgrace it is!
 City ambitious!

Honor the by-laws made!
 Charge the church-door brigade
 Obstructing the Sunday streets,
 More'n a hundred.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.
 (A LIFE STUDY ON YONGE STREET.)



AT FIRST IT IS "HIS WAY,"



BUT THIS IS HOW IT ALWAYS ENDS.



WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS!

SIR CHARLES.—HOW HAPPY WE OUGHT TO BE, MR. STEEL RAILS, THAT CANADA HAS NO SYSTEM OF "SPOILS!"

MR. MACKENZIE.—TRUE, SIR SECTION B, AND THAT WE HAVE NO PARTY BITTERNESS!!

*. See comments on page 3.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

MR. AND MRS. SPOOPENDYKE DISCUSS THE LATEST INVENTION.

"I see a Frenchman has got a patent for canned energy," observed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she picked up a lot of cut steel beads on a needle and began sewing them on medallions for dress trimming.

"Got a what?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke, who was blacking his boots.

"Yes. He says he can put strength up in bundles and send it anywhere, so they can run ships and things without steam. He has sent ever so much over to Scotland."

"What circus bill have you been reading now?" queried Mr. Spoopendyke, glaring at his wife.

"It's so," she replied. "I saw it in the *Eagle*. He does it up like preserves and it lasts ever so long, and it's just as fresh and strong when they open it as it was at first."

"Who puts it up? Who're you talking about?"

"A Frenchman. He gets a lot of strength and fixes it with electricity, and you can buy it anywhere. I'm going to get some and take it. It'll be just as good as going in the country, and may be it'll help my headache. I suppose the government will buy a lot of it for tramps."

"You gone crazy again!" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye mean by putting strength in boxes? Think energy is some kind of a dod gasted fish? S'pose you can put main strength up in bottles like a measly shrimp? If you're going to read, why don't you read straight?"

"Why, I did. He has some kind of a machine and he makes energy so it will last, and then he solders it up in tins, or something, so you can keep it in the house. I'm going to have some to do the washing."

"Does it strengthen up the mind of a dod gasted idiot?" blurted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Can it make a measly Spoopendyke woman talk sense?"

"The paper didn't say; but if it is all they claim for it, it will be a great help in house-cleaning and moving the step ladder around when you want to hang pictures. And then it saves boiling beef tea. Oh, you ought to read about it. They say it is the greatest invention of the age."

"D'ye mean to tell me that they are selling muscle by the keg? Want me to understand that some frog eater is keeping industry on draught? Think I'm an ass?"

"That's what the *Eagle* says," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a woman's implicit reliance on anything in print. "And they can make it in any quantity cheap, so we can have all we want. I wish you'd get some right off, and we'll try it on the Friday's sweeping."

"Quit!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Stop making an idiot asylum of yourself! S'pose you can make me believe that a week's wash comes in a box, like measly pills! P'raps you want me to think you're dod gasted stuff will pay the rent and run my business! Next time you strike a corn salve you read it understandingly, ye hear? Energy by the pint! Strength by the yard! Got that rip sewed up in my pants?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, meekly, and Mr. Spoopendyke, having arrayed himself, plunged out of the house and made for the ferryboat.

"Hello, Spoopendyke!" saluted his friend Specklewottle, "see this thing in the paper about the Frenchman who is boxing up energy?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, "and I've been all the morning trying to explain it to my wife, but these women can't understand such things. How's stocks?"—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"MASTERS."

There has been a great deal of talk in the papers about arresting "mashers," that is, young men who stand on the corners and pulverize women, and a great many good people got the idea that it was unsafe to travel the streets. This is not the case. A woman might travel all day and half the night and not be insulted. Of course, once in a great while, a woman will be insulted by a man, the same as a man will be by a woman. No woman, unless she throws out one eye, kind of cunning, is in danger of having a male man throw out his other eye the same way. There has got to be two parties to a mashing match, and one must be a woman. Too many women act sort of queer just for fun, and the poor male man gets to acting improper before he realizes the enormity of the crime, and then it is everlastingly too late. But a female masher, one who is thoroughly bad, like the male loafers that have been driven from the corners, is a terror. She will insult a respectable man and laugh at his blushes. One of them was arrested the other day for playing her act on a policeman who was disguised as a respectable granger from Steven's Point. These female mashers are a tornado. Why, one of them met a respectable church-member the other night, and asked him how his liver complaint was. He was a man who had been troubled with the liver complaint, and supposing she was some acquaintance, he stopped on the corner and talked with the pullet for about ten minutes, explaining to her the course of treatment he had used to cure him, and dozens of people passing by knew him, and knew that she was clear off. Finally she asked him if he wouldn't take her to a restaurant and buy her a spring chicken and a small bottle. He told her if she would come up to his house she could have a hen, and there were lots of bottles, both large and small, that she was welcome to. She told him to go to hades, and he went into a drug store and asked a clerk who that lady was he was talking with, and when the clerk, who knew her, told him she was a road agent, a street walker, a female masher, the old man had to sit down on a box of drugs and fan himself with his hat. We mention this to show that ladies are not the only portion of our population that is liable to be accosted and insulted. The other night a respectable merchant was going to the opera with a friend from the country, when a couple of sirens met them and one said to the other, "Look at his Nibs," and she looked arms with him and asked him if he was not her darling. He said his name was not "Nibs," and he would have to look at his memorandum book before he could tell whether he was her darling or not, but from the smell of gin about her person he should blush to extemporize. We do not give his exact language, but in the heat of debate he shook her and told her if she clawed on to him again he would everlastingly go and tell her parents. And while he was talking with her the other one had seated herself beside his country friend on a salt barrel in front of a grocery, and was feeling in his vest pocket to see if he had any cloves. A female masher as you can imagine. Who ever heard of a male masher feeling in an unprotected female's vest pocket for cloves? Oh, the men are simply unprotected, and at the mercy of wicked, designing women, and the police ought to protect them.—*Peck's Sun*.

HE TRUMPED.

As twilight began the other evening a woman halted a boy on Lafayette-street East and asked him if he had seen the police arrest a drunken man in that neighborhood within an hour or two.

"Don't think I have," he replied as he scratched his head and made an effort to remember. "Was he pretty drunk?"

"I guess he was," she answered as she turned away her head.

"Had he a plug hat on the back of his head, and wore sandy whiskers, eh?"

"Yes, that's the man."

"Had a black coat and linen pants?"

"Yes, he's the one."

"Is he any relashun o' yours—uncle, brother, husband, or so on?"

"I should like to find him," was the evasive reply.

"Well, that's easy enough; but you can't get him home."

"I don't want to."

"Ah! Um! I tumble!" chuckled the boy as he shifted three toy pistols from one hind pocket to the other. "Come along and I'll show you where he fell down in a vacant yard and went to sleep. You can go through him for his wealth, give him a rap on the nose for his mother, and he'll come home thinking he was robbed by some purfesh. If I had a husband who would go on a blizzard and try to stop over fences I'd go through him even to a three cent piece with a hole in it."—*M. Quad*.

THE REASON WHY.

"Yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Montague, as she pinned the last "rag" on the clothes line and settled down to a tote-a-tete over the rear fence with her neighbor, Mrs. Bangerhar. "My husband is smart enough at home, but when he goes out in society he's very quiet. Now, why's my husband like a kerosene lamp?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Bangerhar, hesitatingly, running a hair-pin through her glossy locks as if in search of an answer, "I suppose because he is apt to blow you up."

"Not much," returned Mrs. M., "he's accustomed with me."

"Well because he's a little light," suggested Mrs. B.

"No, no," said Mrs. M. quickly.

"Because he uses so much oil?"

"Not right yet," replied Mrs. M. with a smile.

"It isn't because he gets full, is it?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Mrs. M. impatiently.

"You're awful stupid this morning. I guess you'll have to 'call' me."

"Well, then, I resign!" ejaculated Mrs. B.

"Why is he like a kerosene lamp?"

"Well, you see, he never shines when he goes out," and Mrs. Montague walked off with the air of a conqueror and the clothes basket, while Mrs. Bangerhar repaired to the house to look over aged almanacs so that she might get even with her neighbor on the morrow.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"This was some time a paradox." When you begin to tire the company you should retire.

The man whom no one thinks it worth while to lie about is of mighty little importance.

A loquacious man suffering from insomnia, was advised by his physician to get married. He took the advice, and meeting the doctor some time after was asked: "Are you troubled with sleeplessness any longer?" "Thank heaven, no," he replied, "but my wife is."

Our contemporary the *Toronto News* proposes to "have notes taken of the costume of all counsel attending the courts, and will give the public specific information which will shock them as to the state of the clothes of a noble profession." And what about "our noble selves," brother Falley? Once upon a time when you rejoiced in the euphonious title of "a country buck" long before you began to put on city airs, we can remember that you considered yourself dressed when your ugly nakedness was concealed with naught but a blue flannel shirt, a pair of well worn trousers, and a ten-cent cow bite. Perhaps, however, it is different with you now since you have become a *Mail* pink. If this be so, you should be more considerate and remember that the poor lawyers can't afford to be just quite as swell as high-toned literary nobles.—*Dundas Banner*.



THE GLORIOUS ORDER.

Rev. Mr. Lewis, in a sermon to the Orangemen last Sunday, gave the following graphic description of the modern worshippers of the "glorious, pious, and immortal" King Billy the Third:—

"The Orangemen are like a vast army, their swords flashing in the sunlight, their shields and helmets like burnished gold, ready to do battle; but their antagonists have fled."

The *Globe* proposes a slight amendment to this:—

"In less eloquent language, they are equipped with banners, white horses, and "regalia," they are always ready for a fight, but they haven't anybody to fight with."

Mr. GRIP moves an amendment to the amendment. The Orangemen's antagonists have not fled; and they have somebody to fight with, and will have as long as Mr. Oliver Mowat and his atrocious Government are in existence. The Loyal Order is not likely to be called upon to do battle for our civil and religious liberties (which is not only convenient for them but particularly fortunate for us)—but they must still stand ready to answer the bugle-call to battle at each recurring session of the Ontario Assembly, and be prepared to make a desperate onslaught to secure that Incorporation Act. This is all that remains for Orangeism in Canada to accomplish, and if the granting of the Act would put an everlasting quietus upon the whole concern, Mr. Mowat would be doing civilization a favor to grant it without delay.

Cousin Jim.

A ROMANCE.

Pack my bag for Manitoba,
See my "shooter" in it stowed;
I'm not drunk, m'ann, I'm quite sober,
You don't think it—you be blowed!
All the whiskey in the city,
That's sold by the L. V. A.,
Would not hurt me, more's the pity,
Like what happened yesterday.
Excuse these tears, my eyes grow dim,
All on account of Cousin Jim.

Every night I used to call,
To see my darling Josephine,
I'd take her to each play and ball,
And garden parties on the green,
But of late, on each occasion,
When I'd make my evening call,
I'd see (excuse my agitation)
A young man coming down the hall.
I asked young Sally, "Who's he?" "Him Oh, that is Josey's Cousin Jim!"

I had bought her bridal trousseau,
Yesterday was the happy day,
That I'd take her to Lake Rosseau,
To pass the honeymoon away.
But yesterday I found how fickle,
And inconstant Josey was,
She'd fled with Jim, who'd not a nickel,
(Cep't he stole it from his boss.)
She said she only cared for him,
Her own dear darling Cousin Jim.

So, landlady, pack up my shooter,
I am off for Kee-way-din,
It appears I didn't suit her,
Let her have her odious Jim.

King Harold, the Saxon.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA AFTER TENNYSON.

ACT I.

King Harold's Palace. Harold and Edith.

Harold:
Edith, of the swan-like neck,
Meetly these gold robes haddock,
Suits it well that she put on,
Cygnets ring which fits a swan!

Edith:
Give us a rest. These compliments pray cease,
Nor think you swans so close allied to geese.

Harold:
Our Saxon geese may meet the Norman dux,
Who threatens to invade us shortly.

Edith: Shucks!

Harold:
Duke William on a visit here is bent,
And I can't *parley vous* not worth a cent.

Edith:
I took French lessons at the Normal School,
And quite intend to keep these Normans cool.

Enter the Thane of Snpes:
My Lord, the Normans, I regret to say,
In an excursion boat have crossed the bay,
To Hastings they are hasting, there to fight,
And all our Saxon soldiers have got tight,
For they, to quote a joke of old renown,
Keep spirits up by pouring spirits down.
Duke William's sober always as a minister,
Goes on no bend excepting the *band snister*.

ACT II.

The battle of the Hastings—Enter Duke William and the Normans:

Duke William:
Parley vous Français!

Saxon Soldier:
You're another!
A most improper person was your mother.

He is killed by Duke William—Saxons defeated—Harold slain.

ACT III.

Westminster Abbey—Archbishop of Canterbury offers crown to King William.

King William:
My loyal English subjects now I greet—
Brave men, whom only liquor could defeat!
The curse which at all time makes failure sure,
And PROHIBITION is the only cure!
And he who shall achieve it, sooth to say,
Is greater conqueror than I this day. C.P.M.



NO EAR FOR MUSIC!

Mr. J. D. Elder (in stentorian tones).—
"The wild woods, the wild woods, the wild woods give to me!"

*Granger (earnestly).—*Give 'em to you? Give 'em to you for nothin', and cordwood worth \$6 a cord, cut and split! Well, I should snicker!!
[This stupid agriculturist didn't know Mr. E. was only singing a "Camping Song," written by himself and lately published by Nordheimer & Co.]

Detectives are the spies of life.



THE WICKEDEST MAN IN NOVA SCOTIA
TORTURING A POOR LITTLE UNOFFENSING SWELL.

Essay on the Mosquito.

The skeeter is a giddy burd. You can't just allers egzactly place him till he gits down to biz. Then probably you kin. He's cunning; he allers buzzes in one spot and bites in another. And then you hit the wrong spot. The first time you hit him you generally miss him. You most allers misses him every time. I have hit at several million skeeters since I woz born. I have bit seven and two of them get away. I 'spect to kill two or three more before I die. Skeeters ain't rigged like most other birds, 'specially bees. Bees has their teeth aft, skeeters hasn't. Skeeters has only one tooth, but he is a sokdolligor. Folks say us how they squirt pison through that tooth; I guess they do. The skeeter is a greedy broot; he thirsts for goar, bukquets of goar. He generally gits all he wants, too. He prefers some kinds of goar to other kinds. My goar is of the first kind. He is very aggravatin' nights, coz when you reaches for him he ain't there, but when you give up he sails right in and nips quickerin lightning. Slipper is good for 'em if you can git 'em between it and the wall. Skooters likes to go fishin', leastways they likes to be on hand when some other feller's fishin'. When I've seen fishin' I've seen lots of 'em; most of 'em seen me, too. 'Taint no use gettin' mad, they prefer hot blud. Skeeters ain't much use anyway, eksept to keep you from goin' to sleep when you want to. I think they are a noosance.

SCRANTON.

Old Favorites with New Faces.

The facts and the names given in this ballad are taken from a report in the *Toronto Telegram* of recent date.

Old James Johnson got tipsy, which
Would not have mattered had James been rich,
But the poor old soldier was broken, quite,
Since the day that he battled on Alma's height.
His back was bent, and his sight was dim,
And his country's gratitude proving slim,
He sought for the comfort that gin mills brew,
A thing which *rich* people *never* do!

So they sent him to prison to lie on the stones,
A poor pauper soldier whom nobody owns!

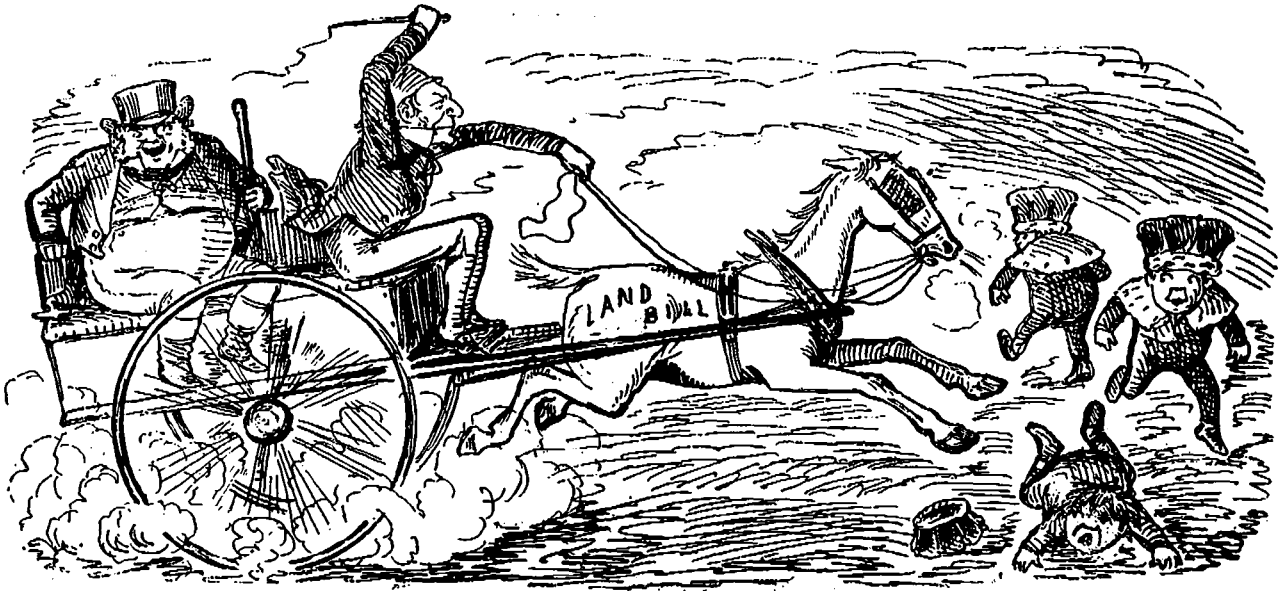
To work on the hill, though he faint or freeze,
(The cold below zero some score of degrees),
The gaol authorities bade him go,—
'They are wise to treat all paupers so!

Some twenty feet from a height fell he,
And ribs were broken, one, two, and three,
So they carried him back to gaol once more,
And left him to lie on the bare stone floor,
With his poor broken bones on the prison stones,
'This old pauper soldier whom nobody owns!

One doctor big came where he lay,
Saw, "did nothing," and walked away.
Another doctor came, did less still—
But he gave the wounded pauper a pill!!
Small means of cure either surgeon tried—
And *neither* examined the *fractured side*—
For the poor man's life, with no chance of fee,
Is of small account to the rich M.D.

And they left his old bones on the prison stones,
A poor pauper soldier whom nobody owns!

The Revised Testament—a will with a codicil.



THE OLD BOYS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS WILL HAVE TO CLEAR THE TRACK.

* See Comments on Page 3.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS,
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"THE PANORAMA,"
 AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The First No. of this new journal was published on Tuesday last and is now in the hands of Booksellers throughout the country.

"GRIP" Will soon be published enclosed in a tasteful wrapper upon which displayed advertisements will appear. The spaces are being rapidly taken up by advertisers who appreciate the fact that GRIP gives them more return for their money than any other medium available. Those who desire to secure the insertion of their advertisements in the spaces still open, will please notify the publishers at once, when our canvasser will call upon them.

"THE CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER" for June is NOW READY, and the July number will make its appearance in a few days. Subscribers who have not received the number for May will please notify us. A great improvement in the lithographed portion of the WRITER is anticipated with the forthcoming number. Subscription \$1.00 per year.

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