

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

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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And full as only fools can pack it!  
We're tired of conversation's still,  
Supposing you and I ransack it!

"This is my album," ah, indeed?  
And open for inspection, is it?  
Our sacrilegious tongues are freed  
By knowing one and all may "quiz it!"

This verse a heart of stone would move,  
Of rapture and of moonlight telling,  
The sentiment we quite approve,  
But ah, what execrable spelling!

Here doth the unfledged school-girl toil  
And blot the gushes that escape her,  
A thousand piteous to spoil  
A page of pretty, pale-pink paper!

"I'd whisper love, or die of ruth!"  
Insane conclusion to arrive at!  
If you must whisper, foolish youth,  
Why can't you do it more in private!

A risk absurd—another sage.  
A pedagogue puts something flat in,  
A sonnet here adorns the page  
And raw collegians spout in Latin.

"Along life's ocean-waters blue"  
Tis friend, whose metaphors are various,  
Would joy and sorrow mix for you,  
In "golden sunsets" multifarious!

Ah well! In twenty years or so,  
When present joys fail to allure you,  
It may amuse—Oh, thank you, no—  
I never write, I do assure you!

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2ND GENT.—Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.

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## Authors, Artists & Journalists.

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

**GRIP'S LAST.**—The last issue of GRIP is exceedingly good. Its small cartoons are as pointed and laughable as the larger ones.—*Kingston British Whig.*

**GRIP'S CARTOONS.**—GRIP has been excelling itself the last few weeks, not only in the enlargement of its letterpress, but in the greater number of its smaller cartoons.—*Ex.*

GRIP of Toronto, Ontario, comes out occasionally in double form. Messrs. BENOUGH Bros. have made GRIP one of the best comic illustrated papers on the western continent.—*Waterloo (N.Y.) Observer.*

**THE Port Hope Guide says:**

We are pleased to note that the *Globe* is following in the wake of the *Guide* in advocating the reduction of the expenses of the Government.

The *Globe* has sunk low and low enough, but we did not think that it had resigned its position as "the organ of the party" to the luminary of Port Hope.

THE editor of the Toronto *Telegram* has tried the new Common Sense Patent Nursery Bottle, and confidently recommends its use above all others he has yet seen. ALEX is no ordinary sucker, and "knows all about it" from long experience, therefore his puff is valuable.—*Elora Express.*

*The Canada Lumberman*, is a new venture in journalism that seems to supply that invariable vacuum—"a felt need." It is exceedingly well printed, the "making up" being exceptionally well done. Besides "lumbering" items and trade information of a special kind it contains just the sort of general reading likely to interest and instruct. It should be a welcome guest among the shanties of the "Hew-to-the-Line" fraternity.

THE Presbyterian Publishing Company of Philadelphia, will issue, in November or December a valuable book containing the essays and debates of the recent Pan-Presbyterian Council, price, in paper cover, \$1.00; in cloth, with introductory narrative, \$2.00; ditto, with narrative and appendix, \$3.00. There is sure to be a great demand for this book, and we would advise all our readers to secure a copy, by sending subscription, by Post Office order, or registered letter to the above Company, whose address is 1510, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

As we predicted last week, *Truth* (published by Mr. S. F. WILSON), has shown the cloven hoof. Last week's issue was filthy to a degree, the burden of its editorial briefs being "the social sinks" of the city. We all know that there are sewers under the streets, but it is somewhat doubtful whether it is, morally or socially, to the advantage of the community for a man to fill his hands with the most revolting garbage he can find there, and hold it under the public nose. The writer who can forage for such matter and serve it up for the public's reading, must have something radically defective in his organ of smell.

THE *Canada Presbyterian*, of Sep. 17, contains a capital editorial on the newspaper press which it would be well for all editors to carefully consider. The gist of the article is that our newspapers concern themselves almost entirely about the "muddy boots" of society,—the misdeeds, trickery and meannesses of men, and almost entirely neglect "the head"—the noble, humane and praiseworthy enterprises which are being carried on in the world. The *Presbyterian* longs for the time when our press will give at least the same space and attention to the progress of Christianity that it now gives to the progress of gambling and boating.

GRIP depicts the Pacific Railway Commission as a boomerang thrown at Mr. MACKENZIE by Sir CHARLES TUPPER, but which, having missed its aim altogether, has returned to Sir CHARLES, at the same time giving him a hearty thwack on the head. The "Great Stretcher" presents a very dismayed countenance as he feels the effects of the unmistakably heavy blow he has received from his own cherished weapon. Perhaps, too, he is mentally vowing vengeance on his chief artizan, Judge CLARKE, for his maladroitness in not making the Royal Commission boomerang exactly in the shape specified in his instructions.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

GRIP has pleasure in reprinting the following from an exchange:—"Since the beginning of the present year about 40,000 persons have registered their names in the visitors' book in the Education building in St. James'-square. Of course the great majority of these people have passed through the building during the summer months, a very large proportion of them being tourists from the United States. It speaks volumes for the efficiency of the caretaker to find the corridors, stairs and show cases always clean, notwithstanding the rush of visitors. It is singular to find that so good a collection as the one in this museum attracts so little attention from Torontonians, though it is really the only museum of its kind in Canada. If the people were to form the habit of spending spare hours there, instead of in more questionable places, they would soon experience a very decided profit from the study of what is shown in the museum." GRIP would suggest, as a step in the direction of improvement, that the pictures be hung lower and catalogues issued.

*The American* is the name of a new paper, somewhat after the style of the *Saturday Review*, though not quite so long-winded in its articles. It is published in Philadelphia, and, judging from its first number, it ought to be a great success. The literary matter is pointed, spicy, and telling, and, unlike the majority of American papers of this class, it is cosmopolitan in its grasp. This is how it speaks of GOLDWIN SMITH and the *Bystander*:—"Professor GOLDWIN SMITH is doing good work in his new, and of course, able monthly—the *Bystander*, published in Toronto. It is devoted exclusively to the description of current events, Canadian and general, and more particularly to antagonizing the Tory party in Canada and promoting a customs union between that Dominion and the United States. In his October number, Mr. SMITH points out that there seems to be a growth of friendly feeling going on between the two English-speaking nations which occupy, between them, the greater part of the North American continent. Not only does a large emigration take place every year across the border, mainly from north to south, while the author of "Tom Brown," a Briton of the Britons, selects as the site of his English settlement the State of Tennessee, but "international reviews" and international boat-races are also symbols of the social and intellectual fusion which is going on. Inter-marriages are daily becoming more frequent. An English duke and an English Tory Minister send their sons into mercantile houses in New York. We have just seen the banners of the American, mingling with those of the Canadian Oddfellows in the streets of Toronto; and this is only one example of the organizations of all kinds, social, religious, commercial and intellectual, which ignore the existence of 'the dividing line.' Another, and perhaps a more striking illustration of this tendency to come together, may be found in the fact that the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which has just adjourned, fixed the city of Montreal as the place of its meeting in 1882."

## Actors, Orators and Musicians.

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

**GRAND.**—Mr. PITOU's efforts to tickle the palates of the dime novel gods, by the engagement of BUFFALO BILL & Co., ought to be appreciated. What Mr. PITOU don't know about managing a theatre, etc., etc.

**MLLE. SCHNIDER**, who twenty years ago was largely responsible for the success of M. OFFENBACH's "Grand Duchesse," and perhaps for the success of OFFENBACH as an opera bouffe writer, is about to return to the stage.

**LAWRENCE BARNETT** is to appear at the Grand on the first three evenings of next week. He will appear in *Richelieu*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *David Garrick*, and *Othello*. His appearance this week in Buffalo has been a great success.

**MISS GERTRUDE M. GRISWOLD**, the young American lady who carried off the honors recently at the Paris Conservatoire, has been engaged by Manager VAUCORDELL, of the National Academy of Music. The engagement is for two years, dating from October 1.

**THE JUBILEE SINGERS.**—This wonderful company of vocalists delighted a large audience at Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening, and made a second appearance on Friday evening. Those who patronized their concert not only enjoyed a rare evening of music, but, at the same time, gave their aid to a worthy institution.—Fisk University, of Nashville, Ten.

**MR. WARREN A. HALL**, the portrait painter of this city, has just finished an admirable three quarter picture of REMENYI, the great violinist, which is attracting considerable notice in a Kingstreet window. It would be a graceful and well deserved compliment, if the admirers of REMENYI would secure this portrait and present it to the subject as a memorial of his artistic triumph in Canada.

**ROYAL.**—The attraction at this house for the coming week is one which is sure to appeal strongly to the people of Toronto. Mrs. SCOTT SIDDOXS, long a popular favourite as a reader, is to make her *debut* as a star actress in "The School for Scandal," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," "Macbeth," and the "Honeymoon." Manager CONNER deserves and will no doubt receive bumper houses during her engagement.

ALL lovers of good music will have such a treat as is rarely to be had in Toronto or anywhere else. REMENYI on the violin entrance, his audience on a recent occasion in the city and JOSEFFY is known to be as "truly great" on the piano. On his last appearance he had perhaps, the largest audience that ever assembled in the city to hear a soloist. We need hardly, therefore, say that, in connection, it is simply impossible to approach, still less to equal them. Everyone should without fail hear them on Monday and Tuesday.

THE ninth programme of the Toronto Philharmonic Society has just been issued. The works promised are SMART'S *Bride of Dinkerron*, HANDEL'S *Judas Maccabaeus* and SCHUMANN'S *Gipsy Life*, with orchestral and choral selections including several operatic numbers. Lovers of music are confidently appealed to sustain the efforts of the Society which, in the past, have been so successful. The annual fee is only \$5, which entitles the subscriber to three tickets for each of the two concerts. Mr. W. H. FITTS is at present acting as the Society's representative in receiving the names of subscribers.

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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.**

—**NIXON.**—No! The Great American Zollverein is not an animal found near the Rocky Mountains.

—**SPORT.**—We can not inform you in what city the tallest man living resides, but if you go to Concord N. H., you will find a Longfellow there.

—**MEDICUS.**—The first medical pad ever invented was a shin pad. It was invented by a cricketer.

**The Irish Insur-raction.**

Hurroo! for the ruction thats goin' to rise Hurroo for cracked skulls and lovely black eye, Such fightin' an' shootin' divarsion is seen At Cork, at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen.

Swate luck to yer, **PARNELL**, me broth uv a lilyo! Your praises we'll raise to the roof uv the sky, You'll, sure, get a wave from each **PADDY'S** caubeen At Cork, at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen!

Bad scran to thim landlords! an' that's what I say, To ould Nick we do pitch them; no rent we will pay, Sure the saints said at Knock "Arrah, dont be so green! At Cork, at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen!"

Och! load all yer guns wid good powder an' shot Remember the battles yer ancestors fought! Thin shrike for **St. PATRICK'S** bright shamrock so green At Cork, at Clonmel, an' at Ballyporeen.

Home Rule! ye're a jewel, for you we would doye, Yes, lay down his life would each rollikin' bye, So prome up yer sperrits wid Erin's pooten, At Cork at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen.

The Red-coats may come—fai! we care not a fig, We'll tache them to dance the ould humpnaker's jig, An' the hangin' once over, we'll shmoke a duhdeen, At Cork, at Clonmel, an' at Ballyporeen!

Be the bones o' **St. PATRICK** the fun's to begin, There's **MURPHY'S**, **MAGDONAGH'S** and **BRIAN O'LEIN**, That's the mustherin' an' bludtherin' in every shebeen At Cork, at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen.

Home Rule we will have, an' then, be me sow! We'll sind thro' ould Oireland an' iligitant howl; An' a **BRIAN BOYD** on his throne will be seen At Dublin, Cork, Clogher and Ballyporeen.

**Timothy's Essays.**

NO. I.

**THE ELEVATOR BOY.**

Who among us have not felt our hearts thrill with a present but undefinable fear as we stood before that mysterious personage, the Elevator Boy. To the average mind the Elevator Boy resembles the mysteries of creation, inasmuch as he is totally incomprehensible. He, or it, rather—for he seems scarcely human—is always a little-old boy. Nobody can tell his age. It is utterly impossible, judging by his appearance, to say whether he is ten or one thousand years old. They are all the same size, are all freckled, all possess the same sore ear, which is the only thing, outside the elevator, that claims their serious consid eration. Passengers are something entirely beneath their notice. There is a

bench in the elevator, but the Elevator Boy never sits down. They are never tired, never hungry, never suffer from thirst. Nobody ever saw them smile; they never frown; their thoughts, if they have any, seem to be afar off, soaring in realms of eternal darkness. They never speak; you never expect them to speak. An oration from the Sphinx would not be [more surprising than the utterance of a single word by the Elevator Boy. When you step inside the elevator, you find him standing beside the rope, mysterious, immovable. His eyes wander slowly from the sole of your boot to the crown of your hat, and, before that searching gaze, you instinctively feel the utter impossibility of hiding even your inmost thoughts. He shuts the door mysteriously, gives the rope a vicious jerk, and takes a grim delight at your sudden start at finding yourself whirled aloft through the air. The higher you rise the more mysterious does he become. You involuntarily fancy yourself imprisoned with a ghou. Visions of DANTE'S "Inferno" float through your mind. You mentally speculate upon the chances of going through space never to return. If you have the temerity to address him, a single glance from those ghoul-like eyes sends you back trembling in a corner. Suddenly the elevator stops, a door is flung open, you step out with a great sigh of relief, and your mysterious conductor sinks down out of sight like a Prince of Darkness, hurrying down to the lower regions. Whether the Elevator Boy ever eats is not known. What becomes of him after his hours of work is as much a profound mystery as his presence while at work. He is never seen upon the streets; he is unknown at the boarding-houses; he simply vanishes, to appear the following morning at the exact minute he is required. He is always punctual, always clean, perfectly honest, and cannot lie or swear, because he never speaks. He does not use tobacco or liquor. With all his mystery he possesses traits of character that even our city fathers would do well to copy. Long may he flourish! He is kind and obliging in his own dark way; he is never out of temper, and, above all—we need him. May his race never become extinct!

**Edison Left.**

**GRIP** hesitates before inaugurating a revolution in scientific circles. He is not like **EDISON**—whose pauses come after his inventions. He has discovered a principle and invented a machine for the condensation and "bottling" of sleep! The Princess Louise can therefore come back to Canada without any apprehensions of insomnia.

*Sleep is a substance.* This great principle has not yet been clearly stated by the scientists—but it is there all the same.

Sleep can be condensed, when in the process of evaporation from an able-bodied man whose day has been spent in hard manual labour, and whose sleep is ponderous.

The apparatus is not, for the present, to be fully explained, because a patent has been applied for, and partially secured, but the results are open to the investigation of the public generally. The invention is to be called "THE HYPNOMETER."

The instrument, by a peculiar process, concentrates the following essences, and compounds a "dose" sufficient to secure, (if necessary), a Ripping-forty-Winkle snooze:—

Essence of *Globe* Editorial—1 dram. Distilled Communism from the *Commonwealth*—1 scruple.

The Average Sermon from City Pulpits—*ad lib.*

Items from "Canadian Spectator"—Thrown in at hap-hazard.

*Mixtura fiat.*

By the administration of this most effective soporific, satisfactory effects have been obtained. Here are some testimonials:—

DEAR SIR,  
I could not sleep for thinking of Angelina. Cured by one dose. Yours,

JA KASSIE.

DEAR SIR,  
That story of **BILL THOMPSON'S** deprived me of several nights' repose. Three doses fixed me. Yours,

ANNANIAS BATES.  
(Late of "The Ballahoo.")

DEAR GRIP,  
It is a perfect "Canada Pacific." Yours, &c., J. A. MACDONALD.

Further testimonials are on view at our office. The compound is especially recommended for the sires of a qualling babies and speculators in the Syndicate Stocks.

\*[**DR. WILD**, **MR. MILLIGAN**, and one or two others, are accepted.]

**Fired Out**

Just as the brilliant inaugural services of the new Queen's College are completed, word reaches us of the destruction by fire of another celebrated Canadian seat of learning—Cobocok University. This mournful intelligence is accompanied by the following touching lines from the pen of a distinguished Professor of the now defunct Institution:

**In Memoriam.**

COBOK UNIVERSITY,  
Destroyed by fire Oct. 9, 1880.

Lament and weep or bow in grief subdued  
Let lamentation take the place of joy,  
May tears of anguish gush from every eye  
And manly sorrow pierce our very soul:  
The sacred spot—the venerable pile—  
The nation's pride—its glory and its crown,  
Its stately halls, its vast magnificence,  
With all its mystic glory—passed away.  
A moldering heap—the remnant that remains,  
The only monument to mark the classic spot  
Where men, now scattered on the earth's wide field,  
Drank at its Fountain education's light  
Or sipped its nectar from convivial cups,  
Surviving all—above the ruins lives,  
The ever present memory of the just,  
Fresh through the fading fallacies of time  
The changing scenes of earth's decaying day.  
Where'er thy sons, O Cobocok, shall dwell  
Engraven on their hearts thy name shall be.  
—Prof. Grimes, L. L. D.

The first regular meeting of the Reform Literary and Debating Society was held on Monday evening in the Ladies' reading room, Mechanics' Institute. After routine business, Messrs. **JONAS EWAN** and **F. S. BROOKS** were proposed for membership. **Mr. W. G. MURTON** read a selection from *Richelieu*, after which a stirring debate on the Pacific Railway question was decided in favour of the affirmative, who argued against the policy of the present Government. We are glad to observe that this club exhibits vigorous signs of life, and would commend it to the attention of young men who are desirous of cultivating their literary gifts.

We are given to understand that at the next regular meeting of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, the following rules and regulations will be added to the code at present in existence:

1. **Mr. GROUX** shall be allowed to have his lacrosse "loaded" and shall receive a premium on all the Saxon heads he breaks.
2. In any match for the championship, the fifth game (when decisive) shall invariably be decided in favour of the Shamrocks, whether they win it or not.
3. Whenever a dispute is decided by the Referee against the Shamrocks, said Referee shall be liable to be called a liar, or shyster, or both.
4. That on the occasion of the next match with the Torontos, the Shamrocks shall take three straight games, or know the reason why.

We observe that our esteemed contemporary, the *London Free Press*, has treated itself to a fine new outfit of type. The *F. P.* is generally acknowledged to be the best conducted newspaper of Western Ontario.

**GOLD HEADED CANES.**

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**It Ought to Work both Ways.**

Mr. FAGEE (the Clerk)—“ Mr. Smith, I really must ask you for an increase in my salary. I have been working for you for several years at \$475, though I am, beyond a doubt, worth nearly double that to you, and I can barely make ends meet, let alone save anything for a rainy day.”

Mr. SMITH. — (mournfully) — “ Well, Mr. Fagee, I admit the force of what you say, and will—though cash is scarce—advance you \$25, making your salary \$500.”

Mr. FAGEE. — “ Oh! no, please don't do that, sir, for, as we did only \$300,000 worth of business this season, I wouldn't like to cripple the concern by making such a fearful drain upon it. Kindly make the advance \$12.50!”

[Mr. S. takes the hint, and FAGEE now rejoices in a \$700 salary.]



**The Apology.**

The above unpretentious sketch may serve as a suggestion for a historical painting, which it would be worth the while of any of our best artists to produce. It epitomises the greatest political event of the year—to wit, the *Globe's* apology to BAXTER—the greatness of which event is to be measured by the fact that this is the only case on record in which the leading journal has been known to go down on its marrow-bones before any man on public grounds. For this reason the document, as it appeared in the *Globe* of October 5, is worthy of reproduction, and its intrinsic merit is not in the least affected by the fact that a libel suit was the other alternative offered. Here it is:—

With reference to an article which appeared in the *Globe* of July 27, 1880, we think it our duty to state that there is no evidence to show, and that we do not believe, that Mr. Alderman Baxter shared in the profits or otherwise derived, or expected to derive, benefit from, or had a personal interest in, transactions referred to in the article, or that he was guilty of fraud in connection with them. The transaction referred to in the article, between the owner of the Brisley patent and the Corporation, we believe to have been a wasteful one, so far as the Corporation was concerned; but a majority of the Board of Works must bear the burden of responsibility for it as well as the chairman, Ald. Baxter.

**A Song of Lacrosse.**

AIR—(Everybody Knows it).

The finest game that ever was known  
Is the noble game of Lacrosse;  
It tries a man's muscle as well as his bone,  
The noble game of Lacrosse!

Your eyes get black and your legs get blue,  
In the noble game of Lacrosse;  
But what's the odds if the rubber goes through,  
In the noble game of Lacrosse?

(Chorus—All together):

One more tumble, one more tumble and to-oss,  
One more tumble, one more game of Lacrosse!

The Shamrocks and the To-ron-tos,  
Had lately a game of Lacrosse,  
They faced the ball in a graceful pose  
In that noble game of Lacrosse.

The ball went North, and the ball went South,  
In that noble game of Lacrosse;  
TIP ARTHURS got walloped across the mouth  
With a great big stick, at Lacrosse.

(Chorus of Indignant Maidens):

One more tumble, one more tumble and to-oss,  
One more tumble, one more game of Lacrosse!

A Shamrock hit one of the To-ron-tos,  
One more game of Lacrosse;  
McKENZIE hit him a bang on the nose,  
One more game of Lacrosse;

Merely remarking “ get thee gone hence !”  
One more game of Lacrosse;  
And the Irishman landed on top of the fence  
In this playful game of Lacrosse.

(Chorus of spectators):

One more tumble, &c.

LYNCH and GERRY came, cheek by jowl,  
In that noble game of Lacrosse,  
One of them gave the other a “ foul,”  
In that noble game of Lacrosse;

They came down together with terrible thud,  
In that noble game of Lacrosse;  
And the marks of their ears are still seen in the mud,  
In the spacious grounds of Lacrosse!

(Chorus of horrified witnesses):

One more tumble, &c.

All through the day, in mud and in rain,  
Fought those gallant boys at Lacrosse;  
Each side determined to capture the game—  
The *grit* game of Lacrosse.

The Shamrocks warmed their Saxon foes  
All through the game of Lacrosse;  
But they had to give in to the To-ron-tos,  
In this last good game of Lacrosse.

(Chorus of weeping sympathisers):

One more tumble, &c.

Now, here's success to the noble game—  
The noble game of Lacrosse!  
Lawn Tennis or Cricket or Base-Ball are tame  
Compared with the game of Lacrosse.

Though our bodies get blue and blackened our eyes,  
We'll still hurrah for Lacrosse!  
It's the only game for Canadian boys,  
Hurrah for the noble Lacrosse!

(Chorus—All together, boys!)

One more tumble, one more tumble and to-oss;  
One more tumble, one more game of Lacrosse!



**The Beauties of Moderation.**

PROMISING YOUNG MAN TO POPULAR YOUNG  
PASTOR—Lager (hic), thasall, Issureyou! (hic)  
Made careful 'stinction 'twcen gooderbad, too,  
and drank moderate every time!



**The Political Twin Brothers' Yeast.**

Comment upon this pencilling will be needless to those who have seen the pictorial advertisement of a certain manufacturing firm, of the merit of whose productions we say nothing good, bad or indifferent. Of the yeast, in which these political Twin Brothers deal, however, we can decidedly speak. It works well, but the less people have to do with it the better.

**Notes from “the Gadfly.”**

DEAR GRIP—I hope these few lines will find you in good health, as they leave me. Perhaps you don't recognize my serawl, but don't you remember the *Gadfly* who caught you billing and cooing by the bubbling brook, among the green wood trees. Ah! you sly dog! But I won't give you away. Well, I've been buzzing around among the agricultural shows, which break out every fall, over the face of our “fair” Province, like an annual attack of measles. After taking in the little affairs at Hamilton, London and Toronto, I this week flew over to the Galway Show. That's where you get it. Possibly some of your readers may not be sufficiently up in their geography to be able to locate Galway with any amount of accuracy. Galway, then, is in the rear of Peterborough County—the back end of the lot, so to speak—and you are aware that the back end of the lot is always vastly superior to the front end. The agricultural possibilities of Galway might, by a superficial observer, be considered indifferent, but, let me observe, its undeveloped mineral resources are tremendous. Well, about the Show. What a splendid institution these Shows are! What a heap of encouragement is given the honest yeoman, when he carries off the first prize—25c.—for his six head of cabbage. Yes, he returns to his daily toils a new-made man. Determination to again carry off (to the hostelry) the envied reward, perpetually prods him on to increased exertion, and every time he gazes on his tub of sauer-krant, hope throws a smiling halo around the chopped cabbage. Some people sniggle at the prominence taken by Ladies' Work at these Shows. But they are unthoughtful and unphilosophic persons. When a reward is offered for the best hand-made shirt, unironed, (which reminds me that the undeveloped mineral resources of this neighborhood are immense) it shows that the officers of the Society are governed by true philosophic principles. How is a man to concentrate the powers of his mind on the abstruse problems of the farm, whilst being worried with a shirt so ill-proportioned as to be continually climbing out over his belt, at the one end, and surreptitiously insinuating itself around his ears at the other end. I haven't time to tell you about the Show now, but you can bet your life, old bird, that the undeveloped mineral resources around Galway are just prolific.

GADFLY.

A noose-paper—The death warrant.—*Baltimore Telegram*. The marriage certificate also. It is made of lines.



OTHELLO (BLAKE) AND IAGO (BROWN.)

IAGO.—MY LORD, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU.

OTHELLO.—I *THINK* THOU DOST !—[*Othello, Act III, Sc. 3.*]





THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Gum—The feminine of tobacco.—*Ex.*  
 Potatoes are hoe-made.—*Kokomo Tribune.*  
 Patrons of the ring—Expectant bridegrooms.—*Ex.*  
 Holds its sown: Good land.—*Yawcob Strauss.*  
 What makes a paper weight?—Delinquent subscribers.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

There is one beauty about a mustard plaster, viz: The wearer don't hanker after any other underclothing.—*Lockport Union.*

Splitting a hair is a more delicate task than splitting wood, and yet the majority of mankind shirk the wood.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Very few people like to be penned up in an island, but we know several who would like to try New Ulster just at present.—*Waterloo Observer.*

When a Cincinnati man speaks of the production of his pen, you never know whether he is a literary feller or a hog raiser.—*Boston Journal.*

One of the choir boys of St. Michael's assures us that, when Mr. CLARKE was performing on the new organ at the Cathedral, he played the big swell to perfection.

Miss MAY B. BALD, of the Welland High School, has passed the first year examination at the Toronto University. She May B. Bald on the outside of her head, but she is evidently all right inside of that same.—*Berlin News.*

A good place for hungry tourists—Sandwich Islands.—*Keokuk Gate City.* Another—Turkey.—*Yawcob Strauss.* Jesso, CHARLEY, but the best place for him is at home, if he's Hungry.—*Waterloo Observer.*

The European Powers to Dulcigno—Will you surrender? Dulcigno to the European Powers—No, I won't. The European Powers to Dulcigno—Then we think you're real mean—so there! —*Puck.*

To make an American joke, take two-thirds profanity, one-third humor, and mix with imbecility and bad taste. To make an English joke, leave out the profanity, humor and bad taste.—*The Wasp.*

The editor who copies and credits shows professional courtesy; but he who does not credit, compliments the writer most. Not only is he willing to print, but also father the weak bantling of another's genius.—*Meriden Recorder.*

A story is going the rounds to the effect that GAMBETTA's father once sold oranges. Well, and what of it? If his son fell so low as to become a statesman, must his honorable father who sold oranges bear the blame?—*Meriden Recorder.*

A cable dispatch says the Sultan has issued an imperial hatt, dismissing KADRI PASHA. When the word reached Kadri's ears he is supposed to have remarked, "Oh, shoot the hatt." —*Petroleum World.*

The great city of Leadville was once a hamlet rude and young, and presided over by a mayor whose first proclamation went off in this style, "Whoever shall steal a horse shall be hung pur order of the mare!" —*Keokuk Constitution.*

He handed her the plate so that she had to take the hot end, and thought it a good joke, laughing until his sides shook. She laughed too, and then she broke the plate over his head! Moral—Practical jokes are always funny, until the perpetrator suffers.—*Phila Item.*

We notice in the Cleveland Herald some verses by Miss ANNIE BEAUFORT, entitled "Why Do I Sing?" We are not dead certain on this point, ANNIE, but it is probably because your pa has paid about \$500 to a music teacher for spoiling a good stooking-darner.—*Puck.*

A Cleveland newspaper man speaks of a kiss as "the most delicious, delectable, entrancing and distracting of all innocent indulgences." A man who can write such beautiful stuff as that ought to get at least forty cents a day.—*Boston Post.*

"Yes," said the steward of the steamer, "I admit that the salt beef was bad, the potatoes rotten, the bread sour and the tea poor—but the rest of the provisions were good." "What were the rest of the provisions?" "Oh, salt, pepper and mustard." —*Graphic.*

JOHNNY's father is a professional juryman and talks about his business at the family table. JOHNNY goes to Sunday School. Last Sunday the teacher asked him what CAIN did when God accused him of being his brother's murderer. "He didn't do noffin' but fix it with the jury," was the startling reply which struck the teacher's ear.—*Ex.*

"Ln, ma", exclaimed a gorgeously attired young lady, in a loud voice, on an excursion boat the other day, as she directed her attention to the camp stool, "them's just like the chairs we seen in Yoorup!" and then she sat languidly down and began to play with her diamond ring.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

A writer in the Salem (N. Y.) *Sunbeam* speaking of the American Tariff, says: "Amongst the first articles on the free list we notice Alcornoque and Alkekenyi. Why is thi? This writer must be dreadfully ignorant if he has to ask such a question. Everybody ought to know that Alcornoque and Alkekenyi are admitted free of duty because the American farmers cannot raise enough to supply the home market. Any further fiscal information cheerfully supplied gratis.

It was on a Sound boat, and the mate was evidently annoyed about something. "Carry it forward, you luekheaded son of a sculpin, or I hope to be gee whizzley gaul dusted to jude if I don't mau the dad slammed head off'n ye with a capstan bar, you hog backed molligrubber ye!" And the deck hand looked up in profound admiration, and said: "By George, cap, if I had your culchur, I wouldn't be a-runnin' as mate for no man on these waters: I'd be a-commandin' a boat of my own." —*Willd Outs.*

A Short Poem

CANTO ONE.

Boy,  
 Gun;  
 Joy,  
 Fun.

CANTO TWO.

Gun  
 Bust;  
 Boy,  
 Dust.

—*Rockland Courier.*



THOUSANDS SPEAK!

Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by Physicians and Apothecaries to be the best purifier and cleanser of the blood yet discovered, and thousands speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

Our Grip Sack.

Home Rule—Henpecking.

Extorting evidence—*Pulling* a proof.

FRAUD in the lumber trade:—Jumping your board.

The preaching of Dr. WILD if far from being tame.

UN-MAIL-able matter. That found in the *Globe*.

THERE is no use s-talking- if there are no deer to windward.

Ruling passion strong in death—a cobbler breathing his last.

THE *Straight Tip*—(at the Lacrosse Match on Saturday)—ARTISTS.

LUNACY in many cases is only the further development of *Sa-loon acy*.

A Free Press in Russia.—The Emperor squeezing the Dalgourcuki's hand.

THEATRICAL Comparison. Positive—Lotta, Comparative—LITTA, Superlative—next!

When a man wants to marry a girl for her money, is she the object of his purse-suit?

Lynx-eyed—"Side-holt."—"You don't see it? Why,—'Link-side.' That's what it is, thick-head!

"CHIP" Hats are naturally popular at "Block" Island.—*N. Y. News.* And sugar-loaf hats at Coney Island.

J. B. Govon's coat tails displayed their normal state of activity and expressiveness in Shattisbury Hall this week.

THE "whole hog" is a natural curiosity at this season. It mostly appears in the form of chops, sausages and "sich."

"None of your lip," was what the young lady said to an ill-favored suitor who was "more free than welcome" in his attentions.

NUTT is a commodore. We had thought "Kernel" would have been a more appropriate title and then, you see, his jacket might have been a "shell."

The great feature about that petrified woman, out west, is, that she doesn't talk, nor wear a Tam O'Shanter. Nor bother about a Jersey. Nor—(next!)

A CLERICAL friend of ours who is also a sympathiser with the Local Opposition, says Mr. MOWAT's Government will never be right until it gets rid of the old ADAM.

"LANGUAGE that would fellonesome inside of a catechism." That's what the *Modern Argo* calls "swearing." It certainly sounds better than, and is not so stale as, "cursory observations."

HIS grace of ARGYLL is credited with the invention of a new form of ecclesiastical profanity. He calls Episcopacy an "Exotic" in Scotland. This is worse than O'CONNELL's calling the old lady a paralogogram and a hypotenuse.

HINT to Politicians—Millers make poor party men. They are generally bolters.—*Toronto Grip.* This seems to be a bran-new joke.—*Boston Transcript.*—There appears to be ground for your saying so. We discovered it at the hopper-a. The author isn't JOE MILLER, either. So, there!

A COMPANION to the Irish girl who, when told to put the milk on ice, did so by pouring it on, is found in the girl who, when told to ring the bell at dinner-time, rang the door-bell —*Phila Item.*—And then her master jumped up in a passion and said " . . . if that isn't that lean stem man come to take "pot luck" again! Fetch my shot-gun!"

**The Two Sons.**

AN exchange has the following interesting item:—

"The remains of Mr. CHAS. R. ROBINSON, who died at Waddington N. Y., recently, were brought to Kingston for interment. He was a remarkably eccentric man. Several years ago he was in Gibraltar, serving in the British army, and, because a lady he fell in love with refused to come to Canada with him, he made a solemn vow never to shave or have his hair trimmed, and this vow he kept till the day of his death.

Two sons, with hair of like luxurious length,  
Denoting, in them both, unusual strength,  
At different eras born, the world amazed  
And filled with admiration all that gazed.  
For strength of muscle Sam's son bore the bell,  
He whipped all foemen, and he whipped them well;  
But ('twas too bad!) to woman's wiles a prey,  
He lost his locks before one hair was grey:  
But Robin's son, for love of lady fair,  
Made up his mind to cultivate his hair;  
And thus it came that not one lock he lost  
Although the wide Atlantic he had crossed,  
And reached the land where, in the frontier war,  
The Injun's liable to "raise your hair."  
Sacred from scissors he preserved each tress:  
Had Sam's son only shown such cautiousness  
He had not ground the buckwheat for his foes,  
Nor "made them fun"—at least so I suppose.  
He lost his eyesight when he lost his hair,  
His strength went too,—a very sad affair;  
And, just because of one unlucky shave,  
He fell from freedom and became a slave,  
But Robin's son resolved to stick to his  
Because his "eyes" delight "he chanced to miss.  
She jilted him,—but still he did not swear  
She broke his heart and he—retained his hair.

**Our Adam Interviewed.**

He was roughhanded, honest looking farmer. He said he was an old acquaintance of the Minister's—he knew ADAM when a boy. "I tell you how it is, my friend," said he, "he was a rusty, crusty kind of a critter, that went off half-cocked. I seed a heap of talk in the papers about fetchin' fellers from England to run the machinery of our University. Well, I didn't object to that. I know that all sorts of live stock of any account are imported, and perhaps the University fellers are a bad lot and want regeneratin'. I didn't know much about it. I don't know what the Dean does; but I suppose the Mr. VINES, they sent for, is to teach Latin an' sich, an' Mr. HUTTON is to look on an see as he does it right. Them things ain't in my line, but friendship is. I thought I would go up to town and see ef it was our ADAM they was a pitchin' in to. I know he used to be chock full of Crooks and kind of catankerous at times, and ef he'd got into any difficulty, why that's the time a friend's advice might do him some good. Ef it was our ADAM, I knew he was a pootty good feller at bottom. He'd always mean well, ef he was doin' a mean thing. I thought most likely 'twas our ADAM, 'cause he'd been ground through our University Mill; and though he isn't much to look at or listen to, they do say he turned out a finished article, takin' first prizes and sich on exhibition. He was dreadful glad to see me, 'n enquired after the health of the old woman and all the family, 'specially ZACK, that's my second boy. He said I oughter enter ZACK in the University, and hev him ground. I see my openin', and I sees, "What about this University business, a fetchin' teachers from England?"

"Oh, that's nothin'," sed he, "when we want the best article we go to the best manufactory."  
"ADAM," sed I, "ef I was making axes, and couldn't make one good enough to to cut my own wood, by thunder! I'd give up making axes. See here now, what's the use of a man standin' out agin public opinion, like an old ram a butten agin a hornet's nest—he's sure to get the worst of it. Perhaps he's right, you know, and all creation wrong, but the chances are agin him. When a man's a servant of the people, it aint jist right, ADAM, to set up for boss."  
I give it to him hard. You see I knew he'd stand more from me than most folks. But he jist laughed and come back agin to ZACK. Sed he:

"ZACK's been to high school, hesn't he,—he's begun classics?"

"Unfortunately he hea," sed I.  
"Unfortunately!" sed ADAM openin' his eyes wide, "Why, the classics will develop him—make a man of him—make him old in understandin'." "Yes, I know they will. He's only been at the high school six months, and he's older'n his dad already."

"They will stimulate his mental growth, expand his brains," sed he. "Don't I know they will? He's got the big head already, and growin' wus every day," sed I.

"They will fill him with lofty aspirations," sed he.

"Of course," sed I, "He's past wearin' plain clo'es, and won't sit in the same pew with us in Sunday. Oh, he's got lofty feelin's."

"They will refine his sentiments, strengthen his judgment, and some day in the futur," sed he, growin' more eloquent, "as an orator, ZACK may be famous for his style, grandly eloquent. He may be a great man."

"Oh, he's great already—he's too big for his boots. He wants to change his name to DEMOSTHENY or somethin'. So I've jist put a stop to all that humbug—I've took him out'n that mill. Oh, I know what you think about Latin and Greek, and sech. You think a man ain't no chance of gettin' into a respectable Heaven without 'em. But, see here, ADAM has done considerable readin', and, on top o' that, I've done a heap o' thinkin', an' I've come to the conclusion that all them old fellers ever knew has been put down in good English, and ef ZACK makes himself right familiar with SHAKESPEARE, and BURKE, and MACAULAY, and WEBSTER, and D'ARCY MCGEE, and about a hundred sech, he'll git style and eloquence enough, ef it's in him, without botherin' CICERO an' CÆSAR, an' DEMOSTHENY, an' them fellers personally. Why can't you give them old fossils a rest." Oh, I give it to him when I got a-go'in'. "Besides," sed I, takin' a practical view of the business, "them classics is turnin' out a poor lot, and our preachers, most of 'em ain't adornin' the pulpits, the pulpits is adornin' them, and there ain't any of the lawyers settin' the world on fire, and it appears like ye haven't ground out one yit, as is jist the thing for a Professor. Ef you're satisfied with yourself, ADAM, you appear to be the only one ground out as fills the bill, and you've got classics on the brain. They've been a heap of harm to you, ADAM." Then I left him to consider on it.

**Pleasing Event.**

It may not be generally known that, a few evenings ago, Captain PRINCE, the genial Warden of the Central Prison, was waited upon in his private office by a deputation of prisoners, and presented with the following appreciative address and testimonial:—

To CAPT. PRINCE:

Most Genial Sir:—It is with no common sensations that we hear of your contemplated resignation. We will miss you very much, but we will try and get along without you. Though you will be absent in body, be assured that the memory of your happy, cheerful countenance will always be with us, and your habitual oaths and imprecations will gently linger in these corridors. Please accept the accompanying *cat-o-nine-tails* as a slight *souvenir* of our pleasant relations now about to be severed. It is of little value in itself, but such as it is we feel that you richly deserve it.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,  
DICK TURPIN.

The Captain seemed almost overcome at the unexpected kindness of the prisoners, and in a voice husky with emotion made the following

REPLY.

Gentlemen,

Your kindness is really too great, you know. Positively, I didn't expect to be presented with a *cat* in *this* way. I assure you. Well, gentlemen, I have done my duty here faithfully and ably. If you don't believe me, look at Wednesday's *Globe*, which says so. Farewell, gentlemen; I shall never forget the good spirit which prevailed in the Central Prison during my Wardenship. Good-bye, gentlemen, good-bye.

**Canadian Men of Letters.**

M. FRECHETTE, BY MR. GRIP.

In addition to "the maple leaf," Canada now wears a "bay." A French-Canadian poet has been crowned by the Parisians. GRIP heartily congratulates M. FRECHETTE, and expresses the hope that the culmination of his fame has not yet been reached. GRIP delights to see "native talent" fitly recognized, and his only regret is that a similar token of recognition of Colonial genius is lacking on "the Old Sod." No one who has read M. FRECHETTE'S poems will hesitate for a moment to admit that he is eminently deserving of the honor accorded to him. GRIP has great pleasure in giving a place in his "gallery" to a man who is so indisputably a "Canadian Man of Letters." The leading incidents of his career—including the Montreal Banquet—we reserve for a future issue.

**The Latest Thing in Bonnets.**

Upon the Spa of Scarborough,  
The minstrel was a panter—  
He asked a willful maiden  
Why she wore a Tam o' Shanter?  
She gazed upon his furrowed face,  
Half doubting if he chafed her,  
Then, noting well his solemn mien,  
She answered thus, with laughter:—

"Let others wear upon the Spa  
The "Rubens" hat or bonnet;  
The "Gainsborough," the Tuscan straw,  
With marguerites upon it—  
The "Pamela," of quaint design,  
The "Zulu" or the "Planter"—  
But, as for me, I much incline  
To wear my Tam o' Shanter.

Let others sport the fluffy hat,  
The "Fairol Boy" or "Granny";  
The "Bargee" or some other that  
Is anything but canny.  
If petticoats be short or long,  
Or fuller be or scander,  
Or if you think it right or wrong—  
I'll wear my Tam o' Shanter.

I'll wear it if it's hot or cold,  
Let weather what it may be,  
Will this child do "what she is told?"  
Or is she quite a baby?  
I do not care for my mamma,  
Or even *Frauch's* shanter:  
Despite the chaff of dear papa,  
I'll wear my Tam o' Shanter.

You ask me if I'll tell you why  
I cannot do without it?  
Because it keeps me cool and dry—  
You seem inclined to doubt it?  
The reason why? There pray don't tease!  
I'll tell you that instance:  
The reason is—because I please  
To wear my Tam o' Shanter.

—[Punch.

**The Song of Science.**

Trilobite, Graptolite  
Nautilus pie,  
Seas were calcareous,  
Oceans were dry.

Eocene, Miocene.  
Pliocene, tuff,  
Lias and trias,  
And that is enough.

Oh sing a song of phosphates,  
Fibre in a line,  
Four and twenty follicles  
In the van of time.

When the phosphorescence  
Evolved brain,  
Superstition ended,  
Man began to reign.

—Rev. Joseph Cook.

We have, on other occasions, complimented our contemporary the Baltimore *Every Saturday* on the cleverness of its dramatic correspondent "Walshingham." This gentleman is at present in London, and his letters on the theatrical affairs of that metropolis are exceedingly interesting. "Walshingham" is not only a good writer, but a fair-minded critic. His account of IRVING'S first night in the CORSICAN BROTHERS was exceedingly interesting.

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HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Indiana and Ohio to Hancock—Never mind, General; perhaps we'll go with you in November!



OPPOSITION VI-TUPPER-ATION.

Why don't they confront him manfully on the floor of Parliament?

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SELECTIONS.

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The Pirate's Version of the "Ballahoo" Affair.

The impudence of Captain BATES is only equalled by his mate's. Their statements don't the least agree And this is now what's vexing me, I'll go to court and take my oath That I—in fact, I killed them both, Old BATES, (although his hair is white) Has the audacity to write That certain questions, from his side, Incited me to suicide. His mate, who was a trembling critter, Tells a falsehood still more bitter; He says he never saw a pirate, And now I'm hot, and vexed, and irate.

Darn my deadeyes! split my jib! Fracture my eleventh rib! I'm GUSTAVUS PETER GRAEME Captain of the schooner "FLAME" I'm the bloodstained pirate who Grabbed that wretched "Ballahoo." I'm the man who banged the skipper On the forehead of his cap. I'm the chap who stabbed the mate And dished his heart up, on a plate, I'm the man that drowned the crew And burned their beastly vessel too. I feel like punching some one's eyes When thinking of the fearful lies Printed recently by you, Relating to the Ballahoo. I'm GUSTAVUS PETER GRAEME Captain of the schooner "FLAME" Mounting three and thirty guns, Register, three hundred tons. I have ninety-one or two Jolly pirates for her crew. Deeds of flames and blood and fire Are all these honest chaps require. For Satan finds some mischief still A pirate's idle hands to fill.

Upon the twenty-third of June, A blowy, squally afternoon, I spied, away upon my lee, A vessel sailing two points free. She was a horrid ugly craft And all my pirates roared and laughed To see that nightmare of a barque, That truly hideous Noah's Ark, Which bore the name, in letters blue, Upon her stern "The Ballahoo." We then were off of Singapore; We chased her nearly to the "Nore," (You will not find it on the maps, It isn't known to many chaps.) For forty days we raked that craft With grape and roundshot, fore and aft, But never hit her sails or spars, Or killed her Captain or her tars. Well—I was getting rather tired Some bloody work my men required, We whittled knives, we loaded guns Refreshed ourselves with beer and buns And other soul-inspiring cakes, (Like those which Webb, on Yonge street, makes.) Then, with an effort great, we threw Our boards on the Ballahoo. The skipper lay upon the deck, I placed my foot upon his neck, My heart was sore for his position, (I'm of a tender disposition.)

The mate was scared and almost dead, I banged him on the face and head, And then, to show my heart was soft, I stabbed him many a time and oft. My merry fellows quickly threw Into the sea, her trembling crew, And searched the ship with pious care For chaps who might be hidden there. They found some bibles, empty jars, Prints of Wagner's sleeping cars, Frenchy novels, strongly bound, But not a living soul they found. My honest men with hated breath, Demanded Captain BATES's death. As that was only just and fair, We went and hanged him then and there: And as he swung 'twixt sea and sky A teardrop dimmed my bright red eye. I pitied his exposed position (I'm of a kindly disposition.)

We subsequently burned the ship. She'll never go another trip. She'll "never, not again, no more" Take Testaments to Singapore. Her skipper never more will booze And never more his mate abuse; Her crew have had their final "bust" They've gone the cruise which all men must.

Light Business.

The following advertisement appears in a late issue of the World:—

WANTED BY A YOUNG LADY, a situation as saleswoman in some light business. Box 3, World Office.

Mr. GRIP is always glad to assist the deserving—especially in the form of a young lady. He would recommend this fair advertiser to apply to MOUSE & Co., who intimate that they can furnish her with a place in their candle-packing department.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON STATESMEN.—Thar waz a statesman. His collar was 16 and hat was 5. He went to a meetin to orate. He said "ax me a question if you want to no." So when he was a sweten under his shirt a man hollered and said "Wot is tariff, anyway?" And the statesman he larked kinder short, and he sed, "I want no foolin around me. I am a bad man, and carry a kane." So he gave his kane a whirl and laid it on the table. Then this awful man down among the spitons said again. "How much is tariff a peck, anyway?" And the statesman said, red hot, "I'm a free man, and I won't be adjourned, so I demand the law." And then the law, dressed as a polishman, got the orful man by the back-hold and took him to the kaboze. And when in the kaboze he did not ax any more tariff questions, but fot the cokroches all night. And the statesman went home with his kane—Stratford Beacon. (Stolen!)

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