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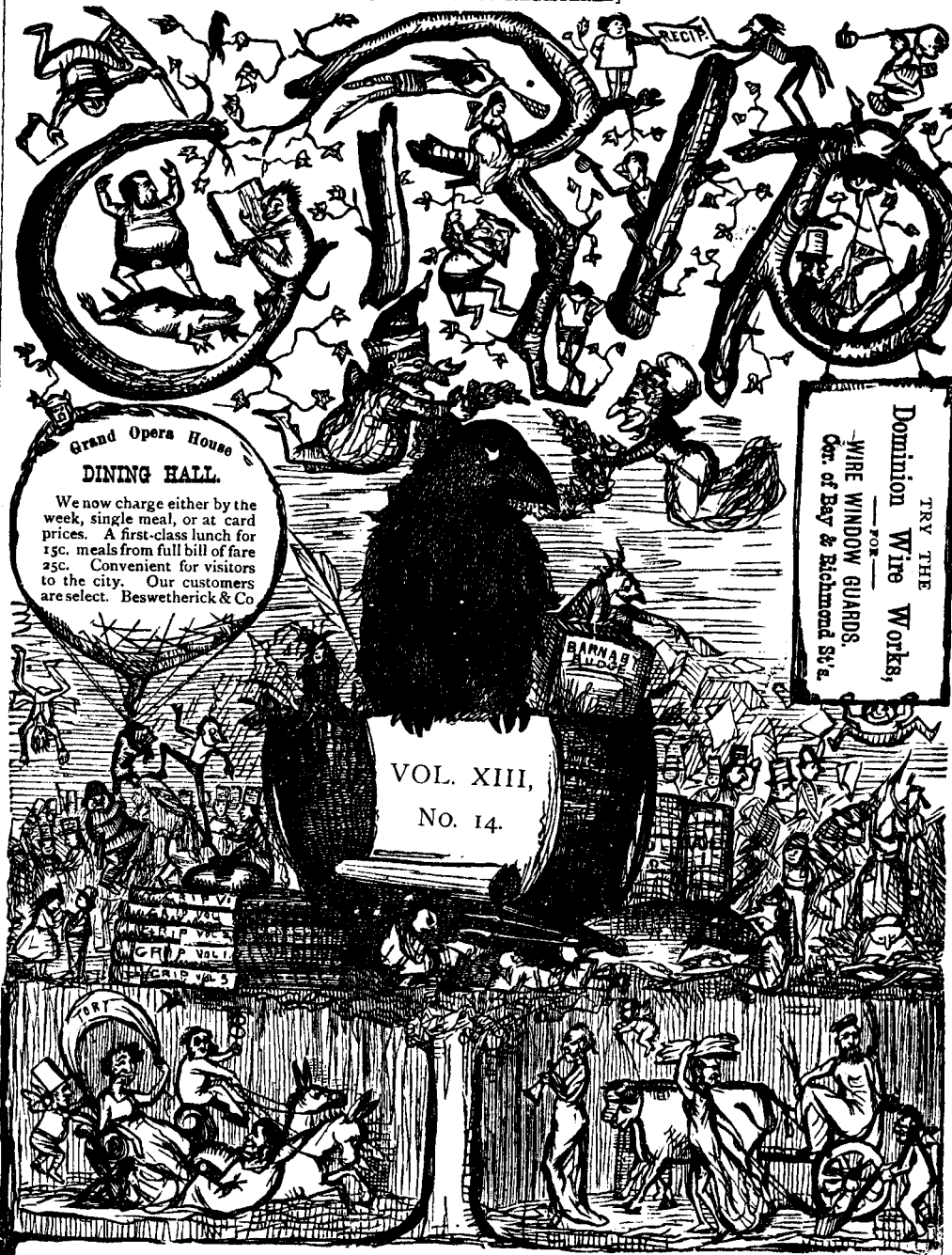
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"THE HANLAN-ELLIOTT RACE."

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VOL. XIII,
No. 14.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

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Literature and Art.

The receipts for admission to the Paris Salon were about \$43,000, exclusive of the sums received during the evening when the electric light was exhibited.

A memorial statute and group in honor of the celebrated German painter CORNELIUS was unveiled in Dusseldorf, his native city, on the 24th June. It cost \$15,000.

FORNEY's *Progress* says that two days before the Duke of ARGYLE sailed from New York he hunted the bookstores of that city without success for WALT WHITMAN's "Leaves of Grass." We suspect they had all been burned. The Duke, however, succeeded in getting a volume by telegraphing the author at Camden.

SARA BERNHARDT has sold her picture "La Dormeuse," in the London Exhibition, to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and they have given her commissions for a new painting and a piece of statuary. From another source she has received a commission to execute a bust of Lord BEACONSFIELD, before leaving England.

The death is announced of CARL GOTTLIEB PESCHEL, said to be the last notable German painter belonging to the past century. He was born in 1798. He painted in a private house, frescoes illustrating GOTTHE's ballads. He also assisted Professor BENDERMAN in his frescoes in the Royal Palace at Dresden. Appointed forty years ago a teacher in the Dresden Art Academy, he held the position till his death.

American sculptors excel in making portrait statuary, but do very little in nude. The best sculptors in Europe are DURRE, of Florence, whose *Cain and Abel* has been honored with a place in the Uffizi gallery. VELA is also a fine sculptor in Italy. FADE made a *Rape of Saturn* which has been put in the Loggia in Florence, besides BENVENUTO CELLINI's work and "JOHN," of Bologna's. Philadelphia and Boston are both ahead of New York in collections of sculpture, casts, etc.

The death is noted in recent mail advices of Mr. J. W. LOWRY, an English artist and contemporary of BLAKE, VARLEY and other kindred artists of the early part of the present century. The deceased painter, who lived in London, was in his seventy-sixth year, having been born on the 7th October, 1803. His father was WILSON LOWRY, F.R.S., well known as a mechanic and engineer, and his mother was distinguished for her mineralogical attainments, having published an illustrated treatise on that branch of science, and had as pupils such noted men as the Arctic explorers ROSS and FRANKLIN.

HERR WAGNER contributes to the August number of the *North American Review* an article entitled "The Work and Mission of my Life." The paper is not, as might be expected, an explanation of the peculiar and revolutionary theories of the great musician, but is rather a lament for the death in Germany of the art of GOETHE, SCHILLER, WEBER and BEETHOVEN. HERR WAGNER does not seem to look for appreciation at home, in the presence of young Germany, from whose life, by a misconception on the part of the rulers, freedom has been stamped out, and which has been driven through fear and repression into "a kind of counterfeit Jacobinism." It is to this country that the author turns his hopes, and sees the conditions by which the German spirit is here surrounded, signs which afford encouragement that modern Germany desires.

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Stage Whispers.

SIGNOR FOLI dislikes the idea of coming to the United States, because of unfair and abusive newspaper criticism.

Mrs. BOUGICAULT, pleasantly remembered as AGNES ROBERTSON, is forty-seven years old, though in looks much of spring lingers round her summer. She is the daughter of a music publisher in Edinburgh, and went on the stage when very young, playing principally in Ireland. Subsequently when performing at the Glasgow Theatre, her sweet presence and winning way attracted the attention of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN, who adopted her, and she resided with them as their child and companion of their daughter up to the period of her marriage.

Drink. Mr. CHARLES READE's dramatic version of *L'Assommoir*, is likely to make a fortune for its author. The success of the piece in London is said to be immense, and no wonder, for the British metropolis contains more gin palaces than any city in the world. The lower classes there, are, without doubt, more addicted to hard drinking than those of Paris. One incident which happened during one of the representations of *Drink*, is worth recording. In the bar room scene, where COPEAU is tempted to drink, an excited old woman in the pit cried out: "Don't give it him, you beasis; don't give it him!"

Mme MARIE ROZE's first appearance in London, after an absence of two years was in the role of Pamina in the *Magic Flute*. The best opinion is that her voice was not in good condition, and that the performance was something of a disappointment. She was poorly supported, and doubtless suffered from that fact in the estimation of the critics, but it is said that she received the favor of her audience, and showed an improved method and better vocalization as the result of her American experience. Mme. ROZE's second appearance was as Leonora in *Traviata*, in which she was successful.—*N. Y. Times*

J. W. WALLACK was playing *Don Cesar de Bazan*, one of his greatest characters, and was just beginning his best scene, when a very seedy looking old gentleman, who had a seat near the stage, rose, and with much ado, buttoning his threadbare coat about him, was on the point of leaving the theatre, when WALLACK, half annoyed and half amused at the stir which the old fellow was making, stepped to the footlights and addressing him, said: "Don't be in a hurry; the performance is not over yet." To which the old man, not at all disconcerted, in a broad Scotch accent, replied: "I ken that verra weel, but I've had a' I can stan' o't," and then, amid shouts of laughter, marched out of the theatre.

The notes of preparation in the theatrical world of New York indicate that the dulness of mid-summer will be succeeded by an uncommonly busy autumn season. WALLACK's will be opened on the 14th of August with *Wolfert's Roost*, and on the same evening Miss ADELE BELGARDE will appear as *Rosalind* in the Lyceum Theatre. The season of Mr. BOUGICAULT at BOOTH's Theatre will begin on the 1st of September. On the 10th of September DANIEL E. BARMANN will produce *Narrvise* at the Standard Theatre. The Fifth Avenue Theatre will open the next day with French opera bouffe, and AUGUSTIN DALY will open the Broadway Theatre on the 15th. The Union Square Theatre will be re-opened with a new French play on the 20th of September.

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To Correspondents.

Our esteemed contributors will confer a favor by attending more strictly to that axiom about the soul of wit. *Verò sep.*

Canadian Celebrities.

No. 3.—GEORGE BROWN.

BY ASPER.

At the lowly domain of *Bow* Park—called *Bow* for short, to demonstrate to the thoughtful mind that the proprietor is one not partial to drawing the *long bow*—our reporter waited upon the Hon. GEORGE BROWN, the sole survivor of a race of politicians long since defunct. The grand old Reformer, who, by a strange contradiction, is the most bitter old Tory in Canada,—sat within his study, looking like Purity on a monument winking at Corruption.

"I would ask" said the writer, "of you, as the last remnant of a party that was once a power in the land—as one who belongs by habit, force of mind and character, to a period past and gone; as one who has been useful in times gone by, but whose usefulness has gone"—Mr. BROWN started—"into many and various directions, to give me your ideas as to why Canada is not the country she should be, and what is the matter with her politics."

Said he: "The reason why Canada is so surely and at the same time swiftly plunging down the abyss to ruin and degradation, is a most lamentable one, but one that can be seen by any earnest thinking man with very little trouble. The reason is that no longer do Canadians unhesitatingly believe and act on the advice of my great newspaper, the *Globe*. They are not sufficiently quick and intelligent, to understand that my paper can advocate a policy, by arguments which are totally inconsistent and irreconcilable, and still be sincere in both. They cannot, in their feebleness of mind, comprehend how it is that 'a gentleman of high social standing' can give a circumstantial account of a political transaction one day, and another similar in substance though differing in every detail and leading to totally different conclusions on the next day, and still be

truthful in every particular. The fact is that the people proceed now-a-days to argue for themselves, and in doing so, they always get themselves into a fearful mess. They take the *Globe* as a proposition, and argue it out, whereas they should take it as an axiom—a self-evident truth—and one which cannot be disputed or gainsaid."

"But," enquired our reporter, "how do you account for this fearful backsliding in the natural order of intelligence of our citizens?"

"I can only account for it by the fact that there has, in recent years, arisen a class of men who, combining a superficial knowledge, with a good deal of skill at making a show, and a plausible way of putting false premises, are enabled to convince people that certain unsound and absurd conclusions are sound and true. Ah! if all my followers were like MACKENZIE and MOWAT, or even docile as the once ignorant CARTWRIGHT, my great policy would be more easy of accomplishment. But alas! there are men who, like BLAKE, think in their presumption that they know something, who play havoc with my party and ruin the principles which I profess, although some deny it. These men have the hardihood to defy my power, and are foolish enough to act contrary to my advice and wishes. Who in former years would have thought of complaining of my 'big push' letter? That letter was part of a great design for relieving and helping a struggling and poverty stricken class of voters. The money that that letter caused to be circulated throughout Canada did an immense lot of good. The National Policy, forsooth! The true National Policy is that policy that will put money into the pockets of our citizens and my 'big push' letter did that. Where is the fault of that? Is it not a glorious thing to enrich suffering humanity? True, I always said that the so-called Tories were wrong in practising corruption. But what they were wrong in doing, I was right. My motives were pure, and for my country's good. Their motives were place and power. They, alas! got their place and power, while I—well, didn't. But this cannot now be altered. Men who will not listen to me when I command, have now that power which I should have. Our present Governor-General will not dismiss the crowd of harpies by whom he is advised, although I told him he should do so. I have seen my country go back step by step, until I have almost made up my mind to abandon politics for ever and, like the Roman statesman, retire to my farm for good—or bad. But I have detained you too long. Will you have some refreshment?"

"Thanks," said our reporter, "I don't mind if I do take a *short horn*."

The Agricultural and Other Resources of Ontario.

(From our own Special Commissioner.)

COBOCONK, Aug. 20.

Sir,—Having received your instructions to examine and report upon the Agricultural and other Resources of Ontario, especially in connection with the N. P., I commenced my investigation on Monday evening. Naturally I turned my steps towards that vast territory which is as yet only partially settled, where the horny-handed sons of toil are still struggling with the howling wilderness, and where the mineral treasures of nature still repose in their virgin beds, wrought in plastic vestments of alluvium, and protected from the too curious eye of man by igneous coverings of prehistoric antiquity.

A-hem!

Let me observe, *en passant*, that I haven't

the smallest idea why the term *horny-handed* is applied to this population;—the only tendency to horns I have discovered is towards those of a liquid character. I don't know what the wilderness has done that it should be reproached with Gritism or denounced as howling;—but it is usual to say these things, and I comply with custom.

Well, Sir, I travelled by the Toronto and Nipissing Railway to Coboconk. By a most extraordinary instance of forgetfulness, on leaving Toronto I came away without either my purse or my wardrobe. The latter I have temporarily supplied by borrowing a few articles from my landlord, and it fortunately happened that I met in the train a young gentleman from the northern districts, where he is engaged in agriculture, who had a very small head, very large feet, and a notion that he was good at euchre. This interesting young man gave me much information about the agriculture of his district, and by a very singular chance I won a little money from him at a friendly game, in fact all the money he had, (it was only two, seventy-five), and this has enabled me to pay expenses until I receive remittances from you, which I am sure you will send me, won't you, by to-morrow's mail? But to return to the subject of my commission.

Coboconk is the present terminus of the Nipissing Railway. It is likely to remain so. Since the opening of the railway some few years since, the place has made remarkable progress. At that time the village contained a blacksmith's shop, two taverns and three stores; now it contains a blacksmith's shop, two stores, three taverns and a saloon. There are, too, many saw mills around, which cut no less than a million feet of lumber annually. A million of lumber! The limited powers of man can scarcely comprehend the vastness of a million. Let us approach it gradually. A million feet of lumber, if all in twelve foot boards, placed end to end with sufficient distances between them, would reach from the earth to the moon! Extraordinary as this may seem, it ceases to be wonderful when compared with the strange fact, obtained by a somewhat elaborate calculation, showing that if the quantity of lumber named were laid as a floor it would cover exactly one million square feet of surface, and allowing ten feet to be sufficient space for a Highland fling, one hundred thousand LORNE's could all fling together and have room to spare. Mother of saints! A hundred thousand LORNE's! Let us change the subject.

The chief resource of this district, whether agricultural or otherwise, is frogs. At one time the trade in these delicacies, and the frogs, had attained large proportions, and great numbers were exported. The district immediately around the village was almost denuded of its warblers, and the metallic conk of the bull frog was heard no more. But by some strange means the N. P. gave to this growing industry no protection, and it gradually decayed and is now almost dead. But as long as there is a conk there is a hope, and when the Cabinet returns from England it is to be hoped that a broad measure of protection will be given to this remunerative industry, and this important resource be duly developed.

I have not carried my investigations to any distance from the inn at which I am staying. The fact is that I cannot carry the investigation farther without also carrying my landlord's pants, and he has intimated, in, I must say, a very gentlemanly manner, that he would not like to have those pants pass out of his view. So you will send me remittances, won't you?

YOUR COMMISSIONER.



Grip's Advice to Edward.

My dear boy, you have come to an important crisis of your life, and I feel it my duty to tender you a little fatherly advice, for which I will charge you not a cent. The HANLAN Club has been dissolved, and the Champion Sculler of the world has been entrusted to your sole care and control. See that you use him well. Hitherto he has been conducted through many contests with honor as well as triumph. His reputation for square dealing has never been called in question; make it your especial business to see that his reputation does not suffer. A good many people are fretting about the way you allowed him to act at Barrie on Monday, when he was nearly beaten by RILEY, but it has been publicly stated that his eccentric conduct on that occasion was attributable to plum pudding and beer, and not to crookedness, and everybody feels inclined to believe this. Plum-pudding, gracious fathers! and beer! what feed for an oarsman! You musn't feed him on such stuff, or you'll have him beaten some of these days. But whatever you do, don't let him be beaten by RILEY. It is fearful to contemplate what might be the result of such an event. Certainly, something would have to bust—either this continent or that oarsman. You may remember, EDWARD, that when the Champion was making his speech at the Gardens, he announced his intention of being honorable to the end of the chapter. See that you encourage him in that noble resolve. Canada and the world have their eyes upon you. Now is your chance to carve your name deep on the public heart!



The York Pioneers.

One of the interesting objects at the forthcoming Exhibition will be the log house erected by the York Pioneers. This house was originally built by Governor SIMCOE in

seventeen-hundred and something, but the Governor, not knowing that the Exhibition would be on the old Garrison Common, built his house down near the Don. It was therefore necessary to take it apart and remove it, as was recently done. The ceremony of rebuilding was inaugurated one day last week, when the Pioneers drove in state in an ox-waggon through King street to the Fair Ground. The above sketch gives an idea of how the old gentlemen appeared. This episode furnishes a suitable occasion for giving a brief sketch of the Society in question.

THE YORK PIONEERS

as the name implies, are the pioneers of York, that is to say, they are the persons who took up their abode in York county in ancient times.



The leading man of the Society is Mr. OATES, whose name must be familiar to the readers of English history. He settled in Toronto about a century ago, and is to-day one of the spryest of our citizens. He is the standard bearer of the Pioneers, though his energy never flags. The principal objects of the Society are the encouragement of yarn-spinning, and the nursing of ancient memories; also, the holding of an annual Picnic, and the hoisting of a flag at half-mast whenever one of the old landmarks is removed by the hand of Time. No person is eligible for membership unless he is an early settler. The long credit system gets no encouragement from these sturdy pioneers, which is greatly to their credit.

Rules to be Observed in R. R. Travel.

- No. 1. Never be in a hurry; wait till the train starts, then spring on the steps frantically, alighting on your hands and knees. It looks graceful.
- No. 2. Stand on the platform all you can; it is against the regulations.
- No. 3. When you enter a car, never shut the door.
- No. 4. Always turn the seats over, and institute a PULLMAN berth for yourself, occupying four seats. Looks well.
- No. 5. When occupying seats as per rule 4, if any one should be in want of a seat don't see them; be asleep.
- No. 6. Buy oranges and throw the skins on the floor; it creates a laugh at any one who gets slipped up.
- No. 7. Always put your ticket where you can't find it.
- No. 8. In winter, pull your fur coat up round your ears and sit at an open window: those having their wraps off rather like it.
- No. 9. If any one leaves the door open, don't you get up and shut it; sit and shiver solemnly, and look dignified.
- No. 10. When you have friends to see you off, get on the platform of a PULLMAN. Then, when the train starts off, you can get into the second class car as required by your ticket.
- No. 11. On arriving at your destination, do not wait for train to stop: jump.—It proves to on-lookers you are an old—fool.



"Truly Loyal."

GRIP has got an idea, and GRIP's idea, of course, is entirely in the public interest. GRIP's idea is this: Every body, and his wife and children, wants to see and hear our Governor-General and his loved Princess. Here is how it can be done, and no "quarter" asked or given. Get our illustrious guests to stay an extra week, and devote sixteen hours on each day of it to receiving and answering addresses say at some public Hall or at the Horticultural Gardens. Then let every society, every sect, every institution "go for" them in the finest style, giving tickets of admission to each member, for the special day and hour appointed. And let us be thorough in this thing. Don't let's limit it to societies already existing. Let's get up societies for the purpose. Let the shoe-black brigade and the newsboys organize at once. Let each trade get up a deputation and an address. Let clerks of the different grades, from Bank down (or up) to Dry Goods, organize separately, seize the crackling vellum and dip the sparkling pen. Let boating clubs put in their oar, cricket clubs bowl out each other in their eagerness, lacrosse clubs stick to each other and pull themselves together for the effort. There is room for all. Half an hour to each all through the week would permit 192 societies thus to enjoy themselves, bring themselves prominently before our noble guests in a way to be remembered, hear them speak, and see them smile a smile of contentment.

Then, too, it would be so considerate to our guests. It would make them almost feel at home, so deep would be their longing to get there. An address is a banal thing, and 192 extra ones would just make a nice wind-up to their visit. The only difficulty is where there is a lot of them it costs the country a good deal. It is a well-known fact that the poor Marquis has already 73 trunks full of them, and as these are his most cherished possessions, he dare not trust them out of his sight, but is obliged to travel around with them. But what are 192 more? It would only make an extra trunk—74 in all—and baggage is so easily looked after here where the chucking system prevails. Should the Marquis ever revisit the old country, however, and these addresses remain as vitally essential to his well-being as now, he will be seen careering frantically around the English railway station clamouring for No. 47, which has got mixed up with some other gentleman's baggage.

Still, after all, that is his business, and need not hinder us from showing our addresses in making things pleasant for our distinguished visitors, by distinguishing ourselves.

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"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The blue-book was never meant to be read.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The coral insect is your true reef former.—*Marathon Independent.*

Unlike the flea, when you put your finger on a hornet, he is there.—*Syracuse Times.*

The bootblack blithe shines while he works;
But the lazy man whines while he slinks.
—*Hackensack Rep.*

He that to laughter never giveth birth,
Is dead—at least he's passed away from mirth.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

You can consistently avoid extremes with
out being stamped as a "mean" man.—*N. Y. News.*

A big head is no more an evidence of
brains than a paper collar is of a shirt.—*Waterloo Observer.*

It ain't so much what a man can lift as
what he can hang onto, that shows his actual
strength.—*Josh Billings.*

We hear of men sowing wild oats, but
who ever heard of a woman sewing anything
but tares?—*St. Louis Times.*

The two-headed girl is ample proof that
humanity is something more than a single
scull race.—*Philadelphia Item.*

A man was found shot in a melon patch
recently, and the coroner decided that no in-
quest was necessary.—*Boston Post.*

The reward of one duty is the power to
fulfill another.—*Detroit Free Press.* Lots of
employers think so.—*Boston Post.*

The soft money rage is so great in Ohio
this warm weather that porous plasters pass
for twenty-five cents.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"How to get the best of mosquitoes,"
says an exchange. But who wants mosqui-
toes of any quality?—*Rochester Express.*

Diamonds, it is said, attract the lightning.
This explains why so many men wear
twenty-five cent cameo rings.—*N. Y. Ex-
press.*

A superfluous man—a man who puts in
two days growling and finding fault with
his city and one day in working for her.—*Quincy Argo.*

The game of poker is very old. SHAKES-
PEARE excelled at it. You remember where
he says: "I'll call the HAMLET."—*Utica
Observer.*

"No," said PAPERWATE, explaining; "no,
I wasn't really mad when the old man drove
me from the house, but I must say I felt put
out."—*Boston Transcript.*

"SARAH" asked JOHN, who thought himself witty,
"Can you tell me how to make a man gritty?"
"Don't know; give it up—pray, tell me deary."
"Why, mix a little sand in his dessert, Sa-hara."
—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A gentleman who went fishing in New
Jersey the other day says he never knew
how much profanity a mosquito would stand
without blushing.—*New York Graphic.*

I envy the man who can set down and
make a happy dinner off from filtered rane
water and biled roots, but I don't banker af-
ter those kind of vittles miself.—*Josh Billings.*

The prevailing style of bonnets is such
that any amount of compression or knocking
round only makes the dear thing more than
ever in fashion.—*Brooklin Union.*

An idea.—Those who can't afford to go
to the seaside can busy themselves at home
figuring up how much those who are there
are indebted to them.—*Fulton Times.*

One reason why Texas lawyers don't bully
a witness on the stand is because a Texas
witness had as soon begin shooting from a
witness box as anywhere else.—*Detroit Free
Press.*

The hotel managers at Concy Island have
so many things of a saline nature around
them that they think they must salt their
music, and so, twice a day, they cornet.—*Puck.*

The number of years that pass over a man's
head do not alone make up his life.—*Senti-
mental Essay.* No, the number of beers that
pass under his nose must be counted in.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A New Milford serenading party fought
among themselves. The cause of the row is
not stated, but it is likely that a part of the
band attempted to serenade the others.—*Danbury News.*

"Marriage with a tinge of romance" is
what they call it in Kansas when the old
man rides after the couple and shoots the
hat off the bridegroom's head with a bullet
from an army carbine.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It was at Nantucket the other day. On
the way up from the boat one of the party
asked the driver, "Do they play 'Pinafore'
here?" "Guess not," answered the be-
nighted islander, with a puzzled look, "but
they play billiards."—*Boston Transcript.*

A young clerk in Holyoke spent six hours
in a refrigerator the other day, having been
imprisoned by mistake. He came out feel-
ing as though he had just been entertained
at a fashionable church sociable.—*Turner's
Falls Reporter.*

One woman in a fishing party will do
more to scare away all the fish than ten
packs of firecrackers. Besides that, no man
wants to put the neck of a bottle in his
mouth when women are around to misjudge
his motives.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Aminadab walked up to a prisoner in a
police court the other day and queried:
"Why are you like a Lapland beast of bur-
den?" The prisoner said he didn't know.
Because you are "arraigned ere"; replied
our hero.—*Marathon Independent.*

Just before the judge of the police court
passed sentence he was stopped by the pris-
oner, who remarked, "You remind me of
the crows, judge." "Why?" asked his hon-
or. "You are looking fine," was the re-
sponse. The court didn't belie its looks.—*Des Moines Register.*

At a party on Nelson street last evening,
the conversation appeared dying out, when
a bilious man suddenly observed to a young
lady on his right, "I don't think they make
pills as large as they used to." After that
the conversation went out again.—*Danbury
News.*

A young girl of 17 lately wrote to one of
the great New York dailies, saying that she
"would graduate in a month, and would
like to secure a position as a managing
editor of a political paper," but she received
a letter in reply, stating that educated per-
sons were ineligible for such positions.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"The greatest burd to foight," says Pat,
"Harring the agle, is the duck;
He has a foine large bill to peck,
And plenty of rale Irish pluck.
And, thin, d'ye moind the fut he has?
Full as broad over as a cup;
Show me the fowl upon two legs
That's able fer to thrip him up!"
—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

There was a hand organ grinding forth
the "Sweet By and By." Then there came
a heavy dash of rain, and then the organ
stopped. It was a very simple matter, but
it is beautiful to think of. And people who
think we have had too much rain in the past
month are trying to look more hopeful on
the subject.—*Danbury News.*

SHAKESPEARE again! It's of no use. We
of to-day can't originate anything. The
Bard of Avon seems to have foreseen every-
thing—even "Pinafore." Turn to "A Win-
ter Tale," act 1, scene 2, and find LEONTES
saying: "HERMIONE, my dearest, thou never
spok'st to better purpose." "Never?"
"Never but once."—*N. Y. Mail.*

Yesterday the sight of a worthless vaga-
bond on Avenue A with a spade over his
shoulder, caused many a passer-by to smile.
The miserable fellow noticing he was the
object of attention, made haste to dispel
anxiety. "Ob, I ain't working," he said.
"Poh! honor, I ain't—I'll take my solemn
oath I only borrowed the spade to dig worms
with!"—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

A circus train ran off the track in Rhode
Island yesterday morning, and not an animal
escaped or a cent's worth of damage
was done to the "massive golden chariots."
The management will, however, sue the
railroad company for reprehensible neglect
and ignorance of the principles of advertis-
ing.—*New Haven Register.*

"I'm sitting on this tile, MARY,
He said, in accents sad,
Removing from the rocking-chair
The best silk hat he had;
And while he viewed the shapeless mass;
That erst was trim and neat,
He murmured, "Would it had been felt
Before I took my seat!"
—*Yacoub Strauss.*

Nothing usually creates more consterna-
tion among the females of a family than to
have the door-bell ring at nine in the morn-
ing while the hired girl is down at the gro-
cery after potatoes. They can't make up
their minds whether to show up at the door
with no crimps and no belt on their wrap-
pers, wait on the girl, or ask "Who's there?"
between the shutters of a second-storey win-
dow.—*Wheeling Leader.*

WHAT HE WAS FISHING FOR.—The other
day the Harbor Master came across a
stranger on the wharf, at the foot of Ran-
dolph street, fishing with a cotton string to
which was attached a hook made of stove-
pipe wire and baited with an apple-core.
"Do you expect to catch any fish with such
a tackle as that?" enquired the official. "No,
sir," was the prompt reply. "Are you fish-
ing for bites?" "No, sir." "Fishing for
fun?" "No, sir." The Harbor Master was
about to tell the calm-minded stranger to
fish away and be hanged to him, when he
carefully lifted his hook out of water spit
on the apple-core and said: "I've been in
this city two days and over, sleeping in
boxes and living on air, and I was just ex-
perimenting to see if there was a durned
reptile in this neighborhood as hungry as I
am!" The officer lent him a chew of tobacco
and permitted him to continue his experi-
ment in peace.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In The Lone Land.
SEEKING FOR SITTING BULL.

MILITARY TERRORISM.

(From our Sporting Contributor.)

FORT PELLY, July 1st., 1879.

As you are aware, when I left here in the spring I intended to take the Dawson Route for the prairie country, but meeting some gentlemen bound for the same destination, I formed a resolution to go with their party. I had met them before in my travels in Asia. The DUKE OF BUFFETTE, a world renowned sportsman, Captain BARNABAS, whose former travels in Tartary prepared him for any Steppes we might choose to take, and Mr. J. BANKS, the celebrated actor, author of "Over the Don," and other poems, with a large retinue of servants, completed our expeditionary force. Instead of taking the Dawson Route, we concluded to take the blazed line of the C. P. R. So accordingly, one bright morning, we set forth "Indian file," camping each night in extemporized huts formed by the celebrated steel rails, placed at intervals along the line, thus obtaining a secure and solid protection from the bears, catamounts, Injuns and other vermin that otherwise might endanger us, as well as affording us the opportunity of indulging in the usual pleasant railing inseparable from the celebrated MACKENZIE purchase.

We had a very pleasant time. Captain BARNABAS secured for Sir JOHN MACDONALD a series of fine sketches of the beautiful and magnificent water stretches as we went by, which no doubt will be very gratifying to that great statesman. On our way we met different parties of the aborigines on their hunting expeditions. Sioux, Blackfeet, Apaches, Chippewas, Crees and Mohawks all seemed friendly, and partook of the champagne His Lordship gave them, (we had 25 cases with us) with the gusto of a Toronto Alderman. At length we arrived at Winnipeg, and called on the Governor, who furnished us with credentials and directed us to the best route to reach the celebrated SITTING BULL, the great object of our expedition. After a long and monotonous march, we at length arrived at Fort Walsh, and having notified the sentry,—who, by the way, took us for whiskey smugglers,—that we wished to see Major WALSH, we were after some hesitation ushered into his presence. "How are you Bub," said I to the Major, who however took no notice of my familiar address, but asked of the sentry when and where we were captured. It took me some time to explain the facts of the case. An introduction followed, and we were made welcome. After we had sat down to a plain supper of pemican and hard tack, the Major, to our surprise, ordered in our baggage, and our stores of "wine, ales, and other spirituous liquors" were placed in tempting array on the floor. "Gentlemen," said "Bub," "in consideration of your probable ignorance of this great and glorious country, I will not prosecute you as I first intended, I will merely confiscate your contraband stores to the Crown. Here, Sergeant Major, to-morrow morning you will see that these champagne bottles are used as targets for the mens' carbine practice at 150 yards; the larger packages will do well enough to practice on with the four pounder. The major then turned towards us, smiling blandly. "This," he said, "is an illustration of military discipline, and how we carry out the liquor law here. You will perceive that this is not Ontario. There you have the Crooked liquor Act; here we have

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The American edition of this periodical is

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and it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"HAWORTH'S" by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

"FALCONBERG," by H. H. Boyeson, author of "Gutnar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

"A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS," by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1803-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

"PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS." This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by E. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

"STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS,"—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

"A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL." Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hart, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

"THE 'JOHNNY REB' PAPERS," by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

"THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES." We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyeson, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on "How Shall We Spell" (two papers, by Prof. L. OUNSBURY), "The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places" (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), "Canada of Today," "American Art and Artists," "American Archaeology," "Modern Inventors"; also Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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the Crooked liquor act. To-morrow gentlemen, I will give you a pass to visit SITTING BULL. Good-night. Sentry, show these gentlemen to the Guard House." And in the Guard House we lay on the inclined plane—till the bugles blew the reveille in the morning, victims of a ruthless military despot. What followed, and our interview with SITTING BULL you will have in my next.

Sir John at Osborne.

The announcement in a recent cablegram that Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD had been honored with a command to wait upon Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne, and that he had subsequently been asked to stay for dinner, naturally put the Canadian world of fashion in a flurry. It also had an effect upon the world of politics. The Tories fell upon their knees before their little household images of JOHN A., and offered up sweet smelling sacrifices of adulation; the Grits, on the other hand, fell into a violent passion, alternately cursing their own luck, denouncing JOHN A. and pitying the Queen. Outside of the political camps the dominant feeling was one of curiosity to know all the particulars of the interview at Osborne, but none of the daily papers proved enterprising enough to gratify this curiosity. It was left for GRIP to do so, though he declines to state by what means he came into possession of the interesting information herewith submitted:

On arriving at the castle, the Right Honorable gentleman rang the front door bell, and stood uneasily chewing a clove and running his fingers nervously through his curly locks. Presently a flunky appeared. "Is Her Majesty the Queen at home?" enquired the distinguished visitor, at the same time presenting his card. "She is, sir," replied JAMES, "she's a hexpectin' ov you this lawst awf hour. Walk hup, sir." Forthwith Sir JOHN passed in, and was conducted to Her Majesty's reception room, where he sat down in a luxuriantly cushioned chair, and gazed in wonder at the magnificence of the furniture about him. "Twould drive my venerable friend Hay wild with jealousy to see this," soliloquized he; "what a lucky dog I am, to be sure." Just at this moment Her Majesty entered, and Sir JOHN rose and made a bow of the *Pingore* sailor description. "Ah, my right honorable and most loyal subject," said the QUEEN, graciously, "I'm glad to meet you. I recognized you immediately from the pictures I have seen in GRIP. By the way, how was GRIP when you left home?" "He was as hearty as ever, your Majesty," replied Sir JOHN, "and I believe is growing every day more solid with the people." "I'm delighted to hear it," replied the royal lady, warmly. The conversation which ensued was all about GRIP, and lasted about half an hour, when it was interrupted by the ringing of a dinner bell close to the key-hole. "Ah, dinner is ready; you'll stop and have a bite with us, won't you, Sir JOHN?" said the QUEEN, kindly. "May it please your Majesty, I don't mind if I do," replied Canada's Greatest Statesman. So they proceeded to the dining room, and surrounded a small table specially prepared for the occasion. We will gratify the sustained curiosity of our readers by giving the rest of this veracious account next week.

The Currency fight is about to begin.
And the Rag-baby Party's determined to WYNGE.



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UNCLE SAM TO *N. Y. Herald*—Don't tell anybody, but the fact is RILEY, COURTNEY and ROSS can each beat HANLAN!



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Grip's last is fully up to the character already attained by it. The cartoons are decidedly telling.—*Morrisburg Herald*

"Grip's" cartoon is again about Quebec. Mr. Chapleau is discovered shaking hands with Mr. Langevin after a successful shot in a bowling alley which resulted in a knock-down of all but two of the pins. The Opposition leader remarks: "I will get you all next time, and Sir John and Mr. Mousseau in the background are heartily enjoying the scene, while Mr. Joly in the distance is engaged in executing a flying leap of dismay and despair. The lower cuts are as usual excellent. We are glad to hear *Grip* is selling well in Quebec and that it is a prime favorite with everybody.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

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

Plans, Descriptions, Conditions of Sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By Order,

J. S. DENNIS,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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

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